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RECORDS OF ARGYLL



No. 270

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G. Laurie del.

J. F. Campbell 1848

RECORDS OF ARGYLL

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF
ARGYLLSHIRE HIGHLANDERS

COLLECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE GALLIC

WITH NOTES ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE
DRESS, CLAN COLOURS, OR TARTANS,
OF THE HIGHLANDERS

BY

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

With Engravings by Charles Laurie

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXV

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Dedication.

THOSE who have been brought up in the Highlands, and especially in Argyllshire—perhaps the most Celtic of all the Highland counties—know the hold the name IAN CAMPBELL OF ISLAY had over the hearts of men and women of that land; a hold he had from the cradle, and which he retained to the grave. This he owed not only to a very noble character, but also to his early bringing up, which was strictly in accordance with the romantic traditions of our country. With a tongue such as that he first spoke—that of the people—with a foster-brother his first playmate,—what wonder that in Islay the people worshipped him with a brother's love? He held an undivided sway over the affections of this warm-hearted and gallant race. Surely no man could boast a greater possession than this! It was a larger property, a finer domain, a more real estate, than that the greatest landowner in our own or any other land could lay claim to.

Such were the priceless possessions of

IAN CAMPBELL OF ISLAY,

My Kinsman,

To whom this Volume is Dedicated in all love by

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

IAIN CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

DIED AT CANNES, FEBRUARY 1885.

A POET and a prince in heart—to wealth,
Honour, and splendour born ; while yet the bloom
Of youth was on his cheek, the withering doom
Of a great woe o'ertook him. Not by stealth,
As such things come : sudden, with lightning swoop,
It smote, and hurled him from his pride of place.
But, like the true son of a noble race,
He scorned beneath the direful blow to stoop—
Although all knew it cleft his heart,—but rose,
Girt on his war gear, and went forth to fight
His life-long battle ; and—a stainless knight !—
Won it. Not Fortune's sordid quest he chose :
In fairer fields he toiled, with loftier aim ;
And now he rests, nor lacks his meed of fame.

—NOËL PATON.

Introduction.

THOSE who have stood on the summit of Ben Cruachan, the mighty triple-peaked hill overlooking the Pass of Brander, and who have drunk at the well of "living water" bursting through its granite cone, are not likely during a lifetime to forget the prospect unfolded to their view. On the west lies the land of Lorne, sea-girt by the vast Atlantic, studded with countless islands; Scammadel Loch in an oasis of green hills; and the ground around Ardmaddy Bay and house,—as fair a region of copse-wood-covered hills as the eye could rest on. Eastward tower range after range of glorious mountains belonging to Breadalbane, and on the north lie wild corries and savage crags and far-distant peaks paling in the purple distance. To the south, the lower range of hill trending towards Glenara, the braes of Sonachen clothed in brilliant green, shaggy moorland crowning the higher ground, and the dark-coloured Lochow, with its fringe of hazel, ash, and rowan—Lochow, one of the most dangerous as it is one of the loveliest of West Highland lochs. It is to this land, lying at our feet, between us and the sea, that these RECORDS OF ARGYLL chiefly refer.

My aim as Editor of this volume has been to rescue from an oblivion that is fast overtaking them, some of the more characteristic traditions of

the Clans of Argyll and the Isles. Every year the chances of preserving the Gaelic legends that exist only in the recollections of the older generation of Highlanders are becoming less and less possible. The art of storytelling, which has shown a longer vitality among the Scottish Gael than among any of the other British races, is no longer cultivated with the same success as in days that are not very long gone by; and many a fine old legend perishes with the death of its only possessor.

Much excellent work has been done to preserve the surviving stock of Gaelic oral tradition while a possibility yet remains, and I desire that this volume, dealing chiefly with the tales of my native county, should be regarded as a contribution to the good cause.

The bulk of the 'Records of Argyll' consists of tales, written down for the most part from the recitation of their possessors, and rendered as closely to the original Gaelic as the difference of the two languages permitted. Many of these appear for the first time in an English form; others are presented as offering a different version of tales which have already been translated; while a few, which have already appeared elsewhere, have been included, to give completeness to a work designed to illustrate the characteristics of Argyllshire legend.

Some scarce pamphlets and family papers, inaccessible to the general public, have also been quoted as tending to throw light upon the unwritten Records of Argyll. The interest excited by the recent controversy regarding the antiquity of the Highland dress and the distinctive character of Clan Tartans, has induced me to add some notes on a subject which I trust will not be regarded as alien to the main object of my work. These papers are but offered as a contribution towards the final settlement of the question of Clan Colours having existed long anterior to the making of the regimental Tartan called by the name of the Forty-Second.

Foremost among those who helped in the compilation of the 'Records of Argyll' was CAMPBELL OF DUNSTAFFNAGE. I am also deeply indebted to the Rev. D. MacInnes, a gentleman of high integrity and great knowledge, for some of the best and quaintest of the tales to be found in this volume; also to Mr N. M. K. Robertson, and to very many more, whose names I append in each case where allowed so to do. In my London researches I was greatly assisted by the loving labours of Mr John Forbes Robertson, the well-known writer and art critic, a sturdy Scot and enthusiastic Highlander, much of whose work, I regret to think, cannot be included in this volume. The British Museum library was gone over by him in search of matter bearing on Highland lore, and by the able Mrs Ellen Salmon, the decipherer of ancient Scottish and Irish MSS., whose untiring and unabating energy I most gratefully acknowledge in hunting up out-of-the-way matter bearing on the history of Argyllshire. I am indebted, too, to many a Highlander,—to the ladies, to the gentry, the clergy, schoolmasters, farmers, and the labourers of my native county.

It was with much disappointment that I found myself quite unable to publish a mass of matter very kindly furnished by many interested in these 'Records.' I had perforce to limit my book to a certain number of pages. I apologise for such exclusion, and wish to express my regret to all whom I may offend by non-insertion of matter very kindly supplied.

If the collecting of these tales, and giving the names of the narrators as a voucher of authenticity, induce others who have hitherto withheld any they may have, to send their contribution to the *Records of Argyll*, the editor would gladly make use of the same, in case a continuation of this work be undertaken.

I should deeply regret to think that in publishing these tales there

may be found some passage or passages which might have been left out in the opinions of some of my readers.

Should I have caused any pain by publishing forgotten tales, I most heartily apologise.

I have endeavoured, while giving what appeared quaint, and in a measure to lift the veil overshadowing bygone days, to avoid giving offence. Should these records encourage others to treasure up the tales of the past, my object will have been fulfilled.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

INVERARY CASTLE, *September* 1884.

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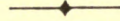
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RECORDS AND TRADITIONS

OF

INVERARY

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RECORDS AND TRADITIONS OF INVERARY.

Information¹ anent the Pedigree

OF THE NOBLE AND ANTIENT HOUSE OF LOCHOW, NOW CALLED THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL,² WITH SOME LITTLE TOUCH OF THEIR ACTIONS, &c.

YOUR Lo/ shall be informed of the manner how the memory of that house hath been preserved, which was by some men who received a portion of land heretably, to write the pedigrees and most famous actions of houses. Thir men were called in the Highlands Shannochies (*Seanach-aidhean*). They have preserved many things in write in the Saxon character, and partly in the old British character. This they did out of necessity to supply their defects of print; and when they had written, they intrusted their wrytes sometimes to be kept in Abbeys. To this diligence we owe all the little spunk of knowledge that is kepted of all the Islanders and hight and houses, and specially the Knowledge of this antiient house of Lochow (*Loch-odha*).

¹ This "information" is taken from a manuscript in the British Museum, which bears a notification that it was copied in the year 1756 from a MS in the possession of the Duke of Argyll.

² Argyll is the oldest spelling.

Know that this house has endured long before the coming of William the Bastard of Normandy to England.

But because the names before these times are so Irish like, and hard to be both written and pronounced, and are more fitt to be read in conference then committed to write, I shall content myself to inform your Lo/ of the last and surest actions of that house, which may be proven either by evidents or chronicles.

He who is now fiar of the Earldom of Argyle (*Earraghàidheal*) and the Lordships of Campbell and Lorn (*Lathurna*), he married Margaret Douglass, daughter to the Earl of Morton; he had two sons and two daughters. Archibald Campbell, Lord Lorn, heretable justice of all his own earldom and of the North Isles called Hebrides (*Innse-gall*), and heretable great master of his Majestie's palace, and one of his Majestie's most honourable Privy Council and Session and Exchequer, he is known to your Lo/; and how hopefull he is, I need not inform your Lo/, and what proof he hath given his Majesty of his fidelity and loyal service, by suppressing of some rebellious Islanders and Highlandmen, the first year of the reign of our sacred Sovereign King Charles: all is known to your Lop/. He is now of the age of twenty-seven years past, son to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, and Dame Agnes Douglas, daughter to umqll. Wm., Earl of Morton.

Archibald, now Earl of Argyle, Lord Campbell, Lorne, Kintyre (*Cinn-tìre*), of the age of fifty-nine years, a man that was once hopefull of many good external parts, as Eloquence, Knowledge; and who likewise subdued the most part of all the Islanders, especially the great clan (called the Clan Donald), and brought the Islanders to this great peace, was in end, by the means of his second wife, Anna Cornowallas¹ (descended by her mother Mufroile, a daughter of the noble house of Westmoreland), procreated, and by the assistance of her uncle, Sir Charles Cornowallas, made popish about

¹ Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis of Brome.

the forty-second year of his age,¹ lives confined at London till the Lord be pleased to open his eyes and convert him. ² Was heretable Chief-Justice of Scotland. This place is now surrendered to his Majesty. This Archibald is son to umquhile Colin, Earl of Argyle, and Dame Agnes Keith, daughter of the House of Marischall, who was relict of James Stewart, Earl of Murray (son natural of James the 5th, of happy memory), who was also Regent of Scotland to James the 6th, of blessed memory. This Agnes Keith had to James, Earl of Murray, two daughters, the eldest whereof was mother to James, Earl of Murray, that now liveth. This Earl of Argyle had by his first wife one son and five daughters—Lady Gordon, Lady Lothian, Lady Kenmure, Lady Skelmourlie, and Elizabeth died unmarried.

Colin, Earl of Argyle, Chancellor of Scotland, called by the Highlandmen Caleine Teah, because he was either born or had his education in Monteith, was of fair complexion, tall of stature, modest, and just, and son of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, and Dame Margaret Graham, his second wife, was eleven years earl. Died at Tarnoway in Murray *anno domini* 1584; lyes in Kilmun (*Cille-mhuna*) in Cowall (*Còmhal*). Had with his wife two sons, Archibald, the Earl, that now lives, and Colin, Laird of Lundy in Angus; and Lady Anna, who died a virgin. He succeeded to his elder brother, called Archibald, Earl of Argyle. His too name was Gillespick Dow (*Gilleasbuig Donn*); in Irish, Brown Coloured. He was lovely of face, of a fair complexion, very tall, was Chancellor of Scotland, and the principal actor in the Reformation of religion in Scotland, which began in the year of God 1558. As your Lop/ knows, he is called by Buchanan (lib. 16) “author instaurandæ religionis.” But because his actions would take up many sheets of paper, and that I know your Lop/ has all better than I, I supercede till our happy meeting in Edinr., and what your Lop/ has not, if I may, I shall supply. Your Lop/ has

¹ Sir Charles Cornwallis.

² Earl of Argyle.

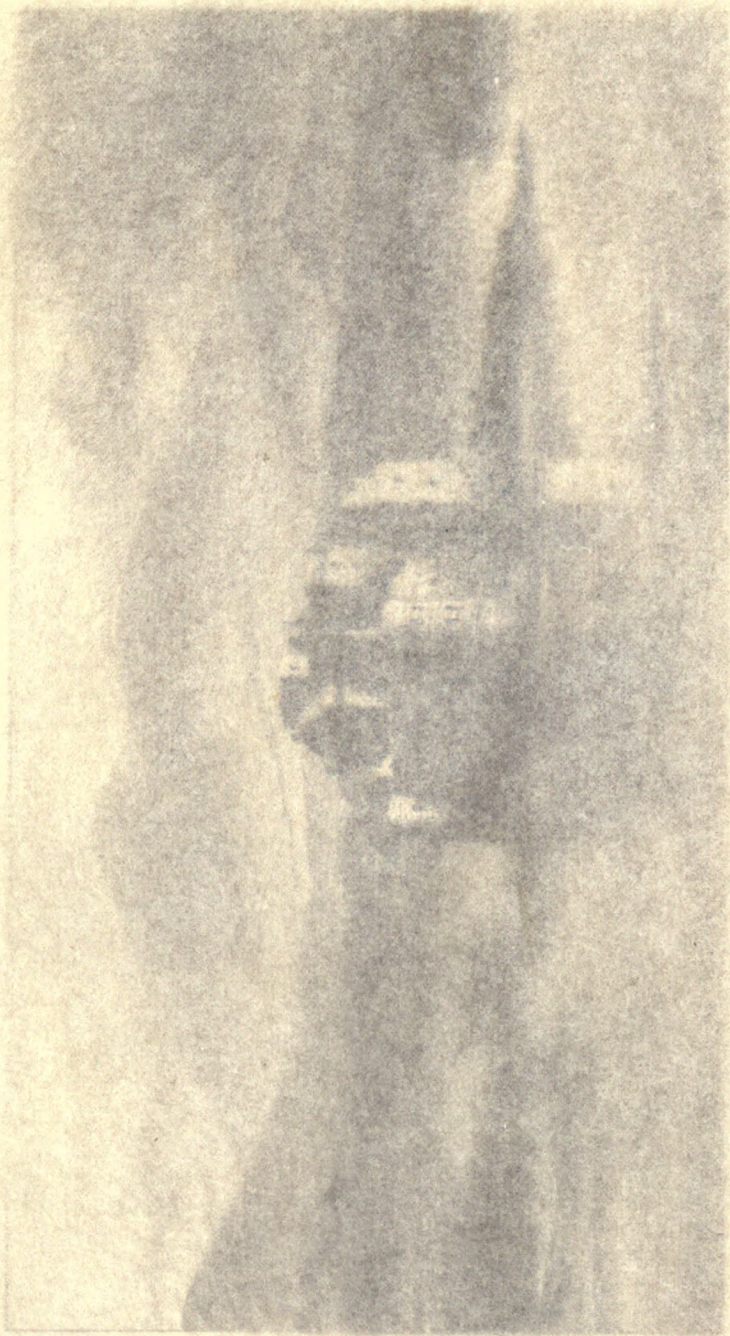
occasion to stick a little at your description of this nobleman, because the Lord made him a glorious instrument of the Reformation of the Scottish Kirk, wrought by him principally, assisted with Alexander, Earl of Glencairn, Prior James Stewart Earl of Murray, Lords Boyd, Lindsay, Ruthven, Laird of Dun, Mr James Halyburton, John Knox. It cost him exceeding great charges three years time from the beginning, before the work was perfected: he was at so high charges, that he was forced almost to feu the whole earldom of Argyle, as all the chartors of feu declare, putting the marts to merks, the boll of meal to ten shilling, the stone of cheese to two shilling, and so did mightily impoverish that great earldome that to this day there is nothing gotten from the vassals, tennents, but their small feu-duties. This maketh a mighty diminution of rental, and is the cause which the friends and vassals of that noble house support their chiefs with helps in times of necessities, as also help and contribution to marry his daughters of that house. First, he married Lady Jean Stewart, natural daughter, to James the 5th, who had no children. Secondly, he married Lady Jean Cunninghame, daughter, to the Earl of Glencairn, who likewise had no children. He had a natural son, of whom are descended the Lairds of Parbreck (*Am Barra-breac*); a natural daughter of great beauty, who was married to the Laird of Macintosh, who was mother to the last Sir Lauchlane; another was Lady Macfarlane. He was courteous and liberal, and was son of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, and Dame Helena Hamilton, daughter to James, the Earl of Arran, and sister to Duke Hamilton. He died at Parbreck, lyes at Kilmun, and succeeded to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, his father, called to his too name Archibald Roy—that is, Red Archibald. This noble Earl had been in ambassador to James the 5th in France, where he was made Knight of the Cokill. Henricus Stephanus makes mention of this Earl in his 'Apologie for Herodote,' where a certain man, richly cloathed, came into his chamber at Paris, who made him to behold all the pieces of gold that were under the cutts of his sattin doublet, desiring

to have the favour to number them, which he did, and yrafter convoyed himself to the door, was never seen in ffrance. He was instructed in the religion, came to Scotland a convert long before the Reformation; did entertain ministers—one Douglas *alias* Grant—for the which the Bishop of St Andrews, Hamilton, has quarrelled him by letters, all which your Lop/shall see with the Earle's answers. He caused his son Archibald, of whom we have spoken, to be instructed in the religion; and has left in his testament and latter will that Archibald would overthrow the masse altho it should endanger his estate, God would build him up. This he enjoyns him under a heavy curse. This to be seen in his testament. At the Carrick he had resolved to have reformed the Kirk himself; but the Lord prevented him by death in the sixtieth year of his age, who died in the castle of Dunnoon (*Dun-odhain*) anno domini 1558; lyes at Kilmun (*Cille-mhuna*). And as David resolved to build the Temple, yet the Lord would have it done by Solomon. He was the son of Colin, Earl of Argyle, and Dame Janet Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Huntley; to which Colin he succeeded.

Colin, Earl of Argyle, vulgo called Collein with the Brow, or Collen Lumpy Brow,—not that he had any lump in his brow which used to remain, but because, as his wrath kindled, the lump gathered in his brows. There was in this Earl a strong, invincible courage; a great represser of rebels, he was a very popular man in those times, ever adhering to the authoritie, although the times were dangerous and his tentations very many. He was chosen to be one of the three Keepers of the Kingdom in the minority of James the 5th. And afterwards, when K. James was much perplexed betwixt the Douglas and Hamilton, hateing the Hamilton for the slaughter of John, Earl of Lennox, and for other causes detested the Douglas, he surrendered himself, as it were, in the arms of this courageous Earl, and did create him his Lieutenant-General of Merse, Teviotdale, and all the South, as the commission most ample in his chartor-chest yet bears. Buchannan has of

him thir words (lib. 14): "Cum Rex Hamiltonijs ut hostium amicis non satis fideret, et ob cædem Johannis Stewarti Leviniani ijs infensus esset nec in alio quoquam nobilitatis vicinæ satis autoritatis aut virium esset, tandem eò decursum est, ut Calenum Campbellum in ultimis quidem regni oris habitantem, sed prudentia clarum et perspectæ in bello virtutis et ob justitiam vulgo carum, Rex cum imperio adversus rebelles mitteret. Duglassiani, Hamiltonijs et cæteris amicis deficientibus, ad summas angustias redacti a Caleno et Georgio gentis Humiæ principe coguntur in Angliam exulatum abire." So that it is certain by this that he expelled the Douglas from Scotland, for the whilk he was recompensed with the lands of Pencartoun in the Merse. He had an affection to learned men and cherish letters; as Hector Bœthius, in the preface to King James the 5th, in the very beginning profess that all the principal help he had to bring the history of Scotland from darkness to light, was from this Earl Colin and Sir John Campbell of Calder (*Caladair*), Knight, Treasurer of Scotland, his brother German, whilk he inserts the names of the books that were brought by this nobleman from Icolmkill to him. The names of the authors are: Veremundus, Archidiaconus Sancti Andreae, natione Hispanus, qui ab exordio gentis historiam [Scotorum] Latine contexuit ad tempora Malcolmi tertii, cui et ipsum opus dicavit; Turgotus, Sancti Andreae Episcopus; Joannes Campbellus. He married Dame Janet Gordon, upon whom he begot three sons: Archibald, Earl of Argyle, called Roy, of whom we heard; John Campbell, called Gorrum (*Gorm*), the first Laird Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*); and Mr Alexander Campbell, Dean of Murray. He succeeded to his father, Earl Archibald, who was slain at floudoun.

Earl Archibald, called in his house Archibald that was slain at Floudoun, was a worthy and valiant man, was in many troubles and changes of Court with King James the 3d. He was against the course of fighting at floudoun; yet the King would fight. This Earl, and his brother-in-law the Earl of Lennox, led the one wing of the battle, were



him thir words (lib 14): "Cum Rex Hamiltonijs ut hostium amicis non satis fideret, et ob caedem Johannis Stewarti Leviniani ijs infensus esset nec in alio quoquam nobilitatis vicinæ satis autoritatis aut virium esset, tandem eo decursum est, ut Calenum Campbellum in ultimis quidem regni oris habitantem, sed prudentia clarum et perspectæ in bello virtutis et ob justitiam vulgo carum, Rex cum imperio adversus rebelles mitteret. Douglassiani, Hamiltonijs et cæteris aversa deficiensibus, ad summas angustias redacti a Caleno et Georgeo genæi Hartie principe coguntur in Angliam exulatum alere." We do not know what is certain by this that he expelled the Douglas from Scotland, or who while he was recompensed with the lands of Fencartoun in the 36-yeir. He had an affection to learned men and cherish letters; as also he testifies, in the preface to King James the 5th, in the very beginning thereof that all the principal help he had to bring the history of Scotland into darkness to light, was from this Earl Colin and Sir John Campbell of Cullis (or Gladsair), Knight, Treasurer of Scotland, his brother German, while he inserts the names of the books that were brought by this nobleman from Iockskill to him. The names of the authors are, Veresaundus, Archidiaconus Sancti Andreae, natione Hispanus, qui ab ætate gentis historiam [Scotorum] Latine contexit ad tempora Malcolmi tertii, cui et ipsum quæ scripsit: Targotus, Sancti Andreae Episcopus: Joannes Campbellus. He married Dame Janet Gordon, upon whom he begot three sons: Archibald, Earl of Argyre, called Roy, of whom we heard; John Campbell, called Goshon (Gowen), the first Laird Lochneil (*Loch-nan-eala*); and Mr Alexander Campbell, Dean of Murray. He succeeded to his father, Earl Archibald, who was slain at Flodden.

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R. Burns del. 1853.

Killybegs Castle, Bohou

both killed together, and multitude of their friends. He married Dame Elizabeth Stewart, daughter to John, Earl of Lennox, upon whom he begot four sons: Colin with the Brow; Sir John Campbell, the first Knight of Calder, who was Treasurer of Scotland; Archibald, Laird of Skipnish (*Sgibnis*); Donald, Abbot of Couper. Daughters: Janet, Countess of Athol (*Adholl*); Mary, Lady Hay; Elizabeth, Lady Mull; Margaret, Lady Erskine; Isobell, Lady Cassills; and Marcellina or Marjory, Lady Lamont. He succeeded to his father, who was called Colin Mulle, Bold Earl Colin, Lietenant of the Isles, and Chancellor of Scotland to James the 2d, was an excellent man, brought many actions to the house, but especially the lordship of Lorne, by marriage of Isabella Stewart, heretrix of Lorn, and one of the three heretrixes. Glenurquhy (*Gleann-urachaidh*) married the eldest, and the Laird of¹

the third, the

Earl being always superior to all. It were tedious to set down all the troubles and passages of his time, especially with the Stewarts of Inner-meth, who pretended to be Lords of Lorn by tailzie. It's to be remembered that thir three heretrixes were daughters to John Stewart, Lord of Lorn, called John Monrach—which is to say, Lipper John—who succeeded to his brother, Robert Stewart. This John married the Lord of Isles and Earl of Ross's daughter, upon whom he begot the three heretrixes. This John Lipper Lord had the lordship by resignation of his brother Robert, with consent of his spouse Janet, by whom he has had the houses, because the resignation is with her consent, whilk is dated the 29th of April, the 12th year of Robert the 2d, at Edinburgh (*Dùn-èideann*).

Here may be opened to your Lop/ an ocean of discourse, in case your Lop/ would be pleased to take the pains to write Highland affairs, as the decay of great sorte his house changed for his eldest son, Dugald, by the Stewarts of Innermeath to the Campbells, who keep it this day; and how the M'Dougalls did keep it ten successions, nine lawfull and one bastard;

¹ Blank in MS. Arthur Campbell of Ottar, *vide* p. 20.

and how this Lipper Lord was slain by the Bastard M'Dougal, and how the Stewarts did kill the M'Dougal again; and in end, with how many varieties and troubles it came to this Earl who was in and compelled to give the Stewarts satisfaction, as the indenture betwixt this Earl and Walter, Lord Innermeath, doth bear, dated August 1469, as likeways to satisfy the two bastards of Douglas—viz., M'Oneil of Brue, and the Laird of Karey, whose houses do both stand this day; as also the great assistance this Earl gave to King James, who then lived, to execute the sentence of forefaulture against John M'Donald, Earl of Rosse, to get possession to his Majesty, then of his offices, castles, heretages,—so that it may be truly said the great clan of that great house of Clan Donald fell in effect in this man's time, both in the elder brother Dougal, first son to Soerle the Great (*Somhairle Mòr*), and the second son, Reginald or Renald, who was father, and Donald the first founder, and father of the great and incomparable clan of the Clan Donald, that was so fearfull to Orkneys (*Arcaibh*); so that here there is a great period of the decay of two antient houses, Lord M'Dougall, and Isles and Ross.

This Earl was a postume by birth, had one Archibald, of whom we heard, lived a good age, and had daughters—his eldest, Isabella, Lady Isles; Elizabeth, Lady Oliphant; Mary, Lady Seton, of whom is descended my Lord Lauderdale; the fourth, Helena, a couragious lady, Countess of Eglintoun; fifth, Marjory, Lady Drummond; the sixth, Katherine, Lady Mulle. This Colin, as he was an odd man in many things, so was he odd and remarkable in his birth, being a posthume of a young father, Archibald, Lord Campbell of Ardstronrusche, and Dame Elizabeth Somervelle, daughter to the Lord Somervell, who was but lately conceived when her husband died, made many prayers that the Lord would bless the fruit of her belly, as the Lord heard her and granted her this worthy son, whom the Lord blessed wonderfully, by whom he brought many accessions to the house of Argyle.

This Lord Archibald, called Roy Kilbride (*Cillebhrìde*), died young, and was the son of a noble and worthy father, Sir Duncan, called Ama or Gracious (*Donnchadh an àidh*), and Dame Marjory Stewart, daughter to Robert, first Duke of Albany, who built and founded Kilmun monastrie, where they both lye.

This Sir Duncan had four sons besides the heir of the house—to witt, the Laird of Glenorchy, the Laird of Otter (*An Oitir*), Auchinbreck (*Acha-nam-breac*), and Howrig. Glenorquhy was born of Dame Marjory Stewart; the last three of Stewart, daughter to the Laird of Ardgowane.

This Sir Duncan succeeded to a most worthy and valiant knight, who is called Sir Colin Iongatach—that is to say, nice or odd in his actions, because all his actions were singular. He was married to Marjory Campbell, daughter to Sir John Campbell, had many conflicts with the Lord of the Isles, who are in his time in great power, and almost at the hight. He had two sons lawfull—viz., Sir Duncan and Colin, who begat a son called John, who was the first Laird of Ardkinlass (*Aird-chonaghlais*). He had bastards, Duncan Moir, of whom is descended the house of Duntrun (*Dun-tredin*); Alexander Keer, of whom is descended the house of Dunstaffinish (*Dun-staidh-innis*); and one called Duncan Deen of Lesmoir (*Liosmòr*), of whom is descended the person of Kilmerlien, who was the Bishop of Argyle, and father to this Bishop of Isles. This is he who caused thrust all his treasury in Lochfyne (*Loch-fìne*) a little before his death, that his sons could not discord for it. He was son of Sir Archibald and Isobell Laymont, daughter to Sir John Laymont, which Sir Archibald was son of Sir Colin and Dame Helena (whose surname we cannot read). But her father's name is Sir John *alias* — Mere, son to the Earl, who is thought to be the Earl of Lennox. This is he who lived with King David Bruce, and who took Donoon Castle from the Englishmen, of whom Buchanan writes thir words (lib. 9): “Ea tempestate quanquam nemo in Scotia prætor pueros ludentes Brusium Regem profiteri audebat, tamen

Robertus Steuartus qui tunc Brittanoduni latebat aliquid per absentiam Cuminij audendum ratus Campbellos in Argathelia familiam potentem sui concilij certiores facit. Eorum princeps Calenus circiter quadringentis coactis ad Noviodunum, arcem Covaliæ ei occurrit : eam statim occupant ;” for the whilk service the Earles of Argyle have this 20 merks, with the heretable keeping of that castle. This Sir Colin was son of Sir Neill, who lived with King Robert Bruce, and was one of his principal followers ; and his brother-in-law having married Dame Marjory Bruce, King Robert’s sister, upon whom he begat a son called John, who was first Baron of Moul, in Athol, and then afterwards Earl of Athol, as your Lop/ shall see it instructed by ane evident. Moreover, when all the nobles of Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithfull and shrinked not, as is to be seen in an indenture in these words : “Memorandum quodcum ab Incarnatione Domini 1308. Conventum fuit et concordatum inter nobiles viros Dominum Alexandrum de Seaton militem et Dominum Gilbertum de Hayia militem, et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem apud monasterium de Cambuskenneth 9^o Septembris, qui tacta sancta eucharistica magnoque juramento dato jurarunt se debere libertatem regni et Robertum nuper Regem Coronatum contra omnes mortales ffrancos, Anglos et Scotos defendere, usque ad ultimum terminum vitæ ipsorum.” These seals are appended to the indenture in green wax, together with the seals of Tulfude, Abbot of Cambuskenneth.

NOTE TO “INFORMATION ANENT THE PEDIGREE OF THE
NOBLE AND ANTIENT HOUSE OF LOCHOW.”

(From ‘*The Highlanders of Scotland*,’ by *W. F. Skene, LL.D.*)

TO the Campbells a Norman origin has been very generally ascribed ; and this numerous clan—who, although their possessions in Argyleshire were at first small, rapidly rose to considerable eminence—seems of late to have been tacitly surrendered by the supporters of the Celtic race to their antagonists, the admirers of William the Norman’s motley band. *Yet no clan do these southern antiquaries claim*

more unjustly. Their claim is principally founded upon the assumption that the name Campbell is a mere corruption of that of De Campo Bello, which they assert to have been a Norman family. *Now, to this the answer is easy,* for there was a Norman family of the name of Campo Bello. Battel Abbey and other rolls, Domesday Book and similar records, are equally silent about them; while the further back we trace the spelling of the Scotch name, the more unlike does it become to his supposed Campo Bello,—the oldest spelling of it—that in Ragman Roll—being Cambel or Kambel. There is thus no authority whatever for their Norman descent; and while the most ancient manuscript genealogies attest their Gaelic origin, the history of the earldom of Garmoran proves, as we have seen, that they formed a part of the ancient inhabitants of that district.

The most ancient manuscript genealogies deduce them, in the male line, from that very family of O'duin, whose heiress they are said to have married; and the MacArthur Campbells of Strachur have at all times disputed the chiefship with the Argyll family. The first appearance of the Campbells is in the reign of Alexander III.; and we find them at that time divided into two great families, afterwards distinguished by the patronymics of MacArthur and MacCaileanmor.

The first notice of the MacCaileinmor branch is Gillespie Cambel, who witnesses the charter of erection of the burgh of Newburgh by Alexander III. in 1266; and there is the strongest reason to think that he was heritable sheriff of the sheriffdom of Argyll, which had been erected by Alexander II. in 1221. It is certain, however, that until the reign of Robert the Bruce the Campbells did not possess a heritable right to any property in Argyleshire. The situation of the MacArthur branch at this time was very different, for we find them in possession of a very extensive territory in the earldom of Garmoran, the original seat of the Campbells.

It is therefore impossible to doubt that MacArthur was at this time at the head of the clan; and this position he appears to have maintained until the reign of James I. Arthur Campbell, of this branch, embraced the cause of Robert the Bruce,—as well as Sir Niel Campbell, the son of Colinmore,—and appears to have been as liberally rewarded by that monarch with the forfeited lands of his opponents. He obtained the keeping of the castle of Dunstaffnage, with a considerable part of the forfeited territory of Lorn; and his descendants added Strachur, in Cowal, and a considerable part of Glendochart and Glenfalloch, to their former possessions. In the reign of David II. the MacCaileinmor branch—who since the marriage of Sir Niel with the sister of Robert Bruce had been rapidly increasing in power and extent of territory—appear to have taken the first steps towards placing themselves at the head of the clan; but were successfully resisted by MacArthur, who obtained a charter—"Arthuro Campbell quod nulli subjecitur pro terris nisi regi,"¹—and the

¹ Holding his lands of the Crown, and not from any of the subject superiors to whom Cowal had been granted.—SKENE.

MacArthurs appear to have maintained this station until the reign of James I., when they were doomed to incur that powerful monarch's resentment, and to be in consequence so effectually crushed as to offer no further resistance to the encroaching power of MacCaileinmor. When James I. summoned his Parliament at Inverness, for the purpose of entrapping the Highland chiefs, John MacArthur was one of those who fell into the snare; and he seems to have been among the few especially devoted to destruction, for he was beheaded along with Alexander, the Lord of Garmoran, and his whole property forfeited, with the exception of Strachur and some lands in Perthshire, which remained to his descendants. His position at the head of the clan is sufficiently pointed out by Bower, who calls him, "princeps magnus apud suos et dux mille hominum;" but from this period the MacCaileinmore branch were unquestionably at the head of the clan, and their elevation to the peerage, which took place but a few years after, placed them above the reach of dispute from any of the other branches of the clan. The Strachur family, in the meantime, remained in the situation of one of the principal of the Ceann-Tighe, preserving an unavailing claim to the position of which they had been deprived. After this period the rise of the Argyll family to power and influence was rapid, and the encroachments which had commenced with the branches of their own clan soon involved most of the clans in their neighbourhood; and their history is most remarkable from their extraordinary progress from a station of comparative inferiority to one of unusual eminence, as well as from the constant and steady adherence of all the barons of that house to the same deep system of designing policy by which they attained their greatness. Their forces in different centuries were as follows:—In 1427, 1000 strong; in 1715, 4000; in 1745, 5000.

[The following extracts from a private letter from Mr Skene in answer to one of mine will not be out of place here.—ED.]

I cannot agree with your derivation of the name.¹ The old Gaelic name of Cowall was Comgaill, not Caimgil, and was undoubtedly derived from the Cinel Comgaill, one of the tribes of the Dalriadic Scots who peopled it. The oldest form of Campbell was Cambel. To derive Cambel from Comgaill is impossible etymology. The first appearance of Cambel in the Records is in 1264—Gillespie Cambell, the father of Cailean Mor (Exchequer Rolls, vol. i. p. 24). You will find the oldest pedigree in Celtic Scotland, vol. iii. p. 458, where the father of this Gillespie appears as Dubgaill, or Dugall Cambel. It seems a personal name, but I don't venture to interpret it. The oldest name of the clan was Clann O'Diubhne. The "p" in the present form of the name Campbell seems to have been introduced from the idea that

¹ This refers to a query as to the name having any connection with the district called Cowall.

the name came from the Norman De Campobello; but this is an inversion of the Norman name, which was De Bello Campo, now Beauchamp, and it never appears in the other form. I agree with you that there is no real foundation for supposing a Norman origin.

There were three septs who had a separate clan name—viz., the Clan Dubhgal Craignish (*Creignis*), Clan Mac Iver of Asknish (*Aisgnis*), and the Clan Arthur Strachur (*Srathchura*); but I believe they were merely septs that had separated from the main stem at an early period. The expression you quote of “quod nulli subjicitur *pro terris nisi regi*” refers merely to the feudal holding of his lands, and not to Clanshili. It means that he¹ held his lands of the Crown, and not from any of the subject superiors to whom Cowall had been granted.—Yours very truly,

WILLIAM F. SKENE.

14th March 1883.

Colin Iongatach.

(From a MS. in the Dunstaffnage (Dun-staidh-innis) family papers, and supplied by Dunstaffnage.)

COLIN IONGATACH, Wonderful or Singular Colin, was also called Colin Math, or Good Colin. He was called Wonderful because he was singular and odd in his conceits. To describe them all would be a history, and take up much time: for instance, his throwing all his treasure into Loch Fyne a little before his death, lest his sons should quarrel and fight for it; his sudden burning of all his houses² when some noblemen of the O'Neils came to visit him from Ireland, that, as he had a fine field-equipage, he might have the opportunity to regale them in tents, for he did not think his house magnificent enough for the entertainment of such quality; and

¹ MacArthur.

² The fact is, that he burnt Inverary Castle, then nearly finished, as being unworthy of his guests, but no other castle. He considered his new field equipage more comfortable than the unfinished castle. The tents were on the plateau close by where the present castle stands—on the north side of the same.

how in a beggar's habit he went through all the army of the Lord of the Isles to spy his forces; his narrow escape from the fury of the MacCallums, or Clann na Challum (*Clann Chaluim*) an Aris Keodnish (*Airidh-sgeòd-innis*), who designed to burn him alive in a house where he lay at night, that they might have the estate for Duncan Skeod na Seich, their foster-brother or *coul*t (*Comhalta*). They set the house on fire, and he was obliged to fly in his coat-of-mail made of steel, called in Gaelic *lùireach*, which became so hot in the flames that he was forced to run into a pool of water under the town of Kilmartine, which pool to this day is called Linne-na-lùirich—that is, the Pool of the Coat-of-Mail.

N.B.—Colin Iongatach was the twenty-eighth ancestor, and from his son, Dugald Mor, my family descends.

Campbell of Mamore and Duncan Creach.

(From a series of MS. papers belonging to the late James Maidment.)

THE heir of Mamore, who became later fourth Duke of Argyll, heard a report that Duncan Creach M'Gregor, a cattle-dealer, was on the point of getting embroiled in the Stuart cause in 1745. Now, though M'Gregor was but a poor drover, his honesty was so well known that he had many friends in his frequent hours of trouble; for the cattle trade was not by any means and at all times a thriving one, and when hard up, money was often supplied him.

Among those who esteemed Duncan Creach M'Gregor's good qualities was the heir of Mamore.

The answers given by M'Gregor, on being sent for by the heir of Mamore, were equivocating and far from satisfactory; and at last, in answer to Mamore's appeal,—“How could he, so stout a Protestant, be in favour of an enterprise to place a race on the throne whose Romish superstition and arbitrary government were not to be reconciled with the ideas of a nation tenacious of civil and religious liberty?”—M'Gregor, after having listened in silence, said: “Sir, the heart and head of men far wiser than I are often at variance. The head has eyes, the heart has feelings. My head tells me that the questions you ask are likely to make me out a traitor. Your argument proves me a fool. Yet, sir, if it were necessary, I would count my life cheap for your service; and though I can see some things in my chief not to my liking, I am bound to follow, not to question, where he would lead me. Can less fealty be due to my hereditary king?” The heir of Mamore solved the problem of Duncan's safety by placing him in prison.

He got an order made out “for confining Duncan Creach M'Gregor, *alias* Campbell, as a suspected person;” and thus, by a short imprisonment, saved him from death or exile. This happened at the beginning of the 1745 troubles. After a while Duncan received a free pass; and the heir of Mamore, passing the jail, called in through the bars, “When the heart is too strong for the head, fools are laid by the heels.”

Years after Duncan's release from prison (elsewhere mention is made in these records that the prisoners were visible to passers-by in old Inverary), Mamore, who had become the fourth Duke, sent for him; and, on being shown into the drawing-room, Duncan, after a few paces, halted, embarrassed.

“How now, Duncan, have I offended, when you have not a word to bestow on me?” As the Duke said this, he led Duncan up to the Duchess.

Now Duncan's shyness had been caused chiefly by the presence of

the ladies ; but he quickly recovered himself, saying, " How could I see your lordship, with this dazzling sun full in my eyes ? "

The Duchess told Duncan she " never had so fine a compliment paid her. "

It is worth noting that the heir of Mamore spoken of here, who became fourth Duke, married the " beautiful Duchess, " ¹ and that it was to her Duncan paid his " fine compliment. "

How the Galley for Lorne came to the Campbells.

(These notes on the Galley for Lorne are based upon letters which appeared in the ' Scotsman, ' signed " Ergadiensis, " " T. H. I. S., " and " Mr H. D. Smith, " all of whom wrote in answer to letters from me in the ' Scotsman ' or ' Glasgow Herald. '—ED.)

THE charter named elsewhere 1470 was no confirmation of the heiresses' claim to Lorne,² for none of the respective husbands ever made any claim through them ; it was the sequel of a long tragedy. In 1463, John Stewart, Lord Lorne, was murdered at Dunstaffnage by a MacDougall, to prevent him legitimising his son Dugald ; but he lived a sufficiently long time to marry Dugald's mother.

For six long years there was a bloody struggle for the possession of Lorne, between Dugald and the Lorne Stewarts on the one side, and the MacDougalls, secretly helped by Argyll and Dugald's uncle, Walter Stewart, on the other. In the year 1469, Dugald Stewart and the MacDougalls,

¹ Mary, daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden, was a beauty, and much spoken of by Horace Walpole. There are two pictures of her—a full length at Inverary, and a " Kit-Cat " at Argyll Lodge.

² See p. 10.

being both exhausted, Mac-Caillein Mòr got from Walter Stewart a resignation in his own favour of the claims of Walter, which he alleged he had in Lorne, and interfered actively in the quarrel. Neither Dugald nor his adversaries were able, after six long years of contention, to resist this powerful opponent, and he had to compromise his right to the whole of his father's lands for Appin, and became the ancestor of the Stewarts of Appin.

After this compromise only, in 1469, Walter took seisin of Lorne, and granted it in pretended exchange for others to Caillein Mòr; and in 1470 this exchange was confirmed by the minor James III., at whose Court Argyll was supreme.

About the year 1388, the Galley, the family cognisance of the Mac-Dougalls—the “Lords of Lorne of Auld,” as Sir David Lyndsay, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, calls them—a branch of the family of the Lords of the Isles, was quartered by Sir John Stewart on his marriage with a daughter and co-heiress of John MacDougall, Lord of Lorne; and three generations later, it was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, and Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, afterwards first Earl of Argyll, some time after their marriage with two of the daughters of Sir John Stewart, Lord of Lorne. Glenorchy, who married the eldest, also assumed the *fess* “checquy” of the Stewarts.

John of Lorne, having no lawful son (Stewart of Appin being a natural son), some years before his death executed a deed of settlement in favour of his own brothers, the Stewarts of Innermeath, as next heirs male.

The deed was confirmed by charter under the Great Seal, 1452; and on the death of the old chief in 1463, his eldest surviving brother, Walter, claimed and succeeded to the estate and dignity.

Argyll's seal, appended to a charter dated 17th December 1470, granting to his uncle, Sir Colin of Glenorchy, a part of his recent acquisition of

Lorne, in exchange for Glenorchy's share of the Clackmannan lands, is not charged with the Galley (Laing's 'Ancient Scottish Seals').

The three daughters¹ were co-heiresses of the lands of Dollar and Gloom, but not of Sir John Stewart's great baronies of Redcastle, Innermeath, and Lorne.

The actual transaction by which these were transferred to Argyll was this : In 1469 the new chief granted an indenture binding himself to resign the lordship of Lorne in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyll, in exchange for the lands of Kildoning, Baldoning, and Innerdoning, in Perthshire ; the lands of Culrain, in Fife ; and Cutkerry, in Kinross : the Earl on his part binding himself to use his influence (which was very great) to procure for him another title—namely, that of Lord Innermeath—which was done, and within a year the patent passed the Great Seal.

It is scarcely correct to say that the co-heiresses of the Clackmannan lands, one-third of which estates were appointed to each of the three heiresses, inherited only these lands ; for the eldest, marrying Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, 1448, carried to her husband a small grant of lands adjoining Glenorchy, extending to somewhat less than six² merks out of the Lorne estates (Orig. Par. Sc.)

Such is the story of the "blazoning" of the Galley "For Lorne" on the shields of the Campbells of Argyle and Breadalbane.

¹ The eldest married Glenorchy ; the second, Sir Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyll ; the third, Arthur Campbell of Ottar.

² Or as another authority says, an eighteen-merk land.

Reasons against the Restoration of Argyll Confiscated Property.¹

Some reasons why Archibald Campbell, sometime Lord Lorn, ought not to be restored to the honour or estate of his late father, Archibald, sometime Marquess of Argyle ("Argyll") :—

1. **B**ECAUSE it hath been alwaies held very dangerous, both for the interest of the Prince and peace of the people, to restore the children of powerful traitors to their fathers' honours or estates, which experience demonstrated to be too true in the Gowries.

2. The restoring of this family is in a special manner most dangerous, by reason of the scituation and vast bounds of the estate of Argyle ("Argyll") in the Highlands, the great claim, many vassals and tenants that depend on it, all, or for the much greater part, ill principled, and inured to rebellion these last 20 years, who blindly follow their master's commands, without any regard to their duty to God or the King, so that it is a most fit place to be the nest and seminary of rebellion, as it proved in the late Argyle's time, to the great prejudice of his Majestie's service, and ruine of many loyal subjects. And this same very reason was brought by the late Argyle against the Marquis of Antrum, to dispossesse him of the lordship of Kentyre (*Cinntire*), which he had purchased with the consent of his late Majesty. For he pretended that it was dangerous to suffer the said Marquis of Antrum to enjoy these lands, by reason of the great power of the family of the MacDonalds, and of the bad consequences that usually follow the restoring of persons to an estate which they had formerly lost

¹ From the Pamphlet of an Enemy of the Argyll Family.

by forfeiture. But it's evident to all men that this reason is much more forcible against Argyle himself and his posterity.

3. It's directly against the council and advice of the modern Solomon K. James, his Majestie's grandfather, of blessed memory, who, in his 'Basilicondoron,' speaks thus to his son: "As for the matter of forfeitures, which are also done in Parliaments, my advice is, you forfeit none but for such odious crimes as may make them unworthy ever to be restored again." And in the same book, speaking of the High-landers and their oppressions, he subjoyns this good council to his son: "Put in execution the laws made against the over-lords and chieffs of their clans, and it will be no difficulty to daunton them."

4. The restoring of this family would prove a dangerous president to encourage rebellious and traitorous spirits to perpetuate such horrid crimes as the late Argyle did, upon hopes, that whatsoever treasons they commit, their families and posterity may still stand: whereas, upon the contrary, the exemplary punishment and eradicating of this family (especially at this first happy appearance of his Majestie's justice) will be a scar-crow to all others, and serve as a beacon to make them shun the rocks of rebellion, which they know will undoubtedly shipwreck not only themselves, but also their posterity. In confirmation whereof, it was observed that the late Argyle, when he received sentence, was more moved at that part which touched the ruine of his posterity and family, than for what concerned his own person.

5. The restoring of the son would be prejudicial to many of his Majestie's loyal subjects of the best quality, and to divers orphans and widows who have been opprest and almost ruined by the father, and can expect no other reparation of their losses, but from the forfeiture of the said estate, unlesse his Majesty would put himself to unnecessary charges to repair them some other way.

6. The restoring of this family is not only dangerous and incon-

venient for the aforesaid general reasons, but also for the said Archibald his particular faults and misdemeanors; for, besides that vice runs much in a blood, as King James hath observed, it's well known that both he and his brother Neil are of the same principles with their father, who died impenitent, asserting the Covenant, and sowing the seeds of sedition and rebellion, and, as it were, entailing it upon his children, as appears by his last speech—which bad principles were instilled in them both with their milk; and to make the elder more compleat, he was sent abroad to be bred at Geneva, with recommendations from his father to that Kirk, and to the Presbyterians of France, where he kept correspondence between his father and them; and the younger was lately proved to have been privy and consenting to all his father's treacherous compliances with the English in Scotland, and to have been actually in arms with them.

7. The bad principles and inclinations of the elder appeared when his Majesty retired from St Johnstons, with intention to go to some of his loyal subjects in the northern parts of Scotland; for immediately upon that news he rifled his Majesty's cabinets, and, after his Majesty's return, he being captain of the guard, put a padlock on his Majesty's door, keeping him a prisoner—which sufficiently shows that he is his father's son.

8. To evidence further his bad inclinations and aversion from his Majesty's service, he never raised regiment or company all the time the King was in Scotland to joyn with the Royal army. But a little before his Majesty was to march into England, he eagerly urged that some parties might be drawn out of every regiment to make up one for himself, under pretence of the King's Guard; and though he knew that would be undoubtedly denied him, yet he still persisted to press the same, on purpose to have some pretence of discontent, that so he might avoid marching into England with his Majesty, which shal be testified by some who were then privy to his father's and his own designs.

9. Though it be pretended, for expiation of these misdemeanours, that

he appeared thereafter in his Majesty's service in the High-lands, under the Earl of Glencairne and Middleton, his Majesty's generals, yet that doth no waies eveience his loyalty, and cannot expiate the least of his faults, for divers reasons : (1) Because when he was there, in his usual discourses he eagerly asserted the Covenant, and justified the barbarous death of the renowned Marquess of Montross, his Majesty's general, as he had barbarously and scandalously insulted over him at his carting and execution. (2) Because even then he combined with the late Lord Balcarras to divide his Majesty's forces, by endeavouring to renew and set up that fatal and rebellious Covenant. (3) Because he endeavoured also another way to destroy those forces by using all possible persuasions with the Viscount of Kenmure to make him usurp the general's place, not only without, but against the King's order; and fearing this unsuccessful treachery would come out, to shun his deserved punishment he immediately fled away to his father's bounds, from whence he wrote letters to make some chief gentlemen desert his Majesty's general, and so break his forces. And this is all the great loyalty that ever he shewed, which is so much brag'd of by his friends and intercessours.

10. And that he persisted still in the same bad inclinations divers years after, appeared lately; for when General Monck, now Duke of Albemarle, was upon his last march into England, and had made some transactions with his Majesty's loyal subjects of Scotland for promoting his Majesty's happy restoration, the said Archibald, then dwelling in one of the Marquesse of Huntlye's houses, did not only divert all those under his power, but also dealt with divers others, to enter into a combination with him, and to sign bonds to oppose the said general's noble and immortal designs.

11. The restoring of the said Archibald will be also dangerous for the great store of money that in all probability is left him by his father, who received great summes from the pretended States of Scotland for all his

treacherous and cruel expeditions against his Majestie's loyal subjects there ; and also from the Parliament of England, and particularly 40 thousand pound sterling at the delivering up of the King at Newcastle, besides a good summe he had thereafter from Cromwell ; and what he made up by the revenues of two bishopricks these 20 years, by seizing the Marquess of Huntlye's estate, and a part of the Marquess of Montrosses ; by exacting divers of his Majestie's few-duties payable to the Exchequer ; by oppressing of many gentlemen his neighbours, and dispossessing them of their estates : all which cannot amount to lesse then a hundred and fifty thousand pound sterling, which summe must remain entire or little diminished, since it's known he lived sparingly, and these last 20 years he would pay none of his debts, neither principals nor profits ; so that his son, having such store of money, is as powerfull as his father to do mischief if he be restored.

12. Lastly, as the restoring of this family would be a notable prejudice to many who have been opprest by it, and no small grief to his Majestie's loyal subjects, who justly apprehend the dangers that may thence ensue to his Majestie's prejudice and disturbance of the nation, and would strengthen the hands of his Majestie's enemies and weaken his friends, so it is the only hopes and desire of those who have been enemies to his Majestie's father, of blessed memory, or who by this means expect the resurrection of the rebellious Covenant so destructive to monarchy. And therefore that family in prudence ought not to be restored.

Old Inverary Castle¹ (Caisteal Ionaraora).

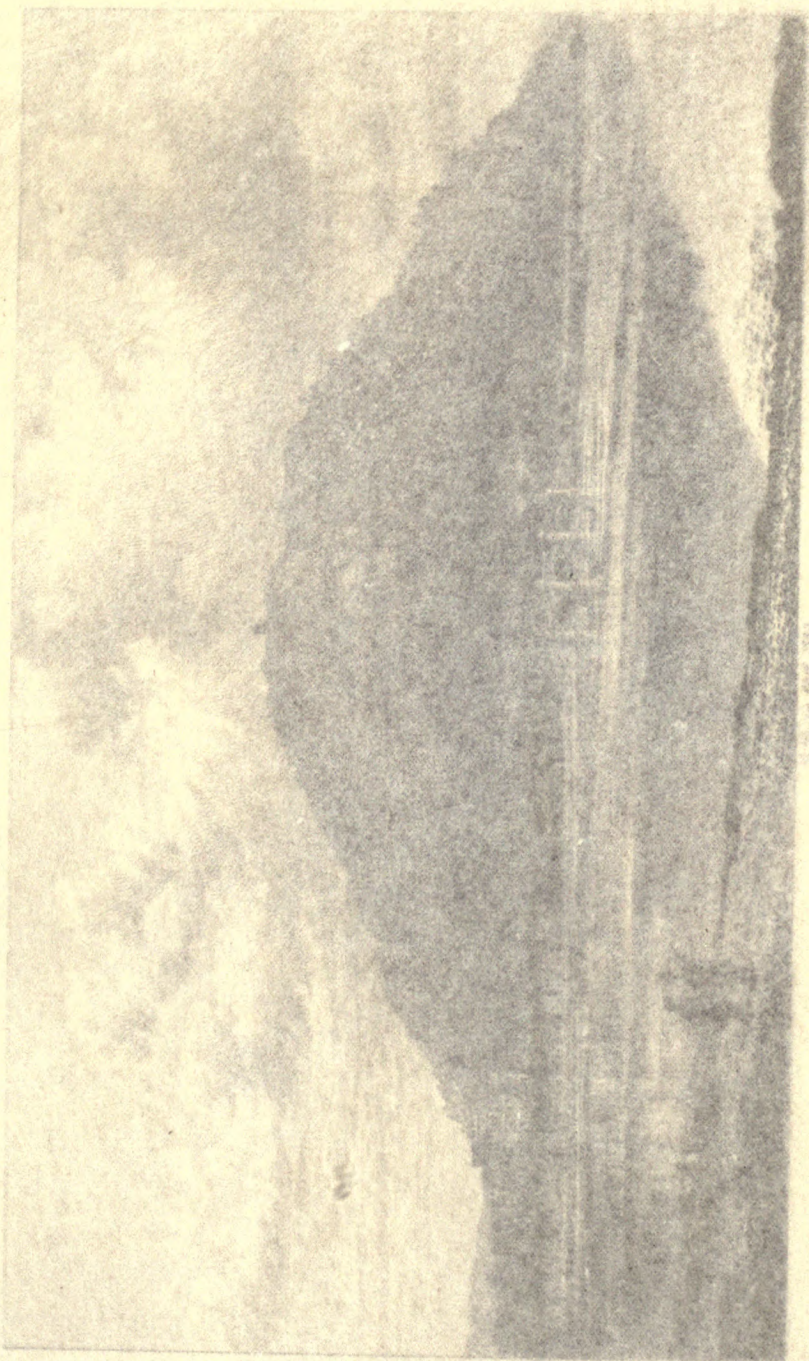
BLOWN UP ABOUT 1745.

THE grey turrets of this old castle witnessed the arrival of Mary Queen of Scots when she came riding from Dunoon (*Dun-odhain*) with her retinue on a visit to her half-sister the Countess of Argyll—that Countess who was seated in the Queen's closet at Holyrood at supper when the arras was drawn aside in the adjoining bedroom, and Ruthven's ghastly form, clothed in full armour, gloomily surveyed the party, when all rose, and the Italian troubadour, David Rizzio, knowing his hour had come, clung shrieking to the Queen's skirts, to be but rudely torn away and despatched with dagger-thrusts before her eyes.

There, at the head of the table in the old hall, sat MacLean's wife, Argyll's sister, whom MacLean supposed drowned. The story of how the lady was saved from the rising tide on the island not far from Duart is well known,¹ and how she fled to Inverary; how MacLean was induced to believe she had perished, and his letter to Argyll saying he would bring her body to Inverary, and bewailing her untimely fate,—are all sufficiently well known. But it may not be as well remembered that Argyll caused a room to be prepared for the body to rest in overnight; and how, when the dinner-hour came round, Argyll in bitter scorn introduced MacLean to his wife seated at the head of the table; and how, through the entreaty of the injured wife, he was allowed to go free. It is on record that MacLean was

¹ It is with great regret I have found myself unable to give a plate of the old castle of Inverero, as it is spelt in a fine engraving; its lines are, however, well known and much admired. The castle keep is seen in the plate of Inverary below the present castle; it stood close by the water.

² This legend, it may be remembered, suggested to Thomas Campbell his poem of "Glenara."



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE Inverary Castle (Caisteal Ionaraora).

ERASED UP ABOUT 1745.

The inner recesses of this old castle witnessed the arrival of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, when she came riding from Dunoon (*Dun-odhain*) with her train on a visit to her half-sister the Countess of Argyll—that Countess who was seated in the Queen's closet at Holyrood at supper when the arms was taken aside in the adjoining bedroom, and Ruthven's guests were, clothed in full armour, gloomily surveyed the party, when the Italian troubadour, David Rizzio, knowing his hour was come, being struck to the Queen's skirts, to be but rudely torn away and despatched with dagger-thrusts before her eyes.

At the head of the table in the old hall, sat MacLean's wife, Margaret, whom MacLean supposed drowned. The story of how the lady was carried from the rising tide on the island not far from Duart is well known; and how she fled to Inverary; how MacLean was induced to believe she had perished, and his letter to Argyll saying he would bring her body to Inverary, and bewailing her untimely fate,—are all sufficiently well known. But it may not be as well remembered that Argyll caused a coffin to be prepared for the body to rest in overnight; and how, when the matter had come round, Argyll in bitter scorn introduced MacLean to his wife seated at the head of the table; and how, through the entreaty of the injured wife, he was allowed to go free. It is on record that MacLean was

¹ It is with great regret I have found myself unable to give a plate of the old castle of Inverary, as it is now in a low state of ruin. Its ruins are, however, well known and much admired. The castle keep is seen in the plate of Inverary below the present castle; it stood close by the water.

² This legend, it may be remembered, suggested to Thomas Campbell his poem of "Glenara."



G. Lane Oct 1883.
Old Castle of Anversary.

fully armed, and that Argyll's people, who met MacLean at the top of Glen Ara (*Gleann-aora*), were not so armed.

In the old castle lived the Marquess of Argyll during the stirring times of Montrose's wars. From here he wrote many a curious letter; and here he received correspondence from all parts of Europe, gave audience to those whom it suited him to receive, or abruptly ended an inconvenient discussion by leaving the room and closing the door—as will be related elsewhere.

There, too, lived Archibald, ninth Earl, who loved his fellow-countrymen, and declared that if heaven were half as beautiful as the glen or valley of Eas-a-chosain, he would be satisfied—who ended his career on the scaffold at Edinburgh, murdered by the legal tribunal of the day.

Here dwelt John, second Duke of Argyll and Greenwich; and here sojourned Earl Crauford of the 42d,¹ who learnt to love the ways of the people among whom he lived, and became famous for his rendering of the national sword-dance—the ancient dance,² not to be confounded with the modern sword-dance.

There the Earl of Ilay (*Ile*), later Archibald, third Duke, planned the new castle a pistol-shot from this fine old place, and, alas! ordered the old one to be destroyed, as being no longer habitable.

Here Athole lived and raised the rents during the days of the attainder of the Argyll estates, and the Athole Highlanders made free with whatever they could lay hands on, as is elsewhere described in the depredations committed on the Campbell Clan by the Atholl men.

¹ Alexander, sixth Earl.

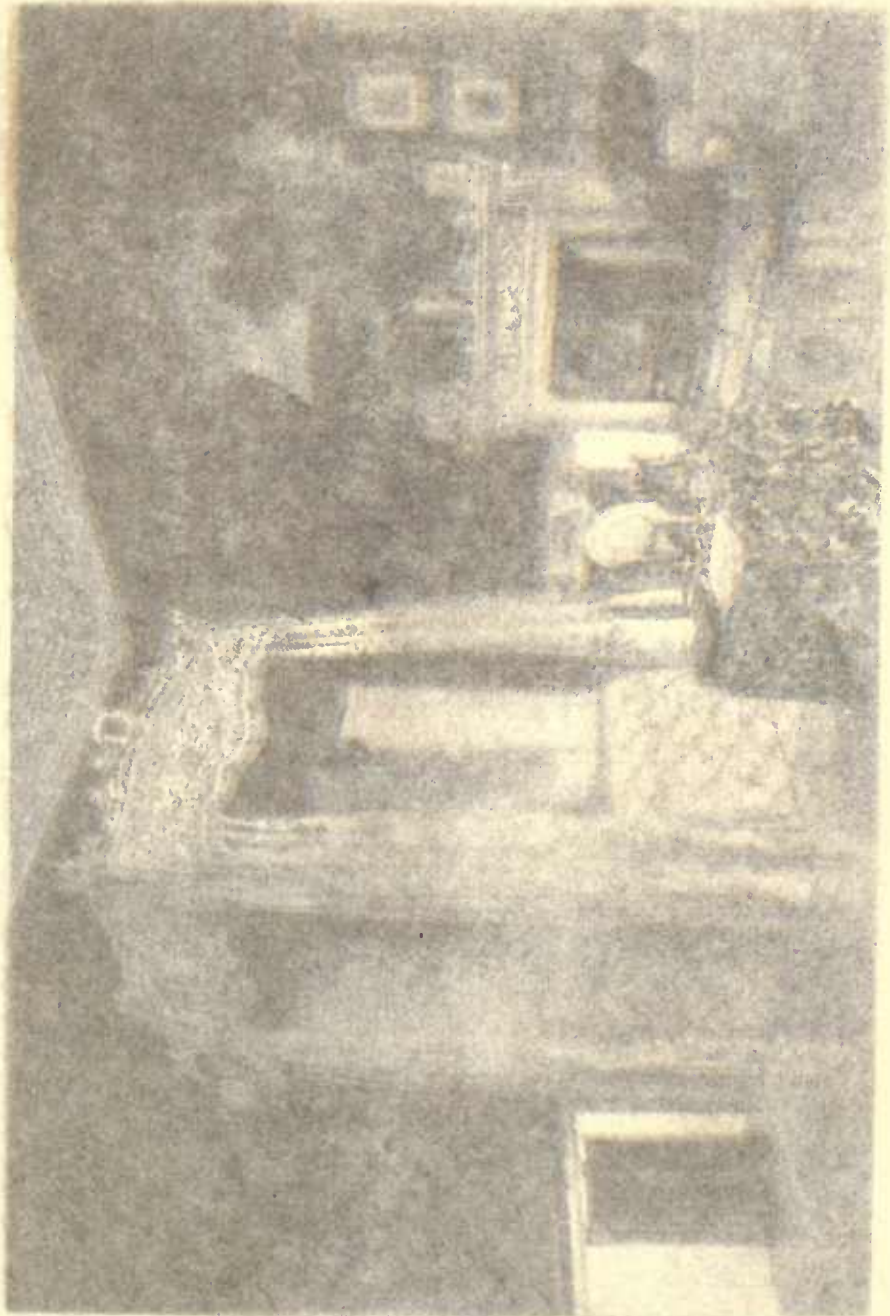
² *Makinorsair*—the dance where the two-handed sword was swung round the head.

State Bedroom at Inverary.

THE tapestry in this room undoubtedly came from the old castle. The subjects are groups of dancers, of men and hounds, skittle-players, &c., from designs by D. Teniers. It is very evident that the tapestry was not made for the room, for parts above the doors are pieced. The colouring is rich and fine. The bed is French, Louis XVI. epoch, beautifully carved and painted, and the coverlet is of richest tapestry; and the curtains, of crimson-flowered damask, are of a rare and beautiful colour. It was to this room that James Ferguson made his way when the fire consumed the hall, October 12, 1877; and in consequence of his warning, the Duke and the late Duchess, roused from sleep, escaped through the dressing-rooms past the old dining-room to the lobby, where the names of all present were called, and where some cruel moments of anxiety were passed. There was nothing between the group here assembled and the raging fire except a mahogany door.

The North Drawing-Room.

AT the date of Dr Samuel Johnson's visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, 1773, the family used the north drawing-room as a sitting-room. The room is throughout furnished with French furniture of Louis XVI. era. Shepherds and shepherdesses on the gay tapestry panels, or lovers swinging each other, and suchlike subjects. Dr Johnson would



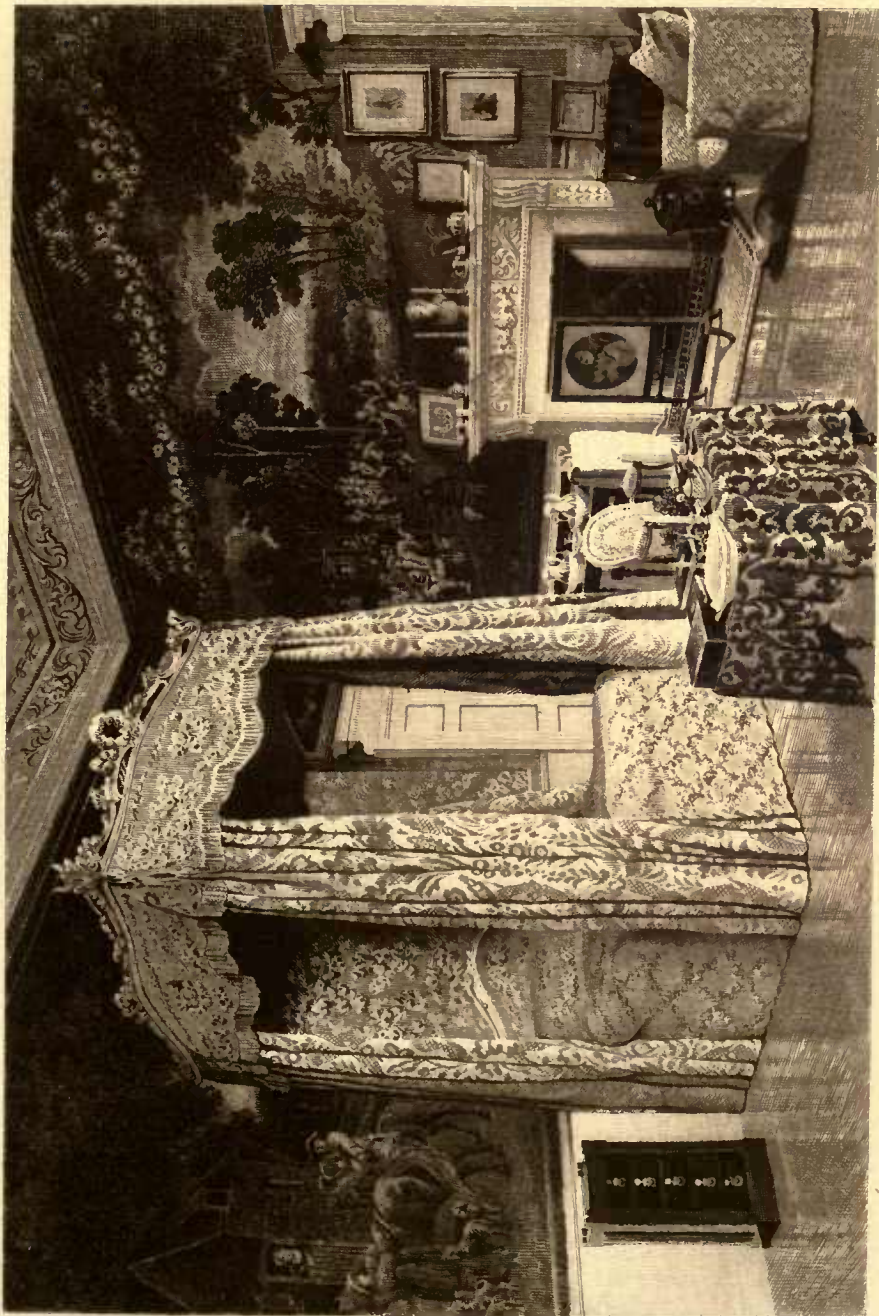
The study of the late Mr. G. W. Smith

State Bedroom at Inverary.

THE tapestry in this room undoubtedly came from the old castle. The subjects are groups of dancers, of men and hounds, skittle-players, &c., from designs by D. Teniers. It is very evident that the tapestry was not made for the room, for parts above the doors are pieced. The colouring is rich and deep. The bed is French, Louis XVI. epoch, beautifully carved and gilded. The wall is covered with the richest tapestry, and the curtains of the window are of a rare and beautiful colour. It was to this room that the Duke of Perth made his way when the fire consumed the hall, and in consequence of his warning, the Duke and the Duchess escaped from sleep, escaped through the dressing-rooms and entered the lobby, where the names of all present were written, and where some cruel moments of anxiety were passed. The scene which takes place between the group here assembled and the raging fire outside is well depicted.

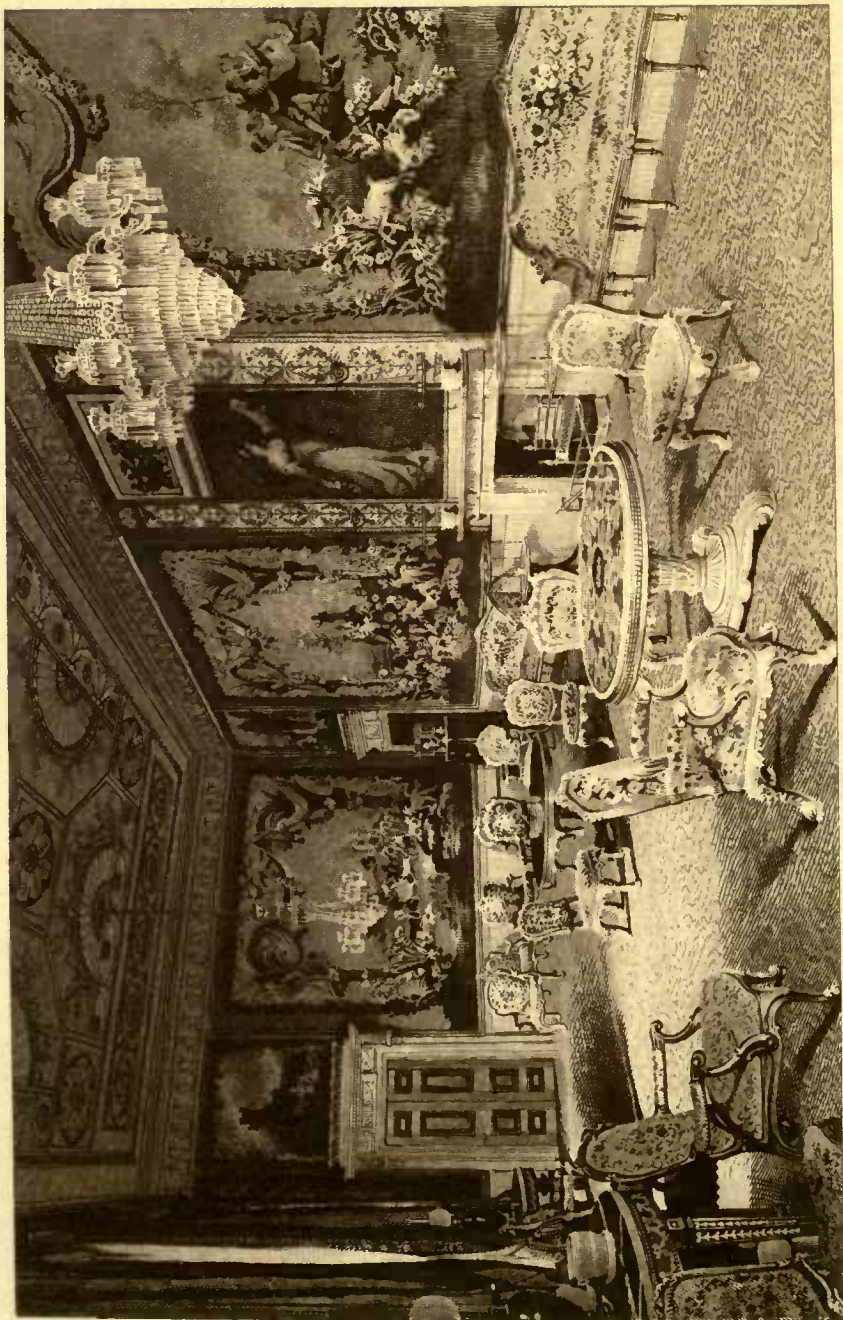
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Charles Francis sculpt

The State Bedroom - Emmeranay Castle



8 Plates Col. 1852.

The North Drawing room, Strawberry Castle.

have entered by the door shown in the sketch, which sufficiently shows its fine proportions. Boswell has described the receiving apartment at the castle, and it is therefore needless to recapitulate what is written elsewhere. It was in this room the "beautiful Duchess" of Hamilton and Argyll snubbed him, and received Dr Samuel Johnson.

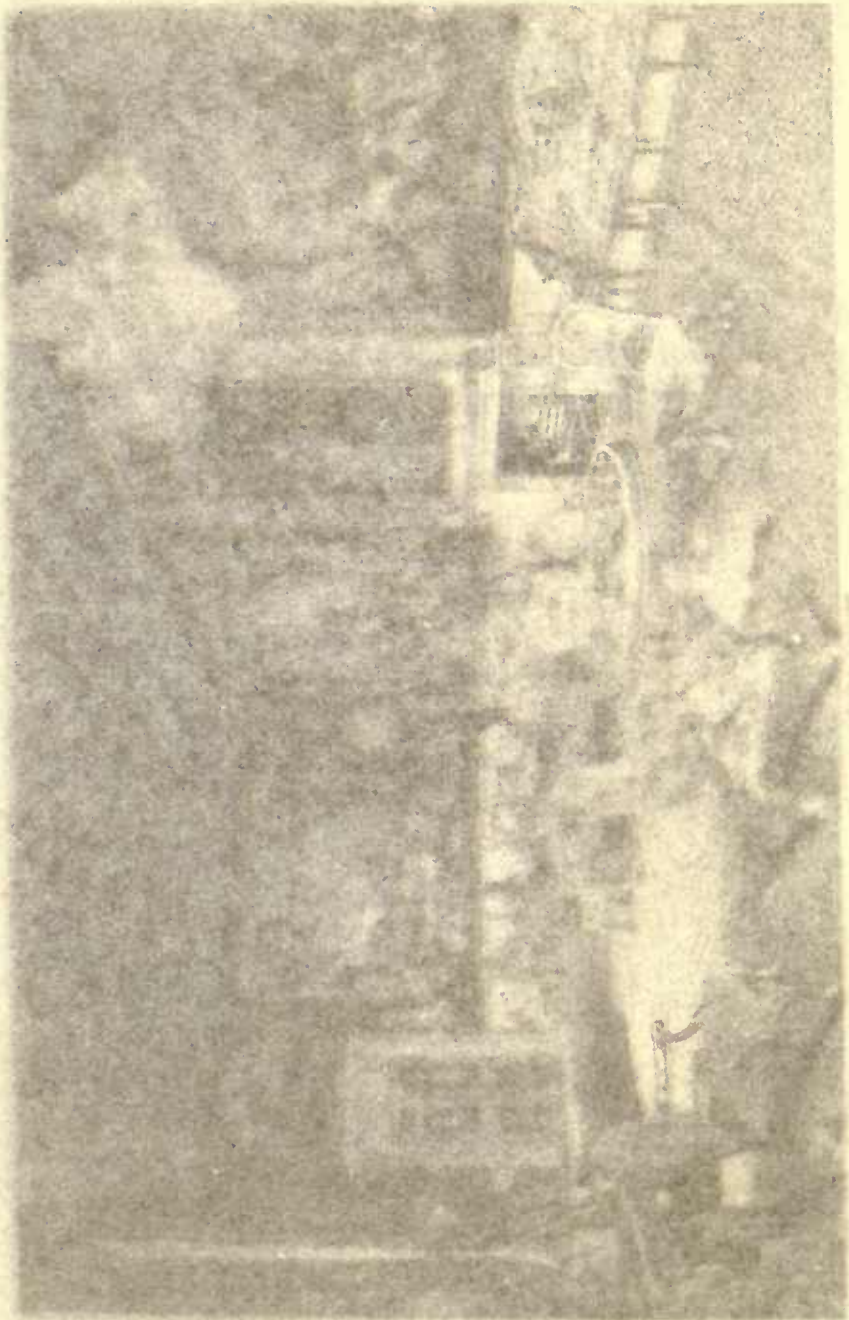
The Armada Cannon.

ON the lawn of Inverary Castle lies dismantled the beautiful gun which was dredged up from the wreck of the Florida, blown up or sunk in Tobermory (*Tobair-mhoire*) Bay. It is of French make, and has the "F" and the salamander and fleur-de-lis, the cognisance of Francis I. It must have been taken from the French by the Spaniards in some great battle, such as Pavia. It is of the finest make, and equal to any example of ordnance preserved in any of the European armouries, and it is decidedly not a marine gun. A smaller piece, resembling a carronade, from the same vessel lies on the battlements of Dunstaffnage Castle.

It is to be hoped that the Inverary gun will not again be used for saluting purposes, as it is honeycombed, and scarcely safe.

It was fired many times during my recollection—notably after the reception of the news of the victory and battle of the Alma, 20th September 1854, when its deep tones made all the surrounding hills reverberate again and again. It is called "the Glede Gun"¹ by the Inverary folk.

¹ "Gled" or hawk was the name given by the Scotch to an old piece of ordnance called a "falconet."



1911. Boston. The Hotel...

have entered by the door shown in the etching, which sufficiently shows its fine proportions. Boswell has described the evening spent at the castle, and it is therefore needless to recapitulate what is written elsewhere. It was in this room the "beautiful Duchess" of Hamilton and Argyll snubbed him, and received Dr Samuel Johnson.

The Armada Cannon.

ON the lawn of Inverary Castle lies dismounted the beautiful gun which was dredged up from the wreck of the Florida, blown up or sunk in Tobermory (*Tobar-mhoire*) Bay. It is of French make, and has the "F" and the salamander and fleur-de-lis, the cognisance of Francis I. It must have been taken from the French by the Spaniards in some great battle, such as Pavia. It is of the finest make, and equal to any example of ordnance preserved in any of the European armouries, and it is decidedly not a marine gun. A smaller piece, resembling a carronade, from the same vessel lies on the battlements of Dunstaffnage Castle.

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Pillory near Inverary.

ABOUT eighty years ago the pillory, as it was termed, and which was placed opposite the old jail, near the present cross of Inverary, was used on Sundays, when convicted prisoners were brought out and exposed to the view of church-goers. It was a sort of square cage with a gate, and the prisoners were all handcuffed while thus exposed.

David Edmiston (Edmonstone).

ONE of the most striking men about the place was the head game-keeper in bygone days, who talked the very best "Scotch"—Lowland Scotch. He ended his days in Fifeshire, but I am not certain that he came from that county. He always wore a very tall white hat, popularly called a chimney-pot, also a high stick-up collar and neck-tie—the dress of the days of William IV. He had the finest set of teeth I ever saw; and as he was continually cracking jokes, and laughing loudly at them, his teeth were always much seen. He had a ruddy healthy colour, dark eyes, and a hooked nose, and was generally a character, whose sayings my father knew by heart, and whose accent he had hit off. I remember one of W. F. Cumming's stories about this man. Dr Cumming, commonly known as the Long Doctor, had travelled with the Duke in Greece and other countries before my father's marriage. The Doctor is a well-known fisherman, and at one pool he and the Duke had each

caught the same number of fish. David Edmystone managed to attend to both fishermen, landing or gaffing the salmon as they were brought near the rocks or shore; but the Doctor fancied he saw some intentional carelessness in Edmystone's way of landing one of his salmon, and on the fish getting off, he turned to David and began with his well-known "Gad, David! I believe you let that fish go on purpose." Edmystone turned on the Doctor, and said without a blush, "G—d, Doctor! ye didna think I was going to let ye bate the Duke?"

Loyalty to his chief could not have been more clearly shown by the most devoted Highlander. David, on another occasion, just managed to get hold of the dress of Mrs William Russell (Lady Charlotte Bury's daughter) as she was sinking in the "Millar's Lynn," into which dangerous pool she had slipped when standing on a rock. David was rewarded with a handsome silver teapot. He had an enormous quantity of fine terriers. I remember him bringing a polecat he had caught in a trap to the front of the castle. A string was tied to one of its legs, and a fight took place between one of his terriers and the polecat; but David, when he found the polecat getting on too well, gave the string a twitch, and the terrier had the better chance. I fancy the polecat, after some curious sparring, was put back into the cage again.

Legend of John, Second Duke, being Bullet-Proof.

(From George Clarke, keeper at Rosneath.)

IT is said that the morning John Roy (second Duke) left Inverary for the wars in Flanders, he was met at Boshang by an old man named Sinclair, who presented the Duke with a small round stone taken out of the head of a white otter that the sea had cast ashore, and which bore a charm. The man said, "If you will accept this from me, you will live to come back to your own country again." The Duke accepted; and the story has it that after a hard-fought battle his Grace would unbutton his coat and give himself a shake, when the bullets would fly off him as snow-flakes fly off a person when shaking themselves. This was a much credited tale, and believed in by persons the writer knew.

The Duke's Coat.

INVERARY, February 11, 1882.

PETER CAMPBELL says: I am forty-three years of age, and was born in Inverary. I remember my aunt, Agnes Campbell (now dead), used to tell me old stories. I remember one about either the first or second Duke of Argyll. His Grace, who was in London, was to be presented with a handsome embroidered coat by some courtiers who pretended sincere friendship, but who nevertheless were jealous of his

Grace's greatness at Court. The coat was ordered to be stuffed with some kind of deadly poison. A tailor, named MacKonochie, originally from Strachur, wrought in the shop where the coat was being made, and, as a Highlander would do, he warned the Duke of the plot. The master-tailor arrived with the coat to fit it on the Duke. The Duke received him kindly, and having the apartment well heated, asked the tailor to try it on first, that he might see how fine it looked. When the tailor replied—

“I can't do that, as that would be taking the honour from my Lord Duke.”

“But,” said the Duke, drawing a sabre, “I insist on you trying it on.”

After a good deal of discussion the tailor agreed. After having it on for a short time, the room being hot, the poison acted, and the tailor dropped down dead, and thus the Duke's life was saved. The Duke sent for MacKonochie, and the Queen (Anne) being on her deathbed, the Duke gave him money enough to purchase a large quantity of black cloth, which he stored for a short time. The Queen at length died, and there was a rush for black cloth. MacKonochie sold to advantage, charging his own figure, and made a large sum by the speculation. The Duke being well satisfied, ordered MacKonochie to quit London for Scotland at once, or his life would be endangered, and he did so, going to Edinburgh. He became ancestor of Lord Meadowbank (the late Alexander Maconochie), who was one of the Court of Session and Justiciary Judges for Scotland. My mother remembers Lord Meadowbank presiding in Inverary.

I have heard my aunt tell the following story: Duke John (fifth Duke of Argyll), had one of the Athole family, a young lord, visiting him at the castle. They chanced to pass through Inverary, and on their coming near the monument opposite the Established Church, the young lord inquired—

“What monument is that?”

The Duke briskly replied, "When you go home to your father, ask him, and he will tell you."

His lordship suspecting something, made a quick exit from the mansion of Argyll.¹

I know Mackririach (*Machaire-riabhach*); it is near Dunaverty (*Dunabhartaich*). I have seen human bones ploughed up there eighteen years ago. A great battle was once fought there, I was told by old people, between Argyll and Macdonald, the latter having been defeated. There is a tomb there said to contain the remains of the Macdonalds, and the remnant fled to Ireland.

My mother remembers people in Inverary wearing the kilt quite regularly. One old man used to work daily with it in the Duke's garden here. Peter MacArthur was his name. This was between fifty and sixty years ago.

¹ See p. 49. The obelisk in memory of the young gentlemen of the Clan Campbell executed by the Atholemen.

Inverary Topography.

(The following topographical notes are furnished by George Clarke, keeper at Rosneath.)

GLENSHERA (*Gleann-sìora*).—In the extreme upper end of Glenshera there is a conical knoll, which, being embosomed in the hills, is green much earlier in the spring than the surrounding scenery, and, whether from this or not, was called by the ancients *sìthean*—*i.e.*, “fairy dwelling,”—and from this the mountain at whose base it is, was called *Beinn-an-t-sìthein* (fairy mountain)—in English, *Ben-an-tean*; and on the west of the same, there is a large plain called *Srath Sìthein*, “fairy strath.” There the glen and river begin, and hence, *Gleann-Sìth-Shrath*, “glen of the fairy strath”—and in English, *Glenshera*. *Stronshera* (nose or projection of *Shera*), *Lochshera* (an arm of the sea).

The accounts of Glenshera in the early days of the Reformation do not by any means portray a peaceful state of society as existing in that glen. We hear that Protestants and Roman Catholics on the way to their respective places of worship could not refrain from launching darts and firing their arrows at each other. So constantly does this appear to have taken place, that the very fields were baptised by the name of “The field of throwing of darts.” We know, however, that up to a comparatively recent time the clergy themselves were wont to go armed to church; so, after all, perhaps it is not astounding to find that their flock were careful to keep in training for spear-throwing and shooting arrows even on the way to church.

The Roman Catholic portion of the inhabitants of this glen were followers of MacNaughton, the Protestants followers of Argyll; hence the perpetual and smouldering fires of mutual animosity which every now

and then burst into flame—the river alone, which flowed between the two factions, preventing hand-to-hand fighting.

The Garron River in this glen means “Short River.” The French Garonne is the same name.

Livingstone used to think the name Shera was the same as that of the Shiré in Africa.

A tradition, as told by Sandy MacKellar, boatman and head fisherman to the Duke of Argyll, is, that on Argyll's signal being given from a green knoll above the Garron Bridge in war-time, 300 men came out of this glen, “not one of whom ever had a bonnet on his head.” This may well have been the case in ancient days; but the later record of the muster from the glen is, that 160 men could always be reckoned on. This may be accepted as the strength of the Campbells and those who sided with them in Glenshera in comparatively late times.

The tradition as to the spot on which Argyll stood when he, or others for him, caused the gathering to be sounded, as handed down to MacKellar, is also fully borne out by the testimony of many more born and bred in and around Inverary. Alexander MacVicar, late keeper, who had very exact information as to the topography of the place, pointed out the same green knoll on the steep hillside, and often went there with the writer of these records, standing on the very spot whence the signal to gather was sounded.

The tradition, as handed down to George Clarke, who used to live in Glenshera, concerning the muster-roll in 1715, was as follows:—

It was stated by old people in general that Glenshera turned out in 1715 eighty soldiers for John Roy Campbell, second Duke of Argyll's army, at Sheriffmuir (*Sliabh-an-t-siorraim*); and turned out forty soldiers, who followed the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore and his son, Colonel John Campbell, at Culloden (*Cùil-fhodair*) in the “Forty-five” (afterwards fourth and fifth Dukes of Argyll respectively).

At the neck of the Dùloch, as it is called, about 150 yards from the

Avenue Bridge, are the relics of the MacNaughtain Castle, built on a triangular peninsula; at least, when the loch is at all high, it becomes one, and even in dry weather the old fosse remains to this hour swampy.

The MacNaughtons did not agree well with the other clans about Lochow (*Loch-odha*), so they left that country-side, and built for themselves a castle on this promontory.

Some merchants hawking linen are said to have brought a plague into the glen; several persons died of the same, and in the death-roll were some of the occupants of the castle. In a panic, the survivors left, having buried those who died near the castle. The place is still known by the name of Bruach-nan-uaignean (Bank of graves). The castle was then shut up, and never again inhabited. It was eventually pulled down, and Dunderave (*Dùn-da-ràmh*) built. Two flagstones used to mark the graves. These were there not many years ago, and probably are still there.

This castle is said to have been pulled down before the Campbells had an acre of Glenshera. In fact the Campbells had not an acre of land north of Kilmalua, or the "Burying-place," until the Marquess of Argyll's time.

In the wars of Montrose's time Argyll and the MacNaughtons were on the same side, and tradition says that they raised a large number of men in Glenshera that fought at Inverlochry under the Marquess of Argyll. Here MacNaughton lost several near relatives.

The number raised in Glenshera is variously estimated—by some at 150, by others at 250, and by others at 300.

But, with the exception of Boshang, from the upper end of the Dù-loch, south side, to Kilmalua, or "Burying-place," which one Sinclair had feued from MacNaughton, and of which he gave the deeds (or his rights) to the Marchioness of Argyll¹—with this exception, Argyll had not an acre of Glenshera until MacNaughton left.

¹ See also page 44.

KENMORE, *February 6, 1882*

John MacKenzie, aged seventy-eight years, says: I am not a native of Kenmore, but have lived there from the age of twenty, and married a native of Kenmore. My wife, Margaret Bell, deceased, told me a story she heard from her grandfather, that on one occasion eight rascals of fellows were pursuing a young innocent girl up Glenshera, and that Rob Roy came on them, rescued the girl, and pitched every one of the men into the river Shera, after giving them a sound beating. My wife told me that she heard her grandfather say a battle was fought between Argyll and Athole in the "stable park" near Inverary; that her mother saw drains opened, and men's bones turned up there; that a battle was fought between Argyll and Athole on the hill above St Catherine's, Lochfyneside, and the latter was routed, and fled by way of Cowal. Two plantings were planted on the spot, resembling the opposing forces, but the trees are now cut down. I remember seeing people wearing the Highland dress,—home-made woollen, shaded with sometimes blue, white, and red spots, and sometimes all like the heather, coloured from it, after being plucked from the hills. A round bonnet of similar stuff, with like spots. They would not go hay-cutting when pantaloons began to be worn unless they had on the kilt.

MAAM (*Màm*).—The name Maam is derived from Celtic, *meall cruinn* (a round lump)—pronounced *maam*,—from the configuration of part of its moor being like a cancer turned upside down. A family (MacKellar) had Maam feued from MacNaughton, but they sold out to Argyll and emigrated.

Ceann-nan-creag (end of the rocks), upper and lower Kinachreggan (*Ceann-a'-chreagain*), in Glenara, a family (MacKellar) had feued from MacNaughton, and exchanged with Argyll for a place called Creag-a'-Chait (cat's rock), in Knapdale (*Cnapadal*) or Craignish (*Creignis*).

KILBLAAN (*Cille-bhlathain*), or St Blaas's Monastery—so called from a church and burial-place on that farm. A family named MacKellar had this place feued from MacNaughton.

A young man, a native of Glenshera, was married to a young woman at Alt-Padric (*Allt-phàrraig*) (Peter's Burn), opposite the three bridges in Glenara. There had been a large gathering at the wedding, and MacKellar of Kilblaas had been there. During the dancing some quarrelling had taken place between him and some others; and as they were leaving in the morning, one of the others offered MacKellar his forefinger to bid him good-bye. MacKellar took this as an insult, and caught the finger with the one hand, and drew his *skiandhu* (*sgian-dubh*) from his hose with the other hand and cut off the man's finger. For this the authorities sent the constables to apprehend him, when he went out of the way by hiding among his friends.

He continued thus hiding for, it is said, two years, when he died; and his family being but young, the farm was neglected and the feu-duty became in arrears. The superior took charge of the farm, but the family kept the title-deeds. A son, or perhaps a grandson, of MacKellar came to reside in Inverary, and got employment as labourer to the Duke's mason, named Angus MacKellar, who had two daughters, Ket and Nanny. A cousin of Angus, one Peter MacKellar, who had risen to be an extensive sheep-farmer, called on Angus one day, and said, "Angus, give the title-deeds of Kilblaas to me, and I will try and plea the Duke out of it." "No," said Angus; "when I had no work the Duke gave me work, and when I could not work the Duke gave me a pension."

Angus and Ket died; and when the Rev. Dr MacKellar, preaching in the Free Church, Inverary, and residing at the castle, called to see his cousin Nanny MacKellar, she presented the title-deeds to him, who handed the same to the late Duke of Argyll.

ELERIG (*Eilirig*).—This name comes from Allie (cattle and calves), pronounced in some places Elreg (a place for milking and rearing cattle), and in other places Airidh, and in English “Dairy.” A family (MacNicoll) had this place feued from MacNaughton. The family became divided—one part living in Elreg Mor, one in Elreg Beg. But the place eventually fell to one Nicol MacNicoll. At that time the road or bridle-path from upper Glenshera came down the bottom of the glen to where the Kilblaan houses now are; thence it ascended and ran along at a considerable elevation above the bottom of the glen, until it began to descend above the old deer-park, and came to the public road at Stronshera Cottage (the late factor’s cottage). Nicol MacNicoll was one day going to Inverary with a sack of meal or corn on horseback. On coming to Kilblaan he walked to MacNeil’s, who was miller and porter and lodge-keeper there. Stating that his horse was rather heavy loaded to go up the higher road, he took the key off a nail on which it hung, opened the gate, and went through. By other accounts the miller let him through. However, he was met by Henderson, the Duke’s farm-overseer at the head of the Dùloch, who swore at him, and aimed a blow at MacNicoll with his whip for coming that road. MacNicoll evaded the blow, and in return aimed a blow with his staff at Henderson, which struck the horse (a spirited beast) and caused the animal to jump out into the river, and before the rider could get him pulled up, he was across on the opposite side. MacNicoll went on, and Henderson went round the head of the loch and down the south side of the Dùloch, and reported the affair to John, fifth Duke, who was considered a very just Duke, and who, it is reported, said, “Well, if the upper feuars have a right to come down to the bottom of the glen, it is but right that they should have it; but we will test the case at law.”

Whether the case was tried at Inverary or not, it went to the Court of Session, where it was decided in favour of MacNicoll, but without

expenses—which threw MacNicoll into pecuniary difficulties, and he was eventually lodged in Inverary prison for debt. At that time the prison was under the old Court-house near the Craggs, having an open arch—except that bars of iron went from the ground to the top, about three inches apart, so that the ordinary prisoners could converse at pleasure with the outside public. The jailer, who was also named Nicol MacNicoll, one day went in with the prisoner's breakfast, locked the door on the inside, leaving the key in the door while he went into an inner apartment. Nicol MacNicoll of Elerig opened the door, locked it on the outside, and escaped. When the jailer had noticed what had taken place, he shouted to the people passing, "Nicol is out! Nicol is in!"—meaning Nicol the debtor had got out, and he himself was locked up. MacNicoll went in hiding among friends for a while; but eventually sold Elerig to Balnaby (*Baile-nàbaidh*) in Islay, who handed the same over to John, fifth Duke of Argyll, who had been in London during this time. MacNicoll's house, which stood near the farm-offices now there, had been a good one of the kind, with a well-thatched roof of brackens. MacNicoll, after clearing his debtors, left the country. Henderson, or the factor, ordered the house to be wrecked. When the Duke arrived, and went up Glenshera, he saw the house unroofed and otherwise wrecked, and, it is said, was very displeased, saying he intended MacNicoll should have the house and cow's keep for life. His Grace caused inquiry to be made where MacNicoll was, and found he was in Glasgow, and he then got two of MacNicoll's sons into the Excise.

"STUCGOIE" (*Stuchd-a'-ghaoith*).—A family called Munro, who, it is said, had advanced some money to MacNaughton, had got Stucgoie for the nominal feu-duty of a firloft of barley. The name is derived from a place in the moor called Stucgaobhic (the windy pinnacle, or windy mountain-horn)—known now in Gaelic and English by "Stucgoie."

When the Argyll estates had been attained, and when hordes of Atholemen came to Inverary to raise the rent, &c., on one of these occasions Archibald, the then young Earl of Argyll,¹ went out of the way, and was residing with Munro at Stucgoie. The Atholemen suspected that he was somewhere in Glenshera, and put a watch searching-party into the glen, in consequence of which the Earl took up his abode in Creag-bhàn (white rock), near Munro's house. But so closely had Munro's house been watched, that all Munro could do with safety was to make up a parcel of barley-meal, throw on his plaid, and take his dog and staff, and set out as if going to look after cattle, and when passing above the rock, to let the parcel of meal drop down to where the Earl lay—since known as Leabaidh-an-Iarla (the Earl's Bed). However, the Atholemen were searching all about the place, and at length came to search the rock, when the Earl sprang out and ran, pursued by the Atholemen. On coming to the gully that divides the farms of Stucgoie and Drumlee (*Druim-a-lithe*), the Earl at one bound crossed the gully, leaving his pursuers. This place had been known to the natives fifty years ago by the name of Leum-an-Iarla (the Earl's Jump); it is a gully of immense depth. The Earl that night put up at a "shieling," and afterwards got to the coast, where he embarked for Holland, and returned with William of Orange. He is reported to have said afterwards that the "crowdy"² of barley-meal made in his shoe had been the meal he most relished in his life. Munro exchanged Stucgoie with the Duke for Bagh-nan-lion (Net Bay, where there had been a stationary net), near the foot of Lochow (*Loch-odha*), south side.

DRUMLEE (*Druim-a-lithe*).—In the Gaelic lexicons "Sliabh" is called a mountain, which is a mistake, as there are some places in the Highlands called Sliabh, where there are no mountains at all. "Sliabh"

¹ Afterwards first Duke.

² Crowdy, "cold porridge."

signified with the ancients a stretch of hill or mountain-side on one side of a glen, as seen from Druim-an-t-sliabh (signifying the top or uppermost farm on one side of the glen), pronounced Driumle, and in English Drumlee. Down to the time when MacNaughton left, no sheep could be kept at large on the moors, on account of the country being overrun with wild animals; so that MacNaughton kept Ben Buie (*Beinn-bhuidhe*) and Ben-an-tean (*Beinn-an-t-sithein*) as a deer-forest, and had one Turner as forester, and to whom he feued off Drumlee. This forester had two sons, who each got a portion of the farm, and were called the portioners. One of these (a grandson of the forester's) exchanged his portion of Drumlee with the Duke for the farm of Blar-a'-ghobhar (goats' ground) at Lochow, but remained in Drumlee as a tenant of the Duke's. The other portioner, who had three sons, sold out to the Duke, and some time after one of them became tenant of Maam; the other two, the Duke got commissions for—one in the navy, and the other one in the army.

Charles Turner being in Ireland during the rebellion of '89, went into a cave where some rebels were, when a fight ensued, in which he got his arm so mutilated, that it had to be amputated. He rose to be lieutenant-general, and was appointed Governor of Sierra Leone. He took out with him two sons and two daughters, one of his brothers in Maam, and a Martin Turner, a young man of the family of Turners of Drumlee. All the young men died there; and after a few years' service there the Governor died too, and the two ladies came home with his remains.

BOSHANG.—From the salmon-draught or fishing-house to the Garron Bridge (*Drochaid-a'-ghearrain*) is a semicircle, and at the bridge the land goes off at right angles, and from this it was called Bagh (Squint Bay), and was pronounced Boshang. A gate there is still called in English Boshang Gate. As it blows very fiercely in there with a south-east wind in winter, it is also known as Camus-na-mollachd (the Cursed Bay).

A family named Sinclair had Boshang feued from MacNaughton; it extended from the Dùloch to Kilmalue. The last of the Sinclairs there had an only son, who had been in the Covenanting wars under the Marquess of Argyll. He died, and having no heir, presented the title-deeds of Boshang to the Marchioness of Argyll,¹ who, it is said, planted the beech avenue there.

It was in Boshang that the Argylls had the first red-deer confined, which had been brought in by the Earl of Ilay,² when John Roy, the second Duke, was in Flanders. There had been then a high stone wall from the Garron Bridge along the water to and beyond the boat-house, where it crossed to the wood; and above, a huge wooden fence ran down to above Boshang Gate; and there was a pond inside for the deer to drink from and swim in, and was called Cùil-nam-Boc (the Buck's Corner), and pronounced Cùil-a-Phochain, still known by old people about the place by that name. But red-deer did not thrive there; and Duke John took down the wall along the water, and extended the park to the east side of the Dùloch, and introduced fallow deer.

The river between the Dùloch and the sea was called Gearr-amhain (Short River), and the bridge crossing it at the sea called Drochaid-a-gearrain (Short River Bridge), and from this in English Garron Bridge.

The church in Glenshera stood on an eminence fully half a mile beyond the head of the Dùloch above the road.

The burying-place in Glenshera had been on an elevation near the river, nearly opposite Maam houses, until a remarkable waterspout took place in the glen about a century ago, when a stream in the moor brought down such "drift" that it choked the bridge on the highroad, when the water ran along the road till it broke through the dike and rushed down the hillside, making an immense rut, still visible, and carried

¹ See also page 37.

Archibald, afterward third Duke, on the decease of his brother.

down gravel in such quantities as to cover the burying-place to a depth of from six to ten feet. When they were cutting the river-banks straight, all the stuff accumulated over this burying-ground was carted away to fill up the old channel of the river, and the place got levelled, so that there is nothing of the burying-place visible. A field on the farm of Maam is still known by the name of Dail-Cuspaireachd, "The Cabin."

As the Latin *cuspes* means sharp-pointed weapons, such as javelins, arrows, &c., so in Gaelic *cuspair* signifies a mark, and *cuspaireachd*, to throw arrows or javelins at a mark; and Daill-cusherach signifies a field where people were throwing arrows or javelins. This was a field where, as has been already mentioned, the Protestants met on Sunday, and threw arrows across the river at the Roman Catholics while going to church along the side of the river, which shows what animosity existed between Protestants and Roman Catholics at that time.¹

¹ See also page 35.

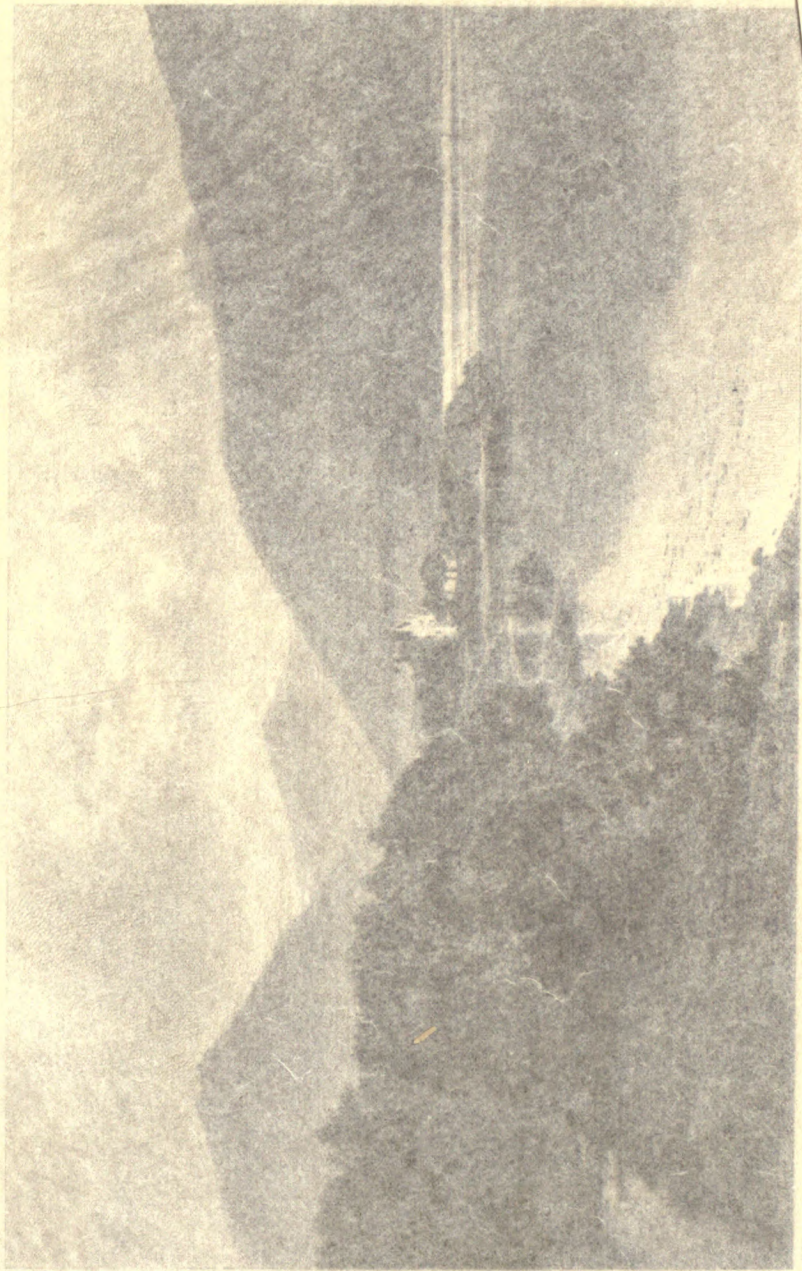
The MacNaughtons of Dunderave (Dùn=dà=ràmh).

THE following inscription, in Roman letters, can still be traced above the door of Dunderave Castle, on the shores of Loch Fyne :—

I . MAN . BEHALD . THE . END . BE . NOCHT . VYSER . NOR . THE . HIESTEST
I HOIP . IN . GOD.

The name is derived from Dun-an-Rudha, the “knoll on the promontory.” Here a knoll or bluff of rock rises up almost perpendicular from the sea, and behind this the castle had been built, now pronounced Dùn-dà-ràmh, and in English Dunderav or Dunderave. MacNaughton of Dunderave, Sheriff of Argyleshire in 1685, left one son, who had been engaged in marriage to the second daughter of Maciain Riabhaich Campbell of Ardkinglas (*Aird-chonaghlais*).

In those days it was customary that the bride and bridesmaids should wear a veil over their face at a marriage, and it was also customary that marriages should take place in the evening, when dancing began, in which the young couple took part until midnight, when the bridesmaids took away the bride and put her to bed, after which the bridesmen took away the bridegroom and put him to bed, and carried away the candle. Now, at the marriage the eldest sister had personated her younger sister, and having been put to bed as described, MacNaughton did not notice the deception until morning. On coming to breakfast he remarked that there had been a mistake made last night. Ardkinglas, however, excused himself by saying that it was customary for the eldest daughter to get married first, and that she would make as good a wife as her sister. MacNaughton brought home his wife, and when near her confinement the sister came to



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Bandelier Castle, west of 15th St. N.Y.

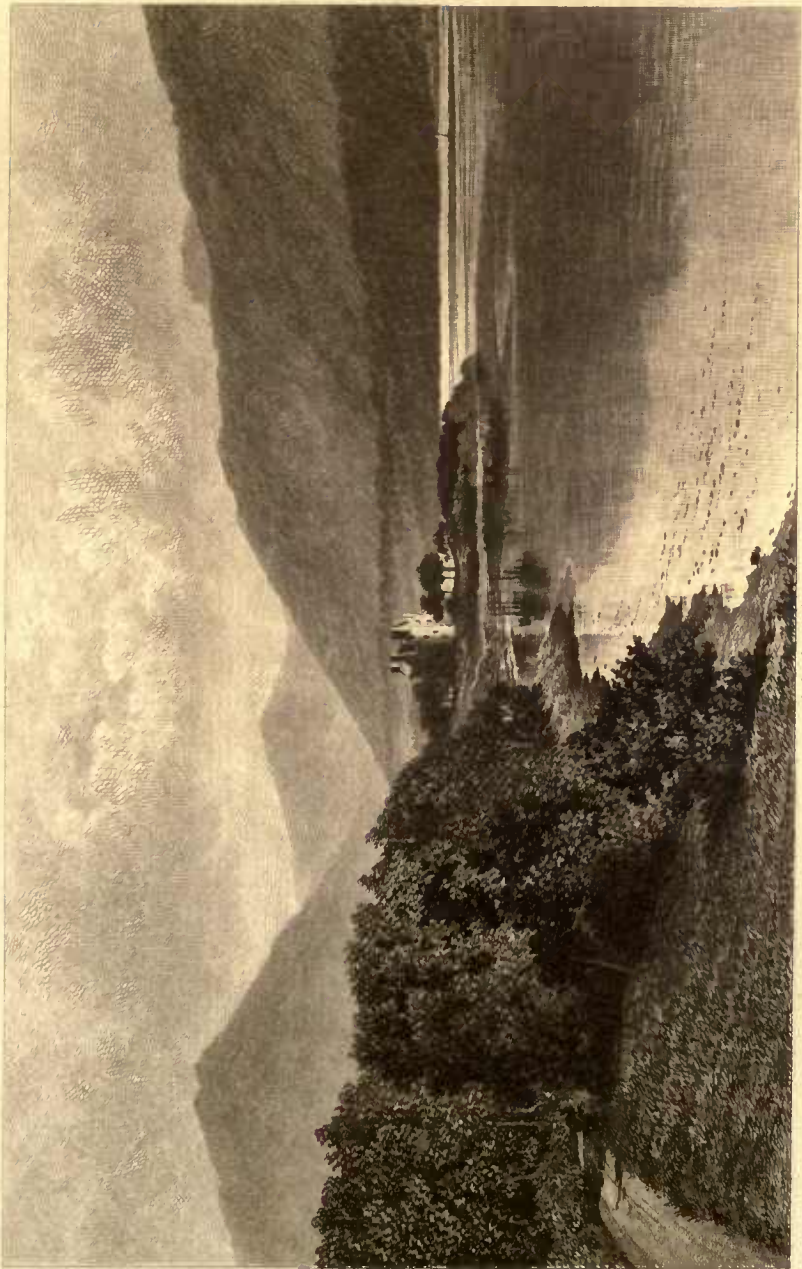
The MacNaughtons of Dunderave (Dùn-da-ràmh).

