

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XIII.

1886-87.



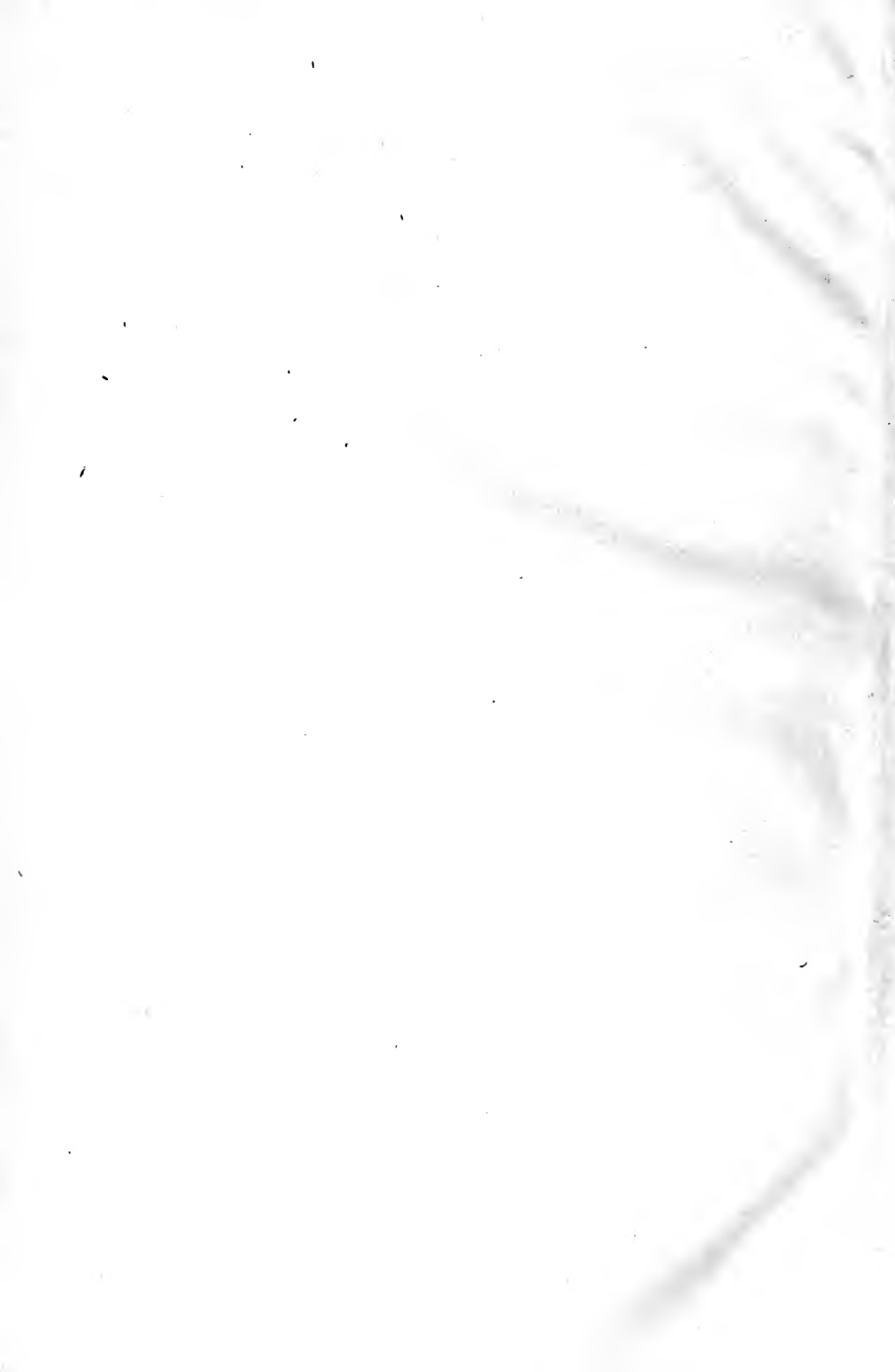
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OF INVERNESS.

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1886-87.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailean a Cheile.

PRINTED FOR THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS,
AT THE "NORTHERN CHRONICLE" OFFICE ;
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1888.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1886

CHIEF.

R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar.

CHIEFTAINS.

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Bailie Mackay.

Councillor Stuart.

John Whyte.

LIBRARIAN.

John Whyte.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Maclellan.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1887

CHIEF.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh.

CHIEFTAINS.

Sir Henry C. Macandrew.

Alex. Mackenzie, Silverwells.

John Macdonald.

HON. SECRETARY.

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SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

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MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

William Gunn.

Alex. Macbain, M.A.

Bailie Mackay.

Bailie Stuart.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie.

LIBRARIAN.

John Whyte.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Maclellan.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	2	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

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

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

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

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

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

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Pìobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

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

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION.

THE Publishing Committee of the Council expected to put this, the 13th Volume of the Gaelic Society's Transactions, into the hands of the Members at least as early as last year's Volume, but they have to plead in excuse of the delay that has occurred the great number of difficult papers which are published in this Volume, and which required careful revision and proof-reading on the part of all parties concerned in their publication. The size of the Volume is about the same as the sizes of the last two Volumes which have been issued, and it is hoped that the work will not be found in any respect less interesting. The number of papers which contain original documents—the raw material of history—has been well kept up, while those which present original research will be found to possess, on the whole, the interest and importance of any previous papers. The Volume records exactly one year's transactions; it begins with the Annual Assembly on the 8th of July, 1886, and ends with the 11th May of 1887.

We have to mention with regret the loss sustained by Gaelic literature and scholarship in the death of the Rev. Dr Clerk of Kilmallie. He died on the 7th February of last year, quite unexpectedly and suddenly; in fact, he was engaged a week or two before in advocating and defending the teaching of Gaelic in schools. Dr Clerk was seventy-three years of age at his death. He was a native of Upper Lorn, and he studied in Glasgow University. After being assistant to the famous Dr Norman Macleod, and after filling one or two other parish pulpits, he finally settled in Kilmallie in 1844, where he remained till his death. He was married to Dr Macleod's daughter. Dr Clerk was, by connection and by turn of mind, bound to be a Gaelic scholar; and such, indeed, he was. He is, we may say, the last of the great

Gaelic scholars of the old school—truly in that sense *ultimus Romanorum*. In him the older scholarship found its ripest and latest exponent. His monumental work—the *Ossian* of 1872—is the high-water mark of that scholarship, presenting its literary and critical powers at their best. Of his numerous contributions to the periodicals that dealt with Gaelic literature, from the *Cuairtear* down to *Life and Work*, whose Gaelic department he himself edited, it were too long to speak in the limited space of this preface, but we must not omit to mention his edition of his father-in-law's Gaelic productions in the form of *Caraid nan Gaidheal*, a work which lays every Gaelic-speaking person under a deep debt of obligation to him. Over him we might write the line from his own favourite *Ossian*—

“Thuit e le beus 'san ùir.”

Since last we presented our volume to our members little has appeared in the way of books connected with the Highlands. Mr Lachlan Macbean has added a second part to his “Songs of the Gael,” and a little work by Mr Cromb details the story of “The Highland Brigade: Its Battles and its Heroes,” in a popular and pleasing way. Though book literature is scanty, the periodical literature is even more vigorous than ever. “Nether Lochaber” still sends his chatty papers on Gaelic lore and northern science to the *Inverness Courier*, and the *Northern Chronicle*, *Scottish Highlander*, and *Oban Times* devote much space to Gaelic and to Highland history and antiquities. The *Scottish Celtic Review* is, we fear, extinct, but its editor, Rev. Mr Cameron, contributes his learning to the pages of the *Scottish Review*. The *Celtic Magazine*, now under the editorship of Mr Macbain, an active member of our Society, has taken up a truly Celtic position, and, in combining scientific with popular matter, attempts to make up for the loss of the *Scottish Celtic Review*. At the present time, Professor Mackinnon is publishing in the *Scotsman* his series of Monday lectures to the Celtic class at Edinburgh on “Place Names and Personal Names in Argyle.” The Professor is to be congratulated on the happy way in which he places the facts of dry philologic science,

and the results of researches into history, before the public. Professor Mackinnon's lectures form the most important contribution to the scientific study of Scottish Gaelic that has appeared in recent years.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's work on "Studies in the Topography of Galloway" might almost be considered a Gaelic work. It is an important contribution to the study of Gaelic topography. Some other works of general Gaelic and Celtic interest that have appeared within the last sixteen months may be mentioned. Professor Stokes' book on "Ireland and the Celtic Church" is a popular and accurate account of early Irish history and Christianity, and newly to hand comes Miss Margaret Stokes' excellent little manual on "Early Christian Art in Ireland." Few have a better right to treat of this subject than Miss Stokes. And the Stokes to whom Celtic linguistic science owes most of all has not been silent, for Dr Whitley Stokes is unremitting in writing on Celtic philology, and in editing Celtic texts. His latest book is the first part of a new edition and translation of the old Irish glosses at Wirzburg and Carlsruhe. In the second part of the second volume of Windisch's *Irische Texte* he has edited the story of Deirdre, as found in the Glen Masan MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The pages of the *Revue Celtique* and one or two German periodicals have also contained contributions from Dr Stokes. Professor Zimmer has written some important papers on the heroic literature of Ireland and Scotland. They appeared also in Germany, and more especially in the *Zeitschrift* for Comparative Philology. Many others have written on Celtic philology and antiquities, notably M. D'Arbois de Jubainville in the *Revue Celtique* upon landed property among the Celts, but it would exceed our limits even to mention the names and papers.

Much has been said and written upon the teaching of Gaelic in schools, but as yet little has been done by the Education Department. Even the Gaelic Schedule has not yet been issued. In regard to the teaching of Gaelic in the junior standards, we are sorry to see from the latest blue-book that the Highland Inspectors are still opposed—bitterly and unreasonably—to the teaching of

the language in schools, and to testing the children's knowledge and intelligence therein. We fear that the Highland Minute is not enough to appreciably affect even the difficulty of expense, let alone intelligent teaching of English and Gaelic. The restriction of the Gaelic-speaking pupil teacher to the teaching of the infants and lower standards practically shuts out male teachers, and, as a consequence, is scarcely even a half remedy, should it be taken advantage of. The whole question of Gaelic teaching, and of the supply and education of teachers for the Highlands, is one that must at once, earnestly and thoroughly, be grappled with.

The Gaelic Society of London early in 1887 mooted the idea of a conference of Gaelic *savants* to consider the question of uniformity in Gaelic spelling and other matters of educational interest, but the conference has not yet taken place. The Societies in the South connected with the Highlands have been very active throughout the year, and much money has been given in bursaries and Jubilee prizes. The Highland Society of London is pre-eminently honourable in this respect. We are sorry to say that the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee has not been commemorated by any great bequest from some public-spirited citizen, or citizens, for the advance of studies in Gaelic literature and antiquities, or in forming, as was suggested, a society or fund to publish the many ancient MSS. lying in the Edinburgh and other libraries, the publication of which would throw such light on the history of the Gaelic language and the Gaelic race.

INVERNESS, *New-Year Time, 1888.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Office-bearers for 1886 and 1887	v.
Constitution	vi.
Introduction	xi.
Fifteenth Annual Assembly—Speeches by Rev. Dr Stewart, “Nether-Lochaber:” Mr Duncan Campbell, and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.	1
Forms of the Verb in Scotch Gaelic—Mr W. J. N. Liddall .	
Sutherland Place Names—Mr J. Mackay, C.E., Hereford .	43
Fifteenth Annual Dinner—Speeches by Provost Macandrew, Mr John Macdonald (Dingwall), Mr William Mackay, Mr James Barron, Mr A. Macbain, M.A., Mr Alex. Mackenzie (Silverwells), Mr Duncan Macdonald, Mr George J. Campbell, &c.	50
Sgeulachd air Sir Uallabh O’Corn, with English Translation —Rev. Mr Campbell, Tیره	69
<i>Minor Mahlandt. Septs Vol.</i> The Macdonells of Barisdale—C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. }	84
Popular Tales—Mr A. Macbain, M.A.	103
The Clava Cairns and Circles—Mr George Bain	122
Unpublished Letters by Simon Lord Lovat—Mr William Mackay	135
Church and Social Life in Badenoch in Olden Times—Mr Alex. Macpherson	178
—The Waulking Day—Mrs Mary Mackellar	201
Reports on Highland Parishes (1749)—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart.	218
The Picts—Provost Macandrew	230
Deirdire—Mr Alex. A. Carmichael	241
Lochaber Place Names—Mr Colin Livingstone	257

	PAGE
Ossianic Ballads, collected by the late Rev. Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh—Rev. Alex. Cameron	269
Unpublished Gaelic Songs—Rev. Dr Stewart, “Nether- Lochaber”	301
The Caledonian Canal and its Effects on the Highlands— Mr Alex. Ross	313
Language as an Index to Character—Professor Mackinnon	335
Honorary Chieftains	355
Life Members	355
Honorary Members	355
Ordinary Members	357
Apprentice Members	363
Deceased Members	363
List of Books in the Society’s Library	365

ERRATA.

Page 89, line 40—For “son” read “nephew.”

Page 271 (Foot-note)—For “Ben-e” read “Beinn Eadair, the Hill
of Howth, near Dublin.”

Page 353, line 3—After “page” read “50.”

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Fifteenth Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness was held in the Music Hall on Thursday evening, 8th July. Owing to the public excitement over the burgh election, the attendance was not so large as on former occasions. Rev. Dr Stewart, Nether Lochaber, occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh; Mr R. B. Finlay, Q.C.; Sir Robert Peel; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Mr Charles Innes; Rev. Gavin Lang, West Parish Church, Inverness; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Queen Street Free Church; Rev. Father Bisset, Stratherrick; Mr W. Mackay, solicitor; Mr Campbell of Kilmartin; Bailie Mackay, Inverness; Mr Alex. Macdonald, Portree; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr Mackenzie, Church Street; Mr Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; Councillor W. G. Stuart, Castle Street; Mr Gunn, draper, Castle Street; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Mr G. J. Campbell; Rev. Mr Macintyre, Boleskine; Mr Arch. A. Chisholm, Procurator-Fiscal, Lochmaddy; Mr D. Mackintosh, Treasurer of the Society; Mr John Macdonald, supervisor, Dingwall; Mr Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary; Mr Smart, drawing-master, and others.

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Treasurer, in the absence of the Secretary, intimated letters of apology for unavoidable absence from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Professor Blackie; Mr T. D. Wallace, High School; Mr James Clunas, Nairn; Major Rose, Kilravock; The Chisholm of Chisholm; Mr Mackenzie, younger of Kintail; Rev. L. Maclachlan, Glasgow; and others. Mr Mackintosh also read the following telegram from Mr W. Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society, addressed to the chairman, from Edinburgh:—“Buaidh is piseach air a' chomunn.”

Dr Stewart, who was received with loud applause, said he thanked them very much for the kind reception accorded him, and he could assure them that he was exceedingly proud to occupy the position of chairman at this, the fifteenth annual re-union of the Gaelic Society. While coming up the Canal on Wednesday, at Fort-Augustus he met on board the steamer a boy with a bundle of newspapers in his hand, and as a matter of course he asked him if he had the *Courier*. With a look of doubt, intermingled with amusement, the lad said no, but he had the *Northern Chronicle*. Well, he said, *Mur e Bran's e bhrathair*, and he immediately put himself in possession of a copy. The *Chronicle* was a very excellent paper. Well, on opening that distinguished journal, his eye fell upon a paragraph which partly related to himself. It referred to the meeting of the Gaelic Society, and intimated that Rev. Dr Stewart was to preside and give one of his characteristic addresses. Having read the paragraph, he handed the paper to a gentleman beside him, who, with a twinkle in his eye, turned round and put the question what was characteristic of his (Dr Stewart's) addresses. He thought he had the best of it, but he (the Doctor) was not easily beat. His reply was that the characteristic of his addresses was brightness and brevity. A very good friend of his had met him that morning, and asked what he was doing at Inverness, to which he answered that he had come to enjoy himself, and, if he possibly could, assist in promoting the enjoyment of his fellow Highlanders. He was of opinion that no man, whether priest or clergyman, whether living like his friend, Mr Bisset, in Stratherrick, or, like himself, in Nether-Lochaber, was doing what was right, and wise, and well, if he was not enjoying the sunshine of this life himself, and helping other people to do so. There were two things which he thoroughly detested. He disliked politics exceedingly, but there was nothing he disliked more than polemics. The ways of politicians were sometimes nasty enough, but they were not half so disagreeable and nasty as those of the polemic. So good were the clergy at snarling, quarrelling, and back-biting at each other, that they constantly reminded him of the immortal terrier referred to by the late Dr John Brown of Edinburgh, who describes the animal as walking along Princes Street with a look of satisfaction with the whole concerns of this life, yet whose expression, when examined carefully, gave its master the idea that its happiness was detracted from because it could never get enough fighting to do. There were many politicians, and not a few clergymen, like Dr Brown's terrier—they were inveterately fond of fighting. He need make

no apology for occupying the chair that evening. There were certain stiff people who might ask how he, a parish clergyman of the Church of Scotland, could reconcile his conscience with presiding over a gathering like this, where there was so much of what might be called light speaking, dancing, and singing. Did he think that consistent with his duty as a clergyman? It was all very well, they might say, for other gentlemen of distinction to occupy the chair which he now occupied, but why should he, a clergyman, bring discredit upon himself and upon the Church by taking that position? His reply to such critics, if such there were, was simply this—that the chair was, not many years ago, occupied by a clergyman of higher distinction than Nether-Lochaber, viz., by Dr M'Lauchlan, Edinburgh, a leading clergyman of the Free Church. If it was consistent with the duty of that excellent divine to preside at the re-union of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, it could not be unbecoming for Nether-Lochaber to render his humble service in the same capacity. Fifteen years ago he was present at the inauguration of their Society, but he could well remember being present at the second annual meeting. He could assure them that the Society had been the means of accomplishing a vast deal of good throughout the length and breadth of the land. When the Society was first inaugurated the study of Celtic literature, Celtic philology, and Celtic antiquities was confined to a few people—one here and one there—but since its formation the whole land seemed to have been inoculated with a love for Celtic literature, with a love and appreciation of Celtic music and of Celtic folk-lore. The fact of the matter was that, go where they liked into any company, and if they spent an evening with any intelligent people, the chances were a hundred to one that Celtic literature, Celtic music, or Celtic folk-lore formed part and parcel of the conversation before the evening was brought to an end. The Society had done a great deal of good in this direction directly, but he did not refer merely to the excellent Transactions of the Society, of which he had a very handsome volume, containing the transactions of last year, then before him. Not only the Society but its individual members had also done a great deal of good directly as individuals. He saw the excellent work of the Society in the influence which it brought to bear upon literary people and antiquarians throughout the country. Within the last year or two Lord Archibald Campbell published a magnificent volume called the "Records of Argyll," a work in which he was assisted by many coadjutors, both in Inverness-shire and Argyllshire. Lord Lorne had at present

done him (Dr Stewart) the honour of sending him down a very voluminous collection of old manuscripts, which his lordship was most anxious should be published, and if published he could assure them that they would prove extremely interesting. Alluding to an admirable volume of Celtic music, with annotations, published by his friend and namesake—Mr Charles Stewart of Tighnduin—Dr Stewart said that if people set themselves to study certain questions in certain directions, in an honest, earnest way, it was simply marvellous the success which met their endeavours. One of the most celebrated bards was Alexander Macdonald, Ardnamurchan, and he (Dr Stewart) thought he had known everything about this man, who had lived 150 years ago. But yet, within a very recent time, his friend, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, perfectly astonished him, because he leaped over his head, and went to the Presbytery of Mull, and demanded a sight of their ancient records. Mr Mackay succeeded in bringing forth quite a large volume of fresh facts of the life and works of this very celebrated Celtic bard. And what was done for Alexander Macdonald of 1745 would in a very short time be done by Mr Mackay for another celebrated bard, whose name was immortal—the celebrated Ian Lom, of Lochaber—and to whom his friend, the excellent member for the county of Inverness, had, with the generosity of his Celtic heart, erected a magnificent monument. It was to be hoped that Mr Mackay would be enabled to throw light upon the history of Ian Lom, who lived 100 years before the time of the Ardnamurchan bard. A request by Mr Mackay in reference to this matter came before the Presbytery of Abertarff, of which he (Dr Stewart) had the honour of being Moderator, only last week, and he had the great satisfaction and pleasure of proposing to the Presbytery that Mr Mackay should have ready access to all their oldest records, wherever and whenever he pleased. Dr Stewart, in conclusion, said there was only one thing to which he desired to direct the attention of the Society. They knew that there was a very curious circumstance in connection with the pipe music of the Highlands of Scotland. There was the very remarkable fact that a story or legend was connected with every individual tune. Most of them probably knew the legends connected with Macrimmon's Lament and the Pibroch of Donald Dubh, and other interesting legends. They had all individual tales of immense importance attached to them. He would suggest to the Society that he should take Lochaber, and that some other members should take their own corner—their own individual locality—for the purpose of picking up well-known pipe tunes, and

ascertaining their history, the legends connected with them, so that they could be all published in one volume. He believed such a work would be exceedingly pleasant in the execution, and extremely valuable when accomplished. He would not detain them any longer, but again assure them that he was exceedingly proud to occupy the chair that evening.

The following programme was then gone through :—

Oran Gailig—"An t-Eilean Muileach".....	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN.
Scotch Song—"The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell".....	Mr PAUL FRASER.
Oran Gailig—"Och mar tha mi".....	Miss HUTCHESON.
Scotch Song—"Jessie's Dream".....	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN.
Sword Dance—"Gille-Calum".....	Piper KENNETH MACDONALD.
Scotch Song—"The Scottish Blue Bells".....	Mrs HOOKER.
Oran Gailig—"Moladh na Landaith".....	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN.
Scotch Song—"The Blue Bells of Scotland".....	Mrs HOOKER.
Dance—"Highland Reels".....	OGANAICH GHAIÐHEALACH.

Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary, who made a short speech in Gaelic, said :—Fhir na Caithreach, a Bhain-tighearnan, agus a Dhaoin'-uaisle—Cha chum mi ochd mionaidean na h-uaire sibh, o cheol 's o oran 's o chrithealas is fhearr no a th'agamsa ri radh. Tha e na cleachda aig a choinneimh bhliadhnail so gu 'n labhair fear eigin a bheag no mhor ann an Gailig. Cha 'n e mhor ach a bheag a gheibh sibh bhuamsa. Tha 'n cleachda a dh'ainmich mi ceart gu leoir, agus is coir a chumail suas, ged theagamh air uairean nach tuig darna leth a chruinnichidh aon lide de'n Ghailig; ach chaidh na daoine coire a bha cur surd air gnothach na h-oidhche so ceum air seacharan, dar dh'iarr iad ormsa an la roimhe—'s cha ghabhadh iad diulta—an deagh chleachda a chumail suas an nochd. Bha mi cho fada air falbh a tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach, 's gu 'n do chinn mo theanga Ghaelach cho meirgte ri seann ghreidlein. Tha e 'n diugh na 's fhasa dhomh cainnt mo mhathar a sgrìobhadh na bruidhinn. Agus air-son aobhar eile a dh'inneas mi dhuibh, feumaidh mi, le'r cead, a bhi an aghaidh mo thoil an nochd, coltach ris na ministearan a leughas an searmoinean. Ged tha cuimhne mhuisin agam air-son briathran dhaoin' eile theid mo bhriathran fein troimh chriathar farsuinn; ach an deigh sin thig na daoine a bhios a cur leabhar bliadhnail a chomuinn so ann an clo-bhualadh ag iarraidh na thubhairt mi fhaotainn ann an sgrìobhadh. Faodaibh sibh fhaigh-neachd c'arson nach toir luchd nan litrichean-naigheachd a' Ghailig a bhan ann an sgrìobhadh-goirid coltach ris a Bheurla. Is beag de luchd-litrichean-naigheachd an Taobh-Tuath aig a bheil eolas idir air cainnt an t-sluaigh, agus cha'n urrainn am beagan aig a

bheil a Ghailig a toirt a bhan anns an sgrìobhadh-ghoirid a cheann nach 'eil na comharran a tha freagarrach air-son na Beurla freagarach idir air-son cainnt nam Fiann. Bu cheart dhuinn aire a thoirt mu'n nì so, agus, ma's urrainn dhuinn, a chuis a leasachadh. Tha Ghailig a nise a teannadh ri ceann a thogail as ur. 'S ann aig Clann uan Gael fhein a bha moran de'n choire gu 'n deach eucoir riamh a dheanamh oirre. Nach 'eil cuimhne agam dar bl a claignonn eich ann an cuil an taigh-sgoile agus dar a bhiodh sin ri shlaodhadh aig an sgoileir a bhruidneadh Gailig taobh-stigh nam ballachan! Tha da chainnt aotrom ri ghiulan agus feumail an iomadh doigh. Cha mhor an diugh de'n oigridh Ghaelach nach tuig 's nach bruidhinn Beurla. Tha sin gu math, ach thoireadh iad aire gu'n ionnsaich iad cuideachd cainnt nan gleann a leughadh agus a sgrìobhadh. Cha'n eagal mu'n bhruidhinn, cha'n eagal theagamh, mu'n leughadh; ach cha'n eil oigridh nan gleann ag ionnsachadh cainnt nan gleann a sgrìobhadh mur bu choir dhaibh. Ma tha gille og anns an fhichead a sgrìobhas i gu ceart sgiobalta, 's e sinn uile e. Tha mi 'n dochas gu'n seall luchd-riaghlaidh sgoilean, parantan, agus clann agus Comuinn Ghaelach, mu'n nì so 's gu'n leasaich iad e. 'S an linn so tha sochairean ionnsaichidh aig oigridh na Gaeltachd nach d'fhuair an aithraichean. An aite an sgoil a bhi aig an dorus 's ann a b'abhaist do mhuinntir nan gleann a chlann a chur a bhuachailleachd a dh'ionnsuidh na mach-araibh, chum gu'n ionnsaichidh iad Beurla; agus gu dearbh bi sin a Bheurla chearbach. 'S an am 's an robh Uilleam agus Mairi a rioghachadh air Breatunn agus Eirinn 's air an Olaind, bha fear ann an Gleann-Liomhunn, ris an abradh iad "Bodach na Cloinne." Cheann gu'n robh pailteas Beurla aige, bha 'm bodach toiseach gach samhraidh a dol do'n Ghalldachd, agus thairis air Iomachar na Banrighinn, a null do Londaidh le treud chloinne, a bha e suidheachadh an seirbheis feadh nan tuathanach. Ach deireadh an fhogharaidh rachadh am bodach a rithisd a thrusadh na treud, agus bheireadh e dhachaidh iad. Bliadhna eiginn thainig e dhachaidh le sgeul gun do theich da ghiullan a bha 'n seirbheis aon mhaighstir an aite sonruichte, agus gu'n deach iad air bord soithich a bhuineadh do 'n Olaind a thug air falbh iad do na h Innsean Shios. Cha d'innis am bodach gu'n do reic e na giullain ri sgiobair an t-soithich, ach an ceann thri bliadhna thainig an dithis air ais, gu slàn, fallain an deigh dol timchioll an t-saoghail. Dh'innis iad an eucoir a chaidh dheanamh orra, agus chaidh an sin "Bodach na Cloinne" fhuadach as an duthaich. Cha b'ann gun dragh 's gu'n chunnart, mata, a bha an oigridh Ghaelach ag ionnsachadh beagan Beurla anns na laithean o chian. Ach c'arson a bhithinn ga'r

cumail na b'fhaide o nithean math a tha romhainn. Nach eil sinn gu sona, cairdeil, comhladh, an t-Ollamh Urramach a Iochdar Lochabar s' a chaithir, agus gach fuaim agus comhstri a tha cur na rioghachd troimh a cheile aig an am so, taobh a mach an doruis? Nach fhaod sinn air an oidhche so, co-dhiu facail na sailm ud a chantainn :—

“ O feuch cia meud am maith a nis,
Cia meud an tlachd faraon,
Braithrean a bhith nan comhnuidh ghnath
An sith 's an ceangal caoin.”

'S e 'n sith 's an ceangal caoin braitheireil sin neart agus gloir Comunn Gaelach Inbhirnis, agus gach comunn eile collach ris.

The remainder of the programme was then gone through, and was as follows :—

Scotch Song—“ O' a' the Airts.. .. .	Mrs HOOKER
Oran Gailig—“ Mnathan a' Ghlinne ”	Mr PAUL FRASER
Scotch Song—“ Hail to the Chief ”	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN
Oran Gailig—“ Gu ma slan a chi mi ”	Miss HUTCHESON
Humorous Scotch Recitation—“ Scotch Words ”	Mr HOOKER
Oran Gailig—“ Lochnagar ”	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN
Song—“ The Crooked Bawbee ”	Mr and Mrs HOOKER
Dance—“ Highland Fling and Reel o' Tulloch ”	OGANAICH GHAI DHEALACH

The vocalists, without exception, acquitted themselves extremely well. Miss Maclachlan was in good voice, and in Gaelic as in English, elicited very hearty applause. Mrs Hooker gave a very expressive rendering of “ O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,” and that exquisite song “ The Crooked Bawbee,” was very nicely sung as a duet. Miss Hutcheson rendered her Gaelic songs with her accustomed sweetness. Mr Paul Fraser appeared to most advantage in his Gaelic song, which was sung by request. The dancing proved a very popular feature of the programme.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., said a pleasing duty had devolved upon him in moving a vote of thanks to the speakers and performers that evening. In regard to the performers, it was unnecessary for him to say a word. They had all acquitted themselves admirably. As to the speakers, they were indebted to Mr Campbell for the very interesting address which he had delivered ; and in regard to the Chairman, what should he say about him? There was no man in the Highlands who had been the source of greater pleasure and instruction than their Chairman that evening. They were all proud of him. They all knew of his most active life, and if other Highlanders would only follow his example, they

would, perhaps, be able to make a better place in the world than they were so far able to do. He alluded, in conclusion, to the references made by Dr Stewart to Celtic bards and Highland pipe-music tunes, and pointed out that there were gentlemen upon the platform who would be able to contribute their quota from their localities upon this interesting subject. Dr Stewart told them that he left home for the purpose of enjoying himself, and he (Mr Fraser-Mackintosh) was sure the audience had obtained much of their enjoyment from the pleasant way in which he had conducted the meeting. He might conclude with the well-known Gaelic line in regard to Dr Stewart, "Gu ma slan duit gach ait an teid thu."

Dr Stewart replied, and the assembly thereafter terminated by the audience joining in singing the National Anthem.

15th DECEMBER, 1886.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date. The hon. secretary read a letter from Mr William Mackenzie, resigning the office of secretary, in consequence of his appointment as secretary and principal clerk to the Crofters Commission. The meeting accepted Mr Mackenzie's resignation, and desired to record the Society's appreciation of his valuable services to the Society during the long period for which he acted as secretary.

There was then read a paper by Mr W. J. N. Liddall, Advocate, Edinburgh, on the "Forms of the Gaelic Verb." Mr Liddall's paper was as follows:—

AN ANALYSIS OF THE FORMS OF THE VERB IN SCOTCH GAELIC IN RELATION TO OLD IRISH.

PREFACE.

The conjugation of the verb in Scottish Gaelic is of much interest, alike for historical as for linguistic reasons, when its relation to Irish is examined. A comparative study of old Irish is, as might be expected, essential to make the history of the Celtic verb intelligible, as developed by the Goidels on the other side of the Channel. Philology can lend no slight assistance to psychology, and *vice versa*, and, from this point of view, the verb is probably the most important department. In the present case, this observation will not, I think, appear unjustified. I have, it should be explained, adopted the arbitrary distinction of using the term

“Gaelic” to denote exclusively *Scottish Gaelic** (for which Scottish might have served *still*, had it not now been appropriated for a Teutonic dialect). Brevity is my only excuse. “Irish,” of course, serves to indicate the Goidelic language of Ireland, distinguished by its three epochs of Old, Middle, and Modern. I have not ventured to discard any of the terms of the ordinary Gaelic Grammar, although they are in many cases untenable from a philological point of view. Under disguise of new names, it will appear that—much as Scottish Gaelic has been worn down by the use of centuries—there still survive venerable forms, of which it may be truly said, *Gnìomh'ran làithean nam bliadhna dh'aom.*

W. J. N. L.

Moira, County Down, Sept., 1885.

Since writing the above, I have been able, by a visit to Counties Cork and Kerry, to make some comparison of the two dialects as spoken.

W. J. N. L.

11 Royal Crescent,
Edinburgh, Nov. 30th, 1886.

THE GAELIC VERB.

The conjugation of the verb in Scottish Gaelic exhibits now but one uniform type, the uniformity of which may be described as being almost mechanical. Here and there, it is true, ancient forms survive in isolation, like rocks whose harder material or accidental position has preserved them lonely, in a surface otherwise reduced to one dead level by the disintegration of geological forces. These forms—few in number—occur chiefly amongst the verbs styled “irregular”—some ten in number—but their preservation is fortunate, as they immediately attach themselves to the earliest forms of Irish, and so, of Indo-European conjugation.

This tendency to uniformity in conjugation—in Gaelic so developed—is simply obedience to a familiar linguistic psychological law. Thus, for instance in English, the “weak” past has been superseding the “strong;” “helped” has displaced “holp” and “holpen;” “climbed” has suppressed “clomb.” In a similar manner in the French language the tendency has been to make the

* There should be but one Goidelic Grammar, in which the dialectal varieties of Argyleshire or Ross-shire should have no greater prominence than those of Munster, and should be noted as are the Doric or Aeolic peculiarities in a Greek Grammar. Further, it will be seen that Gaelic in Scotland has altered but little during the last four centuries.

conjugation in *er* predominate, just as in Italian. Verbs, belonging to different conjugations in Latin, are made to conform to the first (in *a*, a comparatively late formation), so that "*habemus*" appears as "*abbiamo*." But Scottish Gaelic has not fallen into an absurdity which Irish has not escaped, namely, that of combining two distinct tense-formations in one verbal form. Thus the Middle and Modern Irish preterite *tanacús* consists of an old reduplicated perfect, from which has been formed again an *s*-preterite. In the same way the English past, "slept," is an old "strong" past, upon which has been superimposed the formation of the "weak" past.

The forms of the verbs in Gaelic, and their usage, can be made intelligible only by a comparative study of Old Irish. It is true, indeed, that in the former we meet with applications of forms through processes of specialization and differentiation skilfully resorted to, which we do not find so developed in Irish, yet a brief study serves to convince that their beginnings are to be found even in the latter, and that any apparently new development in Gaelic has its parallel, if not its immediate origin, in the ancient dialect.

In Gaelic, synthetic and analytic forms stand side by side in marked contrast. Thus, *bhithinn*, I would be, is as synthetic as Latin *essem* or Greek *ἔϊεν*, whilst, I have been, is expressed by such an analytic mode as, *tha mi air bith*, literally, I am after being.*

With the exception of some few forms, so synthetic as *bhithinn*, referred to in the last paragraph, where the pronoun is incorporated with the verb, yielding a compound as "fixed," to use a term of chemistry, as *sum* in Latin, † the inflections of any tense consist of a form identical for all persons of both numbers, to which is added the respective pronoun—the forms of the pronouns, it is well to note, being identical with those given in Modern Irish as Accusative, and distinct from the Nominative. The verbal part is seen, on examination, to be a finite form and corresponding to the third person of the singular in Irish. Thus, the future of *cuir*, to put, is inflected thus:—

Sing. 1. Cuiridh mi.	Plur. 1. Cuiridh sinn.
2. Cuiridh tu.	2. Cuiridh sibh.
3. Cuiridh e.	3. Cuiridh iad.

* In the North of Ireland, County Down for instance, where Irish cannot have been spoken for a long time back, the English speaking people still use this Irish combination quite commonly, *e.g.*, I am after walking, I have walked. In the Highlands of Scotland, the same expression is heard.

† Dr Skene is too sweeping when he says that in Scottish Gaelic "the analytic form is alone used, there being no inflections for persons or numbers."

Here the termination *dh*, standing by Gaelic phonetic law for *d*, is simply the *t* of the third person of the corresponding (*b*) future in Irish, and is, of course, identical with the *t*, characteristic of the third person singular in Indo-European, as, for instance, in Latin *ama-t*.

This will be found to be the usual method of inflection. Thus, in the tense known in the grammars as future passive (really a present), the same process is observable. Thus, from *buail*, to strike, the tense in question is:—

Sing. 1. Buaillear mi.	Plur. 1. Buaillear sinn.
2. Buaillear thu.	2. Buaillear sibh.
3. Buaillear e.	3. Buaillear iad.

If we turn to Old Irish, we shall find that this method is already extensively used. For there in the Passive it is the third person (of both numbers) alone that has a special form. The first and second persons are supplied by taking the form of the third person, and indicating the effective persons by the enclitic form of the pronoun attached to a verbal particle, or to the preposition, if the verb is a compound one. Thus, from the third personal form, *berar*, the first person is formed, *nom berar*. In Modern Irish the same method exists, the respective pronoun following the verbal part in its Accusative form; thus, from *mol* there is formed *moltar me*. *This idiom is really an impersonal use of the verb.*

A comparison may not inaptly here be made with the Passive of Latin conjugation, which is really a Middle in origin. The *r* of the above Gaelic form *buaillear* is identical in origin with the characteristic *r* of Latin Passive. It is actually a Middle formation, and occurs only in Slavonic, Latin, and Celtic, *r* being the reflexive pronoun *se*. Now, in Latin as in Gaelic, *se* is adopted for every person, thus:—

S. 1. amor = amo-se.	Pl. 1. amamur = amamus-u-se.
2. amaris = amasi-se.	2. (a special form; Partl.)
3. amatur = amat-u-se.	3. amantur = amant-u-se.

This adoption of *se* in Latin for all persons seems an exact parallel to the Gaelic use of the form of the third person for all persons.

This use of the form of the third person for all the persons is only part of a wider principle, in virtue of which the verb is used *impersonally*, a use extensively prevailing even in Old Irish. There we find even a form of the Substantive verb used impersonally, as *con-dum-fel*, that I might be (where the *m* of *dum* is the pronoun). In Gaelic composition an impersonal use of the verb is a favourite one, especially when graphic and vivid writing is aimed at.

THE PRESENT INDICATIVE.

Gaelic Grammars recognise no simple present, except in the case of the Substantive verb. It will appear, however, that forms assigned to, and discharging the functions of, other tenses are really presents, and are even occasionally used with that signification. The Substantive verb will be examined in detail later on, but its present falls to be noticed here. It illustrates the simplest method of forming the present in the Indo-European languages, namely, by the unmodified root being combined immediately with the pronouns, as, for instance, is seen in such Sanskrit verbs as *asmi*, *asti*, and in Greek *eimi*. The present of the Gaelic Substantive verb is inflected thus (if we can say "inflected") :—

Sing. 1. Tha mi.	Plur. 1. Tha sinn.
2. Tha thu.	2. Tha sibh.
3. Tha e.	3. Tha iad.

Tha, which stands for *ta*, represents the root *sta* (*s* in initial *st* in Gaelic disappears, compare *teck*, house, Greek *stêgōs*). French has adopted the same root in the conjugation of its substantive verb, as *être* is equivalent to *stare*.

In the analysis of the Indo-European verb, we find that the verbal part was placed first, the pronoun being appended thus, Sanskrit, *asti* (Greek, *esti*; Latin, *est*; Gothic, *ist*), signifies *be-he*. This collocation Gaelic still preserves, not only as seen above in* *tha mi*, where the nominative is a pronoun (so enclitic are these pronouns in this case that in Manx, for instance, *mi* in writing coalesces with the verb, and appears simply as *m*), but also where the nominative is a noun, the verb invariably precedes, as *Thainig Iain*, *John came*.

In no other case, save in the substantive verb—*tha mi* and *is mi*—does a Gaelic grammar recognise a simple present. The present in other cases consists of the substantive verb with the Gerundial noun of the particular verb, governed by a preposition.

In two places in Gaelic conjugation appears what is, as far as form is concerned, the bare root, namely, in the preterite, and in the tense called by the grammars "Future of the Negative Mood." The present identity in the case of the former with the root is accidental, in the latter case it will be seen that the tense is in origin not a future but a present, and is even occasionally used as such.

* The theory which identifies nominal and verbal stems might be considered here.

PRETERITE INDICATIVE.

It will be convenient under this head to consider the verbal particles. In Irish these were three in number, namely, *no*, *ro*, and *do*, each of which had certain tenses it might precede and so modify the meaning. Of these three particles, *no* (which may be compared with the *nu* which forms a praesential base in Sanskrit, parallel to Greek formations like *deiknūmi*; Latin, *jungo*; English, *stand*) does not survive in Gaelic; *ro* (identical with Latin *pro*), survives,* in disguise however, in only two verbal forms, *robh* and *rinn*,† although it is in common use as a particle intensifying the signification of an adjective, thus, *mor*, great, *ro-mhor*, very great; while *do* is still in regular use as a verbal particle. The use of these particles suggests the similar usage of the Sanskrit particle *sma*, converting a present into an imperfect, as well as the usage of the augment in Sanskrit and Greek. In Latin, again, for instance, a preposition is often found affecting the time-force of a verbal form, as may be seen probably in such a grammatical conjugation as *taedet, pertuesum est*.

As far as modern Gaelic grammar is concerned, there is only one tense of the past, but, like the Greek aorist or the Latin perfect, and the Old English preterite, this tense may fulfil more than one function. Not only is it an aorist, but it is also a perfect, and even a pluperfect‡ in meaning. The result of this want of time-distinctions may be noticed when a Highlander, imperfectly acquainted with English, says, for instance, I was, where the English idiom demands, I have been.

The formation of this past tense is invariably (except in the case of the ten "irregular" verbs and the substantive verb) effected

* In the Book of Dean of Lismore *char = cha ro* is found; so *gur* is probably Irish *co ro*.

† The following forms in the Book of the Dean of Lismore shows the effect of the lost *a* on the preceding syllable—*royve, roif, roygh, roye, reym, reive*. The present pronunciation of *rinn* clearly represents the *o* of *ro*. Compare also *roynissi, ronimir*, forms occurring in the book of the Dean of Lismore. So in Old Irish, *ro* often became *roi* under the influence of the syllable of reduplications, as *adroi gegrannabar—persecuti sunt*. Subsequently, when the reduplication was lost, the origin of this *oi* was not appreciated and it was treated as the tense diphthong *oi*; thus *ro leblaing*, he leaped, is written *roiplaing, roeplaing, raeplaing* (*Windisch*). Compare with those the forms in Gaelic of *robh*, just cited. Compare also *oi in do-rói-gu, doroeagu, doráig*.

‡ It is used even for a pluperfect subjunctive, in the same way so far as mood is concerned, that Horace says *dederam* for *dedissem*. Its equivalence both to an aorist and a perfect is noticed in an Old Irish surviving MS.—*confil linni hisind óin sech, a file leosom indibsech*. *Sg. 160b*.

apparently by taking the bare root preceded by the verbal particle *do* and appending the personal pronouns. Aspiration of the initial consonant of a root is produced by the particle. When the verb is used in an affirmative *independent* sentence, that is, when what the grammars call the "affirmative mood" is employed, the particle *do* may be, and generally is, omitted,* provided the verb begin with a consonant. But the aspiration naturally remains; thus from the root *seas*, to stand, the past tense is *do sheas mi*, or usually *sheas mi*. The tense is inflected thus:—

Sing. 1. sheas mi. †	Plur. 1. sheas sinn.
2. sheas thu.	2. sheas sibh.
3. sheas e.	3. sheas iad.

But if the root begin with a vowel, the particle is not omitted, as otherwise there would be no distinction between it and the "Future of the Negative Mood," for aspiration could not possibly be effected. The aspiration, however, is thrown back on the particle, and the vowel elided. The principle is phonetically somewhat the same as is seen when the Greek base *trich-* has for nominative *thrix*. Thus the past of the verb *innis*, to tell, is *dh'innis mi*. A root with initial *f* has come to be treated as if it were one beginning with a vowel, thus, the past of *fan*, to stay, is *dh'ghan mi*. Thus the use of the particle *do*, the object of which was originally to modify the time-distinction (as it may still be traced in Gaelic in certain tenses which have not the particle, in cases where the only explanation is one that points to a time-modification as the cause), has now come to be simply to aid an economy of formations.

Such is the apparent process of the formation of the past tense in Gaelic, and at first sight it would seem to be a parallel one to that of the second or simple aorist in Greek, which consists of the bare root, the augment being prefixed and the pronouns appended, as in such forms as *ebalon*, *etupon*. In reality, however, the origin is as follows:—The form corresponds to the third person of the "composition" form of the same tense ‡ in Old Irish,

* In the book of the Dean of Lismore, the use of *do* with all verbs is very general. In reference to this, I should like to say, once for all, that while I accept the general accuracy of the parts published by the labours of Drs Skene and Maclauchlan, I would by no means subscribe unreservedly to the *literal* accuracy of the transcription.

† The form seems more synthetic in the phonetic spelling of the book of the Dean of Lismore, as, *heym* (= *chaidh mi*). Manx shows the same in some tenses.

‡ That is, the S-preterite.

which, like all the compound forms of the verb, was shorter than those characterising the conjugation of the simple verb, and in this case the termination was lost entirely. Thus, the third person singular present of the verb representing the same root that yields Latin *fero* is *berid*, but if a compound—as, for instance, with the preposition *do*—is used, the corresponding person is *do-beir*. In modern Irish the first person of this past has still the termination (formative) *-as*,* and the other persons are inflected (except the third person singular). Gaelic, however, according to the prevailing idiom, has adopted the third personal form for all the persons throughout. Doubtless, at one time, the termination, although lost, would “infect” the vowel of the root, but in Gaelic now in form it is invariably identical with the root.

Such is the description of the formation of the past tense in Gaelic now universally prevailing. The exceptions, happening in the cases of the ten irregular verbs and the substantive verb only, are survivals of the most venerable forms in Indo-European conjugation.

To illustrate these ancient forms, a glance at Old Irish is essential. In Old Irish there were three past formations, namely, an S-preterite, a T-preterite and a perfect formed by reduplication, the reduplication syllable being either intact, or contracted, or entirely lost.

The T-preterite, which has been absorbed in later Irish by the S-preterite, is formed probably by means of the root *dha*, and so this tense would be identical in formation with the *weak* past of the Teutonic verb, the explanation of which is set forth so clearly in Gothic, as, for instance, in the form *nasidêdum*. The T-preterite of Old Irish survives in a solitary case in Gaelic, namely, *dubhairt mi*, I said. This is very clear, if we compare with it the Old Irish T-preterite, *asruburt mi*, I said, the root *beir* being common to the two forms, the prepositions only being different. It is likely, of course, that the first person in the Gaelic, *dubhairt mi*, is, according to idiom, the form of the third person used throughout, but in Irish, *t* was of course characteristic, and entered into every person. The Irish is inflected thus:—

S. 1. asruburt.	Pl. 1. asrubartmar (deponent form).†
2. asrubirt.	2. asrubartid.
3. asrubert, -bart.	3. asrubartatar (dep. form).

* In the book of the Dean of Lismore the full termination in *s* is found in the first person.

† This deponent form occurs in the book of the Dean of Lismore, as *hugssmir*.

Modern Irish has adopted the formation of the S-preterite for the first person, *dubhras mi*, but retains the T-formation in the third person.

The S-preterite is much more common. It is doubtless formed by means of the root *as*, to be (Latin, *esse*), and so this past can be equated with the Greek "first" aorist, the Latin "perfect" in *-si*, and with the corresponding Sanskrit formations. In Modern Irish this is the usual past. In Gaelic this form does not survive in appearance.* It really, however, is the formation from which the regular past in Gaelic has descended, for, as we have seen, the third person of this tense has, in its composition form, lost its termination in Irish, and this third person (in form in Gaelic identical now with the root) supplies all the persons of the Gaelic past tense.

We have now to trace in Gaelic the remains of a perfect of reduplication, the existence of which is demonstrated by Old Irish. In Gaelic grammar there are ten verbs, classed as "irregular," because they do not conform to the one uniform type of conjugation now known. To these in consistency must be added the substantive verb. It will appear, however, that the so-called "irregular" verbs are the remains of ancient tense-formations, and an examination of these verbs throw light on the principles which underlie the one uniform type of modern Gaelic conjugation. In the present instance we shall be able to trace the perfect of Old Irish. The preterite of the Substantive verb (in the "Affirmative Mood,") is *bha* in Gaelic; in Old Irish it was *ro ba*. Thus, in Gaelic the verbal particle is lost, and the phonetic result *bha*, survives. The form of the "Negative Mood" is *robh*, but so completely is the origin of *ro* in *robh* obscured, that instead of *cha robh mi*, I was not, sometimes is heard, *cha d' robh mi*. The form *robh* is identical with Old Irish *ro ba*; and its pronunciation *rō* gives to the ear no trace of the verbal part, except perhaps in the lengthened vowel. *Bha*, then, is the reduplicated perfect of a root in *u* (Sanskrit, *bhu*; Greek, *phuo*; Latin, *fui*; Old Irish, present, *bíu*, and in the Gaelic *bu*). *Bha* corresponds to Sanskrit *babhūva*.

Of the other ten irregular verbs, the following have, as the past tense, forms which are etymologically reduplicated perfects:—

Cluinn, to hear; past tense, *chuala*. In old Irish the form is the same, *ro chuala*. It is a reduplicated perfect from a root in *-u*, identical with Sanskrit *çrū* and Greek *klūō*. *Cluinn* is a

* The first person singular in *s* is frequent in the book of the Dean of Lismore; *dí rijneissi*, *dí varwiss*.

strengthened praesential base, but it has been adopted throughout, except, of course, in the past, owing to its origin.

Faigh, to get; past tense, *Fhuair*. The Old Irish form is *fuair* (*fu* = *ar*).

Ruig, to reach, and *Thig*, to come, have as past tense a form from a common root.* *Ruig* has *rainig*, and *Thig* has *thainig*. Old Irish has *ranac* and *tanac*, which stand respectively for *ro* + *anac* and *do* + *anac*; *anac* is Sanskrit *aname*, from a root *anc*. Modern Irish, striving for uniformity, has developed the anomalous preterite *tanacús*—a combination of two past formations.†

Faic, to see; past tense, *chunnaic*. The old Irish form is *conacca*, or, with one preposition only, *acca*. The latter form is adopted by Gaelic as the form of the "Negative Mood," with the addition of a prosthetic *f*.‡ The *f*, however, is only for the eye in the case of the preterite used negatively, as it is lost to the ear in the combination *cha-n fhaca*. As the verb will be fully explained when its other tenses are noticed, it is enough to say here that *acca* stands for *ath* + *ca*, § and *conacca* for *con* + *ath* + *ca*.

With this form, *conacca*, care must be taken not to confound *condarc* (modern Irish, *ro chonnarcas*) of the same meaning, but from the root which yields Greek *edrakon*, Sanskrit *darç*.

Rach, to go; past tense, *do chaidh*. This is the old Irish, *do* + *choad*, || the third person of which is *dochoid* or *chuaid*. The past tense of this verb in the "Negative Mood" (carefully to be distinguished as being from another root) is *deachaid*. It is also a perfect by origin, being the Irish *dechad*. At first sight it might be taken to be the same as *do chaidh*, the form of the "affirmative

* The root is *ak*, *ank*. It appears in Sanskrit *acnomi*, to pervade; Greek *hikneomai*, *hikanos*. In Gaelic it appears as *ic*, as in *ruig*, *thig*. In Irish in composition with *con* (as *conicim*) it means to be able, and compare English colloquially, "to come at anything." Celtic has preserved in the Red. Perf. original *a*. Greek, *ēnegkon*, is identical.

† A species of "Contaminationsbildung."

‡ This *f* occurs in some forms of the same verb in Irish: thus *dianus faccassa*—*cum eum viderit*. Dr Skene, calling this *f* the digamma, says it is not known in Scottish Gaelic; the present instance is a sufficient refutation.

§ Root is *kaç*, as in Sanskrit *caksh*, with which may be compared Greek *paptainō*. The Gaelic gerund *faicsinn* occurs also, exhibiting the *s* of the root; in old Irish it is *acsin* (*D. do acsin*). Here *s* results from the assimilation of *s* of root and *t* of termination. [In Irish *thiu tu*, *tio* of Latin *tio-n*.] Gaelic grammars distinguish gerunds in *-sinn* and those in *-tinn*; it is, however, the same formative.

|| Compare a root *kvad*, *kud*, as in Sanskrit *cuḍ*, old Norse *huat-r*.

mood." But in *deachaidh** the first syllable is radical, and is not the particle *do*. This is clear from such a form as *dodeochaid*, to be met with in old Irish.

Beir, to bear; and *tabhair* (a compound of the same root), to give, have their past tenses—perfects by origin—derived from a common root, the prefixes being different, precisely like *rainig* and *thainig*, the past tenses of *ruig* and *thig*. The past of *beir* is *rug*, while that of *tabhair* is *thug*. The forms in old Irish were *ruc*, standing for *ro + uc* and *tuc* for *do + uc*.†

These, then, are the forms that survive in Gaelic, remnants of the ancient reduplicated perfect. The remaining two "irregular" verbs have as their preterite forms, which, as already explained, come respectively under the *s*- and the *t*-preterites of old Irish; they are *rinn*, ‡ past of *dean*, and *dubhairt*, past of *abair*.

FUTURE.

Old Irish exhibits several future formations. One of these is known as the *b*-future, and Latin coincides with Celtic in the possession of this future, which is of much more recent origin than the usual futures of Sanskrit and Greek. In Latin "*b*" is the characteristic letter of this formation, hence the name (e.g., *ama-bo*). The future-formative is a present form of the root *bhu*, to be, and a wider reference will be subsequently made to the relations subsisting between present forms and future-meaning. Here, as a comment on this Latin and Celtic future, may be noted the Oscan future formed by the aid of the root *as*, to be, thus—*dide-st* is equivalent to *dabit*.

In old Irish the characteristic of this future is *f*, just as in Latin we find such a form as *fuio*, as contrasted with *ama-bo*. The third person singular in Irish was, in *-fid*, added immediately to the root. In Gaelic *f* has disappeared even to the eye, and, while in modern Irish it is still preserved in writing, it is frequently lost in pronunciation. In accordance with phonetic law, Gaelic has

* Compare the Irish forms of the same verb, as seen in *ar na dich*, *dig = ne veniat*; *con-dechais*, and *digsid*.

† The root is the same as that of *rainig* and *thainig* (Zeuss p. 504):—"*Ic, ig (sive potius ac, of praeteritum), radix verbalis, simplex non usitata, ann particulis ro et do compositi varias formas producent roic, ric, tic, fluctuantes inter significationem verbi neutri (venire) et activi (asequi, attingere.)*" In *rug* and *thug* the root is in composition with another preposition, which produces *u* as the phonetic result.

‡ See Note, page 16.

aspirated the final *d* of the *fid*.* This form of the third person is then used for all persons, the respective pronouns being added. Thus, *cuir* forms its future :—

- S. 1. Cuiridh mi.
 2. Cuiridh tu.
 3. Cuiridh e.

- Pl. 1. Cuiridh sinn.
 2. Cuiridh sibh.
 3. Cuiridh iad.

Other futures, perhaps, survive in one or two of the irregular verbs, but, as this is uncertain, it will be considered in the sections assigned to those verbs later on.

It may be appropriate here to notice a usage of the future in Gaelic, as it is the converse idiom of that which explains the ordinary future of the "Negative Mood," really a present, as well as the future of certain of the irregular verbs—present by origin—namely, the idiom of a present form for a future. But in the usage referred to where Gaelic employs the future, English has the present. When an action or state is represented as being habitual or uniform, involving such an idea as that expressed by the term law of nature, for instance, then Gaelic uses the future, thus, *eiridh a' ghrian*, the sun rises, literally, will rise. In contrast to this idiom, is the use of the Greek aorist known as the gnomic or iterative aorist. The Greek mental state is calmer; an event has happened indefinitely often, the inference is that it will happen again, the uniformity of nature is involved. The Celt is eager and anticipates; without hesitation he declares that a specified event will take place. Mid-way between these idioms is that adopted by English which uses the present to describe a customary † or uniform action, *e.g.*, the sun rises. The three points of view are really complementary of each other.

FUTURE OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

Such is the name given in the grammars to a Gaelic tense. It must be understood clearly that, while the use of both the terms "future" and "subjunctive" may be justified, the formation involves

* It should be noted that the future of Gaelic is identical in form with the third person singular of the present in Irish, and this, with other facts in the Gaelic future (negative and of the irregular verbs), might base an argument for such an origin, but I consider the argument for connecting it with the Irish future stronger. If there were not abundance of other evidence, the two forms—*tigfeit*, *gaufeit*—of the Book of the Dean of Lismore would be fairly conclusive. Dr Skene derives from the Irish present.

† Old Irish, as Modern, has special "consuetudinary," tenses, distinct formations.

no modal element* and may not be a future by origin. There is but one form, namely, the root with the termination—*es* (or *eas* if required by phonetic law, it being understood that *e* in *eas* is not organic as might be supposed). Thus from *tog* is formed :—

S. 1. togas mi.	Pl. 1. togas sinn.
2. togas tu.	2. togas sibh.
3. togas e.	3. togas iad.

On the other hand the verbs *cuir*, *buail* from *cuireas mi* etc., *buailleas mi*, etc. It is to be noted that this form in the case of verbs beginning with a vowel (or *f*) has the verbal particle *do* prefixed, unless one of the conjunctions *ni*, *mur*, *nach*, *gu*, *an*, or *am* precede. Here then we see that while the retention of this particle has no effect save one of euphony, traces of its origin as indicating a time-distinction, are not entirely lost. The same remarks apply in the case of the tense known as the preterite of the subjunctive.†

Origin of this form.—In Old Irish in the third person singular and plural of certain tenses, a special form exists which Zeuss has named the “relative form.” In the singular this form ends in *s*,‡ thus the “relative form” (singular) of *carim*, for instance, is *carfas*. The Gaelic “Future of the Subjunctive” must most probably be traced for its origin to this “forma relativa,” either of the present, or, perhaps, of the future, or a confusion of both;§ the disappearance of *f* characteristic of the future is quite regular and actually happens as we have seen in the case of the future itself.

Usage of this form in Gaelic.—It is only found after a relative (including the adverbial relative), which, as in English, is often understood, or after the conjunctions *ma*, *if*, *o* (*o'n*), since. But the name “forma relativa” would ill describe it, for it has developed a signification much wider than its Irish ancestor. In Gaelic it indicates potentiality, capacity, or fitness, and is the exact equivalent of the Latin conjunctive in such a sentence as, *Non est idoneus qui hæc faciat*. Thus in Gaelic, *cha-n i sin a' chainnt a ruigeas an cridhe*, that is not the language to touch their heart,

* Gaelic, like Modern Irish, has no subjunctive mood. Old Irish has, the formative part being *a*. It is thus parallel to Latin *reg-a-m*. It will be seen that Gaelic under the imperative has a remnant of this true subjunctive mood.

† In the book of the Dean of Lismore, *do* is in this case found regularly before all verbs.

‡ The origin of this form is obscure. Ebel looks upon the *s* (plural is in *te*) as the remains of a demonstrative pronominal adverb. The suffixed article of Norse might then be analogous.

§ A species of “Contaminationsbildung.”

literally which can touch their heart. The idea of potentiality involved in this tense would point to a connection of this form with the "relative form" of the future rather than of the present, when the idiom of the future used to describe a customary or habitual and therefore characteristic action is remembered. It corresponds to the scientific idea of potential energy. The following further examples are instructive—*mu na h-uile ni a shaoileas iad*, concerning everything they can think of; *cuin a bhuaileas mi*, when shall I strike? literally, what is the time such as that I shall strike at? (here *a* is the adverbial relative); *an uair a bhnaileas mi*, whenever I shall strike.* This form is used after *ma*, if; the distinction between it and the present indicative similarly used being represented thus—*ma bhithas e = ean e* and *ma tha e = ei estin*.

It will thus be seen that this tense, which has clearly no modal element in its anatomy, is not inaptly termed "future of the subjunctive," if we understand how the name is applicable. The connection in any case of the future with the subjunctive is a familiar one in grammar, inasmuch as futurity and contingency are related ideas. † This connection is illustrated by the equation of the usage of Greek future indicative and of the Latin conjunctive, while Greek recognises no future in the conjunctive mood. Again, the resemblance in Latin, in the third and fourth conjugation of the future and the conjunctive is suggestive, and it is to be remembered that for *audiam*, *audibo* was once said.

The origin of the termination of Irish "forma relativa" is obscure; various theories have been expressed.

PRETERITE OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

This is the name given to a tense which, like the "Future of the Subjunctive," contains no modal element in its formation. The term, however, is sufficiently accurate from a practical point

* Additional instances of use of this tense—*Cha dean iad ach na bhios ceart*; = Gr. *hoti an ē dikaion*. *Co a leughadh*; *Quis legat*. *'N uair a thachras so*; *Hotan touto genētai*. *'N uair a smaointicheas tu*; *Hopotan ennoēsēs*. This tense when used with *an uair a* ("the hour in which," *a* being the adverbial relative) indicates "indefinite frequency" like Greek conjunctive with *hopotan*.

† In Old Irish certain verbs formed a future by *s*, which had very frequently the force of a conjunctive, just as *tupso* in Greek is both future indicative, and aorist conjunctive. Although the Gaelic "Future of the Subjunctive" does not spring from the Irish formation, still there may be an association of meaning through similarity of form. I understand that in parts of the Highlands the "Future of the Subjunctive" *bhios*, is used as the future indicative.

of view. The tense discharges the functions of the Greek optative, or the past of the Latin conjunctive.

The first person of this tense is a synthetic form, and is one of few instances where it has not been superseded by the form of the third person. The other persons are indicated by one form, being the third person of the Irish tense, from which the Gaelic tense is derived. The tense is inflected thus (*tog, cuir*):—

S. 1. Togainn.	Pl. 1. Togadh sinn. *
2. Togadh tu.	2. Togadh sibh.
3. Togadh e.	3. Togadh iad.
S. 1. Cuirinn.	Pl. 1. Cuireadh sinn.
2. Cuireadh tu.	2. Cuireadh sibh.
3. Cuireadh e.	3. Cuireadh iad.

The termination *-eachd* stands merely by phonetic rule for *-adh*, and the *e* has no organic origin. As to the origin of the termination of the first person there are different views held, but I take *-nn* to stand for the first personal pronoun *mi* simply, and to be parallel to the termination in *etithēn* or *titheiēn*.

The old Irish formation, from which this Gaelic tense has descended, is either the present or the future, which Zeuss styles respectively *praesens secundarium* and *futurum secundarium*; or it may be that both of these tenses are to some extent represented by the Gaelic form. The first of these two—*praesens secundarium*—(the verbal particle *no* is prefixed) has the force of the Latin imperfect, indicative, and conjunctive. The other—*futurum secundarium*—has the same termination, with the addition of *f*, characteristic of the future, and this *f* would quite regularly disappear in Gaelic. This old Irish tense has the signification of the conditional of French conjugation, and as the Gaelic tense in question has, in certain cases, the same force, it may be that the latter represents the *futurum* rather than the *praesens secundarium*. At least its meaning has been influenced by a form so similar, if it does not actually descend from this future. When the forms of the substantive verb are noticed, it will be seen that there further evidence is afforded for attaching the Gaelic tense to the future rather than the present (*tempora secundaria*) of old Irish.

The form (*cuireadh*, for instance) which serves for every person, excepting the first person singular, in Gaelic, is derived from the

* As the first person plural imperative the grammar gives a synthetic form, which is really a conjunctive (middle) form, and which may be used in place of *togadh sinn*, &c. Sanskrit also has preserved as first persons of the imperative, conjunctive forms.

third person singular of the Irish tense. The *praesens secundarium* of *carin* is—

- S. 1. No charinn.
2. No chartha.
3. No charad.

- Pl. 1. No charmmis.
2. No charthe.
3. No chartis.

The form in *adh* (*eadh*), in Gaelic, as in *cuireadh*, appears in three places in the Gaelic verb. It occurs in the present instance, and also in the third person singular imperative active, and in the preterite passive throughout. In each case the form has a distinct origin. In the present case the termination *dh* stands for *d* of the Irish corresponding form, and this again for *t*, characteristic of the third person singular in Indo-European conjugation.

Examining the usage of the Gaelic form, we find with what accuracy it may be styled—as it is by the grammars—“Preterite of the subjunctive.” It discharges the functions of the past tenses of the Latin conjunctive and of the Greek optative. In Irish this force was probably due to the particle *no* to some extent, which, although it is lost in Gaelic* (the initial aspiration being the only trace), has still influenced the meaning. The Irish form contained no modal element. An analogy to this Irish tense is found, I think, in the Greek use of the tenses of the indicative with *an*.†

We saw that with the “Future of the subjunctive” the conjunction *ma* is used, where the fulfilment of a possible event is contemplated. The “Preterite of the subjunctive” is used, with the conjunction *na'n*, when the case supposed is to be regarded as remotely probable or almost impossible, and also where the contrary of an actual past event is supposed, and the different result contemplated. In this latter case, in the apodosis, Gaelic, like Latin or English, may use a tense of the indicative‡ (past, affirmative, or negative), thus stating as a fact graphically what is merely the contemplated result of a supposed condition. The “Preterite of the subjunctive” may thus fill the place of a pluper-

* The particle *do* (used regularly with this tense in all verbs in the Book of the Dean of Lismore) is used in cases specified elsewhere, and commented on. (See page 18.)

† The use of this tense with *dh naird* indicates a condition of indefinite possibility, just as *hote*, *hopote* in Greek, with Optative in such clause as (Od. p. 31) *ēē tin aggelien straton ekluen erchomenoie hen ch' hemin sapha eipoi hote proteros ge puthoito*, in the event of his hearing it. Pl. Amat., 133. *Homote gar toi to philosophēin aixtrom hēgēsaimēn eiyoui oud' an authrōpon nomisain emanton eiuai*.

‡ Just as Horace says *dederam* for *dedissem*.

fect. In the former case, where an event is regarded as very improbable, if not impossible, the same form is used in both clauses; thus: *na'n saoilinn; chitheadh tu me*—Did I think so? you would see me,* &c. In Greek the same meaning is conveyed by the use of the optative in the protasis, and of the optative with *an* in the apodosis, as *ei ti echoi didoie an*. The meaning of the Gaelic clauses is not so strong as that in Latin when the imperfect of the conjunctive is used in both clauses, where it is implied that the contradiction is absolutely impossible, Greek in the latter case using the indicative in both clauses, with *an* in the apodosis. Greek and Gaelic may be equated thus:—

Ei ti echei	=	Ma tha, &c.
Ean ti echē	=	Ma bhitheas, &c.
Ei ti echoi	=	Na'm bitheadh, &c.

In the case of verbs beginning with a vowel (or *f*), the particle *do* is prefixed to this form,† except after the conjunctions *mur*, *nach*, *gu*, *an*, *am*, and the adverb *nī*. Here, again, is an instance where *do* is preserved merely in sympathy with the past of the indicative (where its retention was to aid an economy of forms), or perhaps only for euphonic reasons, whereas the original use was to modify the signification of the verbal form in some way. Side by side with this, we see that in the case of a verb beginning with a consonant, while the initial is regularly aspirated, the result of the particle is now lost, yet after the conjunction *na'n* there is no aspiration, e.g., *na'n saoilinn*. The explanation of this absence of aspiration is, doubtless, that here is a case where the particle was never used.

Let us now look at this tense when used as an optative in the literal sense. It is clear that the literal optative, or wish idea, is not due to any form itself, but is the result of an ellipsis. Hence the explanation of the use of this form in wishes in Gaelic.

In Greek the optative is used absolutely (like the French conditional) with a meaning only differing from that expressed by the indicative in being a less direct form of assertion. The expression is clearly elliptical. Thus we have in Greek *legoimi an* instead of

* Additional instances of the use of the tense—*Na-m biodh tus' eolach air eachdraidh na tire cha labhradh tu mar sin. Na-m biodh bean no clann agad-sa. Edghain, chu bhiodh cho uallach, eutrom 's o tha thu. Na-m bithinn a rithist òg, cha-n 'eil mi ag radh nach i'n long-chogaidh a bheirinn orm. Dh'earbainn r'a fhocal mo chuid de'n t-saoghal, ged nach 'eil sin mòr.*

† In the Book of the Dean of Lismore *do* is regularly used with verbs beginning with a consonant, as *da zeywyn (do gheibhinn)*.

lēgo, or, in questions, *Ara ethelēseien an* ; so in Gaelic, *An tugadh tu ?* Would you give ? Hence may be explained the use of this form in Gaelic as a conditional.

The Latin *dixerim*, I should say,* and similar instances of the use of the perfect of the conjunctive are exactly rendered in Gaelic by this tense. Thus such expressions as *shaoilinn*, I should be inclined to think, are frequent.

In concessive sentences introduced by *ged*, although either the indicative or the subjunctive may be used, the distinction of meaning being clear. *Ged bha mi*, although I was ; *ged bhithinn*, although I should be.

IMPERATIVE.

The forms given under the head of the imperative mood (strictly speaking, of course, the imperative is not a *mood*, any more than the indicative is) are deserving of special attention, for some of them—forms really conjunctive—show traces of mood-formation. For the verbs *tog* and *cuir* the forms are as follows :—

S. 1. Togam.	Pl. 1. Togamaid.
2. Tog.	2. Togaibh.
3. Togadh.	3. Togadh.
S. 1. Cuiream.	Pl. 1. Cuireamaid.
2. Cuir.	2. Cuiribh.
3. Cuireadh.	3. Cuireadh.

The Irish forms are (root *beir*)—

S. 1. ———	Pl. 1. Beram.
2. Beir, bir, berthe.	2. Berid.
3. Berad.	3. Berat.

The second person singular in Gaelic is now simply the root, and so resembles the Latin imperatives *fac*, *dic*, &c. But an examination of the Irish form gives evidence of an inflexion lost, for in *beir i* is the result of the vowel existing in the termination now lost. The second person plural in *ibh* must be a later formation, but evidently an imperative proper—*ibh* being the plural form of the second personal pronoun in the accusative.

The first person singular (in *cuiream e* is inorganic and due to phonetic rule) is a conjunctive probably, and parallel to such Latin forms as *regam*, *audiam*. The first person plural is noteworthy ;

* *i.e.*, Were I to be asked.

it is a conjunctive* middle form (in Irish it frequently happens that a tense is composed of both active and middle forms). The corresponding Sanskrit termination is *āmahai*, wherein *h* stands for *dh*. In *Zend* the original *d* is preserved; for instance, the termination in the optative is *maide*, closely resembling the above Gaelic form.

The third person singular is not a conjunctive form probably, but an imperative. The corresponding Irish form is in *d* (e.g., *berad*), but a syllable has been lost; the form *berad* stands for *berada*, as appears from the phonetic result *berad* (the same argument applies in the third person plural). The termination *da*,† the former existence of which is thus proved, is identical with the Latin termination *to* (*d*), Greek *to*.

The third person plural of the imperative in Gaelic can also be equated with the corresponding Irish form *berat*, which stands for *berant*, and this again for *beranta*, the termination being parallel to Latin *nto*, Greek *onto*.

PARTICIPLE.

No participle of the active is now to be found in Gaelic grammar. But the formation which yields a present participle active in Indo-European is traced to survive in what, so far as grammar is concerned, is now classed as a substantive. Thus *caraid*, friend, stands for *carant*, i.e., loving; *teth*, hot, by well-known phonetic principles stands for *tepent*.

INFINITIVE.

The infinitive in language is really a noun, and in Gaelic this is made analytically very clear. Here every verb has a gerund, the formations of which occur in great variety, and fall to be treated under the morphology of the substantive. This gerundial noun, with prepositions, supplies the Gaelic infinitive, and governs the object in the genitive case,‡ a possessive pronoun being used when the object is a pronoun (as in Welsh also).

* It is actually used as such. So Sanskrit also has preserved conjunctive forms in the first persons of the imperative. A Sanskrit conjunctive occurs only in the Vedas.

† Probably an old case of a noun.

‡ Cp. the unusual construction occasionally met with in Latin of a genitive of the gerund governing a genitive, e.g., "*agrorum suis latronibus condonandi*" Cic. Phil. v. 3. This "irregularity" is the regular construction in Gaelic. In English, "the giving a book" stands for earlier "the giving of a book." The Irish gerundial noun governed by "do" is parallel to Old English dative form of the infinitive in *e*, governed by "to."

COMPOUND TENSES.

Compound tenses are formed by means of the substantive verb and the gerundial noun. Thus, *tha mi ag bualadh*, I am at striking, *i.e.*, I am striking; *tha mi iar bualadh*, I am after striking, *i.e.*, I have struck; *tha mi iar mo bhualadh*, I am after my striking,* *i.e.*, I have been struck. In the Highlands of Scotland this may be heard literally translated into English, thus, I am after reading, for I have read, where the literal English would indicate quite a different conception. This literal translation, however, does not surprise us when Gaelic is one of the languages of the speaker, but the same idiom is used in the North of Ireland by people who not only speak English alone, but who are also of English origin. Hearing this idiom in such a district of Ireland, I have considered it as derived from Celtic speech, of which the influence can be clearly still traced in the English spoken in the North of Ireland. A familiar instance is the answering of questions not by "yes" or "no," but by a repetition of the verb of interrogation; † this idiom seems quite certainly to be but the reproduction of the Celtic idiom.

Latin presents a construction somewhat analogous to the Gaelic formation of compound tenses, in such expressions as *post urbem conditam*.

NEGATIVE AND INTERROGATIVE † MOOD.

Such is the name given to forms of the verb used in cases indicated by the name. In reality it is no mood at all, but simply an instance of skilful differentiation and specialisation, a variation from the affirmative or usual form of a tense being effected by such means as that of adopting a compound or a second compound of the same root, or of taking the derivative of another root. § The tenses

* In Old English the verbal noun with *on*, *an*, *in*, *a* was used after the verbs *is*, *was*, to signify a present and imperfect passive, *e.g.*, "the church was in byldynge." Precisely in the same way a passive is found in Gaelic, "*tha'n tigh 'g a thogail*" (the possessive pronoun being added in Gaelic).

† This idiom of repeating the verb in the answer may be due to the fact that a negative sentence is in Gaelic in origin a dependent sentence.

‡ The insufficiency of this name is shown by the fact that the form indicated by it is used in all subordinate Noun-sentences introduced by *gu gur*; such sentences being all affirmative. (Negative clauses of this description are introduced by *nach* = that not.)

§ In these forms, especially in the Future, the following *dictum* applies:—*der Trieb nach Differenzierung hat nicht neue Originabildungen, sondern nur Nachbildungen nach vorhandenen Mustern hervorzuführen können.*

of the active in which a special form occurs for this "Mood" are *the present* (only found in the substantive verb), *the past* (here the only variation is the compulsory retention of the particle *do* so far as regards "regular" verbs, certain of the "irregular" verbs have apparently special forms), and *the future*. Now, the origin of these forms may seem to be due to some special development in Gaelic, and that may be true to some slight extent, but it will appear, I think, that this Gaelic usage of a Negative and Interrogative "Mood," if not traceable directly to certain forms in Irish conjugation, may at least be connected with them through the influence of a *Sprachgefühl**—speech-feeling.

* In reference to the "Negative and Interrogative Mood" of Gaelic it is of importance to examine Irish to see how far such a distinction can be traced there, and to note what evidence there may be for associating this "Mood" with the shorter forms of the Irish verb when used in composition or after particles. In old Irish no such distinction as a "Negative Mood" is known. Let it be noted at the same time that a true Conjunctive Mood exists in Old Irish, the characteristic of which is *a*, parallel to such Latin formations as *regam*. (In Gaelic there is a partial survival of this Mood: see Imperative.) As this Mood in Irish is generally preceded by particles, the shorter forms of composition are usually met with [*Zeuss*; *Absolutae formae exempla etsi rariora sicut relativae, quoniam plerumque conjunctivus subjungitur particulis praecedentibus, indubia tamen quaedam inveniuntur ut post ce, ma.*] In Modern Irish this Conjunctive Mood is lost, and no such Mood as a Conjunctive (Subjunctive) really exists. Now, in the case of the Substantive Verb in Modern Irish, and in some of the irregular verbs the distinction of a "Negative and Interrogative" form is observed. *Ní*, as the negative, is quite common in the Book of the Dean of Lismore. O'Donovan calls it a Subjunctive, and in one place insists upon the existence of it as a Subjunctive, but in other places admits that the form was (sometimes is) used as an Indicative, as of course it really is. It will be useful to cite O'Donovan. (P. 179). "Subjunctive Mood. Properly speaking, no regular verbs in Irish have any subjunctive mood; the form of the verb which follows the particles governing the subjunctive (see p. 170), always terminates like the indicative. But in irregular verbs these particles are followed by a peculiar form." (P. 170, Substantive Verb). "*Bh-fuilim*, in the present tense, and *rabad*, in the past, are called the subjunctive mood of the verb *táim*, although properly speaking, derived from other obsolete verbs. This mood, which the regular verbs want altogether—(see p. 179)—is never used in the modern language, except after the particles *an*, whether; *go*, that; *cá*, where; *mí*, not; *nac*, not, or which not; *noia*, not; or after the relative when preceded by a preposition. . . . The form *tá* is never used after any of these particles in the modern language, but in the ancient manuscripts *tá* is as often used in these situations as *fuil*, or *fil*. . . . Even Donald MacFírbis, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century, frequently uses *tá* for *b-fuil* in the situations above mentioned." (P. 223. *Chim*, I see). "Subjunctive Mood. Haliday makes *ní faicim* the subjunctive mood of this verb, which is correct according to the present spoken language; that is, the form *faicim* or *feicim*, is now used instead of *chídhim*, after *ní*, *nac*, &c.; but *faicim*, or *feicim* is as often used in the indicative as *chídhim*." (P. 249. *Téidim*, I go). "Subjunc-

On analysis, Gaelic negative and interrogative sentences are found to be really dependent clauses. We are familiar with the expository form in which Gaelic thought delights for the sake of emphasis. Instead of saying, I am doing it, the Gael exclaims, It is I that am doing it; instead of, Am I doing it? Is it that I am doing it? The Celt of France presents a parallel in his use of such expressions as, *Qui est-ce qui*, *Qui est-ce que*, *Q'es-ce qui*, *Qu'est-ce que*, *Est-ce*, *Est-ce que*, *N'est-ce que*. Now the particles of negation in Gaelic identical with English "no" are *na* (used only with the imperative) and *ni*. But the ordinary word to indicate negation is in Gaelic *cha* (except with the imperative). This word *cha*, however, in itself is not a negative, but indicates a negation only by an ellipse. In Irish we find that instead of *ni* as a negative we have *ni con*, later, *no co*, *nocho*, *nochon*,* literally, "not that." In Gaelic the actual particle of negation has been

tive Mood. All the tenses of this mood are like those of the indicative, except the simple past, which runs thus—

1. go n-deachas.
2. go n-deachais. &c.
3. go n-deachaidh sé.

This form is, however, used as the past indicative in ancient writings, as in the following example:—(Yet under *déanaim*, I do, p. 231. O'Donovan writes thus)—"That this and other irregular verbs have a subjunctive mood, is quite clear from the fact that the indicative form could not be used after *nach*, *co*, *go*, &c., as *nach dernais*, that thou didst not." O'Donovan exhibits distinct forms for "the subjunctive" in no other of the irregular verbs, except for *deirim*, I say, a present subjunctive *go n-abraim*, and a future which he says is sometimes *go n-eiber* or *epér*, as in *ni epér*, "I will not say it;" and for *fàgaim*, I find, a future subjunctive *go b'fuirgead*, "and some writers make it *go b'fuirgim*, in the present tense." The use of this "subjunctive" of Modern Irish is obviously that of the "negative and interrogative mood of Gaelic." In conclusion, I shall quote from Mr Joyce's recent small (modern) Irish grammar. Writing of the substantive verb (p. 39) he says:—"It has two forms, which the regular verb has not, namely, a form in the present tense for interrogation and negation (*bh-fuilim*), and a form in the past tense for the same (*rabhas*). These two are classed by O'Donovan as a subjunctive mood, present and past tense." Again, after giving the past tense *chadhas* of *teidim*, I go, he writes:—"There is another form of the past tense of this verb used after the particles *go*, *mi*, &c., which O'Donovan classes as a subjunctive mood." Thus it appears that the use of a "negative and interrogative mood" is not peculiar to Gaelic, but is found, to a smaller extent, in modern Irish. It originates probably in a feeling of the want of the lost true conjunctive mood of the ancient language, where it will be remembered that the shorter forms of composition are most frequently met with. As a comment, it is to be noted here the view which holds the Indo-European conjunctive in *a* to be but identical with the indicative, or an analytical formation, thus *hanati* (vedic conjunctive of *han*) is held to be not different in formation from an indicative like *bharati*.

* In book of Dean of Lismore we have *N'cha naga* = *cha-n fhaca*.

dropped, and *cha* (in its fuller form in certain positions, *chan* as Gaelic writes it, ignorant of the origin of "n") remains, in appearance a negative, but etymologically introductory of a dependent clause. The initial aspiration of *cha* is due to the lost "no." An analogy in the use of a word used to express negation but deprived of the really negative part* is found in the modern Greek *den*, which stands for *ōūden*, as the result of accent. In Gaelic the relative pronoun is frequently used adverbially in an explanatory way, as in the phrase, *Cia mar a tha sibh?* How (is it) as that you are? How are you? The relative adverb, as the pronoun, is very commonly omitted; the omission of the substantive verb is also a common one. In view of these circumstances it is not difficult to infer that in the analysis of the interrogative or of the negative sentence a dependent clause is involved. Thus, Do you see? is, Is it that you see? And so also can be explained the negative interrogative sentence. Do you not see? is, (Is it) that you do not see? Hence *nach*—identical with the Irish negative in dependent and relative clauses—is used in Gaelic in negative interrogative sentences. Further, *nach* is also the Gaelic particle used to introduce negative dependent clauses (including relative), and signifies, therefore, "that—not," "who—not."