The following inscription, in Roman letters, can still be traced above the door of Dunderave Castle, on the shores of Loch Fyne:—

I HIC EST ADITUS TURRIS END . PE . NOCHY . TARR . BAY . TAE . HIES . I .
I HOIP . IN . 1688 .

The castle is derived from *Dun-an-Rachna*, the 'small' on the promontory of which a steep or bluff of rock rises up almost perpendicular from the sea. Formerly the castle had been built, now pronounced *Dùn-da-ràmh*, or *Dùn-daragh*, *Dunderay* or *Dunderave*. MacNaughton of Dunderave, who was a benefactor to the University of Cambridge in 1683, left one son, who had been engaged to marry the only daughter of *MacIain Riabhaich* (Campbell of *Arkinglas*, *Arkinglas*, *Arkinglas*, *Arkinglas*).

It was then a custom that the bride and bridesmaids should go to the church-side at a marriage, and it was also customary that the wedding should take place in the evening, when morning began, in which young people took part until midnight, when the bridesmaids took the bride to bed and put her to bed, after which the bridesmen took away the bridegroom and put him to bed, and carried away the candle. Now, on the evening the eldest sister had personated her younger sister, and when she was put to bed as described, MacNaughton did not notice the bridegroom until morning. On coming to breakfast he remarked that there had been a wedding made last night. Arkinglas, however, assured himself by saying that it was customary for the eldest daughter to get married first, and that she would make as good a wife as her sister. MacNaughton brought home his wife, and when near her confinement the sister came to



W. Dundee. 6846. 1852.

Dundee Castle, head of Loch Fyne.

attend to her. In due time Mrs MacNaughton presented her husband with a son and heir. Some time after, it began to be whispered about the place that the young lady was in an interesting, or perhaps in an uninteresting, way to MacNaughton, and eventually he was apprehended and lodged in prison in the old tower of Inverary. The young lady visited him, bringing ropes under her mantle to enable him to escape over the prison walls; and, according to agreement, she and a lad named MacLean, a native of Dunderave, with a fisherman, came into the bay below the old tower of Inverary, in MacNaughton's barge at night. Then, as the beautiful song composed by Mrs MacNaughton tells us, MacNaughton escaped. On a Monday they set sail never to return, and landed at Port Rush, where they got married. At that time loyal chiefs such as MacNaughton were much wanted. He soon rose into power, and was knighted. MacNaughton and his wife No. 2 sent their eldest daughter, named Jean de la Cœur MacNaughton, to Ardkinglas, where she remained all her days; and there were people alive in 1817 who remembered seeing her.

Ardkinglas brought home to Ardkinglas Mrs MacNaughton No. 1 and her son. The boy, it is said, grew to be a promising youth; but one day when he had been out sailing with his grandfather in an open barge, he fell overboard and was drowned off Ardkinglas. Some time after, Ardkinglas, with his own son and heir, were out pleasure-sailing, when the boat was upset and both were thrown into the water near the place where the young MacNaughton had been drowned. When a boat that had put off from the shore to the rescue was getting near them, Ardkinglas cried to them to save the young man first, which they did; but before they could reach him, he sank and was drowned. Then, it is said, the gossips had it that the drowning of Ardkinglas was a mark of the displeasure of Providence because he threw young MacNaughton out and drowned him, so that he and his heir would get the MacNaughton estate. It is not likely, however, that he would drown his own grandson.

MacNaughton had feued off Glenshera before he left; and it was said that Argyll and the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore had lent MacNaughton money, on the security of the estate. However, Ardkinglas got the estate from and including Dunderave to the head of Glen Fyne (*Gleann-fine*). Argyll got Ben Buie (*Beinn-bhuidhe* (Yellow Hill) and Ben-an-tean (*Beinn-an-t-sithein*), and the feu-rent or superiority of all Glenshera and part of Glenaray (*Gleann-aora*); and Mamore got Achnatrabh (*Acha-na-tràghad*), Stron, and Blar-uisdein (Hugh's Ground)—pronounced Blar-ain—a farm with two tenants on the hillside above the upper end of the Dùloch, east side, where some of the foundations of the buildings are still to be seen.

Who resided in Dunderave after MacNaughton left, or if any one, is perhaps not now known. But long after, Mamore came to reside there, and found Achnatrabh himself, and resided there until he became Duke.

The chief of the MacNaughtons had his castle on the beautiful island of Fraoch Eilean (Heather Island). They owned lands from the head of Lochow to the river Fyne; also from the head of Loch Fyne along the shore yet known as *Leter* (*Leitir*) MhicNeachdain—MacNaughton's water-line—to the Inverary burying-place. The name appears in MSS. 1450, and begins with Moris, son of Malcolm; and they are traced up to Fercherfada, a petty prince of the Irish Scots of Argyleshire, and even further back to Lorn, reputed son of Eric, one of the leaders of the colony from Ireland A.D. 506. The lands of the clan were within Lorne on Lochoweside. On the forfeiture of John, grandson of Alexander de Fusulis, Alexander, then chief of the name, got a charter of his lands, dated in or about 1344, from David II., and again in the reign of Robert III. Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow granted to Moris or Maurice MacNaughton, one of the succeeding chiefs, certain lands in Over Lochow. In Alexander III.'s reign another charter is granted to Gilchrist MacNaughton for the custody of the castle and islands of Fraoch in Lochawe. The name is derived from Nichtan or Nuchtan,

of which name there were many Pictish kings, the best known of these being King Nichtan, who founded Abernethy. From this it appears that, like the MacDonalds, the MacNaughtons claim direct descent from Royalty.

The Atholemen at Inverary.

WHEN the Argyll estates had been attained, the Earl of Athole (*Adholl*) was made Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire (*Siorramachd Earraghaidheil*), with a commission to raise for the Government the rents on the Argyll' estates, and granting him the power of "fire and sword" against the tenantry who refused to pay their rents to him. Accordingly, among the first acts of Athole was to seize a number of young gentlemen whom they accused of being out with the Earl of Argyll, in his attempt to overthrow the government of the Stewarts, seventeen or eighteen of whom they hanged on Rudha na H-Airde-rainich (Bracken Promontory or Point, where the town now stands). An obelisk marks the place where most if not all these are buried, in a garden close to the church in the centre of the town.

The Earl of Athole resided in the old castle beside the river. At length he left Inverary, but squads of his adherents or retainers came to Argyleshire twice a-year to raise the rents, and spread themselves in squads—some to Cowal, some to Inverary, Lochow, and some to Knapdale (*Cnapadal*). They came generally ragged and barefooted, and plundered everything they could get a hold of, and returned loaded with spoil, besides being well shod and clothed. They seized shirts, stockings, clothes, spoons, pots, pans, and in many instances took the glass windows out of the houses and carried them off. Sometimes, when only small squads were together, the natives drove them off. On a squad of only three or four entering

Bralekan (*Braighleacain*) farmhouse, they got hold of the churn full of cream, and drank so much of it, that when, on the people of the place coming to the door, the Atholemen jumped out at the window, one of them fell on the causeway outside and burst, in consequence of having drunk so much cream. A squad of them in Knapdale put the girdle on the fire and held a youth sitting on it because he would not tell them where the money was kept in the house.

At one time, as the Atholemen were leaving, each with a burden of spoil, the Inverary men set after them with a small brass cannon; and near the "Millar's Lynn" Pool in Glenara, an oak-tree could be seen about fifty years ago with a bull's-eye on it, said to be where a ball aimed at the Atholemen struck the tree; but the tree was uprooted long ago.

The Atholemen in one of their raids set fire to Carrick Castle,¹ on Lochgoil, and burned it. Argyll was keeper of this castle.

The Prophecy of the Seer Gillenaomb MacVicar (Niven MacVicar).

NIVEN MACVICAR, it is said, was born near where the house in the old deer-park now is. Having been educated for the Church, he became the first Reformed minister of Inverary. There were four preaching-stations in the parish then—St John's, Kilbride (*Cillebhrìde*), Kilmun (*Cille-mhuna*), and Kilblaan (*Cille-bhlathain*). He preached for some time under a rock in what is now the new part of the burying-place,

¹ In Celtic, Creag-uisge (Water Rock), pronounced Carraig (Sea Rock). Cowal (*Còmhail*) was once famed for game. It is said that the last wild boar in Scotland was killed in Cowal; and it is also said that Carrick Castle was built by the Stewarts as a hunting residence.

which was long known as the "Parson's Pulpit," until a church was built for him in the old burying-place, and called after him Cill Ghillenaomh (Niven's preaching and burying place)—pronounced now Cillmale, and in English Kilmalue; and from this he was best known by the name of the parson of Kilmalue.

And it is quite evident, from the stories told of him, that the people had full faith in him as an inspired prophet. His principal prophecy was about *La garadh Crom* (the day of the crooked dike)—a dike not then built. This dike was built for the most part by Duke John, the fifth Duke, and begins at the Garron Bridge, and goes along the side of the road to Stronshera Cottage, where it turns at a right angle uphill, and a short way up again turns at right angles north, and runs along the hillside to Kilblaán, where it descends to the river, and from the other side of the river crosses in many turns to the river opposite the schoolhouse in Glenaray (*Gleanna-ora*), and from there runs along below Stronmagachen (*Sronmhàgachain*), Kilmun, Salachary (*Salachairidh*), and Ballentyre (*Bail-an-t-saoir*), when it runs south until above the keeper's house in the present deer-park, where it turns and runs east above Aisechosan (*Eas-a'-chosain*), when it turns south, and so on below Auchnagoul (*Acha-nan-gobhal*) to the old bridge of Dhuglas, and from there across the moor, and enters the sea at Rhudha-namfrangach (French Promontory), called in English the French Foreland. The parson prophesied that an enemy would come secretly into the place and surprise the inhabitants within the crooked dike, and that a sanguinary battle would take place between the natives and the invaders at a place named from this prophecy Ath-nan-lann (the Sword Ford). This ford is a little below the bridge at the foot of the Dùloch, built by Duke John, the fifth Duke, and also called from this prophecy Drochaid Ath-nan-lann (Sword Ford Bridge). It was at this ford that the heat of the battle was to take place; and so much were the men to be engaged in battle, that a man born with only one hand would hold three kings' horses; and so great

would be the slaughter there, that people could walk dryshod on the bodies of the slain across the ford; that the ravens would drink their fill of men's blood, and the river would run red with blood; that the inhabitants would be defeated; and that an old lame white horse would carry all that remained of Siol Diarmid (the Clan Campbell) over Kern Drom (*Càrndroma*) (Kern Drom is where Argyle and Perthshire meet near Tyndrum) (*Tigh-an-droma*); and that after that day one would travel in Argyleshire forty miles without seeing a chimney smoke or hear a cock crow.

The signs of the time when the battle was to take place were: The "Strone" was to be planted with trees; and when these trees were the height of a man, the enemy would come and hide there. When the tide would uproot a thorn-bush that grew above the then road, the day was at hand. When, near a quarry on the east shoulder of Duniquaech (*Dun-chuaich*), a tree would grow in the hole in the millstone, and grow to fill the hole, the day was at hand.

He prophesied also that Inverary would not be a town worth the name of a town until the bell would ring on Creagan-nan-Caorach (Sheep's Rock), about a mile south of the town. This, they say, has come to pass by some of the steeple having been built of stones quarried there.

He prophesied that Kintyre would become an island, which they say has come to pass by the cutting of the Crinan Canal.

One day, while preaching, he stopped and said, "I must go elsewhere," and walked hurriedly away, when, it is said, he came to where a man slept on the parapet of a bridge, below which there was a deep pool, and awoke the man, who otherwise might have fallen into the pool and been drowned.

Another time it is said he met a man and said, "John, give me a snuff."

"I have none," replied John.

When the parson said, "This night the snuff in your pocket will be handed round at your wake;" and accordingly the man expired that very day, and at night the snuff-horn went round at his wake.

When the Marquess of Argyll is said to have asked of the parson, "What death shall I die?" the parson replied, "You will be beheaded, my lord." When the Marquess said, "What death will you yourself die?" the parson replied, "I shall be drowned, my lord."

Then the Marquess said, "I will prevent that;" and accordingly sent the parson to reside in Stirling (*Sruileadh*), with a servant to attend him. And when one night the drum beat an alarm of fire, the servant ran out to see what was the matter, and as he did not return soon, the parson attempted to go out, and fell from an outside stair, at the side of which there had been a dyer's hogshead for catching rain from the roof of the house. Into this the parson fell head-foremost; and when his gillie returned, he found the parson drowned in the hogshead, with his feet uppermost. His remains were brought to Inverary, when all the inhabitants of the parish turned out at his funeral, and buried him in Kilmalue.

Execution at Inverary.

ABOUT the beginning of this century Stewart of Ardshiel (*Airdseile*), Appin (*An Apuinn*), was tried and condemned at Inverary. He had, with his followers, joined the Pretender in the "Forty-five"; and his estates having been attainted, one Campbell of Kintail had been commissioned by the Government to take charge of and manage them. While on his way to take possession, and on approaching the place, Campbell was

fired at from a belt of wood near the road, when he fell off his horse quite dead. His servant saw a man running away from the wood; and on his asking a woman who had been passing to help him in lifting the gentleman to the side of the road, she replied, "Let him who made the venison take the soup," and walked away. Stewart was suspected, apprehended, and tried at Inverary, and condemned to be hanged near his own place, and his body to be hung in chains—which was carried out. Afterwards some member of the Government received a letter from France, from one Ailean Breac-mac-an-aba (pock-pitted Allan MacNab), a native of Appin, stating that it was he who shot Campbell of Kintail. The Government then offered a son of Rob Roy (who was at that time outlawed) pardon if he would go to France and apprehend Allan MacNab. He went; but neither he nor Allan ever returned to this country.¹

¹ It was Colin Campbell of Glenure that was shot, and it was Stewart of Achàrn, and not of Ardshiel, that was executed for the murder. Allan *Breac* was a Stewart, not a MacNab.

Peter Campbell says: "The last execution that took place in Inverary was eighty years ago, or about that time. The convict, whose name was MacLaggan, was tried and convicted in Inverary of wife-murder committed by him at or near the Crinan Canal side, Lochgilphead, or where it now is. The prisoner on the day of execution was driven from the jail (the old one) in a cart, and sat on his coffin, which was unblackened, until the Craigs near Cromach was reached, whereon the scaffold had been erected, and the law was carried into effect. MacLaggan was well advanced in life, was partially blind, and he died protesting his innocence. The public executioner was Tom Young, of Glasgow. I remember hearing my aunt Anne Campbell, who died ten years ago, state that she remembered, when a young lassie, seeing the condemned man sitting on his coffin on his way to the place of execution. She, too, remembered seeing the pillory at Inverary."

Inverary Stories.

(Told by the various tenants whose names are appended.)

WHEN Argyll was imprisoned in Edinburgh with a view to his being beheaded, Mr MacArthur of Drimurcht (*Druimuiric*), parish of Inishail (*Innis-éil*), went to Edinburgh with his gillie, and got into the place of confinement. He dressed his gillie in a lady's garment; and after getting in, he dressed Argyll in the gillie's dress, and MacArthur acted as page, holding up her train when coming out. He had taken two ponies with him, which were shod with thin shoes, turned so as to deceive the pursuers. Argyll then returned to Inverary, and MacArthur to Drimurcht.¹

When the Atholemen were trying to get the title-deeds of the land, MacArthur, Drimurcht, came to Argyll to assist in keeping them. He went home to Drimurcht. The Atholemen found out that he had them, and he had to flee across the hills to Arthur's Seat in Glencroe, from which circumstance it takes its name. He was followed by 500 men, and he kept them back with stones which he rolled down the pass.

Neil Gruamach MacArthur was proprietor of Carnus, and there was an Italian in the castle who wished to get a man with whom he would fight; but a match for him was not easily found. Neil Gruamach was down at Inverary one day, and he saw the man at Argyll's house; and Argyll told him he could not get quit of this Italian. Neil at once said that he would come down and put him away. He then went home to Carnus, and went to the wood that was above Ladyfield and cut an

¹ This is the traditional account of the escape of the Earl in the disguise of Lady Sophia Lindsay's page.

ash stick, and took it home, and foiled, dressed, and sharpened it, and went to the house of Argyll to fight the Italian. Argyll then told the Italian that he had a man that would fight with him. He showed him the man. And when the Italian saw him, he gave three joyous leaps and made at Neil Gruamach; but Neil gave him a stroke with the stick and killed him.

COLIN MACARTHUR, Tullich.

There was a battle fought at Ardauraunich (*Airde-rainich*—i.e., "Fern Point")—Inverary. Argyll and his men were defeated. The men that were slain were buried there, and the monument near the parish church marks the place till this day. Argyll had to flee to the White Rock in Stughoy (*Stuchd-a'-ghaoith*); and some evil person or persons took a slice off the trees, guiding the Atholemen to Argyll's hiding-place, and they put fire to the shrubs of the rock. Munro of Stughoy was along with Argyll. They made their escape across the Goat's Pass, and they went to Achriach (*Acha-riabhach*), where Argyll turned very unwell from exposure. MacArthur of Inistrynich (*Innis-drotghnich*) sent men for him, and took him to his own house at Inistrynich till he recovered. After that the battle of Ben Buie was fought, and the Atholemen were defeated. Argyll and his men pursued them, and before they returned they burned the "bonnie house o' Airlie."

HUMPHREY MACARTHUR, Tullich (*Tulaich*).

The first Munro that was born in the parish was born at Altan Alain (*Allt-an-àluinn*), Glenshera (*Gleann-sìora*). The boy was brought to Mr Turner, Drumlee (*Druim-a-lithe*). Turner asked the boy's mother his name; she replied, "Munro from the North." When the boy grew to be a man, he married Turner's daughter. At that time the Turners had Drumlee and Stughoy, and Turner gave Munro Stughoy. The Duke¹

¹ Archibald, ninth Earl.

and this Munro got very "chief"; and they were on the Braes of Drumlee taking a walk, and when they looked behind they saw a band of the Atholemen coming by the place which was afterwards called Rob Roy's Cave in Glenshera. The Duke told Munro that they were at hand. Munro said to the Duke, "If we will get to the Goat's Pass, we will be able to cross;" and they got to the Goat's Pass, and got clear. The Atholemen then cried to Munro and said, "Give us the Duke, and we will allow you the tithes of the small lots!" "That is very good," replied Munro, "if it was from MacCailein." Munro of Stughoy had a brother in Carnus, Glenarary, and the Atholemen killed him. This Munro's wife had a son; and when she saw that his father was killed, she went with the boy to his uncle in Stughoy; and when Argyll heard of the affair, he sent his mother to Rosneath, and gave them part of Tullich, and here we are yet.

MARTIN MUNRO, Tullich.

John MacDonald, the bard, commonly called *Iain Lom*, lived at the same time as the first Marquess of Argyll. He was a bitter enemy of the Argyll family, and did not spare them in his songs. As the Marquess was one day walking up the Carnbàn, he met a tall, beardless man, and placed himself right before him on the road. Looking sharply at him, he said to him in Gaelic—

"If I mistake not, you are John Lom?"

"By my faith, this is all that there is of him!"

"Have you dropped chewing the Campbells yet?"

"In spite of all my chewing of them, I have not yet managed to swallow any of them; and notwithstanding my endeavours to put them down, they manage to keep their heads up."

"Would you like to see the castle, you scoundrel?"

"It is for that purpose that I have come."

The Marquess took him to the castle, and treated him with great

kindness. Having brought him into a room in which was a number of stuffed blackcocks, he said to him—

“Have you ever before seen so many dead blackcocks?”

“That I have.”

“Where?”

“At Bunevis (*Bun-Nibheis*), where was plenty of dead Campbells.”¹

“You scoundrel! very little would make me hang you.”

“That would be ill done, considering that I was only a spectator of the fight.”

The Marquess gave John a guinea. John was highly pleased with the treatment he had received, and composed a song to the Marquess.

The Marquess was able and shrewd, and generally succeeded in what he undertook.

ALLAN BELL, Ballantyre.

The Story of Argyll and MacVicar.

(This story and a subsequent one, “*Cross-grained Ivar*,” were supplied by D. Clarke.)

THE Earl of Argyll used often to go to Court at Stirling, and as there were but bridle-paths in those days, he went on horseback, putting up at Baron MacVicar’s.

One afternoon his wife said, “The dogs are barking; look over the knoll, Callum, and see if any one comes.” Callum returned, and said,

¹ Alluding probably to the battle of Inverlochy.

“The Earl and Countess of Argyll are coming on horseback, and Padric Clarsair (Peter the Harper¹) leading a horse with panniers.”

During the evening Padric Clarsair and Callum the gillie quarrelled in the kitchen. The ladies, hearing the quarrel, ran to see what was wrong. The Countess reprimanded Callum for interfering with Padric, her servant; whereon Mrs MacVicar said to the Countess, “Remember, my lady, though you have broad lands at Lochow, you have not as much here as you can stand on that you can call your own.” Next morning, while Baron MacVicar was convoying the Earl a bit of the way, the Earl said that words had passed between the ladies last night, and, not desiring to be troublesome, suggested that a bit of land, “the breadth of a hide of ground,” whereon he might build a small house, should be made over to him and Colin the Singular (Iongatach), in which they could put up when on a journey to Stirling; and MacVicar assented to this arrangement.

Some time after, men arrived on behalf of the Earl of Argyll, having with them a hide cut into very long strips, with which a plot of land was measured out and a house built. The Earl also came to an arrangement with MacVicar, paying him so much money and some lands elsewhere, some say at Stronmagachan.²

¹ The house of Argyll seems to have been famed for its harpers. We hear of the Earl of Argyll, in 1594, taking a harper with him to animate his troops. One of the famous harps of Lude, which, when Logan wrote, was in the possession of the Highland Society, came from Argyleshire, through the daughter of the Laird of Lamont, who married into the family of Robertson of Lude about 1460.

² The MacVicars. (Notes by George Clark, gamekeeper, an Inverary man, now at Rosneath.)—The name is derived from Mac-a-bhiocair (Vicar's son). In Gaelic all small land proprietors were styled Baran (Barons). There had been four of these in what is now Inverary parish: Baron of Bràigh-na-bruaichè (above the bank, in English); Barvrach (above Dalhennan) (*Dailcheanaidh*), who owned from the river Dughlas (Douglas, English spelling); Cromallt (crooked burn), in English, Cromalt; Baron MacVicar of Inverary, from Cromalt to Low Ballantyre; Baron MacVicar of Salochery to Stronmagachan. Above that (on that side of the glen) belonged to the MacArthurs of Innistrounish and Baron MacVicar of Carlunan, who owned from Kilmalua to Alt Padric (Peter's Burn), opposite the three bridges. It is said that the MacVicars had the title-deeds for the land from Somerled of the Dalriads. But there

The MacVicar Lands.

DUNCAN MACVICAR, one of the tenants of Auchnagoul (*Achanan-gobhal*), says: "I believe the MacVicars and Macdonalds came from Ireland either about the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Macdonalds went to the north, while the MacVicars settled along the shore of Loch Fyne and in Glenara. I heard it said that, as a rule, the Macdonalds and MacVicars always assisted each other in warfare of the tribes or clans. The MacVicars owned the lands of Breunhiyllie (*Breun-choille*), Killean (*Cilliaín*), Auchnagoul, Auchnabreck (*Acha-nam-breac*), and up to Glenara, and from thence across to lands of Carlunan. They did not originally own the lands or feu the farm of Killean, but in a fight MacVicar killed MacIan of Killean, and took possession of these—at least the chief of the MacVicars did so. The MacVicars held all these lands until they came into the possession of the Argylls. The last of the lands held by MacVicar as proprietor was Carlunan. I am now an old man, and was born at Auchnagoul."

MacVicar further states that Rob Roy Macgregor used to drive his drove of cattle *viâ* Lochoweside over the hill near Auchnagoul, to his *fauk* (fold) in Glenshera. The cattle were, as a rule, stolen cattle.

MacVicar states that the Clarks owned the lands from Water of Douglas to Water of Furnace, on Lochfyneside. The last heir of the Clarks of Pennymore (*A' Bheinn-mhòr*), as he was called, died in the West Indies, and the lands were gifted by the Sovereign to Argyll. D. M.

is not a word of truth in the statement made by newspaper correspondents at the time when the Queen was at Inverary—viz., that the MacVicars and MacCailein Mor *were at war about the lands about Inverary; nor were there serious disputes between them*, except with MacVicar of Carlunan—a dispute which is too long to mention here.

Note on the MacVicar Lands.

(From *Origines Parochiales Scotiae*, vol. ii. part i. pp. 85-90.)

THIS parish, divided into 116 marklands, is in general mountainous. Its northern and larger portion is traversed by the valleys of Glenshira and Glenaray, which converge towards the south. Its highest mountain is Benbuy, 2800 feet above the sea. Others attain an elevation of 700 or 800 feet. The river Shira, which, it has been said, "is impetuous, and falling throch roch ground runneth swyftly," after forming the Douloch within about a mile of Lochfyne, assumes the name Gearamhuinn (or Garron). In the south of the parish a stream called the Douglas Burn runs eastward into Lochfyne, whose generally sandy, but towards the north rocky shores, form about half of the eastern boundary of the parish.

In the year 1304, a grant by Ewen of Argyle, Lord of Lorn, to Andrew, Bishop of Argyle, is witnessed by Gilbert, rector of Kilmalduff. In 1529, Master Niel Fischear, rector of Kilmalew (*Cillmilithiu*), is witness to a deed of Archibald, Earl of Ergile. Sir Niel Fischer was rector in the year 1541. In 1561 and 1563, Niuinus Makvicar was rector of Kilmolew. In 1570, Archibald, Earl of Argyle, presented Donald Makvicar to the rectory and vicarage of Kilmolew, reserving the liferent of the same to Ninian M'Vicar, apparently the same as Niuinus, and whose signature to charters shows him as rector in 1574. The "kirk of Kilmalew" appears in record in connection with the burgh of Inveraray in 1595. In 1629, its parson was Master Donald Makvorich. In 1651, a parliamentary commission divided the old parish of Kilmalew into the parishes of Kilmalew (or Glenaray) and Inveraray.

The church, apparently dedicated to Saint Lupus or Leu, stood on the left bank of the Aray, where its site is still marked by a green mound between that stream and the present burying-ground. There are now two parish churches under one roof situated in the burgh of Inveraray on the right bank of the river. They were built in 1794. Anciently there appear to have been churches or chapels at Kilmun, Kilblane, Glenshira, Kilbryde, Kilian, and Achantiobairt, the cemeteries of some of which were in use in the last century.

In the year 1403, Margaret, the daughter of Gyllecrist, called Macgillegeachin, with the consent of her son and heir, Fynlay Macawaran, resigned to Colin Cambell, Lord of Lochaw, her overlord, the sixth part of the lands of Glenserw (*Gleann-siora*) and of other lands which heritably belonged to her, and which had formerly belonged to Alexander M'Neachden, lord of the same lands. In 1513, Colin, Earl of Argyle,

granted to Niel Campbell M'Alexander the lands of Glenserow and Glenaray in the barony of Lochaw. In 1526, the same lands were confirmed by King James V. to Archibald Campbell, the son and apparent heir of Earl Colin. In 1529, or previously, the lands of Bailze, Mawm, Stukschardane (*Stuchd-an-sgàrdain*), and Drumle, in the barony of Lochow, were resigned by the same Archibald Campbell, and in the same year King James V. granted these lands to Helen Hammyltoun, the daughter of the deceased James, Earl of Aran. In 1538, Archibald, Earl of Ergile, confirmed to Archibald Campbell, the son of the deceased Angus Campbell, captain of Dunstafnich, the office of steward of all the lands of Glenyra between the Water of Lekane (*Uisge-leacain*) and the marches of Lochaw, in which office his father had died seised. In 1541, King James V. granted to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, on his resignation, the lands of Glenyra and Glenshero, then as formerly included in the barony of Lochhow. In 1542, the same lands were resigned by Earl Archibald, and granted by King James V. to Archibald Campbell, his son and heir. In 1553, Archibald, Master of Ergile, fear of the earldom and of the lordship of Lorne, with the consent of his father the Earl, and of his curator Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, confirmed to Colin, the son of the deceased Archibald Campbell, captain of Dunstefniche, the lands of Killechane and Lealt in the stewardry of Glenaray, with the office of steward, as in the grant of 1538. In 1558, Duncan M'Iver of Stronshera was seised in the lands of Blarowne in Glenshera, of the extent of two marklands and a half. In 1561, John Campbell, captain of Dunstaffniche, resigned to Archibald, Earl of Ergyle, the lands of Killeane and Lealt in the stewardry of Glenyray, of the old extent of six marks, six shillings, and eightpence. In 1562, the same Earl granted these lands to Duncan Campbell or M'Keuir of Stroneschero and Katherine Campbell his wife. In 1561, the same Earl granted to Niuinus Makvicar, rector of Kilmolew, and to John Makvicar his natural son, the lands of Sallychary in the bailiary of Glenara, of the old extent of three marks, and in 1563 they received seisin of the same. In 1599, Alexander Campbell was served heir to his father, Charles Campbell of Kilbryd, in a yearly revenue of eight bolls of oatmeal and 28 marks from the six marklands of Ellerigmoir in the barony of Glensero, and of 24 bolls of oatmeal from the six marklands and a half of Killeane in the county of Ergyle. The lands of Glenaray extended to 80 marklands, and those of Glenschiro to 30 marklands.

In 1482, Colin, Earl of Ergile, granted to Duncan Campbell of Glenvrchard the lands of Kilbride, with the exception of the half markland of the ferry of Cragane, for quitclaiming to the Earl one-third of the lands of Dolare in Clakmanan, and one-third of the lands of Auchierneside in Perth. In 1514, Colin, Earl of Ergyle, confirmed the same lands to Colin Campbell, the son and heir of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenvrquhai. In 1523, the same Earl confirmed to Duncan, the son and heir of Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, the lands of Kilbryde in Innerdouglass. In 1536, the same

lands were confirmed by Earl Archibald to John Campbell, the heir of Colin Campbell of Glenorchy. In 1550, Archibald, Master of Argyle, and fear of the earldom, with the consent of his father Earl Archibald and of his curators, confirmed Kilbride to Colin, the brother and heir of the deceased John Campbell of Glenorchy. In 1561, Archibald M'Allester V'Euir resigned the lands of Kilbryde to his superior, Colin Campbell of Glenvrquhay, who then granted them anew for life to the same Archibald, and in heritage to his son John M'Allester V'Euir, for yearly payment of six *cadis* ("lie barralis") of good and sufficient herring of Lóchfyne, of which, instead of two large barrels, there should be two small barrels called "rubbouris," and one large barrel of red herrings containing 1000, with 6 shillings and 8 pence in augmentation of the rental, and doubling of the feuferme at entry, and also with their own services in time of war, or the services of another sufficient person hired and contented at their own expense, the ward of their heirs during their minority to remain with the superior, who further granted them the hereyelds of the tenants for yearly payment of two marks Scots for each hereyeld. In 1572, the same Colin granted the same lands, resigned by John M'Archibald M'Ewer, to Charles Makewer Makalester, with remainder to his brother Alexander Makewer Makalester. The lands of Kilbryde were included in the barony of Glenaray, and were of the old extent of four marks.

In 1509, Ewne Maccorquodill of Edderlin was served heir to his father Ewne Maccorquodill of Phantelans, in the lands of Auchindrayne (*Ach-an-draighinn*), in the earldom and sheriffdom of Argyll. In 1518, King James V. confirmed to Ewen Makcorquidill, the son of the deceased Ewen Makcorquidill, the one markland of Acheindrien in the lordship of Ergile. In 1542, the same King granted to Malcolm Makcorkill, the son and apparent heir of Ewen Makcorkill of Fantelen, with remainder in succession to his brothers Duncan and Lauchlan, and to Malcolm's heirs whomsoever, the same markland of Auchindryne, and the four marklands of Auchinthra, in the lordship of Lochow, which Ewen Makcorkill had resigned. In 1556, Auchindryne, of the old extent of one mark, was resigned by Duncan M'Corkatill of Fantelane, and granted by Queen Mary to Archibald, Earl of Ergile.

In 1513, Ewer M'Ewyr of Penmor witnesses a precept of seisin of Colin, Earl of Argyle. In 1529, Euar M'Ewir of Pennimor (apparently the same person) witnesses a charter of Earl Archibald. Pennymor is said to have been subsequently held by a family named Clerk.

In 1573, Archibald, Earl of Argyle, granted to Michael the smith in Glenraray, in heritage, the markland, old extent, of Coulechaplane, and 40 pennies of land yielding fuel (*terrarum carbonariarum*) within the messuage of the mains of Innerraray, lying in the bailiary of Glenurquhay.

In 1595, Duncan M'Iver resigned to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, the four marklands of Inveraray, with the houses, biggings, crofts, orchards, fishing, and fisherland—the 10 shillinglands of Aucharioch, with the other two Auchariochs, of the old extent of

30 shillings—the lands called the brewsterland, maltland, and peatland, with the offices of brewing the earl's ale and making his malt—the offices of chamberlainry and martyrship (mayrship?) of Inveraray, and keeping of the place and fortalice thereof—with the fishings of the water of Aray, “as-weill high as laigh,” all the other fishings between Auchinbreik and the water called Gerrone, the fishing of Linniequech, and the salmon fishing of Portinstonich near the kirk of Kilmalew.

In 1596, Archibald, Earl of Argyle, appointed Alexander M'Naughtan, the son and heir of John Macnaughtan of Dundaraw, keeper of the forest of Benbuy for 19 years, for the yearly payment of £80, and on condition that he should not keep “oversoumes” in that forest.

In 1474, King James III., for his singular favour towards Colin, Earl of Ergile, Lord Campbell and Lorne, master of his household, and for the Earl's gratuitous and faithful services to the King's late father and to himself, erected his town of Innowreyra into a free burgh of barony, with the usual liberties, a weekly market on Saturday, and two yearly fairs, one on the Feast of Michael the Archangel (29 September), the other on the Feast of Saint Brandan (16 May), and during the octaves of these Feasts. In 1513, a charter by King James V. to another Earl Colin is dated at the burgh of Inverara. In 1541, the burgh of Innerara, included in the barony of Lochow, was resigned by Earl Archibald, who received from King James V. a new grant of that barony. In 1542, the same barony, including the burgh of Innerara, was resigned by the Earl, and granted by King James V. to Archibald Campbell, his son and heir. In 1546, William M'Vicar of Brenchyllie (*Breunchoille*) resigned the land of Coule in the burgh of Inveraray, of the old extent of 40 pence, to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, and Archibald, Master of Argyle, who then granted the land in liferent to Margaret M'Kinn. In 1629, the same land was resigned to Archibald, Lord Lorne, by John M'Vicar of Stronmagach. In 1554, Queen Mary, “for policie to be hade within this realme, and inccessing of vertew within the samyn,” created the burgh of Innerrara a free royal burgh for ever—appointed Archibald, Earl of Ergile, customer of the burgh for life, with power to make deputies, granting him also a tack of the customs for seven years for the yearly payment of 40 shillings—and gave power to the provost, bailies, councillors, community, and inhabitants, to build a *pretorium* for the administration of justice, to buy and sell various commodities, and to have a market-cross, weekly markets on Mondays and Saturdays, and yearly fairs on Saint Kessog's Day (10 March), Saint James's Day (25 July), and St Michael's Day (29 September), and during their octaves. An entry in the records of the Scottish Parliament, dated 23 October 1639, is entitled “Erectionne of the burgh of Inneraray into ane burgh royal.” In 1641, King Charles I. and the Parliament of Scotland confirmed to Archibald, Lord Lorne, the erection of Inverrarey into a burgh of barony by King James III. in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyle, in 1474; changed the weekly market from Saturday to Friday; and, instead of two yearly fairs at Michaelmas and on St

Brandane's Day, appointed three—one on the 16th of September, one on the 16th of May (Saint Brandan's Day), and one on the 15th day of July. Notwithstanding these enactments, Inveraray was erected a royal burgh by King Charles II. in 1648. Its boundaries as then fixed were, "The burn called the Cromalt at the south—the green and yard dykes of the Duke of Argyle's House of Inveraray, the lands of Kilmalew, the burn of Auchareoch, respectively on the north—Lochfyne on the east—and the said Duke's park-dyke and the common muir respectively on the west." In 1742, the old buildings of the burgh were taken down, and new houses partly erected by the Duke of Argyle for the inhabitants at a merely nominal rent. In 1769, the new town was incomplete, and the old not wholly removed. The council by charter consists of a provost, four bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, and twelve councillors. For 40 years previous to 1835, it had been the usage to elect only two bailies, and the Reform Bill fixed the same number, with a provost and 16 councillors.

In the year 1432, the castle or manor of Innerayra, built or rebuilt by Sir Colin Campbell, first laird of Glenurquhay, then tutor to his nephew the Earl, and who died in 1480, appears to have been a residence of the lords of Lochaw, and one of their two principal messuages. In 1470, Colin, Earl of Argyle, dates charters at his manor of Inveraray. In 1529, Colin Campbell, third Earl of Argyle, died at Innuerira. In the same year Earl Archibald granted a charter at Inneraray. In 1532, King James V. visited and perhaps resided a short time at the castle. In 1538, a bond of maintenance between Earl Archibald and Niniane Bennachtin of the Cammis is dated at Inverary. Charters are dated at Inneraray in 1542 by Malcolm Makcorquidill, fear of Phantelane, and Ewen Makcorquidill his father; in 1543 by Lauchlane Maklauchlane of that Ilk, and Katherine Tayt his wife; and in 1547 by Archibald, Master of Argyle, and Earl Archibald his father—the chief message in the last case being the manor of Inneraray. In 1595, as before stated, Duncan M'Iver resigned to Earl Archibald the offices of chamberlain and mair of Inveraray, and the keeping of the place and fortalice of the same. In a new grant of the earldom to Earl Archibald by King Charles II. in 1667, the castle of Inveraray was appointed the chief message. The old castle stood near the site of the new on the right bank of the Aray. It was taken down in 1760. It is figured by Pennant in his 'Tour' of 1769, and at that time its remains were not wholly removed.

There still exist the remains of an old fort at Dunchuaich; of the castle of the Macnaughtens on the Dùloch; and of the chapels of Kilbryde and Achantiobairt. A standing stone on the castle lawn is said to mark the old march between the M'Ivers and M'Vicars. In the town of Inveraray is a stone cross with a Latin inscription in Lombardic characters, commemorating a family named M'Eichgyllichomghan. A bridge of one arch over the water of Douglas has been supposed to be of Roman architecture.

Cross-Grained Ivar.

THE Earl of Argyll had a brother called Imhar Crosg (cross-grained Ivar), between whom and the Earl some dispute arose. Ivar left in anger, going to Lochoweside, among the MacCallums, where he and the MacCallums plotted the death of the Earl, whereby Ivar was to become chief and the MacCallums were to get more lands. A feast was to be held, to which the Earl was to be invited.

The Earl accepted the invitation, but he took care to be well armed, having his helmet and coat-of-mail, and claymore or two-handed sword. At the feast all vied with each other in simulated loyalty and devotion to Argyll. After the feast was over, they gave the Earl the best bedroom they had, which was but a barn; and two sentries were placed at the door, in order, as they pretended, to secure the Earl's comfort, but really in order to make certain that the Earl should not escape alive.

Tired after the feast, the Earl lay down to rest, having his coat-of-mail on and his sword by his side. He was awakened by feeling the coat-of-mail burning his skin, for the barn was on fire. He rose up, and with one kick made the wicker door of the barn fly open with such force as to alarm the sentinels, who fled. The Earl plunged into a river close at hand, and, walking to the stable, took horse and rode away.

Ivar, some time after this, returned to Inverary, when the brothers again became friends. The lands of Ardkinglas were granted to Ivar, extending from Lochfynehead to Lochgoilhead, and down the south shore of Loch Long to Kilmun, much of which is now in other hands.

From this Ivar are descended the MacIver Campbells of Lochgair and Asknish. His son and heir was called Iain Riabhach (Mirky John),

and since then the chief of Ardkinglas was best known in Gaelic as Mac-Iain Riabhaich, son of Mirky John. The male line having become extinct by the death of General Sir Alexander Campbell, a sister's son (Callander) inherited the estate.¹ Thus the Campbells of Ardkinglas got that estate

¹ The Callanders of Craigforth became connected by marriage with the Campbells of Ardkinglas about the middle of last century, John Callander of Craigforth having married Mary Livingston, granddaughter of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas. James Callander (afterwards James Campbell) the eldest son of the marriage, became proprietor of Craigforth through his father, and of Ardkinglas through his mother. He married three times—his first wife being Catherine Forbes, daughter of George Forbes of Hitchener Hall, Surrey. Of this marriage Colonel George Callander of Craigforth and Ardkinglas was the only son. Colonel Callander married Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of Henry Erskine of Ammondell, and their eldest son was James Henry Callander of Craigforth and Ardkinglas. He married twice. By his first wife—Jane Plumer-Erskine, daughter of David Montague, Lord Erskine—there were three daughters, the youngest of whom—Janey Sevilla Callander—is now Lady Archibald Campbell.

By his second wife—Edith Campbell, niece of William Frederick Campbell of Islay—there were two sons, the elder of whom is George Frederick William Callander, the present proprietor of Craigforth and Ardkinglas.

Among the records connected with the country or the people of Argyle, there are few more touching records than this of the death of the mother of Lady Archibald Campbell; and the gatherer of these notes will give the words of an eyewitness of the death of this gentle lady. The scene she desired to look on once again is one of the fairest in all Scotland—the house standing on a lovely sloping plot of ground, surrounded by groves of majestic beech-trees, overlooking the valley and the distant hills. Perhaps the notes of William F. Cumming were not meant originally for publication, but the passage from life into death of this lady is too full of beauty not to give as it occurred or is described by the eyewitness, who is still living. There are things doubtless too holy in family history to give to the public perhaps, but there are passages in the lives of men and women which are too beautiful not to give in records such as these.

Written at Craigforth House by Dr William F. Cumming on the 31st March 1846.

Mrs Callander had been safely delivered of a daughter on the 18th March, and her recovery had gone on as favourably as could have been desired until the 24th, when she was seized with fever, which, in the short space of five days, put a period to her earthly existence.

To those who were present during the last hours of her life, her deathbed presented a scene at once instructive and beautiful. It pleased God to exempt her from bodily suffering; she was in the most blissful frame of mind, retaining her consciousness to the last, and expressing her entire resignation to the will of the Almighty, and her full reliance on the merits and mediation of her Redeemer. When informed by her husband that her physician had aban-

some time about 1480, which was part of the patrimony of the Campbells in Cowal.

doned all hope of her recovery, she manifested neither agitation nor alarm, remarking that her life on earth had been a cloudless summer, and that she felt she was now about to enter on a still brighter and happier state of existence in heaven. Having said much to cheer and comfort her husband and all who were around her, she blessed her three children separately by name; but, with a consideration and abnegation of self which through life had been one of her chief characteristics, she denied herself—though yearning for the personal gratification—a last embrace of her two eldest children, through fear of stamping on their infant minds an impression of gloom, as connected with the memory of their mother, calling only for the unconscious babe—the cause of her suffering—and pressing it fondly to her heart.

She repeatedly expressed her surprise that it was such an easy thing to die, spoke of the happy life she had led—of her many causes of thankfulness to Heaven, and of her entire submission to the will of God; and all this with the most perfect calmness and collectedness of manner, with an expression of countenance already beaming of that heaven she was so soon to enter, and with a music and a melody of voice that charmed and melted, while it astonished, all who were present.

Soon after midnight, having bade farewell to her husband and attendants—which she did with tenderness, but without weakness—she inquired if the morning was far advanced, as she was desirous of seeing once more the light of day; but on being told it was only a little after twelve o'clock, she remarked with the utmost sweetness and composure, "Ah, then there will be no more sunshine for me in this world; but henceforth my Redeemer will be my Sun!" And, after a few moments, she added, "I hope to-morrow will be a bright sunny day, and that you will all go out and walk, and think of me as happy—happy—happy!" She now begged that the window might be opened, in order that she might breathe for the last time the fresh air of heaven; and having expressed herself gratified by its reviving influence, she shortly after "fell asleep in Jesus."

Thus died one endowed with every bodily and mental grace—for sure we are that no one who had but casually seen her could forget the peerless beauty of her person, and that none who had the means and opportunity of judging could withhold a willing testimony to the rare and endearing qualities of her mind. Few persons, we believe, have descended to the tomb with so large a share of heartfelt sympathy; and terrible as is the void caused in the domestic circle by her removal hence, it should be some consolation to surviving love to know that this sympathy is founded, not on the accidental circumstances of youth, and rank, and beauty, but on the solid and essential qualities which she displayed in the various relations of wife, of mother, and of friend.

The above imperfect sketch is traced by one who had known her in her maiden days—who had seen her pledge her faith to the husband of her love—who had enjoyed much of her society during her wedded life—who had long felt towards her as to a cherished sister—and who now, alas! mourns her with a brother's sorrow.

It was her express desire that her body should repose on the banks of Loch Fyne, at her



Lady Auckland - 1840

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She repeatedly expressed her surprise that it was with so easy a step to die, spoke of the happy life she had led, and of her many causes of thankfulness to Heaven, and of her entire submission to the will of God, and all this with the most perfect calmness and collectedness of mind, with an expression of countenance already beaming of that heaven she was so soon to enter, and with a melody of voice that charmed and melted, while it astonished, all who were present.

She then calmly having bade farewell to her husband and attendants—which she did with a resignation and calmness which surprised all who beheld it—the night if the morning was far advanced, as she was informed of within some time after the light of day, was on being told it was only a little after midnight, she breathed with the utmost serenity and composure, "Ah, then there will be no more parting for me in this world, and I know my Redeemer will be my Son!" And after a few moments, she added, "I hope tomorrow will be a bright sunny day, and that you will all go out and work, and think of me as happy, happy!" She now begged that the window might be opened, in order that she might breathe for the last time the fresh air of heaven; and having expressed her acknowledgments for the blessing influence, she shortly after "fell asleep in Jesus."

Thus died one endowed with every best quality of human nature—for sure we are that no one who had but casually seen her could forget the relative beauty of her person, and that none who had the means and opportunity of judging her, withhold a willing testimony to the rare and endearing qualities of her mind. Few persons we believe, have descended to the tomb with so large a share of heartfelt sympathy; and terrible as is the void caused in the domestic circle by her removal hence, it should be some consolation to surviving love to know that this sympathy is founded, not on the accidental circumstances of youth, and rank, and beauty, but on the solid and essential qualities which she displayed in the various relations of wife, of mother, and of friend.

The above imperfect sketch is traced by one who had known her in her maiden days—who had seen her pledge her faith to the husband of her love—who had enjoyed much of her society during her wedded life—who had long felt towards her to be a cherished sister—and who now, alas! mourns her with a brother's sorrow.

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G. Lawson. 1874.



Lady Archibald Campbell.

Glen Ara (Gleann-aora).

(The following Traditions are supplied by Miss Isabel Smith.)

THE rival chiefs of the MacVicars, Munroes, and MacArthurs had constant disputes about their lands. The MacNaughtons were gradually beaten back, until somewhere in the fifteenth century their representative was a girl of eighteen years of age, with no nearer relation than a second cousin to support either her or her claims. She lived in the MacNaughtain Castle, on the promontory on the Dùloch, Glenshera, at the spot where at low tide the river Garron begins its short course to the sea.

While this lady lay dying of the plague, a proclamation was made by the King concerning the chieftainship, or the seigniority of lands in Scotland. Argyll set out on horseback for Holyrood, "never drawing bridle till he got to the Palace," to put in his claim for the suzerainty of Glenshera and Loch Fyne (*Loch-fine*).

These are amongst the first charter-lands in Argyleshire; and when a child, I used to hear them spoken of by many of the servants (who used to hold a conclave in the nursery) with contempt as "parchment lands," to which the Argylls had no right.

Stronmagachain, on which the first Argyll residence was built, was own "Highland home," which she had loved so well. In accordance with this wish, her remains are to be conveyed to Ardinglas, and there committed, on the 8th of April, to their final resting-place.

"Rest, gentle dust!—await the Almighty's will;
Then rise unchanged—and be an angel still!"

W. F. C.

only held in fee from the MacNaughtons—that is, the lower part—the rest was the property of the MacVicars and Munroes. After the death of the heiress, and when Argyll had been for some time in safe possession of the houses and various lordships, one of the Munroes murdered a MacVicar. Both families came to Argyll—one to claim redress, the other protection. Both were given to understand that if they gave up their lands they would get what they wanted. When they came to the Court the Earl dismissed the Assembly, having as his share Stronmagachain, Drimfern (*Druim-fearna*), Srongharbh—that is, the upper part, not the lower—which was part of the church lands, and extended to the dike above the “Beauchamp” Gate. I use this word, as both John and Donald Smith entered their disclaimer against the old cow-field derivation—why, I don’t remember. The Clark and various baronies in the lower end of the parish—five, I believe, in number—fell one after another in the same way.

Carnus, Tighnafead, and the Tullichs fell in somewhat this fashion: The M’Eachs, or Children of the Mist, or M’Aulays, held Carnus, and all the land on the east of Glenaray, from the source of the river to the waterfall Linne Ghlutain, having on the opposite side a motley group of Munroes, MacVicars, MacArthurs, and M’Corkendales. The children on both sides of the glen used to meet in play. One day a quarrel ensued, in which one of the M’Eachs was severely beaten. His mother took up her son’s quarrel, and arrangements for a fight were made between these factions—both parties endeavouring to obtain the assistance of their powerful neighbours Lochow and MacNaughton, who, however, stood neutral (at the same time privately fomenting the quarrel). The rival parties met at Drochaid-an-roth-bhuidhe—*i.e.*, the ridge which separates Inverary from Inishail.

They fought desperately and long, and, as in the case of the battle of Sheriffmuir, without either side being able to claim the victory. It was submitted to the arbitration of Lochow and MacNaughton, who agreed

together that, as Tullich, Carnus, &c., were so far removed from Glen-
shera and Loch Fyne, Lochow should take the upper part of Glenaray for
his share, surrendering in return some lands in the parish of Kilmorich
(*Cille-mhoire*), to which he, Lochow, had some claim, to MacNaughton.

Argyll had then established a residence on Stronmagachain, the site
of which was at the Rock in lower Druim-na-Tarslaich. In that field we
have come upon curious flat stones not far from the site of the old house.
We often projected trenching the ground all over to find out more about
them, but it was never done.

Of the battle of Drumferne (*Druim-feàrna*) I know nothing. I have
heard a giant was buried there, and a man or two in holy orders. I think
one of them was an abbot, who was not a native of Argyleshire, though
Prior, I suppose, of Ardchattan (*Aird-chatan*).

Innishael (*Innis-éil*) was a nunnery.

MacVicar's Well, the right of which was disputed by Munroe, is near
the top of the Cruaigh, close by the ruins of the shielings, and, except the
Tobhar-an-Esbuig on Tullich Hill, is the best water in the glen.

KENMORE, 24th February 1882.

Colin Campbell, seventy years of age, says :—

I have heard my grandfather speak of the battle between Atholemen
and Campbells at Inverary. Sixteen proprietors, Campbells, were executed
by order of Stewart of Baleckan (*Baileachan*), Athole's factor, and a
monument was raised over them. A brother of one of the executed
gentlemen produced a pardon in his favour; but, notwithstanding this,
Stewart would not listen, but carried out the execution.

I have heard my grandfather speak of the "knoll" where Argyll used
to sign all agreements between himself and his people, and on which he
stood to call them out to prepare for any engagement. It was on the

opposite side of the Shera river, a little north of Garron Bridge (*Drochaid-a'-ghearrain*). My father used to say that fifty men could be called out by the sound of a horn, or whistle, to assist Argyll in any engagement, from Glenshera. Names — Munros, Macintyres, Mackellars, and Macnicols. I never heard how many could be called out of Glenara. Glenara people in bygone days were Bells, Munros, and MacVicars.

I remember my grandfather and father wearing the Highland dress regularly, but I saw them with trousers also, without braces; only a piece of home-made leather held up the trousers, bound round their waist. The Highland dress was home-made; colours, dark and green, and dark and grey; no particular pattern; lengthwise striped, and often diamond pattern. The hose were, as a rule, dark and green.

I can remember eleven weavers (men) living in Kenmore at same time.

I remember my grandfather saying that the first Duke—a very young man, but he might then be Earl or Marquess—was obliged to secrete himself from his pursuers, who wished, if possible, to make him a prisoner. He hid behind a high rock, behind Stuckgoy (*Stuchd-a'-ghaoith*) House, Glenshera. Some one tried to betray him by placing fog on the branches of a tree near the spot, in order to make a track for his enemies. At length they came upon him, and in order to save himself from being taken, he seized hold of the branches of a tree, and allowed himself to swing over the rock and drop on to the low ground. I know the rock; it is some twenty feet high. He got in at the back door of the house at Stockgoy or Stuckgoy, and Munro, the man of the house, exchanged cloaks with Argyll. They both crossed the river Shera, and made off for Benbuie Hill, the pursuers following hard. Munro knew all the bypaths and covers, and thus evaded the pursuers. They called to Munro, "Catch him for us, and you shall have Stuckgoy free for ever." Munro replied, "Your offer is good, if it only came from Argyll." Argyll said to Munro, "You shall have Stuckgoy

free from me." Argyll escaped, my grandfather said, to Holland. Argyll fulfilled his promise to Munro; for he and his heirs had it until it was exchanged for Barr-nan-lìon, in Lochoweside, to the present Duke's grandfather, John, fifth Duke—and the Munros still hold Barr-nan-lìon. The Munro referred to was an ancestor of ex-Provost Macfarlane and his brother, John Macfarlane, presently residing in Inverary, by their mother.

I have heard my father and grandfather tell the following story—viz. : An Italian bully came to Inverary, and challenged all in the parish to fight him; and until some one did so, the proprietor was bound to feed him. This was in the third Duke's (Archibald's) time. The Duke searched out for a man in the district to match the Italian. He was told of one Neil MacArthur, who belonged to Inistrynich. Neil was a sort of outlaw, for he had previously shot a white deer on Benbuie Hill. The Duke, however, offered to pardon him if he would come forward and fight the bully. Neil came, and before commencing, ordered a large fire to be kindled near to where he and the Italian were. Neil and the Italian commenced, and the former wrestled so hard with the latter, that he laid the bully on his back on the fire. Being badly burnt, the bully no longer bounced, and was glad to fly from the town.

I heard them tell another story of one Bell, who lived at Baravrachd, near Kenmore, about this period. He was a little silly in his mind, and lived with his mother. Two cows had been stolen from them by cattle-thieves. The man got his mother's consent to pursue the thieves. He did so, and found them down past Cumlodden (*Coille-bheannain*) in a wood, boiling beef in a hide of a cow on a fire. The cow-hide was formed into a pot, and contained water. This mode of boiling meat was customary in those days. When Bell came up, one of the thieves saw that he was silly, and threw a cow thigh-bone at him. Bell, with the thigh-bone and a staff, set on the three thieves, and nearly killed them. They fled, and he got his cows, and drove them home.

I have heard my grandfather and father tell how great all the Dukes of Argyll were in the field and in the senate; and I have heard them say that John, fifth Duke, was an excellent nobleman. He was a great agriculturist, and took great interest in stock-feeding. He was good and kind to his people; and being a Field-Marshal, he procured fine appointments for the young men of the town and parish of Inverary. I remember two of them being generals—Turner and big Campbell (the paymaster's brother). Then there were Colonels Munro and Fleming; Captains Johnes, Macarthurs; Colonel Hall; Drs Angus and James Hall, and several others. Duke George also helped to get some commissions and appointments for the young men of the town and district.

The fifth Duke, John, was very sharp: he would notice a stranger at once. And in business matters no one could cheat or impose on him for any length of time, for he was sure to find them out. I heard my father tell this story: When the Duke went to London, he generally drove round the Strone Point. There was an old herd in Glenshera, named Peter Macintyre, who was a little queer, and who made a point of saying good-bye to his Grace. He generally met the Duke's carriage on the other side of the Garron Bridge, when he would say, "Oh, Duke, you're going away! see and don't stop long in London, for they'll have plenty of Dukes the day in Inverary."

When the Duke would answer, "No, Peter; I am the only Duke."

"No, no, Duke. There will be Duke Sonachan, Duke Hall, Duke Haswell, and Duke Greig," &c.

Then his Grace would say farewell, handing Peter a bit of money.

The Duke would always hear two sides of a complaint; and would inquire into all the circumstances. He did not always rely on the statement of his factor and manager. The Duke's name is a household word in Inverary and parish. His memory is honoured and revered, and will continue to be so for generations.

Lochowside Clans.

(Supplied by Donald Clarke.)

PILGRIMAGES were made to Innishail, where a monastery was built. The date of this building is, however, uncertain. The name Innishail does not signify "Fair Isle" or "Lovely Isle," but is a corruption of the words *Innis-sleuchdaidh*, the "Kneeling Isle," for here pilgrims knelt and did penance. There used to be a cross at the highest point in Glenara (*Gleann-aora*), where the traveller from the south first comes in sight of one of the most beautiful of the views in Argyleshire (*Siorramachd Earraghàidheil*), and whence the pilgrims of old first caught sight of the Holy Island of Innishail. This place is still known by the name of Kneeling Cross (*Crois-an-t-sleuchdaidh*).

Before the pilgrims came within sight of this cross, they had to traverse the river here at a ford where they engaged in Aoradh (worship)—and hence the river was named Uisge Aoraidh, the "Water of Worship," also Aoradh; and the mouth of the river, Inbhir-Aoradh—the "foot or beginning of the Water of Worship,"—in English, Inverary; and the glen, Glenarary.¹

At the time of the Reformation this monastery became a Protestant

¹ "The waters of the Aray or Aora rush rapidly over a rugged and rocky bed; . . . and some, among whom was Dr Fraser, the writer of the last Statistical Account, think that the Aray or Aora means *ao-réidh*, not smooth."—Statistical Account of Argyllshire. "The writer of the New Statistical Account of this parish (Inverary) makes a great mistake as to its etymology. It comes very clearly from *Inbhir-a-réidh*, which means the *confluence of the smooth water or stream*."—Col. Robertson.

church, and up to the year 1736 was the parish church for both sides of the loch.

Later a larger building was erected at Innisdroinich, now belonging to the Glenorchy (*Gleann-urachaidh*) district. There was a family of the name of Sinclair on the island at the beginning of this century, who kept two or three cows.

The chiefs of the MacArthurs, the MacNaughtains, and the Campbells are buried here among many more.

Tradition says that *Ard-fhear* (high-one, chief) had three sons: the eldest called *MacArthur* (Arthur's son); the second Neachdan, from which comes the name *MacNeachdain*¹ (MacNaughton); the third named *Cambeul* (squint-mouth), in English Cambel, now Campbell.

The Arthur of Lochawe (*Loch-odha*) had many lands on both sides of Lochawe to Lochlong, including the larger part of Cowal (*Còmhal*), and a castle at Lochlong named *Aird Arstair* (Arthur's promontory), pronounced in Gaelic and English *Ardgartan* (the estate of), still owned by Arthur's descendants, and also Strachurra.

A mountain there was called Beinn Arstur (*Beinn-Artair*), now known as the Cobbler. On the same range of hill, on the west side of Glen Kinglas (*Gleann-conaghlais*), there is a rock known now by the name of Old Man's Head, from the outline being like an old man lying in bed. In Gaelic this precipice is called *Aghaidh Artair* (Arthur's face).

The MacArthurs of Lochow.—The Campbells and MacArthurs sided with Bruce. The MacNaughton clan sided with MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*); so for a while the MacArthurs entirely discarded the MacNaughtons. Before this period the MacArthur chief was wont to preside at the united clan gatherings or councils, whether in peace or war. It is said that the Campbell chief advised MacArthur to change his surname to Campbell, in order to form one large clan under one *bratach* (standard).

¹ See note at the end of this paper.

This MacArthur consented to do. All his followers were, however, by no means content with this plan, refusing to go under one *bratach*. This caused a division in the MacArthur clan.

Innishail belonged to the chief of the MacArthurs; also much land on either side the loch, from the north side of the loch to and inclusive of the upper part of the south side of Glen Ara (*Gleann-aora*). In the last century the chief of the MacArthurs sold out at Lochaweside (*Taobh Loch-odha*); and it is said that in the bargain of sale Innishail had been forgotten, and on this being pointed out to him he replied, "Let the tail go with the head."

About a hundred years ago the chief, Campbell MacArthur, left Lochaweside altogether, and lived on his estates in Cowal. Two sisters (MacArthurs) from Lochawe came to Inverary and lived there. They gave the carved oak bedstead of their ancestor, the MacArthur chief, to the Duke of Argyll, for his safe-keeping, and it is now at Inverary Castle.

Note.—With regard to these etymologies Mr W. F. Skene writes to the Editor: "There is no doubt the interpretation of *Cambel* or *Cambeul* is a very old one, but I have often thought that it might be a Gaelic form of the same name which appears in Welsh as *Cynvyl*. The Welsh *Cyn* passes into Gaelic *Cam*, and *vyl* or *vel* is the aspirated *bel*. But really we have no certainty as to the origin of the name. The other etymologies in the paper do not much commend themselves to my mind; and where hills and great natural features bear the names of Arthur, they are more probably connected with the mythic King Arthur. There is no doubt whatever that the Campbells and MacArthurs are the same race, but it is a mistake to connect the MacNaughtons with them. They certainly belong to a different stock."

Argyll Traditions of Rob Roy.

(The following Note on Rob Roy was furnished by George Clarke, keeper at Rosneath.)

WHEN the Duke of Montrose got Rob Roy outlawed, and sent the soldiers from Dumbarton (*Dun-breathun*) Castle to hunt him, John, second Duke of Argyll, permitted Rob to build a house at the foot of Ben Buie (Glenshera, Inverary), where Rob resided for seven years. Thence he attended the West and North Highland cattle-markets with half-a-dozen gillies whom he kept there, going to Balquidder (*Bochuidir*) now and again to see his wife. Rob and a few followers left to join Mar; and on arriving, as both armies were getting in order for battle, one of the men, Padric More MacGregor, said, "Come, let us go in." Rob coolly replied, "No; if they cannot do without us they cannot do with us." So they stood passive until the battle was over, and marched home. In a word, Rob could not oppose Argyll, who had given him permission to reside in a house he had built in Glenshera.

When both armies were drawn up, Argyll stood on the right of the royal army and Mar on the right of the rebel army. Thus the Duke and Mar were far from being opposite each other; and soon after the battle began, the rebels were flying before the right wing of the Duke's army.

But at the same time, the Duke's left wing was flying before Mar's right wing towards Stirling. Thus the right wing of each army was victorious, while the left wing of each army was defeated. Accordingly the song was composed—

"They ran and we ran, and they ran awa', man."

Lord Archibald Campbell, afterwards third Duke, being in Stirling,

went out to have a view of the battle, and when the left wing of the Duke's army was running towards Stirling, Lord Archibald was running towards Stirling also, when it is said he was wounded in the leg, which caused him to have a halt all his days, and to be designated "an Diùc Crùbach" (the Cripple Duke); but whether that is true or not the writer cannot say, further than that such was told in the stories about Inverary.

When Rob Roy resided in Glenshera, he and his gillies were setting out for a market at Fortwilliam, through the hills by Glenurchy. He sent one of the gillies round by Inverary for tobacco, who was to join the party at Ardhetal (*Airdtheteil*), in Glenurchy, where they were to lodge for the night. As it was late in autumn, a heavy snowstorm came on. One Munro (some of his great-grandchildren are still about Inverary) being the tenant of Carnus, the highest farm in Glenara (north side of the glen), had a heifer which had been housed the previous winter and turned out to moor-pasture in summer, and which, on account of the storm, came home and stood before the byre-door. Rob Roy's gillie came to the door of Munro's house wanting lodgings for the night; and on his knocking at the door, Munro came out, when the gillie told him he was on his way to Glenurchy, but could not proceed on account of the snow. Munro refused to take him in, and said, "Is that your cow there?" The gillie replied in the affirmative, and said, "Since you will not oblige me with a night's lodging, will you oblige me with helping me over your farm with the cow?" Munro, glad to get quit of him, convoyed him with the cow over his boundary. So the gillie drove the cow to Glenurchy, where Rob and the other gillies were storm-stayed; and they killed the cow, used some of it, and gave the rest to poor people there. For the loss of his cow Munro summoned Rob and his gillie before the Sheriff at Inverary, when the Sheriff dismissed the case, and reprimanded Munro, by stating that the man might have been lost in the snow; and besides that,

he himself helped to drive the cow off his own farm, and therefore had no claims against the gillie.¹

Recollections of Rob.

(The following notes were furnished to Mr Peter Campbell by the respective narrators.)

KENMORE, February 6, 1882.

JOHN FERGUSON, aged eighty-nine years, a cooper, says: I was born at Kenmore (*An Ceannamhor*), four miles from Inverary. My grandfather lived in the house I now live in. Kenmore, in my young days, was a great place for herring fishing and curing. I remember as many as twenty-two boats of large size engaged in the fishing trade. A place near Kenmore is called the "French for land," in consequence of Frenchmen many years ago coming there to purchase herrings. I have heard my father and grandfather speak of Rob Roy MacGregor, who used to plunder Montrose's cattle, and drive them to a fauk² at the head of Glenshera. I have heard from them that Rob Roy occasionally robbed Montrose's factor of his rents, and afterwards fled to Glenshera. I have

¹ Bloodhounds, it will be remembered, were employed in hunting down the MacGregor race. It was enacted that every male of the name MacGregor should, after attaining the age of sixteen, yearly repair and appear before the Privy Council. On non-compliance or non-appearance, an officer of the law, after the blowing of a horn, proclaimed all who had not appeared; after which any of his Majesty's subjects, on meeting a MacGregor, was at liberty to mutilate or slay him with impunity; rewards were offered also to capturers or slayers of that race. This was done in accordance with 30th Act of the first Parliament of Charles I. It is said that the last of the *Coin Dubh* bloodhounds were shot, one at Crianlarich, in Strathfillan, and the other near Lochearnhead, on a hill-face opposite the Breadalbane Castle of Edinample.—From Maidment's MSS. Collections.

² Fold.

heard them say that Montrose wrote to Argyll accusing him of giving refuge to a robber; and that Argyll replied, "You feed him; but all he gets from me is a cave and water." Have heard my father tell a story that a stranger had entered a place where Rob Roy's band put up, and that the stranger stole a pot wherein some beef had been boiling, and ran off with it, and that Rob Roy's men pursued him as far as Dalmally (*Dail-mhàilidh*), and recovered the pot. I have heard that the number of men—Munros, Mackellars, and Macintyres—Argyll could whistle out from Glenshera was fifty, and that he stood on a knowe¹ on the Garron Bridge side of the Dùloch when he hailed them; but I never saw the spot myself. But I have heard my grandfather say that Argyll made all his covenants on that spot. My father and grandfather used to tell of battles between Athole and Argyll. One was fought below Croitville (*Croit-a'-bhile*), when Argyll and his men routed Athole, who fled up the Queen's highway. Another battle was fought between them on the spot whereon the Court buildings stand, then called "Rudha na H-Airde-rainich"; and sixteen gentlemen, named Campbell, were executed by order of Stewart, Athole's factor, who led the Atholemen. The MacNaughtons, who lived at Dunderawe Castle, held lands of Ardkinglas, and they ceded lands in Glenshera to Argyll. MacNaughton went to Ireland. The clans who lived around the Campbells were the Monros, Macintyres, Mackellars, MacVicars, Clerks, and Fishers; but I cannot speak to dates. I have heard my father speak of MacVicar, the parson of Kilmaliew, who foretold events. He foretold he himself would be drowned. They watched him; but being old and blind, he, it is said, stumbled into a large tub of water near his door, and was thus drowned. Then he said Inverary would not be Inverary until the church bell would ring on one of the stones of Creag-nan-Coarach (Craigs), near Cromalt; and it is the fact that that part

¹ This knowe is well known on the sloping bank of Strone Hill, 150 yards above the bridge, as mentioned elsewhere—a narrow flat on which 100 men could stand.

of the present church steeple on which the bell rests is built of that stone. Then it was he said that one horse could carry all the Campbells (Argylls) over Tayindrum (*Tigh-an-droma*). If the parson said so, he was correct; for Duke John (seventh Duke), the present Duke, and Lady Emma, were all the real Argylls previous to the present Duke's marriage.

I remember my father wearing the Highland dress regularly at his work. It was made of home-made cloth, and was dyed with red, blue, and white spots, sometimes cross and sometimes lengthwise, according to taste. The hose were of similar colour, and used to be made at Claidich. The cloth was spun at home, and woven at Bridge-of-Douglas. Blue and white could easily be made at home, but the red had to be done in Glasgow. This would be about sixty years ago. I remember when my father wore pantaloons he felt uncomfortable, and used no braces but a cow-hide common belt.

DUNSTAFFNAGE PAPERS

AND

LEGENDS

DUNSTAFFNAGE PAPERS AND LEGENDS.

*Dunstaffnage—Extracts from Dunstaffnage MS.—Battle of Glenlivet—Murder of Calder—
Dunstaffnage Heirlooms—Macaonghais an Dùin—Colla Ciotach and Dunstaffnage.*

DUNSTAFFNAGE PAPERS AND LEGENDS.

Dunstaffnage (*Dun=staidh=innis*).

(These extracts, from Livingstone's Essays and Dunstaffnage's Family Papers, are supplied by Dunstaffnage.)

AMONG the antiquities of Argyleshire, the castle of Dunstaffnage ought undoubtedly to take the lead. It stands on Loch Etive, on a promontory jutting into the sea. The castle is said to have been founded by Errin, or Erinus, a Pictish monarch—contemporary with Cæsar—who called it after himself, Eronium. Whether this account be true or not, it certainly is a place of great antiquity, and one of the first seats of the Scottish princes. In this castle was long preserved the famous stone chair or seat—the Palladium of Scotland—said to have been brought out of Spain, where it was used as a seat of justice by Gatholus, who was coeval with Moses. It continued here, and was used as the coronation chair of Kenneth II., who removed it to Scone. (The stone is said to have been Jacob's pillow, and was left behind by the Jews when they fled out of Egypt. A remote ancestor of the Scottish kings married a daughter of one of the Pharaohs, and got it as her, or part of her, dower. They brought it to Carthage, thence to Spain, thence to Ireland, and then it came to Dunstaffnage.)

The form of the name has been considerably varied by several writers. By Boece and his ancient translator, Bellenden, it is written Dounstafage or Dounstaphage; by Fordun, or rather by his continuator, Bower, Dunstafinch.¹ In Blaeu's map it is Dunstafage. There has been not less variety in regard to the *etymos* given of this name. Camden, having said that Dunstafage was anciently a royal residence, explains the term as signifying Stephen's Mount.² This idea appears to have been borrowed from Boece. Speaking of a king whom he calls Erinus, he says: "Arcem haud procul a Berigonio, loco natura invictissimo, ædificavit, Eronium dixit a suo nomine nunc Dounstafage vulgo, id est castrum Stephani appellatum."³ For it is to be observed, according to our writers, this palace had both a vulgar and a royal designation. Bellenden has thus rendered the passage: "Kyng Errin biggit ane castell, nocht far fra Berigon, callit than Errin, after his name, now callit Dounstafage."⁴ It is to be observed that Bellenden leaves out the explanation of the vulgar name, which had been given by Boece, as apparently not satisfied that it was well founded. Dunstaffnage is *Dun-agus-Da-innis*—The fortified place of the two islands. The people pronounce it Dounstynish, as near as I can write it. There are two islands just off the castle-point. The inscription on the coronation stone was in Latin (Erose), and is as follows:—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
Invenient lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem."

But Venerable Wyntoun has thus rendered this ancient national prophecy:—

"But gyf wordys falyhand be,
Quhare evyr that stane yhe segyt se,
Dare sall the Scottis be regniand,
And Lorddys hale oure all that land."⁵

Boece has given the same legendary prediction, which I find translated

¹ History, ii. 242.

² Britan., iv. 128.

³ History, fol. 250.

⁴ Croniklis, ii. 15.

⁵ Croniklis, B. iii. c. 9.

in a very old hand on the margin of a certain copy of the first edition of his History :—

“The Scottis sall bruike that land as native grunde,
Gif weirdis failt nocht, quhair ewir this chyre is founde.”

The inscription was written in Gaelic, and is as follows :—

“Cineadh Scuit saor an fine,
Mun budh breag an fhaisdne,
Mar a fuighid an Lia Fail,
Dlighid flaitheas do ghabhail.”

Translation.

“Mun budh breag an fhaisdne :
If the prophecy is not false.
Mar a fuighid an Lia Fail :
Where the hoary pillow is found.
 (“Where the sacred stone is found.”—*Sheriff Nicolson.*)
Cineadh Scuit saor an fine :
The nation of Scots the free people.
Dlighid flaitheas do ghabhail :
There shall sovereignty have ground.”

Lia Fail is not the fatal stone, or, as it is equally called, the stone of destiny, neither of which is the true rendering of Lia Fail. Every Celt knows that Lia always means hoary; hence we both write and speak of *an lia reotha*, “hoar-frost”—*an ceann lia*, “the hoary head” (Livingstone).

This castle is of a square form, 87 feet within walls, having round towers at three of the angles. The average height of the walls is 66 feet; 9 in thickness. The external measurement of the walls amounts to 270 feet. The circumference of the rock on which it stands is 300. It has its entrance from the sea by a staircase, but it is supposed that in former ages this was by means of a drawbridge. Only part of the building is habitable, the rest of it being in ruins. The masonry is con-

sidered very ancient. At a distance of about 400 feet from the castle are the remains of a chapel, formerly appropriated to the religious services of its inmates. This in length is 78 feet, in height 14, in breadth 26 feet. It is said that some of the ancient regalia was preserved here till the eighteenth century, when, in consequence of the infirmity of the keeper, they were embezzled by the servant, who could not withstand the temptation of the silver that adorned them. It is said, however, that a battle-axe, nine feet in length, of beautiful workmanship, and embossed with silver, was left. Pennant has given a drawing of a small ivory figure found here, which he thinks was certainly cut in memory of the celebrated chair, and appears to have been an inaugurative sculpture. A crowned monarch is represented sitting in it with a book (or rather a scroll) in one hand, as if going to take the coronation oath. Speaking of the ruined chapel, he says that it had once been "an elegant building, and at one end an enclosure used as a family cemetery" (*Hebrides*, p. 409). There are only three rooms, of quite modern construction, habitable in the castle now. The well has been filled up many years, ever since a child fell into it and was drowned. I have the battle-axe, stirrup-irons, and spur of Bruce, also the ivory king. Such is the traditionary reminiscence of the dignity of Dunstaffnage.

We lose sight of Dunstaffnage for several centuries, till the eventful reign of Robert Bruce. It was then possessed by Alexander of Argyll, father of John, whom Archdeacon Barbour calls Lord of Lorne (MacCouls or MacDougalls). John, called the Red Comyn, whom Bruce slew, was eme, or uncle, to John of Lorne, as Alexander of Argyll had married Comyn's daughter (probably a grandfather, and not an uncle). This Alexander adhered to the interests of Baliol, and defeated Bruce in the battle of Dalree, near Tyndrum; but afterwards, A.D. 1308, Bruce having defeated the army of John of Lorne, he besieged his father in his fortress of Dunstaffnage.

“ The Kyng that stoute wes, starke and bauld,
 Till Dunstaffynch rycht sturdely
 A sege set, and besyly
 Assaylit the castell it to get.
 Schyr Alexander off Arghile that saw
 The kyng dystroy wp cleue and law,
 His land send treyteris to the king
 And come his man but mar duelling,
 And he resawyt him till his pess.”¹

Bower, in his continuation of Fordoun's 'Chronicon,' says that Alexander of Argyll rendered the castle to Bruce; but that, refusing to do homage to him, he received from the king a safe-conduct for himself, and all who wished to retire with him, and fled into England, where he died. A charter of Robert I. is still extant granting to Arthur Campbell, fourth son of the brave Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, the constabulary of Dunstaffnage. (I can find but two sons of Sir Colin Oig, who was contemporary with Bruce; one, Gillespie Mor, who succeeded him—the other, Niel, who was son of MacIldhui's daughter, who was ancestor of the Campbells of Melfort.) Robertson's Index, p. 15, is quoted as authority for this. David II. confirms a charter granted by his father to William de Vetreponte, dated at Dunstaffynch in the fourth year of his reign.²

“ I find,” says Pennant, “ about the year 1455, this [Dunstaffnage] to have been a residence of the Lord of the Isles; for here James, last Earl of Douglas, after his defeat in Annandale, fled to Donald, the Regulus of the time, and prevailed on him to take arms, and carry on a plundering war against his monarch, James II.”³ Pennant refers to Hume of Godscroft as his authority; but all that Godscroft says is,—“ The Earle himself got by flyght to Dunstaffage, where finding Donald, Earle of Ross, he incited him to make war against the King, in his favour; and after he had engaged him therein, he withdrew himself again into England.”⁴

¹ The Bruce, Book vii. p. 410.

² Regist. Mag. Sigilli, p. 47, No. 137.

³ Hebrides, p. 410.

⁴ Hist. Douglas, p. 203.

This, however, does not amount to a proof that Dunstaffnage was then occupied as a palace by these usurping Reguli. I have not observed that this circumstance is mentioned by any of our writers but Buchanan, who merely says that "Earl James met with Donald, the Tyrant of the Isles, at Dunstaffnage. 'Ad Stephanodunum convenit.'"¹ From the phraseology there, we can only infer that this was the appointed place of meeting. We cannot, indeed, suppose that this had become a residence of the Lords of the Isles, without assuming it as a fact, that that branch of the noble family of Argyll to which this fortress had been appropriated by Robert I., had been expelled from it. I explain the matter thus: Colin Iongatach, of Lochow, had a son, Dugal Mhor, of Dunstaffnage (the first Captain), married to the daughter of the chief of the MacDonalds about 1435. This fact is surely enough to account for the Lord of the Isles meeting the Earl of Douglas at Dunstaffnage.

There is a story current at Dunstaffnage, which used to be told by an old pensioner who lived on the estate, and belonged to the district, that Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, of the 92d, who was shot at Quatre Bras, was shot by one of his own men, who was a bad character, and whom he had had flogged a few days before. The pensioner who told this had not a very good name in the army himself; but he swore he knew it for a fact of his own knowledge, and also that the other man had told him that he was going to do it, and had done it. Both men are now dead.

There is said to be a small old man in Truish, with a grey plaid and Lowland bonnet, called the Bodach Glas (old grey man), who appears on the death of any of the Dunstaffnage family (or on the death of the head of the family—all do not agree on this point). One of their ancestors killed him in a raid to the south. They were partners in the spoil. Being pursued, the Lowlander wished to leave the spoil and run. Dunstaffnage called him a coward, and dirked him. While dying, he told Dunstaffnage he would

¹ Hist., lib. xi. c. 44.

die that day, and that he (the Bodach Glas) would appear and exult over the death of the rest of the family for ever. The pursuers overtook Dunstaffnage. He sent the spoil on with his son and part of the men, but stayed himself with the rest. He and most of the men were killed. The Bodach duly appeared to both him and his son; but the spoil was taken home safely. I do not know how Sir W. Scott got hold of this story. He has put it in 'Waverley' as Vich Ian Vohr's Grey Man.

Our friendship with the MacDonalds began by the marriage of Dugald Mor, first Captain of Dunstaffnage, with their chief's daughter. Through that we were friends with Coll Ciotach, who never ravaged our lands; though Cromwell's men did, but they paid for it. It is also said that after the Glencoe affair we sheltered the heir and nurse, on account of the old friendship, for some time.

Extracts from Dunstaffnage Manuscript Pedigree.

(Written by my Granduncle NIEL, fifteenth Captain of Dunstaffnage.)

“THE rebels in the Western Isles being informed upon a time that the king was at Dunstaffnage, made a sudden onset upon him, that he could in no ways escape had it not been by the advice of Colin Maol Math (Good, Bald Colin), who advised that the king should leave that place with a few followers in countrymen's habits, while he himself should personate the king by putting on his royal habit, to persuade the rebels that the king was still there in person,—which had the desired effect, for the king made his escape with safety; but Colin Maol Math, with all the forces the king

left with him, were cut to pieces upon the spot—and they did not fall unavenged, for the ringleaders of the rebels were all slain A.D. 1110.”

From the same pedigree :—

“Colin Mhor, also called Callein-na-Streing—that is, the string, or Gaelic name of a ridge of mountains betwixt Lochavich, near the middle of Lochow, and the head of Loch Scammadale in Glenurchar, in Lorn called the String of Lorn, where the said Colin Mhor, in a fight with John Bacach (Lame John)—that is, the lame John MacDougall, chief of the MacDougalls—who, after he had put the MacDougalls to flight, pursuing the chase too eagerly, and forcing a pass called Ath Dearg (the red ford), was unfortunately slain by the MacDougalls, and a heap of stones, or a cairn, made near that place as a memorial of that action, which stands to this day, and is named Cairn Challein. He was buried at Killchrenan, on Lochow-side, A.D. 1283. He was our twenty-fourth common ancestor, and was contemporary with Alexander III. and John Baliol. He was the first called Thane of Argyll.”

From the same pedigree the following is taken :—

“Sir Neil MacChallein Mhor na Streing was the first that was called Mac Challein Mhor from his father’s name.

“This Sir Neill Campbell was ane most valiant knight : he was one of those who were King Robert the Bruce’s brothers. He was created Knight Banneret by King Alexander III. He kept Lochow in spite of MacPhadyen, who came against King Robert Bruce and his adherents with a great host of Scotch, Irish, and Englishmen, clothed with a commission of King Edward of England, who then opposed Scotland. Besides, the said Sir Neil had also to his neighbour John MacCowan, or MacDougall, then Lord of Lorn—who, because of his alliance to the Cumins, he being nephew to the Great Cumin, and for his complaisance to him and to King Edward of England, was made by King Edward Lord of Lorn—as another strong enemy at his back. Nevertheless the brave Sir Neill

kept the pass on the Water of Aw, that runs out of Lochow, till he sent for Sir William Wallace to relieve him; and joining their forces, they beat MacFadyen, who was taken in a cave called Uaimh-mick-Phaden, or MacPhadyen's Cave. The said John MacDougall, Lord of Lorn, was forfeited in the Parliament held at Ardchattan, and his estate given to Duncan MacDougall for his fidelity to Robert Bruce. During the debate betwixt Bruce and Baliol for the crown, this Sir Neil and his father, Colin Mhor, inclined at first to favour Baliol's claim, he being one degree nearer by proximity of blood, though but by a woman, until Baliol consented to subject the crown of Scotland to King Edward's decrie, to whose arbitration the debate was referred, which Robert Bruce refused to do, and was immediately joined by Sir Neil and his father, who were so tender of preserving the liberties of the crown and kingdom."

Then comes the story of Bruce loosing his brooch, and killing the three followers of the MacDougalls with his battle-axe. The brooch was kept at Dunollie till Inverawe took it in 1715; he gave it to Lochnell, who returned it to the late Sir John MacDougall of MacDougall. I have the battle-axe now in my possession, as well as the stirrups and spur of Bruce. Sir Neil was our twenty-fifth ancestor, and was married first to Marjory, sister of Bruce; secondly to Margaret, daughter of Sir John Cameron of Lochiel. From the same MS. :—

"Sir Challein Oig—that is, young Sir Colin—succeeded his father Sir Neil. This Sir Colin accompanied his uncle King Robert into Ireland, where, as he marched his army through a wood, Sir Richard de la Clare, deputy of Ireland for the time being, lay in ambuscade to surprise him, and now and then sent some soldiers forth of the wood to shoot at King Robert's men, to provoke him to follow them into the wood; while, on the other hand, the king, like an experienced warrior, suspecting a trap was laid for him, forbade any to follow them or leave their ranks. Notwithstanding these orders, Sir Colin became so impatient at seeing two soldiers boldly

approaching and braving the whole army, that, running forth to fight them both, he killed one, and the other fled. He took the castle of Dunoon, and was made hereditary keeper of it; he then went immediately to Bute, and took that castle from the English.

The Battle of Glenlivet.

(Copy from Paper written by eleventh Laird of Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*), 1549.

“**I**N this year, Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, though a very young man, was General of Queen Mary’s forces, and advanced, by desire of the Queen, against Lord Huntly (*Morair Hundai*) and the rebellious clans in the north, as far as Glenlivet (*Gleann-lìbheid*), in Aberdeenshire (*Abar-amhain*). His three uncles—Alexander, Donald, and Colin—formed part of Argyll’s army. The third Lochnell turned traitor to his nephew (I believe it to be Archibald, second Lochnell, and his two brothers Donald and Colin, cousins to Argyll, and not uncles,—the third Lochnell, Alexander, could not be an uncle either.—D.), and went over clandestinely to Huntly, and told him that if he would fire at the yellow flag when the battle began, Argyll would be standing by it; and that, when the confusion of the battle came on, he would, with his followers, join Huntly against Argyll, his own nephew, to whom he was guardian. He then went back to the yellow flag, and was hit and killed by Huntly’s first shot, and Argyll providentially escaped.

“James VI. was king when the battle of Glenlivet, or Alt-choulachan, took place.”

The Murder of Calder.

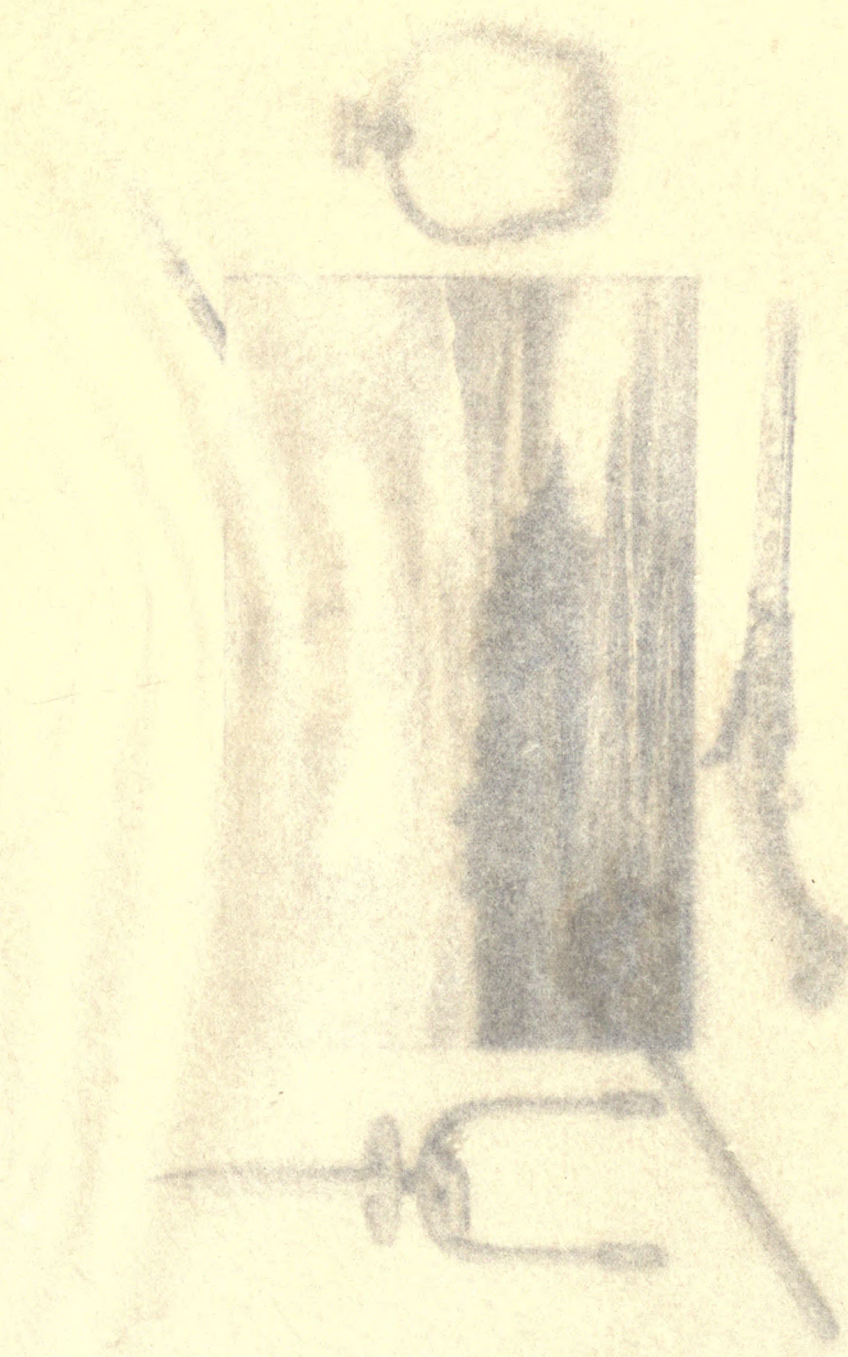
(Copied from the Same.)

“ **I**N the year 1590, Lord Huntly, Lochnell, and Glenorchy (*Gleannurachaidh*), being displeased at Calder (*Calladair*), the Earl's son, as well as at this Marquis of Argyll (*Earraghàidheal*), got Campbell of Ardkinglas, a relation of the family, to undertake the murder of Calder, which he got effected by getting a confidential fellow, named Gille Patrick Oig MacKellar (*Gille Pharuig òg MacEallair*), to shoot Calder through a window—at Kriappoch (*Cnìopach*), the residence of Campbell of Stronchormaig (*Sronchormaig*) or Glenfeochan (*Gleannfaochan*)—with a hack-but gun of Ardkinglas (*Aird-Chonaghlais*), that carried three balls; and for that act Ardkinglas and he, the murderer, were tried in 1591 at Inverary (*Ionaraora*), the proceedings of which are long and curious: a copy is in the charter-chest at Airds. In the course of that trial, it was discovered that Huntly, Glenorchy, Lochnell, and Ardkinglas had entered into a compact, along with John Lord Thirlstone (who was Chancellor of Scotland), Earl Morton, MacLean of Dowart (*Dubhart*), Stewart of Appin (*Na H-Apunn*), and MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*), to destroy the Earl or Marquis of Argyll, Earl of Murray, and Colin Campbell of Lunday; and they signed a bond and deed, which is quoted in the proceedings of the said trial, binding themselves to do so, and to participate the lands belonging to Argyll among themselves as a reward. But their plan failed, except Calder's murder, for which MacKellar was executed.”

Dunstaffnage Heirlooms.

(The following particulars are contained in a Letter from Dunstaffnage to the Editor.)

“ I do not know what account I can give you of the battle-axe, spur, and stirrup-irons, and also the ring. They are mentioned now and again in wills as heirlooms. Pennant gives a drawing of the ring. The battle-axe is mentioned in *Camd. Britt. Addit.*, iv. 129, and that is all I can say, except *tradition*. The ring is said to have been dug up over 200 years ago, *inside the castle*. The spur, stirrups, and battle-axe were left behind by Bruce when the castle was taken by him from MacDougall, he going south by boat. The only point on which the tradition ever varies is, that some say this was the battle-axe Bruce killed the three MacDougalls with when he lost his brooch. There were once some more things. Pennant calls them *regalia*. They were stolen by some of the servants (about 1730, I think—can't tell the exact date just now). My grandfather heard of a coat-of-arms of ours and a helmet being somewhere in Wales. He got back the coat-of-arms (a drawing, you know); the helmet he could not get—why, I know not. All I know of the ninth Earl's pistol is also tradition, except that it is mentioned now and again in household inventories as far back as 1740. He is said to have left it here on his way south, after his arrival from Friesland.”

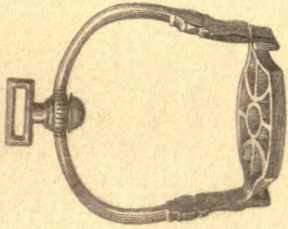
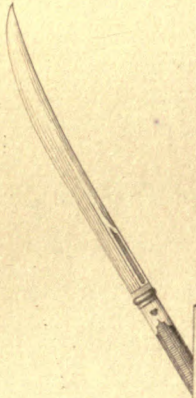


View of Hall and Staircase

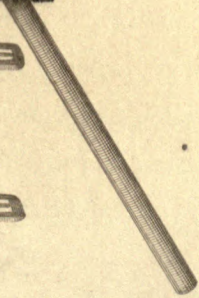
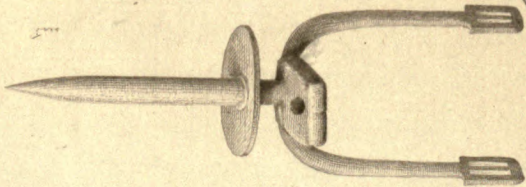
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Shuntstaffage Coastle And Its Relics.



**Macaonghais an Dùin—i.e., Campbell of Dunstaffnage
(Dun-staidh-innis).**

(Supplied by "D." Taken from the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba.)

MACAONGHAIS AN DÙIN, accompanied by his man-servant, was once crossing the moor between Lochawe and Glenfaochan. They overtook an old woman drawing a heather rope after her. The servant said, "What strange work the old woman is doing!"

"Though you would little suppose it," said MacAonghais, "she draws after her in that rope all the milk in Glenfaochan."

Having said this, he drew his sword and cut the rope, and they were all nearly drowned with milk. The old woman was a witch from Lochaweside, and was in Glenfaochan extracting the substance from the milk.

Colla Ciotach and Dunstaffnage.

(Supplied by John MacKillop of Lochgair.)

AFTER the defeat and murder of Sir Alexander MacDonald's (Colla Ciotach's son) followers at Dunaverty (*Dunabhartaiddh*) in Kintyre, General Leslie and the Earl of Argyll crossed over to Islay (*Ile*) and besieged Dun-naomhaig, held by Colla Ciotach. After a short resistance, Colla consented to surrender on certain conditions, to which Leslie agreed. While the terms of surrender were being drawn out, Colla, thinking that all was settled, went out of the fort to speak to MacAonghais an Duin (MacAngus of the Fort, the patronymic of the Dunstaffnage (*Dun-staidh-*

innis) family), a gentleman for whom he had a great regard. No sooner was Colla out of the fort than he was made prisoner, taken to Dunstaffnage, and placed in irons, but received every kindness and leniency that Dunstaffnage could afford him, and was allowed to roam about as he pleased. Dunstaffnage having occasion to go to Inverary (*Ionaraora*), was asked by the Earl of Argyll if he had Colla in irons. MacAonghais answered that he had. The Earl swore that if he found out that he allowed Colla to be at large he would make him suffer for it. A man on horseback, with orders to change horses at every stage, was at once despatched to Dunstaffnage to see if it was true what he was hearing. Dunstaffnage gave a sign to his foster-brother (*Comhalta*) MacKillop, who was along with him, and who set off at once, taking all the by-paths between Inverary and Dunstaffnage, and outran the rider. When they both took the road by Port Sonachan (*Port Shonachain*), the footman arrived first at the ferry; consequently the Earl's horseman had to wait till the boat came back. When the Earl's messenger was at Connel (*A' Chonail*) the man on foot was on the hill above the road south of Tigh-na-h-uallaraich, and seeing the reapers in a field over opposite, and Colla binding sheaves after them, he cried, "*Colla fo gheimhlibh! Colla fo gheimhlibh!*" (Colla in fetters). Colla himself was the first to hear the cry; he understood how things were, ran into his prison, and placed himself in irons.

Shortly after this he was sentenced to be hanged. He was hanged from the mast of his own galley, which was placed across a cleft of the rock on a hill called *Tom a' chrochaidh* (hill of hanging). He met his fate without fear or dismay, entreating that they would bury him so near to the place where MacAonghais would be buried that they might take a snuff from each other in the grave. When his request was told to Dunstaffnage, the latter ordered him to be buried under the second step at the door of the burying-place, and when they would be burying him, that they would step over Colla's grave. Colla Ciotach was carried prisoner to Dunstaffnage after the fall of Dun-naomhaig in 1647.

THE BREADALBANES

THE BREADALBANES.

The Breadalbane Campbells.

THE story and career of Colin Campbell, founder of the Breadalbane (*Braid-albainn*) branch, is in itself one of the most brilliant and picturesque of the chapters that are written on the tablets of Scottish history and treasured in the romances told in Argyleshire—a career idyllic in its incidents, worthy the song of the troubadour of that chivalrous and romantic age. The legend runs that he, when in Palestine on one of the Crusades in which he took part, dreamt a strange dream, which he was unable rightly to understand, and at the advice of a monk whom he consulted, returned instantly to his native land—the monk having advised him to return at once, as a serious family trouble awaited him which his presence alone could avert.

Baron MacCorquodale, during his absence—so runs the tale—had succeeded in persuading Sir Colin's lady (Lady Margaret Stewart) that he had perished, and had won her affections; and on the wedding-day Sir Colin appeared under the walls of Kilchurn Castle—which she had built while he was abroad—disguised as a beggar, a spectator of the festivities going on. When questioned as to what he wanted, he replied, "To have my hunger satisfied and my thirst quenched." He ate of the food, but refused to drink except from the hands of the lady of the house; and on her handing him a

cup, he drank the contents, and returned it again to her with the ring she knew so well, which he had dropped into it.

So ended the conspiracy of MacCorquodale. Sir Colin was a Knight of Rhodes, and visited Rome three times (*Cailean Dubh na Roimhe*), first Knight of Glenurchy, and second son of Sir Duncan Campbell, fourteenth Knight of Lochow, by his wife Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Albany, who was second son of King Robert II. Sir Colin's patrimony from his father was the lands of Glenurchy: from this they took their title, till raised to the peerage, 1677.

He was appointed tutor and guardian to his nephew Sir Colin Campbell, sixteenth Knight of Lochow, who later was created first Earl of Argyll, 1457. He married, first, Mary, daughter of the Earl of Lennox; 2dly, Lady Margaret Stewart, with whom he received lands in Lorne; 3dly, Margaret Robertson of Struan. He added greatly to his lands both in the east and in the west, and dying at a ripe age in 1490,¹ was buried at Finlarig, Killin, one of the loveliest sites in all Scotland, where the family yet bury.

The charter of the Glenurchy lands dates from 1432: this he got from his father. He built Kilchurn (*Ilan Keilquhirn*), loc. Gae. *Caolchuirn*—or rather it was built during his travels, as already mentioned; also the tower of Strathfillan, and the barbican wall of the Isle of Loch Tay. An etching is given of Kilchurn Castle as it appeared in the eighteenth century, from which it would be no hard matter once again to rebuild the noble ruin.

The son of the Crusading Sir Colin, Sir Duncan Campbell, fell fighting at Flodden. With these great knights began the fortunes of this branch of the Campbell family. Two etchings are here given of a remarkable man, Black Duncan of the Cowl, two pictures of whom hang on the

¹ 24th September 1480—Black Book of Taymouth; Burke and Douglas Peerages—before June 10, 1478.



1864 by Charles Johnson, 1864

*Black American
Knight of Labor*

cup, he drank the contents, and returned it again to her with the ring she knew so well, which he had dropped into it.

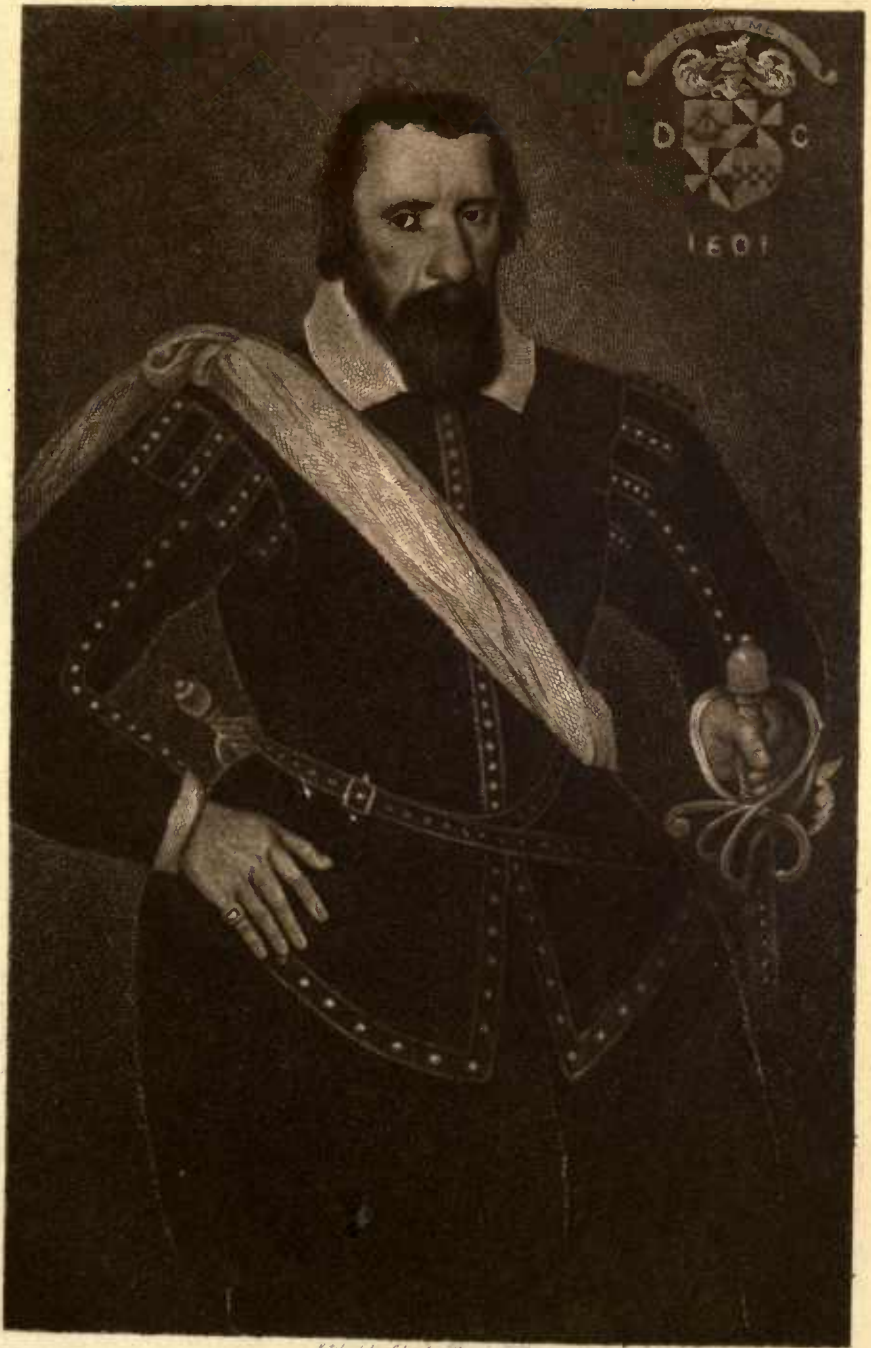
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He was succeeded by his nephew Sir Colin Campbell, who was first Earl of Argyll, 1447. He married 1stly, Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Lennox; 2dly, Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Lorne; 3dly, Margaret Robertson, daughter of Sir Robert Robertson, who gave him the lands of Strathfillan, which he gave to his son Sir Duncan Campbell, who died in 1490,¹ was buried at Fyvie, and was the first of the name in all Scotland, where the family still exists.

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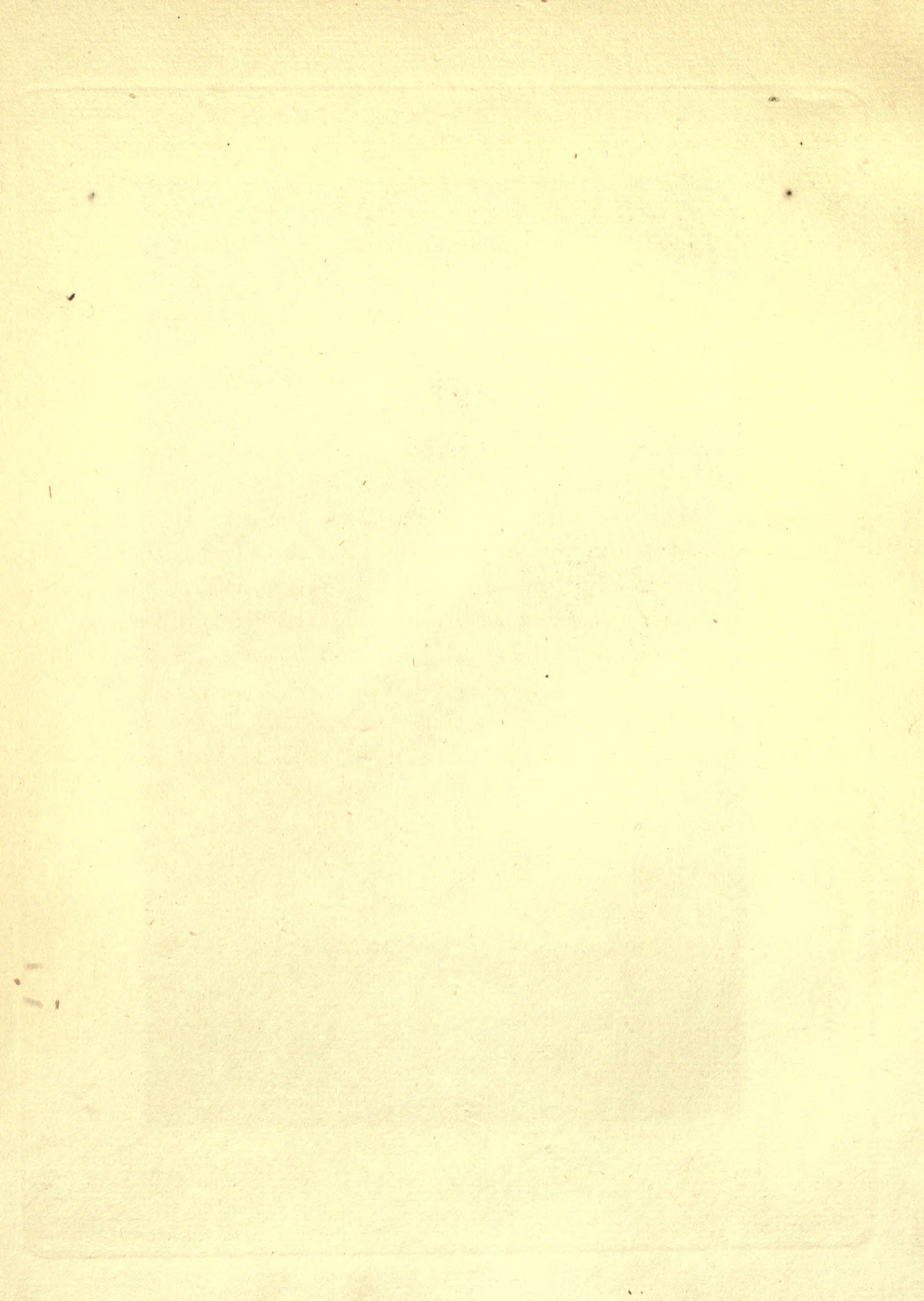
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¹ 24th September. See *Black Book of Taymouth*; *Barke and Douglas Peerages*—before June 10, 1498.



Engraved by Charles Laurie 1853.

*Black Duncan.
Knight of Lochaw.*



walls of Taymouth Castle. He was Sir Duncan Campbell (seventh of Glenurchy), "*Donnchadh Dubh a Churraic.*" This stern face is given in these volumes in middle and in old age, when, having lost his hair, he wore a cowl. He was called "Duncan of the Cowl," from this sable close-fitting cap.

He was engaged constantly in bloody disputes with the MacGregor clan; but he found leisure enough to plant much at Taymouth, and to this day the stately avenues of lime planned by him are kept up and carefully tended by the present Earl and Countess of Breadalbane, to whom I am indebted for the facilities given to engrave some of their interesting gallery. Black Duncan died 1631, at the age of eighty-five. He built the castle of Finlarig, ornamenting the chapel with "pavement and painterie." He also built the tower of Achalladour, repaired the castle of Ilan Kilchurn, built the house of Loch Dochart, a large house at Barcaldine in Benderloch, and made a great embankment against the encroachments of the river at Balloch, or Taymouth; repaired the church of Glenurchy, and built a bridge over the water of Lochy. He visited the Low Countries during the wars also.

The second son of Black Duncan, Robert, who became, A.D. 1640, Sir Robert Campbell, ninth of Glenurchy, pursued the MacDonalds of Keppoch. From the fifth son of this Sir Robert, William of Glenfalloch, the present Earl of Breadalbane is himself descended.

NOTE TO BREADALBANE PAPERS.

A correspondent of the 'Oban Times' has the following notes about the Breadalbanes, which are worthy of preservation :—

"I have been reading with great interest the 'Legends of Lochawe,' week after week. They are very interesting, but, on account of anachronism and a few slight historical mistakes, they are rather unintelligible ; and the name of Sir Colin, the Black Knight, is so often mentioned along with other Sir Colins as to make the narrative somewhat confusing. I therefore hope your Lochawe correspondent will excuse me if I give a short sketch of this Sir Colin ; for it is not in the spirit of a fault-finder that I take up the pen, but to throw historical light on those legends, which I hope will continue to appear week after week. In to-day's issue of the 'Times' he says : 'Taymouth Castle (*Caisteal Bhealaich*) . . . stands near the site of the ancient family seat which was erected by Sir John Campbell, sixth Knight of Lochow, who died 1583.' Further on we find the following account of Finlarig Castle : 'It was built in 1120 by Sir Colin Campbell, probably the father of Sir Colin who built Balloch Castle.' Taymouth and Balloch are the same. Taymouth Castle is still unknown in Gaelic but as Balloch Castle. It is wrong to call these Campbells Knights of Lochow, a title which belonged exclusively to the Argyll family ; while the Breadalbane family were from the very commencement styled Knights of Glenurchy, and the first of these did not flourish until the fifteenth century. The founder of that illustrious family was Sir Colin Campbell, Knight of Rhodes (*Cailean dubh na Ròimhe*), first Knight of Glenurchy. He was never Knight of Lochow, but he was the second son of Sir Duncan Campbell, fourteenth Knight of Lochow, by his wife, Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter to the Duke of Albany, who was the second son of King Robert II. Sir Colin's patrimony from his father was the lands of Glenurchy, hence the title by which he and his descendants were distinguished until they were raised to the peerage in the person of Sir John Campbell, 'Iain Glas,' eleventh Knight of Glenurchy, who was created Earl of Caithness in 1677, and Earl of Breadalbane in 1681. Sir Colin was eminent for all the accomplishments of his time ; he was brave, generous, and loyal, and a great traveller, having taken part in some of the Crusades. He was appointed tutor and guardian to his nephew, Sir Colin Campbell, sixteenth Knight of Lochow, who was afterwards created first Earl of Argyll in 1457. He was married first to Mary, daughter of the Earl of Lennox, then to Lady Margaret Stewart, co-heiress of John Stewart, Lord Lorne. With her he received a third of the lands of

Lorne. She also built Kilchurn Castle during his absence abroad. His third wife was Margaret Robertson of Struan. During his long and eventful career, he added greatly to his possessions by extending his borders eastward and westward. In the year 1498 he died at a ripe old age, and was buried in the chapel at Finlarig, Killin, which continues to be the resting-place of the Breadalbane family to this day. His son, Sir Duncan, was killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513. I should here state that your Lochawe correspondent was wrong in attributing to Sir Colin the treacherous and disgraceful business with MacGregor. It happened long after Sir Colin's time, and, if I mistake not, the hero of that foul tragedy was Sir Duncan Campbell, seventh of Glenurchy (*Donnachadh dubh a churraic*), who died in 1631. The Keppoch Macdonalds, who fought at Stronachlachar, were not pursued next day by the chief in person, as stated, but by his second son Robert, who afterwards, in 1640, became Sir Robert Campbell, ninth of Glenurchy. From this Robert's third son, William of Glenfalloch, the present Earl of Breadalbane is lineally descended. Hoping that these few remarks will throw some light and add some interest to these legends."

LOCHNELL TALES

LOCHNELL TALES.

How the Campbells came into possession of Torr-an-tuirc—MacCallum and his Laird—Another version—How Campbell of Lochnell got possession of Achanacree—Another version—How the Macdonalds got possession of Dailaneas—Campbells of Ardslnish—The Maid of Lochnell—Tobar Bhile-na-Beinne—Càrn Ossian.

LOCHNELL TALES.

How the Campbells came into possession of Torr-an-tuirc.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacInnes, Benderloch. Supplied by "D.")

TORR-AN-TUIRC is partly an arable but chiefly a grazing hill-farm, and is situated at the north-east corner of Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*). This farm gave its name to a property which comprised several farms—viz., Torr-an-tuirc, Cabrachan, Kilmore (*A' Chill-mhòr*), Dailnacàbaig, Kille-choinnich (*Cille-Choinnich*), Srontoilleir, and Baile-ghobhainn—all lying around Lochnell. This property belonged at one time to a family of MacDougalls, who were called the MacDougalls of Torr-an-tuirc. The last of them was an unmarried man who had no heirs, or at least none to whom he was inclined to bequeath his property. When he was well advanced in years it occurred to him that it was proper for him to settle it on some one. From a feeling of friendship to the Dunollie family, and of loyalty to his clan, he resolved to make it over to the laird of Dunollie's second son. He went on a certain day to Dunollie (*Dunolla*) Castle with this object in view, taking with him the title-deeds. On entering the hall he unbuckled his sword and left it there. When he was shown into the room where

his chief was, he informed him of the business on which he had come, and handed to him the title-deeds of Torr-an-tuirc. While these two worthies were together settling affairs, some of the idlers (there were generally plenty of such about the mansions of Highland families in the olden time) about the castle bethought them of playing a practical joke on the old laird of Torr-an-tuirc. Taking the sword out of its scabbard, they poured water into the scabbard and placed it against the wall, with the sword beside it. When the laird of Torr-an-tuirc came down to the hall and put the sword back into the scabbard, the water squirted on his hands. Resenting at once what he regarded as an indignity, he returned to the room where the chief was and demanded back the title-deeds, alleging that a clause had been omitted which would require to be supplied. They were given back to him at once. He no sooner received them than he took his departure, mounted his horse, and rode to Inverary (*Ionaraora*), where he made over the property to the Earl of Argyll's second son. This was John Gorm, the first of the Campbells of Lochnell, with whom the property has continued ever since.

The date of the subject of this tale is about 1500.

Note.—Cabrachan was given by John Gorm to his son John, who was called John òg of Cabrachan.

MacCallum and his Laird.

(From the Gaelic of Archibald Campbell, Benderloch. Supplied by "D.")

THE Garbhaird and Leideag, the scenes of the following tale, are situated in Benderloch. The Garbhaird is a long point of elevated land projecting into Loch Linnhe, properly called Linne Sheilich. Leideag is a farm about a mile and three-quarters to the north of Connel Ferry, and is bounded on the north-east by Beinn Laoire, on the north by Dun-Mac-Uisneachain, and on the west by Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*) Bay, by which it is separated from the Garbhaird.

There once lived on the farm of Leideag a cotteress of the name of MacCallum, who had given birth to a male child. When the child was three weeks old she went to the harvest-field to help the tenant of the farm with the reaping. She took the child with her to suckle it occasionally, and laid it, wrapped in a piece of blanket, between two sheaves. An eagle, hovering over Beinn Laoire, having noticed the child, swooped down upon it, and flew away with it to the Garbhaird. The reapers were for some moments paralysed by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the occurrence. When they did recover their presence of mind, the women gathered round the afflicted mother to administer such comfort as was in their power, and the men bestirred themselves to do what they could to rescue the child. "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, . . . and mounting in hot haste." Some of the men launched a boat and crossed Lochnell Bay to the Garbhaird; others of them galloped on horseback round the head of the bay. After a painful search they found the eagle with the child on a spot in the Garbhaird called Bealach-na-pàirce—*i.e.*, the "Pass of the Park." It was tearing

the child's clothes when they came up with it, but they got it out of its clutches before it sustained any injury. The child throve and prospered, and grew up to be a handsome and stalwart man. He married and had a family, and thus formed ties to life and earth the strength of which a parent only can fully appreciate. It so happened that the laird of Lochnell who was contemporary with MacCallum had got into a difficulty, of the nature of which we are not informed. It must, however, have been serious, for it put his life in imminent peril, and compelled him to take measures for his safety. In the side of the hill of the Garbhaird, about 500 yards to the south of Lochnell House, is a cave which is to this day called *An Leaba-fhalaich* — *i.e.*, "the concealed bed." In this lonely cave the laird took refuge from the pursuit of those who sought his life. MacCallum, who was of a plucky little clan, which had often done yeoman service to the Campbells of Lochnell, watched narrowly the progress of events as they affected his laird. Perceiving that there was little hope that the laird could long elude the active and persistent search that was made for him, MacCallum, in a spirit of self-sacrifice seldom equalled, went to him and said, "I will take your place, put on your clothes, and personate you." This was done, and MacCallum became exposed to all the danger that was to be apprehended from the laird's pursuers. As he was one day standing on the spot where the eagle alighted with him, he was noticed, fired at, and shot. From that day all hostile search for the laird was discontinued.

ANOTHER VERSION.

(By John Campbell of Leadig.)

THE following incident in the history of the Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*) family is strictly true. I got it from different old people; but the clearest account was from Archibald Campbell, Shenville (*Seanabhaile*), who got it from old Mrs Sinclair of Dunmore (*An Dunmòr*), whose maiden name was MacIlriach (*Mac 'Ille Riabhaich*), and whose forefathers were about Lochnell since the days of Ian Gorm.

John, the fourth laird of Lochnell, was married to a daughter of Campbell of Auchenbreack (*Acha-nam-breac*). It appears Auchenbreack was on a visit to Lochnell, when their two servants cast out. Lochnell, in passing, saw his own servant undermost, and killed the other with his dirk. The slain man's kinsmen demanded blood for blood, and a band of them came to be revenged on Lochnell. Lochnell hid in a strange cave in Garraird (*Garbh-aird*)—a wild and wooded rocky promontory which runs out from Lochnell House for a considerable distance seawards. The cave is seen to this day, and called the *Leaba fholuich* (the hiding-bed). He was supplied with food and necessaries by his servants. One day one of his retainers, Donald Garg MacCallum, went where he was, saying, "*A laogh mo Chridhe, a Loch-nan-Eala*" (Darling of my heart, Lochnell), "the best part of my days are past. Take you care of my wife and family. Give me your clothes, and I will personate you, and suffer death in your stead, when blood for blood will be shed." He got Lochnell's clothes, walked backwards and forwards on a grassy sward a little above the beach to the south-west of Lochnell House. He was taken for Lochnell, shot at and killed, on the very spot

where he was, when a child, carried by an eagle from Ledaig (*Leideag*) shore, where his mother was reaping. She rolled him in a piece of home-made plaiding, and put him asleep beside a sheaf of corn, when an eagle swooped down from the cliffs above and carried him over to Garbhaird across Lochnell Bay. A boat with four oars sped quickly across the bay on the eagle's track, while the fleetest horse on Ledaig farm was sent round the head of the bay with its rider; and the child was saved on the spot where he was afterwards killed.

There is an old man still living at Keil (*Cill*, in Benderloch), of the name of Neil Connell, about ninety years of age, whose grandmother was Ian Glan's daughter. Donald Garg was Ian Glan's father.

John, fourth laird of Lochnell, inherited on the death of his father in 1638, and was killed at Inverlochy in 1645.

How Campbell of Lochnell got possession of Echanacree (Echa=na=crithe).

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

THE incidents related in the following story are said to have occurred when Sir Duncan Campbell, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was proprietor of Lochnell. One of the MacKenzies of Kintail (*Ceantàile*), and a band of trusty followers, came to Argyleshire (*Earraghaidheal*) with large barges, on a cattle-lifting expedition. They passed without mishap through the Falls of Connel (*A' Chonaill*), and made their way to the head

of Loch Etive (*Loch-éite*). They landed at the latter place, collected a herd of cattle, and carried them away in their boats. All went well with them on their return journey till they reached Connel. Here they found the tide so strong against them as to stop farther progress, and the currents so unmanageable, and their own skill to contend with them so defective, that their boats gradually drifted to the Benderloch (*Meadarloch*) side of the loch, and went ashore. MacKenzie realised the difficulties of his position, and determined to make the best of them. He called on Livingston of Achanacree, represented to him in a plausible manner that he had bought the cattle among the glens, and requested permission to graze them till the tide would permit of his leaving the loch. Livingston, who was a worthy, easy-tempered, and unsuspecting man, complied with this request. As soon as the tide began to ebb with sufficient strength, MacKenzie again put the cattle on board of his boats, and sailed out of the loch. In the meantime the cattle were missed, and a party of men was sent in search of them. It having been ascertained that they were seen grazing on Livingston's ground, a complaint was lodged against him before Sir Duncan Campbell, who was highly incensed at his conduct, and threatened to have him severely punished. Sir Duncan, who was member of Parliament for Argyleshire, had great influence in the country, and was not in the habit of mincing matters with offenders. Livingston knew this, and when he heard how offended Sir Duncan was with him, he got terrified. Thinking that a good retreat was better than staying to suffer (*S' fheàrr teicheadh math na droch fhu-ireach*), he bade good-bye to Benderloch, and set off to the south with his wife and children, leaving his estate and other belongings to take care of themselves. Thus Achanacree passed out of the hands of the Livingstons, and came into possession of Lochnell¹ (*Loch-nan-eala*).

¹ "The Lochnells had Achanacree in their hands in 1643, as I can prove by a marriage contract I have."—DUNSTAFFNAGE.

Another Version.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacInnes, Benderloch. Supplied by "D.")

THERE once dwelt in Abbot's Island in Loch Etive (*Loch-éite*) a laird of Lochnell, who had a servant called Malcolm of the Axe (*Calum na tuaidh*). On a certain occasion the laird ordered Malcolm to kill a cow for the use of the house. It so happened that there was not on the farm at the time a cow fit for killing. Malcolm being aware that Livingston of Achanacree had good fat cows, he stole one of them and killed it. When the cow was missed, proclamation was made of the theft in the church of Ardchattan (*Aird-Chatan*), and a reward was offered to any one who would make known who the thief was. The laird of Lochnell happening to be in church on that day, he was asked on his return home what news he brought from church. He told about the proclamation, and the reward offered for the discovery of the thief. When this came to Malcolm's ears he went to the laird and asked him what the amount of the reward was. On being informed, he confessed that it was he that stole the cow. The laird then said to him, "You wretch! you will be hanged as sure as you live." "It was for yourself," replied Malcolm, "that I stole the cow, for you have not a cow worth killing. It is in the house salted, and you must make the best excuse for me that you can." The laird of Lochnell took an early opportunity of crossing to Achanacree, and of telling Livingston the truth about the theft of the cow. Livingston at once condoned the offence, and said that there would be no more about it. Lochnell, who coveted Livingston's land, took a note of the conversation that passed between them, and of the reward offered for the discovery of the thief. After the lapse of what must have been a good many years, Lochnell, in

looking over his note-book, noticed that the reward was not paid to him for making known who the thief was. Having prepared an account, which, with principal and interest, amounted to a considerable sum of money, he presented it to Livingston for payment. Livingston not being able to satisfy this demand, sold Achanacree to the laird of Lochnell.

How the MacDonalds got possession of Dailaneas (Dail-an-eas).

(From the Gaelic of Archibald Campbell, Benderloch. Supplied by "D.")

DAILANEAS is situated at the head of Glenetive, and includes the magnificent twin mountains called the Herds (*Buachaillean*), which, rising from the same base, and having between them only the narrow pass of Laraig-ghartain, stand like giant sentinels at the head of the glen. It lies contiguous to Black Mount (*Am Monadh Dubh*), and has from time immemorial been famed as a deer-forest. The traveller enters here on ground that has been made classical by the genius of Duncan ban MacIntyre. To the east of the Herds is the rocky Créisean, and to the north-east of the Créisean is Beinn-a-bhùiridh. Behind the Herds is Beinn-Chrùlaist, extending from Allt-na-féidh at the head of Glencoe (*Gleann-comhann*) to near King's House (*Tigh-an-righ*). In front of Dailaneas House stands Beinn-Ceitilein, with its grassy glen. Through all, rolls, and winds, and brawls the river Etive, forming in its course two fine waterfalls, and entering Loch Etive (*Loch-éite*) at a distance of five miles from Dailaneas. These mountains and places are glorified in the poems

and songs of Duncan ban. We quote the following from his song to his gun called Nic-Còiseam :—

“Ghiùlain mi 'Ghleann-éit' thu ;
 Thog mi ris na Créisean thu.
 'S e' mheud 's a thug mi 'spéis dhuit
 A dh' fhag mo cheum cho luaineach.
 'S math am Meall-a-bhùiridh thu,
 Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-Chrùlaist thu.
 'S tric a loisg mi fudar leat
 An coire cul na Cruaiche.
 Thug mi 'Lairig-ghartain thu.
 O ! 's àluinn an coir-altruim e,
 'S na féidh a' deanamh leapaichean
 Air creachainn ghlais a' Bhuachail.”

Translation.

“I carried thee to Glenetive ;
 I ascended the Créisean with thee.
 It is the greatness of my regard for thee
 That has made my step so restless.
 Thou art good in Meall-a-bhùiridh,
 And not worse in Beinn-a-Chrùlaist.
 Often have I burned powder with thee
 In the corrie behind the Cruach.
 I brought thee to Laraig-ghartain.
 O ! it is a lovely rearing corrie,
 While the deer make beds
 On the grey rocky top of the Herd.”

With these topographical notes by way of introduction, we pass on to our tale about the manner in which the MacDonalds are said to have got possession of Dailneas. The property of Dailneas belonged at one time to the Livingstons of Achanacree (*Acha-na-crithe*) in Benderloch (*Meadar-loch*), a family that appears to have held a good position in their day. We find one of them married to a daughter of Colin, fourth son of John Gorm, the first Campbell of Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*). Like many other Highland families, the Livingstons of Achanacree are long ago extinct.

Their lands in Benderloch¹ are now the property of the laird of Lochnell. But to our tale. On a certain day Livingston's three sons went to Dailaneas to hunt deer. On the same day one of the MacDonalds of Glencoe went there for a similar purpose—with this difference, that he was a trespasser. By careful stalking he succeeded in killing a deer. In their wanderings through the forest the Livingstons came upon him, and saw what he had done. Leaving the deer behind him, he immediately took to flight, making for the hill with all the speed of which he was capable. The Livingstons set off in pursuit, animated thereto perhaps by the recollection of former depredations, if not by clan animosity. When they found that he was likely to outstrip them, one of them bent his bow and shot an arrow, which entered MacDonald's heel. Plucking it out, Macdonald, though suffering keenly from the wound, fled with unabated speed till he came to the declivity that leads down to Achatriochadain. The sons of the laird of Achatriochadain having observed the plight their clansman was in, hid themselves till the Livingstons were past them. They then closed in on them, cut off their retreat to Dailaneas, and took them prisoners. The first impulse of the MacDonalds was to kill the Livingstons, but this the wounded hunter would not permit. "Let us," said he, "take measures with them that will be of greater advantage than killing them. Let two of them be detained as prisoners, and the other sent to Achanacree for the charters of Dailaneas." This was done. In the course of a few days the charters arrived, and the property of Dailaneas passed for ever out of the hands of the Livingstons. The three young men were then allowed to return home.

Note.—The first of the Livingstons is said to have been forester of the Royal forest of Dail-an-eas in the time of one of the Stewart kings. On an occasion when the king was on a visit to the forest he went out to shoot deer, accompanied by Livingston, who killed a deer in Laraig-ghartain. On that day the king gave him Dail-an-eas, on condition of his sending a deer once a-year to the Royal household.—D.

¹ See tale "How Campbell of Lochnell got possession of Achanacree," *ante*, p. 114.

Campbells of Ardslnish.

(Supplied by Mrs Lillas Davidson, neé Campbell, Lochnell.)

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL of Ardslnish (*Airdslignis*), son of the sixth Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*), brother to Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, and commonly known as the "Pàpanach Mòr," either on account of his great stature, or his zealous adherence to the Church of Rome, was an enthusiastic Jacobite; while his only son John was a Protestant, and in the service of the king.

By an accident characteristic of these unhappy times, when religion and politics superseded the ties of kindred, Ardslnish and his son met on Stirling (*Sruileadh*) Bridge: the latter leading on his men, though himself disabled—one arm being broken, and the other run through; the father, unwounded, and untouched by pity, exclaiming as he passed, "Would to God, John, that every man on your side was in the same state!"

On another occasion, the father and son were again brought together in a remarkable manner, when the army of the Prince, amongst whom was the Pàpanach Mòr, were surrounding Edinburgh Castle (*Caisteal Dhun-éideann*), in which his son John was shut up with the king's troops. The latter, having volunteered to convey despatches from the garrison to their friends in Stirling, was let down in a basket from a window in the Castle at the dead of night, and passing through the enemy's camp, unseen by his father and the rest of the Prince's army, reached Stirling; and returning to Edinburgh (*Dun-éideann*) before daybreak, re-entered the Castle in the same manner as he had quitted it.

The ill-fortune of Charles Edward did not in any way diminish Ardslnish's enthusiasm in his cause,—as may be seen from the fact that, when

he knew himself to be dying (in 1767), he desired his son to have him arrayed in the dress he wore at Culloden (*Cùil-fhodair*), and caused the pipers to march round the house playing the "Prince's Welcome" (*"Fàilt a' Phrionnsa"*).

At the funeral of this Ardslnish's father (in 1714) there were 4000 men, under arms, attending the various chieftains; and before the mourners left the house, Rob Roy, who claimed kindred with the family, stepped up to the bier, declaring that, if he was not allowed to have the first lift of Lochnell's body, it would not be the only one that would leave the house. This demand was granted,—undoubtedly rather because brawling was considered out of place at such a time than that so great a number of men would be intimidated even by Rob Roy.

On one occasion, when John Campbell of Ardslnish was going to leave home, he went to the kiln where it was customary for the dead to be taken between the time of decease and of interment; and while there, while speaking to the smith of the place, who was supposed to be gifted with second-sight, he was surprised to see the man's face suddenly change, and his gaze become riveted on one corner. The smith, on being asked the cause of his extraordinary manner, said that he saw either Ardslnish or himself lying dead in the kiln, as the body was covered by a plaid woven in an unusual manner, and of which only two had been made—one being in his possession, and the other in that of Ardslnish. To calm the man's agitation, the latter said that he would make it impossible that this dream should come to pass, as he would leave orders that, in the event of the smith's death, his body should not be taken to the kiln, and in his own case such a thing was obviously impossible; thus the dream could have no fulfilment. However, he forgot all about the circumstance, and left without giving the promised order,—to find, on his return, that the smith was dead, and his body lying in the kiln, wrapped in the plaid, as he had predicted.

The Maid of Lochnell (Loch=nan=eala).

(This tradition, together with the legends of Tobar Bhile-na-Beinne, Càrn Ossian, that of the Lochnell family, and the Campbells of Craignish, was supplied by John Campbell of Ledaig.)

THERE is an old tradition that one of the Campbells of Lochnell had a daughter who fell in love with a young chieftain of the clan MacDonald, whose love she had in return. At the time, there was feud between the two clans, and her father forbade her to countenance him in any way. One day, in trying to escape from her father to join him, she was drowned in Connell Rapids.

The following verses, composed on the occasion, have been handed down orally for some generations, but their author is unknown :—

“The wintry winds howled round the towers of Dunstaffnage;
 The tempest-winged spirit shrieked wildly on high;
 The thunderbolts ploughed up the heathy mount’s high ridge,
 And the blue forked lightning illumined the sky.
 The storm-laden black clouds were heavily low’ring;
 The sea-billows heaved up with mountain-like swell;
 The cold roaring blast swept the brow of Ben Fuirean,
 And kissed the white breasts of the maid of Lochnell.

She sprung in her curragh to meet her MacDonald,
 While her soul-breathing love-sighs were mingled with fear;
 For the tempest-beat billows roared wildly in Connell,
 And the fiery warm lightning hissed dolefully near.
 Her long flowing hair to the rude blast was waving,
 While the labouring curragh, wave-tossed, rose and fell;
 The spray wet the wings of the storm-loving raven,
 And chilled the sweet form of the maid of Lochnell.

Ah! ne'er more, lovely maid, wilt thou meet thy MacDonald—
 No more in the strath will ye arm-and-arm rove;
 For the angel of death's on the dark wave of Connell,
 And waits for the mandate preparing above.
 Three times a loud voice was heard sobbing and wailing
 Above roaring Connell with sad mournful spell,
 And three times a voice was heard plaintively sailing
 With sighs round the mansions of lofty Lochnell.

Ne'er again, lovely maid, wilt thou stray through the wild wood;
 Ne'er again wilt thou rove through the sweet of the glen;
 Ne'er again wilt thou tread in the haunts of thy childhood,
 Or rouse the red deer from its rock-covered den.
 Sad, sad will thy lot be, ill-fated MacDonald!
 No more on thy love's ruby lips shalt thou dwell;
 For low in the oozy green caverns of Connell
 Lies the pride of thy heart, the sweet maid of Lochnell."

Tobar Bhile-na-Beinne.

(THE WELL ON THE BROW OF THE MOUNTAIN.)

ON the brow of Ben Lora (*Beinn Laoire*) there is a well called Tobar Bhile-na-Beinne. In bygone days it was believed there was a healing virtue in its waters, and people came from a distance—it is said, even from Ireland (*Eirin*)—to drink of it, and bring some home. There were some little black water-beetles always in the well, which, if one of them went into the water as it was being lifted, was considered a sign of life or death. Any one who drank of or took its water, left some equivalent in return, to some fairy who was supposed to guard it. Beside it

was a very old elm-tree, with a hole in the side and a hollow in the middle, and into this hole was thrown anything given; and in my young days I remember it being full of all sorts of things—coins, pins, buttons, beads, &c., &c., of which it has all been emptied long ago. There is also beside it a little unenclosed graveyard, where none were put but infants who died before being baptised; and to this day the little graves are seen lying thick and close in their lonely resting-place.

Càrn Ossian (Oisein).

IN the moss below the well is a very large cairn—I believe one of the largest of the kind in Scotland. Dr Angus Smith, of Manchester, a few years ago got permission from Lochnell to open and explore it. It may give one an idea of its size when it took two men nearly a week to remove the stones so as to obtain an entrance into the interior.

I happened to be one of the party at the time of its being opened. Below the loose stones there was a large flat stone or slab. On removing a side stone, a deep, dark tomb could be seen below. As one of the party, I volunteered to go down. After dropping in a lighted vesta to test the state of the air, I descended. I cannot describe, but I will never forget, my feelings as I stood on the floor of that tomb, the first person for perhaps more than two thousand years. The walls of the chamber into which I descended were composed of immense stones—pieces of rock I would call them, rather than stones. The upper tier was placed a little

farther back than that below, so that the edge of the under tier formed a sort of shelf in the building. On this shelf was placed a row of pure white stones, apparently taken from the sea-shore, and about the size of pigeons' eggs. They were wet with drops of dew that glistened in the taper-light like so many diamonds. On the floor of the chamber there lay the fragments of two urns, one of which was placed to the east, the other to the west. Above each of these urns two white stones were so placed as to touch each other; the remainder of the stones were ranged along the length of the shelf to which I alluded, a few inches apart; also a white stone in one of the urns. The roof was rudely arched in, covered with a slab of porphyry. At the far end a piece of granite, like a pillow, lay across the floor, with a slab of porphyry standing at each end of it. This was an entrance to a narrow passage, through which one had to creep on hands and knees. Then came another chamber or tomb, and so on through the cairn—only, the roof of some of the other chambers had fallen in. After being down a short time, the foul air had such an effect on me that I was glad to get up; and I was scarcely one minute up when one of the round stones that made up the cairn gave way, and we all thanked Providence I was out of it, or else I would have been with the Druids all night, as tons of stone came rolling down after and closed up the entrance.

CAMPBELLS OF INVERAWE

CAMPBELLS OF INVERAWE.

The Uncle and Nephew—The Fair Maid of Callard—Ticonderoga.

CAMPBELLS OF INVERAWE.

The Uncle and Nephew.

(From the Gaelic of Lizzie Campbell, Inverawe. Supplied by "D.")

THIS family is descended from Duncan, one of the sons of Neil, tenth Knight of Lochawe (*Loch-odha*). Hence the patronymic of the family was *MacDhonnchaidh Ionaratha*—i.e., MacDuncan of Inverawe. The last of the family in possession of the estate was a female, daughter to Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who was killed at the siege of Ticonderoga in 1758. She was married to a Captain Pittman, and sold the estate. A member of this family—tradition does not inform us which—left his son and heir under the tutorship of his brother. The heir, at the time of his father's death, was being fostered by the wife of a man of the name of MacPherson, residing at Crùbaig, Bunaw (*Bun-atha*). The uncle, a man of fierce and remorseless disposition, had resolved to do away with his nephew and secure the estate to himself. The foster-mother, being persuaded that such was his intention, fled with her charge to Carnassery (properly Carnastri = *Càrn-na-stri*), in the parish of Kilmartin (*Cille-mhàrtuinn*). Here she remained with him during his childhood and youth, watching over him with all the care and solicitude of a mother.

When he was within a few years of coming of age, his uncle invited him to Inverawe. Accompanied by a servant, he set off on horseback to Inverawe. Soon after his arrival he went out to shoot. Deer were abundant at the time around Cruachan, at whose base Inverawe House lies. On his return to the house dinner was ready. When it was being laid, the dogs in the house fought round the table: in the scuffle between them the cloth was disarranged, revealing a dagger at the end of the table where the uncle was to sit. The heir's servant, who assisted in covering the table, having noticed the dagger and concluded that it boded no good to his master, informed the latter of what he saw, and counselled flight. Going to the stable, they saddled their horses and fled, crossing the Awe (*Atha*) at a ford called Ath-nan-crodhan—*i.e.*, the "Ford of Hoofs"—about a quarter of a mile distant from Inverawe House. The uncle was no sooner made aware of their flight than he set off in pursuit, disappointment and rage spurring him on. Crossing the hill of Fanans (*Na Fàna*), he overtook them in the wood of Nant (*Neànnta*). When they saw him coming on the hill above them, the servant said to the heir, "Yonder is your uncle coming in pursuit of us; if you do not kill him he will kill you." The young man hesitated at first to take his uncle's life; but realising the truth of what his servant said, he put an arrow to the bow, took aim, and sent it to its mark. The uncle fell dead from his horse, the victim of his own wickedness and cruelty. A cairn of stones covers the spot where he fell, and is called Càrn Mhic Dhonnchaidh to this day.

The Fair Maid of Callard and Campbell of Inverawe;
or, The Plague Ship.

(Sent by Miss Smith.)

CALLARD CASTLE, the abode for many centuries of the Camerons of Callard, is beautifully situated on the shores of Lochleven, one of those numerous inland salt-water lochs, which make Argyleshire the beautiful, romantic, health-restoring, mild, and tearful country she is. It forms a part of Loch Eil, which divides Argyle from Inverness, Callard being on the Argyleshire side.

The following romantic and strange because true incidents are told with regard to it; and as they form a curious introduction or prelude to a chain of remarkable, though until lately slightly known events, must occupy the foreground, as the stories afterwards to be related belong to her descendants, a portion of whose history is about to be written.

Our tale leads us to some time in the seventeenth century, and we must endeavour to depict the characters and retrace the histories of the almost forgotten dead.

The then proprietor of Callard was a stern disciplinarian, a morose, proud, and, it is said, avaricious man, with an inordinate love of display, not often coupled with the kind of pride which he is said to have had.

It is a remarkable circumstance connected with this tale that there is nothing said of the wife of this man. Her life seems colourless, save for the existence of her children.

Mary Cameron was her father's pride. To no one else did he ever unbend his inflexible will; and yet, even to her, he could on occasion be both harsh and unforgiving.

Like most Highlanders, Callard cherished feudal hatred as if it were a sacred thing. His ancestors had warred with and been worsted by the Campbells, so towards them his enmity was deep and bitter. This antipathy was not shared by Mary, who had learned to love one Campbell at least, the son of the House of Inverawe, their nearest neighbour, and her love was reciprocated by him with a depth and sincerity to which the sequel will bear ample testimony. The unbounded fury of the father on hearing of this attachment is said to have been very terrible. He ordered her never again to breathe his name, or think of him by any other title than that of her own and house's foe, or he would discard her for ever,—a threat never put into execution, though, womanlike, Mary only clung to her love for Campbell with the greater tenacity, that she had to think of and love him in silence, trusting to happier days being yet in store for both.

Her father's love of hoarding, save when it ministered to his own glorification, appears to have corroded all the best sympathies of his nature, and with this also his child had no sympathy, nor did she resemble him in the least. For she was lavish almost to a fault to the poor, not only on her father's property, but to all else within her reach. Where sorrow reigned she was like a guardian spirit.

It is said that, during the time she held the reins of the domestic government of Callard, the girdle, though never full, was never empty; that the ills which attacked the cattle of others never visited those of Callard; that the wells never ran dry, nor did the dairy fail to yield butter, milk, and cheese; nor did the poultry lay outside their nests, and so leave their eggs a prey to the covetous. These manifestations of the pleasure of Him who kept unfailing the widow's cruse and handful of meal seems to have hardened instead of softening the heart of Cameron, who sternly forbade her to give any assistance whatever to the poor. This command—righteously or wrongfully let others judge, I know not—Mary did not

obey, and persevered in breaking for some time unknown to her father, until one day, towards evening, the work of the day having been completed, she sallied forth as usual with her apron full of broken victuals, and met her father, who had returned unexpectedly from a visit. He asked her where she was going and what she was carrying. In quiet brave tones she replied, "I am going to give these broken victuals to some who are starving." Dark and stern did her father's face become as he said, "Did I not tell you you were not to give anything away? Go back at once with these things to the house." To enforce which command, he seized her by the arm, compelled her to return and empty the contents of her apron in the buttery; then, further to testify his displeasure, made her precede him to an apartment, the highest in the front tower. He locked her in, and carried the key away with him. How long she remained there is unknown. Meanwhile events, terrible in their overwhelming destruction, were hastening to effect the deliverance of our heroine.

One day in the month of August a vessel was seen to enter Lochleven. This, though not an uncommon occurrence, was one which naturally aroused the interest and excited the conjecture of those who dwelt in the quiet seclusion of its shores. Nor did it elicit less interest now; and the excitement rose to fever-heat when she was seen to cast anchor in the bay opposite the castle.

In each glittering robe and sparkling gem, which now lay temptingly displayed to an eager animated throng of purchasers in the Hall of Callard, there lurked a foe more pitiless and dreadful than e'er was couched in Highland blade or Spanish steel.

A few short hours have passed away. There is a hurrying of feet once more. Once more all are assembled in the Hall; but what a change! Not to exchange in words of playful badinage now, nor yet in eager combat to contest the prize of silken mantle or of costly jewel, but in anxious fear and fierce foreboding strife with pain. The plague in all its terrors had

seized on every member of that ill-starred group. Mournful shrieks break on the midnight silence.

And now, what of our imprisoned heroine, whose life of pious usefulness has kept alive the record of this night of woe? In calm unconscious slumber Mary slept. But soon the more than Sabbath stillness of the house strikes upon her heart. She calls, but there are none to answer. Slowly the day draws to a close, wearily drags the night; and so for three succeeding nights and days, each longer than the last. On the morning of the fourth she looked out of her window in anxious wonder to see if any one would approach to tell her the reason of this awful silence. When, joy of joys, she discerns a shepherd passing swiftly, as if in fear. She hails him, but he heeds not; and if he heeds, 'tis but to lend more swiftness to his course. She calls again and yet again by name; and now at last he hears, and gladly recognises the living tones of that sweet voice which oft had crowed his sickly babe to rest, and sang sweet psalms to cheer the anxious house-mother's weary soul, or charmed the elder children from their rough play to listen in awed silence. He turns and sees her whom he loves so well lean forward from the casement. With pale entreating face she beckons him to come nearer, and then she questions him. The man's heart quails when he hears she knows nothing of the dreadful calamity that had left Mary an orphan and alone. Briefly he tells her of it, and she listens in mute agony. Her heart turned towards young Campbell, and she begged the man to haste him to Glen Etive, and bid him come to her deliverance. No sluggard he to whom she trusted such a message, which brooked of no delay. Gratitude urged the shepherd on; and he climbed the mountain-side to find Campbell already far on his road to Callard.

If only once more to hear the dear name spoken, to catch some distant gleam of her hair or fold of her gown, perhaps to meet her in some lonely nook, where she had retired for deeper meditation or more earnest prayer,

o'er many a danger threatened, known and unknown, did Campbell wend his way, until he stood on the height from which he could espy the home of her he loved so well. Paint even dimly his horror and delight, his awed deep gratitude, as he heard and understood the danger his loved Mary had shared but passed so safely through. He felt no time was to be spared. With rapid stride he reached Lochleven, and bade the shepherd have a boat in readiness for instant departure. Our hero then with quickened speed turned towards Callard.

'Midst all her woe, Mary's heart beat high with love, and hope, and thankfulness, when she saw her lover approach. Her wan appearance struck terror to his loving heart. Without waiting for ceremonial of any kind, he asked where he could procure a ladder. He was directed to the place. Having procured it, he placed it against the wall, bidding Mary wrap a blanket round her. With unquestioning trust she obeyed, and then descended. Nor did his care for her safety end here. He told her to get into the sea, and unloose and leave her blanket in it, and bathe. Having accomplished which, she was enfolded in his own plaid, which he slipped off and placed around her; then he placed her in the boat already prepared, and rowed her to the mouth of the river Awe. As this would have been a feat impossible for an unaided arm, he must have got the shepherd to help him. From his father's house Campbell procured food and clothing, afterwards building a sheiling on Ben Cruachan, where Mary lived in quarantine for three months, whence she was borne in triumph to his father's hall, and married to Campbell.

Her eldest son married Miss MacLean, Torloisk,¹ in Mull; one of the sons of which marriage was singled out, as many are from time to time by an unerring Providence, to bear witness to the fact of there being an invisible world around.

¹ This property now belongs to her descendant, the Marquis of Northampton.

Ticonderoga.

(Furnished by Miss Isabel Smith.)

INVERAWE BONAWE, as it is now called, but a very few years ago styled simply Inverawe, is a house the beauty of whose situation will vie with almost any in the Highlands. It is built on a short terrace on the banks of the river Awe, surrounded with trees whose age and beauty are second to none, save those of Inverary.

Inverawe, which is now in the possession of Mrs Cameron Campbell, Monzie, was then held by a different family of the name Campbell, whose race, alas! has no representative amongst the proprietary of Argyleshire, their estates having passed away into the hands of the stranger; and yet this family held sway equal to that of Breadalbane not much more than two centuries ago, whilst acknowledging the suzerainty of the house of Argyll, from which they sprang. They themselves enjoyed a separate chieftainship of their own, under the name MacDhonnchaidh, a title which, amongst other septs, gave them lordship over part of the Clan Robertson, who held lands in Perth and a small portion of Stirlingshire.

Such were the style, titles, and estate of the family into which the maid of Callard had entered, of whose grandson the following inexplicable events are recorded. The manners and customs of the Western Highlanders accord with those of their Eastern brothers in Asia, and will account for the code of honour so manfully sustained throughout the following narrative.

In character, Inverawe was what men term highly practical. He held agriculture and horticulture in high esteem, and there yet remains about

the grounds many proofs of his taste and judgment in shrubs, trees, and flowers. The oldest larches in Scotland—not I think planted by him, or they could scarcely be so—are in the avenue leading to the house. He was not, therefore, prone to entertain superstitious fears.

There are two versions of the commencement of this tale, though both agree as to middle and end. I shall give both. The second most will agree to be the more reliable and likely. The first, if adopted, would raise a doubt in the mind as to the verity of the vision at all—as fear and sorrow, acting on an already over-excited brain, might easily produce a dream-fever or fever-dream.

In common with all of his order, degree, and country, Mr Campbell exercised an unbounded hospitality, the fame of which went far, and those near availed themselves of it as often as the laws of courtesy allowed. On one, then, of these festive occasions in the years, or about the year, 1755-56, and some time in the full blaze of an exceptionally fine summer, were assembled in the hall of Inverawe a number of guests, of all degrees, seated at supper, which was eaten about six o'clock. The cloth had been removed, and the wine and spirits, with tankards and a punch-bowl, had been laid upon it. Tumblers and glasses were little known, and a tankard served as a drinking-cup for more than one, sometimes circulating round the whole table. Toasts were indispensable to all feasts, even the most ordinary. Some toasts had already been given and responded to, when the host rose to give it fuller honour—to drink to the health, wealth, and prosperity of his cousin and foster-brother, at the mention of whose name a noise like thunder shook the house to the foundation, striking terror to the hearts of the boldest. There was a simultaneous rush to the door to find out the cause,—all was serene and beautiful, not a cloud flecked the horizon, not a breath stirred the leaves. The blistering sun was descending in full radiance with no foreboding look of storm, only speaking of a peaceful resting and assurance of a glorious to-morrow. All returned to the festive chamber in awe-

struck silence, the awkwardness of which was broken by numerous guests giving "Deoch-an-Doruis"; all drank and then retired. Our host at once betook himself to his own apartment to rest, meditate, and read. The occurrence above related gave him much to think about. Again and again he revolved the incident in his mind, endeavouring to find a solution of the mystery. Despite his better reason, old tales of forewarnings and mysterious visitations occurred to his mind, and he endeavoured in vain to banish them. His son's absence with his regiment, to which he himself was also attached, in Holland, a natural cause of anxiety to a parent at any time, became now agonising, and he groaned aloud in his distress. Suddenly a noise of rushing footsteps is heard. Campbell sprang to his feet, thinking the worst forebodings of his heart were about to be realised, and that the messenger of evil had already come. His door was roughly thrown open. A man, dirty, dishevelled, panting, and terror-stricken, entered the apartment, throwing himself down on his knees and imploring protection, saying, "The avengers of blood are on my track." The rebound from the anxious terror from which Inverawe had suffered, filled his heart with such gratitude that, with even more of the generous alacrity to succour the needy than was usual to him, he bade the suppliant rise, saying, "By the word of an Inverawe, which never failed friend or foe yet, I will, should you have slain my brother." He then led the man across the room, opened a concealed door, and thrust the fugitive in. Scarcely had he done so, when his presence was again invaded by an eager, panting throng of people, who called out, "Should M'Niven come praying for shelter, do not give it to him, for he has slain your foster-brother." On saying which, they rushed out as suddenly as they had entered, to resume their fruitless pursuit, leaving Inverawe in a state of perturbation more easily imagined than described. With unequal tread he paced the floor, his head bent within his hands to stay the throbbing of his burning temples. When he had attained sufficient calmness, he pushed aside the panel, and saw crouching in the furthest corner the being he had

promised to protect, whom he now loathed with the deepest hatred of his soul, and whose attitude of cringing cowardice quickened the feeling to almost the outward manifestation of violence. In cold, measured tones he bade him rise and follow him, at the same time taking with him some of the coverings of his bed.

The other and simpler edition is, that whilst Inverawe was in the fields looking over some work which had been finished the day before, he was startled by the sight of a man, with clothes torn, dishevelled hair, bleeding feet, and gasping for breath, crouching at his feet, and craving in earnest tones of agonising entreaty for protection. Listening to the prompting of his generous nature, and obeying the laws of Highland honour, he at once assured the man by the word of an Inverawe that he would save him; and lest the pursuers should come up before he had time to keep his promise, he bade the suppliant follow him to a cave on the side of Ben Cruachan, the secret of the locality of which was handed down from father to son as an heirloom to be kept hidden even from his bosom friend. It could only be approached from one side. The entrance was small, looking much like a tod-hole; but it contained two or more good-sized rooms which were dry and airy, though in one there is, I believe, a well, remarkable alike for the purity, coolness, and sweetness of its water. It is more than probable that this is the cave which was used by The Bruce and Wallace when they found shelter and peace for a time in Argyleshire. To this cave, then, Inverawe led his guest. When about to leave him within its safe recesses, the wretched being, the gnawings of whose terror-stricken conscience were almost unendurable, implored him not to leave him alone. Inverawe's honest, courageous soul recoiled at such a show of cowardice; he spurned the man from him with disgust, though he gave assurance of a speedy return with food and warm coverings.

Inverawe was wending his way homewards, when he espied a number of men and boys running about in search of something. The foremost,

looking up and recognising Mr Campbell, at once went up to him and said, "If M'Niven comes later to ask you for a safe-conduct, do not give it to him; he has slain your foster-brother." Mr Campbell was thunderstruck, and could give no reply. His informant, knowing well the tender attachment that had subsisted between the two brethren, with that intuitive tact which is one of the most distinctive attributes of a true-born Highlander, and which gives to even the untaught amongst them the grace and breeding of gentlemen, touched his hat in respectful silence and withdrew, to let him weep unseen. Weary, heavy, worn, and feeling suddenly aged and forlorn, he sought the quiet of his own home. Bitter thoughts of angry hate and contempt mingled strangely together with his plighted troth and compassion for the misguided wrong-doer. The code of honour prevailed over his natural desire for revenge, so he returned as soon as he safely could with wrappings and a little food, telling him he would come back with more shortly after dawn. On Inverawe's return home he betook himself at once to bed. He generally read for some hours ere sleeping, and on this night he followed out his usual rule. He had not been reading long when his book became slightly overshadowed. On looking up to ascertain the cause, to his surprise and almost horror, he saw standing close by the bed the form of his foster-brother, who looked ghastly pale. His locks were matted together and his garments blood-stained. In pleading tones the vision uttered the words, "Inverawe, give up the murderer; blood must flow for blood. I have warned you once." Inverawe replied, "You know I cannot. I have sworn by the honour of an Inverawe, which never failed friend nor foe yet, and I cannot dishonour it, nor will I." With almost menacing gesture the vision withdrew, Inverawe could not see how or where. To affirm that Inverawe experienced no sensation of fear, would be to deprive him of an honour rather than confer one. But that he successfully combated it, and rose to see whether it were possible for any one to have entered the apartment or to be lingering within it still, is argument conclusive that his

courage was that of a man, not that of a brute or bully. Finding nothing within the room, he went over the whole house, carefully scrutinising every corner, bolt and bar—still finding no possible mode of egress or ingress for any one in bodily form. That the word pledged to bring food was faithfully kept on the morrow, goes without saying. Next evening, after all others had retired to rest, he subjected the house to a keen and searching quest for any trace of others than those he knew having found an asylum within its walls, and it is said he locked every door—after which he went to his room, and as far as he knew, he secured every avenue to it; but in vain. The vision again appeared, and saying the same words, save that this time he said, “I have warned you twice,” to which Inverawe undauntedly replied, “I can and will not.” On repairing to the scene, however, next day, he thought he would guard himself as much as possible from such disagreeable visits. He told the murderer he feared he could not protect him much longer—that he must seek another hiding-place. During the whole day all within the house of Inverawe observed how moody and dejected he was, and that his usual composed bearing had given place to a startled feverishness, and all thought it the outcome of sorrow alone. On this evening he again shut up the house, carefully examining each lock—in vain, for neither bolt nor bar could keep out this visitor. True to the time and the hour, he again appeared, adjuring Inverawe more solemnly than ever to give up the murderer. Mr Campbell again refused. On the instant the whole manner of the spectre changed, and in tones which made the proud heart of Inverawe quail, said, “You cannot now. You have suffered him to escape. We shall meet again at Ticonderoga” (a fortress of the French in America as yet unknown in Britain). As soon as daylight broke, Inverawe was far on his way to the cavern, which to his dismay he found tenantless. To describe even feebly his agitation would be impossible. He hastened home, and then detailed the events just recorded to his family. Much discussion and wonderment took place on the subject, especially with

regard to the threatened rendezvous, until at last it passed, as things of the kind often do, into a joke.

A year or two after this, when one of the Anglo-French wars was at its height, the contest having been carried by Britain to America, Inverawe and his son were instructed to join their regiment, the 42d, which was ordered to the scene of action. On their arrival in America and their first exploits there, I will not dwell, as the story has nothing to do with these events; so I shall at once bring it to an end by taking the reader to an encampment amidst the clearings of a huge forest, within easy distance of a strongly fortified town. Officers and men are seated in gay converse round their various camp-fires. Round the fire specially dedicated to the Staff are some favourite officers of superior rank or station, and amongst them Campbell of Inverawe and his son. Story has succeeded story in rotation, and now it is Mr Campbell's turn. He, his mind revolving on many things at home, tells the tale of his visitations. After he had finished, and the remarks on the mysterious threat had become general, Campbell turned suddenly to the Colonel, and said, "By the way, Colonel, you have not told us what fort we are to storm to-morrow." "No," said the Colonel; "it is St Louis. But come, gentlemen, to bed—we have had enough of this.

How gallantly our brave fellows endeavoured to gain the town is a matter of history, especially the conduct of the 42d, who in vain endeavoured to scale the mud rampart — that formidable barrier of defence which has become familiarly dreadful to our modern ears, but which was then slightly if at all known to our soldiery. Again and again they assailed the rampart, to be defeated, but not beaten—Inverawe and his son leading the force, with their example and voice encouraging the men, until first the son and then the father were cut down, with many a brave and loving heart beating its own funeral drum by their side. General Amherst, seeing the losses he had sustained, beat the recall. Having asked and obtained a truce, the English army proceeded

to gather up their dead, dying, and wounded. The Colonel, who had known the name of the town was Ticonderoga, but who had withheld the knowledge from Campbell in case of the effect on his nerve, having been much impressed with the coincidence, had seen him and his son fall, and hastened to the spot. The son was already dead, the father's life was ebbing fast. The Colonel urged him to speak, in case he should wish some message transmitted to Scotland. Slowly Inverawe opened his eyes, and recognising the Colonel, he said in accents of deep reproach—"You have deceived me, Gordon! I have seen it again, and this is Ticonderoga." It is said that the Colonel kept a record of the story in his commonplace-book. The father and son were buried together, and the Colonel raised a monument to their memory on the spot some years after the second siege, when their death was so signally revenged.

And now I must again cross the Atlantic to record one of those curious sky-pictures which have baffled so successfully the skill of philosophers. Whilst the engagement at Ticonderoga was in progress, two ladies—the Misses Campbell of the old house of Ederlin—were walking from Kilmalieu, and had reached the top of the new bridge, Inverary, when they were attracted by some unusual appearance in the sky. They at once recognised it as a siege, and could distinctly trace the different regiments with their colours, and even recognised many of the men. They saw Inverawe and his son cut down, and others whom they mentioned as they fell one by one. They told the circumstance to all their friends, and noted down the names of each—the 'Gazette' weeks afterwards corroborating their whole statements by the details there given of the siege and the number of killed and wounded. A physician, who was a Danish knight and an Englishman, was with his body servant enjoying a walk round the castle when their eyes were also attracted by the phenomenon; and they established the testimony of the two ladies. The physician's name was Sir William Hart.

THE GOIBHNEAN OR SMITH
CAMPBELLS

THE GOIBHNEAN OR SMITH CAMPBELLS.

MacCaillirean—Campbells of Craignish—Battle of Daileag.

THE GOIBHNEAN OR SMITH CAMPBELLS.

MacCaillirean, the Smith or Armourer.

(From Mr D. W. of Oban. Supplied by "D.")

I N olden times a smith was an armourer—that is, a maker of weapons of war, such as swords, dirks, Lochaber-axes, arrow-heads, coats of mail, and so forth. It was in this sense of the term, and not in the modern sense, that MacCaillirean was a smith. In his youth he went to Kilmartin (*Cille-mhàrtainn*), to serve his apprenticeship with a smith of some repute in that district. Being a lad of quick perception and a mechanical turn of mind, he made rapid progress in the knowledge of his trade. This would have given genuine pleasure to a man of generous disposition; but the effect it had on this master was to excite his envy. A Gaelic proverb says, "*Bristidh eud na clachan*"—i.e., Envy will break the stones. So powerful an influence did this vile and contemptible passion gain over his mind that he resolved to kill the apprentice. In this case, however, as in so many other cases, were verified the words of the poet, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley"; for, instead of the master killing the apprentice, the apprentice killed the master. On committing this act of self-defence, he took to flight,

—and not too soon, for he was scarcely well away when the hue and cry was raised against him and a party of the master's friends were on his track. Passing through Ford (*An Ath*), he made for the east side of Loch Awe (*Loch-odha*). Along the banks of this, the longest of our Scottish lakes, he fled for his life, the avengers following him like so many sleuth-hounds thirsting for his blood. When they reached Glenorchy (*Gleann-urachaidh*), the natives on the heights saw the race, and watched it with keen interest. Sympathising with the hard-pressed fugitive, and observing that his pursuers were gaining on him, they shouted after him, "*A mhic caill a ruith tha iad a' buidhinn 'ort!*"—*i.e.*, "Son, that art lagging in thy pace, they are gaining on you!"—and they incited him to more strenuous effort. Thus encouraged, he accelerated his pace, and distanced his pursuers. Crossing the Orchy (*Urachaidh*) and the Strae (*Sreatha*), he sped along the base of Cruachan and through the Pass of Brander (*Caol Bhradhar*), his foes still in full cry after him. When he reached the ford of Awe (*Atha*), below Fanans (*Na Fàna*), he crossed, and entered the woods, where he eluded further pursuit. He then put himself under the protection of one of the local proprietors, and set up as a smith at the bridge of Iochdrachan, on the Muckairn side of the Nant (*Neànnta*). From the words shouted after him when he was passing through Glenorchy, he came to be called "*An gothain MacCaillirean*"—*i.e.*, MacCaillirean the smith. He soon became famous for his skill in every description of smith-work. His arrow-heads were particularly prized; so that "*Ceann o'n ghobhain MacCaillirean*"—*i.e.*, An arrow-head from MacCaillirean the smith—passed into a proverbial saying. This man was a Campbell, and the ancestor of the sept of Campbells in Muckairn, called the *Goibhnean* or smiths. This designation clung to them down to the latter half of the last century, and was habitually applied to each individual of them. For instance, Duncan, son of Malcolm Campbell, would be, in everyday Gaelic parlance, "*Donnchadh MacChalum ghobhainn*"—*i.e.*, Duncan, son of Malcolm, of the Smith sept.

The period at which MacCaillirean flourished cannot be determined ; but tradition says that it was long before the battle of Daileag. His descendants are said to have fought at that battle.

Campbells of Craignish (Creignis).

(Supplied by John Campbell of Ledaig.)

THE following is the family tradition regarding the origin of the branch of Campbells to which I myself belong. I got it from my father, Colin Campbell, who was thirty-five years schoolmaster at Ledaig. He got it from his father, who was a farmer at Dailnachaig, near Oban—born in 1734, died in 1819. He heard it also from others.

One of the Campbells of Craignish was learning the trade of blacksmith at Inverary. It seems he was soon a better tradesman than his master, who accused him of stealing his art. His wife, it is said, was a beautiful woman ; and he also accused Campbell of stealing her affections. He attacked him one day in the smithy, saying, "*Cha 'n e mhain gun do ghoid thu bhuan an ealdhain ach ghoid thu cridhe mo mhnam*" (You not only stole my art, but my wife's heart also). In the fray, in self-defence, Campbell struck his master a blow which proved fatal, and he had to fly. Closely pursued by his master's kinsmen, his pursuers were gaining on him as he neared the river Awe, into which, though unable to swim, he plunged headlong. The chase was seen by a man on the opposite side at work, who, when he saw Campbell plunge into the stream, exclaimed, "*O mhic chaill thu do ruidh!*" (Ah, my son, you have lost the race !)

He was carried down by the stream for a considerable distance, but got entangled in some bushes that overhung a bank on the side of the river. This not only saved him from drowning, but screened him from the diligent search of his pursuers, who soon abandoned their fruitless search. The man on the opposite side now came to his assistance with a little curragh (or boat), took him to his house, and befriended him. Campbell settled in this place, and after a time laid aside his assumed name; but his descendants are to this day called *Sliochd a' Ghobhainn MacChaill a ruidh*. It is said that this man (an *Gobhainn MacChaill a ruidh's a Sheachdnar Mhac*) and his seven sons turned the tide of battle against Bruce when fighting with MacDougall in the Pass of Brander.

The Battle of Daileag.

(Furnished by "D.")

IT appears that MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*) had a lease of Muckairn (*Mucàrn*) from the Church of Rome on condition of paying a certain amount as feu-duty. In course of time differences arose in connection with this feu-duty, which resulted in Muckairn being granted by the Bishop of the Isles to Sir John Campbell of Calder (*Caladair*), third son of the second Earl of Argyll. MacDougall having opposed Sir John's entry on his right, the latter gathered a band of followers in order to dispossess him. MacDougall having been defeated in the encounters that took place between them, Sir John took possession of Muckairn, which continued in his family till it was sold in the course of the last century. Tradition says that one of these battles was the battle of Daileag, and that another of them

was the battle of Kilmaronag (*Cill-marònach*). In the following account of the battle of Daileag I am indebted to Mr D. W., Oban. Daileag is a small plain among the hills above the Muckairn highway, and about half a mile to the south of Tigh-an-uillt. From the north-east round to the south-west it is dominated by high ground more or less broken. The MacDougalls assembled on a hill to the north-east of the plain, and the Campbells took their stand on a hill to the south-west called Tom-a-phìobair,—*i.e.*, “The Piper’s Hill.” It was agreed between them that seven men should be chosen from each side to fight as representatives of the rest. The MacDougalls chose seven brothers, and the Campbells chose seven stalwart men of their own number. These fourteen went down to Daileag to fight it out to the bitter end, as the thirty fought against the thirty on the North Inch of Perth. The little plain was admirably adapted for this purpose, being as level as a bowling-green. The MacDougalls had the best of it at first, for they killed four of the Campbells. The three remaining Campbells, instead of being disheartened by the fall of their comrades, fought with redoubled energy, and killed the seven brothers. Galled at seeing their champions overthrown, a party of the MacDougalls rushed down to the plain to have their revenge. They were met there by an equal number of the Campbells, and defeated after a sharp struggle. Upon this another party of MacDougalls that lay in ambush, and were equal in numbers to the preceding, attacked the Campbells with impetuosity. The latter were again victorious; the MacDougalls were driven off the field and dispersed in all directions. This account is so far confirmed by the fact that the Campbells in Muckairn called the *Goibhnean* (smiths) were in the habit of commemorating the battle annually by going to Tom-a-phìobair, accompanied by pipers, to practise with the bow and arrow. Mr D. W. has informed me that his mother, who was of the *Goibhnean* Campbells, told him that when she was a girl she saw her father with others going to Tom-a-phìobair to commemorate the battle in the manner described. This was about 117

years ago, or about 1765. It is noteworthy that part of the plain is still dotted with cairns, which, tradition says, cover the spots in which the slain on that sad day of battle were interred.

It is impossible to fix with any approach to accuracy the exact date of the battle of Daileag; but the following extracts from 'Origines Parochiales Scotiæ' bring us pretty close to it: "In the year 1532, Farchard, Bishop of the Isles, . . . for the augmentation of the revenues of the abbey and for certain sums of money paid to him beforehand, and other favours frequently shown to him by Sir John Campbell of Cadar, granted to Sir John the following towns and lands of Muckairn," &c., &c. "In 1533 the grant was confirmed by Silvester Darius, legate of Pope Clement VII." The battle of Daileag most likely took place in or about one or other of these years—viz., 1532 and 1533.

TALES OF THE MACDOUGALLS

TALES OF THE MACDOUGALLS.

MacDougalls of Ardincaple and of Raray—John Ciar of Dunollie and the Irish Robber—John Ciar after his Return from Exile—Fosterage among the MacDougalls—The Defence of Dunollie—Apparition of the Bloodhounds of the MacDougalls—How the MacDougalls lost Armaddy—Battle of Ath-dearg—The Fate of John Grant—MacFadyen's Cave.

TALES OF THE MACDOUGALLS.

The MacDougalls of Ardincaple (Aird = nan = capul) and of Raray (Radharan), in Nether Lorne (Lathburn = iochdrach).

(From a Manuscript written by the late Dr Archibald Smith. Furnished by "D.")

THE MacDougalls of Ardincaple, in Nether Lorne, are, according to their *Seanachaidh*, Captain MacDougall, Baile-chuain, descended from a second son of MacDougall of Raray, who was married to a daughter of the house of Ardkinglas (*Aird-chonaghlais*). When the MacDougalls acquired Ardincaple, it was bought by this lady from the MacLeans, who also possessed the island of Shuna (*Siùna*) until recently, and whose dwelling-place is still (1846) pointed out between Coileam and Càrnan, on a spot which was once an island called Eilean Eachain. The grave of this family of MacLeans was, about the year 1843, removed as an encumbrance from before the new house built for John MacInnes, ground-officer in Càrnan—so named, very probably, from the old cairn of its ancient occupants.

This lady of the house of Ardkinglas is said to have bought the lands of Ardincaple in order that her second son might have land as well as the elder, who inherited as his patrimony both Raray and Ardmaddy

(*Aird-mhadadh*). Captain MacDougall of Baile-chuain says that he was told by Captain MacLean of Shuna that his father remembered seeing the widow of the last MacDougall of Raray when she resided at Dunmore (*Dunmòr*), near Easdale (*Eisdeal*).

Ardmaddy Castle (*Caisteal Aird-mhadadh*) was originally built by the MacDougalls of Raray, and there are still living individuals who have seen the initials of the MacDougalls (J. McD.) on the old archway of the edifice. Captain MacDougall, Baile-chuain, tells me that Rowan, the mason at Clachan, witnessed these initials. It was only in comparatively recent times that the MacDougalls lost Ardmaddy, and in the following way, as is stated by Captain MacDougall: According to local tradition, MacDougall of Raray resided in Ardmaddy, lived unhappily with his wife of the house of Ardkinglas, and separated from her by the advice of Sir Donald Campbell of Ardnamurchan (*Aird-na-murchan*), who gave him his own sister or daughter in marriage. The Argyll family then pursued the laird of Raray for bigamy on behalf of his first wife (a relative of the Argylls), and procured for her a large annuity, which MacDougall failed to pay; so that, in course of time, a heavy debt accumulated against him, which led to the loss of the estates to his successors. Thus, when he was lying a corpse in Ardmaddy, the Argylls sent an armed party to take possession of the castle of Ardmaddy and the property of the deceased, on the ground that they had a right thereto on behalf of their injured kinswoman, his first and legitimate wife, until the arrears owing to her should be paid up. The family of MacDougall were unable to satisfy their demands, and consequently were deprived of their estates by the authority of Argyll (*Earraghàidheal*), then High Justiciar of Scotland (*Albainn*).

In the year 1671, Lord Niel Campbell, a brother of Argyll, occupied Ardmaddy Castle, and made additions to it which bear his initials. In 1692, according to Captain MacDougall, Baile-chuain, the Raray and Ardmaddy lands were sold by the Argylls to the family of Breadalbane

(*Bràid-albainn*) for the sum of £20,000, the Argylls guaranteeing the purchaser against any claims or loss on account of absence of title-deeds. A blacksmith of the name of Brown, who lived at Cachlaidh-dhearg, having become aware of the approach of the Argyll party to seize Ardmaddy, hastened by a footpath, and succeeded in securing the box containing the title-deeds of the MacDougalls, by throwing it out at a back window of the castle, whence it was carried away by a woman to Torsa, an island in the neighbourhood, then in possession of a relative of the MacDougalls of Raray.

Note.—The MacDougalls of Gallanach are descended from the MacDougalls of Torsa. Gallanach was purchased in the year 1645 from MacDougall of Dunolly (*Dùnolla*) by the eldest son of J. MacDougall of Torsa.

John Ciar of Dunollie (*Dùnolla*) and the Irish Robber.

(*From the Gaelic of William Campbell White. Supplied by "D." through "Dunstaffnage."*)

THE MacDonalds of Isla (*Ila*) obtained at an early period, through marriage, a footing in the north of Ireland (*Eirin*). Their first possession in that country was the district of the Glens in Antrim, to which they added, in process of time, that of the Route in the same county. In the latter half of the sixteenth century these lands were seized by Somhairle Buidhe, uncle of the then chief of Isla, and so passed out of the hands of the Isla family. In 1575 the said Somhairle obtained extensive grants of land, and the government of Dunluce Castle. His son, Sir Ronald MacDonald, obtained further grants. In 1618 he was created

Viscount of Dunluce, and afterwards Earl of Antrim. His son Ronald, the second Earl, was in 1644 created Marquis of Antrim. We find Alexander, Earl of Antrim, fighting at the battle of the Boyne against King William. Such is the origin of the Earls of Antrim. These few historical remarks may serve as an appropriate introduction to the following story :—

It would appear that the immediate neighbourhood of the Earl of Antrim's castle was infested by a band of robbers, who were headed by a man of fierce and desperate character called the Red Robber. So troublesome did this band prove, that no one could approach the castle without running the risk of being robbed and murdered. Moreover, every warrior who was sent to fight the robber-chief was defeated and slain. At last the Earl of Antrim sent a message to John Ciar of Dunollie to come to Ireland to fight the Red Robber, promising him a handsome reward in the event of success. John Ciar at once accepted the Earl's offer, and was ready to start for Ireland on the following morning. His lady advised him to take his servant, MacIain Léigh (Livingston), with him ; but John was so confident in his own prowess that he saw no necessity for doing so. When he was setting out he took up a round heavy stone and threw it from him on the roadside, that it might serve as a memorial of him in case he might not return. His servant lifted the stone with ease, carried it some distance, and then threw it from him, saying, "Lie you there as a memorial of us both should we not return." Upon this John Ciar consented to take his servant with him. Reaching Ireland in safety, they took their way to the Earl of Antrim's castle. As they were approaching the robber's haunts John said to his servant, "Take you that road and I will take this, so that either of us will be sure of meeting him." John had not gone far when he encountered the robber. At once, and without parley, they attacked each other. In the first fury of the onset John Ciar gave ground ; but the robber in his turn was compelled to give

ground, and so hard was he pressed that he took a whistle out of his pocket to call his comrades to his aid. Before, however, he could put the whistle to his lips, John cut off his arm. He then cut off his head and stripped him of his coat, on which golden guineas were thickly sewed. He put the coat in his bag, and putting a string through one of the ears, he carried the head and arm to the castle. When he reached the door, he said to the attendant that he wished to see the Earl. When the attendant delivered the stranger's message the Earl said, "It must be John Ciar, for every other warrior I sent for has been killed by the robber; send him up." In passing into the house John hung the robber's head on a peg in the wooden partition (*clàraidh*). When he entered the Earl's apartment, the Earl said to him, "You are an insignificant man in comparison with the robber; it is well that you have not met him." "I have met him," said John, "fought him, and killed him, in proof of which here is his arm; if that does not satisfy you, you can go down to the partition and you will see his head." When the Earl saw the head he recognised it as the robber's. He then treated John with great kindness, and gave him his promised reward. Possessed thus of the robber's valuable coat and of his well-earned reward, John, who was, when he left home, in pecuniary straits, was a happy man. There being now nothing to detain him longer in Ireland, he sent his servant home by the road they came, while he himself took another route. When going through a wood, a warrior, with sword and shield, rushed out upon him from a bothy. A smart passage of arms began immediately between them. When they were pretty well fatigued by their exertions the warrior, who was getting the worst of it, leaped across a burn that passed the bothy, and cried to John Ciar, "I have never been pressed so hard by any swordsman as by you. I am of opinion that you are John Ciar of Dunollie. I have plenty of the good things of this life in the bothy, and you are welcome to stay with me. I am a fugitive from Scotland, and I hope that you will not betray me." They ate and

drank together in kindness. When the feast was over, John went on his journey, and did not betray his host.

Note.—John Ciar, having been engaged in the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715 on the Jacobite side, became a fugitive, and went to Antrim in the north of Ireland. According to Allan MacCulloch, Kerrera, the cause, or one of the causes, of his selecting Antrim as his place of refuge is as follows: Having heard that the Earl of Antrim's son was killed by robbers, and that a peck of gold was offered to any one who would bring the chief of the robbers, dead or alive, to the Earl, John resolved to accept of the offer. Accompanied by his servant, Mac-Iain Léigh, he crossed from Campbeltown to Antrim, met the robber on a clear moonlight night, fought him, killed him, and cut off his head. On his presenting himself at Antrim Castle with the head, the Earl offered him the promised reward. John refused to accept of this, but asked and obtained instead a letter of intercession to the Duke of Argyll.¹ John's lady presented this letter afterwards to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle, and obtained from his Grace a promise of pardon for her husband. D.

About John Ciar of Dunollie (Dùnolla) after his Return from Exile.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

AFTER the battle of Sheriffmuir, in which the MacDougalls of Lorne (*Lathurna*) were engaged on the Jacobite side, John Ciar MacDougall of Dunollie fled to the north of Ireland, where he met with a kind reception. His gallantry in encountering and killing the robber-chief, who was the terror of the country, secured to him the warm friendship of the Earl of Antrim. Meanwhile Lorne was overrun and ravaged by King George's soldiers, and the MacDougall lands were confiscated. After an absence of several years, John Ciar conceived a longing for home, and resolved to visit it once more. The majority of the troops

¹ John, 2d Duke of Argyll.

having been withdrawn, he believed that he could, without much difficulty, escape detection, while he would have an opportunity of judging of the state of affairs in the country. Attended by the trusty servant that was with him when he killed the robber, he crossed from Ireland to Lorne, and took up his abode in a cave called "Uamh 'Chroin," situated in Léireag, and near the banks of Loch-faochan. From his place of concealment he was in the habit of crossing at night to Kerrera (*Cearara*) to visit his wife, who resided there on the farm of Slatrach, which was granted to her by the Crown authorities for her own and her children's maintenance. While this intercourse was going on between husband and wife, Campbell of Fanans (*Na Fàna*), commander of the party of soldiers left to watch affairs, received such intelligence as convinced him that John Ciar was then or had been recently in the district. In consequence of this, John's lady was summoned to appear before Campbell and his officers. When she came before them, Campbell questioned and cross-questioned her in order to find out where John was; but she showed so much address, that it defied him to get any information from her; in a word, he was completely baffled by her, to the no small amusement of the other officers. Before parting with them she pleaded for additional land, on the ground that what she had was insufficient. Her importunity prevailing, she was granted the seventh part of Gleann-seilach—that part of it that is called to this day the Miller's Croft, and the only part of it that the MacDougalls got back. One night when John was in Kerrera, the officers had a great dinner and ball in Dunollie Castle (*Caisteal Dhunolla*). The knowledge of this affected him powerfully. The thought that aliens and foes were in possession of his ancestral home, and were making merry in his halls, was gall and wormwood to him, and he resolved to be revenged, come of it what would. Calling his servant he said to him, "Be ready with the boat at midnight, that we may go to Dunollie. We shall row quietly and softly, that the sound of our oars may not be heard; and when we land, we shall creep

up stealthily to the gate of the castle, stab the sentry if he offer resistance, and then rush, sword in hand, into the room where the officers are, and thus make a spoon or spoil a horn." When they arrived at the gate, there was no sentry there to dispute their entrance; they went to the door of the room to listen, and learned from the conversation going on within that the state of affairs was not so unfavourable to them as they supposed. John then walked in boldly among the officers, who welcomed him cordially, and informed him that he was pardoned, and that they were to leave the country on the morrow. He answered that he was aware of all that they told him, and commanded them, in a tone not to be misunderstood, to take themselves off as fast as they could, or that worse would befall them. Upon this they all rose and left the castle, and withdrew to their camp. The first thing that he did on their departure was to search for his title-deeds; and not finding them, he thought of raising a few of his clan and destroying all in the camp. It occurred to him, before taking this rash step, to inquire if they were in the custody of Mackiachain, who resided in a small cottage near the castle. Having found them in this man's possession, he went back to Kerrera, and brought his lady home to Dunollie in his barge, the piper sitting in the bow playing "*Fàilt Iain chéir*"—*i.e.*, John Ciar's welcome. "All's well that ends well."

John MacDougall, Selma Villa, Oban, states that John Ciar was ten years in exile after the battle of Sheriffmuir, which fixes the incidents detailed above as occurring in or about 1725.

Fosterage among the MacDougalls.

(By "D.")

IT was the custom among Highland proprietors down to recent times to send their children to be fostered by respectable and well-to-do tenants. Terms of agreement, the nature of which is shown in extant contracts of fosterage, were previously arranged between the parties. It was usual for the father to send with his child a certain number of cattle, to which the fosterer added an equal number. When the period of fostering expired, these cattle, with their increase, were sent home with the child, to form the nucleus of a portion for it.

The following tale is told by John MacDougall, Selma Villa, Oban, regarding the fostering of Patrick MacDougall, father of the late Admiral Sir John MacDougall of Dunollie (*Dunolla*): Alexander MacDougall (son of Iain Ciar), commonly called Alasdair Dubh—*i.e.*, black Alexander—sent his son Patrick to Morven (*A' Mhorairne*) to be fostered by a man of the name of MacCulloch, who was formerly a miller near Oban. The child was reared for several years in this man's family, where he would hear no language but Gaelic, or see manners other than those of the Highland peasantry. When the time arrived for his return home, MacCulloch sent with him thirteen head of cattle, including a bull, on condition that the father would add an equal number to them to form a stock for his son. When they were landed at the Port Mor below the castle, MacDougall was highly gratified, and said to his wife, "What a fine lot of cattle MacCulloch has sent with our son!" "What of it?" said the lady; "were it not that our son was with him, he would have lost all that he had in the world, as the other Morven people have"—which happened in the year when

MacCailean (Argyll) set fire to Morven. The reference here is evidently to the painful events that followed the battle of Culloden (*Cùil-fhodaer*) in 1746. It might be inferred from this narrative that fosterage was a losing business to the fosterer. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the fostering of the child of a superior was deemed a high honour, and that it secured the lifelong friendship of the foster and its parents.

I am indebted to Miss ——, Oban, a lady about eighty years of age, for the following tale. It is about an aunt of hers, and is well known in her family. This aunt was fostered by worthy people in humble life. When they returned her to her parents, they sent with her a number of cattle. As years rolled on, these cattle increased and multiplied, without apparently any special note being taken of it. The lady's father died, and was succeeded in the property by her brother. Her brother and she lived together for years on the most cordial terms. By-and-by she was married to a man who was much respected in his day, and whose memory has not yet been forgotten. Several years after her marriage she made a claim on her brother in connection with the cattle that she received from her foster-parents. Either not admitting liability, or refusing to pay the amount of compensation demanded, an action was raised against him in the Court of Session. The case was decided against him, and he was mulcted in a considerable sum of money, and would have been in a much larger sum were it not that he had counter-claims. This dispute arose at the beginning of the century. I have been informed by the lady from whom I received this tale that wranglings arising from fosterage were not uncommon.

The Defence of Dunollie.

This account of the lady of Dunollie, together with John MacDougall's letter to his heroic wife, were found amongst the papers in possession of the present MacDougall of Dunollie, and were supplied by him to the Editor.

MARY MACDONALD was betrothed to the powerful chief of the MacDougalls, who sent twelve barons of his name in their respective barges to rescue the bride from Skye to Dunollie, where the marriage was celebrated. The following year she was delivered of a son, Alexander. He (John) joined the ill-fated Rebellion in 1715, and left Dunollie Castle to the care of his lady, who defended it with the greatest gallantry against all the power of the Argyllshire militia, and retained possession till her husband's return in 1722, when the first person who welcomed him home was his daughter Catherine, whom he had left at nurse at his departure.

Lady MacDougall not only defended the castle, but, by her address and interest, prevented the estate from being forfeited. She survived her husband forty-four years. During her widowhood she retired to the island of Kerrara, where she died in 1779, and was laid beside the coffin of her husband in the tomb of the ancient Lords of Argyll and Lorne in the church of Kilbride.

JOHN MACDOUGALL'S *Letter to his Wife*, 1715.

DEAREST AND ONLY COMFORT,—This day I was in company with . . . Earll of Marr, who is very weel pleased with your conductt. I'm hopeful you have nott surrendered the House. You are desyr'd to keep all as long as possible, and I hope

in God in feew days you will hear a good account of this Army. I'm to joyne Sir Donald, who came hear three days agoe. You may depend to hear from me wh. money as shoone as possible. Pray doo nott want while you can comand the loaf what was expected formerly; they are not out of qtt. as yett. If anny body come to you, be very kind to . . . I wish you saw Coul and the tutor, and if they concurr with you . . . good in sending all the men of Karvora and anny other they gott, with one of Coll's sons or anny body will take in hand to come with them. Keep noo less in the house then . . . men, and for God's sake keep good courage, for all things goes very weel. Lett my horse be sent, and my cloak and all my . . . if you can see anny savety for them; if not, it cannot be helped.

Let me have all the account of the country, or how is kindest to you.

Let me know if the . . . I dar nott be very free. Once mor I crave your stoutness in keeping the house, and for the love of God keep good heartt, and be noe ways concerned aboutt me, for I am in no danger, nor doe I see anny danger for our undertaking. Believe nothing you hear aboute us acceptt what you hear to our advantage.

You shall hear from me very shoone.

Hast back Donald, and urge him travell night and day till he come up.

Your father and brother and all other friends mind ther service to you, and God doth him who shall live and do yours while I am

J. MCDUGALL.¹

PERTH, *November 6, 1715.*

Apparition of the Bloodhounds of the MacDougalls.

(*Furnished by Miss Isabel Smith.*)

MY grandfather—Dugald Campbell of Achlian (*Acha-liain*), nephew to the hero of Ticonderoga—was married to Alice Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Lochend, late of Menteith, Perthshire. During the time the present house of Achlian was being built, he was obliged for a year or two to reside at Rockhill, which is near Port Sonachan, Loch Awe side. This was the property of a Mr Campbell, whose mother (a Mac-

¹ The words left out in this letter were wholly illegible, or purposely ill made out, lest the letter should fall into wrong hands.

Dougall) was the lineal descendant of the MacDougall of Lorne who reached forth his hand to stay Scotland's hero Bruce, who at once, to punish and cripple MacDougall's power, which was very great, and to reward the constancy of his brother-in-law, gave the latter lordship over many of the MacDougall's lands — a proceeding which rendered the MacDougalls implacable foes and treacherous friends to the Campbells.

Whilst occupying this house of Rockhill, and during hay-harvest, as my grandmother, Mrs Campbell, and another lady—a Miss Lindsay, daughter of the Laird of Bocaird (*Both-cheàird*), which is now part of the farm of Accurach (*Acurach*), but which passed into the Argyll property by purchase in the present century, and was at one time the highest house above the sea-level in Argyllshire — were busy washing up the breakfast dishes in the dining-room—an admissible act in that unsophisticated time in the houses of the nobility—they were startled by a noise coming from the chimney. They looked to see its cause, when to their surprise they beheld two huge bloodhounds rise as if from the hearthstone, stretch themselves, and trot out at the window—then closed. They were so astonished by the occurrence, that they were for a little silenced. Miss Lindsay found expression first, saying—

“*Sin coin Mhicdhùghaill is bi'dh fèil 'g a reubadh*”—i.e., These are Macdougall's dogs, and flesh will be torn.”

The MacDougalls' bloodhounds were the terror of the land for many centuries. They agreed to share the circumstance with as few as possible, dreading danger to their friends—Patrick Smith, Croft, my other grandfather, being one of the favoured few. He was a man of no ordinary integrity, foresight, and shrewdness, observant and truthful—a believer in dreams, for which his family was remarkable, and in a special providence and forewarnings. He placed this vision amongst the latter, and often warned Achlian and his wife to have nothing to do with anything in which Rockhill or his had a part. Mr Campbell used to laugh at his counsels,

but lived to wish he had regarded them. It may be as well to state here that Mrs Campbell, who saw this vision, held a high character for all virtues, especially truth. Her husband was one of nature's engineers and handicraftsmen, and was gentle and courteous in manner, with a joke and a kind word for every one. His acute sense of justice brought him a commission as J.P., and caused all disputes, whether domestic or in connection with public matters, to be submitted to his arbitration, which his natural *bonhomie* induced those who did so to feel satisfied with his adjustment of matters. Some years after he had left Rockhill, a dispute arose about the rightful boundaries of Rockhill and the estate of Sonachan—a recent purchase of a younger brother of Rockhill's, who was then one of the Duke's factors, and his legal adviser—and the Argyll lands, which march with them and those of Monzie property. Rockhill, who was factor to the latter, claimed much that was due to his principal and the Duke; whilst Sonachan's claim would have shorn Stronmagachain and Tullich of most of their best winter pasture. Mr Campbell had surveyed these lands many years previously, and had taken a rough chart of them. This being recalled to memory, he was requested to become arbitrator. He went over the lands once more, taking his chart with him, when he saw the immense advantages so unjustly claimed. He at once pronounced in favour of Argyll—an offence never to be forgiven by either to their dying day, as was evidenced by many petty tyrannies. The grand *coup*, however, was given after the restoration of peace, which was succeeded by intense agricultural depression. One of the sufferers was my grandfather, who, after a severe struggle, found himself at last behindhand with his rent, the last year of his lease.

His farms were all rented from Colonel Campbell, Monzie (*Midheadh*), his kinsman and friend. As before said, Rockhill was factor on the property, and he immediately foreclosed, served Achlian with a notice to quit, and advertised for another tenant. Not content with this, when the day of sale arrived, he caused it to be whispered throughout the crowd that Mr Camp-

bell had retaken the leases of his farms, and that he hoped that the people, in consideration of this, would not bid up the effects,—that this was a secret as yet. All were delighted. The sale opened, and the bids were few, and not eagerly followed. Most fell, without a struggle, to three or four individuals, who were afterwards convicted as “white-bonnets,” &c.—men employed to cheapen or raise the prices of articles at a sale, for some one else, usually the proprietor—and an epithet of extreme contempt. In this case, some of the men so employed had afterwards to leave the country, so strong was the feeling manifested against them. The consequences of this day of sale were most ruinous to Mr Campbell. The dismay and disgust of the people were very great when they found out how they had been duped, and that the despised, hated, and feared Rockhill had served himself successor.

Colonel Campbell, who was absent on the Continent, was kept in blissful ignorance of the whole proceedings. About two years after, he suddenly appeared in Inverary, at the house of Captain A. Campbell, the then factor to the Duke of Argyll, and brother of Achlian. Captain Campbell asked Monzie to stay all night.

“No, no; I’ll not do that. I want to press on to Achlian.”

“But where are you to sleep?” (A shepherd had charge of the now unfurnished house.)

“At my old friend, Dugald Campbell’s, of course. Why not?”

Captain Campbell then asked him if he had not known that his friend had been foreclosed, and out of Achlian for two years. Colonel Campbell was furiously angry and indignant with his factor in all his proceedings; dismissed him from the factorship; denounced his tenure of Achlian, &c., as illegal; took the farms from him, giving his factorship to Mr William Campbell, a son of Achlian, and relet the farms, first, to Donald Smith, who had married a sister of William Campbell; afterwards William Campbell himself was put in possession, repairing the wrongs that could not be righted.

How the MacDougalls lost Armaddy (Aird-mhadadh) and their Lands in Aether Lorne (Lathburn-iachdrach).

JOHN MAOL MACDOUGALL of Armaddy was married to a sister of the Earl of Argyll. The MacDougalls disliked her. It was reported that she was bewitched, and that her husband used to see upon her the head of a grey goat chewing its cud. It was further reported that as often as this monstrosity revealed itself he drove her from his presence, but that she was no sooner out of his sight than he would give the world for her. He built a small house for her at Barrnaghearry (*Barr-na-ghearraidh*). Donald Dubh, son of the laird of Calder (*Caladair*), founder of the family of Airds (*Nan Ard*), and an unscrupulous mischief-maker, met John Maol at Kilmore (*A' Cill-mhòr*) market. Adjourning to refresh themselves at a public-house called Bogaloireag, near Kilmore, Donald managed to arrange a marriage between his sister and John. The dowry that he promised to give with his sister was the Pass of Brander (*Caol Bhradhar*). This clever piece of business finished, Donald took horse and rode to Inverary, (*Iona-raora*), where he met the Earl of Argyll (*Earraghaidheal*), who asked him where he was the night before. "I was," said Donald, "putting another patch on your coat-of-mail. John Maol of Armaddy has married my sister." Upon this the Earl remarked, "He is married to my sister." Donald then showed him the marriage-contract between his sister and John Maol. The Earl immediately despatched messengers and officers to Armaddy, with instructions to turn out of the castle, in the Earl's name, every article of furniture belonging to John Maol, and to return them to the castle in the name of Lord Niel Campbell, the Earl's

brother. A factor of Lord Niel's represented to him that the estate was unhealthy, and that the grass was poisonous. The proof he gave of the latter assertion was that a few blades of a herb called *Seunlus*, chewed by Lord Niel, made his mouth and eyes smell disagreeably. In consequence of this, the factor had little difficulty in prevailing on Lord Niel to sell the Nether Lorne estate to Lord Breadalbane (*Morair Bhraid-albainn*). It is said that on the refusal of the Earl of Argyll to accept of the price of the estate, Lord Breadalbane lodged it in the Sheriff Clerk's office in Inverary, where it is supposed to be lying till the present day. John Maol took possession of Brander with his new wife. In course of time Brander was exchanged for Creaganaich in Lismore (*Liosmòr*). From the MacDougalls of Creaganaich sprang the MacDougalls of Achaleek (*Acha-lic*), and of Mingary (*Ming-airidh*).

The details of the above tale were received from John MacDougall, Selma Villa, Oban. D.

The Battle of Ath-dearg.

(*From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba. Supplied by "D."*)

TOWARDS the end of the thirteenth century a dispute arose between Cailean Mòr, chief of the Clan Campbell, and MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*), chief of the MacDougalls, in reference to boundaries near the String of Lorne. There is a lake near the String called Loch String, into which a stream runs called Allt-a-chòmhlachaidh—*i.e.*, the "Burn of Meeting." The stream received this name from the circumstance that it was on its banks that the Campbells and the MacDougalls arranged to meet in order

to settle their differences. While the MacDougalls were marching along by the side of Loch Scamadail (*Loch Sgamadal*), the charm that accompanied them leaped into the lake.¹ This being construed into an evil omen, MacDougall of Raray (*Radharan*), captain of the clan, and his men, halted and refused to go farther. A council of war was then held, the result of which was, that MacDougall of Raray and his men returned home, while the chief, and as many of his men as stuck to him, pursued their journey. While the MacDougalls were disputing on the banks of Loch Scamadail, the Campbells arrived at the appointed place of meeting, where they waited for some time for the MacDougalls. The latter not making their appearance, the Campbells crossed into Lorne and marched down to Finglen (*Finne-ghleann*), more pleased than otherwise that the MacDougalls did not keep their appointment. The two clans met at a spot a little above Loch Scamadail, where two streams unite, and near which is a considerable waterfall. Whether or not they entered on the discussion of the question of the boundaries, tradition does not say. Probably they began to indulge in mutual recriminations as soon as they met, and the question of the boundaries was pressed out. However this may be, it is certain that no arrangement was then come to, for they quarrelled, and fought like tigers. In consequence of the return home of MacDougall of Raray and his men, the MacDougalls were greatly outnumbered by the Campbells, who had, so far, the advantage. The slaughter on both sides was terrible. The stream beside which they fought ran red with blood, and its bed was so crowded by the slain that the survivors could cross and recross it dryshod. Hence its name, *Ath-dearg*—*i.e.*, “Red Ford.” There was every appearance of the MacDougalls being not only worsted, but cut off to a man, when a circumstance occurred that saved them from so disastrous a fate. In the fury of the conflict one of the MacDougalls crept up to the side of a large boulder near the spot where *Cailean Mòr* stood, and let fly an arrow that pierced him

¹ See note at end of this tale.

to death. When Cailean Mòr fell the battle ceased, and his followers carried away his body and buried it in the churchyard of Kilachreanain (*Cille-chreanain*). His gravestone, on which a broadsword and other devices are carved, is to be seen at the end of the parish church. The present Duke of Argyll erected some years ago a monument to his ancestor's memory in the above-mentioned churchyard. But to return to the battle-field, the boulder from which the arrow was shot that killed Cailean Mòr is called Sgùr-nan-gillean. The boulder against which the banner-staff of the MacDougalls leant is called Càrn Chailein.

The following incident occurred in the course of the battle: A small conical hillock called Tom-a'-phìobair—*i.e.*, "The Piper's Hillock"—stands close to the battle-field. It was on the top of this hillock that the piper of the Campbells stood and played while the battle raged. Sympathising with the MacDougalls, and regretting the havoc made among them, he composed a pipe-tune, the purport of which is expressed as follows:—

“ Mo dhìth! mo dhìth! gun trì làmhan,
 Dà làimh 's a' phìob is làmh 's à' chlàidheamh.
 Mo dhìth! mo dhìth! gun trì làmhan,
 Dà làimh 's a' phìob is làmh 's a' chlàidheamh.
 Mo dhìth! mo dhìth! n a shineadh thall ud
 Macdhùghail 's a' phìob 's bu mhìn leam sgàl orr'.”

Translation.

“ My loss! my loss! that I have not three hands,
 Two engaged with the pipe and one with the sword.
 My loss! my loss! that I have not three hands,
 Two engaged with the pipe and one with the sword.
 My loss! my loss! low lies yonder
 MacDougall with his pipe, whose sound was soft and sweet to me.”

The Campbells, perceiving that this was not one of their own tunes, were so enraged at the piper that one of them ran where he was and

chopped his head off. It is said that the piper's fingers played three or four notes on the chanter while his head was toppling to the ground.

The battle of Ath-dearg occurred in 1294.

Note.—The most probable explanation of the leaping of the charm into the loch that I can think of is, that some member of the clan who was unfavourable to the expedition had quietly pitched it into the loch, and that the people, who ascribed to it wonderful powers, were led to believe that it had leaped into the loch of its own accord. The following additional particulars are given by Allan MacCulloch, Kerrera : MacDougall of Nether Lorne having halted his men at the west end of the loch, he sent the charm round among them, that it might be ascertained who was to fall in the approaching battle. It being believed that it indicated three times the death of a certain man, he was sent on a message to Dunolly (*Dunolla*), with orders to follow the shore round by Léireag and Gallanach. On his way back from Dunolly he was met by the Campbells and slain. According to MacCulloch's version, the immediate *casus belli*, at least, was a raid on Nether Lorne by the Campbells, and the MacDougalls of Nether Lorne (*Lathurn' Iochdrach*) chiefly were engaged in the battle. D.

The Fate of John Grant,

FACTOR TO LORD NIEL CAMPBELL.

(From the Gaelic of Donald MacVicar, Soraba Road, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

LORD NIEL CAMPBELL sent John Grant to Isla (*Ila*) to collect rents. MacLean of Duart happening to be in Isla at the time, he seized Grant and his rents, and carried them with him to Duart Castle (*Caisteal Dubhairt*). When Lord Niel discovered where his factor was, he went to Dunollie (*Dunolla*) and said to MacDougall, "Will you go to Duart for my factor, for it is useless for me to go on account of the unpleasant terms on which I am with MacLean?" MacDougall

answered that he would. When he reached Duart, MacLean met him on the shore and saluted him courteously. MacDougall informed him that he came for Lord Niel's factor. "Let us dine first," said MacLean; "we can talk of that business afterwards." After dinner MacDougall said to MacLean, "Where is Grant, for it is time for me to set off homewards?" Upon this MacLean moved to the other side of the room and said coolly, "His head is here, but his body is out there, and you can take it with you if you choose." MacDougall answered, "I will take with me what there is of him, since I have come for him." Grant's body is buried in the churchyard of Kilbrandon (*Cille-bhreanain*), but his head is in Mull (*Muile*). John Grant met his fate in 1681, according to his gravestone.¹

Macfadyen's Cave.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacInnes, Benderloch. Supplied by "D.")

MACFADYEN came from Ireland (*Eirin*) to Cantyre (*Cinntire*), with a following of 1400 men, to assist King Edward in his efforts to conquer Scotland. From Cantyre he made his way to Lorne (*Lathurna*), where he was joined by a party of the MacDougalls. When the Knight of Lochow (*Loch-odha*) heard of his coming, he sent a messenger to inform Sir William Wallace of it, who was at the time in Perthshire (*Siorramachd Pheairt*). Sir William was not slow in marching to meet the enemy. The two hosts encountered each other in the Pass of

¹ It is interesting to note that the reception and answer given by Duart to Dunollie is almost identical with the Earl of Douglas's treatment of Sir Patrick Gray when sent by James II. to demand the surrender of McLellan of Bombie. Doubtless Duart had the Threave incident in his recollection.

Awe (*Atha*). MacFadyen and his men were defeated and routed. He, and as many of his officers as escaped with him, hid themselves in a cave in the face of a rock called Creag-an-aoinidh. Sir William sent the Knight of Lochow and a party of men in pursuit of the fugitives; and having found them in the cave, they cut off their heads, and placed them on stakes on the top of Creag-an-aoinidh.¹ This cave is called MacFadyen's Cave to the present day.

The battle between Wallace and MacFadyen took place in 1300.

NOTE TO LEGENDS OF THE MACDOUGALLS.

A correspondent of the 'Oban Times' tells the following story: "During the struggles of Bruce for the crown of Scotland, a great battle appears to have been fought between the MacDougalls of Lorn on the one side, and the Clan Donachie on the other, with the result that the Lord of Lorn was completely defeated, and the chieftain himself carried prisoner to Loch Rannoch, and closely confined in a prison on one of the islands of that loch. Many of his faithful clansmen, anxious for the safety of their chief, and no doubt plotting means of enabling him to effect his escape, had followed him all the way from Lorn, and lurked in the neighbourhood of Loch Rannoch, watching for a favourable opportunity to effect their purpose. Two of them appeared before the chief of Clan Donachie one day

¹ "Makfadyane fled, for all his felloun stryff
 On till a cave, within a clyfft of stayne
 Wnde Cragmore, with fyftene is he gayne
 Dunkan off Lorn his leyff at Wallace ast;
 On Makfadyane with worthi me he past
 He grantyt him to put them all to ded:
 Thai left nane quyk, syne brocht Wallace his hed;
 Apon a sper throuch out the feild it bor.
 The Lord Cambell syne hint it by the har;
 Heich in Cragmore he maid it for to stand
 Steild on a stayne for honour off Irland."

—*Henry the Menstrel, Buke Sewynd*, 858-868.

with a bag of apples, which, they said, they brought as a present for their chief, and requested permission to carry them to the island to him. The chief of the Clan Donachie would, however, not hear of such a thing, but promised to forward the apples by two of his own followers. This was accordingly done, and two of the children of Clan Donachie proceeded to the island with the bag, and having arrived there, they fastened their boat to a rock, and carried the apples to MacDougall's prison. The chief opened the bag, took out a handful of the apples and threw them on the floor for the Donachie clansmen. Evidently it was a treat which did not every day fall in their way. So eager was the scramble for the apples that for the moment the prisoner was forgotten. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost by the imprisoned chief,—the door wide open, and the boat—the only one on the island—ready to ferry him across. With a joyful bound, he sprang out at the open door, and before the Donachie clansmen recovered from their astonishment, he was in the boat and quickly rowing for the opposite shore. He landed at a point which still bears his name, and was soon in the midst of his joyful clansmen in his native mountains."

TALES OF THE MACLACHLANS

TALES OF THE MACLACHLANS.

*The MacLachlans of Kilbride—The Killichöan Brownie—The MacLachlans of
Glen-draighinn.*

TALES OF THE MACLACHLANS.

The MacLachlans of Kilbride (Cillebhrìde).

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

KILBRIDE forms part of a narrow valley situated in the parish of Kilmore (*A' Chill-mhòr*) and Kilbride in the district of Mid-Lorne (*Lathurna Meadhonach*). It belonged at one time to a family of MacLachlans, called the MacLachlans of Kilbride. To farming, this family added droving or cattle-dealing, an occupation often followed by Highland gentlemen in former times. They were, however, something more than small landowners and cattle-dealers. They were men of literary and musical tastes, being accomplished historians and bards, and proficient players on several musical instruments. Some of them were connected with the Church in pre-Reformation and post-Reformation times. Others of them were soldiers serving their country in the wars. One of them was John Ciar of Dunollie's mother, and it was through her that the Kilbride estate came into possession of the MacDougalls. John Ciar was the first of the Dunollie (*Dunolla*) family who was buried in Kilbride churchyard, and his arms are engraved on his gravestone, along with part of the MacLachlan arms.

One of the MacLachlans went on a certain occasion to Aberdeenshire (*Siorramachd Aber-ainhain*) to buy cattle. Having met with the Duke of Gordon's family, he fell in love with one of the daughters, and she fell in love with him; but on account of the Duke's exalted position, he was afraid to ask her in marriage. True love, however, disregards distinctions of rank, and so it proved in this case. On an occasion when MacLachlan was in Aberdeenshire pursuing his calling, the Duke's daughter eloped with him, taking with her as servant a man of the name of MacPherson, from whom the Nether Lorne MacPhersons are descended. MacLachlan built a house for her at Gate, in the island of Seil (*Saoil*), in Nether Lorne (*Lathurn' Iochdrach*). When the daughter was missed, there was no little commotion in the Duke's castle. It was not known where she had gone, nor was there the least suspicion that she had run off with the drover. For many years after this, MacLachlan did not go to Aberdeenshire to buy cattle, but he went in other directions, and succeeded so well that he became wealthy. The fruit of his marriage was two pretty boys, with red hair like their mother's. Years after their marriage it occurred to MacLachlan and his wife to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, hoping that all unpleasant feeling would have subsided, and that they would be kindly received. Arrived at the castle, the mother, having directed her boys how to act, sent them into the castle before she and her husband ventured to enter. When the boys, with their red curly hair flowing about their shoulders, came into the presence of the Duke and Duchess, the former scanned them narrowly, then rose from his seat and said, "Wife, wherever our daughter may be, these are her children." The way being thus prepared for them, MacLachlan and his wife entered, and were affectionately received. After spending some time in the castle they returned to Nether Lorne.¹

¹ It may be remarked that there is no pedigree authority for this. Miss MacDougall of Ardincaple, Nether Lorne, says that the Duke of Gordon's daughter was first married to a laird of Ardincaple, and that on his death she married MacLachlan. D.

One of the MacLachlans of Kilbride went to Glencoe (*Gleann-comhann*) to buy cattle. He happened to put up for the night at a house in which a dead body was lying. According to the custom of the Highlands (*A' Ghàidhealtachd*), a number of the young men of the glen were assembled to watch it—in other words, there was a wake in the house. The guests were plentifully supplied with whisky, and the spirit of revelry had scope and play among them. When the night was well advanced, games were set agoing. MacLachlan took note of all that was said and done, and said to himself, “It would be better to be to-night where I was last night. My good genius forsook me when I came to this house.” He knew by the ways of the MacDonalds that they wished to pick a quarrel with him. One of their games was this: A man laid himself on his back on the floor, and he was to be lifted by the ankles. Several of the young men tried to perform the feat. Some of them could not move him at all, others could barely move him. When MacLachlan’s turn came, he lifted him off the floor and flung him over the partition among the cattle in the other end of the house. Immediately upon this he made for the door, and ran off as fast as he could, with the MacDonalds in full chase after him. He did not stop to partake of food or drink till he reached the house of his friend and namesake, MacLachlan of Coruainean in Lochaber, where he was kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained. In due time he returned to Nether Lorne, which he reached without any mishap. He never afterwards went to Glencoe to buy cattle.

At another time one of this family went to Ireland (*Eirin*) on business. During his sojourn in that country he met a young lady, to whom he became warmly attached. The affection being mutual, they were engaged to be married. Shortly after this he returned to the Highlands. When the appointed time had arrived, he went back to Ireland to fulfil his engagement with the young lady. The town at which he landed was much dis-

turbed by a certain champion, who was making himself troublesome by challenging all comers to fight him. He paraded the streets in boxing-gloves, and beating a drum, acting in effect the part of his countryman who trailed his coat behind him at a fair and dared any one to tramp on its tail. He threatened, in the event of no one accepting his challenge, to lay the town under tribute. MacLachlan was much astonished at his conduct, and inquired what it meant. Being informed, he went up to the bully and drove his foot through the drum. On receiving this affront, the bully challenged MacLachlan to fight him. To this MacLachlan had not the least objection. Time and place were fixed for the trial of strength and skill. When they met, MacLachlan, after a few rounds with the fists, dealt his antagonist a blow that felled him to the ground, to rise no more. The people of the town were so delighted with the result of the fight that they prepared a great feast in honour of MacLachlan. Intelligence of his victory over the bully reached his betrothed before he himself arrived at her residence. When he did arrive she refused to marry him, on the ground that he killed a man. MacLachlan had nothing for it but to return home without her, solacing himself as best he could with the reflection that there were as good women as she in his own country.

Sometime in the course of last century, MacLachlan of Kilbride bought cattle from the farmers of Kilmartin (*Cille-mhàrtainn*) and Kilmichael (*Cille-mhìchael*). He did not pay for them when he took them away; but he promised to call and pay for them on his return from Carlisle. The market was very high when he bought them; but by the time that he reached Carlisle it had fallen considerably, and he had to sell the cattle for less than they cost him. On his return, he called on the farmers according to promise, and paid them the price at which he sold the cattle. When he paid the farmers he had only half-a-guinea over, and he determined not to part with it; for Highland drovers considered it unlucky to return home

from a market without some coin in their purses. The innkeeper at Kilmartin, who was a Campbell, and the last of the farmers on whom MacLachlan called, said nothing when he was paid at the same rate as the others, but it was apparent that he was not pleased. There resided at Kilmartin at the time a young man of the name of Stewart—one of the Appin Stewarts—who was married to Campbell's daughter. After MacLachlan left, Campbell and Stewart resolved to follow him, in order to be revenged on him for failing to pay for the cattle the price asked for them. When he was descending the Pass of Kintraw (*Ceanntraig*) he looked behind him, and saw two horsemen, accompanied by a runner, on the top of the brae above him. He knew them to be Campbell and Stewart; but instead of hastening his pace he slackened it, and waited their approach. When they came up to him, he said to them, "What, gentlemen, have I robbed you of, when you pursue me so hard?"

"You have robbed us of plenty; you have, robbed us of your life and of our money," said they.

"Neither my money nor my life shall you get," replied MacLachlan.

Upon this he was attacked by Campbell. Campbell, who was for some time in the army in his youth, was a good swordsman; but MacLachlan was a younger and more vigorous man. After a few passes with the blades, Campbell was wounded, and gave in. Stewart took his place, and was likely to get the better of MacLachlan. Black Sandy MacCrëagan, a kitchen lad, who was brought up in Kilbride House, happened at the time to be coming down a bypath leading to the scene of combat. Perceiving that MacLachlan was hard pressed, he pushed forward with all speed, and stood face to face with Stewart. In a short time he cut off one of Stewart's ears, and said, "Will that satisfy you?"

Stewart replied, "What does that signify?"

MacCrëagan cut off his other ear, and said, "Will that satisfy you?"

Stewart replied, "What does that signify?"

MacCrëagan then gashed his right leg, and said, "Will that satisfy you?"

To which Stewart again replied, "What does that signify?"

Stewart's stubbornness having roused MacLachlan's temper, he said to MacCrëagan, "Send the son of Satan to his proper place."

MacCrëagan struck Stewart in the neck, and severed his head from his body. They spared the life of the runner; but in order that he might not forget the occurrences of the day, they cut off the half of each of his ears.

The last branch of the MacLachlans of Kilbride possessing land in Lorne (*Lathurna*) was the family of Killichöan (*Cille-chòmhan*), near Melford. The last representative of this family was Captain Peter, and the second last was Major John. They were both smart soldiers, and they both served in the American war. The Major was caught by the Indians, and tied by the hair to a tree. While they were preparing a large fire in order to torture him, he made a desperate effort to set himself free, and escaped, leaving his hair on the tree. He returned home to Killichöan—not, apparently, the worse of his hardships; but he was bald, on account of the loss of his hair. The Captain also returned home in good health. He brought with him from America a large Newfoundland dog, that astonished the natives. Having frequent occasion to be in the parish of Kilniver (*Cill-an-ionair*), he used to cross the river Iuächair (*Iuthachair*), when in flood, on the back of the Newfoundland. It was the Captain who sold Killichöan. Both the Major and he died without issue; and thus the family became extinct.

The Killichöan (Cille-chòmhain) Brownie.

KILLICHÖAN, while in possession of the MacLachlans, was haunted by a brownie. Like his fellows elsewhere, he showed great concern for the welfare of the family. This concern was shown in a demonstrative manner on occasions of importance. When members of the family were once going to the army in time of war, the brownie was heard crying and wailing in the waterfall near the house. He came to one of the servants on that occasion and entreated of her to see to it that none of the requisites to the last meal on the table should be omitted. It is said that she omitted salt, and that some of those who went to the war were killed. One of the servants expressed an eager desire to see the brownie. Being, on a certain Sabbath, alone in the house, she happened to go into the men's room. When she opened the door, she saw an old grey-headed man, in kilt and hose, whom she was not aware of having seen before. He was lying in one of the beds, and smiled to her. Remembering what she had heard about the brownie, she got frightened, and fled to the mansion-house. When the other servants came home, she told them what she saw. They said to her, "You deserve it. You have got your wish; you have seen the brownie."

The MacLachlans of Glen-draighinn (Gleann-draighinn).

(Supplied by "D.")

AMONG the objectionable usages that prevailed in the Highlands of old, one was that which gave to the proprietor the right to exact from the widow of a deceased tenant the best horse or the best ox on the farm. This tax on the farmer's resources was always paid reluctantly, and often opposed fiercely. The correctness of these remarks is borne out by the following tale, which I received in Gaelic from Duncan MacIntyre, Oban:—There once died in Ardchattan (*Aird-chattan*) a farmer of the name of MacLachlan, who left a widow and large family. On this estate it was the best horse that was demanded by the laird on occasion of the death of a tenant. This horse was commonly called *An t-each-ursainn*, as the best ox was called *An damh-ursainn* (*i.e.*, the horse or ox near the door); and they were the best, because they were better fed and better attended to than the others in the stable or byre. After the funeral solemnities were over, MacLachlan's widow said to her eldest son, "You had better take the best horse to the laird."

The son answered, "I feel it very hard to part with the horse; but it cannot be helped—the usage must be complied with."