The distinction of a special form for the negative "mood" prevails also in the future. The affirmative form is, of course, the regular future in *idh*, while the so-called future of the negative consists of a tense formed by the bare root, to which are added the respective pronouns, and is etymologically a present. A present meaning can still be traced in certain cases, thus, *An saoil thu?* is, Think you? although grammatically this is a future. This form, if no other evidence remained, would prove the former existence of a simple present in Gaelic, and dispose of the remarks of those grammarians who dwell upon the absence of a simple present tense in Gaelic as showing a radical distinction between it and Irish. Thus the bare root serves as a future of the negative "mood," and also, as we saw, as the past of the negative so far as outward form is concerned; hence the necessity in the latter case for the retention of the particle *do*, to distinguish it from the future. It is a simple and not unskilful artifice to aid an economy of forms.

* The French language frequently illustrates how a word may indicate negation merely by association, e.g., *rien*, Lat. *rem*. In Greek, *pōs gar* is equivalent to an emphatic negation. Cp. also the negative idea involved in Latin (*verear*) *ut veniāt*, the suffix "t" in Old Norse used to negative the verb.

It may be as well to refer now to what in Irish seems to have some sort of relation to, if it be not the origin of these forms of the negative "mood" in Gaelic. In Irish, when the verb is not simple but has a preposition in composition, or, being simple, is preceded by a verbal particle, it has shorter forms of inflection standing side by side with the longer forms. Thus the third person singular present of the root identical with Latin *fero* is *berid*; but when the verb is in composition with a preposition, as with *do*, a shorter form for this person is used, e.g., *dobeir*, where the effect of the vowel of the lost termination is manifest in the preceding syllable. Therefore, if we remember that negative and interrogative sentences in Gaelic are really dependent clauses, there seems good reason for associating in some way this Gaelic mood with these shorter Irish forms of the verb when in composition or preceded by a particle.

The future of the negative, then, consists of the bare root, and was in origin a present, a signification not wholly lost. The formation of the only simple present, now recognised as such in Gaelic grammar, is precisely similar, namely, the bare root with the addition of the respective pronouns. The growth of a future meaning in a present form is common enough in language. In Gothic type of Teutonic speech, there is no future, the present is used for it. In Greek *eimi* has the force of a future, so *edomai* (*esthio*) is in form a present, just as *ero* is in Latin. An illustration which will be stronger when we come to consider the irregular verbs is afforded by old English. There the substantive verb had two presents, formed from two roots common to the Indo-European substantive verb; they were *am* and *beo*, but gradually *beo* came to be appropriated to the future. Now, one of the characteristics of the irregular verbs is that either more than one root, or a simple root and a compound of it, are used in the conjunction (compare Latin *fero, tuli*; *pertæsum est*). Thus in the conjugation of *dean*, to do, the verb *ni* (Irish *gni*) is also used; and when *ni* is used as the future affirmative, *dean* serves as the future negative. Neither of these futures is etymologically a future: they are both in form presents. Thus *ni mi*—a present—signifies I shall do; and *cha dean mi*—also a present—I shall not do. Further, in these irregular verbs which use a present form for the future there is no future of the subjunctive, or, as the grammars say, it is the same as the indicative. This supplies an argument for connecting the future of the subjunctive with the *forma relativa* of the future rather than of the present.

In the case of the preterite the only distinction is, as we have seen, the compulsory use of the particle *do*, which in the affirmative is only used optionally, except in the case of verbs beginning with a vowel or *f*. The retention of *do* in the negative preterite is for the purpose of differentiating it from the future of the negative. In the case of the substantive verb a word of explanation is required, as there is an apparent difference of form. The preterite affirmative is *bha* (in Irish *ro ba*), an old reduplicated perfect of the root *bhū*. The preterite negative is *robh* (pronounced *rō*). Here the only real difference between affirmative and negative is the retention of the verbal particle, but one not now preserved in Gaelic. The existence of a verbal particle in *robh* is so completely forgotten in Gaelic that sometimes is heard not *cha robh mi*, but *cha d' robh mi*, a second particle being thus introduced. *Robh* and *rinn** (preterite of *dean*, to do, but derived from same root as the future affirmative *ni*) are the only verbal forms in Gaelic which preserve, and that unconsciously, the verbal particle *ro*, so common in Irish conjugation. (The Gaelic conjunction *gur*—a form of *gu*—may contain the particle *ro*, as its Irish equivalent *co ro*.)

Thus, from the case of the preterite especially, it is clear that this negative and interrogative mood is no mood at all, is not probably original in Gaelic, and is confronted with a parallel in Irish which has influenced if it has not originated it.

THE IRREGULAR VERBS.

An examination of the verbs styled irregular—ten in number, and exclusive of the substantive verb—throws a strong light upon the history of Gaelic conjugation. Their irregularity largely depends upon the fact that they do not conform to the one uniform type of conjugation to which the Gaelic verb has been degraded, but exhibit ancient forms which have with more or less success resisted disintegrating forces. These verbs deviate from the ordinary conjugation in one or more of the following points:—Two roots or a simple root and a compound of the same may be used in the conjugation of a verb, early forms may survive, or tenses have a meaning other than etymology entitles them to. We shall now go through the ten verbs—they are *cluinn*, *ruig*, *faic*, *faigh*, *tabhair*, *beir*, *abair*, *thig*, *rach*, *dean*.

CLUINN, to hear. All the tenses, with the exception of the preterite, indicative, active, and passive, are formed from the base

* See Note, p. 17.

cluinn. *Chuala*, the preterite, is, as has already been explained, a reduplicated perfect of a root in *u*, corresponding to Greek root *klu*. Now, to form what was a present base, a formation was adopted, the same as occurs in Greek *pinō*, *kamnō*, where *n* is confined to the praesential tenses (so in Sanskrit). But Gaelic retains the *n* of a praesential base throughout, except in the preterite. As the future of the negative mood is, as has been seen, in origin a present, it is consistent that this tense in this verb should be *cha chluinn mi*.

Ruig, to reach.* This verb forms all its tenses in the usual way, with the exception of the preterite *rainig*, which is an old reduplicated perfect. *Rainig*—in old Irish *ranac*—stands for *ro+anac*, the root being *ac*, *ic*, or, nasalized, *anc*, *inc*. The preterite used in the conjugation of *thig* is the same form, in composition with *do*.

Faic, to see. The future in this verb illustrates much of what has been said regarding the Gaelic future. The future affirmative is *chi*, the future negative is *faic*. Now *chi* is identical with the Irish present *cim*, I see, a common compound of which is *adchiu* or *acciu*. In Gaelic *faic*, “f” is prosthetic,† and the true form *aic* is identical with the Irish compound *acciu*. Now to *acciu* in Irish there are two future formations, one by reduplication, as in *adcichitis* (*futurum secundarium*), they would see, and a *b* future, as in *ni aicfea*, he will not see. These two forms alone would enable us to trace the identity of root in Gaelic *chi* and *faic*. *Chi* then is present in form, but used as a future. The initial aspiration may have resulted without any grammatical reason, or, what is much less probable, *chi* may represent the reduplicated future of Irish and the aspiration may signify the loss of the syllable of reduplication.

As has already been explained, the preterite affirmative is *chunnaic* (Irish, *conacca*), a reduplicated perfect from the same root *ci* which supplies the futures; it has two prepositions in composition. In the preterite negative *faca*, “f” is prosthetic, and the form is identical with the preterite affirmative, the variation being the want of the preposition *con*. It may thus be seen how artificial is the distinction between “affirmative” and

* See Notes on pp. 17, 18.

† Dr Skene calls “f” prosthetic “the digamma,” which he says “words in Irish beginning with *a* may take.” He goes on to say, “The digamma never appears in Scotch Gaelic.” *Faic* and *faca* meet this statement, as do also two parallel forms in the book of the Dean of Lismore, *vagga*, *wakamir*, &c.

“negative” forms, and how completely wanting is any modal element to enable the form to be classed as a negative “mood.”

FAIGH, to get. This verb employs two roots in its conjugation. The preterite *fhuaire* (negative, *cha d'fhuaire*) has already been explained as a reduplicated perfect (Irish, *fuair*).

The future affirmative is *gheibh*, the future negative is *faigh*. Now, considering the meaning, we should not have much difficulty in connecting *gheibh* with the root *gabh*, to take (Irish, *gab*). The vowel in *gheibh* is long. Now, in Irish a future reduplication was formed, the syllable of reduplication being lost, and the root vowel lengthened by compensation. The form was thus *geb*, the “relative form” being *gebas*. Gaelic *gheibh* is thus probably a future by formation, as well as being one grammatically.

The future negative is the mere base *faigh*. Little as this resembles *gheibh* to the eye, and less as it does to the ear, it is formed from the same root, just as *chi* and *faic* were seen to be from one root. Irish supplies adequate evidence of the common radical origin of *gheibh* and *faigh*. In Irish *fogbaim*, I find, we have the root *gab* and the forms *fogéba* and *fagbail* also occur. This Irish gerund *fagbail* is evidently akin to Gaelic *faigh*, and both contain the root *gab* in composition. This is made even clearer by taking another compound of the root *gab*. In Gaelic occurs *faig*, to leave; here *g* is all that is left of the root *gab*, for, in Irish *fácabaim*, *facbaim* is I leave, and is made up thus: *fo* + *aith* + *gabaim*. Moreover, the Irish form *fogéha* is a bridge between the two Gaelic forms *gheibh* and *faigh*. In *faigh* *f* is not prosthetic, and the vowel of the form exhibits the influence of the vowel of the lost part of the root.

TABHAIR, to give. The future affirmative of this verb is the form *bheir*, and the future negative *tabhair*—the latter form being derived from the same root as the former, with the preposition *do* in composition (Latin *fero*, Greek *pherō*). *Bh* in *tabhair* is due merely to phonetic influence, and is not original to the root, for Indo-European *bh* is represented by *b* in Gaelic. *Bheir* seems to be a formation parallel to *gheibh*. In Irish there is a reduplicated future *béara*, or, in composition, *do-bér*, the syllable of reduplication being lost, and the root vowel lengthened in compensation. In Irish there occurs the verb *feraim*, I give, but it is doubtful if this would explain Gaelic *bheir*.

BEIR, to bear. This is the simple root of which the preceding verb *tabhair* is a compound. The conjugation of these two verbs is a marked instance of a principle already referred to as being characteristic in Gaelic conjugation—namely, skilful differentiation

to aid an economy of forms. *Beir* forms its futures according to will: thus *beiridh* and (*cha*) *bheir* are the futures, while the corresponding tenses of *tabhair* are *bheir* and (*cha*) *tabhair*.

The preterite of *beir* is *rug*, in Irish *ruc* = *ro* + *uc*, the derivative of a distinct root, just as in Latin *tuli* is distinct from *fero*. The same root, with the preposition *do*, gave the preterite of *tabhair*—namely *thug*, Irish *tuc* = *do* + *uc*. The special meaning of *beir* is that which is indicated in English born. The meaning of the Latin verb *edo*, as a compound of *do*, illustrates the relation of the Gaelic simple verb *beir* and its compound *tabhair*.

ABAIR, to say. This is another compound of the same root that we have in *beir* and *tabhair*. The future affirmative is *their*, the future negative *abair*. The form *their* is parallel to the futures *gheibh* and *bheir*. *Their* contains the root *ber* just as *abair* does, but it has suffered more by contraction. Just in the same way *tabhair* is ordinarily contracted into *toir*, and, as the preterite of *abair* itself, *thubhairt* is usually pronounced *thuir*.

The preterite *thubhairt* is remarkable as being the only survival in Gaelic of the *t* preterite of Irish, a formation identical with the Teutonic weak past, and with the *thēn* of the Greek aorist of the passive. The prepositions in *thubhairt* are *do* + *fo* + *tu*.

THUG, to come. This is the form for the base given by the grammars; it would be more consistent to give it as *tig*,* for the future negative is *tig*, the future affirmative *thig*.

In Irish *tic* (= *do* + *ic*) is the third person singular of the present, so that Gaelic here uses a present form for the future. The future affirmative is identical with the future negative, the initial, however, in the former being aspirated. This is another proof of how accidental is the distinction of the so-called negative mood.

The preterite *thainig*† is a reduplicated perfect derived from the same root. In Irish it is *tanac* = *do* + *anac*. The preterite of the verb *ruig*, *rainig*, is, as we saw, derived from the same root; the forms *thainig*, *rainig* are thus parallel in their differentiating point to the preterites *thug* and *rug*, also already explained.

The grammars assign two gerunds to this verb—*tighinn*, from the root of the future and the preterite, and *teacht*, Irish *techt*, pres. *tiagam*, to be equated with *steichō*.

* In Book of Dean of Lismore we find the form *dik*, with which compare the spelling sometimes found in modern Gaelic—*d'thig*.

† *Tanik* occurs in Book of Dean of Lismore.

RACH, to go. This verb, like *thig*, has but one form for the futures, affirmative, and negative. *Theid* is the future affirmative, and *teid* the future negative. *Teid* is present in form, being the Irish *do* + *éit*, *teit* (root, *pent*; English, find). *Teid* in Gaelic is often written *d'theid*, and this may possibly be a reflection of the Irish use of *do* as a verbal particle with the *present*.

The preterite affirmative is *do chaidh*, or, without the particle, *chaidh*, from a different root. The preterite negative is derived from a third root, distinct from that of the affirmative and that of the future, as may be seen from a comparison of the corresponding Irish forms. *Chaidh* (with the particle *do chaidh*) is the Irish *do* + *choad*, a perfect in formation, the third person singular of which is *dochoid*, or *chuid*. The Gaelic preterite negative *deachaidh* is the Irish *dehad*, a perfect also in formation, the third singular of which is *dechuid*, *dechaid*, and *do deochaid*.

The preterite subjunctive *rachainn*, as well as the imperative *racham*, is from a root *rach*. In Irish there is a conditional *doreginn*, from a future *doreg*, *rega*, *ragat*; and hence we have one of the reasons for inferring that the preterite of the subjunctive is connected with the conditional (*futurum secundarium*) of Irish, as much as with the *praesens secundarium*, if not actually derived from it alone. In Irish the same root has a present *toraig* and a gerund *toracht*.

The form *dol* is used as the gerund of *rach*. The Irish equivalent is *dula*, *dul*, alongside of which there is a preterite *lod*, or *dollod*, third person singular *dolluid*, first person plural *lodamar* (a middle form). The origin of these forms is obscure.

DEAN, to do. Two roots are used in the conjugation of this verb. The future is *ni*, the future negative is *dean*. The form *ni* is a present in origin, being represented in Irish by the verb *gníim*.

The preterite *rinn* is from the same root as the future affirmative. The Irish equivalent form is *dorigni*, the third person singular of *dorigniud*, an *s*-preterite. In many Irish forms involving this root we find *g* assimilated after the particle *ro*, as in *doronsa*. In Gaelic the existence of the particle *ro* in *rinn** is so forgotten that the negative combination is *cha d'rinn*, reflecting both the particles *do* and *ro*.

A note may here be made regarding the future of the subjunctive, as illustrated by certain of the irregular verbs. In the case of those which do not possess a regular future in *idh*, namely, the

* The form *roynissi* of the Book of the Dean of Lismore. In the modern pronunciation of *rinn* the sound of *o* is still heard distinctly.

verbs which have future *ni, theid, bheir, thig, their, chi, gheibh*, the future of the subjunctive is the same as the future indicative, as the grammars say; but the case is really that the tense is non-existent in these verbs. It will be remembered that this tense is formed in *as (eas)* and is a *forma relativa* of Irish, where several tenses had such a form. The non-existence of this tense in these irregular Gaelic verbs specified above strengthens the opinion that the tense is derived from the Irish *forma relativa* of the future rather than that of the present. The *f* of the Irish form would disappear in Gaelic as naturally as it has in the future in *idh*. This origin would explain the force of the tense better, and the name "Future of the subjunctive" would be sufficiently justified, for, being future by origin, the tense would readily and naturally acquire the force of a subjunctive.

PASSIVE.

The analysis of the passive in Gaelic is simple and brief.*

PRETERITE.

The termination of the preterite is *adh (eadh)*. Thus—*Do bhuaileadh mi*, I was struck. The negative uses the same form, the particle *do* being invariably prefixed. The same tense exists in Irish, and was formed by adding *t†* immediately or mediately to the root. Thus, from *dobiur*, I give, the preterite passive is, third person singular, *dobreth*; third person plural, *dobretha*. In like manner, *carim*, I love, has *carad, ro chartha*. It will be remembered that Irish possesses special forms in the passive for the third person alone, these forms being used impersonally to indicate the other persons. The *t* characteristic of this sense probably represents *ta* of the past participle passive, the substantive verb being understood, just as in Latin the second person plural passive is a participle in such forms, as *amamini, estis* being understood.‡

* The following parallel may be drawn between Sanskrit and Gaelic in a passive idiom. To be able, is expressed by means of an adjective, *urrainn*—possible; thus, *Is urrainn domh*, It is possible to me, *i.e.*, I can. But *urrainn* has come to be treated as a verb, and inflected as a passive (middle formation), where in English it is the dependent infinitive that is in the passive, thus, *cha-n urrainnear am fheadamh cuid diubh a leughadh*. In the same in Sanskrit, *sak, to be able*, is conjugated passively, instead of the dependent infinitive.

† It may be of use to note that *t, d* are true dentals in Gaelic, like the Sanskrit dentals.

‡ There are one or two preterites passive which require a note of explanation from their apparently exceptional form. Thus, from *cluinn* we have not

The grammars give a future affirmative and negative, and a future of the subjunctive, all one and the same form. In origin this form is a present, and traces of a present force may, doubtless, still be found. The form is in *ar* (*ear*), thus from *tog* is formed *togar*; so *buailear mi*, I shall be struck; *cha buailear mi*, I shall not be struck; *ma bhuailear mi*, if I be struck. In the case of verbs beginning with a vowel or *f*, the form, when used as the future of the subjunctive, has the particle *do* prefixed (*o* being elided and *d* aspirated). No doubt this is a survival from the time when the particle *do* indicated a time-distinction from that possessed by the verb alone; now, however, the only question is one of euphony. The Irish present ends in *tar* or *ar*; it has already been shown that is a middle form, identical with the form used for the passive in Latin and in Slavonic. The *r* is the reflexive pronoun (Latin *se*), used for *all* persons, and thus a parallel is presented to the Gaelic usage of the forms of the third person in the passive for all persons.

only *chualadh*, but also *chualas*, and from *faic* both *chunnacadh* (neg., *facadh*) and *chunnacas* (neg., *facas*). These forms, although occurring amongst the irregular verbs, are really identical with the preterite as described above. Old Irish explains them. When a root terminated in a dental or *s*, then the *t* was assimilated, and the result was *ss*. Thus, *ro chloss* was heard, root *clus*; *ad-chess accas* = *visum est*, root *cas*. The same change takes place in such formations as the Latin participle *fissus* = *fid + tus*. In modern Irish, O'Donovan gives *concas* "often used impersonally," and *clos* which "very frequently occurs as the past indicative passive." (In the south of Ireland the present *cloisim* is used instead of *cluimim*. Stewart's Gaelic Grammar gives no reference to these forms, so far as I notice. In another grammar I find also the forms *raineas* (under *ruig*), *taineas* (under *thig*), and *deachas*, *chaidheas* (under *rach*), the forms of the two last of these verbs being explained as being "used impersonally." They seem—with, perhaps, the exception of *deachas*—to be based on a false analogy. *Deachas*, at first sight, looks like old Irish *do-chúas*, *itum est*, the same root as Gaelic *chaidh*, but, on examination, the form must rather be associated with the root of *deachaidh* (neg. pret.). Joyce, in his little Irish grammar, makes no reference to these preterites passive, but he gives "another form of the past tense" active of *teidhim*, *deachas* (from which comes the neg. pret. in Gaelic), given by O'Donovan as a subjunctive, but explained as formerly used as a past indicative (see my note to section on the negative mood); and as *rangas*, *thaugas* are the preterites active of *ragim* and *eigim* in Irish, it may be that the forms *raineas*, *taineas*, *deachas*, *chaidheas* given as preterites passive are due to a grammatical confusion with these Irish forms. To the list of these preterites passive must be added probably *fios*, as in *tha fios agam*, I know, where it is considered to be a noun. It is rather the same as old Irish *ro fedd*, preterite passive of root *fid* (*oida*, *video*, *wit*), a *dh'fhios* in the book of the Dean of Lismore.

See Note (p. 26) to relation asserted by some between third person plural (termination *anti*) and present participle (*ant*).

It will be seen that Gaelic exhibits the shorter termination, *ar*. There are, however, perhaps traces of the fuller termination, *tar*. Thus, in the conjugation of *faic* (Fut. Act. *chi*), we have *chithear*. This may, it must be said, be merely a device of grammarians to avoid an *hiatus* just as occurs in *bithinn* (I would be), where *th* is inserted for a similar purpose—a fact clearly seen in the third person (*bitheadh*) frequently and more properly written *biodh*.

As has been remarked, the grammars give the same form for the future of the subjunctive as stands for the future indicative, the truth being that the tense does not exist in the passive. This non-existence of the tense in the passive is parallel to the same deficiency in the conjugation of the acting of those irregular verbs, which do not form a future in *idh*.

PRETERITE OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

The preterite of the subjunctive is formed in *tadh* (*teadh*), with aspiration of an initial consonant, *do* being prefixed in the case of verbs beginning with a vowel or *f*, except after certain conjunctions. The prefix was once, doubtlessly, used in the case of this tense in any verb to modify the time-idea, probably to make it a perfect; now it is retained only in cases where euphony seems to require it. Yet its absence after certain conjunctions seems to reflect its original use.

The form from *buail* is *bhuailteadh* for all persons. The origin of the formation is obscure, as there is no corresponding form in Irish. In Irish there is a participle (*in-ti*) corresponding to the Latin future participle of the passive. This may be a parallel form to the Gaelic preterite of the subjunctive. The final *dh* of the Gaelic form—if it should have any place there at all—I take to be the characteristic of the third person singular, and not a formative part of the tense, as it is in the preterite of the indicative passive. The tense may be a special development in Gaelic. On the other hand, the termination *dh* may be utterly erroneous, and due to false analogy. In that case the tense may represent the Irish *praesens secundarium* which was formed in *the*.*

IMPERATIVE.

The imperative of the passive has but one form; the termination is *tar*, the appropriate pronoun being added. The Irish imperative is similar, ending in *tar* or *ar*.

* Participial in formation, and to be referred to the *Participium Necessitatis* above mentioned.

PARTICLE.

A particle of the passive exists in Gaelic, terminating, as in Irish, in *te*; thus—*buailte*. This *te* corresponds to Sanskrit *ta*, Greek *tos*, Latin *tus*. In Gaelic the termination is, through an absurd adherence to a phonetic rule, written *ta* in certain cases, as *togta*, from the verb *tog*.

The formative *na* also occurs in Indo-European past participles passive. Thus—Sanskrit forms *pranas*; Greek, *temnos*; Latin, *magnus*, *plenus*. Gaelic has also this form; thus, *lan full*, is Latin *plenus*, Sanskrit *pranas* (initial *p* is lost in Gaelic as in Irish).

PERIPHRASTIC PASSIVE.

The tenses of *rach*, to go, combined with the gerund of a transitive verb are equivalent to a passive form. Thus—*chaidh mi a bhuaileadh*, I was struck. This idiom corresponds to the formation of the future indicative passive in Latin, e.g., *amatum iri*. And in Greek the aorists of the passive are by some explained in a like manner. Thus, the termination of the second aorist passive, is considered to be the root *ie*, to go (as in *hiëmi*). And similarly is explained the first aorist passive, the root *dha* being added; hence the form seen in *ëtuphën*. It may be noted that in the active the verb *dean*, to do, with a gerund is used periphrastically; thus—*rinn mi bualadh*, I struck. In the same way was formed the Teuton weak past by means of the root identical with *dha*, Greek *the*. Further, this root provides present forms in Greek and Latin, as *telethō*, *credo*.

MIDDLE.

In Irish we find middle forms widely developed, and such forms were often mingled in the same tense with active forms. In Gaelic the only survival of such middle forms occurs in the forms specified as such under the passive, and in the first person plural of the imperative of the active and the forms of the substantive verb, viz., *thatar*, *bhatar*.

THE SUBSTANTIVE VERB.

In Irish four roots are used as a substantive verb. They occur in Gaelic also, and another instance is adduced of the Gaelic power of specialisation.

As—Sanskrit *asti*, Greek *esti*, Latin *est*. In Gaelic this root appears as a present, the form being *is*, for all persons. Its use is

that of the French *c'est moi*. Its preterite is *bu* (root *bhu*)* for all persons. In the present, negatively and interrogatively, this verb is never expressed, e.g., *Am mise? Nach e?*

Sta; French *être*, Latin *stare*. This root supplies the ordinary substantive verb in Gaelic; in the present affirmative *ta* or *tha*, the respective pronouns being added. This illustrates the simplest method of forming an Indo-European present, namely, base with the pronoun immediately added.

Root *fel*, *vel*. In Irish this root is used in the third person only, and has the meaning of the French *il y a*. It governs the accusative, and thus resembles the German *es giebt*. In Gaelic the root has been skilfully used as the present of the interrogative and negative mood.† The Gaelic form is *bheil*,‡ or, shortly, *eil*, as in *cha-neil*, *mur-eil*. The third person singular subjunctive is *feil*, often used as a relative form. This is probably the origin of the Gaelic form.

Root *bhu*; Sanskrit *bhu*, Greek *phuo*, Latin *fu-i*. This root, which already has appeared as supplying a preterite to *is*, furnishes the rest of the substantive verb.

The preterite affirmative is *bha* §, in origin a reduplicated perfect, like Sanskrit *bobhava*. The preterite negative is really the same form, the particle *ro*, occurring in the Irish *ro ba*, being retained. The Gaelic preterite negative is *robh*, but *bh* being silent here, all trace of the verbal part|| of the word is lost to the ear, save the length of the vowel.

The future is *bithidh*; *th* is here inorganic, being inserted by the grammarians merely for euphonic reasons or by false analogy.¶

* Ought is expressed in Gaelic by *is coir*, lit. it is right or fitting; *is coir dhomh*, I ought. Usually, however, we find the past tense—*bu*—used, *bu choir dhomh*, I ought. This seems to be parallel to the Greek of the imperfect in such phases as *edei*, *chrēn*, *eikos ēn*, or Latin *oportebat*. Ought in English is also a past by origin.

† Modern Irish has the same distinction in the case of this verb (*gò bh-fuilim*). O'Donovan calls it a subjunctive, but explains what it really is, and adds that *ta* was formerly equally admissible where the former alone is now.

‡ "Vel."—Book of the Dean of Lismore.

§ Both *bha* and *tha* in Gaelic are inflected as middle ("impersonally" the grammars say), *bhatar* and *thatar*; thus, *thatar ag rath*, it is said. The authority in Irish for such inflections is found in the perfect *bá*, the first and third persons plural of which are *bámmar* and *bátar* respectively.

|| But in the Book of the Dean of Lismore the result of the lost vowel of the root is seen in the forms *royve*, *reive*. See Note B., p. 13.

¶ In the same way English "could," part of "can," is written so on the analogy of "would" probably.

The "future of the subjunctive" is *bitheas*, where again *th* is inorganic and should have no place. In Irish the "forma relativa" of the future is *bias*, and that of the present *bhis*. This further strengthens the view already expressed that the "future of the subjunctive represents the Irish 'forma relativa' of the future rather than that of the present."*

The future negative is, regularly, the base, *bi*, and this would in form be, as usual in the future negative, a present.

The imperative is regular, but it is to be noted that here again *th* where it occurs is inorganic.

The "preterite of the subjunctive" is for the first person singular *bhithinn*, and for the other persons, *bhitheadh*. Again, *th* is inorganic; indeed, *bhitheadh* is frequently, and with greater accuracy, written *bhiodh*. In Irish the third person singular of *praesens secundarium* is *bith*, *bed*, or *bad*, while the same person of the *futurum secundarium* is *no biad*. The evident relation of the latter to the Gaelic *bhitheadh* (*bhiodh*) strengthens the view already expressed that the Gaelic preterite of the subjunctive is the representative of the *futurum secundarium* rather than of the *praesens secundarium*.

One word in conclusion. An examination into the fortunes of the verb as it has fared amongst the Goidelic Celts in Scotland (*Scotia minor*) will amply reward, I think, the student of language, and also the student of Celtic history and of Celtic thought. While it is possible to admit as perfectly true the following remark by Professor Rhys:—"We want concentrated upon the Celtic languages all the light than can possibly be derived from the other Aryan† tongues, that is, if we are to continue to decipher their weather-worn history;" yet it cannot be denied that the Celtic dialects contribute their fair share to our knowledge of the Indo-European "Ursprache." In that work they stand with Greek, Slavonic, or Teutonic, as their own proverb has it, *guala ri gualaibh*. The student of Celtic and British history cannot but derive assistance from this subject, supplemented by the results of Celtic topographical research. Nor can *der sprach wissenschaftliche metaphysiker* overlook Celtic when he seeks the conception of a unity greater than that of the Indo-European "Ursprache." *Pollai men thnetois glössai mia d' athanatoisi*.

* In parts of the Highlands, I understand *bhios* is used as the future indicative.

† Convenience alone can justify the non-scientific use of the term "Aryan" by Professor Rhys.

22nd DECEMBER, 1886.

At the Society's meeting on this date, the following new members were elected, viz. :—The Rev. D. Watson, Beaverton, Ontario, Canada, honorary member; Rev. John Mackintosh, Fort-William; Captain J. F. Macpherson, Caledonian United Service Club, Edinburgh; Alex. Macdonald, Royal Refreshment Rooms, Aberdeen; David Nairne, sub-editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, Inverness; P. B. Macintyre, Findon Mains, Conon Bridge; Arthur Morgan, 6 Parliament Square, Edinburgh; Rev. D. S. Maclellan, Laggan, Kingussie; Rev. Robert L. Ritchie, Clyne, Sutherlandshire; C. H. Goldthwaite; Dr John Maclellan, Milton, Glen-Urquhart; and Thomas D. Wallace, rector, High School, Inverness, ordinary members.

A paper by Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names," was thereafter read. The following is the paper :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

Within recent years, a perception of the importance of local nomenclature to history has begun to show itself, but it has not been recognised to the extent that might have been anticipated and expected. Historians have made brief passing references to it, but they generally contented themselves with mere suggestions, leaving the systematic pursuit of this branch of history to philologists. The consequence of this has been that we rarely meet with a person of ordinary education who troubles himself about, or has any idea of, the rich store of interesting information that lies around him. A place name may occasionally strike the mind by its singularity, and reference may be made to the county gazetteer, but the information given is frequently very scant, and often erroneous.

A knowledge of place names is essential to a right and proper understanding of the topography, antiquities, and history of a country. The place names of every land are the footprints of the races that have inhabited it. They are important and numerous in proportion to the numerical strength and power of the race, and the duration of their day. In no country is this better shown than in Scotland and England, as well as in Ireland and Wales. By an accurate knowledge of the definition of their place names, river and hill names, important gaps in their history

are supplied, while in not a few cases the statements of the historian, and, it may be, the traditions of ages, receive valuable corroboration. It is an undoubted fact that the nomenclature of a country is a reflex of the vicissitudes that attended the fortunes of the people. It preserves distinct records of the successive immigration of races, and of invasion and conquest. It also reveals with unerring accuracy the order in which they occurred, and the extent of the influence exercised by each upon the process of building up and rearing of the people as we now find them.

The antiquity of the Gaelic language in Scotland gives preponderance to it in the nomenclature of the country. Along the Clyde and the Nith, it is true, we find place names essentially Kymric, from that race having penetrated so far north. On the east coast, from the Forth to the Spey, we find many place names essentially Pictish, an older form of Gaelic, while the name of that river which flows by Carlisle, the Eden, is without doubt Gaelic, proving that, at one period of its history, the Gaelic language ruled from the Cheviots to the North Sea, and that the few places the names of which may be assigned to a Kymric origin, was merely the result of invasion and temporary possession, such as we find it along the coasts of Sutherland in a few place names essentially Scandinavian, and imposed by Norsemen.

The moral of all this is, that although place names change in form, they rarely perish. Amidst Time's mutations these shadowy landmarks remain. Man's industry has drained the marsh, turned the moor and the moss into corn and pasture fields, cut down the primeval forests, exterminated the ferocious beasts, while the ancient name of each, in almost all cases, still lives upon the people's tongues, ages, it may be, after it has ceased to be applicable. Place names outlast races, tribes, clans, families, orders, and thrones, yet each place name is but the result of a fortuitous concurrence of causes. To establish an appellation, as the name of a place, required at first the concurrence of several, if not of many, independent wills about a mere matter of taste, and its persistence has, it may be, depended in like manner upon the agreement of succeeding generations over whom the wills of the namer and his contemporaries have no power. Place names survive, and the shadow stretches down the long vista of ages, even when the substance that cast it, the event or the person that gave it its rise, eludes the search of the antiquary, the historian, or the philologist.

Place names carry down to future ages a picture or a reminiscence of a forgotten fact or a person. For the student in

topography the name probably preserves the physical aspect of the site, the deed that distinguished it, or the name of its once possessor, of whom probably there is no other trace. This is an age of inquiry, and a diligent inquiry with intelligent guidance into the nomenclature of one's county and country will amply reward the student, throw a distinguishing light not only upon the ancient language of the country, but also upon its history in remote days, when writing was seldom or never practised, and printing unknown.

To arrive at the probable definition of a place name, the best process to pursue is by induction. The first consideration should be, does any part of the name belong to a known language. If so, the next step is to interpret that part. The remainder of the word should then be traced, first in the same language, and afterwards, if necessary, in the language of the other races known to have inhabited the district or the country. The information thus obtained will generally be descriptive, historical, or personal. If the former, the next step is to inquire whether or not it accords with the present features of the place or locality, or with what may fairly be presumed to have been its features in the period when the language to which the word belongs was spoken there. If the word or any part of it, be a proper name, the next step is to ascertain whether history or tradition records the existence of any person so named as connected with the place, or any memorable action performed by him, and in all cases it is desirable to consider the most ancient form of the name, which often contains the right clue to both the definition and the meaning of it.

The district name Sutherland is, without doubt, Scandinavian or Norse, simply meaning the land to the south, that is, to the south of the Orkneys and Caithness. In the Sagas it is termed Sudrland, meaning the land to the south, Southland, Southerland, now Sutherland, imposed and applied as an appellative, afterwards adopted as the patronymic of noble chiefs and clan. Their progenitor, Hugh Freskin, of Moravia, or Moray, assisted William the Lion in expelling the Scandinavians from Sutherland and Caithness. As a reward for his services he was granted the southern part of the present county. His Moray followers, settling around him for protection, acquired from the natives the appellation, and the patronymic, Murray, being men from Moray. The northern portion was assigned to the Gallowegian leader, who, with 300 of his followers, came north in the same expedition with William. His territory acquired, by the same means, the appellation of

Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh, the country of the Mackays. This race of men exist now in both extremities of Scotland, in Galloway and in Sutherland. They have place names in common, land marks of origin and emigration, footprints of war, and acquisition of property by war. There is a Tongue and a Borge in Kirkcudbright, as well as in the Mackay country of Sutherland.

The Norsemen obtained a footing, and kept partial, if not absolute, possession of Sutherland from the Eighth to the Twelfth Century. We might, therefore, expect to find Norse place names in the county. Except along the coasts we do not meet with any of them. In the interior the nomenclature is entirely Gaelic. In Caithness, nearer and more exposed to Norse inroads, the case is widely different. All along its coasts, and far inland, Norse nomenclature abounds in place names, while rivers, hills, lakes, and the mountainous portion of this county preserved, from Norwegian or Dane, their descriptive appellation in the language of the ancient inhabitants who imposed them in days much anterior to the earliest inroads of the followers of Odin and Thor. Mountain fastnesses have, in all countries, been refuges and strongholds for freedom and independence. We see it thus in Sutherland. While the roving and hardy Scandinavian roamed over the plains of Caithness, imposing by long possession names upon his townships, he only left a few of his footprints in Sutherland, simply recording his presence by a casual visit, a temporary occupation, or more frequently, his fall in conflict with the natives, such as Ospisdale, in the parish of Criech, where Ospis, a Norse leader fell, after his defeat by the natives in 1031, on Druim-liath (grey ridge), above Bonar Bridge. Tumuli and cairns mark the spot to this day. The natives having repelled and defeated the invaders, hotly pursued them to their boats at Flad, below Ospisdale. To cover the embarkation, Ospis, like a brave Norseman, boldly faced his pursuers, and, like many a hero before and after him, fell with his back to the field and his feet to the foe. He was interred where he fell. An obelisk, 14 feet high, marks the spot, commemorates the event, alike the fall of Norse leader, the defeat of the invaders, and the victory of the natives, hence the name Ospis-dal. Dal-harold, in Strathnaver, records a similar event. Dal-Halladha, in Strath Halladale, is another instance of the same origin. Here, too, the event is perpetrated in a flat stone marking the place of sepulture, with a mound raised round it. The name of the fallen Norse leader is perpetuated too, in the name of the Strath, proving to succeeding generations the valour, or the ferocity of the man. Spinningdale, in the same parish of

Creich, may be of Norse origin, pronounced by the natives, Spaing-dal, which in Norse would signify the dale or flat land by the fortress or fastness, and it is at the end of Dun-Criech, a vitrified fort, on a high promontory jutting out into the Dornoch Firth, easily observed in passing on the Highland Railway. When Dempster of Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, purchased the Skibo estate, in the latter part of the 18th century, he established a spinning mill here. It must not be supposed, however, that this place name had its origin from that circumstance, by a similarity of pronunciation by the Gaelic speaking inhabitants, imitating their south country teachers in the art of spinning by machinery, for we find the word "Spaing-dal" in charters long anterior to the "Bold Dempster." Other place names in Sutherland have the look of being Norse in origin, such as Skibo, Cyderhall, Embo, Skelbo, Torboll, Golspie, Helmsdale, Melvich, Erriboll, and a few other coast place names. Let us examine if this be so, or if the supposition has any foundation in fact.

Skibo, a modern form of an old name, perplexing the philologist, concealing from his glance the probably native origin of the name. In the vernacular the word Skibo is pronounced as if written *Skeeball*. What may it mean? It may have meant this, *Sgiath-bal*, in the ancient vernacular, as the very aspect of the place. Anyone who intimately knows the district, of which Skibo forms a chief and component part, knows that it has a portion of its area forming a figure like the wing of a bird. Stretching out from the body in the shape of a bird's wing, confined on the east by the river Evelix in its course to the Dornoch Firth, and on the west and south-west by an arm of the same firth which runs inland about 3 miles, nearly up to Ospisdale—the land between the river and the arm of the sea exactly forming to the eye a figure, a shape corresponding to a bird's wing. This conjecture is probable, *Sgiath* is wing in Gaelic, and *bal* is habitation, residence, or township. *Sgiath-bal*, or in modern Gaelic, *Bal-na-Sgiath*, the township with a wing, accurately descriptive of its aspect.

Cyderhall, no cyder ever made here, an Anglicised conception of an ancient name. *Sith-rath*, the circle of peace in Druidic times, within which differences were adjusted by the all-powerful Druid Priest, and afterwards might have been supposed to be the abode of the fairies, men of peace. This place name is pronounced by the natives to this day as *Shee-ra*. It has, however, been said that its origin is Norse, *Sudrha*, signifying the southern hall, or the hall or residence in the southern part of Sudrland. I incline to the former origin of the term.

Embo, another Anglicised corruption to make the pronunciation easy to the lockjawed Southron, the native pronunciation being Eorriboll, probably a corruption too, and, it may be, a corruption of Norse, the speakers of which are known to have been fond of landing here and harrying the country around; yet a Gaelic definition may be offered, or at any rate suggested as the origin of it from a Gaelic point of view, similar to the last. *Eun-bal*, the habitat, or resort of birds. It is a well-known fact that sea-gulls and other sea-side birds frequent this part of the shore in infinite numbers, and on its links make their nests, lay their eggs, and produce their young, and, as rooks do, when disturbed present a cloud of birds such as might and would induce the keen observing Gael natives to name the place *Eun-bal*, or *Bal-nun-eun*.

Skelbo, another Anglicised form of the ancient place name, which in the vernacular is pronounced *Skerra-boll*, signifying *Sgior-a-bhal*, or, in more modern Gaelic, *Bal-na-sgeir*. Here was an ancient fort, or dun, in more recent times a castle belonging to the Duffus family, a younger branch of the Dunrobin family, built upon a rock, and contiguous to it, in the sea, is a sgeir, exposed at low tide. *Sgeir*, a rock, *bal*, a habitation. Welsh, *Ysgithrog*, a rock covered by the sea, pronounced *skirog*. In Icelandic, *Skaer*, a sea rock.

Torboll may be defined similarly. *Tor*, a mound, or hillock, a common word in Gaelic, Welsh, Cornish, Armoric. *Tor*, *torran*, *tur*. Latin, *tur-ris*, a tower. The Gaelic *tur* may have been the progenitor of the Latin equivalent. Hence, *tor*, a mound, *bal*, a habitation, or *balla*, a wall, the residence on or near the *tor*, or the *tor* walled for defence. In either case it would be Gaelic, of Gaelic origin, not Norse.

Golspie, pronounced *Goysbie* by the natives. This word has defied definition. I know not if it be Norse. It is more likely to be Gaelic, ancient or modern. The old parish name was Culmaillie. Golspie was applied as the parish name when the church was removed from Bal-na-h-eaglais, Kirkton, to its present situation at the commencement of the 17th century. All that can be done to define its meaning is to offer a suggestion, or make a conjecture, a leap in the dark. True to the principle laid down in the preamble, when suggestion or conjecture fails, recourse must be made to induction and analysis. Taking the first part of the word, viz., *Gol*, or *Goil*, it seems to mean boiling; then the second, and we have *eeas*, a cascade. Looking at the physical aspect of the place and its surroundings, we find an *eeas*, and we

find the whole river bed formed of boulders rounded into various shapes and forms. We find also debris of timber, roots and branches of trees amongst the boulders, both of which in old Gaelic mean round stones, pieces of wood, water-worn—*Spith*, *Spitheag*. Putting these facts into concrete shape, and viewing the river in flood, tumbling, rolling, boiling over cascade and boulders, carrying debris with it in its fierce and furious course, we naturally come to the conclusion that the sharp, quick-eyed Gael would at one and the same time name the river and the cascade. *Goill-eas-na-spith*, abruptly pronounced, would become *Goil-spith*, *Goysbie*, now *Golspie*, the boiling of the water over cascade and boulder; the river giving its name to the village, the village to the parish as soon as the church was erected.

Helmsdale—in Gaelic, *Bun-uille* or *Bun-illie*. The modern name is undoubtedly of Norse origin. The Sagas record it as Hailim-dal, modernised into Helmsdale. The river name is Illie. Ptolemy, the great Alexandrian geographer, and the Roman explorers have it as Ila, the nearest approach they could make to give it the native pronunciation of the day. This fact is very interesting, proving that Illie was its name eighteen centuries ago, that the river name, Illigh—old Gaelic, plenty—signifying a river with plenty water in it, which is a fact, gave its own name to the village—*Bun-illie* or *Bun-illigh*, the end of the Illigh before falling into the sea.

Melvich, Norse, grassy bay or green abode. It has been thought that this word might mean *Meall-a-bhathaich*, the knoll of the cattle. It is more probably Norse, for here is a bay into which the Norsemen would come and land from their boats and ships. *Mel*, grassy, green, or *vic*, bay or village. *Uig*, Norse; British, too, found inland in Wales. *Vic* or *Wick*, village, Norse. *Laxford*, a river, north-west coast. Norse, *Lax-ffjord*. *Lax*, salmon; *ffjord*, firth, or arm of the sea. It is celebrated to this day for its salmon. The Norsemen found it so, and named it accordingly. Near it is *Scourie*, Norse, signifying the fort of the champions. There is a similar name in Skye. These words prove that the Norsemen had a footing on the coasts of Sutherland, and left their footmarks upon them. In the interior no Norse names are met with. With parish names, and place, hill, and river names, we shall deal in a future paper.

12th JANUARY, 1887.

At the Society's meeting on this date, Mr P. H. Smart, art master, Inverness, read a paper on "Celtic Art." Mr Smart's paper will appear at the end of this volume.

18th JANUARY, 1887.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Station Hotel. Provost Macandrew occupied the chair, and was supported by Captain Kembal, Cameron Barracks; Surgeon-General Grant, Cameron Highlanders; Major M'Hardy, R.E., H.M. Prison Commissioners; Mr A. M'Hardy, chief-constable; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Woodfield; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr Macmillan, jun.; and Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor. The croupiers were Councillor Alex. Mackenzie, Silverwells, and Mr Alex. Macbain, Raining's School, who were supported by Bailie Gibson, Councillor Duncan Macdonald, and Mr John Macdonald, superintendent of police; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Park House; and Mr Charles Macbean, solicitor. Amongst others present were—Bailie Stuart, ex-Bailie Mackay, Treasurer Jonathan Ross; Councillor Alex. Macgregor, solicitor; Councillor G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Councillor Macallister; Councillor Jas. Macbean; Dr Macnee; Mr John Macdonald, supervisor, Dingwall; Mr John Macdonald, wholesale grocer, Castle Street; Mr Leslie Fraser, dentist; Mr Mactavish, corn merchant; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr William Macbean, Imperial Hotel; Mr Mitchell, solicitor; Mr Colin Chisholm; Mr John Mackenzie, Greig Street; Mr A. Macdonald, contractor; Mr R. Grant, of Messrs Macdougall & Co.; Rev. G. Mackay, High Church; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing master; Mr John Whyte, librarian; Mr Gunn, draper, Castle Street; Mr D. Mackintosh, treasurer; Mr D. N. Cameron, Kenneth Street; Mr A. Mitchell, Dispensary; Mr D. Ramsay, clerk; Mr W. Macwalter, Bridge Street; Mr Archibald Chisholm; Mr William Carter, collector; Mr Hugh Aitken, London and Lancashire Insurance Company, &c.

The Hon. Secretary intimated letters of apology from The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr Allan R.

Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail ; The Chisholm of Chisholm ; Mr J. E. B. Baillie of Dochfour ; Mr J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh ; Major Rose of Kilravock ; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. ; Mr James Horne, Inverness ; Mr John Mackenzie, Achenstewart ; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B. ; Mr Jas. Clunas, Nairn ; Mr A. F. C. Cameron, Liverpool ; Mr Don. Davidson, Edinburgh ; Mr D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William ; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn ; Mr P. B. Macintyre, Findon ; Captain Macpherson, Edinburgh ; Mr Burgess, Gairloch ; Mr D. Menzies, Blarich ; Mr Wm. Morrison, Dingwall ; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart ; Rev. J. M. Grant, Manse of Kilmuir ; Mr Wm. Douglas, Town and County Bank ; Rev. D. S. Maclellan, Laggan ; Mr Alex. Ross, Alness ; Mr A. F. Macrae, Glasgow ; Mr C. Fergusson, Gatehouse-on-Fleet ; Mr Chas. Glass, St Andrews ; Mr D. Davidson, Waverley Hotel ; Mr Alex. Fraser, Schoolhouse, Kingussie ; Mr J. Maclellan, Poolewe ; Mr S. Chisholm, Gairloch ; Ex-Bailie Macbean, Inverness ; Dr Aitken, Inverness ; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh ; Mr C. S. Jerram, London ; Mr A. R. Macraird, Fort-William ; Dr D. N. Maclellan, Widnes ; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Secretary Crofter Commission ; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick ; Mr A. Macpherson, banker, Kingussie ; Dr Ogilvy-Grant, Inverness, and others.

The Chairman proposed the toast of the Queen, referring to the interesting fact that she represented the ancient royalties of Scotland ; and then gave the Prince of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family. In proposing the Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces, he said unfortunately there had been some jarring lately in connection with two local sections of the volunteer force. Some ill-advised people thought proper, because they did not agree in some point or other with the Government of the country, to resign their connection with the force, but he was glad to think that their conduct had met with the reprobation of all true men and true Highlanders—(cheers). This was a great empire, and the interests of this country were great and paramount, and any man who placed his own political ideas before his duty to his country was not a true patriot—(applause). He was glad that the small ebullition of feeling had been promptly met, and that it soon subsided, leaving the actors ashamed of their behaviour—(applause).

Major M'Hardy and Captain Kemball replied to the toast.

The Chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—(applause)—and said—I am glad to think that in giving Success to the Gaelic Society, I need not feel, as some of my predecessors fifteen, fourteen, or thirteen

years ago must have done, that success is not assured, because in the fifteenth year of our existence the success and the prosperity of the Society are quite assured facts, and the Gaelic Society is now considered one of the features of the Highland Capital—(applause). Nobody can come to Inverness at this time of the year, or in the summer when all the Highlanders attend at the Wool Market, or in the autumn and winter months, without knowing that the Society is doing good, and excellent, and enduring work—(applause). And nobody who cares to get possession of the “Transactions” of this Society can read them without feeling and seeing that we are leaving behind us a record that must exist for ever in the history of the country—(applause). Many papers published in the records of this Society will prove of great value to anybody who comes to write the history of this country in future times. There is much in the history of this part of the country which is undeveloped and unexplored, and which this Society is helping, and helping well, to investigate and present in an intelligent light; and I am glad to think that we include many in our membership who are well qualified to aid, by scholarship and learning, in the investigation of this ancient history of Scotland, which has now become so popular a subject. This Society was founded, as I understand, for the purpose of preserving all that was good and great and worth remembering in the history of our ancestors; and we have been labouring for the last fifteen years well and faithfully, I think, in that direction. On the first occasion I had the opportunity of addressing the Gaelic Society, I recollect saying that I was convinced that one of the great objects of the Society was to secure the preservation of a race which had given an interest and a grace to this country. This became, I believe, the main object of all societies such as this, and very much has been done in this direction, and a public feeling has been aroused which did not exist when this Society came into existence. Recently, legislation has taken place, which will, it is generally conceded, tend to perpetuate the Highland race on Highland soil—(applause). Now, I think that while we ought all to rejoice in that legislation so far as it is for good, I think that we ought as a Society to keep well in mind that we ought to lead the people to healthy views, and teach them that what has been done can be of little use unless they recognise the fact that the law must be obeyed, and that certain duties devolve upon them and must be fulfilled. It appears to me that too little attention has been paid to this aspect of the question. It seems, to me, very evident that if the Highland people are to live on the soil which was sufficient

for the support of their ancestors, they must live very much as their ancestors did ; and they cannot expect that all the appliances of modern luxury can be got out of a small holding if the Highlands are to continue to maintain as many people as have found subsistence in the past—(applause). I think we ought to make a special move in this Society to encourage those home industries which once occupied every household, and teach the people that they must live in a simpler and more old-fashioned way than they might possibly be inclined to do in this age of luxury ; that they must not follow the example of their neighbours in the south, where the means of subsistence are more easily earned, and in a greater degree. Even with the legislative privileges which have been granted them, the crofters must realise that their families cannot live in comfort unless they revive and practise those admirable household industries which, in times gone by, contributed so materially to the maintenance and general welfare of the family. I think if the Highland people are to exist, as we all hope and pray that they may, in moderate prosperity, and at any rate comfort, with all the virtues which distinguished their ancestors, there must be a general return to the household industries, which once were the adornment and glory of a Highlander's home—(applause). Now, I think, that is one object we might set before us, and one which I am confident this Society could take up with prospect of success : the impressing upon these people the fact that they must revert to the making of their own clothes, and the making of their own shoes, and devote every hour of their time to those household industries which were a noble characteristic of former generations, and so be enabled to live comfortably and easily in the small holdings which they are to possess in the future as in part of their own property—(applause). There is another department in which this Society, and all kindred societies, might do effective work. We have had the schoolmaster amongst us lately. The three R's are in the ascendant ; but while the schoolmaster teaches the useful three R's, this learning should not altogether replace the traditional literature which was once the glory of every Highland home. The interesting poetic and prose traditions of long descent, the rehearsal of which occupied the winter evenings of Highland households, have been replaced, I am sorry to say, by the reading of newspapers, which convey the mere tittle-tattle of the day—(laughter)—or the mere passing excitement on some particular question, or mere appeals to the lower instincts of our nature. There is a great difference from what existed in the days of our grandfathers, when the people kept in oral remembrance the great

Gaelic poems which are the glory of the literature of this country, and which would enrich the literature of any country—(applause). It is difficult to conceive the enormous difference which it makes to a man who has been reared in such influences as we see in operation at present, instead of those manly influences which obtained in former times, when his imagination was stirred and his ambition excited by reflectively looking back upon a great and glorious past, be it through the medium of traditional or legendary lore—to him it was all living reality, and it excited in him healthy and pure manly feelings and ambitions. That has been lost to the people of the present generation, but Societies like this might achieve much to bring back to the people their old pride in the chivalry of the past, because, when they have lost it, they are only going in the other direction, and a class of literature is lost which we cannot get replaced. These are two directions in which this Society might do a great deal of good, and they are matters which are distinctly in the line of the duty we have taken upon ourselves—that of preserving all that was good and correct in the habit and style of the past. It is a long time to look back, but there was also a bright period in Highland history when art flourished; and although the ordinary arts of life, the ordinary conveniences of life, were not great, yet in monastic centres there were produced works of art not easily surpassed in their own particular line. These were matters in which we have the elements of a great culture; these are the things of industry which raised the Highland people in times past—though poor, and without any of the ordinary conveniences or comforts or luxuries of life—to a position of social virtue. The poor Highlander walked his native hills like a gentleman, and was proof against the bribe of even £30,000—(applause)—when his chief was in danger. Those were days when the Highland people placed above their own convenience, and comfort, even above the value of their own life, their duty to those whom they recognised as higher and better than themselves. I think we ought in this Society to encourage the memory of those times, and try to keep before the people the great and glorious standard which our ancestors set before us, and which will make the Highland people always what they have been, a people of chivalry, honour, self-sacrifice, and of great goodness—(applause). I give you with all my heart, “Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness”—(applause).

Mr Wm. Mackay, hon. secretary to the Society, read the following report:—In submitting the fifteenth annual report, the Council have much pleasure in stating that the prosperity and

usefulness of the Society continue to increase. Within the last year a large volume of "Transactions," consisting of upwards of 450 pages, has been issued to the members, and that volume has been exceedingly well received by the press all over the country. Already this session valuable papers by Mr Liddall, advocate; Mr Mackay, Hereford; and Mr Smart, Inverness, have been read, and before the end of the session papers are to be contributed by the Rev. Mr Campbell, Tiree; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh; Mr Bain, Nairn; Mr Wm. Mackay, Mr Alexander Macbain, Mr Alexander Macpherson, Kingussie; the Rev. Mr Cameron, Brodick; Provost Macandrew, Mr Ross, architect; Mr Alexander Carmichael, Mr Colin Livingstone, Fort-William; Mr John Whyte; "Nether Lochaber;" Professor Mackinnon; Mr Maclean, Ardross; Mrs Mary Mackellar, and probably Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and Mr Macdonald, Skaebost. We have thus the prospect of a very active session, and our next volume, the printing of which will immediately be commenced, promises to be a large and interesting one. The Treasurer reports as follows:—Balance from last year, £39 15s 3d; income during year, £94 18s 11d—£134 14s 2d; expenditure during year, £109 17s 9d; balance in hand, £24 16s 5d. There is a considerable number of volumes of "Transactions" on hand, which the Council are anxious to sell, and a large amount is still outstanding in name of arrears of members' subscriptions. It is to be hoped that members in arrears will see the necessity of paying, as the expenses connected with the printing, binding, and delivery of the "Transactions," which they have received, are very heavy. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has, within the last week, generously sent a special contribution of £5 towards the publishing fund, and a contribution of £1 has also been received from Mr Chas. Clunas, Nairn, towards the same object. The good example of these gentlemen will, it is hoped, be followed by others interested in the success of the Society. The Council cannot close this report without expressing their extreme regret at the resignation of Mr Wm. Mackenzie, who has for a number of years filled the office of Secretary. Mr Mackenzie was most enthusiastic and energetic in the work of the Society; and although his removal to the office of Secretary to the Crofters' Commission is a circumstance on which he and the Society are to be congratulated, it will be difficult to fill the place which he has left vacant—(applause).

Mr E. H. Macmillan gave the healths of the members of Parliament for the Northern Counties and Burghs, and at the conclusion of a neatly-put speech said—Whatever may be our views in regard to politics, we must do our members of Parliament the justice of

believing that they are animated by an earnest desire to do their best for the country—(applause). And we can be sure that the session upon which they are about to enter is one which is fraught with very serious issues to the country. There are many knotty points to be discussed, which will require all the tact and ability with which our members are possessed to arrive at a right decision; but I feel sure that upon one point, at least, all true-hearted men, of whatever shade of politics, will be found to agree, and that is in desiring to uphold the integrity of this great Empire—(applause).

Mr John Macdonald, supervisor, Dingwall, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael," and in doing so, said—What can the man do that cometh after the King?—(laughter). What can I say on a subject that has been dealt with on previous occasions by such Celtic scholars as you, sir, our cultured Chairman, the learned editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and others? I yield to no one in my admiration for, and appreciation of, the language and literature of the Gael, but my studies in the field have, unfortunately, been limited and superficial, and are hardly up to date, so that I feel utterly unable to do justice to this important toast. I take courage, however, from the thought that little need be said to commend the toast to this assembly of enthusiastic Highlanders—(applause). We may legitimately congratulate ourselves on the recognition and position to which Celtic language and literature have at length attained. We need no longer go back to Eden or to Babel, and, perhaps, with more zeal than knowledge, eagerly claim either as the birthplace of Gaelic. Scientific research has now, beyond question, placed Celtic among the oldest and best members of the Aryan family, perhaps before Latin and Greek, and even Sanscrit itself, in point of antiquity—an honourable position, which should fully satisfy the most exacting Gael. By virtue of this great antiquity, and of the intimate relation of Gaelic to the other Indo-European languages, its value in philological studies can hardly be over-estimated. And this great antiquity, coupled with the wide westward wanderings of the race, makes Gaelic a valuable, if not an indispensable factor in historical and topographical researches. Its historical, philological, and topographical value alone, is sufficient to entitle the venerable Gaelic to consideration and respect from a scientific and even a cold material age, like the present, and the claim has at length been admitted. As regards the literature of the Gael, we have no longer to meet ignorant and prejudiced detractors of the Johnston and Pinkerton class. It is now admitted on all hands that we have a literature—a literature of rare excellence, full of historic

and social interest, although perhaps limited in quantity—(applause). Enough has been published to prove the high merit and great beauty of the language—its adaptability and capacity for expressing the tenderest and purest affections, the deepest emotions, the highest and noblest sentiments, the keenest satire, and of delineating and interpreting nature in her brightest and in her gloomiest moods. As might have been expected, the Gaelic language is a medium worthy of the poetic fervour, the lively imagination, the high chivalry, the daring courage, the love of freedom and of nature, which have at all times characterised the Celtic race. I must not refer here to the influence exerted by the race and the language on contemporary literature. As a striking example of the genius of the language, and perhaps of some early relation to Hebrew, I may remark that many of the more important alterations made in the Revised Version of the Old Testament are to be found in the Gaelic text. One example will suffice. The authorised version renders Job iv. 6 very obscurely, as follows:—“Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?” The Revised Version has:—“Is not thy fear of God thy confidence and thy hope the integrity of thy ways?” With this the Gaelic Version agrees exactly:—“Nach e d’ eagal diadhaidh d’earbsa, agus ionracas do shlighean do dhochas?” If this discovery be the means of sending many to compare the Revised Version with the Gaelic Bible, which, with all its grammatical and orthographical errors, and other defects, may still be regarded as the well of Gaelic undefiled, I hope the clergy will forgive me. Not only have the historical value, and the great merit and beauty, of Celtic language and literature been admitted, but its educational value is now being acknowledged. The hard rigid rules of a frigid utilitarianism are giving way. The short-sighted policy of endeavouring to educate through the intellect alone is becoming apparent. The truth of the poet’s statement is being realised—

“It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain.”

It is found that the heart, the emotions, the imagination, and that knowledge of mother tongue possessed by every child, are important factors in educating the young. This truism preached by practical Highlanders, and ignored by theoretical educationists for many years, has at length been received, and Gaelic is admitted into our schools. From the teaching of the schools, and of the Celtic chair, together with the labours and influence of such Societies as this, Celtic language and literature have much to hope for. May we

not hope for wider, deeper, more correct knowledge, and consequently higher taste for things Celtic on the part of our youth? May we not hope for greater proficiency and higher attainments in Celtic scholarship? May we not expect that by and by our clergy, our lawyers, our doctors, and our schoolmasters may know a little more of the language of the people among whom they labour and practise? If the late lamented Lord Iddesleigh took the trouble to acquire a Devonshire dialect that he might talk freely with his people, understand them, and sympathise with them, may we not hope that our Highland lairds may make an effort to put themselves more in touch with their Gaelic-speaking countrymen? We may not now be shocked or moved to laughter by gross mistakes in the pulpit such as a Ross-shire minister was guilty of when he blundered for "Peter walked on the sea," "Dh'imich Peadair air a mhara;" or, when explaining Pharaoh's liking for Sarah, he solemnly announced—"Bha Sarah na boirionnach màsach!"—(laughter). But although we may not hear such blunders now, how few of our clergy can preach a Gaelic sermon that does not bristle with grammatical errors, incorrect, unidiomatic expressions, and inelegant constructions, to say nothing of a large sprinkling of foreign words and phrases? Let our endeavours be to raise the standard of Gaelic scholarship and taste, until a clergyman be as much ashamed of an error in his Gaelic as in his English sermon. Let us hope none of them, even at present, is as bad as the Strathglass priest, of whom the woman said—"Tha e ainneamh 's an Laidinn, ach cha 'n fhiach e smugaid 's a' Ghaelic"—(laughter). And is it too much to ask that, for the future, our lawyers, and especially our judges, should be able to perform their duties without the aid of interpreters? Numerous instances could be given in which the point of the evidence was lost on interpretation. In Wales no judge and no Bishop can be appointed unless he knows Welsh. Why should the Highlanders be content with less? We can do nothing to further more the cause of our language and literature than by asserting our rights in this matter. The Welsh say, "As long as the world lasts Cymric will be spoken;" and they are evidently determined that, as long as the race exists, its rights and privileges will be maintained. Let us learn a lesson from them in this matter. I am delighted to find the Gaelic Society of London seriously discussing the importance of adopting a uniform system of Gaelic spelling that would be recognised as a standard for all purposes. In a paper read before this Society twelve years ago, I ventured to suggest the adoption of a uniform system of spelling, based on the orthography of the Gaelic Bible, and I am

more than ever convinced of the utmost importance of such a style in the interests of Gaelic literature. With a recognised standard of Gaelic spelling, might be commenced the issue of an improved uniform edition of all our present Gaelic books, work which would be worthy of our Federated Gaelic Societies, and which, I venture to submit, would do much to make our Gaelic literature popular. After such an edition, the publication of our unpublished literature, written and oral, might be undertaken with advantage. Let us not only be enthusiastic, but earnest and practical in our work. Now that we have the educational means, let us facilitate and encourage the acquisition of our mother-tongue ; let us present our highly interesting literature in its best form, and, having thus helped to raise proficient Gaelic scholars, let us insist on their obtaining the prizes among their own people. An interesting glimpse of the present state of Celtic studies was given by the editor in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and there can be no doubt that there is a tendency among philologists to pay more attention to the living dialects of the language, which will necessarily encourage the study of modern Gaelic. I need not detain you by referring to the events of the past year in connection with Gaelic literature. These are fully recorded in the able introduction to the last volume of our Transactions, the most important among these events being the lamented death of that accomplished Gaelic scholar, the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh, and the translation of the Queen's "More Leaves" into classic Gaelic by our bard, Mrs Mackellar. In general Celtic literature there has been two important contributions by Mr Stokes to the transactions of the Philological Society ; the publication of *Merugud Uilix*, the Irish Odyssey, as edited by Kune Meyer ; the Hibbert Lectures, by Professor Rhys, on the origin and growth of religion as illustrated by Celtic heathendom ; the assumption by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville of the editorship of the *Revue Celtique* on the retirement of M. Gaidoz ; and quite recently Professor Stokes of Dublin has published an interesting book on the Celtic Church in Ireland, noticed in this day's *Courier*. The *Celtic Magazine*, *Scottish Highlander*, and *Chronicle*, are always with us, successfully and cordially vying with each other in doing good work, frequently showing how elastic Gaelic is in able hands, and clearly demonstrating the intense and wide-spread interest taken in Celtic matters. If we may not now look for much creative genius in the field of Gaelic Literature, let us at least do our utmost to rescue what remains, and to hand down to posterity, not only unimpaired, but if possible enlarged and improved, the whole heritage left us by our ancestors—(applause).

Mr Wm. Mackay, in responding to the toast, said—Our worthy Chairman has referred to the origin of the Society, and to the changes which have taken place within the last sixteen years, during which the Society has existed. There is no doubt that a great change has taken place in matters relating to Celtic literature within the last sixteen years. When a few of us met together in the Association building for the purpose of forming a Society to cultivate an acquaintance with Highland literature, there was very little interest taken in the subject. There were one or two people scattered over the country who interested themselves in the subject, but then were looked upon as daft—(laughter)—and the promoters of the Gaelic Society were regarded as a lot of maniacs, and were chaffed all over the town. Here we are on the expiry of sixteen years, proud of ourselves all round, and having with us a widespread and enlightened sympathy—(applause). I do not at all claim all the credit of the revival for the Gaelic Society, but I do claim, and I think it will be allowed, that to a large extent that revival is due to the work and influence of this Society—(applause). People joined the Society from far and near, and several Celtic magazines have since seen the light, the last and not the least of which, the *Celtic Magazine*, still lives in vigour—(applause). In addition to this I think that to a great extent the founding of the Gaelic chair is due to the influence of the Gaelic Society. The project was hanging fire before Professor Blackie came north and made an appeal, which resulted in his taking the office of the old convener of the committee, and carrying the movement to a successful issue—(applause). There is another curious thing which has occurred to me, and that is that while I was secretary it was difficult to get material in 1872 to fill a hundred pages, I have this year succeeded in obtaining very easily enough magnificent contributions to fill between four and five hundred pages of the next volume of our “Transactions”—(applause). This shews an extraordinary growth of interest in Celtic literature and knowledge within the last sixteen years, and I think it is a very satisfactory result of the formation of this Society—(applause).

Mr James Barron proposed the toast of “Highland Education,” and said—This subject, like other subjects, has frequently engaged the attention of the members of the Society during their fourteen previous dinners. I think we are all agreed, first, that the Education Act of 1872 has given to the Highlands a set of first-class school buildings; second, that it has increased the numbers of the teaching staff, and generally improved their qualifications; and third, that in some parishes it has added burdens to the rates

that are very serious and almost intolerable. We still greatly want a proper system of secondary education, to be established in connection with our primary system ; and I see that we have not yet fully solved the question of Gaelic teaching in our Highland schools. Since this toast was put into my hands, I have looked over the volumes of the Society's Transactions to see what was written or spoken on this particular subject. I must say that I have been impressed with the common sense and moderation of all the references that were made to it. The first definite step was taken on the 19th of November, 1874, when a resolution was adopted declaring "that it is proved by the experience of generations that a knowledge of Gaelic, instead of being a hindrance to the acquirement of, and progress in, English, greatly facilitates instruction in the English language—no method of teaching languages being so successful as double translation ; and that the new Act should make special provision for the teaching of Gaelic in the schools of Gaelic-speaking districts as an independent subject of instruction." Following on that resolution, a circular was issued to School Boards, and representations were made to the Education Department. I could quote speech after speech to show that what was chiefly wanted was to get the Gaelic used as a means of reaching the intelligence of the children. Under pressure the Department made various concessions, and yet I am not sure how far success has been really attained—(applause). I find that in speaking in this room two years ago, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie said that the report made by Dr Craik to the Department recommended just what this Society had always contended for, namely, that in Gaelic-speaking districts the teacher should have the power of interpreting to his pupil the lessons they learn in English, and that Gaelic literary knowledge should be paid for as a specific subject. "I think," added Sir Kenneth, "that all the schools where the School Boards and H.M. Inspectors consider a knowledge of Gaelic desirable in the teacher, should be scheduled, and a Gaelic-speaking teacher employed in one of them should be entitled to a personal payment of £10 or £12 a year." Mr Macbain, whose name I have great pleasure in coupling with this toast, will be able to tell us how much yet remains to be done, before the schools can be regarded as in a thoroughly satisfactory position in their relation to the native tongue. Mr Macbain himself, as you are aware, is one of our best teachers, and one of the most competent and learned students of Celtic literature and philology—(applause).

Mr Macbain, M.A., in the course of his reply to this toast, said :—The present time is a most important turning point, not merely in the general condition of the Highlands, but also and very especially in matters of education. The Highland minute and the new code of last year at last and tardily recognised Gaelic as a means in the education of Highland children ; and at the present time there is an Education Commission sitting in enquiry as to the training and supply of teachers. We must not be satisfied with the concessions of last year, good as they were so far as they went—(applause). The Commission must be impressed with the necessity there is of spending some portion of the annual training grant of £27,000 on the training of teachers that can speak Gaelic. As matters stand, scarcely a Gaelic-speaking pupil teacher can get into a training college. Professor Mackinnon says—“Of the 700 odd names in the list, I could hardly recognise one as in the least likely to be admitted to training and to return thereafter to teach in a Gaelic-speaking district.” The very few that get into the colleges are the very cream of intelligence, surmounting every obstacle by sheer force of genius, and they, when trained, naturally enough do not return to the Highlands, when they can get much more lucrative posts in the south. Consequently, the supply of teachers in the Highlands at present comes from the worst trained class of English-speaking teachers, or they are Highland ex-pupil teachers who lack the Normal training. Education suffers in every way. The present system is bad in every way. The absurdity of teaching English through English alone to children who understand nothing but Gaelic has at last dawned even on the officials of the department. The results of it have been deplorable. The veneration of English thus gained was soon lost, and the result now is that young people do not read or understand English, and cannot read Gaelic. They are thus, as the venerable Dr Clerk writes to the papers, tied down to their unproductive glens, held fast there by their inability to speak the dominant language. What has the department done? It allows, firstly, Gaelic to be taught in school hours, and the new code allows the intelligence of the children to be tested by requiring them to explain in Gaelic the meaning of any passages read in English—(applause). This code further allows a Gaelic-speaking pupil teacher to be employed to give bi-lingual instruction to Gaelic-speaking children, and the generous grant of £3 yearly is promised if the teacher passes the examination required—(laughter)—and further, Gaelic may be taken as a specific subject, but no schedule has as yet been issued, and the teacher must make terms with the inspector as to what is

to be taught. However, I believe a remedy will soon be effected, for a Gaelic schedule appears to be under consideration once again. This makes the schedule suggested by this Society in the introduction to its last volume of great importance, and I hope it may be seen in official quarters. And that is all that the Government does for Gaelic and its speakers—(applause). You will observe that the reading of Gaelic is not insisted on in the earliest stages, and without this the English becomes a mere veneer as of old, and the child when its school-days are over loses the English veneer, and cannot read his native Gaelic. We should insist, as Dr Clerk well suggests, that children should learn to read the Gaelic at an early stage, and be furnished with bi-lingual text books throughout. By this means English will be thoroughly and permanently learnt, and Gaelic can also be read. So that should the Highlander leave his native place he can speak English, should he remain at home he can enjoy the literary treasures of his native tongue—(applause). But a pressing question, and one that precedes the matter of bi-lingual teaching is this: Who is to teach? Where are our Gaelic teachers? Dr Clerk says we have not one in twenty such as is required. The Government suggests meanwhile the employment of Gaelic speaking pupil teachers. But how do they encourage these teachers? They give £3 a year and they allow the pupil to attend a preparatory school to brush up for the entrance examination to the training college, and all at the teacher's own expense! Wonderful generosity!—(applause). Now, preparatory training must be paid for in the £27,000 given to the Southern training colleges. We must insist upon it. It was kindly suggested from official sources that part of the money of the S.P.C.K. should be applied to this purpose, and so save the exchequer at the expense of Highland secondary education. That is not fair, to say the least of it. We must try and make the State pay for the training of its Gaelic teachers as it pays for the English teachers—(applause).

Mr Councillor Mackenzie, Silverwells, proposed the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands, and in doing so said:—I regret to say that both of these interests have for the past few years been in a depressed condition, and that we are at present passing through a critical time. We have in the north a class of tenant farmers of whom any country might be proud—(applause). They are men of intelligence, ability, and great perseverance, and yet notwithstanding these qualifications they have had adversity staring them in the face year after year, and in many cases, I fear, rents have been paid out of capital. But,

gentlemen, we need scarcely be surprised at this, for we can remember that some years ago arable land farmers got about double the price for wheat, barley, and oats which they get now. And as the commercial prosperity of our country largely, if not almost entirely, depends upon its agricultural and pastoral welfare, so our commercial interests have also been suffering severely during the past few years. The only ray of sunshine we have experienced is a slight rise in the price of sheep and wool. We all hope it may continue and improve. Proprietors have, many of them, in a praiseworthy manner, given large reductions of rent, and have met their tenants in an excellent spirit, so that our sympathies are extended to them also. Many of our northern proprietors have likewise set noble examples to their tenantry by entering upon agricultural pursuits themselves on their home farms. They will in this way experience the difficulties with which their tenants have to contend in these depressed times. A Royal Commission of inquiry into the depressed state of trade was appointed some time ago, and that Commission, which was composed of eminent men, have issued an exhaustive report. That report brings out strongly the fact that the depression we feel so much in the north is almost universal. Our most gracious Majesty has also granted a Royal Commission to enquire into the condition of a very large portion of our countrymen in the Highlands and Islands. This Commission is now sitting, and we hope that by-and-by its results may prove beneficial to those more immediately interested, so that proprietors, tenant farmers, crofters, and cottars may all rejoice together, and that a wave of continued prosperity may soon visit our land—(cheers). There is no society, I will venture to say, has greater sympathy with the Highlands than the Gaelic Society of Inverness—(applause)—and we wish the Highlands and Highlanders every success. Inverness being the capital of the Highlands, and having every facility for travelling by land and water, and being equipped in every possible way to meet the commercial development of the country, with its markets, banks, and storehouses, our interests are mutual, and we can therefore in all sincerity drink success to the agricultural interests of the Highlands. I have already mentioned the hand-some manner in which proprietors have met their tenants in consequence of the depression. Why should not the Highland Railway Company give proof of their interest in the farmers by offering them easier rates for the transit of stock and other produce between local stations?—(applause). Such a step would be greatly appreciated, and would only be in keeping with the

depressed times. I am asked to associate this toast with the name of a gentleman who is in the happy position of being what I may call an independent farmer, and we hope he may soon be proprietor of the lands he so well cultivates—(applause). I ask you, gentlemen, to drink to the agricultural and commercial interests, coupled with the name of Councillor Duncan Macdonald—(applause).

Councillor Duncan Macdonald, in reply, said—The toast with which you have so kindly coupled my name is, as Councillor Mackenzie has said, one connected with the largest industry in the kingdom, and one in which we, in the north, are deeply interested. Although prosperity would appear to have deserted the agricultural interests of the country for a good many years now, I am not at all hopeless of an improvement, and of a return to the days when fortune favoured us. We have ample evidence that the agricultural interests have passed through severe periods of depression during the last 90 or 100 years; and although the present crisis has been much more protracted than any we have experienced during the present century, still I think we can now see the silver lining to the cloud which has so long overshadowed us—(applause). It will be in the recollection of all interested, that we, in the north, did not experience the full force of the depression which had set in until some three years after it had first been experienced in the south; and now, when we have the cry reiterated that trade is reviving in the south, I think we in the north may fairly hope that the tide of prosperity will speedily flow in this direction. In the Highlands we have many difficulties to contend with; and while I say that absenteeism is the bane of them all, I cannot help remarking that many of our farmers would seem to have risen above their calling, and forgotten the rigid economy and persevering efforts of their predecessors, and that the members of their families know as little about their duties as town visitors might be expected to know by a cursory visit to a cattle show or to a zoological garden—(laughter). Apart from this, however, it is pleasant to observe that in many cases efforts are being made by landlords to conciliate their tenants, and I am glad to see that the tenantry are heartily responding to their appeals; and I have no hesitation in saying that under good treatment the tenantry are as faithful and loyal to their proprietors as in days gone by—(applause). I look upon the Crofters' Act with great favour and with great hope. Indeed, I never expected to see such a good and useful measure passed in my day. I hope it will create great changes for the better. I have no doubt but the best men will as yore

leave the country ; but fighting their battles manfully abroad, they will prosper, and will retain such kindly feelings for the land of their birth as will induce them to contribute money liberally for the support of their aged parents and friends at home, now that fixity of tenure is assured. At the rate we are now progressing in the Highlands, I am hopeful that in fifteen or twenty years the hovels will have entirely disappeared from our hill-sides, and that we will have in their stead large and comfortable cottages, the homes of happy and prosperous tenants, a state of matters which should be pleasing to landlord and tenant, and the public at large—(applause).

Mr George J. Campbell gave the toast of "Kindred Societies," which he was sure would meet with acceptance—(applause). The qualification kindred societies, Mr Campbell said, does not necessarily confine our sympathies to those specially employed in advancing the interests of the Gaelic language and literature, and of the Gaelic race. Yet such societies have a special claim on our appreciation and regard—(applause). A mere catalogue of these, without reference to the particular fields of operation occupied by them, would not be over interesting, though it might be very suggestive of the wide interest taken in Celtic matters. Gaelic and Celtic and Highland societies of various kinds and names are scattered not only over the British Isles, but wherever Scottish Highlanders plant their habitation, let it be in Canada, India, South Africa, or Australia, or in any other corner of the British Empire—(applause). In the large cities, and in many other centres of our own country, the clannish spirit of the Celt ever manifests itself in such associations as the Gaelic Society and Caledonian Club of London, which have done much to retain and foster the national sentiment, and have afforded material assistance to our Celtic brothers when required in the Saxon South—(applause). In Edinburgh we have the University Celtic Society, which, by its frequent Gaelic essays and debates, perfects the members in the use of the Gaelic language, and maintains the bonds of brotherhood among the Highland students at our Metropolitan University. We have also in Edinburgh the Sutherland Association, which is a most useful and energetic institution, which has for many years given from £20 to £40 annually in educational prizes throughout that county, and has also for some time given a valuable bursary to deserving students to assist them in their University career—(applause). That association has also recently started a most interesting publication scheme under the title of "The Sutherland Papers." The first

volume was recently issued, viz. :—"The Geology of Sutherland," by Mr H. M. Cadell of H.M. Geological Survey. The next book, promised in a few months, is "Bishop Pocock's Tour in Sutherland in the Eighteenth Century," and others of local but also general Celtic interest are to follow. The Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club is also doing good in the assistance it gives to the advancement of education in the counties it represents—(applause). I need only mention that in Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, there are several Gaelic and other societies having objects kindred to our own. In our own Highland Capital we have several kindred societies, including the "Highland Railway Literary Society," the "Literary and Debating Society," and the "Field Club," all energetic and flourishing. While the literary societies explore the general fields of English literature, history and biography, and philosophical research, and give occasional glances into the more tempting and stirring field of political polemics, the Field Club is exploring for us the hidden treasures of our Celtic soil and hills and glens, which preserve many illustrations of ancient Celtic life and history, and shed fresh light on the archaeology of our Celtic past—(applause). The Field Club has followed the good example set by the Gaelic Society by publishing a most interesting and instructive volume of Transactions. We have now twelve volumes of our own—(applause). These are tangible and permanent evidences of the work being done. Each society works in its special sphere, and occupies valuable and exhaustless ground, but there is one other society I should like to see started here. In connection with the commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, our worthy Chairman, as Provost of the burgh, suggested that a volume of burgh charters might be published. Now, instead of making this a jubilee volume, seeing that we have another scheme on hand, the purchase of a public park—(applause)—it has occurred to me that it might be a good plan to institute a "Highland Charter and Record Club," or call it by what name you will, for the publication of burgh charters and other interesting ancient records connected with the North. Similar clubs have done valuable service in this line, such as the "Grampian," "Spalding," and "Bannatyne" Clubs, the "Antiquarian Society," and the "Scotch Record Publication Society." I think we should easily get 400 or 500 members to guarantee the cost. Apart from other records, we have the ancient charters of Inverness, Elgin, Banff, Nairn, Dingwall, Tain, Fortrose, Kirkwall, and others, many of them dating from the 12th century. I trust this will not be lost sight

of. Meantime, let us drink to the toast of Kindred Societies, coupled with the name of Dr Macnee, who takes an active interest in all our local societies—(applause).

Dr Macnee, in responding, said he did not know by what law of selection the framer of the programme fixed upon him in asking him to reply to the toast so well proposed by Mr Campbell. There could be no doubt that he was connected with a number of societies in town and elsewhere ; but he had to admit that he was a very bad member of them all—(“no, no”). He was beginning to think what he ought to say about kindred societies ; but when he heard Mr Campbell repeat the names of so many, he began to despair of being able to say anything, so he made up his mind not to say anything—(laughter). He was connected with one or two societies which at one time flourished in Inverness, but, he was sorry to say, were now defunct. He was, however, very glad to see the Gaelic Society of Inverness in such a flourishing condition, and having such a prosperous future in store for it—(applause).

Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed the toast of non-resident members, and in doing so said that, after the humorous story to which they had listened from Bailie Stuart, and the exhibition they had of the fantastic toe, he felt it would be sacrilege upon his part to inflict a long speech upon them—(laughter). The character of the Celtic race was rather a paradoxical one. Highlanders were always credited with love of country, and a people who always liked to stick to and for their country ; but, on the other hand, it was a significant fact that no race of people were so fond to travel. As a consequence of that, they were to be found here and there throughout the world, and that was the reason that they had such a large number of non-resident members connected with the Society—(applause). The fact was, that by far the largest number of their members were non-resident. They, however, showed their appreciation of the Society by contributing papers—most interesting papers—to the Society, as the last volume of the Transactions would show—(applause). As it took a good deal of money to put those papers into print, some of those absent members were mindful of them not only in contributing papers, but also in material wealth. He asked them to join him in drinking to their very good health—(applause).

Mr John Macdonald, Dingwall, responded. Other toasts followed.

19th JANUARY, 1887.

The meeting this evening was devoted to the nomination of office-bearers for the ensuing year,

The secretary intimated the following donations to the library of the Society, viz. :—Mr John D. Dixon's! "Gairloch," from Mr Alexander Burgess, Gairloch; Struan's Poems, from Mr Alexander Kennedy, Bohuntin; and "The Writings of Eda," from Mr John Mackay of Ben-Reay.

26th JANUARY, 1887.

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

The following gentlemen were elected ordinary members of the Society, viz. :—Rev. Duncan Robertson, Arisaig, Fort-William; Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole; James Mackintosh Gow, F.S.A. Scot., Union Bank, Edinburgh; Bailie Gibson, Inverness; and James A. Watson, solicitor, do.

The Librarian then read a Gaelic tale, entitled "Sir Olave O'Corn," contributed by the Rev. Mr Campbell, Tiree. The tale, with an English translation, was as follows:—

SGEULACHD AIR SIR UALLABH O'CORN.

Taken down from the oral recitation of Mr Donald Cameron, Ruaig, Tiree, 19th February, 1863.

Bha Rìgh air Eirinn ris an abradh iad Ceann Artair Mac-Iuthair, agus thainig Sir Uallabh O'Corrn, mac a pheathar, 'g a amharc. Smaointich e gun rachadh e féin agus a chuid ghillean do'n bheinn-sheilg a thoirt toil-inntinn do mhac a pheathar. An deigh dol do'n bheinn thainig ceò dall druidheachd orra. "Co dhiu is fearr leats'," ars' an Rìgh, "dol air ceann mo shluaigh-sa, na dol a chruinneachadh na seilg 's na sìthne?" "Fanaidh mise," arsa Sir Uallabh O'Corrn, "agus ni mi taighean air 'ur cionn, gus an tig sibh." Dh' fhalbh an Rìgh agus a shluaigh, agus am beul an atha 's an anmoich thainig iad, 's cha robh leth gu leoir a dh-aiteachan air an cionn an uair a thill iad. "M' amhghar is m'iom-dhearbh a rinn thu orm, a mhic mo pheathar, Gum bu sgleò uile agus iorghuill dhuit, agus gu ma mìle miosa dhuit an ceann na bliadhna! Bithidh mi fein agus mo chuid sluaigh air chall, agus air seacharan a nochd." "Bithidh mi fhein a' falbh," arsa Sir Uallabh O'Corrn, "cha d' fhan mi riamh far an deanta tàir agus tailceas orm." Phaisg e a bhreacan air a ghuailibh, agus dh' fhalbh e.

Bha slatag bheag 'na laimh agus bhual e air carragh creig i, agus rinn e iubhrach ghrinn, an-athaiseach. Thug e a toiseach do mhuir agus a deireadh do thir, agus thog e na croinn mhòra, bhun-reamhara, bharrach-chaola, na'n treubhaiche deagh-threubhach ; agus tharruing e ropaichean cruaidh cainbe an glacaibh a suidh 's a h-ulagan. Thog e na siuil bhreaca, bhaidealach, an aghaidh nan crann fada, fulangach, fughaidh, le soirbheas beag, ciuin, lag, laghach, o mhullach nam beann, 's o airde na h-eirthire, 's o bhuinne ruadh charragean, a bheireadh duilleach a craoibh, seileach a beinn, fraoch òg as a bhun agus as a fhriamhaichean. Dheanadh e fhein stiuir 'na deireadh, iùl 'na toiseach, beairt 'na buillsgein ; 's gun sgoilteadh i coinlein cruaidh coirce roimh a toiseach le ro-fheabhas a stiuraidh. 'N uair a bu mhàll leis a bhiodh i 'falbh, chuireadh e 'mach raimh mhòra, bhaisgeanta, bharrach-dhruinneach, a dheanadh an t-iomram tioram, tosanda, o chùil-stuadh a' chuain bholgaich, mhòir-fharsuing, an cnuas agus am basaibh na boin bith-thairn. Is e bu cheòl cànranaich cadail dha, lubartaich easgann, screadar-daich fhaoileann, beuchdaich ròn is bheisdean mòra ; a' bhèisd bu mhò ag ithidh na beisd 'bu lugha, 's a' bheisd bu lugh' a' deanamh mar a dh' fheadadh i. Na faochagan a' tionndadh fionn an aghaidh a stuic, muir ag atadh anns an uair sin ; gun eireadh an fhairge ghlas 'na h-abhall as a h-ìochdar 's 'na buinne ceart cho neartmhor 's as a h-uachdar ; na faochagan beaga, seana, croma, ciarra, 'bha seachd bliadhna air an aigeal, bheireadh iad fead air a beul-mòr agus cnag air a h-urlar. Bheireadh an gleò gabhaidh, gràineil, bas-bhualach, tulganach, mòr-bheumnach, coimhionta, comh-chruaidh, comh-churanta ; leobhair ghuirme, leobhar dheirge, leobhar Lochlunnach ri clacha neartmhor neimhneach. B' fhiur choltach sin ri laige loireachain, ri suidhe corra-aimhleis, ri dubhadh a donn chlair, ri piceadh a seana chlair, 's i 'sgoltadh na fairge, ri caitheadh a chuain mhòir, fhàda, fhiadhaich, air fhiaradh agus air a tharsuing ; callaga beaga a' chuain a' gabhail mu thànch 's mu fhois, 's mu fhasgadh, ann an sop a' chroinn mhòir aig romheud an allabain, agus cinn dhaoine beaga 'dol ann am putagan.

Cuirm is cuid oidhche aca san uair sin air falbh, fleadh agus fèisd, fion an àite òil, ceol an àite èisdeachd, cèir an aite a losgaidh, biadh an àite a chosgaidh, nial fala air gach aon mheis, blas meala air gach aon ghreim, coinnlean ceire laist' an lann-dair fad na h-oidhche gu latha. Tha cruith chànranaich chiùil aige a sheinneadh puirt agus duanagan-cadail, nach robh an sìth-bheinn, no an sìth-dhùn, no am buth na bòc-thuinn, no an teach Mhanainn, aon cheol canranach cadail a b' aillidh na e, chuireadh mnathan-sìth fir ghointe, agus mnai-siubhla 'n an siorran suain 's 'n an troma chadal.

“Seall a mach, ciod e tha mi 'cluinntinn, faruim tuinne ri traigh, gairich mara ri eirthir ; ma 's e 'n eirthir a dh' fhag sinn a tha ann is ole a dh' fhalbh an iubhrach.” Sheall e an sin suas agus chaidh e air tir, agus tharruing e an iubhrach a seachd fad fein air an fheur ghlas, far nach deanadh macain baile-mhòir bùird-mhagaidh no fochaid oirre.

Chuir e uime a leine theann de an t-sròl, teanna ri chneas ; còta amalach air air uachdar na h-òr leine ; sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach, bharra-chumhann air a laimh chli ; iuchair sgeine co geur air a laimh dheis ; a sgiath dhìdein air a ghualainn, 's a chlogad cruadhach air a cheann, a shlacan cuil-fhionn cruaidh gu cruaidh-ghreimeach na dhorn, a ghearradh ribe an aghaidh na fanna, is fanna an aghaidh na fanna-ghaoith. Chuir e air deise de 'n t-sròl agus inneal nan òr bhuidh de chlacha daoimein a dheanadh soillse anns na roidibh rioghail agus 's na doireacha coit-chionn 's anns 's na cupaiche ceithreach. Chuir e air slacan a bhàis agus ioghnaidh, agus às-mhillidh, agus ghabh e suas, agus bhual e beum-sgeithe, agus dh'iarr e culaidh-chath, agus chruaidh chomhraig a chur a mach thuige.

Dh' eirich gaisgeach mòr a' bhaile sin a mach, nochd iad na h-airm leadarra liobha do chàch a cheile. Trì dithean a chuireadh iad diubh, dìth teine do 'n armaibh, dìth calcaidh do 'n sgiathan, dìth fala d' an cneasa 's d' an collainn ; iad a' bualadh 's a cruaidh leadairt a cheile. Smaointich Sir Uallaibh O'Conn gun robh e fad o chairdean agus goirid d' a naimhdean ; dh' eirich e air mullach a chas 's air bharruibh òrdag, agus bhual e mu cheann caol na braghad e, agus dh' fhag e leth-chollainn air gach manachan aige.

Thainig seann duine a mach an sin agus thubhairt e ris, “M' athadh agus m' iom-dhearg a rinn thu orm. Gu ma sgleò uile agus iorghuill dhuit, 's gum bu mhìle mhiosa an ceann na bliadhna dhuit. Chan e sin a tha tighinn fainear dhuinne an dràsda do leithid-sa 'thighinn 'n ar caramh. 'S ann 'tha Rìgh Eirinn an deigh a Bhan-rìghinn amhlacadh 's e fhein an cala Beinn Eudainn a' cur pairt d'a thrioblaid 's d'a mhulad dheth, ag iomairt air tàileasg oir.” “Bithidh mi fhìn a' falbh,” arsa Sir Uallaibh O'Conn, “a bhodaich, 's chan e fuireach comhla ruit a ni mi.” Cheangail e a bhreacan ma ghuailllean, 's bheireadh e air a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt a bha air thoiseach air, 's cha bheireadh a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt a bha air dheireadh airsan. Cha bu lugha na maolchnoc sleibhe a h-uile fòid gheur ghlas a chuireadh e o cheannaibh a chas gus an d' rainig e cala Beinn Eudainn far an robh an Rìgh.

Bheannaich e do 'n Rìgh an sin ann am briathran fisniche, foisniche, filidh, mine, maighdeana, am briathran seanchais 's am

briathran teagaisg, 's bheannaich an Rìgh an comain nam briathran ceudna dha, 's mar b' iad a b' fhearr cha b' iad gnè a bu mhiosa. "Failte ort, a Rìgh Eirinn," ars' esan. "Failte ort fein," arsa Rìgh Eirinn, "g' e b' e co thu dh' uaislean no dh' islean an domhain." "Is e Sir Uallabh O' Còrn a their iad rìum." "Teann a nall 's gun tugadh tu greis air taileasg comhla rìum," ars' an Rìgh. Cha d' rinn iad ach toiseachadh an uair a mhothaich iad curachan beag a' tighinn a stigh às a' chuan 's thainig i air tir ann an cala Beinn Eudainn. Thainig conlan dhaoine a mach agus aite mòr aca 'g a ghiulan eatorra a bha fuathasach ri fhaicinn. "'S fhad o 'n a bha ainm laoich agus gaisgich dhiot-sa," ars' an Rìgh. Na'm biodh tu mar fhear t'ainme bhiodh fhios agad de 'n fheadhainn a tha 'n sud. Dh' eirich Sir Uallabh O' Còrn agus ruith e. 'N uair a chunnaic na daoin' e 'tighinn thilg iad uapa an giulan leis an eagal a ghabh iad roimh 'n ghaisgeach. Ghabh Sir Uallabh O' Còrn a null agus dh' fhosgail e 'n t-aite bha ann an sin. Fhuair e an sin am boinne fala a b' aillidh a chunnaic e riamh air thalamh de bhoirionnach. Thug e leis i air mullach a ghuailean 's air uallach a dhroma, 's rainig e far an robh Rìgh Eirinn. Thubhairt e ris, "Thig a nuas 's ma chaill thu Ban-rìghinn fhuair mise dhuit aobharach Ban-rìghinn co maith rithe." Thainig an Rìgh a nuas le gairdeachas agus dh' fhalbh iad dhachaidh leatha, agus rinn iad banais mhòr-aobhaidh, iongantach a bha latha agus bliadhna air chunbhail gun stad.

Oidhche de na h-oidhchean thuirt an Rìgh ri ghillean, "Gabhaibh a mach agus seallaibh mu gheatachan a' bhaile, tha coltas fiadhaich air an oidhche." "Is suarach," ars' a' Bhan-rìghinn ùr, "an oidhche th' ann a nochd air an fhear 'tha 'n ceann Drochaid nan ceud." Shaoil an Rìgh gur e leannan-falaich a bh' aig a' Bhan-rìghinn an sin, agus ghabh e àrdan. Dh'armaich e e fein gu maith an sin, agus dh' fhalbh e gu ceann Drochaid nan ceud. Bhuail e beum-sgeithe agus dh'iarr e culaidh-chath agus chruaidh chomhraig a chur a mach thuige.

Dh' eirich am macan mòr, mac Rìgh na h-Innean, 's air a' cheud bhuille bha claidheamh Rìgh Eirinn ag itealach ceud troidh anns na speuran. Rug e air an Rìgh agus thug e dheth gach snaidhinn a bha air ach a leine, 's chur e air falbh dhachaidh e; cha b' fhiach leis a mharbhadh. Rinn a' Bhan-rìghinn gàire 'n uair a chaidh e dhachaidh. Dh' eirich Sir Uallabh O' Còrn agus chuir e a leine theann de 'n t-srol teanna ri chneas, cota amalach òir air uachdar na h-òr leine; sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach, bharrachumhann, air a laimh chli; a sgiath dhìdein air a ghuallain, a shlacan cuil-fhionn cruaidh gu cruaidh-ghreimeach na dhorn, a ghearradh ribe

an aghaidh na fanna, is fanna an aghaidh na fanna-ghaoith. Chuir e air deise de 'n t-srol agus inneal nan òr bhuidh de chlacha daoimein, a dheanadh soillse anns na roidibh rioghail, agus 's na doireacha coitcheann 's anns na cupaiche ceithreach. Chuir e air slacan a bhàis agus ioghnaidh agus as-mhillidh, agus ghabh e suas, bhuaile e beum-sgeithe, agus dh'iarr e culaidh chath agus chruaidh chomhraig a chur a mach thuige.

Dh' eirich macan mòr, mac Rìgh na h-Innean. Nochd iad na h-airm leadarra liobha do chach a cheile. Tri dìthean a chuireadh iad diubh; dìth teine do'n armaibh, dìth calcaidh do'n sgiathan, dìth fala da'n cneasa 's de'n collainn, iad a' bualadh 's a cruaidh leadairt a cheile. Chuir e dheth an ceann 's chuir e air gad e, 's thug e leis na laimh e gus an d' rainig e tigh Rìgh Eirinn. Bha Rìgh Eirinn na shuidhe aig a shuipeir, e fhein 's a' Bhan-rìghinn, 's chuir e 'n ceann air a' bhord. Rug a' Bhan-rìghinn 'na lamhan air 's shil i tri deoir fhala air a shuilean; leum i air falbh, 's cha robh fhios cia ann a chaidh i 's an ceann aice. Is e ceann a brathar a bh' ann 's dh' aithnich i e. "Gum bu olc a dh'èireas dhuit, a Shir Uallabh," ars' an Rìgh, "ma chuir thu fhein Ban-rìghinn am charamh-sa cha b' fhada bha thu 'g a cur air falbh." Dh' eirich Sir Uallabh O'Conn 's chuir e air a chuid arm 's chaidh e gu astar, 's gum bu cham 's gum bu dìreach gach rathad dha gus an d' rainig e ceann Drochaid nan ceud. Thug e 'n t-suil sin uaithe 's chunnaic e a' Bhan-rìghinn a bh' aig an Rìgh 's i 'gabhail a suas gu pàileas a h-athar. Sheas i treis far an robh e ga feitheamh. Rainig ise far an robh a h-athair. "Athair," ars ise, "nach ann agam 'tha naigh-eachd an diu!" "Dè ni no naigheachd a bhiodh agad o nach fhaiceadh tu Sir Uallabh O'Conn 'san àite so." "Chunnaic mise an duine sin, 's cha 'n eil e fada bhuainn." "Is beag maith a ni sin dhuinne cha 'n eil ann an rioghachd na h-Innein na chuireas ris, fhad 's bhios e fuidh 'chuid arm." "Tha," ars an Rìgh, "cuiridh sinn a mach coig ceud caogad de lan ghaisgich 'na aghaidh. Thug e fòcha 's tharta, frithe 's rompa; far am bu tìuighe iad 's ann a bu mhi-sgaoiltiche iad, 's bu duain mharbhaidh dhoibh. Bha e mar sheobhaig àltaunn 'g an cruinneachadh gus nach d' fhag e duine beo dhiubh, mur a d' fhàg e fear air leth-laimh no fear air leth-chois, 's ged a bhitheadh deich teangannan fichead an ceann an fhìr a bhiodh beo, 's ann a 'g innseadh uile fhein 's uile chàich uile a bhitheadh e, gus nach d' fhag e duine beo dhiubh.

"Nach d' thuirt mi sud ruibh, athair?" ars ise, "nach fhagadh e duine beo fhad 's a bhiodh e fuidh chuid arm." "Ciod a nis a tha thu fhein a' smaointinn, a ghalad, a ni sinn air?" "Ni," ars' ise, "a chur seachd oidhchean a chumail òil ri pòiteir na h-Innein,

agus mo phiuthar og-sa a chumail ri ghuallainn deis na h-uile oidhche dhiu sin, agus ma thuiteas a' chluich aig a' Chearr-fheach air na gabhadh e ni bhuaithe ach a chuid arm."

Thug iad a stigh Sir Uallabh O'Corrn a' gabhail orra gun robh iad a' dol a dheanamh reite ris. Thug e seachd oidhchean a' cumail oil ri poiteir na h-Innein, agus nighean òg an Rìgh ri ghuallainn. Fhuair iad an Cearr-fheach, 's chuir iad Sir Uallabh O'Corrn a chumail cluich ris. Thuit a' chluich aig a' Chearr-fheach air. "Tog breith do chluich, a Chearr-fheich," ars' an gaisgeach. "'S e sin do chuid arm," ars' an Cearr-fheach. Thug e dha a chuid arm. Bha coig ceud caogad lan ghaisgeach m'a cheann 's a' mhionaid 's cheangail iad e. Ghlais iad an seòmar e. Ghabh nighean òg an Rìgh trom ghaol air, 's mu'n d' thainig an latha fhuair i cothrom air iuchair an t-seomair.

Chuir an Rìgh crois agus da cheann theine oirre, iad a bhi cruinn mu dhà uair dheug a maireach, le cuaille de ghlas-darach, los gun rachadh an gaisgeach a losgadh eadar theinntibh, agus ialladh eadar eachaibh. Leig ise mu rèir e mu'n d' thainig an latha. "Falbh," ars' ise, "agus teich a nis agus thoir leat do chuid arm, agus fàg aodann m'athar, gus an leig e as a chuimhne thu." "Bithidh mis' a maireach," ars' ise, "ann ad aite-sa 'g am losgadh agus 'g am ialladh, 'chionn thus' a leigeil as." "Bho na fhuair mise mo chuid arm," ars' esan, "gearrdaidh mi thusa agus mi fhein o na bheil anns an rioghachd." "Na dean sin," ars' ise, "gabh thusa mo chomhairle fhein agus bi falbh." Dh'uidheamaich e 'n iubhrach agus dh' fhalbh e.

Gum bu cham 's gum bu dìreach gach rathad dha gus an deachaidh e air tir 's an Eilein Iomallach. Is ann an ceann an eilein a chaidh e air tir. Chunnaic e beul uamha 's ghabh e stigh innte. Bha teine mòr an sin roimhe, dar a rainig e, 's gun duine innte. Dh' fholaidh e e fhein ann an cùil dhorch' innte. Cha robh e fad' an sin 'n uair a chual e 'n tartaraich sin a' tighinn a bha fuathasach. Thainig am famhair mòr a stigh. "Thua, thuaig-neach Sir Uallabh O'Corrn," ars' esan, "'s fhada o' n a tha chorcag bheag bhearnach as an toll a' feitheamh air mo shath do d' fheoil 's air gu leoir do d' fhuil," 's e dol 'g a itheadh. "'S fhad' a bha e 's an tairgneachd gur tusa a mharbhadh mise, ach 's cumhann an t-àite 's an d' fhuair mis thusa 'nochd." "Dail aon oidhche," ars' Sir Uallabh O'Corrn, "dail cheud bliadhna." Chuir am famhair an coire mòr ma cheann gus an d' thigeadh an latha. Chaidil am famhair. 'N uair a chaidil e dh' eirich esan 's fhuair e 'n coire a chur dheth. Rug e air a chlaidheamh. Bha 'm famhair na laidhe air a dhruim dìreach 's thug e 'n sathadh sin do 'n chlaidheamh

ann. Dh' eirich am fahhair 's thug e ionnsuidh air dorus na uamha. Is e clach mhòr 'bhiodh a' dunadh an doruis 's phut e 'mach roimhe i, 's ghabh e a mach air a' mhuir, 's bhathadh e.

Chuir Sir Uallabh O'Corrn treis 'g a uine seachad anns an Eilein gus an robh e a' smaointeach gun do leig Rìgh Eirinn as a chuimhne e. Dh' uidheamaich e 'n iubhrach 's thill e do Eirinn air ais. Chaidh e air tìr aig a bhaile mhor, 's cha robh duine ag amas ris. Chunnaic e sean duine coir 's chaidh e 'bhruidhinn ris. Dh' fharraid e deth cìod a bu chiall do 'n bhail' ud a bhi 'n diugh gun duine ann. Thuirt an sean duine ris gun robh nighean og Rìgh na h-Innein 'g a posadh ri Rìgh na Cathrach Iarruinn, a chionn gun do leigeadh ma reir Sir Uallabh O'Corrn a mharbh a brathair. "Is e 'n diu latha na bainnse," ars' an sean-fhear. Bhuail e beinn sgeithe, 's dh' iarr e culaidh-chath agus chruaidh chomhraig a chur a mach thuige.

Dh' eirich Rìgh na Cathrach Iarruinn a mach 's nochd iad na h-armaibh leadarra liobha do chach-a-cheile. Tri dìthean a chuireadh iad diubh, dith teine do 'n armaibh, dith calcaidh do 'n sgiatha, dith fala da 'n cneasa 's de 'n collainn ; iad a' bualadh 's a' cruaidh leadairt a cheile.

Bha bean na bainnse 'g a fheitheamh o 'n uinneig. Ruith i 'mach 's ghabh i do phògan meala millse o mhullach a chinn gu bonn a chois. Chaidh sgaoileadh 's a' bhanais. Dh' fhalbh Rìgh Eirinn 's cuideachd na bainnse a thug e leis da aite fein. Phòs Sir Uallabh O'Corrn nighean òg an Rìgh. Chaidh e dhachaidh comhla ris an Rìgh, 's bha e 'na Rìgh an Eirinn 'n uair a fhuair an Rìgh bàs.

SIR OLAVE O'CORN.

[*Translation of the foregoing.*]

There was a King in Ireland called Kin Arthur Mac Ivar or Ewar, and Sir Olave O'Corn, his sister's son, went to see him. The King thought he and his men would go to the hunting-hill to pleasure his sister's son. After going to the hill a dark magic mist came upon them. "Do you prefer," said the King, "to go with my men to gather the game, or remain and provide shelter." "I will remain," said Sir Olave O'Corn, "and make ready for your return." The King and his people went away, and when they returned in the dusk of the evening, there was not half enough shelter for them. "Pain and trouble hast thou caused me, son of my sister, may the shadow of evil and remorse be upon you, and a thousand times worse at the end of the year," said the King.

"I and my people will be lost and have to wander to-night." "I will go away," said Sir Olave O'Corn, "I never stayed where I was treated with contempt and disdain." He wrapped his plaid round his shoulders and departed.

There was a small rod in his hand, with which he struck a boulder of rock, and made a bark, trim, easy-going, and swift. He turned her bow seaward, and her stern landward, and raised masts, high, thick-stemmed, slender-topped, in order well arranged, and drew hard hempen ropes in the clasps of her fastenings and blocks. He hoisted the speckled belying sails against the tall, enduring, tough masts, with a small, gentle, faint and pleasant breeze from the tops of the mountains and the heights along the sea-board, and the waters round the red sea-girt rocks, that would take foliage from the trees, willow from the mountain, and uplift young heather from its base and roots. He himself would steer in the stern, guide in the bow, and manage the tackle in the middle, and the boat would split a hard grain of oats with the prow, from the exceeding excellence of the steering. When he thought her going too slow, he put out oars, large, broad, sweeping, white-bladed, that rowed dryly, crisply, from the back of the ocean billow, which swelled wide, expansive, under the rowlocks and fastenings of the rowing places. His murmuring and sleeping music was the inter-twining of eels, the screaming of sea-gulls, the loud moaning of seals and sea monsters, the bigger beast devouring the smaller, and the smaller doing as best it might. The whelks turned white as they struck the boat; the sea heaving at the time, the grey billows rose as mighty from the depths as from the surface. The small, ancient, grey, crooked whelks which were seven years at the bottom of the sea, gave a thump upon the gunwale, and a thud upon the flooring of the boat. With the dangerous horrible gloom, came a sound like hand-clapping, stamping, rocking, rolling, heavily-striking, powerful throughout, equally hard, equally terrifying, as the blue expanse, the red expanse, the far north expanse, against the death-inflicting stones. The vessel's motion was likeliest to slipping, slapping, sliding, a motion of unsteadiness against the blackness of her brown boards, the pitch-dressing of her old boards, as she cleft the sea, dividing the long, wild, wide ocean aslant and across, the little birds of the deep taking refuge, rest, and shelter in the cross-trees of the main-mast, from the greatness of their fatigue, and the head of little men going into thole-pins.

A banquet and quarters had they that night as they went onwards; entertainment and feasting, wine to drink, music to

listen to, wax to give light, meat to eat plentifully, blood tinted on each plate, the taste of honey from each mouthful ; and waxen candles burning in lamps all night long. He had a sweet sounding harp, which played tunes and lullabies such as were not in fairy-hillock, fairy-mound, or fairy-cavern of the deep, or in the land of sheep, or in the dwelling of Monnainain—murmuring soothing music, as would put elphin women, wounded men, and women in childbed into deep slumber, heavy repose.

“Look around ! What do I hear ? The sound of surf upon a beach, the roar of breakers upon a shore ; if it is the coast we have left, ill has sailed the ship ; if it is the coast we are bound for, the vessel has done well.” He then looked up and went ashore, drew the boat seven times her own length on the green grass, where the youngsters of the town could not make sport of her.

He put on a close fitting shirt of thick silk next his body, and a well-buttoned coat (?) over the gold shirt, a shield full of hollows, full of ridges, narrow pointed, on his left arm, a sharp key-shaped knife in his right hand, a protecting shield on his shoulders, his helmet of steel upon his head, and his rod of hard holly, which could cut a hair against down and down against the soft air, firmly grasped in his hand. He put on a dress of silk and a weapon of yellow gold adorned with diamond stones, which shone in the highway of the king, in the woods of the commons, and in four-sided cups. He took with him the rod of death, wonder, and utter destruction, went up, struck a challenge upon the shield, and demanded cause of battle and hard combat to be sent out to him.

The Champion of that town rose and came out ; they showed their sharp polished armour to each other, three blows they struck, a flash of fire from their armour, a flash of sound from their shields, and a flash of blood from their bodies, as they struck and hard smote one another. Sir Olave O'Corn thought he was far from his friends and near to his enemies ; he rose on the points of his feet and the tips of his toes, struck him on the narrow part of his neck, and clave him to the ground.

An old man then came out and said to him, “Dread and disgrace hast thou caused me ; may remorse and evil overshadow you, and may it be a thousand times worse at the end of the year.” “Our trouble at present is, not that such as you should come our way, but that the King of Ireland has just buried his Queen, and he himself is in the harbour of the Hill of Howth, forgetting some of his sorrow and trouble in playing chess on a

board of gold." "I will go away, old man," said Sir Olave O'Corn, "I will not stay with you." He fastened his plaid on his shoulders, and would outstrip the swift March wind that was before him, and the swift March wind behind could not overtake him. Not smaller than a knoll from the hillside was each sharp-pointed green turf, which he threw from the points of his feet till he arrived at the harbour of the Hill of Howth, where the King was. He then blessed the King in thoughtful gentle words, poetic, soft, maiden-like, and in return the King blessed him in like words, which if they were not better were no worse. "Welcome to you, King of Ireland," said Sir Olave O'Corn, "Welcome thyself," said the King, "whether you be of the noble or the lowly of this world." "They name me Sir Olave O'Corn." "Come hither and play with me at chess for a while," said the King. They had scarcely begun, when they observed a small coracle coming over the sea, and coming to shore in the harbour of the Hill of Howth. A band of men landed carrying among them a large bier, terrible to behold. Said the King, "Long have you borne the name of champion and hero; if you were worthy of your name, you would know who these are." Then rose Sir Olave O'Corn and ran. When the men saw him coming, they, in their fear of the warrior, threw from them their burden. Sir Olave O'Corn advanced and opened the place (*i.e.* bier) that was there. He found in it the loveliest drop of blood, the fairest he ever saw on earth, of womankind. He lifted her on his shoulders, and as a burden on his back, came to the King of Ireland, and said, "Come down, if you have lost a Queen, I have found you a Queen as good to succeed her." The King came down joyously, they departed with her, and made a great wedding, wondrous joyous, which lasted a year and a day without ceasing.

On a night of nights, the King said to his men, "Go out and look about the gates of the town, the night has a stormy look." "Trifling," said the new Queen, "is this night to him who is at the end of the Bridge of Hundreds." The King thought it was a secret lover the Queen had there, and was seized with proud anger. Arming himself well, he went away to the end of the Bridge of Hundreds. He struck a challenge note on his shield, and demanded a cause of battle and hard combat to be sent out to him. The Big Lad, son of the King of Innean (Anvil Kingdom), rose, and at the first blow, the sword of the King of Ireland was flying a hundred feet in the air. He laid hold of the King, stripped him to his shirt, and sent him away; he would not stoop to kill him. The Queen laughed when he reached home.

Then rose Sir Olave O'Corn and put on his close fitting shirt of thick silk next his body, and a well buttoned coat (?) over the gold shirt, a shield full of hollows, full of ridges, narrow pointed, on his left arm, a sharp key-shaped knife in his right hand, a protecting shield on his shoulders, his helmet of steel upon his head, and his rod of hard holly, which could cut a hair against down, and down against the soft air, firmly grasped in his hand. He put on a dress of silk and a weapon of yellow gold adorned with diamond stones, which shone in the highway of the King, in the woods of the Commons, and in four-sided cups. He took with him the rod of death, wonder, and utter destruction, went up, struck a challenge upon the shield, and demanded cause of battle and hard combat to be sent out to him.

The Big Lad, son of the King of Innean, rose, they showed their sharp polished armour to each other, three blows they struck, a flash of fire from their armour, a flash of sound from their shields, and a flash of blood from their bodies, as they struck and hard smote one another. Sir Olave O'Corn thought he was far from his friends, and near to his enemies; he rose on the points of his feet, and the tips of his toes, struck him on the narrow part of his neck, and clove him to the ground. Sir Olave struck off the head, put it on a withy, and carried it till he reached the palace of the King of Ireland. The King and Queen were seated at supper when Sir Olave entered and placed the head on the table. The Queen clasped it in her arms, shed three tears of blood from her eyes, then sprang away, taking the head with her, and none knew where she went. It was the head of her brother, and she had recognised it. "May evil befall you, Sir Olave O'Corn," said the King, "if you gave me a Queen, you soon sent her away." Uprose Sir Olave O'Corn, put on his armour, and set out. Crooked and straight was each path to him till he reached the end of the Bridge of Hundreds. Looking about him he saw the lost Queen going up to her father's palace. He stood for a while watching her; she arrived where her father was. "Father," said she, "What a tale is mine to-day." "What tale can you have, since you see not Sir Olave O'Corn in this place?" "I have seen that man, and he is not far from us, but little good that will do to us, as there is not in the kingdom of Innean any one to withstand him, so long as he bears his armour." "There is," said the King, "we will send out five hundred companies of mine of full-trained heroes against him." He (Sir Olave O'Corn) took under them, and over them, through them, and in their midst; where they were thickest, there he thinned them, and where they were thinnest, there were they met

unscattered (*i.e.*, lay in heaps), and he was as a death song to them. He dispersed them as a hawk among birds, and gathered them as a shepherd his sheep, till he left not a man alive, unless he left a man with one arm, or with one leg, and though there were thirty tongues in the head of each living man, he could only tell of his own wounds and of the wounds of the others, till none remained alive. "Did I not tell you so, father?" said she, "that he would not leave a man alive so long as he wore his armour." "What should we do now, think you, my girl?" "We shall," said she, "send him for seven nights to drink with the drunkard of the kingdom of Innean, then send him for seven nights to gamble with the gamester of Innean, and let my young sister stand at his right shoulder, each of these nights; should the stakes fall to the gamester, let him take nothing but Sir Olave's arms and armour." They brought in Sir Olave O'Corn, pretending to make peace with him. He spent seven nights drinking with the drunkard of Innean, with the King's young daughter at his shoulder. They brought the gamester, and set Sir Olave to gamble with him. The stakes fell to the gamester; "lift your winnings, gamester," said the hero; "these are your arms and armour," said the gamester. He gave him his armour. There were five hundred companies of nine of fully trained warriors round about him in a moment, and they bound him. They locked him in a room.

The King's young daughter had fallen deeply in love with Sir Olave O'Corn, and before morning came, she obtained the key of the room. The King sent a cross with two fiery ends, summoning the people to assemble on the morrow at noon, with faggots of green oak, to burn the champion between fires, and rend him between horses. The King's young daughter freed him before morning. "Go," said she, "flee now, take with you your armour, and leave my father's face till he forgets you. I will be burnt and torn to-morrow," said she, "for letting you go." "Since I have found my armour," said Sir Olave, "I can guard you and myself from all in the kingdom." "Do not that," said she, "take my advice and depart." He made ready the bark and went away. Crooked and straight was each path to him, till he landed on the Remote Island. It was at the end of the Island he went ashore. He saw the mouth of a cave, and entered. There was a big fire burning before him, and no one within. He hid himself in a dark corner. He was not long there when he heard a loud terrible tramping. A great giant entered. "Oho! Sir Olave O'Corn," said he, "long has my little jagged knife been out of the sheath, waiting for my fill of your flesh, and plenty of your blood to drink

and to eat. It was long prophesied," said the giant, "that you should kill me, but narrow is the place in which I have found you to-night." "Delay for one night, delay for a hundred years," said Sir Olave O'Corn. The giant placed the big cauldron over the hero's head till daylight should come. The giant slept. When he slept, Sir Olave arose and got from under the cauldron, and seized his sword. The giant lay on his back, and he thrust his sword into him. The giant rose and made for the door of the cave. The entrance was closed with a large stone; he pushed it out before him, and tumbling into the sea, was drowned.

Sir Olave O'Corn spent some time on the Island, till he thought the King of Ireland had forgotten him. He made ready his bark, and returned again to Ireland. He went ashore at a large town, but could see no man. He saw a kindly old man and went to speak to him. He asked what was the meaning of the town being without people in it. The old man answered "that the young daughter of the King of Innean was to marry the King of the Iron Throne—*Cathrach Iarvinn*—because she had freed Sir Olave O'Corn, who killed her brother, and to-day is their wedding day," said the old man. Sir Olave O'Corn left and went to the Kingdom of the Iron Throne. He sounded a challenge on his shield, and called for a cause of battle and hard combat to be sent out to him. The King of the Iron Throne rose and went out; they showed their sharp polished armour to each other, three blows they struck, a flash of fire from their armour, a flash of sound from their shields, and a flash of blood from their bodies, as they struck and hard smote one another. Sir Olave O'Corn thought he was far from his friends and near his enemies; he rose on the points of his feet and the tips of his toes, struck him in the narrow part of his neck, and clove him to the groin.

The bride was watching him from the window. She ran out and kissed him with sweet honied kisses from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. The marriage was ended. The King of Ireland and the wedding guests returned to his own Kingdom. Sir Olave O'Corn married the young daughter of the King, went home with him, and was King in Ireland when that King died.

NOTES BY THE REV. MR CAMPBELL.

This tale is of interest to the antiquarian by the description which it gives of the habits, arms, dress, &c., of the warriors of a bygone age. The adjectives with which it abounds (in common

with other Gaelic tales and poems), probably owed their origin to the euphony and rhythm which made them aids to the memory of the reciter, as much as for "adorning a tale" to suit an audience that cared little for a bald narrative, as for a strict adherence to the truth of the story. The meaning of many of these words, therefore, is to be inferred more by their mode of use and analogous expressions, than from any help afforded by dictionaries or other works.

Luige, loireachan, were probably used only to aid the impressive picture of the sinking, rising, and tossing of an angry sea, and may be variously translated sinking, swaying, swerving, &c., while in *tulganach, talganach (tulgan, a rocking motion)*, alliteration lent its aid to the narrator. Many of the words used in describing the hero's armour are now obsolete, meaningless, as "*amallach*," "the close buttoned coat" (?) and "*iuchair sgeinne*," the "magic key knife."

"*Carragh*," a large stone or boulder. The writer has met with a tradition, that the Celtic priests or soothsayers (*Druidich*) sat round a stone called "*Carragh*" on the heath when engaged in their rites or consultations. The standing stones so common in the Highlands were probably used by them, and this may explain why such are found in places remote and solitary, even at the present time.

"*Taileasg*" or playing-boards, is often mentioned in these ancient tales, but it does not clearly appear whether the game was chess or some other similar game. Some chess men were found buried near Callernish, in the Island of Lewis, but both date and origin are mere matters of conjecture.

"*Caogad*," companies of nine. The writer has heard this word variously translated, as fifty, a hundred, nine times, but is inclined to adhere to nine times, or companies of nine, as the best explanation.

"*Uallabh*," or Olave, is undoubtedly a Norse name. This would indicate that Ireland and Norway were in communication long before the days of Harold Harfagra, when history first makes mention of Norsemen, expelled from their native land, taking refuge in the Hebrides. A Skye tradition asserts that the famous Rollo, having taken shelter in that Island, sailed from Portree on the expedition which ended in the conquest of Normandy. The Gaelic form of his name, *Raonull*, Ronald, is still common throughout the Western Isles.

Art or Arthur seems to be a very ancient name; witness the popular saying—

*Uile 's cnuic 's Alpeinich
Ach co as a thainig Artaraich ?*

(Evils, hillocks, and Clan Alpin,
But whence came the Arthurs ?)

Art or Airt is mentioned as the son of the "High King of Ireland" (*Ard Righ Eirionn*), the fifth, in lineal ascent, from the celebrated Fin MacCoul, father of Ossian. It is also the name of the Red-haired Cairbre, who usurped the sovereignty of all Ireland, and by whom Oscar, son of Ossian, was killed at the battle of Gavra. Of the Clan Macarthur, tradition asserts, that when their founder first went to Strachur in Argyllshire, he wore a cap or cowl, and slept at night under an alder tree. "*MacArtair a' churraic o bhun an stuic fhearna*," Macarthur of the Cowl from the stem of the alder tree.

The place mentioned in the tale "the end of the Bridge of Hundreds," "*Drochaid nan Ceudan*," the Bridge of Hundreds, or "*Drochaid Cheudna na Mith*," the Bridge of Hundreds of Meath, would indicate Drogheda, and was evidently the chief city of one of the five divisions of Ireland; *Coig choigeamh*, five divisions.

An t-eilean iomallach, the remote island where Sir Olave slew the giant, was said by the reciters to have always been understood to mean Tiree, at one end of which in the Hill of Kenavara (*Ceann-a-Mhara*—the Headland of the Barra ?) is a cave called Big Cave (*Uamh Mhor*) corresponding to the one described in the tale. The same cave is said in other tales to be the one in which "the blameless" Dermid took refuge when he fled with Grainne, his uncle's wife, and where he slew *Mist*, the son of *Darkness* (*Cuitheach mac-an-Doill*), a giant who came over the sea in a coracle, on a night so tempestuous that Dermid could not venture out.

2nd FEBRUARY, 1887.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, the following gentlemen were elected ordinary members:—Messrs D. M. Cameron, Dempster Gardens, Inverness; John Black, Victoria Hotel, do.; James Campbell, Ardross Place, do.; Kenneth Macaskill, 14 Union Street, do.; William Mackenzie, manager, Moy Hall; Hugh Aitken, 29 Dixon Avenue, Crosshill, Glasgow; and C. M. Cameron, Balnakyle, Munlochry.

The secretary then read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on "Minor Highland Septs—the Macdonells of Barisdale." The following is Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper:—

MINOR HIGHLAND SEPTS—THE MACDONELLS OF BARISDALE.

It is but right that the Gaelic Society of Inverness should, with other objects, endeavour to preserve memorials of families in the Highlands once of importance, who, from lapse of time, have been scattered or become extinct.

The two most important offshoots of Glengarry were those of Scotus and Barisdale, springing respectively from Angus and Archibald, second and fifth sons of Reginald, counted 17th of Glengarry. Lochgarry was of the third son. Through the failure of the direct male line, Eneas Ronald Macdonell, the last proprietor of Scotus, succeeded to the chiefship, his grandson being now chief. The history of the Scotus branch is pretty generally known, as is that of Lochgarry.

Of the once important family of Barisdale, little has been recorded, and even the name of the last Archibald Macdonell of Barisdale, though he left a considerable fortune, is not recorded in the ancient churchyard of Kilchoan. Kilchoan, now united with Glenelg, was anciently an independent parish, dedicated to St Coan. This saint was held in great repute, and Mr Mackenzie, in his history of the Glengarries, when referring to the 15th chief, commonly called "Donald MacAngus," who died, aged over 100 years, 2nd February, 1645, the day the battle of Inverlochty was fought, says that "the Rev. John Mackenzie of Dingwall charged Glengarry, with other offences, as 'being an idolater, who had a man in Loch Broom making images, in testimony of which he (Mackenzie) carried South the image of St Coan, which Glengarry worshipped, called in Edinburgh Glengarry's god, and which was burnt at the Town Cross.'"

The parish of Kilchoan extended from Loch Hourn on the north-west to Loch Morar on the south-east, and was at one time solely the property of Glengarry, comprehending the districts of Knoydart betwixt Loch Hourn and Loch Nevis, and North Morar twixt Loch Nevis and Loch Morar. North Morar was sold a long time ago to the Lovat family, who still retain it, but Knoydart proper was only sold within our own times. Barisdale was the extreme north-west portion of the Glengarry property, and is one

of the surest and most beautiful farms on the west coast. It has miles upon miles of frontage to the sea-loch, sloping upwards to great heights, of which the finest is the well known "Mām Barisdale."

My attention was more particularly drawn to the family from having become possessed many years ago of letters written by Coll Macdonell, father of the last Barisdale, extending over the period from 1786 to 1816. Anyone who peruses those letters would be struck with the sagacity, knowledge, and innate power of the writer. From them, other documents connected with the family, and information kindly supplied to me by Mr Sheriff-Clerk Macandrew, ex-Provost Fraser of Inverness, and Mr Fraser, Barnhill of Glenelg, I have framed this paper. I have also referred to a very scarce little book entitled "Memoirs of Archibald Macdonald of Barisdale, 1754," and infer that the compiler was Mr Andrew Henderson, who wrote, with other works, "Life of Dr Archibald Cameron." The work is hostile and partial—a mere catch-penny production, not to be relied on, and of it Provost Fraser tells me that he saw in the house of Barisdale a copy, on the margins of which were written, in the handwriting of Barisdale, emphatic contradictions of many of the assertions therein made.

I do not find that Archibald, the first Barisdale, had any written title to the property, and it was not until the year 1725 that Coll Macdonell, the second Barisdale, received a charter.

Of Archibald, who fought at Killiecrankie, it is said that he was an excellent scholar, able to argue in Greek with learned divines. He was alive in 1736.

Coll, the second Barisdale (the famous "Coll-Ban"), was the most noted of his race. He married Helen, daughter of George Mackenzie of Ballamuckie, who was one of the officials on the West Coast estates of Seaforth. Coll was in great favour with his cousin and chief, John Macdonell, nineteenth of Glengarry, who, besides granting Barisdale, gave him different charters to the Kytries, Cullachies, and Inverguseran, some of which were afterwards renounced. In these he is styled eldest lawful son to Archibald Macdonell of Barisdale. He built a large house at Barisdale, which was burnt shortly after the battle of Culloden by a party of Ross-shire militia. The writer of the memoirs describes it "as beautifully covered with blue slate, and having eighteen fire rooms, besides as many more without chimnies." There can be little doubt that Coll was neither more nor less than a robber of cattle on a great scale. The writer of the memoirs describes some of his transactions, and mentions that he had a great instrument

of torture erected near his house to compel disclosures. On the other hand, he warmly protected all those who were faithful to and stood by him. An instance of the devotion of his people is shown in the case of his piper, who was confined in Castle Moil, and who composed the well-known plaintive air "Colla-Mo-Rūn." At least, I have always understood that the Coll mentioned in the air was this Coll of Barisdale; but Mr Fraser has just informed me that the people in Knoydart say that it was not Coll Barisdale, but Coll "Kiotach."

In the valuable collection made by the late Mr John Anderson, W.S., who died about fifty years ago, for an intended history of the Highland clans, at page 150 of the manuscript he says:—"Barisdale is supposed to have furnished Scott with the original for Fergus MacIvor in 'Waverley,' being a man of polished behaviour, fine address, and remarkably handsome. Barisdale raised £500 per annum from his art of imposing black mail; and, whilst strictly faithful to his own followers, he punished with the severest rigour any associates of another that interfered with them."

At length, Coll's proceedings, particularly a lift or reclamation, through his means, as he alleged, of cattle stolen from Perthshire, off a part of the Cameron country of Lochaber, which, curiously, notwithstanding their own depredations in Moray, the Camerons did not at all relish when applied to themselves, brought the authorities down upon him. From the memoirs, it would seem that Coll and his people committed a direct theft in Lochaber; that he was tried for the offence in 1730, and got off by witnesses perjuring themselves in his defence. I cannot find any trace of such a trial. Coll, described as "younger of Barisdale," was certainly tried in 1736 before the High Court of Justiciary, at the instance of Archibald, John, and Angus Mac-Ian-Allisters, *alias* Fletchers, in Bartarurich, in Glenorehy, and Gilbert MacAlpine there, with concurrence of Duncan Forbes, His Majesty's advocate. The charge against him was being "guilty and accessory, or art and part of soliciting and inticing and the fraudulent suborning and eliciting diverse persons to bear false witness against their knowledge and conscience . . . by rewards, promises, threats, and other corrupt means, to bear such false witness in a process he then told them was intended to be brought against the pursuers, and which process was accordingly brought, when he imagined he had prevailed with those upon whom he practised to comply with his request in conspiring, by false witnessing, to defame and ruin the pursuers." It was further alleged that the

panel, "by subornation of witnesses, had endeavoured to found a charge against them for being art and part in several depredations committed upon James Menzies of Culdares and his tenants."

Coll's defence discloses a strange story. "Whether the disputes that have sometime ago risen among the heritors in Breadalbane and Glenlyon, touching their marches, have given any occasion to the depredations and robberies from the grounds of one of the heritors, the pannell shall not here determine. This, however, is certain, that these depredations have of late been more frequent, in so much that the persons from whom the cattle have been stole were like to be altogether ruined, and their country cast waste. And although, from time to time, some of the cattle have been recovered by the owners from the remote parts of the Highlands, yet this was attended with very heavy charges, more than the value of what was ordinarily recovered; and it being impracticable so frequently to carry off such quantities of cattle from one heritor's possession, by persons wholly unacquainted in the country, without the assistance of some one or other in the neighbourhood, it naturally occurred that the proper remedy for preventing of such practises would be to endeavour to discover by whose assistance in the south part of the country it was that these depredations were committed on the property of a single gentleman, while his neighbours around remained unhurt; that the assistants and outhounders being detected and punished, and thereby the thieves and robbers deprived of protection and encouragement, their lawless practises might at least meet with greater difficulties for the future."

In February, 1734, "the pannell, being at Edinburgh about his lawful affairs, had occasion in coffee-houses and such publick places to see the gentleman who had suffered by the depredations, with whom before that time he had not the least acquaintance, and the conversation having turned upon the gentleman's sufferings, nothing further past, but that the pannell, like an honest man, heartily regreted the damage, and that any persons in the neighbourhood where he lived should have been guilty of practises by which the same was occasioned.

"In August, 1734, new depredations having been committed, the pannell had a message from Mr Menzies of Culdares, upon the generall acquaintance contracted in the manner above sett forth, representing the loss he had sustained, and praying the pannell's assistance in finding out the cattle, which were supposed to have been lodged in his neighbourhood, and, in pursuance thereof, the pannell did apply himself to his cousine MacDonell of Glengary,

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

who frankly gave his concurrence in making the discovery ; and the cattle being accordingly found, one parcell of them in Glengary country, and another parcell in the country which belongs to Cameron of Lochiel, they were furthwith returned to Mr Menzies, under the care of John Cameron, Peter Macnaughton, and other tenants in Rannach, the persons who were sent in order to recover the same.

“ At the Fair of Crief, which commenced the 29th of September, 1734, Mr Menzies and the pannell had occasion to meet, where Mr Menzies gave the pannell thanks for the service he had done him, and earnestly desired he would continue his friendship and assistance in the like discoveries when any such misfortune should thereafter fall out, which the pannell having promised, he had very soon occasion for endeavouring to perform.

“ For, about the middle of October thereafter, a good number of cattle having been stole from Mr Menzies' and his tennants' grounds, severall of the saids tennants went in pursuit of the cattle by the tract of their feet, which led through grounds belonging to the M'Inlesters, the prosecutors, near by their houses, and so going forward upon the tract, which stopped at the Braes of Lochaber, in a place belonging to MacDonell of Keppoch. The persons who followed the tract came into the country belonging to Lochiel and Glengary in search of their cattle, and having applied themselves to all the gentlemen in these countries, and, among others, to the pannell, he did use his endeavour to discover where the stolen cattle were, and being informed that some of them were in Lochiel's country, he wrote to Mr Cameron of Clunes, Lochiel's Baillie (Lochiel himself not being in the country for the time), and, upon enquiry, the cattle having been discovered in Lochiel's country, so many of them as were extant were returned to the tennants who had followed the tract, and promises given that the price of the remainder, which had been killed, should be paid.

“ It was during the enquiry after the last depredation that Evan More M'Phie and Kenneth Kennedy, with some others, were discovered to have been concerned in making the same, and, upon challenge, they not only acknowledged their own guilt to Mr Cameron of Clunes and to Mr MacDonell of Shian, but further informed these gentlemen that the M'Inlesters, now prosecutors, were accessory thereto, and this report having been carried back to Mr Menzies by the tennants who returned with the cattle, he desired of the pannell that he would bring along with him to Culvullin in Rannoch Mackafie and Kennedy, that he might have

an opportunity more narrowly to enquire into the circumstances of the MacInlesters accession, which accordingly was done, and the said Mackafe and Kennedy, in presence of several gentlemen of good character and repute, did voluntarily and openly inform of the particulars of the said M'Inlesters, their accession and out-hounding, and that one of them had been requiring his share of some of the booties."

The trial took place on the 10th of February, 1736, when the jury, by a plurality of voices, found the prisoner not guilty. Whether this is the trial referred to by the memoirs, I cannot say, but one thing is certain, that the Camerons showed in the future great hostility to Barisdale. Firstly, they seized him and his son in 1746, and shipped them off prisoners to France, for reasons which Archibald, third Barisdale, in his defence, did not choose to particularise; and, secondly, the only unofficial witness for the Crown against the above Archibald was Cameron of Innerskillivoulin.

Coll thereafter was on his better behaviour. He did not lose the confidence of his chief, and on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745 he was appointed one of the colonels of the Glengarry regiment. He was accompanied by his eldest son Archibald, then a youth of about twenty. The memoirs describe him as born on the 25th December, 1725, but he says himself he was only out of school at the rising. The writer of the memoirs is severe upon Barisdale for not being active and to the front as occasion required. He is frequently found in communication with Lord Lovat. Shortly before the battle of Culloden, Barisdale had been sent to the northern counties to neutralise any efforts of the Earl of Loudoun, the Earl of Sutherland, and other Hanoverians to re-assert themselves, they being then, in a sense, hiding in the North. The writer of the memoirs states that Barisdale was at Beaulieu in the morning, and might have come up timeously to the battle. This is, however, contradicted. It is known that the resolution to fight was hurriedly arrived at, and as the hour of dinner at that time would be one o'clock, the fact of Barisdale dining at Bailie Alexander Mackenzie's house in Dingwall the very day of the battle, and having come from the east, would indicate he had not received intimation to attend. The affidavits bring before us not only the name of Barisdale, but that of Rob Roy's son, styled Colonel Macgregor of Glengyle, and of Macleod of Raza. They were given to me years ago by Captain Dunbar Dunbar, and are most interesting:—

“ At Dingwall, September 27th, 1748, compeared John Brown, late factor to Sir Harrie Munro of Fowlis, who, being solemnly sworn and interrogated, depones—That for a whole month, viz., between the middle of March and middle of April of the year 1746, he, the deponent, had frequent opportunities of seeing the person then called Glengyle, a colonel in the rebel army, but whether his surname was Macgregor or Grame, he knows not. That he saw Coll Macdonald of Barisdale ride at the head of his own men the very day the battle of Culloden was fought, and that he and his men marched all to the west, on the road to Dingwall; and that the regiment of Macgregors, with their colonel (Glengyle), marched a little after Barrisdale and his men; and this is the truth as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) “ JOHN BROWN.
(,) “ HUGH ROSE.”

“ Compeared Alexander Mackenzie, present Baillie of Dingwall, who, being sworn and interrogated, depones—That some day in March (as he thinks), seventeen hundred and forty-six, he saw Glengyle dining with the late Earl of Cromarty at his, the deponent's, house. That Glengyle and his regiment were all in arms, and, as the deponent heard, were then in pursuit of Lord Loudoun and his men. Also, that Barrisdale was several times at deponent's house, and, in particular, that Macleod of Raza and Barrisdale dined at his house the very day the battle of Culloden was fought; and this is the truth as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) “ ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
(,) “ HUGH ROSE.”

“ Compeared Colin Mackenzie, late Baillie of Dingwall, who, being solemnly sworn and interrogated, depones—That on some days between the middle of March and middle of April, seventeen hundred and forty-six, when the late Earl of Cromartie led a party of the rebel army from Inverness to Sutherland in pursuit (as he heard) of Lord Loudoun, the deponent saw Coll M'Donald of Barrisdale and M'Leod of Raza in arms, and wearing white cockades, as they passed through the town of Dingwall with their men. That he also saw at that time, and in the same circumstances, a man called Glengyle, but with whom the deponent had no personal acquaintance; and this is the truth as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) “ COL. MACKENZIE.
(,) “ HUGH ROSE.”

“Compeared William Fraser, late Baillie of Dingwall, who, being solemnly sworn and interrogated, depones—That on some days between the middle of March and middle of April, seventeen hundred and forty-six, when the late Earl of Cromartie marched with a party of the rebel army from Inverness to Sutherland, he, the deponent, saw Coll M'Donald of Barrisdale and M'Gregor of Glengyle in arms, and wearing white cockades ; that Glengyle was his lodger, and stayed eight or ten days in his (the deponent's) house ; and this is the truth as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) “WILLIAM FRASER.
(”) “HUGH ROSE.”

The after history of Coll Macdonell may be shortly given. Though he was not attainted, the name of his son Archibald was included in the Act—a suspicious circumstance, and affording some corroboration of the charge made against Coll that he was inclined to betray Prince Charlie. The documents bearing on this point among the Stuart papers, printed in Browne's Highlands, are so well known that I merely refer to them. It is said he surrendered at Fort-Augustus, and was discharged, but was so much hated that he went abroad to vindicate himself ; and, returning some years afterwards, he found his house burnt and cattle driven away. The writer of the memoirs, so hostile to Barisdale, had evidently some pique against Mr Rose, minister of Nairn, a purchaser of some of the cattle, against whom he makes the gravest charges. Coll was afterwards apprehended, and confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he died of fever, after several years' confinement, being so heavy that it is said six soldiers could hardly carry the coffin. Thus ended the career of the famous “Coll Ban.”

I now come to Archibald Macdonell, the third Barisdale, included in the Act of Attainder, and described as “Archibald Macdonald, son to Coll Macdonald of Barisdale.” He appears to have held the appointment of major, but there is little known to justify his being singled out as one of the not numerous body against whom the Act was passed. He is said to have been born on the 25th of December, 1725, and, if that were correct, he would have been in his 21st year. Archibald himself made the following statement in course of the high treason proceedings against him in 1754 :—“I cannot understand myself to be the person attainted by this Act of Parliament. I was then a boy, lately returned from school, under the influence of a father who was unluckily engaged in the Rebellion, 1745. If he had had not

been able to justify or atone both for his own conduct and mine, can it be supposed that he should have passed unattainted, and that I, his minor son, should be destined for punishment." This was just and powerful pleading.

Next, as to what occurred after the battle of Culloden, it would seem that the father and son separated, and, Coll having soon made his peace with the Government, Archibald appears to have acted with great prudence. He says:—"Soon after his Royal Highness's victory over the rebels at Culloden, the prisoner heard that his father had made his peace with the Government, and that he had been received in or near the camp at Fort-Augustus; secondly, that the prisoner, being afterwards informed that an Act of Attainder was passing about that time, in which names might be inserted which might possibly be mistaken for his, he, the prisoner, went in quest of his father, and found him at his house of Inverie in Knoydart, and told him his intention of surrendering, and that his father thereupon went along with him to a place called Kinlochindal, in the Isle of Skye, and shire of Inverness, where they understood Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate then was, and the prisoner knew him to be not only reputed a Justice of Peace in that county, but also to be then at the head of a militia party employed in His Majesty's service.

"That upon one or other of the days of June, 1746, at least on or before 12th July that year, the prisoner did, in company with his father, who had gone by himself the day before to see the said Sir Alexander M'Donald, repair to the said place of Kinlochindall, where the said Sir Alexander M'Donald then was, with a considerable party of militia under his command, and did surrender and deliver himself up to the said Sir Alexander M'Donald. The prisoner also sayeth that the said Sir Alexander M'Donald was in His Majesty's nomination of Justice of Peace for the shire of Inverness subsisting in the year 1746; that Sir Alexander did not committ the defendant to prison, but allowed him his liberty upon the defendant's giving his parole to render and submit himself again to justice when called for.

"That in June, 1746, the prisoner got from Lord Albemarle a pass, which he made use of on several occasions, and showed to many different persons in His Majesty's service.

"That the prisoner went to his father's house of Inverie, where he was seized with a fever, and was confined to his bed for some weeks.

"That in the month of August, 1746, he went with his father to the countrys of Moydart and Arisaig, where he and his father

were both seized by some people of the name of Cameron, who had taken offence at the prisoner and his father, for reasons unnecessary to be here mentioned, and carried them both on board a French privateer, then lying off that coast, where they were put in irons, and carried over to France.

“The prisoner also sayeth, as a fact notourly known, that he and his father were kept in close custody in France, first at St Malo’s, and afterwards at Saumeur, for about a twelvemonth, after which he made his escape, and returned to the North of Scotland.

“That his father, having likewise made his escape, returned to Scotland ; and in the year 1749 both of them were apprehended by a party of the King’s forces. That his father was carried prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died, after a long confinement ; but that the prisoner, upon a just representation of the facts above sett forth, was immediately dismissed, and since that time lived peaceably and openly at Inverie, or in the neighbourhood thereof, till the month of July last, when he was again apprehended, and carried prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh.”

Here it may be noticed that, since the time of Eneas, who was created Lord Macdonell and Aros by Charles II., the Glengarry family and its offshoots, Scotus, Lochgarry, and Barisdale, invariably spelt their surname “Macdonell.” I may say I put only one “r” in Barisdale, that being the mode used by Coll, fourth Barisdale.

Barisdale found it necessary in his position of danger to endeavour to disown even his name and designation, and to plead that his father was not “Macdonald of Barisdale,” as in the Act, but “Macdonell of Inverie.” This defence was, perhaps, rightly repelled ; but the other, that he had duly surrendered, was relevant, and ought to have been remitted to proof.

The Lords of Session of that period were partisans in the highest degree, strained the law, and sentenced Archibald Macdonell to an ignominious death, with those attendant horrors in the case of traitors. Barisdale offered in support of his defence of due surrender upwards of thirty witnesses, including Lord Loudoun ; Macleod ; Donald Macdonell, his late servant ; Donald Macdonald, sometime servant to Coll Macdonell of Inverie ; Donald M’Dougal, *alias* M’Ianoig, piper at Inverie ; Allan M’Dougall, the piper’s son ; Mr Muir, secretary to the Laird of M’Leod ; Mr M’Donald, *valet de chambre* to the deceased Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat ; and Roderick M’Donald, writer in *Brora, in the Isle of Skye* ; but, as I said before, the Lords present, and let their names be here registered, *ad perpetuam memoriam*,

viz., Lord Justice Clerk Erskine (who spoke so unfeelingly when Dr Archibald Cameron was before him), Lord Minto, Lord Strichen, Lord Elchies, Lord Drummore, and Lord Kilkerran, pronounced this shameful judgment :—

“ Found the said Archibald M'Donald his plea of surrender, as formerly and now pled, and specially sett forth in the said condescendance, is not relevant or sufficiently qualified in terms of, and as required by, the Act of Attainder, and therefore repells the defence founded thereon, and refuse the prisoner any proof thereof.”

The next step was to prove the identity of the prisoner at the bar with the person named in the Attainder, and this was done for the Crown by Alexander Cameron, Vic-Coul, tacksman of Inerouskillivouline; Lieutenant Donald M'Donald, late of Lord Loudoun's Highland regiment; Ensign James Small, late of the same regiment; and Major Alexander Mackay, of Colonel Howard's regiment of foot.

The final doom was pronounced upon 22nd March, to take effect 22nd May, 1754. The youth of the accused, the fact that no execution for treason had taken place in Edinburgh since 1681 (when an Englishman was executed for being accessory to the Rye House Plot), and the panic connected with Dr Cameron's seizure and execution having allayed, all tended to create a feeling in Barisdale's favour, and, through the intercession of friends, the following letter of reprieve was sent on the 10th May :—

“Whitehall, May 10th, 1754.

“My Lord,—I am commanded to signify to you the King's pleasure that the sentence of death which was passed by the Lords of Justiciary, in the month of March last, upon Archibald Macdonald of Barrisdale, an attainted rebell, now prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh (and which was to have taken place on the 22nd of this instant May), shall not be put in execution till His Majesty's pleasure be signified for that purpose.—I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) “HOLDERNESSE.”

This letter could not have taken ten days to reach Edinburgh, as such were generally expressed, but the Justice Clerk probably did not inform the prisoner on receipt, at least did not record it till the 20th May, when doom was postponed till the 23rd October. On the 12th August the order of respite is till 27th

November, 1754. On the 25th November he is respited during His Majesty's pleasure; and on the 29th March, 1762, a letter of remission is recorded, which remission is dated at Westminster, 1st March, 1762.

Mr Fraser mentions that there is a tradition in Knoydart that it was through his wife's intercession with the King Barrisdale was reprieved, and that the notice only came to the authorities a few minutes before it would have been too late. The dates above given show that this pleasant tradition is inaccurate. Indeed, it is doubtful if he were married at the time of his trial. His wife was Flora Macleod, daughter of Norman Macleod ("Tormaid na màrt"), the first of the Drynoch Macleods, who settled in Glenelg, at Eileanreoch.

The following glowing inscription was placed by his son upon Norman's tomb in Glenelg:—

Normano Macleod de Drynoch,
viro inter suos primario; inter alienos laudalissimo; spertate
fidei; Hospitalitatis exemplo; inopum atque infelicium asylo;
Homini ad amicitiam nato, Parenti dulcissimo; De omnibus
bene; de liberis optime merito; Donaldus filius lubentissime
posuit anno aerae Vulgaris.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

After Archibald's discharge in 1762, I lose sight of him for four-and-twenty years.

In 1786 Mr John Knox was appointed to survey the western coasts, &c., at the instance of the British Society, for extending the fisheries; and he published his tour the following year. Having arrived at Loch Hourn, where a great shoal of herring and herring vessels, called "busses," were, Mr Knox says:—

"The shore was covered with little hovels or tents, which serve as temporary lodgings to the natives, who flock to these fisheries, and who, in their turn, were full of complaints against the bussmen. This year Mr Macdonald, junior, of Barrisdale, a gentleman of great bodily strength, and who is both loved and feared in this loch, attempted in vain to preserve peace and good order. By him I had an invitation to his father's house at Barrisdale, a pleasant little bay on the south side of the loch. This gentleman had been in the last rebellion, was taken prisoner, and confined nine years in the Castle of Edinburgh, from which he was relieved through the intercession of friends. He lives in silent retirement upon a slender income, and seems by his appearance, conversation, and deportment, to have merited a better fate. He is about six feet high, proportionately made, and was reckoned one

of the handsomest men of the age. He is still a prisoner, in a more enlarged sense, and has no society, excepting his own family and that of Mr Macleod of Arnisdale. Living on opposite sides of the loch, their communications are not frequent."

In the year 1786 Archibald Macdonell of Barisdale and Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry entered into a submission of all questions betwixt them, and particularly relating to the lands of Inverie and others, to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, who in 1790 pronounced a decree for £800 in favour of Barisdale, but who had to give up all claim to lands. After 1790 the Barisdale family were merely tenants. Before this decree was given, both Archibald of Barisdale and Duncan of Glengarry had died. Archibald left Flora Macleod his widow, one son, Coll, the fourth Barisdale, and two daughters, Catherine, and Flora, married to Donald Macleod of Ratagan.

Knox speaks of Coll, the fourth Barisdale, as a man both loved and feared. He and his son Archibald, the fifth and last Barisdale, were magistrates of the county, and Coll dispensed justice with a firm hand. Provost Fraser, who was tenant of Barisdale, tells me that Coll used to hold courts at fixed periods on a little island near Freochland, about a mile from the house. He always sat with his feet in a hole dug for the purpose, with the people all around, the spot having been pointed out to the Provost. He had also fishing rights and interests to guard.

In a letter, 4th April, 1786, he says:—"When I was at Invergarry, I spoke to Glengarry for two or three letters in my behalf for a continuation of the office I held under the late honourable Board of Commissioners, but which is now carried on under a Board of Trustees. My former deputation was from the Point of Ardnamurchan to Gairloch North."

Twenty-five years afterwards, in a letter dated 4th January, 1811, Coll says:—"I had a letter by last post from the Secretary of the Board of Trustees for Fisheries, desiring me to call for a new substitution from your Sheriff Clerk. Be so good as call for it, and send it to me, with Mr Kinloch's statement of charges. I have also to beg your advice in the form of procedure; for example, one or more enter a petition to me of being defrauded or hurt in any other way by one or more people. Is it proper for me to give a warrant on the back of the petition to the sheriff-officer to summon the people complained of before me? And give me the form of the warrant, and the form of a decret to be given after examination of the parties. And if they do not then pay the sum demanded, how soon can they be pointed, and what is the

form to be used by the sheriff-officer for pointing, or is he to get a warrant from me and the form? I depend upon hearing from you by second post at furthest, as I have several petitions on my hands."

This extract will give an idea how busily engaged Coll Macdonell was kept. He was also a very active officer of the reserved forces, and complains bitterly of being charged in 1809 for a riding horse, while exempt as a "field officer."

It has been already mentioned that the fine house of Barisdale was burnt in 1746, and the temporary place erected for Archibald became so ruinous and insufficient that Coll moved to Auchtertyre in Lochalsh about 1790, which continued to be his chief residence. Glengarry rather wished that Barisdale should reside there, and, in a letter of the year 1810, Coll says:—"Glengarry always wishes me to build at Barisdale. It is my ambition to do so, if circumstances would admit. The lease is, however, getting short, but there is no doubt but my chief and friend has it in view to continue us before he would desire me to build." They did agree, and the last Barisdale was on the old place after the estate was sold. Provost Fraser says that the house is one of two storeys, with attics and suitable outhouses, comfortable enough if well looked after. Barisdale is an early place. Coll mentions in a letter of 1808 that the whole crop had been sown and everything finished by the 3rd April. Though closely hemmed in on three sides with high mountains, it commands a view on the one side to Skye, where the Isle Ornsay lighthouse is at night a prominent object; on the other, the view goes to the head of Loch Hourn and the high enclosing mountains, whose eastern waters, running into Glenquoich, find their outlet at Inverness. This water-shed is actually no more than three miles from Loch Hourn. There are some fine old trees, larches, limes, &c., of considerable age near the house.

I now give some specimens of Coll Macdonell's letters, and have selected them as they deal with subjects perhaps more pressing now than at the beginning of the century. Writing early in the year 1811, Barisdale says:—

"Glengarry seems willing to give me Barisdale on something like my terms, but under restrictions. These restrictions may be so harsh that they may put an end to the business. Lee and Munial he wishes put up to public roup. But if I do not get them for my offer, I am determined to hold off. I made an offer that I don't think he will get from any person except the like of

White. Times are most alarming. Who will buy over stock when our manufacturers are ruined? Three years will, I believe, make an awful change in this country. Glenelg is sold, the present race must leave it; our first-rate farmers have taken the alarm. Sorry as I should be to leave my country, it is better for me to do so in time than beggar myself and disappoint my landlord. My neighbour Ardintoul is speaking of it, and many more of his class. If a man had but fifty acres, it is some comfort that he is improving them for his own family."

Later on, same year, he says:—"Some of my nearer friends have views of trying the new world. Lands in the Highlands are become now a greater burthen than anything else. The proprietors who do not know the value of them trust to a Brown or Black to value them, who, to ingratiate himself, without the least knowledge of even the poorest farm in the Highlands, puts on a rent that he is sure will agree with the landlord's feelings. Such was the case in Skye last year, and in the Lews. Behold the consequence! the very people who took the lands are going off to America, and Macleod now must give the lands to a set of beggars! Such will soon be the case in many other parts of the Highlands; the best people will take themselves away, while they have any means left, and leave plenty room for 'Mr Brown' and his employers."

Five years later, in 1816, he says:—"Glengarry did not use to be so harsh with his tenants, and, without putting them to the expense of a lawsuit, I think his factor could have settled at home. I assure you this is not a year to push farmers, and sequestrations will not drive money out of them, and it is not an easy matter now to get new ones in their places. I find it is the same over most of the Highlands, and if landlords are not resolved to nurse their tenants, they will soon have plenty of waste land."

The last circumstance connected with Coll, the fourth Barisdale, I intend referring to, is the riot which occurred at his mother's funeral.

The venerable Mrs Flora Macleod survived her husband, the 3rd Barisdale, upwards of twenty-five years, dying at an advanced age at Auchtertyre, early in the month of February, 1815. It seems to have arisen from an old ill-feeling or feud betwixt the people of Glenelg proper and Lochalsh; and Mr Fraser of Barnhill writes me that the affair is still spoken of in the west, and that it began "by a fight between a Glenelg man, Domhnull Mac Ailein, and a foxhunter in Lochalsh from Lochaber, named MacMaster.

The Lochalsh party had to take to their boats, and the Glenelg men stoned them off the shore."

Coll Barisdale was very much displeased, and did all he could to bring the offending Glenelg men to justice. One of several letters on the subject will sufficiently indicate what occurred. The interment would appear to have been at Glenelg, and not at Kilchoan, and it is to that part of the parish of Glenelg called Glenelg, Coll, in his wrath, suggests Bibles should be sent.

"Auchtertyre, 10th February, 1815.

"This will be handed you by MacMaster, and enclosed you will find Archy's (Coll's eldest son) declaration, taken before Mr Macrae, Ardintoul, who came here yesterday, by the desire of the Sheriff-Substitute of Ross, to take the declaration of boat crew who attended the gentlemen of the country. I have a notion that Archy might be a little flustered at the time, he having charge of one of the tables. What makes me think so is his jumping out of the boat to recover the oar amongst a parcel of barbarians, who seemed intent on taking away their lives; but he looked on all the gentlemen in the boat as under his protection, they having gone there upon our account and by our invitation. And so intent was he to procure the oar and get the boat away out of reach of the stones that he cannot say whether he got his head cut by their sticks or the stones. I was at the time in the house with some friends who chose to sit longer, and did not hear of this unprovoked attempt to murder till next morning. I went to Beolary that night, a distance of at least three miles, and, the night being very dark, I brought one of my servants with me with a lantern, and, to show you the savage disposition of the people, when my servant was returning back again to the public-house with the lantern in his hand, he was met by two or three of the Glenelg men, who challenged him as one of my servants and a Lochalsh man, and, without any further conversation, gave him some blows, and was obliged to run away for his life, and find his way, by private roads, to the rest of my servants. Mr John M'Ra, minister of Glenshiel, will inform you, if you please to ask him the question, how they abused his horse in the stable, while he was at dinner with the company. The poor brute had for many days horrid marks of Glenelg *kindness*. Such ferocity is only now, thank God, to be met with on the coast of Africa; and if you advertize for a subscription to purchase a parcel of Bibles for that part of the parish of Glenelg called Glenelg, I will pay for the advertisement, and I wish you to do it."

I have no information as to the date of Barisdale's death. The only memorial in Kilchoan is

COLL M'DONELL of Barrisdale.
By His Son.

I have now come to the fifth and last Barisdale, Archibald Macdonell. He had a younger brother William in the India Company's service, who died abroad. Nothing is more pleasing in Coll Barisdale's correspondence than the strong paternal feeling evinced. In 1816 Coll gets the Laird of Mackintosh to write to Sir James Mackintosh and Raasay to write to Earl Moira on behalf of his son William, then in Bombay. Archibald, the fifth Barisdale, was from his youth of a shy and retiring disposition, which grew more and more upon him as he advanced in years, and remained a bachelor. Coll, as early as 1807, apologises for his son Archie not calling upon an old friend at Inverness, and says:—"I found much fault with Archie for not calling on you. He was quite alarmed with the appearance of the weather, and he knew I would be anxious about him. He only was an hour at Inverness, yet, I say myself, in that hour he should have seen you. When he left this, I wished him, and he wished it himself, to go to Invergarry and spend a few days there, but his cousin, Mrs MacGregor, would not part with him, and, as she then expected to leave the country for India, he was, on account of his Ratagan friends, the easier imposed on. He is young, poor man, but he is a good-hearted lad, free of any vice, thank God, and, I trust, when he has time to get acquainted with his friends, they will think of him as I do."

Even in his father's time, Archibald lived much at Barisdale, and latterly there exclusively. In 1820, when Glengarry was creating Inverness Academy votes, one of the number was "Archibald Macdonell, younger of Barisdale." He was very kind to the poor, and much respected, not only for his own merits, but as the last of his race. He never went from home except on two occasions in the year, viz., to the Inverness Wool Market and to his banker at Fort-William. He always dealt with the same purchaser, never touching on the subject until late on the Saturday night, when the bargain was struck in these words:—"Seller—" "You'll be wanting the wedders and ewes as usual?" Purchaser—"Oh, well, we will try to do with them."

In the year 1863, Barisdale, then about eighty years of age, gave up the farm, and was succeeded by Provost Fraser. He died shortly afterwards, possessed of considerable wealth.

Provost Fraser tells an excellent story of a late well-known surgeon in the North, and which Barisdale, who had a horror of evictions, used himself to relate with much satisfaction. It occurred in 1853, at the time of what is called the Knoydart evictions by the Glengarry trustees. It was stated that there were several people ill who could not be removed, but, it being doubted by the evictors whether there might not be a good deal of shamming, it was thought advisable to have a doctor present at the evictions, who would certify those fit or unfit. The whole affair created intense ill-feeling on the West Coast, and that a doctor was coming was known beforehand, and his visit not altogether appreciated. The doctor was on horseback, and, it is understood, travelled all the distance from Inverness. Invergarry was comparatively easy of access. Tomdown, ten miles further, was a stiff part. From thence it is at least 23 miles to the top of the mountains, and from the next water-shed, along Loch Hourn to the house of Barisdale, ten miles further. The doctor's destination was Inverie, on Loch Nevis, over the Barisdale range, a distance of twelve miles, over the worst possible bridle-road of bad construction. There was no accommodation after passing Tomdown, and, as the road passes the house of Barisdale, no doubt the doctor thought he would get the much-needed refreshment. But it was not to be. Barisdale was hospitable enough when he chose, but on this occasion he had resolved to mark his disapprobation of the threatened evictions in every form. Sitting in his usual place, at a gable window, which commands the road to Loch Hourn head, he espied a mounted traveller coming slowly, foot-sorely, along. When within a little distance of the house (I now quote Provost Fraser's words), "Barisdale went out to meet him, and, in the most kind manner, saluted him, and in the usual style remarked, 'You'll be going to Inverie?' This the doctor admitted, and then Barisdale, in the most frank way, accompanied him, and told him that the road was straight before him, that he could not go wrong, and, after the river was crossed, there would be no difficulty. This road, however, was particularly steep and high, being over 'Maam Barisdale,' and on the worthy doctor protesting that he would like to rest after such a long journey, Barisdale pretended not to hear of any fatigue, insisting that the road was straight before him, and, having seen him a good way past the house, abruptly left, wishing him good-bye. The reason of this was more than niggardliness—he did not wish to show any hospitality to anyone connected with the Glengarry evictions, and always boasted of having been able to shew the doctor on his road without entering his house."

All the Barisdales, except Coll the second, rest in Kilchoan, and, although their names are not commemorated, they are not forgotten by the few remnants of people still in Knoydart.

Perhaps in no part of the Highlands have there been greater changes within the last hundred years than in Knoydart and the two Morars. Then there were numerous resident gentlemen like Barisdale, Scotus, Armisdale, Morar, Colin-Tray, Ranald-Scammadale, Archibald-Sandaig, Hugh-Meople, James-Guidale, and many others in the rank of gentlemen. The people were numerous, and lived primitively and inexpensively. The local representative of Glengarry in Knoydart, John Mackinnon, at Ardnashishinish, asks in 1796 that young "Glengarry give him the allowance that his father gave to uplift his rents, that is, whisky for the meetings, and that the tenants must appear at the appointed day, when proclaimed, as soon as to a factor." Surely an inexpensive official.

The times, indeed, are changed in "the country" of Knoydart, as its people loved to designate it. No longer shall such as the gay and dashing, but extravagant, Eneas-Scotus (who married the accomplished Ann Fraser of Culbokie), accompanied by a noisy and merry band of followers, together with his deerhounds, Ranger and Bran; his slowhounds, Drummer, Mountain, Finder, Wilks, and Daisy; his mongrels, Red Mountain and Ranger; his terriers, Groag, Claret, Conan, Lyon, Coisy, Brocky, and Conis, be seen ranging over "the country," eagerly engaged in "hunting the fox." No longer does a Glengarry, with a numerous retinue, headed by Allan Dall, hold high festival in Glendulochan. No longer shall the shepherd or herd-boy, overpowered by sleep after his mid-day repast, awake in trembling, to find the noontide hag, "Glas-lich," glaring upon him with fixed and malevolent eye, whose hated presence can only be ridded by invocation and the sign of the cross. Yes, these are gone; the ancient peoples are gone. But the mountains, the streams, the lakes, remain—now as then, and then as now—

Things of beauty; joys for ever.

9th FEBRUARY, 1887.

At the meeting this evening, the following were elected members of the Society:—Honorary—Colonel Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson; Ordinary—Messrs John Robertson, Tartan Warehouse, Fort-William, and William Fraser; Drumbuie Cottage, Glen-Urquhart.

The following books, presented by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, were handed to the Librarian, for the Society's Library :—"The Proverbs of Wales," by T. R. Roberts ; "An Old Brigade," by John Mackay of Herrisdale ; and Cromb's "Highland Brigade." The Secretary was instructed to forward the thanks of the Society to Mr Mackay.

Mr John Whyte moved, Bailie Stuart seconded, and it was cordially agreed to—"That the Society resolve to record its deep sense of the loss sustained by the Highland people in the lamented death of the Rev. Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, whose wide general culture, intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language and literature, and unwearied interest in all that tended to benefit his fellow-countrymen socially, morally, and spiritually, caused his name to be well known and deeply revered among Highlanders in all parts of the world."

The Secretary was instructed to forward an extract of this minute, with an expression of the sincere condolence of the Society, to Mrs Clerk and family.

Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., of Raining's School, thereafter read a paper on "Popular Tales." Here follows Mr Macbain's paper :—

POPULAR TALES.