He put a halter on the horse's head, and set off with it to the laird. He met him near his mansion, and said to him, "This is the horse that my mother requested me to bring to you."

"Leave it there," said the laird.

"I will not," answered the man; "take you it by the halter from my hand."

No sooner did the laird take the horse by the halter, than the man dealt

it a blow on the side of the head that laid it dead on the ground. Having by this imprudent act brought upon himself the displeasure of the laird, he found it expedient to leave the country, and seek a place of residence elsewhere. Like Abraham of old, he went out into the world, not knowing whither he went. What direction he took in the beginning of his wanderings we are not informed; but he found his way ultimately to the west side of Morven (*A' Mhorairne*). Fearing that he was not in this place beyond the reach of the laird's long and strong arm, he removed to Glen-draighinn, in Ardnamurchan (*Aird-na-murchan*). This glen runs up into the interior of the country from its northern shore. Feeling quite safe in this sequestered glen, he resolved to settle in it and make it his home. The first object of his solicitude was a house; but where were the appliances to build one? Having learned in his old home how to build a dry-stone wall, necessity, the mother of invention, suggested to him what expedients to have recourse to. He carried on his back in a creel the stones for the building, and he cut in the wood the timber for the roof, dragged it laboriously to the building, and laid its different parts in their places. The turf and thatch to cover the roof were also provided by the labour of his own hands. The energy and industry that thus enabled him to build and fit up a house, served him in good stead in pushing his fortune afterwards. By little and little he succeeded in the course of years in gathering a goodly herd of cattle, and in becoming a man of some account in his district. From this man sprang the MacLachlans of Glen-draighinn, some of whom still reside in the glen. Some of them went south, and rose there to positions of respectability and trust. Highlanders in Glasgow will remember one of them, who was an ardent lover of his native Highlands, of their people, language, and customs, and who was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, shrewdness, strength of character, and independence of spirit.

The narrator says that the incidents in this tale occurred about 1683. D.

TRADITIONS

OF

ALASDAIR MACDONALD

(MACCHOLLA CHIOTAICH)

TRADITIONS OF ALASDAIR MACDONALD
(MACCHOLLA CHIOTAICH.)

*John Campbell, Laird of Braglin—MacDonald and Braglin—Alasdair MacDonald and
the MacDougalls—MacInnes and his Treasure.*

TRADITIONS OF ALASDAIR MACDONALD (MACCHOLLA CHIOTAICH).

John Campbell, Laird of Braglin (Bràighghlinne).

(From the Gaelic of Angus Campbell, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

IN the turbulent times of old, when the rule was, that they should take who had the power, and they should keep who could, there lived a laird of Braglin, who was commonly called "Iain Beag MacIain 'ic Dhòmhnuaill"—*i.e.*, little John, son of John, son of Donald. He was celebrated in his day for his dauntless bravery and fertility in resource, of which the following incidents are notable illustrations: His house having been on one occasion surrounded by a party of soldiers under Alexander MacDonald, Montrose's lieutenant, he made a hole in the roof in order to escape. When he made his appearance on the top of the house MacDonald called out to him, "How would you act towards me if I were similarly situated?" "I would place you," said John, "in the middle of my men, and give you a chance of breaking through them if you could." Whereupon, leaping off the house sword in hand, he bounded backward and forward till he found out the weakest point in the ranks, when he

dashed through them, and made his escape. Twelve of the swiftest and most resolute of MacDonald's men started in pursuit. After running till they were nearly exhausted, John slackened his pace till the foremost of his pursuers was close up to him, when he turned upon him and cut him down. He acted in this manner throughout the pursuit till all were slain except one, whom he allowed to return to his party.

A feud having broken out between John and MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*), the latter attacked him with overwhelming numbers, and compelled him to flee for his life. He took refuge in Ireland (*Eirin*), where he was safe from pursuit. After the lapse of some time he returned to Argyleshire (*Siorramachd Earraghaidheil*), and made his way by night to Braglin. He found his mother at home, and was welcomed by her. Having partaken of food and got the news of the country, he set out for Benderloch (*Meadarloch*), where MacDougall had sent his cattle for greater security. Having found out the password of the shepherds, and thus won their confidence, he took the first opportunity that presented itself of attacking and killing them. He then drove the cattle across Loch Eive (*Loch-éite*): he himself got across by clinging to the bull's tail. When intelligence of this daring exploit had reached MacDougall, he sent a party of men to Braglin to recover the cattle and seize John. Apprised of their coming, he drew up his people, both men and women, on an eminence, disposing them in such a manner that they appeared much more numerous and formidable than they in reality were. In consequence of this, the MacDougalls deemed it prudent to come to terms with him. John and the MacDougalls appear to have lived amicably after this.

The following incident, equally with the above, is characteristic of the man and his times: The English (*Sasunnaich*)¹ who were in the country at the time, and whose conduct it is said was connived at by some of his neighbours, were in quest of John with the design of killing him. Not

¹ The English referred to are supposed to have been a party of Cromwell's men.

knowing him by sight, they inquired about him of such persons as they met. While they were thus employed, who should meet them but John himself? They asked him if he knew John Beag. He answered that he did, and that if they would go with him and help him to split a tree, he would undertake to give them him by the hand. They accompanied him. John had partially split the tree by driving wedges into it. He now asked the strangers to pull it asunder. While they were endeavouring to do so, John managed adroitly to remove the wedges, so that they were caught by the fingers. He then told them who he was; and having taken the sword of one of them, he cut off the heads of all of them except one, whom he spared that he might, after going home, relate what had occurred.

The laird of Braglin was buried in the churchyard of Kilbride (*Cille-bhrìde*), where his curiously carved gravestone is still to be seen.

The first incident in this tale must have occurred between 1645 and 1647, and the last between 1651 and 1658. The date of the intermediate incident cannot be determined.

P.S.—Braglin is situated at the head of Loch Scamadale (*Sgamadal*), and is about eight miles in a direction to the south-east of Oban. D.

Alexander MacDonald, alias Alasdair MacCholla, and John Campbell of Braglin (Bràighghlinne), alias Iain Beag MacIain 'ic Dhòmhnuill.

(From the Gaelic of William Campbell White, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

COLLA CHIOTAICH (*i.e.*, left-handed Coll) was a prisoner in Dunstaffnage (*Dunstaidhinnis*) Castle, and was hanged at a place called Tom-a-Chrochaidh, between Connel (*A' Chonail*) and Dunstaffnage. The country road now passes through the place. Coll had a son called Alasdair MacCholla. In his youth, this Alasdair lived for some time with the laird of Acha-nam-breac—*Anglicè*, Auchinbreak. On a certain day he went to the hill to cut brackens. He was alone, and under the impression that he was unobserved. While cutting the tops of the brackens with a hook, he would say the one time, "If you were a Campbell, I would treat you in that manner!" and the other time, "If you were a Campbell, I would treat you in this manner!" He was thus employed, when he perceived that he was observed by some persons from behind a hillock near him. Fearing that his words were heard, and would be reported to Auchinbreak, he took to flight, and went over to Ireland. He eventually raised a strong body of men, and crossed with them to the Highlands of Scotland, which he ravished with fire and sword. On a certain occasion, he was with his men crossing a moor above Kilmichael Glassary (*Cillemhìcheil Ghlasairidh*), in Argyleshire. In the moor there was a lake called Loch-leathan, and a castle, fragments of which are still to be seen. When they were passing the castle (early in the morning of May-day), there was shot from it an arrow that killed one of the men. Alasdair turned round and looked at him, without showing the least concern for his fate. He called to his men

to move on, and that he would follow them. As they went marching along they met John Campbell of Braglin, who was alone, but armed. Alasdair and John recognised each other, and John was made prisoner. Alasdair then said to John, "How would you treat me, little John, were you with your men to meet me alone, as you have been met to-day?" "I would," said John, "make a circle of my men, and place you in the centre of it; and, on my word of honour, I would allow you to escape if you could break through either on my right hand or on my left." "On my word of honour," said Alasdair to John, "I will treat you to-day in a similar manner." Looking round the circle, John drew his sword, cleared a passage for himself, and got off scathless. Whereupon Alasdair said to John, "Little John, you have got free to-day; but we shall meet again." The two heroes had more than once before tried each other's mettle. Through fear of Alasdair and his men, John was for some time after this in the habit of passing the night in the moor. It so happened that he was one evening detained in Braglin House longer than usual, waiting for his supper, which consisted of mashed potatoes and milk. Losing patience, he said to the servant who was preparing the supper, "The potatoes are mashed enough; bring them to me, lest Alasdair MacCholla and his men come upon me if I wait longer for them." The servant answered, "If Alasdair MacCholla's head were as mashed as the potatoes, you might remain in your house to-night." "You have spoken wickedly, you senseless woman!" said John; "it would be a great pity that so brave a man's head should be as mashed as that." Alasdair, who had in the meantime surrounded the house with his men, and heard at the window the conversation that had taken place between John and the servant, cried out, "On account of your generous words, little John, I and my men will depart from your house to-night and do you no harm."¹

¹ The incidents in this tale are to be referred to 1645-1647.

Alasdair MacDonald and the MacDougalls.

(COMMONLY CALLED "ALASDAIR MACCHOLLA.")

(From the Gaelic of John Clerke, Kilbride. Supplied by "D.")

WHEN Alasdair MacDonald had left Ederline (*Eadar-linn*), after having fought a successful battle with big Sachary MacCallum of Poltalloch, he marched northwards, went round the head of Loch Melfort (*Meil-art*), and called at Ardanstuir (*Aird-an-stuir*), the residence of the Campbells of Melfort. Melfort was then absent with most of his men. When it was known that MacDonald was coming, Mrs Campbell prepared a sumptuous feast for him, which she placed in proper form on a table. Having done this, she and her household fled to the woods, leaving the door of the house open. When MacDonald arrived, he was agreeably surprised to find his wants so bountifully provided for, and partook heartily of the viands on the table. He was so pleased with the courtesy shown him that he gave strict orders that no injury should be done to anything belonging to the Melfort family. When he was on the top of the hill above the house he happened to look back, and saw that the house was on fire. When his men came up he called out, "Which of you has dared to commit this act contrary to my orders?" Inquiry having been made, the criminal was found out, and sentenced to be hanged on the first tree that they should meet.

This episode over, they resumed their march, crossed the hill at a place called Doire-nan-cliabh, and descended on Ardmaddy (*Aird-mhadadh*), passing the night with John Maol Macdougall. Next morning they left Ardmaddy, marched through Glenrisdale (*Gleann-rìosdail*),

and came down upon Raray (*Radharan*). When they came in sight of Gleniuächair (*Gleann-iuthachair*), MacDonald ordered the pipers to play, "*A'mhnathan a' Ghlinne so's mithich dhuibh éiridh*"—i. e., Women of this glen, it is time for you to rise. When he had reached Laganmòr, he was met by John Campbell of Braglin (*Bràighghlinne*), and his nephew, the Baron of Dunach (*Dunathach*), with their men. MacDonald and Campbell attacked each other with their swords. Campbell was getting the better of MacDonald, when a Macdougall follower of the latter came behind the former and struck him about the legs, which compelled him to give in. Thrusting his sword into its scabbard, MacDonald said to John, "It is a pity that you are a Campbell." These two men appear to have entertained a genuine respect and regard for each other; and they showed on more than one occasion a generosity of feeling towards each other that is seldom to be met with among opponents in time of civil war. And yet the same men could commit the most barbarous atrocities. Macdougall, fearing the consequences of his act, took to his heels. In his flight he met a herd keeping cattle, and said to him, "Give me your coat and bonnet, and I will give you my hat and cloak." The herd agreed to the exchange. It was no sooner made than the Baron of Dunach came where they were, and mistaking the herd for Macdougall, cut his head off. After the battle, MacDonald marched through Laganmòr. Having heard that some women and children were hidden in a barn, he ordered it to be set on fire. The consequence was, that all in the barn were burned, except one woman, who succeeded in breaking through the roof. She was allowed to escape. On the night of the battle she gave birth to twins in the wood of *Fearrnagan*, near *Sabhal nan Cnàmh*. When, about ten years ago, the farmer of Laganmòr was digging the foundation of the barn for stones, he came upon a large quantity of bones.

MacInnes and his Treasure.¹

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall of Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

ON the farm of Airdeorain, on the west side of Loch-faochan, and opposite Cnìopach mòr, there is a jutting promontory, called the promontory of MacInnes's House (*Rudha-tigh-Mhic-Aonghais*). On this promontory are to be seen the ruins of a house, called the ruins of MacInnes's house. This MacInnes lived during the period of the civil war carried on under the generalship of the Marquess of Montrose. He was possessed of considerable wealth, amounting to a foal's skinful of gold and silver coins. When Alasdair MacDonald, commonly called in the Highlands Alasdair MacCholla, came to Argyleshire (*Earraghàidheal*), ravaging, burning, and slaying, MacInnes bethought him of hiding his money, that it might not fall into MacDonald's hands. He said one day to his big son that they would take the skin with the money in their boat across to Cnìopach, and hide it in one of the caves or holes that abound in that rugged place. Before leaving the house he directed his wife to put a light in the window: for the distinguishing mark he wished to have of the spot where his money was to be hid was, that it should be in a direct line with the light in the window. On their way back from Cnìopach, the evil thought arose in his mind that his son might steal the money, and that he would be reduced to poverty. With this thought agitating and maddening him, he attacked his son and killed him, and cast him into the loch. When he reached home, his wife was surprised to find that her son did not return with him. She questioned him sharply about the lad, but failed to get satisfaction. The purport of the dialogue that took place between them is given in the following song:

¹ The incidents in this tale are to be referred to 1645-1647.

Ise. Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh do'n bheinn,
 Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh do'n bheinn,
 Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh do'n bheinn,
 'S cha d'thàin'e dhachaidh.

Esan. A bhean dhona gun chéill,
 A bhean dhona gun chéill,
 A bhean dhona gun chéill,
 Cum do bhréid's do cheap ort.

Ise. 'S e mo Dhonnchadh a bh'ann,
 'S e mo Dhonnchadh a bh'ann,
 'S e mo Dhonnchadh a bh'ann,
 'S e mo chall mar thachair.

Esan. Tha 'chasan ri allt,
 Tha 'chasan ri allt,
 Tha 'chasan ri allt,
 'S tha 'cheann ri taice.

Ise. Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh," &c.

Translation.

She. My Duncan has gone to the hill,
 My Duncan has gone to the hill,
 My Duncan has gone to the hill,
 And has not come home.

He. Thou bad woman, without sense,
 Thou bad woman, without sense,
 Thou bad woman, without sense,
 Keep thy marriage badge and cap on thee.

She. He was my Duncan,
 He was my Duncan,
 He was my Duncan,
 What has happened is my loss.

He. His feet are to a burn,
 His feet are to a burn,
 His feet are to a burn,
 And his head leans on a support.

She. My Duncan has gone to the hill," &c.

Alasdair MacDonalld having come the way, he forced MacInnes to join his ranks. MacInnes went afterwards to Ireland (*Eirin*), and was taken prisoner there. He never returned to Airdeorain, or sent for his treasure. He revealed to certain persons in Ireland, before his death, where it was to be found; but these never came over to search for it. Many spent some time searching for it. It was prophesied that the treasure would yet be found, and that one of those engaged in finding it would lose his life, since a life was lost when it was hid. It is said that a herd-boy in Ballino (*Baile-nodha*) once saw a number of coins somewhere under Cnìopach rock; but instead of taking them away with him, he ran home to tell about them. Some of the people of the farm went with the boy for the coins, but he could not find the spot where he saw them. In the long winter nights, when people used to gather in each other's houses (*Dol air Chéilidh*), the old men in Glenfaochan (*Gleann-faochann*) often told the youth that the treasure was guarded by a large serpent.

Note.—The belief in hidden treasure was once common in the Highlands. The writer of this tale knew several persons whose success in life was attributed to their finding hidden treasure.

D.

KINTYRE TALES

KINTYRE TALES.

*Legends of St Coivin—The Atholl Raid upon Cowall—Kintyre Traditions of Montrose's Wars—
The MacGregors—Mr Cunieson—Legends of the Mull of Kintyre—Dunaverty—Note.*

KINTYRE TALES.

Legends of St Coivin.

ST COIVIN, to whom the Church of Kilkerran (*Cille-chiarain*) is dedicated, is said to have allowed men who were not pleased with their wives to separate from them and make a second choice once a-year in the following manner: At midnight a number of men and women were blindfolded, and started on a race promiscuously three times round the church, and at the moment they had finished, the Saint cried "Seize!" whereupon every man laid hold of a woman, who became his wife for a year, after which he could again try his lot.

The following story is related of St Coivin:—

A fair lady called Cathleen, descended of an illustrious race, and possessed of rich demesnes, having heard of the fame of St Coivin, who was at the time a youth, went to hear him preach, and fell in love with him. Tradition says, it was his intention to have built an abbey in a valley, but that the visits of Cathleen induced him to remove to a retreat where he might be freed from her interruptions, and he decided on Glendaloch;¹ but just when he had established himself there, and supposed

¹ In the churchyard there are some very old gravestones ornamented with figures of two-

himself at rest for the remainder of his mortal career, the beautiful maid renewed her visits. Determined to avoid the temptations of her beauty and fidelity, and to spare her tender feelings, the Saint withdrew to the cave over the lake. Day after day Cathleen visited the wonted haunts of her beloved St Coivin, but he was nowhere to be found. One morning, however, as the disconsolate fair maid was walking along a path, St Coivin's favourite dog met her, fawned upon her, and turning, swiftly led the way to his master's abode. Here, then, follows the most uncharitable part of St Coivin's conduct; for awakening and seeing a lady leaning over him, although there was heaven in her eye, he hurled her from the rock. The next morning, says one traditionary historian, the unfortunate maid, whose unceasing affection seems to have merited a better fate, was seen for a moment on the margin of the lake wringing her flowing locks, but was never heard of more.

handed swords, and dogs chasing deer. The ancient M^cWilliams of Kintyre bury their dead here, and the ancient Kellys of Macrehanish (*Machaire-thanais*) have a large walled-in tomb in the middle of the yard.

The Atholl Raid upon Cowall.

(By the Rev. Peter Thomson, of Southend, Kintyre.)

THERE is one tradition that I remember hearing about with regard to the last Atholl raid made upon the district Cowall (*Còmhal*).

The story is, that the Atholl men had come down upon the Glendaruel (*Gleann-da-ruadhail*) portion of the district; and after having placed some of their number in such quarters as would prevent the inhabitants from getting assistance, began to take the enjoyment of a few days in the Glen. One of the amusements engaged in was arrow-shooting, with which no person interfered, as no one could. However, among the inhabitants was a man well fit to be of use for such an emergency. He was a man of extraordinary strength, and of as extraordinary power in making use of it—a splendid swordsman, a persuasive speaker, and cunning to a degree. His name was Malcolm Whyte (*Calum Mór* or Big Malcolm). He thought of trying his skill upon the strangers, and came along on pretence of looking on. He was asked to try a shot, but refused by saying that he was a great carcass, who was all his days fit for nothing. He suffered himself at last to be persuaded, but took great care never to strike the target, while he was all the same practising with all his might.

By his apparent want of success, he made himself an object of ridicule, and made himself the servant of all the rest by saying that he was good for nothing else at any rate. At last he considered himself thoroughly proficient; and on one occasion, when every arrow was out, he went as usual to gather them, and after getting himself into as advantageous a position as possible, he took down every man with his own arrow.

Whatever few remained of the freebooters fled, and were pursued, and

one only was supposed to have escaped. He made his way for Perthshire (*Siorramachd Pheairt*), and reached the ferry at Loch Long to get across. The ferryman took him into his boat, and began to row him to the other side of the loch; but after a while his dialect showed him to be a native of Perthshire, and his appearance¹ convinced the other that he was an Atholl man; and the ferryman, supposing a man who was brought up so far inland must be unable to swim, overturned his boat at a short distance from the shore, and the passenger went to the bottom. So, as it was said, came to grief the last predatory adventure of the Atholl men upon Cowall. It is a fact that there was such a man as Malcolm Whyte. His descendants are about Kilfinan, and I think he is buried in Glendaruel graveyard.

Kintyre Traditions of Montrose's Wars.

(Supplied by N. M. K. Robertson, Esq.)

SIR ALEXANDER MACDONALD, young Colkitto, distinguished himself under Montrose at the battles of Tippermuir, Inverlochy (*Ionarlochaidh*), Auldearn, and Kilsyth, as Major-General to that illustrious commander.

Argyll called over his cousin Campbell of Auchinbreck (*Acha-nam-breac*), an experienced soldier, from his duty in Ireland, to take a high command in the Covenanting army. Inverlochy was one of the most important victories which Montrose ever gained, and also one of the most important in its political consequences, for it occasioned such a reflux of hope in the breast of the king that he immediately afterwards saw fit to break off a

¹ This refers to his garb.

treaty which the previous gloom of his affairs had induced him to enter into with his insurgent Parliament, and once more to declare for war,—the result of which was that 1500 were slain of the losing party—full one half of their whole number. Three individual soldiers in Montrose's army slew 60 men in battle with their own hands. George MacAlister killed 21; Robertson, a blacksmith from Atholl (*Adholl*), 19; and MacCholla 20. MacCholla said, "*S truagh nach bu cheàird gu leir fir Adhoill an duigh*"—*i.e.*, It is a pity that all the Atholl men were not blacksmiths to-day. It may be mentioned, as a well-remembered peculiarity of MacCholla in particular, that he never required to strike an enemy twice. He always fought with an immense two-handed sword, and such were the skill and strength with which he wielded his weapon, that one blow was quite sufficient to bring down any ordinary man. It may even be recorded that there is one instance known by Highland tradition of his favouring an enemy with a second stroke, and that was at this very battle, in the case of a peculiarly strong MacGregor, who had happened to espouse the Argyll interest. If one stroke, however, failed in this particular case, tradition has been careful to observe that the second proved far more than sufficient.

Another anecdote has been preserved by Highland tradition regarding the famous Alasdair MacCholla, which is valuable as strongly characteristic of the man and of the sort of society to which he belonged. MacCholla had been originally induced to command the Earl of Antrim's men in Scotland, mainly by a desire of avenging by their means certain injuries which his family had sustained at the hands of the Campbells. The feeling of hostility which he bore to that tribe had been rather increased than diminished since his arrival in Scotland; for, to mark their indignation at his conduct under Montrose, a party of them had seized his nurse at her house in the West Highlands, and with peculiar barbarity cut off one of her breasts, telling her that such was no more than she deserved for having suckled so infamous a traitor. By their means his

father, Col, and two junior brothers had been arrested—to be delivered up to the mercy of the Scottish Estates. It seems to have been under the influence of an intense feeling of revenge consequent upon these atrocities that he charged with such enthusiasm and fought with such deadly effect on the day of Inverlochy; and it will be seen, from a deed which he committed after the heat of the battle was passed, which remains to be recorded, that this dreadful passion was not stilled in his bosom by all the carnage he had that day achieved and witnessed. Soon after the close of the fight, a party of men who had pursued the chase, brought up before the general a prisoner of no less distinction than Campbell of Auchinbreck (*Acha-nam-breac*), the experienced old soldier whom Argyll had called over from Ireland to take part in the war, and to whom he had that day committed the command of his men when he himself retired on board the galley in Loch Eil (*Loch-iall*). This unfortunate gentleman, on being brought into the presence of MacCholla thought proper to address him in a soothing strain, and mentioned in particular the degree of relationship in which they stood in regard to each other, hoping, it would appear, by leading the conversation into that channel, always so agreeable to a Highlander, to divert his captor's thoughts from any recollection of their former differences, and, as a matter of course, to procure better treatment from him in his unhappy circumstances. MacCholla, who at once saw his drift, and resolved not to be carried away by it, replied to Auchinbreck's genealogical references, "that if they had time he doubted not they might find a great deal to say on that subject, and to some purpose too. In the meantime," he added, "as I know you to be a gentleman both by family and possession—*tighearna*, landlord or proprietor, of Auchinbreck in Scotland, and of Dunluce in Ireland—I mean to confer a compliment upon you." Auchinbreck uttered a profusion of acknowledgments, and eagerly inquired in what that compliment was to consist.

"*Co dhiù's fearr leat d'fheannadh no do cheann a chur dhiot?*" ("Which of the two will you prefer—to be flayed, or to have your head cut off?")

“Alas!” answered the unfortunate Campbell, “*A dhà dhiù gun aon roghainn*” (two bads without a choice), a saying which has continued ever since proverbial in the Highlands. The words were scarcely uttered when Alasdair MacCholla, with one sweep of his huge sword, sheared off the whole of his prisoner’s head above the ears, and Auchinbreck lay a lifeless corpse upon the ground. It is invariably added by tradition that he had, by his previous conduct towards MacCholla, justified this violent and dreadful act of revenge, so far as such an act may be esteemed capable of justification. Among the killed at the battle were Campbell of Lochnell (*Loch-nan-eala*), his eldest son, and his brother Colin, the laird of Carradale (*Carradal*); the young laird of Glensaddel (*Gleann-sathadal*) was taken prisoner. Before the battle of Kilsyth, MacCholla had been absent two months on his recruiting expedition, and had missed one battle (Alford); but when he did come, it was with such an accession of forces as fully compensated all the time and trouble they had cost him, as well as his non-enjoyment of the battle of Alford. He brought with him no fewer than 700 MacLeans from Argyleshire and the Western Isles—men, it is true, who had not before been in action, but who, perhaps, made up for that by the ferocious hatred which they bore to the Campbells, and, by consequence, to all their political allies. He had also mustered once more the whole of Clanranald (*Clann Raonuill*), to the number of 500 men, at the head of whom was the great warrior John Muideartach, so well remembered at this day in the Highlands (*A’ Ghàidh-ealtachd*) for his warlike exploits. The Atholl Highlanders came in full force, under the immediate command of Colonel Patrick Graham of Inchbraikie (*Innis-bhraca*), Montrose’s cousin, as also the MacGregors and MacNabs, the Steuarts of Appin, the Farquharsons of Braemar (*Braigh-mhàrr*), and many others of smaller number and inferior note. At Bothwell, 3d September 1645, Sir R. Spottiswood arrived with an extended royal commission to Montrose.

When the ceremony was over he made a short speech to the army, and immediately took advantage of the new powers with which he was

vested to knight Alasdair MacDonald, the favourite hero of at least the Highland part of his forces.

The Scottish leaders at Berwick had now resolved, as a desperate effort for rescuing their country, to bring down from England the whole of the powerful body of horse which had been so effective at the battle of Longmarston Moor, calculating with that force, so well qualified as it was to compete with his nimble and desultory bands, at length to procure the victory which so many armies of militia and even of disciplined infantry had already fought for in vain. At the head of this body was General David Leslie, a kinsman of the old Earl of Leven, who was now rising fast into favour with the Covenanters, and who had, by his superior conduct at the great fight just mentioned, almost succeeded at once to the whole glory of his venerable relation. Leslie, on the 1st September, reached Berwick with an army of cavalry numbering not much less than 6000, and defeated Montrose at Philiphaugh, 13th September 1645. Unfortunately, at that time he was deserted by a great number of his old forces, instead of being joined by any new. Three thousand of his Highlanders, partly from Atholl and partly from Argyle and the districts adjacent, at once left his camp under the conduct of Sir Alexander Macdonald; the men induced by a desire of providing winter quarters and food for their families, many of whom had been rendered destitute and houseless by the enemy—while MacCholla was inspired with a wish of revenging upon the Campbells the treachery and cruelty with which they had treated his friends in the Western Islands. The Earl of Aboyne, moreover, took this opportunity to go northward with his followers in order to convoy his father from his place of concealment in Sutherland to Montrose's camp.

NOTE.—Colonel Graham of Inchbraikie was denominated Patrick Dubh (Black Peter). Inchbraikie and several others took down the head of Montrose from where it was stuck on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh (*Dun-éideann*), amid the thundering of cannon from the Castle and the sounding of trumpets, and put the coronet on it, and laid it in the coffin with the body.

The MacGregors.

(Supplied by N. M. K. Robertson.)

THE sept of MacGregor claim a descent from Gregor, or Gregorius, third son of Alpin, King of Scots, who flourished 787; hence their original patronymic is MacAlpin, and they are usually termed the Clan Alpin. They are regarded as one of the most ancient clans in the Highlands, and it is certain they were a people of original Celtic descent, and occupied at one period very extensive possessions in Perthshire and Argyleshire (*Siorramachd Pheairt agus siorramachd Earraghàidheil*), which they imprudently continued to hold by the right of the sword. Their neighbours, the Earls of Argyll and Breadalbane (*Braid-albainn*), managed to have the lands occupied by the MacGregors engrossed in their charters, which they easily obtained from the Crown, and thus gradually extended their domains. Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow (*Lochodha*), known by the name of Donnchadh Dubh a Churraichd—that is, “Black Duncan with the Cowl” (it being his pleasure to wear such a head-gear)—is said to have been peculiarly successful against the Clan Gregor. Their bards have ascribed the attachment of the MacGregors to the Stewart family to their native respect for the crown of Scotland, which their ancestors once wore, and have appealed to their armorial bearings, which display, as proof of this, a pine-tree crossed saltire-wise with a naked sword, the point of which supports a royal crown. According to their place of residence and immediate descent, the several families were led and directed by chieftains, a title which, in the Highland acceptance, signifies the head of a particular branch of a tribe, in contradistinction to the chief, who is the father, leader, and commander and representative of the whole name.

Mr Cunieson.

(The following traditional anecdotes the late Rev. D. Kelly heard of this excellent clergyman from William Watson, farmer, Cleanagart (Claonaghart), one of the elders of Killean (Cilleathain), whose forefathers settled there in 1592; and whose father, Robert Watson, died in 1820, aged eighty-four, while his grandfather lived till he was eighty-six.)

DURING the persecution, when Mr Cunieson dwelt in solitude in the beautiful but dreary glen of Strathduie (*Strathdhubhaidh*), a *duin-uasal* (gentleman) of the Bonnadhbeags¹ came to see him. The miserable dwelling which he occupied possessed neither window nor chimney; and being badly annoyed with smoke, the *duin-uasal* and the minister retired from the house to rest themselves on a bank opposite the hut, before dinner, while a few trouts which the minister had procured for their repast were being made ready. He told his friend upon his return to Atholl to acquaint his relations that the Rev. John Cunieson, minister of Killean (*Cilleathain*), had only one aperture for egress and ingress to his house, and for the smoke to escape, and the light to illuminate his table when Providence provided him with a dinner. It may have been some of the Bonnadhbeags who suggested his going to Arran (*Arrainn*) to crave his stipend, on seeing his miserable condition, and on account of the Duke of Hamilton's sister being married to their countryman.

Upon another occasion, while Mr Cunieson dwelt at Begvail (*Beagbhail*), in Strathduie, he went away to Arnikill (*Airnicill*?) Loch to fish, and upon his return home he found his wife burdened with the company of a sturdy

¹ The Bonnadhbeags were men who, according to the tradition, overran Kintyre during the persecution, and must of course have been Atholl men.

beggar, who wanted a night's lodgings; and as the worthy man, though he had the heart, yet wanted the ability to entertain even a beggar, he told him that in his present circumstances he could not afford either to accommodate him with food or with a bed, and told him to provide lodgings for himself. The sturdy beggar pleaded as an apology that he was too late to get lodgings, and the honest man's sympathy got the better of his poverty, and, however inconvenienced, he agreed at last that he might remain. After family worship, a practice never forgotten in these old times, the minister observed that the sturdy beggar was going to repose without committing his soul to God, whereupon he began to remonstrate with him upon the impropriety and impiety of his conduct; but instead of manifesting gratitude for his worthy landlord's hospitality, the sturdy beggar returned his generosity with abusive language, upon which the minister's religious zeal got the better of his hospitality, and he took the man by the neck and turned him out of the hut as a wretch who neither worshipped God nor regarded man. It appeared that the sturdy beggar, though badly clothed, was a remarkably powerful fellow; and though Mr Cunieson was also distinguished for his physical strength and vigour, yet he confessed that he never had a harder struggle than to get the better of the itinerant. At last he got him down, and clapt a knee upon his breast, and insisted upon his repeating a prayer before he would allow him to move. The man declared he never prayed in his life, and could not pray; and, mortified with his discomfiture, said that there was not a man in Scotland that could lay him on his back but Mr John Cunieson from Atholl, a countryman of his own. To the Bonnahbeag's great amazement Mr Cunieson replied, "I am the man. Before I allow you to rise you must repeat what I dictate to you. Say 'God be merciful to me a sinner,'" which the Atholl Highlander faithfully repeated. He was then accommodated with a bed, and treated as well as the circumstances of the worthy clergyman would admit of; and as Mr Cunieson was a man of warm and active benevolence, he procured a small

farm for the Bonnadhbeag in the house of Kintyre, and in the course of time the sturdy beggar became one of the most respectable elders of his kirk-session; and tradition says that his descendants are still in Kintyre, though the late Rev. Donald Kelly of Southend (*An Ceann-siar*) was unable to ascertain their names or residences.

Upon another occasion, when Mr Cunieson was preaching in the church of Kilchenzie (*Cille-Choinnidh*)—which is now a ruin left in solitude and silence, but which retains in its dismantled state the appearance of having been a chapel of the faith which prevailed before the Reformation—and earnestly exhorting his people against the crime of theft, which, however, seemed to be a very venial fault in those days, and while elucidating his subject, he happened to say in the course of his observations, “Let all thieves cast from them stolen goods.” A certain person was in the church, who seemed to relish his neighbour’s mutton more than his own, and who had concealed under his plaid a shoulder of fat wedder, which he intended to dress for his dinner, after his return home. This man thought the minister’s sermon so personal as to be aimed at himself; and before the whole congregation he took out the piece from below his plaid, and solemnly declared that he never stole anything from a poor man, but a wealthy neighbour who could well afford it.

Legends of the Mull of Kintyre (Maol Chinntire).

(The following traditions are supplied by Dugald M'Intyre.)

RATHER more than a century ago a large ship was wrecked below the house of Aonan Gaoith, which stands about three hundred yards above the sea. She was laden with rum, and as she broke up, the shore was soon strewn with the casks. Many were smashed on the rocks, but some were not at all damaged. On that same night the farmer's wife gave birth to a child—a boy; and she, hearing of the shipwreck, rose and took the water-stoups, which would hold about two gallons each, went down to the shore, knocked in the head of a cask, and took up two gangs, or about eight gallons. Many years after this shipwreck a farmer came from Glenbreckrie (*Gleann-bhreacairidh*) to cut rushes at Aonan Gaoith, to make ropes for fastening his cattle. He tethered his horse, and was proceeding to business, when the goodwife of the house came out and gave him a good piece of her mind for tethering his horse so near her door. The farmer went out of sight of her house without more ado, but in driving his tether-pin, it suddenly struck something which gave out a hollow sound. Tearing up the peat, he saw it was a cask. He marked the spot, cut his rushes, and went home. When night set in he returned, got his cask out, and when broached, he found it to contain rum of a superior quality, no doubt hidden at night and never found again. But to return to the shipwreck. The child born on that eventful night was called "Deorsa an Rum" (Rum George), and his descendants were known as the "Rums" to the third generation. I am not aware that the shipwreck was attended with loss of life, but all the sailors were almost dead from exhaustion. There was a negro amongst them who was a very powerful

man, and him the sailors bade carry a large leathern bag up the brae to Aonan Gaoith. Some of the country people seeing this, judged at once it contained treasure. They followed him, and when he was passing near the verge of a cliff, they eased him of his burden and threw him over. The bag was found to contain gold, and it is said that they divided it with a milk-pail, so many pailfuls each. It was remarked that all of them who were engaged in this miserable affair never did any good, but died drunkards.

About the time, or rather before the incident narrated above, there lived a dumb vagrant, who used to travel between Ballygroggan (*Baile-ghrogain*) and Carskey (*Cathairsgiath*). He got from one night to a week's lodging in each house. He was for years getting his livelihood in this manner, but suddenly he went amissing. Inquiry was made everywhere, but no trace of him past Bailè Mhic Bhiocair could be made out. It appears that his intention was to visit Bailè Mhic Gomery; the distance between it and where he went amissing was about three miles; and the ground between the two farms was very rocky and dangerous, high precipices rising at intervals along the whole road, while the celebrated pass of the Goinean had to be crossed. It was therefore at once concluded that he had fallen over somewhere. Every creek and cranny was searched, but without success. No trace of the "Dummy" could be found. The farmer (crofter) at Bailè Mhic Gomery denied having seen or heard of him. There was a gentleman at Ballygroggan who had a breed of dogs famous for finding dead carcasses. When Lauchlan Dubh (Black Lauchlan) heard of the mysterious disappearance of the Dummy, he collected together as many of his acquaintances as he thought would suffice, and with them and his dogs he started on a search expedition. For a long time the search proved unsuccessful, but at last the dogs drew on something along the sea-shore. On following, Lauchlan Dubh found they

had entered a cave, inaccessible save at low water. On entering it they found the Dummy's body, stabbed. He at once suspected the farmer at Bailè Mhic Gomery to be the guilty party. He proceeded to the farm, and found the farmer at home. He ordered the man to accompany him, at the same time charging him with the crime, which he denied, of course, but accompanied Lauchlan in order to prove his innocence. On their coming to the Goinnean pass, Lauchlan told him he had no doubt he was the murderer; but, said he, "I will give you a chance for your life. I know you can beat all my men in running. Now run, leave the country, and never show face here again as you value your life." But this he refused to do, again declaring his innocence. He was brought to Campbeltown (*Ceannloch*) and tried. He was found guilty through the evidence of a man who was with him at the time of the murder. It appears that the Dummy had come late at night to Bailè Mhic Gomery, and seeing a light in an out-house, discovered the farmer and another man skinning a cow, which the Dummy at once recognised as one belonging to a neighbouring farmer. He offered the Dummy money to keep silent, but this he refused. "Well," said he, "if you'll not take that, you'll take this," at the same time dealing him a stab with his dirk. He was sentenced to death, and suffered for his crime on Gallow-hill near Campbeltown.

Near Aonan an Dunain, a shepherd, by name John Tait, in wandering among the rocks looking for his sheep, came across a queer bield¹ below a rock. On opening it, he found it contained money. There was a good lot of it, so he thought his best plan was to go to the farm and borrow a bag. He went, and when asked what he wanted with a bag, he answered simply enough that he had found some money. The man at the farm, as soon as he heard this, began to plan how he could secure the money.

¹ A shelter such as a bothy of turf.

"Beneath the random *bield* of clod or stane."—*Burns*.

While in this state of mind he came across the skin of a black cow with the head and feet still on it. Off he set after Tait. As soon as he saw him stop and begin to fill his bag, he covered himself with the skin, and jumped up, roaring out in the deepest voice he could, "Leave that alone; it belongs to me." Tait turned, and when he saw the frightful apparition, he concluded it was the devil. With one wild yell he fled. The frightful apparition quietly picked up the money and went his way.

The Dragon of Kildaloig.—On the estate of Kildaloig (*Cill-dalaig*), there is a small conical hill, and near the top of it there is a circle going right round it. This circle is about two yards broad, and perhaps thirty yards long. The following tradition is told about it: Once upon a time this circle was the lair of a huge serpent which devoured sheep and cattle in immense quantities. This state of things continued for some time. At last a deliverer arose. A man engaged to fight the serpent on condition that a barn, which stood where the shipbuilding-yard now is,¹ should be placed at his disposal. The barn was at once given him. Causing a quantity of hay to be placed in it, he rode off to do battle with the serpent. On arriving at the mound he found the serpent asleep. Riding up to it, he dealt it a tremendous blow with his sword. Although terribly wounded, the beast followed hard after him. On coming to the shore, he plunged his horse into the sea and swam him across the loch. By the time he reached the other side the beast was close on his heels. Riding into the barn by one door, he rapidly rode out at the other, shutting it immediately behind him. Round he rode to the one which the dragon had entered by, and had the satisfaction of seeing the serpent's tail disappearing into the barn, and they had the monster fast. They then set fire to the barn, and burned the dragon to death.

¹ Campbeltown Loch.

Some two hundred yards from the Largiebaan (*An Leargaidh bhàn*) caves there is a large rock washed by the sea, with some building on it. According to tradition, this hill of old was the residence of a giant, who lived by hunting and fishing. About two miles to the north, at Aonan More, there lived another called Gille Dhubh (*An gille dubh*). This giant became enamoured of the Greenan giant's wife. So, watching his chance until he got him absent on a fishing expedition, he set off to see if he could persuade her to elope with him. He used all the flattery he could command; but that which seemed to have most weight with her was his assuring her that she would get "shell-fish in plenty on the bonny shores of the Aonan." So intent was he in pressing his suit that he took no heed of time. Happening to look seaward, what was his astonishment to see the enraged husband returning, and almost within a (giant's) bowshot of him, at the top of his speed! Off set the enamoured swain; but just when going over the hill, an arrow—sent after him by the jealous husband—overtook him, piercing him to the heart. The place where he fell is still called Bealach a' Ghille Dhuibh.

Dunaverty (*Dunàbhartaìdh*).

ALASDAIR MACCHOLLA (whose name is better remembered in Kintyre (*Cinntìre*) than that of Montrose, his chief), tradition says, arrived on his march to Kintyre at a hamlet composed of a mill, a smithy, and a few huts, fired and shot the chief of the M'Corkendales (*Clann-Mhic-Corcadail*), and at the same time asked what was the name of the place. On being informed that it was called Gocam-Gò, he became startled when he heard it mentioned, and was seized with a singular impression of gloom

and deep foreboding. It would seem that his nurse had prophesied that when he came to a place of that name all would go against him, and her ominous prophecy having flashed to his mind, he got so impatient as scarcely to be able to give the Highlanders and Irish he had with him time to finish the refreshments they were taking,—a striking evidence of the superstition that prevailed in those days even among our greatest Highland soldiers.

At the time of these events the Largie family dwelt at Reunaherine Castle (*Rudh-na-h-aorann*), which is now in ruins; and here on the 25th May 1647, on his march down Kintyre, MacCholla halted to check his assailants, but failed. The castle garden, in which some of the slain are said to be buried, is now a stock-yard. Tradition tells us that on the advance of Leslie a rush was made for the garden: this was likely by the villagers of Reunaherine, for there is another version by tradition which informs us that the hardy veterans of MacCholla were posted on the brae-face in Balure (*Bail-ùr*) wood. From here they gave way and fell back, Leslie sending his cavalry to the east side of Kintyre to cut off or harass the retreat—a feat they never effected, perhaps through want of courage, or because of the mountains and marshy places over which they marched. Since these troubled times in the days of our forefathers, bones have been turned up in the ground brought under cultivation, and a battle-axe found near Balure. Andrew Brown, ploughman to the Rev. Donald Kelly of Southend (*An Ceann-siar*), found a large quantity of flints whilst deepening a ditch at the south-west extremity of his master's farm, on a spot over which it is supposed opposing forces had marched (the Covenanters 3000 strong, and the Royalists 1200), about a mile from Dunaverty; and an old sword was found at Isheraile (*Innis-Raonuill*), close by Dunaverty. The site of the tents of the Covenanting army was visible down to 1817, when they were wantonly obliterated by a farmer named MacMath, tenant in Machribeag, who had the ground about the Dun delved. Some old armour

was found by him, and musket-balls. Two of the musket-balls MacMath gave to Mr Kelly, the minister; one of them got lost, and the other was taken away by a Mr Crawford, a minister who came on a visit to Southend manse. Around the house on the top of the Dun, which was always reserved for Sanda's own family and some of his most particular friends, there were several smaller buildings for the accommodation of such other branches of the clan MacDonald as might occasionally happen to be there, and on the outside of all there were the lodging-houses of the domestics. The traces of these exterior buildings were visible down to 1809.

Mr MacMillan of Gartvain (*Gartbhàn*), brother of the laird of Carskey (*Cathairsgiath*), presented a skull to Mr Kelly which had been found near the Dun, on which there were several sword-cuts. This skull, after having been a long time at the manse, was sent by Mr Kelly to be kept at a house at the Coneyglen (*Conna-ghleann*) water-foot, near where it was found, for the inspection of tourists and antiquarians during their travels and researches. Lord John Campbell¹ noticed a jawbone on the drawing-room mantelpiece at Southend, which was found at Dunaverty, saying its form was the same as his own.

Flora MacCambridge, the faithful and attached nurse of Ronald MacDonald of Sanda (*Abhan*), who had been taken into the Dun with her charge on the approach of Leslie, and who contrived to escape and sought refuge in a remote cave in the Mull of Kintyre (*Maol Chinn-tìre*), was the grandmother of old Neil MacCoaig, farmer in Penlachton (*Peighinn-Lachluinn*), Southend, a farm that formerly belonged to the Sanda family. Neil died in February 1828, in his ninety-third year. His wife, Catherine MacKinven, died in October 1834, in her eighty-ninth year. They were sixty-three years together as man and wife. Mrs MacCoaig married at eighteen. Flora MacCambridge's father was tenant in Borgadalebeg (*Borgadal-beag*), in the Mull of Kintyre, and had seven daughters,

¹ John Douglas Edward Henry, seventh Duke of Argyll.

but no sons. She went at night to Borgadalebeg, and returned with food for herself and the child to the cave. Margaret MacCook was the mother of old Neil MacCoaig, and was a daughter of Flora MacCambridge. Old Sanda used to say to her (Margaret), in allusion to her mother Flora having saved his ancestor in the cave: "*Am bheil fhios agad ciod e mar bha'n caolthearnadh a bha eadar thu agus mise? Theireadh e'n sin, Tha fios agad air.*" (Do you know about the narrow escape that occurred between you and me? He would then say, You know the narrative.)

Neil MacCambridge, who died sixty years ago, and was buried in Sanda churchyard, had a patch from Sanda gratis. Allowing, however, fifty years back for the date of the MS. of Mr Kelly before the writer, it will now (1882) be about 110 years since Neil MacCambridge departed this life. From the time Sanda and his son were slain at Dunaverty, down to the Restoration, the estate of Sanda was possessed by the Campbells. The Marquis of Argyll having suffered on the scaffold, and the interest of the Campbells being then low, Ronald MacDonald, being then a lad of about fifteen, succeeded in obtaining charters of some of his lands. The estate of Sanda was sold by Archibald MacDonald. A part of it—namely, Sanda proper and Gartnacopaig, which was possessed for some years by Sir William Cunningham of Fairlie and Robertland, who stocked the island with fallow-deer, stags, and roes, together with a large breed of white goats from Ireland—afterwards became the property of the late Rev. William MacDonald, prebendary of Salisbury, who was said to be a kinsman of Archibald MacDonald, who sold the estate. Another portion of the Sanda estate—namely, the Pennyland—is now the property of Argyll; and Drunerenabeddach, in the parish of Killean, is the property of Robert Colvill, Esq., Rockbank. After the surrender of Dunaverty, consequent on the supply of water being cut off, in the defence of which Sanda lost forty men, and when Skipness was killed, tradition informs us that the council of war for the disposal of the prisoners met at the side of

the brooklet that flows from the braes above Machribeg to the sea; and the prisoners, who had been kept for five days within the walls of the Dun, were taken out, tied two and two, and a party of Leslie's troopers ordered to fire upon them, which they obeyed with punctual exactness until every man fell. Tradition long pointed to a spot where this deed took place; and in 1822 a stupendous rise in the tide laid bare in one of its flood-marks the skeletons of those who had been killed here. Inchbraikie (*Innis-bhraca*) fought a running battle with the Campbells, under Ardkinglas (*Aird-Chonnaghlais*), from Lochearnside, through Glenample, and down Brælenny to the river Teith, and was successful. Archibald Mor, as Sanda was called, and his son Archibald Òg, and Domhunal Docrach, the three officers left at Dunaverty by MacCholla, who had been in every species of danger under Montrose, asked for weapons at the time they surrendered, and for time to go about their devotional exercises, and were told thereupon to go upon their knees, and were shot before they had finished their prayer. A low-countryman, a farmer on Machribeag, some years ago removed the rude flagstones that covered the graves where these brave Highlanders repose in their bloody shrouds. Such an act justly aroused the indignation of the old natives of Southend, and the spot has since been fenced in a proper manner.

Domhunal Docrach's real name was Donald M'Odhrayhain. Carrin and Drumavoulin (*Druim-a'-mhuillinn*) belonged to him, and he lived there. He is said to have been an officer, resolute, and valued in Montrose's army. Archibald Drain, who was a shoemaker living in Dunglass, in the parish of Southend, during the time of Mr Kelly's incumbency, was descended from him.

Supplied by N. M. K. Robertson, Esq.

After the massacre at Dunaverty, another barbarous massacre took place at Cnoc-na-Muice (more recently called the Whinny Hill), where

M'Kay of Ardnacroish (father of Iver Mor M'Kay, killed at Auldearn) and the M'Alisters were put to death (hanged). The MS. of the Rev. D. Kelly says a number of these two clans also suffered.

A brutal deed was perpetrated one day, when the wife of M'Alister and her three sons, Alisters of Glenlussa (*Gleann-lusa*), were put to death just as she reached the spot.

To this day there is a Gaelic saying—'*Làmh ruit Erin; bu treubhach do làmh ó'n mharbh thu na ceudan; arm airidh mhic Aoidh*—which means, "Ireland is near thee; thy hand is strong, and thou hast slain hundreds; the trusty arm of M'Kay." According to the original MS. of the Rev. Donald Kelly, M'Kay, laird of Ardnacroish (*Aird-na-croise*), was married to Jean M'Coll, Kitch (*Ciotach*), sister of Sir Alasdair M'Cholla M'Donald, the major-general. Iver Mor M'Kay, who was killed at Auldearn, was her son (his father was also out with Colla). His uncle M'Cholla had made a vow to his sister that he would bring his nephew safe home to Kintyre again when the war was over, and was so much distressed at his fate that it made him pursue the fugitives at Auldearn with an impetuosity equal to the pitch of madness; and to this fact is ascribed one reason why the weapons of our men of Kintyre fell with such mortal effect on the enemy, and swept down such multitudes before the pursuit abated. At one time during these events, Iver Mor M'Kay was employed in going over on messages for the Earl of Antrim, who was said to have been over in Kintyre privately. Old Mrs MacKinnon, in Kilchousland (*Cille-Chuslain*), daughter of James M'Millan, tenant in Auchafarac, in the parish of Killean, said that old people used to talk of a *duin-uasal* (gentleman), supposed to be M'Cholla, who was wellnigh captured by Leslie's troopers in the retreat down Kintyre. His horse would not go on, whereupon he drove his sword through it, lest it should fall into the hands of Leslie's troopers, and made off.

NOTE.

SOUTHEND MANSE, *March 20, 1882.*

MY DEAR SIR,—As I remarked to you the other day, the information I received from Mr M'Kerrel was all in connection with Dunaverty. However, I shall give it here as he states it.

Well, he began by mentioning that there are *three* persons buried in the tomb in Machribeag—Mr Donald, who possessed Pentland, Sanda, and Gartnacopaig; MacEachran, proprietor of Killellan (*Cill-Fhaolain*); and Drain or MacDrain of Pennygown (*Peighinn-a'-ghobhainn*). (The name translated into English means Hawthorne.) He spoke next of the siege of Dunaverty, which is pretty well known already, although slightly different from what I heard. The besieged held out with perfect ease till the supply of water was cut off from them, and, as is well known, surrendered, and were massacred. This was effected by an old woman informing General Leslie of where the waste-pipe was to be found, and in the supply being therefore stopped. There were a few in the castle who escaped the general fate: these were those who belonged to Kintyre, and were *pressed* into the service. Some person of importance (Mr M'Kerrel could not remember his name) interceded for them, and was successful. He therefore chartered a vessel to bring them to Flanders, and went himself by another route. But the fates were adverse to the poor Kintyrians, for their protector died on the way, and as there was no person to pay the charter of the vessel, they were sold as slaves or bondmen to defray the expense. In the course of a few years they all died, with the exception of one, who, after being absent for some ten years, was allowed to return to his native country. This man was Godfrey M'Kerrel, the proprietor of Cattadale (*Catadail*), and the smith of the district. In Dunaverty he filled the office of lieutenant, and on his return was what was called a “waiter,” or officer of Inland Revenue. After so long an absence he was much changed, and on reaching his native parish, went to his own house in the form of a tramp, asking for liberty to stay over the night in the house. His wife was married the second time, and had been so for a few years, as the news had reached the country, shortly after the departure of the Kintyrians, that the vessel was lost in a storm with all on board, and she did not recognise her former husband. After being supplied, however, with some food, and being told that there was no accommodation for him to admit of his passing the night there, he pointed to a mark on his forehead and asked his wife if she had ever seen that before. She then discovered at once who the stranger was, and told him the whole circumstance. The second husband was sent for, who expressed his regret at what had happened, but the innocence of all concerned; he resigned his claims, and matters were amicably arranged.¹

Mr M'Kerrel also told me that there were no less than four forts or *duns* along the shore from Dunaverty to Machrioch (*Machaire-riabhach*). These were Dunaverty, Dundorran, Dundubh, and Dunachin. This is all the information I received from Mr M'Kerrel, and I hope that some of it may be of use.—With kindest regards, I am yours faithfully,

P. K. THOMSON.

DAVID M'GIBBON, Esq., Campbeltown.

¹ The Laureate's tale of Enoch Arden reversed.

TALES FROM ISLAY

TALES FROM ISLAY.

The King of Fingalls: Macdonald of Kintyre—The Song of the Sharp-snouted Pig—The Odd Grey Lad—A Fragment on Women—The Girl that Tended the Sheep, and the Fox—The Skerry of the Smith's Daughter—Lovely Caivala, the Handsome Maiden of the Glossy Hair—Big John, Clerk.

TALES FROM ISLAY.

The King of Fingalls—Macdonald of Kintyre (Cinn-tire).

THE King of Fingalls (*Rìgh Fionnghall*) was a hard-hearted, bloody, vindictive man, and very oppressive on his tenantry. He was keen to destroy men. One day he left Sandell, the place where he resided, for the purpose of killing some persons whom he had fixed upon for destruction. Whenever he took a sword out of its sheath, he never liked to put it back without shedding blood. There was one man of whom he could not get the upper hand; and this was MacNeill, who was married to one of his sisters. For revenge he sent MacNeill to a moorland township called Gleann-reithe (Ram's-glen), where he could have no proper feeding either for himself or for his cattle; and he had to travel two miles before he could get to a road. MacNeill went to work in the harvest-time, and covered over the bushes of brushwood with corn, and thatched them, so as to appear like corn-stacks. When MacDonald had come to the place, he said to MacNeill, "What a fine corn-yard you have! This is the best place I have yet visited. I must send you back to Killoran again" (*Cill-drain*).

When MacNeill had left Killoran, MacDonald took from him all his

horses in order to straiten him as much as possible. He thought now, that MacNeill being without horses, could not get on but ill at Killoran. MacNeill knew the day that the King of Fingalls had fixed upon to come to visit him at Killoran. So he gathered a great number of men, supplied with spades, and he sent a band of them to opposite sides of the field to dig it, as he had been deprived of his horses. They were to dig from the opposite sides of the field until they should meet one another; and such a sight of spades was never seen in the place before. MacDonald asked for what purpose there was such a gathering of men with spades, and it was told him that it was MacNeill's ploughing team.

"Really! really!" exclaimed the King of Fingalls; "there are as many men there as could dig the whole earth. The horses must be sent back to him again."

MacNeill got back his horses; and whatever plan MacDonald tried, he could not be up with MacNeill. He now resolved to kill MacNeill. He went at night to MacNeill's house, intending to destroy him. He cried at the door—

"Rise, MacNeill of the porridge, that I might let your porridge out of you."

"Wait a little!—wait a little, MacDonald! You shall get in!" rejoined MacNeill.

MacNeill and his three sons got up. They put on their kilts only without their coats, and armed themselves with their swords. They put a large fire on. MacNeill opened the door and said to the King of Fingalls—

"Well, MacDonald, come in now!"

"Oh no!" replied MacDonald; "you have an inhospitable appearance."

"Come you in and you shall feel that!" continued MacNeill.

MacDonald would not go in; but, being mortified and enraged that

he had not succeeded in killing MacNeill, he went to Capergan (*Ceapargan*), which is within three miles of Dunaverty (*Dúnabhartaigh*), where another sister of his lived, and was married. He went in through the night, and cut off the head of her husband in bed.

There was a wedding in the low part of the country. The daughter of *Supar*, of Ballymean, was the bride; and the King of Fingalls wished to assert his rights. There was a strong company of gentlemen at the wedding; and they considered it would be an insult to them were they to allow the King of Fingalls to have his way.¹ When he had come near the place he raised his hand up to the side of his head. A gallant fellow who was at the wedding shot an arrow at his hand, and nailed it to his head. The whole of the men who were at the wedding rose up then and put him to flight. The custom which the MacDonalds of Kintyre had of lying the first night with every bride in the country, if he liked, was brought to an end that night.

Written down as related by Mr Duncan Henderson, farmer, Kilmeny (*Cille-mheinich*), native of Southend, Kintyre. Aged seventy-two years.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLYGRANT, ISLAY, *November 15, 1883.*

NOTE.—*Rìgh Fionnghall* (King of Fingalls).—*Gall* signified in old Gaelic a foreigner; it means now a low-country Scotchman. A Norwegian was called *Fionn-ghall* (fair foreigner), and a Dane, *Dubh-ghall* (black foreigner). As the MacDonalds of the Isles were descended in the female line from the Norwegian princes of the Isles, and succeeded to their possessions, the Lord of the Isles was usually designated *Rìgh Fionnghall*, King of Norwegians, or fair foreigners, whose descendants the Islesmen claimed to be; and a name for the Western Isles of Scotland is *Innse Gall*, Isles of Foreigners or Northmen.

¹ This ancient right was the first night of a bride.

The Song of the Sharp-snouted Pig.

A NORTH Highland packman, known by the *sobriquet* of "Roog," was wont to travel through Kintyre and Gigha (*Giogha*) for trafficking purposes. He went to Gigha and bought a pig there; but when he went to take it with him it was not to be found. The following song on the event was written about the era of the Massacre of Glencoe, 1692 :—

A' MHUC BHIORACH.

1. A' mhuc dhubh as i firionn,
'Cheannaich Rug ann an Giogha ;
'N uair a chaidh e g' a sireadh,
Cha b' urrainn e' faotuinn.
2. 'N uair a reic mi air an t-sràid thu,
'S a rug mi air spàig ort,
Bha cruith ort an aird,
As bu chràiteach thu 'gladhaich.
3. 'N uair a rug mi air spàig ort,
S' a chuir mi 's a' bhàt' thu ;
Bha cruith ort an aird,
As do chnàmhan troimh d' chaob-
druim.
4. Gur diombach do 'n tàilleir,
A dhonas 's a dh' fhàs thu ;
Nach d' thug e bundàt' dhuit
Mu 'n d' thàinig e 'n taobh so.
5. 'S 'n uair chuir mi thu thairis,
'S a ghabh thu na casan ;
Cha robh aig rìgh Shasuinn
Na chuireadh an taod riut.

THE SHARP-SNOUTED PIG.

(*Literal Translation.*)

1. The black pig, and a male one,
That Rug had bought in Gigha,
When he went to seek her,
He could not at all find her.
2. When on the street I sold thee,
And by the leg I seized thee,
There was a hunch on thee up,
And painful was thy crying.
3. When by the leg I seized thee,
And in the boat I put thee,
There was a hunch on thee up,
And thy bones at thy back through.
4. Displeased I am with the tailor,
That you have grown so badly,
That he did not give thee potatoes
Before thou cam'st this way.
5. And when I put thee over,
And thou sett'st thy feet in motion,
The king of England had not
Any that could put reins to thee.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>6. Cha robh aig Caoilt' no Cuchulainn,
'S cha robh aig Rìgh Uilleam;
Na dhèanadh riut cumail,
' N uair rachadh thu 'd' chaol-ruith.</p> | <p>6. Neither Cailt nor Cuchullin
Had, nor King William,¹
Such as would keep up with thee
When thou went'st to fast running.</p> |
| <p>7. Nuair thogadh i 'cluasan,
'S a bheireadh i nuall aisd';
Cha robh eunlaith mu 'n cuairt dith
Nach ruaigeadh mhaoiltean.</p> | <p>7. When thou liftedst thy ears
And grunted aloud,
All the birds about thee
Thou wouldst scare over mountains.</p> |
| <p>8. 'S ann tha mo mhuc bhiorach-sa
Cosmhuil ri giomach;
Tha soc urr' mar ghimleid
A phiocadh nam faochag.</p> | <p>8. My sharp-snouted pig
Resembles a lobster;
She has a snout like a gimlet
To pick periwinkles.</p> |

Written down as given by Mr Duncan Henderson, farmer, Kilmeny
(*Cille-mheinich*).

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLYGRANT (*Baile-ghranda*), ISLAY,
November 15, 1883.

The Odd Grey Lad (*An Corra-ghille Glas*).

(*Literally translated from the Gaelic.*)

HE who composed this song was one who was going to marry a young woman; but as he was going abroad for seven years, and would not return sooner, they promised one another that neither of them should marry until the end of that period. He went away; but as the stipulated time was approaching its end, the young woman's friends were becoming impatient,

¹ William of Orange—this gives the date of the poem.

and they insisted on her consenting to marry another man. She and her bridesmaid went to invite favourite persons to the wedding. They met on their way him who had received a promise of marriage from the bride, and who had then returned to the country. She went forward past him, but she did not recognise him. He, however, recognised her. The bridesmaid stood to speak to him, and he inquired of her what news she had; and she replied that the newest thing she had to tell was that such a woman was going to be married. "I should be very willing," said he, "to go to the wedding."

"If so," rejoined she, "were there none to ask you but me, you shall be at the wedding."

The bride wearied on account of the bridesmaid stopping talking to him so long; and she asked her who the odd grey lad was that was talking to her? She replied that she did not know him, but that she invited him to the wedding. He went to the wedding, and at the breakfast-table he sat as nearly opposite to the bride as he could. He said that he would sing a song, and the wedding-folk replied that they should be glad to hear him. He overheard the bride calling him the odd grey lad after he had parted from the bridesmaid. This is the song:—

1. 'Twas what she spoke in proud speech,
That I was an "odd grey lad."
2. Grey is the braird, and grey the grass;
Grey is the wood under its dark shade;
Grey is the spray on the tree's top;
And I think, that grey is the holly.
3. Grey is the sword that's in the sheath;
Grey is the axe that's on its shaft;
And if its edge is thin and sharp,
What is't the worse of its hue being grey?

4. White is the milk that comes from the cows—
Sweet and enduring is its taste;
But when the curds separate from the whey,
'Twill change otherwise and become grey.¹

When he had finished singing the song, the bride perceived who he was. She leaped over the table where he was; and all the folk at the wedding could not prevail on her to marry the other man. So she and the odd grey lad were married.

NOTE.—The word *glas* in the original has no exact equivalent in English. It signifies certain kinds of grey, vegetable green, and sallowness of complexion, in Gaelic; consequently the punning of the Gaelic verse cannot be carried out in translation without doing violence to English idiom.

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- ¹ 1. 'S e labhair i, le comhradh borb,
Gu robh mi 'm' chorra-ghille glas.
2. 'S glas am fochann 's glas am feur,
'S glas a' choill fo a duibh neul;
'S glas an dos tha 'm bàrr a' chroinn;—
'S air leam fhéin gur glas an cuileann.
3. 'S glas an claidheamh 'tha 's an truaill;
'S glas an tuadh 's a' bheil a' chas;
'S ma bhios a faobhar gu tana, geur,
Gu 'd e 's misd' a mèinn a bhith glas?
4. 'S geal am bainne thig bho'n bhuar;—
'S milis as is buan a bhlas;
'S'n uair sgaras an grudh o'n mheug,
Tionndaidh e 'thaobh, 's bidh e glas.

A Fragment on Women.

NNATHAN.

1. Thig Ealasaid a chuain
Gu Gleann Falach nam bruacha bàn',
'S theid Albainn a nunn thar chrich
Mu 'n creid mise 'rìs na mnài.

2. Mnài an domhain fa leith,—
Bheireadh iad am breith le bréig;—
Cha 'n fhasa bean bhorb a theagasg
Na teathair a dheanadh de chàth.

WOMEN.

1. Ailsa Craig will come
To Glenfalloch of the white banks ;
And Scotland will go beyond its
 bounds,
Ere I'll again believe in women.

2. All the women of the world
Would give their judgment with a lie :
Not easier is it to teach a proud woman
Than to make a rope of chaff.

The Girl that Tended the Sheep, and the Fox.

THE fox was stealing the sheep from her, and she said to him—

- Girl.* 1. Thou hast left the three two-year-old sheep
And the small sheep in a painful state ;
If thy race grow numerous,
The king will send thee downwards.
2. Bad meeting early on Wednesday to thee,
To put thee in the snare of thy enemy.
- Fox.* 3. Bad imprecation that is, lassie.
Thy speaking is not prudent ;
It will not aid thee about the sheep,
And it will not cause good to thee.
4. It would be a better maiden's fashion
To sit upwards modestly,
Than to poetise in these parts
With a clipping flippant tongue.

Girl. 5. Red one of wiles, though strange thou art,
I have not practised flippancy ;
Thou hast given me the first word,—
That I am clipping, flippant.

6. Thou hast given me the name of being a bard,
And I will give part of it to thyself ;
Satirising thee in every place,
Till I see thee drowned in the Spey.¹

These fragments are written down as given by Catherine MacFarlane, native of Killin (*Cill-fhinn*) parish, Perthshire, where she heard them when a young girl. She has been thirty-three years in Islay.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLYGRANT, ISLAY, *November 17, 1883.*

- ¹ *An Nighean.* 1. Gun d' fhag thu na trì ònagan,
'S a' chaora chrìon gu cràiteach ;
Ma théid do shliochd an ònmhoireachd,
Gu 'n cuir an rìgh a bhàn thu.
2. Droch coinneamh moch Di-ciadain ort,
'G ad chur an lìon do namhaid.
- Sionnach.* 3. 'S olc an guidhe sin, a nighean ;
Cha 'n 'eil do bhruidhinn àraid.
Cha chuidich e mu d' chaoiriche,
'S cha dèan e aobhar stàth dhuit.
4. Gum b' fhearr am fasan ghruagaichean
'Bhith 'suidhe suas gu beusach ;
Na bhith ri bardachd 's na bacan so,
Le teanga sgaitich, bheurraich.
- Nighean.* 5. 'Fhir ruaidh nan lùb, ge deacair thu,
Cha do chleachd mi 'bhith ri beurrachd ;
Gu 'n d' thug thu a' cheud fhacal domh,
Gu 'n robh mi sgaiteach, beurrach.
6. Gun d' thug thu cliu na bardachd dhomh,
'S gun toir mi pàirt dhuit fhéin dith ;
'G ad aoireadh anns gach àite,
Gus am faic mi bàit' air Spè thu.

The Skerry of the Smith's Daughter.¹

(From the Gaelic.)

A MAN of the name of MacIntyre dwelt long ago at Baile-chlach, and it happened that there was in the same townland a woman who was in love with him. MacIntyre did not marry this one, but he married the daughter of a smith that was in the place. In consequence of this the woman that loved MacIntyre hated his wife in her heart—the smith's daughter; but nevertheless she did not in the least show it. MacIntyre's wife and herself went one day to the strand to gather shell-fish. When they had been a while at that, they went and sat on a skerry which was near to the shore. When there is ebb tide, it is usually dry between the skerry and the shore; but when it is high tide, the sea goes over it except a small bit, and round it to the shore. When they had sat for a space, the woman who was in love with MacIntyre began to comb his wife's hair, and at the same time to tie it to the wrack, pretending that she was plaiting it. At last MacIntyre's wife fell asleep. The tide was then rising, and the other came to the shore; and she left the smith's daughter sleeping on the rock, and she sat on the shore looking at her. When the sea had been coming over MacIntyre's wife she awoke, and she cried out to her companion to come to her rescue; but she refused. MacIntyre's wife sang this song while being drowned on the rock²:—

¹ Written down as narrated by Alexander MacQueen, labourer on Glenlossit (*Gleann-losaid*) estate, and by his wife, whose maiden name is Flora MacIntyre. MacQueen is over seventy years of age, and he heard the story in boyhood recounted by an old farmer at Kislaven (*Cill-sléibheinn*) of the name of Alexander Currie, and also by an old woman there of the name of Mary Shaw.

² John M'Neill, Oban, who lived for some time in the parish of Oe in Islay, says that MacIntyre lived at Strebhnis in that parish, and that the rock on which the woman was drowned is immediately below Strebhnis.

MacIntyre's Wife.

Do you not pity—
 Hoog O!
 A woman drowning?
 Hoog O!

The other Woman.

I do not pity—
 Heery horō!
 Small my part in her—
 Hoog O!

MacIntyre's Wife.

My woe to night—
 Hoog O!
 My three children—
 Hoog O!
 One a year old—
 Heery horō!

And one two year old—

Hoog O!

The third of them—

Heery horō!

In his mother's womb—

Hoog O!

My father will come—

Hoog O!

And my three brothers—

Hoog O!

And they will find me—

Heery horō!

After my drowning—

Hoog O!

MacIntyre will come—

Heery horō!

Hither to morrow—

Hoog O!

And he will find me—

Hoog O!

Here drowned.

Hoog O!

Lovely Caivala, the Handsome Maiden of the Glossy Hair.

(Collected in Islay.)

MACDONALD, Lord of Kintyre (*Tighearna Chinn-tìre*), went once on an excursion to Ireland. He was one day out hunting, and he saw a man riding on a steed, and a maiden behind him crying aloud in a mournful tone, in a glen from which there was but one pass. MacDonald went and stood in this pass. He would not let the man on horseback through until he should know why the maiden behind him was crying so grievously. It was O'Docherty that was riding on the steed. He carried off the young lady, after having left her father bleeding on the heather. O'Docherty asked MacDonald to leave the way. MacDonald would not do this until he should know the cause of the maiden's crying. On hearing MacDonald's words O'Docherty dismounted. The two then fought fiercely with one another until there were many bloody wounds on each of them. MacDonald at last overcame O'Docherty, and left him lying in the glen. He took with him Caivala of the Glossy Hair to the place where her father was lying bleeding on the heather. He raised the Earl of Antrim—for such he was—and brought him to his own castle. He stayed with the Earl six weeks, till his wounds were healed. When he felt disposed to go home, he asked permission to speak to Antrim in private, which was granted. He then told the Earl that he wished to marry his daughter; but this wish excited Antrim's indignation, who considered it very presumptuous in MacDonald to aspire to his daughter's hand. "I am the Lord of Kintyre," said MacDonald. "I expected to get Caivala the lovely of the Glossy Hair, from you for wife, that there might be friendship between us for ever."

After MacDonald had uttered these words, Antrim ordered some of his

warriors to seize him; and they put him down into a dark, dismal dungeon under the castle, where he had but a bottel of straw to lie on, while gates of brass and locks of iron left him no hope of escape. He perceived in the night-time the brass gates and the iron locks opening. He searched then for some weapon wherewith he might defend himself, but found none but an iron hammer. He stood at the door for the purpose of defending himself.

“Do not be afraid, it is I!” exclaimed lovely Caivala of the Glossy Hair. “I have stolen the keys from under the head of my father. There is a swift *birlinn*¹ at the shore, manned with a crew that a stormy sea could not daunt, ready to take you away safe to Kintyre.”

He got off, and arrived safely in his own country.

After his departure from Ireland, Antrim could not prevail on his daughter to accept of any man for a husband, unless it were the Lord of Kintyre. Irritated by her obstinacy, her father built a castle on a cliff at the shore, where no vessel could come near that the men in the castle could not sink by stones thrown down at it. Here she was immured with a guard on her.

After some time had elapsed, MacDonald thought that he would go to Ireland to see Caivala, if it were at all possible. He left Kintyre in the evening, and was over in Ireland early. When he had come under the castle where she was imprisoned, he heard her singing some of those songs which they were wont to sing together. He then began to sing the chorus with her. She put her head out at the window and saw him. By some contrivance of hers, he ascended the wall and entered by the window. He then let her down, and he descended himself after her. The men watching her were asleep at the time. She went on board the *birlinn* with him, and before dawn they arrived at Noble Macharimore² (*Am Machaire*

¹ *Birlinn* or galley.—ED.

² This place is called in the tale *Machaire Mòr na Mòralachd*—i.e., the Majestic or Noble Macharimore.

Mòr) in Kintyre. Antrim sent a message to MacDonald, requesting him to send his daughter Caivala home, or that it would be worse for him. MacDonald sent word back that he would not; that if he wanted fight, he would assuredly get more than he liked of it; but that if he wanted peace, it was better. When the Earl saw that MacDonald would not part with Caivala, he sent for them both. So they went over to Ireland. Caivala was Antrim's only issue. Peace was made between the Earl and MacDonald for ever. MacDonald became Earl of Antrim after the death of his father-in-law, and his descendants have been Earls of Antrim from that time till now.

Taken down as narrated by Mr Duncan Henderson, farmer, Kilmeny (*Cille-mheinich*), native of Southend, Kintyre, who settled in Islay in the year 1852.

HECTOR MACLEAN.¹

KILMENY, ISLAY, *November 7, 1883.*

¹ For the history of the MacDonnells of Antrim, and how they got their estates in Ireland, see the 'MacDonnells of Antrim,' by Rev. George Hill (Belfast, 1873), pp. 21-23. John Mòr MacDonald was second son of *Eoin na H-Ile* (John of Islay), Lord of the Isles. He married Margery Byset, heiress of the Antrim Glens, in 1399. His brother was the celebrated Lord of the Isles who fought the battle of Harlaw against the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. An O'Docherty is mentioned in the story. The O'Dochertys were a powerful clan in Inishowen, county of Donegal.

Big John Clerk.

BIG JOHN CLERK dwelt at Bowmore; but he was a Jura (*Diùra*) man. He was a strong, comely, brave man. He once went on a trip to Ireland, and it happened to him to travel through a waste, rugged district. Night came on, and it snowed dreadfully. He saw a hay-barn before him, and he thought that he would go in and pass the night there. There was a fire on in one end, and a heap of hay in the other. He sat down at the fire, and was warming himself there; but he was not long there when four men, who had with them a cow which they had stolen, came to the door. When he perceived them at the door, he ran as fast as he could to the other end of the barn and pushed in into the hay. They killed the cow then, and when they had finished flaying her and cutting her up, one of them went and thrust his knife, to clean it, into the hay. The knife pierced Clerk's thigh, and he cried aloud. They took him then up to the fire, and they began to roast the flesh, and they gave him plenty to eat. They then arranged that he should go with them to bring more in. Three of them went off together one way, while he and another of them, who was fair-haired, went off another way. This man who was along with him said to Clerk that it was a pity that he was along with them, because they would kill him; but that he durst not let him go unless there was a mark left on him. When Big John had heard this, he struck with his fist on the eyebrow and cut him. He then ran off, and the man whom he had struck did not sound his horn till he was some distance away. He then sounded his horn, and his comrades came running fast. They pursued Big John, and were coming closer and closer to him. He ran as well as he could; but what was there in his way but a

hole under the heather? He did not observe it, and he fell down into it. It was full of water, and he went down in it until there was no part of him above the water but his head—and his head was under the heather. His pursuers came to the place. They looked in all directions, but he was not to be seen. They passed him hither and thither, while he was down in the hole. At last they gave up every hope of finding him, and they went off.

He then came up out of the hole and went forward. He did not go far until he reached a schoolhouse, and he went in. There were turf seats there around in the house. What was lying there but a man in his blood, after being killed, and a gun near him? He took the gun with him and went on. He heard the screeching of geese, and he went in its direction. What was there but a gentleman's house, and a high wall round it? He went over the wall and knocked at the door. It was the gentleman himself who came to the door and let him in. The gentleman recognised the gun which he had; it was his son's gun! He examined Clerk about it, and Clerk told everything as it was,—how it happened to himself, and how he had got the gun near to the dead man. The gentleman forthwith understood that it was his own son that was there. He locked him in a room till day came: it was not long before day at the time. When it was day the gentleman asked him whether he should know the men were he to see them? He replied that he thought he should; but that he would know the fair-haired man who was along with himself, at all events. The gentleman sent forth intelligence far and wide that he had caught the man who killed his son, and that he would like that witnesses would come forward to prove the case. Those who had done the evil came, thinking that they would condemn Clerk. The man whom Clerk had cut had a piece of cloth round his forehead, and Clerk recognised him. This man gave evidence against the rest, and was liberated himself. After this the gentleman sent men with Clerk to protect him till he reached the end of his journey.

TIREE TALES

TIRÉE TALES.

*Drinking at Funerals—Gilleaspuig Làidir—Second-Sight Stories—Feats of Tirée Strength—
Various Traditions—A Legend of Tirée—The Last Man that was not Hanged in Tirée ;
or, “Avenge your Grandfather’s Death.”*

T I R E E T A L E S.

Drinking at Funerals.

Related by Donald MacDonald.

THE excesses indulged in by the natives of Tiree (*Tirithe*) at funerals in bygone days caused the then factor, Colonel Campbell, to enact a law that only three rounds should be allowed to be given to those at the funeral—a round meaning a glassful of spirits. Previously it used to be nine rounds. At the first funeral after this enactment, that of Gilleaspuig Làidir (Strong Archie), or Archie M'Lean, Kilmoluaig (*Cill-maluaig*), his son came to the Colonel and asked liberty, as it was the first, to be allowed to give the usual allowance, or at least that he should not be confined to the exact *three*. The Colonel was unmoved, and would not allow his laws to be broken as soon as made. The son went home quite down-hearted at the disgrace and dishonour he was compelled to submit to. A happy idea came to his head, by which he would be able to show respect to both the living and the dead—viz., he got two bull's horns, corked at the one end, and made so as to hold three glassfuls. He gave three rounds of the horns; and thus the Colonel's laws were observed, and his father buried with the usual nine glasses apiece to each at the funeral.

Gilleaspuig Làidir.

Related by Donald MacDonald.

THE above Gilleaspuig Làidir was, as his name implies, a very strong and ferocious character. On one occasion he ill-used some Caolas people; and he having been shortly after at Caolas, they took their revenge on him, and left him for dead; but one of them, after taking a last look at him, observed that his eyebrows still moved, called the rest back to finish him off, and after giving him more they left him for dead. But it seems he got over his punishments, as the above story shows he died in his own house in Kilmoluaig.

Second-Sight Stories.

I. Related by John MacNiven, Barrapul.

I WAS coming from Scarnish (*Sgairnis*) a few years ago, and had a horse and cart, and another man, John MacKinnon, Sanndaig, with me. When about a quarter of a mile from Moss Church the dun mare stood, and would not move. After urging her on, I said—

“What can be wrong with her? She never refused to go on before.”

MacKinnon lifted his head and looked out, took hold of the reins, and

said, "Let her stand a little." After three or four minutes he said, "Drive her now."

I said, "Go on, Ellie." She started at once. I said, "I never saw her stand so before."

MacKinnon said, "How could she go on and a funeral passing us?"

II. Related by John MacNiven.

I was coming from Scarnish one night a few years ago, and a young woman was with me, walking by my side; all at once she took me by the arm, and began to pull me to the side of the road, saying, "A funeral is coming. I put God between you and me. I will not go a step further with you." She stepped outside the road, and kept on. Shortly after, she came to the road, and asked if I was struck or hurt—as I went fair through the middle of the funeral. I never noticed anything more than usual.

III. Related by Alexander Brown, Balefuil (Baile-phuill).

One early morning I was going to the house of Allan MacDonald, and walking beside a turf wall, I fell to the ground. I thought nothing of this; but a few seconds after, I fell again. I blamed my want of watchfulness of my steps, rose and went on, and shortly I fell again. I looked about me, and thought I saw the shadow of a woman standing at my side, and when I walked again I felt as if she touched my shoulder, and fell again; this time I walked or crawled on my knees to the house, the shadow following me, but never touching me again. Next night I went to the wake of an old woman who had died on a farm. I was asked to go next day for strings for the coffin, and I carried the strings in the pocket

which was on the side I was knocked down from. I have no other explanation to give of the phenomena but that it was the old woman who died that was walking with me the previous evening and knocking me down.

IV. Related by John MacDonald, Balefuil (Baile-phuil).

I was one night in a house in Balefuil, and a lot more of young lads were with me. When we were cracking, and all sitting, I saw the appearance of a dead woman, dressed in her winding-sheet, coming to the house. I went back a little to let her pass. She went on in the direction of Hugh Brown, Manal, and went all over him. Immediately he turned pale and sickish, and rose and went out. I, understanding what was wrong with him, followed him. Outside he began to vomit, and latterly went into a fainting-fit. After he revived he was asked what had come over him. He said he could not tell, but he had felt a great heaviness and weight coming all over him suddenly, and he felt sick tired, and like to faint, and so he thought by going out to the air he would be better. I told him all I saw some time afterwards.

V. Gathered as Facts from different Parties.

One of the crofters of Balevulin (*Baile-mhuilinn*), A. MacDonald, had a few years ago a boat for sale, because he could not get a crew to go out with it to fish. A few of the knowing folks about there noticed two strangers paying visits to the boat when high and dry on the beach, and when diligent search was made for them they always disappeared. They were seen several times coming in this strange way, and none of the seers could make out who they were; others said that strange noises would be

heard in the boat when none was near it. An apprehension took hold of the minds of the crew that the boat was destined to drown some one, and the sight-seers confirmed them in their notions; and in this way MacDonald could neither persuade the old crew to go out nor get a new one in their place, and he was obliged to haul up the boat and place it in the market for sale. After lying a considerable time it was purchased by the sons of Neil MacDonald of Balemartin (*Baile-mhàrtuin*), with the full knowledge of all the rumours that were abroad about it. After they had had the boat in Balemartin for some time, some curious sights and noises were seen and heard about the boat, which made them regret their purchase, and they went to the Balevulin man to have the bargain made void. As he would not hear of it, they consulted Mr Sproat as to whether they could not compel the seller to take it back. Mr S. advised them in the negative, and told them their fears were only superstitious. However, they would not fish in it, and pulled it up, where it lay some time. This last harvest they launched her again; and while fishing for lobsters with two men in it, the purchaser's son being one, the boat got on a rock at Hynish, capsized, and MacDonald's son was drowned.

VI. Related by John Hamilton.

Two or three years ago a number of people were in our house one winter's night, and among the rest John MacKinnon, Sanndaig (see *ante*), was in. We were talking about things in general, and John said to me, "You are to be at a funeral very soon."

"That cannot be," I said, "as it will be my uncle that will go to the first one; I was at the last."

"Both of you will be the same day at a funeral; and as a sign that

I am telling the truth, you and I will be below the bier at a certain named place."

In less than two weeks there were two deaths in Barrapole, and the funerals were on the same day. I went to the one, and my uncle went to the other. I forgot all about John's saying, till just at the place he mentioned. I was one of four below the bier, and looking opposite me there was John, who gave me a wink; and at once it brought his saying of a fortnight before to my memory.

Feats of Tiree Strength.

1. Related by John MacArthur, Moss (A' mhòinteach).

MALCOLM CLERK of Kilmoluaig was one of the remarkable men of Tiree. Wishing once to try the strength of one of his sons, he ordered his wife to remove all the drinking utensils out of his way when he knew he was very thirsty. As expected, he asked his mother for a dish to take a drink with out of the cask. She told him to look for one; and when he could not find one, he lifted the hogshead up in his hands and held it to his mouth, and quenched his thirst. On another occasion he went to pay his rent, and it was said that MacInnes, the factor, had taken a bully with him to the island to disgrace all the strong men in it. He took little Donald Bane, his son, with him. On the road he asked his son to wrestle; and the old man being uppermost, said he would do the same, old as he was, on all the sons his wife bore. "Try again, Donald," I said; and this time the old man was below. They saw the factor, and

paid the rent. Afterwards he was asked to try a wrestle with the bully. Malcolm refused, but asked his little son to try. They both turned to; and as the old man felt rather annoyed that the game was not decided one way or other, swore at his son, and asked him to stop playing, but to take his opponent and cast him to the hottest place in the house—when all at once he pitched the bully to the fire, and scattered the embers, so that he nearly burned the bully, factor, and house. Charles, one of Malcolm's sons, was unequalled at the putting-stone. At the Mull Fair there was a Skyeman who beat all, and defied the five islands. The Tiree factor was there, and he tried his hand at the game, and was with difficulty taken away by his friends. On the road home, whom did he meet but Charles coming with the rent: three years' rent was due at the time, and Charles had it all.

“Glad to see you, Banacharry,” said the factor, “here.”

“I am sorry I could not come sooner to pay.”

“Never mind the rent; it is another business altogether.” The factor then told him about the Skyeman, and asked him up at once to the Fair. He got a bottle of whisky and took a glass, and gave the rest to Charles, and said, “Take just as much as you like, but don't spoil yourself.”

Charles drank it all. He saw the Skyeman throwing, took the stone, and never laid aside his plaid,¹ and made a mark in the same place as the Skyeman. After a trial or two the Skyeman was falling behind. Charles said he was a great fool to defy all and sundry, stripped off his plaid, and threw the stone three yards beyond his former mark. Charles got a discharge for his three years' rent, and the money to himself, for upholding the character of his island.

¹ Martin says that in his day all the Tiree folk were dressed in the Highland dress, and wore their hair long.—ED.

II. Related by John MacArthur, Moss (A' mhòinteach).

Charles M'Lean, Hynish, was a remarkable person in the bygone days. He was married to the Laird of Coll's daughter. This lady was on a visit to her father's house once, and she asked her father to let her have out of his store as many iron bars as she could bend on her knee. He gave her permission to take them, and she began, and catching the bar by both her hands, laid them to her knee, and was bending each one and throwing it aside till she was likely to clear out the store. He ordered her to stop, as she had already bent as much as would last him for years in Coll (*Cola*). This same MacLean went once to Mull (*Muile*) to pay his rent. He carried his money in a purse made of neck-skin of a sea-bird, which had a silver clasp with his name on it. By some accident the purse slipped unknown out of his pocket to the sea, and he never missed it till he arrived in Mull. The same day as he left Hynish, a Balemartin fisherman caught a cod, and looking to the cod's gullet for bait he got the purse, and seeing MacLean's name on it, concluded at once that the man was drowned. His wife hearing of the find, and after seeing it, also thought he was certainly drowned. They all got an agreeable surprise when he made his appearance afterwards safe and sound.

III. Related by John MacArthur, Moss.

This Charles MacLean had a brother who died young and left one son, who stayed with his mother in Bunessan (*Bun-casain*). When about sixteen years old he was at a loss what line of life to follow. His mother advised him to consult his uncle in Tiree (*Tirithe*). The lad crossed to Tiree, and met his uncle in the field, made himself known, and, giving him a few pounds, was advised to go to the navy. He took this

advice. On board the man-of-war he was made a butt for the tricks of the English officers. He never retaliated, although he was so strong that no two or three of them was a match for him. One day a company of them went ashore for water, and MacLean being among them, he stretched himself on the grass and fell asleep. An Englishman noticing him, went and stood on his ear, and bruised it with his foot. He woke up and asked who did it. The man being pointed out, he laid him dead with one blow of his fist. The captain advised MacLean to bolt, telling him his life would not be safe for one day, and gave him a few pounds to enable him to get home. He took the hint. After suffering much danger and fatigue he arrived in England, trudging his way home the best way he could. He one day called at a gentleman's house. After a conversation, it was found out this gentleman was father to the man he killed. MacLean pretended that this son and he were boon companions. He was offered the hospitalities of the house as long as he chose to remain, which was not long, for he bolted next day, fearing that the news of what he had done might arrive any day. Coming along to his home, he went into a refreshment house and asked for some dinner. The dinner and two other men came to the room about the same time, and they began to eat it. He rang for his dinner, and the waiter told him it was left in; and as he had allowed these men to eat it, he must pay for it. He demanded the meaning of such strange conduct, and was told these were men who just lived by their shifts, and often played the same trick on his countrymen. He opened the back door and looked about, saw a strong iron bar, bent the one end of it, slipped it round the neck of one, turned the other end, bent it the same way, and placed it round the neck of the other, left them both tied so, and walked off. A little farther on he was hospitably entertained for a night in a gentleman's house. After leaving next day and being some distance away, his host was seen riding after him. He demanded what he wanted, and was told his daughter had fallen in love with him, and that he must return

and marry her, and that all his fortune should be his. After some talk he turned, married the lady, and got himself proclaimed heir of the estates. The news of the men bound together by the iron bar spread, and his father-in-law hearing of it, insisted that they both should go and see if it was true. They went, and there they were, and none could unbend the iron bar without hurting or killing the prisoners. MacLean got his thumb in between the iron and their neck, unbent it back again, and set them at liberty. It is said that the offspring of this MacLean latterly supported Annabella MacLean, sister of MacLean of Kilmoluaig, in Bunessan, Mull. This lady only died about thirty years ago, the MacLeans of Kilmoluaig and those of Hynish being related.

Various Traditions.

Related by J. MacArthur, Moss (A' mhòinteach). (Second-Sight Story.)

I WAS at a wake in John MacLean's house in Kilkenneth (*Cille-choinnich*) last year. The mother of the dead man told us how they got such a fright with John MacKinnon, Moss, before her son died. John fell in a dead swoon on the floor, and they got so feared that they forgot all about her own son. When John revived, they asked what was wrong with him. He said that John MacLean's brother and father both came into the house, stood at the bedside of the sick lad, turned out, and when they passed him one of them rubbed against him, and he immediately fainted. His father and brother have been dead for many, many years; but MacKinnon knew them when alive, and recognised them at once.

Kilmachronag¹ is the old way people pronounced Kilmaronag (*Cill-maròna*). It was the principal place of worship in Muckairn (*Mucàrn*), till it was set on fire by a woman named Nic Keochd when making "gradan" (the old way of drying corn). She was buried alive in a bog, to the north of the foundation of the church, called to this day "Poll Nic Keochd"; and old Dugald remembers seeing human bones in the bog when it was being drained by Captain Campbell's men more than fifty years ago, supposed to be hers. A good deal of the foundation of the church is still to be seen. Some of it was taken away by General Campbell when building cottages. There is a rock at the seaside, west of Kilmaronag House, called "Creagan a' Mhàil," where the legend says the Bishop of the Isles came with his *birlinn* (or boat) when receiving the rent from the inhabitants of Muckairn, when it (Muckairn) was Church property. Bishop Carswell of Argyle died at Kilmaronag, in Tigh-bhearradh-na-bruaiche, being on a tour to Ardchattan. The place where the corpse was put on board the boat is called "Carn a' Charshallaich" to this day; and the point on the Ardchattan (*Aird-chatan*) side where they landed, "Rudha a' Charshallaich."

The last feudal battle that was fought in this part of the country took place on a field near Kilmaronag, between MacDougall of Lorne (*Lathurna*) and Thighearna Chaladair, "Lord of Calder." The battle was gained by the Campbells, and put Thighearna Chaladair in possession of the Church lands of Muckairn. This place is still seen, and called "Dail a' Chatha." The legend says that the men of both parties assembled on the field, and that the two commanders walked a piece south of the field of battle to make up an armistice, and gave orders to the men when they left not to stir till they saw them lift their swords—when, at a place called to this day "Cnocan na Comhairle," a serpent came out of a bush, and they lifted their swords to kill it. The men, seeing their swords up, took it for

¹ This tale, though told by a Tیره man, relates to Muckairn in Lorne.

a signal of attack, and fought till there were but two left, each of the name of John. On the way they cast out; the one killed the other; and the place is still called "Cùl dà Iain." When MacDougall gave up Muckairn to Lord Calder, as the chiefs agreed before the serpent appeared, one of the conditions was, Calder to be kind to his (MacDougall's) vassals, whom he left on it—viz., Clan Indove, Clan MacCalman, Clan MacInnis, and Clan Sinclairs.

There is another legend of an Irish woman who died at Kilmaronag. After her death a dirge was often heard :—

Cill-machrònag cha dual domh,
 Mo ghlaodh ann cha chluinn iad;
 'S truagh nach robh e 'n goireas dhomh
 An Doire¹ 'm bheil mo mhuinntear.

An Irishman happened to come the way some time afterwards, and heard what the spirit said. He understood who she was, opened the grave, gathered all her bones, and took them back to Ireland, and the voice was never again heard at Kilmachronag.

¹ Derry in Ireland.

A Legend of Tíree (Tírithe).

(From Mr Donald Mackinnon, Schoolmaster, Cornaigmore.)

THIS story has reference to the time when Tíree was in possession of the Macleans of Duart. Lachlan Mòr,¹ the hero of "Lady's Rock" notoriety and many other savage deeds of equal barbarity, is the leading figure of the following little picture of how *some* things were done in the "good old feudal times."

Maclean, who, along with his lady, was on a visit to the island, happened to see in one of the townships a raw lad of eighteen, innocent of head-gear or shoes, yet tall, strong, and muscular, and withal shrewd and intelligent. The chief seeing what mettle was in the lad for the making of a soldier, offered the father to take the son under his protection, saying that he would make a man of him in the army. The lad's father, who was styled Neil of Caolas, would not agree to this; whereupon Maclean offered him the whole township free of rent for life. Still the old man would not agree to part with his son on these terms. Seeing that fair means would not do, the chief resorted to force. He ordered six of his bargemen to go to the old man's house, to kidnap the young lad (whose name was Donald), and to bring him, tied, to the barge, and leave him there on the ballast. This was to be accomplished on the early morning of the day on which the chief and his lady were to set sail for Duart. It is needless to say that the command was as readily obeyed and executed as is that of an Eastern potentate of more modern days. But the barge on the way to Mull (*Muile*) encountered a severe gale, and while passing the Bloody Bay, well known as dangerous to navigate, the chief and all on board gave themselves up for lost. Donald, who was all the time tied on

¹ The hero of the Lady's Rock was Lachlan Catanach, great-grandfather of Lachlan Mòr, properly so called.

the top of the ballast, ventured to mutter the following soliloquy in disparagement of the steersman's skill: "It's you that *can* steer and no mistake, and having the chief's lady on board too!" Maclean, on being told what Donald said, ordered to untie him, and give him the helm to see what *he* could do. Donald soon brought the boat out of danger, and they all reached Duart in safety. The chief and his lady proceeded at once to the castle, forgetting to order what was to be done with Donald. The barge-men (probably taking a pique at Donald for his more able seamanship) thought nothing was more fitting than to tie him up as before, and leave him thus all night on the top of the ballast. The night proved to be bitterly cold, with snow and hail. Next morning the chief asked his men what they did with Donald. They told him. He was greatly enraged at their conduct, and commanded them at once to proceed to the boat to see if he were alive. Poor Donald was indeed alive, but that was all. Brought up to the castle, and being very kindly taken care of, he was soon himself again. Then the chief asked him what revenge he would like to take on the boatmen who had so cruelly left him out in the cold of a snowy night. Donald heroically replied that the sweetest revenge he would like to take on them, was permission from him to fight each of the six individually and in succession. But this favour was denied poor Donald (my informant does not tell why); and without resorting to conjecture, I must bring the story to its tragic conclusion. Maclean ordered his men to take up three oars from his barge, and fasten them so as to form a triangle capable of supporting a pretty heavy weight. This was done. Then, says my informant, from the apex of this rude scaffold, each and all of the boatmen were suspended until dead in the presence of their chief, who was complacently looking on.

It is necessary to add that Donald was ever after in great favour with the chief, and that the preceding was told to me by a lineal descendant, who unfeignedly believes and is willing to vouch for the truth of the story as above narrated.

The Last Man that was not hanged in Tiree; or,
 "Avenge your Grandfather's Death."

(From Mr Donald Mackinnon, Schoolmaster, Cornaigmore.)

IN Tiree, in the olden times, it was a custom rigidly enforced to hang the man who, for whatever reason, was last in coming to pay his rent on term day. On the occasion to which the following incident relates, the very last man to come with his rent was an old man, a cousin of the proprietor—how near or far off my informant does not say. The proprietor—a Maclean of Duart, who was in the island at the time—was very sorry for his kinsman. He rebuked him in no gentle terms for his remissness; but, kinsman though he was, the salutary custom must be kept up—the old man must be hanged. What was to be a hanging matter to the old man was to the other tenants, who were all present, a very pleasing incident, and they were by no means backward in showing their delight at the fact that they were themselves safe, for that time at the least, and that one of gentle blood was to be the victim.

There happened at the time to be on a visit to Maclean a neighbouring proprietor, whose father had had a feud with Maclean's grandfather, and in a skirmish between them the latter had been slain. But there was hitherto peace and friendship between their descendants. Maclean kindly invited this gentleman to go with him (as he said) to "see the hanging." On the day appointed they both proceeded to the place of execution; and they had not far to go, for this was a hillock or mound just behind and close to the Island House, and still known by the name of the "Hanging Hill." The old man, now looked upon by all as doomed, was brought forth to execution. Recognising in the company of his chief the feudal enemy of that chief's

ancestors, in an upbraiding and severe tone he called out to his own chief, "You silly young man, is it about the execution of a poor old man you should be spending your time, while standing beside you is the son of the slayer of your grandfather? Why do you not avenge your grandfather's death?" The visitor at once understood what was meant by the old man's question, and there and then taking horse, he made for Scarinish, where his boat and men were in readiness to row him over to the neighbouring island of Mull. The insinuation of his old kinsman immediately set fire to the spirit of revenge in the bosom of Maclean. He hotly and at once pursued his late guest, who very nearly made his escape, but was caught on the Mull shore through the treachery of a ferryman, who delivered him up to Maclean. Having first "avenged his grandfather's death," Maclean afterwards despatched the ferryman, at the same time remarking that he richly deserved death: "For," said he, "you would have done to me what you did to him, if I were in the like distress."

The old man was set free, and the above is a true incident of the "hanging times" in Tiree.

FOLK-LORE TALES

FOLK-LORE TALES.

“An Gille Dubh”—The King and the Labourer—Caisteal na H-Ighinne Ruaidh.

FOLK-LORE TALES.

“An Gille Dubh” (Skialachd).

(From D. Mackinnon.)

IN some part of the Highlands (*Gaidhealtachd*), not necessary to be specified here, lived in times long gone by a man and his wife, with their son and daughter. They were apparently well-to-do farmers; and as in those days the laird and his tenants (or rather the chief and his clan) were on friendly and intimate terms, it thus often happened that the laird visited his tenants, and *vice versa*. In those olden times (good in this respect, at any rate) there was a devotion to the chief, an indescribable feeling of admiration, I had almost said adoration, which, alas! in these more prosaic times is only conspicuous by its absence. But to the story. On one occasion the laird visited his tenant's house, and found only the son at home. He was a tall, strong lad, with a curly shock-head of raven-black hair; and so he was styled the Gille Dubh. Addressing the youth, the laird asked him, “Ay, my lad, and where are they all to-day?”

“Well, sir,” replied the lad—and this was said on the spur of the moment, but with the most profound deference—“my father is out hunting, and what

he kills he leaves out, and what he does not kill he takes along with him ;¹ my mother is winnowing the meal we ate last year ; and my sister is mourning the laugh she laughed last year."

These answers were certainly not very explicit, but their purport was readily enough understood by the laird. The father was not long in coming home ; and in the course of a long conversation with him, the laird remarked on the answer given him by the Gille Dubh, and advised the father that he could do nothing better than send the Gille Dubh to learn to be a professional thief—just in plain words, how he might learn to cheat and cajole his neighbours. He said at the same time that he (the laird) had a very high opinion of his thieving capacities, not to say propensities ; and that unless he did send him where he could get more information on the subject, his farm would be taken from him *instantly*. So it was agreed that the Gille Dubh should be sent away—to what college of professing thieves is not distinctly mentioned. After undergoing a fairly long *curric-*

¹ It is of interest to mark the connection Highland folk-lore has with that of other European nations, as shown in the following notes :—

This is the riddle proposed by some of the youths of Ios or Neos to Homer—

“Ὅσσ’ ἔλομεν λιπόμεσθα, ὅσσ’ ὄνυχ’ ἔλομεν φερόμεσθα.”

Symposium (sixth century) reproduces it in the form—

“ Est nova notarum cunctis captura ferarum :
Ut si quid capias, id tecum ferre recuses,
At si nil capias, id tu tamen ipse reportes.”

It appears in the middle ages. Pierre Grognet gives two versions of it; the one in Latin—

“ Ad silvam vado venatum cum cane quino :
Quod capio perdo, quod fugit, hoc habeo ;”

and the other in French—

“ A la forest m’en voys chasser
Avecques cinq chiens à trasser ;
Ce que je prens je pers et tiens,
Ce qui s’enfuyt ay et retiens.”

Lorichius Hadamarius gives it in two hexameter lines—

“ In densis sylvis venor bis quinque catellis,
Quod capio perdo, quod non capio mihi servo.”

—(Aenigmatum, libri iiii., Francof. 1545.)

ulum under the tuition, practical and theoretical, of the very best teachers of the thieving profession, the lad made such rapid and successful progress in the mysteries of thieftcraft, that he was dismissed as a graduate of the highest abilities and of the greatest promise. Under these favourable auspices, he bent his steps homewards. When he reached home his father asked him how he got on ; but here I was on the point of omitting an incident which plainly and conclusively showed how expert an adept he was.

On his way home, night overtook him on a wide and lonely moor, and he was at his wits' end as to where he could get shelter for the night. Fortune, however, seemed to favour him, for at no great distance he descried the glimmer of a candle, and he made for the light. When he reached it, he found the dwelling from which the light came to be nothing better than a very rude hut—and what was stranger still, with no one within.

Odilo Schregerus compresses it into one hexameter line—

"Quod captum est periit, sed quæ non cepimus adsunt."

—(Studiosus jovialis, Monac. 1751.)

Another Latin form is—

"Sunt abjecta procul, quæ cepimus omnia, verum,
Nobiscum sunt quæ non potuere capi."

It is current in some parts of France in the following shape: "Qu'est-ce qu'on pourchasse à prendre, l'ayant pris on ne tient conte, et si on ne le peut trouver on l'emporte avec soy."—(Devinettes, &c., par E. Rolland, pp. 41, 42).

In the canton of Aargau it appears in the following form—

"S' goht einer in es g'jaid :
Was er findt, het er ewegg-g'heit,
Was er nit findt, het er hei trait."

—(Rochholz, Zeitschr.: f.d.d. Myth., t. i. p. 163.)

The German version is—"Man sucht es fleissig und wenn Man es findet ist keinem damit gedient."

It makes its appearance in the North of Scotland as—

"I geed, an' I got it,
I sat, an' I socht it,
An' fin I cudna get it,
I cam hame cairryn't."

Our hero—for I must dignify him with that title—very soon perceived, from suspicious appearances round and within the dwelling, that this was not the peaceful abode of honest people. So, knowing the inmates must soon make their appearance, he thought it best to ensconce himself in a hay-loft, and try to pass the time as best he could, till circumstances should more fully develop themselves. I must not forget to mention that what raised his suspicion was the skin and some other remains of a huge ox, part of which had evidently been lately roasted on a large fire. The Gille Dubh was able to pass the time not only comfortably, but even pleasantly. His quiet, however, was destined soon to be very rudely broken in upon; for at midnight in came a band of robbers, who had returned to their rendezvous to count over their spoil: and about this they immediately set, when, a dispute arising as to the division of the spoil, words ran high, and in all likelihood the quarrel would soon be settled by blows. Our hero, who was certainly in no enviable position, was eagerly listening. In the heat of the squabble a thought struck him. The hide of the ox lately killed by the robbers was lying near, with the horns and other appendages still on. This was just what would suit him; so quickly, but quietly, putting the hide on himself, while the squabble below was at its height he slowly and majestically stepped forward to the front of the loft, and cried in a deep sepulchral tone, loud enough to be heard by all the robbers, “The money is not *yours*, but *mine!*” This was said and done in the nick of time, when one of the robbers was invoking his fiery majesty to witness the truth of an assertion he was making. The apparition was so sudden, and the other circumstances were so appalling, that the robbers one and all took to their heels, leaving the Gille Dubh in possession of the booty, which proved to be no small sum in silver and gold.¹

He now thought his safest plan would be to wait till dawn, and then to make for the road home: and home he at last reached. His father

¹ See page 220 for the same device, with the locality assigned to the Mull of Kintyre.

asked him how he got on on his travels. He answered, "Pretty well"; and to prove his assertion, he disbursed the silver and gold taken from the robbers. Then the old man jubilantly went to the laird, and told him of his son's return.

"Well, and has he learned to be a thief—a real downright thief; just a thief, and nothing else?"

"Yes," says the father; "so he says."

"Well, then," says the laird, "if he is a thoroughbred thief, you will tell him to come to see me to-morrow, riding and *not* riding, clad and *not* clad.¹ If he fails in this, you will lose your farm."

The poor old man, sad and sorrowful, went home and told his son the laird's conversation, ending with what he commanded the Gillie Dubh to do to-morrow, and mentioning the penalty in case of failure.

"Tut," says the Gille Dubh, "that is no great thing to do. Don't be in the least put about, father; I can soon manage *that*."

On the morrow he ordered a sow to be caught for him; and putting on an old net for clothes, and bestriding the sow, he in this fashion rode up, so to speak, to the laird's house. The laird was very pleased with this first display of the Gille Dubh's professional ability. He was, however, to put his ingenuity to a severer test. In conversation with the father, he asks him, "Well, and has your son truly learned to be an out-and-out thief?"

"Why, yes; so he says," said the old man.

"Then if he be a thief of the right stamp," says the laird, "he must to-night steal my best horse from the stable, although watched by three strong men; and tell him further, that if he fails in this, you lose your farm."

The poor old man, sad and sorrowful, goes home and tells the Gille Dubh what the laird had said.

¹ There are several ballads to the same effect. See the first part of Professor Child's collection, now in course of publication.

“Oh, that is nothing,” said the Gille Dubh; “don’t, father, be in the least anxious or disquieted about that. I can manage that yet.” So towards evening, clothing himself in rags, the Gille Dubh (who, by the by, was well acquainted with the premises) made for the laird’s stables. It was now dark; and a pigsty being in close proximity to the part of the stable where the horse was kept and watched, what does he do but enter the pigsty. He has a good strong stick; and concealed about him, so to speak, were three bottles of good whisky. He lies down in the pigsty, and the men are at their watch. In the pigsty was one pig near littering. He gives this one a good prog with the stick. The pig gives a most savage squeak, and one of the watchmen says, “I doubt there is something wrong with the pig.” The men knew that one of the pigs was about the time for littering. The Gille Dubh again gives the pig another desperate prog, and now out rush the three men from the stables to see what was wrong with the pig. When they entered the pighouse, there was nothing wrong with the pigs; but they found, as they thought, a poor man lying dead drunk on the straw. They turned him over and over, and lo and behold! they saw the bottles of whisky. This was a capital find; and as the night was long, they thought the bottles a godsend. They returned to the stables, each with a bottle in his hand. They set to drinking; and the contents being too strong for their noddles, they soon showed they cared very little for the duty they were intrusted with. In short, they got intoxicated, and soon fell fast asleep where they were. The Gille Dubh, leaving the pigsty, made for the stables; and being a good horseman, he was off and away with the horse in the crack of a whip.

This second labour being successfully accomplished, a third and last trial was awaiting the abilities of the Gille Dubh. In a conversation with the laird soon after the above event, the old man was asked, “Well, and has the Gille Dubh thoroughly mastered the mysteries of thieftcraft?”

“Why, yes; so he says,” said the old man.

"Then if such be the case," replies the laird, "he must to-night steal from my bed the sheet that lies under me, which I myself will be watching with my loaded gun; and moreover, tell him, if he fails, you immediately lose your farm."

The old man, sad and sorrowful, goes home and tells his son the laird's conversation.

"Don't, dear father," says the Gille Dubh, "be harassed in your mind on that account, for I can manage that business as well as the rest; be not in the least discomposed." So when night came, the Gille Dubh goes to the churchyard near by, and lifting a lately buried body, he manages to get it up on the laird's house, and lets it down slowly through the chimney by a strong rope, himself holding on at the top. The laird, ready with his gun primed, when he sees the white body slowly coming down the chimney, thinks he is now sure of his man, fires, and down falls the corpse dead on the floor. What is to be done now? He has killed the Gille Dubh! Away he takes the body to the churchyard, and there buries it. While the laird was away on this business, in comes the Gille Dubh by the open door, and easily and coolly walks home with the stolen sheet.

This last feat of the Gille Dubh so impressed the laird that he would on no account ever after part with him, and he was allowed perfect liberty to prosecute his professional calling according to the dictates of his own sweet will. And so ends my *skialachd*.

Note.—In writing out the above story, I have to regret how much of the true humour proper to the story in Gaelic is lost in my translation of it into a foreign garb.

The King and the Labourer.

(This story is taken from the Gaelic of Archibald M' Tavis of Oban, and was supplied by D.)

ON a certain day, when the labourer was making drains, the king came where he was and said, "You are at work?"

"I am," said the labourer.

"Does the work pay you?"

"Sometimes it does and sometimes it does not," was the reply; "it depends on the ground."

"Are you married?" said the king.

"I was married, but I am now a widower."

"Have you a family?"

"I have one daughter."

"How old is she?"

"Twelve years old."

"I am going to put a question to you," said the king.

"There is no use in putting questions to me, for I was never good at solving questions," said the labourer. "What question are you going to put to me?"

"The question that I am going to put to you is, How long will it take me to go round the world?"¹

"No man can solve that question," said the labourer.

¹ This is one of the three riddles proposed by King John to the abbot:—

"Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;

“Unless you solve it by twelve o'clock to-morrow you will be hanged.”

“It cannot be helped,” said the labourer.

The king then said, “I am now going home, but will be back at twelve o'clock to-morrow; see to it that you be here to meet me.”

After saying this he went away and bid good-bye to the labourer, who went home in the evening sad and dejected. His daughter said to him, “Is anything troubling you, father, for you are not so cheerful as usual?”

“The king came to me to-day and put a question to me,” said her father.

“What question did he put to you?”

“He put a question to me that I think no one can solve.”

“You might tell it to me,” said she.

“What is the use of telling it to you?”

“You do not know.”

“The question,” said the father, “that he put to me is, What time will it take me to go round the world?”

“That question need not cause you uneasiness,” said the daughter. “You had better take your supper, and I will solve the question for you when you are going to your work to-morrow.”

In the morning after breakfast he said to her, “What am I to say to the king to-day?”

“You will say to him,” she answered, “that he will go round the world in twenty-four hours, if he will be so clever as to sit astride on the sun or the moon.”

And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

Bürger, in his ballad of “Der Kaiser und der Abt,” gives a version of it.—(See *Geschichte des Räthsels*, von Friedreich, sections 29, 30.)

An old German form runs thus—“Ein frag. Wie ferr von ain ort der welt an das ander sey. Ant. ain tag raiss. als die sunn bezeugt mit irem auffgang des morgens. vnd nider gang des nachtes.”—(Ibid., pp. 200, 201.)

When he heard this he went off to his work in high spirits. The king came to him at twelve o'clock and said, "You are at work?"

"I am, with your leave, king," said the labourer.

"Have you solved the question?"

"I have made the attempt," was the reply.

The king then said to him, "How long will it take me to go round the world?"

"If you will do as I tell you," said the labourer, "you will go round the world in twenty-four hours."

"Do you really think it possible for me to go round the world in twenty-four hours?" said the king.

"If you will sit astride on the sun or on the moon," said the labourer, "you will go round the world in that space of time."

The king paused, looked up and down, and reflected. He then said to the labourer, "I am afraid that neither you nor I will be able to sit astride on the sun or moon. But," said the king further, "you did not solve the question yourself."

The labourer said, "It does not matter who solved it, since you have got your answer."

The king said, "You have acquitted yourself well, for you have solved the question; but you must tell me who solved it for you, or you will be hanged to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

The labourer got frightened when he heard this, and said, "My daughter solved the question."

The king said, "Since you have so satisfactorily solved that question, I will put another to you to-day."

"There is no use in putting more questions to me, for, although I have solved the last one, perhaps I cannot solve another. What question are you going to put to me to-day?"

“It is this,” said the king: “What is the distance between the earth and the sky?”

“That is a more difficult question than the last; no one can solve it.”

The king said, “Unless you solve it, you will be hanged to-morrow at twelve o’clock.” The king then bade the labourer good-bye, and said, “I will be here to-morrow at twelve o’clock.”

When evening came the labourer went home, and, if he was sad before, he was much sadder this time. His daughter asked him how he got on with the king. He said that he got on very well, but that he put to him a much more difficult question than the last one.

“What question did he put to you?” said the daughter.

“I must tell him the distance between the earth and the sky,” said the father.

“Let not that question cause you any anxiety. When you are about to go to your work in the morning I will tell you the answer.”

This gave the old man great courage. When he was ready to go to his work next morning he said to his daughter, “What shall I say to the king to-day?”

“Take the hatchet,” said she, “and make two pins; you will then go to the king’s palace, put off your coat, and put the pins in the ground with the hammer. The king will come out and say to you, ‘What are you going to do here?’ and you will say to him, ‘I am, with your leave, O king, going to measure the distance between the earth and the sky; and since you are king and have plenty of gold and silver, buy for me a line that will reach from the earth to the sky, and I will measure the distance.’”

He acted as his daughter directed. He went to the king’s palace, put off his coat, and began to put the pins in the ground. The king saw him from a window, went out where he was, and said to him, “What are you going to do here?”

The labourer said, "I am, O king, with your leave, going to measure the distance between the earth and the sky, as you have desired, and I perceive that this is the most suitable place for the work; and as you are the king, and have plenty of gold and silver, buy for me a line that will measure it, and I will measure it."

The king looked up and down, and reflected for a little. He then said, "I am afraid that neither you nor I have enough of money to buy such a line, and so we shall let the matter pass. You have done well; but who solved the question for you?"

"I solved it myself," said the labourer.

"You did not," said the king; "and you must tell me who solved it, or you will be hanged to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

The labourer got frightened, and told the king it was his daughter that solved it. The king then said to him, "How old is she?"

"Twelve years old."

"She is clever, and has a good head," said the king. "You must allow her to come to my house to scour knives and do other light work."

"What am I to do then?" said the labourer; "for I have no other to keep my house in order, cook my food, and do my washing?"

"I must get her," said the king, "and I will be a good friend to you."

He then went and brought his daughter to the king, and she began her work in the king's house. She grew to be a tall and elegant young woman. The other servants looked down upon her, and would only call her the poor man's daughter. This vexed her very much. Having met the king one day in front of the palace, she said to him that she was going to leave the house.

"Why?" said the king.

She answered, "The other servants look down upon me, and call me constantly in the house the poor man's daughter."

The king said to her, "Wait you, and I will put a stop to that. I will

make a knight of your father, and I'll wager that they will only call you then the knight's daughter."

He sent for her father and made a knight of him. He sent the daughter to school and gave her education. After leaving school she was for a time waiting at the king's table. The king fell in love with her, and wished to marry her, and spoke to her about it; but she said to him, "That is not likely, king, for you will get a wife out of a royal family, and perhaps I can get a husband to suit myself."

"That is not the way it is to be," said the king; "you must marry me."

"If I must, I will," she replied.

"I have this to say to you," said the king: "if we marry, you must not give judgment in any matter in opposition to me."

"That is well said; it would not be proper for me to give judgment in any matter in opposition to you."

"Remember," said the king, "that the day you do so you will cease to be queen."

She said, "Remember, that if I be sent away, I must get, the day I leave, the three armfuls that I shall select, and you will give me writing for it."

"You will get that," said the king.

The matter was settled between them. They were married, and, I am sure, had a grand wedding. They had a young prince before the end of the year. Two men lived near the palace: one of them had a mare and foal, and the other had a white horse. The foal had the habit of following the white horse through the farm. The man who had the white horse alleged that the foal was his own. In consequence of this the men quarrelled, and went to the king for justice. The man who had the mare told the king that the other man was going to deprive him of the foal. The king said, "Both of you claim the foal. This is how the matter is to be

settled : Put the horses into a park, and make a gap in the wall surrounding the park ; and whichever of the horses the foal will follow, will have the foal."

What the king commanded was done. After the horses were put into the park, the foal followed the white horse coming out at the gap—whereupon the man who had the mare dared not claim the foal any more. The man who had the mare recollected that the queen was related to him, and he resolved to go to her and lay his case before her. He went to the palace, and sent her word that he wished to see her. He saw her, and told her how he was treated.

"I see," said the queen, "that you have been wronged ; but I dare not give judgment in any matter in opposition to the king—for if I do so, I shall cease to be queen. I will tell you what to do. Get a small basketful of peas ; boil the peas, and put them back into the basket. Go then with the basketful of peas, and sow them when you see the king coming that way. The king will say to you, 'What are you sowing there ?' You will say to him, 'I am sowing boiled peas ;' and the king will say to you, 'What a fool you are ! Do you think that they will grow ?' You will then say to him, 'I think that they are as likely to grow as that an old white horse should give birth to a foal.' The king will then look at you."

He did as the queen directed. When he was sowing the peas, the king came the way and said to the man, "What are you sowing here to-day ?"

The man said, "I am sowing boiled peas."

The king said to him, "What a fool you are ! Do you think that they will grow ?"

The man said to the king, "I think they will."

The king said to him, "What proof will you give me that they will ?"

"I think," said the man, "that they are as likely to grow as that an old white horse should give birth to a foal."

"I do not say," said the king, "that you are not correct; but that idea did not originate in your own head. I understand who suggested it to you." The king went away in a rage to the queen, caught her by the shoulder, and said to her, "You are to be turned out to-day."

"Why?" said she.

"Because you gave judgment contrary to mine in the case of the man who had the foal."

"It is very likely, king, that I may have done so," said the queen, "because you did not give a righteous judgment."

He then took hold of her, and said to her, "You are now to be turned out."

"Very well," answered she; "but remember that I am to get, before I go, the three armfuls you promised me."

"You will get that," said the king in a great rage.

"Now," said she, "put on your royal robe, and I will bid you good-bye."

The king rose, got his robe, and put it on him. She then said to him, "Sit now in your royal chair." He did so. She then lifted both him and the chair, and put them outside the door. "I have now," said she, "got my first armful outside the door." She returned to the palace, and took the young prince, and put him in the king's lap. "I have now two armfuls outside, and I want but another." She entered the palace again, and took the charters of the kingdom, and put them in the young prince's lap. "I have now, king, my three armfuls, and let what will befall what remains."

The king then said to her, "Ah, dearest of women, you and I will never part till death shall separate us!" He took her back to the palace. A servant was sent by the king to the man who had the foal, demanding of him to return it to its owner.

Caisteal na B-Ìgbinne Ruaidh—

i. e., THE CASTLE OF THE RED-HAIRED GIRL.

(From the Gaelic of Donald MacVicar, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

THERE once lived in Edinburgh a house-builder who had an only son. The son one day said to his father, "It is time for me to get married." "I have no objections to your getting married," said the father, "if you can get a suitable wife. Here are two sheep for you: go to the market with them, and ask a shilling each for them *and your own*. If you meet with a purchaser who will give that sum for them, accept of it; and if not, take them home." The son went to the market as requested. When he asked a shilling each for the sheep *and his own*, he was ridiculed and laughed at. At last a young and handsome woman came to him and asked him what he would take for them. Having stated his terms, she closed with him at once. She then tied the sheep, took a pair of scissors, and clipped off them all their wool, and said to him, "There is your own for you, and be off with it." When the young man returned home, his father asked him how he got on at the market. The young man said that he stood all day without making a sale, but that at last a young and handsome woman came to him and accepted his terms. "That woman has wit, and we must keep an eye on her," said the father. Some time after this, the son married the young woman. About the same time offers were asked for building a castle on a small island in Loch Avich. The father sent in an offer, and was successful. When the father and son were setting off to build the castle, his mother said to the latter, "Be sure and have a sweetheart where you are going." Following her advice, he

made love to a red-haired servant-girl who resided in the house of the man for whom they were building the castle. After the castle was finished, he went to see her, in order to have a parting conversation with her before his return to Edinburgh. Observing that she looked sad and dejected, he asked what was the matter with her. She replied that the cause of her trouble was, that her master intended to kill him and his father, because he had not money to pay for the building of the castle. "But," said she, "do not mention that I told you of it." The young man revealed to his father the design against their lives. His father said, "I will defeat it." Next morning he went out and stood gazing intently at the walls of the castle. The great man came where he was and inquired what he was gazing at. He replied, "I am looking at a stone that has been placed awry in the wall, and which will bring down the whole house unless it be taken out." "It must be taken out," said the great man in a commanding voice. The builder said that he could not take it out without a hammer that he had in Edinburgh. The great man said that a messenger must be sent for it. The builder replied that his wife had such a value for it that she would not part with it unless his own (the great man's) heir went for it. "I will myself give him a letter to my wife," said he. The wording of the letter ran thus: "I have sent you the little hammer, and do not part with it till the big hammer goes home." "Quite right," said the wife when she read the letter; and she sent the great man's son to prison, and did not release him till the builder was paid and reached home in safety. It having been suspected that it was the red-haired girl who betrayed the plot, she was conducted to the top of the castle, thrown down over the wall, and killed. It was from this circumstance that the castle got its name of the Castle of the Red-haired Girl. It is added that the dwellers in the castle had no rest or peace after this from hearing screams and seeing lights.

MISCELLANEOUS TALES

AND

TRADITIONS

MISCELLANEOUS TALES AND TRADITIONS.

Song of the Massacre of Glencoe—A Sonnet for M'Leod—Innischonnell Castle, Lochow—The Sword of the Fourth Earl of Argyll in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh—Fight between Ormidale and Glendaruel—How the MacMasters lost possession of Ardgour—The MacCallums of Colgin—Glenfalloch—The Laird of Appin—Duncan MacColl and Prince Charles's Year—Lochan-na-fala ; or, The Bloody Lake—Cattle-lifting in the Island of Luing—A Highland Creach—Cattle-lifting in Rainneach—Baile Mhaodain—St Maluag and Lismore—Beothail, Nigheann Rìgh Lochlann—The Story of Stewart of Appin who was murdered at Duart Castle—MacDonald of the Isles's Big Ploughman and the Black Chanter—The Laird of Achallader and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the Bard—The Song of Breadalbane—Colquhoun's Leap—The Story about the Princess of Spain and MacLean of Duart in Mull Island—Black Duncan of the Cowl and Buchanan of Bochastle—A Story of Taymouth or Balloch—The Building of Taymouth Castle—Macleod of Dunveagain—Notes of the Early History of Oban—The Caves of Iona—Bell Traditions—Bealach a' Ghille Dhuibh—Skipness's Grave—The Highland Champion—The Argyllshire Legend of Bruce and the Spider—Colonel MacNeill and his Brownie—Cursing a Factor—The Knightly Effigies on the Oransay Tombstones—The Fate of Celtic MSS.—Prayers and Hymns of the Hebrides.

MISCELLANEOUS TALES AND TRADITIONS.

Song of the Massacre of Glencoe.

AS SUNG IN THAT GLEN.

MORT GHLINNE COMHAN.¹

(*Supplied by "D."*)

1. 'S mi 'm shuidhe air a' chnocan
Chaidh mo léirsinn an olcas,
'S mi mar aon mhac an trotain air
m' fhàgail.
2. A' coimhead a' ghlinne
Far am b' aidhearach sinne,
Mar bhi mì-run an fhine 's an robh
an fhàillinn.
3. Rinn na Guimhnich oirnn eadradh,
Ar fuil uasal a leigeil,
'S bha Gleann-liobhan 'n a sheasamh
mar cheannard.

(*Literal Translation by "D."*)

1. As I was sitting on the hillock
My sight became impaired,
Left like a forlorn, toddling orphan.
2. Looking down on the glen
Where we led a merry life,
Till the malice of the false clan broke
in upon it.
3. The Campbells have crushed us,
Having shed our noble blood
While Glenlyon acted as commander.

¹ Composed at the time of the Massacre, 1692.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Ach b' e mo nodha sgeul éibhinn
Moch di-luain 's mi 'g éiridh
Gu 'n tigeadh rìgh Seumas na Frainge.</p> | <p>4. But I received the joyful news,
Early on Monday as I was rising,
That King James was to come from
France.</p> |
| <p>5. 'S bhiodh iomain ball-achaidh
Air luchd nam balg craicinn,
A loisg ar n-arbhar 's ar n-aitreabh
's a' gheamhradh.</p> | <p>5. Then would be driven like field-balls
The bearers of the haversacks,
Who burned our corn and houses in
winter.</p> |
| <p>6. Clann Iain nan gadhar
A rinn na h-uaislean a thaoghal,
Gu moch di-sathairn, cuthach gun
chàirdeas.</p> | <p>6. Clan Iain noted for their hounds!
Whom the gentlemen¹ visited (in
apparent friendship),
Early on Saturday² all was fury and
enmity.</p> |
| <p>7. Dh' fhàg sibh marcaich' nan each
uaibhreach
Air Ruidhe-nan-ruadh-bhoc,
Fo shneachda fuar nan àrd-bheann.</p> | <p>7. You left the riders of the proud horses
On <i>Ruidhe nan ruadh-bhoc</i>,
Under the cold snows of the lofty
bens.</p> |
| <p>8. Dh' fhàg sibh làraichean dubha
Far am b' àbhaist duibh suidhe
Air cùl an uillt bhuidhe Dhruim-am-
laich.</p> | <p>8. You left black ruins
Where you were wont to sit,
Behind the yellow burn of Drim-
amlich.</p> |
| <p>9. 'Fhir 'bha 'm Baileàrna nam badan
Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air brataich,
Chaidh smùid chur ri d' aitreabh 'n a
smàl.</p> | <p>9. Thou that dwelt in woody Balerna
Wert the commander of a host;
Thy house was fired and burned to
ashes.</p> |

¹ The officers of the troops that committed the massacre.

² The massacre took place on a Saturday morning in February 1692.

Note.—Mr Douglas MacLean (New Zealand), London address, 28 Kensington Gardens Terrace, Hyde Park, London, has the dirk and powder-horn which belonged to the MacDonald of Glencoe who fell in the massacre. They came to Mr MacLean through a relative—the late General MacDonald of Invercoe. There is also a very old piece of tartan connected with them.

“D.”

A SONNET for M'LEOD.

(Translated by Donald Paterson, Piper.)

LUINNEAG MHIC LEÒID.

Seisd. I hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 I hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 I hurabh o hogaidh ho ro,
 Hi ri ri rithibh ho i ag o.

1. 'S mi 'm shuidh air an tulaich
 Fo mhulad 's fo imacheist,
 'S mi 'coimhead air Ile
 'S ann de m' iognadh 's an am so ;
 Bhà mi uair nach do shaoil mi
 Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir
 Gu 'n tiginn an taobh so
 'Dh' amharc Iuraidh no Sgarbaidh
2. Gu 'n tiginn an taobh so
 'Dh' amharc Iùraidh no Sgarbaidh ;
 Thoir mo shoraidh do 'n dùthaich
 Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh bheann,
 Gu Sir tormod ùr, allail
 Fhuair ceannas air armait ;
 'S gu 'n cainnt anns gach fearann
 Gu 'm b' airidh fear d' ainm air
3. 'S gu 'n cainnt anns gach fearann
 Gu 'm b' airidh fear d' ainm air,
 Fear do chéille 's do ghliocais
 Do misnich 's do mheanmhainn,
 Do chruadail 's do ghaisge,
 Do dhreacha 's do dhealbha,
 Agus t-òlachd is t-uaisle
 Cha bu shuarach ri 'leanmhuinn

A DITTY OR SONNET FOR
M'LEOD.

Chorus. I hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 I hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 I hurabh o hogaidh ho ro,
 Hi ri ri rithibh ho i ag o.

1. As I sat on a hill
 Sad and perplexed,
 And looked towards Islay,
 I was struck with surprise ;
 For I little expected
 That the changes of life
 Would e'er send me hither
 To see Jura and Scarba.
2. Would e'er send me hither
 To see Jura and Scarba.
 Bear my greetings to the land
 'Neath the shadow of the bens,
 To illustrious Sir Norman
 Who got command of an army.
 It will be said in all lands
 That you merited the honour.
3. It will be said in all lands
 That you merited the honour.
 Noted for your sense and wisdom,
 For your courage and spirit,
 For your hardihood and valour,
 Your appearance and figure,
 Your liberality and kindness,
 Were worthy of imitation.

4. Agus t-òlachid is t-uaisle
 Cha bu shuarach ri 'leanmhuinn,
 'Dh-fhuil dìreach Rìgh Lochluinn
 B' e sid toiseach do sheanchais :
 Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh
 Ris gach iarla 'tha 'n Albainn,
 'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
 Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht 'e
5. 'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann
 Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht 'e ;
 A mhic an fhir chliùitich
 Bha gu fiùghantach, ainmeil,
 Thug barrachd an gliocas
 Air gach Rìdir bha 'n Albuinn,
 Ann an cogadh 's an sìochaint
 'S ann an dlòladh an airgid
6. Ann an cogadh 's an sìochaint
 'S ann an dlòladh an airgid ;
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh do mhac-sa
 'Bhidh gu beachdail, mòr, meanmnach,
 'Bhidh gu fiùghant', fial, farsuing,
 On a ghlachd sibh mar shealbh e ;
 Clann Ruairidh nam bratach
 'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu
7. Clann Ruairidh nam bratach
 'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu,
 Ach an t-aon fhear a dh-fhuirich
 Nar chluinneam sgeul marbh ort,
 Ach fheudail de dh-fhearaibh
 Ge do ghabh mi uait tearbhadh,
 'Fhir a' chuirp is glan cumadh,
 Gun uireasuidh dealbha
8. 'Fhir a' chuirp is glan cumadh,
 Gun uireasuidh dealbha ;
 Cridhe farsuing, fial, fearail,
 'S math thig geal agus dearg ort,
4. Your liberality and kindness
 Were worthy of imitation.
 Your descent is direct
 From the King of far Lochlann :¹
 Your relationship can be traced
 To every earl in Scotland,
 And to the gentry of Ireland—
 A fact fully proved.
5. To the gentry of Ireland—
 A fact fully proved.
 Son of the estimable one
 Who was generous and renowned,
 Who excelled in wisdom
 Every knight in Scotland,
 In war and in peace,
 And in distributing money.
6. In war and in peace,
 And in distributing money.
 No wonder that your son
 Is magnanimous and spirited,
 Is generous and large-hearted,
 For this was his heritage.
 Clan Rory of banners,
 Their deaths are my ruin.
7. Clan Rory of banners,
 Their deaths are my ruin.
 But the one that survived,
 Let me not hear of his death ;
 My dearest of men,
 Though separated from you,
 Of the shapeliest body,
 And free from deformity.
8. Of the shapeliest body,
 And free from deformity,
 Of large and manly heart,
 Well do white and red become you ;

¹ Scandinavia.

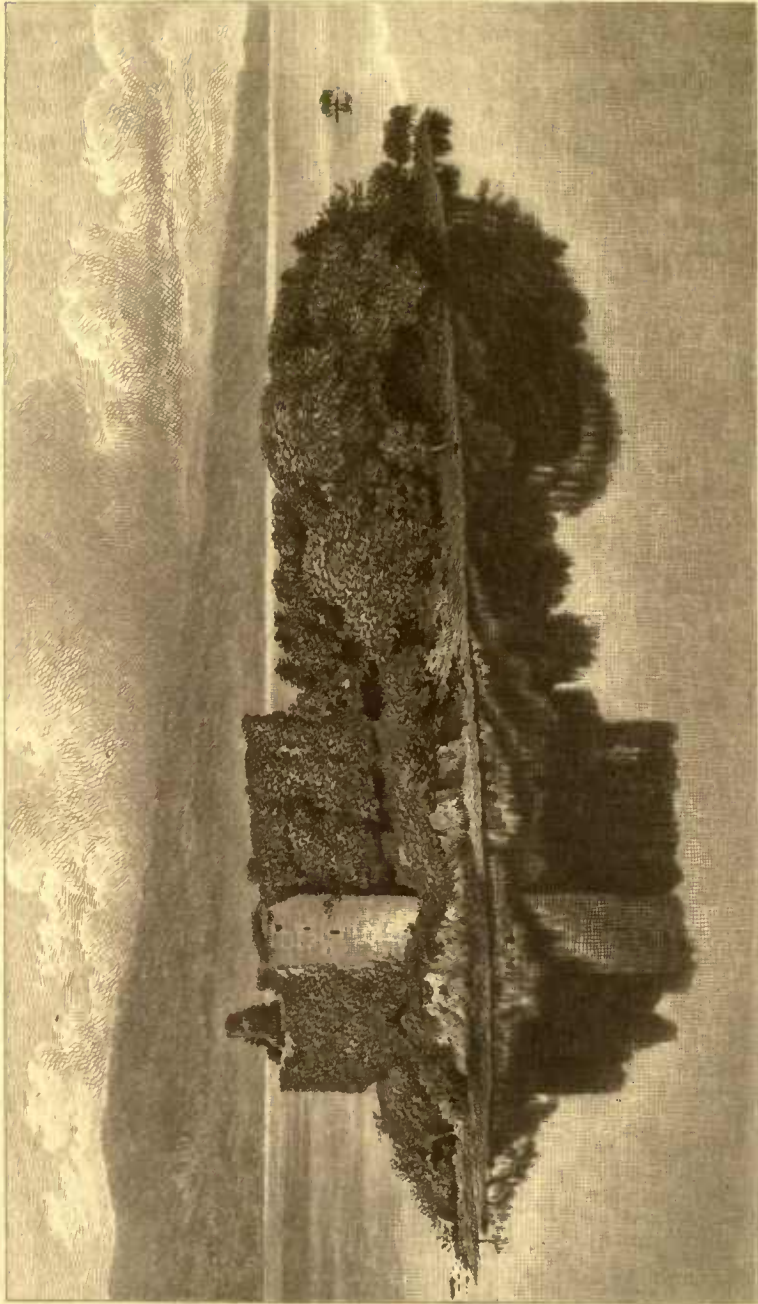
- Sùil ghorm is glan sealladh
 Mar dhearcaig na talmhuinn,
 Lamh ri gruaidh ruitich,
 Mar mhucaig na fearra-dhris
9. Lamh ri gruaidh ruitich,
 Mar mhucaig na fearra-dhris
 Fo thaghadh na gruaige,
 Cùl dualach nan cama lùb.
 Gheibhteadh sid ann ad fhàrdaich
 An càradh air ealachuinn
 Miosar is adharc
 Agus raghadh gach armachd
10. Miosar is adharc
 Agus raghadh gach armachd,
 Agus lanntainne tana
 O 'n ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dheis.
 Gheibhteadh sid air gach slios dhiu,
 Isneach a 's cairbinn ;
 Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain
 Le 'n tafaidean cainbe
11. Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain
 Le 'n tafaidean cainbe
 Is cuilbheirean caola
 Air an daoirid gu 'n ceannaicht' iad,
 Glac nan ceann liobhta
 Air chur slos ann am balgaibh,
 O iteach an fhlr-eòin
 'So shìoda na gaille-bheinn
12. O iteach an fhlr-eòin
 'S o shìoda na gaille-bheinn ;
 Tha mo chion air a' churaidh
 Mac Muire chur sealbh air
 'S e bu mhianach le m' leanabh
 'Bhi 'm beannaibh na sealga,
 'Gabhail aidhear na frithe
 'S a' dìreadh nan garbh ghlac
- Your blue piercing eye
 Was like the berry of the earth,
 Beside a florid cheek
 Like the berry of the hawthorn.
9. Beside a florid cheek
 Like the berry of the hawthorn,
 'Neath the loveliest hair
 In rich ringlets falling.
 Would be found in thy dwelling,
 Suspended on pegs,
 A measure and horn,¹
 And the choicest armour.
10. A measure and horn,
 And the choicest armour,
 And swords thin-bladed
 From their hilts to their points.
 Would be found on each side of them
 Rifles and carbines,
 And hard sound yew-bows
 With their hempen strings.
11. And hard sound yew-bows
 With their hempen strings,
 And small fowling-pieces,
 The dearest in cost,
 Sheaves of polished arrows
 Thrust into quivers,
 Feathered from the eagle's plume
 With rarest silk thread.
12. Feathered from the eagle's plume
 With rarest silk thread.
 I am fond of the hero,
 May Mary's Son prosper him !
 The desire of my child was
 To be ranging the hills,
 Enjoying the sport of the forest,
 And climbing rough corries.

¹ Powder-measure and horn.

13. 'Gabhail aidhear na frithe
'S a' dìreadh nan garbh ghlac,
A' leigeil nan cuilean
'S a' furan nan seanna chon.
'S e bu deireadh do 'n fhiùran ud
Fuil thoirt air chalgaihbh.
O luchd nan céir geala
'S nam falluinne deàrga
13. Enjoying the sport of the forest,
And climbing rough corries,
Letting slip the young dogs,
And petting the old ones.
That youth without fail
Would draw blood from the deer
Of the short white tail
And the red-coloured pile.¹
14. O luchd nan céir geala
'S nam falluinne deàrga,
Le d' chòmhlain dhaoine uaisle
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh,
Luchd aithneacha latha
'S a chaitheamh na fairge,
S a b-urrainn a seòladh
Gu seòl-àit do 'n tarruingt i
14. Of the short white tail
And the red-coloured pile.
With your party of gentry,
Who could use their arms with vigour,
Who knew the signs of the weather,
And how to battle with the waves,
And steer a boat in safety
To the haven desired.

Luinneag Mhic Loid. Le Mairi Nighean ALASDAIR RUAIDH (Mary MacLeod).

¹ The only deer of the west coast answering to this are the roe and the fallow deer.



© Francis & Taylor 1863
Iris General Castle, Bohem.

Innischonnell Castle, Lochow.

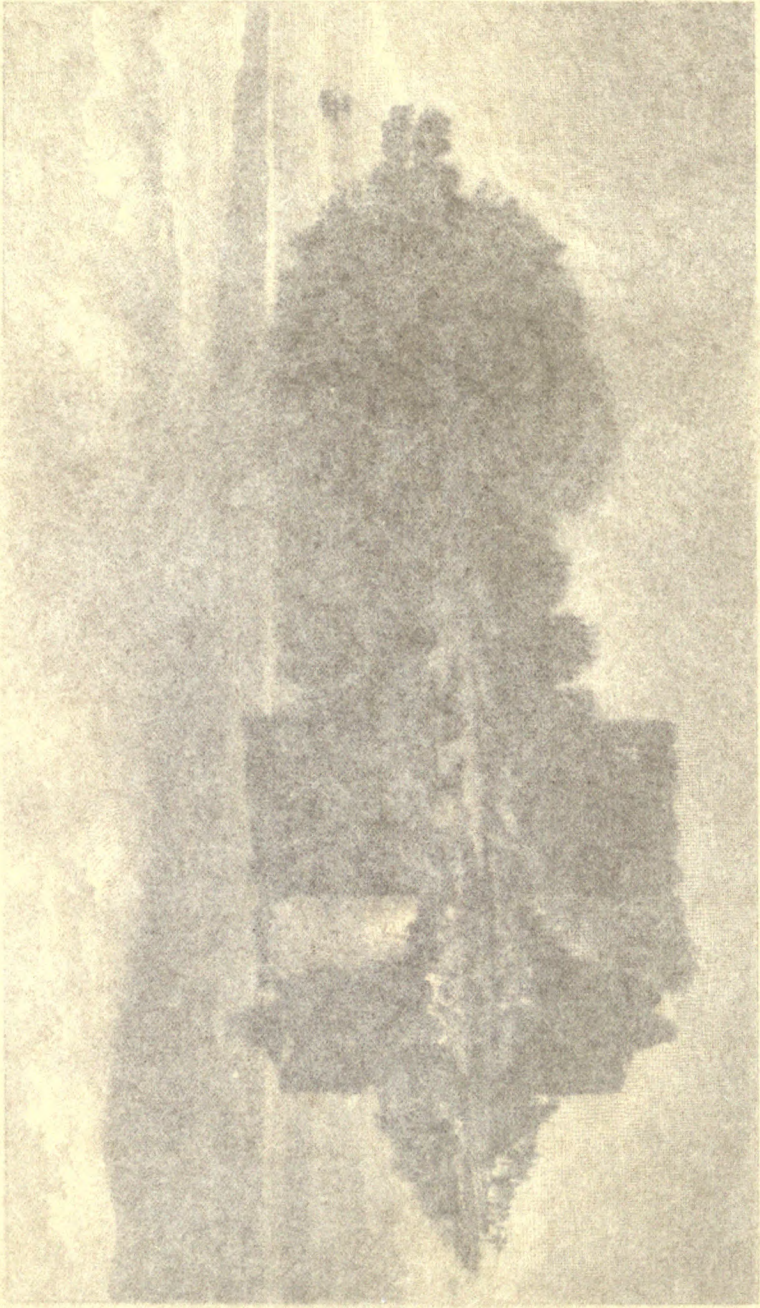
ABOUT the year 1578 Innischnonnell Castle, Lochow, was used by the Earl of Argyll as a prison. Amongst others who were here confined, and who appealed against the legality of such confinement, were John, son and heir of James MacDonald, of Castle Camas, in Skye; also John MacLean, uncle to Lauchlan MacLean of Duart; also Lauchlan MacLean, the young chief of Duart. These persons asserted that Argyll kept them prisoners without warrant.

"Duart's lands were invaded at this time by the Campbells, under Dugal Macconachie of Inverawe."—Record of the Privy Council, 1576 to 1579.

—GRIFFITH'S *Highlands and Isles of Scotland*.

The sword of the Fourth Earl of Argyll in the
National Museum, Edinburgh.

THE sword was in the possession of the National Museum, Edinburgh—to which the attention of the Earl of Argyll, Bank Street, Edinburgh, the well-known musical instrument dealer and antiquarian, was called by Dr Joseph Anderson, curator of the Museum—has on the blade the date 1543 immediately below the motto of the Argylls, "the gyrony of eight," and the "lymphad" or galley.



© 1914 by J. W. ...

Spine General, South, Boston.

Innischonnell Castle, Lochow.

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In this country weapons of undoubted authenticity are sufficiently rare to merit more than a passing notice. Moreover, this sword is of interest to Scotchmen as having undoubtedly belonged to Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll—the first person of importance in Scotland who became a Protestant.

Archibald, fifth Earl, who commanded Queen Mary's forces at the battle of Langside, 1568, probably used this very sword—a weapon which must many a day have been worn in the presence of Queen Mary. Doubtless, also, it was at the Earl's side at Linlithgow, April 10, 1570, when Argyll, with the Duke of Chatelheraut and the Earl of Huntly, was constituted her Majesty's Lieutenant in Scotland.

To Sir Noël Paton, a well-known authority on arms and armour, the Editor is indebted for the following letter concerning this relic:—

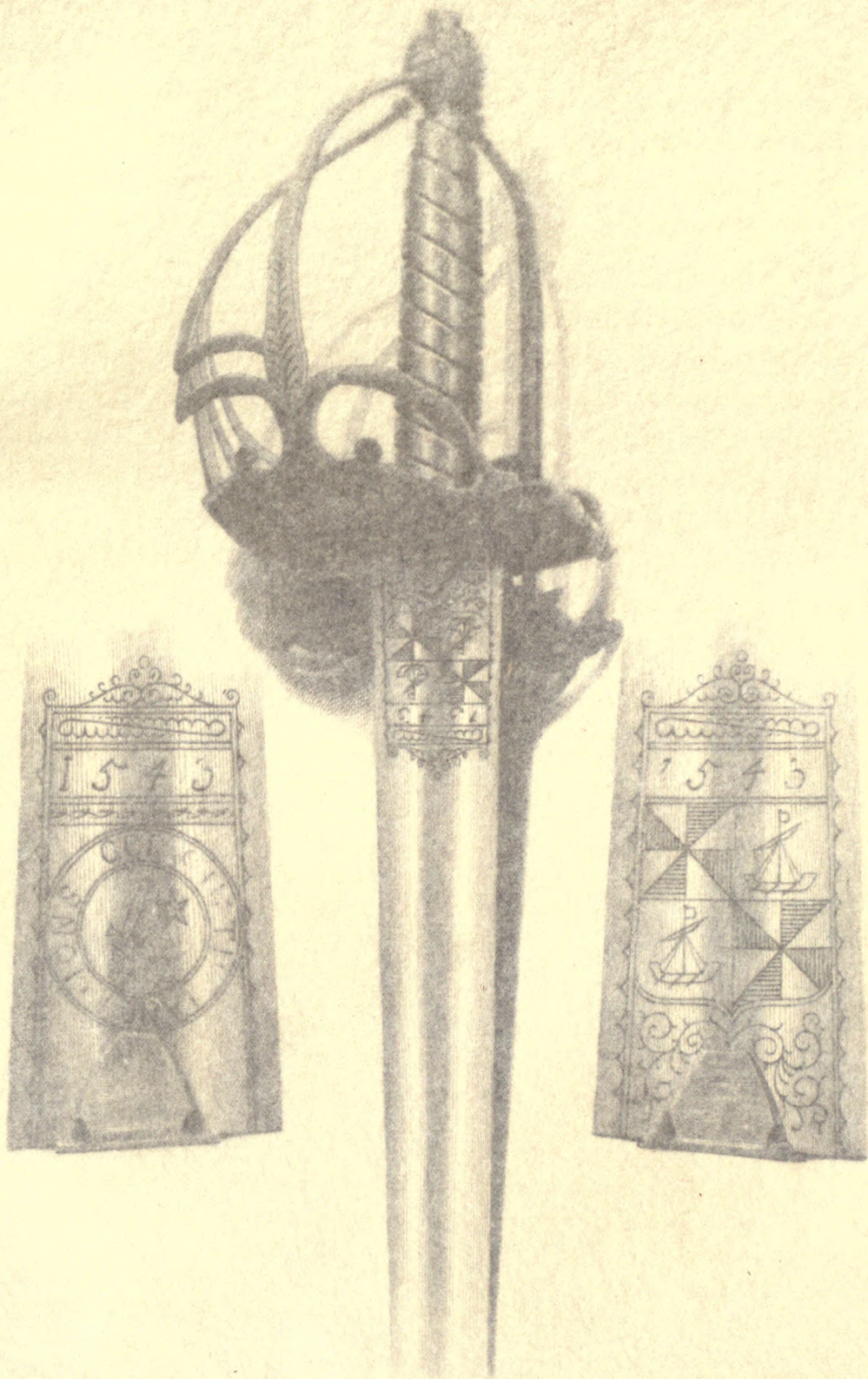
33 GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
18th June 1884.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHIBALD,—It was not in my power to get to the Museum till yesterday, when I carefully examined the lately discovered sword. That it is in its original condition there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be that the style of the hilt—a form of basket considerably earlier than that with which we are familiar on Highland broadswords—is in perfect accordance with the date engraved on the blade; or that that date, with the Argyll and Lorne achievement, and the device and legend also engraved thereon, are contemporaneous with the fabrication of the weapon.

You may assure Lord Lorne that the shield is all right,—1st and 4th, gyrony of eight; 2d and 3d, lymphad.

With regard to the device on the reverse of the blade,—taken in connection with the legend, which, though much effaced, *may* be read, "God's strength and the nations,"—I am inclined to think it is meant to represent a hand holding, not a dagger, but a sword, erect—a "sword of the Lord and of Gideon" emblem! The armourer's mark on the blade is not Eastern; and your first impression that the inscription was Arabic was no doubt due to the defective rendering obtained by a rubbing.

The extreme rarity of armorial bearings on Scottish, and especially on Highland weapons, fully warrants the inference that this sword was made for some personage



The Argyll Sword

*In the Antiquarian Museum Edinburgh - discovered by
Joseph Anderson, Esq: LL.D.*

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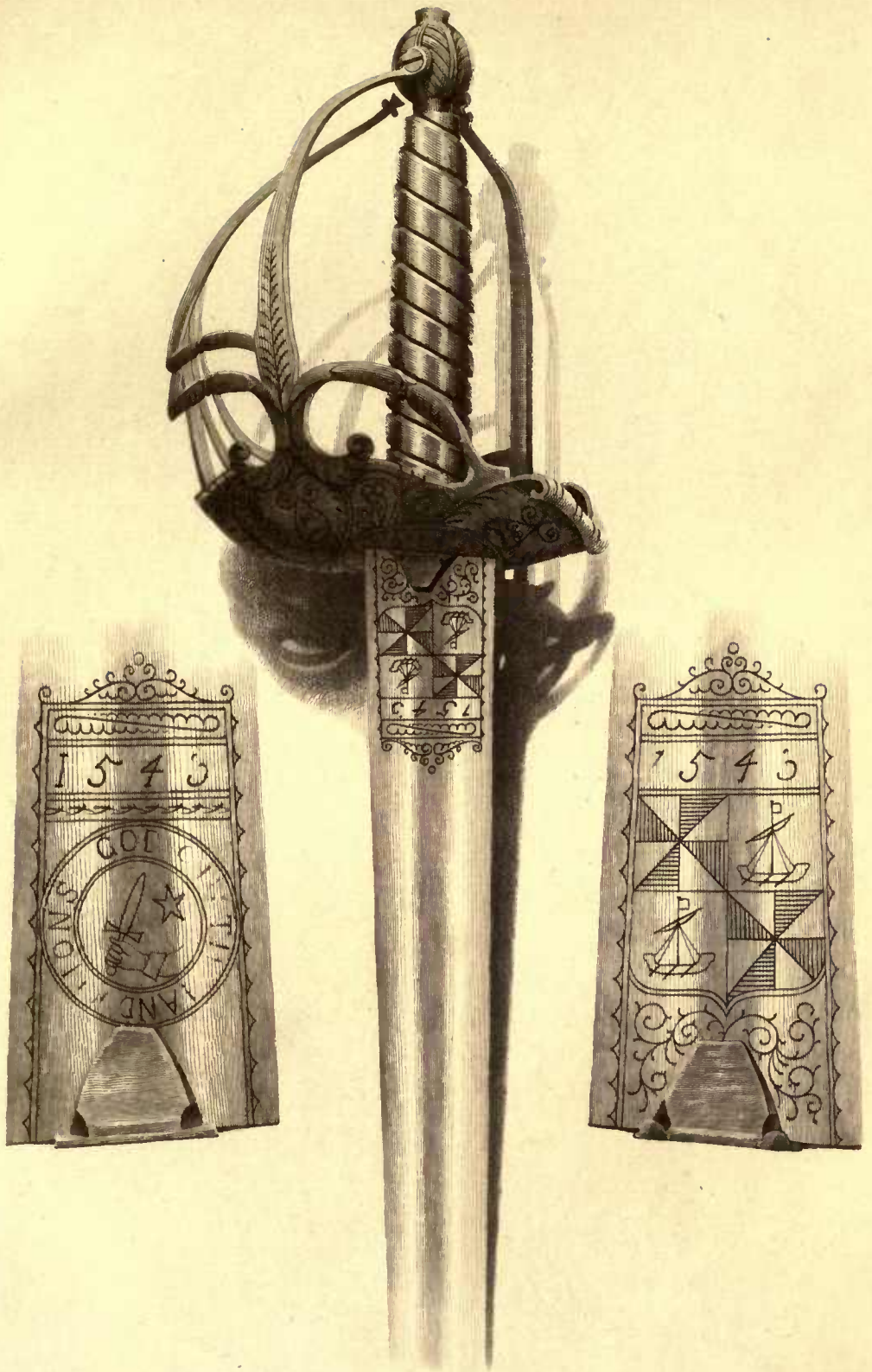
To the Earl's sword, which was preserved in the arms and armour, the historical authorities are not all agreed. Some say it was the sword of the Earl of Argyll, and others say it was the sword of the Duke of Chatelherault.

It is clear from the above that the sword is an early one, and that it is the original of the sword which is now in the Museum. This is in fact the original of the sword which is now in the Museum. There is no doubt that the style of the sword is of a date considerably earlier than that with which we are familiar on Highland broadswords—is in perfect accordance with the date engraved on the blade: in fact that date, with the Argyll and Lorne achievement, and the device and legend also engraved thereon, are contemporaneous with the fabrication of the weapon.

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The Argyll Sword

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of note ; and I am not prepared to say that in assuming that it belonged to the Earl of Argyll of the period, you would overstrain the significance of the fact that it is engraved with the full heraldic achievement of his house.

From Dr Anderson I learnt that many years ago a number of old swords were presented to the Society of Antiquaries by the Town Council of Edinburgh, but that it is no longer possible to identify the weapons so presented.¹ Could it be proved that this sword was one of these, an important link in its history would be supplied. The circumstances connected with the end of Archibald, the ninth earl, would rather lead to than discourage the impression that it might have been the sword of that ill-fated nobleman, taken possession of by the civil authorities here.

Yesterday I met Ian Islay in Princes Street, and told him of the sword, which he promised to go and see to-day. You may probably hear from him in regard to it.

I send this memorandum to you, as you requested, so that you may make such use of it as you may deem advisable. In very great haste.—Faithfully yours,

NOËL PATON.

The Fight between Ormidale (Ormadal) and Glendaruel (Gleann=da=ruadhail).

ONE HUNDRED MEN ON EACH SIDE.

(By John Campbell.)

THE great fight between the Clans Campbell of Ormidale and Glendaruel took place in 1755. As some parties may perhaps not know in what part of Argyllshire West Highlands the above-named places lie, I will here describe it before proceeding further with my narrative. There are but few in this country but know the far-famed

¹ In the Minutes of the Society there is the following entry: 5th March 1849—Donation by William Baillie of Polkemmet, Esq. An ancient sword found in a moss near Polkemmet, Whithaven, bearing on the blade the Campbell arms, with the date 1543.

Kyles of Bute (*Na caoil Bhèidich*) in Argyllshire. Well, say for instance that if a person was desirous of walking up to Ormidale and Glendaruel, they would disembark at Collintrive (*Caol-an-t-snaimh*) Ferry, and from that place there is an excellent highway on the right-hand side which will bring the traveller into Ormidale and up through Glendaruel, passing through Dunans (*Na dùnan*) estate at the head of the glen; and if the traveller is inclined to travel on to Strachur (*Srathchurra*), he must just keep on the same line of road, passing through three miles of an uninhabited glen in the Dunans estate, and after crossing other three miles of a moor, the traveller finds himself at Stralachlan (*Srath-lachluin*) on the margin of Lochfyne (*Loch-fìne*), and but a short distance from Strachur, the whole distance from Collintrive to Stralachlan being twenty miles. However, in going to Ormidale or Glendaruel with the steamer, the vessel, after passing by the Kyles of Bute, instead of steering to the left, as must be done in going to Inverary, she keeps to the right, sailing up Loch Riddon to Ormidale pier, which is situated on the left-hand side of the loch, and about two miles from the big house of Ormidale. Glendaruel big house, termed Eskachachan (*Easg-a'-chlachain*), is situated just about half-way between Ormidale and Dunans, at the head of the glen, which is exactly fourteen miles from Collintrive.

As the reader has now been made aware of where Glendaruel and Ormidale are in the West Highlands, I will now relate an extraordinary occurrence which took place in Ormidale 128 years ago; and I write this from jottings which I made from old but well-written documents which Mrs Hunter Campbell kindly lent to me for a few hours, as she was aware that I was in quest of any kind of matter that might throw some light on long-past events in Argyllshire.

Like many other Highland clans in the days of yore, it appears from the records which I have read, that the Campbells of Ormidale and Glendaruel had no liking for each other, and there were often

brawls taking place betwixt the parties, and they were about equal in numbers and power; but latterly the spleen which existed between them came to a climax in this wise. About a mile up the river from the big house, Ormidale (the laird) had a dam raised across the river for the purpose of driving the water-wheel of a wauking-mill for thickening and dressing cloth after it came from the weaver's loom, just the same as a tanner thickens a cow's hide to make the leather for our shoes. In those past times the Highlanders made all their own cloth, and they were well up to the art of dyeing—blue, green, and yellow—having no chemicals but the ashes of burned heather, brackens, and some other vegetable matter the name of which I don't remember now. The wauking-mill was a great advantage to the natives of the place, by getting their home-made cloth properly wauked for very little expense; for, doing it themselves by the hand-system was a very laborious affair. The mill was not long in operation till Glendaruel saw he had a good opening for raising a quarrel with his neighbour chieftain, Ormidale, declaring war against him if he did not take down the dam; and that if he did not do so in a very short time, that it would be done for him by hands that were both able and willing. Ormidale having paid no attention to the threatening message that was sent to him, Glendaruel sent a second message, saying that the breast of the dam was an impediment both to salmon and other fish in ascending the river up to his domains, and that if it was not down the next day it would not be there another one. Ormidale being inflexible in the matter, Glendaruel's men made a large breach in the centre of the dam in the night-time; but Ormidale sent a sufficient number of men the next day to the dam, and had the breach repaired in not many hours, but not without being much molested by having stones thrown at them by the Glendaruel clan; and the breast of the dam was broken down again the same night, but the men suffered much by stone-throwing. As formerly, it was repaired the next day, but some hard fighting went on all the time betwixt the

determined parties. No one looked near the dam that night; but the next day Glendaruel sent a letter to Ormidale, and it was in substance similar to what we have read in the old Jacobite song—viz., “Johnny Cope” :—

“Cope sent a letter to Dunbar :—
 Sayin’, Charlie, meet me gin you daur,
 And I’ll learn you the art o’ war,
 If you meet wi’ me in the morning.”

The words in Glendaruel’s letter to Ormidale were the following :—

ESKACHACHAN, *August 7, 1755.*

TO THE CHIEF OF ORMIDALE.

SIR,—I will have no more child’s-play, but I and 100 men will appear on the eastern side of the river, at the dam, between ten and eleven o’clock forenoon, to-morrow, and you bring the same number of men, but no more, otherwise you are a coward and void of honour. Have but the same number of men which I will have, and if I may feel inclined to do so, I will drown you and all your unspirited men in your own dam, and make all your bodies food for the fish of the river. At all events, I shall have the dam down to-morrow; and to confirm my words, I now kiss the sword.¹

The next morning was a very fine one, and the horn was sounded very early from one end of the glen to the other, and the same was done in Ormidale. Long before the time mentioned more than double of the number wanted came in haste to their respective chiefs, but only one hundred of the best and stoutest men were picked out for the fight by both parties. At the appointed time Glendaruel and his men made their appearance at the dam on the eastern side of the river, whilst Ormidale’s braves stood face to face to their foes on the western bank. Every man of both parties was armed with cudgels, and the Glendaruel men were

¹ The oath on the dirk or the sword was the most solemn asseveration that a Highlander could take. See ‘Waverley,’ and Scott’s note on “The Oath on the Dirk.”

provided with implements for the demolishing of the dam-breast, which was to be done, or die in the struggle.

Glendaruel, with three of his sons standing by his side, cried over the water to Ormidale, "Come on now, and I will teach you how to fight" (the words o' Johnny Cope). With that Glendaruel's men went into the water with their implements for the purpose of demolishing the fish barrier; but Ormidale and his men were ready to prevent any such thing to be done. The chief himself was the first to rush into the water, followed by his men, and in a twinkling a terrible struggle was in full swing. Two of Glendaruel's sons were seen to rush at Ormidale and strike him on the face with their sticks, cutting him so severely that his face was covered over with blood. The Ormidale men, on seeing their chief bleeding, at once became perfectly wild, so the fight became more furious and desperate. Some were fighting with their fists, others with sticks, some were in grips and tumbling over each other in the water, but the majority of them on both sides were hard at work throwing stones at each other. That awful work went on for a considerable time; and had it not been that some party or parties had run to Clachan and told the minister—viz., the Rev. Mr Forbes—about the terrible battle that was going on at the wauk-mill dam, many lives would have been lost that day; but the reverend gentleman at once made all haste to the scene of action, and in a short time, but not without some trouble and danger to himself from stone-throwing, succeeded in getting the parties separated from killing each other, which undoubtedly would have been the case had the reverend gentleman not put in an appearance in time. There was not a single life lost; there was not one out of the 200 men but what was made in a sad state with many cuts, bruises, black eyes, and the loss of much blood—so much so, indeed, that the water of the river was made red with it for a time as it ran into the head of the little loch; and it is said by tradition that it was through that sad event that the loch has been termed Loch

Reden¹ from that memorable day to the present time. There was no breach made in the dam-breast that day, nor did any parties attempt to do so after the eventful day in question; but it was subsequently settled, in a court of justice held at Dunoon, that Ormidale would erect box-steps from the bed of the river to the top of the dam-breast, so that when a spate in the river would occur the fish could get over the dam-breast by leaping from one trough to another, as fish know how to do. After the dam case was settled, Ormidale took proceedings against Glendaruel and his sons for abusive language, and assault to the effusion of blood by having been struck several blows on the face with sticks by two of Glendaruel's sons, which caused Ormidale to be confined to bed for a number of weeks, to his serious loss and bodily suffering. The following is the heading of the law-papers, of which I had a short loan from Mrs Hunter Campbell of Ormidale, Argyllshire, in November 1883:—

PRECOGNITION of Witnesses taken at Dunvon before SOUTHALL and
Captain DUNVON² upon^e 19th August 1755.

E. Ar. J. X P. Duncan Campbell J. X P.

Compeered Peter Smith, tenant in Auchnarrion, aged 60 years or thereby, and married, who being solemnly sworn, purged, and interogated *ut supra*, depones having the day of the great fight seen Glendaruel, his three sons, and a great number of his men standing on the east side of the river beside the dam; they had all sticks in their hands, and many of them had implements over their shoulders for the purpose of breaking down the dam-breast; also heard Glendaruel cry over the water to Ormidale before any tumult took place in way, "Come on now you, and I will learn you how to fight;" also saw two of Glendaruel's sons make a rush at Ormidale in the water and strike him more than one or two blows with their sticks on the face, from which I saw much blood running down into the water and helping to make it red, for I saw that the water was red with the blood of men. And this is the truth as I shall answer to God; and declare I cannot write. E. Ar. J. X P.

Duncan Campbell J. X P.

¹ The waters of the Ruel ran red with blood, it is said, ages before the date of the Glendaruel and Ormidale fight. See 'The Invasion of Cowal' (Brown: Greenock).

² The Captain of Dunoon.

There were many other witnesses examined in this remarkable case on behalf of Ormidale, but as all their averments were just about the same as Peter Smith's, it is therefore quite unnecessary to waste any more time and paper on that part of the subject. What the result of the case was, there is none now of the house of Ormidale can tell, as some numbers of the records were somehow lost, and Mrs Hunter Campbell is now in possession of only three of the documents, which she kindly showed to me, so as I might make some jottings from them, as already mentioned; and from those jottings I have written out as faithful an account of the great fight between the house of Ormidale and that of Glendaruel as I possibly could do from the deficient records which I got but a brief look at. Kings have cast out and fought each other, Highland chiefs have done the same, but in a short time they were just as friendly with each other as ever they were; but it is very far from being the case with the common people of any country on the face of the earth. If any animosity existed between one tribe or class of people and another, and a hundred years to pass by, there would still be a shadow of the old hatred lingering among the same race of people. The Campbells of Ormidale and Glendaruel have for many long years been on the very best of friendships with each other; but this I observed when I was recently in Ormidale and Glendaruel,—if I happened to be speaking to some parties on Ormidale estate, they would plainly say: “The Campbells of Glendaruel never were and never will be like our Campbells;” and I heard some of the Glen parties use the same words in reference to the house of Ormidale. Hence it is quite evident that there is a little of the old spleen about the mill-dam still existing in the minds of the present generation in Glendaruel and Ormidale.¹

¹ The Editor apologises to both families in giving this tale, which has, however, a quaintness about it which, he hopes, makes it inoffensive.

How the MacMasters lost possession of Ardgour (Aird=Ghobhar).

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall, Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

IN the remote past, while yet the MacDonalds held sway over the Hebrides (*Na H-Innse-gall*) and the west coast of Argyllshire (*Siorramachd Earraghaidheil*), the Lord of the Isles lay on his deathbed in his castle of Ardtoirnish. He was suffering from a virulent attack of diarrhœa, which baffled the skill of the leeches of that day. He was surrounded by the chiefs and gentlemen of the country, who bewailed his sad condition. Among those present was a son of MacLean of Duart, who appears to have been landless. He was a great favourite of the Lord of the Isles, who had often promised to give him lands. On this occasion young MacLean went to the great man's bedside and said boldly to him, "You are now about to leave this world, and to leave me behind you as you found me, without lands." No sooner had MacLean uttered these words than MacMaster, Laird of Ardgour, arrived, and imprudently made a sarcastic allusion to MacDonald's complaint. This having irritated the old man, he beckoned to the seneschal and ordered him to remove all from the room except young MacLean. The order having been complied with, MacDonald gave his hand to MacLean and said to him, "Good-bye. Go and get a party of your father's clan and take possession of MacMaster's lands." Upon this MacLean bade good-bye to MacDonald and took his departure. The first person that he met in the court of the castle after going out was MacMaster, to whom he said,—"Take yourself off as fast as you can, and see to it that you be not at home when I arrive. The Lord of the Isles has granted me your lands, and I am going to take possession of them without delay." MacMaster, having perceived that all was over with him,

set off immediately homewards in order to remove his wife and family to a place of safety. MacLean went at the same time to Mull (*Muile*), and got together a band of men, which he took with him to make good his claim to Ardgour. MacMaster being an old man, and the MacLeans young and active, the latter overtook the former. When MacMaster saw them coming, he hid himself, and allowed them to pass. When the MacLeans arrived at Ardgour they found MacMaster's heir, a young child, in the arms of the nurse, and killed him. In the meantime MacMaster arrived at Ardgour Ferry, with the intention of crossing to Lochaber. The ferryman having been out fishing at the time, MacMaster called to him to come to the shore with his boat and put him across. The ferryman answered that the cuddies were taking well, and that he would remain for some time where he was. MacMaster offered to give him a perpetual lease of the croft, free of rent, if he would put him across. The ferryman replied, "It seems to me that your own title to it is not to last long when you are disposed to be so liberal to me." When this dialogue was ended, MacLean came upon the scene and killed MacMaster. The ferryman then came ashore and said to MacLean, "What a good turn I have done you by refusing to put MacMaster across! He will never have an heir to dispute your claim." "True," said MacLean; "but were I situated as he was, you would treat me as you have treated him;" and he there and then sent the ferryman to his account. The next move of the MacLeans was to go in pursuit of MacMaster's natural son, who had gone out of the way as soon as he understood how matters were. They overtook him near Locheil (*Loch-ial*), concealed in a clump of wood, and killed him. His cairn is still to be seen near the highway between Ardgour and Locheil, and is called the Red-haired Man's Cairn, because he was red-haired.

Note.—Gregory says, "The fourth branch of the MacLeans, which held its lands direct from the Lord of the Isles, was that of Ardgour, descended from Donald, another son of Lachlan, third laird of Duart. Ardgour, which formerly belonged to a tribe called MacMaster, was conferred upon Donald, either by Alexander, Earl of Ross, or by his son Earl John. Eugene, or Ewin, Donald's son, held the office of seneschal of the household to Earl John in 1463."

The MacCallums of Colgin (Colagain).

(From the Gaelic of Donald MacCallum, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

ONCE upon a time there lived at Colgin a MacCallum who had twelve sons. On a certain Sabbath he went with them to the church of Kilbride (*Cillebhrìde*). He entered the church at their head, and they followed him in order according to their respective ages. The lady of MacDougall happening to be at church on that day, inquired who the man with the twelve sons was. Being informed that it was MacCallum of Colgin, she said, "A third of Scotland would not be too much for MacCallum." From that day the sons began to pine away till only three of them were left in life. MacCallum being advised to send the three survivors from home, he prepared three horses with panniers, and gave one to each of the lads. He then sent them away, with the direction to take up their residence in whatever place the panniers would fall off the horses. The panniers of the horse of one of them having fallen within the boundaries of the farm, he remained at home. The other two pursued their journey, going in different directions. The panniers of the one having fallen in Glenetive (*Gleann-éite*), he settled there; and the panniers of the other having fallen at Kilmartin (*Cille-mhàrtainn*), he made his home in that district. The brothers married, and had each a family. By marriages they in course of time became numerous. It happened that the MacCallums of Glenetive and the MacCallums of Kilmartin, to the number of thirty each, set out to visit each other on the same day. Meeting in a narrow pass on Sliabh-an-tuim in the Glenmore Moor (*An Gleannmòr*), neither party would allow the other to pass on the right. A fight occurred in consequence, which was maintained fiercely till all were killed except

two, one of each party. Overcome by the toils of the conflict, these two sat down to rest. Entering into conversation, they ascertained that they were relatives. Thus it was that the MacCallums came to be called the offspring of the sixty fools¹ that shed blood on Sliabh-an-tuim.

Colgin is about three miles and a half to the south-west of Oban.

Glenfalloch.

(*Legend told by D. Clark.*)

THE MacCallums at one time owned all Glenfalloch, and other lands in that district. They were at feud with the Stewarts, and were nearly cut to pieces in one of the battles with that clan. Seeing they would be unable to remain in Glenfalloch, unless as subjects of the Stewarts, they resolved to conclude a treaty with Cailean Iongantach (Colin the Singular), Earl of Argyll. By this treaty the Earl bound himself to give the MacCallums lands at Lochow, and to give them protection when the MacCallums stood in need of help. Should Argyll but have one boot on, he was to succour them in all haste. The MacCallums, on the other hand, bound themselves to fight under the Earl's *bratach* (standard), and to be loyal to him as their chief. Thus a number of MacCallums moved to Lochow-side, and among these the ancestors of the MacCallums or Malcolms. This treaty, signed by the Earl and the chief of the MacCallums, descended to a poor weaver, who lived on the banks of the river in Glenfalloch.

¹ "The offspring of the sixty fools"—a literal translation of a proverbial saying.

Early in this century, some of the MacCallums having seen this treaty, wrote to George, sixth Duke of Argyll, informing him of the existence of this document, and asking if the Duke would consent to a renewal of the treaty. The Duke assented; but before it could be done, a spate (or flood) arose in Glenfalloch, the stream close to the man's house overflowed its banks, and the weaver and all his belongings were carried out into Lochlomond.

The Laird of Appin.

(Told by William Rhind.)

The death of the good laird of Appin (Apuinn), who was said to have been killed by MacLean of Duart, as I heard it related when a boy.

IN the days when King James V. held his Court at Stirling (*Sruileadh*), the then laird of Appin had got from the king a writ of jurisdiction for caption and horning—or something to that effect—which gave him some power over the lairds of Glencoe (*Gleann-comhann*) and Duart, his neighbours. When MacLean¹ was apprised of the fact, he became naturally chagrined, and soon purposed a foul deed by which he might overcome the power of Appin. He despatched a messenger to Eilean Stalker

¹ This patronymic appears to be quoted by so many different derivations, that one hardly knows which to accept; and the following may perhaps be as near the mark as any other. Taking the word on its own basis, we find first, *Le-an*, or Celtic *Leth-ain* (the *th* having only the sound of *h*), means "twin," *Leth-ain* being the plural meaning of "twins"; and in the case of this particular race, a twin lineage may easily be supposed: tradition and history seem to repeat it.

(*Eilean an Stalcair*) Castle; and that he might work out his plot under the guise of friendship, he sent an invitation to the laird to pay him a friendly visit for a few days, and if he came unarmed and unattended, pledged his faith for a safe-conduct to and from the island.

Little thought the unsuspecting laird of Appin that it might be his last visit. He accepted the invitation, and went by the ferry which was in those days to and fro from Port Appin (*Port na H-Appinn*), and, after arriving, was received with much apparent courtesy, which appears to have thrown him completely off his guard; and three enjoyable days were spent. On the fourth day the laird of Appin determined to return home.

On his leaving, MacLean sent one of his sturdiest vassals to accompany him to the ferry-point, which lay some miles off. But ere going, MacLean had secretly instructed his vassal to kill the laird of Appin in a small lonely valley which their path led through. He was also instructed to mark well what words might drop from his victim's lips during the time the bloody deed was being committed. When the two had arrived at the spot assigned for the dark purpose, the ruffian turned round, unsheathing his sword, and said, "What aileth me to slay thee here?" The laird of Appin calmly answered, "Nought, for thou art armed, and I unarmed; strife would be unequal." The ruffian then struck off his right hand,—when Stewart said, "Dastard! if thy weapon were in my hand instead of yours, I would have saved the second stroke. Finish thy foul work like a man; but it shall not go unrequited, as the last work performed by that hand was to shave your earthly king. It shall not be unavenged."¹ The ruffian then finished his deadly work. The mangled body was allowed to remain on the spot, with private instructions to some of the retainers not to allow it to be removed for a time. When MacLean heard the words that were

¹ Shaving the king was a mark of confidence.

uttered by his victim, he became anxious about his own safety; and, as the story went, he departed for Stirling with some plausible excuse, and to sue for pardon from the king, well knowing that the Stewarts of Appin were in favour at the time with the Court. He travelled with only one attendant. The story does not follow him through all the windings and intricacies of a weary journey in those days from the Western Hebrides (*Innse-gall*) to Stirling; and we hear no more of him until a young squire meets a jaded horse on Stirling Bridge, carrying what appeared to him to be some one summoned from a distance to appear at Court, who had jaded his horse, fearing he might be late. Travelling a little farther on, his eyes greeted another spectacle. There stood on the roadway an aged woman sobbing and weeping bitterly. She was confronted by a young man, whose dress told that he had come from a Highland district. Anxious to know what was the reason of the woman's grief, he questioned her as to what distressed her so much; and in spite of the scowls on the young man's countenance, she could not be restrained from crying, "Our good benefactor and friend of my kindred, the good laird of Appin, has been basely slain by the MacLean; and he is now on his way to the Castle, where he will be pardoned on false pretences, and no hand to requite his evil deed."

"Speakest thou truth?" said the young squire.

"There is my informant," said the old woman, pointing to the young man; "he is my nephew, and the blood of the Stewarts is in his veins, and he will answer thee rightly."

The young squire then confronted the young man, and putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, addressed him thus: "Thy life depends on the verity of thy answer; is it true what this old woman says?"

"It is true that the laird of Appin has been slain, and at no other one's bidding would it have been done save that of the chief's."

Then the young squire, moving away, hurriedly said, "Is it he that rides the jaded horse?"

"The same," answered the young man.

With a quick step the young squire hurried up the Castle steep as the rider was nearing the Castle gate. Unsheathing his sword, he pressed up close to the rider and plunged it into him, saying, "*Gabh mar a thug; cha'n fhiach thu tuilleadh*,"—which means, "Take as thou gavest; thou art worthy of nought more,"—and left MacLean to die as best he could. The young squire immediately thereafter went into the king's presence, which he had only left but a little while before, and immediately stooped before his Majesty and sued for pardon of a misdeed he owned to have committed during his short absence. The king, surmising it could have only been trivial, granted the request. Then questioning him as to the extent of his crime, he answered, "I have slain MacLean at the gate, my liege lord: for the why—the good laird of Appin has been slain by his machinations, and now lies a mangled victim on the strand of Mull." The king looked serious, and said, "Young laird of Callander, thinkest thou that I would not have revenged the death of your uncle?" "All true, and I feel confident of your Majesty's goodwill; your revenge will not bring back my good uncle. Vengeance is sweet, and my hand hath dealt the retribution."

Meantime, as current news only sped slowly in these quarters, anxiety had only begun to be felt at Castle Stalker among its inmates; and especially the lady's anxiety became intense when the laird did not return at the promised time. Ere many days had passed, the news crept slowly to Port Appin by the ferry, which set that part of the country into a state of alarm. Not knowing how matters stood, they were unable to proceed at once to recover the dead body of their chief. The lady offered, as a reward, that any one who would bring the body to the island of Lismore (*Liosmòr*) for burial, would be presented with a free

farm in any quarter of the estate he might choose. A man of the name of MacCealaich or MacAlvich took upon him the task, and selected a crew of five men, including himself, in the island of Lismore—one of them being an expert boatbuilder. The time of year was May or beginning of June, which made the night very short, and a good deal of their work depended on darkness. Having manned a boat with four oars, and a few arms, including some firearms, such as they were, they crossed the Sound in the afternoon, surmising the people would be all off at peat-making, as indeed proved to be the case. Having made their way unnoticed until they got under the shadow of the rocks, they waited until gloaming or nightfall. The carpenter was instructed to sneak along the beach and scuttle with a wimble all the available boats that he found in any near proximity to the castle. This being deftly done, he ensconced himself at a point where he was to be taken up by his comrades. While he was thus engaged, his companions, with the boat, managed to reach as near as possible to the spot where the body lay, when three of the men were despatched, leaving one behind in charge of the boat. They managed very soon to return with the remains put in a sack, and get into the boat. Turning her prow again towards the castle, under cover of the night, they picked up their man at the appointed place, and pulling abreast of the castle, kept out at some little distance, firing a shot to startle its inmates, and any of the retainers that might be lingering about. This was repeated, volley after volley, until all the neighbourhood was roused. The immediate cause was at once apprehended, and the people came helter-skelter to man their boats. The Appin men sat still on their oars to induce a chase; they were within call, and heaped opprobriums on them to induce them to follow. In a few minutes the verge of the Sound was speckled with boats thickly manned, who engaged in the pursuit without any loss of time. They had not advanced more than a hundred yards, when the scuttling scheme began to tell on the pursuers,—their boats filled,

and before they could recover themselves, all, or nearly all, were struggling in the water for life. It was never known outside of the island how many were lost. When MacAlvich saw that their work of revenge was over, they sped to Lismore, where the good laird of Appin was interred with his fathers. The lady kept her promise, and gave MacAlvich the farm as stipulated.

Duncan MacColl and Prince Charles's Year.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall, Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

DUNCAN MACCOLL and two elder brothers accompanied the Stewarts of Appin (*Na H-Apunn*) to the battle of Culloden (*Cìil-fhodair*). He was at the time a youth of about sixteen years of age. One of his brothers was killed, and the other was wounded in the battle. Before leaving the field after the bloody struggle was over, he went to bid his wounded brother farewell. The latter, anticipating the barbarities that were committed by Cumberland's soldiery, said to Duncan that he would rather be despatched by himself than fall into their hands. On hearing this, Duncan dashed out his brains with the butt-end of his musket. He then hastened away to join his regiment, which, with the rest of the clans, was in retreat, and arrived safely at his home in Appin (*Apuinn*) in due time. Shortly after his return, a ship of war came to anchor below Ardsheil (*Airdseile*) House, and began to disembark soldiers. The first party that landed divided itself into two companies, and began to march backwards and forwards in front of the house, their movements being so directed that while the one company faced the ships the other faced the house. They

had expected to be able to seize Stewart of Ardsheil in his own house; but he was too wary for them, and by the time they arrived he was far away in hiding. Ardsheil, MacColl of Glenstockadale (*Gleannstocadail*), Stewart of Inbhernahyle (*Inbhir-na-h-aighle*), and others, had betaken themselves to a lonely cave in the recesses of Ben Vehir (*Beinn Bheithir*). At a loss how to act in the perplexing circumstances in which she was placed, the lady of Ardsheil took counsel with the other inmates of the house, among whom was young Duncan MacColl. The decision to which they came was to send a supply of food and drink to the men in the cave, and information as to the state of affairs at the house, so that the fugitives might have an opportunity of retiring farther into the interior of the country, where they would be beyond the reach of the soldiers. The next consideration was, who would undertake to carry the provisions to their destination. The house was so closely watched, that any one attempting to leave it would run the risk of being caught and shot. MacColl volunteered to run this risk, saying that he had stood fire before, and that he was ready to do so again if necessary. There was a moment when the backs of both companies of the soldiers were turned to the house. This occurred as often as they wheeled about at the end of their line of march. Watching the moment when this movement was taking place, MacColl crept cautiously out of the house with his burden, and lay concealed behind a boulder. He remained there till the next wheeling about gave him an opportunity of moving farther. He continued this stealthy mode of procedure till he was quite out of sight of the soldiers. He then hastened to Ben Vehir cave, informed its occupants of the landing of the soldiers, and advised them to seek other quarters with as little delay as possible. Having fixed on another place of concealment, they ordered MacColl to shoulder his burden and follow them. He used to say, when he was an old man, that he thought he still saw Ardsheil bounding down the hillside at a rate of speed that could not be equalled by the best horse in Appin, the others

following him as they best could. The Ben Vehir cave is to this day called Ardsheil's cave.

The incidents in this tale occurred in 1746.

Lochan-na-fala; or, The Bloody Lake.

(Furnished by "D.," from the Gaelic of Alexander Campbell, Black Crofts.)

. . . **G**LENURE (*Gleann-iubhair*) lies on the east side of the river Creran, and is within the bounds of the parish of Ardchattan (*Aird-chatan*). For many generations it formed part of the estate of the Campbells of Barcaldine (*Am Barracalltuinn*). It appears that, before coming into the possession of the Campbells, it belonged to a family of Cunninghams; though how this family obtained a footing in the district has not been explained. Tradition has it that not only Glenure, but Acha-chath, in Barcaldine, belonged to the Cunninghams. There was a Cunningham in Glenure at one time who had nine sons, all of whom were brave and spirited lads. Such a goodly number of such sons was an invaluable possession in times when one had to hold his own by the strong hand. In those days, Glencreeran and the adjacent glens were particularly subject to predatory incursions from Rainneach and other parts of Perthshire (*Siorramachd Pheairt*). It was not difficult, for instance, to make a raid on Glenetive by way of King's House (*Tigh-an-righ*), or of Làirig-dhochard, and thence on Glencreeran, across the moor. The Cunninghams had nearly sustained a heavy loss from one of these raids.

One night a band of men from Perthshire came down upon Glenure and carried off a number of cattle. Having been missed about daybreak, steps were taken to find out in what direction they were driven; and their hoof-marks having been traced up Creran-side and hillwards, it was forthwith determined to intercept them. With this design, the Cunninghams sped up the brae above Glenure House, and cut across the moor in the direction of Lochan-na-fala. When they reached the lake, they found the marauders there before them, and the cattle grazing around. The sun shone very brightly that morning, and its light had such a dazzling effect on the eyes of the marauders that they could not take accurate aim at the Cunninghams. The latter, on the other hand, had their backs to the sun, and were partially protected by a huge boulder that stood, and still stands, beside the lake. From behind this boulder they shot their arrows among their foes, and that with such fatal aim that not one of them survived to tell the tale of the conflict. Their blood dyed the lake, which on that account was called Lochan-na-fala.

Cattle-lifting in the Island of Luing.

(From the Gaelic of Duncan MacIntyre of Oban. Supplied by "D.")

THE fertile island of Luing (*Luinn*) forms part of the Earl of Breadalbane's (*Iarla Bhraid-albainn*) Nether Lorne estate. It lies between the island of Shuna (*Siùna*) on the east, and the islands of Scarba and Lunga on the west. It is bounded on the north by the Sound of Cuan, which separates it from the island of Seil (*Saoil*). The farm on the Luing side of Cuan, as well as that on the Seil side, is called Baile-chuain. About a quarter of a mile to the west of Baile-chuain, in Luing, is a small creek called Camus-cairble, which forms a safe harbour for boats and smacks. About a mile and a half to the north of Camus-cairble is the narrow Sound of Easdale (*Eisdeal*), between the island of Easdale and the village of Easdale, on the Seil side.

A party of Mull (*Muile*) men set out once on a predatory expedition. Their destination was the island of Luing, and the port they made for was Camus-cairble, above mentioned. The night was advanced before they arrived. There was design in this; for these raids were, for obvious reasons, conducted with all possible secrecy. They had not far to go in quest of prey; for Marquis, the tenant of Baile-chuain, had a goodly fold of cattle. On Marquis's cattle, accordingly, they laid unsparing hands. Having put on board their barge as many of them as it could contain, they had one over, which they slaughtered for immediate use. While they were flaying this cow, Marquis, who followed them, and was watching them from a height close at hand, discharged an arrow, which pierced the back of the hand of one of the men engaged in flaying. Apprehending an attack in force, the marauders took to their boats, and put to sea without delay, leaving the

slaughtered cow on the shore. As a smart breeze of north wind was blowing at the time, they hugged the shore as closely as they safely could, in order to take advantage of its shelter. Marquis, anticipating the course that they would take, crossed Cuan Ferry, hastened on to the north end of Easdale Sound, where it was narrowest, and hid himself among the rocks on the shore, at a point which is to this day called Rudha Mhic Mharcuis—*i.e.*, Marquis Point. He waited there patiently till the Mull men came forward. When they were within range, he threw in among them rapidly arrow after arrow, and that with such fatal effect that not one of them escaped with life. He then secured their boat with all that it contained.

A Highland Creach.

(From the Gaelic of Archibald Sinclair, Oban. Supplied by "D.")

OUR Highland forefathers, like their brethren on the Borders, were not always careful in recognising the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. True, they showed respect for the property of the clans with whom they were on amicable terms, and their general practice was to "fetch a prey" from those only at whose hands they had at some time or other sustained injury. Nevertheless they did not hesitate, when pressed by scarcity at home, to harry the lands of some distant tribe to whom they were under no special obligations, and to make incursions into the Lowlands, from whose well-filled byres they considered it legitimate at any time to replenish their empty beef-barrels. These predatory incursions were often

the occasions of fierce encounters, in which much blood was spilt, of which the following short tales afford illustrations :—

Fifteen days before Christmas, some time in the course of last century, a party of seven men set out from Crogan in Mull (*Muile*) on a marauding expedition, and landed at Gallanach-beag Bay, about two miles and a half south of Oban. Having secured their boats, they directed their course inland, and made their way to the braes of Muckairn (*Mucàrn*), where they proceeded to business. The first fruit of their labours was a white cow belonging to a poor man who resided at a place called Larach-a'-Chnodail, a short distance above Eas-nan-clag, a small waterfall that tumbles into the river Nant (*Neannta*), at the "Tailor's Leap." Taking the white cow along with them, they turned down to Glenlonain (*Gleann-lonain*), where they "lifted" cattle as they went along. When they arrived at the lower end of the glen, their spoil consisted of four cows and three stirks. As soon as the cattle were missed, five men started in pursuit, tracking them easily in the snow, with which the ground happened at the time to be covered. They overtook the marauders at Gallanach-beag, and found the cattle partly on the shore and partly in the boats. The two parties immediately attacked each other, and fought with might and main till five of the marauders and three of their pursuers were slain. The cattle were then brought home.—One night in the following winter, after the good people of Larach-a'-Chnodail had betaken themselves to rest, the lowing of the white cow was heard from the brae above the house. "The white cow is being driven off," said the man to his wife. Jumping out of bed, he looked through the window, and saw the cow on the face of the brae, and men driving her. Dressing himself with all speed, he took his gun, and followed them with the determination to make a manly effort to recover his property. Making a detour, he hid himself in a clump of brushwood within sixty feet of the path along which he knew they would come. He was not long in his hiding-place when he perceived

a man with a tartan plaid urging forward the cow with a stick. He took aim at him, fired, and knocked him over; his comrades fled, and the cow and her stirk were led home. Next day the owner of the cow visited the spot where the man was killed; he was not to be found, but his blood dyed the grass. A large cairn of stones still marks the spot, and the site of the house of Larach-a'-Chnodail is still distinguishable.

Cattle-lifting in Rainneach.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall, Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

THE MacDougalls of Lorne (*Lathurna*) went to Rainneach on one occasion to obtain a booty of cattle. The road they took led them along the face of Ben Cruachan (*Beinn Chruachain*), up Glenstrae (*Gleann-sreatha*), and through Black Mount (*Am Monadh Dubh*). They succeeded in carrying off unperceived a large number of cattle of superior quality—such a class of cattle as the drover delights in. When the cattle were missed, the Rainneach men assembled and set out in pursuit. They overtook the MacDougalls at a small lake near the mountain called Beinn-suidhe-chana, at the head of Glenstrae. When the MacDougalls saw their pursuers coming after them, they halted to give them battle, sending a small party on in advance with the cattle. A sharp and bloody contest ensued, in which the Rainneach men were routed and lost their banners. In their helter-skelter retreat they threw their arms into a lake, which, from that circumstance, is called the Lake of the Arms (*Lochan-nan-arm*). When the MacDougalls resumed their homeward march after the battle,

they hoisted the banners of the Rainneach men in token of victory. When their comrades in advance, who had arrived within a short distance of Beinn-Lùrachain, saw the strange banners, they thought that the Rainneach men were victorious and were bearing down upon them: under this impression they drew their swords and hamstrung the cattle. When their friends arrived at the place where the cattle were, they found them unable to move, and saw their keepers in panic flight down past Duileter (*Duileitir*). They had nothing for it but to march away without their prey. The piece of mossy ground on which the hamstringing took place is called to this day Am monadh buailte.

Baile Mhaodain.

(Supplied by Miss Jeanie MacGregor, Lismore.)

THESE notes were taken down a few years ago from the dictation of a trustworthy old man of the name of Dugald MacInnes,¹ whose forefathers lived in Muckairn (*Mucàrn*) for several generations. His father had the farm of Culnadallach.

He heard his father and grandfather say that St Modan was a

¹ Dugald MacInnes's great-grandfather was, first, cattle-manager to the Duke of Argyll in Glenaray, and afterwards tenant of Benbui. Having been on one occasion on the borders with cattle, he met the Duke there, and did him a service which was so highly appreciated that the Duke promised to grant him any reasonable request that he might make the first time they should happen to meet at Inveraray. Not long after this the Duke returned to Inveraray. The first time after his return that he met Campbell he said to him, "What can I do for you, Campbell?" "Allow me to wear the Highland dress," said Campbell. This request was

MacLullaich who had possessions in Ardchattan (*Aird-chatan*), which he gave up to the Church. The ruins of a church bearing his name are still to be seen there. The following old Gaelic saying has been handed down : “ *Cloinn Lullaich o Thulaich Mhaodain*,”—*i.e.*, The MacLullaichs from the hill of Modan. An old legend relates that as the congregation was one day assembled for worship and seated on the greensward waiting for the priest, a serpent appeared among them. From some cause or other the people began to quarrel. Dirks were drawn and blood was shed. A number were killed, and the church profaned. When the priest arrived, he said that the Evil One was among them in the serpent's shape, and that as blood was shed in the church, he would never preach in it again. It was at this time that the church whose ruins remain was built. This church had a bell called “ *Clag buidhe Bhaile-mhaodain*,”—*i.e.*, the yellow bell of Balmodan—which tradition says was taken to Scone (*Sgàin*). It would not, however, remain there, but returned, ringing through the air the words, “ *An rud nach buin duit na buin da*,”—*i.e.*, “ Do not meddle with what does not belong to you.” It was again taken away, and never returned, and was believed by the people to have been lost in the sea or in a loch.

The narrator says further that he recollects seeing a stone called *Suidhe Mhaodain*—*i.e.*, Modan's seat—lying on the roadside in Glensallach (*Gleann-salach*), above Inveresragain (*Inbhiresragain*). A mason called David Meldrum, from Aberdeen, cut it down for door-lintels for Ardchattan House, which act of vandalism greatly displeased Mr Poppam, the proprietor, when it came to his knowledge.

granted at once. The first time after this that he was in Inveraray he had on the Highland dress. The consequence was that he was imprisoned by the Sheriff. When this came to the Duke's ears he gave orders for Campbell's release. Campbell was the first man who wore the Highland dress in the Highlands after the passing of the Act prohibiting its being worn.—“ D.”

St Maluag and Lismore.

Supplied by Miss Jeanie MacGregor, Lismore. (This story was told by James Black.)

THIS island was under the safer and quieter rule of the Church for many hundred years, while its turbulent neighbours of the mainland held the place as sacred from raid and assault.

The ruins of the Episcopal castle of Achenduin (*Acha-an-dùin*), and of the "cathedral," part of which is now built into the parish church at the clachan of Lismore (*Liosmòr*), remain to tell us of the days when Lismore was the seat of the ecclesiastics of the west. St Maluag (or Malachi) is the patron saint of this island, and the original name of the parish is Kilmaluag (*Cill-maluag*).

The story is told, that St Maluag came from Ireland in his *bìrlinn*,¹ a Christian missionary in search of a "field" of labour among the heathens. He was attracted by the low-lying long green island, and he sailed for it. Probably its aspect, so unlike the heathery hills and romantic glens of the Highlands of Scotland, reminded him of the beloved Erin which he had left for ever, and he longed to land there and take the fold in his own care. But he became aware that another *bìrlinn* was also steering for the green island, and another eager saint was gazing from the prow; and as the first to touch the land in those days was by tacit agreement to enter into possession of the jurisdiction of the island, they raced for it. Mahac, the rival saint, was likely to win, and Maluag, who evidently disapproved of the doctrine of Mahac (and indeed his subsequent demeanour would seem to have justified his misdoubts of Maluag), put his finger on the edge of the boat, chopped it off, and threw it on the shore, and so he was the first

¹ Galley.

to "touch the land," whereupon the disappointed Mahac began to curse the island and its belongings for evermore; but Maluag counteracted his evil wishes with blessings in reply. "The rocks with edge uppermost shall grow," said Mahac. "And their venom deep buried at their roots," responded Maluag. "The alder-tree shall be for fuel," quoth Mahac. "It will burn like tinder," said Maluag.

(The inhabitants of Lismore maintain that though these limestone rocks with their serrated edges are sharp, they have never injured man or beast; and the alder, which makes poor firewood as a rule, here burns bright and clear!)¹

Maluag landed at a little bay, called Port Maluag, near the Pictish round tower of "Tirefoor" (*Tir-a'-phuir*); and on the little height overlooking the sea he built his church, the site of which is still distinctly marked by a low turf dike which runs along where the old walls stood. He preached and laboured many years in Lismore, and was so beloved by the people, that on his death in a far-distant place in Perthshire, where he had gone to continue the work of his life, they chose a band of strong men, who went away to bring back all that remained of the beloved pastor; and they carried him in his coffin shoulder-high all the way over the trackless hills and morasses till they came to the Appin shore, opposite Lismore, where once again they bore the coffin as before, resting at a spot not far from where they buried him, which to this hour is known and marked by a cairn, and beside the same a rude seat in a rock called Maluag's Chair.

In the olden days, when faith was strong, men came from far and near to rest awhile in Maluag's Chair, and thereby to be cured of rheumatism and all other pains in the limbs.

In digging a grave on the churchyard hill some years ago, a little old candlestick was found: it was said to be golden, but that was not likely. It was supposed that it was Maluag's grave which had been so disturbed.

¹ This is a fact.—ED.

The candlestick was taken to Lochnell House. Mahac has also left his name on Lismore. The next little bay to "Port Maluag" is called "Port Mahac" (*Port Mathag*), where possibly he may have landed, or more likely ran his *birlinn* in there before turning to sail away in hope of a more successful ending to his voyage.

In the field below the church at Lismore, there stands a granite stone called *An Eala* (The Swan). It is a pillar, and deeply fixed in the ground. In the olden time, if when a culprit was fleeing from the avenger he could escape in time to reach the Swan Stone and put his hand on it, he was safe from further prosecution for a year and a day, as no one would dare to lay hold of him for that time after reaching the sanctuary. The hill above this field and the church is called the "Hill of Judgment." The courts were held there, and the criminal, if his fault was such that to hang him would be too severe a punishment, was marched once round the Swan Stone from west to east, against the sun, which was considered a great dishonour, and equal in disgrace to a year's imprisonment; while if the accused person was found to be innocent of the crime, he was led round "The Swan" once in the natural way, from left to right—that is to say, with the sun—and acquitted with great honour and glory. And the "Gallows Hill" stands near, to tell that sometimes there was a more terrible ending to the trials on the Hill of Judgment.

These customs probably date from the days of the Druids, long before the cross was raised on the neighbouring hillock, of which the socket still remains, deep cut in the flat basement, but the standing stone has long ago disappeared.

Beothail, Nigheann Rìgh Lochlann—Beoil, Daughter of the King of Scandinavia.

(By Alexander Carmichael.)

THE island of Lismore lies along the Linne Loch, opposite Oban. It is ten miles long, and from one and a fourth to one and a half miles broad.

The formation of Lismore is almost entirely limestone. The island is crossed at irregular intervals by trap dikes which reappear on the mainland opposite on either side.

The soil of Lismore is extremely good and fertile, producing rich succulent grasses, and varieties of plants of much botanical interest.

The grazing is exceedingly green and beautiful in summer, but is too soft and delicate to withstand the frosts and rains of winter.

There are no high hills, nor are there extensive plains, the surface of the island being singularly irregular and full of knolls and hillocks, everywhere shooting up jagged, serrated, sharp-edged rocks of every variety of shape.

The name of Lismore signifies "the great garden," and is said to have been given to the island by the Lords of the Isles, whose garden or granary it is said to have been. There is no evidence, however, that the Lords of the Isles possessed Lismore as a garden, while there is evidence that Lismore possessed the name long anterior to their time. The Lords of the Isles are popularly said to have possessed a house, and the half of Scotland—*Tìgh is leth Alba*—in their day.

After the Lords of the Isles, the Lord of Argyll possessed two parts of Lismore, the Lord of Glenurchy possessing the other part; while

MacDougall of Lorn held the stewardship over the whole, with the manrent thereof. This was some three centuries ago.

In the Outer Hebrides, Lismore is often called "Sliosmor," the great slope or plain—not an inappropriate name compared with the surrounding mountains.

Next to Iona, probably Lismore is the most interesting island in the west. It is said to have been the burying-ground of the surrounding country, both on account of the sanctity of the place, and the security the island afforded the bodies of the dead from molestation by wild beasts—wolves, boars, and suchlike.

Places of burial were numerous in Lismore. The sites of many of these and of their churches can still be traced, while the positions of others are indicated by their place-names.

All these ancient chapels and burial-places—God's acres, as the Old Scotch beautifully says—were dedicated to favourite saints. No one can view these interesting places, so beautifully situated and so hallowed in association, without emotion, and without reverence.

Lismore was christianised by Maoluag, who is said in the place to have been the brother of Columba. I apprehend, however, that Columba and Maoluag were brothers only in the sense that they were

"Brethren in *religion*, but rivals in renown."

Popular tradition in Lismore says that Columba and Maoluag were making for Lismore in their currachs together, and striving who should reach the island first.

They carried axes in their boats to fell trees for building churches. In nearing the land, Maoluag took up an axe, and cutting off the little finger of his left hand, threw it ashore before him, saying—"In name of the Holy Godhead of the blessed Trinity, my flesh and blood are on the land."

Columba commended his brother's devotion, and, embracing his

brother affectionately, he blessed himself and his island. Columba then continued his course northward along Lochseille and along the Great Glen of Alban, preaching and converting the people till he reached the castle of King Brude, near Inverness. When Brude heard of his coming, he shut his iron gates and barred them against him. But when the saint came near, the strong iron bars fell down, and the ponderous iron gates flew open, and he went in and converted King Brude and all his Court to the Christian faith.

Columba is said to have been sorry at having lost Lismore, which he meant to make the centre of his missionary labours.

Before parting, a friendly altercation took place between Columba and Maoluag, in which the salient features of Lismore are happily described.

Columba. Faobhar na cloiche bhos The edge of its (Lismore) rock
a cionn. be upwards.

Maoluag. A goimh foipe. Be its venom under.

Col. Fearnar mar chonnadh daibh. Alder be their fuel.

Maol. 'Gabhail mar a choinneal da! May it kindle like the candle!

Maoluag built a church where he landed, the ruins of which, or those of a subsequent building, can still be traced. The place is called Port Maoluag. Near to the ruins of the church is a well, which is held sacred, and to which, in accordance with popular belief, persons afflicted with diseases came for cure.

About three miles from the north end, and about equidistant from either side of the island, Maoluag built another church, at a place now called Clachan. The place was well chosen, commanding, as it does, a beautiful view of the surrounding districts in all their varied grandeur of sea and mountain, wood and water. This was Maoluag's principal church.

From Lismore Maoluag made many missionary excursions to other parts of Scotland. While absent on one of these, Maoluag died at Mort-

lach, in Aberdeenshire. When the news of his death came to Lismore, the people sorrowed sorely, and twenty-four of the strongest men in the place travelled to Mortlach and brought home his body. They buried him under the altar of his church at Clachan amidst the wailing of women and the sobs of men, for his people dearly loved their good saint Maoluag.

Saint Maoluag's church stood on the summit of the knoll comprehending the present burying-ground of Lismore. This building, or more likely another which took its place, was burnt, probably by the Norsemen.

While digging a grave some sixty or seventy years ago, on the site of Maoluag's church, the people found a gold candlestick. The candlestick was small, but of beautiful workmanship and design, in the form of a tripod representing the Trinity. It was supposed that the people had come upon the grave of the saint, with whom his candlestick had been buried. More probably, however, the gold candlestick formed part of the altar furnishings of the church that had been burnt. It went to General Campbell of Lochnell—a gentleman of the most honourable character and highest accomplishments, who is still spoken of with admiration in the district. General Campbell left a valuable collection in natural history and antiquities, which, however, got dispersed after his death. Some things from his collection, notably immense deer and bison horns found in Lismore, are now in the British Museum.

All the old religious buildings in Lismore have unhappily disappeared, except the choir of the cathedral, which is now the parish church. This cathedral—Gaelic, *cathair*—is said to have been built by a Bishop Carmichael, a native of the place, and whose family was of some local position in their time. Bishop Carmichael was familiarly called *An t-Easpuig Ban*, the fair-haired Bishop—a term not inapplicable to his distant kindred still.

During more than two hundred years the Norsemen held complete sway over the Western Isles and the Isle of Man. Ultimately the battle of Largs broke their power; and, with the efficient aid of the Great

Somerled (Gaelic, *Somhairle Mor MacGhillebride*), ancestor of the Lords of the Isles, the Norsemen were driven out of Scotland.

Before obtaining permanent possession of Lismore, the Norsemen made frequent raids on the island, periodically sweeping away all its fat flocks. On one of these occasions the Viking galleys anchored off the north end of the island of Kearara, behind the Maiden Island. They rowed to Lismore in their boats. When the people saw these dreaded Vikings coming they drove their flocks towards the north end of the island, resolving to make a stand there. One woman, noted for size, strength, and courage, did not go with the rest. She hid her cow at home.

The Vikings landed below her house. Three of their number, more courageous than discreet, ran up the narrow pass before the rest, and discovering the woman's cow, secured it. The woman attacked the men; and, killing the three, threw their bodies over the rocks on their friends below. She then rolled a large stone over the rock, which, coming down the hill with terrific force, killed the leader of the Vikings on the spot. The man was hastily buried where he fell, and the stone by which he was killed was raised to his memory. He was called Urchaidh Mor MacRigh Lochlann (Great Urchay), son of the King of Scandinavia. From him the place takes its name of Port Urchay, in Baile-ghrundail. The death of their leader threw the Viking pirates into confusion, and, hurrying into their boats, they returned to their galleys. And thus Lismore, on this occasion, was saved by the bravery of one woman.

There are many remains of the concentric dry-stone duns in Lismore. These concentric forts are exceedingly numerous throughout the Outer Hebrides. They are frequently found on lakes, and land-locked, tideless, brackish arms of the sea, in Gaelic called *Mearal*. Many are built on artificial islands, raised from the bottom of the lake, showing great industry, ingenuity, and the importance the builders attached to these lake-dwellings. No cement is ever used in this style of fort, and the masonry is always

good. One of these concentric duns is at Tìre-phuir, Lismore. The name of the place means "cornland," from the fertility of the soil—being one of three broad bands of specially rich soil that cross the island. The other two bands cross at Creaganaich and Fiadhairt—all three being about equidistant.

Right round Lismore is a raised terrace of somewhat irregular width. The terrace is an old sea-margin—of which, however, Chambers makes no mention in his valuable work on 'Ancient Sea-Margins.' Interesting traces of a higher level of the sea are found in several places round this ancient sea-margin.

On a raised projecting horn of this margin, on the north-west side of the island, stand the picturesque ruins of an old castle belonging to the Viking period. In some parts, the walls of the castle are pretty entire, and seem as strong as if they would last for ages yet to come. In other places, pieces of the walls have fallen down—adhering together, however, like solid blocks of boulders, showing the wondrous tenacity of the cement used. The walls are very thick.

The old castle is still called Caisteal Chaifein (the Castle of Caifean), and of old was known by the name of Dun-nan-Gall—"dun of the strangers." This Caifean is said to have been a son of the King of Scandinavia (*Rìgh Lochlann*), and to have lived in this castle. He kept his war-galleys in the bay below; and it is said—and probably with truth—that he never allowed his galleys to rest, nor his arms to rust, lest both should become useless for want of work.

Prince Caifean had a sister, and her name was Beothail. She was very beautiful and very good, and very dear not only to the hearts of her own but also to those of the native people as well; for she often tempered the fierce rudeness of her brother.

Bha 'gnuis mar ghatha na greine;
Bha 'ceuma mar cheol nan dan.

Her countenance resembled the beams of
the sun;

Her steps resembled the music of songs.

Her lover was killed in the fierce wars of the North ; and Beothail died of grief and a broken heart.

Close to the old castle of Caifean stands an oblong ridge or escarpment, some eighty or ninety feet high in the nearly perpendicular sides. It is level on the top, and divided into two. The place is called the Greater Eirebal and the Lesser Eirebal ; and when the escarpment round Lismore was covered by the sea, these Eirebals—whatever the name may mean—must have formed two islands, flat and green on the top. In olden times these isolated ridges were used as places of burial—principally, I believe, by the people of the opposite mainland of Kingearloch. One of the burying-grounds was called Cill-Eachainn—Saint Eachainn or Hector—and from this circumstance the townland is named Baile MacGilleachainn.

On the top of this escarpment, on the very edge of the south end, the Princess Beothail was buried. A large stone of several tons, in the face of the escarpment, prevented the body from falling down the rock. The place is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme, commanding far-reaching views in various directions. But Beothail could not rest here. Her brother, with all her kindred, were driven out of the country, while her lover lay in his grave at home. So, like the fair Helen of Kirkconnell lea,

“ Night and day on *them* she cried.”

Beothail cried in her grave, and called on her brother to come and carry her home, and place her beside her fair-haired lover, whom she loved so well.

The following verses of her lament were taken down from various persons. I have tried to arrange them in their proper sequence—I do not know if successfully.

TUIREADH BEOTHAIL, NIGHEANN RÌGH LOCHLANN. — THE
LAMENT OF BEOTHAIL, DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF
SCANDINAVIA.

Close Translation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Tha mo bhrathair, a' dol scachad,
Tha mi'n duil, tha mi'n duil. | 1. Thou, my brother, art passing by,
It seems to me, it seems to me. |
| 2. Ma tha cluas air do chlaigean,
Thig is cluinn, thig is cluinn. | 2. If an ear be upon thine head,
Come list to me, come list to me. |
| 3. Mo thao' fotham, m' fheòil a' lothadh,
Anns an ùir, anns an ùir. | 3. My side under me, my flesh decaying,
In the earth, in the earth. |
| 4. Fiallan fiadhaich, ri sìor iarraidh,
Troimh mo ghlùn, troimh mo ghlùn. | 4. The Fillan wild, ever searching,
Through my knee, through my knee. |
| 5. Cnoimh am chriaradh, goimh am phi-
anadh,
Daol am shùil, daol am shùil. | 5. Worms riddling me, venom paining me;
A beetle in my eye, a beetle in my
eye. |
| 6. M' fhalt tiugh dualach, gu fliuch fuar-
aidh,
'Dol 'n a stùr, dol 'n a stùr. | 6. My clustering hair, so damp and clam-
my,
Mouldering to stour, mouldering to
stour. |
| 7. Mo chridhe 'cnàmh air chùl na claiche,
Sìos gu smùr, sìos gu smùr. | 7. My heart is grinding behind the stone,
Down to dust, down to dust. |
| 8. Tha 's fear ban na cuaiche caise
(Fear mo rùin, fear mo rùin), | 8. While he of the fair and clustering locks
(Man of my love, man of my love), |
| 9. An laidhe 'n tàmh, 's gun mise faisg
air,
Fad o'n tùr, fad o'n tùr. | 9. Lies in quiet, and I not near him,
Far from the tower, far from the
tower.
(Far from here, far from here.) |

The grief of his lovely daughter reached the King of Lochlann, dwelling in the far-away North among the snow. Beothail had been to her aged father's war-worn heart, fresh as the evening dew and gladsome as

the morning sun. Her father sent a ship to bring her body home. They found her grave, and, washing the remains in the holy well of the holy St Maoluag at Clachan, they carried them to Lochlann, and there buried her beside her lover, whom she loved so well, and among her kindred.

But still Beothail could not rest. The joint of one little toe was amissing. The ship was sent back for this. The joint was searched for, and found in the bottom of the well wherein the remains had been washed. It was taken to Lochlann and buried with the rest of the remains, and Beothail rested in peace.

The well in which these remains had been washed has ever since then been called *Tobar Cnàmh Bheothail*, "the well of the bones of Beothail." The name, however, has been corrupted into *Tobar Clàr Bheothail*, "the well of the staves of Beothail," from the stave-like appearance of the somewhat parallel sides of the well.

I see no reason to question the substantial accuracy of the body of Beothail having been disinterred and taken to Lochlann. Probably she had been originally buried in unconsecrated ground; and the Norsemen, having acquired some degree of Christianity and civilisation among the Celts, the remains of Beothail were brought home and buried in consecrated ground—beside her lover and among her kindred, as the story says. Probably the washing of the remains in the well of St Maoluag was to free them of all foreign matter. I have the impression of hearing that the Pope's legate went to consecrate Beothail's new grave in the far North.

When a boy, I often stood in Beothail's grave on the Greater Eirebal, Lismore. The place had all the appearance of an empty grave. Within the last few years the large stone which formed one side of the grave on the edge of the rock has fallen down, and lies at the foot of the rock.

It may be mentioned that a well, about two miles from Caifean Castle, is called *Tobar Bheothail*, or *Tobar Bheothailean*, "the well of Beothail, or Beothailean;" and that the farm in which the well is situated is called

Baile Bheothailean, "the townland of Beothailean." It is said that the tribute paid by this fertile townland was paid direct to Beothail, and that it was entirely her own. There are other things that might be mentioned, were it not that this paper is already too long.

The mention of the Fillan, the worm, and the beetle, is interesting, because these enter into Gaelic mythology in a highly curious and dramatic manner.

The Story of Stewart of Appin who was murdered at Duart Castle.

(Supplied by Miss Jeanie MacGregor.)

A YOUNG Stewart of Appin was invited by MacLean of Duart to come to Mull on a friendly visit, which Stewart gladly promised to do. Previously there had been a feud between the families of MacLean and Appin, and he was glad to find that a more friendly feeling had arisen on the part of MacLean, and hoped his visit would cement their agreement; so he went to Duart accompanied by a favourite gillie, his own servant. So they came to Duart, and the evening was spent in great festivity; but Stewart in the course of the evening missed his servant, and looked about for him, and wondered what had become of him. MacLean of Duart was a very cruel and wicked man, and he had fourteen black slaves in the castle, themselves villains, who would undertake the worst deeds that MacLean could imagine and order them to do. At last Stewart got so impatient at the long-continued absence of his servant, that he left

the apartment where the feast was going on and went to look for him. He passed through the castle in every direction, till at length, in passing a half-open door, he heard strange sounds from within, and looking in, he saw, to his grief and horror, his gillie lying on a table, while the fiendish black men, the servants of MacLean, were flaying him alive, and laughing and chuckling at his intense suffering.

“The lad is fat,” Stewart heard them say.

“He was not fed on limpets,” said Stewart, as he fled, for the poor victim was past help of man, and to save his own life was desirable. So he ran down to the shore, and jumped into the sea to swim to Lismore, and was far on his way before MacLean’s people had started in pursuit. They launched a boat and rowed hard after him. He might have escaped; but he got tired, and landed on a rock near the point of Musdal (where the Lismore lighthouse now stands), and the rising sun shone bright on him; and they saw him, and redoubled their pursuit, and at last overtook him. He dived under the boat from side to side, and made wonderful efforts to escape; but at last a stroke of an oar killed him, and the poor young Stewart floated on the water dead. Then they took him into the boat and back to Mull, where they buried him at Kilphadric (*Cille-phàruig*). But Livingstone of Bachuil, with his two strong young daughters, grieved for Stewart, and wished that he should lie in consecrated ground. So they rowed from Lismore to Mull in the night, and brought his remains back with them to Lismore. They were pursued by the Duart people, but gained the shore, and hid the body of Stewart in the bank of sea-weed that lay high on the shore. The enemy landed too; but Livingstone and his daughters made good their retreat, as they had not the burden to carry: and afterwards, when all was quiet, and MacLean’s men had returned to Mull, the Lismore people carried young Stewart’s body with all honour to the burying-ground by the cathedral, where his grave is to be seen to this day.

The Livingstones of Bachuil must have been strong active people, as a great athlete of the olden time was of their family, as well as the courageous Livingstone who acted so bravely in the above-told story. They were of the family whose head Livingstone of Bachuil was—the hereditary bearer of the pastoral staff of the Bishop of the Isles in their processions on great ecclesiastical ceremonials. They held a small property in land in Lismore along with this office in the Church, and it still remains in possession of the descendants of the original family.

One of the Livingstones, "Gormal Mor," lived at Achinduin (*Achan-dùin*), at the south-west end of Lismore, which faces to the Garbh-shlios Hill in Morven (*A'Mhorairne*), very wild and craggy, and in the olden time clothed with much wood, thick and inaccessible. Gormal was as strong as five ordinary men, and very proud of his strength; and so the Evil One tempted him by a challenge to fight, with the design to destroy him. Gormal induced his friends to row him over to the lonely shore of the rugged Garbh-shlios. There he begged of them to leave him and return to Lismore, and he bade them farewell, as it might be that he would never see them again; so they went away in their boat, as he had requested, and their eyes followed him as he climbed up the hill and disappeared into the thicket, and in the waning light they thought they saw a huge black bull, terrible and grim, descending the hill to meet him; but they rowed steadily on, for they had promised Gormal to render him no help, whatever they might see or hear to alarm them on his behalf; and as the distance increased, they heard through the thickening night fierce bellowings, and sullen roars, and the tramping of feet, and the breaking of branches far away and beyond the nearer measured plash of their oars in the water of the Linnhe. So they came home to Achinduin, and spent the night in great fear and dismay for their brave strong friend and kinsman Gormal; and next day they crossed the Linnhe, if haply they might see him on the shore awaiting them, and safe from whatever conflict

or terror the night had brought him. But they found only his trampled body lying in the wood on the hillside, and they brought him home with weeping and wailing, and laid him with his kindred dust by the cross of Lismore.

The above was told me as a perfectly true story, in a cottage in Lismore. A practical neighbour entering immediately after, said it was all true, only he disallowed the supernatural element, and said there were wild and fierce cattle that ranged the hills in the old time, and Gormal was a foolish man, proud of his strength, which pride induced him to enter into such an unequal conflict. The spot where he landed in Morven is called *Camus-a-Ghuirm* (Bay of Gormal), and is a very wild and lonely part of the shore.

Lismore at one time belonged to the MacDonalds of the Isles, and from its extreme fertility, and consequent plenty of food for man and beast, was used by them as a place of abode, a certain number of their fighting men. When the clan were at war, they sent for the *Kerne*¹ from Lismore; and when peaceful days came once more, the survivors (and others) were sent back to live in quiet, and to get strong again in this *great garden of the west*.