The first characteristic of folk-tale is its frank disregard of the ordinary conditions of our existence, and its equally frank belief in the human kinship of the whole world—animate and inanimate. The hero, in his seven-league boots, or on his wind-outstripping steed, annihilates space and time with almost electric speed, and sea and land are the same to him ; for his boots and his steed can carry him with equal ease over both—nay, his powers of jumping fiery or prickly hedges, or of springing from his spear point to the window of his fair one high aloft in the towers, show scant respect to the law of gravitation. Animals have a human reason, and often a power of speech ; indeed, they appear in the tales as far more intelligent and knowing than the heroes, for it is generally by their means they perform, or are kept from performing, those wonderful tasks they have been called upon to accomplish. Dogs, birds, frogs, and all animals speak on occasions ; and more than this, they may marry the heroes or the heroines ! Not only are animals humanised, or made to act like human beings, but all nature besides, plants and trees, stocks and stones, mountain and fell, wind and rain and sky, the sun and the moon—all are alive

with the life and spirit we see in man and beast. A piece of apple or a human spittle answers to enquiries put. The stones of the earth tell Luga of the Long Arms that his father is buried beneath where they are. "Here thy father lies, O Luga; grievous was Kian's strait when he was forced to take the shape of a pig on seeing the three sons of Turenn." And as here, men may turn themselves, or be turned, into animals; and more than that, they may even be turned into plant, tree, stone, or any inanimate object, and still retain reason and power of self-recovery, or of being recovered by others. A hero or heroine may become an animal, beast or bird or fish or insect; he or she may become a ship or a sword or a ladder, as the exigencies of the occasion may demand. People's hearts and people's strength may lie in some object or other, either about their own person, or well hidden somewhere else. Giants may have no heart in their body; a hero's strength may be, Samson-like, in his hair, or his prowess may depend on an old knapsack, a hat, and a horn. The life of this earth is not differentiated from the life beyond. Heroes pay flying visits to the realms of the departed; nay, a tailor, neither good nor honest, may accidentally squeeze himself into heaven, and sitting on the best chair he saw there—the Throne of the most High, for the occupant happened to be away—he may see an old woman washing clothes down on earth at a stream, and secretly stealing handkerchiefs, and he may throw the footstool at her head in his virtuous wrath. Social life in these tales takes peculiar features. We have kings and queens and princes as our commonest acquaintances; gorgeous palaces, with surfeit of gold and silver, are our usual places of rest and abode. Families have a habit of going in threes, the youngest of whom is the best; step-mothers are nearly always wicked, and always witches; step-children are always ill-treated. Husbands and wives get separated over the infringement of some command, or the unwitting breaking of some mystic rule. In the Gaelic tale of the Hoodie, the husband, who had already been a hoodie and had been rescued by the bride from this form, asks her, as they proceed in a coach to one of their country houses, whether she had forgotten anything, and she said, "I forgot my coarse comb." "The coach in which they were fell a withered faggot, and he went away as a hoodie." Such are the leading characteristics of the popular or folk-tales. There is pervading all over their world a supernatural power which manifests itself in magic and enchantments, and no higher power is known; and to this power of magic, embodied in the medicine-man of modern savage life, and in the wicked and in the wise ones of the folk-tales, all else must bow and yield.

Many interesting problems spring up in connection with these folk-tales, and the very first is, "What is the origin and meaning of them?" And when we find that similar tales—the same in plot, and practically the same in incidents and characters—exist among all the nations of Europe and parts of Asia, some even being found still more widely distributed, appearing in savage lands, it becomes a question of first importance how these tales were diffused through so many peoples. Did they start up independently in the different countries, or were they directly borrowed by one people from another, or did they filter slowly through the nations, starting each from some one place? And, when we have considered these questions, the relationship of these tales to the mythology, religion, and folk-lore of a people comes forward for settlement. Were the folk-tales—or rather, the predecessors of our modern folk-tales—were they developed into myths at times, and did they thus become mythology, or did mythology break down and become popular tales, or did both processes take place? These last questions, as can be seen, are intimately connected with the first question we have to ask, and answer if possible, viz., "What is the origin of these tales?"

To answer these questions, as far as they can be answered in our present state of knowledge, we must adopt the methods of science, and first begin with a classification of our materials. And, first, let us fix the place of the folk-tale itself among its kindred tales of mythology and imagination. By mythology we mean the belief in a supernatural order, which real knowledge causes us to regard as non-existent. Myths propose unscientific—that is, forged or invented—answers to such questions as the origin of man, the origin of the world, of the stars, the sun, and the moon. How was fire discovered? What was the origin of death? These are some of its questions. Mythology is, therefore, founded on the same impulse and necessity as our science; it attempts to explain man and his surroundings. It is, therefore, essentially explanatory; it gives a working hypothesis of phenomena around and beyond. The folk-tale is not explanatory—it is literary. Mythology and religion are practical, but the folk-tale is artistic. It may point a moral, or convey warnings as to taboo, but it is essentially a tale. Fables and tales in regard to beasts or natural objects that immediately and obviously arise from the habits and characteristics of these, do not belong properly to our subject. Beast fables, with all stories that are intended to convey a moral, or explain a natural fact, must now be excluded from our investigation. The origin of these is

easily understood, and they may arise naturally in any country or clime. The cunning of the fox is everywhere, and, practically, the same answer is given to the question, Why the bear or hyæna has a stumpy tail? by dwellers in the torrid and the arctic zones. Æsop's fables are familiar as examples of the moral beast-tales; and our experience can bring up many tales started to explain a place name, or other etymological puzzle. But in the pure folk-tale there is not evident either myth or explanation. A doggie asks, for service rendered, successively three farmer's daughters to marry him; the two eldest refuse, but the youngest accepts him, and, on being married, he becomes a splendid man. Three children are born and spirited away on the night of their birth. The mother confesses on the third occasion that the husband stole them, and then he left her. She pursued him, and, after much trial, reached the town where he was and of which his father was king. Here she found that he was going to marry the Daughter of the King of the Skies. By means of a shears and a needle that could work of themselves, she causes such stir that she is invited to the palace, and soon manages to recall herself to her husband's mind. That is the outline of a common tale—the Cupid and Psyche root. The distinction is great between it and a nature myth. We may instance such a myth as that of the Tongan islanders, who say that the god Tangaola one day went to fish in the sea, and, feeling something heavy at the end of his line, he drew it up, and there perceived the top of rocks, which continued to increase in size and number till they formed a large continent, but the line broke, and only the Tongan islands remained above the surface. But this Tongan myth is rude compared to the mythic ideas involved in the history and actions of the higher gods of Greece and Scandinavia—as, for instance, the sky god Zeus and the weather god Thor, each with his bolt or his hammer representing the lightning. We have, therefore, at least three classes of tales, which we must distinguish from folk-tales proper:—

Mythologic tales.

Tales with morals.

Tales explanatory of the characteristics of beasts or of natural objects.

The further classification of the folk-tales themselves is also a necessity, for it will be at once observed that these tales consist of merely "different arrangements of a rather limited set of incidents," and that their classification and reduction to a few

leading roots are possible. Von Hahn, over twenty years ago, led the way in this very desirable and scientific process of classifying the tales. His classification is elaborate, and, indeed, exhaustive. He has forty formulæ, as he calls them—that is, forty leading forms of tales; but the real roots are much fewer than that. Indeed, the root incidents can almost all be counted by a score. Von Hahn's classification, along with two others, will be found at the end of this paper.

Mythic tales and folk-tales have been, till lately, mixed together, and whatever explanation was given of the one was held sufficient for the other. Mythology was considered by some a broken-down remembrance of early revealed religion. Others thought that myths were tales founded on real historic events. Jupiter, the god, was once an earthly king, they held; the water-horses and monsters of folk-lore were dim recollections of the monster animals of primeval times. Others, again, held that the tales, apart from the myths, were intended to convey moral truth—"to point a moral and adorn a tale." Myths, also on this theory, were practically allegories. These are three theories that held sway for a long time; but the discoveries made during this century in philology, and the consequent extended kinship it showed between European nations and Eastern nations, had soon an effect on mythology and folk-lore. Not merely was there seen to be a group of languages allied, to which the name Indo-European or Aryan could be applied, but it was observed that their mythologies had also a general resemblance the one to the other. Grimm saw this, and proceeded to examine the matter. He practically started the solar theory of mythology—a theory taken up and illustrated in 1856 by Mr Max Müller, and energetically, enthusiastically, and minutely worked out some years later by Sir George, then Mr. Cox. His work, "The Mythology of the Aryan Nations," was in its way an epoch-making book. The theory is as follows.

The same myths and folk-tales, practically, are found from India to the west of Ireland, and the reason for this is that these nations, as they are linguistically descended from one parent language, so also are their mythologies descended from one parent mythology. The Sanscrit is the oldest Indo-European language—that is, the nearest to the parent tongue; so also is the mythology it contains nearest the parent mythology. That mythology was a literary embodiment of the worship of nature. Anthropomorphic polytheism was its form, and the chief deities were the powers of sky, light, and air. The sun-god was the chief personage in the

myths. Every mythological name has been analysed, and in the analysis, rightly or wrongly, some atmospheric or solar reference has been found. Mr Max Müller and Sir G. Cox appear to slightly diverge as to the origin of metaphor; Mr Müller is satisfied that metaphor is natural to man in his early stage; he "lisped in metaphors, for the metaphors came." When man called the dawn a maiden, he knew that was metaphoric and poetic. Sir G. Cox, on the other hand, thinks that man believed nature really to be alive and animate like himself when he said so, and hence it was no metaphor originally. But, as man advanced from this childish stage, he recognised the absurdity of attributing life to sun and moon and clouds and dawn, and, therefore, he divorced, unconsciously and in the course of time, the personal elements and the stories thereto attached from the material objects that were explained by anthropomorphic or spirit agency. Hence Zeus, which means sky or shining one, and the sky were no longer one, but two. The one meant the sky in its unpoetical and non-metaphoric form; the other was the old sky-power divorced from the sky, and made into a personal being with a life history. That life history was got from the old facts of his previous connection with the sky, which were applied to him in that earlier stage, metaphorically and poetically (according to Max Müller), or as a real matter of belief (according to Cox). In any case, the divorcement was caused by forgetfulness, on the part of succeeding generations, of the point of view from which their ancestors looked on these powers of air and sky, and from the consequent misconception of the metaphors formerly employed, which were in the later period transferred to the individual, or spirit apart from the object. Apollo was thus divorced from the material sun; but the life of Apollo was composed from the old metaphoric or personal material which was applied to the sun at the earlier stage. Oblivion or forgetfulness of the more primitive use of epithets, or of the spirit explanations, is here relied on; but the richness of mythological incident requires more than this. Many names would be, metaphorically, applied to the sun, and many epithets—names of animals and epithets widely varying. This is *polyonymy*. These names would also apply to other objects as well; and hence, besides forgetfulness, some considerable confusion and mixing of incidents would arise from polyonymy and homonymy—in fact, the theory of *polyonymy* and *homonymy* is elastic enough for anything. Mr Max Müller thus describes how a myth or tale might arise on his theory:—"But suppose that the exact meaning of the word 'gloaming' had been forgotten, and that a

proverbial expression, such as 'The gloaming sings the sun to sleep,' had been preserved, would not the gloaming very soon require an explanation, and would nurses long hesitate to tell their children that the gloaming was a good old woman who came every night to put the sun into his bed, and who would be very angry if she found any little children still awake? The children would soon talk among themselves about Nurse Gloaming, and, as they grew up, would tell their children again of the same wonderful old nurse. It was in this and in similar ways that in the childhood of the world many a story grew up which, when once repeated and sanctioned by a popular poet, became part and parcel of what we are accustomed to call the mythology of ancient nations."

Let us now take an actual example of the use of this theory in explanation of a well-known myth, which is also a well-known incident in the folk-tales. Phrixos and Hellé were the children of Athamas by Nephelé. Nephelé disappears, and Athamas marries Ino, who acts as stepmother to Phrixos and Hellé with the usual result. Nephelé, who is immortal, helps her children to escape, and they ride away through the air on a ram with a golden fleece. Poor Hellé fell from off the ram as they were crossing the Hellespont, which was called after her name on that account. Phrixos arrived in safety at Colchis, on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, where Æetes ruled as king. Phrixos then sacrificed the ram, and gave the fleece to Æetes, who placed it on an oak tree in the grove of Ares. That is the myth or tale; and it must be said that, on the face of it, it presents some points favourable to explanation by this theory. Nephelé means cloud: on the linguistic-forgetful-of-metaphor theory, that is easy; Nephelé, originally, really is the cloud, and not a person. Athamas is Semitic (so Sir G. Cox says), being a form of Tammuz, the sun-god. The cloud and the sun, therefore, have two children—Phrixos and Hellé; what should they be? Phrixos is the cold, clear air (Sir G. Cox says), and Hellé is the air as warmed by the fostering heat of the sun. [Parenthetically, it may be remarked that Phrixos means, and is allied philologically to, "bristling;" Hellé is not so easily settled as to derivation]. Nephelé dies or departs; Athamas marries Ino, the open and glaring day, for she is called Ino Leukothea. The open and glaring day hates and drives forth the cold air and the warm air, and these fly away on a ram with a golden fleece—that is to say, on the sunlit cloud; the taking away, or going away with the golden fleece is the carrying away of the sunlit clouds of evening from the regions of the gloaming to those of the dawn,

where they are left to be brought back again by the sun—that is, by Jason. The whole natural history of the myth, then, is this. The sun and the cloud have two children—cold air and warm air. The cloud goes aloft. The open and glaring day ill-treats and casts forth cold air and warm, and they run away upon the back of the evening sunlit cloud, but warm air falls off, and cold air arrives in the east with sunlit cloud alone, and then sacrifices or kills it. It is very pretty, very ingenious, and very untrue to nature, and to the science of meteorology as well as to history. The whole “solar theory” is of this same type, at least when applied to folk-tales—pretty, ingenious, untrue. The sun pursues the dawn, and overtakes her at even; that explains the story of the ever-fleeing maiden pursued, and finally overtaken, by the lover. That maid is Daphne, Prokris, Cinderella, and the other nameless and numberless ladies who fly, leaving slippers or other tokens behind them. The sun-god is the hero of every tale, be the hero animal or man. This theory makes the folk-tales merely the detritus, as Max Müller says, of mythology, and practically the detritus of solar mythology. The theory has made the greatest shipwreck over the enchantments and spells under which heroes appear in these folk-tales. In a Gaelic tale the hero comes on the scene at first as a hoodie or a doggie; among other nations he may be a bear, or, as in Germany, a frog, and hence the story-name “frog-prince.” In Sanscrit, too, there is a similar story of a beautiful girl that was a frog, *Bheki*, sitting at a well. A king asked her to be his wife, and she consented on condition that he should never show her a drop of water. One day, being tired, she asked the king for water; he forget his promise, brought water, and Bheki disappeared. Now, here is a poser for the solar mythologists. But, like the Scotch theologian, he looks the difficulty boldly in the face, and passes on. This is what Mr Max Müller says of it:—“The story of Bheki must have grown up gradually, beginning with a short saying about the sun—such as that *Bheki*, the sun, will die at the sight of water, as we should say, that the sun will set when it approaches the water from which it rose in the morning. Thus, viewed as a woman, the sun-frog might be changed into a woman, and married to a king; viewed as a man, he might be married to a princess. In either case, stories would naturally arise to explain, more or less fully, all that seemed strange in these marriages between frog and man, and the change from sun to frog, and from frog to man, which was at first due to the mere spell of language, would, in our nursery tales, be ascribed to miraculous charms more familiar to a later age.” And such,

according to Max Müller, is the origin of these beast heroes and heroines, and the consequent theory of enchantment. The whole world of enchantment is based on forgotten metaphors. Such a mass of "might, could, would, should, or must," as the above passage presents, could hardly be met with in any writer outside a solar mythologist. "The sun must have been called Bheki." Why *must* it? But was it? It was not; the idea is absurd. Hence we cannot for a moment believe that these beast forms arose from forgotten metaphors; nor could forgotten metaphors explain how savages still believe in such stories, and the possibility of such transformations, such marriages, and consequent incidents.

The fact is, the theory is utterly unscientific. It proceeds quite on the wrong lines. It never asks whether modern savages, or men in a similar stage of culture with the early Aryans and our early ancestors, ever think, act, and speak as these Aryans must have done if this theory is true. The poetic power it ascribes to savages is simply non-existent. The intense solicitude with which primitive man watched the sun, the dawn, the cloud, the rain, and the dew, and the way he described their trials, loves, and sorrows have no counter-part in modern savage life, nor did they ever have in ancient savage life. The savage and barbarous man is too busy with his own love-affairs to attend much to the scorching love of the sun for the dew. There is such a blank monotony about the sun turning up under all sorts of mythological disguises as chief hero that we thoroughly sympathise with Mr Lang when he complains of him as that "eternal lay-figure." No historical hero, no custom, no belief is out of danger until the sun-hero receives his quietus. In addition to the fact that the "solar" theory is inadequate to cope with the difficulties of the folk-tales—and, indeed, with the details of the higher mythology—there is another objection. Mr Max Müller reduces mostly all myths and tales to solar origin; other theorists hold that atmospheric phenomena play the heaviest part, such as storms and lightning. For instance, M. Decharme makes Phrixos "the demon of thunder," and Hellé "a goddess of lightning." These scientists do not agree among themselves, not merely on the main lines and details of folk-tale explanations, but they differ often widely in the interpretation of the higher mythology. And one sympathises strongly with Mr Lang's remark that there "is an improbable monotony in the theory which resolves most of old romance into a series of remarks about the weather." We must, however, admit that, in the higher reaches of mythology, Aryan myth is a personification of the phenomena and conceptions of nature, and

that the orbs of heaven, the sky, day and night, the clouds, and the lightning are the foundation and the most important part of the whole fabric. Nor need we deny that some folk-tales are the detritus of the old mythology, although we have to maintain, on the other hand, that myths are often sublimated folk-tales, as Mr Lang has so well proved in the case of the Jason myth.

So much for the "solar-myth" theory of explaining the origin of folk-tales. The same theorists hold that the diffusion of the tales throughout Indo-European peoples points, as the similarity of language does, to a common origin also of mythology. There are some difficulties, however, which this theory does not recognise. First, some of the most characteristic folk-tales have been found among savages and other non-Aryan peoples. Not merely have single incidents been found, for *that* is quite common, but often several incidents are connected in exactly a similar way among savage tribes, the same beginning, middle, and *denouement* of plot appearing. The tale in Campbell's collection, "The Battle of the Birds," of which there is an Irish variant, and also other Gaelic versions, the fullest being Mrs Mackellar's version in a late number of the *Celtic Magazine*, entitled the "Bodach Glas," finds its next closest parallel in a negro story from Jamaica, and hence is an African story, for the scene is in Africa. The incident of the bathing of three sisters, and the hero's capture of the youngest, who helps him against her father, appears in the African as in the Gaelic tale; the tasks are replaced by the hero being asked to discover which is the youngest daughter, and this he does, guessing her correctly, by her own help, under three disguises, two of them animal; then the couple fly, pursued by the father. The lady throws behind her a rose, a pebble, and a phial of water, which produced respectively a broad wood, a range of rocky mountains, and a rushing river, which carried away the father, horse and all. This extraordinary coincidence makes the problem of the diffusion of folk-tales a very difficult one indeed, for it is not easy to believe that the negroes who recited the stories to "Monk" Lewis as Ananci African stories could have learnt them from Scotch or Irish settlers in Jamaica. The stories are redolent of African life. The incident where the heroine hides in a tree above a well, with the consequence that two other women who successively come to the well and see her face there, and, fancying it is their own, think themselves too handsome for anything, appears in a Madagascar story, as also does in the same story the throwing behind of objects which develop into obstructions to the pursuit by the giant or ogre. The heroine Ifara here throws behind her a broom, an

egg, a cane, and a pebble, which respectively became a dense thicket, a lake, a dense forest, and an inaccessible precipice. Secondly, as an objection to this theory of Aryan diffusion, there can be no doubt that neighbouring Aryan nations have their folk-tales more like each other than these tales are to those of Aryan nations farther away. Teutonic and Celtic fairy tales are more like each other than either are to those of Aryan nations in Asia. But the linguistic theorist might reply that so, too, are their languages and manners and customs. Yet, there is just a suspicion of the one influencing the other, though perhaps nothing more. In any case, the problem of the diffusion of the tales has not yet been solved.

Some theorists, like Mr Ralston and Mr Clouston, maintain that these tales are borrowed from the East, and they look to India as the source of them. On the face of it, such a view does not commend itself to a scientific enquirer. That some tales have been borrowed from the East is true. Several were introduced by the translators of eastern tales in the 12th century and onwards. But we can recognise these with no great difficulty, especially among Gaelic tales, for they want the peculiarities of Gaelic imagination and the local colouring of our country. When we find a company on a green-coloured hillock, and a shadow of a shower comes from the western air going to the eastern air, and a rider on a black filly comes out of the shower; when we meet with Fionn and his men on Beinn Eidinn, "on a hillock behind the wind and in front of the sun, where they could see every person and nobody could see them;" when we speed along with a steed that would catch the swift March wind that was before him, and the swift March wind that was behind him could not catch him; when the hunter on the hunting hill gets suddenly enveloped in a Druidic mist, and is swept away; when men so enchanted lose and regain limbs with no apparent discomfort; when we find richness of description and descriptive epithets; when we meet with piled up minutiae in alliterative order; and when, in short, we find the language, the sense and the imaginative power all combine into a harmonious and highly artistic effect, we may be sure that here we have a genuine Gaelic tale. On the other hand, tales of adventure, tales of cunning heroes and crafty rogues, fables about beasts, and stories that carry a moral, may not be native at all; but if the smack of Gaelic imagination is felt in them, that is an almost infallible sign of native origin.

And why, it may be asked, should India, or even Asia, be the cradle of such stories? The assumption is unscientific; it will not

do to say that the stories are too imaginative for our temperate climate, where fancy is more restrained by the rude battle with the realities of natural forces. Our ancestors all along must have had stories and tales at all stages—savage, barbaric, and civilised; that is capable of proof, for savages everywhere delight in such *now*. The words of M. Gaidoz, one of the best of Continental folk-lorists, can best express our argument. He says:—“For us, however, who believe in the polygenism of tales, the question is badly put when the origin of tales in the mass is spoken of, and when it is wished to attribute them to one people or to one epoch. This appears to us as little scientific as if one claimed to determine a country of origin for the flora of France. Such and such a plant comes from Persia, says one; then our flora comes from Persia. By a like process, another would make it come from China or America; and other theorists, arguing from the fact that the French came from the high *plateaux* of Asia, could also well say that they carried their plants with them from the same region. In short, our flora, like every other, is composed of indigenous plants, and exotic plants come from different parts of the world, and become native by acclimatisation. What must be got is the history of each species by itself, and then it is possible to give an account of the history and the course of migration. What has been done for the flora has to be done for the tales: to study separately each tale, each incident even, to try and determine its affiliation, and, if possible, its place of origin.” So says M. Gaidoz. Besides, the stories which Mr Clouston and others give as Indian originals, are too often either wide of the mark or are sorry stuff to build the beauteous superstructure of western story upon.

The likeness of Aryan folk-tales to each other is greater undoubtedly than their likeness to tales among savages, and this likeness is greater in proportion as the races live beside each other. The same is true also of their languages. This points to the common origin of Aryan folk-tales in the original Aryan times. Yet, it is hard to believe that these tales were elaborated then and kept up in their entirety for three or four thousand years or more. Grimm's tales and Campbell's tales often present the same story with the same series of incidents similarly combined. The Cinderella story, for example, is widely diffused, and everywhere presents the same plot and much the same incidents. It is hard to decide the matter, for the difficulty is twofold; first, Could folk-tales preserve intact plot and incidents for three, four, or five thousand years? and secondly, How are we to regard the similar

tales that appear in Africa and Asia among non-Aryan tribes? These questions have not yet been satisfactorily answered.

If we dismiss the solar theory of the origin of these tales, if we refuse to consider them, on the whole, the detritus of the old mythology, what, then, is their origin? That question again is not easy. It is easy enough to overthrow a theory such as the solar one: to establish another is a different matter. The solar theory professed two things in regard to the tales. It professed to account for the incidents, and also for the plot of the tale; and, secondly, it accounted for the irrational element in the tales—the enchantments and the human character of beast and bird and tree and stone. The plot arose from the incidents in the career of the personified sun or moon; and the irrational element arose from the descendants misunderstanding or forgetting the metaphors and poetic language of their ancestors. If the sun was playfully called a frog as he squatted on the verge of the western sea, then an unpoetic posterity at once fancied the sun-hero was a frog-man—one time a frog and another a man—and accounted for it by magic. We saw how futile, how absurd and unscientific indeed, such a theory is. We can account for the irrational element in these tales with the utmost ease; for, as a matter of fact, there is scarcely an irrational idea contained in them but finds its counterpart in some savage belief or practice of modern times. Belief in the kinship with animals, and hence the possibility of marriage with them; belief in the metamorphosis of living or dead persons into animals; the idea that inanimate objects have spirits in them and may speak; the notion that one's soul can leave the body and have a life apart—a belief not yet dead in the Highlands, as the idea of the bee-soul proves; and the belief in the possibility of visiting the lower world—all these beliefs are rampant in the modern savage life. Again, the practices and customs which appear in the tales as so strange are perfectly well known amongst barbarians and savages. Cannibalism, human sacrifice, the queer etiquette of marriage life going to the extremest of prudery, as when it is tabooed to a woman ever to see her husband naked, or when the husband visits the wife only by stealth or at night, or when the wife never speaks to him for a long period after marriage or never mentions his name; the custom in polygamous families that the youngest son is the heir and the head of the family—these and several others, such as bride-winning or bride capture, which appear in the tales, are still in practice among savage tribes. The irrational element in the tales is therefore easily accounted for.

But when we come to the actual construction of the tale—the plot with its incidents—it is not so easy to account for matters. Such tales as regard the wicked step-mother who ill-treats her step-children and favours her own, ultimately driving away or ruining the former, are easily enough accounted for. So, too, is the flight of children from cannibalism or from human sacrifice. The flight of a lady and her lover from a giant or wizard father is also easy, for it belongs to bride-winning and bride-capture; but the incident is always complicated by the details of the pursuit, in which barriers of wood, rock, and lake are successively placed by symbolic incantations between the couple and the pursuer. These incidents, with the magic power displayed, are all natural to savage life. Flight implies pursuit in such a case, and the barriers would naturally suggest themselves to people living in a world full of belief in magic. The bride is purchased or captured in barbaric and savage life; but, naturally enough, the price may be changed into the accomplishment of some difficult tasks, the solving of a riddle, or the conquering of the girl or her father in a race. The number three is nearly always the proper number, and it is hard to say why. The youngest brother is naturally the best, because in polygamous families he is the heir and head of the family. The gratitude of the animals which the hero assists is seen in their assisting him in turn, and this, no doubt, points a moral, and this may have originally started some tales, teaching, as it does, kindness to animals. The giant who has no heart in his body, because he is afraid he may himself lose it, is wheedled by the woman to tell, after three trials, where it is; once the idea of a heartless giant is given, the story would here naturally follow. These giants have no wits, and hence the hero easily tricks them. The monster that requires a human being each year or oftener belongs to the lowest category of savage local gods who delight in human sacrifice. That a hero—a culture hero—should arise to release people from such an incubus in their worship must have been often an actual fact.

Other tales depend on the idea of taboo or prohibition. The bride must not see the husband undressed. The breaking of such taboos causes the husband to leave her, and she has to win him back. This appears often in the tales. In the tale of Cupid and Psyche it is fully brought out. Psyche lighted a lamp and saw the god, which she was strictly forbidden to do, and he disappeared. In other cases, the wife mentions some fact in her husband's presence which she ought not to do, as in the Highland tale of the Hoodie, when she told him she forgot her *coarse comb*; or she con-

fesses that her husband stole the children, and he leaves her, as in the Gaelic tale, *The Daughter of the King of the Skies*. The husband may leave the wife and stay away many years, as in the case of *Ulysses*, where she remains faithful throughout.

These tales illustrate customs and enforce taboos, as we see; they tell of a practice, and they point a moral. Hence, they are both artistic and useful. But we must not dwell too much on the idea that their object is merely didactic or moral, and not also artistic and for amusement. Morals they do point, as in the *Blue-beard* story, which warns against curiosity in forbidden things, and rather savage morals, too, for the youngest sister in that story acts with as much curiosity as the other two, but she has, by her kindness, enlisted in her service some being who helps her out of her difficulties. Similarly there are many tales which portray with admiration cunning and cleverness of all kinds, generally immoral cleverness.

There are incidents, however, which at present we cannot explain. The bride is often supplanted by her maid, who palms herself off as the mistress, and is married to the hero; but all ends well latterly. Again, why does the husband forget his first wife when he leaves her, and is kissed on reaching home by his mother or his hound? And then she hides in a tree, and her reflection in the spring causes two other women to think themselves pretty. Such incidents, as Mr Lang says, are among the real difficulties of the subject. Nor again can we easily explain the tissue of plot in each story, though we can explain single incidents. Why should the hero appear as a hoodie first, and on marriage become a man, and thereafter leave his wife? The hero under spells is here connected with the taboo incident. That is not the case in the *Cupid and Psyche* form of it, for the hero there is a god throughout. The *Cinderella* story is very difficult to explain in its entirety. But in discussing these tales, we should remember their undoubted antiquity; their incidents are survivals among us, according to our theory, of savage thought—survivals of a time when our ancestors had beliefs and practices akin to the savages of our own time. That the incidents should intermingle with each other, producing other forms of tales, elaborate and complicated, in the long lapse of ages past, is but what we should expect. It is difficult for us to trace the kaleidoscopic changes that took place in these incidents and these tales in the far distant past,

“In the fathomless years forgotten wherever the dead gods reign.”

Of the classifications which follow, Von Hahn's, as condensed by Mr Ralston, is the first. Von Hahn's classification is founded upon no theory; but the second classification is based upon the anthropological theory of explanation. It is founded largely on Mr Lang's headings in his article on "Mythology" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The savage customs and ideas which correspond to those which appear in the tales are, as far as possible, given under each head. It differs from Von Hahn in taking, not the whole story or incident, but the single facts, and classifying them. The third classification is that employed by Mr Nutt in classifying Campbell's Highland tales. The "husk" refers to the disguise of the hero or heroine under animal form or under servile guise, and the "taboo" refers to the breaking of some mystic command as doing something contrary "to the custom of women." The numbers after the headings in Mr Nutt's table, such as 43, 14, 4, &c., refer to the number of each tale in Mr Campbell's book that comes under the particular heading, wholly or partially. Campbell's work contains 86 numbered tales, and of these, some 41 only are pure folk tales, along with which may be classified half-a-dozen hero stories of the Fenian and heroic cycles. The rest of the tales comprise two classes—(1) Popular tradition and folk-lore, which make some dozen numbers; and (2) Folk stories, which concern clever thieves, feigned fools, and clever and curious incidents in life. Of these there are about 23. Mr Nutt's table, as published in the *Folk-lore Record*, vol. V., does not contain the references to the numbers in Campbell. They have been kindly sent by Mr Nutt to the writer, who alone is responsible for error in their use. Unclassed are the opening of 38 and the poetry of 74.

VON HAHN'S SCHEME.

[AS CONDENSED BY MR RALSTON].

DIVISION I.—FAMILY.

DIVISION A.—HUSBAND AND WIFE AFFECTED BY

- (A) Desertion.
 1. Psyche.—Supernatural husband deserts wife.
 2. Melusina.—Supernatural wife deserts husband.
 3. Penelope.—Faithful wife recovers truant husband.
- (B) Expulsion.
 4. Calumniated wife banished, but restored.
- (C) Sale or Purchase.
 - 5—6. Access to spouse or loved one bought.

SUB-DIVISION B.—PARENT AND CHILD.

- (A) Children longed for.
7. They assume for a time monstrous shapes.
 8. They are made victims to a vow or promise.
 9. Their birth is attended by various wonders.
- (B) Exposure of children.
10. Amphiön.—Babe exposed by unmarried mother.
 11. Ædipus.—Babe exposed by married parents.
 12. Danæ.—Mother and babe exposed together.
 13. Andromeda.—Daughter exposed to a monster.
- (C) Step-children.
14. Little Snow White.—Stepmother persecutes girl.
 15. Phrixus and Helle.—Stepmother persecutes a brother and sister.
 16. Youngest brother ill-treated by elder brothers.
 17. Cinderella.—Youngest sister ill-treated.
 18. Dioscūri.—Twins help each other.
 19. Sister (or mother) betrays brother (or son).
 20. Sister saves brother from enchantment.
 21. Heroine supplanted by step-sister (or servant).
 22. Magic brothers-in-law assist hero.

DIVISION II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

- (A) Bride winning.
23. Bride won by heroic exploits.
 24. Bride won by ingenuity.
- (B) Abduction of Heroine.
25. Proserpine.—Heroine carried off by force.
 26. Helen and Paris.
 27. Medea and Jason.
- (C) Various subjects.
28. Swan-maidens robbed of garments, and married.
 29. Snake-brought herbs restore life.
 30. Bluebeard.—A Forbidden Chamber opened.
 31. Punchkin, or the Giant without any heart.
 32. Grateful Beasts assist hero.
 33. Hop-o'-my-Thumb.—Hero tiny, but brave
 34. A strong fool works wonders.
 35. Faithful John, or Rama and Luxman.
 36. Disguisal of hero or heroine.

DIVISION III.—CONTRAST OF INNER AND OUTER WORLD.

37. Hero is killed by demon, but revives.
38. Hero defeats demon.
39. Hero tricks demon.
40. Lower world visited.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION.

- I. Bride or bridegroom transgresses mystic command, and the other disappears.
[*Savage nuptial etiquette often forbids seeing or naming husband.*]
- II. Husband leaves wife, and returns after many years.
Penelope formula : Gaelic, "The Baker of Beauty."
[*Admiration for female constancy.*]
- III. Attempted avoidance of fate or prophecy.
 1. Parents or friends expose fateful children.
 2. Heroic Expulsion and Return formula.
- IV. The Wicked Stepmother and her Step-children.
[*Cruelty of Stepmother is world-wide and world-old.*]
- V. Slaughter of a devastating monster.
Perseus and Andromeda story.
[*Belief in monsters is wide-spread.*]
- VI. Flight, generally by miraculous aid, from cannibalism, human sacrifice, or incest.
[*Danger from cannibalism, &c., is often real in Savage life.*]
- VII. Bride given to whoever accomplishes difficult adventures.
[*Reminiscence of Savage capture or purchase of bride.*]
- VIII. Flight of a lady and her lover from giant or wizard father.
[*Bride-winning, and chase for purchase money.*]
- IX. The false bride.
The maid pretends to be the mistress, and degrades the bride to the rank of servant.
- X. The bride that brings forth beast-children.
[*A common Savage belief, not yet lost in Europe.*]
- XI. The youngest brother is the successful adventurer.
[*A reminiscence of the Savage and ancient Jüngsten-recht, whereby the youngest son is heir and head of the family.*]
- XII. Grateful beasts, aided by hero or heroine, aid him or her in turn.
[*Savages believe animals to be endowed with reason and capable of speech ; especially human beings metamorphosed into animals.*]
 1. The animals are ordinary ones, but act humanly.
 2. The animals are human beings under spells.

- XIII. The separable soul or strength.
 The giant that has no heart in his body.
 [*A common Savage idea.*]
- XIV. Magic shoes, garments, and implements ; gold-producing and other magic animals.
- XV. The strong man, his adventures and comrades, such as Keen-eye, Quick-ear, &c.
 [*Savage admiration of physical powers.*]
- XVI. The ogre is blinded by the hero, and deceived by a pun on hero's pretended name.
 Tricking of giants and demons.
 [*Stories of witless giant strength are world-wide, as also of circumvented demons.*]
- XVII. Disguisal and discovery of hero or heroine.
 Cinderella story.
- XVIII. Descent into Hades by the hero.
 [*Savages believe now that journeys can be made there.*]
- XIX. The Knight-errant.
 Tales of a hero's adventures by land and sea ; such are Conall Gulban, Sir Ualabh O'Corn, &c.
 [*Love of stories of adventure common to all races.*]

MR NUTT'S SCHEME IN CLASSIFYING CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

I.—*Husk-Taboo Group.*

1. Cinderella root. 43.
2. Catskin root. 14.
3. Goldenlocks root. 4, 9, 16, 32, 44, 58.
4. Beauty and Beast root. 86 (Female form).
5. Black Bull o' Norroway (Cupid and Psyche) root. 2, 3, 12, 44.
6. Melusina root. 86 (?).
7. Bluebeard root. 13 (?), 41.

II.—*Husk Group.*

1. Frog prince root. 33.
2. Swan maid root. 10, 44.
3. Seven Swans root.

III.—*Calumniated Wife Group.*

- Genoveva root. 18.

IV.—*Recovered Heroine Group.*

Gudrun root. 1, 4, 38, 76.

V.—*Abducted Heroine Group.*

Helen root. 60.

VI.—*Dispossessed Prince Group (Expulsion and Return Formula).*

Romulus root. 35, 74, 76, 82.

VII.—*Task Group.*

1. For bride winning. Brunhilde root. 2, 10, 22, 51, 58, 61, 76, 80.

2. For hero winning. 17, 36.

3. Task imposed by stepmother. Hercules root. 1, 46, 84.

4. Task undergone to avenge injury to superior. 52.

VIII.—*Wisdom-giving Fish or Snake Group.*

Fionn or Siegfried or Melampus root. 47, 82.

IX.—*Tiny Hero Group.*

Tom Thumb root. 69.

X.—*Struggle of Man and Monster.*

1. Hero slain by monster. 23.

2. Hero overcomes monster. 5, 6, 7, 30, 45 (2), 75.

3. Hero tricks monster. 37, 42.

16th FEBRUARY, 1887.

At the Society's meeting this evening the following gentlemen were elected ordinary members:—Rev. Robert Munro, B.D., Old Kilpatrick, Glasgow; Messrs M. T. Mackenzie, M.B. and C.M., Scolpaig, Lochmaddy, and D. S. Macdonald, Inland Revenue officer, Lochmaddy.

Mr George Bain, Nairn, then read a paper on "The Stone Circles at Clava." Mr Bain's paper was as follows:—

THE CLAVA CAIRNS AND CIRCLES.

The subject to which I wish to direct your attention this evening is that of "The Cairns and Circles" so abundantly scattered over the Valley of the Nairn. So numerous are they, it is impossible for any one to move about the district without having his attention challenged by their appearance, and his interest quickened in the discussion of questions connected with their origin and structure.

The subject of these remains, I am perfectly well aware, has been a matter of familiar study to many members of this Society, and, therefore, in laying before you the observations I shall make to-night, I do so not in the expectation that I will add anything to what you already know, but simply to revive the discussion, and to concentrate attention on certain points of importance.

The whole ground has been most carefully and exhaustively mapped by Mr James Fraser, of Inverness; and perhaps I may be permitted to say that, by his labours, he has rendered a most important service, not only to the archaeology of the district, but also to the history of the country. With very few exceptions, indeed, Mr Fraser has noted and described all these remains to be found in Nairnshire, and it is, therefore, unnecessary that I should enumerate or describe them in detail. The highest development of these structures, as you are aware, is attained in the group of chambered cairns and circles at Clava, which is locally situated in Nairnshire, and I will ask you to accompany me in imagination to that interesting spot for a few minutes.

It is one of the charms of scientific pursuits in this district that they lead one into natural scenery of a very attractive description. It is a further enjoyment, I think, that, whilst investigating remains that are prehistoric, we are seldom far removed from scenes that have historical associations often of a very interesting character.

Having this feeling, we naturally pause for a moment or two, before going down the brae at Leanach, among the grassy mounds and memorial stones on Culloden Moor. Here we have the graves of those poor Highlanders who fought so gallantly in an ill-fated cause. As one of our northern poets exclaims—

Field of Culloden, so peaceful to-day,
Fateful for Britain was thy bloody fray.

While history lives, still poets shall sing
Thy desperate valour, gallant right wing;
Heroes ye fell on Culloden Moor,
Noble your end, though that end all deplore.

But leaving the Moor of Culloden, with its sad though heroic memories, we pass Leanach farm-house, and cross the river Nairn, which flows softly and sweetly in the valley between its own favourite fringe of alders.

You now see, on the south bank of the river, a piece of uncultivated ground. The place seems crowded with stones—some loosely scattered, others in heaps or cairns, whilst a number of

pillars (or stones on end) are seen curiously dotting the ground. At this distance—that is, from the corner of the bridge—you would at once conclude that it was a neglected churchyard. On nearer approach and closer examination, however, you find the remains of three very large cairns, the hearts of which have been, as it were, dug out (or opened from the top); also the remains of some smaller heaps, and a number of standing stones ranged in the form of circles more or less complete—the huge stones standing like sentinels round the larger cairns. The iron-grey colour of the stones tells of long exposure, and the rude characteristcs of the whole place speak unmistakably of remote times.

Examining in detail the Western Cairn, we find in its centre the remains of a stone-built chamber of circular form, $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter—the stones laid vertical for a few feet from the foundation, and then built on the concentric ring in courses inclining inwards; that is to say, each course projects a little beyond the one below it, and thus, as the building is carried up, it assumes the form of a dome, which, when complete, would have given the chamber the height of an ordinary sized room, some 10 or 12 feet. The top of the dome is now removed, having been taken down when the cairn was opened some fifty years ago. The builders of the chamber, of course, never intended that access should be gained to the interior by the top, any more than we should expect that our dwellings should be entered by a hole in the roof, for they had provided a regularly-built entrance, from 2 to 3 feet wide and 4 to 5 feet high, from the south-west. This entrance or opening, no doubt, was concealed by the mass of stones which was heaped over the chamber, and was only disclosed when the top had been demolished. Miss Campbell, of Kilravock, who was at the opening of it, states that they found two urns. One was smashed, but the other contained a quantity of burnt bones, and similar ashes were found about it, no doubt the contents of the broken urn. The urns were found exactly in the centre of the chamber, enclosed in a little bed of clay, whilst the remainder of the floor was strewn with gravel. The description of the vase is that of a rude cinerary urn. One could have wished that the contents of this interesting chambered cairn had been investigated by some competent scientific observer, but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the details as noted by Miss Campbell at the time.

The next point of interest is the concentric circle of standing stones which goes round the base of the cairn. The stones of it are placed close together, and are very much of the same character as the ring foundation of the chamber. The ring itself is 53 feet in diameter.

We come now to the outer ring, which is also concentric. It is double the diameter of the intermediate ring, with two feet to spare. The exact measurement is 108 feet. The stones form a row of twelve pillars, or eleven and a vacant space. They stand apart from each other, nearly, but not quite, at regular intervals. The height of these pillars varies from 6 to 12 feet, the tallest being on the south side, and their size gradually diminishing towards the north.

These are the main points in the structure and form of this Western Circle, and they are found almost exactly reproduced in the third or Eastern Circle, and the description of the one suffices for the other. There is no proper account of the opening of this third cairn. It took place some thirty or forty years ago, but it is said to have contained "a few bones"—the mere mention of that circumstance affording a presumption that its contents were similar to those of the Western Circle.

The Middle Circle differs in some points from the other two. The chamber is larger, being 22 feet in diameter, but its interior is in so much disorder from the falling-in of loose stones that it is difficult to arrive at any certainty as to its structure—whether it was built similarly to or differently from the others. Mr Fraser, in his measurement of it, found that its separate rings were not true concentrics; it appeared to him that the builders had slightly lost the true centre in the course of the construction. The most remarkable feature is three causeways of small stones, 7 feet in width, which lead from pillars in the outer ring to the stones of the intermediate ring which goes round the base of the cairn. One of these points to E. 10 deg. S., another to S. 10 deg. E., and the third to W. 25 deg. N.

I have accepted Mr Fraser's measurements, and purposely followed his description pretty closely, in order that there may be no question as to the facts themselves. Let us now see what these facts either prove or indicate.

In the first place, we have here evidence of burial by burning the bodies. Cremation in our day is urged upon sanitary grounds, but we know from history that it was practised in ancient times from religious beliefs—a rite, moreover, which was frequently confined to the higher classes as a special mark of honour. In the second place, we have clear evidence that the people who built these cairns were no rude barbarians. They had, it is apparent, some knowledge of the potter's art, as is shown in the manufacture of the urn. They had acquired some little skill in masonry, and could design and execute a vaulted chamber and

dome roof. We find also that the concentric circle is familiar to them. Further, we see that they were capable of taking accurate measurements—if not to mathematical exactitude, at least to remarkable precision. They knew something of the cardinal points of astronomy or of direction, as is shown by the similarity of the two built entrances and the position of the taller pillars in the outer row.

Now, let me ask, why is there the expenditure of all this skill, labour, and knowledge? Unquestionably, it points, I think, to its being all done in honour of the ashes enclosed in the heart of the cairn—to the remains enshrined in the urn—like something very precious in a costly casket. Dr Joseph Anderson, from this point of view, aptly describes the rows of pillars as stone settings to the cairns. The evidence considered in detail, and the design of the structure viewed as a whole, lead irresistibly to the conclusion that we have embodied here the one great idea of reverence for, and exaltation of, the dead, passing, it may be, into its higher phase of ancestral worship. They are the tombs of “the mighty dead of a past age”—the burial-places, it may be, of their kings or chiefs. They have been raised in honour of a special class. That is one great fact regarding them of which there is good proof.

But whilst burial and a species of ancestral or hero-worship was the main purpose of these circles, that statement of their primary use does not exhaust their interest or significance. You will notice that they are circular in form. Now, we know that the circle or ring has, among many ancient peoples, been regarded as a sacred symbol—sometimes as an emblem of the Deity, a symbol of eternity, a sign of completeness and of unity, and a figure of the Sun, the great Ruler of Nature. We are familiar with the mystic ring of the magician and the charmed circle of the fairy spirits. The form of the circle or ring was an accepted talisman against evil, and a visible token of good. It as truly and distinctively marks the pre-Christian period in any country as the cross does the Christian era. It is no answer that the ring or circle was the common form of many ancient dwellings, for doubtless both originated under the same influence when the principle was a living power, though in after time it may have become a conventional form.

Here we have the whole structure pervaded by the ring principle—not one ring only, but a series of rings, and one of these not a mechanical ring but an ideal ring, and all of them as nearly as may be concentric circles, that is, having a common centre. It is impossible to overlook this fact in the examination of these

remains, and I think we may draw the inference from it that the circular form was intended to embody and express some definite idea, or to fulfil some special purpose. The intermediate ring of stones might doubtless have served to keep the stones of the cairn together, just as a row of stones placed around an earth mound keeps the soil from being scattered. But it is quite clear the outer row of pillars, standing some distance apart, could answer no such purpose.

The whole controversy, indeed, is practically narrowed to the question, "What mean these outer standing stones?" Dr Anderson's description of them as the "stone-settings of the cairns" is very appropriate, as I have said, in one sense, but it does not cover the whole ground. Are they to be regarded as purely ornamental, like ordinary settings? Dr Anderson suggests that they may have served the further purpose of marking the boundary of the burial ground. But if that object had been all that was in view, the end could, it is perfectly obvious, have been accomplished much more easily and effectually by other and simpler means.

There is one feature which none of these theories explain. In these three circles and in every similar circle in the district the tallest pillars are placed to the south, the row diminishing in height towards the north, where they are smallest. They are put there clearly of design, and at the expenditure of much labour and care. And they never could have been placed at the different sites in such a position without some observation and knowledge of the sun's course. Without the use of modern scientific instruments, which of course they had not, it must have been necessary for the men who set up these huge stones to have watched and noted the sun's shadow most carefully ere they could have determined their position. It is quite true that these tall pillars do not always point due south in all the cairns scattered over the district. They often vary several degrees east or west from the true point, but the amount of variation is so trifling as compared to the extent of their accuracy, that, if for no other reason, it may be due to the comparative defect of their observations and not to a want of intention, which certainly was to have these tall stones pointing in a *southerly* direction. This being the case, then, we have gained another fact—that, in placing these large stones to the south, the builders did so with some reference to the sun's course.

Now, such a fact is too interesting and suggestive to be merely passed by, far less to be ignored, in the discussion of the significance of these remains. Let us try and make a fair use of it, and see if it be a key that will fit in the elucidation of the further

question—Had any other of the stones of the ring a similar reference to the sun's course in the way they were put up? Unfortunately, several of these pillars in each of the three circles are wanting, and we are not sure of some that they are standing in their original position; while, as regards others, they are plainly out of position in the ring. Still, if it can be shown in any one instance that they were set up on such a principle as indicated, we may safely conclude, from their similarity of feature, that the same idea dominated the whole group, either actively or conventionally.

But before entering upon the inquiry whether they had any solar reference, let me recall the fact that nearly all nations and tribes, removed in any degree from lowest barbarism, have all sought means of determining periods of time, of ascertaining the recurrence of seasons. With our mechanical clocks and watches, and our calendars and almanacs to keep us right, we experience no great difficulty as to time or season; but, when we think of it, it must have been no easy matter in bygone ages to have ascertained the time of day or the period of the year. Nevertheless, it must have been a pressing want to them, as it would be to us, especially in fixing the time for the observance of recurring festivals. Amongst Eastern nations generally the setting of the sun marked the beginning of a new day; and the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians, and some other nations of antiquity, divided the day into convenient periods, and time into certain seasons, by means of the sun-dial and other astronomical instruments. The Jews, we know, had an elaborate system of computation of time by the number seven and the recurrence of the new moons to regulate their religious festivals. The history of the Greek and Roman Calendar is an illustration of the immense difficulty of keeping the record of time. It is little more than a hundred years since this country adopted the Roman Calendar, as finally perfected on the New Style. But all our clocks, and calendars, and astronomical instruments are based on one great natural fact—the movement of the sun's shadow on the earth (as we say, in popular language). It is the great timekeeper for all nations in all climes, civilised and barbaric alike.

Now, what we should expect amongst a comparatively uncultured people like the builders of these cairns is no elaborate system of computation or any very scientific means of observation, but some rude, rough, palpable, primitive method, if not of dividing the day, at least of reckoning the seasons of the year. Now, had they such? In examining the diagram of the Middle Cairn at

Clava I was puzzled, as every one has been, by the mysterious three causeway projections. I had observed them frequently when visiting the ground. I believe they are not found, or not observed, anywhere except at Clava, and even there only connected with this particular cairn. Of course, if they led to any opening in the cairn, one would naturally conclude that they were simply pathways. But they lead to no entrance. The intermediate and inner circles have no openings, or appearance of openings, to correspond. It occurred to me that they might have been constructed with reference to the shadow of the stones from which they spring, and might have served to mark their position at some definite time—in fact, that we might have here a rude attempt to fix or stereotype the sun's shadow on a particular day and hour for a particular purpose. I may remark that, whilst this Middle Cairn is not in such good preservation as the other two, it possesses this very great advantage—that more of the stones of its outer circle are in position than in the others, some six or seven out of the nine being apparently in their original positions.

In order to see if there was anything in this conjecture—for it was a mere conjecture, suggested by the hint given to us in the southerly position of the taller stones—I had the diagram examined by a friend accustomed to the practical use of the sundial and sextant in his daily occupation, and in whose accuracy I have the utmost confidence. Having examined the diagram, and worked out the calculations as to sunrise and sunset at Clava, he gives the following as the result :—

1. The Southern Causeway.—The stone at this point marks noon each day, subject of course to ordinary equation of time. The true line strikes on the inner edge of the causeway, cutting the exact centre of the cairn, and the arc between the stone A and the causeway exactly measures the sun's variation.

2. The point E (stone restored) is as near as may be to the first point of Aries—the point at which the sun departs from the Equator towards the North, and which we call the spring equinox.

3. The Eastern Causeway marks the sun's entrance into Libra on 21st September.

4. A point midway between stones A and B would mark the south limit of the setting sun on December 21, the shortest day of the year, or winter solstice. There is no stone at this point, but, as the ring was evidently composed of ten or twelve stones, and only nine are shown, it may have been one of those removed. This is supported by the circumstance that stone D stands almost opposite the point where it would have been if so placed.

5. The stone standing between G and F gives the bearing of the sun as it rises on 22nd September.

6. The Western Causeway gives the bearing of the sun as it sets on 21st April and 21st August. As these dates do not correspond to any change in the sun's course, it is probable they may stand for some local division of the seasons, seed time or harvest. An observation taken on the ground with the sextant might throw light on the point.

7. The causeways appear to have had the further purpose of dividing the year into periods of four and eight months.

He adds—"I have no doubt whatever that this circle of standing stones served the purpose of a sun-dial or rude observatory."

All who are acquainted with even the elements of astronomy will perceive at once the importance of these points. They are precisely the facts which could, by mere observation of the sun's shadow alone, be observed and recorded, and it is, I think, beyond belief that these stones could have been set up in that order by mere accident, giving us, as they do, noon time, the solstices, and the equinoxes.

The question arises—Is there any proof of a sun-dial being constructed in any other part of the world on this principle? I have not been able to make any particular research into this point, but I unexpectedly came across an extract from a work on the antiquities of Peru, the ancient form of whose religion was sun-worship, which bears on the point. The writer is Marcoy, a French traveller, who is regarded as an authority on the antiquities of Peru. Speaking of the various observatories in the country, he says:—"These observatories were simply quadrangular pillars of unequal height, arranged in two groups of eight pillars, four of which were large and four small. They were united together by chains of gold. One of these monolithic groups was on the east of the city, the other on the west. The position of the sun in relation to the pillars indicated to astronomers the epoch of the solstices and equinoxes." He goes on to tell us that "some of the palaces had dwarf pillars of this kind placed in the middle of their courts to serve as gnomons. The revolution of the earth round the sun and of the moon round the earth was known to these people."

Markham, another writer on the subject of Peru, says that, in the Inca palaces and temples there was a sun-circle, but the only one he describes is a gnomon or cone, known as the sun-finger, at the palace of Pissac, and is not properly a sun-circle. You are no doubt familiar with the glowing description of the sun-worship of

Peru given by Helps in his history of the "Spanish Conquest of America," but I may quote a few sentences from his work in order to recall its peculiar features :—" Our northern natures can hardly comprehend how the sun and the moon and the stars were imaged in the heart of a Peruvian and dwelt there ; how the changes in these luminaries were combined with all his feelings and his fortunes ; how the dawn was hope to him ; how the fierce mid-day brightness was power to him ; how the declining sun was death to him ; and how the new morning was a resurrection to him ; nay more, how the sun and the moon and the stars were his personal friends as well as his deities ; how he held communion with them, and thought that they regarded his every act and word ; how, in his solitude, he fondly imagined that they sympathised with him ; and how, with outstretched arms, he appealed to them against their own unkindness, or against the injustice of his fellow-man." He tells us further that in Cuzco, the capital, stood a splendid temple to the sun, all the implements of which were gold. In the place or square of the temple, a great annual festival was held at the summer solstice. The great multitude, assembled from all parts of the empire, and presided over by the Inca, awaited, in breathless solemnity, the first rays of their deity to strike the golden image in the temple, when the whole prostrated themselves in adoration. There is, of course, little or no resemblance between the rude primitive stone circles at Clava and those dazzling golden temples of Cuzco and Pissac, with their gorgeous and awe-inspiring ritual, but the numerous common observatories, as described by Marcoy, do afford, I think, some points of similarity in design.

There is a well-authenticated case on record of a mariner becoming a castaway on one of the islands of the South Pacific, who had lost his reckoning both as regards time and place, but who, in the course of his two years' solitary residence, recovered the hour of the day and the day of the month, as well as his longitude and latitude, by means of observation of the sun's shadow, and he accomplished this simply by constructing a sun-circle of posts driven into the ground. I mention this merely as an illustration of the utility of the form of the circle as a rude method of observing and recording solar time.

But to sum up. The conclusions which I have come to from an examination of the Clava circles are (1) that these cairns and circles were primarily intended for, and used as, sepulchres, and were raised in honour of men of rank ; (2) that, by their form, they were intended to express some religious idea, probably of homage to the sun ; (3) that the outer ring served the purpose of a sun-circle and calendar.

So much, then, for what I think the Clava circles tell us about themselves. The next question is, "Who built them?" They are evidently of great antiquity. There is no mark of hammer or chisel on the stones, and no particle of iron has been found connected with them. The bronze articles and the character of the pottery associated with similar structures over the country, and also the form of burial, have led Dr Anderson to the conclusion that they belong to the Bronze Age—that is, *before* iron came into use and *after* stone implements ceased to be exclusively used. Dr Anderson's authority on such a question ought not to be lightly set aside. On such a point his judgment is all but decisive. At the same time, it is beginning to be generally acknowledged that the terms Stone Age, Bronze Age, and Iron Age are somewhat unsatisfactory divisions of time when social customs or religious ceremonies are concerned. Dr Arthur Mitchell's argument as to overlapping is unanswerable. We are constantly coming upon "survivals" of ancient times in modern civilisation. There is also the consideration that, in the matter of sepulchral observances, the most rigorous conservatism has generally prevailed—a conservatism extending not merely to the outward ceremonial, but embracing the minutest details; and, therefore, the introduction of a new metal even into common use in every-day life might not necessarily imply its adoption in connection with burials. What we may fairly claim, I think, is, that the time when these stone circles were set up should be regarded as an open question, on which fresh light may yet be cast.

I will not detain you by quoting the references to the history of races of antiquity who used similar stone circles as burial-places, nor of the examples of cairns and standing stones, as in the case of the history of the Israelites, being employed for various purposes—such as stones of witness, memorial and monumental stones, and pillars of heathen worship. They are interesting as side lights, but they do not materially help us to answer the question, Who put up these stones at Clava? The history of our own country is all but silent on the subject of these remains, and tradition, as far as I am aware, is almost blank. Custom in some parts of the country has preserved the practice of going round the church before entering it; and in our district, in several of the churchyards, it is usual for the funeral procession, wherever at all practicable, to describe a circle or circuit, following the course of the sun, in approaching the grave. For instance, in the old churchyard at Nairn, a few months ago, the procession went by the west side of the church to the grave, which was close at hand.

and it was remarked that this was the first departure from an immemorial usage. I can remember several occasions making almost the complete circuit with funeral processions. The custom is undoubtedly a survival of some ancient burial ceremony, the significance of which has been lost, and it is just possible that it may have had its origin in connection with the ceremonial observed at interments within the cairns and circles. We can see the appropriateness of the practice in connection with these circles. It is in harmony both with the spirit of the cult and the form of the structure, whereas we can discern no association with Christian ideas in burial, and no fitness as regards the ecclesiastical edifices. So far as this burial custom is of value as evidence, it would indicate that the age of these remains is not so remote as many suppose.

There is one other fact which should not be overlooked. It is admitted that these stone circles are most abundant in Pictland proper—that is, in the region lying between the Firth of Tay and the Moray Firth or Dornoch Firth. They become more and more numerous in the seaboard valley as you approach Inverness, and they culminate in the higher structure of the chambered cairns on the plain of Clava. Now, when the veil of obscurity is partially lifted on the introduction of Christianity into Celtic Scotland, and we get our first glimpse of the actual social condition of the people in these northern regions, we find that this district was inhabited exclusively by the Northern Picts. We see that the King had his residence in Inverness, and that the districts of Inverness and Nairn, where these stone circles most abound, were the headquarters of Pictland. The nobles and chiefs, the military leaders and men of rank, would be near the Royal residence and Court. The details given us in the account of Saint Columba's mission to King Brude, as well as all the other information we possess, show that the religion of the Pictish King and nation was Paganism, consisting of homage to the sun as supreme ruler of the universe, with some reference to the other heavenly bodies, whilst their familiar and potential deities were the personified powers of nature, taking the shape, for the most part, of evil spirits to be dreaded and conciliated. This system was upheld and administered by a class of priests who professed to be able to avert evil and bring good. One of these priests occupied an influential position at the Court of King Brude when Columba arrived. The incident which took place at the departure of Columba also shows that they laid claim to the exercise of supernatural powers. "I can make the winds unfavourable to thy voyage, and cause a great darkness to

envelop thee in its shade," said the chief drui. The Christian missionaries seem disposed to concede the claim, but attribute their power to the agency of evil spirits. Columba's heart is often oppressed by the thick cloud of the evil spirits of Paganism, and there is a remarkable expression in the war-song with which, in his earlier days, he encouraged his kinsmen in the great battle of Coleraine with the Irish Picts. He asks—

O God, why wilt Thou not drive from us
This mist which envelops our number ;
The host which has deprived us of our judgment,
The host which proceeds *round the cairn* ?

The description "round the cairn" appears to have reference to a religious ceremony among the Irish Picts, for he goes on to say—

He is a son of storm who betrays us,
My Drui—he will not refuse us—
Is the Son of God, and truth with purity.

Gathering together all the references to the Drui or Pagan priests in Celtic Scotland when the Christian faith comes into contact and collision with the old system, they give us a picture of a class whom we would not be far wrong in describing as "wise men" or magicians. From what we know of these Magi, or wise men, among other nations, they gained their influence over the people partly by imposture, but also by a superior knowledge of the arts and sciences, and the laws of nature. As a rule, they always dabbled in astronomy, and, I ask, what more likely than that they may have been the actual designers of these circles, with their rings and pillars and pathways, marking the shadows as they move mysteriously from point to point, revealing to them secrets as to the sun's course that were hid from the common people, and enabling them to fix the time for the observance of their religious festivals ?

It has been pointed out that, as King Brude died a Christian, he would be buried with Christian and not with Pagan rites or in the tombs of his Pagan ancestors ; and the guess has been hazarded that the remains of the little Christian Chapel, a short distance from the stone circles we have been considering, may mark the burying-ground where King Brude's body was interred. The name of the Chapel is St Dorothy's, which would indicate a later Roman Catholic dedication, although not to the exclusion of the possibility of an early Columban origin as an ecclesiastical site.

As to this, however, no evidence is forthcoming. But this we know—that, when Christianity gained the ascendancy, it stopped

cremation as a form of burial ; it substituted the cross for the ring as a religious symbol ; it directed the minds of the people from the sun to the Creator of the sun ; it cast out the evil spirits, the demons, and introduced the good spirits, the angels. It delivered the people from the bondage of a crushing terrorism, and placed them under the reign of peace and goodwill toward men, and taught them that human life was not to be governed and regulated by peurile omens, and mystic signs, and magic spells, but was to be placed on the sure foundations of truth, love, faith, and hope. It is singular, indeed, that with so many of the old superstitions still retaining some hold on the popular imagination, hardly a trace is to be found of the meaning or use of these remarkable stone circles ; but we must remember that they were the tombs of the great and not of the people, and when they were disused, and the priests of the cult which they represented discarded, their purpose would, after a time, be forgotten.

There they are, however, studding the valley of the Nairn, and appearing in the midst of many a cultivated field, reminding us of a bygone age, but having outlived their own history. So that, in answer to the question, Who set them up ? we can only say, with hesitancy and doubt, they were probably built by the Northern Picts.

23rd FEBRUARY, 1837.

At the meeting this evening the following were elected members of the Society :—J. Macmillan, Royal Academy, Inverness ; Robert Strickland, Clutha Cottage, Kenneth Street, do. ; Alexander Mac-lennan, Innes Street, do. ; and Donald Macdonald, superintendent, Mussel Scalps, do.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, then read the following paper :—

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY SIMON LORD LOVAT.

The following letters, which have been kindly lent to me by the Rev. Hector Fraser, Halkirk, Caithness, with permission to print them in the "Transactions" of this Society, were, with one or two exceptions, written to his great-grandfather, Mr Donald Fraser. Mr Donald was for a time "Governour" or Tutor to Lord Lovat's eldest son, Simon, and thereafter to his son, Alexander, or the "Brigadier," as his father called him. He became minister of Killearnan in 1744, and in 1756 he was

appointed to the Parish of Urquhart of Ferintosh, where he died on 7th April, 1773. He left a valuable diary, which has unfortunately gone amissing within the last few years. It is recorded of him that "he had a vigorous and comprehensive mind, and was possessed of extensive attainments. His chief delight was the good of his fellowmen. As a theologian he was profound, and in expounding the scriptures had few equals. As a preacher he was clear and powerful, while his exhortations carried conviction with them to the conversion of many."—(Scott's *Fasti Scot.* V. 303).

Mr Fraser's son, Alexander, who was the author of several theological works of great merit, became minister of Kirkhill in 1773. On his death in 1802, he was succeeded by his son, Donald, who died in 1836, when he was succeeded by his son, Alexander, who continued to labour in the parish, first as parish minister, and after 1843 as minister of the Free Church, till his death two or three years ago. The Rev. Hector Fraser of Halkirk, is also a son of the Rev. Donald Fraser, who died in 1836, and the Rev. Dr Donald Fraser, sometime of Inverness, and now of London, is the Rev. Donald Fraser's grandson.

The Lovat Letters have been carefully preserved, and they are now in Mr Hector Fraser's possession. They are, I think, well worthy of a corner in our "Transactions," for they not only give us curious glimpses of domestic life at the time to which they refer, but they also show us the many-sided Lord Lovat in a somewhat new light—as head of his own household. They have been carefully transcribed, and the writer's orthography and punctuation are here given without change. These letters may with advantage be read with the Lovat correspondence given by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in volume XI. of our "Transactions," and by Lochiel in volume XII., and with the Lovat letters printed in the second volume of the Miscellany of the Spalding Club.

In addition to the letters to himself, Mr Donald Fraser left interesting correspondence between Lord Lovat and Lord Loudon, Lord Stair, the Laird of Macleod, General Guest, and others, in connection with the '45. This correspondence I hope to give in our next volume.

Fragment of letter, Simon Lord Lovat to Mr Donald Fraser.

. . . . which was, That he said I was a knave, and that no Secretary or clerk could work for me in my Room, but a man that was bred and tinctured with knavery and villainy. This alone will do his business, if there was nothing else, and indeed, I think It would be a good action before God and man To get that Dis-

sembling, false and treacherous Hypocrite Turned out of The Ministry, For he is truly a Scandale to Religion, and To The Kirk That he is ane unworthy member of. I intreat you Communicate This Letter to my dear Cousin Pitkyllen, and to his worthy Sister, and when They see the horrid injustice that I meet with and the great danger that my family is in by The villanous contrivances and actings of that subtle, cunning, false and vile Hypocrite, I am persuaded, That they will Do all in their power To save me from the malicious and dangerous malice of That wretch. I shall long to have the return to this, and to see you here again, and I am with a sincere Esteem, my dear Donald, your affectionate Cousin and faithful humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 31st March 1739.

Late at night.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governor to the Master of Lovat, at Edinr.
July 28th, 1739.*

My dear Mr Donald,

I hope this will find you and your Pupil In good health and I give you both my kind Service and I long to hear from you.

I got a very favourable answer from every man that I wrote to In Ross in your favours except from Culcairn wh. was but very Indifferent. I have wrote to Sir Robert Munro by this post to obtain a Presentation for you from my Lord Ilay, and I do not question your good success if Sir Robt. Munro does not Dissappoint us,—Inverchasley and Wm. Baillie will be tooth and nail for us, and I will write a letter next week to my Lord Ross and send it you Inclosed to be given him by yourself or by some other ffrd, and you'l find that I will leave no stone unturned In my power to Serve you, and I am with a Sincere Esteem, My Dr. Donald, Your most affectionate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 28th July, 1739.

P.—I send In this packet Cadbol's letter to me and Mrs McArthur's.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governor To The Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
Augt. 3rd, 1739.*

My Dear Cousin Donald,

I had the pleasure of your letter by the post, and I am mighty glad that you have arrived safely at Edinr. Your

Letter is very just and pointed, and I am very well satisfied with it both as to stile and sense. I got a letter from that Ideot Collin Campbell that was my Son's Governour at Glasgow, and I Do assure you, That Donald Nuder could not write a more senseless and incoherent Letter. I am sorry that my boy was sacrificed for near a twelvemonth in that Country, but I bless God that he is come out of it: I hope he will soon recover his Learning, and for the bad Dialect, it will naturally fall from him by Learning that of Edinr., which he cannot miss to do in a little time.

As to Mrs Fraser, I am sorry that she should think it a disadvantage to be lodged in my house: I only gave her the Use of my house to do her Service: But since she does not think that it is an advantage to her, I shall be glad that she go out of it the next day after you receive this Letter to the house that she has hired for herself, For I know no advantage under the sun it does to me that she should stay in my house. As to your board, I wish she would name it, for as I do design that she should be a gainer, I do not design to throw away my money. This is answering what you write to me of her in her own terms; Therefore I desire that you may get her positive answer to me what her last price will be for your board, for my Son's and for a little footmans that I design to send to wait upon him: I mean for a twelvemonth. I rather give her my money than to any Woman in Edinr. But I have too much to do with my money at present as her husband and she know very well, not to make The frugalest bargain I can, and for the time that my Son or you Stays in her house, She shall be very honourably paid. I entreat you cause my boy be very assiduous with Mr Granger: I am very well pleased with his write at present: But he must continue to work strongly with him Till he is compleat and past hazard of Losing his Writing. I am sorry he did not go to Mr D'Lamot as soon as he came to town. I have sent the inclosed line to meikle Tom Fraser who is Lamots Tutor, and you will go with him to engage my boy with Lamot as a perfecting Scholar, But you must observe that I am not to pay more for perfecting my Son than any other gentleman Does, and I hope Tom Fraser will take care of that.

I intreat you Speak to Dr Clerk, and give him my most affectionate humble duty and tell him that I beg of him to let you know his opinion and advice of the manner that my son should be managed and Educat while he Stays at Edinr. for he is The fittest man to give advice in that of any in The City, and my real sincere friend. I now Come to Speak to you about your own affair as Abbot of Fern. I hope you have received safely all the letters

that I sent you by last post, by which you will find that all the gentlemen I wrote to in your favours gave me all their faithfull promise of Doing all for you that is in Their power. But as I told you in my last Sir Robert Munro is the only man that can hurt us in this affair. If he be for us, we will Carry it with a high hand, But if He be against us, there will be a very great Difficulty in it. I wrote very Strongly to him in your favours, and I expect a good answer, but if he should be absolutely against you, I Don't despair of the affair, for you will have The Elders and the people and a good body of The Heretors that will stand by you in any Event, so that I have still very good hopes of Success. As to David Munro &c. it is not the first time that I have done good services to persons that have given me bad Returns. I shall long to hear from you, and I am with a sincere Esteem, My Dear Cousin Donald, Your affectionate Cousin and faithfull humble servt.

LOVAT.

Beaufort 3rd August 1739.

*To Mr Donald ffraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
10th August, 1739.*

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter by the last post, and I am very glad that you are well and Pupill. I wish you may long Continue so. You need never give me thanks my dear Donald for doing all I can for you, for whatever Success I may have, I shall leave no stone unturned to Serve you. If you think it yet proper yt I should write to my Lord Advocate for a Presentation I shall do it for he allways used to be my good ffriend so let me know by the next post what I should do. As to my child I must leave the Entire management of him to yourself Into whose hands I have put him : I was allways resolv'd to give him a footman, and I thought Wm. Chisholm was a very fit handsome fellow for Him, But Since he does not like him I will not Send him ; I know his design is to have little Simon McQuian that used to Serve him In this house, and I will humour him In that. I will write to ffairfield to send me the boy here, and after I keep him a fortnight to examine his temper, I shall send him South.

As to my boys health you must allways Consult Dr Clerk about it to whom I give the care of him and whom I will pay for it. What he orders must be done and nothing else : I think ryding out once a week would be good for his health but you must make

a frugall bargain for horses. Since Mrs Fraser leaves my house and that I am resolved to send Syby South this harvest and perhaps the Brigr., I think that if a good frugall women Could be had that would buy meat and make it ready, It would be much better to keep them in my own house than to board them in any other house, and I believe they could feed very well and not be dearer than by boarding, and then you would be allways master of yourselves within your own house: I truly think this is the best way So I beg you may consult it with Mr ffraser and Mrs ffraser, for I am very sure that they will go into anything that is for my Interest and advantage. I Intreat you let me hear from you every Week and believe that I am with a very Sincere Esteem and regard, My dear Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obedient humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 10th August 1739.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
17th August, 1739.*

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your letter of the 9th of this month. I am very glad yt you and your Pupil keep health, I wish you may long Enjoy it.

Give my Service to muckle Tom and tell him that I am sorry for his fall, but that I am glad it has had no bad Consequence. Tell my Cousin muckle Tom that I Intreat of him to tell his Pupil Mr D' La Mot That if he is not reasonable as to my boy and my daughter and my other Son That I am sending South, I will put them where their Cousins the Laird of Grant's Children were to Mr Downies School who makes as Good Scholars as Mr D La mot Tho he does not dance so well. And then I'll take as great pains to procure Schollars to Mr Downie as I used to do To get Mr D La Mot Schollars. Pray let me know his answer Immediately, for I will not allow my boy to be longer In Town from his Dancing In ane Schooll or Another. I hope you have Seen Dr Clerk and that he has given you full Satisfaction by his faithfull and full advice about the Education and Learning of my Son.

I am very much oblidg'd to Mrs ffraser for her good offer about my Son, I am very sure that She would be both kind and full of Care, but by The Unanimous and Continuale advice of my ffrds here, I am resolvd not to board him in any house, but to feed him and keep him in my own house.

So my dear Mr Donald I desire you may give my most affectionate humble duty to Mrs ffraser and tell her That I Expect

she will find out a discreet woman fit to buy your meat and make it ready. It is a very easy matter to you Examine how she manages, It is no affront for you, for you know That I have as good skill myself of house keeping as any In the Island, and if I had not I would have suffer'd much both In my Interest and honour, and since my Lady Lovat's Separation from me Is now Certain, and that she will go South very soon, I hope to go South myself in the winter Season to be near my Oracle Dr Clerk, and I will perhaps bring both my daughters and the Brig. along with me, So I must have a house keep'd at Edr. In some Shape or another for severall years. I remember when Mr Cumming was pressing me to take my Lord Minto's Sons Governour to be my Sons Governour, One of his Strong Arguments were That That Governour kep'd house with his pupil, and with much more advantage In every Shape than if he had been boarded In the best house in Edr. and much more Comfortable but if I had no other reason than Mr Cummings desire for it I would not go the length of my foot however you may talk to him about it, you'l hear what he says : In the meantime It is a thing That I am positively resolv'd upon, So I beg you may be preparing for it and let muckle Tom acquaint me about the bed, what the aposterers Skeme is about it and what it will Cost, for if God Spare me till winter I'll live in my own house wh. my 4 Children, So that my house must be put in good order for me for that Effect, and I wish you would speak to Tom ffraser To see how to get a bed made up for you In the room where my two boys will ly together, and it is but a little room a Little tent bed or a resting Chair bed is the fittest for it, which may be had very easy. It was your own fault and not mine That I did not write to my Lord Ross ; for you wrote to me That George Ross the Presidts. Servant told you that he had not only given his own vote to Aldy his broyr. in Law but had gotten my Lord Ross' Interest for him, so I thought it was but a simple thing In me to write to my Lord Ross after he had given his Interest to another man, however to please you and I hope it will have good Effect, I have sent here Inclos'd as strong a Letter for my Lord Ross as if it was for my brother or my Son,—You have an Exact Coppie of it wrote by the Secretary Inclos'd, and I would have you bring my Sou allongs with you when you go and wait upon my Lord Ross, That he may kiss his hands. Our ffrd Evan Baillie goes to Ross next week, and by his own Inclinations and by my earnest desire, He is to act for you with as much zeal and dilligence, as if he was to be the Candidate for the Kirk of Feirn himself so I hope my Dr. Donald we

shall prevail notwithstanding of those that will appear for Aldy's broyr in Law. I am told that the man himself has no Inclination to Come to Feirn the Stipends being less yere than where he is, and nothing obliges him to come there but his wife, and we must fight him and his wife strenuously and all those that take their part, and I fancy if you had an hours private Conversation with the wife you would perswade her not to Come to ffeirn if it was not to visit you. I find you had allways a private correspondance wt. my La' Lovat, but I do protest I was not Jealous of you, and I wish that the drugs that you sent her may Cure her of her ill nature as well as of her Ill Diseases; I am wt. a very Sincere Esteem, My Dr. Mr Donald, Your most affectionate Cousin and most obliged humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 17th August 1739.

P.S.—I Earnestly Intreat That you or Cousin Wm. may bring my Son frequently to visit all my ffrds In Town; It is the best piece of Education that he can have for he will learn allways something by those that he visits, and it will give him Countenance and forwardness In ye world wh. is very necessary much more useful to him in his life than all that he can learn in Schools.

To his Son, 21st August, 1739.

My dear Simon,

I had the pleasure of your Letter by the last post which I find was writt in great hurry and confusion which I am not pleas'd at; for you may be sure that I must observe any fault that is in your write as well as In the sense. I have written to Mr Donald and to Thomas ffraser about your going to Mr De Lamotts. I am afraid that by the last Letters I received from England That They will Ravish you out of my hands to go to England, but while you stay in Scotland you must be absolutely under my Command, and I hope you will think yourself so, Tho you go to England. I don't think that you had any plot upon Little McQuian, but if you have a mind that he should be your Servant, hereafter, This is the only time to Breed him. I shall ask him from Fairfield to be sent you and I don't believe but he will Consent to it. The boy must be Sent to Learn to Shave and dress That he may be usefull to you all his Life, and if you go to England as I hope in God you will not these ten years to Come, I will bring Simon McQuian home to myself to make him a fit Servant for you. I absolutely desire as you wish to obey your Father, to Do everything that Mr Donald bids you do, since I

have Entire Confidence and Trust in Him, both as to his Capacity and his affection towards you and me.—I am with a Sincere attachmt., Dr. Simon, your most affectionate Father and humble Servant
LOVAT.

Beaufort 21st Augt. 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 22d August 1739.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter by the last post and I am mighty glad That you are In good health as well as your Pupil. I send you his Letter Inclos'd That you may read it and afterwards put a drop of wax under the Seall, and Deliver it. By my last Letters from England I understand that there were new Lyes made against me by Castle-ethers and Phopachy, which Determin'd the great ffolks to have my Son In England next Spring, and this overturns all my Projects, but you know the Latin Proverb, Multa Cadunt Inter Calicem Supremaq Labia, and you know I am resolv'd never to make my son an Englishman. Mr Evan Baillie and Mr Wm. Duff were here all night, and they are gone this day to Easter Ross. I have recommended to them both as much as if it was for my Life to Act for you in that Countrey which I am sure they will do. I send you Inclos'd Two lines for the Kings advocate. I am perswaded he will Serve you if he Can, but you must Solicit Mr Cumming who is a great creature of his and will do everything that he bids him upon that head, and as he is your Cousin I hope he will do for you. In short I hope there is no fear of your affair, if Sr. Robert Munro has not dissappointed me in getting out a Presentation for his ffriend, for by a Letter I got from London by the last post I find that The Earl of Hlay is as much my ffriend now as he us'd to be, and I am Sure he will not refuse a Presentation for any kinsman of mine that I'll ask it for, if it is not prevented by somebody else, and I fear none for that but one whom you know and I think it will be very unkind and Ungratefull In him if he appears against you after what I wrote to him in your favours.

I Desire that you and my Cousin Muckle Tom may Consider what bargain you are to make with Mr Lamott Considering my present and Uncertain Circumstances, but I am still of oppinion that the best way Is to enter him as a Perfecting Schollar, Since I have no Inclinations to send him to England: I likewise Intreat that you may be looking after a good house manager In case I resolve to go South with my Children which I hope will be the case this winter.—Deliver the Inclosed Letters after perusing them

and putting a drop of wax under the Sealls, and believe that I am with a Sincere Esteem, My dear Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obedient Humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 22nd Augt. 1739.

P.S.—I send you Inclos'd a letter for my Ld. Advocate which I desire you may deliver out of your own hand you have the Copy allongs with it That you may know what is in it In Short If you was my Broyr I could do no more for you than what I am doing.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
31st August 1739.*

My dear Mr Donald

I received both your Letters, one for yourself and anoynr for Wm. ffraser by this post. I am very glad that my Cousin Wm. has got such a helper as you. I am sure you are able if you be willing, But I am affraid that your helping at this time consists only in words as it did at Feirn.

I Intreat you give my most humble Service to my good ffriend Mrs ffraser, and I give her a thousand thanks for all the care She takes of my Little affairs. I am entirely of her mind as to the bed that is to be put up in the Little room, and I'll have it done in that manner. Ple wait Muckle Tom's answer about the bed to be put in the drawing Room which I shall order affter I get his Letter. I hope Mrs ffraser will get a fit person to keep the house, for tho there was none in it but my boy and yourself I rather keep house than board him wt any in Edr. except Mrs ffraser, for I learn by young ffairfield and several others that they make but a bad Diet In boarding, so I hope Mrs ffraser will find you out a fit person to buy and make ready your meat, for your Drink is easily order'd.

I hope you have had a kind reception from my Lord Advocate In giving him my Letter for you. I had by this post a long letter from Sir Robt. Munro, but he does not say one single word about you in it, tho I am sure he got my letter about you long before the post Came from London, But as he is to be very Soon in Scotland we shall Soon know his mind about you.

Mr Chisholm gave bad news of you to my Lady Lovat Telling that all the heritors were against you In ffeirn, but I am sure that was a horrid Lye like all the rest of his Lyes, for I am very certain that Cadboll, Scotsburn, Inverchassly, and William Baillie and some others are very Stedfast to your Interest, and I hepe you will carry the Parish In spight of opposers. You may be sure that I will not leave one Stone unturned in this Countrey to Serve you.

Mr Ewn Baillie and Mr Wm. Duff are not yet Come back from Ross, To whom I recomended your affair in the Strongest manner. I hope to get good accounts from them.

As to the Joke anent a Certain Lady I look upon it as no Joke, for after all the horrid, wicked, malicious, and villainous Lyes that She has wrote of me to her relations and promulgate up and down wherever she goes, I never will look upon any man or woman that Countenances her or Corresponds with her to be my frd. I cannot do it in Common Sense, and tho prudence will make me hold my tongue and say nothing of it, yet I do assure that I will remember it as I ought, be the Persons who they will, because it is a plain and hurtful Disregard of me.

And there I leave it.

I got no letter from my Son this week, It Seems he had not time to write two letters for he wrote one to his sister, but if his next letter be not better writt than the last that I received I rather that he write none.

I shall long to know who he has paid visits to and how they have received him, and how he has behaved wh. I desire you may precisely acquaint me of.