¹ The word is *Kerne*, the country or clans men, Anglicised from *ceathairne*, Gaelic for the "country people"; *ceathearnach* (singular), a strong country man. There is an old Gaelic descriptive proverb—"Duine-uasal de Chlann 'Illeathain agus ceatharnach de Chlann Dòmhnuaill." *Translation*—"A gentleman of the MacLeans, and a rough warrior (or country fellow) of the MacDonalds."

The word is used by Sir Walter Scott in the fourteenth stanza of "The Combat" in 'The Lady of the Lake.' *Kern*, singular; the *Kerne*, plural.

MacDonald of the Isles's Big Ploughman and the Black Chanter.

(Supplied by Hector MacLean, Ballygrant, Islay.)

WHEN MacDonald of the Isles resided in the palace of Finlagan (*Fionnlagan*) Isle in Loch Finlagan, he had a ploughman who, from his large stature, was called the Big Ploughman. He was out one day ploughing, and he had a boy with him driving the horses, as was the custom in those days. He was seized with strong hunger, and he said to the boy—

“My good fellow, were it to be got in an ordinary way or magically, I would take food in the meantime, were I to have it.”

After having said these words, he and the boy took another turn with the team to the side of Knockshainta (*Cnoc-seunta*). There was an old grey-haired man by the side of the hill, who had a table covered there with all good eatables. The old man asked them to come up and partake of what was on the table. The ploughman went; but the boy was frightened, and would not go. After the ploughman had partaken enough of the good things before him, the old man gave him a chanter to try. When he put his fingers on it, he, who never played any music before, played as well as any piper that ever was in the island of Islay. A day or two after this, MacDonald heard in his palace on Island Finlagan the Big Ploughman playing the black chanter. He inquired who it was that was playing. They told him that it was the Big Ploughman. When he heard how well the ploughman played, there was nothing but to get for him the big bagpipe of three drones, and he was MacDonald's piper as long as he lived.

MacDonald went on a trip to the Isle of Skye. He took with him

thence a young man of the name of MacCrimmon, who was fond of music, and was doing a little at it. He went to the Big Ploughman to learn more music from him than he had already. MacCrimmon and the ploughman's daughter began courting; and in consequence of the fancy that the girl took to MacCrimmon—believing that he would marry her—she took the black chanter, unknown to her father, out of the chest, and gave it to MacCrimmon to try it. When MacCrimmon had tried it, he could then play as well as the Big Ploughman himself. The girl asked the chanter back; but he entreated her to let him have it for a few days until he should practise a little further on it. A few days afterwards MacDonald of the Isles went off to Skye, and MacCrimmon went along with him. He did not give back the chanter, and neither did he come back himself to marry the Big Ploughman's daughter. The people of Islay say that it was in this manner that the music went from Islay to the Isle of Skye.

The Laird of Achallader and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the Bard.

DUNCAN BÀN was forester in the upper part of Glenloch (Gleann-lòcha). Achallader removed him thence, and put a friend of his own in his place. The bard was of course much offended, and consequently composed a bitter satirical song to his successor. This offended Achallader, who was resolved somehow to punish Duncan for it. Duncan Bàn attended Killin (*Cillfhinn*) fair, and Achallader saw him, struck him hard with his staff, and said to him—

“Make a song to that!”

“Well, Sir Achallader,” rejoined the bard, “I will do that, sir, as you have asked me to do so.”

Achallader was a thin, slender, ill-favoured, ill-formed man, and he squinted. Duncan sang extemporarily the following song:—

“Bha mi latha 'siubhal sràid,
'S fhuair mi tàmailt ro mhòr;
'S ann o fhear na h-amhaich caoile—
'S e Iain claon an Achaidh-mhòir.

Fear crot-shuileach—haothailh-hothainn
Fear geoc-shuileach—hòthailh eò:
Gur coltach thu—haothailh-hothainn
Ri crochadair—hòthailh ò.”

“I was one day walking a street,
And a great insult I received;
'Twas from the man of the thin neck—
Squint-eyed John of Achamore!

A skew-eyed fellow—hooill-hothin—
A wry-eyed fellow—hohill yaw:
How like is he—hooill hothin—
To a hangman—hohill-aw.”

Written down as given by Catherine MacFarlane already mentioned.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLYGRANT, ISLAY, *November 23, 1883.*

The Song of Breadalbane.

BRAID-ALBANN.

1. O fàilt air Braid-Albann ;
Gheibhteadh féidh ann is earbari is
minn ;
'S iad 'n an luidhe gu guanach
Ann am feadanan luachrach is clob,
Na daimh 's na h-éildean mu'n cuairt
daibh,
'S iad 'n an luidhe air guala gach
tùim ;—
'S iad gu bior-shuileach, cluasach,
'Feitheamh ciod thig mu 'n cuairt daibh
's an oidhch'.
2. Tha iad earbsach a 'n casan,
'N am dol seachad air fhaloisg 's an
fhraoch ;
Le an gasganan geala,
'S iad a' dìreadh ri barraibh nam maol.
Bi'dh an earba le 'meannan,
'G a chur prìseil am falach 'measg
fraoich,
A caraibh an fhorsair,
'N uair thig e le 'chonaibh air thaod.
3. Cha bhi gleannan gun fhiadhach,
Le minn riabhach g'a chòir ;
Damh cabrach sròin fhiata
'Gabhail gaoithe roimh shìontan nan
neòil,
Bu shunntach leam 'bhith 'g a iarraidh
Much maduinn gheal, ghrianach, gun
cheò.

THE SONG OF BREADALBANE.

1. O hail to Breadalbane !
Where deer, roes, and fawns are found ;
There, lying so lightly
In long hollows of rushes and grass,
The stags and the hinds are around
me,
Lying on the shoulder of every
bush.
They are sharp-eyed and sharp-eared,
Watching what may come round them
at night.
2. Of their legs they are trustful,
When burning heather they pass ;
With their bright white bellies,
As the tops of the hills they ascend.
There will be the roe with her fawn,
Hiding it precious among the heath,
Out of the way of the forester,
When he comes with his hounds on
leash.
3. There is no little glen without hunting ;
With grizzled fawns by it close ;
The antlered stag of the shy nose,
Snuffing cloudy weather air.
Joyful, chasing them I would be,
Early, on a bright sunny morning
without mist.

4. Ann an toiseach an t-samhraidh,
 'N am chur a' chruidh air na gleanntan
 gu feur,
 Bi'dh eòin na beinne gu ranntach,
 A' seinn ceileir, binn, greannmhor
 daibh fhéin.
 Bi'dh an uiseag 's an smeòrach
 Gu ceòlmhor air bhàrr nan geug ;
 Bu bhinn an luinneag 's an òrain
 An coille nan cnò leotha fhéin.
4. In the beginning of summer,
 When cattle are sent to glens to graze,
 The mountain birds will be har-
 monious,
 Singing sweet, pleasant music to them-
 selves.
 There, will be the lark and the mavis,
 Melodious on the top of the spray.
 Sweet would be their songs and chorus
 In the wood of nuts by themselves.
5. Locha Tatha nam bradan,
 Thig o' n fhairge a 's drabasta tonn ;—
 'S e gu tarra-bhallach, meanbh-bhreac,
 'S le iteach garbh-bhallach, trom.—
 Iad a' leum ris gach cealgach,
 A' glacadh chuileag air bharraibh nan
 tonn :—
 Tha iad lìonmhor 's gach linne,
 'S iad a' 'cladh air a ghrinneal 's an
 fhonn.
5. Loch Tay of the salmon,
 That come from the sea of rough
 waves,
 Which is belly-spotted, small-speckled
 And supplied with rough, strong
 fins,—
 Leaping to every false fly,
 Seizing flies on the tops of the waves.
 They are numerous in every pool,
 Spawning in the water-bottom of the
 land.
6. Dar a théid thu chun féille,
 'S iomad fleasgach deas, treubhach
 'bhios ann,
 Gu maith d' an tig breacan an
 fhéilidh,—
 Osan gearr air chalpa glé-gheal nach
 cam ;—
 Claidheamh leathann fo sgéith aige ;—
 Làmh neo-chearbach nach géill an àm
 teann ;—
 Nach pilleadh 's a' chruadal
 'S nach mò 'dhiùltadh 'n àm bualadh
 nan lann.
6. When you go to a fair,
 Many a comely brave lad will be there,
 Whom the belted plaid well be-
 comes ;
 Short hose on his clear-white, shapely
 legs ;
 His broadsword under his shield ;
 A faultless hand which will not yield
 in a strait,
 That would not give way in hard
 strife,
 And would not draw back when there
 was fighting with swords.

7. Gheibht' aidhear is ceòl ann ;
 Fiodhal theudach 'g a sgròbadh 's
 gach àit ;
 Pìob 'g a spealadh—'s bi 'n ceòl i !
 'Thogadh inntinn nan ògan glé àrd,
 Bhiodh gach lìonag dhonn, sheòlta
 'S fleasgach caoimhneil aic' air làimh,
 'Leum mar earba 'measg mòintich
 Ann an seòmair a' mhòid ris an
 danns'.
7. Mirth and music would there be
 found :
 Stringed fiddles played in every
 place ;
 Bagpipes fingered—and that was the
 music
 Which would raise the minds of the
 youths very high !
 Every deft, brown - haired young
 maiden
 Would have a kind lad by the hand,
 Springing like a roe through the moor,
 Dancing in the room of the law court !
8. Na 'm biodh cùis ann mi-chliùiteach,
 Gheibhteadh cothrom is cùirt dith gu
 mòd ;
 Daoine foghainnteach, cliùiteach
 A chumadh gach cùis mar bu chòir.
 Fear Achaladair rùnach,
 Nach faiceadh fear truagh air a leòn :—
 Fear Ghlinn-iubhair—'s bu tùrail—
 'Toirt breith air gach cùis aig a' mhòd.
8. Were there a case of bad repute,
 There would be found for it equity
 and law ;
 Able and celebrated men
 That would manage each case as it
 ought—
 The beloved laird of Achallader,
 That would not see a poor man hurt ;
 The laird of Glenure—so sagacious !—
 These decided all cases at court.
9. Gheibhteadh Neacal an iasgaich
 'S MacDhùghaill nam fiadh air a
 cheann,
 Agus Iain MacDhiarmaid ;—
 Duine iùlmhor, a' lìonadh nan dram ;
 'S cha bhiodh cùis ann mi-chiatach,
 Gun an triùir ud 'n am fianuisean ann.
9. There would be found Nichol of the
 fishing,
 And MacDougall of the deer over him,
 And John MacDiarmaid,—
 An intelligent man, filling the *dram* ;
 And there would not be an unseemly
 case,
 Without these three being witnesses
 there.
-
10. C' àit am facas an Albainn
 Ait 'thug barrachd air Braid-Albann
 mo rùn ;—
 Gheibht' uisge-beatha agus leann ann,
 Bedir agus branndaich ri òl.—
10. Where was there seen in Scotland
 A place that excelled Breadalbane of
 my love ?
 Whisky and ale would be found there—
 Beer and brandy—to drink.

Gu-dé tuilleadh a dh' iarradh tu,
 Ach botall de 'n fhìlon no de rum ;—
 Gheibhteadh sin ann gu fialaidh
 'S càise 's aran 'g a riarach' air bòrd.

What else would you desire,
 Unless a bottle of wine or of rum ?
 Generously would that be obtained—
 With bread and cheese supplied on the
 table.

Note.—Taken down as given by Catherine Macfarlane, native of the parish of Killin, Perthshire, who says that it is at least over a hundred years old, and that she learned it from a paternal aunt.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLVGRANT, ISLAV, *November 23, 1883.*

Note.—The laird of Glenure above mentioned was Colin Campbell of Glenure, who was shot by one of the clan Stewart, who escaped, while an innocent man of the name of Stewart was condemned and executed for the crime. It appears from the song that Glenure was alive when it was composed. MacDiarmaid was the innkeeper of Killin Inn at the time. In Killin Inn the courts were held, and the large room in which they were held was called the court-room. This same room was also devoted to dancing, and dances went on there during the fairs.

Colquhoun's Leap.

(*From the Gaelic of Archibald Campbell, Black Crofts, Benderloch.*)

SOME time before the Massacre of Glencoe, the laird of Appin (Tighearna na H-Apunni) had a servant of the name of Colquhoun, in whom he placed great confidence. On a certain occasion he sent him to Inverness (*Inbhirnis*) for money. The road from Appin to Inverness passed through Glencoe, but Colquhoun was afraid to take it on account of the wild character of the MacDonalds. Avoiding Glencoe, he went down Glen Leachd-na-Muighe, ascended the big pass (*Am bealach Mòr*), and thence made his way over the hills to the Highland capital. Having done his business, he returned by the same route. As he was passing over the hills above Glencoe, who should he meet but MacIain and his men, who were out hunting. They had rested to take luncheon, which consisted of barley-bread, cheese, and whisky. The

bread was in the form of sausage-shaped cakes about seven inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. Colquhoun being invited to partake of the fare, he complied without hesitation. As they were seated on the grass around the chief, the MacDonalds began to confer with each other as to the propriety of using means to prevent Colquhoun from reporting to his master the kind of food they had. Colquhoun overheard what they said, but appeared as though he did not notice it. In order to throw them off their guard, he proposed that they should try who would take the largest bite out of a cake and eat one most quickly. When he saw their mouths full he took to his heels. A party of the MacDonalds followed him as soon as they recovered from their surprise. A waterfall being in his way, he leaped across it, which only two of his pursuers succeeded in doing. Turning upon the foremost of these he cut him down. The other, deeming discretion the better part of valour, gave up the pursuit. The waterfall is to this day called Leum Mhic-a-Chombaich—*i.e.*, Colquhoun's Leap. When Colquhoun reached home he informed his master of the treatment he had received from the MacDonalds. His master reported the case to the authorities, informing them at the same time that it was not safe for any one to go to Glencoe. This formed one of the many charges that had been accumulating against the unfortunate MacDonalds. D.

Note.—The following is from the pen of "Nether Lochaber": "At the battle of Inverlochy (1645) a young man whose name was David Colquhoun, from Loch Lomond side, performed such prodigies of valour that Stewart of Appin took special notice of him, and soon afterwards took him into his own service. David Colquhoun married, and had lands given him in Duror. In course of time the Colquhouns multiplied, and became an important sept under the banner of MacIain Stiùbhart. Seventeen Colquhouns from Appin were at Culloden, where eight of them were killed. They were physically a very fine body of men, being accounted the biggest and heaviest men of the western mainland. Their descendants even at the present day are remarkable for personal strength and size. They are called the 'dimpled Colquhouns,' from a peculiar dimpling all over the face when they smile, giving them a most pleasing expression. This dimpling is characteristic only of the Appin sept. Other Colquhouns have it not."

The Story about the Princess of Spain and MacLean of Duart in Mull Island.¹

AT this time Spain and England were at war with one another.² The Princess of Spain has seen a vision or a dream in her sleep one night at that time, that she had hold of some gentleman that she never saw before, and his language she could not understand, so she ordered one of her father's frigates to get ready for sea. After she got the frigate ready for sea, she sailed first on the coast of Spain and Portugal, coming along the coast of Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, calling at every safe anchorage. Her plans were, at every place she stopped, that she had a dinner on board the ship, and inviting all the gentlemen that would be round that district to the dinner, to see if she would fall in with the one she saw in her dream. When she sailed round all the east country, she sailed through (*i.e.*, round) the north of Scotland. On her coming from the north, she called in the harbour of Tobermory (*Tobar-mhoire*), in the island of Mull, and she got the dinner ready there as *usual* to do in the rest of the harbours. So she invited all the gentry on board to the dinner, and when MacLean entered the cabin-door, she clasped her hands round his neck and kissed him. So she fell in with the gent that she saw in her vision or dream. Then MacLean stopped with her for some days. Then when Mrs MacLean came to know about this affair, she went from Duart Castle to Tobermory, taking one of her servants along with her. When she arrived there she created a plan to set fire to the ship. The plan was, that the servant would go on board the frigate with a message from her to MacLean, that she wanted him ashore, and as soon as he came ashore, that the

¹ Printed in the original wording as sent to the Editor.

² The Spanish Armada was defeated in 1588.

servant would get to the magazine and set a match to it. So this the servant did. He got in tow¹ with the gunner, and got to see the magazine. He left the match in a way that he would be clear of the ship-side in time to save himself. So all this the servant did. Then the frigate was blown in the air, and all hands perished. Few days after the explosion the remains of the Princess were found on the shore of Morven, the opposite side of the Sound of Mull. Then MacLean of Duart buried her in Morven. MacLean was intending to go away with the Princess before the explosion took place, for he got as fond of her as she was of him. Some time after MacLean buried the Princess in Morven (*A' Mhorairne*), she came to him in a vision, and told him to lift her remains and bury her in Kilmaluag (*Cill-maluag*) in Lismore. So this he did. Some years after this she came in a vision to MacLean again, and if he would lift her remains from Kilmoluac, and wash her remains in a well that was there, and coffined her afresh, and bring her to her father to Spain, that he would be the better of it all his days. So all this he did. MacLean washed her bones in this well, and the well's name is Tobar a Clar. The well was called after the Princess's name, for she was under the name of Clara Vilo, and the well is called Tobar a Clar to this day.

MacLean of Mull, after getting her remains ready, sailed for Spain with the remains of the Princess to her father, King of Spain. So the king has given him a great quantity of gold and silver. But after MacLean left, the king overhauled the body of his daughter, and found one of her joints amissing. Then he got into a rage, and ordered two of his best frigates under way to destroy the Island of Mull, and MacLean with it. So the two frigates arrived in Duart Bay, and anchored there. Then MacLean understood his doom. MacLean then got in Dodags² (or witches) under way in Castle Duart, nine in number, working with looms like weavers' looms, making wind to blow the two frigates on shore; but Captain

¹ Conversation.

² The Mull witches are called *Doideagan*.

Forester being stronger than the Dodags in this black art or witchcraft, would maud the Mull witches. The wind was blowing a hurricane from the castle, the weaving going on in the castle. At last the Dodags came in the shape of crows in the mastheads. The wind blew fearful, so Captain Forester said then to the officers that he would maud the Mull if Big (Gormsuil) from Lochaber (*Lochabar*) would keep clear of him. Shortly after he was telling this to the officers, there comes Gormsuil from Moy Lochaber, in the shape of a cat in the fore-masthead. Then Captain Forester gave up all hopes; the ships began to drive. They then got their axes to cut the cables; so the heads of the axes flew off the shafts over the side. Then the two frigates drove ashore at the back of Lismore, and sank there, and all hands perished. I understand that a few years ago one of her Majesty's gunboats lifted some of the guns that were on board these frigates.

Note.—The only living creature which survived the explosion which sank the Spanish man-of-war was, according to the Mull tradition, a dog which came to land on a piece of the wreck, and whose howlings could be heard for miles round the harbour.

Black Duncan of the Cowl and Buchanan of Bochastle.

(From the Dewar MSS. Given to the Editor by Lord Lorne, for whom and the Duke of Argyll the Tales were collected in 1870-1871. Translated by Mr Hector MacLean, Islay.)

[*Note.*—This and the following tale should have appeared among the Breadalbane Legends, but did not come into the hands of the Editor until after these had been printed off.]

ONCE when Black Duncan of the Cowl was in the house of Buchanan of Bochastle (*Bochaisteil*), the food that was customary at the time was put before him—milk, bread, and cheese. Black Duncan liked the cheese well, and he said to Buchanan, “Where was this cheese grown (made), laird of Bochastle?”

“It grew among the broom in these yellow braes and hollows,” replied Bochastle.

In a short time thereafter Black Duncan observed, “I should like to see your title-deeds. I am sure they are good.”

“I have no written title-deeds,” rejoined Bochastle; and he went to his armoury, got a sword and a target, stood before Black Duncan with these, and said, “These are the title-deeds of the land of Bochastle, and there are none but these.”

“Oh, very good—very good. Lay them by—lay them by;” and the laird of Bochastle went and laid by his sword and target. There was nothing further about this for the time being.

Black Duncan went home, and the laird of Bochastle did not in the least suspect that he himself and Black Duncan were not on amicable terms.

It happened some time after this affair that the laird of Bochastle



Charles Laurie S.M. 1833

Black Duncan Knight of Lochow - In Old Age

(Jamesone)

Black Duncan of the Cowl and Buchanan of Bochastle.

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"It grew among the bramin in these yellow braes and hollows," replied Bochastle.

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Charles Laurie Etcht 1883

Black Duncan Knight of Lochow - In Old Age

(Jamesone)

went to Edinburgh, and Black Duncan of the Cowl was there at the same time.

They met one another at the same inn. Black Duncan had sent Green Colin with a large force of men to plunder Bochastle; but Buchanan was not aware of this, and Black Duncan felt inclined to give him a hint of the matter. So he said to Buchanan, "Would not this be a fine day to carry off a cattle-spoil from Bochastle?"

"It would be equally as good a day for turning back the cattle," answered Buchanan. Nevertheless the latter did not know that Black Duncan had sent a force of men to carry off a spoil, and the two were speaking to one another as though they were in jest.

When Green Colin had reached Bochastle, the people of the place did not expect that he was coming for pillaging purposes, till the men who were with him began taking away the cattle. The people of Bochastle did not know that Black Duncan was not at peace with them; but Colin took away the cattle of the district, and went with them up the Strath of Balquhider and the way of Lairig Eirinn (Pass of Eirinn or Erne). The laird of Bochastle had five sons, who were called the Red-haired Lads of Bochastle: these went and raised all the men in Bochastle and Lenny (*Làinidh*), who went after the cattle-spoil to turn it back.

There was a man at Lenny (*Làinidh*) who had been fishing on the river. He killed a trout, with which he went home. He spoke of the excellence of the trout, and a woman who was in said—

"It does not signify much to you; you shall never eat a bit of it."

"It is a lie," he said; "I will eat a part of it." He cut a piece off the trout and put it on the fire to roast it, but before it was ready the cry came for armed men to turn back the cattle-spoil.

This man went out and went away with the rest. He was slain at the battle of Lairig Eirinn (Pass of Erne), and never returned.

They overtook the plunderers at Lairig Eirinn. Green Colin turned

back towards the pursuers and said, "Let the best man among you hold up his hand!"

The eldest son of the laird of Bochastle held up his hand. Green Colin let fly an arrow at him, and the arrow pierced his armpit.

Green Colin cried, "Bring home that spike to the women of Lenny (*Làinidh*), that they may see how good the aim was."

"Well, now," said Bochastle's eldest son, "let the best among you hold up his hand."

Green Colin scorned to decline to lift his hand himself, and he lifted his hand. Bochastle's eldest son put an arrow in his bow: he shot it at Green Colin, and the arrow went in at his mouth and out at the back of his head; and the laird of Bochastle's eldest son cried, "Bring that spike home with you, that the women of Lorne may see how good the aim has been." A battle then began between the plunderers and pursuers, and the battle went against the plunderers. The latter were scattered, and six of the sons of Black Duncan of the Cowl were slain that day. Black Duncan's force had to flee, and the red-haired lads of Bochastle turned back the cattle.

Black Duncan, as has been said, was at the time in Edinburgh, and the Baron of Bochastle along with him. A messenger was sent to Edinburgh to inform Black Duncan of the affair of the cattle-spoil, and of how the battle went. The messenger arrived in Edinburgh, and the Baron of Bochastle met him in the street, *and knew by his dress that he was from the land of the Campbells.*¹

So he inquired of him, "What is your news? I perceive that you come with intelligence to the Black Knight."

"I come to the Black Knight with the intelligence," replied the messenger, "that the cattle-spoil which his men were taking away from Bochastle was turned back; that a battle was fought; that Green Colin was slain, and his men slaughtered."

¹ An important mention of district dress.

The laird of Bochastle continued his inquiries until he ascertained all the particulars, and he then said to the messenger, "You would be the better of a drink after your journey. Come into the inn, and I will give you a drink."

They went in. The laird of Bochastle called for a bottle of ale. They gave a drink to the messenger, and said to him, "Stay here till I come back. I will go and get the Black Knight and bring him home."

The messenger sat where he was, and the laird of Bochastle went out quietly, got the messenger's horse, and rode home before Black Duncan could obtain information concerning the battle, and then get men and send him (Bochastle) to jail. The messenger sat in the inn till his patience was exhausted, and he had thereafter to search for Black Duncan in the best way he could.

A Story of Taymouth or Balloch (Bealach).

(From the Dewar MSS. Given to the Editor by Lord Lorne, for whom and the Duke of Argyll the Tales were collected in 1870-1871. Translated by Mr Hector MacLean, Islay.)

IN the reign of James I., an island at the east end of Loch Tay (*Loch Tatha*) was chosen for the site of a nunnery. The nuns vowed in presence of a priest that they had not and would not have anything to do with a man. It was one of the Stewarts of Atholl who had the superintendence of the island. He was very severe on people, and had the power of sentencing to death any one who should anger him.

There was a hollow called Lag-na-casgairt (Slaughter Hollow), where he was wont to hang or behead those whom he sentenced to death; and

there was a pool called the Black Pool, in the river Tay, where he was in the habit of drowning some. It seemed to him that the island of the nuns was too near the land, and that the water between the island and land was so shallow that men might at times walk from land to it. He therefore resolved to build a wall across the river Tay to deepen Loch Tay, and he imposed a tax on the tenantry of the country that every one of them should individually have to come for a certain number of days in the year and carry stones to put a wall across the river; and were a traveller passing the way, Stewart imposed on him a tax to carry a stone to help the erection of the wall.

It happened that a son of the laird of Glenurchy, whose name was Dugald, was passing the way, and he had a servant along with him. Both he and his servant were riding. Dugald was informed that he should have to carry a stone and put it in the wall. Dugald was haughty, and he refused. He was put off his horse; still he refused to carry the stone to the wall. He was consequently taken to Slaughter Hollow, and there beheaded.

The servant returned home after this catastrophe, and told what had been done to Dugald. In about a year thereafter, another son of the knight of Glenurchy, named Duncan, went the way of Taymouth. When he had reached the same place, he was told that he should have to carry a stone and put it in the wall. Duncan stopped and inquired what was the reason that such a tax was imposed on passers-by.

He was told. He said he would put a stone in it; and when he had put the stone in the wall, he said that if Stewart wished he would stay for a space to work at the wall—that it was a very fine thing.

Immediate consent was granted him to stay, and thanks given him. So Black Duncan and his gillie stayed to work at the wall. Duncan was exceedingly good at choosing his speech, and he and the other men who were working at the wall became very much attached to one another. He

understood that they were tired of Stewart, on account of his severity. One day a man was to be hanged at Taymouth for no other reason than that Stewart had got angry with him; and the workmen were sorry for this man. Black Duncan said to them, "It is your own fault, when you would permit this."

One of the workmen replied, "What can we do? It is he who has the power in the country, and we cannot stand against him."

Duncan said, "Are there not so many of you? and were you to be faithful to one another, could you not do to him as he does to those with whom he becomes angry?"

The workmen then asked Duncan, "Would you do that yourself?"

"Yes I would," answered Black Duncan, "were you to stand true to me."

They said, "We will stand true to you;" and they made a covenant with each other.

When Stewart had commanded the other men to go with the condemned man to hang him, Duncan Campbell said, "Why should we hang a guiltless man? Let us catch Stewart himself and hang him."

So Black Duncan Campbell went first and seized Stewart. The rest followed his example, and so Stewart himself was hung; and it was a source of consolation to the people of the country that they had got quit of the bad man.

Black Duncan himself took possession of the land which Stewart had, and he let land to the men. He was not hard on them with the rents. They were therefore true to him, and he was allowed to keep possession of the land. They named the place where Dugald had crossed the river to be hanged, "Dugald's Crossing."

The nuns who abode in the island of the Garden (*Eilean a' ghàraidh*),¹

¹ The full name is *Eilean Cheann-a'-ghàraidh*—i.e., the island of the garden-head. The garden referred to is Taymouth garden, off which the island lies.

which is near Taymouth, got to land once a-year on the 26th of July; and there was a fair, called the "Fair of the Holy Women,"¹ held opposite to the island, and the holy women had permission to go to the fair to sell any work which they had to sell. But it happened at a certain time that a man called Mac-an-Rùsgaich (Mackinrooskich), son of the stripper, got into the island by a boat, and was clad in woman's clothes. He stayed in the island till he saw his own time for going. The abbot who had the care of the nuns was subsequently harder on them than formerly, and none of them could get to land off the island to attend the fair. They made up with one another (settled or conspired) that they would flee; so they fled.²

It was to the upland of Acharn that they fled. When they were at the top precipice, they sat for a while to take the last view of the island in which they had been, and that place was thenceforth named the "Woman's Watch." They separated then from one another, and every one went to her own home. So a ditty was composed to them, beginning with the words:—

"Red-haired Duncan's³ holy women,
They ascended up the hillside."

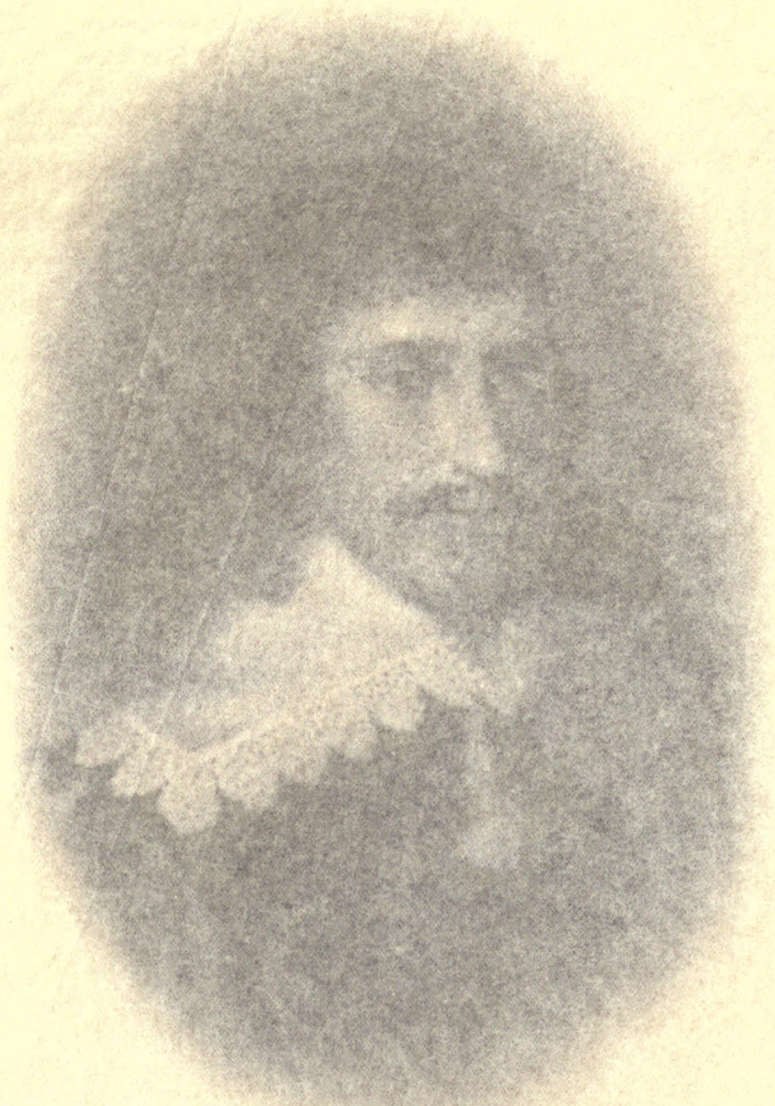
No nuns were thereafter kept in the island of the Garden. After the nuns had left the island the Campbells made a dwelling-place for themselves in the island.

It was at Kenmore (*An Ceannamhor*), at Taymouth, that it was customary to hold the Court of the country; but after the Campbells had

¹ The July local market is to this day called *Féill nam ban naomh'*—*i.e.*, the market of the holy women. The island is also called *Eilean nam ban naomh'*—*i.e.*, island of the holy women.

² Another version says that this man, the cause of the total dispersion of the nuns, swam to the island disguised in woman's clothes. The island is sufficiently large to have contained only the nunnery and its garden.

³ This refers to Stewart.



[Faint, illegible text, possibly a signature or name.]

which is near Tappesnoath, got to land once a-year on the 26th of July; and there was a fair, called the "Fair of the Holy Women,"¹ held opposite to the island and the holy women had permission to go to the fair to sell any work which they had to sell. But it happened at a certain time that a man called Mac-an-Rùsgaich (Mackinrooskich), son of the stripper, got into the island by a boat, and was clad in woman's clothes. He stayed in the island till he saw his own time for going. The abbot who had the care of the nuns was subsequently harder on them than formerly, and none of them could get to land off the island to attend the fair. They made up with one another (settled or conspired) that they would flee; so they fled.²

It was to the upland of A'bharn that they fled. When they were at the top precipice, they sat for a while to take the last view of the island in which they had been, and that place was thereafter named the "Woman's Watch." They separated then from one another and each one went to her own home. So a ditty was composed to them, beginning with the words:—

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W. Laurie del. 1853.

Lord of Larveclon 1637.

J. Jameson pinxt.

obtained possession of the land of Taymouth, it was held at Killin (*Cillfhinn*), which was a more suitable place for the purpose. A great number of gentlemen were wont to come to the Court, and they were short of stables at the inn for their horses.

The land about Killin belonged to MacNab of Kinell (*Cinneala*)—and also the land at that end of Loch Tay—at that time.

One day that the knight of Glenurchy was at Court at Killin he said to MacNab, "I wish you would sell me a bit of land at Finlarig, that I might have a place where to tie my horse when I come to the Court of Killin."

MacNab refused at first; but after the knight had for a short time pressed his request, MacNab asked him, "How much land do you seek?"

"Were I to get the length and breadth of a thong," rejoined the knight, "that would suffice."

It seemed to MacNab that so much would be but a small bit, and he named the price for which he would sell such a bit of land; and the knight took MacNab at his word. He got a hide as large as could be found in the country. He got a good shoemaker, and made him begin at the border of the hide and cut it in one thong about the thickness of a latchet. He went to Finlarig, got MacNab himself to be present, and he measured the length of the thong in one direction, across which he measured its length again (*sic*). So he got a large piece of land for a small price. This was the commencement of the Campbells getting into the land of MacNab; but by little and little they got the whole thereof.

The Building of Taymouth Castle (Caisteal Bhealaich).

WHEN the Campbells wished to build a castle at the east end of Loch Tay, Achàrn was the first place that they selected, and they began to work at a hill for a foundation. A place was levelled for a foundation, and they began building the wall of the castle. An old woman who had a few goats dwelt at the place, and she knew that when the castle should be built, she would not be allowed to remain in the place where she was any longer, or keep goats in it. So she said, "Cold is the place where you are building the castle. It will be exposed to every wind and storm."

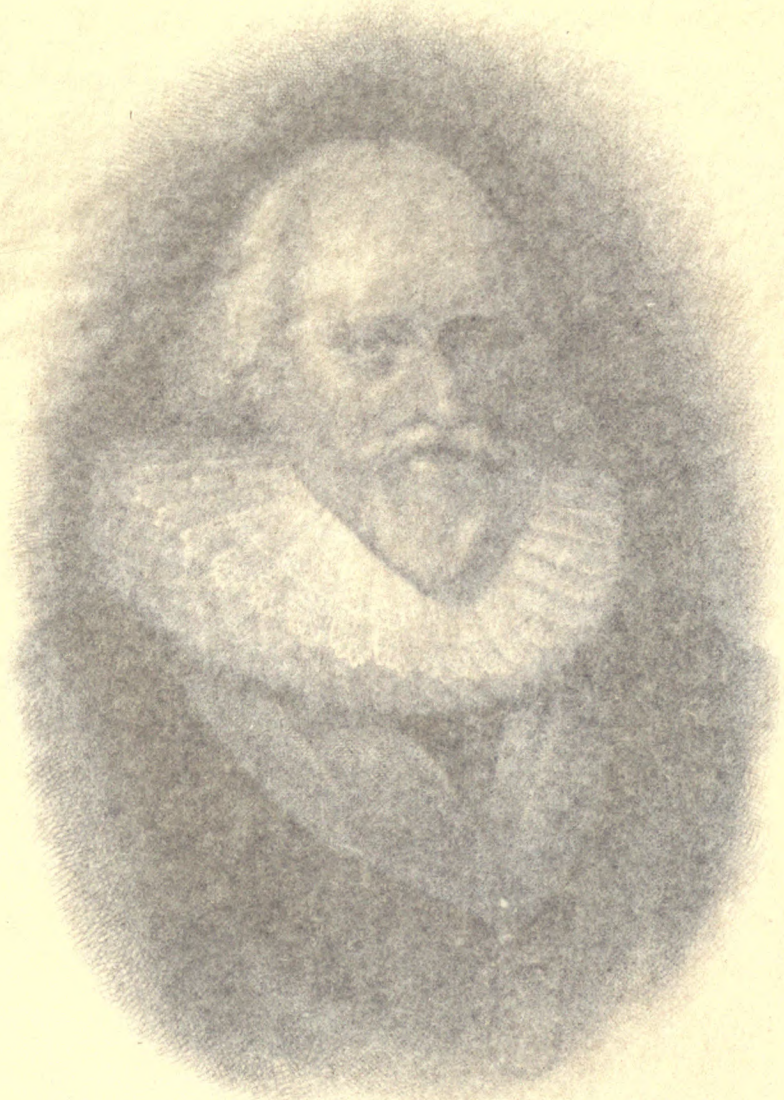
"And where would you build it?" they asked her.

"*Where I should hear the thrush,*" she answered.

People believed in superstitions in those days, and they tried to ascertain where the thrush should be first heard. There was a field where MacGregor was wont to keep his calves. It was enclosed with blackthorn and with hawthorn, and there was a pass called the Pass of the Calves¹ through which the calves were put in and brought out. That was the first place in which they heard the thrush. The castle was built there, and it was called Caisteal Bhealaich (Pass Castle) by the common people, but Taymouth by the gentry.

In the year 1883 the present Earl and Countess of Breadalbane collected all the family and other portraits into one room—the great dining-room—at Taymouth Castle, where are collected the pictures before now

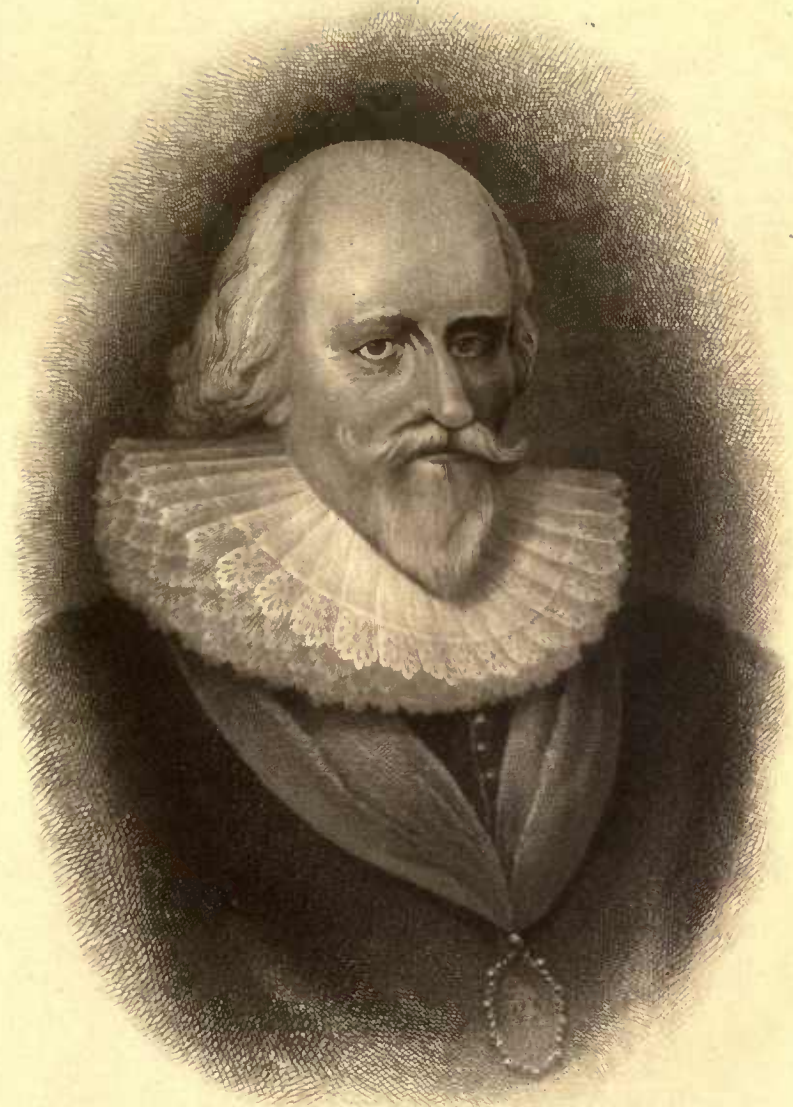
¹ The full Gaelic name of Taymouth is said to be *Bealach-nan-laogh*—i. e., the pass of the calves, in accordance with the above.



A. Kneller

John Lord of - 1633

J. Kneller pinxit



G. Laurie del.

John Earl of Mar. 1637.

J. Jameson pinxt.

scattered throughout Taymouth Castle. Many of the Jamesone portraits of the Campbell ancestors were placed in bedrooms and out-of-the-way nooks and corners, and the change effected by the present arrangement enables the student to make a close study of this master, or the antiquarian to study a very remarkable series of portraits; not one of them but has some bearing on Scottish history. T. Kennedy, in a list of portraits made in 1796 at Taymouth, speaks of a half-length in the library of Lord Loudon or Laveden (the writing being a little obscure, the name is often read Loudon) painted by Jamesone in 1637.

The so-called half-length is the portrait etched in this volume.

Another noteworthy picture in the same collection is that of the Earl of Mar, Treasurer of Scotland, of whom the following story is told:—

“John, Earl of Mar, a great favourite of the king’s—he was his Majesty’s playfellow in youth, and James was much attached to him. When boys, the king accused him of ‘slaiting’—*i.e.*, cheating—him at some game they were playing, and when writing him in after-life, often called him John o’ Slaits.” This anecdote is given by Mr George Erskine, Bailie of Alloa, in his MS. history of the Mar family.

MacLeod of Dunveagain.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald MacDougall, late gamekeeper, Soraba. Supplied by "D.")

SEVERAL generations back the eldest son and heir of MacLeod of Dunveagain was mentally weak, while the second son had all his wits about him, and was a shrewd and intelligent man. When their father was on his deathbed, he said to his second son that he was going to leave him the property and all that he possessed, on condition of his promising to be good to his elder brother. The latter, though mentally weak and indifferent about everything except his food and drink, was physically a powerful man, and very formidable when roused. At that time money was a scarce commodity (and is not plentiful yet) in the Hebrides, and the tenants were in the habit of paying their rents in young black cattle. On this account MacLeod was from necessity a cattle-breeder and cattle-dealer on a large scale, and had to send his cattle to the southern markets to exchange them for money. This was the case not only with him, but with the majority of Highland lairds. The sending of the cattle to market, especially the ferrying of them from Skye to the mainland, was the occasion of much bustle and excitement. A learned man, who had once witnessed the scene, said that it reminded him of the children of Israel leaving Egypt. The cattle were always attended by a number of men, each of whom had a pony to ride, and another to carry provisions. The elder brother was in the habit of coming to the ferry with the drove, and of waiting there till he saw the last boat-load across, when he would return home. On one occasion, instead of returning home, he crossed the ferry and joined the cavalcade. When his brother saw him on the mainland, he ordered the men to allow him to accompany them. They reached

the market without any mishap to either man or beast, and the cattle were sold. When they turned their faces homewards, the men travelled together in one band; but the elder brother, instead of accompanying them, joined his brother. MacLeod rode a large English horse, and had the money that he got for the cattle in his saddle-bags. When going through an extensive wood through which the road ran, he was encountered by three robbers, who demanded his money. The elder brother took no notice of them; he sat on the trunk of a tree with his back to them, and took out of his pocket a large knife, and began to slice and eat bread and cheese that he had in his wallet. MacLeod had to deliver up his money, but he bethought him of a stratagem to get it back. He said to the robbers, "That fool there follows me wherever I go. I have still a gold coin, and will give it to you if you will kill him." Upon this, one of the robbers went where the fool was sitting and gave him a blow from behind on the top of his head. Roused to fury by the blow, he seized a kebar¹ that was beside him, and laid about him so effectively that he had the robbers stretched on the ground in a very short time, and before they had time to recover he took the heads off them with his knife. He then cut a withe, put the heads on it, and slung them on his shoulder. MacLeod recovered his money, and found on the bodies of the robbers pocket-books containing valuable papers and letters. Thankful to have escaped with his money and life, and yet with mingled feelings, MacLeod rode on to the nearest public-house, where he halted to get food for himself and horse. While he was partaking of the food that was put before him, he saw his

¹ Scotch form of the Gaelic *cabar*, which signifies—(1) a bar of wood, a pole, as in the text; (2) a rafter. The plural form *cabair* signifies the rafters of a thatched house lying perpendicularly to the ridge-pole. Burns calls the rafters generally *kebars*—

"The kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;"

(3) Stag horns, *Cabar féidh*.

"D."

brother coming on the road carrying the heads and making for the house. When he entered the house he threw the heads on the floor, which, when the landlady saw, she shrieked and wailed, saying, "The heads of my husband and two sons!" When MacLeod heard the uproar, he got his horse immediately and rode away, leaving the fool to find his way home as he best could. At every ferry that the former crossed, he paid the ferryman the fare for his brother as well as for himself. He was only two days at home when his brother arrived. When he examined the papers that he took off the bodies of the robbers, he found that some of them belonged to MacPhee of Colonsay, some to MacNeill of Barra, and others to one or two other men. By-and-by he invited these men to visit him, and one day at dinner he gave each of them his own.

Notes of the Early History of Oban.

(The following is compiled from materials supplied by Dugald MacInnes, Achanamba, Benderloch (Meadarloch). Supplied by "D.")

OBAN (from *òb*, and the dim. particle *an*) signifies a small creek. There are two Obans in Argyllshire, called respectively An T-Oban Saoileach and An T-Oban Lathurnach. The former is in Seil in Netherlorn, and the latter is the present flourishing watering-place in Midlorn, with its railway, fleet of steamers, and palatial hotels. Both have similar creeks. It is with Oban in Midlorn that we have to do. In 1745, Oban had one public-house called Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh, and two farm-houses. Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh (the house of the goose-stone) was situated

near the bridge between the present Rainbow and Bridge End Taverns. It is only in recent years that the isolated lump of rock called Clach a' Gheòidh was removed. Persons still living remember having seen vegetables growing on its flat top out of soil that had been placed upon it. Of the two farmhouses, one was situated on the site of the present Queen's Hotel, and the other on that of the house in Argyll Square, called "The Royal." The public-house of Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh was occupied in 1745 by a James Campbell, called Seumas Mòr Tigh a' Charragh. He was so called because he lived, before coming to Oban, in Tigh a' Charragh in Srontoilleir. He was married to a Miss Campbell, daughter of Duncan Campbell, Notary Public, commonly called Donnchadh dubh Nòtair. A poet of considerable merit, Mrs Campbell composed a song against Prince Charles, on account of which she was called by Alasdair MacMaighstir Alasdair (Alexander MacDonald) in his song of the "Ark," "Osdag mhinàrach an Obain"—*i.e.*, the shameless landlady of the Oban hostelry. James Campbell and his wife left Oban, and took the farm of Bàrr, in Morven, where Mrs Campbell composed a number of hymns, which Dugald MacInnes saw in print. The late Lorne Campbell,¹ factor to the Duke of Argyll, was a grandson of theirs. After James Campbell left Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh, it was taken by a John Campbell, who was a sailor and owned a schooner, on account of which he was called Iain Caimbeul an Schooner—*i.e.*, John Campbell of the schooner. Dugald MacInnes's grandmother was serving with this man in Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh when the Custom-house was built. Down to this time the only houses in Oban were the public-house and the two farmhouses above mentioned. At the time when the Custom-house was built, the Government officials drew a plan of a town and of a dry dock in Lochavulin (Loch-a'-mhuilinn) for the convenience of the Channel fleet.

After this the history of Oban becomes associated with the brothers

¹ Factor and truest friend.—Ed.

Stevenson. The first of this family was James Stevenson, a mason by trade. He came first to the country at the time of the building of Airds House in Appin. He died while his children were very young, and left them and their mother destitute. The widow got a house at Aird-Chonail a' Mhuilinn—*i.e.*, Ardconnel of the Mill. It was the custom at that time in the Highlands, when a widow was left destitute, to give her a house as near to the mill of the parish as possible, that the farmers, when they came to the mill, might without inconvenience leave meal with her. This accounts for Mrs Stevenson having been given a house at Aird-Chonail a' Mhuilinn. She was a clever, frugal woman, and managed to give a trade to each of her boys, who by their industry and perseverance seconded her efforts. Hugh became a mason, and John a joiner. Hugh took the Glen-cruitean (Gleann-cruitean) farmhouse, and got a licence for a shop in which spirits were sold. John took the Glensheileach (Gleann-seileach) farmhouse, and began business there. The brothers took contracts for building houses and making roads. In course of time, when their means increased, they began shipbuilding. Having many operatives in their employment, houses had to be built for them. From these small beginnings did the town of Oban take its origin. A little after this a brewery and tan-work were started by a joint-stock company, each of the shareholders advancing £100. The brewery was managed by a Mr Arnot, whose father-in-law, Donald Campbell of Beinn-bhuidhe and Achachàrn, took two shares. The business did not prosper, and the shareholders are said to have lost every penny that they advanced.

The Caves of Iona (3 Chaluim=chille).

(The following story is told by the grandson of the boy mentioned in it, Donald MacInnes, Post-Office Pensioner, and also by the father of J. MacDonald, Iona.)

A MAN of the name of MacLean, the tenant of the west end of Iona, had been out with Charles in the "Forty-five." A party of soldiers from Government landed at Iona to apprehend him. MacLean's house was near Port - a' - Churaich, the bay where St Columba first landed on the island, and about one and a quarter miles from where the soldiers landed. A boy, bareheaded and barefooted, of the name of MacInnes (whose two grandsons are now living in Iona, aged above ninety years), started off at once to give the alarm to MacLean. He was observed and fired after; but he escaped clear and effected his purpose, he and MacLean hiding themselves in the caves, which are very numerous in the island. The soldiers found their way to MacLean's house, where they were met by the women with cogans of milk, and who showed no appearance of alarm. When they inquired for MacLean, they were told he was from home; and the boy MacInnes they did not acknowledge having seen at all. They failed in finding him; but afterwards MacLean had to leave the island altogether on account of his having taken part in the rebellion. MacInnes, when he was an old man, described a cave in the island which would contain the whole population. His son, the father of the present MacInnes, pressed him to discover the cave to them. He refused, saying he trusted in God that he (his son) would never have occasion to need it. It is supposed to be the cave where MacLean and the boy MacInnes were hid.

The father of John MacDonald, guide, says that the tradition of the

island in connection with a cave at Culburgh, on the north-west side, is as follows :—

Alexander, one of the Scottish kings, when out on a fishing excursion in Ireland, was carried by wind and tide to Iona, where he hid and lived as a hermit in this cave. When discovered he was kindly treated, and founded a chapel on the island north of the Nunnery Chapel, and known as the Parish Chapel, supposed to have been built about the year 1100.

THE OLD MAN'S CAVE, IONA.

(*Story told by MacDonald.*)

This cave is situated above the cave known as the Spouting Cave, in some cliffs rising above the same. It is about the size of an ordinary Highland dwelling-house, having at one time a kind of natural chimney or vent, not now as perfect as it was once.

The story goes that an old man took refuge in this cave. How long he lived there is not known. He was discovered by one of the women of the island, who, missing one of her sheep, had been out searching the hills for it. On coming above the cave, she looked down the chimney, and saw an old man in the act of killing the missing sheep. He noticed her, and coolly said, "Come down, *a bhana-ghoistidh*," meaning godmother. She as unconcernedly replied, "I will, *a ghoistidh*," meaning godfather; at the same time she ran for home with all her might, he pursuing her hard. She had a long run, the nearest houses being three-quarters of a mile distant. He got so close to her at one time that he caught hold of her shawl, which she dropped. When near her own house she sank down, bursting a blood-vessel, causing her death at once. Her brothers were working in a field close at hand, and when they observed the state of affairs, immediately pursued the old man, who made for a sandy bay where he had a broken

boat, in which he got clear of the island. It is said that the cause of his hiding in Iona was, that he had committed murder in Islay prior to coming to Iona. The hill where the woman expired is known to this day as Cnoc-na-h-analach,—literally, the Hill of the Breath.

Bell Traditions.

(Supplied from a letter of Mr Alex. Gilchrist of Gartvain (Gart-bhàn), of date 1834, to the Rev. D. Kelly, A.M., minister of the parish of Campbeltown, and formerly of the parish of Southend.)

ON the bell of the old Gaelic church of Lohead (*Ceannloch Chille-Chiarain*), Kintyre, cast in relievo on the ornamented fillet or belting near the top, in capital letters, were the words, "Soli Deo Gloria, Micael Burger Oyse me fecit, 1638," beneath which was C. * R. In the place marked thus * between these letters were the British royal arms, and on the opposite side were the Campbell arms, richly cast also in basso relievo.

A circumstance occurs to me, related by Duncan Sellers, late weaver, a very intelligent person, that two bells, cast in the same mould at Oyse, in Holland, were first brought to Inveraray; that a deputation of subscribers or contributors went from Campbeltown to Inveraray (*Ionaraora*) for one of the bells, but no person there would either hinder them or give the delivery of any of the bells. Afterwards another deputation, headed by MacNeill of Ballegrogan (*Baile-ghrogain*), ex-ruling elder, and by the then ruling elder, a great or great-great grand-uncle of D. Sellers, went to In-

verary, advertised their errand by the town-crier for three successive days, in due form protested that there was no opposition, and then shipped the bell; and it was said that the boat appeared to be animated, by making extraordinary speed, as if conscious of the article or passengers she had on board.

The date on the clubskew of the west gable of the church was 1642. The reason given for the older date of the bell is, that the house was in great forwardness with contributions for the bell, &c., when a stop was put to it (or rather they voluntarily desisted from building) when threatened with Episcopal Church government.

I remember to have heard it said, that some time after the building of the Highland kirk,¹ Argyll went, accompanied with Lowlanders, to the morning or forenoon services, but neither he nor they were admitted, when Argyll addressed MacNeill of Ballegrogan in the Gaelic language, "Lachland, will you refuse me admittance?"

The response was, "Argyll may enter, but by the great God I will cut down his tail" (followers). Argyll then alone entered, MacNeill having his broad two-handed sword, and the other door being guarded in like manner.

¹ The late Mr Thomas Brown, Dean of Guild, told the writer of this note that while his men were digging a drain at the new quay-head, they came against the foundations of the old church. This happened about ten years ago.

It must be the first Duchess of Argyll that Mr Gilchrist refers to, as it is well known that the situation of the Rev. Lachlan Campbell, the then minister of the church, who was brother to the Rev. Dugald Campbell, laird of Kildaleig and minister of Southend, ancestor of Mr Campbell Davys of Askomil, was made most uncomfortable by the Duchess wishing to have the Episcopal church service and a curate attached to the church; and the tail that MacNeill threatened to cut off, we presume, would be the curate, clerk, and Lowlanders mustered together to force their way into the church. The Duchess was the stepdaughter of Lauderdale, the persecutor of the Covenanters, and consequently her conduct was but natural. This church is called in the Presbytery records the Irish Charge, not from the congregation being Irish, but because the Irish Bible was then used, there being no Gaelic Bible at that period translated or printed.

While making mention of bells, it may perhaps not be out of place to relate an anecdote which is handed down by tradition as to how a bell was got for one of our Highland parish churches.

A member of the noble house of Breadalbane (*Braid-albainn*), being in the low country, called at a place where bells were sold, and pretending to be an ignorant Highlandman, asked for a porridge-pot, at the same time casting his eye on one of the bells. The man in charge of the place, wishing to have some fun at Campbell's expense, told him that what he was looking at was a pot for making porridge, and that he could have it for a small sum of money which he named, thinking, of course, that when Campbell found out what it was he would return it. Campbell, however, taking hold of the tongue of the bell he saw lie near, said, "I suppose this will be the spurtle," for stirring the porridge—paid the man what he had asked, and had the bell and tongue carried off; when the bell-maker found that, instead of having some diversion with Campbell, he had lost his bell and been discomfited.

Bealach a' Ghille Dhuibh.

(*Supplied from MS. of the Rev. Donald Kelly, A.M., minister of the parish.*)

AT Grianan Dheardruin, near Iunan-Co-Caillach, there still stand the ruins of a stern old tower on the dark and frowning rocks on the shores of Lergybaan (*An Leargaidh bhàn*), which signifies a sun-shining spot—the same as Greenock (*Grianaig*)—of which there are various definitions, but the word is evidently derived from some circumstance connected with the worship of the sun, practised by the Druids or Celtic

aborigines. What renders this theory more probable is, that numerous places in Scotland are named from the sun, or the worship paid to it.

There is Greanan Castle, near Ayr; and a farm of the same name above Loch Tummel (*Teth-thuil*), in Perthshire; and the farm of Greanan in Carradale (*Carradal*), fronting the rising sun, besides the following locality alluded to in popular rhyme—

“Between the court at Ardech
And the Greanan Hill of Keir,
Lie seven kings’ rations
For seven hundred year.”

Grianan Dheardruin is an object of a variety of traditions and legends. One of them is, that two brothers of the clan Usnoth, a clan celebrated in the history of Kintyre, who possessed the fort, kept a young woman there, who was stolen away from Ireland on account of her beauty, supporting her by fowling and fishing for a considerable time. To the north of this spot a short way is Bealach a’ ghille Dhuibh, and the reason assigned for this name is, that a Gille Dubh (a dark-complexioned young man) was fascinated with the beauty of this damsel; that he paid his addresses to her; wished much to carry her away, but could not prevail. She acquainted the clan Usnoth of his intention, but he always took care to come there during their absence. However, one day, when they were coming home, he appeared near the hill, when one of them killed him on the spot, and the place where he was killed is called to this day *Bealach a’ ghille Dhuibh*.

Skipness's Grave.

(Supplied by N. M. Kelly Robertson, Esq., formerly of Southend Manse.)

CAMPBELL of Skipness (*Sgipnis*), according to Guthrie, was sent with Campbell of Ardkinglas (*Aird-chonaghlais*), denominated Argyll's Butcher, by order of the Marquis of Argyll, after the friends of MacCholla to the islands of Jura (*Diùra*) and Rathlin (*Rachruinn*), where they had retired for shelter, and murdered them without mercy, sparing neither women nor children. Like many other Scotchmen of that period, he had been engaged in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and afterwards fought with the Covenanters in their struggles against Montrose, Inchbrackie (*Innis-bhraca*), denominated Pate Dhuibh, cousin of Montrose, and MacCholla, and fell at Dunaverty (*Dunabhartaiddh*), at the beginning of the siege, and when these wars were about over, in storming a trench, the capture of which enabled the Covenanters to cut the water off from the fort, a circumstance that led to its final surrender. The mother of Skipness, who was a daughter of the chief of the Macfarlanes, was hourly expecting her son's return home. At length, as she thought, she saw him coming at a rapid pace, but it turned out to be a man with the news that he was slain at Dunaverty. It is thought probable that the inscription on his tombstone was composed by the Rev. John Neave. Mr Neave would appear to have had a talent for composing metre, he being one of four ministers appointed by the General Assembly to translate Scripture songs into metre—the last thirty of the Psalms being his portion—the result of which labours and others was a paraphrase approved of by the Assembly, and ordered to be printed. The grave of Skipness was visible down to the autumn of 1877, when it was, in the true

spirit of vandalism, wantonly destroyed by certain persons building a dike to prevent fishermen hauling up their boats near their houses—a right the fishermen had by prescription, and the building of which dike they could in consequence have interdicted. The effacement of this grave would seem to imply a contempt for the blood that has been shed in the Protestant cause, by trampling the memory of a brave old Covenanter under foot. What a lamentable change! “O tempora! O mores!” What would Old Mortality have thought of this?

It is said that Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay (*Ile*), was in Campbeltown Loch in a steamboat about the time they laid their unhallowed hands on his ancestor's venerated grave, who, if he had but known, would have stayed the ruthless work.¹ When the grave was dug up it was found to have been built, and contained two skulls, on one of which there was long hair in a good state of preservation. This skull is thought to have been that of the mother of Skipness, and that both she and her son had been laid in one grave. The skulls were buried elsewhere. Thirty years ago the slab that covered the grave had a much worn look, and of more recent years it has been in a fractured and fragmentary state; but there seems no reason to believe that it suffered from any deliberate misuse, till the grave was entirely obliterated in 1877. The writer went to the spot and made inquiry as to what had become of the fragments of the slab, and was told by a party in the neighbourhood that they were supposed to have been used by the masons in building the dike. No one can now point to the site of the grave of this Covenanter.

Note.—Skipness is a name full of historic associations to those who have perused the savage history of our Western Isles—linked by many a stirring tale to the wondrous story of our land. But to Argyllshire men, and to hundreds of others, this name brings up the image, the gallant

¹ Islay knew nothing about the removal of the tombstone.

form, the kindly eye, the winning manners, and melodious voice of Colonel Walter Campbell of Skipness, the author of that most delightful book, 'The Old Forest Ranger,' a tale of love, life, and adventure in India.

Skipness was to all of us from boyhood, and remained to us in our manhood, the *beau idéal* of what a Highland chieftain should be — a splendid shot, a good fisherman, a true sportsman, and a thorough gentleman. I would I had an engraving of a form an artist's eye loved to dwell on, for he was without exception the most picturesque man in our county of Argyll. Dressing always in the Highland dress, of which he had accurate historical knowledge, and wearing always the sombre Campbell clan colours or tartan, there were few to match, none to beat, Colonel Walter Campbell of Skipness.

The Highland Champion.¹

(From the Gaelic.)

MANY years ago the fishermen of Campbeltown (*Ceannloch Chille-Chiarain*) used to engage in a branch of their calling termed the deep-sea fishing, which was in many respects similar to the mackerel-fishing of the present day. They had large strong boats, and went outside into the Western Ocean off the coast of Ireland (*Eirin*), remaining at work for a great part of the year—three or four months. The following story, which I have heard from old people when a boy,

¹ The relater of this tale is a Mr MacI——, an old resident, whose ancestors have been many centuries in Kintyre. He does not desire his full name published.

was firmly believed in. While one of the boats was all but ready and about to set out for Ireland, a young man made his appearance on the quay at which the boat was moored, and stepping on board the craft, he asked to see the master, from whom he wished, as a favour, that he should be allowed to come on board and act as cook, or in any other menial capacity. He was asked if he could do anything, but had to answer in the negative. He was, however, taken on trial by the master (whose name was Corbett). Scarcely were they out from the shore when the young man showed signs of sickness, which continued until he was only fit for being knocked about by the crew, being more an encumbrance than any use. This treatment he submitted to very meekly. Gradually, however, he began to improve, and they had not been long engaged in prosecuting the fishing, when his services were found to be worth having. On their way home after the season's fishing, they had to put into Derry harbour (Loch Foyle) on account of head winds, which kept them there for several days. One afternoon, after they had set things to rights in the vessel, washed down decks, &c., a proposal was made that they should all go ashore and have a look round the town, which they accordingly did. When passing through the main street of the town they eyed a tall powerful man parading up and down, beating a drum and making a great fuss and show. The young man who had come so suddenly on board the vessel at Campbeltown with much innocence asked what that fellow meant by making such a row, and before he had time to receive an answer walked up and set his foot through the musical instrument. The music instantly ceased. The large man who had been bringing out the sweet strains stared at the audacious youngster, asked him in wild amazement if he knew what his doing meant for him ; telling him that he must now fight to the death. The youth, who evidently was well aware of the consequences, unhesitatingly replied that he was ready. The hour of the duel was there and then fixed to be twelve o'clock noon the next day. By this time the rest

of the crew had come up and taken in the situation, and all of them believed the youth was only larking, and that he and they would be far away by twelve o'clock next day. They never for a moment expected that this stripling would attempt to face the renowned champion who was now challenging the town of Derry, and who before had fought many duels both in England (*Sasunn*), France (*An Fhraing*), and Italy (*An Eadailt*). They (the crew) all got on board again, however; and the youth had to put up with any quantity of chaffing from his mates, and next day the wind continuing from the same quarter, they had to remain in the harbour. While they were pursuing the usual cleaning, washing decks, mending, &c., and as the day wore on, the youth says, "Time I was going below to get ready to meet my man." This of course was the signal for a burst of laughter. He, however, went below, and in about half an hour appeared on deck dressed in the kilt made of the Campbell tartan,¹—his whole appearance having undergone a complete change, and he had dangling at his side a useful-looking claymore. At sight of the tartan kilt a great shout was raised by the crew, and some delay followed before he could get ashore, and when he did he was somewhat later than the hour fixed. His adversary taunted him on being late; to which he replied that perhaps he was soon enough on the ground. The champion, after looking at him for a while, asked if he was the same individual he had met yesterday afternoon; and being satisfied of his identity, told him that he had been forewarned in Italy that if he ever sustained defeat it would be by one in the Highland garb. The fighting commenced and lasted many hours; was renewed the next day, when the champion was defeated and slain. According to the custom of the time, the townspeople heaped gold in quantity upon the youth, and looked upon him as their deliverer. When returning in their vessel to Campbeltown, the youth was not now treated

¹ John, second Duke of Argyll, it is recorded, wore the Highland dress when in Tiree, and engaged in a skirmish there—at Island House.—Ed.

as an ordinary kick-about, but was allowed to have his own cabin, and to go about as he chose. On arriving at Campbeltown, the gold was brought up in two stockings, and taking a handful out of each, he (the youth) tossed both stockings to the master, saying, "Here, Corbett, that is for your kindness towards me. I have no use for it; these two handfuls will take me to where there is plenty more awaiting me." Tradition says this was one of the Argylls (the great Duke John); and that the tenement of houses in Longrow and Bolgan Street of Campbeltown, known by the name of Corbett's Lane and Houses, was built by the gold given to Corbett, the master of the craft.

The Argyllshire Legend of Bruce and the Spider.¹

(Supplied by N. M. Kelly Robertson, Esq.)

IN 1306, King Robert Bruce, in his adversity, landed at Portrigh (*Portrigh*), near the Aird of Carradale (*Carradal*), and travelled from that to Ugadale (*Ugadal*) disguised like a traveller, and came in the dusk of the evening to the house of MacKay. He asked for lodgings, which was granted him by the wife of MacKay. Then he inquired (on sitting down at the fire)—

"Did you hear about the travelling guest that goes about?"

Mrs MacKay said, "What is he?"

¹ Many counties in Scotland lay claim to this incident. Inverury, in Aberdeenshire, for one place, is said to have been the locality where King Robert took a lesson from the spider while he was defending himself against the Comyns; but as his fortunes were at their lowest ebb when he landed in Argyllshire, the above legend has strong probabilities in its favour.—Ed.

The King says, "That poor fellow they call Robert the Bruce."

She took up the tongs. "Thou impudent rascal! I tell thee? and my husband and my second son with him, and if he was to wish it, he would get the only boy I have about me."

He was taken to the barn and put to bed, and before he rose in the morning the spider climbed the baulks on the barn-roof six times, which was the same number of times as Robert was unsuccessful in battles, and at last succeeded. This is a token from heaven, thought the King to himself, and I will attempt it another time. Then in the morning, when he rose, he took MacKay's son with him, and on the way across the country, by *Beinn-an-Tuirc* and Arnickile (*Airnicill*), said to the boy on the top of the hill—

"Look, my lad, and whatever length your sight can carry you, and if I gain the victory, you will get a right to that extent of land."

The boy said, "All I want is, that you give us the farm we left, and the farm we came down upon going across the country."

So, when the battle of Bannockburn was gained, MacKay got a charter to the lands. The cross of MacKay stands at *Doire-nan-Earba*, near *Beinn-an-Tuirc* on Arnickile hill, for a sign that MacKay had a right to the farm, but the inscription is not legible—two yards in height and two yards in breadth. It is in the middle of Arnickile farm.

Therquil MacNiel married MacKay's daughter, and he was the father of Niel MacNiel of Ugadale, the late Captain Hector MacNiel of Ugadale's father. It is one hundred and eighty years since the last of the MacKays died.

Note.—The place near the Aird of Carradale, where Robert landed, got the name of Portrigh from the circumstance of the King's landing there. There are caves right opposite Carradale on the Arran shore, called the King's Caves, where the King had been in hiding.

Colonel MacNeill and his Brownie.

(Supplied by N. M. Kelly Robertson, Esq.)

IN Keil churchyard lie buried the remains of Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm MacNeill of Cariskey (*Cathair-sgiath*), a gallant officer, who had served in the island of Jersey in such a manner as to merit the approbation of his commander—namely, the father of Mrs Kelly of Southend Manse—who was the lieut.-general commanding the troops in the island of Jersey, and under whom he highly distinguished himself in battle.

Indeed he had a right to be a brave soldier, for his mother was Penelope, daughter of MacDonald of Sanda (*Abhan*), who married Archibald MacNeill of Cariskey in 1742, and he was consequently a descendant of the MacDonalds of Sanda who fought throughout the wars of Montrose, and fell at Dunaverty in July 1647, and who, it was averred, were near relations of Alastair MacCholla. The family of MacNeill possessed Cariskey before the time of the plague. A child was left to represent the family, who was taken to Ireland and reared there.

Down as far as Colonel MacNeill's time, a creature called the brownie was believed in, and the Colonel is said to have been the last of the family she followed; and the following account of the brownie is no old wife's tale, but has been affirmed by many people belonging to the locality. It is, that there was an old creature that attached herself to the Cariskey family called Beag-Bheul, from Ireland, who had previously followed the Montgomery family in that country, and came over with them to Kintyre. That she accompanied the Colonel when abroad in the army, and was behind him in the battle in Jersey; and when a ball went through the crown of his hat, he jumped four feet from the ground, and turning round, spoke to her, and

said it was a good thing for him that she was behind him that day. This remark was made by the Colonel in Gaelic. It is said that when the Colonel would be on his way home from Campbeltown, she would jump up behind him on horseback; but one day he put her off, after which she met him again in Kepergan (*Ceapargan*) wood, and gave him as hard a slap on the side of the cheek as he ever got in his life. When any gentry came to Cariskey House to visit the Colonel, if the house was not properly cleaned by the maids, she would come after they would go to bed and pull them out, and make them clean the house. She was very careful of the Colonel and his property; and is said to have told him of a battle that would be fought in Kintyre, and that the magpie would drink human blood off a standing-stone near Campbeltown (*Ceannloch Chille-Chiarain*). The stone was removed and placed as a bridge over the mill-race, and such a bird as the magpie is all but extirpated in Kintyre; and no battle of any note has been fought as yet, except a desperate fight that took place among a band of tinkers on the braes of Crachrie (*Cruach-righ*), about a mile above the place where the stone lies, when some of these lawless wanderers and outcasts of society met their death, and where the graves in which they were interred are still to be seen; and another fight that happened about the year 1815, between the excise and a gang of smugglers, a few miles west on the same road as that crossed by the mill-race, and in which bloody encounter the supervisor of excise, who headed the revenue detachment, was killed. The date, however, when Beag-Bheul made the prophecy to the Colonel being unknown, both these events may have happened anterior to it, for all we know. There was said to have formerly been a brownie at Sanda House that followed the MacDonalds. Sanda House, after going by the name of Ballyshair (*Baile-siar*) House for a number of years, is now called Macharioch (*Machaire-riabhach*) House. When Dr Colin MacLarty lived in it on his return from Jamaica, it was still known by its old name of Sanda House. There was likewise said to have been a brownie at Cour.

Cursing a Factor.

(*Supplied by Niel Taylor, Kintyre.*)

THE former chamberlains of Kintyre (*Cinn-tìre*) used to live at the old house, Limecraigs, which I have heard the older people say in my younger days, was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century.¹ More than a century ago there lived in this house a chamberlain named Captain Saunders Campbell. He also farmed some land not far from the town, and on which he made many improvements.

In one of the cot-houses on the estate there lived an old woman named MacGeachy, whom he had ordered to flit and give up her house, which she was very unwilling to do. About six weeks before flitting-time she came in to Limecraigs to see the chamberlain, and tried to go on living in the house, pleading with him to allow her to remain. But all her prayers were unheeded, and out she must go, he said. One of his men, who was near at hand at the time, advised him to let her stay, saying she was not good ; but that being the very reason why she was put out of the house, the chamberlain was immovable. The old woman, on seeing that her entreaties to be allowed to stay were of no avail, took off her cap, and kneeling down underneath an old lime-tree, with her grey hair streaming in the wind, uttered many curses upon the Captain's head. On leaving, she said, " I will not go out of the house on the term-day ; but on that day you will leave yours." Her very words turned out to be true ; and on the term-day, Captain Campbell, who had taken suddenly ill ten days or so before, was carried to his grave, and the old woman and some of her descendants occupied the cottage, where she remained until ten years afterwards.

¹ This house having been built by the first Duchess of Argyll, it would be built in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and not the seventeenth.

The Knightly Effigies on the Oransay Tombstones.

MR W. GALLOWAY, of Colonsay House, Colonsay, has recently made a discovery of considerable importance as regards detail of dress and arms of the knights as represented on the tombstones of our Western Isles. He says:—

“With regard to the knightly effigies, there are two very good ones in Oransay, of the smallest of which I herewith enclose a photograph. The other represents a more stalwart man; but the costumes are to all intents and purposes identical. They differ in no essential respect from other knightly effigies at Iona and elsewhere; but in one or two points the detail is perhaps a little better preserved. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that they are represented as being vested in complete defensive armour, and that of this the long quilted tunic was an essential part. It is just as much defensive, and intended to be so, as the *camail* or chain-armour attached to the helmet, and protecting the neck and shoulders.

“Amongst the Scandinavians—by the laws of Gula, traditionally said to have been established by ‘Hakon (or Hacon) the Good’—the possessor of twenty-four marks was obliged to provide himself with ‘a double red shield, a helmet, a coat of mail, OR a *panzar*—that is, a tunic of quilted linen or cloth.’

“Here the quilted vestment is the alternative to the coat of mail—the possession of one or other of which was incumbent on all adequately armed men; and in this costume the Irish warriors are so represented by Albert Dürer in one of his works. There can be no doubt, then, of its being then really defensive—all individuals so represented being assumed to be clothed

in *cap-à-pied* armour. The same argument, then, must of necessity apply to the legs and feet.

“That these, so far as my observation goes, were covered with chain-mail, I am doubtful—because, however much the *camail* may have wasted, and the pattern be obliterated on the front of the breast and neck, the chain-mail work will be found most minutely represented at the sides. The same thing would follow in the protected portions of the legs, if they had been so covered, as is undoubtedly the case in many Norman and other knightly costumes.

“My own impression is, that the lower limbs were really encased in plate-armour as much as the head—*i.e.*, ‘greaves’ and ‘sollerettes.’ They are always represented as being cased in some close-fitting covering, following all the main curvatures of the limbs, with a central shin-bone ridge marked and prominent. The large effigy at Oransay is peculiar in this respect—that the straps fastening this plate-armour, or other covering, are represented as being tightly drawn by two draped figures, just as the knight himself is so invariably shown as drawing tightly his sword-belt.

“In this effigy, worn as it is by having been trampled and wasted through many years, much minute detail is preserved—*e.g.*, the quilted tunic still preserves *its cuffs, with an ornamental scroll pattern still very visible.*
—Yours most truly, W. GALLOWAY.”

I am not aware of any one having previously discovered this cuff ornamentation spoken of by Mr Galloway, and to him, therefore, are we indebted for a curious point of detail of dress. Nor is it within the range of probability that the legs at this epoch were bare. They were undoubtedly encased, as Mr Galloway says, in plate-armour.

The Fate of Celtic MSS.

(By Alexander Carmichael).

THE Scandinavians—Gaelic, Lochlannaich—were the scourges of the British Isles during the middle ages. The Western Isles and western sea-coasts generally, suffered severely from their incursions. These Norsemen came down like famished wolves on the folds, filling the seas with their galleys, the land with their ravages, and the air with the cries of their victims. They spared neither place, nor sex, nor age, nor sanctity. These pirates burnt Iona seven times, massacred the people, and destroyed the library with all the priceless accumulated and illuminated manuscripts of the brethren. Nothing can be sadder than to read such entries as the following from the ‘Irish Annals’ :—

Year 749.—“The death by drowning of the community of Iona.”
 794.—“The ravaging of all the islands of Britain [Western Isles] by the Gentiles ;” “The ravaging of Icolmkill.” 798.—“The Hebrides and Ulster laid waste by the Danes.” 802.—“Icolmkill burned by the Gentiles.” 806.—“The community of Iona slain by the Gentiles to the number of sixty-eight.” 825.—“The martyrdom of Blaimhic, son of Fean, by the Gentiles in Iona ;” “The shrine of Columba transferred to Ireland in refuge from the Galls.” 986.—“Iona ravaged by the Danes on Christmas Eve, and they slew the Abbot and fifteen of the clergy in church ;” “The fort [Iona] of Columba laid waste by the Galls, and the islands ravaged by them, and the Bishop of Iona slain by them.”

After reading thus far through these dismal records, a Gael must be forgiven if he rejoices in reading the next. Year 987.—“Great slaughter of

the Danes, who ravaged Iona, and three hundred and sixty of them were slain."

It is said that whatever manuscripts escaped the destruction by the Danes on the west, were transferred to St Andrews on the east coast for safety. Edward I. of England (commonly called Edward Longshanks), in order to destroy Scottish nationality, collected all the manuscripts he could find in Scotland. These, along with a vast collection of miscellaneous reliques, he sent in a ship to England. The ship foundered in approaching the Thames, and everything in it was lost. If the coronation-stone, called in Gaelic *An Liafail*, and now in Westminster, was taken by the despoiler on this occasion, 1206, it must have gone by a different ship. Altogether, between the Danes and the deep sea, and Edward Longshanks, ancient Scottish manuscripts and reliques had but little escape. Yet Highlanders are taunted that they have no manuscripts!

The fate of Celtic manuscripts has been sadly unfortunate. In passing through London in 1864, the writer went to see the late Mrs Cameron, widow of Loudovick Cameron, writer, Inverary, and daughter of Donald Macnicol, minister of Lismore. She was an intelligent, cultured woman, pleased to see a native of her native island, and delighted to hear that her father, for whose memory she had a becoming pride, was still warmly spoken of by the people of his parish. Mrs Cameron told me that in writing his 'Remarks on Johnson's Tour,' and subsequently, her father gathered about him a number of old manuscripts bearing on the Highlands. On the death of her father in 1802, her brother, an officer in the army, took possession of these manuscripts; and being a keen collector himself, he added several other manuscripts to his father's collection. Her brother prized his collection of manuscripts much, and he got a strong leather case made to contain them. This case of manuscripts he carried about with him wherever he went. Captain Macnicol went abroad with his

regiment, and in landing from the troopship the boat was swamped in the surf, and the portmanteau of manuscripts was lost. Mrs Cameron said that her brother often spoke to her in bitterest regret about his manuscripts, the loss of which, it would seem, had somewhat tinged his temper. She stated that her brother seemed familiar with the history of the manuscripts, and that she was sure she had heard him mention the names of some families from whom manuscripts had been obtained. Probably, had the writer had longer time with Mrs Cameron, she might have come to remember some of these families.

Dugald Campbell, a native of Lismore, and minister of the Ross of Mull, wrote a history of Iona. Mr Campbell took a warm interest in the history and antiquities of Iona, which was in his parish; and being a scholarly man, he was well qualified for the task. Apart from exhausting local and home sources of information, he was in communication with scholars abroad on the subject. Two sons of Maclean of Coll settled in Copenhagen—one at least becoming a professor in the university there. With these Mr Campbell was in close communication about Iona; and from their knowledge of the Norse language and Northern antiquities, and from the fact that the ecclesiastical affairs of Iona, as well as those of the whole west of Scotland, were directed from Drontheim during the Norse occupation, these gentlemen were able to render great assistance to Mr Campbell in compiling his history.

Mr Campbell's daughter, the late Mrs General Fraser, Oban, told the writer that her brother Donald Campbell, and his father's successor, gave the loan of his father's manuscript history of Iona to a gentleman from Edinburgh, who was writing a history of Scotland; that this gentleman died, and that her brother had never been able to recover the manuscript. From her failing memory, his cousin Mrs Fraser could not mention to the writer the name of the man to whom her late brother lent his father's manuscript. Probably, however, the gentleman in question was Mr Donald

Gregory, who is known to have collected many manuscripts throughout the Highlands and Islands.

It will interest others than Highlanders that the famous German general, Count Moltke, is descended from one of these two brothers Maclean, from the Island of Coll.

The late Dr Duncan MacColl, a native of Lismore, and who practised for upwards of fifty years in the island of Mull, told the writer that he saw an old manuscript history of the island of Lismore in a gentleman's house in Mull shortly after he went there. When the possessor of the manuscript died, Dr MacColl inquired, but never again could find any trace of the manuscript. The writer thinks it probable that his cousin, Dr MacColl, was better acquainted with Mull, and with Mull antiquities, histories, and families, than any man.

The late Clanranald gave over the Macvuirich manuscripts—a large collection—to a person who is more interested in their commercial than in their historic value. Consequently, these manuscripts are not available.

Through the patriotic interest of the great Celtic scholar Mr Skene, sixty-five Gaelic manuscripts were deposited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Even of these manuscripts three are not to be found, and no one seems to know what has become of them.

Such are some of the fatalities attending Celtic manuscripts, and others could be mentioned.

Prayers and Hymns of the Hebrides.¹

FISHING CUSTOMS OF BARRA.

“A CURIOUS custom prevails among the people of Barra of apportioning their boats to their fishing-banks at sea, much as they apportion their cows to their grazing-grounds on land. The names, positions, extent, characteristics, and capabilities of these banks are as well known to them as those of their crofts.

“The people meet at church on the 1st day of February—Gaelic, *La-Fhéill-Brìde*—the festival of Saint Bridget; and having ascertained among themselves the number of boats engaging in the long-line fishing, they assign these boats in proportionate numbers among the banks according to the fishing capabilities of each bank. The men then draw lots, each head-man drawing the lot for his crew, and thus the boats are assigned to their respective banks for the season.

“Should a bank prove unproductive, the boats of that bank are considerably allowed to distribute themselves among the other banks, the boats of which are then at liberty to try the deserted banks. The fishermen say that the ways and migrations of the fishes of the sea are as unaccountable as those of the fowls of the air—here to-day and there to-morrow. They say also that fishes resemble birds in their habits; some fishes, as the cod and the conger, in being solitary, like the raven and the skua; while some other fishes, as the saithe and the herring, are gregarious in their habits, and live in communities, like the razor-bill and the guille-

¹ For these interesting extracts the Editor is indebted to the courtesy of Mr Alexander Carmichael, who has kindly allowed him to make use of his most interesting privately printed book on the ‘Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides.’

mot. I am indebted to the intelligent and observant fishermen throughout these islands for much interesting and curious information regarding fishes and sea-birds.

“Having completed their balloting, the fishermen go in to church accompanied by fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, and sweethearts. The good priest says a short service, wherein he commends those ‘who go down to the sea in ships’ to the protection of the holy Saint Barr, after whom Barra is named; of the beautiful Saint Bridget, ‘virgin of a thousand charms’—‘*Bride bhòidheach, òigh nam mìle beus*’—on whose festival they are met; of their loved Mother, the golden-haired Virgin; and to the protection, individually and collectively, of the Holy Trinity. The people disperse, chanting—

‘Athair, A Mhic, A Spioraid Naoimh,	Father, Son, and Spirit’s Might,
Biodh an Tri-aon leinn, a là ’s a dh- oidhche;	Be the Three-in-One with us day and night!
’S air chùl nan tonn, no air thaobh nam beann,	On the crested wave, when waves run high,
Biodh ar Màthair leinn ’s biodh A làmh mu’r ceann.	O Mother, Mary, be to us nigh! O Mother, Mary, be to us nigh!”
Biodh ar Màthair leinn ’s biodh A làmh mu’r ceann.	

THE SOUTH UIST NUNNERY.

“There is one place of which the old people speak with particular favour. It is on the factor’s farm of Ormacleit, out at the mouth of Lochaoineart and at a place called *Airidh-nam-ban*, the ‘shealing of the women.’ There had been a religious house here in the olden times, and from this circumstance the place is named.

“These holy sisters had always the good taste to select or get selected for them the best situations for their dwellings. This place is no exception.

One of the many beautiful descriptions of a beautiful place, in the old Gaelic tales, runs thus :—

'Grianan àluinn aona chrainn,
Air chùl gaoithe, air aodan gréine,
Far am faiceamaid an saoghal uile,
'S far nach faiceadh duin' idir sinn.

A lovely summer shealing of one tree,
Behind the wind, in front of the sun,
Where we could see the world all,
But where no man could us see.' "

THE ST KILDA BIRD SONG.

<p>“ Buidheachas dha 'n Tì, thaine¹ na Guga- chan ! Thaine,¹ 's na h-Eòin-Mhòra cuide-riu ! Cailin dubh ciaru,² bò 's a' chrò ! Bò dhonn ! bò dhonn ! bò dhonn bhea- darrach ! Bò dhonn, a rùin, a bhlitheadh am baine dhuit ! Ho ro ! mo gheallag ! ni gu rodagach ! Cailin dubh ciaru,² bò 's a' chrò— Na h-eòin air tighinn ! cluinneam an ceòl !</p>	<p>Thanks to the Being, the Gannets have come ! Yes ! and the Great Auks along with them. Dark-haired girl !—a cow in the fold ! Brown cow ! brown cow ! brown cow, beloved ho ! Brown cow ! my love ! the milker of milk to thee ! Ho ro ! my fair-skinned girl—a cow in the fold, And the birds have come !—glad sight, I see !”</p>
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THE NAMING OF ANIMALS.

“ The young of most animals are changed to a new name on the first day of winter. The foal becomes a *loth* or *lothag*, filly ; the lamb becomes an *othaisg*. For these things, and for most, if not indeed for all things of this nature, ‘the old people’ had rhymes to assist the memory. These rhymes are invariably expressive and pithy, although now becoming obsolete.

¹ Thàinig.

² Ciar-dhubh.

“ The calf changes to a stirk :—

‘ Là Samhna theirear gamhna ris na laoigh, At Hallowtide the calf is called a stirk aye;
Là 'Illeathain theirear aidhean riu 'n a At St John's the stirk becomes a quey.'
dhéigh.

The young are separated from their mothers, and the new name is applied to them at Hallowmas—Gaelic, *Samhwinn*.”

THE SHEALING HYMN.

“ In Barra, South Uist, and Benbecula, the Roman Catholic faith predominates ; here, in their touching dedicatory old hymn, the people invoke, with the aid of the Trinity, that of the angel with the cornered shield and flaming sword, Saint Michael, the patron saint of their horses ; of Saint Columba the holy, the guardian over their cattle ; and of the golden-haired Virgin Shepherdess, and Mother of the Lamb without spot or blemish.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. A Mhicheil mhln nan steud geala !
A choisinn cios air Dragon fala,
Air ghaol Dia is Mhic Muire,
Sgaoil do sgiath oirnn, dian sinn uile,
Sgaoil do sgiath oirnn, dian sinn uile.</p> | <p>1. Thou gentle Michael of the white steed,
Who subdued the Dragon of blood,
For love of God and of Mary's Son,
Spread over us Thy wing, shield us all !
Spread over us Thy wing, shield us all !</p> |
| <p>2. A Mhoire ghràdhaich ! Màthair Uain-
ghil,
Cobhair oirne, Oigh na h-uaisle ;
A rioghainn uai'reach ! a bhuachaille
nan treud !
Cum ar cuallach, cuairtich sinn le chéil',
Cum ar cuallach, cuairtich sinn le chéil'.</p> | <p>2. Mary beloved ! Mother of the White
Lamb !
Protect us, thou Virgin of nobleness !
Queen of beauty ! Shepherdess of the
flocks !
Keep our cattle, surround us together ;
Keep our cattle, surround us together.</p> |
| <p>3. A Chaluum-Chille chàirdeil, chaoimh !
An ainm Athar, Mic, 'us Spioraid
Naoimh,
Trid na Trithinn ! trid na Triath !
Comraig sinne, gleidh ar trial,
Comraig sinne, gleidh ar trial.</p> | <p>3. Thou Columba, the friendly, the kind,
In name of the Father, the Son, and
the Spirit Holy,
Through the Three-in-One, through the
Three,
Encompass us, guard our procession !
Encompass us, guard our procession !</p> |

4. Athair! A Mhic! A Spioraid Naoimh!
 Biodh an Tri-Aon leinn a là's a dh-
 oidhche!
 'S air machair luim, no air ruinn nam
 beann,
 Bi'dh an Tri-Aon leinn 's bi'dh A làmh
 mu'r ceann,
 Bi'dh an Tri-Aon leinn, 's bi'dh A làmh
 mu'r ceann.

4. Thou Father! Thou Son! Thou Spirit
 Holy!
 Be the Three-One with us day and
 night!
 On the machair plain, on the mountain-
 ridge,
 The Three-One is with us, with His
 arm around our head;
 The Three-One is with us, with His
 arm around our head.

Iasgairean Bharraidh—

Athair! A Mhic! A Spioraid Naoimh!
 Biodh an Tri-Aon leinn a là 's a dh-
 oidhche!
 'S air chùl nan tonn, no air thaobh nam
 beann,
 Bi'dh ar Màthair leinn, 's bi'dh A làmh
 fo'r ceann,
 Bi'dh ar Màthair leinn, 's bi'dh A làmh
 fo'r ceann.

Barra Boatmen's Version of last Verse—

Thou Father! Thou Son! Thou Spirit
 Holy!
 Be the Three-One with us day and
 night!
 And on the crested wave, or on the
 mountain-side,
 Our Mother is there, and Her arm is
 under our head;
 Our Mother is there, and Her arm is
 under our head.'

“ In North Uist, Harris, and Lews, the Protestant faith entirely pre-
 vails, and the people confine their invocation to

‘ Feuch air Fear Coimhead Israeil,
 Codal cha'n aom no suain.

The Shepherd that keeps Israel,
 He slumbereth not nor sleepeth.’”

URNUGH-SMÀLADH AN TEINE.—PRAYER ON “SMOORING” THE FIRE.

“ The following beautiful little prayer is said by women in South Uist
 while putting up their fire for the night. And the people believe that those
 mentioned in the prayer do watch over themselves and their households,
 and shield them from harm while they sleep.

‘ Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And *simple faith* than Norman blood.’

“The Scotch word *smoothing*, ‘smothering,’ is the nearest equivalent of the Gaelic word *smaladh* that occurs to me.

Translation.

<p>‘Tha mi ’smàladh an teine, Mar a smàlas Mac Moire. Gu ma slàn dha’n tigh ’s dha’n teine, Gu ma slàn dha’n chuideacd uile. Co siod air an làr? Peadar agus Pàl, Co air a bhitheas an fhaire ’nochd? ’Air Moire mhìn-ghil ’s air a Mac. Beul Dé a thuradh, aingeal Dé a labhradh. Aingeal an dorus gach tìghe, ’G ar còmhnaidh’s ’g ar gleidheadh, Gu’n tìg là geal am màireach.</p>	<p>I smoor the fire, As it is smooed by the Son of Mary. Blest be the house, blest be the fire, And blessed be the people all. Who are those on the floor? Peter and Paul. Upon whom devolves the watching this night? Upon fair gentle Mary and her Son. The mouth of God said, the angel of God tells. An angel in the door of every house, To shield and to protect us all, Till bright daylight comes in the morning.”</p>
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AN T-ALTACHADH LEAPA.—THE BED BLESSING.

“The following prayer is said or sung by Catholics in South Uist, in going to bed. The old man from whom I first took it down, told me that he said it every night since he was fifteen years of age, and that it had been taught him by his father.

Close Translation.

<p>‘ 1. Tha mise ’laidhe ’nochd, le Moire ’s le ’Mac Le Màthair mo Rìgh, tha ’g am dhion o gach lochd ; Cha laidh mi leis an olc, cha laidh an t-olc leam, Ach laidhidh mi le Dia, ’us laidhidh Dia leam.</p>	<p>1. I lie down this night, with Mary and with her Son, With the Mother of my King, who shields me from harm ; I shall not lie down with evil, nor shall evil lie down with me, But I shall lie with God, and God will lie down with me.</p>
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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Làmh dheas Dé fo m'cheann,
 Soillse an Spioraid os mo chionn ;
 Crois nan naodh aingeal tharam sìos,
 O mhullach mo chinn gu iocar mo
 bhonn.</p> | <p>2. The right hand of God under my head,
 The light of the Spirit Holy shining
 over me,
 The cross of the nine angels along me,
 down
 From the crown of my head to the
 soles of my feet.</p> |
| <p>3.

 Crois Mhoire 's Mhicheil, mar-riam ann
 an sìth,
 M' anam a bhi 'm flrinn, gun mhl-run
 am chom.</p> | <p>3.

 Be the cross of Mary and of Michael
 with me in peace,
 May my soul dwell in truth, and my
 heart be free of guile.</p> |
| <p>4. O Ios' gun lochd a cheusadh goirt,
 Fo bhinn nan olc a sgiùrsadh Thu ;
 A liuthad lochd a rinn mo chorp,
 Nach faod mi 'nochd a chunntachadh.¹</p> | <p>4. O Jesus, without offence that wast cru-
 cified cruelly
 Under sentence of the evil ones, Thou
 wert scourged ;
 The many evils done by me in this
 body,
 That cannot this night be numbered !</p> |
| <p>5. A Rìgh na Fola Firinnich,
 Na dl'bir mi o d' mhuinntireas ;
 Na tagair orm mo mhl-cheartan ;
 Na dl-chuimhnuich 'ad chunntadh mi.¹</p> | <p>5. Thou King of the Blood of Truth,
 Omit me not from thy covenant,
 Exact not from me for my sins,
 Nor forget me in thy numbering.</p> |
| <p>6. Guidheam Peadar, guidheam Pàl,
 Guidheam Moir Oigh agus a Mac,
 Guidheam an dà ostal dheug,
 Gun mise dhol eug a nochd.</p> | <p>6. I pray Peter, pray I Paul,
 I pray Mary, Virgin, and her Son,
 I pray the Apostles twelve,
 That I may not die this night.</p> |

¹ "The fourth and fifth verses were not in the first version I obtained of this beautiful hymn. I am not sure that they originally formed part of it. This, however, can only be a matter of conjecture. Not infrequently in old Gaelic poetry, sacred and profane, the measure, rhyme, assonance, and even subject, change in the same poem. Old English poetry is the same."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>7. A Dhia agus a Mhoire na glòrach,
Ios', a Mhic na h-Oighe cùbhraidh,
Cumaibh sinne o na piantaibh ;
{ 'S o'n teine dhorcha dhùinte.
{ 'S o'n teine shiorruidh mhùchta.</p> | <p>7. O God, O Mary of Glory,
O Jesus, Thou Son of the Virgin
fragrant,
Keep ye us from the pains,
{ And from the dark hidden fire,
{ And from the everlasting suffocating
fire!</p> |
| <p>8.
M' anam aig fear shorchar na frithe.¹
Micheal Geal an còmhdhail m' anama.</p> | <p>8.
My soul is with the Light of the
mountains,
Archangel Michael shield my soul!"</p> |

BEANNACHADH BUACHAILLEACHD.—THE HERDING BLESSING.

“ This invocation used to be sung by old men and women while tending their cattle among the hills of South Uist :—

Close Translation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Cuiream-sa an spréidh so romham,
Mar a dh-òrduich Rìgh an domhain
Moire g'an gleidheadh, g'am feitheamh,
g'an coimhead,
Air bheann, air ghleann, air chòm-
hnart,
Air bheann, air ghleann, air chòm-
hnart.</p> | <p>1. I place this flock before me,
As 'twas ordered by the King of the
world,
Mary Virgin to keep them, to wait
them, to watch them,
On ben, on glen, on plain,—
On ben, on glen, on plain.</p> |
| <p>2. Eirich a Bhrìde mhin-ghéal,
Glac-sa do chlr agus d'fholt,
O rinn thu daibh eòlas gum amhrath
'G an cumail o chall 's o lochd,
'G an cumail o chall 's o lochd.</p> | <p>2. Arise thee, Bridget, the gentle, the fair,
Take in thine hand thy comb, and thy
hair ;
Since thou to them madest the charm,
To keep them from straying, to save
them from harm,—
To keep them from straying, to
save them from harm.</p> |

¹ “ I am not satisfied that I have correctly translated this line. *Sorch* means ‘light,’ in contradistinction to *dorch*, ‘dark.’ *Sorchar*, I take it, is the man or being of light, as *dorchar* is the man or being of darkness. *Sorch*, ‘Light,’ is the name of a woman in the Long Island.
A. CARMICHAEL.”

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. O chreag, o chuithean, o allt,
 O chara cam', o mhilleadh sluic,
 O shaighde nam ban seanga sìth,
 O chridhe mì-ruin, o shùil an uilc,
 O chridhe mì-ruin, o shùil an
 uilc.</p> | <p>3. From rocks, from snow-wreaths, from
 streams,
 From crooked ways, from destructive
 pits,
 From the arrows of the slim fairy
 women,
 From the heart of envy, from the eye
 of evil,—
 From the heart of envy, from the
 eye of evil.</p> |
| <p>4. A Mhoire-Mhàthair! cuallaich-s' an t-àl
 gu léir!
 A Bhride nam basa mìne, dìon-sa mo
 spréidh!
 A Chaluim chaoimh, a naoimh a's feàrr
 buadh,
 Comraig-sa crodh an àil, bàirig am
 buar,
 Comraig-sa crodh an àil, bàirig am
 buar.</p> | <p>4. Mary Mother! tend thou the offspring
 all!
 Bridget of the white palms! shield thou
 my flocks!
 Columba, beloved! thou saint of best
 virtues,
 Encompass the breeding cattle, be-
 stow thy protection on the
 herds!—
 Encompass the breeding cattle,
 bestow thy protection on the
 herds!'"</p> |

RANN BUACHAILLEACHD.—THE HERDING RUNE.

“This parting blessing used to be sung by old people in South Uist when sending their cattle away to the pastures in the morning :—

Close Translation.

Addressed to the Cattle.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Siubhal beinne, siubhal baile,
 Siubhal gu réidh, fada, farsuinn;
 Buachaille Mhic Dé m'ar casaibh,</p> | <p>1. Travel ye moorland, travel ye town-
 land,
 Travel ye gently far and wide,
 God's Son be the Herdsman about
 your feet,</p> |
|---|---|

Gu ma slàn a thig sibh dachaidh,
 Buachaille Mhic Dé m'ar casaibh,
 Gu ma slàn a thig sibh dachaidh.

Whole may ye home return.
 God's Son be the Herdsman about
 your feet,
 Whole may ye home return.

2. Comraig Dhia agus Chaluim-Chille,
 'Bhith m'ar timchioll a' falbh 's a' til-
 leadh,
 Agus Banachag nam basa mìn-gheal,
 Bride nan òr-chiabh donn!
 Agus Banachag nan basa mìn-gheal,
 Bride nan òr-chiabh donn!

2. The protection of God and of Columba
 Encompass your going and coming ;
 And about you be the milkmaid of
 the smooth white palms,
 Bridget of the clustering hair, golden
 brown.
 And about you be the milkmaid
 of the smooth white palms,
 Bridget of the clustering hair,
 golden brown ! ”

TÀLADH NAM BANACHAG.—THE LULLABIES OF THE MILKMAIDS.

“ These lullabies are sung by the milkmaids of Uist to soothe their cows. They are varied in tone and measure, while not infrequently these change in the same song to suit the different actions of milking.

“ The cows become so accustomed to these milking-lilts that they will not give their milk without them ; nor, occasionally, without their own favourite airs. Hence a milkmaid

‘ Who has no music in her soul ’

succeeds but indifferently among a fold of Highland cows. Owners of stock prefer as milkmaids those who are possessed of some voice and ‘ go ’ to please the cows, this being to them a matter of considerable importance.”

BANACHAG NAM BÒ.—THE MILKMAID OF THE COWS.

“The following air, one of many, is sung by milkmaids in South Uist as they milk their cows :—

Close Translation.

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|---|--|
| <p>1. O m' adhan ! ho m' adh mìn !
M' adhan cri', còir, gràdhach,
An ainm an Ard-Rìgh,
Gabh ri d' laogh !¹</p> | <p>1. O my heifer ! ho, my gentle heifer !
My heifer so full of heart, generous and
kind,
In the name of the High King,
Take to thy calf.¹</p> |
| <p>2. An oidhche' bha am Buachaille muigh,
Cha deachaidh buarach air boin,
Cha deachaidh geum a beul laoigh,
A' caoineadh Buachaille' chruidh !</p> | <p>2. That night the Herdsman was out,
No shackle went on a cow,
Nor ceased a low from a calf,
Wailing the Herdsman of the flock.</p> |
| <p>3. Thig a Mhoire 's blith a' bhò,
Thig a Bhrìde 's comraig i ;
Thig a Chaluum-Chille chaoimh,
Is iadh do dhà làimh mu m' bhoin !</p> | <p>3. Come Mary (Virgin) and milk the
cow ;
Come Bridget and encompass her ;
Come Culum Cille, the beneficent,
And wind thine arms around my
cow !</p> |

¹ “Occasionally a calf dies, and the mother cow is restive, and will not give the milk. To quiet her, and obtain her milk from her, the skin of her dead calf is placed on a skeleton-frame calf, made for the purpose. This is placed before the cow, and the deception has the desired effect. The skin, however, must be that of the cow's own calf. That of another cow's calf, however much like her own in colour and size, is disdainfully tossed aside and kicked away by the cow.

“In wooded districts, where rods are got, the frame-calf is made of wicker-work. This sham-calf is variously called Laoicinn, Loircean, Lulagan, Tulgan, and Tulachan. The first two names refer to the skin and appearance of the sham-calf, while the last three names refer to the rocking, fretting motion of the calf when sucking under its mother. A boy near moves the Tulachan now and again, to make the cow believe that all is right, while the maid is busy the while taking away the milk from the pleased cow ! This is the origin of the term ‘tulchan,’ as applied to a bishop who draws the stipend but does not perform the work of a bishop—a term sufficiently known in Scottish ecclesiastical history.”

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|--|---|
| <p>4. Mo bhò lurach dhubh, bò na h-àiridh,
Bò a' bhàthaiche! màthair laogh!
Lùban siamain air crodh na tìre,
Buarach shìod' air m' adhan gaoil!</p> | <p>4. My lovely black cow, thou pride of the shealing!
First cow of the byre, choicest mother of calves!
Wisps of straw round other cows of the town-land,
But a shackle of silk on my heifer so loved!</p> |
| <p>5. 'S a' bhò dhubh sin! 's a bhò dhubh!
'S ionan galar domh-s' is duit-s'—
Thus a' caoidh do cheud laogh caoin,
Mise is m' aona mhac gaoil fo'n mhuir!
Mise is m' aona mhac gaoil fo'n mhuir!</p> | <p>5. Thou black cow mine! own gentle black cow!
The same disease afflicts thee and me;
Thou art grieving for thy beautiful first calf!
And I for mine only beloved son under the sea!—
And I for my only beloved son under the sea!'</p> |

TÀLADH NA BANACHAIG.—THE MILKMAID'S LULLABY.

“The following poem is interesting from the three chiefs introduced at the end. Although these liltts were meant only to soothe and quiet the cows in being milked, they yet show, unconsciously, much that is interesting of the past, if not of the present, life of the Highlands and Islands.

Fonn.

'Ho m' adhan! ho m' adh mìn!
Ho m' adhan! ho m' adh mìn!
Ho m' adhan! ho m' adh mìn!
A chridheag chri,' is toigh leam thu.

1. Fhaic thu bhò ud air an liana,
'S a laogh mear aic' air a bialaobh

Close Translation.

Chorus.

Ho my heifer! ho my heifer fair!
Ho my heifer! ho my heifer fair!
Ho my heifer! ho my heifer fair!
Thou heartling, heart I love thee!

1. Behold that cow on the plain,
With her frisky calf before her;

Dean thusa mar a rinn i' chianamh
 Thoir am bain', a laoigh na Fianaich.
 Ho m' adhan, &c.

Do thou as she did a while ago—
 Give thy milk, thou calf of Fianach.
 Ho my heifer! ho my heifer
 fair!

2. Thoir am baine' bhò dhonn!
 Thoir am baine gu trom 's gu torrach,
 Thoir am baine' bhò dhonn,
 'S na h-uaislean a' tighinn an bhaile.
 Ho m' adhan, &c.

2. Give thy milk, brown cow—
 Give thy milk, so abundant and rich;
 Give thy milk, brown cow,
 And the gentles coming to the town-
 land.
 Ho my heifer! &c.

3. Thoir am baine' bhò dhonn!
 'S gun ann daibh ach an t-aran!
 Thoir am baine' bho dhonn,—
 Macneill! Macleòid! MacAilean!
 Ho m' adhan.

3. Give thy milk, brown cow,
 And that there is nothing for them but
 bread.
 Give thy milk, brown cow—
 Macneill! Macleod! Clanranald!
 Ho my heifer! &c.'"

✓ MAR CHÌREIN NAN STUADH.—THE WHITE CREST OF THE WAVE.

“The following verses are said to have been composed in Benbecula in the time of bows and arrows. They are singularly chaste, beautiful, and elevated. They indicate, I think, the wonderful natural refinement of the people who could appreciate, preserve, and repeat these, and whole libraries of similar oral literature throughout the past ages.

“The oral literature of the Highlands and Islands is singularly pure in tone and poetical in expression. I have taken down large quantities of this literature—probably a small library in the mass—and I have never heard, either in this or among the people, an unbecoming word or an impure story.

“I went much among the very poorest of the people, among a people whose pinched features betrayed their poverty, yet during nearly seventeen

years in Uist I was never once asked for charity. Their proprietor in South Uist—the late Mr John Gordon—did not exaggerate when he said, ‘The Uist people are all born gentlemen—every man of them.’ Yet these are the people so oftèn misrepresented, and sometimes so cruelly maligned, by men who do not know them.

“The Uist people are excellent workers, and for the farming best adapted for their country infinitely before the best farming representatives that have been brought against them from the South. All these successively have had to adopt the native system of farming, after proving the unsuitableness of their own.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Mar chircin nan stuadh uaine, ta mo
ghaol,
A h-eugasg tlàth, mar dheàrsa speuran
àrd’;
Mar sheudan loinneireach, a dà shùil
chaoin;
Mar oradh air bhàrr sléibh, fo ghréin
nan tràth.</p> | <p>1. To the white crest of the green wave
I liken my love,¹
Her countenance warm, like the beam-
ing sky above;
Like brilliant jewels are her two blue
sparkling eyes,
Like the glancing sunbeams, all radiant
from the skies.</p> |
| <p>2. O! c’ait am facas bean a’s àille snuadh,
Cà’m facas riabh air cluain, le ceumaibh
sèimh,
Do shamhuil féin, a gheug nam mìle
buadh,
Mar chlacha-buadha ’s an òr a’s àille
sgèimh!</p> | <p>2. Oh! where has e’er been seen a lovelier
form or face,
On lawn, or plain, or field, of statelier
mien or grace?
Thou branch of thousand beauties, in
thy pride of beauty’s joy,
Thou gem in purest gold—yea, gold
without alloy!’”</p> |

¹ “In this translation I have endeavoured to adhere closely to the original.”

NOTES

ON THE

ANTIQUITY OF THE DRESS, CLAN COLOURS,
OR TARTANS, OF THE HIGHLANDERS



*Portrait of Miss [Name] formerly of [Location]
The [Name] of [Location]
[Location] [Date]*





Charles Lawrence del.