I find faairfield is not very willing to part with Simon McQuian, besides everybody tells me that a Little boy is Redicolous to be seen following him in the Streets, That he should have a tall handsome foottman or none at all. So if he does not anyways like Wm. Chisholm, I must find out another handsome tall young fellow that I'll send to wait of him. I wish we could get every thing managed as well as that. I shall long to hear from you and I am very sincerely, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and reall friend and Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 31st August 1739.

*To Mr Donald ffraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
6th Sept. 1739.*

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received your Letter That gave me a melancholy Account of my Child's Indisposition: It has afflicted me so much that it has hurt my health, and I have not slept sound Since I got the news, nor do I believe I will get true rest till next Munday that I hope the post will give me Comfortable news of my child: I hope God Almighty will preserve him for the good of his family and kindred.

What I beg of you my dear Mr Donald, Is That you'l allow my Child to take nothing but what Dr Clerk precisely orders, for if he

takes anything that is out of the way, that will either Increase his fever or that will make him Relapse, if he is free of the fever, He will be in the utmost danger, So for Gods Sake take care of this.

And tell my child that I give him my blessing and that as he desires that I should love him, That I beg of him he take all that Doctor Clerk orders him for the Recovery of his health, and nothing else And I bless God that he is in the hands of the best Physician in Europe, who loves me and will take the same care of my child as of his own.

I design to write to the Earl of Cromerty about you, but to tell you the truth I am hardly capable of any business this week. You may be Sure I'll long to hear from you, and I am with a Sincere Esteem, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 6th Sept. 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Honourable the Master of Lovat, at Edinr., dated 13th Sept., 1739.

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the favor of your Letter by the last post which gave me great pleasure, Since it confirm'd to me the Accounts that I had from Dr Clerk of my child's Recovery; I thank God Almighty for it, But very much depends now upon the management of his health, In not allowing him to eat or drink anything but what is the precise ordinance of Dr Clerk, wh. I hope you and Mrs fraser will take particular care of.

As to the house keeper you speak of that Mrs fraser has her eye upon, There is no great heaste In that affair, till I know my Child's perfect Recovery, and till my Lady Lovat leaves this Countrey which will be very soon. As to the footman I truly do'nt understand what you mean, if it is not to send a little Trifling boy to serve my Child,—such a boy will make a fine figure in the Streets after him with his Liveries, and he will be very fit to keep him from violent exercise or bad accidents, for my part I know no difference betwixt an handsome pretty fellow and a Little boy, But that a man must be dearer by his Cloaths and his fees than a little boy who is good for nothing but for running Errands like a Street Cadie. As to Wm. Chisolm Since you and my Child has an Aversion to him I will not send him, and upon my word I know not yet any young fellow fit for him in this Country, and if any cast up to you at Edr. that is an highland

Lad I desire you may let me know it, But if you and the Child will absolutely have a little boy, I know none so fit as Simon McQuian who was already wt. you and who is older in age than his Countenance will make him. I have asked him of ffairfield Six weeks agoe; my child has an Inorant thought in saying that by his staying longer wt. Fairfield, he will be the fitter to serve him. He has already learn'd from ffairfield and his family as much as he can do if he was there ten or Twenty years, So if my Child and you will have him, I am very Sure That ffairfield will willingly part wt. him. I come now to speak to you of your own affair. As I told you before it certainly depends upon Sir Robert Munro, for if he declares for Aldy's brother in law you will certainly lose it, but Since I wrote to him so early to get you a Presentation, I hope he won't be so barefac'd as to get it for Another. In that case the advocate will certainly get for you, but in any Event you must push for the parish of Fairn, and all your ffrds must appear for you, even tho you was sure to lose it, and I do assure you I am not idle to put my ffrds in remembrance to do for you all that they can.

I send you Inclosed my Lord Ross's answer to me by which you will See, that if we had been the first that had spoke to him on that Subject we had gained his Ldp., and I truly believe he will not be active in that affair, and I am certain that his Trustees Inverchass and Mr Wm. Baillie will Continue your ffrds both on your account and mine and as I am to see Sir Robt. Munro very soon, I will be very plain wt. him on that Subject, and when he Comes to Edr. I think my Child and you should wait upon him, and yt my child should beg of him to be for you in that affair, and Since it is the first request of his life That he will not forget it as long as he lives, That I Imagine will have some influence upon Sir Robt.

I give my affectionate blessing to my Child and I am with a sincere attachment, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obedt. faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 13th Sepr. 1739.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at Edinr.,
20th Sepr., 1739.*

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your Letter by the last post, and tho the part of it that gives account of the danger that my child was in frighted me very much The rest of it gives me

great comfort In assuring me that he is out of danger, and that he is recovering his strength and his Colour. I pray God he may Continue to do so till his strength and his health be perfectly confirmed. There is nothing yt woud Contribute so much to that as the following of Dr Clerks advice as to his diet, which I am sure Mrs fraser and you will take care of.

I have ordered my Cousin Wm. fraser to give five guneas to my boy, that he may give it out of his hand to Dr Clerk, and make a Complement to him and tell him that he gives him that as an Earnest penny from himself till I go South and pay him as I ought for his great care of him.

I had a letter yesterday from my Cousin Mr James fraser wh. I send you Inclosed. It will give you a little Insight of your own affair. I see there must be a battle, and you must fight it for more reasons than one, and I'll fight every inch of ground of it with you. I have sent for Mr James fraser to come and speak wt. me upon that Subject, and you may believe that we will leave no stone Unturned that is in our power to serve you.

You will see my letter to my Child which I desire you may take notice of ; I do not desire that he should go to any School till he is stronger, nor do I think that it is proper that he should go to the Colledge this year, both on Account of his health and the design that my Lord Ilay has to bring him To England which design however shall never be Execute but over my belly, and by all probability Things will fall out before that time, That will take up the Ministry wt. more Essentiall things than the Education of my Son.

I referr you for the rest to my Childs letter, and I am with a Sincere Esteem and gratitude, My Dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obliged humble servt.

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 20th September, 1739.

P.S.—I Intreat you make your Pupil Speak to Sir Robert Munro when he Comes to Town, Concerning yourself and not to forget it.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 19th Oct., 1739.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I begune to be indispos'd this day Sev'night at Fort Augustus, and I have continued growing worse and worse ever since. I came Sunday to this town, and I have been ever since Confin'd to my bed and my little Room and had not above four or five hours intermission of my Sharp Aguish fever in 24 hours. I

get no manner of rest in the night, So that with my fever and want of rest I am So fatigued and weak that I can hardly stand, and much less walk up and down the room.

I have written The enclosed to Doctor Clerk, which I beg you may give him as soon as possible, and get me his full answer.

I intreat you go with my child to wait upon Sir Rob. Munro and Mr Duncan Munro, and tell Mr Duncan that I beg of him to send me two lines of his advice which I have a vast regard for, and tell him I never had more use for it, and I know that his father's blood which runs in his veins will engage him to send me the best advice he Can. Let me know if Sir Robert speaks anything to you or to my boy about yourself. I have two long Storys to write to you that I had from Evan Baillie and Pitkyllen, but I must be recover'd er' I write them.

I intreat you give my service to Meikle Tom, I hope he has enter'd my boy with Mrs Lamot before now, for every week that he loses now is what he can hardly ever Recover. After you read Dr Clerks letter, I entreat you put a drop of wax under the seall and deliver it to him out of your own hand and beg of him to send an answer, for I'll be in great pain till I hear from him; and if the post were not going off to morrow I would send an express, and if I am not better two or three days hence I'll send an Express to The Doctor, for He is my only Oracle tho I have now Doctor Cuthbert, Doctor McLean and Baillie Campbell attending me. I Remember he told me that at such a great distance as I am from him, in any Sharp distemper, I must be either mended or ended before I can have his advice. However I must always endeavour to have his advice as quick as I can for it is always of use to me because the case that happens to me now may happen to me again tho I should be well of This, and I'll pay him honestly for every letter of this Kind.

Be so good as to Deliver the other letter inclosed. I have not Strength to write any more, but to assure you that I always am with a sincere regard, My Dr Mr Donald, your affectionate Cousin and most obedt. humble Servt. LOVAT.

Inverness 19th October 1739.

I beg you assure good Mrs fraser and Mrs Margaret of my affectionate respects.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 27th Oct., 1739.

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter by the last post, and I am very glad that you are well. I give you thanks for the

care you had in delivering my letters &c. Mr Wm. Fraser is gone for Edinr. with whom I have Settled all my Concerns for the present as far as I was able. The Brig. is in such a bad situation every way, that I cannot Send him South Till the Spring ; He is very ill as to his health and low in his body ; But which is worse He is entirely lost and Debautched in his Education. He hardly speaks a word now without Swearing, Cursing, blaspheming, and Lying.* So That I am resolved to keep him under my own eye this winter. I shall write more fully to you by The next post, and I am with a sincere Esteem and regard, My dear Mr Donald, your affectionate Cousin and obedt. humble Servt. LOVAT.

Beaufort 27th October 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 1st Novr. 1739.

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter by the last post and I am very glad That you are well, and that you have such care of your Pupil and I approve very much of what you are doing with him as to his Education ; I Intreat you may not suffer him to forget his write and that he may Learn his Arithmetick. I desired Wm. Fraser to get him one of the best masters in Town.

Tho he had seen Sir Robt. Munro I am affraid it would not be of great use, however I Continue still to work for you in East Ross and I have a party there to serve you That is not Despicable and if the People Continue to Love you as they have done, You'll beat all your Enemys there. They rais'd a Villainous Story wh. would have done you hurt if your ffrd Mr James ffraser of Alnes, had not Contradicted and Extinguished it. If the Author was known he deserves hand payment wh. I woud have caus'd given him before now If cou'd have found him out. But be who he will he has lost his Labour for the story is believ'd to be but a mere calumny, You may be Sure That I will Stand with you on Every occasion Whatsoever, for I have Sincere friendship for you and you will allways find me with a real Esteem and regard, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant, LOVAT.

Beaufort 1st Novbre. 1739.

* Lovat's son Alexander, whom he calls the Brig. or Brigadier, was at this time only ten years of age. It is said that when a boy he used to have a bottle of whisky at his bed-side to be drunk during the night.— See Burton's "Life of Lord Lovat," p. 185.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 10th Nov. 1739.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I have been so much out of order since the post came on, That I was not able to read your Letter and Memoriall, but by the next post, God willing, I shall send you my oppinion of both, and I intreat you do not neglect to acquaint me every week what my boy is doing in particular.

The Senate of Ross have turned off Mr Murdow McKenzie of the List for Dingwall, he having but four votes for him, Mr Baphure, Mr Betton, Mr Portice, and Mr McKenzie of ffordertie.

I am wt. a sincere attachment and regard, My dear Mr Donald, your most affec : Cousin and most faithfull Servant, LOVAT.
Beaufort 10th Novbr. 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Honble. The Master of Lovat at Edinr., 16th Nov. 1739.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your Letter by the post, and I am exceeding glad That you are well, and I assure you of my affectionate humble Service. I am very much overjoyed at the account you give me of my Child. I wish God may preserve his health, for there is no fear of his Learning while he is in your hands. I approve much of his not having an Arithmetick Master till the Summer time, but I earnestly beg that he may not neglect to go once a day to Mr Granger the writting master till he is perfectly confirm'd in a good hand of writing, which is an Excellent accomplishment and I have found much hurt for want of it.

I have desired my Cousin Wm. ffraser to pay his Regent Mr Carr his fees, and I told him that you woud direct him in that. I desire it may not be too little nor too much.

I am Sending John McJames South the next week wt. eight cows to my ffrinds, and the Chamberlain's Son will go South with him to Serve my Boy as a footman in Livery. He is a mighty fine boy, and has a good understanding. His greatest fault is that he is too bashfull, but I hope Edinr. and the cadies will soon rub off that, and he is so good natured, That you may make of him what you please so that I could not send you a better boy.

As to the malicious Stories of Ross you shoud not be Uneasy about them, for your ffrids of Alnes and of Loggie have already entirly refuted and Stiffled that malicious report, and I have heard this last week from our ffrd Calboll, and he is still very strenuously resolv'd to serve you, and he professes a wast deall of friend-

ship for me, and I truly believe he is Sincere, So whatever Comes of it, we shall give them a good heat for it, and when the Tryal of Skill Comes on I shall go myself to Easter Ross to witness it, and tho you should not succeed we shall at least let them know That you do not want friends. I am mighty sorry for Coll. Cornelius Kenedy's death. I hope my boy has been to wait upon our dear Go. to make him his Complement upon the death of his worthy Brother, and when he gets his new Cloaths I desire yt you may bring him to pay his respects to Genll. Clayton and to Capt. Clayton his Son and to Capt. Congense his Edicang, and lett him tell them That I ordered him to go and assure them of my respects and his own, and I hope he goes at least in the 8 or 10 days to make his Bows to Genll. Guest.

I beg you may not overload him wt Studies. You cannot imagine how much my poor Sandy has been ruind by going to Strathspey as much starv'd in his Learning as in his diet, Scab'd from head to foot, and singularly wicked by Swearing Lying, &c. It will be a miracle if he is not the worse of it all his life however I'll take great pains to reform him. I beg to hear from you and I Sincerely am wt esteem and friendship, my dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and much obliged humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 16 Novr. 1739.

I Intreat yt you and my boy may with my Letter that is Inclosed to Governour Kennedys.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Honble. the Master of Lovat at Edinr. 23rd Novr. 1739.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter of the 15th of this month, and I am very glad that you are in perfect health. I got a letter from my boy by this post, which gives an account of his studies wh. I am very well pleased with. I am satisfied with every method you take with him, but I Intreat that he may not forget to go every day to Grangers till he be absolutly perfect in his writting. You will see what I write to him upon that subject, as Likewise the Unexpected Incident of my being turn'd out of the Army in a manner not known before in any army, and I earnestly Intreat of all my ffrds to observe the same moderation Concerning me that I enjoin to my Son. Your two very good ffrds the Laird of Drynie and Mr James fraser of Alnes were here these two or three days and you are Infinitely oblig'd to them for their friend-

ship and goodness towards you. They are both of opinion That the affair of Feirn must be pushd for you, That the base Calumny that was rais'd against you may be for ever Extinguished wh. the Laird of Dryny and Mr James ffraser have already Refuted, So That it is entirely believ'd by your ffrriends that it was a Villainous Lye and Calumny and the first Inventors of it begin to think shame of it, however that it may never be spoke of hereafter, it is necessary that you make an appearance at ffeirn whether you succeed or not, and I must tell you to your Comfort That I have secured the Kirk of Ardnisire for you, for Mr Grant of Calder is to Come to be one of the minrs. of Inverness, and Young Mr Calder who is now minr. of Ardnisire in effect (for he receives the Stipends from his Patron The Laird of Calder) Is to be placed minr. at Calder, and you are to be placed minr. at Ardnisire. I have Settled this affair last week with the family of Calder, So that I look upon it as absolutly Certain. They have need of my assistance to bring Mr Grant to Inverness and I sought the Settling of you at Ardnisire as an absolute Condition before I woud act for Mr Grant wh. was frankly agreed to. Evan Baillie was witness to it, to whom you are Infinitely oblidg'd on severall Accounts. I believe I can give you joy in this affair and I allway am with a Sincere Esteem and Regard, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 23rd Novr. 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 5th December 1739.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your Letter by this post, and I am very glad That you and your pupil keep good health and I assure you of my affectionate humble Service.

I bless God my health is pretty good Considering the very Severe weather we have here, and the Disaster That I have met with gives me no pain or Uneasiness, and I am fully persuaded that the hand of providence was in it for the good of my person and family. You are not disappointed in Aberiachans ffrriendship. He is here and gives you his humble Service, and assures you that he will do all the Service in his power for you.

We must push that affair of Feirn Come of it what will, and I will send an Express to Mr James ffraser and to my other ffrriends this week or the beginning of the next.

I am entirly of your oppinion as to both ffeirn, Ardnasire and Davie But men must do allways for themselves all they can

whether they succeed or not, while they are in this miserable, false, and Unconstant world. I am very much oblig'd to you my dear Cousin for your kind Intentions and Inclinations to Conduct and Govern my Son in his Education. I do assure you that he never will have a tutor or Governour that I love so much and as long as you are pleas'd to stay with him I shall better your Condition from year to year as much as I am able.

I desire when he gets his new Cloaths he may go from time to time to pay his respects to Genll. Guest and Governour Kennedy. I hear Genll. Clayton is gone to his government of Gibraltar to which he was nam'd by the King. I shall long to hear from you and I am with a Sincere Esteem, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obliged humble Servt. LOVAT.

Beaufort 5th Dec. 1739.

P.S.—Just now I got a second Letter from Mr Hugh Campbell from Calder in which he assures me that he will do everything in his power to have the Master of Lovat's Governour provided for.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Honourable the Master of Lovat, 13th Decr. 1739.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your Letter by this last post, and I can assure you I am very glad that you are well, and you may depend upon my reall friendship and affection.

I got a Letter of apology from my Child for his obstinacy, and I send you 'Inclosed wt. a flying Seall my Letter to him which I beg you may peruse and oblige him to read once or twice a week, for if he follows my advice and Instructions he will be happy and if he does not he will be unhappy, and I beg That you may let me know from time to time everything that Concerns his temper and Behaviour.

Your ffriend and mine Evan Baillie is now at Ross, and I am very sure he will do you all the Service in his power for he has your service very much at heart. Besides That I have recommended it to him in as Strong terms as ever I did anything that Concern'd myself. I shall likewise have the next week the returns from Mr James ffraser, Cadboll and Scotsburn, and when I receive them I shall then give you my oppinion and advice upon the whole matter, and you may assure yourself that in all the Events of Life you'l allways find me with a sincere Esteem and attachment, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most faithful humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 13th Dec. 1739.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 22nd Dec. 1739.

My Dr. Master Donald,

I have my Express at Ross, and when he comes back, I shall let you know what is the result of it.

I have written long letters to Cadboll, Mrs Macarthur, Inverchassly, Mr Wm. Baillie, Scotsburn, and to Mr Jas. Fraser, and I have written to Mr Jas. Fraser and to Cadboll That I will be entirely regulated by them, and if they think it necessary that Evan Baillie should go He is still ready and willing and I will pay him for his pains. I wish you many a good new year wt. perfect health and happiness, and I am wt a Sincere Esteem and regard, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affec. Cousin and most obliged humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 22d of Dec. 1739.

I Intreat you go with Genll. Claytons Letter and give him my most humble duty and tell him that you attend my son and that I have order'd him to wait upon him, and That you likewise go frequently to Genll. Guests. I beg you go likewise and deliver Governour Kennedy's Letter.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Honble. the Master of Lovat at Edinr. 29th Dec. 1739.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter by this post, and I am mighty glad that you are well, and I wish you many a happy new year, and good Success in the Education of your pupil which is the best thing I can wish for him, for you, and for myself, and I earnestly Intreat That you may let me know precisly when he does any thing that does not please you that I may reprimand him, and remember that the happiness of the family of Lovat and of the name of Fraser under God Is in your hands and depends upon your keeping him Exact to his duty, for I know he has a good Capacity.

Just now I received Six Letters from your ffrds in Ross but as the post is going off I have not as much as time to read one of them, but I shall send you the most Essential of them by the next post, and you will send them back to me by the post. Mr Wm. Baillie goes South this day from Inverness. He is your very good ffriend and he will tell you particularly every thing that Concerns you in Ross.

I Offer my kind Service and my Complements of the new year to all those that you know to be my best frds at Edinr. and I am Sincerely, My Dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obliged humble Servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort 29th Dec. 1739.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat
9th Jany. 1740.*

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter of the 3d of this, and I am glad that you and your Pupil keep health. I wish you may Continue So especially till this terrible storm is over which is the greatest that ever was known in this Country since the memory of man or by Tradition or History, for there was never such a strong Intence frost known, yet I bless God I stand it out very well. It is true I live in the South of France, for I never go out of my room, and I keep such fires night and day, that my room is a quite different Climate from any other room in ye house. The Question is how to venture out at all. But when the thaw Comes, I resolve to take the Cold bath before I go out If God spares my health.

I send you under a flying Seall my Child's Letter So that I say nothing to him but what I would wish you would see. He Indeed writes very little to me, His Letters are full as short as Sir Robt. Munro's the great Politican.

I sent you by the last post the Letters That I receiv'd from Ross since they all concern'd you—and I expect by the next post your oppinion of them,—and you may assure yourself yt I'll do all that lyes in my power to serve your person, Interest and Reputation, for I am with a Sincere Esteem and attachment, My Dr. Donald, your most Affectionate Cousin and most obliged humble Servt.

LOVAT.

Beaufort 9th Jan. 1740.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat
at Edinr., 16th Jany. 1740.*

My Dr Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter by the last post with the Letters That I sent south to you, and I have the very same thoughts of the affair of feirn that you have.

I think your Charracter is the main point and if providence Carrys you on as to the Settlement it must be Obeied, But I think Tho you Carryd feirn you'l have but a Troublesome life

in it while Aldy and Achnacloch and all their friends are your Enemys; you may think that I say this by the desire That I have that you should stay wt my Son. I own I rather have you his Tutor than any man in Scotland, But if Providence provides you in a Kirk I will be mighty glad of it, and while you are pleas'd to stay with him Ple make your Situation as agreeable as I can and not much worse than a legall Stipend without the Charge of any Soul but my Sons. I find by my Cash book of the 11th of July That you got a Gunca as a part of your Sallary as Governour to my Son, and that the 19th of the same month you got £12 10s as an half years Sallary as Governour to my Son—I now order my Cousin Mr Wm fraser to give you £12 10s to make up the years Sallary and the next year shall be £5 „ „ more and so on by Augmenting five pound every year as long as you stay with my Son if it was ten year, and if he has no Other Governour than you, you shall have an handsome pension for Life even after you get a kirk.

This is my real resolution which I hope will not be displeasing to you. In the meantime, Don't think but I will be as forward as any man alive to get you a kirk, whenever you think fitt to push for it, Even tho my son should be at a great loss by parting with you. I have engaged Mr Evan Baillie to go to Ross to the Presbetry whenever he or I are advertis'd by Cadbole or Mr James fraser, and I do assure you That he is fully resolv'd to fight your battles wt great keeness—and he is in my oppinion as pretty a fellow as is this side of the Grampions, and I am very sure as honest a man as Is in this part of the Kingdom, and as sincere and as affectionate a friend as I have upon Earth—and he truly has a Value for you, So you may be sure he will do you all the service in his power both on your own Account and mine.

I believe what you say my Dr. Donald as to my boy, for I know you to be an honest man that Cannot Lye—and I believe That you have no hand in his Letters, for they are not worth your having hand in them,—They are but very weak and allways the same thing over and over again, which gives me but a poor oppinion of his genius, however I have ordered him by the Inclosed as you will see to write to me longer Letters, and then If he does not get help I shall know whether he writes sense or not. I shall long to hear from you and I am with a Sincere regard and Attachment, My Dr. Mr Donald, Your affectionate Cousin and faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 16th Jan. 1740.

P.S.—I beg you may deliver my Letter to my worthy dear friend Governour Kennedy out of your own hand, and let me know how he is; I hope my Son goes frequently to see him at least once a fortnight, if not I will be very angry, for he never can see a man that has more manners and politeness and that is more my friend than my dear Governour.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Governour to the Master of Lovat at
Edinr., 1st Feby. 1740.*

My Dr. Mr Donald,

Since I find that your attachment to the populace of ffearn, and to your other frids in Ross is greater than any you have for the Education of the Master of Lovat or the happiness of his family, I would be a very great fool if I should Endeavour to divert you in ye least from prosecuting your heart Intentions, so I wish you good success and much joy of them.

I referr you to the Inclosed Copie of a Letter That I wrote last week to my Cousin and your friend Mr James ffraser on this subject, and I am Sincerely, My Dr. Mr Donald, Your affectionate Cousin and most humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 1st Feb., 1740.

I have order'd Mr Wm. ffraser to give you what money you Call for, for your Journey north.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 7th Feby., 1740.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I am sorry at the accounts you give me of my Childs Illness, and I am the more Concern'd That it was occasion'd by his not taking Care of his health according to my Commands by Every post—I hope he will be more obedient in time to Come—I was very sorry that you shoud be oblidg'd to part wt my son upon the Account of his education, because I was persuaded that no man could instruct him naturally so well for the good of his Family and kindred as you could do, but now I am much more Concerned that you should leave upon the account of his health, since I am convinc'd That he Cannot get a Governour that will take such an affectionate care of him. Yet if you think that it wounds your fortune, your not being Establishd in ffarne (which be the by is not very Certain) you shall never have it to say that ever I have wrong'd your personall Interest or Charracter or hinder'd you to make your fortune the best way you can, but I must Certainly have a Governour to my son that will not part with him if God Spares

him till he is fitt to go abroad, so my Dr. Mr Donald you may lay your hand to your heart If you will Stay some years with my Son while he is at Edinr. till he is fitt to go abroad, I will perform my promise to you by Augmenting your Sallary every year £5 Str. and I believe you woud find that more profitable, than your being in possession of any kirk in Ross, Considering That you have bed board and Lodging, besides the benefite of Improving yourself In ye Capitall of the Kingdom, but If you have anything better in your view That you are Sure of, God forbid That I should hinder it from you, for when I sent you to wait upon my son it was to do you good and not to do you hurt, and tho you shoud leave my Son to-morrow, I shall be ready to do you all the Service in my power in any Shape. But I believe upon Serious mature reflection and Deliberation, you will find it your personall and reall Interest to stay wt. my son for as I am myself Patron of Six Churches, It is probable that some of them may be vacant in three or four years, and then you are sure of one, and I believe the best of them which Is Inverness may be Vacant In a very few years for Mr McBean Is grown very Infirm and Valetudinary. Besides the kirks that I am patron of myself, It woud be very hard If I did not get you a kirk among all my ffrds, relatives and allies In ye North. I lay all this Sincerely and Candidly before you,—as your ffriend and your Chief, So I Intreat you let me know your finall resolutions by the next post, for till I have it plainly under your own hand I will write to no body to find me another tutor to my Son. I shall long to have your Answer, and I am wt. a Sincere Esteem, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin, and most obedient humble Servt.

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 7th ffeby. 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 15th Feby. 1740.

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter by the last post, and I am very glad that what you told me about my Sons health holds true, I wish it may continue long and I hope he will take better care of himself hereafter.

I find by the latter part of your letter that your heart is at Fern, and that you seek out arguments to Convict me of puting hardships upon you, So my dear Mr Donald you are highly mistaken both as to my genious and principle, I never was selfish in my life in anything, and I do assure you that I would rusk for some time the education of my Child rather than to hurt and hinder your fortune, So my dear Mr Donald you may freely and

frankly go to Fern, I will endeavour to look after the education of my Son, and get a proper person to wait on him, and as I told you in my last you may assure yourself that I will act with as much vigour for you to get you Fern, as if you had Stayed ten years with my Son, for whatever you may think, my design and Inclinations were allways to do you service and good, and tho you shou'd actually continue with my Son, I was still positive as I am now, that you shou'd come North and start to vindicate your reputaeton before the Presbytery, and I thought my honour was concerned in that as well as yours. I shall say no more on this Subject till I have the answer of my last letter and to this letter but to assure you that whether you stay with my Son or go from him you shall allways find me with Reall friendship and attachment, My dear Mr Dond., Your affectionate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 15th Feby., 1740.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Probationer attending The Honoble.
The Master of Lovat, Edinburgh, 23rd Feby. 1740.*

My dear Mr Donald,

I send you Inclosed a Cobby of Mr James Fraser's Letter your great Friend, and I desire that according to his desire you may come North.

Mr Wm. Fraser will give you money to carry you North, and then Evan Baillie and I will assist you all we can.

I hope you will endeavour to get somebody that will take care of my boy till I can find out a fitt Governour for him that will not part with him till he is a man. I am Sincerely, My dear Mr Donald, Your affectionate Cousin and humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort Feby 23rd 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Probationer at Loggie, 11th March 1740.

Dr. Mr Donald,

I hope before this Comes to your hand That you will be wt Cadbole and Evan Baillie at Cadboles house, you'le see by a copie of the parragraph That I wrote to Cadbole which I send you here Inclos'd how great my ardour and anxiety Is to do you service at this time. I have written to Pitcalny, Innes-Chassly and Mr Wm. Baillie much to the same purpose with the bearer.

I wish you good success. I shall long much to hear from you, and I am very Sincerely, Dr. Mr Donald, Your most afft. Cousin and most faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 11th March, 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, May 6th 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter by the bearer and I have kept him here all this time till I shou'd see Mr Baillie after Mr James ffrasers being here, for Mr James told me that he believ'd, if they did not give in a lybell agst. you to-morrow, That Mr Evan Baillies presence would be absolutly necessary there to push them to assolie you or to take such protests agst. them as would Effectually do your bussiness elsewhere. Mr Baillie Came here and I immediatly spoke to him upon yt. Subject and he assur'd me that his going there was absolutly useless That he had Writt a letter to you on fryday and that Mr Ross of Calrossy Sherriff Depute got the letter to be given you, Mr Baillie says that he is an honest pretty gentleman who would not fail to have it faithfully deliverd, he likewise tells me that he wrote full Instructions to you in that letter which if you follow will have the same effect as if he was personally present there, wh. I hope will be the Case.

Mr James ffraser told me that he woud write to you from Inverness Concerning my little Sandy and your Coming up here. That Child is in the Criticall time of gaining him or Lossing him for ever, So that I am Infinitely more Concerned about his Education than I am about his Eldest Brothers at present; I therefore Intreat That you may be up here the latter End of this Week or the beginning of the next, That I may be fully determin'd about him. I Intreat you give my most humble Service and afft. respects to my Cousin Caboll, and tell him that I will not forget his appearance for you while I live, and that I will be all my life ready to serve him and his. I wish you good success to-morrow. I shall long to see you, and I am wt. a Sincere Esteem and regard, My Dr. Mr Donald, Your most affectionate Cousin and most ffaithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort 6th May 1740.

P.S.—I have writt to Mr McArthur to send me back this little boy on thursday to let me know what will pass to-morrow for I will be very uneasy till I hear of it. I send you here Inclos'd my letter to my Cusin Mrs McArthur wt. a flying seall wh. I desire you may deliver at a proper time.

To Mr Donald fraser, Tutor to Mr Alexr. fraser, son to the Lord Lovat, at Beaufort, 29th July 1740.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

I have such reall trust and confidence in your friendship That I hope you will be So good and kind as to take care of my house as well as of my Child till It please God That I Come home, which will be in five or six weeks If I am alive and In health. You will be so good as to keep all the keys of the house, the key of my closet where my Strong box is, the key of the press in my Room, the key of the wardrup, the key of the wine cellar, the key of the little Cellar and the key of the Coolhouse. Little Hughy will have the key of the meat Cellar and act as Butler till I send home one, and after you take an Inventory of what is in the press and little Cellar he may get the keys of that too. When your mutton is Done send allways for a Wedder to the flock, and the few hens That Youle want any of the officers will furnish them to you. But rather Spare the hens than the mutton. Hugh Papa will give you meall and Salmond, and John frasers wife will Send you out Gray fish from the Town. In short you must have too good Substantiall Dishes when you are all alone and Three Dishes when you have any Strangers. Drink as much of the fine ale as you have a mind and when there Comes an Extraordinary Stranger you may give him a botle of wine. I shall leave Instructions with Hugh Papa how to manage the Second Table and the out Servants which will be as few as I can, and I by this Line order my Chamberlain John fraser to furnish you any thing that is necessary or Convenient that you call for. I shall have a grateful Remembrance of your frdship and Care on this occasion, and you will allways find me as I have been with reall Esteem and regard, My Dr. Mr Donald, your affectionate Cusin and faithfull humble Servt.

LOVAT.

Beaufort 29th July 1740.

My Dr. Cusin,

I hope this will find you and Sandy and Archy in Good health, and I assure you of my affect. respects and my bearns of my blessing.

I bless God I Cannot complain of my health Considering my fatigue and my Children here are in very good health.

I have been wt the Duke of Argyle and the E. of Ilay and they both received me wt open arms, and I believe my bargain on the Lands of Tarradale and Ridown will succeed, So I bless God everything seems to go very well wt me Since I Came here.

I am very much surpris'd that I did not get a Line from you, since I came from home. I intreat you let me hear from you, and let me know every thing that has pass'd in the Country Since I came away that is worth taking notice of with a particular account of the Cropt and of my fishing.

I Intreat you give my most humble Service to those That I remembered in my Last Letter and Believe That I am wt a Sincere Esteem and regard, My Dr. Cusin, Your most affectionate and most obedient faithfull humble Servant

LOVAT.

Edinburgh 14th Augt. 1740.

I earnestly intreat that you take care of my Eagle and of my Italian Dog.

To Mr Donald fraser and Wm. fraser, son to Culmuln, Tacksman of Inchberry, at Beaufort.

Dear Cusins,

I received the favour of your Letter from Beaufort of the 16th and I am exceeding glad That my Children and you are well. I give my blessing to my Children and I sincerely offer you my most affectionate humble Service and kind respects.

I bless God my son and daughters are in very good health and I Cannot Complain Considering my daily fatigue here. The Duke of Argyle and the Earle of Ilay are very civil to me But none of them spoke to me of any politicall business as yet, and if my Lord Grange was Come to Town who is at Stirling about Settling a minister there, I hope to get the affair of my Tailzie Soon over, and whenever it is Sign'd I will be thinking of leaving this place, for I am perfectly wearied of it already.

I am Exceeding glad of the account you give me of the Corns. We should thank God that the poor people will have bread. I have written to the Chamberlain That if I have any meall to spare, That he should Sell a Chalder of it in pecks or at most in two pecks to the poor Country people that stand most in need at tenpence the peck. I take no more for it if it should be Twenty pence the peck at Inverness. As the harvest must be late The poor people Cannot Expect a relief from it for three or four weeks, So that now is the time to be Charitable towards them, and as long as I have a peck that I can spare they shall have it. I find that the Speats and floods in the river this year has wrongd my fishing very much, there is no help for it, we should thank God for what we have.

I am glad that you tell me That the hay of Tomich is Card for, but you say nothing of the hay of Lovat, and I am sure it is very good Condition before this time.

I am glad that the most of my peats are Secured in the peat yard, I hope no time will be lost to put in what remains when the weather will allow of it.

There is no Doubt, but I will have all the Stones that are Landed at Dunballoch Carried near the old Castle, But as I hope the Chamberlain will be fit for bussiness in a few weeks, He knows better Than I do how to manage those Raskalls the Waggoners. In the meantime I woud have two or three Waggones kept bussy in Carrying those Stones. I think they may be laid on the brink of the Ditch this side of the Castle near the road that leads into the house. I think they may carry at least four fraughts in the day, and they shoud work at that till the Corn is for Leading. I Intreat you let me hear fully from you every week, and believe That I am with a most Sincere ffriendship and regard, Dear Cusins, your most affectionate and most ffaithfull humble Servant

LOVAT.

Edinr., the 21st of Augt. 1740.

P.S.—I desire you may not fail to send me South by the post my two latest Cash books that have been forgot, Since I know not what I have paid or what I am owing in this town. I wrote to Duncan fraser to See them Carefully Deliver'd to the post, so I hope you will not forget to send them in to Duncan.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 28th Augt., 1740.

My Dr. Mr Donald,

Since you must be at Tayne the 9th of Sepbr. I willingly allow you to bring the Brig. with you and That you shoud stay for Some time wt. my Cusin Mrs Mc Arthur till God willing I go home my self next month. I am fully perswaded that my good friend Mr Mc Arthur and my zealous affectionate Cusin Mrs Mc Arthur will take greater care of him than I woud do myself, but I earnestly beg of you Dr. Cusin as you love Me and him, you may keep him under great aw and Strict Discipline otherwise you will be the Instrument of his Ruin.

I Intreat you give my most affectionate humble Service to my good ffrd Mr Mc Arthur and to my Dr. Cusin Mrs Mc Arthur, and tell them That I beg of them not to indulge the Brig, for he Is So Cunning that he will whedle and flatter them to Do what he has a mind if they are not upon their guard. If you want any Little money for your Expence ask it of the Chamberlain and he will give it you. I shall write to Evan Baillie this night to take care of your affair and to Sollicite my ffrds for you. It is a surprising negligence That you did Not acquaint me of this till now, That I

have not time to write to Cadbole or to any of my other frds, however I shall Endeavour to do it by the next post. Farewell my Dr. Donald, I wish you success with all my heart, and I am Eternally yours
LOVAT.

The following letter is written on the same sheet as the preceding.

Dear Cusins,

I was much Surpris'd when the post Came in That I had no Letter from Beafort. It was a strange negligence not to send in the Letters ffrydays night or be day light Saturday, That They might be in Duncan ffrasers hands long before the post went off.—This Evening a Stranger Came and Delivered me a pacquet from Inverness, In which was Inclos'd a Letter from you and one from my Chamberlain and ffive To my Servants and one from Gortuleg. The post is now going off so That I cannot write to you as I woud wish. I am glad that you are well and that my Bearnis are in perfect health, I give you my affectionate humble Service and my blessing to my Bearnis. I bless God my Son and Daughters are well here but I am a Little Troubled with a pain and weakness in my knees and Legs. I baith my knees and Legs every morning in Cold water according to Dr Clerks advice, so I hope the pain will soon wear off.

I shall write more fully to you by the next post. I refer to yourselves Every particular thing that Bellongs to my affairs. I am very sure That you will use all your Care and Judgment to do me what service you can.

I long much to be with you, and I am with a very Sincere Esteem and regard, Dr. Cusins, your most affectionate and most obedient humble Servant
LOVAT.

Edinburgh, the 28th of Aug., 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 11th Sepr. 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the pleasure of your Letter of the 5th of this month, and I wish you and the Brig. a good Journey to Ross, and success in your affair and a Safe Return to Beaufort. I don't in the least doubt but you have all the heart Inclinations Imaginable To do all the good you Can to my Child, and Indeed it woud be ungratefull in you to do otherwise Considering The friendship that I have allways had for you, of wh I gave you all the proofs in my power.

I Intreat you give my most humble Service to good Mr McArthur and my most affectionate^r Respects to my dear Cusin Mrs McArthur. If I was not much Indispos'd at present I woud have the honour to write her a long letter, but I will do it as soon as I Recover. I told you that I was much troubled with a weakness and pain In my knees and Limbs, but within this four days an Accident has put me near deaths door. Mrs McArthur will little think That it was occasioned by Devotion, yet it is certain true that Devotion was the Innocent Cause of it for I went Sunday last to the old kirk which is the Coldest kirk in Edinr. to hear Mr Cummings fine Sermon, And I catchd such a Violent Cold that has almost already Cost me my Life, for all day yesterday I had such a violent Cough without a minutes Intermission, that rent my head and Bowels to pieces, and I am persuaded no man ever had such a violent Cough without half a minutes intermission as I had yesterday from morning till 8 o'clock at night, and if it had Continued all night I am persuaded I had Dyd of it, but Dr Clerk gave me some Drugg that Stopd the violence of it, and I got some sleep all night, and had but four or five fits of the Cough. It is exactly like the Chink Cough that Children have, but it comes wt such violence that it rents my head and body to pieces, however I hope the worst is over. The Doctor thinks there Is no Danger in it, but that it will be troublesome for some time : I took a doze of Rheubarb this day and I bless God my Cough is not so frequent as it was yesterday. However This Accident with the weakness and pain that I have had this long time in my knees and legs makes me Resolve not to venture North this Winter But stay near my oracle Dr Clerk. Another great reason I have for staying here, and the greatest of all, Is that I find it very necessary for my sons education, That I shoud have an eye over him myself, for without that Governours will not do as I would wish, and as I resolve to keep no ffamily at Beaufort, I am thinking of bringing the Brig. to this Town to be under my Inspection during this winter, but this I have not yet fully determined Till I have your thoughts about it.

I hope you are now free of that Cursed Presbry of Tayne and if your affair Comes here I think I can promise you Success. Mr Cumming speaks with horror of the proceedings of those Devils. I am so Distress'd That I Cannot Dictate a longer Letter. I am wt. a Sincere Esteem and regard, My Dr. Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cuzin and faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Edinburgh, 11th Sept., 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 20th Sepr. 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

It is with my heart and Soul and wt. great pleasure That I congratulate you on your victory at the Synode. I have a full account of it from Mr Baillie, To whom you are forever oblidgd, and I shall never forget the frdship I ow him upon your Account. You have now the villainous prbry fairly Beat, and if they come here for redress, I am pretty sure That they will be Whipt. If this overtakes you in Ross I Intreat you give my afftt. humble Service to Mr McArthur and to my very dear Cusin Mrs McArthur and to all my ffrds in Ross that appeard for you, To Cadboll, Inverchassly &c. You may be sure that I will allways stand by you and do you all the Service that I Can in Every shape.

As I am fully determind to stay in this Town all winter I have written to John fraser to Cause put my Chaise in order to Bring the Brigg. south, because I am afraid the weather would be too Cold for him to ryde in, ffor I would wish to have him for six months under my own eye, To make him do his duty yt. better, for I find that his broyr who should have much more wisdom and prudence than he has much need of my eye over him notwithstanding of his Govr. And that is one of the greatest reasons that determined me to stay in this town this Winter. As I am resolved to give up ffamily at Beaufort, I hope you will do all you Can to assist Wm. Culmulns Son and John fraser my Chamberlain to manage my affairs so That I will not be much Imposed upon. I certainly must lose by my absence, but I hope my ffrds will So order it That they will preserve me all they Can. My Cough Continues still very Severe and very often so violent That I cannot Speak or draw my breath. My Son is perfectly recovered of the measles, and my Girles are well and They and I assure you of our kind respects, and I am with a Sincere regard, My dear Mr Donald, your most afftt. Cusin and faithfull humble Servant

LOVAT.

Edinr. 20th Sepr. 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Probationer at Loggie in Ross, 25th Sept. 1740.

My Dear Cusin,

I had the favour of your letter of the 10th from Loggie and I give you Joy of your last Victory over the barbarous Presbetry of Tayne, but I am sorry that they still harrass and Crucifie you from Prbry to Prbry and from Synod to Synod. When will all that be at an End. I wish you was done with them

in Some Shape or another, that I and your frds might be looking out for you elsewhere, if you cannot obtain fearn.

I sent Mr Blair with Mr McArthur's Letter and yours to Mr Cumming, who is much surprised at the great injustice and hardship that you meet with, and I am afraid that those villains will risque anything Rather Than see you Live in peace In their Countrey. What I wish most now Is, That your affair was ended in that Countrey in some Shape or another, for I think you Dear buy the kirk of fearn when you get it.

I am Infinitely obliged to the ffriendship of good Mr McArthur concerning my Little boy. I shall allways have a gratefull sense of it. As to Mrs McArthurs great attachment and affection for her family and kindred, Is known to all who have the honour to know her and I woud be very ungratfull, If I had not always a thankfull Remembrance of the great friendship that Mrs McArthur allways profess'd for me. Therefore after Consulting Mr Cumming, I yield to Mr McArthur and Mrs McArthurs proposition and I give up the Brig. to their Care and yours till That if God Spare me, I go home in the Spring. I am sorry that this will be very troublesome to Mr and Mrs McArthur, but they have drawn it upon themselves.

I am so uneasy this night having being overwhelmed wt. Company all the Day, That I must refer a great deall That I have to say till the next post.

I offer you my afftt. humble Service and my blessing to my Child, and I am wt. a very Sincere frdship and regard, my Dr. Cousin, your affectionate faithful humble Servant

LOVAT.

Edinr., 25 Sepr. 1740.

P.S.—I Intreat you give my most humble duty to Mr and Mrs McArthur, and tell them That by the next post I shall write fully to them both.

Not addressed, but evidently to Mr Donald Fraser, 2nd Oct. 1740.

My dear Cousin,

I hope this will find you in perfect health, and I assure you of my sincere and affectionate humble Service. Tho I have not received the answer of my last Letter to you yet I hope you have received it before now, in which I acquainted you that I did agree to Mr and Mrs Mc Arthur's keeping of my Son and you with them this Winter. I am very much obliged to the generosity of good Mr Mc Arthur and to the affectionate Friendship of my dear Cousin Mrs Mc Arthur. I shall have a gratefull Remembrance of it while I live, and My dear Mr Donald, you must go imediately up to Beaufort, and send me the two English Trunks with what is

in them, except what I ordered to leave out, and pack up the Books in them that I have present Use for, and Cannot get in Town, and send me the Inventory of the Books and other Things that were left under your Trust. My Friends at Inverness have wrote to me by the last post, that the Kirk of Ardersier being vacant by Mr Calders coming to Inverness, They were Soliciting for you already. I desire to know whither you would have me to push that affair for you, for I have Reason to believe, if I did, I would succeed.

I am so fatigued and uneasy with my Cough that I am able to dictate no more, but to assure you that I am with a sincere Friendship and Regard, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and most obedt. humble Servt. LOVAT.

Edinr., 2d October, 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Probationer at Beaufort, 16th Oct. 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter by the last post, and I am exceeding glad that you are well and I give you many thanks for your services done me at Beaufort. I cannot answer you as to the particulars of your Letter till John McJames Comes up and then I shall write you a long letter. As I wrote to you in my last letter, That since you acquainted me, That it was not possible to Reduce the Stuborn temper of the Brig., I then fully resolved to Bring him South, and I truly wish from my heart That he was here now, for I would reduce his stubborn temper or make him suffer sufficiently for it, but I really am in a great Strait what to do about him for the weather is so Cold, and the road so full of snow, That I am afraid to Risque his health, however If youd not engage to Reduce and Reform his Stuborn temper by the assistance of my good friend Mr McArthur (for I am sure my Cusin Mrs McArthur has so tender a heart for him that she will give no assistance on that artile), Ple certainly send for him if it was in the heart of winter, for I am resolved that he shall be an honest man and a scholar otherwise I shall See his hips made Collops of, and if that does not Do I shall renounce him as my son and send him to Glenstrathfarrer to be a Cow herd with John McDougall, he may assure himself that this is good earnest and no Joke, and that his wicked Stuborn temper will be no more a Joke to me.

I am sorry my dear Mr Donald that you Continue still persecute by that wicked party of the preby. of Tayne, But you are Infinitely oblidgd to Evan Baillie who tho he is dangerously ill

of a violent Cold and sore throat, Is resolved to risque his Life to go and deliver you from those wicked Crockadales who would go to the gates of hell to Devoure you, I wish I could send them to that gate. I truly think they are very near it already, and if God does not open their eyes and give them repentance I am perswaded they will be soon over head and ears in that dark habitation.

I shall long to hear of your last Deliverance. I beg you give my most humble duty to Cadbole and tell him that I am most Sensible of his frdship to me, and that he will allways find me his faithfull and gratefull humble Servant when he has to do. I beg that you may assure good Mr McArthur and my very dear Cusin Mrs McArthur of my most afft. respects, and that of my Children here who I bless God are all in good health. I am truly ashamed of the trouble I give good Mr McArthur, but as to my dear Cusin Mrs McArthur I take her in my own hand, I know she never will grudge any trouble that her Chief gives her. I give you my kind Service and I am very Sincerely, My Dear Mr Donald, Your afft. Cusin and faithfull humble Servant, LOVAT.

Edinr. 16th October 1740.

All my children here give you their most humble Service.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Probationer, now at Loggie Easter, 23rd October, 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I must own that your Letter gave me vast pain and shagreen, I think your Enemies are become perfect Devils. I am grievd to the Soul that my dear ffriend and relation worthy Evan Baillie is so dangerously ill, which likewise occasioned your misfortune, but there Is no help for it but patience and trusting to Gods providence. I refer you to the Inclosed Letter That I send you open for Mrs McArthur To Inform you of my Resolutions about the Brig.

I am sorry that you must part with him but there is no help for it. I am fully determined to be his Governour myself now till I reduce his Stubborn temper and not to trust him to any mortall but to myself. I give you ten thousand thanks for the kind and Singular Care you had of him. I shall allways have a gratefull Remembrance of it, and I hope he will be some day In Condition himself to thank you Effectually for it. I Intreat you give me a very particular account of your affair and of the depositions that were made agst you, and put me in a way as much as you Can to serve you here at the Genll. Assembly which I believe will

be your last Resort. I wish with all my soul That you may have a safe and honourable Deliverance out of that cursed Inquisition.

I beg you may give my most afftt. humble duty to my Cusin Pitkylan and his Lady when you see them, he has got no small trouble to support your Innocency, for we. God will reward him. You may be sure That I will thank Ardoch strongly and every man else that Stood up for you, for you will allways find me with unalterable Esteem and attachment, My dear Mr Donald, your most afftt. Cusin and faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Edinr. 23rd Octr. 1740.

To Mr Donald fraser, Probationer at Loggie, 30th October, 1740.

My dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter, and I am Exceedingly troubled and concerned, that your unlucky Persecution Continues so long, and so malicious. That base Jade of Alness should be drowned or hanged. The Lady Ardoch has writt to her Husband a letter, which I saw with him this Day telling that she received a letter from her good friend Mrs McArthur giving her account of what pass'd in the Synod after Ardoch came off. She says, that if that honest woman who has a good Character had concurred with that base Jade in every thing She said, that Mr Donald had been lost; But that on the Contrary, She Contradicted every word that that base Creature said, which proves that Mr Donald is clean and innocent. All this is very good, but when will it end? for you continue to be tossed from Presbitery to Presbitery, and from Synod to Synod: I am heartily Sorry for it. I hope my dear friend Mr Baillie will be with you at the next Synod and then I hope there will be an End put to this Villanous Inquisition. Tho I did fully determine to have the Brig. come South imediatly, yet Evan Baillie, and Doctor Cuthbert having writt to me by this post, that it would be rysking his health and life too much to send him south with this very Stormy weather, I have sent orders to John fraser my Chamberlain that he should not Stir till such Time as the weather is perfectly well Settled and that I send him further orders; So that I must yet presume on the goodness of my dear and affectionate Cousin Mrs Mc Arthur and my good friend Mr Mc Arthur, tho I am truly ashamed of the trouble that my Child must give them. As the only reason that I had to bring my child South this Winter was to Correct his bad Temper, since you told me he was so obstreperous that he did not ammend with your Corrections. I humbly think your honour is Concerned to

take more than Ordinary Pains to curb and Correct the bad Customs and Habits that the Child has got, for I'll be mighty angry at myself for Leaving him this Winter with you, if I don't see him much mended in the Spring. I sent Mr Blair with both your Letters and your Memorial to Mr Cumming who sent me word he would Consider of them, and I will go and wait upon him myself to-morrow if I be able to go abroad. But I am very much out of order these two or three Days past, and that is the Reason why I don't write to my dear Cousin Mrs Mc Arthur by this post. But I shall have that honour by the next if I be in Condition to put pen to Paper. I shall speak of your affair to Charles Gordon. I shall long to hear from you, and I am with a sincere Regard, my dear Mr Donald, your affectionate Cousin and obedient humble servt.

LOVAT.

Edinr., 30th October 1740.

To Mr Donald fraser, Probationer, at Mr Mc Arthur's house at Loggie, East Ross, 18th Decr. 1740.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your Letter of the fifth of this month I am glad that you Continue in health in the midst of your persecution. I am likewise glad to know that my dear Brigr. is well, and It gives me great pleasure That my dear Cousin Mrs McArthur and Mr McArthur are in good health. I give my blessing to the Brig., and my most affectionate humble Duty to Mrs McArthur and to Mr McArthur and to you. It has been a great misfortune to you that Mr Baillie has not been in Condition to attend the last Synod, however I hope he will have Strength enough to go and attend the last Synod that Decides your Cause in the North, and my hopes are in all that affaire That Since it must Come to the assembly at last you must Carry it, for I am perswaded you will have many friends in it, and I do all I can to get you new friends as often as occasion offers, So you must take good Courage, and you may assure yourself That I will stand by you. I have made Mr Cumming your Entire friend, and you have here Inclos'd his letter with his answers to your Difficultys.

I beg you give my most humble Duty to Cadbole and ten thousand thanks for his standing up so generously for you.

I Intreat you tell my dear Cousin Mrs McArthur That I am not in Condition to write to her because my son has been very bad these Eight days past with a fever and aigue, But I thank God the Doctor thinks him in no danger, however I Cannot be

easy till he is Recovered. I am Infinitely obligd to my dear Cousin Mrs McArthur for her Care of my Child. The Laird of McLeod writes to me that he was with him and that he is fat and Lusty and in great spirits. I am truly at a loss what return to make to good Mr McArthur and to my dear Cousin Mrs McArthur for their great goodness towards my Child. As Soon as my son is recoverd, and that I am able to write I shall write a letter to Mrs McArthur and to Mr James to whom I beg you give my most humble duty and to his Lady, you are very much obligd to him, for he writes of you to me In the kindest manner. I Intreat you send him Mr Cummings Letter, and let me know what he thinks of it.

I am able to add no more but That I am very Sincerely, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and faithfull humble Servant,

LOVAT.

Edinr. 18th Decemr. 1740.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 17th Janry. 1741.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I am so much Indispos'd, That I am not able to write or dictate much, however I will answer your Letter in a few lines as materially as I can.

I had a letter from Mr James Fraser of Pitkylane my Cousin to the same purpose with yours. I've likewise sent an Abbreviate of the depositions made against you to Ardoch, and Ardoch gave it me and desird me to send it to Mr Cumming which I did, and you have here Inclos'd Mr Cummings answer, which I showd to Ardoch and Culcairn and they approve of it very much; When you Receive it I Intreat you go with it to my Cousin Pitkylane and deliver him the Inclosed letter from me; Mr Cumming was an hour and half here with me last night, and he declard he never heard in his Life such a persecution against any man. Culcairn says that all Balfoure's design Is to bring the affair before the Commission, and I wish with all my soul it was there, where I am perswaded you would meet with Justice. I have written to my dear frd. Mr Baillie That if his health will allow him That he may be without fail at the Synod of Tain, and I have written to John fraser The Chamberlain to give him three guineas as travelling charges for that dyet, and besides his travelling Charges that he has got, I design to make him a Compliment for his Sevrall appearances for you. I do not doubt of your gratefull returns as far as you are able, and particularly in taking care of my Brig., which is the greatest Service that Can be Done me. I give my

affectionate humble service to you and my blessing to my dear Brig. I think he should have written a Letter to his Papa in the beginning of this new year. My eldest Son continues still afflicted with the Aiguish fever, he is some better than he was, but he has the fever every night, The Doctor says he is no danger, however I am very uneasy about him.

I do not think it at all proper that the Brig. should make any visits till I go north myself, for while he has the least Inclination to read his book, he should not be diverted from it on any Consideration whatever. I shall long to hear from you. I must say That you are very Lazy in your Writing, for except your Letter by this post. I received none from you these four or five weeks past. My Son is very mindfull of you, and he and his Sisters gives you their kind Service.

I must now tell you That you must call yourself of another family than ffairfields, if you are a mind to Continue the name of Fraser, for he is no more ffraser, He is Alexr. Grant, for after I had offerd him before his Cousin Mr Cumming and my doer William Fraser better Conditions immediatly in hand than Grants Conditions on wing, and after his oaths to The Laird of McLeod and to my Cousin Thomas of Gortuleg my Trustee, That he would be determined by me in the Election and that he would never do anything Contrary to his Chief's Inclinations, which Letters I showd before his face to Mr Cumming who was Stunned at it, Yet the Unnatural Monster refus'd all my offers and said that he was previously engaged to the Laird of Grant and that he behoovd to Stand to it, Every man Called ffraser in Inverness, Stratherrick and the Aird are Enraged at him, So that he has for ever absolutly ruind himself and his family in that Countrey. He acted this Villainous part after it was made as clear as the Sun to him, that my person, Interest and honour, and the Interest and honour of the whole name of ffraser Depended on my gaining the Ellection for McLeod, So that he has plainly deserted his Chief and his Clan, for which they will certainly renounce him and his offspring forever; I shall with pleasure own you and all your Relations to be directly Come of my own family, which I think is more honourable for you than to Call yourself of a mans family that never had nor never will have a family. You shall see in my Letter to Mr James the reasons of my attachment To the Laird of McLeod, So that no man alive that has the least sense of honour and gratitude but must believe me a base man and a most ungratfull monster if I did not prefer the Laird of McLeod to any Laird in Scotland. Write to Duncan Fraser at Inverness, and

desire him give you a faithfull account of what pass'd betwixt fairfield and me.

I did all I Could to get Copies from David Munro of the Depositions taken against Mr Robison for Stealling of the Books, but he swears horrid oaths that he has them not nor never saw them, So that you must apply to the Court where they are Deposited, for it is needless to ask them of David Munro.

I wish you good success at the next Synod, And I am very Sincerely, My dear Mr Donald, your most affect onate Cousin and most faithfull humble Servt.,

LOVAT.

Edinr. 17th Janry. 1741.

To Mr Donald Fraser, 6th Feby., 1741.

My Dear Mr Donald,

I received the favour of your letter of the 30th of Janry. I am very glad that you are in health notwithstanding of your Constant persecution, which has lasted much longer than any reasonable person could expect, but I hope the worst is over, and that you may say with Virgil—

O Passi graviora Dabit et Deus his quoque finem.

I do assure you my dear Mr Donald, That I never will Regrate any pains or Expence that I have been at to Vindicate your Cause providing you Succeed, But I own, I will be very angry, If those Spanish Inquisitors shou'd prevail against you. Tho my dear friend Mr Baillie of Aberiachan has not yet recoverd his health as it us'd to be, yet for my sake and to do you what Service he can, he will be wt. you the 10th, and I hope he will not be useless, But after all his Endeavours and the Endeavours of all your friends, I believe It is the Generall Assembly that must end the affair. I wish with all my heart it had Come there at first, but there is no help for it now.

I am very glad my dear Mr Donald that you have provd Distinctly that you are Immediatly of my family. I know there are severall honest tennants in the Countrey that are of the same whom I love tho they are poor, But I do not know what Voucher fairfield has to give to a son of that Andrew Roys, But be that as it will, the whole name of fraser from Dan to Barsheba Curse him every day, and his memory will be abhorrd, and an abomination among all ffrasers after the Treacherous Runagade is stinking in his Grave.

I am very much oblig'd to all the Ross-shire Gentlemen that did me the honour to go and see my son, if God spares me health

when I go home, I will go and see them all to their own houses. In the meantime I beg you may assure them of my most humble thank and Sincere respects when you see them.

I shall long much to know the fate of the tenth of february, and I am wt. a Sincere attachment, My Dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousin and faithfull humble Servant

Edinr., 6th Feby., 1741.

LOVAT.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Preacher of the Gospel at Loggie,
1st May, 1741.*

My dear Mr Donald,

Tho I was very tender in my health before I left Edinr., yet my honour and Interest were so much Concern'd to be here at this Juncture, That I was resolv'd be north or ly be the way, however neither my want of health nor my hurry made me neglect putting your affair on a good footing by Speaking to all my ffrinds and engaging them to Solicite your Cause. I refer you to my Cousin Mrs Mc Arthurs letter and I wish to see you and Mr Mc Arthur and her and the Brig. at my house on Monday next or tuesday at farthest, wt. my Cousin Mr James allongs wt. you, where I will regulate what regards the Brig. in an hours time, and write wt. you some letters in your own behalf to my ffrds at Edr.—I am sincerely, Dr. Mr Donald, your own

LOVAT.

Inverness, 1st May 1741.

Since my eldest Son has no Governour with him, If you could think on any young man that could read Greek and Latin with him while he stays in the North I would give him any encouragement that you think fit.

*To Mr Donald Fraser, Preacher of the Gspell at Inverness,
26th Apl. 1742.*

My Dear Mr Donald,

I hope this will find you in perfect health after preaching a good Sermon before my Lord President, I am to have the honour to dine with his Lop. on Monday at Boonchroove by my own Invitation, I have sent for your friend Gortuleg to be with me, In case an occasion might offer to speak to the President in your favours, ffor it is much more proper that he should tell him my Sentiments than that I should do it myself.

Mr James Fraser wrote a Letter to me concerning you by Mr Chisolm, But Mr Chisolm was so careless as to give it to a little boy that let it fall in the River and spoild it so that I could make

nothing of it But only I find that Cadboll is still struggling for you about the Kirk of ffern and that he wants that I should write about it to my friends in the South, But truly I dont know what to write to them, so that if you have a mind to move in it you should come out and discourse with me upon the Subject ffor Cadbols mother is dead and is to be buried on Thursday and its probable that I will be at the Burial, So I woud wish to know what I shoud say to Cadboll upon the head. I got a Letter Saturday ffrom the Gentleman to whom I write the inclosed, after you read it I intreat you deliver it ffor I believe he is still at Inverness. I know not how to serve him till he Informs me more particularly about it. I intreat you give my most humble service to my Cousine Mr Alexr. ffraser and to all others that you know to be my reall friends at Inverness. Jenzie Joins with me In assuring you of our most affectionate respects, and I am without reserve, My dear Mr Donald, your most affectionate Cousine and most Obedt. humble servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 26 Aprill 1742.

To Mr Donald Fraser, Preacher of the Gospel ffor present at Inverness, 1st Sepr. 1742.

Dear Cousine,

I thought to have seen you yesterday at Inverness, but I was in such haste that I coud not stay to send for you. I have ended with Mr Petrie in a very honourable way. I have paid him every farthing of his fees and have given himself a very handsome allowance for his own, his man and his horses Charges to his ffather's house and from that to Edinr. I did this, because he was a stranger, tho he deservd the worst of treatment at my hands.

I beg as you have any regard for me, my family and my Kindred, that you may come immediately and do all the good that you can to my son. I shall send in a horse for you to-morrow morning, and I long very much to have you here. I intreat you give my affectionate humble service to Mr Alexr. ffraser and to his family and to all those at Inverness that you converse most with. I don't question but you will come with pleasure to accept of the Engagement that I spoke to you of, since as your affairs stand now, you can do nothing so good for yourself, nor so good for me nor for my Kindred. I shall long to see you, and I am with a very sincere Esteem, my dear Cousine, your most obedient and most affectionate humble servant

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 1st Sepr. 1742.

To The Reverd. Mr Donald Fraser, Minister of the Gospell at Killearnan, 16th April 1744.

My dear Mr Donald,

I hope this will find you in perfect health after yesterdays Exercise and I sincerely assure you of my kind respects. I beg you give my humble duty to the Laird and Lady Red Castle and Miss Murdoch and to all the other friends that I named to you and in a special manner to my dear worthy friends the Earl and Countess of Cromarty and good Lady Bell. If you see any of my East Ross friends I intreat you offer my respects to them.—I wish you a good Journey and a safe return home as soon as you can, and I am with a very sincere Esteem and attachment, my dear Mr Donald, your most afft. Cousin and faithfull humble servt.

Bt., 16 Aprile 1744.

LOVAT.

Byerfield bids you remember what he gave you in Charge, and I wish you Speed of your Errand. et plus bas.—H. F.

2nd MARCH, 1887.

At the meeting held on this date the Rev. Alexander Mackintosh, Chapel House, Fort-William, nominated at last meeting, was elected an ordinary member of the Society.

Thereafter Mr P. H. Smart read a paper by Mr Alexander Macpherson, banker, Kingussie, entitled, "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in Badenoch in Olden Times." Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows:—

GLIMPSES OF CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE IN BADENOCH IN OLDEN TIMES.

PART II.

Many of the extracts I have culled from the old Session Records of Kingussie and Alvie and other sources, might probably interest natives of Badenoch only, but I proceed to give such further gleanings as may, I trust, be considered of general interest as glimpses of the Church and social life prevailing in the Highlands in the "brave days of old." In my former paper* extracts were given from the Session Records of the Parish of Kingussie, from the third down to the fifth decade of last century. Let me now give a few additional extracts from these Records before dealing with the annals of the neighbouring Parish of Alvie.

* *Vide* Transactions, vol. xii., page 415.

In June, 1748, half a page of the Kingussie Records is devoted to recording "that John Macpherson of Knappack, Barrackmaster, represented this day to the Session yt. Ld. George Sackville, as he pass'd with his Regiment through this country, was pleased in his goodness to put in his hands a half guinea, qch he desired him *give the Poor of the Parish.*" The disposal of the precious half-guinea—notwithstanding the clear unambiguous instructions of the donor—appears to have sorely exercised the wits of the Session. After apparently the most serious deliberation, they appointed "a half-crown thereof to be given to Donald Macpherson, now in Clayan, as a great object of charity," and, with the most charming *naïveté*, it is added that they appointed "the remainder to be employed *in building the Bridge of Goynack!*"

Here is the deliverance of the Kingussie Session anent a most odious Act of Parliament, passed "when George the Third was King," for the purpose of "raising the wind" to replenish the National Exchequer, then so much impoverished by the American War of Independence and the repeated fightings with the French:—

"October 1st, 1783.—The Session proceeded to consider what measures were necessary to be adopted in relation to a late Act of Parliament imposing a duty of threepence upon the Register of every Birth, Baptism, Marriage, and Burial, which Act commences of this date; and whereas they have received no instructions against the same, they resolved to empower their Session-Clerk, in terms of a clause in the said Act, to uplift the duties from and after this date, to retain the same in his hand to account till such time as a proper License may be obtained."

Well, indeed—when even "Burials" were thus taxed—might a Rhymer of the day exclaim—

"Taxed to the bone thy loving subjects see,
But still supposed when dead from taxes free;
Now to complete, great George, thy glorious Reign,
Excised to death, we're then excised again."

In our next extract we have the Kirk-Session craving a warrant to incarcerate "the body" of a refractory delinquent refusing any security for maintaining his children:—

"February 27th, 1786.—Angus Falconer, in Inverughlais, having failed to compear, though twice summoned, and refusing to give any satisfaction to the Church, or any security for maintaining his children, a Petition was ordered to be drawn up to be presented in name of the Session to one of His Majesty's Justices

of the Peace, craving warrant to incarcerate the body of the said Angus Falconer until such time he shall grant security in terms of law."

We have here an indication of a most reprehensible practice, quite prevalent down to within a very recent period, of the profanation of our Churchyards in the Highlands:—

"July 2nd, 1786.—The Session then went to consider the state of the Churchyard and other burying-places within the Parish, which of late have been profaned by the pasturing of cattle in them and otherways. And in regard John Machardy, Tacksman of Kingussie, was in the daily practice of keeping his cattle in the Churchyard, they resolved to apply to the Sheriff for an interdict against him, and ordered Mr Anderson, their Moderator, to transmit the Petition of this date."

We have next a resolution of the Session, indicating that in Badenoch at least—the land of the "Sons of the Parson"—the people were not quite so priest-ridden as Mr Buckle would have us believe was the case throughout Scotland at the time:—

"September 3rd, 1787.—Resolved, that every Gentleman on his marriage shall, in place of the new hat formerly given to the Clergyman, pay one guinea to the Poor of the Parish."

The resolution thus adopted, so cruelly depriving—without the slightest compensation—the successive Parsons of Kingussie for the last hundred years of such an indispensable portion of their modest equipment, has remarkably enough been brought home to the people of Badenoch, and attracted public attention only within the last few months. "Oh, ye sons of the Parson!"—is the pathetic exclamation in a recent very graphic sketch of Kingussie, from the facile pen of a reverend large-hearted "Son of Adam" in the Scottish Metropolis—"was it your unfilial minds which devised a scheme of partial disendowment?" Unfortunately, in this respect at least, the "Sons of the Parson" still form a majority of the Kingussie Session. Let them, however, continue—in the interests of "the Poor of the Parish"—to act as "unfilially" as they may, the matter has now excited the commiseration of generous-hearted friends in the South to such an extent as will, it is confidently anticipated, elicit the warm commendation of the General Assembly, and lead to a fund being raised, to be termed the "Kingussie Hat Fund," for the purpose of supplying the present genial and popular Parson—but, in these hard times, at sufficiently long intervals—with a serviceable hat of the most approved orthodox, LL.D. fashion during the remainder of his ministry.

A short time ago I obtained from Mrs Mackintosh, a most estimable old lady—now settled in Ireland for more than half a century, but still intensely interested in everything connected with Badenoch—a quaint Diary or Memorandum Book, which bears to have belonged to her great-grandfather, Mr Blair, who was “Minister of the Gosple at Kingusy, Ruthven of Badenoch, from 1724 to 1780.” The following extract from that diary, giving an account of two remarkable *Hens*, which flourished in Badenoch last century, and had evidently imbibed the warlike spirit of the times, may be of interest to the curious in natural history:—

“Two hens lyen on a certane number of eggs in the same house it happened one to bring out seven chickens and the other but three. It was not long when the hen who had the seven chickens was perceved to have two of the number amissing, and herself hurt and bleeding in a cruel manner, in so much that an eye could scarce be perceved in her head, and the other hen was perceved to be equally abused who had the three chickens, and at the same time five followed her. But this as evidently appears they had equally divided the chickens after a most fierce and bloody engagement. The one, not bearing to see herself so far exceeded by her antagonist, had determined, as appears, after having made the demand first civilly, and being peremptorily refused by the one whose number exceeded. The other was determined to have them by force, and consequently having challenged her antagonist to single combat for her refusal, gained in the end her desire, and victoriously *triumphed unriveled.*”

A “Survey of the Province of Moray”—the “conjoint labour” of the Rev. John Grant, minister of Dundurcas, latterly of Elgin, and of the Rev. William Leslie, Minister of St Andrews, Lhanbryde—published in Aberdeen in 1798, gives such a sad picture of the general condition and housing of the old parishioners of Kingussie that we have reason to be thankful—even struggling as we have to do with such hard times as the present—that we can *now* exhibit such a favourable contrast. Speaking of the “State of Property” in the parish at the time, “the cultivated farms,” it is said, “are in general of inconsiderable extent; and the habitations mean black carthen hovels, darkened by smoke, and dripping upon every shower. Barley, oats, rye, and potatoes are the produce of the cultivated ground, but the quantity obtained is not sufficient for the support of the inhabitants. Black cattle is their primary object for the payment of their rents and for other necessaries. The whole number of sheep does not exceed 7000;

part of them and their wool, and a few goats and horses reared in the hills, are also sold. Blacksmiths and weavers excepted, there are few mechanics of any kind; there being no village, they have no centre of traffic nor place of common resort, so that a variety of necessaries must be brought from the distance of more than 40 miles. The wool, which might be manufactured in the country, must be sent by a long land carriage to buyers invited from another kingdom; and flax, which might prove a source of wealth to both landlord and tenant, must be neglected, because people skilled in the various process of its manufacture are not collected into one neighbourhood."

Adverting to the ecclesiastical state of the Parish, "the people," say the rev. authors of the "Survey," "are in general distinguished by their moderation in religious opinions. Instances of theft," it is added, "are very uncommon: more flagrant crimes are now unknown. They are brave but quarrelsome; they are hospitable, but addicted to drunkenness. Their genius is more inclined to martial enterprise than to the assiduous industry and diligent labour requisite to carry on the arts of civil life." Singularly enough, while the Parishioners of Kingussie are thus described as predisposed so much to "martial enterprise," of their neighbours in the immediately-adjoining Parish of Alvie it is stated in the account of that Parish in the same work that the people "reject entering into any service, and are extremely averse to that of the military."

Apparently the peripatetic clerical "Surveyors" obtained their information very much at second-hand, and their estimate of the character of the old folk of Kingussie cannot probably be accepted without qualification. If the people of Badenoch towards the close of last century, were in general distinguished by the "sweet reasonableness" indicated in the "Survey" of 1798, pity it is that the "moderation in religious opinions" should have been so sadly marred by so many of their descendants in the present century. Truly noble—viewed in the light of the sacrifices made by such a large number of the most godly and faithful Ministers of the time—as the Secession of 1843 undoubtedly was, and overruled, as I believe that Secession has been, in some respects, for good, in no part of the Highlands, perhaps, did it produce a more bitter crop of sectarian animosities than in Badenoch, among a people, previously happily united as the children of one race. Alas! that so many of our spiritual Guides—inheriting as they so unfortunately do, such an itch for hair-splitting—should still make themselves so active in the way of perpetuating miserable divisions

among the Highland people unworthy of neighbours and fellow-Christians. Let us be thankful that among the people themselves these sectarian animosities are gradually disappearing, and that in this respect at least a more Christian and tolerant spirit is now taking root in our midst. In no district in the North, it is gratifying to be able to add, has the growth of this spirit been upon the whole more marked within the last few years than in Badenoch.

The results of our long unhappy ecclesiastical divisions have to all sober-minded reasonable Highlanders been saddening in the extreme. The brain waste, the money waste, the loss of temper, of charity, of every good thing that has taken place for a period now extending to nearly half a century, in consequence of these divisions, are simply incalculable. The differences now existing between the two leading Churches in the Highlands are, to use the words of the worthy ex-Chief of this Society—Professor Blackie—so infinitesimal as to require “the use of quite peculiar idiopathic microscopes” to distinguish.* One of the objects of this Society is to further the interests of the Highlands and Highland people. In no way, I honestly believe, can the Society more materially advance these interests than by the members doing what lies in their power as true and patriotic Highlanders to bring about a reconstruction of the grand old Church of John Knox, on such a fair and equitable basis as would enable the great body of the people, without any sacrifice of principle, to share in the benefit of the religious patrimony handed down to us by our forefathers.

The power in Church and State now belongs to the people, and it rests with themselves, and not with the clergy, to make the old Presbyterian Church of our fathers all they would wish it to be. The whole problem of the better arrangement of our distracted Presbyterianism is, as it has been said, one requiring large consideration, generous treatment, and a grand burial of old sores and prejudices. Let the *Laity*, in this spirit, take the matter more into their own hands, and the hope, I believe, may be confidently cherished that a consummation so devoutly to be desired, especially in the interests of the Highland people, will yet be accomplished. To quote the noble and patriotic words of Dr Donald Fraser, one of the most eminent Presbyterians on the other side of the Tweed—so well known in the Highlands as a devoted Minister for some years of the Free Church in Inverness—“What a blessing a comprehensive Union would be to our dear old land! What a burial of strife and jealousy! What a lifting of men’s minds out of narrow antipathies! What an opportunity to economise resources

* “Altavona,” page 298.

and turn them to the best advantage! What a concentration of evangelical life and power! What an answer to those who taunt us with our disputations and separating propensities! Yet the word goes first for more contention, and few seem to care for the benediction on the 'peacemakers.'"

But without digressing further with any similar comments, I pass on to the Session Records of the Parish of Alvie, which, through the courtesy of Mr Anderson, the present Minister, I recently had an opportunity of examining. According to Shaw, the Historian of the Province of Moray, Alvie, or "Skeirialvie," as it is sometimes termed in the old Records, was "a Parsonage dedicated to St Drostan. There were several Chapels in this Parish, one at Kinrara on the west side of the River dedicated to St Eata, a Chapel of ease at Dunachton dedicated to St Drostan and MaLuac Chapel in Rates." "I have before me," Shaw continues, "a Seasine on the land of Croft MaLuac in favour of James MacIntosh alias Macdonald Glas, Ancestor to John MacIntosh of Strone by George Bishop of Moray anno 1575." In Dr Hew Scott's *Fasti Ecclesie Scoticanæ* it is stated that the Church of Alvie, "quhilk was a common Kirk pertaining to the Vicars of the queir of the Cathedral Kirk of Murray, was united by the Bishop of Laggan before 1573 but disjoined about 1638; and again united by Bishop Mackenzie to Laggan in 1672 and disjoined about 1708."

The existing Records of the Parish of Alvie date back to the ordination of the Rev. Alexander Fraser as Minister of the Parish in 1713, and for a considerable number of years subsequently were kept with singular neatness and regularity. There is a gap of eight years in the Minutes from August 1721 to February 1729, in consequence of what is termed "the vacancie 'twixt Mr Fraser's transportation and Mr Lewes Chapman's admittance." As regards the earlier Records, it is stated in the first existing Minute, of date 6th September 1713, that "after inquiring for the Records of Session it was told that if there were any they must be among Mr Thomas Macpherson, late Minister in this Paroch, his Books, lying at Inveressie. Therefore the Minister is appointed to search for them when he goes thither." This Thomas Macpherson was, I find, at one time a Schoolmaster in Lochaber, and appears to have been Minister of Alvie from 1662 down to his death in 1708, a period of nearly fifty years. It does not appear whether the contemplated search for the Records prior to 1713 was ever made. It would be very gratifying if these could still be traced among the papers of the old family of Invereshie, now, it is presumed, in the possession of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, the present representative of that family.

In the first Minute, the sad intimation is made "that there was no bason for holding baptismal water, nor anything like Church utensils in the Paroch." It is remarkable that the Elders of the Alvie Church at the time—as appearing from the Minutes—were all Lairds of good family and substance, namely, "Robert M'Pherson of Dalraddie" (an ancestor of Sir George Macpherson-Grant), "George M'Pherson of Dalifure, Donald M'Pherson of Pitichirn, Donald M'Pherson of Pitowrie, and William M'Intosh of Balnespick." It is, if I may venture to say so, a thousand pities that so many of the Highland as well as Lowland Lairds of later times should have got so much out of touch with the people, and grievously lessened to such an extent their own influence for good by quitting the grand old historical Presbyterian Church of Knox, of Melville, and of Chalmers, to which, with all her failings—past and present—Scotland owes so much. Let it be sorrowfully confessed that not a few of their number may have been driven away by the strife and disputations to which Presbyterian tongues are, alas! so prone. But surely the more patriotic course would have been to have patiently stayed and helped to the utmost of their power in the way of making the National Church of Scotland better and more effective for good. Would that more of the Lairds of the present day were to be found in our Highland Kirk Sessions associating themselves in the true spirit of Christian co-operation as "ae Faither's bairns," with their tenants and humbler neighbours, for the good of the people! It is gratifying in this connection to find that the distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster (the son-in-law of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian), during the greater portion of his residence at Belleville, from 1833 to 1836, acted as an Elder in the Church of Alvie. Here is the Minute recording his admission:—

"At Baldow, 16th December, 1834.—The Kirk Session of Alvie being met and constituted, Compeared Sir David Brewster at Belleville, who, having produced satisfactory evidence of being an ordained Elder of the Church of Scotland and Member of the Kirk Session of Melrose, was admitted as a Member of the Kirk Session of Alvie, and his name ordered to be added to the Roll."

In the "Home Life" of Sir David, by his gifted daughter, Mrs Gordon—so well known as the authoress of many popular works—we are told that even while giving play to his characteristic passion of reforming abuses, he "awakened a warm and abiding attachment amongst the majority of the Highland tenantry, who anticipated with delight the time, which never came, when he

might be their Landlord in very deed." "The glories," says Mrs. Gordon, "of the Grampian scenery contributed more than anything to the enjoyment of his residence in Badenoch. The beauties of the Doune, Kinrara and Aviemore, Loch-an-Eilan, Loch Insh, Loch Laggan, Craig Dhu, the Forest of Gaick, and the magnificent desolation of Glen Feshie, were all vividly enjoyed by him with that inner sense of poetry and art which he so pre-eminently possessed. His old friend John Thomson, the Minister of Duddingston, but better known as a master in Scottish landscape, came to visit him, and was of course taken to see Glen Feshie, with its wild corries and moors; and the giants of the old pine forest. After a deep silence, my father was startled by the exclamation, 'Lord God Almighty!' and on looking round, he saw the strong man bowed down in a flood of tears, so much had the wild grandeur of the scene and the sense of the One creative hand possessed the soul of the artist. Glen Feshie afterwards formed the subject of one of Thomson's best pictures."*

But to return to the Alvie Records, here is a singular indication of the punishment to which the erring sheep of the Alvie flock were sometimes subjected for the convenience of the general body of the Parishioners:—

"June 20th, 1714.—Gregor M'Gregor cited, appeared, and confessed that he had been guilty with the foresaid Nin Ian Buiy, both being exhorted to repentance, and appointed to satisfy discipline next Lord's day, and the said Gregor *appointed to build a bridge on fea Charbad on the high way betwixt the Church and Kintacher for his penalty.*"

In a Minute of the same year it is recorded that a "John M'Intire in Pitowrie did appear before the Session and presented an obligation which was granted in time of the Vacancy for Sixteen pounds Scots for thatching broken pieces of the roof of the Church. The Minister enquired the Elders thereanent, and they owned that the obligation was given by the Session's order, upon which the Session appointed William M'Tallar and John Brodie to pay eight pounds Scots each to the sd. John M'Intire, *being the penalties due by them for their uncleanness.*"

The next extract goes to show the importunity to which in days of yore (although, as a rule, for a good cause) persons of substance unable to go to kirk or market, and labouring under the disease of which they died, were frequently subjected:—

"June 20th, 1714.—The Minister informs that he had been at *pains* with Donald M'Pherson of Pitowrie at his death to mortifie

*" Home Life of Sir David Brewster," pp. 162-63.

something to the Poor of the Paroch of Alvy, and accordingly did loan to the Poor of the said Paroch an hundred merks Scots, and appointed that the yearly rent thereof should be put in the Poores box to be distributed yearly with the collections."

The two following extracts give some indication of the extent to which the people of Badenoch took part in the Rising of 1715, and of the unfortunate results :—

"November 27th, 1715.—The country being in an uproar of a designed Rebellion against the King and Government, and there not being so much as the face of a congregation, much less a Session the Minister took upon himself to report an Account of such collections as there were and to distribute what was in the Box."

"May 13th, 1716.—There was no possibility of keeping Session in this Paroch all the last Season, until the Rebellion was quelled, the Minister being often obliged to look for his own safety."

The next extract discloses such an obstacle in the way of the compliance of a delinquent with a Sessional citation, that the Session, with all their burning zeal to get at him, could not apparently contrive to overcome :—

"June 3rd, 1716.—Donald M'Hoirle being cited did not compare, *it was told that he was kept Prisoner in England because of his being taken among the Rebels at Preston and was not to be expected on haste if ever.*"

Poor, ill-fated "Donald!" Not a grain of pity is expressed by the Session for the sad fate which had overtaken him fighting for the cause which, like so many other Highlanders of the time, he doubtless regarded as that of his *rightful* earthly King. There is no further reference to him in the Alvie records, and the probability is that nevermore was he permitted to gaze upon his native hills. By the same Minute, a Janet M'Callum Choir in Laggan Lia, is "declared scandalous in not finding a father to her former child." In place of the poor unfortunate "Janet's" fruitless efforts "in search of a father" enlisting any sympathy on the part of the Session, that pitiless body, we are told, "*put it on the Minister to apply the Judge to banish her out of the country.*"

On 10th June, 1716, it is recorded that a collection took place on June 7th, "it being a day of thanksgiving appointed because of the Rebellion being quelled." There are frequent entries bearing that lectures were given "*in Irish.*" On 16th December, 1716,

in stating that a lecture was given in "Irish," it is added that "the storminess of the day and there being but few who understood English hindered preaching in that language." In the following year the Session "delated Katherine M'Intosh, spouse to John M'Intosh, Croftcarnoch, alledged to have brought forth a child in adultery, *her husband being in America, and transported thither because of his being taken among the rebels at Preston.*" In the same year a Marion Macdonald "was told that she would not be absolved until she repaired to Lochaber and bring back a testimony that Macdonald in Anat was formerly guilty with her, and father to her child." The Session records are silent on the subject, but let us hope that "Marion's" long weary tramp of 120 miles to Lochaber and back was attended with the desired result. In the same year the Minister also reports "that he had brought in Cristian M'Intire her deserting the country, before the Presbyterie, and that it was appointed she should be declared fugitive from all the Pulpits in the bounds of the Presbyterie."

The Alvie Session had apparently got into trouble by lending their ears too readily—a failing not perhaps altogether extinct among Ministers and Elders of the present day—to the Alvie gossipmongers of the time. Here is the resolution which the Alvie Session in consequence wisely adopted:—

"February 16th, 1718.—It was also advised in the Session to be very cautious anent delating persons, and not bring in every trifling tale that is told in the country, founded very oft on ill-will, lest the Session be unnecessarily involved in trouble."

Woe betide any Parishioner in those days who would dare to malign the Pastor of the flock! The following extract records the punishment to which a parishioner, "so far lost of God as to abuse the Minister," was subjected:—

"March 16th, 1718.—Mr Alexander Fraser informed that the Bailif of the country had kept Court sometime after the rising of the Session by a Dispensation, and having found James Down guilty of abusing him by opprobrious language, fined him in forty pounds Scots, also ordered him to satisfie the discipline of the Church when appointed by any Judicatory thereof. The sd. James Down was called in, who confessed that he had been so far lost of God as to abuse the Minister, for which he begged forgiveness of God, and submitted himself to the censures of the Church, and after rebuke and serious exhortation he is appointed to appear before the congregation."

Here is the record of the dealing of the Session with a "Son of the Parson" guilty of carrying a load of malt on his horse on the Sabbath day :—

"April 6th, 1718.—Elias M'Pherson in Pitourie cited, did appear, and being inquired if he carried a load of malt upon his horse on the Lord's Day, answered that he had been coming from Murray sometime ago with a boll of Malt and had been seized with a storm of snow—had stayed in the Nest of Strathspey Saturday's night and the most of the Lord's Day, until divine worship was over—provision for beasts being scarce with them and they unwilling to lodge him another night, was obliged to come home that night."

Poor trembling "Elias!" In daring to wend his way homewards, and escape on the Sabbath day from the fury of the storm which had "seized" him in such an inhospitable region, little had he seemed to realise the fate in store for him at the hands of the Alvie Session. Better for him had he and his four-footed "Jehu" remained over the Sabbath night unfed and uncared for, even on the cold bleak moor, beside the closed doors of his selfish and hard-hearted neighbours in the "Nest of Strathspey." "Son of the Parson" though he was, the Session did not pay the slightest regard to "Elias's" plain unvarnished tale. We are told that, "finding him guilty in not keeping the whole Sabbath day holy, and judging his excuse to be none other than a subterfuge, he was rebuked, and appointed to satisfy discipline."

Under date 9th November, 1718, it is recorded that John Down, in Gorton Chroa, and John Wilson, in Kintachar, having been cited, "compeared and confessed that they had been killing *the black fish* on the Lord's night, and being exhorted were appointed to satisfy the discipline."

The following extract gives a sad picture of the state to which the Kirk-Officer of the time, "labouring long under a pain in his leg," was reduced in consequence of the non-payment of his fees:—

"January 24th, 1720.—David Noble, Kirk Officer, complained that he could not obtain sentence from the Judges against the Delinquents assigned him for payment of his fees, and that labouring long under a pain in his leg by which he was almost incapacitated from business, and almost in a starving state, craved that the Session might compassionate his case. Ordered that two pounds Scots for his present relief might be given him out of the Box."

One would have never expected to find in the Alvie Records an instance of unparalleled and unblushing "cheek" on the part of the good folk of Nairn, of which, let us hope, they have long since repented. Few, if any, Badenoch men of the time in all probability ever set foot on the Bridge of Nairn. Here, notwithstanding, is the gracious and considerate response made by the Alvie Session to the appeal made to them for assistance in repairing the Bridge:—

"May 1st, 1720.—There was a SIXPENCE given for repairing the Bridge of Nairn, the inhabitants there petitioning for a general collection in the bounds of the Synod of Murray."

In the same year it is recorded that "there was given of the collections for maintaining James Aly the fundlin two merks and a half merk," and that "there was given to Mr William Dockery, Chaplain to an Englishman man of war, an old infirm man long detained Prisoner by the Spainards and disabled by shot, Eighteenpence." In another Minute it is recorded that the pity of the Session was excited to the extent of sixpence for the relief of a poor "wandering Jew" having an "*extraordinary excrescence upon his nose.*"

Here is an indication of the useful purposes to which the penalties so rigorously exacted by the Session from the *black sheep* of the Alvie flock were from time to time applied:—

"November 27th, 1720.—The sd. Anna McDonald paid into the Session Three pounds six shillings and eightpence Scots as a part of her penalty, whereof there was given for a Session Book two pounds and eight shillings Scots and eighteen shillings Scots for registrating the Factory given to collect the vacant stipends."

The following are but a few out of many similar entries narrating "grievous breaches of the Sabbath," and furnishing examples of the unceasing activity displayed by the Ministers and Elders of the time as ecclesiastical detectives:—

"March 12th, 1721.—The Minister informed that last Lord's day some of the Parochiners, vizt., Ewen McBain, Ewen McLean, William Lamb, and John McLean, inhabitants in the Dauch of Dalraddy had been drinking in a Change-House too late and he had appointed the officer to summond them to this dyet, who after citation appeared and confessed that they had sitten somewhat late in the Ale-House but had done no other offence, they not drinking to excess, and acknowledged that it was a sin in them to do so. The Session, considering how ingenuous they were in their

confession, and that they had been honest men regular in their conversation heretofore, appointed that they should be sessionally rebuked that they and others may take warning in time to come, which being done they were dismissed."

"September 20th, 1729.—Delated this day Ann Down and Kate Fraser in Kannachil for *prophanation of the Lord's day in going to the Wood for pulling nuts.*"

"September 7th, 1730.—Delated John Meldrum and Alexander Macintyre in Dalnavert for *prophaning the Lord's day by fishing upon the Watter of Feshie.*"

"October 25th, 1730.—Delated this day David McBain and his wife in Linwilg for *prophaning the Lord's day by weighing and selling chees to John Stewart in Aviemore his wife.* Delated Mary McKenzie and Isabell Macpherson in Linwilg for *bakeing bread upon the Sabbath.*"

Another Minute bears that the Session, "being informed that some of the Tennants in Dellyfour did prophane the Lord's day some time about the end of September last by going or sending in the morning of the Sabbath to the Glean of Dellovaich and brought from thence swine they had feeding there to the Strath that very day. The Session did therefore appoint to summon them agt. this day fortnight as sermon is to be next Sabbath in Insh." It would appear the Session were of opinion that on the Sabbath day the "piggies," in place of being driven home, should have been left to wander over hill and dale according to their own sweet will.

Here is the reference to an apparently well-merited snubbing administered by the General Assembly the same year (1730) to the Synod of Moray and Presbytery of Elgin of the time—the sentence being read from the Alvie pulpit by Shaw, the Historian of Moray:—

"This day according to the General Assembly's orders Mr Lach. Shaw, Minister of Calder, did read from the Pulpit the General Assembly's sentence against the Sinnod of Murray and Presbytery of Elgin for their unjust procedure against the Presbytery of Abernethy and for raising a malicious process against Mr Lewis Chapman, Minr. of Alvie."

The following extract gives a sad picture of the educational state of the Parish at the time:—

"November 19th, 1732.—This day Mr Arthur Gregory represented to the Session that he had now officiated for a year as

Parish Schoolmaster, and that he had no scollars all summer and harvest over, and that it was evident that there was no further use for him, upon which account the said Mr Arthur craved payment of his sallary and demitted his offices. The Session taking the premises to their consideration appoints the Moderator to write a Precept on Castall hill at Inverness to pay Mr Gregory fifty merks Scots for the two years bygon annual rents of the money lodged in his hands for behoof of the Schoolmaster of the Parish of Alvie."

The worthy "Mr Arthur" was not new to scholastic work, having been previously Schoolmaster at "Ruthven of Badenoch," and the absence of "scollars" was apparently not attributable to any want of zeal or efficiency on his part. The candid statement volunteered by the honest man that "there was no further use for him," and his voluntary resignation in consequence of the sinecure offices in Alvie, were certainly, therefore, highly commendable.

It would appear that the Alvie Session did not hesitate to entertain even cases for "Breach of promise." Here is their deliverance in the case of a promise-breaking degenerate "Son of the Parson":—

"October 19th, 1733.—This day Alexander M'Pherson in Pitowrie was sessionally rebuked for breach of Promise had with Christina M'Phaill in Dunaghtown, but refers his penalty for further consideration."

In the same Minute it is recorded that Isobell M'Intosh, spouse to Alexander Cameron, and Janet, spouse to Gregor More, were "delated for profaning the Lord's Day by slandering and scolding."

With all the multiplication of our Churches and Clergy, some Critics would have us believe that "slanderers" and "scolders" are not yet quite extinct even in the Highlands, and that it might be well if our Kirk-Sessions still had the power of subjecting them to the discipline of standing in the "public place of repentance," and being solemnly rebuked like the viragoes of bygone times in the Parish of Alvie.

Isolated as the people of Badenoch before the days of stage coaches or railways comparatively were, it would appear that they did not escape from the scourge of smallpox. Here is an entry bringing home to us—living as we do in a happier era—how much Highlanders and Lowlanders alike owe to the great vaccination discovery made by the famous Dr Jenner, fully half a century later :—

“August 25th, 1734.—Appoints a shilling sterling to be given the poor woman in Dellifure *having four small children in the Small Pox.*”

Not a single case of the kind has, I believe, been known or heard of in the district for many years.

I had marked a number of similar entries in the Session Records of Alvie down to 1786, but these, with perhaps the addition of bits of sketches of the Ministers of Badenoch since the Reformation, must be reserved for a future paper. In the meantime let me give glimpses from other sources of the general condition of the people of Alvie towards the close of last century, and extracts from various annals of the Parish embracing references of more than local interest to famous personages connected with it in bygone days.

In the “Survey of the Province of Moray,” published in 1798, from which I have already quoted, the authors describe the condition and characteristics of the Parishioners of Alvie as follows:—

“The inferior tenants are poor, and their habitations wretchedly comfortless; their farms are small, from £2 to £6 sterling of yearly rent, and their land may be let from 5s to 10s the acre. The crops, consisting of oats, rye, barley, and potatoes are in general sufficient for the subsistence of the inhabitants. The parish abounds with birch, aller, and a few oaks; carried by the poorer people 40 miles to the nearest market towns, in small parcels, and sold to procure the few necessaries they desire. There is only one farm stocked wholly with sheep; the whole of that stock in the parish amounts to 7000; the black cattle 1104; the houses to 510; and there are 101 ploughs. . . . The people have little idea of trade or manufactures, excepting a considerable quantity of a coarse kind of flannel called plaiding or blankets, sold for about 10d the ell of 39 inches. Although all disputes are settled by the Justice of the Peace, without recourse to the Sheriff or other Judge, yet from the difficulty experienced by the lower class in securing a subsistence, their honesty or veracity are not always to be depended on. They have no inclination to leave the spot of their nativity; and if they obtain the smallest pendicle of a farm, they reject entering into any service, and are extremely averse to that of the military. They are fond of dram-drinking, and squabbles are not infrequent at burials or other meetings. Few of the older people can read; and they are rather ignorant of the principles of religion. There are 2 retail shops, 6 weavers, 4 taylors, 2 blacksmiths, and 2 who make the

brogue shoes worn by the poorer people. . . . The great road from Inverness to Edinburgh is conducted up the north side of the Spey for the whole length of the Parish; it passes through a number of little heaps or piles of stone and earth, opposite to the Church. The most conspicuous one was lately opened. The bones entire of a human body were found in their natural order, with two large hart horns laid across."

In Dr Longmuir's "Speyside"—a very interesting little work, published at Aberdeen in 1860, now out of print—the following description is given of the Druidical remains referred to by Mr Macbain in his able and instructive paper on the "Druid Circles."* "At Delfoor," says Dr Longmuir, "about a mile from the Church of Alvie, are the remains of a nearly perfect Druidical cairn enclosed by large stones closely set on end, in a circle 55 feet in diameter. Within this circle is another, 25 feet in diameter, with stones of a smaller size; and at a distance of 25 feet west from the cairn stands an obelisk, 8 feet 6 inches high, 5 feet broad at bottom, and 15 inches thick, diminishing gradually in breadth from bottom to top, where it is only 6 inches. As there is no sculpture upon this stone, it has not been included among the representations in the volume of the Spalding Club. Such is the veneration still paid to these relics of antiquity, that although they stand in the middle of an arable field, no attempt has been made to remove them."

The Manse and Church of Alvie are almost entirely surrounded by Loch Alvie. "The little lake of Alvie," says Dr M'Culloch, in his "Description of the Western Highlands of Scotland, &c.," published in 1819, "which lies at the gates of Kinrara, is a jewel in this barren road; nor is Loch Inch without its merits. Yet there is in the least of these Highland Lakes a charm which depends not on their boundaries or their magnitude, their variety or grandeur.

. . . It is the pellucid water murmuring on the pebbly shore, the dark rock reflected in the glassy surface or dancing in the undulating wave; the wild water plants, the broken bank, the bending ash, the fern, the bright flowers, and all the poetry of the 'margent green' which give to these scenes a feeling that painting cannot reach, a beauty that belongs to nature alone, because it is the beauty of life; a beauty that flies with the vital principle, because it was its soul and its all."

With the last few years the Church of Alvie has, through the liberality of the Heritors, been almost entirely renewed, and so much improved that it is now one of the neatest and most

* *Vide* Transactions, vol. xi., page 23.

attractive little Churches in the Highlands. In course of the excavations made at the time, no less than 150 skeletons were found beneath the floor of the Church, lying head to head. No trace was found of coffins of any kind having been used, and the probability is that the bones were those of Highlanders killed at a very remote period at some skirmish or battle in the neighbourhood, and all laid to rest at the time uncoffined and unshrouded within the sacred precincts where, it may be, they were wont to worship the God of their fathers. Under the superintendence of Mr Anderson, the present energetic Minister of the Parish, the remains thus brought to light were reverently interred in the romantic and beautifully situated Churchyard surrounding the church, and the spot is now marked by a granite stone with the following inscription :—

“ Buried here
are
Remains of 150 human bodies,
found October, 1880,
Beneath the floor of this Church.
Who they were,
When they lived,
How they died,
Tradition notes not.
Their bones are dust, their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

“ There is,” as it has been said, “ something very touching in the inscription. It makes the reader wonder who these people really were.” It is strange indeed that no record or tradition should exist regarding them, and to their individual lives and deaths may be appropriately applied the beautiful lines of James Montgomery :—

“ Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe’er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

“ The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit’s rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

“ He suffered—but his pangs are o’er ;
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes—his foes are dead.

“ He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

“ The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this—there lived a man !”

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Church and Manse of Alvie is beautiful Kinrara—surely one of the most lovely spots on earth—with its memorable associations of the celebrated Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and her brilliant coterie. In a letter to a friend, of date 4th July, 1798, the famous Mrs Grant of Laggan gives a very suggestive glimpse of the active habits of the Duchess :—

“ The Duchess of Gordon,” says Mrs Grant, “ is a very busy farmeress at Kinrara, her beautiful retreat on the Spey some miles below this. She rises at five in the morning, bustles incessantly, employs from twenty to thirty workmen every day, and entertains noble travellers from England in a house very little better than our own, but she is setting up a wooden pavillion to see company in.”

As the old proverb has it, “ the sleeping fox catches no poultry,” and if one might venture—“ with bated breath”—to “ point a moral and adorn a tale,” it would be to whisper that the example of the “ noble Jane” as regards early rising and busy habits in the matter of farming might with advantage be followed to a greater extent, not only by farmers and “ farmeresses,” big and small, but by many young men and maidens in the Highlands in the present day. The Duchess died at London in 1812, survived by her husband Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, a son, and five daughters. A noteworthy fact in the life of Duke Alexander is that he enjoyed the honours of the family for the long period of seventy-five years—namely, from 1752 down to his death in 1827—a fact probably unexampled in the annals of the Scottish Peerage. The greater portion of Badenoch then belonged to the

Gordon family, and the kindness and liberality extended to the people of the district by Duke Alexander during his long and beneficent sway, and subsequently by his son (the fifth and last Duke), were nothing short of princely in their munificence. The beautiful verses composed on the occasion of the death of the Duchess by the venerable Mrs Allardyce of Cromarty, are now, I believe, so little known, that I may perhaps be allowed to quote them :—

“ Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,
And softly waves the drooping willow,
Where beauty’s faded charms repose,
And splendour rests on earth’s cold pillow.
Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,
Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
When fashion’s airy train she led,
And formed the dances frolic measure.

“ When war called forth our youth to arms,
Her eye inspired each martial spirit ;
Her mind, too, felt the Muses charms,
And gave the meed to modest merit.
But now farewell, fair Northern star ;
Thy beams no more shall Courts enlighten,
No more lead forth our youth to war,
No more the rural pastimes brighten.

“ Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn ;
Her vales which thou were wont to gladden
Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
And grief the Minstrel’s music sadden ;
And oft amid the festive scene,
Where pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,
Laid low beneath Kinrara’s willow.”

Mr Duncan Macpherson, Kingussie, the venerable “Old Banker”—then a boy of 13 years, now in his 89th year—vividly describes the intense interest excited in Badenoch by the arrival of the remains of the Duchess in a hearse drawn all the way from London by six jet black Belgian horses. At Dalwhinnie, the first stage within the wide Highland territory—then belonging to the family—at which the funeral cortege arrived, the body of the Duchess lay in state for two days. For a similar period it lay at the inn then at Pitmain, within half a mile of Kingussie, and was

subsequently followed by an immense concourse of Highland people to the final resting place at her beloved Kinrara.

According to her own directions, her remains were interred in a favourite sequestered spot within a short distance from Kinrara House, far away from the dust and din of the "great Babylon" in which she died, and within hearing of the plaintive sweetly-soothing song of our noble Highland river, to which the Highland-loving Muse of Professor Blackie has given such beautiful and appropriate expression :—

“ To the wooded ravine I wind my way,
 Dashing, and foaming, and leaping with glee,
 The child of the mountain, wild and free.
 Under the crag where the stone crop grows,
 Fringing with gold my shelvy bed,
 Where over my head,
 Its fruitage of red,
 The rock-rooted rowan tree blushfully shows,
 I wind, till I find
 A way to my mind
 While hazel, and oak, and the light ash tree,
 Weave a green awning of leafage for me.

Slowly and smoothly my winding I make,
 Round the dark-wooded islets that stud the clear lake ;
 The green hills sleep
 With their beauty in me,
 Their shadows the light clouds
 Fling as they flee ;
 While in my pure waters pictured I glass
 The light-plumed birches that nod as I pass.”*

The spot where the Duchess is buried is marked by a granite monument erected by her husband. With the pardonable pride of the mother of such a bevy of fair daughters—to whose attractions, combined with her own winning steering of the one after the other into the matrimonial haven, three Dukes, a Marquis, and a Baronet had succumbed—she had herself prepared the inscription to be placed on the monument. That inscription, as regards the marriages and issue of her five daughters, is so remarkable that I cannot refrain from quoting it :—

* “Lays of the Highlands and Islands,” pp. 210-11.

“Sacred to the memory of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart.

Married to Alexander, Duke of Gordon, the 23rd of October, 1767,

And died at London April the 11th, 1812, aged 63 years.

Issue, two sons and five daughters.

Eldest Daughter, Lady Charlotte, married Charles, Duke of Richmond.

Issue—Lady Mary, Charles Earl of March, Lord George, Lady Sarah, Lady Georgina, Lord Henry, Lady Jane, Lord William Pitt, Lord Frederick, Lord Sussex, Lady Louisa, Lady Charlotte, Lord Arthur, and Lady Sophia Georgina.

Second Daughter, Lady Madelina, married first Sir Robert Sinclair of Murckle, Bart.

Issue—Sir John Gordon Sinclair, Bart. Secondly, Charles Fysche Palmer, Esq.

Third Daughter, Lady Susan, married William Duke of Manchester.

Issue—Lady Jane, Lady Elizabeth, Lady Susan Georgina, George Augustus Viscount Mandeville, Lord William Francis, Lady Georgina Frederick, Lady Caroline Katherine, and Lady Emily.

Fourth Daughter, Lady Louisa, married Charles Marquiss Cornwallis.

Issue—Lady Jane, Lady Louisa, Lady Jemima, Lady Mary, and Lady Elizabeth.

Fifth Daughter, Lady Georgina, married John Duke of Bedford.

Issue—Lord Wriothsley, Lord Edward, Lord Charles James Fox, Lord Francis John, Lady Georgina Elizabeth, and Lady Louisa Jane.

Lord Alexander Gordon, died January 8th, 1807, aged 22 years.

This monument was erected by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and the above inscription placed on it at the particular request of the Duchess, his wife.”

The Dukedom of Gordon became, as is well known, extinct on the death of George, the fifth Duke, without issue, in 1836. The Kinrara property then devolved upon his nephew, the fifth Duke of Richmond, the eldest son of “Duchess Jane’s” eldest daughter, and is now in possession of her great-grandson, the present Duke of Richmond, in the person of whom the old Dukedom of Gordon was revived and the new Earldom of Kinrara so deservedly bestowed in 1876. Patriotic nobleman and estimable landlord, as he is universally acknowledged to be, it would, I believe, be extremely gratifying to all classes in the district if, as the great-grandson of her “who sleeps in yonder bed,” he would at no distant date, visit Kinrara and ensure that arrangements should be made to have more attention devoted in future to the spot where, “alone with Nature’s God,” all that is mortal of his famous relative so quietly and peacefully rests. Devotedly attached as the Duchess was to the Highlands and the Highland people, and ever giving, as she did, “the meed to modest merit,” her memory is still gratefully cherished in Badenoch.

On the summit of Tor Alvie, a conspicuous and beautifully wooded hill in the immediate vicinity of Kinrara, is the monument erected in memory of the last Duke of Gordon. On the same hill, but some little distance apart, is also the cairn erected by him to the memory of the brave Officers of the 42nd and 92nd Regiments belonging to the district who fell at Waterloo. The Duke, it is said, used the interior of this cairn as a wine cellar for the benefit of pic-nic parties whom he brought to the spot, and the strong copper door remains to this day as securely fastened as the door of a famous wine cellar in Edinburgh belonging to a well-known total abstainer. In 1819 Prince Leopold—afterwards King of the Belgians—visited Kinrara, and as the guests assembled to meet the Prince on the occasion were sauntering about the place, the Marquis of Huntly is said to have sounded a whistle, and, to the surprise of the party, up from the heather, where their presence never had been suspected, sprang a company of kilted Highland warriors.

In the Parish of Alvie there is also Belleville House, celebrated as the residence during the later years of his life of James Macpherson, the well-known Translator of Ossian's poems, now possessed by Mr Brewster Macpherson, the Translator's great-grandson—the grandson of Sir David Brewster. Built by the Translator a few years before his death in the style of an Italian villa, from a design by the "Adelphi Adams"—the famous architect of the University Buildings and St George's Church, Edinburgh—the house is beautifully situated on the slope of Craighuie, commanding a magnificent view of the Grampians and the valley of the Spey. Here it was that the Translator died on the 17th of February, 1796, in the 58th year of his age. There was no Railway communication with the "great Metropolis" in those days, and it would appear from Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey" that the Remains of the Translator were about a fortnight on the way between Belleville and the famous "Poets' corner," where they were finally laid to rest beside the ashes of the "rare Ben Jonson" and of so many other of Britain's illustrious Dead.

9th MARCH, 1887.

On this date the following gentlemen, nominated at last meeting, were elected ordinary members, viz. :—Colin Cameron, ironmonger, Inverness; Rev. J. Maccowan, Fort-William; Peter Macfarlane, chemist, do.; James Macdonald, hotelkeeper, do.;

Ewen Cameron, banker, do. ; and John Cameron, Royal Academy, Inverness.

Mr John Whyte then read a paper by Mrs Mary Mackellar on "The Waulking Day." The paper was as follows:—

THE WAULKING DAY.

The Waulking Day may be now called one of the institutions of the past. It belonged to the time when the Highland women manufactured their own clothing, and also that of their households ; when they were like the good women spoken of by Lemuel's mother, who laid their hands on the spindle and distaff, who sought wool and flax, and wrought with their hands willingly, and whose husbands were known in the gates by the beauty of their clothing. The making of fine material, and the designing of beautiful patterns, and the dyeing of the wool into the different shades, was a delight to the Highland women ; and to see their husbands and sons arrayed in becoming garments of their own handiwork gave a dignity to many lives that were otherwise common-place and uninteresting, and gave rise to a healthy emulation among them as to who should make the finest plaid or the prettiest web. The men also had a pride in the garments they wore, as being the handiwork of beloved ones, who took a pleasure in sending them to kirk or market in beautiful, as well as comfortable, clothing, that commanded the admiration of all beholders. It was a great labour to produce a good web. The wool had to be carefully washed, and then finely teased. Then the carding and the spinning and the dyeing had to be gone through, and when the right number of cuts for the number of yards wanted were wound into balls, the proud and victorious owner of them took them to the weaver to have the pattern set. She never went on that mission empty-handed. She always took to the webster a cogful of meal, some butter, a kebbuck of cheese, a braxy ham, or whatever in the way of food happened to be most plentiful at the time. This offering was supposed to make him work cheerfully at his loom, so that he would leave a blessing in the cloth.

Every matron and maiden in the township knew when the web was expected home from the weaver's, and they could be heard humming some of the waulking songs that they would be expected to sing. The day came at last on which they were invited to help at what our American cousins—if they had such an institution—might call "A Fulling Bee," and shortly after breakfast they gathered at what might be termed the festive house. A table was

covered and sumptuously laid with whisky, divers kinds of bread, butter, cheese, and cold mutton, and any other delicacy at hand. The matrons examined the web, and discussed the colours, the pattern, and the texture, whilst the maidens carried stoups of water, or pails, from neighbouring houses, of a liquid called by them "màighstir," or "mac a-mhàighstir." The web was put into a large tub of warm water and soap, and well tramped. A strong door was taken off its hinges and laid on rests, so as to enable them to sit comfortably around it, and the web, saturated with the soapy water, was laid loosely upon it, and forthwith the work began. All seemed full of light-hearted gladness, and of bustle and latent excitement, and as each laid hold of the cloth, with their sleeves tucked up to the shoulders, one could see the amount of force they represented. They were strong women—the mothers of strong sons; devoted women, faithful unto death, willing to labour and suffer, and even to bear the greatest deprivations for the sake of the beloved; courteous and modest women, unlettered it may be, but not uneducated, as their knowledge of the poets and their compositions and clever improvisations during the Waulking Day will testify. And the amount of refined wit among them would astonish the southerner who does not understand them, and who, if he heard them speak a few words of broken English, would forthwith dub them, not only ignorant, but barbarous. These good women, with strong, willing hands, take hold of the web, and the work proceeds, slowly at first, but by-and-bye, when the songs commence, the latent excitement bursts into a blaze. The greater number of these songs are tragic, and, in ballad style, have a story in them equal in interest to any three-volume novel, and having the component parts of incident, plot, and *denouement* in a condensed form. These Gaelic songs were never sung to a listless, uninterested audience. Every face was beaming with interest in every word of it that expressed feeling or suggested sentiment. One sings the song, whilst all take up the chorus, weird and plaintive, and as they toss and tumble the cloth, passing the folds from hand to hand, a stranger, who saw them at the work for the first time, might be pardoned for thinking them mad. Alasdair Macdonald, the poet, could not have used a better expression to tell the rough treatment he wished given to the "Redcoats" than when he wished for a band of maidens to waulk the red web with firm hands—

"Fair a nall dhuinn bannal ghruagach,
A luaidheas an clò ruadh gu daingean."

The song, "Agus ho Mhòrag," from which the above quotation is given, was used as a waulking song very often, and so were many others of the well-known songs, such as—

"Tha mo bhreacan dubh fo 'n dile,
'S cha 'n fhaod mi innseadh mar tha e."

"Ho ho ro, ille dhuinn, ille dhuinn bhòidhich."

"Mo nighean donn, thoir mi, ho ro-bha ho,
'S mithich dhuinn éirigh, mo nighean donn."

All the songs are called into requisition that have a chorus appropriate for the rhythm necessary for the hands in working the cloth to advantage. One that I can well remember as being peculiarly fitted for giving the hands poetic action was—

"Seinn och o ro, seinn,
Seinn och o ro, leannain ;
Seinn och o ro, seinn."

And what could be more beautiful than the words—

"'S tric a bha mi 's tu sugradh,
'S cha b' fhiu leat ach ceanal.
Seinn, etc.

Ann am bothan an t-sugraidh,
'S bu dunadh dha 'm barrach.
Seinn, etc.

'S e bu leaba dhuinn luachair,
'S e bu chluasag dhuinn canach.
Seinn, etc.

'S bhiodh am fiadh tigh'nn 's a' bhuirich,
Ga 'r dusgadh 's a' mhadainn.
Seinn, etc."

which may be literally translated thus—

"How often have I been love-making with thee, sweetheart,
and thou wert high above any thoughts but what was kind
and noble.

How often have I been with thee in the sheiling so dear,
whose doors were closed with the perfumed branches of the
birch, sweetheart.

Our bed would be, sweetheart, the green rushes, and our
pillow the white down of the canach.*

And the stag, sweetheart, would come to awaken us at early
morn with his loud bellowing."

* Cotton grass.

The rhythm of hands and cloth together at this work may have been the origin of the Highland habit of holding a handkerchief by the corners, and keeping time with it during the singing of a Gaelic song. Although such as the above songs were sung at the waulking of a web of cloth, yet they were not what were distinctly known as waulking songs. There was a long and interesting song of this kind known as "Heman Dubh," which was a favourite, but as Dr Stewart, of Nether-Lochaber, has embalmed it in the "Gàidheil," I need not give it here. I will, however, give another, known as "Oran Sheadhain." The story of this song is not very clearly given, but the composer of it was evidently full of passionate love and sorrow. She evidently lived in Minginish, in the Isle of Skye, and she, as well as the beloved "Seadhan," were Roman Catholics, for, among her wanderings, she speaks of being in the land of nuns with him, and also at mass with him in "Cill-Chumhainn." I have heard the women discuss the probable history of the song. They all agreed that it was a very old song, and although there was a whispered fear that "Seadhan" was the "leannan falaich," and not the husband of the one who mourned his untimely death so bitterly, yet they gave their sympathy freely to her sorrow. It runs as follows:—

"Hù rù-na hu-ri-bhi ó,
'S maireg a chual e 's nach do dh-innis e,
Na-hi iù-o hó-gi ó-ro,
Hù rù-na hu-ri-bhi ó.

Gun d' thainig mo leannan do Mhinginis,
Hù rù-na hu-ri-bhi ò,
Ged is breug an sgeul bu mhillis e,
Na-hi iù-o hó-gi ó-ro,
Hù rù-na hu-ri-bhi ó.

Chosdainn fhein la feill a' mireadh ris,
Hù rù-na hu-ri-bhi ó ;
'S phogainn a bheul mar bu mhinig leam,
Na-hi iù hó-gi ó-ro, etc.

'S maireg thuirt riumsa gum bu bhean shubhach mi,
Hu ru, etc.
Bean bhoehd, chianail, thiamhaidh, dhubhach mi,
Na-hi, etc.

Piuthar do Fhionn 's do Niall Buidhe mi,
Hu ru, etc.
Ceile do dh-Iain Donn an t-siubhail mi,
Na-hi, etc.

An oidhche sin rinn m' athair banais domh,
Hu ru, etc.
Chumnt e bhuaile de chrodh ballach domh,
Na-hi, etc.

'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach b' ann gu m' fharaire,
Hu ru, etc.
Mu 'n do phos iad ris an fhear ud mi,
Na-hi, etc.

B' annsa Seadhan air chul garaidh,
Hu ru, etc.
Na mac rìgh le shìod' air claraidh,
Na-hi, etc.

B' annsa Seadhan air chul tobhta, †
Hu ru, etc.
Na mac rìgh le shìod' air lobhta,
Na-hi, etc.

Seadhan a dheargadh nan enoc thu,
Hu ru, etc.
Cha b' ann le h-eorna no coirce,
Na-hi; etc.

Ach fuil an fheidh an deigh a lotadh,
Hu ru, etc.
'S iomadh beann a's gleann a shiubhail mi ;
Na-hi, etc.

Bha mi 'n Eirinn 's bha mi 'n Uidhist leat,
Hu ru, etc.
'S bha mi 'n Cill-dòrain a' ghiuthais leat.
Na-hi, etc.

Bha mi 'n tìr nan cailleachan-dubha ‡ leat,
Hu ru, etc.
Dh' eisd mi aoireann § 's a' Chill-Chumhainn leat.
Na-hi etc

Chaidil mi oidhche air sgeir-mhara leat,
Hu ru, etc.
Chaidil, a ghaoil—leam cha' b' aithreach e.
Na-hi, etc.

† The ruins of a cot.

‡ The land of the nuns. § Mass.

- Sioban nan tonn a' dol thairis oirnn,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S e bu chluasag bad d' an fheamainn duinn.
Na-hi, etc.
- 'S bha na h-eisg na 'n coinnlean geala dhuinn,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S i mo ghaol do lamh ged 's fuar i.
Na-hi, etc.
- Bu tric agam, b' ainneamh uam i,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S domhain a chladhaich iad an uaigh dhuit,
Na-hi, etc.
- Sios ri taobh na lice ruaidhe ;
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S na 'm biodh Seadhan ri fhuasgladh,
Na-hi, etc.
- Chan fhagteadh aon bhò air buaile,
Hu ru, etc.
- A's bheireadh sud an aona bhò uamsa.
Na-hi, etc.
- Na 'm faicteadh Seadhan ag eirigh,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S ioma cridhe a bhiodh eibhinn.
Na-hi, etc.
- Bu ghaol muim' e, bu ghradh céile,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S bu leannan-falaich dhomh fhein e.
Na-hi, etc.
- Seadhan uaibhreach, m' uaill a's m' annsachd,
Hu ru, etc.
- 'S ann tha thusa na d' thigh-geamhraidh.
Na-hi, etc.
- Gun ol air fiona no air branndaidh,
Hu ru, etc.
- Gun orain, gun cheol, gun dannsadh.
Na-hi, etc.
- Seadhan a nochd na mharbhan,
Hu ru, etc.
- Naigheachd ghoirt le 'luchd-leanmhuinn.
Na-hi, etc.

Naigheachd mhath le luchd na ceilge,

Hu ru, etc.

Naigheachd a bha dhombasa searbh dhe.

Na-hi, etc.

B' annsa bhi na m' shéisdeig thalmhainn,

Hu ru, etc.

Na bho Sheadhan air mo thearbadh.

Na-hi, etc.

B' annsa bhi an grunnnd na fairge,

Hu ru, etc.

Na Seadhan a bhi uam na mharbhan.

Na-hi, etc."

The following is a literal translation of this song :—

“ Hù ru-na hu-ri-bhi ó,

Who heard the tale and did not tell of it,

That my beloved had come to Minginish ;

Though the tale was false, oh, it was sweet ;

And I would pass a holy-day in dalliance with him,

And I would kiss his mouth, as I had oft-times done.

Alas ! who said that I was a joyous woman ?

I am a poor, mournful, sorrowful one.

The sister am I of Fingal and of yellow-haired Neil,

And the wife of John, the brown-haired wanderer.

The night my father made a marriage feast for me,

He counted a fold of spotted cows for my dowry.

I wish he had spent them in burying me

Before he gave me to that man in wedlock.

I would rather be with Seadhan under the shelter of a dyke

Than with a king's son, in silken raiment, in a wood-lined chamber ;

I would rather be with Seadhan behind a ruined hut

Than with a silk-robed son of a king on a floor of wood.

Seadhan who well could redden the hills,

Not with barley or oats,

But with the blood of the wounded stag,

Many a ben and glen have I travelled with thee.

I have been in Ireland and in Uist with thee,
And I have been with thee in Kildonan of the fir trees ;

I have been in the land of nuns with thee ;
I heard mass with thee in the Cill-Chumhain ;

I slept a night with thee on a rock of the ocean—
Yes, oh beloved, and I do not regret it ;

The covering over us was the spray of the salt sea,
And our pillow was made of the soft sea-weed,

Whilst our white candles were the sea-fire
Made by the playful fish.

How dear thy hand was to me—now, alas ! so cold ;
Often I held thy hand : it was seldom away from me.

They have dug thy grave deeply down beside the red flagstone ;
If thou wert to be released again by ransom,

Not a cow would be left in a fold,
And my one cow would be given so gladly.

If Seadhan would but arise again
Many a heart would be glad and rejoice.

He was his godmother's darling, his wife's dear one,
And a hidden lover was he unto me.

Seadhan, the high-souled, my pride and my joy,
Thou art low in thy winter dwelling,

Without the drinking of wine or of brandy,
Without the voice of song, nor of music nor dancing.

Seadhan is to-night among the dead ;
Sad is the tidings to his followers,

Glad is the tidings to the deceitful ones,
Bitter are the tidings to my heart.

Better to be in my bed of earth
Than to be severed from him ;

Better to be in the bottom of the ocean
Than to hear of his death."

The following is a fragment of a peculiar song which is historically true. Iain Mùideartach (John of Moidart) is well known to have been the bastard son of one of the chiefs of Clanranald, and having no children by his wife, he made this one his heir. A

young girl of his own clan, named Mòrag, was, according to the song, the mother of this child, who, tradition says, was born with his mouth full of teeth. Notwithstanding his being illegitimate, he succeeded his father, and fought the battle of Blàr-na-léine with the Frasers, who were the relatives of the next-of-kin lawfully. The chief's wife felt her being childless bitterly, and there was much unhappiness between herself and her husband on the subject. Nor was the wife's bitterness lessened when she heard that Mòrag was about to become the mother of Clanranald's child. Her hatred burned towards Mòrag, and she tried unsuccessfully to injure her by spells and incantations, and at length she got a very celebrated witch to make a charm that would prevent the child's being born, and so that the mother carried him fifteen months. Clanranald at last sent some one to tell his wife that Mòrag had a son, and in disgust she threw the charm into the fire, and immediately after the babe was born. The Bard seemed pleased that an heir was born to Clanranald, even if he were illegitimate, and the song runs on in a very uncommon strain :—

“Chall u iri, iù i o ro,
Chall iri, Iain Mhuideartaich.

Gur a buidheach, chall u iri,
Mi do Mhoraig, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

Gur a buidheach, chall u iri,
Mi ga d' mhathair, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

A ghiulain thu, chall u iri,
Bliadhna 's raidhe, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

A rug thu firionn, chall u iri,
'S a thug oighre, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

Do Chaisteal Tioram, chall u iri,
Gaol nan gillean, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

Gum bu liath thu, chall u iri,
Gum faicear do mhac, chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.

Gum faicear do mhac, chall u iri,
D' ogha 's d' iar-ogh', chall u iri,
Iu i o ro, Iain Mhuideartaich.”

After this part of the work was over, a table full of luxuries was spread—tea in abundance, and oatcakes, scones, butter, cheese, crowdie, cold beef, fresh eggs, or whatever was in season. The married women were expected all to take a full glass of whisky, whilst the maidens merely put the glass to their lips. There were no men at the table, and the hostess either said grace herself, or asked some pious matron to do so, and then came the extraordinary coaxing of them all to eat, making pieces for them, loading their plates with whatever was best, and all politely saying “they were not hungry;” all in high spirits, with radiant faces, interchanging witty remarks, quoting proverbs, repeating snatches of songs to illustrate or give force to their remarks, and this closed the first part of the day’s work. After what is called the “luadh-làmh,” or hand-waulking, is done, the cloth is carefully rolled up in web form. The matrons then generally return home, leaving the maidens to the “luadh-chas,” or foot-waulking. This is their best time. Shoes and stockings are stripped off, and with petticoats kilted to the knees, they sit on two rows of stools with the cloth on the floor between them, and there they kick it with heart and good-will, singing merrily the while, and keeping time with their feet to the rhythm of the song. Soapy suds are kept on the cloth, and the web is continually turned round to let the waulking benefit each part alike. The maidens are in high glee, and the special choruses sung at this work are fitted for giving any amount of improvisation. The following are some specimens of the improvisations :—

“O co bheir mi leam

Air an luing Eireannaich ?

O co bheir mi leam ?

Leis an fhidhill, leis an truimb,

Air an luing Eireannaich—

O co bheir mi leam ?

Gur i Anna bheir mi leam

Air an luing Eireannaich—

O co bheir mi leam ?

Caileag cho boidheach ’s a th’ ann,

Air an luing Eireannaich—

O co bheir mi leam ?

’S aithne dhomh co theid na ceann,

Air an luing Eireannaich—

O co bheir mi leam ?

Domhnall Ban a theid na dheann,
Leis an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?”

Another answers—

“’S mor am beud ma theid e ann,
Leis an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
B’ fhearr dha fuireach anns a’ ghleann,
Leis an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Coluinn bheag a’s cridhe fann,
Leis an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Ceann mor a’s casan cam,
Air an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Cuiridh sinn e anns a’ mhuir ;
Bheir e plup ’s eiridh e—
O co bheir mi leam ?”

The supposed sweetheart takes it up, if she is favourable, thus—

“Gille ’s grinne a tha ann,
Leis an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
’S math a sgrìobhas e le peann,
Air an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
’S math a dhreas e an crann,
Air an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Tha e fileant air an danns’,
Air an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Bheirinn da mo phog ’s gun taing,
Air an luing Eireannaich—
O co bheir mi leam ?
Air an luing Albannaich,
Dh’ fhalbhainn a dh-Eirinn leis, etc., etc.”

This might be spun out to any length, each girl praising or mis-calling the girl or young man mentioned in the song.

Another runs as follows :—

“ Mhìle, mhìle, mhìle bhog u,
Hoireann ò i hó hò.

’S aithne dhomh co bheireadh rud dhuit,
Hoireann ò i hó hò,
Mhìle, mhìle, mhìle bhog u,
Hoireann ò i hó hò.

Eoghan Og a bheireadh rud dhuit,
Hoireann ò i hó hò, etc.

A Mhairi bhoidheach og a’ chuil duibh,
Hoireann, etc.”

Another replies—

“ Eoghan Og cha phos i sud,
Hoireann, etc.

Saoil sibh fhein am posadh e luid,
Hoireann, etc.”

Another says—

“ Co an te a labhair mar sud ?
Hoireann, etc.

Co a thuirt ris an nigh’naig ud luid ?
Hoireann, etc.

Caileag og cho boidheach ’s th’ air bith,
Hoireann, etc.

Gruaidh mar an ros, pog mar a’ mhil,
Hoireann, etc.

’S gile a taobh na faoileann air sruth,
Hoireann, etc.

C’ àit am faighear samhladh g’ a cruth ?
Hoireann, etc.

Slat an coill cho grinn ’s a chaidh chur,
Hoireann, etc., etc.”

The following improvisation is generally sung at the waulking with the hands, the rhythm being more suitable for that than for the other :—

“ Goiridh an coileach dà uair fo lò ;
Goiridh gach coileach roimh choileach a' bhaile so.
Goiridh an coileach dà uair fo lò.

Co 'm fear thainig an raoir do 'n bhaile so ?
Goiridh an coileach, etc.

Is e Iain Donn a thainig do 'n bhaile so,
Goiridh, etc.

Co bhean og a thug e bho 'n teallaich leis ?
Goiridh, etc.

Floraidd Chamaron thug e bho 'n teallaich leis,
Goiridh, etc.

Co 'n gill' og a theid gu tilleadh uaith ?
Goiridh, etc.

Ailein Beag a theid ga tilleadh uaith,
Goiridh, etc.

'S tillidh e rithist, 's a rithist, 's a rithist i,
Goiridh, etc.

'S gheibh e i le toil cleir a's ministeir,
Goiridh, etc.

Ceannaichidh e gun a's currac a's ribean di,
Goiridh, etc.

'S gheibh i de riomhadh uaith na shireas i,
Goiridh, etc.

A's bheir e gaol a's gradh a chridhe dhi,
Goiridh, etc.”

The following verses were composed by myself as a waulking song :—

“ TIR NAM BEANN.

'S i mo runsa Tir nam Beann !
'S i mo runsa Tir nan Gaidheal,
Tir nan ard-bheann as nan gleann—
'S i mo runsa Tir nam Beann !

Tha mo chion air tir nam fraoch-bheann,
Tir nan caochan a's nan allt.
'S i mo runsa, etc.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Tir nan aibhnichean d' an fhior-uisg',
 Choisgeadh m' lot' roimh fhion na Fraing'.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Tir nam mullaichean 's nan cruachan,
 Anns nach biodh na fuarain gann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Tir nan uaislean a bha morail,
 Ged tha 'n diu an coir air chall.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Tir na ceathairne bha laidir,
 'N uair thogteadh 's an arfhaich lann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Air chul morghath math 's an iasgach,
 Smiorail a dh-fhiadhach nam beann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Duthaich chaoimhneil nam ban falaidh,
 Bha math gu biatachd 's gach àm.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Mnathan boidheach banail teisteil,
 Bu chiuin am beadradh ri clann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Nigheanagan donna nan Gaidheal,
 Cha ghuanagan sraid a th' ann'.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

'S ruiteach gach caileag, 's a cuailein,
 Toinnte na dhualan m' a ceann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Cha toir na baintighearnan barr orr',
 Air urlar claraidh a' danns'.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Tha iad iosal 's tha iad uasal,
 'S cha chluinnear buaireas na 'n cainnt.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

'S binn a sheinneas iad duanag,
 Ged nach sgriobh iad luath le peann.
 'S i mo runsa, etc.

Ni iad sniomhach 's ni iad fuaigheal,
 'S luaidhidh iad an clo gu teann.

'S i mo runsa Tir nam Beann !
'S i mo runsa Tir nan Gaidheal,
Tir nan ard-bheann a's nan gleann—
'S i mo runsa Tir nam Beann !”

Before the waulking had commenced in the forenoon, each of the girls present had cut a knotted end of thrums off the corners of the web, and placed it above the door. The first one that placed it there was to get a husband of the same name as the first male—man or child—that entered the house ; the second was to get a husband of the name of the second male that entered, and so on. This gave rise to great fun, and if a young man of the name of Donald came in under the thrums of a girl whose sweetheart in the meantime was named Duncan, it gave rise to a good deal of chaff. When a young man dropped into a house where the waulking was going on, he generally got a rough handling. He was summarily taken hold of by them and muffled up in the web, and thoroughly soaked with the luke-warm soapy water with which the web had been kept wet all the time. He might, on effecting his release, attempt to get a kiss from a pair of rosy lips, as a solatium for his tussle, but all hands were laid upon him, and he could not get it, nor was he at all displeased at his rough treatment from the bevy among which his own sweetheart was the one who delighted most in his discomfiture. During the foot-waulking, the web was rolled different ways three times, so that all parts would get the benefit, and after it was done they beat it with the open hands for some time. Then some old woman shook it out of the roll, and with a charm put all the witches from having any power over it, saying—“ Roinn a h-aon, roinn a dhà, roinn a trì, roinn a ceithir, roinn a còig, roinn a sia, roinn a seachd, chan aodach so a shagart no chléir,” &c. Then the girls took it to the river or burn, where they tramped all the soapy suds out of it, and all the part of the dye that might be loosened in the course of the day's work. They afterwards spread it out, carefully stretched, to dry, and having tidied themselves up, and got on their shoes and stockings, they return home, full of gladness, after a jolly day of active enjoyment and harmless mirth, and, perhaps, the little bit of fun over, the names that came under the thrums giving either a peaceful pleasure or a shade of anxiety as to the amount of faith to be placed in the Donald or Duncan in question. They used to return to their homes singing some marching song. The following is one I have heard sung on such an occasion :—

“ O na 'm bu leis a' Ghaidheal mi,
 E na 'm bu leis a' Ghaidheal mi,
 O nach bu leis, 's truagh nach bu leis,
 Sud, a Rìgh, nach ann air a dh' fhag iad mi.

O nach bu leis an t-saighdeir mi,
 E nach bu leis an t-saighdeir mi,
 O nach bu leis, 's truagh nach bu leis,
 Sud, a Rìgh, nach ann air a shloinn iad mi.

Lionteadh mo ghloine fhiona dhomh,
 Dh' olteadh mo ghloine fhiona leam,
 Lionteadh mo ghloine, dh' olteadh mo ghloine,
 O nach bu leis an t-saighdeir mi.

Dheanteadh mo leaba shioda dhomh,
 Chàirteadh mo leaba, shioda dhomh,
 Dheanteadh mo leaba, chàirteadh mo leaba,
 Chaidhinn air chionn na h-oidhch' innte.

Dh' eirinn gu moch, mhàrsainn gu trom,
 Dh' eirinn gu moch, mhàrsainn gu trom,
 Dh' eirinn gu moch, mhàrsuinn gu moch,
 O nach bu leis an t-saighdeir mi.

Nunn thar na linne, nall thar a' bheinn,
 Nunn thar na linne, nall thar a' bheinn,
 Nunn thar na linne, nall thar na linne,
 Comhladh ri gillean fairneart an Rìgh.

Ma theid sinn do 'n mhonadh marbhaidh iad sinn,
 Ann an coise na traghaidh bathaidh iad sin,
 Sgeula beag eile, ma theid sinn gu baile,
 Buaillear an drumma, gearrdaidh iad sinn.

O nach bu leis a' Ghaidheal mi,
 E nach bu leis a' Ghaidheal mi,
 O nach bu leis, 's truagh nach bu leis,
 Sud, a Rìgh, nach ann air a dh' fhag iad mi.”

There are few webs made now in the Highlands, and though there would be a waulking as of old, where are the maidens? We might well quote the old song—

“Tha mo chlàth gun luadh da-rìreadh,
 Anns an tìr le dìth nan caileag.”

“The flowers of the forest are all wede away.”

The men appear at kirk and market in bought things, in which they have not the pride that their forefathers had in the handiwork of their dear ones, and which have not the sacredness that those garments had which were wrought by the hands of the beloved. And few also of the women can quote the song that says—

“Chan iarr mi airgid no òr,
Sìod no sròl a cheannach dhomh ;
'S i obair mo dhà làimhe fhéin,
Bu chinntich mi a leanailt rium.”

In conclusion, I may mention here that the next thing done with the cloth was for two or three strong men to stretch and roll it as firmly and tightly as possible on a narrow board, or strong stick, whilst it was damp. This was called “coinnleachadh,” and it was left for several days in that condition, that it might become smooth and stiff. When it came off the stick with a sound that seemed like a declaration of its strength, it was called “fior-aodach.” It was then unrolled to get dried in the sun, and after that it was rolled up again ready for the tailor, who had already been spoken to for coming to the house as soon as he could to make the required suits for young and old.

“Na bothain chleachd bhi air gach raon,
A's gu dluth mu thaobh nam beann,
'S fuar an teallach, 's fad air faontradh,
An dream ghaolach chleachd bhi annt'.

“Ann an àit' ar n-oigridh ghaoil,
Tha feidh a's caoirich anns na glinn,
A's luinneagan bleoghainn no luaidh,
Cha chluinnear o ghruagaichean grinn'.”

16th MARCH, 1887.

At the Society's meeting on this date, Mr Malcolm Macintyre, painter, Fort-William, nominated at previous meeting, was elected an ordinary member.

Thereafter Mr John Whyte read a paper, contributed by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Baronet, being extracts from “Reports on Highland Parishes, 1749.” The paper, with an explanatory introduction by Sir Kenneth, was as follows :—

REPORTS ON HIGHLAND PARISHES—1749.

There appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Scotsman*, of 4th February, 1885, a letter relating to the publications of the Scottish Text Society, the writer of which pointed out that many unpublished MSS. in Scottish Libraries were worth examining; and he added that, in the Library of the Church of Scotland, he had "seen a volume of collected reports from all the parishes in Scotland as to their condition—social, moral, and otherwise. They are in MSS., and date about 1746—that is forty years earlier than Sir John Sinclair's statistical account." My attention was directed to this letter by Mr William Mackenzie, the late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and I made enquiry about the volume of reports mentioned in it through the present Dean of Faculty—at that time Sheriff of Ross and Procurator for the Church of Scotland. He was good enough to apply to Dr Christie, the obliging librarian of the Church, who made search for these reports, which had not previously come under his notice. They were found in the Record Room, unbound, and not in a state, therefore, which permitted of their removal from the librarian's custody, but he offered to show them on any Wednesday within the Library, which, on that day of the week, is open to the public from ten to one in the forenoon. In the following month of June I attended at the Library on one of these public days, and was allowed by Dr Christie to examine these MSS. I found that they were reports from most of the parish ministers of Scotland in answer to queries by a Committee of the General Assembly of 1749, for preparing a plan for the augmentation of ministers' stipends. They were arranged in order under the head of their respective Presbyteries, and I made such cursory examination as the time allowed of the reports from the Highland Presbyteries, to see if there was anything in them that might be of interest to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The queries had related (1) to the amount of the stipend; (2) to the extent and the population of the parish; (3) to the amount of the teinds; and (4) to what other subjects were available for augmenting the stipend. As may be supposed, the answers to these queries were frequently of small general interest, but some I thought worth transcribing, and, Dr Christie having courteously offered to attend on a private day, I procured the services of a shorthand writer, and had the extracts taken down which I herewith transmit. They include the full reports of the four ministers in the Presbytery of Lewis;

extracts from the reports of the ministers of Sleat, Duirinish, Bracadale, and Kilmuir, in the Presbytery of Skye; the report of the ministers of the collegiate charge of Inverness; and an extract minute of the freeholders of Ross, at a meeting held at Dingwall on the 21st December, 1750, "to consider the report made by the Synod of Ross to the last General Assembly." This last paper has probably some connection with the series of reports among which it is now placed, but I could not find the report of the Synod of Ross in the records of the Assembly of 1750. Any matters of special interest in these reports will speak for themselves, but I may perhaps be allowed to notice that, where the population is mentioned, it tends to show that Webster's returns of six years later (1755)—on the accuracy of which unmerited doubt has been sometimes cast—were not understated. A considerable rise of rents seems to have taken place in Lewis in 1740—several years, therefore, before the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, with which rent-raising has sometimes been connected. Thus incidentally points of historical interest may here and there be met with, while there is a good deal of humour in the accounts given by some of the ministers of the extent of their parishes, and the difficulties of getting about them. Altogether, I hope that the Gaelic Society will find that, mixed up with a certain amount of dry detail, there is sufficient interesting matter in the extracts I transmit to make them worthy of being read at an evening meeting.

KENNETH S. MACKENZIE.

Conon House, 18th January, 1887.

22nd November, 1749.—The answers of Mr John Clark, minister of the Gospel in the parish of Stornoway and the Presbytery of Lewis, to the queries of the Committee of the late General Assembly for preparing a plan for the augmentation of ministers' stipends in this Church.

Primo.—The amount of my yearly stipend is 950 merks, all paid in money by Lord Fortrose; my allowance for Communion elements is 50 merks Scots money—both which appear by our decret of new erection, dated at Edinburgh, 19th December, 1722. The value of my glebe and grass a-year is £5 sterling money. The peat moss is a mile of bad road distant from my manse, which makes my fuel amount to the charge of £4 sterling a-year for my single person and one servant.

Secundo.—The extent of my parish is 15 miles in length and 7 miles in breadth, with six rapid rivers which, in all the seasons

of the year, swell to a great height by the flowing of the sea. There are 1500 examinable persons in my parish.* My parish church is 7 miles distant from the nearest parish church in its neighbourhood. My manse is 14 miles distant from Carlova, the Presbytery seat. It is 26 leagues by sea distant from Glenelg, the seat of the Synod. It is 300 miles by sea and land distant from Edinburgh.

Tertio.—The parsonage tithes of this parish are 1248 merks Scots. The vicarage tithes in my parish are 525 merks Scots. The yearly rent of my parish amounts at present to the sum of 6240 merks Scots, besides the vicarage. All is heritably in the person of Lord Fortrose by a charter from the Crown.

Quarto.—I know no further funds in my parish that may be applied to the augmentation of ministers' stipends.

The truth of all the above answers is certified at Stornoway, the 22nd November, 1749, by me, the foresaid Mr John Clark, minister of the Gospel there, before these witnesses—Donald M'Lennan and Alexander M'Eiver, both residents at Stornoway, who specially attest that the above amount of my stipend is just, by having compared the same with the above-mentioned decret, and that the yearly value of my glebe and grass is £5 sterling. In witness whereof these presents are subscribed by us, date and place above mentioned.—(Signed) John Clark ; Donald M'Lennan, witness ; Alexander M'Eiver, witness.

22nd November, 1749.—The answers of Mr Colin Mackenzie, minister of the Gospel in the parish of Lochs in the Presbytery of Lewis, to the queries of the Committee of the late General Assembly for preparing a plan for the augmentation of ministers' stipends in this Church.

Primo.—The amount of my yearly stipend is 779 merks 8 shillings and 10 pennies Scots money, all paid by Lord Fortrose. My allowance for Communion elements is 30 merks Scots money. The value of my glebe and grass is £5 sterling a-year. My stipend and Communion elements are ascertained in my decret of locality, dated at Edinburgh, 19th December, 1722.

Secundo.—The extent of my parish is 32 miles in length and 12 miles in breadth. There are 842 examinable persons in my

* This would indicate a population of 1776, according to the proportion between examinable persons and population in the parish of Uig. Webster, A.D. 1755, gives 1812 as the population of the parish of Stornoway.

parish.* My parish church is 7 miles distant from the nearest parish church in my neighbourhood. My manse is 16 miles distant from Carlova, the Presbytery seat. It is from Glenelg, the place where our Synod meets, 23 leagues, all by sea. It is from Edinburgh, by sea and land, 300 miles. The parsonage tithes in my parish are 1000 merks, and its yearly rent amounts to 5020 merks. The vicarage tithes in my parish are 700 merks—all heritably in the person of Lord Fortrose by a charter from the Crown.

Quarto.—There is no further subject for the augmentation of ministers' stipends in my parish known by me as yet.

N.B.—The rents of my parish have been considerably raised in the year 1740 beyond what they were at the time of granting our decret of locality.

All the above answers are certified by the foresaid Mr Colin Mackenzie at Stornoway, 22nd November, 1749, in presence of John M'Lennan, schoolmaster, and Roderick Mackenzie, merchant, both at Keos, in the parish of Lochs, &c., &c.

15th October, 1749.—Answers from the Parish of Uig.

Reverend Sir,—In return to the queries sent to us from your Committee, appointed by the late General Assembly for preparing a plan for the augmentation of ministers' stipends, as far as they concern this parish of Uig the following report serves to inform you :—

First.—That the stipends of this parish of Uig amount to 800 merks Scots money, all paid in money—the one half at Martinmas, and the other payable at Whitsunday thereafter, by my Lord Seaforth, sole heritor of the parish. There is no allowance granted to the minister of this parish for Communion elements, but 30 shillings sterling of these 800 merks of stipends are allotted for that use, as will appear from our general decret of locality, dated 19th December, 1722 years, on page 27. The glebe as it is measured, and supposing it were set in tack, the yearly rent of it will only come to £30 Scots, and for grass distinct from the glebe there is no allowance granted in land or money, but liberty of the mountain commonty, which is of no value to the minister in any season of the year. The fuel in this parish is more changeable than any that knows it not well readily credits, and is a considerable burden upon the 773 merks stipend.

* This would indicate a population of 997, according to the proportions found in Uig. Webster, A.D. 1755, gives 1267 as the population of the parish of Lochs.

Secondly.—The parish in length extends to 18 miles, from Mealistay on the west to Dummelassoe on the east side; and 10 miles broad, from Bailnakill, where the manse, church, and glebe are, on the north side, to Keanvresord on the south, where it terminates with the country of Harris. In this parish there are four islands—namely, Berneray More, Berneray Beg, Wina, and Pabbay. The passages of these are all the seasons of the year very dangerous, upon which account the minister, in order to discharge the duties of his function, lies under the necessity of keeping up and maintaining, upon his own proper charges, a large boat and a crew of six men, which every year stands him not less than 160 merks Scots money, which makes the minister of this parish his stipend to be no more than 613 merks Scots money per annum. Two great arms of the sea divide this parish—one of these, called Loch Rogue, 4 miles broad, running 10 miles long within land towards the mountains, in the bosom of which, near the wide ocean, lies the island of Berneray More, the second place of public worship where the minister must preach every third Sabbath; and Berneray Beg, separated by a narrow channel, both 5 miles in length and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad, and inhabited both by 67 families and 180 examinable persons. And west of these islands, in the bosom of the said bay, lies Wina and Pabbay, separated from land by a channel 2 miles broad, and having 5 families and 18 examinable persons. The other bay, dividing the parish on the east side, called Keanlauluvig, 7 miles long running within land, and 2 miles broad; and both these large arms of the sea very there along inhabited on all sides and corners. In this parish there are also three broad rapid rivers, seldom passable but in the summer time of the year. There are also in this parish, including the inhabitants of the said four islands, 259 families and 1247 souls,* and of these 1053 examinable persons; and of that whole number there are not eight souls, young or old, that can read the Scriptures, and have neither school nor catechist, or never had in my time, amongst them, nor could I have obtained it, although I oftener than once made application for it, and this being the most remote parish on this side of Scotland. The case of these starving souls might challenge sympathy and charity at the hands of the managers of the Royal Bounty and the members of the Committee for reformation of the Highlands and Islands, and propagating Christian knowledge. From Berneray More, the second place of public worship in Uig parish, to Lochs, the next adjacent place of public worship, there are 10 miles of deep mountain road, besides

* Webster, A.D. 1755, gives the population of Uig as 1312.

the bay of Keanlauluwig, and to Barvas, on the other hand, 15 miles; from the manse to Stornoway, the Presbytery seat for ordinary, 24 miles, besides Loch Rogue bay; from the manse to Glenelg, the ordinary place of the meeting of our Synod, 24 miles by land and 26 leagues by sea; and from the manse of this parish to Kinghorn, 300 miles sea and land.

Third.—The tithes of the whole country, which are commonly paid in cows and sheep, distinct from land rent and tack duties, are all set in tack to one John MacEiver, tacksman of Delmore, for which he pays 2100 marks Scots money to my Lord Seaforth yearly, he being titular proprietor of all the tithes in the country, and the king patron of all the parishes in it; and of the said tack there are three years yet to run after Whitsunday last, 1749. The whole land rents and tack duties of this parish, distinct from the tithes and casualties, amount to the sum of 6239 marks 12 shillings and 4 pennies Scots money. There are no vacant parishes in this country; all our parishes are planted.

Such members of this Presbytery as are inviolably resolved to make due returns to the queries of your committee by some means or other have such a grand difficulty to make their report, according to all the particulars demanded in the fourth query and its appendix, that the few reports that will be sent to you from us can be attended with no greater authority than every particular minister his own attestation; and, as this is my case, the foresaid facts, in name and by appointment of the said Committee as above, are given at Uig the 15th day of October, 1749 years, and attested by R.D.B.—Your affectionate brother and most humble servant in the Lord,

(Signed) NORMAND MORISON.

28th August, 1749.—Answer to the queries proposed by the late General Assembly to every Presbytery and individual minister, for augmenting of ministers' stipends, from the minister of Barvass, in Lewis.

First.—The amount of the stipend of this parish by decret of locality, dated the 19th December, 1722 years, from Glenkindies rental is yearly £539 15s 4d Scots, of which for Communion elements £20 Scots, thus paid by one heritor, namely Seaforth. As to the third article, when my glebe was measured, Anno 1730, the amount of glebe and grass then yearly was £43 13s 4d Scots. N.B.—In the year 1740 the rents were augmented, so that from the above sum, when the glebe was mett, it amounts now yearly to £74 13s 4d.

As to the *second* query, the extent of the parish of Barvass is 16 miles from the Butt of Lewis to Shabost south-west; Carlova, a place for worship in the parish of Lochs, from Barvass the principal place for worship in this parish, is 12 miles; from Barvass to Swanibost, another place for worship in this parish, is 12 miles distant the one from the other; and from Swanibost to Graize, a place for worship in the parish of Stornobay, south-east from Swanibost, is 12 miles.

Third.—As to the distance betwixt me and Presbytery seat, it's sometimes ten, twelve, sometimes fifteen miles, all deep moss and rapid water.

Fourth.—The distance betwixt me and the Synod seat is 10 miles by land and 26 leagues by sea.

Fifth.—The distance betwixt Barvass, my place of residence, and Edinburgh, as I can best calculate, is 310 miles by sea and land. N.B.—In the year 1740 the rents were augmented in this island, and milns were set up in every corner or district, and such places as milns could not be got, pays dry matter. So that, from the augmentation of rent and payment for milns, this parish rent is per annum 5520 marks 10 shillings Scots. The vicarage of this island besides is 2001 marks, besides what the factor has in tack, and it's given in tack to Jo. MacEwen, officer, till May, 1752. The Crown rent of this island is yearly £20 Scots. The number of families in this parish are 336, and of examinable persons 1453.* Barvass, the 28th day of August, 1749.—Signed, in presence of James Thomson, schoolmaster, and Donald Morison, in the said parish—(Signed) Murdo Morison; James Thomson, witness; Donald Morison, witness.

Extract from Answer by John Macpherson, minister of Sleat.

The extent of my parish, according to the computation here, is in length 12 miles, and in breadth $2\frac{1}{2}$. Our Highland miles are, beyond comparison, longer than those in the low country, and the miles in Sleat are, as far as I had occasion to know, much the longest in all the Highlands. The number of examinable persons here is 790. Our parish church is at the distance of 8 Highland miles from each of the two in the neighbourhood, and the roads extremely disagreeable.

* This indicates a population of 1721, according to the proportion of souls to examinable persons in Uig, or a population of only 1616 if the families, as in Uig, numbered only 4.81 persons each. Webster, A.D. 1755, gives 1995 as the population of Barvas.

Extract Answer to Queries by John M'Leod, minister of Durinish.

The stipend of the said parish is only 800 merks Scots, according to the use and wont of payment. There is no decret of locality. It is all payable in money by a sole heritor, who also is in use to furnish the Communion elements. The yearly value of glebe and grass, if set in tack, would be 100 merks Scots. The parish is generally inhabited along the coast, the midland part of it being mountains and moors. The sea pierces a far way into the land in several parts. This occasions many lochs and bays, long and large promontories and points, and several large and rapid rivers without bridges. It is computed to exceed 80 Highland miles in circumference. It is in some places 12, in some 15 miles in length and breadth, and contains 2195 examinable persons, and has in it four stated places for worship, all above 4 miles distant from one another.

Extract Answers by William M'Leod, minister of Bracadale.

The amount of my stipend is 800 merks Scots, all paid in money by the laird of M'Leod, patron and sole heritor of my parish, who likewise pays me yearly 105 merks for glebe and manse, together with as much bread and wine as I please to call for out of his cellar for Communion elements, when occasion requires. You are to advert that there is no decret of locality, but all use and wont founded upon the of the heritors' predecessors, and the ministers settled here after the Reformation. My parish is 14 miles in length, and 5, 6, 7, and 8 miles in breadth in different parts. The number of examinable persons is 1400. There are two places of worship, in which I preach by turns, at the distance of 6 miles from each other. Bracadale, one of the said places of worship, and next to Durinish, my neighbouring parish to the westward, is at the distance of 7 miles from Dilmuir, the parish church there, and 5 miles from the next place of worship in the parish of Snizort, and 8 miles from the next place of worship in the parish of Portree. Minginish, the other place of worship in this parish, is at the distance of 8 miles from said church of Portree, and 15 miles from the church of Strath, my neighbouring parish to the south-east. My dwelling-house is 9 miles from the ordinary seat of the Presbytery, and 23 from that of the Synod, and 140 miles from Edinburgh. It must be observed that Highland miles are considered longer than those in the low country.

Extract Answers by Rev. Donald Macqueen, Kilmuir.

The parish of Kilmuir, in Trotternish, lies on the northern extremity of that barony, divided through the middle by a ridge of hills. From Bellich-na-Cabir, on the western side of them, to Aird, on the point of Hunish, is 6 miles long. From the said point of Hunish to the water of Yot, on the east side of these hills, is likewise 6 miles and some odds, and from east to west is a trifle more than 4 miles broad. The present incumbent, Mr Donald Macqueen, lives by the northern extremity of the above-mentioned hills in a town called Kindrum, the most convenient place of residence he could choose for attending the two places of worship on the west and east side. The parish church, which lies on the west side, is 2 miles distant from him, and the other meeting place 3 miles. He has an impetuous river to wade through before he comes at the first, and has two of that sort betwixt him and the last. This parish is the best peopled of its extent within the bounds of the Synod, consisting of no less than 1300 examinable persons and upwards. Kindrum lies at the distance of 15 miles from Renetras, the seat of the neighbouring parish church of Snizort, 20 miles from Portree, where our Presbytery sometimes meets, and five-and-twenty from Sconsar, the ordinary seat. As he has eight rivers and a ferry to cross before he arrives at each, the journey must be so much the more dangerous and fatiguing. The stipend of this parish is 800 merks, and 40 merks for Communion elements. The minister has neither glebe or manse, so it cannot be valued. It seems the several incumbents have chosen to content themselves with a tack of lands rather than incur the displeasure of the heritors by taking the benefit of the law in that respect. If you give yourselves the trouble of looking at the decret of locality, passed in the year 1726, you shall find what free teinds were then unaffected in this parish. That and the Bishop's teinds formerly payable to the Synod of Argyle makes the only fund here for your purpose. Whether the present rental exceeds the previous one, which was the intention of their Lordship's decret on that occasion, I shall not say. The truth of the above particulars is attested by (signed) Donald Macqueen, minister.—Kendrum, October 11th, 1749.

Answers by Mr Alexander Fraser and Mr Alexander Macbain, ministers at Inverness, to the queries proposed by the Committee of the late General Assembly appointed to prepare a plan for the augmentation of ministers' stipends.

The amount of our stipends, according to use and wont, and as contained in lists of stipends handed down to us from our predecessors in office and their collectors, is as follows :—

Mr Fraser's yearly stipend in victual is 84 bolls, half meal, half bere, which, according to the conversion of this country in the sale of lands—namely, 100 merks the chalder, is £350 ; the teind money and vicarage payable to him amounted to £356 19s 2d—in all, £706 19s 2d.

Mr Macbain's yearly stipend in victual as above is 84 bolls, which is £350 ; the teind money and vicarage payable to him amount to £356 19s 2d—in all, £706 19s 2d.

Our victual is payable by 35 heritors, and some years by many more, as the lands near the town go off from hand to hand, so that what was paid by one heritor some years ago is now paid by ten. Some of our victual is paid in one firloft, some in two, some in three firlofts. Our teind money and vicarage is paid, generally speaking, by the heritors, but some of them have laid it upon tenants, and it is paid in very small items. The Town Council added to the stipend of their three ministers, out of the fund of 2 pennies upon the pint of ale and beer, £424 13s 4d Scots money, to put their stipends upon a par, and £200 to a collector to lift their stipend, but have paid none of those sums since Anno 1737, for which there is a process in dependence before the Court of Session. The town and territories were, in use and wont, to pay Mr Fraser and Mr Macbain £36 in lieu of small tithes, but have stopped payment for some years past, because we could not produce our decret of plat, which came but lately to our knowledge, and is now in the hands of Mr Bayley, one of the agents of the Church, which bears date Edinburgh, 1665. Mr Fraser's glebe, with the houses upon it, is set at present to several persons at £112 6s 8d. Mr Macbain's glebe, that has more houses built upon it, is set to many persons at £200. We have no manses—only 100 merks each of us from the town in lieu of a manse, which comes far short of the rent of houses we have been obliged to pay, which was some years £10, and some years £9, and never under £8 sterling per annum. We have no grass nor any allowance for it. Our fuel, between peats and coal, which are both very dear in this place, cost each of us yearly about £10 sterling. The extent of the parish of Inverness and Bona from east to west is 9 miles ; the breadth of it, for the most part, 2 miles. The town of Inverness, the Presbytery seat, is distant from the Kirk of Petty, to the east, 4 miles ; from the

Kirk of Daviot, to the south, 4 miles ; from the Kirk of Kirkhill, to the north-west, 5 miles ; and from the Kirk of Dores, to the south-west, 6 miles. It is distant from Forres, one of the Synod seats, 20 miles ; and from Elgin, the other seat, 28 miles ; and from Edinburgh, 100 miles. As to the free tithes, we can give no account of them.

The reason why we did not make answers to the above queries sooner is that we expected our decret of plat, to compare it with our lists of the use and wont of our stipends. This is subscribed by us at Inverness, March the 3rd, 1750, in presence of Gillies Kerr and Alexander Macgregor, masters of Raining's School there, witnesses to our subscriptions.—(Signed) Alexander Fraser, Alexander Macbain.

At Dingwall, the 21st day of December, 1750 years, in presence of Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coull, Baronet ; Captain Alexander Mackenzie of Dachmalnach, Sheriff-Substitute of Ross and Cromarty ; Alexander Mackenzie of Fairburn ; Roderick Mackenzie, younger of Redcastle ; Thomas Mackenzie, younger of Highfield ; and Alexander Mackenzie of Lentron, freeholders in the county of Ross, met, by appointment of the Sheriff of Ross, to consider of the reports made by the Synod of Ross to the last General Assembly with respect to their stipends, glebes, &c.

The said freeholders, in the first place, made choice of Andrew Robertson, clerk, of Dingwall, to be their clerk ; thereafter proceeded to make the following remarks so far as concerns the Presbyteries of Gairloch and Dingwall :—

Presbytery of Gairloch.

Gairloch Parish.—As to the glebe, the same, legally measured out, sows 2 bolls bere and 4 bolls oats, which commonly yield in produce 12 bolls bere and 12 bolls oats, grasses 15 milk cows, 9 horses, and 60 sheep yearly ; and the expense of firing costs the minister not one pound sterling yearly, as per Gairloch's letter.

Applecross Parish.—The glebe—As stated in the report, only the house, garden, and office houses set, over and above the sum stated at a separate rent, as a legal manse, though deserted by the incumbent ; and his church, though small, repaired, and sufficient for the congregation that generally meet in that place. Though the Communion elements are yearly paid, yet the Sacrament has not been administered in that parish but four times

these twenty years past. He keeps a small boat for the convenience of his fishing, and where he lives now, the moss very nigh his house ; and even if he lived at his manse, which is turned ruinous by his non-residence, the moss not one quarter of a mile from the manse ; and, at the Presbytery's desire, the principal heritor, Applecross, gave him a tolerance of his own moss, which is still nearer the minister's house, in consequence whereof the expense of his firing must be much the same with that of Gairloch. It is to be observed likewise by Applecross's letter, and vouched by others, that he is content to contract with the whole Presbytery of Gairloch for meal, at 10 merks per boll yearly. The minister, a clergyman's son, and has a considerable land property and money stocked otherwise.

Lochbroom Parish.—The glebe, as stated in the report, was a mortification left by Colin, Lord Kintail, to the parish of Lochbroom, then valued at 300 merks yearly, and now could be set at 400 merks yearly. The manse in good order, and the kirk recently repaired.

Lochcarron Parish.—The same with respect to Gairloch and Applecross parishes as to firing.

Lochalsh Parish.—Same as the preceding.

Glenshiel, alias Letterfairn.—It is to be observed, with regard to this parish, that seldom, if ever, accidents happen to horses in carrying home firing. The minister is in the same situation with respect to firing with the rest of his parochiners, and, by the information we can have, the expense of cutting, winning, and leading the same will not exceed 50s sterling yearly. It is true he has no legal manse or church ; but some years ago, when the glebes of the parishes of Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron were legally measured, the proprietor, Lord Fortrose, was decerned in £1000 sterling to make up churches and manses in the above parishes, in consequence of which decreet the church and manse of Lochcarron were built and repaired, and the proprietor is to build one yearly in each parish until the sentence of the Presbytery is implemented, and they had all of them been finished ere now if the materials had not been at such considerable distance. The minister lays out yearly 1000 merks at interest, and lives by the benefit of the tack he has from Lord Fortrose, and this owing chiefly to the profit of the grass revenues in these countries, and the easy expense of living there.

Kintail Parish.—The same as to glebe and firing with all the former ministers.

23rd MARCH, 1887.

At the meeting of the Society, held this evening, Provost Macandrew, Inverness, read a paper on "The Picts." Provost Macandrew's paper here follows:—

THE PICTS.

Within historic times there were three areas inhabited by people who were known by the name of Picts, or by its equivalent Cruithne—if, indeed, that word is the Gaelic equivalent of Picti. These were (1) the whole of Scotland north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde; (2) the district of Galloway; and (3) a small part of the north-east of Ireland, forming the counties of Down and Antrim, and which was called Dalaradia.

If these were all divisions of the same race or people, the most important portion were those who dwelt north of the Friths, and whose country was known as Pictavia, Pictland, or Cruithentuath—and was the Pictish kingdom down to the time of Kenneth MacAlpin and his immediate successors. Now, there are certain matters connected with the civil and ecclesiastical history of this portion of the Picts about which historians talk in a very loose and inaccurate way—and in a way calculated to give rise to the impression that they were divided into two distinct races or even kingdoms of Northern and the Southern Picts, separated from each other by the Grampians—while it is constantly and directly stated that the Southern Picts, meaning those dwelling south of the Grampians, were converted to Christianity by St Ninian in the beginning of the fifth century, and about 150 years before the Mission of Saint Columba. Thus Skene talks of Brude as King of the Northern Picts, and of Columba's Mission to the Northern Picts, while other writers say or suggest that the one division of the Picts consisted of a non-Aryan and the other of a Celtic tribe. I venture, however, to maintain that we have no ground for supposing that there was any civil, or political, or ecclesiastical, or racial distinction or division between the people living north and south of the Grampians, and that within historic times they always formed one kingdom. Indeed, Skene must have been perfectly aware that there was only one monarchy, for although, as I have said, he calls Brude King of the Northern Picts, he says at another place that the King would appear to have been furnished by the Northern and Southern portions alternately. The inaccuracy has arisen from attaching too much importance to, or

misunderstanding certain passages in, Bede. At one place Bede says :—" In the year of our Lord 565, when Justin, the younger, the successor of Justinian, had the government of the Roman Empire, there came into Britain a famous priest and abbot, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the Word of God to the provinces of the Northern Picts, who are separated from the Southern parts by steep and rugged mountains ; for the Southern Picts who dwell on this side of these mountains had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry and embraced the truth by the preaching of St Ninian, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth, whose Episcopal See, named after St Martin the Bishop, and famous for a stately Church (wherein he and many other saints rest in the body) is still in existence among the English nation. The place belongs to the Province of the Bernicians, and is generally called the White House, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons." It appears to me that, in this and other similar passages, when he talks of Southern or Cismontane Picts, Bede either meant the Picts of Galloway, or he himself was misled by a mistaken interpretation of his own authorities. So far as can be learned from Bede's history, he knew of no Picts except those living north of the Friths, and in the passage I have quoted he talks of the district where St Ninian's Church was—that is, the district of Galloway—as belonging to the Province of the Bernicians. But in his life of Saint Cuthbert he tells us that that Saint, on one occasion, went to the land of the Picts, who are called Niduarii, and Skene ingeniously argues that these could only mean the Picts of the Nid or Nith. I think, however, that this is a curious instance of a straining of an authority on Skene's part. The story of Bede is that St Cuthbert went from the monastery to the Niduarii by sea—" Navigando"—that because the sea was calm they hoped soon to return ; that a storm came on which detained them ; that St Cuthbert prophesied how long the storm was to last ; and that at the time foretold the storm abated, and they returned with a fair wind. The whole story is of a journey by sea. Now, at that time St Cuthbert was most probably residing in his parent monastery of Abercorn, at any rate he was residing somewhere on the East Coast of Northumberland, which then extended to the Forth, and the idea that he should attempt to go thence to Galloway by sea is not tenable. I incline to think, therefore, that Bede did not know of the Picts of Galloway ; but it is quite possible

that on some of his journeys St Cuthbert may have been at a monastery on the southern shores of the Solway Frith, and may have crossed to Galloway by sea, and that, therefore, Skene may be right in supposing that the Picts called Niduarii were the Picts of Galloway. If this is so, then I think that the natural inference from the passage I have quoted and similar passages is that Bede meant these Picts when he spoke of the Southern Picts, and he might very well describe them as separated from the Northern Picts—that is, the Picts north of the Friths—by steep and rugged mountains. On the other hand, if he did not know of the Galloway Picts, it is easy to account for his falling into an error about them. Bede lived from 673 to 735, and his history ends in 731. Now, he tells us that in or about 655 Oswy, King of Northumbria, subdued the greater part of the Picts: that in or about 669 Wilfred filled the Bishoprick of York and of all the Northumbrians, and of “the Picts as far as the dominions of King Oswy extended;” that about 685 the Picts regained their liberty, and that “Trumwine, who had been made bishop over them, withdrew with his people that were in the monastery of Abercurnaig (Abercorn), seated in the country of the English, but close to the arm of the sea which parts the country of the English and the Picts.” We thus see that in Bede’s own time there was a temporary political and ecclesiastical separation of the Picts dwelling south of the Grampians—for this must necessarily have been the portion conquered by Oswy—and those dwelling north of these mountains, who remained independent. Bede heard or read of the Southern Picts having been converted by St Ninian in collecting materials for his history; and he may, if he knew of no other Picts—very naturally, but yet erroneously—have supposed that they were those whom he knew of as for a time separated from the rest of their countrymen by the political and ecclesiastical subjection to Northumbria—that is, those dwelling south of the Grampians. There are many grounds which show that, if this was his meaning, it was an error on his part.