*James II Earl of Murray—by Jamesone—formerly at Farnmouth.
Now in possession of The Hon^r R. Baillie Hamilton,
of Langton Castle Dunse N.B.*

DRESS, CLAN COLOURS, OR TARTANS, OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

Introduction.

THE following letters and notes on the dress of the Highlanders, and fragmentary comments made by various persons, are published in the hope that some day they may cause a further and much more exhaustive search to be made among the records of our land, and that an abler pen than mine may set at rest for ever the question as to the antiquity of clan colours. I have endeavoured to avoid citing from previously printed matter; but it is impossible wholly to escape quotations from certain well-known books containing valuable matter treating on the question dealt with herein.

I give the opinions of men opposed to my views, in order not to appear to be riding a hobby to death.

If unable to convince those who are opposed to the theory that distinctive clan colours have existed from time immemorial, I, speaking as a Highlander, would respectfully suggest that some of my arguments as to the customs and dress of my race be at least listened to; and I venture to think that, after perusal of these papers, the reader will arrive at a conclusion not far removed from that to which I have myself come.

Early Notices of Tartan.

DRESS OF THE SCOTCH DESCRIBED BY GUIBERTI.

(BORN IN CLERMONT (OISE) ABOUT 1053—DIED 1124.)

VIDERES Scotorum apud se ferocium, alias imbellium, cuneos crure intecto, hispida chlamyde, ex humeris dependente psitarcia (*al.*, sytarchia), de finibus uliginosis allabi, et quibus ridicula, quantum ad nos, forent arma copiosa, suæ fidei ac devotionis nobis auxilia præsentare. Gesta Dei per Francos. Edita a Ven. Guiberto, Abbate Monasterii S. Mariæ Novigenti.

Translation.

You would see troops of Scots, fierce among themselves, otherwise unwarlike, with bare legs, shaggy cloak, scrip hanging from the shoulders, wander from their moist country, and whose arms would have appeared ridiculous, at all events as compared with ours, come to offer us the aid of their faith and devotion.

COMMENTS ON THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN OF THE HIGHLANDERS UNDER GENERAL LESLIE, 1640.

THE writer of 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describing the Highlanders under General Leslie in 1640, mentions that the various companies were composed of men of the same name or clan—"In companies all of a name."

The "Black Watch" companies, when first raised, were largely composed of men of the same name; also, as elsewhere shown, these companies adopted the plaid, or plaiding, or "spotted cloth" of their various leaders; but later on, as elsewhere mentioned, these distinctive clan colours were merged by design, in order to avoid jealousies and to obtain men to fill up the ranks from many clans,—the 42d tartan being the one chosen, having a new set, though formed out of previously existing clan colours.

It would be absurd to infer, from the description given by the author of these 'Memoirs' describing these troops in 1640 as dressed in "stuff they called plaid, striped across red and yellow," that all clans were thus clothed in this identical plaiding.

They were "all of a name," and wore plaid of red and yellow, which colours undoubtedly were those of their leaders or officers. Most Highlanders know that distinctions as to plaid must have existed owing to various causes, and what one clan wore would most assuredly in many cases have been forsworn by another. From a variety of everyday occurrences arose the distinctions in clan colours. The agencies producing such varieties were clan quarrels, pride of race, or family or clan pride; variety, lastly, in the flora of various districts, wherewith the women coloured and made the "spotted cloths." A MacDonald would assuredly not have worn the spotted cloth of the Campbell clan during the troubles of the seventeenth, or sixteenth, or even earlier centuries; and what applies here in the case of these clans, applies with equal force to many others. The members of various clans were far too proud, as a rule, to take the fashion of plaid from any one clan. To deny this is to deny knowledge of the common instincts of human nature.

The various spotted cloths or clan colours were so arranged that at a glance a man could tell in what district such cloth was made, and from what country the wearer hailed. It is true that a great similarity exists in

the ground colouring of certain clans, such as the Campbell and Sutherland, sufficiently remotely situated as to locality.

Elsewhere I give proof of the Campbell tartan being worn at Culloiden; and the ancestor of the present Duke of Sutherland, Earl William, 1763, whose portrait hangs on the walls of Dunrobin Castle, sufficiently clearly proves what the accepted clan colours were in olden days in that county.

The actual distinction between the Campbell and Sutherland is elsewhere noted.

The Whig clans, fighting for the King, by no means adopted one and all the same sombre yet beautiful hues found in the above-named clans—colours found in the clan colours of the MacKays, Lamonts, MacKenzies, Gordons, and very many more, with differences as to sets and placement of stripes of various colours.

MENTION OF THE TARTAN, &c., FROM VARIOUS SOURCES IN BRITISH MUSEUM.

“And first he’s taen her silken coat,
And neist her satten gown;
Syne rowed her in his TARTAN PLAID,
And happed her round and roun’.”¹

“Ten thousand ellis yied in his frog
Of HELAND PLAIDIS and mair.”²

“Syne schupe thame up, to lowp owr leiss,
Twa tabartis of the TARTANE.”³

¹ From “Bonny Baby Livingston,” in Jamieson’s Scotch Ballads, about 1740.

² From “The Droichis Part of the Play” in the Bannatyne MS.—*circa* 1520—ascribed to Sir David Lindsay.

³ From a poem called “Symmye and his Bruder,” *circa* 1490.

“ But sic a sight to Ellen fair!
 She saw her lover laid
 A corpse beside her brother dear
 Row'd in his TARTAN PLAID.”¹

In the same volume occurs the following passage, in a poem called “Glasgow Peggy,” also taken down from tradition, and of about the same date:—

“ Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,
 And brackens was her blankets bonnie,
 Wi' his TARTAN PLAID aneath her head,
 And she's lain down wi' her Highland laddie.”

“ Who will beg a shoulder PLAID.”²

“ Humff, quo' the Heiland man, and turn'd him about,
 And at his PLAID nuk the gully fell out.”³

“ As deft and tight as ever wore
 A durk, a targe, and a claymore
 Short hose and BELTED PLAID or trews,
 In Uist, Lochaber, Sky, or Lewis.”⁴

“ Until a wife, who knew he oft
 Her PLAIDEN WEB in market coft.”⁴

“ No man, wife, child, yeeld-nurse, or servant-maid
 Came to see me with scarf, cockup, or PLAID,
 But gently me upon their arms you laid.”⁵

¹ From the ballad of “Lord Henry and Lady Ellenore,” from tradition—supposed to be about 1700. Published in Kinloch's ‘Ancient Scottish Ballads.’

² From a poem by Duncan MacCaillein in the Dean of Lismore's Book—‘A Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry. From a Manuscript Collection made by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, in the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan, and an Introduction and Additional Notes, by William F. Skene, Esq.’ Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1862.

³ From the Bannatyne MS., about 1570.

⁴ From William Meston's Poems, 1688.

⁵ ‘The Crown's Last Speech,’ 20th March 1707.

“ And all the clans that’s under heaven
 I charge you in young Donell’s name,
 To come in all the haste you can,
 Completely armed every man,
 Mut him’s bowe, him’s dorloche, and him’s durke,
 Him’s short hose, and him’s two cleane shirte,
 Him’s sworde, him’s targe, and him’s short gowne,
 Him’s kilted plaide, and him’s powder-horne.”¹

Allan Ramsay, in 1721, wrote a poem of 380 lines, called ‘Tartana, or the Plaid,’ from which the following are a few examples :—

“ Ye Caledonian beauties ! who have long
 Been both the muse and subject of my song,
 Assist your bard, who, in harmonious lays,
 Designs the glory of your plaid to raise.”

“ The Plaid’s antiquity comes first in view,
 Precedence to antiquity is due :
 Antiquity contains a certain spell
 To make e’en things of little worth excel.”

“ O first of garbs ! garment of happy fate,
 So long employ’d, of such an antique date ;
 Look back some thousand years, till records fail
 And lose themselves in some romantic tale.”

MODERN ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

(*Published in London in 1679.*)

THE Highlanders wear slashed doublets, commonly without breeches, only a Plad tyed about their wastes thrown over one shoulder, with short stockings to the gartering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked ; others have breeches and stockings all of a piece of Plad ware.

¹ “ Ane Proclamation,” 1650, *circa*. From ‘ Various Pieces of Fugitive Scotch Poetry.’

. . . Those women that can purchase Plads neet not bestow much upon other cloaths—these cover-sluts being sufficient. Those of the better sort that are very well habited in their modish silks, yet must wear a Plad over all for the credit of their country.

CERTAYNE MATTERS CONCERNING THE REALME OF
SCOTLAND.

(*Anno Domini 1597.*)

THEY [the Highlanders] delight in marled clothes, specially that haue long stripes of sundry colours; they loue chiefly purple and blew. Their predecessors vsed short mantles, or playds of diuers colours, sundry wayes deuided; and amongst some, the same custome is obserued to this day: but for the most part now, they are browne, most neere to the colour of the Hadder; to the effect, when they lye amongst the Hadder, the bright colour of their playds shall not bewray them.

THE PLAID WORN SEPARATE FROM THE KILT, 1692.

AMONG the items of information we get, I may mention one of the Plaid in the gloomy records of the Massacre of Glencoe. We read:—

“The remainder of the party in the house, two or three of whom were wounded, escaped by the back of the house, with the exception of a brother of Auchinriaten (*Acha-triachadain*), who, having been seized by Barker, requested him as a favour not to despatch him in the house, but to kill him without (*i.e.*, outside). The sergeant consented, on account of having shared his generous hospitality; but when brought out, he threw

*his plaid, which he had kept loose, over the faces of the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, and thus escaped."*¹

Now he did not escape in a state of nudity; and we have here mention of the plaid as a separate part of the dress. This man lived before the days when we are informed by the ignorant that an Englishman gave the first hint to Highlanders to dispense with the plaid and wear the little kilt. No time was allowed to the brother of Acha-triachadain to cut off his plaid—he simply kept it loose or unpinned to his person.

ARGYLL'S REGIMENT, 1641.

SOME doubts exist as to the clothing of Argyll Regiment in 1692; but it would appear, from the supporters of the arms of Campbell of Dunstaffnage, that this regiment wore the dress of the English line regiments, save for the cap, which is the round blue bonnet.

Mr James Grant, author of that charming novel 'The Romance of War,' had, in 1882, the original "warrant to raise the Earl of Argyll's Regiment of 1500 Highlanders—(part of the 10,000 Scots sent to Ireland), afterwards the Scots Foot Guards of Charles II., cut to pieces at Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651—with part of the Great Seal attached."

Above the door of Dunstaffnage House is a coat of arms, carved, having for supporters two privates of Argyll's Regiment, 1692; so say the Dunstaffnages. Their head-dress is a Scotch round flat bonnet, such as is now worn.

The long coat and deep sleeves of the period of William III.'s reign, reaching to a little above the knee; knee-breeches and stockings—the garter being concealed by the knee-breeches, and tied below the knee; shoes and buckles.

¹ Keltie's 'Scottish Highlands,' vol. i. p. 400.

Collar of shirt, showing also cravat; sword slung behind—not the broadsword, but regulation English sword,—and a Brown Bess musket; body-belt worn from left shoulder, across left breast to right hip, where was placed cartouche-box.

This description of the dress is taken from a steel engraving lent by Dunstaffnage, which was done from the stone carving over his door.

His words are—"I understood always that our supporters were representatives of it (Argyll's Regiment)."

The dress described above is the uniform of William III.'s reign. The only *national* part of the dress granted to these men appears to have been the blue bonnet. In all the other particulars the dress is that of well-equipped musketeers of William's reign.

An attempt will be made to get at the dress originally worn, 1641. But no record appears to exist at the War Office.

THE MENTION MADE OF THE UNIFORMS IN A TREATISE ON SECOND-SIGHT.

HAVING occasion to consult the War Office authorities on the uniform worn by troops serving under the English Government in the year 1692, the writer of these memoirs received an answer from one of the officials, to say no record could be found of dress and equipment of these troops.

Turning, however, to a catalogue of books to be sold at Inverness by Mr Noble, a book on "second-sight" was found among them. A full extract of this notice of the life of the Tiree and Coll minister is given hereafter; for there is, among the tales of second-sight, very distinct evidence of the dress and equipment in use of at least one regiment, if not of two regiments, about the time required.

It distinctly says there were red-coated soldiers and white,¹ with the high Grenadier cap.

It is possible that the Grenadier company of this regiment alone wore the white tunics¹ and high Grenadier cap.

Extracts from 'A TREATISE ON SECOND-SIGHT,

Being the work of the Reverend Mr John Fraser, late Minister of Tyree and Coll, and Dean of the Isles: who was minister there before the Revolution, and continued in that function to his death.

Edinburgh, reprinted in MDCCLIV.'

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

The reverend author of the ensuing discourse having married my near kinswoman, and being in this city in November 1700 (Edinburgh), in order to the settling of some of his affairs, as we were discoursing of several things relating to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, we came to speak of the second-sight reported to be so common in these parts. He told me that, as to the thing itself, it was most certain and undeniable, and that he could give many instances of it; as also that he had written a short discourse upon the subject. This he promised to transmit to me. Accordingly, on his return home, after a tedious and troublesome voyage, both by sea and land, he sent me that discourse, written with his own hand, desiring me to publish the same, after some of his friends here had perused it; which being done, I, at my own conveniency, put it to the press. But before it was finished, I received an account that the author was dead; whereupon I forbore the publishing of it till I should get an account of several passages concerning himself and family, designing to prefix the same to the discourse itself; which I conceived would be acceptable to his friends, and not displeasing to the reader. And therefore I despatched a letter to one of his

¹ Probably Dutch troops.

nearest relations, and that was best acquainted with him, and with the passages of his life, that so I might thereby be the better informed. In answer whereunto, I received a paper containing several memoirs, from which I have collected the following account :—

Mr John Fraser, the author of this discourse, was born in the Isle of Mull, in the year of our Lord 1647. His father, Mr Farchard Fraser, was born in the north of Scotland, near Strathhariss, about the year 1606, and lineally descended of the family of my Lord Lovat, but mediately of the family of Toher, one of the lairds of the name of Fraser.

After he had taken his degrees at the university, and applied himself to the study of divinity, he was called by the Bishop of the Isles (there being then few learned men able to preach in the Irish tongue) to be minister of the Isles of Tyree and Coll, to which charge the deanery of the Isles was annexed. He was the first Master of Arts that preached constantly there as minister of the parish—there being then there one Euen MacLean, who was appointed to catechise and convene the people, there being few or none, as said is, able to serve the cure. But being there, he was very diligent in his ministerial function, in teaching and instructing them, leaving them far better than he found them; for at his first coming, there were but three heritable gentlemen, of the name of MacLean, that could subscribe their own names.

The time Mr Farchard Fraser served as minister of the Isles of Tyree and Coll, which were conjoined in one parish, may be collected from his epitaph, written by his son, our author, which is,—

EPITAPHIUM MAGISTRI FERCHARDI FRASER,

DECANI INSULARUM, QUI OBIIT 14 DIE FEBRUARII, ANNO DOMINI 1680,
ETATIS 74.

Pervigil et Blandus, mitis, gravis atque benignus
Doctus et eloquii dexteritate fluens :

Parit oves Christi, prudens mysteria verbi ;
 Exemplum vitæ præbuit ipse gregi.
 Lux fuerat populi lustris bis quinque peractis,
 Sacra docens, Sancto munere functus obit.
 Hic requiem tumulo corpus capit, inde regressus
 Spiritus ad Dominum, qui dedit ante, volat.

JOHANNES FRASERUS, *Decanus insularum.*

His mother's name was Janet MacLean, daughter to Lauchlan MacLean of Coll, an ancient family of that name and clan. His father, as he was careful to instruct others, so he did not neglect his son, our author ; but, having fitted him for the university, he sent him to the College of Glasgow, and committed him to the care of Mr William Blair, one of the regents there, who advanced him to the degree of Master of Arts between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth year of his age. From thence he went to the Isle of Mull, and was chaplain to Sir Allan MacLean of Duart. Thereafter—viz., March 4, 1677—he was married to Mary Simson, the only surviving daughter of Mr Matthias Simson, some time minister of Stirling, who died November 1664. Two or three years before his father's death (being canonically ordained Presbyter), he was admitted to his father's charge, in regard his father, partly by age and partly by sickness, was rendered very unfit to serve the cure of these two islands, Tyree and Coll, as also Icolmkiln, which was also annexed to it, and at a greater distance. However, such was his care and diligence in the work of the ministry, that, by the blessing of God upon his endeavours, he converted to the true Protestant faith twenty-four families in the Isle of Coll (the laird himself being their ringleader), that were deluded by Father O'Donald and others, his father not being able to oversee his flock by reason of his foresaid condition. His father dying in the year 1680, he served the cure thereafter by constant and diligent preaching, baptising, marrying, visiting the sick, and exercising all other duties

incumbent on him; but at length, because his principles would not allow all the demands of the Synod of Argyll, his charge was declared vacant, and his stipend taken from him. Notwithstanding whereof, there being no minister sent to oversee these islands, he went about the exercise of his ministry as formerly, being supplied by the liberality and benevolence of his parishioners, who had an entire kindness for him; but his stipend, as said is, was taken from him and bestowed some other way. And thus he continued till about a month before his death, which was on the 25th day of August 1702, in which he changed this troublesome life for a better, leaving behind him a desolate poor widow, with several children—both sons and daughters; as also a sorrowful people, who were now wholly deprived of a spiritual pastor, and of such a one as was every way qualified for that charge; for he was not only a good and learned man, but was master of their language, being born and bred up in the Isles, understood their humours, conditions, and manner of life, and being a wise and sagacious person, complaisant, and of a winning deportment; all which good qualifications he was endowed with, as all who were acquainted with him can sufficiently testify.

ANDREW SIMSON.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE SECOND-SIGHT, COMMONLY
SO CALLED.

Many have undertaken to treat of the nature and operation of spirits, as also of the various manners of divination among the Gentiles, and but too much used among Christians; likewise of the perturbation and deception of the fancy, caused by melancholy; and very many speak in ordinary discourses of this called the "Second-Sight," and the consequences of it, but none that I know handle it *in titulo*.

That such representations are made to the eyes of men and women is

to me out of all doubt, and that effects follow are answerable thereunto, as little questionable; but I have found so many doubt the matter of fact, which I take to be the reason that so little has been written of it, that I think it necessary to say something briefly that may put the existence of it beyond all scruple. If I should insert all the clear instances that I have had of this matter it would be tedious and unnecessary, therefore I will content myself, and I hope will satisfy the reader, with four or five instances, as follows:—

The first instance is by a servant of my own, who had the trust of my barn, and nightly lay in the same. One day he told me he would not any longer lie there, because nightly he had seen a dead corpse in his winding-sheet straighted beside him, particularly at the south side of the barn. About a half-year thereafter a young man that had formerly been my servant fell dangerously sick, and, expecting death, would needs be carried near my house; and shortly thereafter he died, and was laid up a night before he was buried in the same individual barn and place that was foretold, and immediately the servant that foretold this came to me and minded me of the prediction, which was clearly out of my mind till he spoke of it.

The second instance is after this manner: I was resolved to pay a visit to an English gentleman—*Sir William Sacheverel*—who had a commission from the English Court of Admiralty to give his best trial to find out gold or money, or any other things of note, in one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, that was blown up in the Bay of *Tober Mory*—*i.e.*, *Tobermory (Tobar-Mhoire)*, in the Sound of Mull; and having condescended upon the number of men that were to go with me, one of the number was a handsome boy that waited upon my person; and about an hour before I made sail, a woman that was also one of my own servants, spoke to one of the seamen, and bade him dissuade me to take that boy along with me, or if I did, I should not bring him

back alive. The seaman answered, he had not confidence to tell me such unwarrantable trifles.

I took my voyage, and sailed the length of *Toper Mory*, and having stayed two or three nights with that literate and ingenious gentleman—who himself had collected many observations of the second-sight in the Isle of Man—and compared his notes and mine together, in end I took leave of him. In the meantime my boy grew sick of a vehement bloody flux; the winds turned cross, that I could neither sail nor row. The boy died with me the eleventh night from his dicumbiture. The next morning the wind made fair, and the seaman to whom the matter was foretold related the whole story when he saw it verified. I carried the boy's corpse aboard with me, and after my arrival and his burial, I called suddenly for the woman, and asked at her what warrant she had to foretell the boy's death? She said that she had no other warrant but that she saw, two days before I took my voyage, the boy walking with me in the fields sowed up in his winding-sheets from top to toe, and that she had never seen this in others but she found that they shortly thereafter died, and therefore concluded that he would die too, and that shortly.

The third instance was thus: *Duncan Campbell*, brother-german to Archibald Campbell of *Invera* — Inveraw (*Ionaratha*), a gentleman of singular piety and considerable knowledge, especially in divinity, told me a strange thing of himself—that he was at a time in Kintyre, having then some employment there; and one morning, walking in the fields, he saw a dozen of men carrying a bier, and knew them all but one, and when he looked again, all was evanished. The very next day the same company came the same way, carrying a bier; and he going to meet them, found that they were but eleven in number, and that himself was the twelfth, though he did not notice it before: and it is to be observed, that this gentleman never saw anything of this kind before or after till his dying

day; moreover, that he was of such solid judgment and devout conversation, that his report deserves an unquestionable credit.

The fourth instance I had, to my great grief, from one John MacDonald, a servant of Lauchlan MacLean of Coll, who was then newly returned from Holland, having the charge of a captain. This gentleman came one afternoon abroad to his pastime in the fields, and this John MacDonald meets him, and seeth his cloaths shining like the skins of fishes, and his periwig all wet, though indeed the day was very fair; whereupon he told privately, even then, to one of Coll's gentlemen, that he feared he should be drowned. This gentleman was Charles MacLean, who gave me account of it. The event followed about a year thereafter, for the laird of Coll was drowned in the Water of Lochy in Lochaber. I examined both Charles MacLean and John MacDonald, and found that the prediction was as he told me; and the said MacDonald could produce no other warrant than that he found such signs frequently before to forego the like events. This man, indeed, was known to have many visions of this kind, but he was none of the strictest life.

The fifth instance is strange, and yet of certain truth, and known to the whole inhabitants of the Island of Egg, lying in the latitude of $56^{\circ} 20'$, longitude 14° .

THE PROPHECY.

There was a tenant in this island that was a native, follower of the Captain of *Clanronald*, that lived in a town called Kildonan, the year of God 1685, who told publicly to the whole inhabitants, upon the Lord's Day, after divine service performed by Father O'Rain, then priest of that place, that they should all flit out of that isle and plant themselves somewhere else, because that people of strange and different habits and arms were to come to the isle, and to use all acts of hostility—as killing, burn-

ing, tirling, and deforcing of women ; finally, to discharge all that the hands of an enemy could do : but what they were, or whence they came, he could not tell.

At the first there was no regard had to his words, but frequently thereafter he begged of them to notice what he said, otherwise they should repent it when they could not help it,—which took such an impression upon some of his near acquaintance, that several of them transported themselves and their families even then—some to the Isle of *Cannay* (Canna), some to the Isle of *Room* (Rum)—fourteen days before the enemy came thither, under the command of one Major Ferguson and Captain Pottinger, whilst there was no word of their coming or any fear of them conceived. In the month of June 1689, this man fell sick, and Father O’Rain came to see him, in order to give him the benefit of absolution and extreme unction, attended with several of the inhabitants of the isle, who in the first place narrowly questioned him before his friends, and begged of him to recant his former folly and his vain prediction. To whom he answered, that they should find very shortly the truth of what he had spoken,—and so he died.

And within fourteen or fifteen days thereafter I was eyewitness (being then prisoner with Captain Pottinger) to the truth of what he did foretell ; and being beforehand well instructed of all that he said, I did admire to see it particularly verified, especially that of the different habits and arms — some being clad with red coats, some with white coats and Grenadier caps, some armed with sword and pike, and some with sword and musket.

Note.—In June 1689, we have in this account distinct testimony of the clothing and equipment of the troops.

They wore red coats, some “armed with sword and musket,” others with “sword and pike,”—the white-coated troops wearing the high Grenadier cap.

NOTE BY CHARLES STEWART OF KILLIN.

IN a footnote, same page, he shows from remarks on the 'Chartularies of Aberdeen,' by John Graham Dalyell, Esq., that from 1242 to 1256 there are ordinances forbidding the clergy from wearing "red, green, and striped clothing, and their garments shall not be shorter than the middle of the leg."

THE KILT.

(By Charles Stewart of Killin.)

THE modern fashion of wearing the kilt is found on the armorial bearings of the Burnetts of Leys, in Aberdeenshire—date of patent 1626—and the MacKenzies of Coul, 1673.

TARTAN AS DEPICTED ON SCULPTURED STONES.

(By Charles Stewart of Killin.)

THE cross-lines of tartan appear on stones at Dall, Dupplin, Nigg, Kilmory, &c., bearing representations of "breacan an fhéilidh" (*kilt*) or the old form of the Highland dress.

NOTE ON CLAN COLOURS BY COLONEL GARDYNE.

SEE Reports of Officers of General Wolfe's regiment at the end of 'Life of Wolfe.' One report mentions a patrol near Fort-William having met a man wearing the kilt and made him prisoner; but as he pled that it was not made of *clan colours*, but of plain stuff, and that being a moot point, they took it from off him, the sergeant cut it in bits, and they let him go. The officer hopes in his report, I think, that he did right.

DUNSTAFFNAGE'S *Letter to LORD A. CAMPBELL.*

OBAN, 29th December.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHIBALD,—I have two prints of Dunstaffnage in 1779 with smoke coming out of the chimneys of one of the towers. Men in kilts just as now worn, one belted plaid, two cross plaids, pipes with two drones, but not a sporran among them; figures of women and children also. I know from an inventory of furniture I have that the towers were in use in 1767. I think I have got a proof of *clan tartans*. I do not believe in Chambers, but in his 'Information for the People,' article headed "Scottish Costumes," is an extract, part of which I send you.

Extract.

"That tartan, however, was at one time as much in use for other garments in the Lowlands and Highlands is distinctly proved by the following extract from the 'Vestiarium Scoticum' (1560-70) already quoted. We slightly modernise the orthography to render the language intelligible to English readers: 'Forsameikle as in their present tymes, &c. &c. &c., as was much usit, he our umquhile lorde and soveraine, King James of nobil memorye; for he had ever, besydes thae of *his awin colouris*, two or three plaidis of divers kyndes in his wardrobe when that he wald not be knawen openly.'"¹

Sir ROBERT MENZIES'S *Letter.*

FARLEYER, ABERFELDY, 28/1/83.

DEAR SIR,—I think that there is no doubt about the Menzies colours;

¹ From 'Vestiarium Scoticum, from the MS. formerly in the Library of the Scots College at Douay, with an Introduction and Notes by John Sobieski Stuart.' Edinburgh: William Tait, 1842.

but the curious thing is, that the use of tartan seems to have been local: there, however, is no historical reference to it.

You will find the enclosed verse in a book of old Gaelic songs, published by John Macgregor, in 1801, page 25. This was before the days of the invention of so-called fancy tartans.

The use of tartan by the clans is so old that the time when the particular setts were adopted is wrapped in remote obscurity; but there can be no doubt that, so soon as the invention of weaving was made, and the weavers' looms came into use, and the art of dyeing, the yarn as well as tartan came in as a natural consequence; that seems quite evident.—I remain yours faithfully,

ROBERT MENZIES.

“ Na Meinearaich 's na h-Apunnaich,
Na lasgairean nach diùlt :
Mar lasair-chath na gaisgich ud ;
Le geal is dearg 's a bhràtaich ac'.”

*From STEWART'S 'Sketches of the Highlanders.'*¹

THE author of 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' speaking of the Highlanders in the Scotch army under General Leslie in 1640, says: "I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders; the oddness and barbarity of their garb and arms seemed to have something in it remarkable. They were generally tall, swinging-looking fellows: their swords were extravagantly broad; and they carried large wooden targets—large enough to cover the upper parts of their bodies. Their dress was antique as the rest: a flat cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet; long hanging sleeves behind; and their doublets, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they called plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the

¹ Vol. ii., Appendix, pp. xix and liii.

same. These fellows looked, when drawn out, like a regiment of Merry-andrews ready for Bartholomew Fair. They are in companies all of a name, and therefore call one another by his Christian name,—as James, John, Rob, and Allister—that is, Alexander—and the like; and they scorn to be commanded but by one of their own clan or family. They are all gentlemen, and proud enough to be kings.” . . .

The Earl of Crawford, although of Lowland extraction, had been bred a Highlander. He was educated by John, second Duke of Argyll, in whose castle of Inveraray he passed his early years. He entered the army as ensign in the Foot Guards in 1723. In 1733 he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1739 was appointed to the command of the new Highland regiment.

Lord Crawford's military instincts were much encouraged by John, Duke of Argyll, with whom he lived when absent from his studies. He was much at Inveraray, where, along with his warlike accomplishments, he acquired the language of the country, and became attached to the people, their manners, and their dress. “He was not more remarkable for his elegance in dancing than in his noble way of performing the Highland dance—habited in that dress, and flourishing a naked broadsword to the evolutions of the body, which is somewhat similar to the Pyrrhic dance.”¹

LETTERS AND PAPERS COLLECTED BY “D.”

THE following quotations bearing on tartan are the most apposite that I was able to find in the course of an extensive and painstaking search among the Gaelic poets who composed before 1700.

John MacDonald, commonly called Iain Lom, the Lochaber bard who,

¹ This dance was called Makinorsair.

flourished in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., says in his song called *Mort na Ceapaich* (The Keppoch Murder)—

“A bhi 'n ar breacain 'g ar filleadh
'Measg ar cine mòr féin.”

“To be folded in our tartan plaids
Among our own great clan.”

Dorothy Brown, the Luing bardess, who was a contemporary of Iain Lom, says in her *Oran do dh' Alasdair MacCholla* (Song to Alasdair MacCholla or MacDonald)—

“'S iomadh fear gunna agus claidheimh,
Chotaichean uain' is bhreacain dhathan.”

“Many a man of the gun and sword,
Of green coats and of tartans or tartan plaids of colours.”

Lachlan MacKinnon, commonly called Lachlann MacTheàrlaich, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, says in his song of *Là Siubhal Sléibhe*—

“'S math 'thig breacan cuachach ort
Mu 'n cuairt an fhéilidh chruinn.”

“Well does a folded tartan plaid become you
Around the circular kilt.”

John MacLean, born about 1670, in his song about the battle of Killiecrankie, as given in *Clàrsach na Coille* (Harp of the Wood), says of the Highlanders engaged in that battle—

“Luchd-nam-breacan, luchd-nam-breacan
A leathad le mòintich.”

“The men of the tartans or tartan plaids, the men of the tartans
or tartan plaids
Going down the mossy ground.”

Mary MacLeod, born 1569, says in her song called *Luinneag Mhic Leòid* (MacLeod's Ditty)—

“'S math 'thig geal agus dearg ort.”

“Well do white and red become you.”

The reference here evidently is to a dress in which red and white were at least the prominent colours:

“Oran-cumhaidh le 'mhnaoi féin do dhuin' uasal de Chloinn Dònuill a thuit ann an cath Raoin-ruairidh 's a' bhliadhna, 1689”—*i.e.*, A Lament by his wife on a gentleman of the Clan Donald, who fell at the battle of Killiecrankie in the year 1689—contains the following stanza:—

“Thigeadh piostal caol, glas duit
Ann an taic ri do chruachainn,
Agus beannan do bhreacain
Am pasgadh mu 'n cuairt duit.”

“A small grey pistol by your side (*lit.* haunch), and the corners of your tartan plaid folded round you, would become you.”

Coming down to the time of the '45, we meet with quotations speaking of the spotted tartan. John MacCodrum, the Uist bard, in his song against the Diskilting Act, says—

“Gu 'm bith àireamh cheann air gach ball a th' anns a' bhreacan”—*i.e.*, “There will be a number of heads on each spot in the tartan.”

The bard is speaking of the heads that would be cut off by the MacDonalds in revenge for the treatment the Highlanders met with, and says that they (the heads) would be so numerous that there would be many to attach to each spot in the tartan. What tartan? Surely that worn by the MacDonalds. The poet, however, did not say so.

The following is the chorus of a Jacobite song which was popular in Lorne in my boyhood. To make sure of the correctness of my version I

consulted several persons, some of them a good deal older than myself; they confirm my version—

“Luchd-nam-breacan, luchd-nam-breacan, luchd-nam-breacan sgàrlaid,
Luchd-nam-breacan dubh is uaine
'Dol mu 'n cuairt le Teàrlach.”

“The men of the tartans or tartan plaids, the men of the tartans
or tartan plaids, the men of the scarlet tartans or tartan plaids,
The men of the black and green tartans or tartan plaids,
Going about with Charles.”

In a country like the Highlands, where changes were of slow occurrence, and old customs were clung to with tenacity, these tartans must have been in use long before Prince Charles's time.

That *breacan* in the above passages, and in Gaelic literature commonly, signifies *tartan*, whether in the form of a plaid or of tartan cloth generally, is, I think, beyond all doubt. This is the sense in which it is used in the Highlands at the present day, and by its oldest inhabitants. They received the word, and the thing signified by it, from their fathers, who in their turn received them from their fathers, and so on. There is nothing in Gaelic literature to show that the word has changed its meaning. On the contrary, what we do find there favours the opposite opinion. The following quotation from *Luinneag Mhic Neachduinn* (MacNaughton's Ditty), taken in connection with its illustration, is, one would think, decisive of the point—

“Breacan nan triuchana bòidheach.”

“The *breacan* of the pretty stripes.”

It was the practice among the Highland women, before sending the yarn to be woven into tartan, to wind the threads for the stripes of various sizes and colours round a stick to serve as a pattern for the weaver. Each of these stripes, as well as each of the stripes in the cloth, was called

triuchan. I am indebted for this information to an intelligent old man, above eighty years of age, whose father was a weaver,—and to others.

The beautiful song called *Luinneag Mhic Neachduinn* is to be found in Turner's 'Collection of Gaelic Poetry.' No information is there given us as to its authorship. An approximation to the date of its composition may be inferred from the following internal marks. At the time when the song was composed, Alexander was the name of the MacNaughton: he was master of the little Letter, and of the precious *Dun* or castle, and the darling of the women of the *Sioradh* clachan. Among those who would come to his aid in straits, the song speaks of Alasdair dubh (black) of Glengarry, of the grandson of Black Duncan of Bealach (Taymouth), and of MacFarlane of Arrochar. Judging from these particulars, it is pretty evident that the song was composed while the MacNaughtons still held their possessions at the head of Loch Fyne, and very probable that it was composed not later than the end of the reign of Charles II.

Letter from Rev. ALEX. STEWART, of Nether Lochaber, to "D.," Oban.

THE MANSE, NETHER LOCHABER,
January 8, 1883.

MY DEAR "D."—There is no doubt at all that distinctive clan tartans were worn so long ago at least as 1645, and probably at a much earlier date.

In 1853—thirty years ago—I saw a *leug* or *clach-bhuaidh*, a rock-crystal amulet, of pigeon-egg shape and size, set in silver, and attached to a good long silver chain of massive links. It was kept carefully stowed away in the under "shottle" of a massive fir-wood chest or *ciste*,—one of those much-valued articles of family furniture that descended from father to son, and from mother to daughter. It was wrapped up in a *small square of MacKenzie tartan* about the size of a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

The great-great-grandfather of the owner of the talisman was "out" with Montrose. He carried this talisman about his person for good-luck generally, but mainly because of his belief that while he had it about him he was perfectly safe from wounds and death. He was, however, killed at Kilsyth; and when his body was buried on or near the field of battle, the much-prized talisman was taken from his person and *wrapped in a piece torn from his blood-stained plaid*, and thus religiously preserved and carried back by one of his companions to his sorrowing friends at Nether Lochaber. You know the feeling of Highlanders as to these matters. Both talisman and the tartan in which it was carefully wrapped up were exactly in the same state as when they reached Lochaber from Kilsyth some two hundred and odd years previously. I regret to say that this *leug* and the tartan were shortly afterwards carried off to New Zealand, the proper owners having emigrated. About the same time, or shortly afterwards, I saw a copy of the Bible—the Latin Vulgate—in the possession of my friend the late Mr Charles Stewart of Acha-nan-con in Appin. It was bound in vellum, and the vellum itself was covered with a closely stitched outer cover of *Stewart tartan*. It had at one time belonged to the Stewarts of Invernehyle (*Inbhir-na-h-aighle*). On a fly-leaf was an inscription saying that the volume had been *so found* by Helen Campbell of Dunstaffnage, spouse of Duncan Stewart of Invernehyle, and the date 1639. This volume is probably still in existence.

If I had time I could, I think, prove very conclusively that tartan—distinctive clan tartan—was well known at least from about 1600 downwards.

There is in Jerome Stone's MS. volume a poem by Ian Lom, in which the *Macdonald tartan* is mentioned. Now you are aware that Ian Lom was an active Royalist in 1645, and the date of this poem may safely be put down as having been composed within the twenty years between 1635 and 1655.

ALEX. STEWART.

Letter from NETHER LOCHABER.

THE MANSE, BALLACLULISH,
NETHER LOCHABER, *January 25, 1883.*

The Rev. Mr Stewart of Nether Lochaber presents his compliments to Lord Archibald Campbell.

The Gaelic bard referred to is "Ian Lom," John the Sarcastic. His proper name was John Macdonald. He was of the Keppoch family. The poem in which he refers to Macdonald tartan is in MS. Mr Stewart has often heard it chanted by some of the old people of the braes of Lochaber.

Mr Stewart has no doubt at all that the Gaelic clans wore their distinctive tartans as early at least as 1645, and probably long before that date.

Sir Walter Scott clothes his Roderick Dhu in tartan in the time of James V.; and Scott, no mean antiquary, made it a point to be as correct as possible in "local colouring."

Macaulay speaks of a "torrent of red coats and *tartans* raving down the pass to the gorge of Killiecrankie." This was in 1689.

Mary MacLeod, better known as *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, the great seventeenth-century bardess of Skye, dresses her chief in tartan *about* the year 1610—say between 1610 and 1630. She was born in 1569, and died at the advanced age of 105 years in 1674.

Mr Stewart regrets to say he is so busy otherwise that he cannot give Lord Archibald Campbell all the aid which he would like in a matter so really interesting.

Mary MacLeod's biographer made this discovery, amongst others, regarding her in Skye:—

"She used to wear a *tartan tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky."

TO LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,—Referring to the passage in my letter of 12th instant, in regard to which your Lordship asks an explanation, I have to state that I should have written thus: Nether Lochaber writes me that it occurs to him that Mr Charles Stewart's Vulgate was given to Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stewart about twenty-five years ago, and that an application to Sir John's sons might perhaps bring the volume to light. "D."

THE SEARCH IN GLENCOE FOR MENTION OR TRADITION ANENT
DISTINCTIVE CLAN TARTAN OR CLAN COLOURS.

Letter from S. MACGREGOR to "D."

GLENCOE, 20th Feb. 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that the researches which I have been enabled to make in Glencoe have not resulted in any discovery of much antiquarian or historical value with respect to the subject of *distinctive clan tartans*.

With reference to the subject of the general use of *tartans* from a very remote period, tradition is firm and unanimous; but as to *distinctive clan tartans* worn generally by the clans, it is vague and uncertain, and often contradictory. I fear the time is gone by when much information of any value can be gathered from tradition anent this matter,—at least in this district of Glencoe. The old men who were most interested in such things, and who were versed in the songs and traditions of the past, are no longer to be found. Many of them have gone to the colonies years ago, and a still greater number to "that bourne whence no traveller returns."

As to the *general* use of *tartan* alike by chief and people, I think there can be no doubt whatever—and that the use of many-coloured garments by

the Celts is of great antiquity, seems equally certain ; but that *distinctive clan tartans were* generally worn by chief and people at a remote period may, we think, be fairly questioned.

Such remains as we still possess of the Celtic poetry of the past seem to throw but little light on the subject. Nor does the fact of the silence of the bards prove much in one way or the other. If the tartans *did not exist*, as a matter of course we should hear nothing from the bards on the subject ; but if they *did* exist, and were *universally* or even *generally used*, we should likely hear just as little about them. To be convinced of this, we have only to reflect how difficult it would be to reconstruct the wardrobe of the present inhabitants of Britain some few centuries hence from the writings of any or all of her poets. Indeed, were the use of the tartan a *new* or *peculiar* thing, we might reasonably expect that at least some of the *minor minstrels* would notice the fact that certain persons wore this *particular dress* ; but if it was *generally* worn, the attention of the minstrel would scarcely be attracted by it. Apart from old Chaucer and a few others, we cannot gather much as to the old dress of the Englishman of the past from the writings of the poets. The mission of the poet was to record the *acts* of men rather than that which they wore ; and we could scarcely expect anything beyond an incidental allusion to the garb. Such incidental allusions we occasionally have ; but they are not specific enough to settle the question of *distinctive* clan tartans. " Ian Lom," for example, speaks of the " breacan," but only in general terms, and not with sufficient distinctness to indicate the general use of *distinctive* clan tartans. It is instructive, further, to notice the fact that it is when the tartan had become a *proscribed* garb that we hear most about it among the bards—that " Donnchadh Ban," and " Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair," and others, celebrated its praises, and lamented the advent of the " Clo-dubh." For at that time the tartan had become something more than a simple matter of clothing and daily use—it was the embodiment of an idea, and the subject of a very strong and abiding

sentiment. We have no definite proof for the conclusion, and yet are somewhat strongly inclined to conclude that *distinctive* clan tartans might have been in a formative state since the repeal of the obnoxious Act through the exertions of Montrose, &c., but never assumed a definite and distinctive shape until the embodying of the Highland regiments. This may be so or it may not; but at all events, we have not as yet seen any proof to the contrary.

As to the wider question as to the existence of *tartans* generally at and previous to the time of the Massacre of Glencoe, we think that there can be no reasonable doubt. Upon this subject tradition is full and undivided. An old woman in the Glen (Mrs MacIntyre)—a descendant of MacEunruig or Henderson, MacIan's family piper (MacEunruig Mòr)—tells me that when a little girl she heard her grandmother, then a very old woman, say that all her ancestors wore tartan and nothing else. It is well known that the common people used dyes of native manufacture. The bark of the alder-tree, the tops of certain kinds of heath, the lichen so common upon rocks (*crotal*), and many other plants and roots, were used for this purpose. There were also a great variety of dyes imported from abroad, and particularly from France, between which country and our own there was much intercourse in former times.

There are still some interesting old Gaelic songs floating among the old people in the Glen, and among the rest one composed upon the Massacre of Glencoe shortly after the event; but as it contains no reference to the subject in hand, it need not be introduced.

I am sorry to be unable to give you any help in your search.—I remain, in haste, yours, &c.,

S. MACGREGOR.

THE KILT.—1726.

CAPTAIN BURT, in his 'Letters from the Highlands,' after describing the dress of the Highlanders when on horseback, expressly says: "But when those among them travel on foot and have not attendants to carry them over the waters, they vary it into the *quelt*."

"The common habit of the ordinary Highlander is far from being acceptable to the eye. With them a small part of the plaid, which is not so large as the former, *is set in folds*, and girt round the waist, to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half-way down the thigh, and the rest is brought over the shoulder. . . . The stocking rises no higher than the thick of the calf, and from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the leg is a naked space, which, being exposed to all weathers, becomes tanned and freckled. This dress is called the *quelt*."

It is not hard to prove that the legend that Ralliston, an Englishman, invented the kilt, is a myth. So ignorant are many of history of costume that they not only say he invented the kilt, cutting the Highlander's garment in two in order to facilitate their work while roadmaking under General Wade, between 1715 and 1745, but that he also showed them how to *pleat* the garment. Now those who could gravely assert this are ignorant of the first laws of wearing the garment described by ancient writers. No garment could be worn unless it hung in folds or pleats, as any other conformation would have impeded the limbs.

We need not go far back in history to prove this is false, for in Peregrine O'Cleary's 'Life of Hugh O'Donnel,' Lord of Tirconnel, in Ulster, he describes the allies from the Hebrides who assisted O'Donnel in his rebellion against Queen Elizabeth: "1594.—The outward clothing they (the auxiliaries from the Isles) wore was a mottled garment with

numerous colours, hanging in folds to the calf of the leg, with a girdle round the loins over the garment.”¹

ARGUMENT ON THE LEGEND THAT THE SAME WAS INVENTED BY RALLISTON OR ANOTHER WHEN ENGAGING HIGHLANDERS AT ROADMAKING OR SMELTING WORKS.

The Story of Ralliston, or as some have it, Parkinson, having invented the Kilt, false.

1715.

We are told by Marshal Keith in his ‘Memoirs’ that “at the battle with the Duke of Argyll a number of men lost their clothes. To explain this, one must know the habits of the Highlanders and their manner of fighting. *Their clothes are composed of two short vests*—the one above reaching only to their waist, the other about six inches longer; short stockings, which reach not quite to their knee, and no breeches; *but above all they have another piece of the same stuff*, of about six yards long, which they tie about them in such a manner that it covers their thighs and all their body when they please, but commonly it is fixed on their left shoulder, and leaves their right arm free. This kind of mantle they throw away when they are ready to engage, to be lighter and less cumbered.”

Here we have a most lucid account from an observant officer.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE FABLE NOW THAT RALLISTON, OR PARKINSON, INVENTED THE KILT WHEN ACTING UNDER MARSHAL WADE SUPERINTENDING ROADMAKING ?

He is credited by the ignorant with having invented the kilt. The English officer distinctly says it was a separate garment from the upper

¹ Extract from the ‘Book of True Highlanders,’ by C. N. MacIntyre North.

one. Thus Ralliston or Parkinson cannot have invented the kilt. Ralliston or Parkinson doubtless asked the Highlanders under him to discontinue using the "piece of the same stuff of about six yards long," which the officer tells us they also wore, and which assuredly when roadmaking and stooping would impede the work.

The Story of Ralliston or Parkinson having invented the Kilt.

Ralliston or Parkinson, it has been demonstrated, no more invented the kilt than the pleating of the same,¹ which some English cynics say he did, than he invented the plaiting of the women's hair. It would be quite as sensible to say, because he knew women in the South plaited their hair, that he recommended its general adoption by the women in the Highlands. So much for Ralliston or Parkinson and the theory of those ignorant of detail in history as handed down to us by careful observers!

The Edinburgh gentleman making the assertion about Parkinson, never gave his name to the statement, which is quite worthless.

The ancient rule for wearing the long plaid proves that at all times it was a separate garment. The belted plaid was also very often a separate garment, but not always.

There is not one in a thousand who puts on the long plaid correctly. The rule was this, "*The plaid is the last thing to go on and the first to be thrown aside.*" That means in combat.

The proper length of the kilt is judged by the wearer kneeling, when the apron of the kilt should—the figure being well drawn up—not quite touch the ground. The length of wearing the kilt has, however, greatly varied, some of the regiments having at one time—notably the 42d—worn the dress very short indeed, from the formation of the regiment down to the days of George IV.

¹ *Vide* verses appended about the Irish dress thickly pleated.

The hose also were worn so as to expose a bit of the calf of the leg at one period. This is shown in the prints of the Highlanders who took part in Wolfe's great victory on the plains of Abraham, and in hundreds of other prints of the period.

The well-known pink and white diced hose, worn by many of the Campbells and Sutherlands when in full dress, belong to the Menzies family. It has been worn since the days of the raising of the Black Watch, the Campbells taking it in compliment to the Menzies clan, and in commemoration of both men of the Menzies and Campbell families officering that corps. These hose remain to this day as a sign of the *bon camaraderie* in the Black Watch between the gentlemen of the Menzies, Sutherland, and Campbell clans; for the Sutherland men used these hose, and have continued to do so ever since. The Highlanders wore the two pistols on the left side, either close together or one above the other.

The sporran-belt was a good thick one, for they carried at times a considerable weight in the pouch—which was no mere ornament.

As to head-dress of the common men, it was a round flat bonnet; but there is abundant evidence that the men of Atholl (who may be taken as good samples of Highlanders), on their incursions into Argyll, had often none at all: this in the seventeenth century; and it was as rare to see shoes on their feet.

THE KILT.

As Delineated by Sir John Medina.

IN the portrait of Archibald, tenth Earl and first Duke, at Inverary, with his two sons, John, second Duke, and Archibald, third Duke, Medina has painted a Highlander in the background, the figure full of dash and "go." The Duke is in a Roman dress, such as Medina delighted to paint,

apparently to show his power in painting the arm, much of which is exposed to view. The figure in the background represents the fully armed Highlander in the kilt with a shield.

Sir John (Baptist) Medina was born at Brussels in 1660. Studying under Francis du Chatel, at the age of twenty he came to England. The Earl of Leven invited him to visit Scotland, and among the pictures painted by him was the above-named of Archibald, tenth Earl, first Duke of Argyll. He died at Edinburgh, 1711. Medina "painted in" this Highlander from one of the many he must have seen fully armed.

THE KILT.

As depicted by Jamesone (the Scottish Vandyck) at Taymouth Castle.

THE figure in the kilt at the root of the Taymouth family-tree is as accurate a drawing as we have of the kilt as worn in Jamesone's day, who, without a shadow of doubt, there delineated the Highlander of that epoch personified in the founder of the family.

The folds of the kilt are as would be seen in a somewhat full kilt, and fall as folds would from the living model thus seated. Jamesone copied the cap or head-gear from a portrait which he found at Taymouth of the first Campbell of Lochow. In this portrait the only piece of armour painted in is the shirt of mail or chain-armour.

The portrait terminates above the waist. Jamesone had therefore to paint in the rest of the figure of a Highlander, which he proceeded to do from the dress then worn generally, which was the kilt.

The hose are diced, and the garters carefully painted in, tied at the side with the bow as now worn, or worn up to a recent date, by those who know how to tie the garter correctly.

As regards tartan, none appears here; the dress, curiously enough, being wholly coloured red.¹ The only bit of tartan is the dicing of the hose.

The plaid is red like the kilt, fastened with a brooch at the centre of the breast, as worn by the Gallic nations, and as worn by the women of the Highlands now.

This painting is undoubtedly of great interest to all Highlanders, as it proves that the dress as now worn, is worn, so to say, with no change of fashion. The kilt terminates above the knee exactly as now worn. The hose are worn exactly as they are now worn also. The figure has chain-mail showing under the folds of the plaid.

The ignorant cry of the kilt being a modern arrangement is for ever hushed by such testimony; or rather, had this painting been generally known, could never have arisen.

Jamesone was born at Aberdeen, 1586. He died, 1644, at Edinburgh.

ABOUT THE CAMPBELL TARTAN AND OTHER MATTERS RELATING TO HIGHLAND DRESS.

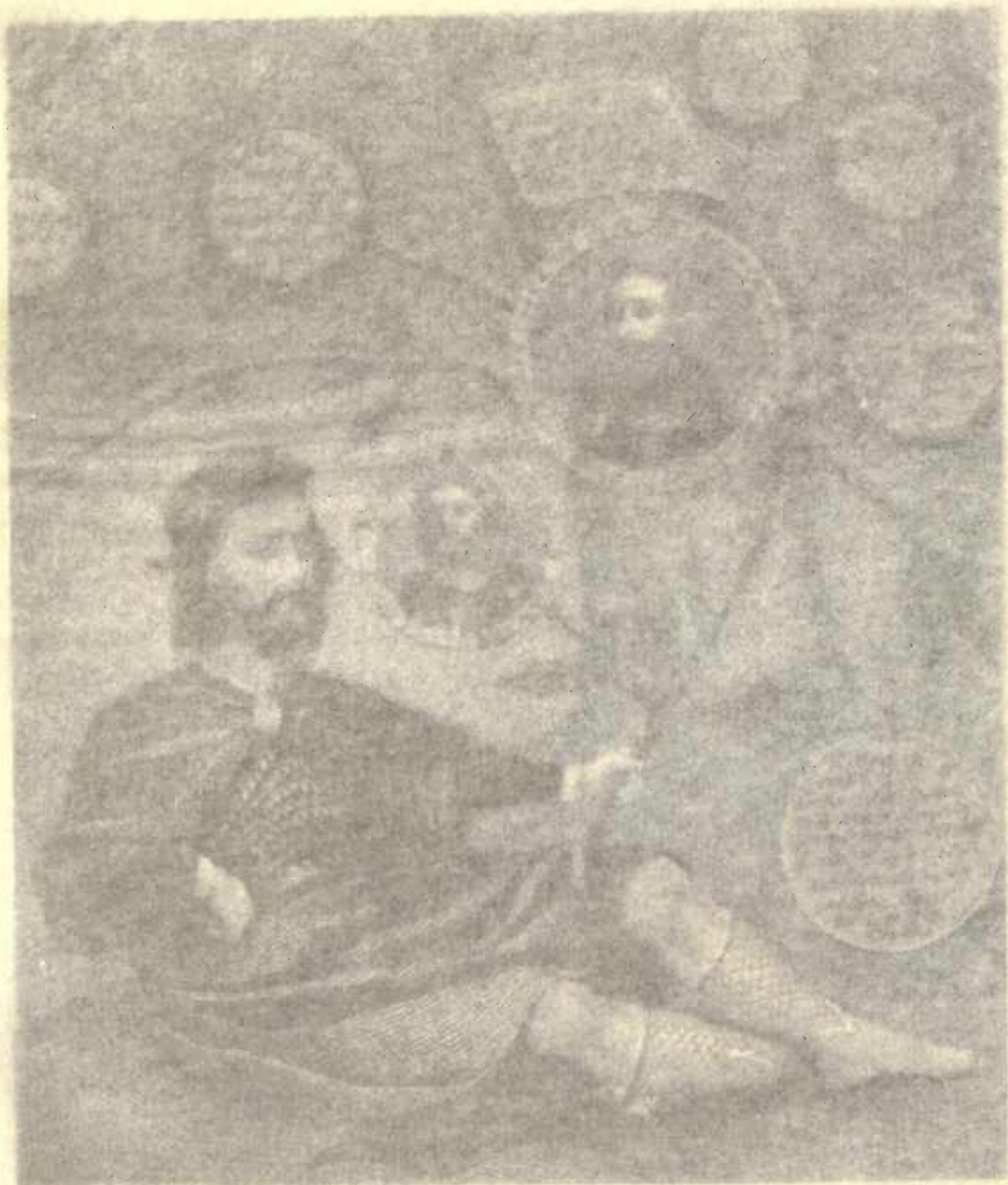
J. F. CAMPBELL, Esq. *of Islay's Letters on Tartan and Highland Dress.*

October 2, 1882.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHY,—You are kindly welcome to come here and copy every document that I have which bears upon your subject.

1st, As collector of the popular tales of the West Highlands, I have twenty-two volumes in Gaelic. Dress is repeatedly and minutely described in one particular class of stories, and is incidentally mentioned in others. It is the dress of the Iona tombstones, apparently. I have

¹ A scarlet cloth made at Stirling was much in vogue.—Ed.



1835

Engraving of the House of Bismarck, painted in 1835 by George Gardner.

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Jameson was born at Aberdeen, 1784. He died, 1848, at Edinburgh.

ABOUT THE CAMPBELL TARTAN AND OTHER MATTERS RELATING TO HIGHLAND DRESS.

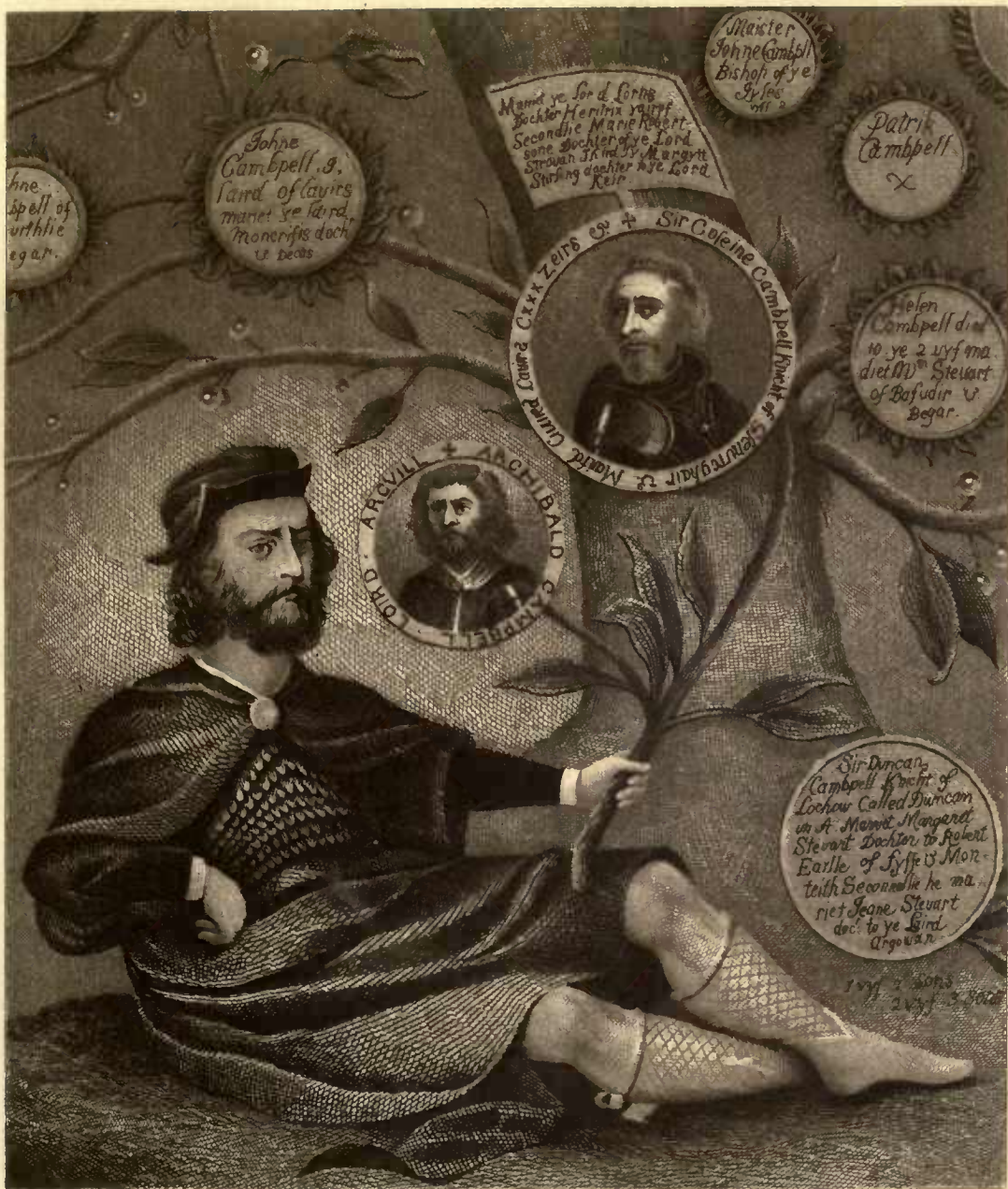
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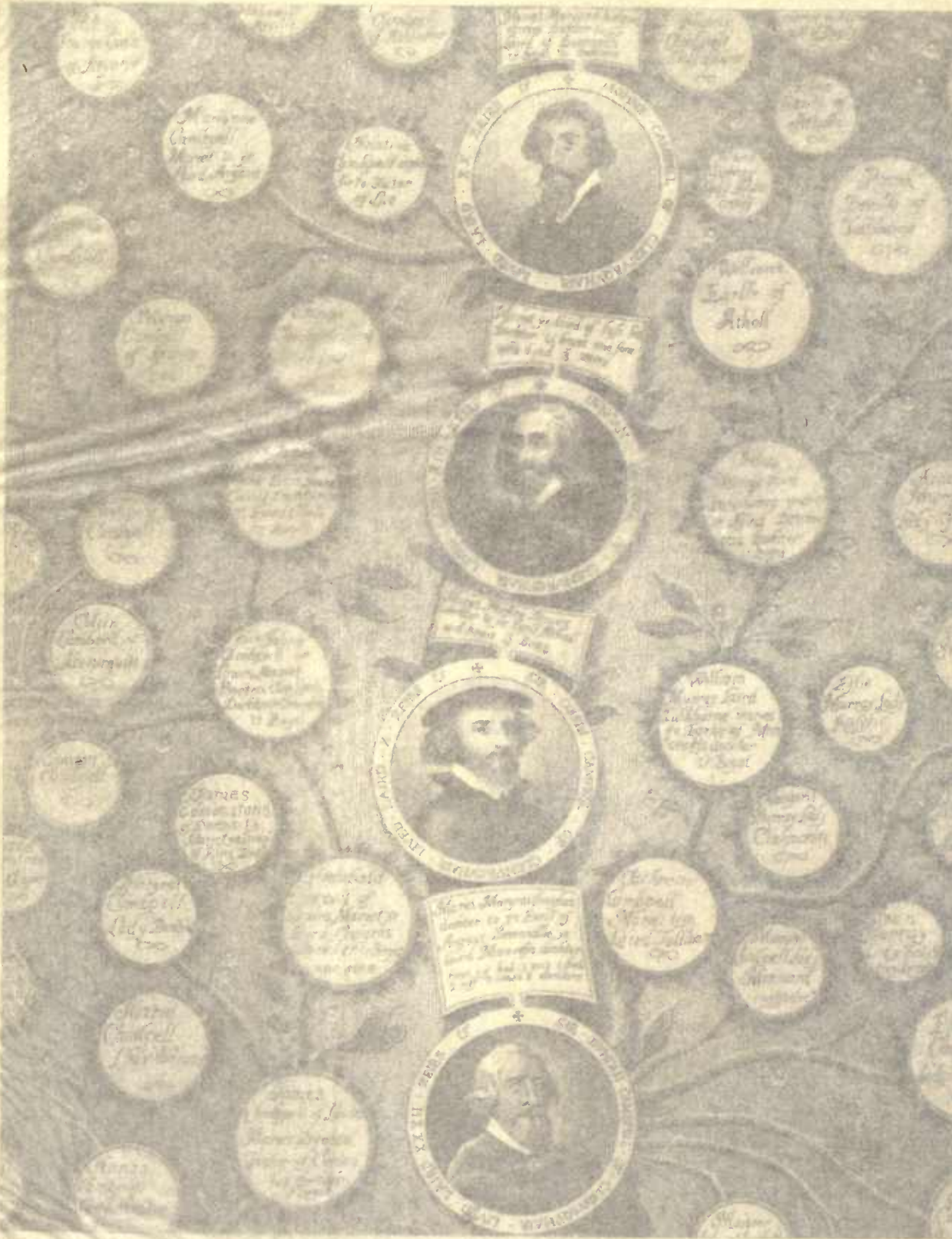
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Engraved by George Jamesone 1635.

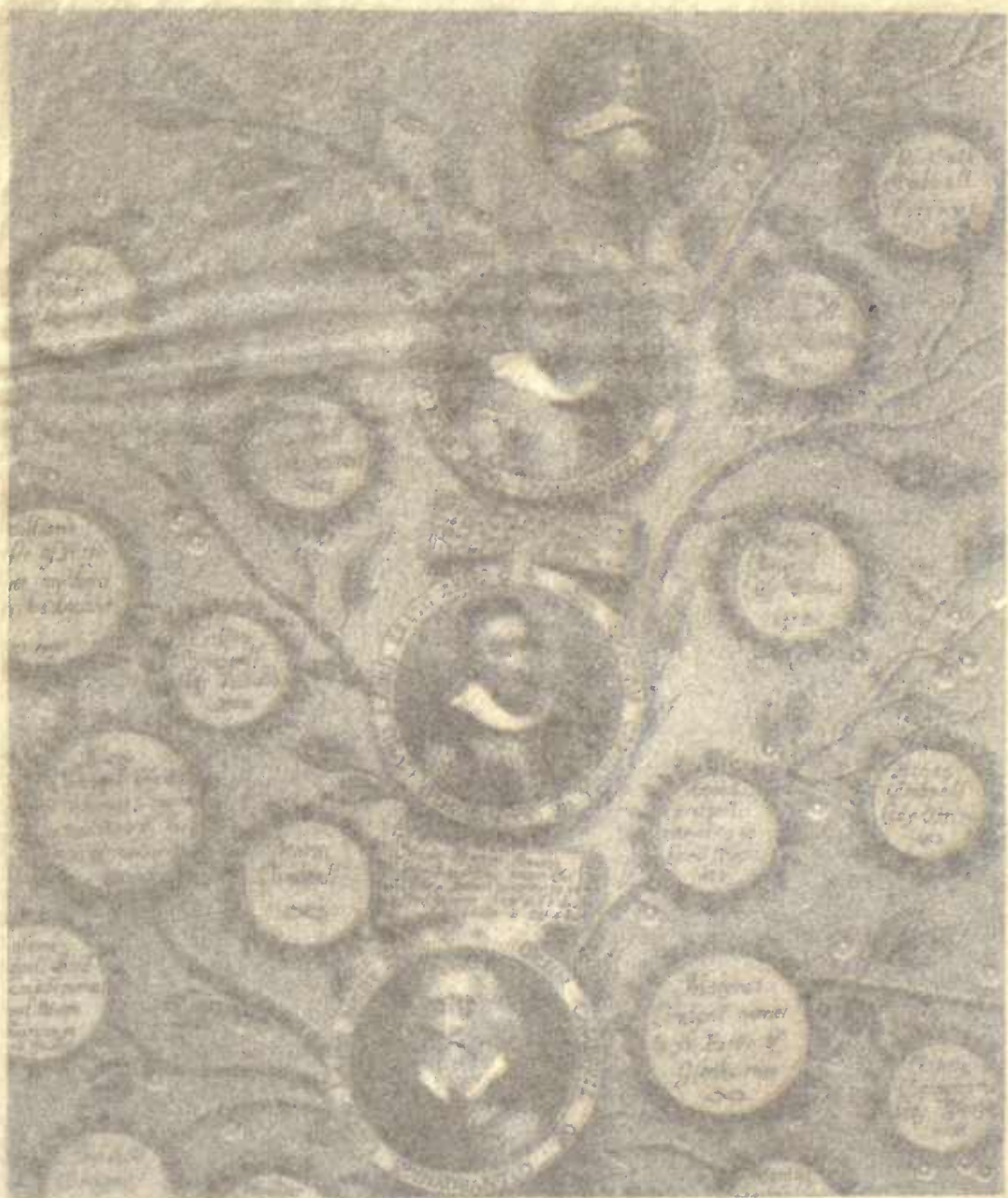
Genealogical tree of the House of Glouchery painted in 1635 by George Jamesone.



Works of James VI and I

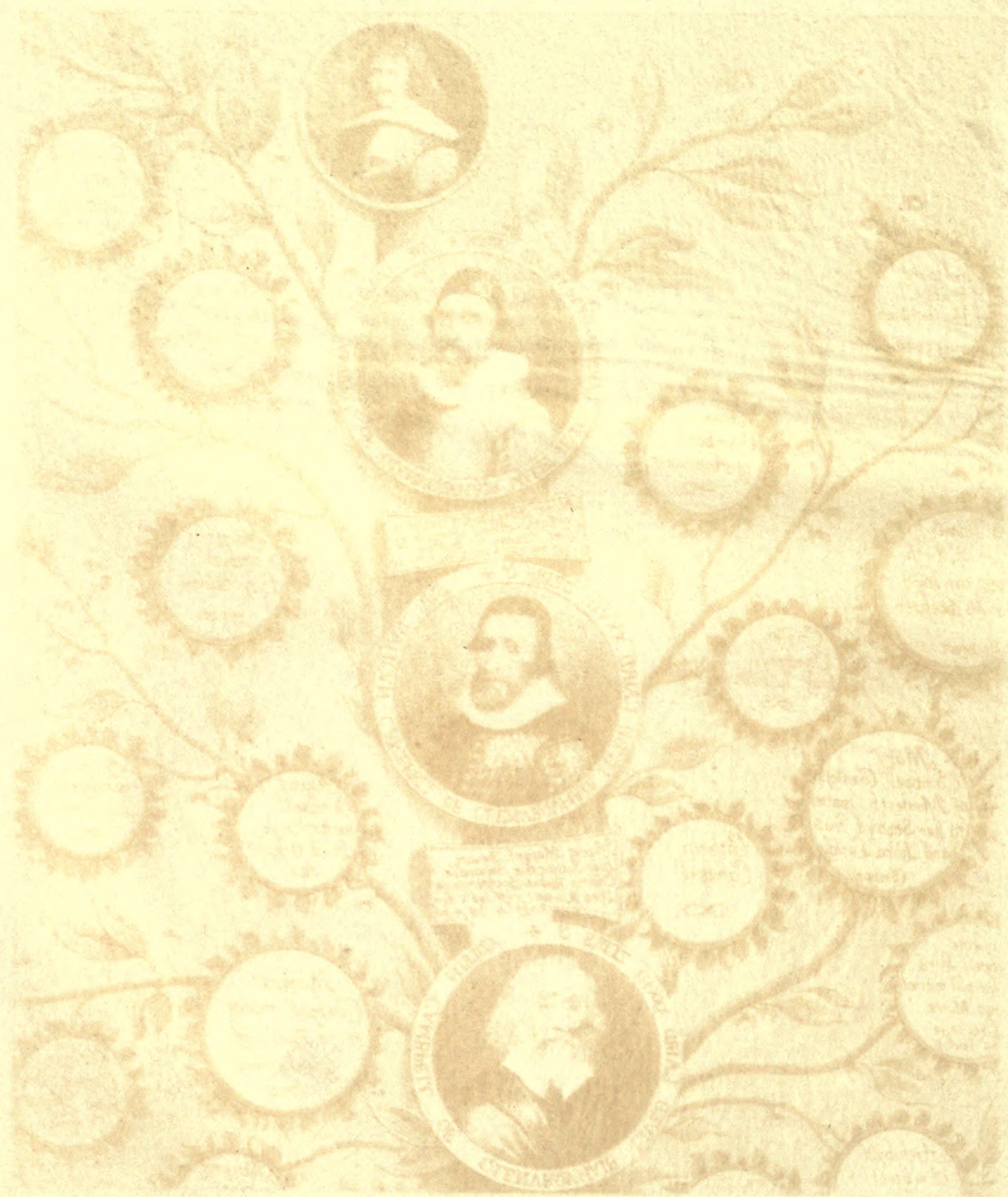
Genealogical chart of the House of Stuart

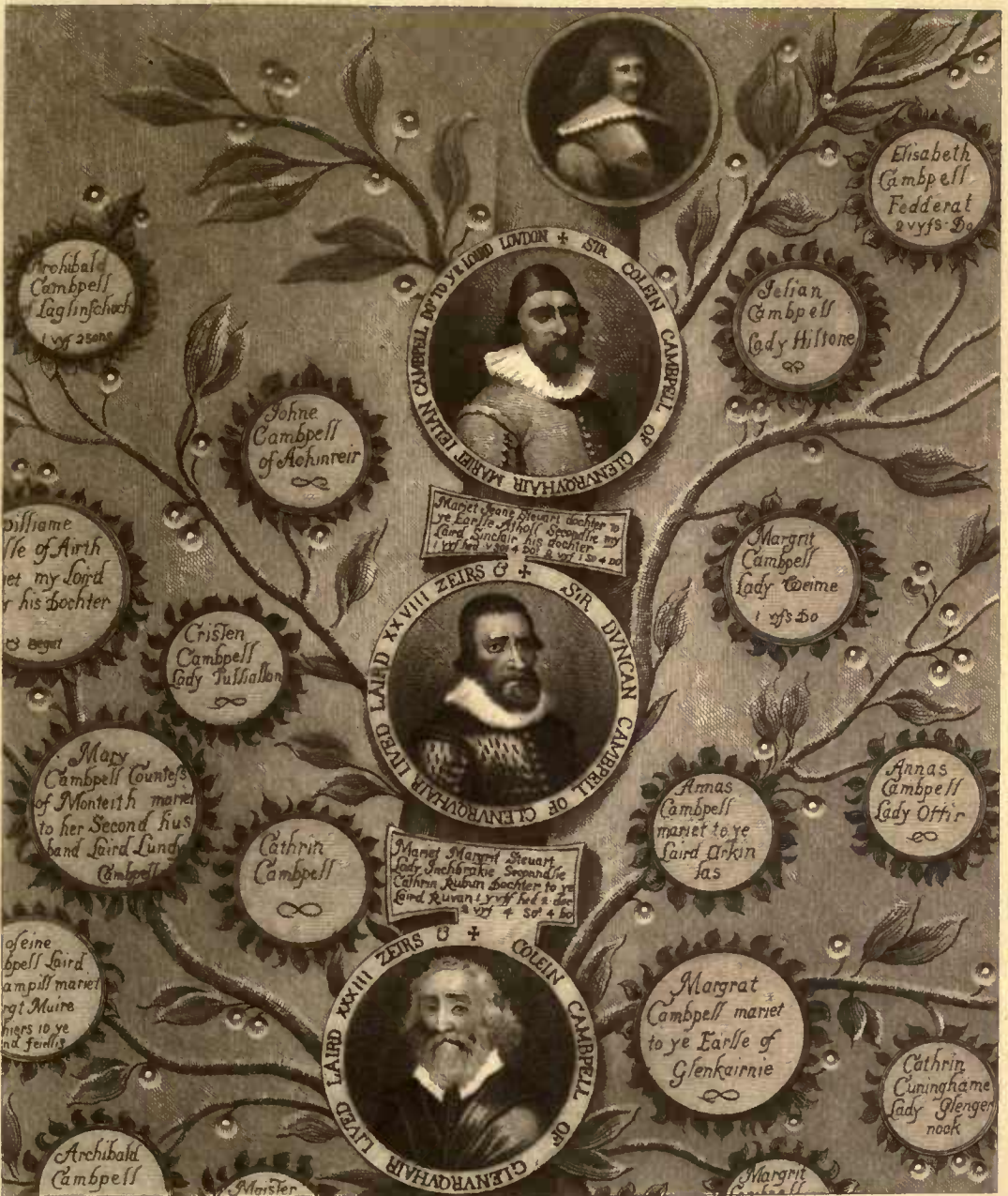




Printed by Charles Whittaker 1833

Notes on the genealogical Table of the House of Stuart, by
James O. Hall, Esq. London, 1833.





Original by Charles Pearce 1863.

Upper portion of the Genealogical Tree of the House of Glenorchy
 Painted in 1635 by George Jamesone.

a very good memory for useless knowledge. I am nearly certain that there is no mention of any tartan at all in any story orally collected by me or for me.

2d, Having finished my own work, your father suggested that I should gather *true* stories that amount to oral popular history, which is abundant in every district. I found a man who collected, and I read every word in Dewar's manuscript, which I got bound and noted, and sent to Inverary. I translated some of that collection. Lorne wanted the whole of it in English. I found a man who Englished the whole, and Lorne has that collection in Canada. Plaids, *brecan*, and suchlike, are often mentioned. So far as I can remember, there is but one instance in which a man was recognised by his tartan. An earl, or some other Argyll chief, was recognised, according to the story, on the opposite side of a loch by his *red plaid*. The Breadalbane Jamesone ancestor is in red (I say black and red), especially as to hose.¹

J. F. CAMPBELL'S REMINISCENCES ABOUT BARCALDINE.

October 3, 1882.

You will find my note about Barcaldine's tellings to me on shelf 55 in my writing den, in a bound manuscript, lettered on the back, "Clan Tartans." It is too long to copy, but this is the bit you ask for:—

"In 1680, when the Breadalbanes went to Caithness, the Barcaldines also went. Before this Baronet, son of the first, came to his property, there were at Barcaldine forty to fifty stands of arms, worn by the Barcaldine men in 1680. There were breastplates, helmets, swords, guns, swivels. These were all dispersed in the time of the first Baronet."

¹ An error. The hose have red and yellow diamond cross-lines, and blue garters.

Note written by J. F. Campbell, June 29, 1875.

About 1835 to 1840, Sir Alexander Campbell turned out a lumber-room and found remnants of plaids, &c. There was no scrap of any Campbell tartan, now so called. I copied an old swatch.¹ It is chiefly red, with green and yellow stripes. You may copy my copy and my note.

J. F. CAMPBELL of *Islay's Letters*.

October 3, 1882.

I have *notes*, letters, and autographs, and you may see and copy the whole lot.

The fact is, that the word *tartan* does not exist in the Gaelic language. It meant a particular sort of stuff which never was woven in the Highlands, to the best of my knowledge. I think it is French. *Breacan* is a plaid. *Plaide* is a blanket. A blanket of various colours, *breac*-spotted like a trout, and striped like a zebra, or covered like "tartans" in squares of many colours, was the old garment worn by the Scotch Highlanders, as proved by books, Acts of Parliament, traditions, pictures, and a few sculptured stones, besides many Gaelic songs.² When Scotch regiments were raised, they were uniformed. Somebody got hold of the word tartan, and so regimental *tartans* superseded that fundamental work³ which you sent me as the origin of tartan. There is a picture of George, Duke of Argyll, at Rosneath, in a *tartan* with a *white* and a *yellow stripe* in it. I know of *twelve Campbell tartans at least* based upon authority, of which the oldest known to me is at the root of the Taymouth tree.⁴

¹ These "swatches" may have been taken from other clans and kept as relics or mementoes.—A. C.

² This sentence qualifies Islay's previous statement or doubt as to tartans having been a Highland product.—Ed.

³ Islay alludes to a caricature made in 1871, when we were disputing about tartan. I drew one savage painting the other's naked body.—Ed.

⁴ Islay makes an error here. The figure referred to is clothed uniformly in red—the hose alone are diced.

October 3, 1882.

Come here and see for yourself that which passed between me and Mr Ramsay of the clothing department, anent that blessed red stripe. The Murray who commanded the Black Watch added a red stripe. The Murrays are the people who made a stable for steeds of the Castle of Mac-Cailein. Therefore I objected to that red stripe, but it was a fixture by warrant royal.¹

My old tailor, a Campbell, always called mine 42d. He knew nothing of clan tartans, neither did my piper, Mure—neither do I.

Notes by LORD A. CAMPBELL on CAMPBELL of Islay's Letters.

A living witness, Mrs Lilius M. Davidson, *née* Miss Campbell of Lochnell and Ardslnish, gives evidence about the plaid which was worn by her great-grandfather, Alexander Campbell of Ardslnish, at Culloden. This Ardslnish was Sir Duncan Campbell's brother. He was a Roman Catholic, and as, with few exceptions, the members of his clan were Protestants, he was distinguished as the Papanach Mor, and fought on the Stuart side. The late Iain Campbell of Islay, on being told of the fact that Lochnell, fighting among the Jacobites, wore his clan colours at Culloden, at once acknowledged that this was "a very interesting piece of information." He added that he had not previously been aware of this fact.

We know the 42d Regiment was exempted from the painful duty of fighting against the rebels.

We know the Campbells, as a clan, fought against them, and we have this evidence of Mrs M. Davidson proving that her ancestor wore the Campbell tartan plaid at Culloden.

¹ Islay alludes to an error made in 1865 in clothing the 91st with such a tartan—an error now corrected.

This tartan, Campbell of Islay would have us believe, dates from the formation of the 42d Regiment, May 1740. This after being expressly informed that at that date a new pattern was made.

That the Lochnell company of the Black Watch wore the tartan of its leader — namely, Campbell tartan — is well known. This, as elsewhere stated, *was before the forming of the 42d Regiment*, or adoption of the 42d tartan, when this body was termed “Black Watch,” and acting in independent companies.

Campbell of Ardsignish could not have worn the Campbell tartan plaid at Culloden from any motive save the Highlander’s ordinary pride in displaying his clan colours; nor could he have worn it for the sake of the 42d Regiment, which had been specially exempted from a share in the campaign. Islay did not know these facts when he penned his disbelief in clan tartans or colours existing anterior to the forming of the 42d Regiment, 1740.

CAMPBELL of Islay’s views commented on.

Without innumerable quotations relating to tartan in order to confute Islay’s ideas, it is but needful to name a few instances not usually known. Charles II.’s wedding-coat¹ was fastened with ribbon of the Stuart tartan at his wedding. This coat, now in possession of the Duke of St Albans, is at Bestwood, Notts, as elsewhere described. The colours of the Stuart tartan ribbons, though dim, can be easily made out.

The tartan-bound Vulgate of Stuart tartan, elsewhere mentioned, was so bound 1639.

What becomes of Islay’s theory with these facts before us?

Also the fragment of MacKenzie tartan, elsewhere noticed, seen by

¹ This coat is preserved at Bestwood Lodge, Arnold, Notts.—ED.

Mr Alexander Stewart (Nether Lochaber) in 1853, handed down from father to son in the family of the owner, killed at the battle of Kilsyth ?

THE CAMPBELL TARTAN.

JOHN F. CAMPBELL, Esq. of Islay, gives the following evidence as to the tartan of the Campbells :—

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.,

July 5, 1881.

That 42d tartan is Campbell tartan rests upon the fact that the Black Watch was officered by a large majority of Campbells at first.¹

When I was first tartaned, more than fifty years ago, I was taken by

¹ The officers appointed to the 43d, now 42d, were—

Colonel—John, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, died in 1748.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, Baronet, killed at Falkirk, 1746.

Major—George Grant, brother of the laird of Grant, removed from the service by sentence of court-martial for allowing the rebels to get possession of the castle of Inverness, 1746.

Captains—George Munro of Culcairn, killed in 1746; Dugal Campbell of Craignock, retired in 1745; John Campbell of Carrick, killed at Fontenoy; John Campbell, junior, of Monzie, retired in 1743; Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart., retired in 1748; Colin Campbell of Ballimore, retired; John Munro, promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in 1745, retired in 1749; Captain-Lieutenant Duncan Macfarlane, retired in 1744.

Lieutenants—Paul Macpherson; Lewis Grant of Auchterblair; John Maclean of Kingarloch; John MacKenzie (both removed from the regiment in consequence of having fought a duel in 1744); Alexander MacDonald; Malcolm Fraser, son of Culduthel, killed at Bergen-op-Zoom, 1747; John Macneil.

Ensigns—Dugal Campbell; Dugal Stewart; John Menzies of Comrie; Edward Carrick; Gilbert Stewart of Kilcraigie; Gordon Graham of Draines; Archibald Macnab, son of the laird of Macnab, died lieutenant-general, 1790; Colin Campbell; Dugal Stewart; James Campbell of Glenfalloch, died of wounds at Fontenoy.

It will be here seen that Islay is correct in saying there was a larger number of officers of the old 43d of the name of Campbell than any other clan. We find four of them were captains, three of them were ensigns.

John Campbell, piper, to the shop of his brother William, in Glasgow, to be tailored.

So far as I can remember, the Campbell tailor called the tartan 42d.

Both piper and tailor were sons of a Lorne Campbell, who was a piper of a family of pipers, of whom one was at Culloden.

If any of these Campbells had knowledge of any Campbell tartan, I should have been adorned with that device. I have worn 42d all my life.

J. F. CAMPBELL.

About the year 1729 or 1730, six companies of Highlanders were raised. *These were dressed in their native tartan.* Three of these companies were composed of one hundred each.

Lord Lovat, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, and Colonel Grant of Ballindalloch, were severally appointed captains.

The Campbell company of one hundred under Lochnell, and a smaller company under Campbell of Finab, under commission as captain-lieutenant of seventy men, wore the tartan of their leaders. Lochnell's company, and Carrick's also, under the commission of captain-lieutenant, were stationed in Atholl and Breadalbane—Campbell of Finab's men in Lochaber. These companies (as Browne in his 'History of the Highlands' puts it) continued independent companies till the year 1739, when Government resolved on raising four additional companies.

"The regiment was embodied in the month of May 1740, on a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, under the name of the 43d Regiment. Lord Crawford being a Lowlander, and no clan having a superior claim to offer a uniform plaid to the whole, a new pattern was assumed, which has ever since been known as the 42d, or Black Watch."¹

¹ History of the Highlands, edited by J. S. Keltie, F.S.A. Scot.

THE BLACK WATCH AND CAMPBELL TARTAN SYNONYMOUS
IN ARGYLESHIRE.

Notes and Comments on Islay's Letter.

It is a fact that the companies raised under the name of independent companies, and known as *Am Freiceadan Dubh*, wore their own respective clan tartans or colours.

The Campbell companies *wore the Campbell clan colours or tartan and no other.*

Later on, in 1739, when the four additional companies were raised, these distinctive tartans were merged by design,—when the tartan now known as the 42d was made out, and the 43d Regiment, now 42d, clothed uniformly in the same.

The Campbells have been perfectly correct in calling the *Black Watch* and *Campbell* one and the same.

The clan colours or Campbell tartan was in use and worn by Campbells serving the king *when the regiment was in independent companies.*

Campbells serving in the “Am Freiceadan Dubh” wore their own tartan. Thus *Black Watch* and *Campbell* were and are now in the Campbell country *synonymous*, and rightly so.

It is both correct and yet incorrect to call THE 42D tartan Campbell tartan.

The Grants and Munroes also wore their respective clan colours or tartans when in the “Am Freiceadan Dubh.” James Grant, the author of the ‘Romance of War,’ and many other delightful works, claims the right of the Grants¹ to wear the 42d tartan.

The clans represented in the “Am Freiceadan Dubh” most undoubt-

¹ The old Grant clan colours or tartan has a great deal of red in it.—Ed.

edly have a right to the so-called 42d tartan. Campbells, Grants, and doubtless the Munros and Sutherlands, have the same right.

Extract Letter from H. MUNRO.

5 GRANVILLE TERRACE, MERCHISTON,
EDINBURGH, *February 8, 1881.*

May I say, as a Ross-shire man and a Munro, that the letter in to-day's 'Scotsman,' signed "Roach," gives what I always understood and believed to be the history of the 42d tartan—that on the companies being collected and formed into a regiment, to avoid any jealousies on the question of tartans, a new tartan was made somewhat different from the clan tartans.

Your lordship quite correctly says that the Munro tartan was one with a great deal of red in it. I have a plaid of the proper "set," I believe *not* that given in Sobieski Stuart's book. Sir Hugh Munro, who died in 1848, grandson of Colonel Sir Robert Munro, held this to be the proper Munro tartan, and that the 42d tartan was first made at the time the regiment was made up from the separate companies.—I have the honour to be, &c.

H. MUNRO.

A letter received by the writer of these notes may be here inserted, scouting the idea that the Campbells had aught to do with the 42d tartan.

It was received last February, at the time of the meeting at Stafford House about tartans for the Highland regiments.

EDINBURGH, *February 7, 1881.*

MY LORD,—No member of the Campbells of Argyll, Breadalbane, or any other branch of the Campbells, male or female, had from ten years

before 1715 till forty years after 1745, ever been asked to select the pattern of the tartan now known as that of the 42d Regiment.

Letters, documents (public and private), and papers of General Cadogan, will show that the contrary was the case: that a few young ladies of high birth—Drummonds, Grahams, Murrays, Stewarts, and their companions from the families of Menzies, Munro, Grant, Hay, MacDonald, MacNab, MacCrae, &c.—had the pattern of the 42d tartan in their needlework samplers; that General Cadogan saw the samplers; that the General had heard, in the districts where these ladies resided, the prayer repeated, “From the greed of the Campbells, good Lord, deliver us. Amen.” Therefore, my lord, let Scotland alone, and her tartans. DONALD DUBH.

In to-day's ‘Scotsman’ you say your father wears the 42d tartan. So he may, as the Maxwells and the MacLeods do at times likewise; and your father is like the Maxwells and the MacLeods. D. D.

This letter came with many more on the subject of the 42d tartan, *apropos* of the assertion that the “Black Watch” and Campbell are synonymous, and is not the least entertaining of a long series.

CAMPBELL OF ISLAY ON TARTAN.

Error in a Statement of his in a Letter to the Writer of these Notes, dated July 3, 1881.

ISLAY, at the end of a long letter saying that he had made many investigations about the age of tartans as worn “as uniform clan tartans,” or generally as the sign and symbol of a clan, says—

“The result is, that tartans are old Highland dresses—very old—but that uniform clan tartans are not older than regiments.”

Now Islay, when he wrote this, cannot possibly have been aware that the Campbells, as a clan, wore the Campbell tartan when employed first in service in the "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch. We know on authority that when this body was allowed to serve the king, the clans enrolled wore their *distinctive* tartans. The Campbells were clothed in a dark tartan of black, blues, and greens. Later on, another pattern was adopted, now called 42d. The Campbells wore their native tartan, having permission so to do from Government, because it was theirs, and "very old," as Islay says. It is ridiculous to imagine that it was only then known and acknowledged as Campbell when these Campbells served in the "Am Freiceadan Dubh" first.

The tartan was very ancient, and most decidedly a uniform or acknowledged pattern ages before the raising of the Black Watch. It was decidedly new to put men of all clans into a hitherto unknown tartan. *That* was new, but not wearing family or clan colours or tartans.

The wedding garment of Charles II., preserved among the curiosities at Bestwood, Notts, is ornamented with ribbons of Royal Stuart tartan, now much faded. This he undoubtedly wore as being his distinctive clan tartan. The ribbon is now faded, but the colours can very clearly be made out. The Duchess of St Albans describes this garment in a letter to Mrs Millais, who has seen this coat, but wrote to ask details and to refresh her memory.

CAMPBELL OF DUNSTAFFNAGE.

CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage gives the following evidence in a letter dated Dunstaffnage, February 9, 1881 :—

I hope this letter of mine, though it may give you no new information, may at least prove of interest to you. You can make what use you please of my statement.

I never knew or heard that the 42d wore the black, blue, and green because it was the Campbell tartan, but rather because, although the Campbell tartan, it was also very similar to the tartan of other clans—the Sutherland black, blue, and green, with the small black stripe differently placed to that in the Campbell's.

MacKay—Black and purple, with a dull red stripe.

Lamont—Black, blue, and green, with a cross white stripe.

MacKenzie—Black, blue, and green, with both a red and a white stripe.

Gordon—Black, blue, and green, with cross yellow stripe.

The 74th were first raised and commanded by a Campbell (of Inverneil, I think); and these wore his tartan—the black, blue, and green. The tartan was taken from them, but after some time restored, though only in the way of trews, which were made of Lamont tartan. When first raised they had the kilt.

This proves that at the date of raising the 74th, their Campbell colonel regarded the black, blue, and green as his tartan.

With regard to my own family, I was ordered by my father never to wear anything but the black, blue, and green.

I have also a recollection of a letter of my grandfather's saying the same thing was said to him by his father.

Inverawe wears a white and yellow stripe through his black, blue, and green—so do all the branches of his family. This was told me by one of the Kilmartins—a branch of Inverawe—fifteen years ago. The Melforts use also the white and yellow stripe.

Breadalbane has put in a yellow stripe, to difference what may be called the tartan of his clan.—Yours truly,

A. CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage.

Letter from Mrs DAVIDSON.

The dark Campbell clan colours or tartan was worn at the battle of Culloden.

Mrs Lilius M. Davidson, *née* Miss Campbell of Lochnell and Ardsignish, gives the following evidence of this fact in a letter dated 14th January 1882 :—

BUSHY PARK, TEDDINGTON, 14th January 1882.

I have received your letter with much pleasure, and hasten to say that my sister and I never heard of any tartan being worn by the Lochnells except the plain Campbell, composed exclusively of black, blue, and green.

We had the plaid which was worn by my great-grandfather (Alexander Campbell of Ardsignish) at the battle of Culloden ; it was what is called the 42d, and of a dark sombre colour. Possibly, however, time, which has since destroyed, might in our day have affected any brightness it may originally have possessed.

Perhaps I should say that this Ardsignish was Sir Duncan (Campbell of Lochnell's brother). My impression, derived from my father, the ninth Lochnell, is, that the old clan tartan was very dark, even in its greens and blues. Of course there is no doubt that the red, yellow, and white, which have sometimes been introduced, are mere innovations. I can't understand the seventh Duke (of Argyll) being painted¹ with white stripes in his tartan, as my sister distinctly remembers him wearing the 42d while visiting at Lochnell in 1835. I too recollect seeing Lord John (seventh Duke of Argyll) in this tartan. I enclose a dreadful black profile of my afterwards very handsome brother Archie : this was done about 1801, when he was sixteen years of age, and therefore the uniform must be very nearly the original one of the 91st Regiment—in fact, I think the horrid trews were not then

¹ So painted in a miniature by Ross, in possession of present Duke of Argyll.

introduced; but provokingly the picture is cut off above the tartan. . . . I daresay that, as even my grey hairs will not explain a brother of such a date, I should say that my father had two wives and twenty-one children, of which he was the first and I the last.—Very truly yours,

LILIAS M. DAVIDSON.

The fragment or “swatch” of hard plaid or tartan of the Campbell clan colours is made of silk and wool, and was worn by Captain Archibald Campbell¹ of Ardsignish and Lochnell. This officer served in the 91st Regiment, when it was first raised.

As will be seen further on, he wore it as a cloak, and gave it to the mother of Mr John Campbell of Keil.

It will be remembered that “this regiment was raised, in accordance with a desire expressed by his Majesty George III., by the Duke of Argyll, to whom a letter of service was granted, dated the 10th of February 1794. In March it was decided that the establishment of the regiment should consist of 1112 officers and men, including 2 lieutenant-colonels. Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, who was a captain in the Foot Guards, was appointed lieutenant-colonel commandant of the regiment, and assumed the command at Stirling on the 15th of April 1794.”

The son of the aged lady to whom this cloak was given by Captain Archibald writes as follows: “It was given to her many years ago by the late Archibald Campbell of Ardsignish and Lochnell, who was an officer in the regiment for some time. Possibly it may be something of an interesting relic, seeing that the person is still alive who got it from a captain in the regiment.”

Regarding the white stripe, it may be remarked that the tradition about Inverary was and is this—namely, that the chief and those in the entail

¹ Mrs Liliat Davidson, *née* a Lochnell, gives Captain Archibald's age as sixteen in 1801.—E.D.

have a right to wear the white stripe. As this stripe, through the wear of years, had become yellowish in tint, the editor made particular inquiry as to whether it was white or not. The answer was sent by Mr John Campbell, to the following effect :—

“My mother is quite certain that the stripe in the tartan was WHITE, and not yellow. The colours all faded in the lapse of years, and the white turned dim ; but white it was originally.—Yours, &c.,

“JOHN CAMPBELL.”

In the common Campbell tartan, this white line or stripe, through every green, is a dark line. That gives the common Campbell or Clan Campbell colours. We thus have it on record that John, seventh duke, wore this plaid, and that the Lochnells' next of kin also wore it. Mr Scipio MacTaggart, ex-Provost of Inverary, who has Lochnell's brass-hilted broadsword, says about a picture painted of Lochnell : “So far as I recollect, the plaid in the picture of General Campbell of Lochnell is a green tartan, with a narrow white stripe. The picture was painted by a Mr Partridge somewhere about the year 1820, and was bequeathed by General Campbell to the heir of entail who should succeed him in the estate of Barbreck.”

Excerpt Letter from the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The present Duke of Argyll gives the following evidence as to what he considers the proper Campbell clan colours or tartan and the tartan which the 91st Regiment should wear :—

PRIVY SEAL OFFICE, *February 24, 1881.*

I have written to Sir Charles Ellice a line to say that in my opinion the plain Campbell tartan—black, blue, and green in shades—is the proper tartan for the 91st.—Yours affectionately,

ARGYLL.

It is a fact that George, sixth Duke of Argyll, wore the white and yellow stripe in his kilt; and the seventh Duke of Argyll, John, his brother, though habitually using the plain Campbell, seems sometimes to have worn the white stripe, and is so painted in a miniature by Ross, wearing the kilt with a white stripe.

Lady Arthur Lennox, niece of George, sixth Duke of Argyll, told the writer of these memoirs, February 16, 1882, that Duke George, when in full Highland dress, wore a white and a yellow stripe in his dark Campbell tartan, he considering that he had a right so to do as chief of the Campbells.

As evidence that the statement of Lady Arthur Lennox is correct, there is a picture at Roseneath House of the Duke thus dressed—a full-length picture, in which he wears the tartan above described in a close-fitting tunic. The kilt also has the white and yellow line.

His brother John, 7th Duke, who succeeded him, never wore the yellow stripe in kilt or plaid.

DRESS OF BLACK WATCH, OR INDEPENDENT COMPANIES, THAT OF THE NATIVES.

(From Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, vol. i. p. 230.)

IN the winter 1741-42 the regiment was marched to the northward, and quartered in their old station until the month of March 1743, when they were assembled at Perth, preparatory to a march for England. The order was unexpected on the part of the men, who expressed no small surprise on the occasion. The measure raised the indignation of many, and was in an especial manner disapproved of, and opposed by, the Lord President Forbes, than whom no one knew better the character of the corps, the nature of the

duty on which they were employed, and their capability of performing it. The following extract of a letter from his lordship to General Clayton, who had succeeded Marshal Wade in the chief command in Scotland, sufficiently explains the sentiments of that eminent man on the subject: "When I first heard," says he, "of the orders given to the Highland regiment to march southwards, it gave me no sort of concern. I supposed the intention was only to see them; but as I have been lately assured that they are destined for foreign service, I cannot dissemble my uneasiness at a resolution that may, in my apprehension, be attended with very bad consequences; nor can I prevail with myself not to communicate to you my thoughts on this subject, however late they may come." His lordship then goes on to state the consequences to be expected by removing this regiment. "I must, in the next place, put you in mind that the present system for securing the peace of the Highlands, which is the best I ever heard of, is by regular troops, stationed from Inverness to Fort-William, along the chain of lakes which in a manner divides the Highlands, to command the obedience of the inhabitants of both sides, and by a body of disciplined Highlanders, WEARING THE DRESS, and speaking the language, of the country, to execute such orders as require expedition, and for which NEITHER THE DRESS nor the manners OF OTHER TROOPS are proper," &c.¹

THE HIGHLANDER IN BELTED PLAID AND TREWS IN THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURE.

THE Hampton Court picture of the actor, John Lacy, in Highland dress, painted during the latter part of the reign of Charles II., or in that of James II., by Michael Wright, who died in 1700, is of great interest to all students of costume, inasmuch as it resembles exactly the dress of no other

¹ Culloden Papers.



1897-1898 - Collection of the Dept. of Anthropology
at Washington - 1898 - Photo of a woman, wearing
a long, dark, patterned garment - (See also 1897-1898)

duty on which they were employed, and their capability of performing it. The following extract of a letter from his lordship to General Clayton, who had succeeded Marshal Wade in the chief command in Scotland, sufficiently explains the sentiments of that eminent man on the subject: "When I first heard," says he, "of the orders given to the Highland regiment to march southwards, it gave me no sort of concern. I supposed the intention was only to see them; but as I have been lately assured that they are destined for foreign service, I cannot dissemble my uneasiness at a resolution that may, in my apprehension, be attended with very bad consequences; nor can I prevail with myself not to communicate to you my thoughts on this subject, however late they may come." His lordship then goes on to state the consequences to be expected by removing this regiment. "I must, in the first place, put you in mind that the present system for securing the obedience of the Highlands, which is the best I ever heard of, is by regular troops stationed from Inverness to Fort William, along the chain of lakes which the Grampian divides the Highlands, to command the passes of the mountains of both sides, and by a body of disciplined Highlanders, well IN THE DRESS, and speaking the language, of the country, to execute such orders as require expedition, and for which NEITHER THE DRESS NOR the MANNERS OF OTHER TROOPS are proper," &c.¹

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¹ Calloden Papers.



© Mailland.

Engraved by G. Laurie.

JOHN JAGY a Comedian in the reign of CHARLES II. dressed as a Scotch Highlander in his Plaid. Painted by MICHAEL WRIGHT born in Scotland. - dred 1700 - Hampton Court Collection

contemporaneous European nation. The Scotch at this period, when they could afford it, were clothed in the *breacan*, or spotted cloth or tartan, one specimen of which we have in this picture.

The answer to those who may raise a doubt as to the general accuracy of a dress thus worn by an actor is a simple one—namely, that in the other characters in which he is portrayed, and for which he sat, he shows scrupulous attention to details of costume, for on this same canvas he appears in three different characters : in one as a courtier, or fine gentleman of the day, with a huge periwig and lace ruffles ; in another as a divine, with a peculiar tight-fitting skull-cap and long gloves.

As the Highlander, he is dressed in tight-fitting trews, such as were worn for journeys, which in those days were usually made on horseback. Excepting his doublet of green, the sleeves of which are slashed with red, he is clothed throughout in tartan—the trews, or tight-fitting trousers, being cut from the same web the plaid is made from. The plaid is secured at the neck with a brooch, in the way the Highland women still wear their plaids, which was a common mode of fastening this garment. The other mode was that adopted by the “Black Watch”—namely, securing the plaid by pinning it on the left shoulder. The foundation or ground-colour of this tartan suit is much the colour of an ordinary blanket, a yellowish white, through which are woven the colours described further on—the crossing of these lines producing a deeper shade, giving to the tartan or spotted cloth a more elaborate appearance than is really the case, for it has but few colours.

The mode of wearing the pistol is correct—likewise the very long, unusually long dirk worn at the right hip, rather more to the front than it is usual at our date to wear this weapon. The broad blue bonnet looks in this picture more indented ; but this head-gear, with pulling about or any wear and tear, readily assumes this appearance,—the head-dress common alike to the Pyrenean peasants and to the Highlanders of Scotland.

The garment worn below the belted plaid claims attention with its "tags" or cut-out border. Whether the French artist, Mr Elie Maillard, who copied the Hampton Court picture, is correct or not in thinking this nothing more than the ordinary trunk-hose of the period, may fairly be questioned. If it be trunk-hose, the garment was strangely put on, for it appears all hitched up, and at such an angle that it appears as if caught by the mode of belting in the plaid. The cross lines of the tartan are half-inch squares of rose-red, light red, and white, with a dark-brown stripe running across at intervals of about five inches.

Elsewhere it has been shown that the *breacan-an-fhéilidh* or *checkered covering*, large enough to make belted plaid and kilt all in one, was not always in one piece, for mention is made of the Highlanders in their charge throwing away the upper garment. As the English officer who witnessed this does not describe them as nude, it will be apparent that the kilt was separate, for these Highlanders were guiltless of wearing under-garments or trews in the "battle with the Duke of Argyll," or in any other engagement.

A glance at this etching will show that this garment is amply large enough to form the kilt from. But in this instance the Highlander is dressed in the trews used on any expedition on horseback. Logan's account, vol. i. p. 249, describes the dress in full:—

"The *breacan* in its simple form is now seldom used. It consisted of a plain piece of tartan, two yards in width by four or six in length. In dressing, this was carefully plaited in the middle, of a breadth suitable to the size of the wearer, and sufficient to extend from one side around his back to the other, leaving as much at each end as would cover the front of the body, overlapping each other. The plaid thus prepared was firmly bound round the loins with a leathern belt, in such manner that the lower side fell down to the middle of the knee-joint, and then, while there were the foldings behind, the cloth was double before. The upper part was

then fastened on the left shoulder with a large brooch or pin, so as to display to the most advantage the tastefulness of the arrangement, the two ends being sometimes suffered to hang down; but that on the right side, which was necessarily the longest, was more usually tucked under the belt."

Again, Logan describes the simple mode of dressing adopted:—

"But it was generally sufficient to spread the *breacan* on a box, table, over a chair-back, or otherwise; and when abroad, he spread it on a sloping bank or rock, and having the belt under it, laying himself on his side and buckling his girdle, the object was accomplished."

There are many Highlanders who know how thus to put on the ancient *breacan-an-fhéilidh*. Iain Campbell of Islay, to whom this work is dedicated, dressed thus many years ago, and appeared at one of the Queen's balls at Buckingham Palace thus attired.

HUNTLEY AND ARGYLL'S PLAID.

(From the 'Spectator,' "The Campbells.")

SOON after the murder of "the bonny Earl of Moray," 1592, a plot was discovered entered into between the Chancellor Maitland, the Earl of Huntley, Archibald Campbell of Lochnell (descended from the second son of the third Earl of Argyll, and next in succession to the earldom after the seventh Earl and his only brother), Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, and others, who signed a bond called "The Great Contract," for the murder of Lundie (Argyll's brother), and John Campbell of Calder.

In 1594, the king intrusted young Argyll, then but eighteen years of age, with the command of a Highland force to crush Huntley and the

Catholic Lords; and so confident was Argyll of success, though he had neither cavalry nor artillery, that he sends the message to Huntley that within three days he meant to sleep at his house of Strathbogie.

Here occurs the passage about Argyll's plaid, which is curious. Huntley, who knew the Campbell camp contained traitors, answered that Argyll should be welcome; he would himself be his porter, and open all the gates of his palace to his young friend, *but he must not take it amiss if he rubbed his cloak against Argyll's plaid ere they parted.*

This mention of plaid may by some appear trifling, if not figurative language; but it is interesting, showing that the young chief was in the habit of wearing the dress peculiar to his race and land.

"OLD DUBRACH."

IN October 1883, the Compiler and Editor of these Records had occasion to ask Mr John Campbell to put down on paper all he remembered regarding Old Dubrach's dress, whom he saw in 1822 in the Glendaruel district, dressed in the dress he wore at the battle of Culloden, fighting on Prince Charlie's side. Correspondence with a living eyewitness about such matters is too unusual not to give the letter *in extenso*.

The evidence as to the fashion of wearing the kilt will also be found of interest.

Mr John Campbell had written the following interesting account of this veteran in the 'Oban Times':—

"AULD DUBRACH"—A CULLODEN SOLDIER.

In a local paper two or three years back I saw a short but interesting account of Peter Grant, a Culloden soldier, who in a very singular way got a pension from

George IV. ; but as I met the old veteran face to face, and heard from his own lips some facts of his remarkable career, I can tell more about him from memory than I saw in print. It may seem a little strange that the writer of this could have seen a man who had fought at Culloden in 1746, but that will be explained further on.

The epitome which I read about the remarkable old man in question corresponded with what I had heard him relating myself upwards of sixty years ago. It appears that Peter Grant was born at a place called Dubrach, in Braemar, in the year 1714, and that in his youth he learned the trade of a tailor. When he grew up to be a man he became a staunch supporter of the Royal Stuart dynasty. In 1745 he flung down the tailor's goose, and, like many other brave-hearted sons of the mountain in those days, joined the ranks of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at the "Standard on the Braes of Mar." In the following year, 1746, he fought at Culloden—he was a sergeant-major at the time—and after the flight of the unfortunate Prince, Grant and some others were brought prisoners to Carlisle. The gallant Peter was but a short time in prison till he made good his escape by scaling the walls, when he returned to Braemar and resumed his original trade of a tailor. He was never looked after. Grant subsequently got married to a Mary Cumming, by whom he had two children—Peter and Annie.

He next rented the small farm of Dubrach, the place where he was born, and from that circumstance he went under the *sobriquet* of Old Dubrach to the day of his death. Many years afterwards he was living in Lethnot, Forfarshire. His wife, Mary Cumming, died there in 1811, aged sixty-five years, and lies in the churchyard of Lethnot.

Shortly before the time that George IV. visited Edinburgh, in 1822 (if I mistake not), two gentlemen who were rambling about the mountain parish of Lethnot happened to meet with Old Dubrach—for old he was by this time—and being a little astonished to hear that he had weathered more than fivescore winters, they got into conversation with him. He invited them into his little cottage, where he related to them some of the remarkable events of his early life. They were so much taken up with the old man's appearance and what he had told them, that they at once made up their minds to try and get something done for him in his old age.

The two gentlemen waited on the parish minister the next day, and suggested that something might be done for old Grant when the King came to Edinburgh. The reverend gentleman replied that the idea was a good one ; for as Grant was now the only man living in Scotland who had fought against the present dynasty, perhaps his Majesty might be gracious to him. The suggestion was acted on at once. A petition was drawn up containing an epitome of Grant's history, which, after it was signed by the minister and elders of the parish, as well as by Grant himself, was forwarded to George IV. When the King came to Edinburgh, the old Jacobite was presented to his Majesty by the Hon. William Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure.