St Ninian lived about 410, and established himself at Whithern, in Galloway, where, we are told, he built a white or stone church in the Roman manner, and converted the Southern Picts. Now, if there was a race of Picts in Galloway then, and we know no reason to suppose that the Galloway Picts settled there at any later time, they would be the people with whom he came in contact, and Whithern would be the natural place to establish a mission to them; whereas it would be a very unsuitable place to

establish a mission to a people living beyond the Forth. It is very unlikely, therefore, that Saint Ninian's mission was to the people beyond the Forth, and, although the dedications of churches to him have been appealed to, they really establish nothing. There are in Scotland 21 churches dedicated to him north of the Grampians, 23 between the Grampians and the Friths, and 17 south of the Friths, while there are many in England.

Be this as it may, however—Bede himself talks in many places of the kingdom and of the king of the Picts, and nowhere of two kings at the same time—Adamnan, who lived from 624 to 704, always speaks of the province or kingdom of the Picts as one kingdom, and gives no hint of any division either racial or political. There are lists of the kings of the Picts, which, from the time of Columba at least, are historical, and these only give one king at a time, except in one or two instances. In fact, it seems, notwithstanding the passages in Bede which I have mentioned, to be as certain as anything at that distance of time can be, that, from the time of Columba and previously—as certainly was the case in later times—the Picts north of the Friths were the subjects of one monarchy, and formed one kingdom.

The question naturally arises were the Picts of Galloway and of Ireland of the same race as what may be called the main body living north of the Friths. If we could answer this question satisfactorily, we could answer most of the other questions about the Picts which have so long been discussed without, as yet, any very certain or very satisfactory result—and it appears to me that this question, especially with reference to the Irish Picts, has not been sufficiently examined.

Of the early history of the Picts of Galloway, we know nothing. Unless they were the Niduarii, Bede does not mention them. Adamnan says nothing about them, and we have no mention of them until comparatively recent times. Chalmers states that they came from Ulster and settled in Galloway in the eighth century, but Skene has shown that this statement is founded on a misunderstanding of two passages in the Annals of Ulster. In historical times, and long after the name of Picts, as applied to the people north of the Friths, had disappeared, they were known as Picts, and a body of them is mentioned as forming part of the Scottish army at the battle of the Standard, when they claimed a right to lead the van of the army. All that can be said, therefore, is that they were called Picts, and that we have no record of their migration into that district. That they spoke Gaelic is undoubted. If, therefore, they were the same race as the Picts

north of the Friths, we might, with some confidence, conclude that Gaelic was the Pictish language.

In the case of the Irish Picts, Skene asserts that they were undoubtedly the same as the Scottish Picts, and that they were, in fact, one people and under one rule till the time of Fiacha Mac Beadan, who was king of Ulster from 589 to 626 ; and he says further, that the whole people of Ulster were Picts until the fall of the kingdom of Emania in or about the year 331. If this could be established, it would be of the utmost importance. The Ultonians were, during the existence of the kingdom of Emania, the most civilised and famous of all the inhabitants of Ireland, and to them belong all the glories of the Red Branch Knights, of Cuchulain, and other heroes, and if Finn was not of their race he was much associated with them. If Skene is right, the common possession of the legends of all these people by the inhabitants of the two countries is explained, and the question of the Pictish language and race would be in a fair way of settlement. It can hardly be said, however, that Skene has established his point. The arguments in favour of his contention are not clearly or concisely stated in any of his writings, but they appear to be these. According to the Irish Annals, the Ultonians were driven out of Emania by the three Collas about A.D. 331 ; they were driven into the country now forming the counties of Down and Antrim, and O'Curry says that they remained there ever after, and received the name of Dal-Araidhe. Now, this is the district which was inhabited by the people called Cruithne in later times. According to the legendary history of Ireland, there was much intercourse between Ulster and Scotland in the earliest times—Cuchulain and other heroes are mentioned as having learned feats of arms in Skye ; the children of Uisneach, when they fled from the King of Ulster, took refuge in Scotland ; in one of the Pictish chronicles mention is made of thirty kings of the name of Brude, who reigned over Erin and Alban for 148 years. And the Irish Annals mention some Kings of Ulster who were also kings of Alban. On the other hand, the Irish Annals claim the Ultonians as descendants of Ir, one of the sons of Milesius, and therefore Scots. The Irish Annals mention no kings of Ulster bearing the same name as the kings contained in the list of Pictish Kings of Alban. During the famous time of the Ulster kingdom they do not mention the Ultonians as Cruithne, and any mention I have seen of Cruithne, or Cruithentuath, in the Earlier Irish Annals points to the people and the country of Alban. It is remarkable, too, that in mentioning the Irish Picts, Adamnan always calls them Cruithne, while

the inhabitants of Alban are called Picti or Pictones. It cannot be said, therefore, that it is established that the Irish and Scottish Picts were of one race; but, as I have said, the question has not received the amount of attention which it deserves. It will not be questioned, I presume, that the Irish Picts were a Celtic, Gaelic-speaking people.

The controversy as to who the Picts were usually rages round their name, their language, their physical characteristics, and certain peculiar customs which were attributed to them, and on each of these points I will venture to make some remarks.

The attempt to trace the Picts all over Europe and Asia by their name of Picts always appears to me to be childish. The people of the Northern part of Britain were first called by the name of Picts by Eumenius, who was a professor of rhetoric, and a writer of panygerics in or about the year 297. Previous to that time the inhabitants of Caledonia had been known to the Romans as Caledonians, Dicaledonæ and Vecturiones, Meatae, and other names; and Ptolemy, who lived in the second century, and gives a detailed geographical account of Britain, mentions various tribes as inhabiting Scotland, but none with names in the least resembling Picts or Picti, although on the west coast of northern Argyll and Inverness he places two tribes, named respectively Creones and Cerones—names bearing some resemblance to Cruithne as it is pronounced. There is no doubt that very soon after the time of Eumenius the name became the one always used by the Roman writers for the people of Northern Britain, and in the earliest books we have by native Scottish or Irish writers it is the name which they also use when writing in Latin. The fact remains, however, that Picti was a Latin name given to the people in the end of the third century, and not sooner; while it is certain that among themselves and their neighbours, who did not speak Latin, they were known as Cruithne. To connect this people, therefore, with Pictavia and the Pictones in France, known by these names in the time of Julius Cæsar, or with places or peoples in Europe or Asia which bore a somewhat similar name, and which could not have been colonised by Scottish Picts after they became known by that name, seems absurd.

The usual assumption is that the Picts were so called by the Romans because they painted themselves, or tattooed themselves, and that the name signified the painted people. There is no end of authority for this; but it is remarkable that, with the exception of Julius Cæsar and Herodian, all the writers who talk of the Picts painting or tattooing themselves, write after the name was given,

and that for 200 years the Romans were in contact with the people without giving them any such name. Innes accounts for this by saying that all the inhabitants of Britain had at one time painted themselves, that by the end of the third century the inhabitants of the Roman province had given up the practice, and that hence the name was given to the Northern people, who still practised it. This is ingenious; but by the end of the third century the Romans were well acquainted with the Saxons, who are also said to have painted themselves, and also with the Scots from Ireland, who were at least not more civilised than the Picts, and who would probably not differ from their neighbours in a practice of this kind, so that even at that time the peculiarity would not have been confined to the Caledonians. On the other hand, it is said that the name which the people gave themselves in their own language means the same or nearly the same as the Latin word, and if this is so we must assume either that the people had named themselves from a practice which was not peculiar to them in early times, if we are to accept the statements of historians on the point, or that they adopted a Roman nick-name, translated it into their own language, and invented an eponymus bearing the name for themselves. Neither of these assumptions is probable; and for myself I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that the Romans translated the word Cruithne into Picti, and that all the stories about painting and tattooing mainly arose round that word. This is clear, that no trace of such a custom remained to historic times, or has left any trace of its existence in native legend or literature; that Tacitus, who had his information from Agricola, does not mention any such custom; and that the writers who tell us about the tattooing also tell us many things which cannot be other than travellers' tales, such as that our mountains were waterless, that our ancestors went about naked, that they passed days in wading up to their waists in rivers and arms of the sea, or immersed in bogs; and even Tacitus tells us that the water of our seas was thick and sluggish, and difficult for the rower, and that it was never disturbed by storms.

Beyond establishing that the name of Picts can give us no assistance in tracing the history or migrations of the people, we must leave the question of the name in an unsatisfactory condition. If any information is to be derived from the name it must be from the name Cruithne which the people called themselves, and as yet philologists are not agreed on the meaning of this name—some deriving it from a root which means form, and others from a root which means wheat. It would be interesting if we could

establish that our ancestors were the first who introduced the cultivation of wheat into Britain.

As to the language, the first question to be settled—and it is yet very far from settlement—is whether the Picts spoke a separate language or not. The case of those who assert that they did rests mainly on the authority of Bede and of Adamnan. The former says:—“This island at present, following the number of the Books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations—the English, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins—each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scriptures, become common to all the rest.” Now, Bede was a monk, and not free from the conceits and fancies of monkish writers. In this passage he wishes to make the nationalities and languages or dialects in which Divine truth was studied equal to the number of the books of Moses, and to do so he drags in a nationality which did not exist in Britain in his time—viz., the Latin. To make up five languages he required the Pictish, and looking to the object he had in making up the number five, I think it may very safely be held that the passage does not necessarily imply more than that the Picts spoke a dialect different from that of the Britons and the Scots. The authority of Adamnan is not so easily disposed of. He mentions two instances in which St Columba had to use an interpreter in explaining the word to inhabitants of Albyn. On one occasion the Saint was in Skye, and an old man named Artbranan, the chief of the Genoa Cohort arrived in a boat, and, being carried to his feet, was instructed by him through an interpreter and was baptised. The river in which he was baptised was called after him, “Dobur Artbranan.” There is nothing in the passage to indicate where Artbranan came from, but it can only be assumed, as he was in a dying condition, that he came from some neighbouring part of Skye or the Mainland, and these at the time were undoubtedly inhabited by Picts. In the other instance Columba is said to have been tarrying for some days in the Province of the Picts, when a certain peasant, who, with his whole family, listened to and learned through an interpreter the word of life, was baptised. These passages seem to imply that talking to Picts Columba required an interpreter, but it is argued that, even if he did, a different language is not necessarily implied, and that a different dialect of the same language would equally account for the necessity. On the other hand, there are numerous instances mentioned of conversations between Columba and Picts, and of discussions between him and the Pictish Druids without

any mention of an interpreter. So far, therefore, as historic authority goes, it does not necessarily or even probably establish a distinct language. And certainly not a non-Celtic language.

The remains of what is said to be the Pictish language are sufficiently meagre. Bede mentions one word, "Peanfahel," the head or end of the wall. O'Curry says there is only one word of the language remaining, viz., "Cartit"—a pin, which is given in Cormac's Glossary. One of the monastic registers gives us "Scollothes," given in Latin as "Scolasticus," but meaning some inferior monastic grade of persons who devoted themselves to the cultivation of land, and from other sources we have "Ur" and "Diuperr," the latter meaning a rich man. These, and the names of the Pictish kings and a few names of places, are all that remain. As to what these words prove philologists are not agreed, and the question must be left with them; and I would merely remark that the manner in which some of them dabble Celtic Picts, non-Aryan Picts, Goidels, and Brythons all over the country, on the authority of a chance word or name, appears utterly rash and unscientific. If anything is to be established on philological grounds, every word said on any ground to be Pictish, and every place name in the district inhabited by the people, should be distinctly and separately analysed, and when this is done we shall know whether philology can tell us anything on the subject or not.

To me it always appears that it is vain to contend that the Picts spoke a non-Gaelic language. They composed a separate and organised kingdom from the time of Columba (565) to the time of Kenneth Macalpine (850) at least, and, giving all possible effect to the fact that during that time they had a clergy mainly Scottish, who used the Scottish language as the language of culture and literature, it cannot be supposed that, if in Columba's time they spoke a language of a different family from the Gaelic, it would not have left broad and unmistakable marks in the topography of the country, and in the Gaelic language which they adopted.

The physical characteristics have given also much ground for controversy. The question of broad and long skulls may be dismissed on the ground that, even if this peculiarity indicated a distinction of race—and this is not now held to be entirely established—it proves nothing about the Picts. The authority of Tacitus has been much relied on as proving that the Caledonians, who are assumed—and, I think, justly assumed—to be the same as the people afterwards called Picts, were Teutonic. In discussing the question of the origin of the inhabitants of Britain, he says that the temperament of body is various, "whence deductions are formed

of their different origin ;” and thus, he says, the large limbs and red hair of the Caledonians point to a German origin. This is, however, a mere inference, and in a general survey he says that the probability is that Britain was peopled from Gaul—that the sacred rites and superstitions were similar, and that the language of the two peoples did not greatly differ. We know now that large limbs and red or fair hair were as much characteristics of Celts as of Germans, and we are as well able to draw inferences from the possession of them as Tacitus. In a poem, said to be very ancient, and describing events in the reign of Conaire Mor, who was king of Ireland, and died about the year 30 B.C., three exiles from Cruithentuath are described as great brown men, with round heads of hair of equal length at poll and forehead. These, as far as I have seen, are the only descriptions of the physical characteristics of Picts, and they really prove nothing.

When we come to the customs of the Picts, we get on a subject of great interest and difficulty. I dismiss the stories of Roman writers about cannibalism, community of women, children belonging to the tribe and not to the parents, and the pauper King, who was not allowed to have either wife or property, as mere travellers’ tales. Tacitus says nothing of any such customs, and in the speech which he puts into the mouth of Galgacus, he treats the family relations as thoroughly well established among the Caledonians. In Adamnan there is abundant evidence that marriage was thoroughly recognised among the Picts in Columba’s time, and there are frequent mention of wife and family, and of wives as possessing an influential position in the family. And courtesans are frequently mentioned as a disgraceful class. So far, there is nothing to show that the Picts were in a different stage of civilisation from the rest of the inhabitants of Britain. They had, however, one custom, the evidence of which is distinct, and which is very singular. Bede gives the legend about the Picts having arrived in Britain without wives, and applying to the Scots for them, who gave them on condition, “that when any difficulty should arise they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male, which custom, as is well known, has been observed among the Picts to this day.” And here Bede is corroborated by the lists of Pictish kings in all the chronicles in which a list is given. In no case does a son succeed a father, and in no case does a father of any king himself appear in the list of kings ; and yet there is no mention of a female sovereign. In later times we know that foreigners were the

fathers of the Scottish kings. Bile, the King of Alclyde, was father of one of the Brudes. Maelchon, a Welsh leader, was father of another Brude. A brother of one of the kings of Northumberland was father of another Pictish king; and on one occasion two brothers were kings of the Picts and of Dalriada respectively at the same time. There can be little doubt that Kenneth Mac-Alpin or his father claimed the Pictish throne, in right of succession to a mother of the royal race. It will be seen that this custom is very peculiar. It is not a case of the right of women to succeed and reign, but of men succeeding and reigning in virtue of their being sons of their mother and not of their father. It is supposed that this custom pointed to a state of society in which there was promiscuous intercourse between the sexes, and there was therefore no certain paternity, and our distinguished townsman, Mr J. F. Maclennan, has shown in his book on primitive marriage that probably all races passed through such a stage. But it is well established that the Aryan races had passed through this stage and established the institution of marriage before they left their original home in Central Asia. And it is contended therefore that this custom indicated a non-Aryan origin of the Picts. It is to be observed, however, that among them the custom seems to have been confined to the Royal family and to succession to the throne, and that it did not, so far as the list of kings show, or so far as Bede indicates, show any uncertainty as to the paternity of the kings—the names of the fathers are always given and not the names of the mothers. Except on the supposition that it was a survival from a time when intercourse was promiscuous and paternity uncertain, it is difficult to account for such a custom, and there is no doubt that it constitutes a difficulty, and the main difficulty in the way of belief in the Picts as an Aryan people. No explanation has yet been given of it.

On the whole, then, and although the question is not free from doubt, it will be seen that the great weight of evidence goes to show the Picts were a Celtic Gaelic-speaking people, and it is probable that they were the earliest immigration of that people into Britain, and came, as their own legends tell, from Scythia, that is North Germany, which undoubtedly was peopled by Celts before it was peopled by Germans.

30th MARCH, 1887.

At the Society's meeting this evening Messrs John Maccallum, builder, Fort-William; William Mitchell, draper, do.; N. B. Mackenzie, banker, do.; Dr Miller, Belford Hospital, do.; and Mr Neil Mackintosh of Raigmore were elected ordinary members of the Society.

Thereafter a Gaelic paper by Mr A. A. Carmichael, Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, was read. The paper was entitled "Deirdire," and is as follows:—

DEIRDIRE.*

Bha fear ann an Eirinn uair ris an canadhte Colum Cruitire. Bha an duine na dhuine coir agus cuid mhath de chuibrionn an t-saoghail aige. Bha bean aige, ach cha robh duine teaghlaich aca. Rainig am fear agus a' bhean aois mhor, air alt agus nach robh duil aca ri duine sliochd gu brath.

Gu de chuala Colum Cruitire ach gun robh fiosaiche air tighinn dachaidh dha 'n aite, agus bho 'n a bha an duine na dhuine coir bha toil aige gun tigeadh am fiosaiche faisge daibh. Ge b' e co dhiu chuireadh fios air no thainig e leis fein, thainig am fiosaiche dh-ionnsaidh tigh Choluim Chruitire.

"Am bheil thu a' deanamh fiosachd?" orsa Calum Cruitire. "Tha mi a' deanamh beagan. Am bheil fiosachd ga do dhith?" ors' am fiosaiche. "An ta, tha mi coma ged a ghabhainn fiosachd uait, na 'm bitheadh fiosachd agad domh, agus gum b' e do thoil a deanamh." "Ma ta, ni mise fiosachd duit. Gu de an seorsa fiosachd a ta uait?" "An ta, bha fiosachd uam fhein thu dh-innseadh domh no chor, no gu de bha ri eirigh domh, no na 'm faodadh tu fiosrachadh a thoirt domh air." "An ta, tha mi dol a mach, agus an uair a thilleas mi steach cuiridh mi ceist riut;" agus chaidh am fiosaiche mach as an tigh. Cha robh e fada mach an uair a thill e steach. "An robh duine teaghlaich riamh ort?" ors' am fiosaiche. "An ta, cha robh," orsa Colum Cruitire; "cha robh duine sliochd orm fhein no air an te ta agam riamh, agus chan 'eil duil-a'm gum bi gu brath. Chan 'eil agam ach mi fhein agus mo bhean." "Ma ta," ors' am fiosaiche, "tha sin a' cur neonachais orm fhein, agus mi faicinn anns an dailgneachd agam

* Seanachaidh—Iain Mac-Neill ("Iain Donn"), coitear am Buile-nam-bodach, Barraidh. Aois Iain Duinn—83, agus co-aois an t-Seanalair Mhic-Neill, Tighearna Bharraidh, na 'm bu bheo e. Sgrìobhta le Alastair Mac-gillemhicheil, 16, Mart, 1867.

gur ann mu dheighinn nighinne duit is mutha dhoirtear a dh-fhuil a dhoirteadh riamh ann an Eirinn, o chionn re agus linn. Agus ni na tri olaich is ainmeile bha riamh ri fhaighinn an cinn a chall air a tailibh." "An e sin fiosachd a tha thu a' deanamh domh?" orsa Colum Cruitire, le feirge, agus e saoil sinn gun robh am fiosaiche fanaidh air. "An ta, is e," ors' am fiosaiche. "An ta, ma 's e sin fiosachd a ta thu deanamh domh faodaidh tu a cumail agad fhein; cha mhor is d' fhiach thu fein no do chuid fiosachd, agus bi gabhail rathaid eile." "An ta," ors' am fiosaiche, "tha mise ga do dheanamh cinnteach gu leoir as sud; tha mi ga fhaicinn sud gle riochdail am inntinn fhein." "An ta," orsa Colum Cruitire, "chan urrainn sin cinneachadh; tha mise agus mo bhean aois mhor, air chor agus nach urrainn gum bi duine sliochd gu brath oirnn. Chan 'eil mi a' diteadh d'fhiosachd—chan 'eil coir agam air—ach sud an ni as am bheil mi cinnteach, nach robh agus nach bi duine sliochd orm fhein no air mo mhnaoi gu brath. Ach foghnaidh sud; tuilleadh cha sir agus cha ghabh mise bho 'n a rinn thu an fhiosachd gun doigh." Agus leig Colum Cruitire am fiosaiche air falbh, ma thug no nach d' thug e bàidse da.

Dh' fhalbh am fiosaiche. Cha b' e sin ri ailis air an sgeul, ach cha robh am fiosaiche fada air falbh an uair a thoisich bean Choluim Chruitire ri fas trom. Agus mar bha ise fas leth-tromach bha eise fas doltromach, agus e diumbach dorranach deth fhein nach do rinn e an corr seanchais ris an fhiosaiche ri linn da bhi na chainnt. Bha Colum Cruitire fo smuairin la agus fo chnamhan oidhche nach robh ann fhein ach duine gun doigh, gun tuigse, agus e gun chaomh charaid gun chul-taic aige ris an t-saoghal, agus na 'n tigeadh an turlach so air a nis—ni bha coltach gun tigeadh—agus e fhein cho fada na aghaidh an toiseach. Bha e nis a' creidsinn gun tigeadh a' chuile dad gu crich mar a chunnaic am fiosaiche anns an dailgneachd, agus bha e fo champar agus fo chàs. Cha robh fios aige de aon doigh an domhan a dheanadh e gus an dortadh fala so a chur seachad air an tir; agus is e an smaoin a chinnich na cheann na 'n cuireadh Ni-math an urra bha so air aghaidh thun an t-saoghail—ni bha coltach gun cuireadh—gur h-ann a dh-fheumadh e a cur air falbh fad as, far nach faiceadh suil sealladh di, agus far nach cluinnadh cluas gabadh oirre.

Dhluthaich an so àm a h-asaid air bean Choluim Chruitire, agus thugadh i thun na leaba-làir. Dh'asaideadh am boirionnach agus rug i leanabh nighinne. Cha do leig Colum Cruitire duil bheo dachaidh thun an tighe aige a thoirt taire d'a mhnaoi, ach e fein agus a' bhean-ghlun. Chuir Colum Cruitire an sin ceist ris a' bhoirionnach so an gabhadh i fhein a mhentil ris an leanabh a thoirt a

nios, agus a cumail am falach fad air falbh far nach faiceadh suil sealladh di agus nach cluinneadh cluas guth mu deighinn. Thuirt am boirionnach gun gabhadh, agus gun deanadh i an dichioll a b' fhearr a b' urrainn di.

Fhuair an sin Colum Cruitire triuir fhear, agus thug e leis air falbh iad gu monadh mor falachaidh fad o laimh, gun fhios, gun fhàth, gun fhaireachadh do neach air bith. Thug e ma-near ann an sin cnoc cruinn, gorm, a threachailt as a bhroinn, agus an còs a chomhdach gu grinn mu 'n cuairt, air chor agus gun deanadh coisridh bheag cuideachd comhnuidh ann. Rinneadh so.

Chuir Colum Cruitire a' bhean-ghlun air falbh leis an leanabh gu ruig am bothan beag am measg nam beann mora fiadhaiche fasaiche, fad o laimh, far nach faiceadh suil sealladh agus nach cluinneadh cluas guth air Deirdire; oir b' e sin ainm an leinibh. Chuir e chuile dad doigheil air an cinn, agus chuir e lòn la agus bliadhna leo; agus thuirt e ris a' bhean-ghlun gun reachadh lòn thuca a rithist an ceann na bliadhna, agus mar sin o bhliadhna gu bliadhna am fad a bhiodh esan beo.

Is ann mar so a thachair. Bha Deirdire agus a muime-altruim a' tamh anns a' bhothan am measg nam beann, gun fios, gun fath aig duine beo mu 'n deighinn no mu dheighinn sian a thachair gus an robh Deirdire ceithir-bliadhna-diag a dh-aois. Bha Deirdire a' fas mar am fiuran fionn, agus i dìreach, deas, mar an luachran mointich. Bha i os cionn coimeas sluagh an t-saoghail, dealbhach na pearsa, sgiamhach na maise, agus a lùth agus a lùth mar eala nan tonn agus eilid nam beann. Is i boinne-fala bu chaoine cruth, a b' aillidh snuadh agus a bu shuairce meinn eadar ùir agus adhar an Eirinn; agus ge b' e air bith dath no dreach a bhiodh oirre roimhe sin, cha robh suil a shealladh na h-aodann nach reachadh ise na caoire dearga fala r' a linn.

Bha am boirionnach a bha na bun a' toirt a h-uile fiosrachaidh agus eolais do Dheirdire air an robh fios agus eolas aice fhein. Cha robh fiar a' fas a friamh, no ian a' seinn a coil, no reul a' soillse a nèamh air nach robh ainm aig Deirdire. Ach aon rud, cha robh i air son gum biodh cuid no comhradh aice ri neach beo do shluagh coitcheann an t-saoghail. Ach oidhche dhudarra gheamhraidh agus na neoil dhubha fo ghruaim, agus sealgair sithne siubhail a bha sgith ri siubhal bheann, dé ach a thainig seachran-seilg air an duine, agus chaill e a chursa agus a chompanaich. Thuit tromaltan cadail air an duine, agus e sgith ri siubhal shliabh, agus laigh e sìos ri taobh an tolmair bhoidheich ghuirm an robh Deirdire a' tamh agus chaidil e. Bha an duine fann le acras agus allaban, agus ga lathadh le fuachd, agus thainig suain chadail air.

An uair a laigh e sìos ri taobh a' ghrianain ghuirm an robh Deirdire tamb, thainig bruailean air an duine agus bha duil aige gun robh e ann am blaths brugh nan sìthichean agus na sìthichean a stigh ri ceol. Dh-eubh an sealgair na bhruailean ma bha duine anns a' bhruigh iad ga leigeadh a stigh air sgath Ni-maith. Chuala Deirdire an guth agus thuirt i r' a muime, "A mhuime, gu dé tha sud?" "Chan 'eil ach rud gun diù—eoin na h-ealtainn air seachran agus iad a' sireadh a cheile; ach siubhladh iad seachad gu doire nan geug." Thainig an sin bruailean eile air an t-sealgair agus dh-eubh e a rithist ma bha duine steach anns a' bhruigh, air sgàth Ti-nan-dùl iad ga leigeadh a stigh. "Dé tha sud?" orsa Deirdire. "Chan 'eil ach rud gun doigh," ors' a muime—"eoin na coille air chall air a cheile; ach siubhladh iad seachad gu doire nan geug." Thainig an sin bruailean eile air an t-sealgair, agus dh'eubh e mach an treas turas ma bha duine anns a' bhruigh, air sgàth Dia-nan-dul a leigeadh a stigh, gun robh e ga lathadh le fuachd agus ga chlaoidh le acras. "O, gu dé tha sud, a mhuime?" orsa Deirdire. "Cha ruig thus leas duil a bhith agad gu bheil dad an sud gu toileachadh a thoirt duit, a bhuinneag; am bheil an sud ach eoin na h-ealtainn agus iad air call a cheile; ach siubhladh iad seachad gu doire nan geug. Chan 'eil fasgath no fardach an so daibh a nochd." "O, mhuime, dh'iarr an t-ian a stigh air sgàth Dia-nan-dùl, agus their thu fhein riumsa nì air bith a dh-iarrar oirnn na ainm-san gur coir dhuinn a dheanamh. Mur leig thu leam an t-ian a tha ga lathadh le fuachd agus ga chlaoidh le acras a leigeil a stigh cha mhor is diù leam fhein do chainnt no do chreideamh. Ach o 'n a tha mise toirt ceill do d' chainnt agus do d' chreideamh a dh-ionnsaich thu domh, leigidh mi fhein a stigh an t-ian." Agus dh-eirich Deirdire agus thug i an cleite bhar comhla an doruis, agus leig i stigh an sealgair. Chuir i suidheachan an aite suidhe, biadh an aite ithidh, agus deoch an ait' òil, dha 'n duine thainig dhachaidh. "Siuthad agus ith biadh agus tu riatanach air," orsa Deirdire. "An ta, bha mise sin, riatanach air biadh agus air deoch agus air blàths, an trath thainig mi dachaidh dha 'n tulaich so; ach nar a meal mi mo shlainte mur d' fhalbh iad diom co loma luath agus a chunna mi mi thu." "O bhith 's aodaich, a dhuine thainig dhachaidh nach ann air do theang tha an ruiteis!" ors' a' chailleach; "cha mhor an nì dhuit do bhial a chumail duinte, agus do theanga chumail balbh ri linn duit tighinn dachaidh agus fasgath na fardaich fhaighinn air oidhche dhudarra gheamhraidh." "An ta," ors' an sealgair, "faodaidh mise sin a dheanamh, mo bhial a chumail duinte agus mo theanga chumail balbh ri linn domh tighinn

dachaidh agus aoidheachd fhaighinn uait ; ach air laimh d' athar agus do sheanar, agus air do dha laimh fhein ga 'n saoradh sin, na 'm faiceadh cuid eile shluagh an t-saoghail am boinne-fala ta agad gu falachaidh an so cha b' fhada sin fhein, a Rìgh nan dul 's nan domhan, a dh' fhagadh iad agadsa i." "De na daoine tha sin, no co iad?" orsa Deirdire. "An ta, innsidh mise sin duits, a nighean," ors' an sealgair ; "tha Naoise mac Uisne, agus Ailleán agus Ardan, a dha bhrathair." "Agus de e coltas nam feadhach sin ri linn am faicinn, na'm faicimid iad?" orsa Deirdire. "An ta, sud agad an ainm agus an sloinneadh, na chunna agus na chuala mise orra," ors' an sealgair ; "agus is e dreach agus dealbh nan daoine ri linn am faicinn, lith an fhithich air an gruag ; an eneas mar eala nan tonn ; an leac mar fhuil an laoigh bhric dheirg ; agus an lùth agus an leum mar bhradan a' bhoinne-bhrais agus mar fhiadh a bhearraidh bhric ; agus tha na bheil oscionn cromadh an da shlinnein a bharrachd aig Naois air sluagh eile na h-Eirionn." "De air bith mar tha iad," ors' a' bhan-altrum, "bi thusa a' falbh as a so, agus a' gabhail rathaid eile ; agus a Rìgh na gile 's na greine, gu dearbh agus gu deimhin is beag mo chomain no mo chiatadh fhein dhiot fhein no dhe 'n te thug a stigh thu."

Dh' fhalbh an sealgair. Beagan an deigh da falbh smaointich an duine aige fhein gun robh Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, a' laighe agus ag eirigh leis fhein, gun chagar comhraidh, gun cheile conaltraidh ; agus na 'm faiceadh e am boinne-fala bha so gur docha gun tugadh e dachaidh i d' a ionnsaidh fhein, agus gun deanadh e gean-math ris-sàn fhein ri linn innseadh da gun robh a leithid do rioghain air bith-braonach an t-saoghail. Falbhar an sealgair, lom agus dìreach gu pàilios Rìgh Conachar. Chuir e fios a stigh thun an Rìgh gum bu toigh leis a bhith a' seachas ris, na 'm b' e chead e. Fhreagair an Rìgh an teachdaireachd agus thainig e a mach a sheachas ris an duine. "Gu de e fath do thurais riums'?" ors' an Rìgh ris an t-sealgair. "Is e fath mo thuruis fhein ruibh, a Rìgh," ors' an sealgair, "gum faca mi an aona bhoinne-fala is aillidhe a rugadh riamh an Eirinn, agus thainig mi ga innseadh duibh." "Co i am boinne-fala tha sin, no e' àit am bheil i ri fhaicinn, an uair nach facas riamh roimhe i gus am fac thusa i, ma chunnaic thu i?" "An ta, chunnaic mise i," ors' an sealgair, "ach ma chunnaic chan fhaic fear eile i gu 'm faigh e seoladh air an aite am bheil i a' tamh." "Agus an seol thu domhsa far am bheil i tamh, agus bidh duais do sheolaidh cho math ri duais do theachdaireachd?" ors' an Rìgh. "An ta, seolaidh, a Rìgh, ga docha nach bithear air a shon," ors' an sealgair. "Fuirichidh tu anns an teaghlach so fhein an nochd," orsa Conachar, "agus falbhaidh

mise agus mo dhaoine leat moch maduinn am maireach." "Fuirichidh," ors' an sealgair. Fuirichear an sealgair an oidhche sin an teaghlach Rìgh Conachar.

Chuir Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, fios air na daoine bu dilse da mar bha triuir mhac Fhearachair 'ic Ro, clann bhrathar-athar fhein, agus leig e a run riù. Ge bu mhin mochaireach ceileireachd ian nan còs agus ceol ian nan doire, bu mhoiche na sin moch-eirigh Chonachair, Rìgh Ulla, le a chomhlan chaomh chairdean an caoin chamhanaich a' cheitein chiuin, ùir, agus bruchd dhe 'n dealt air bharrabh gach dois, luis agus freumh, a' falbh a thoirt a mach a ghrianain ghuirm an robh Deirdire tamh. Bha iomadh ogghaisgeach aig an robh ceum lùthor, leumnaidh, luaineach aig àm falbh, aig an robh ceum fann, fàilneach, fiaraidh a' ruighinn, aig faidead an astair agus gairbhead na slighe.

"Sud e a nis shios air urlar a' ghlinne am brugh am bheil am boirionnach a' tamh; ach cha teid mise na 's faisge na so air a' chaillich," ors' an sealgair. Chaidh Conachar le choisir chairdean a sios thun an tolmain an robh Deirdire tamh, agus ghnog e ann an dorust a' bhòth. Thuirt a' bhanaltrum nach tugteadh freagar no fosgladh do neach air bith, agus nach robh i air son neach air bith a chur dragh oirre fhein no air a bothan. "Fosgail thus'," orsa Conachar, "agus gheibh thu talla is fearr na so ri linn duinn a dhol dachaidh." "Chan 'eil mise," ors' a' bhean bhòchd, "a' sireadh talla no tuam is fearr na mo bhòthan fein na 'm fàgt' ann mi, agus cead mo laighe 's m' eirigh fhagail agam fhein. Cha lugha na facal rìgh agus feachd rioghachd a chuireas mis as mo bhòthan fhein an nochd." "Fosgail thus; agus mur fosgail thu dhe do dheoin fosglaidh tu dhe d' aindeoin," ors' an Rìgh, agus e fàs feargach. "An ta bhithinn na 'r comain," ors' am boirionnach, "na 'n tugadh sibh brath dhomh co tha sireadh orm dorust mo bhòthain fhosgladh." "Tha mise, Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, agus na biodh a' chuis an dallachrannachd ort na 's fhaide." An uair a chuala bhean bhòchd co bha 's an dorust, dh' eirich i le cabhaig, agus leig i stigh an Rìgh agus na thoilleadh a stigh d' a choisir.

An uair a chunnaic an Rìgh am boirionnach a bha air a chionn, agus air an robh e an toir, bha leis nach fac e riamh ann an cùrs' an la no ann an aislig na h-oidhche boinne-fala cho aillidh ri Deirdire, agus thug e cudrom a chridhe de ghaol di. Cha robh ma-near d'a fhein agus d'a dhaoine, bho thoisich gu crìch na cuise, ach Deirdire a spionadh leo air fras mhullach an guailne, biodh nar-a biodh i deonach. Is e so a rinneadh; thogadh Deirdire air fras mhullach ghuala nan laoch, agus thugadh i fhein, agus a muim-altruim air falbh gu pàilios Rìgh Conachar, Ulla.

Leis an deigh a bha aig Conachar air Deirdire bha e deonach a posadh air larach nam bonn, biodh nar-a biodh ise deonach esa' phosadh. An uair a chuireadh a' chuis na cead-se, cha deanadh i idir idir e, a muigh no mach, agus nach fac i cruitheachd creutair riamh thuige so. Cha robh fios aice air deanadas mna no air gnathachadh maighdinn, agus nach do shuidh i riamh ann an cuideachd no an comhlan thuige so. Cha b' urra dhi urrad agus suidhe air *séur* (*chair*) le cion nach fac i daoine riamh thuige so. Leis mar bha Conachar a' sparadh posaidh air Deirdire thuirt i ris na'n leigeadh e leatha dàil la agus bliadhna gum biodh i na chomain. Thuirt e rithe gun tugadh e sud di ge bu chruaidh e, na'n tugadh ise gealladh cinnteach dasan gum posadh i e air ceann na bliadhna. Thug i so. Fhuair an Rìgh bean-ionnsachaidh do Dheirdire, agus maighdeanan cridheil, grinn, modhail, mìn, mèinneach a bhiodh a' laighe agus ag eirigh, a' cluich agus a' comhradh leatha. Bha Deirdire deanadach ann an gnìomh maighdinn agus ann an tuigse mna; agus bha le Conachar nach fac e fhein le shuilean corpora riamh boinne-fala cho taitneach rithe.

De ach a bha Deirdire agus na mnathan-coimheadaidh là muigh air a' chnoc cul an tighe, a' gabhail seallaidh agus ag ol na greine. Co chunnaic iad a tighinn ach gum b' e triuir fhear air astar. Bha Deirdire dearcadh air na daoine bha tighinn agus i gabhail ioghnaidh diu. An uair a dhluthaich na daoine riu chuimhnic Deirdire air cainnt an t-sealgair, agus thuirt i rithe fhein gum b' iad so triuir mhac Uisne agus gum b' e so Naois, agus na bha os cionn cromadh an da shlinnein aige os cionn fir Eirinn uile. Ghabh an triuir bhraithrean seachad gun suim a ghabhail diu, gun suil a thoirt os an cionn air na h-ainnirean air a' chnoc. De ach gun do thalantaich gradh Naois ann an cridhe Deirdire gus nach b' urr' i fuireach gun falbh as a dheigh. Trusar i a trusgan agus falbhar air deaghaidh nam fear a ghabh seachad bonn a' chnoic, agus fagar na mnai-coimheadachd a' sud, biodh iad buidheach no diumbach.

Chual Ailleán agus Ardan mu dheighinn a' bhoirionnaich a bha aig Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, agus smaoinich iad na'm faiceadh Naois, am brathair, i gur ann a bhiodh i aige fhein seachd araidh, o nach robh i posd aig an Rìgh. Mhòthaich iad dha 'n bhoirionnach a' tighinn agus dh' iarr iad air cach-a-cheile ceum a chumail ann, an t-astar mor aca r'a dheanamh, agus ciaradh na h-oidheche a' tighinn. Rinn iad so. Ghlaodh ise, "A Naois, mhic Usna, an ann a' brath m' fhagail a tha thu?" "Gu dé an glaodh sud a chuala mo chluas nach 'eil soirbh domh a fhreagairt, agus nach 'eil furasda dhomh a dhiultadh?" orsa Naois. "Chan 'eil ach lachraich nan lacha-luin aig Conachar," ors' a bhraithrean; "ach luathaicheamaid ar cas agus graideamaid ar ceum, agus an t-astar

mor againn r'a dheanamh, agus ciaradh an fheasgair a' tuiteam." Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sineadh an astair eadar iad fhein agus ise. Ghlaodh an sin Deirdire, "A Naois! a Naois, mhic Usna, an ann a' brath m' fhagail a tha thu?" "Dé an glaoth a tha na m'chluis agus a bhuaill mo chridhe, nach 'eil soirbh dhomh a fhreagairt agus nach 'eil furasda dhomh a dhiultadh?" "Chan 'eil ach glaoth nan geadh glas aig Conachar," ors' a bhraithrean; "ach cumamaid ceum ann agus a chois eachd againn r'a dheanamh agus dubhradh na h-oidheche tighinn." Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sineadh an astair eadar iad fhein agus ise. Ghlaodh a' sin Deirdire, an treas turas," a Naois! a Naois! a Naois, mhic Usna, an ann a' brath m' fhagail a tha thu?" "Gu de an glaoth gointe cruaidh is binne chuala mo chluas agus is cruaidhe bhuaill mo chridhe dhe na h-uile glaoth a rainig mi riamh?" orsa Naois. "Am bheil ann ach guileag nan eala-luin aig Conachar," ors' a bhraithrean. "Tha treas glaoth na h-eiginn an sud," orsa Naois, "agus boid laoi ch orm fhein ma 's urrainn domh dol seach a so gus am faic mi co uaith a thainig an glaoth;" agus thill Naois. Chomhlaich Naois agus Deirdire cheile, agus thug Deirdire na tri tiura phog do Naois agus pog an aon d'a bhraithre. Leis an naisneachd a bha air Deirdire bha i dol na caoire dearga teine, agus a' caochladh rugha-gruaidhe cho luath ri crithionn nan allt. Bha le Naois nach fac e fhein anns a' choluinn shaoghalta riamh boinne-fala coltach ris a' bhoinne-fala bha so; agus thug Naosa gradh do Dheirdire nach d' thug e do ni, no do nial, no do neach riamh ach dhi fhein.

Chuir Naois Deirdire air fras-mhullach a ghuaille, agus dh'iarr e air a bhraithrean ceum a chumail ann; agus chum a bhraithrean ceum ann. Smaointich Naois nach robh math dha fuireach an Eirinn leis mar a chuir e Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, mac bhrathar-athar fhein, na aghaidh a thaobh a' bhoirionnaich, ge nach robh i posd aige, agus tillear e air ais a dh-Alba. Rainig e taobh Loch-Naois agus rinn e tigheadas ann. Mharbhadh e bradan a bhoinne bhrais a mach air an dorus, agus fiadh a' bhearraidh bhrìc a mach air an uinneig. Bha Naois agus Deirdire agus Ailleán agus Ardan a' tamh ann an tur, agus bha iad gu sona ri linn a bhì ann.

Thainig an so ceann an àm aig an robh aig Deirdire ri Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, a phosadh. Gu dé bha Conachar ach na bheachd fhein gun tugadh e mach Deirdire leis a' chladheamh, i bhì posd aig Naois no gun i bhith. Gu dé an obair a bha aig Conachar ach a' cur a suas cuirm mhor mheadhrach. Chuir e fios a mach fad agus farsuing feadh Eirinn uile d' a dhaimhich tighinn thun na cuirme. Bha e smaoininn aige fhein la blair agus baiteil a thoirt

do Naoise, mac Usna, agus a' bhean a thoirt uaith biodh nar a biodh i post aige. Bha Conachar a' smaointinn aige fhein nach tigeadh Naois ged a chuireadh e fios air ; agus is e an *scheme* a chinnich na cheann brath a chur air brathair athar, Fearachar Mac Ro, agus a chur air theachdaireachd a dh-ionnsaidh Naois. Rinn e so, agus thuirt Conachar ri Fearachar, "Abair ri Naois, mac Usna, gu bheil mise cur suas cuirm mhoir, mheadhraich do m' chairdean agus do m' dhaimhich fad fin-foinneach-fiaraidh na h-Eirionn uile agus nach bi fois la no tamh oidhche agam ma bhios esan agus Ailleán agus Ardan as iunais na cuirme.

Falbhar Fearachar Mac Ro agus a dha mhac air an turus agus raingear an tur an robh Naois a' tamh ri taobh Loch-Eite. Chuir Clann Uisne failte chairdeil, chaoimhneil air Fearachar Mac Ro agus air a dha mhac, agus dh' fheoraich iad diu sgeula na h-Eirionn. "An sgeul is fearr a th' agam duibh," ors' an curaidh cruaidh, "gu bheil Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, cur suas cuirm mhoir sholasaich d' a chairdean agus d' a dhaimhich fad fin-foinneach-fiaraidh Eirinn uile agus gun d' thug e boid air an talamh a ta fodha, agus air an ard athar a ta os a chionn, agus air a' ghrein a tha dol seachad siar nach biodh fois la no tamh oidhche aige mur tigeadh Clann Uisne, clann bhrathar-athar fhein air an ais do thir an dachaidh agus do thalamh am duchais, agus a dh-ionnsaidh na cuirme ; agus chuir e sinne air theachdaireachd d' ur n-iarraidh." "Theid sinn leat," orsa Naois. "Theid," ors' a bhraithrean. "Theid," orsa Fearachar Mac Ro, "agus bidh mo thriuir mac leibh." "Bidh," ors' am Boinne Borb. "Bidh," ors' an Cuilinn Cruaidh. "Is fearr an tighearnas fhein an Albainn na an tigheadas an Eirinn," orsa Deirdire. "Is anns' an duchar seach an dualchas," ors' am Fearachar Mac Ro. "Is mi-aoibhinn do neach air feabhas a chuibrinn agus a chrannchuir mur faic e dhuthaich fhein agus a dhachaidh fhein an àm eirigh anns a' mhaduinn agus an àm laighe anmoch." "Is mi-aoibhinn," orsa Naois ; "is annsa leam fhein an duchar seach an dualchas, ge mor a gheibhinn an so seach an sin." "Is neo-choireach duibh gun dol leam," ors' am Fearachar. "Is neo-choireach," orsa Naois, "agus theid sinn leat."

Cha bu deoin le Deirdire falbh le Fearachar Mac Ro agus chuir i h-uile impidh air Naois gun e dh' fhalbh leis. Sheinn i agus thuirt i :—

I.

"Tha donnal nan con am chluais,
 Agus bruadal na h-oidhch am shuil ;
 Chi mi Fearachar an comhlan duais',
 Chi mi Conachar gun truas na mhur,
 Chi mi Conachar gun truas na mhur.

II.

“Chi mi Naos gun ursna-chatha,
 Chi mi Ailde gun am beum-sgéithe,
 Chi mi Ardan gun sgiath gun chlaidhe,
 'S tulach Atha gun rath gun eibhneas,
 'S tulach Atha gun rath gun eibhneas.

III.

“Chi mi Conachar le iotas fala,
 Chi mi Fearachar le faileas-bhréige,
 Chi mi 'n triuir bhraithre 's an cul ri talamh,
 'S chi mi Deirdire galach, deurach,
 'S chi mi Deirdire galach, deurach.”

“Cha bu chaomh leam fhein agus cha do gheill mi riamh do bhural chon no do bhruadal bhan, a Naois, agus bho 'n a chuir Conachar, Rìgh Ulla, teachdaireachd cuirm agus cairdis thugaibh is niarachd neo-choireach duibh mur teid sibh ann, a Naois,” orsa Fearachar Mac Ro. “Is neo-choireach,” orsa Naois, “agus theid sinn leat.” “Chunnacas aislig eile, Naois, agus minich domh i,” orsa Deirdire :—

I.

“Chunnas na tri calmana geala,
 Leis na tri balgama meala na 'm bèuil ;
 'S, a Naosa mhic Usna,
 Sorchair thusa dhomh dubhar mo sgèuil.”

Naois—

“Am bheil ann ach bruailean pràmh,
 A's lionn-dubh mna, a Dheirdire.”

II.

“Chunnas na tri seabhaga duaire,
 Leis na tri braona fala fuar-fhuil nan tréun ;
 'S, a Naosa mhic Usna,
 Sorchair thusa dhomh dubhar mo sgèuil.”

Naois—

“Am bheil ann ach bruailean pràmh,
 A's lionn-dubh mna, a Dheirdire.”

III.

“ Chunnas na tri fitheacha dubha,
 Leis na tri duilleaga dubhach crann-iubhar an éig,
 'S, O a Naosa mhic Úsna,
 Sorchair thusa nis turas mo sgeuil.”

Naois—

“ Am bheil ann ach bruailean prámh,
 A's lionn-dubh mna, a Dheirdire.”

“ An la agus gun do chuir Conachar an teachdaireachd thugainn tighinn thun na cuirme is niarachd duinn mur teid sinn ann, a Dheirdire.” “ Theid sibh ann,” orsa Fearachar Mac Ro ; “ agus ma nochdas Conachar cairdeas ruibh nochdaidh sibh cairdeas ris, agus ma dh' fhiachas e gairge ruibh fiachas sibh gairge ris, agus bidh mi fhein agus mo thriuir mac leibh.” “ Bidh,” ors' am Boinne Borb. “ Bidh,” ors' an Cuilinn Cruaidh. “ Tha triuir mhac agamsa agus iad na 'n triuir ghaisgeach agus beud no baol a dh' eireas duibh, bidh iad leibh agus bidh mi fhein comhla riu ”— agus thug Fearachar Mac Ro boid agus briathar am fianuis arm beud no baol a thigeadh an carabh Chlann Uisne nach fagadh esan agus a thriuir mac ceann air column bheo an Eirinn, a dh-aindeoin claidheimh no clogad, sleagh' no sgiath, lann no luireach-mhailleach d'am feabhas.

Cha bu deòin le Deirdire falbh as Alba ach dh' fhalbh i le Naois. Bha Deirdire fras-shileadh nan deur, agus sheinn i :—

“ Is ionmhuinn an tir, an tir ud thall,
 Albainn choillteach lingeantach ;
 Is goirt le m' chridhe bhi ga d' fhagail,
 Ach tha mi falbh le Naois.”

Cha do stad Fearachar Mac Ro gus an d' fhuair e Clann Uisne air falbh leis, a dh-aindeoin amharus Dheirdire.

“ Cuireadar an curach air sàl,
 Càireadar rithise bréid,
 A's ruigeadar an dara-mhaireach,
 Traigh bhan na h-Eire.”

Co luath agus a chaidh Clann Uisne air tir an Eirinn chuir am Fearachar Mac Ro fios thun Chonachair, Rìgh Ulla, gu robh na daoine air an robh e an toir a nis air tighinn, agus feuch a nis an nochdadh e còiread riu. “ Ma ta,” orsa Conachar, “ cha robh

dhùil-a'm gun tigeadh Clann Uisne ged a chuir mi fios thuca, agus chan 'eil mi buileach deas air an cionn. Ach tha tigh shios ud anns an robh mi cumail amhusg, agus rachadh iad a sios ann an diugh, agus bidh mo thigh-sa deas air an cinn am maireach." Dh'innis am Fearachar Mac Ro an teachdaireachd do Chlann Uisne. "An ta," orsa Naois, "o 'n is e sin àite dh'orduich an Rìgh dhuinn theid sinn ann, ach is cinnteach mi nach ann air son barrachd graidh a tha Conachar ga 'r càramh am measg nan amhusg." Chaidh iad a sios air an leagadh sin agus rainig iad astail nan amhusg. Bha ann a' sin coma cearta comhla coig fichead diag amhusg agus coig amhusg diag. Cha robh amhusg riamh diubh sin nach do leig an glag mor gaire ri linn nan daoine thiginn dachaidh na 'm measg. Agus leig Naois an da ghlag mor gaire bu mho na cach gu leir. An uair a fhuair na h-amhuisg a stigh iad eireadar iad fear mu seach agus cuirear droll am fear air an dorust. Eirear Naois an uair a chunnaic e so agus cuirear e fhein da dhroll air an dorust. "Co e an t-aon olach macanta mor a thainig dachaidh oirnn an so a rinn an da ghlag mor gaire agus a chuir an da dhroll air an dorust?" orsa ceannard nan amhusg. "Innsidh mise sin dusa ma dh'innseas tusa so dhomhsa," orsa Naois: "gu de an t-aon aobhar mu 'n do rinn a h-uile fear agaibh fhein glag gaire, agus mu 'n do chuir sibh droll air an dorust?" "Innsidh mi sin duit, olaich; chan fhaca mi fir bhur dealbh no bhur dreach a' tighinn dachaidh dha 'n fhardaich so riamh, agus chan fhaca mi daoine bu docha leam greim d'am feoil agus stolum d'am fuil na ur feoil agus ur fuil fhein," orsa ceannard nan amhusg. "Ach innis fhein a nis, olaich, de an aon aobhar mu 'n do rinn thu da ghlag mor gaire, agus mu 'n do chairich thu da dhroll air a' chomhla," orsa ceannard nan amhusg. "An ta innsidh mi sin duit; chan fhaca mi riamh air talamh nam beo, no 'n comhlan nam marbh no do shluagh coitcheann an t-saoghail a b' fhearr leam na sibh fein an so, amhuisg, a chur a' chinn dibh cruinn cearta comhla;" agus dh' eirich Naois na sheasamh mor agus rug e air an amhusg bu mho ceann agus bu chaoile casan, agus shlacanaich e orra shios agus shuas thall agus a bhos, agus m' an d' thainig moran uine cha d' fhag e amhusg beo. Ghlan iad an sin an arach daibh fhein agus chuir iad a suas an gealbhan greadhnach griosaidh, agus bha iad doigheil gu leoir gu maduinn.

Ach bha am fear a bha shuas a' gabhail fadachd nach robh e faighinn fios a nios cia-mar bha dol daibh shios an tigh nan amhusg. "Falbh thusa sios, a mhuime," orsa Conachar, "agus faic am bheil a dreach agus a tuar fhein air Deirdire agus feuch am bheil i mar bha i an uair a dh' fhag i mise. Ma tha bheir mise mach

Deirdire le faobhar lann agus rinn claidhimh a dh-aindeoin na Feinne d'am feobhas; ach mur a bheil, biodh i aig Naois mac Usna dha fhein." Chaidh a' mhuime sios gu arach nan amhusg far an robh Clann Uisne agus Deirdire tamh. Cha robh doigh no innleachd aice air sealltainn air Deirdire ach troimh tholl beag a' bhigire a bha air comhla an doruis. Sheall am boirionnach a stigh troimh tholl a' bhigire agus thill i dachaidh far an robh Conachar. "Seadh, a mhuime, cia-mar tha i coimhead? no bheil a dreach no a tuar fhein air Deirdire?" orsa Conachar. "Tha bhath agus a' bhuil gur ann air iomairt agus air anradh a bha gradh mo chridhe agus sugh mo cheile bho 'n a dh' fhalbh i; cha mhor a tha d' a dealbh no d' a dreach fhein air Deirdire an nochd," ors' a' mhuime. "Chan fhuillear leam dearbhadh eile air a sin fhathast m' an teid mi ga leigeil seachad. Falbh thusa, a Ghealbhain ghreadhnaich, a mhic Rìgh Lochlainn, a sios agus thoir brath a nios thugams' am bheil a dreach agus a dealbh fhein air Deirdire. Ma tha bheir mise mach i le faobhar lainn agus rinn claidhimh; agus mur bheil biodh i aig Naos mac Usna dha fhein," orsa Conachar.

Chaidh an Gealbhan greadhnach, greannar, mac Rìgh Lochlainn, a sios gu arach nan amhusg far an robh Clann Uisne agus Deirdire tamh. Sheall e stigh air toll a' bhigire a bha air a' chomhla. Am boirionnach sin ris an robh a ghnathach b' abhaist di dol na caoire dearga teine ri linn do neach sealltainn oirre. Thug Naois suil air Deirdire agus dh' aithnich e gun robh cuid-eigin a' coimhead oirre cul na comhla. Thug e tarraunn air aon de na disne geala bha air a' bhord mu choinneamh, agus sathdar sud troimh tholl a' bhigire agus cuirear an t-suil as a' Ghealbhan ghreadhnach, ghreannar, agus a mach air chul a chinn. Thill an Gealbhan a suas dachaidh gu pailios Rìgh Conachar. "Bha thu greadhnach, greannar, a' falbh, ach chi mi mi-ghreadhnach mi-ghreannar a' tilleadh thu. Gu de so dh' eirich duit, a Ghealbhain? Ach am fac thus ise, no bheil a dreach agus a tuar fhein air Deirdire?" orsa Conachar. "An ta chunnaic mise Deirdire, agus chunnaic mi gu dearb i cuideachd, agus ri linn domh bhith coimhead oirre troimh tholl a' bhigire a bha air a' chomhla, chuir Naos, mac Usna, an t-suil asam leis an disne bha na laimh, ach gu dearb agus gu deimhin ge do chuir e an t-suil fhein asam b' e mo mhiann fuireach fathast a' coimhead oirre leis an t-suil eile mur bhith chabhag a chuir sibh orm," ors' an Gealbhan. "Is fìor sin," orsa Conachar; "rachadh tri cheud treun ghaisgeach a sios gu aros nan amhusg agus thugadh iad a nios thugamsa Deirdire agus marbhadh iad cach."

“Tha an tòrachd a’ tighinn,” orsa Deirdire. “Theid mi fhein a mach agus caisgidh mi an tòrachd,” orsa Naos. “Cha tu theid a mach ach mise,” ors’ am Boinne Borb, mac Fhearachair ‘ic Ro; “is ann rium a dh’earb m’athair gun bheud gun bhaol a leigeadh oirbh ri linn dha fhein a dhol dachaidh.” Agus chaidh am Boinne Borb a mach agus mharbh e trian dhe na gaisgich. Thainig an Rìgh a mach agus dh’eubh e shuas, “Co sud shios air a’ bhlar, a’ deanamh àir air mo chuid daoine?” “Tha mise, am Boinne Borb, ciad mhac Fhearachair ‘ic Ro.” “Thug mi drochaid shaor do d’ sheanair, drochaid shaor do d’athair, agus bheir mi drochaid shaor duit fhein cuideachd, agus thig a nall air an laimh so dhìom an nochd,” ors’ an Conachar. “An ta, gabhaidh mi sin,” agus cuirear am Boinne Borb an car tuathal deth agus rachar a null air laimh an Rìgh. “Chaidh am fear ud a null air laimh an Rìgh,” orsa Deirdire. “Chaidh, ach rinn e feum math mu ’n d’fhalbh e,” orsa Naos.

Dh’orduich an sin an Conachar trì cheud lan ghaisgeach a sios gu aros nan amhusg, agus Deirdire thoirt a nios agus cach a mharbhadh. “Tha an tòrachd a’ tighinn,” orsa Deirdire. “Tha,” orsa Naos, “ach theid mi fhein a mach agus caisgidh mi an tòrachd.” “Cha tu theid a mach ach mise,” ors’ an Cuilìonn Cruaidh, mac Fhearachair ‘ic Ro; “is ann rium a dh’earb m’athair sibh gun bheud gun bhaol a leigeadh oirbh an uair a dh’fhalbh e fhein dachaidh.” Agus chaidh an Cuilìonn Cruaidh a mach agus mharbh e da thrian na cuideachd. Thainig an Conachar a mach agus dh’eubh e shuas, “Co sud shios air a’ bhlar a’ deanamh àir air mo chuid daoine?” “Tha mise, an Cuilìonn Cruaidh, dara mac Fhearachair ‘ic Ro.” “Thug mi drochaid shaor dha d’ sheanair, drochaid shaor dha d’athair, drochaid shaor dha d’ bhrathair, agus bheir mi drochaid shaor dhuit fhein cuideachd agus thig a nall air an laimh so dhìom a nochd,” ors’ an Conachar. “An ta gabhaidh mi sin,” ors’ an Cuilìonn Cruaidh, agus ghabh e null air laimh an Rìgh. “Chaidh am fear ud a null air taobh an Rìgh,” orsa Deirdire. “Chaidh,” orsa Naos, “ach rinn e gnìomh math m’ an d’fhalbh e.”

Dh’orduich Conachar an sin trì cheud luth ghaisgeach a sios gu aros nan amhusg, agus Deirdire thoirt a nios agus cach a mharbhadh. “Tha an tòrachd a’ tighinn,” orsa Deirdire. “Tha ach theid mi fhein a mach agus caisgidh mi an tòrachd,” orsa Naos. “Cha tu theid a mach ach mise,” ors’ am Fiallan Fionn; “is ann rium a dh’earb m’athair gun bheud gun bhaol a leigeil oirbh an uair a dh’fhalbh e fhein dachaidh.” Agus chaidh an t-og ghallan ur-allail, ur-fhearail, ur-sgiamhach, le chiabha leadarra,

donn, a mach crioslaichte na arm-chatha chruaidh chomhraig agus comhdaichte na chulaidh chomhraig chatha chruaidh a bha gu liobha, liobharra, loinnreach, lannach, leusach, air am bu lionmhor dealbh beist, ian agus biast shnagach leigheann (?), leoghann, tiger gníomh-ineach, iolaire dhonn agus seabhag shiubhlach agus nathair bheurach, agus chasgraich an t-og ghaisgeach treas trian na cuideachd. Thainig Conachar a mach an graide agus dh' eubh e le feirg, "Co sud shios air urlar blair a deanamh àr air mo chuid daoine?" "Tha mise, am Fiallan Fionn, treas mac Fhearachair 'ic Ro." "An ta," ors' an Rìgh, "thug mi drochaid shaor do d' sheanair, agus drochaid shaor ga d' athair, agus drochaid shaor am fear ga do dha bhrathair, agus bheir mi drochaid shaor dhuit fhein cuideachd agus thig a null air an laimh so dhìom an nochd." "An ta, Chonachair, cha ghabh mi an tairgse sin uait no taing air a shon. Is mutha gu mor is fhearr leam fhein dol dachaidh agus innseadh an lathaireachd m' athar an treuntas a rinn mi, seachaondad a gheibhinn uaitse ga chinn anns an doigh sin. Agus tha Naos mac Ùsna agus Ailleán agus Ardan cho cairdeach duit fhein agus a tha iad domhsa, agus ged tha thu co tìtheach air am fuil a dhortadh, agus dhoirteadh tu m' fhuil-sa cuideachd, a Chonachair." Agus thill an t-og allail fearail sgiamhach, le chiabha leadarra donn a steach agus tuis dhealtraidh m' an ghnuis aluinn bu ghìle 's a bu deirge snuadh. "Tha mise a nis," ors' esan, "a' dol dachaidh a dh' innseadh do m' athair gu bheil sibhse a nis sabhailt o lamhan an Rìgh." Agus dh' fhalbh am fiuran ur, dìreach, deasarra donn agus ciatach dachaidh a dh' innseadh d' a athair gun robh Clann Uisne sabhailte. Bha so ann an dealachadh nan trath agus ann an dail na camhan-aich, agus thuirt Naos gum bu choir daibh falbh, an astail ud fhagail agus tilleadh a dh-Alba.

Dh' fhalbh Naois agus Deirdire, Ailleán agus Ardan, chum tilleadh do dh-Albainn. Chaidh brath a suas thun an Rìgh gun robh a' bhuidheann air an robh e an toir air falbh. Cuir an Rìgh an sin fios air Duanan Gacha Draogh, druidhiche bha aige fhein, agus thuirt e ris mar so:—"Is mor am beairteas a chosd mise riutsa, a Dhanain Gacha Draogh, a' toirt sgoil agus foghlum agus diomhaireachd druidhiche duit ged a tha iad sud air falbh uamsa an diugh gun diù, gun dìon, gun suim aca domh, gun cothrom agam air cur riu, gun comas air an tilleadh." "Ma ta, tillidh mise iad," ors' an druidhiche, "gus an till a' chuideachd a chuir thu air an toir." Agus chuir an druidhiche coille rompa troimh nach b' urrainn do dhuine falbh, ach ghabh Clann Uisne troimh 'n choill gun tilleadh, gun tearbadh, agus bha Deirdire air laimh aig Naois. "De ga math sud, cha dean e foghnadh fathast," orsa Conachar;

“ iad a falbh gun lubadh air an cas, gun chasadh air an ceum, gun diù aca diomsa, gun mheas ac’ orm, agus gun chomas agams’ air cur riu agus mi gun cothrom an tilleadh an nochd.” “ Fiachaidh mise doigh eile daibh,” ors’ an druidh ; agus chuir e fairge ghlas rompa air a’ mhachaire ghorm. Ruisg an triuir òlach iad fhein agus cheangail iad an cuid aodaich air chul an cinn agus chuir Naos Deirdire na suidhe air bhac a dha shlinnein.

“ Shìn iad an taobh ri struth,
 ’S bu cho-ionann leo muir a’s tir,
 An fhairge mholach ghlas,
 Ris a’ mhachaire ghorm mhin.”

“ Ge math sud, a Dhuanain, cha toir e tilleadh air na daoine,” orsa Conachar ; “ gun diù aca dìom, gun urram aca domh, agus gun comas agam air cur riu no an tilleadh an nochd.” “ Fiachaidh sinn doigh eile riu bho nach do chuir sud stad orra,” ors’ an druidhiche. Agus reòdh an druidhiche an fhairge chorrach ghlas na cnapan carrach cruaidh, géiread lainn air an dara h-oir agus nimhead nathrach air an oir eile dhi. Dh’eubh an sin Ardan gu robh e fhein a’ fas sgith agus an anar toirt fairis. “ Thig thus, Ardain, agus suidhe air mo ghuala dheis,” orsa Naos. Agus thainig Ardan agus shuidh e air guala Naois. Ach cha robh e fada mar sin an uair a fhuair Ardan bàs ; ach ged a bha e marbh fhein cha robh Naois ga leigeadh as. Dh’eubh an sin Aillean gun robh e fhein a’ fas fann agus an anar toir fairis. An uair a chuala Naois an achuinge leig e osna ghoint’ a’ bhais as, agus dh’iarr e air Aillean greim a dheanamh air, agus gun toireadh esan gu tir e. Ach cha robh Aillean fada mar sin an uair a thainig laigse bhais air agus dh’fhailnich a ghreim. Sheall Naois uaith agus an trath chunnaic e gun robh a dha bhraithair a ghradhaich e cho mor, marbh, bha e coma co dhiu bhiodh e fhein marbh no beo, agus leig e osna ghoirt a’ bhais agus sgain a’ chridhe.

“ Tha iad sud seachad,” orsa Duanan Gacha Draogh ris an Rìgh, “ agus rinn mise mar a shir thu orm. Tha Clann Usna nis marbh agus cha chuir iad dragh tuille ort, agus tha aobhar do mhna agus do leannain agadsa slan, fallain.” “ A bheannachd sin agadsa agus a’ bhuaidh agam fhein, a Dhuanain. Cha chall leamsa sin na chosd mi riutsa a’ toirt sgoil agus ionnsachaidh duit. Tiormaich a nis a’ bhaile agus feuch am faic mise Deirdire,” orsa Conachar. Agus thiormaich Duanan Gacha Draogh a’ bhaile agus bha triuir mhac Uisne na’n laighe comhla marbh, gun deo, taobh ri taobh air a’ mhachaire mhin ghuirm, agus Deirdire crom os an cionn a’ fras- shileadh nan deur.

Chruinnich an sin a' chuideachd cruinn timchioll corp nan laoch, agus dh'fheoraich iad dha 'n Rìgh gu de dheante ris na cuirp. Is e an t-òrdan a thug an Rìgh seachad an uair sin sloc a threachailt agus an triuir bhraithrean a chur ann comhla, taobh ri taobh.

Bha Deirdire na suidhe air bruaich na h-uagha agus i sior iarraidh air luchd-treachailt na h-uaghach an sloc a chladhach leathann, reidh. An trath chuireadh corp nam braithrean anns an uaigh, thuir Deirdire—

“ Teann a nall, a Naois mo ghraidh,
Druideadh Ardan ri Aillean,
Na'n robh ciall aig mairbh,
Dheanadh sibhs' aite dhomhsa.”

Rinn iad sin. Leum ise a sios an sin anns an uaigh agus laigh i ri Naois, agus bha i marbh r' a thaobh.

Dh'orduich an droch Rìgh a corp a thogail as an uaigh agus a thiodhlacadh taobh thall an loch. Rinneadh mar a dh'orduich an Rìgh agus dhuineadh an sloc. Chinn an sin gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Deirdire, agus gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Naois, agus chuir an da gath snaim diu os cionn an loch. Dh'orduich an sin an Rìgh an da gath ghiubhais a ghearradh sios, agus rinneadh so da thuras gus an d'thug a' bheana phos an Rìgh air sgur d' an droch obair agus d' a dhioladh air slighe nam marbh.

6th APRIL, 1887.

A meeting of the Society was held this evening, when Mr E. T. Miller, Fort-William, was elected an ordinary member of the Society.

A paper on “Lochaber Place Names,” by Mr Colin Livingstone, Fort-William, was read by Mr Whyte. The paper is subjoined:—

LOCHABER PLACE NAMES.

In the early history of Scotland Lochaber, for various reasons, occupied a more prominent position than it does at the present time. Foremost among these reasons are to be placed the trouble caused by its turbulent inhabitants to their neighbours, by raids and forays, and the difficulties they caused, to whatever form of Government existed, by frequent insurrections and rebellions. The powerful clans which occupied the province—the Macdonalds,

the Camerons, and the Mackintoshes—were generally at feud with each other ; and, when they laid aside their mutual animosities, it was usually to combine against the Royal power. Of the former character were the long-continued struggle between the Camerons and the Mackintoshes for the lands of Locharkaig and Glen Luy, and between the Mackintoshes and Macdonalds for the lands of Brae-Lochaber. Of the latter may be mentioned the victory of Donald Balloch, gained over the Royal forces under the Earls of Mar and Cathness, in 1431, at Inverlochy.

Lochaber in early times was also of some renown for the quantity and variety of its productions. Buchanan describes it as a "*Regio (ut inter Scotos) imprimis copiosa maritimis et terrestribus commodis. Est enim et in frumentis et pascuis imprimis felix, et preterea nemorum umbris et rivulorum, fontiumque amœnitate, jucunda. Piscium vero proventu adeo fertilis, ut nulli prope Scotie regioni cedat.*"

This may be rendered, somewhat freely :—"Lochaber, as compared with other parts of Scotland, is among the foremost in sea and land productions. In corn and pasture it is specially fortunate, and also in its woods and the pleasantness of its streams and fountains. In its fisheries it is second to no part of Scotland."

The object of this paper, however, is not to give a general history of Lochaber, but, as the title indicates, to treat of the Names of Places in the district, giving their meaning so far as known to the writer, and to touch upon history only as connected with such places as are thus described.

Lochaber.—The name of the district itself gives rise to much discussion, and its origin and meaning can scarcely be said to be satisfactorily ascertained. Tradition ascribes it to a lakelet in the Moine Mhòr—the large moss—near the mouth of the River Lochy, and asserts that, from this little lake it extended to the district. This would certainly not be more singular than that the Atlantic Ocean should take its name from the Atlas Mountains in the north-west of Africa, but both etymologies appear doubtful.

Two reasons are assigned for the lochan being called Loch-a-Chabair. According to one account, two clans, armed with sticks, met near it to fight out a quarrel ; but before they engaged, an attempt was made to come to an understanding. This succeeded, terms were come to, and the sticks were thrown into the lochan. It is not said that they did not float ; but, as the loch was small and shallow, it may be assumed, for the sake of a consistent story, that they sank, and could never be used again for breaking heads.

Another, and more likely version, is that, in olden times, when the country had few inhabitants, deer frequented the moss, and buried their antlers in the lakelet, which hence got its name. This, however, does not assign any reason for the extension of the name to the district; and, besides, there is on the hillside, above Corpach, a small clump of trees called Bad-Aber, which could hardly get its name from the lochan, with which it is in no way connected.

Buchanan's belief was that the district took its name from what is now called Loch Linnhe, which he describes as presenting the appearance of a real lake—hence called *Abria, id est statio*, apparently a station for ships, or a harbour. *Abria* is without doubt the word *aber*, which occurs so frequently as a prefix in Gaelic names, and means not harbour, but the mouth of a river, or the confluence of two rivers.

Attempts are sometimes made to explain the word Lochaber as Lochy-Aber. But this collocation is altogether contrary to the genius of the Gaelic language, and there is no reason why, in the present instance, it should have any violence done to it. The compound which would, in the usual way, be formed is Aberlochy, an excellent word both in sound and sense. Instead of it we have Inverlochy—*inver*, the equivalent of *aber*, being used as the prefix.

The meaning of the word Lochaber is probably to be obtained by a literal interpretation of the component parts—the Loch, which is, at the same time, the Aber. Loch Linnhe is in reality the estuary, and, therefore, the mouth of the Lochy. It is so treated in the Fishery Acts, which extends the Lochy estuary to a point considerably beyond Corran. According to this interpretation, Lochaber is simply Loch-mouth (of a river), and the name is every way applicable. That the name should extend to the district from an important sheet of water like Loch Linnhe is much more likely than that it would so extend from a pool in the Lochy moss, now drained.

Fort-William, as is generally known, is named after the great Orange Captain, William III. Only the Fort was so named. The village was called, after his consort, Queen Mary, Maryburgh; but this, as well as a subsequent designation, Gordonsburgh, has been discontinued. The country people call both fort and village *An Gearasdan*—a corruption of the English "garrison"—or more fully, *Gearasdan Inbhir-Lochaidh*. The fort has existed continuously since the time of General Monk, who here constructed an earth-work for the defence of the troops employed

in keeping down the Highlanders. In William and Mary's time, General Mackay built the fort of stone. A garrison was continued in it till 1853—long after it had ceased to be required for its original purpose; for, since the last rising in favour of the Stuarts, no part of the British dominions has been more peaceable than the Highlands.

The local designation, however, points to a time long antecedent to Monk's earthwork. On the 23rd July, 1596, the Convention of Royal Burghs was directed by the Council of King James VI.—“To confere and reasonn with his Majestie and Lordis foirsaidis anent the artikle direct to the said burrows, for sending ane number to inhabite and dwell in the mouth of Lochquhaber and some other pairt of the Ileis.”

The reply of the Convention was:—“As for the third heid, concernng of ane number to inhabite Lochquhaber, to quhom his Majesty will gif greitt priveleges landis and liberties, will help to fortify themselves, and to gif protection aganes the Helandmen, as also to inhabite sum other pairts of the Iles as sall be fand commodious for trafficquing. It is answeret, the proposition lykes the Burrows weil for many respects and considerations, honorable and maist profittable to His Majesty and hail kingdom, and, therefore, ane overtour being maid that thois pairts may be maid peacebill, will find out merchants, craftsmen, and maryners that will pass thair, as being the maist proper and commodious pairt of the Country of Scotland.”

An Act was passed next year, 1597, 15 James VI., c. 267, which ordained, *inter alia*, the erection of a burgh in Lochaber, to which His Majesty should grant all privileges of a burgh, with land and fishings and common good.

Only in Cantire was advantage taken of this act. Here Campbelltown was made a Royal Burgh. Repeated attempts were made, in consequence of the act and of concessions by the King, to establish a lowland colony in the Lewis. These attempts were begun in 1597, and renewed from time to time till 1610, when, owing to the resistance offered by the natives, they were finally discontinued, and the title granted to the intending colonists was sold by them to the Lord of Kintail.

No attempt appears to have been made to form a Burgh in Lochaber, though we learn from Bishop Lesley of Ross (1578) that there had formerly been a town at the mouth of the Lochy, to which traders came from France and Spain. This town, he says, was destroyed by the Danes and Norwegians, and never rebuilt.

By a charter dated 13th November, 1690, Maryburgh was constituted a Burgh of Barony, holding of the Crown.

Loch Linnhe—Gaelic, *An Linne-dhubh*, the Black-pool; outside Corran, *An Linne-sheilich*, the Willow-pool. The name, as used in the locality, is simply *An Linne*—the Pool. The prefix *Loch* is not used, and this seems indirectly to confirm Buchanan's statement that it was in early times called, not by its present name, but *Abria*—hence *Lochaber*. It is of great depth, being in parts over 90 fathoms.

Achintore—*Ach-an-tochair*—adjoins Fort-William to the west, and the burgh has lately been extended to include part of it. The name is slightly disguised in the spelling, leading at first to the impression that the last syllable is only the usual *torr*, a height, so common in Gaelic names. The pronunciation by a native at once removes this impression. The spelling should be *Ach-an-tochair*—the field manured by folding cattle thereon. General Wade's old military road passes over the east shoulder of *Achintore* hill, which rises above the cultivated fields.

Ach-a-Bhlair, a green field once cultivated, some little distance from the road, has its name from the fact that the last stand of the Campbells in the battle of Inverlochy was there made. The pursuit was continued about three miles further along the line of Wade's road. General Wade's roads were made subsequent to the rebellion of 1715, say about 1725-6. Where it ended, near *Lundavra*, a stone was erected by the pursuers as a memorial of their victory. This stone is, even to the present day, thrown down or set up by the passers-by, according to their leanings to the side of the Campbells or of the Macdonalds. When last seen by the writer, it was surrounded by a cairn of small stones to make it more difficult to displace.

Drumarbin, west of *Achintore*. This name, as a whole, is somewhat difficult to explain. The first part, *Drum*—*Druim*—means, of course, the ridge of a hill, in this place quite applicable—a long, sloping ridge rising from the west to *Achintore* hill. The remainder of the word may possibly have some reference to roe-deer; but this is doubtful, though *Drumarbin* is still occasionally frequented by these deer.

Coruanan, the corrie of the little lamb, is grassy and well sheltered.

Meall-nan-Cleireach, the height of the Clerks, the hill above *Coruanan*, had its name most likely from being connected with some Church lands, though no evidence can be obtained of such connection. On its summit, 1626 feet, are three large blocks of mica schist, which must have been carried a considerable distance to their present resting-place. The largest of the three, and the

highest up, is called *Clach-an-Acrais*, the hunger stone. When the sun appears over it to the people living on the other side of the glen, it is about two o'clock in the afternoon, and they are ready for dinner.

Blar-nan-Cleireach, on the north-eastern side of the hill, the open space of the clerks, must owe its name to the same reason as the hill itself—connection with Church lands.

Beinn-Bhàn, the white mountain, and *Beinn-na-Gucaig*, the mountain of the bell-shaped point, are two other summits rising above Coruanan.

Druim-na-Birlinn—the ridge of the barge—is the name given to a grassy slope at the side of the loch, where barges used to land.

Innis-Rìgh—usually spelled Inchree—is the name of a prettily-sheltered farm-house near Corran. *Innis*, generally made into *nch*, is an island, or a level field at the side of a river, as it is in this case. The latter part of the word (*rìgh*), seems to connect it with some king, but there is no tradition of a king having ever shown here in any way. The word is more probably “*ruidhe*,” which has nearly the same sound, and means the bottom of a valley; so that the whole name would be “the field at the bottom of the valley”—a most suitable designation.

Corran—Gaelic, *An Corran*, the sickle—has its name from the form of the bay on the Ardgour side, which is quite like a reaping hook. *Zaucle* (now *Messana*), in Sicily, had its name for a similar reason, as also has *Trapani* in the same island.

Culchenna—*Cul*, at the back of; *chenna*, the headland, which juts out, forming the west boundary of Onich Bay.

Onich—*Omhan*, or *odhan*—froth of milk or whey; *omhanach*, abounding in froth of milk or whey. During a SW. gale the waves roll in with great force on the Onich beach, and get well churned into foam. Their white crests, as seen from the shore, have a frothy appearance, as if they were being churned by some powerful agency. Hence, doubtless, the name. It is sometimes said to be from *ochanaich*, sighing or sobbing, and to have had its origin in the lamentation for the dead, whose bodies were borne from the shore to *Eilean Mhungo*—Mungo's Isle. But the island is considerably above the Ferry, and boats seldom or never start for it from the Onich shore.

Baille-a-Chaolais, the town upon the ferry; called more fully *Caolas-ic-Phadraig*, the ferry of the son of Patrick. Tradition says that the son of a Norse pirate named Patrick, was drowned in crossing the ferry, and that the father, in attempting to rescue the son, had a narrow escape from drowning, and was saved only

by reaching a boulder on the south shore, hence called Clach-Phadraig (Patrick's stone), a boulder of grey granite still there.

Callart—*cala*, or *calladh-ard*—the upper ferry. Here there is a ferry across Loch Leven to Glenceoe.

Caolas-nan-Con—the strait of the dogs. Loch Leven is here only about 200 yards wide, and the strait is named of dogs, evidently from their resorting to it in crossing the loch. The dog referred to, however, may have been the wolf-dog.

Kinlochmore, not the head of the large loch, but the principal place at the head of the loch (Leven). On the other side, and nearer to the loch, is Kinloch-Beag, little Kinloch.

Allt Eilde, the burn of the hind; *Loch Eilde Mòr* and *Loch Eilde Beag*, the large and the small loch of the hind. These lakes are among the hills above Kinloch, and the stream from them flows into the river Leven.

Loch Leven and *River Leven*.—The word Leven is very generally assumed to be derived from *leamhan*, the elm tree, and in some instances this may be the fact. But *leamhan* cannot be the origin of the names in the present instance. The *mh* in *leamhan* is not silent in Gaelic, but has its usual pronunciation as *v*, and this sound is never heard in these names, or in the Lyon in Perthshire. The word, in all three instances, is pronounced *lĕ-un*, *l* liquid, and *ĕ* with its name sound in English. There is a Gaelic word, *lĕan* (le-an), which means a meadow, or swampy plain; and probably this was at one time the character of the land bordering all the levens (le-uns) in Scotland.

Taylor, in his "Words and Places," derives Leven from a Welsh word *llevn*, smooth, from which he supposes *lĕnn*, a still pool, to be derived. But smoothness is no characteristic of the Perthshire Lyon, or of the Inverness Leven, which in Gaelic are pronounced alike.