When making ready for the long journey to Edinburgh, Grant would not submit to any alteration in his apparel, and Panmure knew that to insist would be useless; so he was allowed to go with his home clothes—viz., the broad buckles on his shoes such as he wore at Culloden, blue bonnet, pike-staff (over ten feet long), with a ball on its top, and ornamented with tassels.

The old veteran arrived at Edinburgh all right. When Lord Panmure presented him to his Majesty, Grant was desired to uncover his head; but he disdained to do anything of the kind, and stepped straight up to the King, staring him quite boldly in the face. Panmure said to his Majesty, pointing to Grant, "This is the oldest enemy your Majesty has living on the face of the earth." The King seemed quite confused at first, seeing a peasant subject standing before him with his Highland bonnet on his head and a long pike-staff in his hand. When Lord Panmure explained the reason of the strange affair, his Majesty then looked at Old Dubrach and spoke thus: "Are you sorry now that you were so very foolish and disloyal in your young days as to enter the service of the Pretender?"

At this question Grant's eye flashed as if with inward rage, and he gave vent to his feelings thus: "Pe ma faith, sir, I wad faucht for'm yet. Ye'll ne'er look like ponnie Prince Charlie." As the King did not know the meaning of all the words which were addressed to him by the old Jacobite, Panmure had to interpret them to his Majesty. The King, on hearing this, turned round on Lord Panmure and said, "Take away this madman out of my sight. He ought to be shot; but you can mark him down for £50 a-year." The old veteran then, for the first time, took off his bonnet, and thanked his Majesty for his kind gift. That was a big lift in the world for Old Dubrach, who by this time was quite unable to do anything for himself, being now 108 years of age. However, notwithstanding the pension for life which was granted him in so singular a manner, the Jacobite ardour of the old man was in no degree abated, for to the last hour of his life he expressed his partiality for the luckless Stuarts.

I will now relate how and where I had the chance of seeing the old Culloden soldier. In 1822 my father was under-gardener with John Fletcher of Dunans, at the head of Glendaruel, Argyleshire, and Peter Grant, son of Old Dubrach, was the head-gardener. Shortly after his father had the £50 a-year settled on him, the old man came to Dunans to visit his son Peter, and stayed with him for some weeks. During the old man's stay he spent a few hours every day in my father's house; and although I was a very young boy at the time, just about six years of age, I think, I have still a clear recollection of his remarkable appearance, which was so very striking that it left a deep impression on my young life. He was about six feet in height, stout and well formed, with small feet, but large hands, a fine open brow, small and dark piercing eyes, and long hair, which hung in curls round the back of his head, and hung down his back and shoulders, and was as white as the snow on

his native mountains. The dress he had on him on this occasion was the same as that he wore at Culloden, and also when he was presented to George IV. in Edinburgh. I well remember that he exhibited an air of independence; his spirit would not brook opposition of any kind, and his whole bearing was majestic and heroic-like.

Some of the male and female servants of the big house, and others from the farmhouses of Stronardirin, Kilbridemore, Garvie, and Strondivin, would be in our house every night to hear Old Dubrach relating his adventures with Prince Charles Stuart, more especially what he saw take place on the battle-field of Culloden. I have heard him often express his willingness, if he had youth on his side, to fight his battles over again, and on one occasion when he was alluding to the cruelties of Cumberland's men to the wounded Highlanders when lying on the field, he sprang to his feet, and by his gestures seemed really as if he had been on the battle-field. I got frightened for him that night. Query—What would George IV. have said if he had known how Old Dubrach had been acting after having got a pension of £50 a-year? On one occasion, I heard the old fellow sing the following Jacobite song:—

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair, bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;
 Deil cook him gin he sit there, bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.
 Cumberlan's awa to h——, bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;
 Wee deevils lauch'd to hear him yell, bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie, &c. &c.

Old Dubrach had with him a well-got-up book, about the size of a large-type school Testament; the title was 'Ascanius,' and it gave a complete account of all the Prince's adventures in Scotland, and the sad desolation into which it brought most of his followers. He had another book about the size of a pocket-Bible, the whole contents being Jacobite songs, some of them of rather a treasonable ring. This book, like the other, was well got up in large type, but there was no printer nor publisher's name attached to it. Before Grant left Dunans to go home, he gave my father both of the books in a present, and when I grew up my father gave them to me, as he saw that I was very fond of reading them. I afterwards lent the two books to a friend, and never could get them back; and although I did my best, I never could find copies of them in Glasgow. Before I lost the Jacobite song-book, I had a number of them committed to memory. Many of these songs were and still are great favourites in the Highlands. Not that the natives nowadays have any clinging to the Stuart race, for they are as loyal as any of her Majesty's subjects; but there is a sort of charm in many of the songs that have been in use for generations, and, Protestants or Catholics, their heart's-blood somehow warms at the very name of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Old Dubrach did not enjoy his pension long, for he died at Auchendryne in the

month of February 1824, at the age of 110 years. What became of the son Peter, the gardener, my parents never heard ; but from packmen they learned that, for a time after the old pensioner's death, the daughter Annie, who was unmarried and about sixty years of age at that time, was in very straitened circumstances, entirely dependent on the hospitality of her neighbours ; but latterly, Lord Panmure succeeded in getting her father's pension continued to her, and his lordship, who was liberal to all who had seen better days, got built for her a neat little cottage near the Bridge of Lethnot, where she died in 1840, aged seventy-six years. It was said that after Annie had got settled down in her neat little cottage, with £50 a-year to live on, she, like many others in this world, got very proud—so much so, that she would quite plainly say that she could find no suitable society in the parish but the minister's folk, and forgot all those that had helped her in her need. An oil-painting of old Grant was taken when he was 104. It was full size, six feet high, and after the death of a gentleman named Paterson, in Dundee, the painting was sold by subscription for £110 in 1874.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

CITY PARISH DISPENSARY, *October 19, 1883.*

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

MY LORD,—I duely received your letter, and in reply I beg to say that I hope your lordship will excuse my old plain style of writing, as I only got three winters in the school of Jarvie, Glendaruel.

In reference to Old Dubrach, I can see him in my mind's eye as well as I could sixty-one years ago, for his general appearance was so very striking that it left such an impression on my young mind that no length of time could erase it. His coat was tartan, with the check lines strait up, down, and across ; the cloth was very much faded. I could not tell what clan tartan it was made of, but your lordship may rest assured it was the Royal Stuart's. My proof for saying so is this : The Fletchers of Dunans or Dounans were Roman Cathilics and staunch adherents to the Stuart dynasty. Hence old Peter Grant (Dubrach) got a warm reception when he came to Dunans to see his son after he had got the pension. Old John Fletcher, the laird, father of Angus Fletcher, who was for many years at the head of Inland Revenue Office, Edinburgh—had an old

maiden sister named Miss Ellen, and for some years after old Grant had been there, I often heard Miss Ellen saying to my father and mother, when they happened to be in the big-house kitchen at times—for our house was only about a hundred yards from the laird's (my father being the head gardiner after young Peter Grant left permanently and went home to his father after the pension was got)—that old Grant's coat was made of the Royal Stuart tartan. A few years after that time, I was a message-boy with one Benjamin Osbourne, who was a sheriff officer; he was also the weaver that wrought all the fancy work for the better sort of people in "Cowal." He wrought various clans' tartan in my time, and I often heard him also say, when he happened to be working the Stuart tartan, that it was the same check that Old Dubrach wore when he was in Dunans, for Osbourne saw him every night in my father's when he was in the Glen house. There can be no doubt but what it was the Stuart tartan which Dubrach had on when he appeared at Colloden, Loudon, and at Dunans, Glendaruel. I can assure your lordship that he wore the kilt in the same way as is done at the present time, but it was the badger's head that the sporran consisted of.—I am, your humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

P.S.—Dubrach wore the kilt in the same way as I wore it myself up to 1830. I am not aware that there is any difference up to the present time.

Note.—Mr John Campbell, of 122 Ingram Street, Glasgow, wrote to the papers an account of "Old Dubrach," whom he saw in 1822. He had on at that time the tartan coat which he wore at the battle of Culloden and which he also wore when presented to King George IV. at Edinburgh. Mr Campbell's letter is appended, and is of value for detail of "dress."

The kilt was of dark-grey homespun cloth, but the coat of Stuart tartan. This I have from Mr Campbell, in a letter written in 1883.—ED.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HIGHLANDER.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL also stated that Dubrach used to visit his father's house, where a piper called Hay was wont to resort.

“ During the time that the old veteran was there, John had to be at the pipes every night. Old Dubrach appeared to be perfectly charmed when the bagpipes were being played well, and would ask for the tune of the ‘ Hielan’ laddie’ several times in the same night ; but he got into a perfect rage one night when Hay began to play the

‘ Campbells are coming, hurrah ! hurrah !
The Rebels are running, hurrah ! hurrah !’

He said it hurt his feelings very much to hear that tune played, ever since the day that he was on the battle-field of Culloden. He went on to say that there was a number of Campbell officers in the Duke of Cumberland's forces, and that he knew how the officers acted towards the poor wounded Highlanders as they lay in their gore on the field. He also said that there was no Clan Campbell in the Prince's army, and that if that tune was to be played any other night, he would not come back to our house again. My father and mother having assured him that it would not, there was no more about the matter. As I was but very young at the time, I could not have remembered every thing so well were it not that Old Dubrach and John Hay were constantly talked about in my father's and the big-house kitchen for some years after both the piper and the old hero had left the Glen. Hence the circumstance was still kept fresh in my memory.”

THE ROYAL PERTHSHIRE FENCIBLES.

“The Clan Campbell Regiment,” also called “The New Highland Regiment,” also “Loudon’s Men.”

(N. M. K. ROBERTSON, Esq.)

THE EARL OF LOUDON was Sir John Cope’s adjutant-general.

There were three companies of soldiers stationed in Rannoch in three different places, and there was a barrack at Tigh-na-léine on Loch Rannoch. In 1746 this regiment, then under my great-grandfather, Colonel John Campbell, younger of Mamore, stationed in Atholl, burned the Episcopal Church of Kilmareonaig, belonging to John Robertson of Lude, whose wife, Charlotte Nairn, had entertained at Blair Castle and at Lude “the Lad with the Philibeg”¹ when he came by Atholl. She was a daughter of Lord William Murray, who was brother of John, first Duke of Athole, and Charles, first Earl of Dunmore.

The church, which is likewise the family mausoleum, was built in 1591 by Alexander Robertson of Lude, whose initials and that of his wife are cut on a stone on the wall—as are also the initials of James Robertson of Lude and his wife, Margaret Mercer of Meikleour and Aldie, who rebuilt the church about fifty years after it had been destroyed by the Clan Campbell; and it is the only relic that remains of the estates to their descendant, Mr N. M. K. Robertson, Meikleour, Kintyre. Robert Nairn, who fell at Culloden in 1746, was brother of the above Charlotte Nairn, and father of the said Margaret Mercer (only daughter).

It may not be out of place here to mention that the Mercers have a place of burial they got from the sovereign prior to 1126; and the tradition

¹ Prince Charlie.—ED.

that the Mills of Perth belonged to the Mercers has obtained a wide currency from the following old verses on the arms of Aldie:—

“ Behold the arms of the Mercers are
 Three mill rhynds, three gold balls, with glittering star,
 To let the world know their ancient race
 Possessed three mills from age’s space
 In pleasant Perth, near situate by the Tay,
 Which mills Perth keeps unto this present day.

Three balls next show them patent in each thing ;
 Therefore they gift these mills unto the king,
 Who, for their golden gift and loyal mind,
 With arched tomb in church did them propine,
 With lands, rents, arms of privilege and fame,
 Kept now by Aldie’s lords, chief of the name.

Lastly, the star, clear shining as a gem,
 Proves their descent out of Moravian stem.
 Likewise, their will and virtue do presage
 In name and fame to last with shining age.
 Therefore men may avow with justest breath
 Mercers are, yea, older than old Perth.”

The above Margaret Mercer’s ancestor, John Mercer of Perth, purchased the lands of Meikleour from Mauritius de Cromad in the reign of David II. Bernard Mercer signed the Ragman’s Roll in 1286, and John Mercer was frequently ambassador from Scotland to France and England; he died in 1379. Sir Andrew Mercer got charters from the Canons of Scone for lands in Perth, February 10, 1354; he was a Spanish admiral, and commanded the allied fleets of Spain, France, and Scotland in 1377. In 1384 he was granted forty merks furth of the customs of the burgh of Perth; and after his death, in 1390, Walter Stewart, Lord of Brechin, received the annual rents out of the customs of Perth on account of quondam Andrea Mercer.

General William Robertson of Lude, who was on the most intimate

terms with the Duke of York, under whom he served, raised a regiment of Clan Donachie Highlanders for the king. They were called the Royal Perthshire Fencibles. They wore the Clan Donachie tartan.

Alexander MacCorquodale, who was in the pipe-band of the 42d Regiment forty-eight years ago, and who was well acquainted with the Loudon Highlanders, says that the dress of the two regiments was at that time identical, excepting the feathers in the bonnet. The famous red hackle of the 42d was taken from a French dragoon regiment. The tartan in their kilts was the same. On showing MacCorquodale the enclosed pattern,¹ he at once recognised it as the tartan of both regiments. D.

The regiment wore one and the same uniform as the Black Watch—the hackle in the bonnet, and grey band round the bonnet, excepted, according to MacCorquodale.

A. CAMPBELL, *Ed.*

VARIETIES OF PLAIDING, OR IN THE PLAID, OF VARIOUS DISTRICTS AND ISLES.

SPEAKING of the “plad,” Martin says:² “*Every isle differs from each other in the fancy of making plads, as to the stripes in breadth and colours. The humour is as different through the mainlands of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able, at the first view of a man’s plad, to guess the place of his residence.*”

This means simply that tartan was distinctive—each clan having its own.

¹ The sample “D” shown was 42d tartan.—Ed.

² Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. Second Edition. London: 1716. P. 206.

The Rev. James Brome, writing about the Highland dress, 1700, says: "They go habited in mantles striped or streaked with divers colours about their shoulders, which they call pladden."¹

THE GRANT COLOURS, 1704.

(*The 42d Tartan or Clan Colours.*)

THE testimony of "Nether Lochaber," who saw the Mackenzie tartan fragment preserved since the days of Kilsyth, under the circumstances in which he saw it, alone would suffice, to my mind, to prove the existence of clan colours. To my mind, when we are carefully informed that the 42d were dressed in a new set—new arrangement of colours—it is evident that other patterns must have existed. If this had not been the case, there would have been nothing *new* in the "set." There cannot have been a new pattern had not older ones existed.

The new pattern or "set" was made so that men from various clans, recognising it as a sort of neutral "set," might wear it without objections being raised to the same. If proof were needed that clan colours were worn and well known, it lies exactly in this very making of the 42d tartan, a "set" claimed by no particular clan, though in colours composing the "set" it resembled the colours of the Campbells and other clans. The coat of Charles II. would, as I have elsewhere said, not have been adorned with Stuart tartan ribbons had he not wished to show he knew the colours, the "set," of the tartan² of his family and race.

The Highlanders cling to tradition, and have far too deep a respect for heirlooms handed down to them, be they in the shape of tartan, dress,

¹ Extract from 'Celtic Magazine,' July 1882 — "Notes on the Highland Dress and Armour."

² Or clan colours.

or silver, to permit us lightly to pass over the evidence of "Nether Lochaber" as mere hearsay.

There cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that the MacKenzie tartan fragment he saw was handed down from father to son since the days of Montrose. Mr Joseph Anderson attracts my attention to a passage in the 'Grant Book,' lately published by Mr William Fraser, LL.D.

Mr Anderson says: "The earliest notice of what *might be called a clan tartan* that I have met with, shows that in 1704 there was no uniformity in the dress of the clan among whom it was introduced, and that uniformity had to be secured by prescribing a 'set' of tartan for them."

This passage excerpt, Mr William Fraser writes me, "is based on the *original record* of the Regality of Grant, as to which there can be no doubt."

"To secure uniformity in the dress of the clan, the bailie of Tulchan and Skiradvie, on the 27th July 1704, at the command of the laird of Grant, younger, ordered that the whole tenants, cottars, maltmen, tradesmen, and servants on these lands should each provide, against 8th August following, Highland coats, trews, and short hose of tartan, *of red and green, set broad sprunged*, with sword, pistol, and dirk, and be prepared to present themselves at a rendezvous within Strathspey, upon forty-eight hours' advertisement, for the hosting and hunting of the laird or his father."¹

The comments I desire to make are as follows: In the young laird of Grant's district, then, as now in many other districts, were gillies, workmen, and servants of numerous and various clans. These people, when well enough off to afford to wear clan colours, would wear their various "sets," as I have in modern days seen the Stewarts or MacArthurs turn out for some gala-day in their clan colours.

There have been occasions, however, when we at Inverary have asked men of various names and clans to appear in the dark green of the Campbells. While now, as in 1704, to most eyes uniformity looks best "on occasions,"

¹ The Chiefs of Grant, vol. i. p. 37.

yet these men, where they can afford it, have a right to clan colours though not exercising that right. I cannot see in the order of young Grant anything peculiar. He knew his clan colours, "red and green," and simply wanted to show a respectable "tail" or following. This passage proves that Grant colours were well known. The want of uniformity in dressing and arming existed long after this period, as we know in the arming of the Black Watch, and even later when that regiment became the 42d.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, *Ed.*

*Letter from Mr PAT. CAMPBELL, Arnprior, Ontario, Canada,
concerning the 42d Tartan.*

MY LORD,—I take the liberty of addressing you with regard to the question of the clan tartan.

My father wrote a genealogical history of the Argyll family, which I was directed by him on his deathbed to give into the hand of Lord John Campbell, who then had his residence at Ardencaple, and I left the MSS. with his lordship before sailing for India, in December 1831. My grandfather—a cadet of the Barcaldine branch—raised an independent company to join the Royal forces at Culloden, and on the march was surrounded by a larger rebel force, taken prisoner, and sent to France.

I have heard my father say that the 42d Regiment not only wore the Campbell tartan, but were almost entirely raised from the clan—in proof of which he stated that all the officers killed and wounded at Fontenoy, in that regiment, were Campbells, and that the dark tartan got them the name of the Black Watch.¹

¹ As elsewhere noted, the Campbell company of the original "Black Watch" wore the Campbell clan colours. The "set" used when the regiment were renamed 42d differed from the tartan of any clan, though the colours were those used by the Campbells and Sutherlands, &c.—ED.

When I add that my mother was the only daughter of Colin Campbell of Inverliver, and the last of that branch, I may perhaps be excused for the interest I take in the question.—I have the honour, &c.

PAT. CAMPBELL.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, commanded the 42d Regiment during six of the years they were quartered in Ireland. In all, the regiment remained in Ireland eight years—from May 24, 1749, to 23d December 1756.

It is recorded that the utmost cordiality subsisted between them and the people of the various districts in which they were quartered.

On the return of the regiment from America, the Irish of these various districts petitioned that the regiment be once again quartered on Irish soil.

· E.D.

DRESS AND BATTLE CHANTS.

IN no country in Europe can the searcher for the picturesque in garb be better pleased than in dwelling on the dress and arms of the Highlanders of Scotland in olden time.

How picturesque are the benedictions chanted from their galleys, amid the wild surges of the Atlantic, on their arms! The character of these benedictions is graphically represented in the following translation from Alexander MacDonal'd's poem of the "*Birlinn* of Clanranald."

"May God bless our swords—our keen, blue, Spanish blades! our heavy coats of mail—proof against the soft edge of an ill-tempered weapon! our cuirasses and bossy shields! Bless all our armour, offensive and defensive—the bows of bright and polished yew, that we bravely bend in the strife!"

After this manner sang our ancestors, as they "swept through the deep," beating time against their "bossy shields," and as the strong crews of their galleys bent over their oars. The whole poem is what is called a *Brosnachadh fairge*—*i.e.*, an incitement or stimulating address to the crew of a galley.

It is known, and mentioned elsewhere, that "the men of the wild Tyree," or Tiree, wore their hair long, as did the Irish, and that, till the days of the Rebellion, they did not know what trousers meant, but appeared in all the picturesqueness of brawny, weather-beaten, naked limb.

A perusal of the interesting two volumes of 'The Earls of Kildare' will show how Scottish arrows for the arquebus were prized by the Irish. In Logan, 1700 is the date named when the bow and arrow were last seen,—a regiment—"The Royal Scots"—commanded by the Earl of Orkney, being armed in the "old Highland fashion, with bows and arrows, swords and targets, and wore steel bonnets."¹

Wallace, it is known, was short of bowmen; but James III., at Bannockburn,² had 10,000 Highlanders armed with the bow and arrow, who led the van.

James V., at Fala, mustered an army 60,000 strong; 20,000 were armed with bows and habergeons and two-handed swords, which was the armour of our Highlandmen.³

¹ *Mem.*: Don. MacLeod.

² James was killed at Bannockburn, or at Sauchieburn, near Bannockburn, three miles south-south-east of Stirling, 11th June 1484.—ED.

³ Lindsay of Pitscottie, from Logan's 'Scottish Gael.'

HIGHLAND ARMS.

At the battle of Largs, bows and arrows, we know, were used. In Henry VII.'s time, Polydore Virgil says the Highlanders fought thus armed. Much later, in Cromwell's days, the Highlanders were partially thus armed. In 1665, a dispute arose between Cameron of Lochiel and Macintosh about lands in Lochaber; and Macintosh, with whom sided Macpherson, raised 1500 men. Cameron, aided by the MacGregors, met him with 1200, of whom 300 were archers.

At this time also another fight took place, between Glencoe and some Breadalbane men, at Killin. The exact ground on which the action was fought is known to many in Killin: it is very hilly. The site also of the passage through the river of those in retreat is accurately known—in a line with the avenue leading to the present steamer jetty.

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A P P E N D I X.

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS AND ARMOUR.

IN the beginning of 1678, a body of Highlanders—"the Highland Host," as it was called—amounting to about 10,000 men, were brought from their native mountains and quartered upon the western counties, for the purpose of suppressing the field-meetings and conventicles of the Presbyterians. But their irregular and disorderly conduct soon made it necessary for Government to disband them, and therefore we need the less wonder that they should on this occasion be represented in satirical colours. The following is an extract from a letter (Wodrow MSS., Advocates' Library, 4to, vol. xcix., No. 29), dated February 1, 1678, and evidently written by an eyewitness. The entire letter will be found in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' April 1817, p. 68:—

"We are now quartered in and about this town (Ayr?), the Highlanders only in free quarters. It would be a truly pleasant sight, were it an ordinary weaponshaw, to see this Highland crew. You know the fashion of their wild apparel. Not one of them hath breeches, yet hose and shoes are their greatest need and most clever prey, and they spare not to take them everywhere; insomuch that the committee here and the counsel with you (as it is said) have ordered some thousand pairs of shoes to be made to stand this great spoil. As for their armes and other militarie accoutrements, it is not possible for me to describe them in writing. Here you may see headpieces and steel-bonnets raised like pyramids, and such as a man would affirme they had only found in chamber-boxes; targets and shields of the most odde and antique forme, and powder-horns, hung in strings, garnished with beaten nails and burnished brass. And truly I doubt not but a man curious in our antiquities might in this hoste finde explications of the strange pieces of armour

mentioned in our old laws,—such as bosnet, iron hat, gorget, pesane, wambrassers and reerbrassers, panns, leg-splents, and the like, above what any occasion in the Lowlands would have afforded for several hundreds of yeers. Among the ensigns also, besides other singularities, the Glencow men were very remarkable, who had for their ensigne a faire bush of heath, welspred and displayed on the head of a staff, such as might have affrighted a Roman eagle.”

William Cleland, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Angus’s regiment, who was killed while gallantly defending his post at Dunkeld against a party of Highlanders soon after the Revolution, wrote a satirical poem upon the expedition of the Highland Host in 1678, from which the following extracts are taken (Collection of Poems, &c., 12mo, 1697, p. 12):—

“ But to discrive them right surpasses
The art of mine Parnassus Lasses.

· · · · ·
Their head, their neck, their legs and thighs,
Are influencièd by the skies,
Without a clout to interrupt them ;
They need not strip them when they whip them,
Nor loose their doublet when they’re hanged ;
If they be missed, it’s sure they’re wranged.

· · · · ·
But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van, and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear ;
With brogues, trews, and pirnie plaides,
With good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe,
Adorned with a tobacco-pipe,
With durk and snapwork, and snuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick observers say,
A tupe-horn filled with usquebay ;
A slasht-out coat beneath her plaides,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides ;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good’s the country can afford ;
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fight with all these arms at once ?
It’s marvellous how in such weather
O’er hill and top they came together,

How in such stormes they came so farr ;
 The reason is, they're smeared with tar,
 Which doth defend them heel and neck,
 Just as it doth their sheep protect ;
 But least ye doubt that this is true,
 They're just the colour of tar'd woo'."

William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, who was employed in 1688 in the attempt to recover the stores of the Florida, one of the great vessels of the Spanish Armada (which was blown up and sunk in the harbour of Tobermory in Mull, exactly a hundred years before), made in that year an excursion through the Isle of Mull, and hence to Icolmkill. In 1702 he published at London an account of this excursion, along with an account of the Isle of Man. At page 129 of this volume he thus describes the dress, armour, and general appearance of the Highlanders as he saw them in the Isle of Mull in 1688:—

"During my stay, I generally observed the men to be large-bodied, stout, subtle, active, patient of cold and hunger. There appeared in all their actions a certain generous air of freedom, and contempt of those trifles, luxury and ambition, which we so servilely creep after. They bound their appetites by their necessities; and their happiness consists not in having much, but in coveting little. The women seem to have the same sentiments with the men; though their habits were mean and they had not our sort of breeding, yet in many of them there was a natural beauty and graceful modesty which never fails of attracting. The usual outward habit of both sexes is the pladd,—the women's much finer, the colours more lively, and the squares larger than the men, and put me in mind of the ancient Picts. This serves them for a veil, and covers both head and body. The men wear theirs after another fashion, especially when designed for ornament; it is loose and flowing, like the mantles our painters give their heroes. Their thighs are bare, with brawny muscles. Nature has drawn all her stroakes bold and masterly; *what is covered is only adapted to necessity*. A thin brogue on the foot, a short buskin of various colours on the legg, tied above the calf with a striped pair of garters. What should be concealed is hid with a large shot-pouch, on each side of which hangs a pistol and a dagger, as if they found it necessary to keep those parts well guarded. A round target on their backs, a blew bonnet on their heads, in one hand a broadsword, and a musquet in the other. Perhaps no nation goes better armed; and I assure you they will handle them with bravery and dexterity, especially the sword and target, as our veterane regiments found to their cost at Gillecranke."

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

(From '*Ancient Scottish Weapons, &c.*' Edited by Joseph Anderson.
Illustrated by James Drummond, R.S.A.)

THE first historical notice of the distinctive character of the Highland dress is found in the Icelandic Sagas. When the death of Malcolm Canmore plunged Scotland into anarchy, Magnus Olafson, the King of Norway, was engaged in ravaging the western coasts and securing a firmer hold of the Hebrides for the kingdom of Norway. On his return from that expedition in 1093, the Sagas relate that he adopted the costume of these western lands, and they add that he and his followers went about barelegged—having short kirtles and upper wraps—and so men called him Barelegs.

But the precise form of the dress at this early period is not more distinctly indicated, and its component parts are nowhere more minutely specified.¹ On the early sculptured monuments of the Celtic period there are representations of lay and clerical dress; but the sculptures are weather-worn and indistinct, and the details are treated in a highly conventional manner. For instance, a kilt-like dress is shown on the monuments at Drainie, Kirriemuir, Dupplin, and St Andrews; a plaid-like upper wrap is seen on the monuments at Hilton of Cadboll, Drainie, and St Andrews; a dress resembling the plaid and trews is on one of the monuments at Kirriemuir; and a jerkin and trews on the monument at Golspie. These are the only representations of the Celtic dress which come near to the time when King Magnus, by his adoption of a costume which was unfamiliar in Norway, acquired among his countrymen the distinctive epithet of Barelegs.

John Major, in his *History*,² written in 1512, describes the dress of the Highlanders of his day in much the same terms as the Sagas, applying to a period five centuries earlier. He says that they have no covering for the leg from the middle of the thigh to the foot, and that they clothe themselves with a mantle instead of an upper garment, and a shirt dyed with saffron.

When King James V. made a hunting expedition into the Highlands in 1538, a

¹ The historical authorities for the dress and armour of the Highlands are collected, and the subject fully discussed, in the ninth chapter of '*The Highlanders of Scotland: their Origin, History, and Antiquities, &c.*' by W. F. Skene: London, 1837. '*The Costume of the Clans*,' by John Sobieski and Charles Stuart, 1845, was a sumptuous book for its time, but some of their ideas require to be accepted with caution.

² *Historia Majoris Britanniae, tam Angliæ quam Scotiæ*, 4to—Edinburgh, 1740 (second edition)—p. 34.

Highland dress was provided for the occasion,¹ and the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer show that it consisted of a "short Heland coit," hose of "tertane," and a "syde"—*i.e.*, an unusually long shirt:—

Item, in the first for ij elnis ane quarter elne of variant cullorit velvet to be the Kingis Grace ane schort Heland coit, price of the elne vj ^{lib} summa,	xij ^{lib} x ^s
Item, for iij elnis, quarter elne of greene taffaytis to lyne the said coit with, price of the elne x ^s , summa,	xxxij ^s vj ^p
Item, for iij elnes of Heland tertane to be hoiss to the Kingis Grace, price of the elne iij ^s iij ^d , summa,	xij ^s
Item, for xv elnis of holland claith to be syde Heland sarkis to the Kingis Grace, price of the elne viij ^s ,	vj ^{lib}

John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, writing in 1578, says that the clothing of the Highlanders was made for use and not for ornament.² Both nobles and common people wore mantles of one sort—the nobles preferring theirs to be of several colours. The rest of their garments consisted of a short woollen jacket with the sleeves open below, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than show or protection from cold. They had linen³ shirts, which the rich coloured with saffron, while the common people smeared theirs with grease to preserve them longer clean. In their manufacture, ornament and a certain attention to taste were not wanting, and they were very neatly sowed with silk thread, chiefly of a green or red colour.

Buchanan, writing in 1582, states that the colours preferred for the stripes of the variegated stuffs they used for clothing were chiefly purple and blue; but the diversely coloured fabrics which had been formerly common were then falling into disuse, and the common people had mostly brown garments—of the colour of the heather—to the effect that when they lie among the heather the bright colours of their clothing might not betray them.⁴

John Taylor, the Water Poet, in 1618, says that their habit is shoes with but one sole; stockings, which they call short hose, made of a warm stuff they call tartan; and a jerkin of the same stuff, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of finer and better stuff; blue flat caps on their heads; and a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks.⁵

¹ Notices of the Highland Dress and Armour, printed in the Appendix to the Iona Club volume entitled 'Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis': Edinburgh, 1839.

² De origine, Moribus et Rebus Gestis Scotorum, 4to—Romæ, 1578—p. 58.

³ Mr Forbes-Robertson says that linen was comparatively a late introduction; that up to the last century the shirt was invariably made of woollen: and it is said that Highlanders never knew what rheumatism and its kindred complaints were till after the introduction of linen.

⁴ Rerum Scoticum Historia—Edinburgh, folio, 1582—p. 58.

⁵ The Pennylesse Pilgrimage: Lond. 1633.

In the 'History of Scots Affairs from 1637 to 1641,' sometimes attributed to Robert Gordon of Straloch, but written by his son, James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, who died in 1686, there was an account of the Highlanders in the first book, prefixed to the notice of the battle of Glenlivet. The first book of Gordon's history does not now exist, but this passage is preserved in a fragment of the 'Memoirs of Scottish Affairs,' by James Man, who has quoted it, with some remarks on its severity.¹ It gives a full description of the Highland dress as follows:—

"As for their apparel, next the skin they wear a short linnen shirt, which the great men among them sometimes dye of saffron colour. They use it short, that it may not encumber them when running or travelling. In the sharp winter weather the Highland men wear close trouzes, which cover the thighs, legs, and feet. To fence their feet they put on bullions or raw leather shoes. Above their shirt they have a single coat, reaching no further than the navel. Their uppermost garment is a loose cloke of several ells, striped and party-coloured (the tartan plaid), which they girt breadwise with a leathern belt so as it scarce covers the knees, and that for the above-mentioned reason, that it may be no lett to them when on a journey or doing any work; for the greatest part of the plaid covers the uppermost parts of the body. Sometimes it is all folded round the body, about the region of the belt, for disengaging and leaving the hands free; and sometimes 'tis wrapped round all that is above the flank. The trouzes are for winter use; at other times they content themselves with short hose, which scarce reach to the knees."

Martin, who travelled through the Western Isles about 1700,² states that at that time the common people mostly, and persons of distinction generally, wore the garb in fashion in the south of Scotland, consisting of coat, waistcoat, breeches, and blue bonnet. But he adds that many of the common people continued to wear the trews, although it required more skill to make it than the ordinary habit. The old habit of the belted plaid was also retained for travelling, because it was much easier and lighter than breeches or trews. "The plaid," he says, "is tied round the middle with a leather belt; it is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely," and fastened in front on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood.

This is almost exactly the statement of Captain Burt, who says of the Highlanders of the mainland, that "few besides gentlemen wear the trews—that is, the breeches and stockings all of one piece, and drawn on together; over this habit they wear a plaid, and the whole garb is made of chequered tartan or plaiding." But he adds that those who travel on foot vary this mode of dress into the kilt, which he thus describes: "A small part of the plaid is set in folds and girt round the waist, to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half-way down the thigh; the rest is brought

¹ Printed in the 'History of Scots Affairs from 1637 to 1641,' by James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay (Spalding Club edition), vol. i., Appendix to the Preface, p. xliii.

² Description of the Western Isles. By M. Martin. Second edition—Lond. 1716—p. 206.

over the shoulder, and fastened below the neck in front with a bodkin or sharpened piece of stick. In this way of wearing the plaid they have nothing else to cover them, and are often barefoot, but some have shoes made out of a raw cow-hide, with the hair turned outward. Some I have seen," he says, "which, being ill made, the wearer's foot looked like a rough-footed hen or pigeon." Martin also notices this fashion of shoes, which were simply a piece of the hide of a deer, cow, or horse, with the hair on, and tied behind and before with a point of leather. The manner of making them is quaintly described by John Elder, a Caithness priest, who sent a description of Scotland to Henry VIII. in 1542 or 1543.¹ He says:—

"Please it your Majestie to understande, that we of all people can tollerat, suffir, and away best with colde, for boithe somir and wyntir (excepte when the frost is most vehement), goynge alwaies bair-leggide and bair-footide, our delite and pleasure is not onely in huntynge of redd deir, wolfes, foxes, and graies, whereof we abounde, and have greate plentie, but also in rynninge, leapinge, swymmynge, shootyng, and throwing of dartes: therfor, insomuch as we use and delite so to go alwaies, the tendir delicatt gentilmen of Scotland call us Reddshankes.

"And agayne in winter, whene the frost is moste vehement (as I have saide), which we cannot suffir bair-footide so weill as snow, which can never hurt us whene it comes to our girdills, we go a-huntyng, and after that we have slayne redd deir, we flaye off the skyne, by-and-by, and settinge of our bair foote on the insyde thereof, for need of cunnyng shoemakers, by your Graces pardon, we play the sutters; compassinge and mesuringe so much thereof as shall retche up to our anclers, prycking the upper part thereof also with holis, that the water may repas when it entres, and stretchide up with a strong thwange of the same, meitand above our saide anclers, so, and please your noble Grace, we make our shoois; therfor, we usinge such maner of shoois, the roghe, hairie syde outward, in your Graces dominion of England we be callit roghc-footide Scottis."

From such incidental notices and descriptions it may be inferred, though there is no precise testimony on the subject, that there were two varieties of the Highland dress—the belted plaid and the trews; and that of these two the belted plaid was the older and more general and distinctive. This was the conclusion to which Mr Drummond came after an exhaustive examination of all the materials within his reach; and although the general subject of the Highland dress forms no part of the specific object of the present work, it has been so far alluded to because these views are embraced in a description by him of one of the powder-horns in his own collection, which was read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, 8th April 1872. His drawing of the horn was given in Plate XX. From its intricately engraved monogram he concluded that it had belonged to Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat,

¹ *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, p. 28.

who was born in 1630, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1654.¹ Assuming that the two figures represented in the hunting-scene engraved upon the horn were most probably intended to represent Sir George himself and his gillie, Mr Drummond considered these representations interesting as throwing light upon a vexed question in regard to the Highland dress. "Sir George," he says, "is represented with his gun over his shoulder, and in front of him is a deer-hound held by him in leash. He wears the belted plaid. His attendant is blowing a hunting-horn, and holds the rest for his master's gun. His dress is in every respect different from that of his chief. Sir George is represented as dressed in a slashed jerkin of the time of Charles I.—a vandyke frill and a flat bonnet with a feather, and by his side his powder-horn and dirk. He wears the plaid belted, above the trews, for although a deer-hound stands in front of him, yet his legs are seen above the knees, and *are checkered as far as seen*. Those who believe that the trews were never worn with the belted plaid may think this a mistake of the artist, but this objection is answered by the dress of his attendant, who wears hose, tabbed at the top and worn a good way under the knee, with a jerkin and sporran, but, excepting the hose, with no appearance of tartan." Mr Drummond was undoubtedly right in his conclusion that the trews and belted plaid were worn together, even if this representation on the powder-horn should be held to be insufficient evidence. In 1656, Mr Thomas Tucker, in his report upon the settlement of the revenues of excise and customs in Scotland, incidentally mentions² that one of the collectors in the Highlands, with the view of averting the antipathy of the natives to an exciseman, "went clad after the mode of his country, with belted playde, trowses, and brogues." A passage which occurs in a letter from Mr Robert Farquharson, a chaplain in the Earl of Mar's army in 1715,³ is equally distinct on this point. He says that after the battle of Killiecrankie, "there were severals of the common men that died in the hills, for having cast away their plaids at going into the battle, they had not wherewithal to cover them but their shirts; whereas many of the gentlemen that instead of short hose did wear trewis under their belted plaids, though they were sorely pinched, did fare better in their short coats and trewis than those that were naked to the belt."

The parson of Rothiemay, whose account of the Highland dress has been previously quoted, says expressly that "the trowzes are for winter use," which implies

¹ There is extant a document dated at Strathpeffer, 15th May 1680, in which Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat describes himself as "Master of the game from Lochan to Killiscuig, and from Conan to Portnacaly and Hoikel Water," by commission from Charles II.—*Antiquarian Notes*, by C. Fraser Macintosh of Drummond—Inverness, 1865—p. 239.

² *Miscellany of the Burgh Records Society*, p. 4.

³ Cited by Sobieski and Charles Stuart in 'The Costume of the Clans,' p. 104. Another letter cited in the same work (p. 104) states that John Macrae of Invershiel, being struck in the thigh by a musket-shot at Killiecrankie, the wound was difficult to heal, because the ball had carried with it the cloth of his belted plaid and the trews he wore under them.

that the belted plaid, which he calls their uppermost garment, was then worn over them; "at other times they content themselves with short hose." It is plain also, from Burt's description of the "kilt"—or "quelt," as he spells it—that it is the belted plaid he is speaking of, and not the kilt of the present fashion, from which the upper part of the plaid has been disjoined.

The *fèileadh beag* or "little kilt" appears in formal record for the first time in the Act passed in 1747, prohibiting the wearing of the Highland dress, by which it was enacted that neither man nor boy, except such as should be employed as officers and soldiers, should on any pretence wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes—viz., the plaid, philibeg, or little kilt,¹ trowze, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; on pain of imprisonment for six months, without the option of a fine, for the first offence, and of transportation for seven years if convicted a second time. Stewart of Garth, describing the dress of the Black Watch, embodied at Taybridge in 1740, says:—

"The uniform was a scarlet jacket and waistcoat, with buff facings and white lace, tartan plaid of twelve yards, plaited round the middle of the body, the upper part being fixed on the left shoulder ready to be thrown loose, and wrapped over both shoulders and firelock in rainy weather. At night the plaid served the purpose of a blanket, and was a sufficient covering for the Highlander. These were called belted plaids, from being kept tight to the body by a belt, and were worn on guard, reviews, and all occasions when the men were in full dress. On this belt hung the pistols and belt when worn. In the barracks, and when not on duty, the *little kilt* or philibeg was worn, a blue bonnet with a border of white, red, and green arranged in small squares, and a tuft of feathers. The arms were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted broadsword. These were furnished by Government. Such of the men as chose to supply themselves with pistols and dirks were allowed to carry them, and some had targets after the fashion of the country. The sword-belt was of black leather, and the cartouch-box was carried in front, supported by a narrow belt round the middle."²

¹ The invention of the little kilt is ascribed by a writer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine' to two Englishmen—Mr Rawlinson, manager of the works of a Liverpool Iron Smelting Company in Glengarry, and Mr Parkinson, an army tailor who was on a visit to the establishment, and saw the inconvenience of the belted plaid as a working dress. "The problem to be solved was, to make a dress, not higher in price than the belted plaid, that would retain the plaits and admit of the free use of the limbs when at work. The tailor solved the problem with his shears. He cut off the lower part of the plaid that belted round the loins, and formed permanent plaits in it with the needle; and lo, the kilt! while the upper part forming the shoulder plaid could be fastened round the shoulders as before." The story is well told, but, like many well-told stories, wants authentication. It is evident that the change arose when the altered circumstances of the people made continuous labour common, and a convenient and inexpensive garb a necessity; but it is not so evident that it required the genius of an army tailor to solve the simple problem.

² Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland. Second edition—Edinburgh, 1822—p. 247.

“There is thus,” says Mr Skene, “a complete chain of authorities for the dress of the Highlanders, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, having consisted of the Highland shirt stained with saffron, the *breacan* or belted plaid, the short Highland coat, and the *cuarain* or buskins, and that their limbs, from the thigh to the ankle, were certainly uncovered. . . . The *truis* cannot be traced in the Highlands previous to the sixteenth century. . . . Among the gentry the plaid was always of tartan, and the coat appears to have been, from 1538, of tartan velvet, and slashed; the short hose were likewise of tartan, but the Highland shirt was of linen, and dyed with saffron. Among the common people the plaid was certainly not always of tartan, but generally brown in colour, while the shirt worn by them was of tartan. The present dress, with the belted plaid, is exactly the same as the old dress of the gentry, with the exception of the yellow shirt. The dress with the kilt and shoulder plaid is probably a corruption of the dress of the common people.”¹

“INQUIRER” ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.’

SIR,—The tombstones of Iona and the Western Isles of Scotland of our chiefs show the kilt, the Celtic helmet, the bare legs of these warriors of olden days. The kilt, as represented on these stones—carved in the fifteenth century, for the most part—is ample in make, having heavy folds, and not unlike the kilt of the German armoured knights of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Some of these tombstones may be of earlier date than 1400, but most people learned in Celtic tombstone lore consider a large proportion date from the fifteenth century. On these tombs are engraved or hewn out the huge two-handed swords and the beautiful Celtic knots. If the Irish always wore the *truis* dress, there would have been no need to pass an edict against excess and extravagance in the use of large quantities of cloth. Such edicts were passed in the sixteenth century. So much cloth as is named as often being used by the Irish, could not possibly have been consumed in wearing only a jerkin and *truis*. The Irish must have worn the “fealdag,” or unpleated kilt—the primitive dress of a primitive race, which was simply a large blanket wrapped round the person, with the ends gathered over the shoulder. Because breeches have been found in Irish mossy ground, that is no reason why the “fealdag” should not have been also largely worn. The kilt is represented on the stones of Nigg. Barbaric and rude though the sculpture is, the dress is unmistakable. As to the age of this sculptured representation, it is difficult to judge. I refer “Inquirer” to Mr Joseph Anderson, of the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh; Mr Charles Stewart of Killin, and Mr Skene; to some ancient seals of Scottish kings; and finally, to a work I

¹ The Highlanders of Scotland, vol. i. pp. 225-233.

am about to bring out, which touches on some of these points. It is a noteworthy fact that I have reason often enough to correspond with a person¹ who saw a man who was taken prisoner by the King's troops at the battle of Culloden, and who somewhere about 1830 wore the dress he fought in at the battle. This fighting Jacobite wore a homespun kilt, but wore a Stuart tartan jacket and a badger-head sporran. Many of Prince Charlie's men were clothed in shepherd-plaid kilts, a pattern also much worn in Spain; at least I have seen many samples in the south of Spain very much like what was turned out in Scotland and is still now largely in vogue. A little before the time of the battle, it so happened a weaver invented a new process (which he kept secret some time), whereby he turned out large quantities of this shepherd-plaid tartan, and he was enabled, from the simplicity of pattern, to sell it cheap, and Prince Charlie's men bought considerable quantities of the same. Being simpler, it cost less than the clan colour or district tartans.²

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

COOMBE HALL FARM.

DISTRICT TARTANS, OR CLAN COLOURS AND THEIR VARIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.'

SIR,—I observe a friendly invitation to me that I, among others, should go into the question of the "origin of various tartans." The paragraph begins by saying, "Now that there is some difficulty about the tartan for the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." Now, sir, I fancy I detect in this invitation perhaps some slight desire to trip me or others up on a difficult subject. My immediate reply, however, is this, "Wait till a work I am engaged on now comes out, and perhaps some of the questions affecting the origin of tartan may be found answered." It would be neither fair to my publisher nor to myself were I to relate all the fruits of my researches; but a few facts I will state. Let me begin at home anent the Campbell tartan. A lady related to our family has often seen the Campbell plaid which was worn by her ancestor at Culloden. It was faded, but was of the common Campbell colours,—dark blues, black, and greens. Earl Crawford, colonel of the 43d, later 42d, chose, as we all know, a new pattern for his regiment, the component colours of which were the "clan colours" of the Campbell clan, but at that date varied as to "sett," or "set." The only new tartan, if we may so say, was the tartan then called "42d." But it is worth noting that in Argyllshire among the peasantry the Black Watch and Campbell tartan are synonymous. The reason is this: Before the Black Watch became numbered the 43d or 42d, the independent companies of which it was

¹ Mr John Campbell's account of Grant, or Old Dubrach.

² Letter from John Campbell vouching for this and giving details.

composed wore the tartan of their various districts and various leaders. Thus the Campbell company wore the Campbell colours, and the 'people of the country saw and knew the Campbell company of the Black Watch, of course; and though later on the new pattern chosen by Crawford varied a little from the true Campbell, yet the 42d tartan and Campbell are still named as one and the same. Earl Crawford was much at Inverary, where he lived with the Duke in the old castle, and became acquainted with the people of the district, its dances, and also with the tongue they spoke. He took the Campbell colours for his regiment, varying the set. The colours of a clan are found grouped in large districts. The foundation colours, the varieties, family variations in a clan colour, are endless, the original clan colour being retained in the foundation or ground colours of a tartan. These variations arose from family pride, and were purposely made, so that men at a glance should be able to distinguish friend from foe. A glance suffices to tell whence a man hails, and this appears to have always been the case.

A gentleman¹ whose word cannot be doubted, and whose antiquarian knowledge is great, not many years ago saw in a cottage, preserved in a "kist," a fragment of a MacKenzie tartan plaid which, together with a mystic crystal, had come down from father to son from the time of the battle of Kilsyth. The ancestor of the owner of the fragment of tartan was killed in that action, and the friends and tribesmen tore this from the plaid which, blood-stained, formed the dead man's shroud; the crystal ball was taken also, as being too valuable to be buried with the body, for these were reckoned to bring luck, ward off cattle and other plagues in ancient time, as is well known. I name these because it has been often said "tartans are not older than regiments," which is unmitigated rubbish.

In olden days we never hear of tartan, but of the spotted cloth—that is the Gaelic interpretation: spotted, brindled, striped. This "spotted cloth" is often mentioned in poetry of the seventeenth century. In the poems of Iain Lom and others, clan colours existed "from the beginning." In laudatory effusions of the seventeenth century we read (speaking of the spotted cloth), "well does the green become you"; or, in another passage, "well does the red and white become you." Now this proves the variety of colours worn in the "spotted cloth," and it is very noteworthy, because the Irish colours were yellow and black. The fragments or entire dress of an ancient Irish dress, found in a peat-bog, shows the yellow blanket-like foundation, with black cross stripes.

The women of every Highland district took the greatest care in the making of the various tartans, and pride in producing the true tartans of their respective lords, or rather, true clan colours belonging to their lords. They also were always noted for wearing with pride the tartan belonging to their native districts, and continued to wear such distinctive "clan colours," if belonging to another district. To ask

¹ The Rev. Alex. Stewart, whose *nom de plume* is "Nether Lochaber."—ED.

about the origin of clan tartans is like seeking for the origin of love-of-ornament pride in dress. In the seventeenth century Stirling produced a scarlet cloth, which was much worn also in the Highlands, admired doubtless for its brilliant colour.

To seek the "origin of tartan" is to seek for the first rude idea of decoration or ornamentation of stuffs, and simply goes back into the ages when women and men could first dye cloth; to seek the day the first lassie culled the first blaeberry to dye the cloth of her lover; to seek the primeval man who first used bullock's blood to dye the splendid red used in some of the clan colours. Who was the first man in the East who wore a striped garment? What is the origin of the Bedouin's striped vestment? Do not these things, these inquiries, go into the dark ages? What says common-sense anent clan colours?—that the dye most common to the district was used in such district; that variations were made by families or clans, and jealously kept up, as all such distinctions even now are jealously kept up. Has human nature varied? Does it vary much now from what it always has been? Such questions as "the origin of tartan" are answered by a little reflection. No one nowadays, with all the wealth and luxury of our days, can dye cloths as the ancients dyed them. No one firm in Europe can invent the lovely clan colours as handed down to us through past ages; to us—an ignorant race after all, sir!

Let us look into the composition of clan colours, sir, to see that they are older than the history of any costume that was ever written. He who dubs them not ancient wants an eye—that barbaric eye which found the glorious tinctures in the fields, on the mountains, and beside the foaming ocean of our native land. It is not the case that there is any question as to the tartan of the Argyll (91st) and Sutherland (93d) Highlanders. A rumour arose to that effect, but it arose from a question having been asked one of the officers of the Sutherland Rifle Volunteers, as to whether the Sutherland corps would object to wearing a tartan of a neighbouring county. The Sutherland people naturally objected to such a suggestion. There are 7456 Scotch in the home army. Why not gradually draft Scotchmen now in English regiments into the Scottish regiments, thus rendering the regiments more national? In time, at all events, there could be no great obstacle to such an arrangement—namely, in insisting that the majority of a Scotch regiment be composed of Scots. Martin's chapter concerning plaid, in his book published about 1703, is interesting: "The plaid worn only by the men is made of fine wool. It consists of divers colours, and there is great ingenuity required in sorting the colours. For this reason the women are at great pains first to give the exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the numbers of every thread of the stripe on it. . . . Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids and the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that those who have seen these places are able, at the first view of a man's plaid, to guess the place of his residence." Mr Skene, in a letter to me,

says: "In speaking thus, Martin spoke of the *breacan an fheilidh*—that is to say, the whole dress as then worn, before the philabeg or kilt was cut off from this 'plaid.'" In the opinion of the learned Mr Skene, this points to distinct tartans or colours; and while the general arrangement of colours was peculiar to each district, the clans inhabiting it had their distinctive set of it. "If any one takes the trouble to compare, for instance, the Macdonald tartan and the beautiful tartan worn by Cameron of Lochiel, both from the Lochaber country, the basis, the foundation, will be found to be the same, differenced by a variety of stripes and placement of such stripes, the coloration falling into large groups indicating the prevalence of particular colours in particular districts." These words are the words of the learned Skene, and I have found what he says true. Many other instances will occur where the foundation or district colour is the same; one clan, at all events, inhabiting the Sutherland district, has the same foundation colour, or, as Mr Skene calls it, district colour. Martin speaks of the Tìree people all being dressed in the Highland dress, 1703; and we also know they wore the hair long, as did the Irish in Elizabeth's reign, which fashion was, as will be remembered, visited by death. This visit of Martin's to Tìree took place just after the Glencoe affair.

I think these customs and fashions adduced suffice to explode the erroneous idea that tartans date from the raising of regiments. If they do not, sir, wait a while till my book comes out, and let us pray that the unbelieving will then be converted. As I have previously observed, I must not suck my own eggs before they are hatched. I observe, in conclusion, that your correspondent, "A Chameleon," does not know regimental history sufficiently well to preach on this subject, for he leaves out the 91st Argyll Regiment in his list of those who had a right to recruit in Scotland. I am not aware that this regiment was forbidden so to do. It was no fault of theirs that breeks, grey breeks, were given them for many years, and the Campbell clan colours, or tartan, withdrawn; also, of course, the feather-bonnet and ornaments.

As to the exact numbers of Scotch to each regiment, that varies year by year. Englishmen—or foreigners, as they are called in Highland regiments—dressed in what "Chameleon" calls "once clannish tartan," do not alter the tartan or clan colours. Any way, do not let us have any more MacSnooks or MacJones tartans invented—"hunting tartans," so called (and not a bad name either for those who seek useless changes). Those who wish to see what the composition of a Highland regiment should be must now go, I think, to the Sutherland Volunteers, or to the Argyll Volunteer and Perthshire regiments, and others truly composed of Highlanders; or else he must look over the water, and find the right stuff in the fertile plains, the cities, or backwoods of America and Canada.

The refusal of the Sutherland men to adopt the tartan of a neighbouring clan on a recent occasion was no surprise to any one of Highland origin; and no High-

lander could ever have made the blunder of asking these men to change their clan colours—the armorial colours, so to say, belonging to the poorest and the richest of the Sutherland men alike. Some one during the tartan-fever row scoffed at my assertion that tartan or plaid was worn at the epoch of the battle of Flodden, and twitted me with the account of the Caithness men being dressed “in green.” The Sutherland clan dress in a green tartan now; so do the Gunns and others. So I see nothing extraordinary in the Caithness men of that day dressing in a district plaid, so much spoken of in the first part of this letter.—I am, &c.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

COOMBE HILL FARM, *May 4.*

MACNEACAIN AN DUIN—MACNAUGHTAN OF THE DUN¹
(DUNDARAMH).

A POEM.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL,
H.M.'S INLAND REVENUE.

“Cnuic is uillt is Ailpeinich,
Ach c'uin a thainig Arturaich?”

“Hills and streams and Alpinians,
But when came the Arthurians?”

IF I read this figurative saying aright, it implies that the Alpinades are coeval with the hills and streams, while the Arthurades are still farther away in the mist of time.

Occasionally a MacAlpine reverses the clans in the above proverb. Probably, however, most men are content to be “as old as the hills.”

The Clan Arthur claim descent from a King Arthur of Scotland of prehistoric times. Nor is it improbable that this King Arthur of the Northern Britons may have been related to the celebrated King Arthur of the Southern Britons, better known in song and story as King Arthur of the Round Table. According to English historians, this gallant king was killed in battle in Cornwall, fighting against the Saxon invaders of his country.

‘The Chronicles of the Picts and Scots,’ so ably edited by Mr Skene, state that King Arthur formed an alliance with the Northern Britons, who assisted him in expelling the Romans from Southern Britain, after which Arthur betrayed the Scots to their common enemies “the false Saxiouns,” and then “be ye devilirie of Merlynge” usurped the Scottish throne.

¹ See Macaonghais an Duin, p. 97.

King Arthur was defeated and slain by Moldreid or Modreid, King of Scots, at Chirchind, in 596. Mr Skene suggests that the battle of Chirchind was the battle of Kirkintilloch. May not Chirchind be a corruption of Tirchin, transposed into modern Gaelic, *Cinntire*, head of land, the Gaelic name of the peninsula of Cornwall as well as of Kintire? This would reconcile Scottish and English histories, not only as to the manner, but also as to the place, of the death of Arthur. Towards the eastern end of the county of Cornwall is a large prostrate monolithic moorstone, with the year 596 deeply incised, marking the spot where King Arthur is said to have been slain. The writer visited the place in 1864.

Poems are still sung among the Western Isles describing the loves and adventures of King Arthur and his gallant knights of the Round Table, and their famed enchanter Merlin.

The writer took down several of these ancient poems, from old men and women in North and South Uist. These poems are very weird, very curious, and highly interesting; but they do not help to unravel the mythical romance in which these world-wide names are involved.

There can be no question of the antiquity of the Clan Arthur, Clan Alpine, and other kindred clans of the Scottish Highlands. These, together with their collateral branches, stretch back beyond recorded history.

Of these collateral branches are the MacGrigors, who claim their descent from Alpin, King of Scots in the ninth century.

They are spoken of as follows:—

“Sliochd nan rìghre duthchasach,
Bha thuineadh an Dunstainnis;
Aig an robh crùn na h-Alb' o thùs,
'S aig am bheil dùthchas fathast ris.”

The following is a close translation of this old rhyme, well known in Perth and Argyle, and throughout the Highlands generally:—

“Descendants of the native hereditary kings,
Who reigned down at Dunstaffnage;
Who possessed the crown of Alba originally,
And who have still hereditary rights to it.”

There are MacGrigors who still cherish the dream, like the children of Israel, that they are destined yet to be restored to the land and to the crown so long held by their fathers, and that they shall yet sing—

“And I'll be Lady Keith again,
The day our king comes o'er the water!”

The Crown and Stone of Destiny of the Clan Alpine race were removed from Dunstaffnage to Scone by Kenneth I. in the ninth century, and thence in the thirteenth century to London by Edward I.

“Is rìoghail mo dhream.”—“Royal is my race.”

This is the Clan Grigor motto, in accordance with which every true MacGrigor tries to act. Notwithstanding the misrepresentations they underwent, and the persecutions they suffered, the Clan Grigor now, as in the past, are not the least distinguished among distinguished clans for their fidelity at home, gallantry abroad, and loyalty to the Crown.

Not less remarkable than instructive is the large proportion of eminent men that this small but gallant clan has produced, and their distinguished service to the Crown and to the State. It would seem as if no oppression daunted their bravery, and no persecution their loyalty. Sir Walter Scott was practically as well as figuratively just to them in his famous boat-song in the “Lady of the Lake” :—

“Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest’s shock.
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow.
.
.
.
Loud shall Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
Roderick Vich Alpine duibh ho iri ho-ro!”

The Clan Naughtan—Gaelic, *Clann Neactain*, or *Clann Neacain*—claim to be of native Scottish origin and Pictish descent. Probably, indeed, all the clans are of native descent, notwithstanding the unpatriotic efforts of some Highland chiefs to Normanise their names in imitation of the Norman barons of England. The scholarly Skene shows the cause and effect of this Norman imitation, and conclusively proves that chiefs and clansmen alike are of native descent.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give a history of the Clan Naughtan. Nevertheless, a brief epitome of leading events in their lives may not be without interest to others than the MacNaughtans.

The MacNaughtans were Mormaers of Moray in the eleventh century—one of them succeeding to the office through his wife Ete, daughter of Giliemicheil, the previous Mormaer of the province. And here it may be mentioned that a Mormaer was a governor or sub-king of a province, and that during the middle ages Scotland was divided into provinces or sub-kingdoms, governed by Mormaers. The Toiseach—seemingly Anglicised into Thanés—would appear to have been subordinate to the Mormaer. The form of the word Mormaer is now changed to Maarmor, or rather to Maor, without the qualification ; while the signification is confined to petty officers

in various capacities. In ancient times the Gaelic Mormaer was the equivalent of the Norse Jarl; while in modern times the Gaelic Morair—probably a corruption¹ of Morfhear—means a nobleman, a lord, an earl.

The Clan Naughtan held lands in Perth and Argyll in the twelfth century. They were then proprietors of Strathtay, and were styled Toiseachs, or Thanes of Lochtay.

In the thirteenth century, in consideration of their services against the semi-regal Somerled of the Isles, the King granted them lands in Upper Lorne from Loch Fyne to Loch Awe.

On either side of these possessions they had strong clan castles, the picturesque ruins of which are not the least interesting features in the lovely landscape.

The castle of the clan on Loch Fyne is called Dundaramh. The name means “the dun of the two oars.” How the castle acquired the name I never heard, and cannot suggest.

The castle of Dundaramh stands on a bluff point of land jutting into Loch Fyne, five miles above Inverary. By sea the distance is only three miles. It has been in ruins for more than a century, and its naked, weather-beaten, aged tower and battlemented pinnacles are striking and picturesque, from whatever direction viewed.² The place is described in the traditions of the people in the following graphic lines:—

“Dundaramh nan tùr ’s nan tuireid,
Air chul chraobh ri faobhar buinne;
Dun na mùirn, nan cùrn, ’s nan curaidh,
Nam baideal, nam bratch sgàrlaid,
Far am tàmhach na suinn.”

“Dundaramh of the tower, of the turrets,
Behind the trees on the edge of the current;
Dun of hospitality, of cups, and of brave men;
Dun of the battlements, and of the scarlet
banners,
Where heroes were wont to dwell.”

Above the main door of the old tower is the following quaint inscription in old Roman letters:—

1596.

J . MAN . BEHALD . THE . END . OF . ALL . BE . NOCHT .
VYEN . NOR . THE . HJESTEST . J . TRUST . IN . GOD .

The district in which Dundaramh is situated is called *Leitir Mhicneacain*, “The Letter of MacNaughtan.” It may be mentioned that *Leitir*, usually translated “letter,” and a frequent place-name in Scotland, signifies ground sloping down towards water, whether salt or fresh.

¹ *Morair* comes from *mòr*, great, and *feair*, a man. This is more apparent when it is written in its full form, *mòr-fhear*, a lord—*lit.* a great man.

² See etching of this castle.

The castle of the MacNaughtans on Loch Awe was on Fraoch Eilean. This romantic island is variously called Fraoch Eilean, Fraoch Innis, Eilean Fraoich, Innis Fraoich, and Eilean Fhraoich and Innis Fhraoich. These various forms of the name have different significations. If the name be Eilean Fraoich, the meaning is simply the Isle of Heather, a not inapplicable description. If, however, the correct form be, as I think it is, Fraoch Eilean, the name signifies the Isle of Fraoch, a proper name.

The runrig land-system was at one time the common mode of holding and working the land all over the British Isles. In Gaelic the system is called *Mòr-Earrann*, and rarely *Roinn Ruith*, evidently Anglicised into "runrig." Although this communal land-system previously prevailed throughout the British Isles, it has now fallen into desuetude, and at the present time is nowhere to be found in its entirety, except in three townlands in North Uist. These are Hosta, Caolas-Paipil, and the island of Heisgeir.

In preparing his third volume of 'Celtic Scotland,' the learned author asked the writer of this paper to send him an account of "The Land-system of the Outer Hebrides." Again, when Lord Napier and Ettrick, Chairman of the Crofter Royal Commission, was preparing the Crofter Report, he did the writer the honour of asking him to write for his use an account of "The Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides."

Captain Thomas, R.N., an eminent antiquarian, who probably knows more about ancient land-measurements than any man living, says that those two papers by the writer are the only accounts in existence of the old runrig land-system! All previous writers contented themselves with calling it "the runrig system," "the old runrig system," "the well-known runrig land-system," and suchlike terms. No description was given, and no one seemed to know what "the well-known runrig land-system was."

In like manner men write of Fraoch Eilean as "the Hesperides of the Highlands," "the well-known Hesperides of the Highlands," and in similar terms. These are classical scholars, and know what they mean. But as all readers are not classical scholars, nor acquainted with the story of the three golden apples and the dreadful dragon, it may be well to state the story of Fraoch, after whom Fraoch Eilean is named.

Fraoch was the son of Fiadhach. This is his portrait limned by his lover. In stature he was tall, broad, and strong. His hair was black, fine, and glossy, "like raven's plumage smoothed on snow." "His eyes were bluer than the sloe of the rock; his cheeks were redder than the blood of the fawn; his lips were more ruby than the rasp of the hill; while his teeth were whiter than chalk. His skin was fairer than the snow, and softer than the foam; and his voice was more melodious than the sweet tones of the harp. Fraoch was generous—a distributor of good.

His spear was longer than a guiding pole ; his shield was broader and stronger than a door ; while victory smiled upon him as her child wherever he went."

All this is in smooth and polished verse of singular beauty and high order. Here is an example :—

<p>"Ionmhuinn tighearn, ionmhuinn tuath ; Ionmhuinn gruaidh a's deirge ròs ; Ionmhuinn beul o'n éisdeadh dàn, 'S o'm bith na mnai a' teirbheart phòg."</p>	<p>"Beloved was he of nobles, beloved was he of people, Beloved were his cheeks of reddish rose ; And well-beloved were those lips of song, Which women longed to kiss."</p>
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His lover was the only daughter of Meve, of the fairest form and loveliest face, and of Corul, of the finest hair and of the generous cups. She was the maid of the brown eyelashes ; of the long, clustering, curveting locks, so richly golden fair. She was the fairest of the maids of Cruachan. Many heroes loved the maid, but the maid loved none but Fraoch.

Unhappily Meve also loved Fraoch. But as Fraoch did not reciprocate her passion, Meve's love towards him was turned to hatred, and she resolved to destroy him.

On an isle in Loch Meve (Loch Awe) was a rowan-tree whose fruit was sweeter than honey, restoring youth to the aged, and satisfying hunger for the space of three days at a time. Coiled round the tree was a fierce dragon or reptile asleep, with its gaping gorge resting against the trunk of the tree. No person could approach the tree.

Meve feigned illness and sent for Fraoch. She told him that she would die unless he, and he alone, procured her a palmful of the fruit of the "cold lake." "Fruit have I never stooped to gather," said the manly Fraoch, "but I will go for thy sake." He swam to the island, and, unobserved of the dragon, brought back the fruit. "That is good, very good," said Meve ; "but I die, unless thou, and thou alone, bring me the tree torn from the root."

Fraoch knew that he must die, but he never turned from danger. He swam to the isle, and tearing the tree from the root, made haste for the shore. The monster overtook him in the lake, where they fought till the water was red with their blood. Fraoch had no arms to defend himself from the dragon, but the maiden of the fairest form and whitest hand and warmest heart hastened to him and handed him a knife of gold. Fraoch killed the dragon and the dragon killed Fraoch, and the two fell dead together on the shore of the bare stones to the west.

The maiden of the fairest form fell down in a swoon. When she awoke she wailed his lament, and then sinking down on the bosom of her lover, she expired. A cairn was raised over the graves of the two dead lovers on the shore of the lake, and the cairn has been known as the Cairn of Fraoch, and the island the Isle of Fraoch, or Fraoch Eilean.

I took down several versions of this beautiful poem of "Fraoch" in Argyll and the Western Isles. They all agree in the main, but differ in details. That, however, which I like best is one taken down on the 7th April 1869, from a remarkable boy, six years of age, Donald MacDonald, son of Alexander MacDonald, crofter, Snaoival, South Uist. The father is a relation of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, whose father, Neill Maceachain, left the neighbouring townland of Howbeag with Prince Charlie in 1746, after Culloden.

The Maceachains of South Uist are a sept of the MacDonalds who went with the Clanranalds from Morar—Gaelic, *Mor-thir*—to South Uist.

Neill Maceachain studied for the priesthood, but did not take orders. He taught in the parish school at Houmor, South Uist, and also in the family of Clanranald. At Lady Clanranald's desire, he accompanied to Skye Flora Macdonald and her tall, fair and handsome, and yellow-haired "sewing maid," Betty Burke—Prince Charlie. Neill Maceachain stuck to the Prince, and followed him to France, where he changed the name of his sept to that of his clan. In the wars of Bonaparte his son Reginald, that is, Ranald MacDonald, rose to the dignity of Marshal of France and Duke of Tarentum. The Duke was a man of high honour and nobility, with great simplicity and modesty of character. When Bonaparte was sent into exile in 1815, all his generals took the oath of fidelity to the restored monarch. When, however, Bonaparte made his escape from Elba, all these generals, MacDonald alone excepted, broke their oath to the King, and flew to the standard of their old master.

"Faithful 'mong the faithless he," rather than break his oath of fealty to the injured King, Marshal MacDonald retired to the country, where he lived in simple dignity the life of a country gentleman.

It was on this romantic island of Fraoch Eilean—this "Hesperides of the Highlands"—that the MacNaughtans had their castle on Loch Awe.

In 1267 King Alexander III. granted to Gilliecrist MacNachdan and his heirs the keeping of his castle and island of Frechelan, Loch Awe, so that they should cause it to be built and repaired at the King's expense as often as needful, and keep it safely for the King's necessity; and that as often as he should come to it, the castle, well furnished (*honeste paratum*), should be delivered to him to lodge and dwell there at his pleasure.

There is a local tradition that the castellan—Gaelic, *caistealan*—of Fraoch Eilean was required to provide the King with a ball of snow in whatever season of the year he should chance to come the way. As Fraoch Eilean is situated at the base of Ben Cruachan, this condition was not unattainable.

The castle of Fraoch Eilean would seem to have been old when granted to the MacNaughtans. Probably it had previously belonged to the old Lords of Lorne, now represented by the MacDougals of MacDougal of Dunollie, probably one of the

oldest, as they are certainly one of the most unobtrusive and honoured, families in Scotland.

In 1306, "Baroun Donald MacNaughtan" fought, and successfully, with his relative John of Lorne, against Bruce. But when the fortunes of war forsook John of Lorne, MacNaughtan forsook him also, and expressing to his kinsman MacDougall his high admiration of the prowess of Bruce, he joined him, and faithfully fought with him to the last.

About the year 1343, King David II. granted to Alexander MacNaughtane all the lands which belonged to the deceased John, the son of Duncan, the son of Alexander of Yle, and all the lands that belonged to the deceased John MacDougal (*Dungalli*) the parson.

In 1361, Christina, the daughter and heiress of the deceased Dugald of Craignis, resigned to Colin Cambel, the son and heir of Gillaspie Campbel of Lochaw, her part of the barony of the deceased Alexander MacNaughtane, which heritably belonged to her.

In 1375, John of Prestwych, the son and heir of the deceased Mariot Garrechel, sold to the same Colin certain lands in Upper Lochaw, in which Duncan MacNaughtane, lord of that ilk, died vest and seised.

Between the years 1390 and 1406, King Robert III. confirmed to Maurice MacNaughtane (Gaelic, *Muireach Macneacain*) a grant by Colin Campbell of Lochow, in heritage, of various lands in Over-Lochow.

In 1403, Margaret, the daughter of Gillecrisp, called MacGillegeachain, with the consent of her son and heir, Fynlay MacAwaran (the son of the baron), resigned to Colin Campbell, lord of Lochaw, her over-lord, the sixth part of the lands of Acharne and Leatwea, and of the other lands belonging to her in heritage, and formerly belonging to Alexander MacNeacden, lord of the same lands.

In 1436, a son of Baron MacNaughtan of Fraoch Eilean was Bishop of Dunkeld (Gaelic, *Dunchaillion*). Another son, Duncan, was one of the knights who accompanied the Lord James Douglas on the expedition to bury the heart of Bruce at Jerusalem.

When the good Lord James was killed in the gallant fight against the infidel Moors at Theba, Duncan MacNaughtan was one of the knights who survived the fight, and who brought back the body of Douglas and the heart of Bruce to Scotland.

"We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the peerless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore."

—AYTOUN: *The Heart of Bruce.*

In 1513, Sir Alexander MacNaughtane and his clan followed King James IV. to

England, and fell, along with the flower of the Scottish nobility, at the fatal field of Flodden. In this disastrous battle Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurcha was slain. He was buried at Kilmun, beside his chief, Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll, because the two died valiantly together, fighting side by side round their gallant but misguided King.

“ No one failed him ! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still ;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden’s fatal hill.”

—AYTOUN : *Edinburgh after Flodden.*

The son and heir of Sir Alexander MacNachtan, who fell at Flodden, married Anne, daughter of Murdoch MacLean of Lochbuie, whose wife was the daughter of Somerled Buie MacDonell, and the sister of Randal, who became first Earl of Antrim, 28th May 1618.

In 1513, a precept of seisin by Colin, Earl of Argyll, is witnessed by Gilbert MacNachtane of Dundarawe.

In 1563, Alexander MacNachtin of Dundaraw gave seisin in name of Earl Archibald of certain lands in the bailiary of Glenara.

In 1596, Archibald Earl of Argyll appointed Alexander MacNaughtan, son and heir of John MacNaughtan of Dundarabh, keeper of the forest of Benbuie for a term of nineteen years, for the yearly wages of £80, on condition that he did not keep “oversoumes” in that forest. In Gaelic this is called *Barr-suime*, and means the keeping of stock beyond the stipulated number. In those days, as in these, the office of forest-ranger was an office of high honour, and from the MacNaughtans being hereditary rangers to the Earls of Argyll, they became known as *Forsairean Na Beinne Buidhe*, the foresters of Ben Buie. From their office they were allowed to carry as supporters two roebucks—Gaelic, *Ruadh-bhuic*.

In 1618, Lord Madertie, Viscount Strathallan, and Commendator of Inchaffray, leased to Alexander MacNaichtane of Dundaraw, for a term of nineteen years, and for a rent of £8, the teinds of Kirkmoriche at the head of Loch Fyne.

In 1630, the teinds of Kirkmoriche, leased to MackNaughtane of MackNaughtane, were valued at £166, 13s. 4d.

John, son of Maolcalum Macneacain, was page to James VI., whom he accompanied to England when James ascended the English throne. He was a man of handsome person, and having acquired a fortune, he bought a property in Kintire.

Alexander MacNaughtan was a firm adherent of Charles I., from whom he received a commission in 1627 “with ane sufficient warrant to levie and transport twa hundrethe bowmen” to serve in the war against France. This shows that the bow was still a weapon of war in the Highlands. The requisite numbers were

speedily embodied—the Laird of MacInnon, as a collateral branch of the Clan Naughtan, furnishing his proportion of the “*two hundred and twenty bowmen.*” The men sailed for France with a suitable accompaniment of pipers and harpers; but they were twice driven into Falmouth, “*hettie followit by ane man of warr,*” who, however, seems to have been deterred from coming to close quarters from the strange effect of the “*baggyppers and the marlit plaides*” of the warlike Highlanders!

MacNaughtan was a favourite with Charles II., who retained him at Court, where he was known as Colonel MacNachtan, and who, when he died, buried him at his own expense in the Chapel Royal.

Alexander MacNaughtan was succeeded by John, who in 1689 fought with the gallant Graham of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie—Gaelic, *Coille-chnacaidh* (crackling-wood), probably from the crackling of the broom-pods in autumn; called also *Raon-ruairidh*, Roderickfield. This was a battle in which

“The vanquished rejoiced, and the victors mourned;”

for the gallant Graham, the soul of chivalry, fell to rise no more, and with him the Stuart cause.

Success was more disastrous to the Clan Naughtan than defeat. Being on the wrong side of politics, their estates were forfeited at the Revolution Settlement in 1691. They would seem to have lived at feud with their neighbours in those stirring times, probably from espousing different sides of politics. In 1689 an account of nearly £3000 was sent in to the Government of William and Mary as war indemnity against MacNachtane of Dundarawe and others for removing cattle and other bestials, carried away from Campbell of Loch Goil, commonly called Captain of Carrick.

John MacNaughtan of Dundaramh was married to a daughter of Sir James Campbell of Glenurchai. For the fidelity of the family and clan to the cause of the Stuarts, Charles II. meant to bestow upon him the sheriffship of Argyll, and other dignities and offices. Through Court intrigue, however, the patent never passed the seal, and MacNaughtan never became Sheriff of Argyll—although in some documents he is spoken of as such.

John MacNaughtan was succeeded by his son Alexander, a captain in Queen Anne's Guards, who was killed in the expedition to Vigo in 1702.

Having no issue, the chiefship devolved upon his brother John. This John MacNaughtan was the last of the brave MacNaughtans of Dundaramh. He married Jane, the eldest daughter of Sir James Campbell, the last of the Campbells of Airdkinglas in the direct male line. This old distinguished sept of the Campbells were known in the familiar phraseology of the Highlands as, *MacIain Riabhaich, Aird-chonaghlais*—MacIan the Brindled, of Airdkinglas.

Airdkinglas—Gaelic, *Aird-chonaghlais*—is a point of land jutting into the sea on the south side of Loch Fyne. It is on the opposite side of the loch to Dundaramh

but somewhat higher up. The distance between the two old castles of Dundarrah and Airdkinglas, obliquely across Loch Fyne, is two miles.

The old castle of Airdkinglas consisted of three separate towers, connected together by a thick wall fifteen feet high. In the course of this wall was the main gate of the castle, defended in flank by small round turrets with apertures, and in front by a tower rising above the gate, pierced for arms to resist assailants. Within the walls were smaller buildings, for servants, arms, provisions, and wines.

The old castle was repaired in 1586, but when abandoned is uncertain. The family removed to a new residence in a more commanding situation near the old keep, of which, however, no trace is now left.

The marriage of John MacNaughtan of Dundarrah and of Jane Campbell of Airdkinglas was not propitious. Several versions are given of this marriage, all agreeing in the main, but differing in details. There were eight daughters at Airdkinglas, whose skin was as fair as the driven snow, and as soft as the foam of the stream—whose steps were as stately graceful as the swan of the sea, and whose movements were as free as the deer of the hill. There was one son, but he never came to the property.

The two eldest sisters were warmly attached to John MacNaughtan, who was handsome, brave, and kind. According to the superstitions of those days, and the sentiment of these, it was unlucky that any but the eldest daughter of the family should marry first. MacNaughtan was attached to the second sister, but this was discountenanced by her family, in favour of her elder sister. Ultimately it was agreed that MacNaughtan and the second daughter should marry, and arrangements were made accordingly. The marriage ceremony took place in the evening, and, to mystify matters more, MacNaughtan was plied with wine. Then the second daughter was held back, and the eldest daughter, with a long veil over her face, was brought forward and married to MacNaughtan. It was only the following morning that MacNaughtan discovered his mistake. When he remonstrated against the deception played upon him, Campbell of Airdkinglas told him that it would be unpropitious for the rest of his daughters that any but the eldest should marry first, and that there were too many of them to be sacrificed for the whim of a young man. Moreover, that the eldest, whom he married, was the choicest daughter of the family, although admittedly not the most attractive. MacNaughtan quietly submitted, and took home his young wife across Loch Fyne to Dundarrah.

Another version says that MacNaughtan married the second daughter; but that immediately after the ceremony she was taken away, and her eldest sister substituted for her, which substitution MacNaughtan only discovered the following morning, when daylight dawned upon him and her.

It is impossible at this distance of time to arrive at the actual facts of the case, or who was most to blame in this blameful if romantic transaction. Probably the

more popular, if less accurate version of the tradition, will please most minds as well. It was that which I received as an introduction to the poem when writing from dictation :—

MacNaughtan of Dundaramh married. Though not possessed of a beautiful face nor of a stately form, his wife was endowed with nobility of mind, benevolence of heart, and deftness of hand, that endeared her to all. The two were happy together and in their surroundings, and promised themselves pleasure and joy. Her sister came to visit them. This young lady was exceedingly beautiful and extremely handsome. The endowments of the married would seem to have been reversed in the unmarried sister, whose fairness of face and elegance of form were so singularly fascinating that, like the symmetrically made General Roderick MacNeill, the last of the ancient MacNeills of Barra, no eye gazed upon her without seeking to gaze upon her again. Nevertheless a mystery hung over this fair girl, which no ear could hear and no eye could penetrate. At her birth the aged seer of her father's family prophesied that the helpless infant then in arms would cause more disaster to the MacNaughtan race than were a thousand of their enemies to meet them on the heath

“ All plumed and plaided in battle array.”

Subsequent events verified this prophecy. There was much enjoyment at Dundaramh. Many friends were there, and various entertainments were given. Man contested with man in strength of arm, in dexterity of hand, and in lighthness of limb, while ballad, song, and story were told by old and young. During day brave men hunted the stately stag on the mountain-side, and the bounding roe in the copse-wood glen, and at night fair women sang their songs of love to the voice of responsive harps, while in their dreams fleet-footed hounds chased again the deer.

MacNaughtan and the beautiful girl were much with one another. Unhappily a guilty love grew up between them. The result was, that they fled together from the place, never again to return to loved Dundaramh of the scarlet banners, on the beautiful banks of Loch Fyne.

The forsaken wife was left alone. She was stricken in grief, which sorely weighed her down. Her clustering hair of golden hue in a few days became of ashen grey; while her sparkling eye, her youthful form, and lithesome active step, became those of dreary age and wayworn weariness.

The injured woman tried to soothe her sorrow in songs and in airs of her own composing. The following poem is one of these. It is observable that the wronged wife does not blame the blamable husband. With touching fidelity she passes over him to the sister who used her so ill.

The poem is interesting and instructive, and when sung as it was sung to me to a

weird old air, by my aged friend and kind neighbour, Mrs Livingston, it seemed to my Highland ear touching, pathetic, and beautiful. The singer heard the song from her mother—*sìth g'a h-anam!* peace to her soul!—when she was a young girl. Her mother, who was a MacCallum from Laudal Morvern, was famed as a beautiful singer of old songs, and as an effective reciter of old stories. These old things, however, have passed away with the old people themselves. They are not now heard, or if heard at all, it is only in fragments. In the young days of Mrs Livingston, the people were much given to oral literature of various kinds.

During the long winter nights the old and the young in the farm or townland went a-visiting—Gaelic, *céildh*—to the houses of one another, especially to those of the more famous *seanachais*. Every person present contributed more or less to the evening's entertainment, which consisted of singing old ballads, poems, and songs, telling old stories, traditions, and tales, and asking conundrums, and repeating old proverbs and various other things. No one was idle. If the physical energies were not, the mental faculties were actively engaged, while often both mind and body were at work.

This mode of spending the winter evenings in the Highlands is briefly yet graphically told by Murdoch MacLeod, a living Lews poet, and the author of an excellent poem called "Eilean an Fhraoich"—"The Isle of Heather":—

"Air oidhch' fhada gheamhra'idh, théid teannadh gu gnìamh;
A' toirt eòlais do chlainn, bith' an seann-duine liath;
An nighean a' càrdadh, a mhàthair 'a snìamh;
An t-iasgair le' shnàthaid, a càradh a' lian."

Though probably not a poetic, the following is at least a close rendering of the original:—

"To while the winter night, all will engage;
The instructor of youth is the grey-haired sage;
The daughter's at her carding, the mother's at her wheel,
The fisher mends his net with his needle and his reel."

This, I take it, was teaching of a high order; while the abundant oral literature was pure in tone and elevated in expression.

Why all this healthy, beautiful, and instructive literature should have been decried by religious men, from the days of Bishop Carsewell, three centuries ago, down to our own, seems incomprehensible. To my thinking, their varied oral literature, so chivalrous in its teaching and so generous in its tone; their grand and varied scenery, so romantic and beautiful; and their simple wholesome foods and abstemious habits, combined with their own inherent virtues, have all contributed to render Highlanders what they are.

The reciter, Mrs Livingston, is a respectable, intelligent woman, living alone,

the last of her kindred, in a small cottage near us at Bunawe. She says that she often tries to soothe her loneliness by singing to herself the old ballads, songs, lullabies, and hymns with which her beloved mother used to soothe her own childhood eyes to sleep nearly eighty years ago.

Like my other kindred old friends, Mrs Livingston cannot recall her old lore at will. These sacred things, consecrated to her heart by the associations of the past, come up to her like the faces of her friends of long ago, and cheer her on her lonesome journey onwards.

MACNEACAIN AN DÙIN.

(From the singing of Mrs Ann Livingston, née Macpherson, aged eighty, Bay, Bunawe. Written by Alexander Carmichael, Bay Cottage, Bunawe, 18th September 1884.)

1.

Ged tha 'n oidhche nochd fuar
Och! mo thruaighe gu'r fad ì.
Ged tha 'n oidhche nochd fuar
Och! mo thruaighe, gu'r fad ì.

2.

Ged tha càch 'n an trom shuain
Is beag mo luaidh-s' air cadal.
Ged tha càch 'n an trom shuain
Is beag mo luaidh-s' air cadal.

3.

Cha 'n e cuingead mo ruim,
Cha 'n e cruaidhead mo leapach.

4.

Ach òg ùr a' chùl duinn,
'Chuir an truim-s' air m'aigne.

5.

Bhruadair mi, 'ghaoil, an raoir,
Mì 'bhith 'n aoibhneas do ghlaicabh.

MACNAUGHTAN OF THE DUN
(DUNDARAMH).

(Close translation. No attempt is made at versification.)

1.

Though this night be so cold,
Alas! alas! how long it is!

2.

Though the rest be in sound slumbers,
Oh! small is my desire to sleep!

3.

It is not the narrowness of my space,
Nor yet the hardness of my bed,

4.

But the beautiful youth of the brown cluster-
ing hair,
Who has my heart oppressed, who has brought
me to despair.

5.

I dreamed of thee, love, yestreen,
That I was happy in thine arms;

6.

Fo sgàil a' bharrach chaoin chùbhr',
 { An cluan clùmhaidh do bhreacain.
 { Am laidhe sùmhail 'n a do bhreacain.

6.

Beneath the shade of the fragrant birch,
 In the kindly warmth of thy tartan plaid. }
 So tenderly wrapped in thy tartan plaid. }

7.

Ach air dùsgadh domh a m' shuain,
 B' fhada bhuam thu air airsneal.

7.

But on my awakening from my dream,
 Afar from me wert thou wandering !

8.

A dheadh Mhicneacain an Dùin,
 { O thùr na mùirn 's nam baideal.
 { Nan ainneir ùr-gheal 's nan gaisgeach.

8.

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. }

9.

B' fhearr gu-'m faicinn féin thu
 'Tighinn air thùs na Leacain.

9.

Oh that I but saw thee coming
 Along the front of the Leacáin !

10.

Le d' ghille 's le d' chù,
 'S le d' lùth cheum gaisgich.

10.

With thy servant, and with thy dogs,
 And with thine own noble manly step !

11.

Na'n tugadh airgiod na òr,
 Ort seòladh dachaidh.

11.

If silver or if gold
 Would induce thee to sail home again,

12.

B' fhada dh-aithneadhainn do chùl
 A stigh stùic a Chreachain.

12.

Afar would I know thy noble head
 Coming over the bold crest of the Creachan.

13.

Is math thig boinneid ghorm ùr,
 Air do chùl donn caisleach.

13.

Well becomes thee thy bonnet blue,
 On thy head of hair, brown, heavy, and free !

14.

Is math thig féil' ann an cuaich,
 Air do chruachain ghasd-ghil.

14.

Well becomes thee thy pleated kilt,
 On thy person so stalwart, brawny, and fair.

15.

Is math thig osan mu d' chalp
'S an gartan ùr-dhearg 'g a chasgairt.

16.

Is math thig dag dhuit fo d' sgeith
'S an claidheamh geur, gorm, sgaiteach.

17.

'S oh ! aig cùirm no air raon,
Dealbh mo ghaoil-sa cha 'n fhacas !

18.

An cuala sibh-se bean riabh,
'Chaill a ciall mu 'leannan ?

19.

Mar innis mi breug,
Is mise féin a bhean ud !

20.

Ni mi suidhe bochd truagh,
Fo 'n t-sluagh aig MacCailean.

21.

'S a bhean thug uam-sa m' fhear fhéin,
'S mi gu geur 'g a acain.

22.

Nar a faicear ort bréid,
Latha féille no clachain !

23.

'S nar a faicear do chlann,
'Dol gu teampull baistidh !

24.

Biora sgithich fo d' bhonn,
Talamh-toll fo d' chasaibh !

15.

Well becomes thee thy tartan hose over thy
leg,
And the fresh-red garter binding it.

16.

And well becomes thee thy pistols beneath
thy shield,
With thy blue glaive so brave, sharp, and keen.

17.

And oh ! at the feast or on the field,
The like of my own love never has been seen !

18.

Heard ye ever of a woman,
Who lost her reason for her lover ?

19.

Alas ! if I an untruth do not tell,
I myself am that woman !

20.

I shall sit sad and lonely,
Beneath the people of the MacCailean.

21.

O thou woman who took from me mine own
husband,
And I so sorely grieving for him !

22.

May a kertch never on thee be seen,
On market-day or on church-day !

23.

And never, oh never, may child of thine
Be seen going to the temple of baptism !

24.

Be spikes of thorn beneath thy sole,
And an earth-hole be beneath thy feet !

25.
Boinne-snidhe fliuch fuar,
'Bhith air bruaich do leapach !

25.
May the drip-drop wet and cold
Ever pour on thy bed-stock.

26.
Is mar bhithhear thu fhéin,
'S ann leam féin nach b'ait siud.

26.
And had it not been for thyself,
This, oh ! this were no joy to me !

27.
'S gur goirt an sgeula ri ràth,
Gur i ant-aon mhàthair a bh' againn !
Ged tha 'n oidhche nochd fuar,
Och ! mo thruaighe gu'r fad ì.

27.
And that, sad the story, alas ! retold,
That she was the same mother we had !

The following three verses are in another version of this poem, but not in mine. They, however, seem to me so harsh and unlike the rest of this touching poem, that I only give them in deference to the opinion of others.

24.
Ach 'g an cur fo lic fhuair,
'S iad gu buan fo d' chasan !

24.
But placing them under the cold flag,
And they numerous beneath thy feet.

25.
Leaca-lithe fo d' bhonn,
Talamh-toll fo d' chasan !

25.
May grave-stones be beneath thy soles,
And earth-holes be beneath thy feet.

26.
Boinne-snidhe fliuch fuar,
'Tighinn o bhruaich do mhalaidh !

26.
May the drip-drop so wet and cold
Ever flow from the bank of thine eyebrows.

COUNT DE CALAMBOURG ON THE HIGHLANDERS' COSTUME.

(From 'Notes and Queries,' September 20, 1884.)

AT the present time the dress of our Highland regiments is exciting much attention, and I therefore deem it probable that the following description of the dress of the "Black Watch," shortly after their formation (copied from a French MS. which is attached to two pictures of Highlanders—a private and a piper—drawn by the Count de Calambourg in 1746), may prove acceptable:—

"DESCRIPTION DES MONTAGNARDS D'ECOSSE.

" Les Montagnes d'Ecosse sont d'une etendue Tres Considerable, et Suivant l'opinion generale Commencent un peu au dessus de Perth et S'etendent au Nord et au West [*sic*] aussi loin que la mer veut le permettre: Les habitans de ces Montagnes Sont generalement parlant d'une Stature haute bien faits actifs et hardis. On les accoutume de Leur enfance a endurer la fatigue et à obeir sans replique aux ordres de leurs Superieurs.

" Ils se nourrissent d'une maniere Tres dure; plutot par choix que par necessité car leur Provisions Sont presque partout leur pays a Tres grand Marché. Le Poisson et le Gibier est Si abondant qu'il ne leur coute que la peine de le prendre: Ils ne nourrissent generalement par tout de pain d'avoine de lait de poisson et d'œuffs et se Contentent de peu. Ils ont pour leur boison une Sorte de petite ale qui est Tres agreable et un espece d'esprit qu'ils tirent du grain qu'ils appellent dans leur Langage Usquebaugh qui est le nom qu'on donne Communement par tout L'Europe a ces Sortes de Liqueurs fortes puisque la signification Literaire de ce mot est ce que nous appellons en françois Eau de Vie et Aqua Vitæ en Latin, etc.

" Par rapport aux qualités que les Montagnards ont pour l'Art Militaire ils ne cedent en rien a aucunes autres Nations de l'Europe; Ils sont braves Agiles Capables d'Endurer la peine et la fatigue ils sont Tres soumis et tres dociles tant qu'on en agit bien avec eux. Leurs Habillements a tres bonne grace et n'est pas a beaucoup près Si incommode qu'on se l'imagine communement Leur habit ordinaire est d'une plad¹ d'autour de douze verges qu'ils portent au lieu de manteau, et

¹ Plad est une espece d'habillement commun aux Montagnards d'Eccosse; ils le portent au lieu manteau ce mot se prend aussi pour une etoffe bigarrée dont ils font leurs habits et que se fabriquent en Ecosse.

qu'ils mettent par dessus une veste qui est de la meme etoffe aussi bien que leur bas et leur Culottes qu'ils appellent des brayes de matelats. Ils portent une espece de Souliers minces Semblables a nos Escarpins et ils se Couvrent la Tête d'un Bonnet bleu. Tel est l'habillement ordinaire d'un Montagnard d'Ecosse mais quand ils va a la Chasse ou a la guêrre ils ne porte point de Culottes mais après avoir mit sa veste et son justaucorp il attache sa Plad autour de sa Ceinture d'une telle maniere qu'elle pend jusqu'a Les genoux et c'est ce qu'ils appellent Belted Plad.¹ Ils portent aussi une sorte de poche de peau ou il y a plusieurs Separations qui se ferment toutes par une agraffe a ressort. Il y a une Serrure particuliere a la separation destinée pour mettre l'argent. Ces sortes de poches sont fort en usage en Hollande.

“ Les Armes de Montagnards Sont a proprement parler un fusil leur Pistolets sont entierement d'acier ils les pendent on les mettent dans leurs Ceinture Leurs Sabres qu'ils fabriquoient autrefois dans leur pays ne cedoient en rien aux lames des Espagnolls et des Hongrois. Aujourdhui on la fabrique a la Tour. Leurs poignards qu'ils pendent Aussi a leur Cotés ont au foureau une gaine ou ils mettent un Couteau et une fourchette.

“ Outre les armes offensives ils portoient autrefois une Targe ou Bouclier rond Couvert d'une peau rude, joliment garni de Cloux de Cuivre derriere lequel quoiqu'il fusse d'une tres petite grandeur l'adroit Montagnard pouvoit de cette maniere Se mettre si bien a Couvert qu'il etoit tres difficile a son adversaire de l'atteindre mais Comme les boucliers ne conviennet pas a la discipline Militaire qu'on pratique aujourdhuy on les a retranché et les Montagnards ont prit a leur place un Bâyonette et une gibiciere à Cartouche qui sont les seules choses qu'il paroît qu'ils ayent emprunté a la Discipline Angloise.

“ Le temps nous aprendra si ces changements dans leurs Armes aura le succes qu'on S'en est promis.

“ Ces Troupes de Montagnards qui sont a present en Angleterre etoient autrefois des Compagnies independantes qui etoient d'autour de trois cents hommes Chacune on endonnoit le Commandement a ceux des Gentilhommes Montagnards qui paroissoient les plus affectionés au gouvernement present et qui adheroient le plus fortement au dessein qu'on Setoit proposé en levant ces Compagnies qui etoit de tenir les Montagnards dans la soumission.

“ On en a ensuite formé un Regiment qui fut donné au Comte de Crawford et de Lindsey et qui est le même qui est aujourdhuy Commandé par my Lord Semple.

“ Quelque puisse etre le dessein qu'on Se propose en les envoyant de l'autre Coté de la mer tous Ceux qui fâiront attention à leur adresse a faire tous leurs exercices a la dureté naturelle de leur Constitution. Se formeront aisement une idéé avantageuse de la maniere dont ils se conduiront en Allemagne et doivent etre per-

¹ Ce mot ne peut Se rendre en françois d'une maniere intelligible.

suadés qu'on ne les regardera pas avec moins de respects qu'on a regarde jusqu'a present leurs Compatriots quoy qu' habilles differemment."

I trust that the foregoing description, although rather long, may find a place in the columns of 'N. & Q.' as it is quaintly written, and evidently gives with frankness the opinions entertained on the subject by the unknown writer, who, for all we know to the contrary, may be Count Charles de Calambourg himself. It is given with all its curious errors, grammatical and orthographical.

R. STEWART PATTERSON,
Chaplain H.M. Forces.

HALE CRESCENT, FARNHAM, SURREY.

BURIAL OF A DUKE, A MARQUIS, AND AN EARL OF ARGYLL.

(From '*Depredations on the Clan Campbell,*' &c.)

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 2d March current, relative to your inquiries respecting the Argyll family, I beg leave to inform you that I was well acquainted with one Andrew Brown, a near relation of my own, with whom I had many conversations about occurrences that passed in his lifetime. He was nearly 104 years of age when he died, having been born in the parish of Inverchallen on Easter-day 1674, and was buried at Dunoon, Christmas 1777. He told me he remembered well the arrival of the Marquis of Athol in the county of Argyll, and the cruel ravages he there committed on the inhabitants. How the heroic Mrs Campbell of Dergachy, in the parish of Kilmun, when her husband's property was plundered by the troops of Athol, followed to the camp, on the borders of the district of Lennox in Dumbartonshire, when she was delivered of a son (in the camp), who was christened John, after the Marquis. No sooner was the Marquis informed of the circumstance by the doctor and chaplain, than he gave strict orders that every attention should be paid that the situation of the lady required; and on her recovery, the property was restored, with which she returned to Dergachy House; and her memory has often since been celebrated in Gaelic song.

Andrew Brown also stated that he (Brown), along with the numerous vassals or military tenantry of Argyll, had been summoned according to the common form used on such occasions to assemble there, in order to accompany the remains of Archibald, first Duke of Argyll, and those of his father and grandfather, to the place of interment at Kilmun.

Archibald was created Duke by King William III. in 1701, and died at New-castle on his way to Scotland in 1703. On his remains being brought to Edinburgh, they were joined by those of his two predecessors—Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, and Archibald, ninth Earl, who had been deposited in the family vault of the Marquis of Lothian at Newbattle since their execution in 1661 and 1685. From Edinburgh they were carried to Dunglas, a place situated on the banks of the river Clyde, about four miles from Dumbarton. Here a suitable entertainment was provided for the numerous company who attended ; after which the remains of the Marquis and Earl were shown, their heads properly disposed in their places in the coffins. This ceremony having ended, the remains of these three illustrious personages were put on board of a principal barge, decorated with suitable devices. They sailed down the Clyde, 27th day of June 1703, with the numerous attendants arranged under their various chieftains ; and the procession was closed by a band of national musicians playing high martial airs.

The Highlanders were at this period an unmixed people, attired in their native garb, all using the same language as well as uniformity in dress. As they passed Dumbarton Castle, the fortress saluted with minute-guns. The day was fine, and the declining sun shone beautifully on the scene. Having at length arrived at Kilmun, the burying-place of the family of Argyll, and having performed the usual ceremonies on such occasions with all due solemnity, the three were interred in the mausoleum of their ancestors.

Archibald, the third Duke of Argyll, who died at London in 1761, and is buried at Kilmun, is the tenant of the first coffin to be seen above-ground.

This Andrew Brown, who lived in the reign of seven princes, was in the parish church of Inverchallen, when a messenger from Inverary, hearing the orders of William III., entered, and forced Mr M'Arthur, the Episcopal clergyman, from his pulpit, and locked the church door. None of that persuasion in the Highlands could be prevailed upon to acknowledge King William ; and the Massacre of Glencoe, committed by his knowledge and authority, in 1692, has thrown a stain on his reign and memory in the eyes of posterity. I have every reason to believe that the communication above stated is correct ; and should you think it of any consequence, you may use it in your intended publication in such way as may appear to you proper.—I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN BROWN.

EDINBURGH, 13th March 1816.

TRAVELLING IN ARGYLLSHIRE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,

SHOWING ALEXANDER CAMPBELL THE THANE'S PERSONAL AND TRAVELLING
DISBURSEMENTS IN 1591.

THE following extracts from Cosmo Innes's 'Thanes of Cawdor' is of interest as a record which throws considerable light upon the expenses of a gentleman travelling through Argyll in the days of James VI. :—

“ xxi day of September being Tysday.

Item giffin to the gall boyis wyfe in Innerreray for your denner in meit	v s.
Item fyve quartis aill	vij s.
Item ane quart wyne	xij s. iiij d.
Item thrie muskingis aquavitye	xv s.
Item giffin to the gardiner for the peiris and plowmis he brocht unto yow in that hous	ij s. iiij d.
Item giffin to the puire ther	xxvij d.
Item giffin to the ferrioris for taking yow to Doundaraw fra Innerreray	vj s. viij d.

xxij day of September being Wednesday in Doundaraw.

Item giffin to the portar ther	vj s. viij d.
Item giffin to the woman that maid your bedis ther	vj s. viij d.
Item to the cuik ther	vj s. viij d.
Item to the boyis that ferreit owir out of Doundaraw	v s.
Item giffin in Lochgyllisheid to the puire	xvj d.
Item to the men of the boat that come with yow to the Carrik out of Lochgyllisheid	xij s. iiij d.
Item giffin to the boy that ye send out of Doundaraw to Lochgyllisheid to provyd ane boat for yow	vj s. viij d.
Item to ane boy of your awin ye send bak to Doundaraw for the venesone, to be his expenssis to Striveling	vj s. viij d.

xxiiij day of September being Fuiresday in the Carrik.

Item giffin ther in the Carrik to the portar	vj s. viij d.
Item to the men of the boat that came with your servandis to Camsranniche	vj s. viij d.

xxiiij day of September being Fryday in Dounnone.

Item your boyis supper upone Fuiresday at evin, being four boyis iij s. iiij d.

xxv day of September Satterday.

Item giffin in Downone to the servand woman that maid your beddis in John Dowis hous vj s. viij d.

Item giffin to the gudvyfe of the hous for four quartis aill and twa queyt braid brocht to your chalmer viij s.

Item giffin to the ferrior of Finlestoun for ferreing Alexander and your háill boyis ij s.

Item to the ferrior of the wattir of Levin iiij d.

Item your collatioun in Downbartane that nycht Satterday at evin in Johne Boquhannanis hous, ane point of Spenis wyne x s.

Item ane quart aill ij s.

Item ane queyt braid viij d.

Item giffin to Donald Campbell my Lordis chalmer boy that he geve to Grenokis boy that came with the hors to the ferrie syd vj s. viij d.

xxvj of September being Sunday.

Item giffin to yourself in the morneing in the kirkhaird to put in your nepiking end to the puire ij s.

Item your collatioun that nycht at evin upon Sunday in that same hous, ane point wyne Sak x s.

Item ane quart aill ij s.

Item ane queyt braid viij d."

ORAN AIR EALASOID CHAIMBEUL.—A SONG TO
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

BY MARY MACKELLAR.

(Translated by "D.")

A RIBHINN òg is boidhche snuadh, Mar ròs am bruaich 's a mhaduinn dhriuchd, Is t'anail chaoin mar ghaoth a Mhàigh, A' seideadh thar nam blàithean ùr.	YOUNG maiden of loveliest complexion, Like a rose in a bank on a dewy morning, Thy breath is like a May wind Blowing over fresh flowers.
Gur dualach bòidheach do dhonn-fhalt, Na luban cas mu d' cheann a sniomh, S do mhuneal tha cho bian-gheal àillt, Ri eala bhàn is stàtail triall.	Lovely is thy brown hair Encircling thy head in curly tresses, And fair and beautiful is thy neck, Like the white swan of stately movement.
Do shùilean mar lannir nan séud, No drillse ghloin nan reultan séimh, 'An guirmead, an t'lath, 'us an aoidh Tha iad mar aghaidh chaomh nan neamh.	Thine eyes are like the sparkling of gems, Or the bright gleaming of the mild stars ; In blueness, softness, and kindness They are like the gentle face of the heavens.
Do bhilean mar shirist nan craobh, 'Am milsead, an caoinead, 's an liomh, 'S do bhriathran tha cho sèimh a rùin, Ri osag chiùin na gaoithe 'n iar.	Thy lips are like the cherries of the trees In sweetness, delicacy, and colour, And thy words are as gentle, my love, As the mild breeze of the west wind.
Mar thorman alltain bhig a ruith 'S an t-sàmhradh theth 'am beinn an fhraoich, Tha leadan àigh do mhànrainn ghrinn, A' sileadh binn 'o d' bhilean gaoil.	Like the purling of a streamlet running In hot summer in a heathery ben, Are the delightful tones of thy refined prattle, Flowing sweetly from thy beloved lips.
O ainnir òg nam mìle buadh, Gur binn leam 'bhi ga d' luaidh 's an dàn ; Is osag mi a bhean do 'n fhliùr, 'S bheirinn a chùbhraidheachd gu càch.	Young maiden of a thousand virtues ! I delight to mention thee in song ; I am a breeze that has touched the flower, And I would convey its fragrance to others.

Dh'innsinn mu uaisle na séud,
 Mu ghrinneas a bèus, 'us a gniomh,
 A còmhradh mar smeòrach an coill,
 'S a cridhe farsuing, caoimhneil, fial.

O ribhinn òg nam mìle buadh,
 Ainglean ga d' chuartachadh gach ré
 Ga d' chumail mar lili geal ùr,
 Ri soills' fo'n driùchd 's a mhaduinn chéit.

Is ged a thuiteadh neoil mu d' chéum,
 Cumsa do réis mar a ghrian,
 No ghealach chiùin an ciabh na h'oidhch,
 Nach cuir an aois air chall 'na triall.

Biodh beannachd nam bochd air do
 cheann,
 Is biodh ùrnaigh na 'm fann mu d' chéum,
 An subhailc na d' bhean uasal àrd,
 Is tu na d' bhàn-rìghinn ann am béus.

I would tell of the nobleness of the gem,
 Of the grace of her manners and actions ;
 Her converse is like a mavis in a wood,
 And her heart large, kind, and generous.

Young maiden of a thousand virtues !
 May angels surround thee at all times,
 Preserving thee like a fresh lily
 Gleaming 'neath the dew in a May morn-
 ing !

And should clouds gather round thy head,
 Keep thou thy course like the sun,
 Or like the mild moon in the lock of night,
 Which age will not cause to stray from
 her path.

Let the blessing of the poor be on thy
 head,
 And let the prayer of the feeble be around
 thy footsteps ;
 In virtue be a high-toned lady,
 And in manners be a queen.

THE BROOCH OF LORNE.

SINCE the account of the Brooch of Lorne, given in the Dunstaffnage papers, passed through the press, the Editor is enabled, by the courtesy of Miss Campbell of Bragleen, to correct it in some particulars. From the taking of Gylen Castle in 1647, the brooch remained in the possession of the Bragleen family of Campbells for nearly 200 years. After the death of the late Major Campbell of Bragleen, General Campbell of Lochnell, one of his trustees, acquired the brooch by an agreement with the family, and presented it to Macdougall of Dunollie at a county gathering in 1825.—See also Beattie's 'Scotland Illustrated,' vol. ii. p. 91.

THE CAMPBELL AND SUTHERLAND TARTANS.

(From Logan's 'Scottish Gael.')

CAMPBELL.			SUTHERLAND.						
$\frac{1}{8}$ -inch.	Colours.	$\frac{1}{8}$ -inch.	Colours.	$\frac{1}{8}$ -inch.	Colours.	$\frac{1}{8}$ -inch.	Colours.		
4	blue	8	black	The Earl of Braid-alban and his clan wear the following pattern:	$5\frac{1}{2}$	blue	1	black	
1	black	8	green		1	black	8	green	
1	blue	1	black		1	blue	8	black	
1	black	2	yellow		1	black	1	blue	
1	blue	1	black		2	blue	1	black	
8	black	8	green		1	black	8	blue	
8	green	8	black		1	blue	8	green	
1	black	1	blue		1	black	1	black	
2	white	1	black		1	blue	8	green	
1	black	1	blue		7	black	8	black	
8	green	1	black		$\frac{1}{2}$	yellow	8	blue	
8	black	4	blue		11	green	1	black	
8	blue	This is worn by the Duke of Argyll and the Campbells of Lochaw.	$\frac{1}{2}$		yellow	1	blue	1	black
1	black		7		black	1	black	8	blue
1	blue		6		blue	8	black	8	black
1	black		1	black	8	black	8	black	
8	blue		1	blue	8	green	8	green	

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Campbell, (Lord) Arch
Records of Argyll

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