Lochan a Chlaidhimh, the little lake of the sword, which may be regarded as the source of the Leven, the upper part of which is called the Black Water, has a history of some interest. In the neighbourhood is Beinn Bhreac—the spotted Ben—a detached part of the property of Lochiel, famous for its pasturage. At one time the right of Lochiel to this Ben was disputed by the Duke of Athole. It was arranged between the two claimants that they should meet on the ground to settle the ownership amicably. Each was to bring a single attendant. The Duke had no intention to observe the latter part of the agreement. His object was to get Lochiel into his power, and extort from him the surrender of his rights to the valued grazings. He, therefore, brought with him a strong body of men.

Lochiel was unsuspectingly making his way with only one attendant to the place of meeting. When passing Moy, five miles or so from his house at Achnacarry, he found Gorm-Shuil of Moy, a famous witch in her day, sitting at the road-side crooning to herself a song, the principal part of which was—

“Faire, faire, Loch-Iall,
Cian do thriall gun do ghasgaich,
'Sa liutha fear mòr mu Lochaidh agad,
'Us dà thaobh Loch Arcaig?”

“Beware, Loch-Iall, beware!
Where now, without thy hero band,
Art thou rashly wending,
And leaving so many
Stout youths by the Lochy;
And on both sides by Arkaig's strand,
Who should all be attending?”

Gorm-Shuil could, of course, only conjecture that the Duke was not to be trusted; but she aroused the suspicions of Lochiel, who speedily got a sufficient number of his men called together, and proceeded by Learg-nan-Leacan to the place of meeting. Leaving them behind a knoll, within a convenient distance, he went on with a single attendant, as had been arranged, to meet the Duke, who was waiting him with only one man in sight. The discussion soon led to an altercation, and the Duke proceeded to emphasise his demands by bringing into view the men he had concealed. To Lochiel's question, “Who are these?” he replied—“The Athol sheep come to eat the Lochaber grass.” Lochiel turned the cloak which he wore, displaying its scarlet lining, which was the signal to his own men that their services were needed. It was now the Duke's turn to ask “Who are these?” And the answer was equally prompt—“They are the Lochaber dogs come to worry the Athol sheep.” The Duke finding his stratagem fail, and probably fearing for his life, speedily came to terms; and, in evidence of abandoning his claim, and of future amity, he threw his sword as far as he could into the lake, which hence has its name. From this incident is said to have originated the Cameron “Gathering”—“Thigibh an so, chlanaibh nan con's gheibh sibh feoil.” “Come hither, children of the dogs, and you will get flesh.”

It is said that many years ago, during a period of extraordinary drought, the water of the lake sank to a lower level than

had ever been previously known, and that a sword was picked up within the usual water-line. The sword was subsequently recovered—so the tale runs—by a party of Camerons, who carried it back, and had it pitched so far into the lake that there could be no fear of its ever again being found on dry ground.

From the head of Loch Leven to Fort-William, General Wade's military road may be followed. Great part of it is still in good preservation. In the triangle formed by the road and the two lochs, there are, in addition to those already mentioned, the following mountains—Beinn-na Caillich, the ben of the old woman; Mam na Gualainn, the rounded hill of the shoulder; Craig Bhreac, the spotted rock; Beinn an Aonaich Mhòr, the ben of the big height; Doire Bàn, the light-coloured thicket. Near the road—Lochan Lùndà Bhrà, the small lake whose waves have a double crest. The name, it must be admitted, is difficult, and the explanation is only conjectural. Its position on a col, almost at right angles with the main glen, may cause a peculiar ripple, which would account for the name. Blar a Chaorainn, the open space of the mountain ash; Blar-mach-foilteach, the open space outlying hospitable. This place among the wilds admits of cultivation, and is of considerable fertility. Faoilteach may, however, refer to the ancient hospitality of the inhabitants, a quality by no means extinct.

Ben Nevis—Few names in the Highlands have given rise to so much discussion as Ben Nevis, and few explanations are less satisfactory than those given of the word Nevis, from that of Taylor (Words and Places), who ascribes the name to the snowy covering of the mountain, apparently deriving it from the Latin *nix*, *nivis*, snow! Others find the etymology in *bais* (*bairthis*), a brow, and *nimh*, poison, which here they take to mean cold, making it “the mountain of the cold brow.” Others make *nimh* into *neamh*, heaven, and make it “the mountain with its brow to heaven.” It is now shown clearly enough that the cold on Ben Nevis does not exceed that of many of the inland parts of the country; and though the Ben is somewhat higher than its neighbours, it can scarcely be said that its brow is more to heaven than theirs. The fact, however, that there is on the West Coast a Loch Nevis, the name of which must be explained in the same way as the name of the Ben, puts brow entirely out of the question.

In all the attempts to explain the name usually met with, it seems to be forgotten that *mh* and *bh* in Gaelic both represent the sound *v*, and that *ni-mhais* is pronounced exactly as *ni-bhais*. Now, either of these spellings exactly represents the Gaelic name,

which certainly is not, as we often hear it in the mouths of those who affect an English pronunciation, *Nēvis*. *Ni* is a Gaelic negative, no or not, never used except in composition with another word. *Maise* is beauty; *ni-mhaise*, no beauty, so that Ben Nevis is—pace the Society's Bard—simply the Ben of no beauty. No name could possibly be more appropriate. Ben Nevis has about it a wild grandeur and ruggedness that strikes the beholder, when looking at it from many points, with awe or even terror, but never appeals to his sense of beauty. Besides, the name is merely negative, it does not attribute to the Ben deformity. This from various points of view would be incorrect. It is also to be remembered that in the ages long ago, when doubtless the name was given, men had not learned to find beauty in masses of inaccessible rock. It is doubtful if, even at the present day, when such places may be inspected from the Queen's highway or from on board a comfortable steamer, many who are loud in their praise of scenery really see the beauty of the scene.

On the other side of Glen Nevis, which takes its name almost certainly from the Ben, there are two striking points—*Stob Bàn*, the light-coloured pin, and *Sgor-a-Mhaim*, the sharp rock of the large round hill. Both are of quartzite, and hence the light whitish colour.

At a lower elevation is *Dun-dearduil*, the hill that shines or gleams, referring most probably to the rays sent forth into the darkness from the "Vitrified Fort" on its summit. There is, however, a legend which connects the name with a Celtic princess, *Deardri*, who fled from Ireland with her lover *Naos*, whose name is said to be preserved in the word *Ness*, in *Loch Ness*. The vitrified fort was one of the chain along Glen More which may be followed from Knockfarrel, near Dingwall, to *Dun-mhic-Uisneachain*, near Oban. Probably the Glen Nevis vitrified fort was connected with the Castle of Inverlochy. None of the other vitrified forts are directly visible from *Dun-dearduil*, though a fire from it would be seen from a vitrified fort near *Onich*, and, under favourable atmospheric circumstances, from a vitrified fort near the lower end of *Loch Lochy*.

Inverlochy—the confluence of the *Lochy*. Near its junction with *Loch Linnhe* there are still the ruins of an old castle. How long a castle has existed in the same place it is impossible to say, for its origin appears to have been matter of tradition when authentic history begins. Early in the sixteenth century the castle was in ruins; and the Earl of Huntly obtained a grant of its site, and was bound to build a "tower and strength with a

learnmekyn," for defence of traders to that part. The building whose ruins still exist is believed to have been erected about that time. The castle was at one time the residence of the Lochaber branch of the Comyns—the "Red Comyn"—and one of the towers of the existing ruin is known as Comyn's tower. Here, as already mentioned, in 1431 Donald Balloch defeated the King's troops, killing the Earl of Caithness and severely wounding the Earl of Mar, who were in command. At Inverlochy, also, the Marquis of Argyle was defeated, in 1645, by the Marquis of Montrose. Inverlochy Castle, the seat of Lord Abinger, some two miles distant, takes its name from the old castle.

Achandaull, some miles further along the same road, seems to have its name from the carpenter's adze—the field of the adze—*tàl*. The valley appears to have been at one time heavily timbered, and the use of the adze in dressing timber for various purposes probably gave rise to the name. On the moor to the south of it are *Tom-na-Brataich* (the banner knoll), and *Torr Sonnachain* (the mound of palisades). The former is part of one of the moraines which cross the moor and the valley below. Both names were probably connected with the earlier of the two battles of Inverlochy. The Torr has the remains of what may have been a small earthwork.

Spean.—The *sp* in this word seems to belong to the combination to be met with as the initial sound in so many words denoting the setting forth of energy, as spread, speed, spin, &c. The last syllable is the *an*, from *abhainn*, a river, found in river names, as *avon*. It probably thus means the rapid river.

Blàr-odhar—*Blar*, an open or cleared space; *odhar*, dun coloured, referring to the colour of the herbage, especially in early spring and late autumn.

Coire-an-eoin—the bird (eagle) corrie.—This is the principal opening in the Ben Nevis range, opposite Blar-Odhar; and from it is supposed to have come the ice barrier which caused the formation of the lake, whose margin is indicated by what are called the "Parallel Roads" of Lochaber. The Glen Spean "road" ends at the entrance to this corrie, and the corresponding "road" on the other side of the Spean ends above Blar-Odhar, usually spelled Blairour, the distance between the two terminals being about three miles.

Lairg-Leacach.—In the Ordnance maps, Learg nan Leacan is the principal pass to the head of Loch Treig, and thence to King's House or to Rannoch, and is still used as a "drove" road. *Lairg* is a pass over the shoulder of a hill, or between two hills.

Leacach, or *nan Leacan*, has reference to the large stretches of bare rock passed over by the road. The rock is remarkably glaciated and marked by ice, the *striae* being about the finest to be met with among the Lochaber hills. A good road has recently been made by Lord Abinger through the greater part of the pass.

Keppoch.—*Ceap-ach*, a block of land, the name appropriately given to the block of fertile land between the Roy and the Spean at their confluence. Though used as a proper name, its being a common name is sufficiently indicated in Gaelic by the use of the article before the name, *a' cheapaich*. This was the residence of the head of the Lochaber branch of the Macdonalds, called Clanranalds. The first of them was Alister Carrach, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, and Margaret, daughter of Robert, the High Steward of Scotland. For upwards of 360 years, from about 1390 to 1746, the eventful history of this family was connected with almost every feud and fight that occurred in Lochaber, or in which Lochaber men took part.

The murder of Alexander Macdonald Glas and his brother by their kinsmen, who were dissatisfied with their attempts to improve the estate, led to the act of vengeance which is commemorated by the erection over the "Well of the Seven Heads," on the banks of Loch Oich. At the instigation of Iain Lom, the Keppoch Bard, seven of the murderers were themselves assassinated or executed by others of their clan, and their heads were carried to Macdonald of Sleat, who was at the time on a visit to his kinsman at Invergarry. The heads were washed in this well, which is ever since known as "*Tobar nan Ceann*"—the well of the heads.

Coll Macdonald of Keppoch, in 1689, defeated the Mackintoshes on Maol-Ruaidh, near Keppoch, in the last clan battle fought in Scotland. He subsequently fought at Killiecrankie and at Sheriffmoor, and his son, Alexander Macdonald, fell when leading his clan at Culloden.

Loch Treig—This name, as written, is wholly unintelligible. The word *treig*, forsake, is easily understood, but is quite inapplicable as a name. The difference between the *t* and *d* sounds in Gaelic is very slight, and the name of this loch, as pronounced, may be spelled with either letter. If written *Dreige*, the name may be accounted for. *Dreag*, genitive *dreige*, is a meteor, and this loch, situated in a transverse valley, with steep and high mountains on either side, the main inlet for the prevailing south-west winds into the upper part of the Spean valley, must often present wonderful atmospheric disturbances, which would account for the name. It is one of the finest Highland lakes; and on its

sides, at the lower end, may be seen some of the most remarkable evidences of ice action to be seen anywhere in the country. The outlines of its ancient glaciers may be easily traced all over the adjoining plain.

Fersit—This term, spelled and pronounced *Fearsaid*, common in the west of Ireland, is explained by Joyce to mean a “sand bank formed at the mouth of a river.” The sand banks here, deltoid in character, formed at the mouth of Loch Treig, are a striking feature in the contour of the country. The surface of the largest is slightly under the level of the Spean “Parallel Road” (850 feet), which enters the mouth of the Loch Treig basin.

Sliabh Lorgach, the name given to the wide plain to the east of the lower end of Loch Treig, has evidently reference to the moraine lines, forming, as it were, footprints—*lorg*, a footstep, path, or track—over its surface. They are well indicated on the one-inch Ordnance map, sheet 63, and are striking remains of the Glacial Period, which did so much to give the country its present outline.

Na Casan is the similar name given to the Parallel Roads, evidently from *cas*, a foot.

Glen Roy (the Red Glen)—*ruadh*, reddish colour. In this glen is the largest development of the ancient lake margins, known as the “Parallel Roads,” which exist here in three lines, at elevations of 850, 1075, and 1150 feet respectively, corresponding to the *cols* by which the water of the lake was discharged at different periods.

20th APRIL, 1887.

At the Society's meeting this evening, Mr J. A. Harvey Brown, Dunipace, Larbert, was elected an honorary member of the Society.

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper by the Rev. Alex. Cameron, Brodick, consisting of Gaelic Ossian Ballads, collected by the Rev. Dr Macdonald, Ferintosh. The paper follows:—

POEMS OF OSSIAN

COLLECTED BY JOHN M'DONALD IN THE WESTERN PARISHES OF STRATHNAVER, ROSS, AND INVERNESS-SHIRE, IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1805.

The poems contained in this collection, and those by whom recited:—

1. Cath or Battle of Ben Edin, in two parts—
Alex. M'Rae, North Erradale, P. of Gerloch. Aged 80.

2. Dan na Nighean—
Capt. John M'Donald, Thurso.
Alex. M'Rae, Gerloch, as above.
3. The Fall of Roya, or King of Sora's Son—
Capt. John M'Donald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses—
Capt. John M'Donald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dlighe, or the Battle of Lora—
By Geo. Mackay, in Dalvighouse, P. of Farr. Aged 55.
John Mackay, Knockbreac, P. of Duirness. Aged 50.
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, P. of Eddrachilles. Aged 61.
6. Conn Mac 'n Deirg, Al. Leirg—
Geo. Mackay, in Dalvighouse, Farr. Aged 55.
John Mackay, Duirness. Aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
Alex. M'Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Teilgirnach Mor, or Eitridh Mhaonais—
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigil, P. of Tongue. Aged 63.
8. Duan Dhiarag—
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.
John Mackay, Duirness, aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeag, Eddrachilles.
9. Iomachd Naodhnar. (The exploit of 9)—
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.

I. THE BATTLE OF BEN EDIN.

This Poem may be divided into two parts—

i. The Buirbhurtach, in which a savage woman, nurse to Manus, King of Lochlin, and married to a blacksmith of that Nation, probably the Scandinavian Vulcan, makes a desperate attack on the Fingalians for some insult or injury done to her husband by Fingal. After committing much havoc among them, she falls at last in an encounter with Fingal.

ii. The Cath or Battle of Ben Edin. Manus, the King of Lochlin, having got intelligence of the Buirbhurtach's death, collected an immense body of troops and a formidable navy, and invaded Ireland, where the Fingalians then were, with a view to revenge the death of his nurse. A bloody battle ensued, in which the King of Lochlin lost most of his army, and he himself was bound by

Fingal. The scene of action was a hill in Ireland called Ben Edin,* hence called the Battle of Ben Edin.

Part I.—A Bhuirbhurtach, to line 97.

Part II.—Cath Bheinn Edin, from line 97 to the end.

- La dhuinn air Tulach sòir
 'G amharc Erin mu ar tiomchal
 Chunnaic sinn air bharrà' thonn
 Aoghalt, athrachd, chrithal chrom
 5 Bha h' aogais air dreach a ghuail
 'S a deud cairbartach, cnamh-ruagh
 Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann
 Mar choille, chriona, chrith-thean
 Bha aon suil ronnach na ceann
 10 'S bu luaith i no ronnach muigh'r
 Bha Cloidheamh meirgach fo 'crios
 Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
 'S gur b' ainm don Fhuagh nach tiom
 A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol, ruagh, mhoidhin
 15 Re amharc nam Fiann fo dheas
 Gun ruith' a Bheisd 'na h' innis
 Rinn i gean gun choman duinn'
 Mharbh i le h' abhachd ceud Laoch
 'S a gaire na garbh chraos
 20 Cait an rabh sluagh bu chiallich
 'S bu narich na sud agibhs'
 Measg Fianna' Innse-Fail
 No air Mhathibh na h' Erin?
 Labhair Laoch nach d' fhulaing sār
 25 Mac Moirna' dha' m' b' ainm Coinean
 A bhuidhin sin bha fann
 Annta dheargadh tu do bhreun lann
 Agus air sgath Cullanich† nan Con
 Oirne na bithid ga' muighadh
 30 Cha n da-fhear-dheug a b' fhearr san Fheinn'
 Thabhart Combrag do 'n Bheisd.
 'S urrad eile ged bhithidh iad ann
 Bhiodh marbh san aona bhall
 Ach gheibh thu Cumha' 's gabh còir

* i.e., Ben-e.

†Cullanach, a Dog boy or Dog keeper.

- 35 Caogaid Tuna dhe 'n dearg or
 Agus ga m' b'fhearr or cnodidh nan cloch
 No cogadh nam Fiann* fhaobharach
 Ged fhoidhin buaidh † Erin uile
 'H or 's a h' airgiod 's a crionachd
- 40 B' fhearr leam fo choisgeard mo shleagh
 Oscar is Reine is Cairil
 O'n se do phughair a thig dheth
 Se dheibh thu gun chumh' comhrag
 'S caillidh tu dos do chinne-chrion'
- 45 Re deagh Mhac Ossian iarruidh
 Dar dherich colg na Beisd'
 Gan derich Fionn Flath na' Feinne
 Dherich Ossian Flath na' Fear
 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iollin
- 50 Gan derich Diarmad donn
 Dherich leis an lion-bhuidhean
 Dherich Laoich nach tim 's nach tais
 Dherich an Glas le 'mhor neart
 Sin dar dherich iad uile
- 55 Eadar Mhac Ri 's gach aon duin'
 'S man Bheisd' dhioghair s a ghlean
 Rinn iad Cro-chrotha, cathmhor
 Mar Mhuir re clochan a mhol
 Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
- 60 Ach fhritheal i iad mu seach
 Mar ruith sradagan lasarach
 Ach an tus iorghal an aigh
 Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
 Thuit a Bhuirbhurtach leis an Ri
- 65 Is ma thuit, cha b' ann gun stri
 Deachan cha' d'fhair e mar sud
 O la Ceardoch Lon Mhic Leobhin
 Ghluais an' Gobh' leis a bhrigh
 Gu teach athair an ard Ri
- 70 Rinneadh beud ars' Gobhan nan cuan
 Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh.
- Ri.* Mar do shluigadh i 'n talamh-toll ‡
 No mar do thagh a Mhuir leathan lom
 Cha rabh do dhaoin' air an domhain

* MS. "Fiam," evidently a mistake. A.C.

† Some say Buar, Cattle.

‡ MS. "talamh-tall." A.C.

- 75 Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhoidhean
 G. Cha ne mharbh i ach an Fhiann
 Buidhean nach gabh roimh' dhuine fiamh
 Cha d' theid Fuath no Arrachd as
 On t shluagh aluin fholt-bhuigh.
- Ri. Bheir mise mo mhiannan Ri
 Ma mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhin
 Nach fag mi do dh' Erin an aigh
 Innis no Ealan no Tom
 Nach tog mi 'n coir-thaobh mo laong'
- 85 Dh' Erin churanda' cho-throm
 'S chuirin breabanich air muir
 Ga togal as a tonna-bhalladh
 Le Cròcan croma' re tir
 Ga tarring as a tamh-thonnadh

Gobh.

- 90 S mor an luchd do luingeas ban
 Erin uile dh'aon laimh
 'S cha deach do luingeas air sāl
 Na thogadh Cuigeadh do dh' Erin
- Deich fichid agus mile Laong
- 95 Thog an Ri sud 's gum b' fheachd throm
 Gu geill Erin thabhart amach
 Agus air shith na Feinne, nam' faradh
- Bha cearthar air farthar a chuain
 Do ghlan daoine' uailse Innse-Fail
- 100 Oscar agus Reine Ruagh
 Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard

Fing.

- 'N d' fhiosraich sibh 'n deas no 'n tuagh
 Co ni n' teannal chruaidh san traigh!
 Chan eil ann ach Flath no Ri,
 105 Thubhart Coinean maol gun fholt
- Och nam foidhins' am Fheinn
 Fear a ghabhadh sgeul an t' sluaigh
 Se labhair Fionn flath nam Fear
 Gum foidheadh e breith agus buaidh

Conan.

- 110 Sin thubhart Coinean a risd'
Co a Rìgh b' aill leat dhol ann
Ach Feargus fìor-ghlic do mhac
O 'n se a chleachd a dhol nan ceann

Ferg.

- 115 Mallachd dhuit a Choinean mhaoil
Labhair Feargus bu chaoìn cruth
Reachinse a ghabhal sgeul
Dha 'n' Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth

- Ghluais Feargus armal og
Air a rod an coimhneadh nam fear
120 Dhoinich e le combhra' foill
Cia na sloighs' tha air lear

Loch.

- Tha Maonas oirne mar Thriath
Ard Rì Lochlin nan sgia airm
Se Rì Lochlin ceann na Triath
125 Gille bu mhor fiach is fearg

Ferg.

- Thubhart Feargus rubh gu min
'N ann do chuideacha' nam Fiann
Thanig an Triath tha so air lear
S Rì Lochlin orr' mar cheann
Loch. Air do lamhsa' Fhearguis Fheile
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhuirn
Cha ghabh sin cumha gun Bhran
'S a bhean thabhart o' Fhionn

Fearg.

- Tha Rì Lochlin air an traigh
135 Cìod e 'n sta a bhi ga chleth
Cha ghabh e cumh' o' Fhionn
Gun a Bhean s a chu fo bhreith

Fìngal.

- Cha d' thugains' mo bhean!
Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghrein
140 S cha mho a dhealuichin re Bran
'M feadhs' a bhiodh 'n deo 'mo chre

- Ach air bhi fada dhuinn nar tosd
Gun smuainich Oscar an aigh
Dhol a labhart re a sheannair
145 'S a Chleirich, bu mhor an cas
- Bheir mise mo bhriathar doigh
Thubhart Oscar 's cha be 'n sgleo
Cia be laong' a s' fhaide seoil
Thug iad air an turus leo
150 Gan seol i le 'm fuil fo druim
Air neadh nach eil i 'nan coluin
'S b' fhearr 'no bhi gan iarruidh thuinn o' thuinn
'M foidhean cruinn air aona-bhall.
- Sud dar thubhart mi fein
155 Ged eil mi mar tha mi an ochd
Ri Lochlin nan Comhrag theann
Gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp
- Sin dar thubhart Reine Ruagh
Cia mor a thac' a shluagh baoth
160 Naodh fichid do Gheard an Ri
Dhaindeon an stri, bheir mi an sar
- Gan dubhart Caoilte nam Fiann
'S e cuir a sgia air a lamh
Naodh fichid Curamh gun diomh
165 Diolidh mis iad air an traigh
- Ghlac an Duth-Mac Rivin colg
Le guth borb 's e labhairt aird
Naonar a luchd comhrag chéud
Nam chomhair Fein air an traigh
- 170 Sin dar thubhart Coinean re Goll
'S mor an glonn duit bhi nad thosd
Nach d' thugamid cath-laidir teann
Do Mhac Mheathan nan airm noichdt
- Labhair Cuaire, gill' Fhinn
175 Tog dhìot do theinn is bi slan
'S ged thanig iad uil' air thuinn'
Cha mhor dhiubh theid air sal

- Beirim beannachd 's beirim buaidh
Thubhart Mac Cumhil nan gruadh-dearg
180 Maonas Mac Garrie nan sloigh
Leagidh mis' cia mor fhearg

- Air mhocherigh n' la air 'n mharach
Ghluais Fergus Fili gu gle dhan
Air chomhairl athair mar bu choir
185 A dhionnsuidh Mathibh Ri Lochlin

- Chuir e air a Luirach mhor
'S a Chlogaid de 'n or mu cheann
Gun chuir e a chloidheamh ri chrìos
'S a dha shleagh re 'lios 's a chrann
190 Bheannich e dar cha' e 'mhan
Dh' fhear a sheasamh aite Ri
'S dhoinnich e le comhradh foill
Ciod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tìr ?

Loch.

- S aimideach thu reir mo bheachd
195 Co b' urra sa chleas dluth ?
Ach Maonas Ri Lochlin nan Laong
Le Fheachd throm gu cosnadh cliu

Ferg.

- 'S aimideach a bhual thu 'n speach
'S nach d' iomradh mi creach no toir
200 'S ge mor a thug sibh luibh an all
Gu 'm feudadh sibh bhi gann a falbh

Loch.

Co b' urra sa chleas dluth ?

Fearg.

- Co b' urra sa chleas dluth ?
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh
205 Nach do theich roimh' dhuine riabh
Ach gan teichadh na ceuda' uaith

Loch.

- Ni mise cogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd
'S bheir mi creach o' Fhianna' Fail
Bithidh *Sgeollach agam 's Bran
210 'S bithidh Fionn sa bhean nam lamh

*Fingal's two dogs.

Fearg.

Feudidh tu a chantan gu beachd
 Gur creach neart sin oirn gu brath
 Ach cait am biodh Oscar og
 Agus Ri nam Fear mhoir ann 'n lamh ?

Loch.

- 215 Dhichinn fein Oscar og
 Ossian mor is Goll nan enamh
 Dichinn sliochd Ri nam Fiann
 Is Fionna fial, cia mor a lamh.

Fearg.

- 220 Feudidh tu bhi triall an tir
 Thubhart Fergus as caoin cruth
 'S tu Laoch is mo fo 'n ghrein
 Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
 Ciod e a choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
 Man d' thanig sibhs' a thogal ghuill*

Loch.

- 225 Se choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
 Muime Ri Lochlin nan gleann
 Gun mharbhadh i 'n Erin shuas
 Seal mas d' fhuairis le Clann—

Fearg.

- 230 Cha b' fhiach a choslas a bh' ann
 Bha h'aogais air dreach a ghual
 Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann
 'S co dheannadh clann re Fuath ?

Loch.

- 235 Cha b' Fhuath bhann ach Bean
 Cha rabh i fann na tir fein
 'S nam foidhidh i comhrag naodhnar
 Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn

Fearg.

- 240 Chan fhaca sinne bean ann
 Ach cailleach cham 's i gann do cheill
 Bha aon suil ghlonnach na ceann
 'S chuir i anntlachd air an Fhein

* Gheill (?).

Dheibhidh sibh Cumh' s gabhibh coir
 Caogaid Tunna do dhearg or
 'S gum b' fhearr 'or enodidh nan cloch
 No na bheir na Feachd da chuinn

- 245 Dheibh thu seachd ceud nighin bhais-gheal-bhan
 Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha' nan dail
 Seachd ceud Bo gun bhiodhan riabh
 Seachd ceud Each le 'n deagh thriall

- 250 Seachd ceud Daimh Chabair nam beann
 Ghlacadh gun ghuth cinn no coin
 Seachd ceud aogh' le n' seachd ceud maogh
 Chuiradh an' lamh an' Leitir Shoir

- Seachd ceud Seobhag a rinn sealg
 Seachd ceud Gadhar, garg am' beinn
 255 Seachd ceud Ealla dhe 'n t' snamh
 Seachd ceud Lach le Ràc air Leinn

- Seachd ceud Ruagh-Chearc dhe 'n fhraoch
 Seachd ceud Coillach-chraobh air chrann
 Seachd ceud Iolair o' Thuath
 260 Seachd ceud Earb' a luath nan gleann—

Seachd ceud Cubhag, seachd ceud Cuach
 Seachd ceud Smeorach 'ghluais o 'n bheinn
 Seachd ceud Lon-duth am' beinn aird
 Is seachd ceud ni, nam baill' luibh

Loch.

- 265 Ged' fhoidhin buaidh Erin uile
 'H or 's a h' airgiod 's a crionnachd
 Cha phillin mo Lōd air Sal
 Ach am biodh Erin uile air m' earras

Ferg.

- Sgaol Feargus a Bhratach re crann
 270 Ma chomhair gun dhiult Ri Lochlin cumha'
 Ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foill
 Mun biodh Erin uile air earras

Loch.

- Co i a Bhrachs' Fhili Dhuainnich
 Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuadhich
 275 Chi mi Gille gathasd air a ceann
 'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebbin?

Fearg.

- Cha ne sud ach an Lia-Luathnach
 Bratach Dhiarmid og, o' duinne
 'S dar thigeadh an Fheinn amach
 280 Gheibhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach

Loch.

Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich
 Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich
 Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
 'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

Fearg.

- 285 Cha ne sud ach a Bhriochil-bhrochil
 Bratach Ghoill mhoir, Mhic Moini*
 'S e bu shuaimhneas dha 'n t sreol bhuidh
 Toiseach tighin 's deiradh falbha'

Loch.

- 290 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich
 Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich
 Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
 'S air a lasadh dhe n' or ebhin

Fearg.

- Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Nimh')
 Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea'
 295 Dar chruinnichadh Cath na Cliar
 Cha bhiodh iomradh, ach air an Duth-nea'

Loch.

- Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich
 Ne sud Bratach Mhic Treun bhuadhich
 Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
 300 'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

Fearg.

Cha ne sud ach an Aona-Chasach ruagh
 Bratach Reine na mor shluagh
 Bratach leis am briseadh cinn
 'S leis an doirteadh Fuil gu faobartan

*For Morni. A.C.

Loch.

- 305 Co i a Bhratach ud, Fhili Dhuainnich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

Fearg.

- 310 Cha ne sud ach a Sguab'-ghabhi'
Bratach Oscar chro-laidir
Leis an leigta' cinn gun amhichin
Agus coluinin a tuitim
'S nach tugadh troidh air a h' ais
Ach an crithidh 'n talamh trom-ghlas
- 315 Sgaol sinn an Deo-ghreine re crann
Bratach Fhinn bu theann sa chath
Loma-lan do chloch an dhe 'n or
S ann luinn gu 'm bu mhor a meas-rath

Loch.

Saolamid gun thuit a Bheinn—

Fearg.

- 320 'S durra dhuits' na bheil ann
Geal-gheugach Mhic Cumhil re crann
Is naodh slabhrin aisda sios
Dhe 'n or bhuidh gun dall-sgiamh
Is naodh naodhnar a lann-ghaisgich
- 325 Fo cheann na h' uile slabhridh
Mar Chleath treamhadh gu traigh
Bithidh a gair-chath gad' ioman

Loch.

- 'S breugach do bheul Fhili bhinn
Cia mor agads' sluagh na Feinne
- 330 Trian na h' agams' do shluagh
Cha rabh aguibh riabh an' Erin

Fearg.

- Ge beag leatsa an Fhiann theircs'
A Ri Lochlin na mor chamhlach
Bheir thu do theann leum fo 'n fheasgar
- 335 Roimh' lanna glasa ni t aimhleas

'N sin an toisich a chomhrag chruaidh
 Se labhair Mac Cumhil nam buadh
 Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath
 Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall—

- 340 Bu lionmhor guailin ga maoladh
 Agus coluin a snuaghadh
 Bu lionmhor ann tuitim fleasgich
 O eirigh Greine gu feasgar
 'S cha deach faobhar airm gu muir
- 345 Ach aona mhile do shluagh bàrr
 Theich iad mar shruth air bharra-bheann
 Is sinne sa chath gan ioman—
 Deich fichid 's mile sonn
 Thuit eadar Garrie agus Goll
- 350 O'n dherich a ghrian gu moch
 Gus an deach i fo san anmoch
 Seachd Fichid 's seachd Cathan
 Na bha do shluagh aig Ri Mheathan
 Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh
- 355 'S le Cairil mor na corra-chnamh
 Bha Mac Cumhil 's a shluagh garg
 Mar chaoir-theina na mor-fhearg
 Mar shradagan diana-cas
 'M feadhs' a mhair Lochlinach ris
- 360 Thachair Mac Cumhil nam buadh
 Is Maonas nan ruag aigh
 Ri cheil an tuiteam an t' sluaigh
 Sann luinn gum chruaidh an cas
 Dar thoisich stri nan Laoch
- 365 Sann luinn gum chian an clos
 Bha clochan agus talamh trom
 Fuasgladh o' bhonn an cos
 Air briseadh don cloidheamha' dearg
 Dheirich orr fearg agus fraoch
- 370 Thilg iad am buill' air an lar
 'S thug iad sparn, an da laoch
 Thuit Ri Lochlin an aigh
 M' fianuis chaich air an Fhraoch
 'S airse ged nach b' onoir Ri
- 355 Chuireadh ceangal nan tri-chaol
 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol
 Mac Moirne bha riabh re h' ole

- Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lann
 'S gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp
 380 Cairdeas cha neil agam no gaol
 Dhuitsa Choinean mhaoil gun fholt
 'S o 'n tharladh mi 'n lamhan Fhinn
 'S annsa leam e no bhi t' iochds'
 O'n tharladh tu 'mo lamhan fein
 385 Cha n' iomar mi beum air Flath
 Fuaisglidh mi thusa o' m' Fheinn
 A Laoich threin chuir mor-chath
 Dheibh thu do roghan a risd'
 Dhol as gud thir fein
 390 Cairdeas is comun is gaol
 No thighin led' lann gu m' Fheinn.
- Cha d' thig mis' le 'm lann gu d' Fheinn
 'M fadsa bhithis ceill am' chorp
 'S cha bhual mi builla t' aghaidh Fhinn
 395 'S aithreach leam na rinnis ort
- Cha n' ann ormsa rinn thu n' lochd
 S ann rinn thu 'n cron duit fein
 Dhe 'n thug thu do shluagh o' d thir
 'S beag a philleas a risd' dhiubh sin
- 400 Ach cia be thigeadh anns an uair
 Gu mullach Bheinn-Eidin fhuar
 Cha n' fhac 's cha n' fhaic e gu brath
 Urad do dh' fhaobh ann' aon la.

II. DAN NA H' INGHIN.

Argt.—The King of Greig's daughter, pursued by the chief heir of Easbin's son, flees to the Fingalians for protection. The Pursuer at length appears, makes a bloody attack upon the Fingalians, and slays a number of them. The unhappy maid falls victim among the rest. At last this savage hero in a bloody combat falls by the hands of Oscar.

Ossian, lamenting the loss of the Fingaliau heroes who fell in the action, and sitting sad and melancholy, is accosted by Patric, his son-in-law, who asks the reason of his grief. He gives him a relation of the whole story—

- 1 Ossian uasil Mhic Fhinn
Tha nad' shuidh air Tulach ebhin
Mhili mhor nach meat
Ciod e am brons' th'air t'inntin ?
- 2 Fath a bhroin do bhi orm fein
A Phadric Mhic Alpin Fheile
'Smuainach' air Fionn na Feinn'
Augus air seachd Cathan nan garbh Fheinn
- 3 Innis sin domh Ossian mhoir
Oghe Chumhail 's binne gloir
Dreis air an Fhein is maith luinn
'S gabhidh sinn uin gu chlaisdin
- 4 La do bhi uile do 'n Fhein
Air Tulach a Choirre san Iar
Gum facadar bean sa mheagh
'S i tighin thugain na h'aonar
- 5 Bi nighean a b' aille snuagh
Bu ghile 's bu dheirge gruadh
Bu ghile no gathan na grein'
Far-ruisg tan' fo caol-lein'
- 6 Gan a las a gare na ceann
Bha h' earradh aluin ma tiomchal
Leine dhe 'n t sreol a b' uire
Ma slios cūra, fo caoin bhraghaid
- 7 Slabhrìdh dhe 'n or a b' fhearr dreach
Slabhrìdh òir ma caoin bhraghaid
Cha robh speis aig duine san Fheinn
Dhe mhnaoi fein ach dhe' nighin
- 8 Mo chomrich oirbh Fhiannibh mhath
Eadir Rìgh agus ard-Fhlath
Mo chomrich air Diarmad Donn
'S air Faoghan 's aille com
Agus air Oscar an aigh
'N lamh a chroisdadh an t eugmhal—
- 9 Sin dar thionda' Fionn gu grad
A Nighin donn nan gealla-ghlac
Ciod e an toirs' th'air a shith
A Ribhin alluin 's tu 'n t' eugmhal ?

- 10 Nighin Ri solais na Greiga'
Fios mo shloinneadh dhuits' cha bhreuga
Thanigs' air eagail an Fhir mhoir
Dha t' ionnsidh's Fhinn uasal fhaileol
- 11 Bheirims' briathar gum paigh
Thubhart Goll 's thubhart Oscar an aigh
Nach eil Laoch, ach Laoch san Fheinn
Bheiradh as so thu a nighin
- 12 Sin thuncas am Fear mor uainn
*Faghad a chal' o' n chuan
'Se tarruing a luine gu tir
'Se tighin thugain le ana-mein
- 13 Gum be sin am fear mor teann
Mar stuagh dhirich gu earra-bhall
Le fraoch feirge gu Fionn na Feinn'
'Se na chaoir-teintidh th'ugain
- 14 Leine dhe 'n t' sreol bhuidh man fhear
'S a chriosan sida ga ceangal
S a chotan breac oir mu choir
Ma 'n Mbhili shochair an t seamhmhoir
- 15 Bhiodh a Luirach air sa Chualach
'S a Sgabul daihte breac buadhach
'S a cheannabheart chlacharach or-bhuidh
O's cionn Sochair a Mhacan—
- 16 A Chlaidheamh mor freasach nimhnidh
Gu geur cosanda' co-dhireach
'N sgiann mhor 's an t' or air a lagh
An dorn toisgeal a Mbhili
- 17 Thanig am fear mor gun cheill
Cha 'd bheannich e 'nighin no 'n Fheinn
Mharbh e ceud do cheuda na Feinn'
Agus mharbh e a Nighin
- 18 Thionnda' mo mhacs¹ air an leirg
Oscar 'se lan do throm fheirg
'S thug e 'n aire gu dan
Air an Fhear mhor mhi-narach

* The MS. is Taghad. A.C.

- 19 Rinn e comhrag ris gu dearbh
 Gu h' aird-uabhrach ro-gharg
 Gu fuilteach faobharach nimhnidh
 Bras-mheanminach aird-bheumnach
- 20 Bha sgarradh fola' gu teann
 Mar chlachan glas' le gleann
 Mar chaoira-teint' o' n teallach
 Bha farrum na 'n Laoch namhaidach
- 21 Thug Oscar beum fearganta' fir
 Air a Ghill' Dhonn as deud ghlan
 'S gun ghearr e le beum laidir
 Mac aird-oighre na h' Easbin

III. THE FALL OF ROYA, OR THE KING OF SORA'S SON.

Argt.—A woman, pursued by the King of Sora's son, by name Mayro Borb, escapes to the Fingalians, and claims their protection. The Royal hero appears, and falls upon the Fingalians, and kills a number of their troops. At last, in single combat with Gaul, he falls on the field of battle—

- 1 La do Fhionn ar bheagan slōigh
 Aig Eas-Ruagh Mhacear mna
 Chunncas a seoladh o' n Ear
 Cuirach oir agus bean ann
- 2 Sheasamh sinn uile air an t' sliabh
 Be Fionn nam Fiann agus Goll
 'G amhare Curach bu chuin ceum
 'S i gu treun a sgoltadh thonn
- 3 Cha drinn i fuirach no tamh
 'S cha mho ghabh fois am port gnā
 Ach 'g imeachd gu bruach an Eis
 Se dherich as Macear mna
- 4 'Se labhair ruinn Macear mna
 Gabh mo Chomrich ma 's tu Fionn
 Air ghaol t earlaid is do bhuaidh
 Gabh mo Chomrich gu luath tra

- 5 Dheanins' sin ruits a bhean
Seach aon neach tha fo 'n ghrein
Na 'n innsidh tu dhomh re seal
Co 'm Fear a th'air a shith
- 6 Geasimh tha orms' re muir
Laoch is trom toir air mo lorg
Mac Ri Sorach na sgiathan airm
'S gur e 's ainm dha Maighre Borb
- 7 Geasimh cha chuir a m' cheann
Gu 'n d' thiginn gu Fionn air sal
'S gu 'm bithin aige mar mhnaoi
Aig feamhas aoidh agus aill'
- 8 Sin dhuinn an tus ar bruidhna
Dhoineachd man Ri bu mhath fios
'N athnichadh tu nis a bhean
'Ne sud am fear a th'air a shith
- 9 Ochadan Mhic Cumhail Fhinn
'S pughar teinn leam gur e
'S teirgidh e mis' a thabhart leis
Cia mor do threis as an Fhein
- 10 Cha d' ghlac Claidheamh na dhorn
'S cha mho chuir sleagh o's chionn
Aon-fhear a bheiradh tu uainn
A dhaindeon sluagh Innse-Fail
- 11 Chunnas tighin air 'n steud
Am fear mor 's a mhead as gach fear
Marcach' na fairge gu dian
'N siubhal ceudn' rinn a bhean
- 12 Bu dubh a cheann 's bu gheall a dheud
Bu luaith air 'n steud e no gach sruth
B' fhaid a lamhan no cruinn iuil
Bu bhinne no eoinn ciuil a ghuth
- 13 A Chlogaid gu teintidh mu cheann
Air 'n Laoch nach tìm 's nach tlā
Sgiath chruaidh mheanminach air a leas
A'g iomard chleas air a chlè

- 14 Claidheamh trom toirteal nach pill
Gu dluth re taobh an fhir mhoir
Dha-shleagh ghaisgeal 's cruaidh rinn
Nan seasamh air eul a sgè
- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll
Brosbuinn bha trom sa chath
Sheas iad air garadh an t' sloigh
Eadar 'm Fear mor sa m Flath
- 16 Cha d' ath e do churrag no Thriath
No dh' onoir Mhic Ri gu rabh ann
Ach sior chuir fàr air an Fheinn
Gus 'n dranig e fein air Fionn
- 17 Thanig an Laoch bu mhor tlachd
Thugain le neart 's le gnìomh
'S gan d' fhuadich e uainn a bhean
Bha air guailin-deas an Ri
- 18 Thilg Oscar ann sin na dheigh
'N urchair nach bu re, an t sleagh
'S mun do sgath i idir re chle
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhluidh
- 19 Chrath an t Oscar bu mhor feirg
A Chraosach dhearg as a lamh chli
Leis an urchair thuit steud an fhir
'S mor an cean a chunnich leo
- 20 'N tra thuit a steud air 'n leirg
Thionnda' e le fearg 's le fraoch
Bhagair e cia bu mhor am beum
Comhrag treun air cheuda' laoich
- 21 Chuir sin tri chaogaid do Laoich gharg
A chosg meanmuena 'n oig-mhir
'S chuir e ceangal nan tri-chaoil
Orra, is fuil air taobh gach fir
- 22 Chlann Mhic Moirni, s mor 'n gnìomh
Gan chaochail iad be 'n truagh sgeul
Cha rabh a h' aon diubh thanig as
Nach robh o 'n criosa lan do chreuchd—

- 23 Mar bithidh tri Chaogaid do Laoich **gharg**
 Bha dh' annas airm ann ar comhair
 Bhithmid fo phughair gun smachd
 Nam feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aignadh mhir
 Fiannal an Fhir bu mhor feum
 Coltas aum comhrag an dithis
 Cha n fhaca mi rithisd na dheigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aignadh mhir
 Mac Ri na Sorach be sgeul through
 'S mairg ait as na ghluais a bhean
 'N tra thug i seal a dhiunnsidh chuain
- 26 Nis tiolaicmid fo bhonn an Eis
 'M Fear mor 's a mheud as gach fear
 'S curamid mu chainneal gach meoir*
 Faithn' òir mar onoir Mhic Ri—

IV. A DESCRIPTION OF THE HORSES IN CUCHULLIN'S CAR.

- 1 Dheibht an' toiseach na Carbaid
 Na h' eich phoirceach thoirceach dheas-laidir
 Gu fuathmhor buadh-mhor, du-tarsuing
 Mar spuir Iolair air cruaidh ainmhidh
- 2 Dheibht a' meadhon na Carbaid
 Na srianan caol' cruaidh' lanna' lothor
 Maris na h' Eich thailginta', cholganta'
 Mhàs-leathan eachmhal steudmhal
- 3 Dheibht ann deiradh na Carbaid
 Na h' Eich chionnanta, chroidhanta, chaolchasach
 Cheann ardach stuaigh-bheumnach
 Gu seang, seadi', searrachal
 Bagonta, buisgonta', buaidh-leumnach

†V. DIBIR DLIGH (*i.e.*, A NEGLECT OF RIGHT).

Argt.—Fingal gives an entertainment to his heroes, but neglects Alvin and the King of Rona's son. They, taking this as an affront, took their journey to Lochlin. After being some time

*Al. 'S curamid mar onoir air an Ri

Faithn oir mu chainneal gach meoir

†This is similar to M'Pherson's Battle of Lora.

there, the King of Lochlin's wife fell in love with Alvin. Having made an elopement, they return to their native country. In consequence of this rape, the King of Lochlin collects his troops and navy, and invades Scotland, where, it is said, the Fingalians were at the time. A keen and bloody battle ensued, in which most of the Lochlins fell. Gaul encounters the King in person, and, after a long and severe engagement, the latter falls.

- 1 La do Phadric san Tuir
Gun churam air ach 'g ol
An tigh Ossian mhoir mhic Fhinn
Gur ann luinn bu bhinn a ghloir
- 2 Fios bu mhath luinn fhoidhean uat
Ogh' Chumhail 's cruaidh colg
'N cath 's cruaidh chuir an Fheinn
Se bha mi fein air a lorg—
- 3 Agams' tha dheagh bhrath dhuit
Phadric sheinnis na sailm bhinn
'N cath is cruaidh' chuir na fir
O' n la Ghinneadh Feinn o' bhinn
- 4 'N Dibir Dlighe do rinn Fionn
San *Albhi re linn nan laoch
Air cuid don †Fheinn air Druim-dearg ‡
Dherich orr' am fearg 's am fraoch
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol
Mac Ri Rona, bu do-luinn
Agus §Elbhin Mac Iavir Ruaigh
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn
- 6 Dhimich an dithis ud do n' Iar
'S thog iad an triall uainn air muir
Do thir Ri Lochlin nan laong'
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug Bean Ri Lochlin nan laong'
'N troma-ghradh nach robh ro-dheas
Do dh'Elbhin greadhrach nan airm
Rinnis leo a cheilg gun fhios—

*Albhi, Fingal's Hall or house.

†The MS. is "Theinn," with "T" by mistake for "F." A.C.

‡Red or bloody Hill.

§Albhin, the same with Aldo in the battle of Lora.

- 8 Ghluais i e leabidh an Ri
 (Sud an gnìomh mu n dhortar fuil)
 Gu h' Albhi fhathach nam Fiann
 Thog iad leo an triall gu muir—
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laong'
 Fheachd gu trom re chuir an geill
 Deich Cathan fichid o' Thuath
 Don t'sluagh b' fhearr bha fo n' ghrein
- 10 Aon Cath deug bha sinn nan dail
 Do Fhiannidh Fail bu mhath grinn
 Taghadh gach fear a rug bean
 San teaghlach ghlan an robh Fionn
- 11 Dar dh' fhas an Ri lom-lan rachd
 Thog e a Bhratach re crann
 'S shuidhich e a luingeas gu tiugh
 Muigh o 'n bhruth 'n robh Fionn
- * * * * *
- 12 Gach treas Claidheamh 's gach treas Cū
 S gach treas Luirach ur ni 'n Fheinn
 Gach treas Maighdin og gun fhear
 Thabhart do Ri Lochlin sa bhean fein
- 13 Bhagair Elbhin comhrag cruaidh'
 Sgeul through re chuir an leud—
 Bhuineas le Iorghil nan lann
 A cheann air 'n dara beum—
- 14 Deich Ceannardan fichid do n' ar Feinn
 Is ceann Elbhin fein air thus
 Gan thuit le lamh Iorghil mhoir
 Mun deach na firr anns' an luths'
- 15 Dhoinnich Mac Cumhail nan Cuach
 Re mathibh sluaigh Innse-Fail
 Co choinichas Iorghil re dreis
 Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gur e fhreagair eisan Goll,
 Sonn bha deacair re chlaoidh
 Mis agus Iorghil re dreis
 Leigar eadrin an cleas dluth

- 17 Beannachd bhi air do bheul
S minic a labhair thu sgeul a mhath
Chuir leat Cath a chladheamh chruaidh
'S iomadh neach a chuaidh led chath
- 18 Gabh Oscar is Diarmid donn
Carril crom is Mac an Leidh
Dod dhidean o' bheuma' n Laoich
Dithis air gach taobh dod sge
- 19 Tri la is tri oidhch' gun bhiadh
Bha na firs' an sgainnir dhearg
Ach na bhuineas le Mac Moirni nan lann ,
A cheann, air an t' seachda tra
- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le màim
No neach a chaidh as don Ghreig
Aon do chuideachd Ri Lochlin
Cha deach dh' atchidh gu thir fein—
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann
Thuit air an t sliabh fo dheas
Ach ma dhinnsis mi mo sgeul gu fìor
Cha deach a bheag 's ar trian as

VI. CONN MAC 'N DEIRG, AL. LEIRG.

Argt.—A King of Lochlin, Con son of Dargo, comes agt. the Fingalians with a great army to revenge the death of his father, Dargo. (Tradition says this Dargo is the subject of the preceding poem, who was slain by the hands of Gaul. This, however, is uncertain). A bloody engagement ensues in which, after much slaughter on both sides, Con falls in a personal encontre with Gaul. So father and son fall by the hands of this hero.

- 1 Innis duinn Ossian narich
Mhic Fhinn so-ghradhich
Sgeul air Conn nam fearra' fearral
Sodhanda' calmunda' caomh-ghineal
- 2 Co 's mo Conn no 'n Dearg mor
*Ossian nam briathra' ciuil
No n' ionnan dealbh dha is dreach
Don Dearg mhor mhear mheanminach

*"Dubhart" deleted before "Ossian" in MS. A.C.

- 3 S mo Conn gu mor mor
Dubhart Ossian nam briathra' ciuil
E tarruing a Luingeas a steach
'N teamhair cuain agus caolis
- 4 Tha Lann nimh' air leadar a chuirp
Air slios teagmhal na mor lochd
Agus Claidheamh air sga a sge
Air an laoch ud gu h' aimh-reit
- 5 Sin sheas air 'n tulach fa 'r comhair
A Mili curanda ro-mhor
Se feuchan a cleasadh gu hard
Ann 'm beilcadh na h' iarmaid
- 6 Bha ghruaidh chorcar mar fhaobhar chaor
*Fo chaol mhal nan rosg mhin
Le fholt fathmhor ceardmhor grinn
Uasal fearral ebin
- 7 Buaidh gach [ball] an robh e riabh
Air ghaisgeachd 's ar mhor-ghuimh
Bheiradh Conn amach gun sgios
Togal chreachan le troma-chios
- 8 Bheirims' mo bhriathar cinn
Phadric, cia mor re inns'
Nach do ghabh sinne riabh uil
Leihd' do eagail roimh aon duin
- 9 Re faicin duinn comha' Chuinn
Mar shruth mar' gu traigh thuinn
Bha fuachas fol 'n fhir mhoir
'N deigh athair a dhio-chairt
- 10 Sin labhair Coinean Mac Morni
Leigibh mis dha na chead tòs
Gu sgarruin an ceann ud dheth
Do choisgin a choimhcheadas—
- 11 Mallachd ort a Choinean mhaoil
'N onoir cuim' am foidheadh tu chaoidh
Gu sgarradh tu 'n ceann ud dhe Conn
Deir Oscar nan trom-lann

*The MS. is "To," evidently for "Fo." A.C.

- 12 Gluaisidh Coinean le mhi-cheil
Naghaidh na Feine gu leir
Naghaidh Chuinn bhoadhich bhrais
Gu car tuaighal aimhleis
- 13 Dar thunnaic an Laoch bu mhin dealbh
Coinean dol a sealbhidh airm
Thug e seamhadh air an fhear
'S theich e sios gu Albhi
- 14 Bu lionmhor sgreadh is iollach chruaidh
Bha aig Coinean re aon uair
'S bu luaith e no 'n teamlul treach
San Fheinn uile ga choimhead—
- 15 Bu lionmhor cnap is put is meall
Bha geiridh suas air a dhroch ceann
A Mhaoil Choinean gu reamhar
Mun deach na tri-chaoil san aon-cheangal
- 16 Sin chaidh Fergus uainn amach
Gu muirneal aidhiral moralach
Do ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n Fhear mhor
Cia fa a shoichear do dh' Erin
- 17 Dhinnsins sin duits
Fhearguis, nam baill leat
Eric M'athair baill leam
Dhibhs' a Mhathibh Erin
- 18 No ceann Ghoill is dha Mhic Moirn'
Ceann Iolair a Charric-Choirn
Ceann na buidhneach ud uile
Fhoidhin domhs' mar aon duine
- 19 Cormaic Mac Artair is Fionn
Sna tha beo do Fhearradh Erin
Erin, o thuinn gu tuinn
Fhoidhean domhs' fo n aon chuimh
- 20 No comhrag de cuig ceud amach
Air mhoch mhaidin a maraich
Gu 'sgarruin an cinn o'n cuirp
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn agus Chormaic

- 21 Chuir sinn nar cuig ceud amach
 Gu muirnal aidhiral moralach
 'S mun teandadh tu barra-bhos
 Bu lionmhor leth-laimh ann is cos
22. Bu lionmhor muineal bha gun cheann
 'S iad marbh air aona-bhall
 Cuig ceud eil ged bhithidh iad ann
 Bhiodh sud marbh air aona-bhall
- 23 Sud dar ghluais nar seachd fichid fear-mor
 Bhri 's gan d' thanig nar diobhal oirn
 Thuit nar seachd fichid fear mor
 Aobhar nar tuireadh 's nar du-bhroin
- 24 Ach fhir bha gan ar comhair riabh
 Air ghaisgeachd 's air mhor ghnìomh
 A mheall suile nach d' fhalluing
 'S a Phrionnsa' na t' eugmhal
- 25 Nach fhaic thu Conn se muigheadh ort
 A tighin an culamh namhaid
 Nach bunadh tu 'n ceann ud dheth
 Mar rinn thu air Athair roimh'
- 26 Dheannins' sin duits' Fhinn
 Fhir nam briathradh sa cheoil bhinn
 Nan curamid fuachdas fol air chul
 'S ga m' bithmid uile dhe n' aon ruin
- 27 Sin shin an da Churadh bu mhor cith
 'S chuirte bonn an Tulaich leo air chrith
 'S iad a speileadh na sgiathan gu h' aird
 Ann m' beilcadh na h' iarmaild—
- 28 Eadar cuig la is aon tra deug
 Bha na laochs' an sgainnir dheirg
 Ach na bhuinadh le Goll nam beum
 'N ceann dhe Conn air cheart eigin
- 29 'N gair aidhirach rinn an Fhiann
 Cha d' rinnis roimh riabh
 Re fuasgladh Choinean e cas
 'N deigh lonnan 'sa mhi ghrais

VII. 'N TEIGIRNACH MOR, OR ACCORDING TO SOME,
EITRIDH MHAONAS.

Argt.—Magnus, King of Lochlin, invades the coast of Scotland (where it is said the Fingalians then were), either to revenge a former injury or to incite a fresh quarrel. He demands Fingal's wife and dog Bran, which, being refused, battle ensues. Magnus is subdued by Fingal, and his army defeated—

- 1 A Chlerich dhan na salm
San leam gur baoth do chiall
Nach eisdadh tu tamul re sgeul
Air an Fheinn nach fhac thu riabh
- 2 Ogh' Chumhail 's a Mhic Fhinn
Cia binn leat thighn air 'n Fheinn
Guth nan salm a thaobh mo bheoil
Gur e sud bu cheol leam fein
- 3 Chlerich cha lan olc leam
Gu sgarrin do cheann o' d chorp
Bhi coimeas nan salm ri Fionn
Ri Erin nan arm noichdt'
- 4 Gabhidh mi do chomhairl Fhir mhoir
Gloir a bheoil is milse leam
Eisdidh me tamul air Fionn
Oir 's binn leis thighin air Fheinn
- 5 Nam bithidh tusa Chlerich aigh
Air an traigh as Iar o' dheas
Aig uisge roinn na srutha seimh
Air an Fheinn bu mhor do mheas
- 6 La dhuinn a fiadhach learg
'S nach derich an t' sealg ar car
Gum facadar thall o' n traigh
Iomadh Barc 's iad tighin o'n Ear
- 7 Thanig iad o' n Ear s' o' n Iar
'S thionnal an Fhiann as gach ait
'S dheorich Mac Cumhail dhe Fheinn
'N d idir sibh fein ceann nam barc

- 8 Tha Ri Lochlin air an traigh
 Cha neil sta dhuinn bhi ga chleth
 Cha ghabh e cumh' o' Fhionn
 Gun a bhean s' a chu fa bhreith.
- 9 Gu dearbh cha tugadh Fionn a bhean
 Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghrein
 'S am feasd cha dealichadh re Bran
 'M feadh 's bhiodh anail na bheul—
- 10 Thog sinn a Ghealla-Ghrein re crann
 Bratach Fhinn bu gharg a treis
 Si tighin an uchd' an t sluaigh
 Bu choslach, bu mhor a' meas
- 11 Bha seachd slabhrin orra sios
 Do 'n or bhuigh bu ghloinne sgiamb
 Laoch air gach slabhridh don sud
 Ga cumal re uchda na fiamh
- * * * * *
- 12 Dar thoisich stri nan triath
 San luinn gam b' chian an clos
 Bha clachan agus talamh trom
 Fuasgladh o' bhonn an cos—
- 13 Air briseadh don Claidheamh'n air n leirg
 Dherich orr' fearg is fraoch
 Thilg iad an airm air 'n lar
 'S thug iad sparn 'n da laoich
- 14 Thuit Ri Lochlin air an traigh
 'M fianuis chaich air an 'raoch
 'S airsann ged nach b' onoir Ri
 Chuiradh ceangal nan tri chaoil—
- 15 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol
 Mac Moirne bha riabh re h' olc
 Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lann
 Gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp
- 16 Cairdeas cha neil agam no gaol
 Dhuits' a Choinean Mhaoil gun fholt
 'S o 'n tharladh mi an lamhan Fhinn
 'S annsa leam e no bhi tiechds'

- 17 O' n tharladh tu 'mo lamhan fein
 Cha n' iomar mi beum air flath
 Fuaisglidh mi thusa o' m Fheinn
 A Laoich threin chuir mor chath
- 18 Dheibh thu do roghan a ris
 Dhol as gu 'd thir fein
 Cairdeas is comun is gradh
 No thighin led lann gu m' Fheinn
- 19 Cha d' thig mis le m' lann gu d Fheinn
 'M fads' bhithis ceill am' chorp
 'S cha bhual mi buille taghaidh Fhinn
 'S aithreach leam na rinnis ort
- 20 Ni h' ann ormsa rinn thu n lochd
 Sann a rinn thu n cron duit fein
 Dhe n thug thu do chuideachd o' d thir
 'S beag a philleas a risd dhiubh sin—

N.B.—Some are of opinion that the last eight stanzas, viz., from the 12th to the end, belong rather to the Cath or Battle of Ben Edin. They are, therefore, subjoined to it also.

VIII. DUAN DHIARAG, *i.e.*, DIARAG'S POEM.

Argt.—A King of the name of Mc Canno, whose father it seems Fingal had slain, comes to revenge his death upon the Fingalians. He finds Fingal asleep on the heath, and Diarag, who was an intimate companion of Fingal's, sitting beside him. Diarag, rather than disturb Fingal, encounters the King in person, and falls in the action. Fingal awoke, found Diarag expiring at his side, and, not finding the perpetrator, pours out his lamentations over his lifeless body—

- 1 Sgeul th' agam air Fionn fior-ghlic
 'S air Diarag og nan geallamh
 'S air macan nan colg dhiomhasach
 Thanig anios a tir Ri Channibh
- 2 Air Mac Cumhail Mhic treunmhoir
 Sud an sgeul tha mi ginnse
 Thanig e do shealg do Alba
 S ann e Erin urghlan Innsin

- 3 Geisdachd re fuaim na srutha
 'S re gutha nan eoin bheinne
 Gan thuit suain nach robh gu h'eatrom
 Air Fionn-ghlic, ogh' Threunmhoir
- 4 Gan luidh sin air Fionn na Feinne
 'S e air Tulach fhior-ghlas sheamhoir
 Gun bhi maille ris don Fhiannadh
 Ach Diarag og Mac Ri Deighir
- 5 Labhrin ruit am briathra' fionald
 Agus dhinnsin dhuit mo sgeul
 Ma se Fionn is e na chodal
 Na togairs' dhol do dh' fheuchan
- 6 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
 Cha n ioslaich mis an ceums' duit
 Ach an diobhil mi fein M'athair
 Air Fionn, oir gur Flath na Feinn e.
- 7 'S baoth a ghloir a theiradh tusan
 Mhic Cannibh o' ghleann sleibhe
 Bithidh do cheann do 'd dhi mus fhalbh thu
 Led ghloir chinn air ro-bheag ceill
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Dhrugair
 Agus thugadh iad gu cheil
 'S b' fhaid a chluinte no glaathil Curra'
 Faoch am buillean 's am beuman
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan nimh
 Tharruing iad claidheamhan geur
 Bha cuirp is enamhan gan gearradh
 'S iad sior chuir fol air a cheile
- 10 Sin dar dhuisc Fionn na sleagha gabhi
 'Se 'n lathair nam fear chalmund
 Thog e air a dheas-laimh Diarag
 Se na shinte sin gun anmuin
- 11 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
 Nam dhidean dhomh do thearnadh
 Truagh nach be naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh
 Chaidh dhith do 'm Chathibh, t' aitse

- 12 S mor an Eric sin air Diarag
 Se labhair ris an sluagh lamhich
 Sa liuthad Laoch treun re chathamh
 Bh' agads' do shluagh na h' Albhi—
- 13 So an lamh nach dibridh mise
 Re m' aois no re m' aineol
 Ach an d' thanig an fheachd dhulhach
 Thugads' o' thir Channibh
- 14 Sud a meur bu ghlinn air theudan
 Fo 'n bheul bu ro mbath guth
 Sud an lamh a b' fhearr an ionas
 Cha ionald riabh san t' sruth—
- 15 Togamid e chlaodh na h' Albhi
 Far an t' iolaicir na Fein
 Agus beannachd a bhi air t' anam
 A Dheagh Mhic Alpin Fheile.

IX. IOMACHD NAODHNAR (*i.e.* THE ENTERPRISE OF NINE).

Argt.—Fingal with only eight of his train, resting themselves on the heath after the fatigue of the chase,* is attacked by the King of Lochlin and his troops. The Lochlins are slain, and the nine Fingalians survive the battle.

- 1 Och a shithean sin 's a thulaich
 Air am bheil mi 'n diu lan boichdeas
 Bha mi uair 's a b' ionga' leam
 A bhi nam aonar orta'
- 2 Mis is M'athair is Mac Luthach
 'N triuir sin dom chubhi 'n t' sealg
 Nuair a nochda sinn nar n arma
 Gur e thuitedh luinn Fiadha dearg
- 3 Oscar is Goll is Caoilte
 Faoghan is Carril is Diarmad
 'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric
 Gun cuireadh sinn far air Fiadhach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh gadhir
 'S le ar naodh sleaghana mora'
 Is le ar naodh claidheamhana glas
 Bu ghathasd an toisich comhrag

* "Chace" in MS. A.C.

- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair
Thug sinn faoch ar feadh nam beannta'
'S gan mharbhadh luinn aghana Donna
Agus Doimh throma nan gleannta'
- 6 Air bhi dhuinn bhi sgi air an tulach
Thanig thugain olach gabhidh
Dhoinich ri Fionn gu h' umhaild
'N tus' Mac Cumhail aghmhi
- 7 Se sin mise Fionn nam buadhan
Cia be thusa do shluagh an domhain
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghil
Tha sinn naodhnar mu ar comhair
- 8 'S tana leam sin re n'ar n' aodan
'Sa liuthad Laoch treuna sleagh
Thanig amach o' Ri Lochlin
Thogal creachan is cis dhibh
- 9 Air laimh t'athair 's do dha-sheanair
'S air laimh do leannan' shuarich
Da mheads' tha sibh dhaoine ann
Bheir anaodhnars' dhuibh bualadh
- 10 Dhimich an teachdair gu siubhlach
'S shuidhich iad iul mu ar comhair
Mharbh gach fear aguin diubh deichear
Sud mar reicadh sinn nar gnothaich
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathair dān
Bu lionmhoir ann far a sluaigh
Bu lionmhor ann gaineadh sleagh'
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a snuaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigin gan sgoltadh
Bu lionmhor ann coluin ga maoladh
Bu lionmhor ann fear-criosa geal
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tim dhuinn sguir do chur a chath
S na mathibh uile dhiochairt
Shuidh sinn sin 's cho bu dochridh
Fear is ochdear air an t' shithean.

27th APRIL, 1887.

The Society met this evening. Mr R. C. Macfie, Tigh-an-Eilein, was elected an honorary member of the Society.

Thereafter a paper, by the Rev. Dr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber," was read by Mr Whyte, the subject being a selection of Unpublished Gaelic Poetry. Dr Stewart's paper was as follows:—

A SELECTION OF UNPUBLISHED GAELIC SONGS.

As is probably well known to most of my friends of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, I have been now for a greater number of years than I care very exactly to remember, a diligent collector of Gaelic song and story. When my excellent and accomplished friend, Mr William Mackay, the hon. secretary of the Gaelic Society, wrote to me some time ago suggesting that I should prepare a long and learned paper on some Celtic subject for the current year's volume of Transactions, it pained me to say "No," whilst my other literary engagements rendered it simply impossible for me to say "Yes." What, then, was I to do? How was I to get out of the cleft stick into which Mr Mackay had, with characteristic, lawyer-like ingenuity, so quietly and cleverly placed me? Thinking over the matter, it occurred to me that a selection from my very large collection of Gaelic songs might perhaps prove sufficiently interesting to merit a place in the Transactions, and that by such a contribution I should gratify Mr Mackay, and, at the same time, give the Society, *qua* Society, some little proof of how warmly interested I am in its welfare.

Looking over my collection, it was a case of *embarras de richesse*—the embarrassment not of dearth, but of superabundance. The only difficulty was what to select as likely to be most interesting, and therefore worthiest of preservation in the Transactions, out of a mass that, if it were all printed, would be sufficient for several bulky tomes. There was, of course, this further difficulty, that what might be very interesting to myself might possibly be of little or no interest at all to others; but this had to be risked, if the thing was to be done at all, and I resolved to take my chance. The only observation necessary to be made is that a great part of my collection having been, strictly speaking, made *for* me rather than *by* me—having, that is, been taken down for me from oral recitation by correspondents in all parts of the Highlands and Hebrides—the orthography is often incorrect, and frequently varies, even in the case of the same words recurring in the same

piece ; but what I have found room for in this paper, I prefer to give just as it reached me, believing that, in the first instance at least, it will be more interesting to the reader in its *prima cura* form than if I had altered and amended, and dressed it up, so to speak, for the occasion.

The following *cumha*, or lament, was composed by Grace Mac-Lagan, an Athole bardess, of some note in her day, on the death of Donald Stewart, of the family of Shierglass, captain in the 78th Highlanders, who died of fever in the East Indies, about the year 1794. It may be *crooned* to the beautifully plaintive triplet air of Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh's "An Talla 'm bu ghnà le Mac-Leoid" :—

MARBHRANN DO CHAIP TIN DONULL STIUART, A BHA 'S AN 78TH,
REISEAMAID MHC CHOINNICH : 'S A CHAOCHAIL ANNS NA
H-INNSEAN AN EAR.

'N sgeul a chuala mi 'n dé,
Sgar mi buileach o m 'chéill',
Nach maireann an treun fhear òg.
Nach maireann, &c.

Anns na h-Innsean an Ear
Thuit an t-armunn b' fhearr gean :
Bu mhòr t' fheum ann am bras-fheachd Rìgh Deòrs'.
Bu mhòr t' fheum, &c.

Ge b'e dh' fhair'deas dhiom sgeul
Co b'e gaisgeach nam beum—
Lan Stiuardach treun an t-òg.
Lan Stiuardach treun, &c.

A tigh Shiorghlais nam buadh
'S teann a leanadh an ruaig,
Bhuainte Donull nan cruaidh-lann corr.
Bhuainte Donull, &c.

Bu tu lamh a bha cruaidh
Anns a' charraid 's bu dual,
'S cha bu tais thu 'n 'àm ruaig nan tòir.
'S cha bu tais thu, &c.

Bu tu ceisd nam ban òg
Air gach banais is mòd,
Latha féill bu phailt òr o d' laimh.
Latha feill, &c.

Thu ga sgapadh gu fial
Measg nan Gaidheal, a chiall !
Bhiodh piob mhor leat gu dian cur gleois.
Bhiodh piob mhor, &c.

'S lionmhor gallan deas ùr
'Chuir thu 'chuideachadh Chrùin,
Bu tu fhein deadh cheann-iuil an t-slàigh.
Bu tu fhein, &c.

Bu tu sealgair an fheidh,
'S na h-eilid air leum,
'S cha bu mhios' thu gu reub' an ròin.
'S cha bu mhios' thu, &c.

Gunna dubailt ad laimh
Agus mialchoin 's gach àm,
Bhiodh do ghillean gu teann ad lorg.
Bhiodh do ghillean, &c.

Coileach-dubh air bhar gheug
Agus rua' bhoc na 'n leum,
'S tric a leig thu le cheile, 'sheoid !
'S tric a leig, &c.

N'am am bradan bhi leum
An eas cumhann a chleibh,
Air a b' eolach thu fein, 's tu òg.
Air a b' eolach thu fhein, &c.

Tha do bhraithrean fo luain,
Gun chadal, gun suain,
'S beag is iognadh, mo thruaigh', am bròn.
'S beag is iognadh, &c.

Tha Paruig 's gach am
Ri tuireadh nach gann,
'N seomar uaigneach gun sannt ri ceol.
'N seomar uaigneach, &c.

Agus Calum, mo thruaigh',
'S frasach silleadh le ghruaidh,
Bhuail an aiceid ud cruaidh fo chleoc.
Bhuail an aiceid ud, &c.

Tha fir Athall gu leir
 Fo smalan ad dheigh,
 'S gu dearbh tha mi fein fo leon.
 'S gu dearbh, &c.

Bu tu caraid nam bochd,
 'S tu nach caomhnadh do stoc—
 Mo chruaidh-leir thu bhi 'nochd fo 'n fhòid.
 Mo chruaidh-leir, &c.

Ach sguiridh mi 'sgrìobh',
 O nach urrainn mi inns',
 Gach buaidh 'bha ruit sinnt', 'a sheoid !
 Gach buaidh, &c.

Tha mo dhochas 's an Ti
 'Roimh-orduich gach ni,
 Gu bheil mo Chaptin-sa 'm prìs gu leoir.
 Gu bheil, &c.

Ann am Pàrras nam buadh
 Mar ri Slanuighear 'n t-sluaigh,
 'S tu gun trioblaid, gun truaigh 's gun bhròn.
 'S tu gun trioblaid, &c.

The following I believe to be a correct and complete version of a well-known song, to a beautiful air, "Iain Ghlinne-Cuaich." I copy from a MS. volume of Gaelic songs and proverbs, collected by the late Rev. Mr Macdonald, minister of Fortingall, presented to me many years ago by his son, Dr Alexander Macdonald, of Kirk-michael, Perthshire. There is this note appended in Mr Macdonald's handwriting:—"This complete copy of 'Iain Ghlinne-Cuaich' I procured from William Stewart, tailor, Aberfeldy. I had long known it in a disjointed and fragmentary form":—

IAIN GHLINNE-CUAICH.

O Iain Ghlinne-Cuaich, fear de choltais cha dual da fàs,
 Cùl bachlach nan dual 's e gu camalagach suas gu bhàrr !

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuam dh'ionns' an fhleasgaich as uaisle
 dreach,
 Dh' fhag aiceid am thaobh, 's a chuir saighead an aoig fo 'm chrìos.

'S math 'thig sid air mo rùn-s' boinneid bhallach is dù-ghorm neul,
 Dos da 'n t-sioda 'na cùl air a phleata' gu dlu fo 'n t-snàth'd.

Mar ri cota cho daor do 'n bhreacan is craobh-dhearg reul ;
 'S faighir an Rì' gum bu bhriatha leam fhìn an Ga'el !

Ach Iain, a ghaoil, cuime 'leag thu mi faoin air cùl,
 Gun chuimhn' air a ghaol a bh' again araon air tùs.

Cha tug mise mo speis do dh-fhear eile fo 'n ghrein ach thu,
 'S cha to'ir 'na d' dheidh gus an càirir mi fein 's an ùir.

Do phearsa dheas ghrinn do 'n d' thug mise gaol thar chàch ;
 Cha'n 'eil cron ort ri inns' 'o mhullach do chinn gu 'd 'shàil.

'S iomad maighdean ghlan òg 'thig le furan ad chòir air sràid,
 Ged 'tha m' fhorstans' cho cruaidh 's gun tug mi dhuit luadh 'thar
 chàch.

Ach an trian cuid da 'd chliu s' cha chuir mise, a ruin, an ceill,
 Gun eolas as ùr, 's gus am fiosraich mi thu nis fearr.

Ach b'e miann mo dha shuil 'bhi coimhead gu dlu ad dheigh,
 'S gum b' airidh mo rùns' air bean oighre a' chrùin fo sgeith.

Bha mi uair 's cha do shaoil gum bithin cho faoin mu m' fhein,
 'S gu 'n tugain mo ghaol do dh' fhear a choimhda' cha faoin am
 dheigh.

Ach 'se beus do gach aon do mhnathan an t-saogh'l gu leir,
 Bhi ga 'm mealladh araon le sgeulachdan faoin a beul !

'N cuimhne leatsa an là a bha sinn 's an àth le cheil',
 Cha deana' tu m' àich' nam bithinn 'san àm ga d' reir.

Ach c'uime bhithins' fo ghruaim ged a tha mi 's an uair gun cheil',
 'S a chaora 'bhi slàn, 's a madadh bhi làn da reir.

Ach ged 'thug mise mo ghaol air dhoigh nach fhaod mi chle',
 Cha b'e 'm balach neo-shuairc' ris 'n do tharruing mi suas mar
 fhear.

Ach am fiuran deas ùr a dhireadh an stùc-bheann cas,
 Dheanadh fuil air an driuchd leis a' ghunna nach diultadh sràd.

Cha b' ann o'n doire nach b' fhiù 's an do chinnich am fiuran àrd
 Ach a choille thiugh dlu bhì'dh air a lùbadh le meas gu làr.

Bhì'dh an t-abhal fo bhlàth anns a' gharadh da'm bidh na seoid,
'S cha b'è crianach nan crann do 'n do chrom mi mo cheann 's mi
òg!

Ach Iain, a luaidh, nach trua' leat mi mar 'thà
Liuthad latha agus uair 'chuir thu 'n ceill gum bu bhuan do
ghràdh!

Ach ma rinn mi ni suarach, na ma choisinn mi t'fhuath no
t'fhearg,
Mo bheannachd 'na 'd dheidh, fiach an gleidh. thu dhuit fein ni's
fhearr.

C'uime bhithinn fo bhròn 'sa liuthad gill' òg tha 'm reir,
Nach caomhnadh an t-òr 'dhol a cheannach nan dròbh air feill.

Ach imich thus' mar is ail dh' ionns' na te 's fearr leat fein,
Ach ma's mise 'tha 'n dàn cha teid ise gu brath fo bhreid!

The next, an *Oran' Gaoil*, or Love Song, bears date 1816. Whether meant to indicate the date of its composition, or simply that it was written down in that year, it is impossible to say. The author was a young man of the name of MacDiarmid, either belonging to Ardnamurchan or temporarily residing there. He was a divinity student, and died just on the eve of being licensed to preach, in his twenty-third year. The song seems to be an expression of passionate attachment to the young lady who forsook him, her first lover, and got married to a wealthy Glasgow merchant. She was a Maclachlan, of the old and respectable family of Rahoy, in Morvern—an aunt, or grand-aunt, it has been suggested to me, of the famous Rahoy bard, Dr John Maclachlan. It is written in the measure, and may be sung to the same air as Ross's "Feasgar Luain dhomh 's mi air chuairt."

'Rìgh! gur muldach a ta mi
'S mi gun tàmh, fo phràmh 's gu tinn;
Cha b'è sid bu dual 'sa b' àbhaist,
Gheibhinn fàilt 'an airde 'ghlinn;
Rìbhinn òg a teachd am chomhail,
'S i gu doigheil, ordail, grinn,
Aoigheil, briathrach, maiseach, ciallach,
Guth neo-thiamhaidh, ciatach, binn!

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'bhi brònach,
 Chaidh mi 'n diugh le seol do 'n ghleann,
 Sguab a ghaoth a' bhirlinn eutrom
 Null thar chaol gu taobh nam beann,
 'S thug mi leum air cladach rè-mhin,
 'S bha mo cheum gu eibhneach, luath,
 'S choinnich mise 'n oigh mar 'b' àbhaist,
 Ach bha gnuis gun ghaire, fuar !

Mar a sheargas gaoth a' Mhàrt
 Am blàth is aird gu trath le fuachd,
 'S mar a dhorchaicheas gath greine
 Nuair a thrusas neul le gruaim,
 Ceart mar sid mo chridhe seargte,
 Ceart mar sid ghrad dh-fhalbh mo shnuadh :
 Bha mi òg 's mi dol a null,
 Ach thill mi sean, neo-shunndach, truagh.

Car son, a luaidh, a thug thu fuath dhomh,
 Cha robh deas no tuath ach thu,
 Do 'n tug mise teas-ghaol m' òige
 Ach do 'n te bu bhoi'che cùl,
 Maighdean gheal an leadain aluinn,
 'S i gun chron 'o barr gu bonn,
 Corp gun fhiaradh, deas-cheum ciatach,
 B'e do choimeas ian nan tonn.

Cha 'n 'eil buaidh a fhuaireas fuaight'
 'An oran Bàird ri gruagaich riamh,
 Nach d' rinn coinneamh mhòr, gun ghoinne,
 Ordail, soilleir, foinneamh, fial,
 Ann an oigh nam billibh mìn-dhearg ;
 'S mor gum b' fhearr leam fhin do phòg
 Na 'bhi 'm 'shuidhe 'n cuideachd rìghrean
 'S ann am phòca mìle 'n òr !

'S e 'bhi maille ruit mar b' abhaist
 'S ceol do ghàire 'bhi 'n am chluais,
 Gaol mar ghaol dhuinn, 's gradh mar ghradh **dhuinn**,
 'S blàths do chridhe 'snàmh 'n ad ghruaidh,
 'S mi bhì g' òl do mheal do phòige
 Le do dheon 's le còir gu buan—
 Ach cha 'n ann mar bh' ann a ta dhuinn
 O'n a dh-fhàs do ghradh cho fuar !

Dh'fhàs e fuar 's cha b' ann le m' dheonsa,
 'S tha mi nis' gu bronach, fann ;
 Mi mar bhàta 'siubhal stuc-chuan,
 'S i gun stiùir 's gun siuil ri crann ;
 Ach 's coma dhomhsa ciod is doigh dhomh,
 Cha tig sòlas orm ri 'm bheo,
 'S mar a h-aisig thu do ghradh dhomh,
 Càirear mi gu tràth fo 'n fhoid.

Dh'fhàg thu mi mar fhiadh 's e leòinte,
 Dh'fhalbh a threoir 's tha chroic gun stà,
 Dh'fhag thu mi mar speur gun ghrian di,
 Dh'fhalbh thu fein is thriall mo là ;
 'S ged a shiubh' linn cuairt na rioghachd
 'S dàn domh pilltinn dhachaidh trà,
 Far am faod mi ann an uaigneas,
 A bhi smuaintinn ort, a ghraidh.

Ach, a ghaoil, ge d' chuir thu cùl ruim,
 B'e mo rùn 's mo dhùrachd fòs,
 Sonas buan dhuit anns gach cuairt,
 'S beannachd fuaighte riut gach lò,
 'S ged nach fhaic mo shuil gu brath thu,
 Soraidh-slan do 'n eibhinn chaoimh,
 'S O na di-chuimhnich an t-oig-fhear,
 Da 'n tug thu ceud phòg do ghaoil !

Of more modern date is the following *marbhrann*, on Colonel Alexander Maclean, fourteenth Laird of Ardgour, by Duncan Maclachlan (*Donnacha' Brocair*), for many years fox-hunter in Ardgour. He was an elder of the Kirk, and a most respectable and highly intelligent man.

FONN.

Bheir mi hò, lail ò !
 Och nan och air mo leireadh ;
 Cian nan creach is nan cruadal,
 Thu bhith fuar air an deile !

Thu 'bhi fuar air an deile
 Fhir nam beusan 's na buaidhean,
 'N cadal siorruidh 's nach duisg thu
 Fhir bu chliuitiche gluasad.

Fhir a fhuair ann an rioghachd
Eadar islean is uaislean,
Meas is beannachd is urram,
'S tha iad dubhach 's tu uapa.

Mhic-'ic-Eoghin nam bratach
Tha sinn airsneulach, cràiteach,
Bi'dh tu màireach na d' shineadh
'N cisde dhionach nan clàrabh,
'S lionmhor suil 'bhios a silleadh
Mar linne le deuraibh,
Thu 'bhi 'n cladh Chille-Mhaodain,
Rìgh, 's nach fhaod thu 'bhi g' eirigh !

'S iomadh àite 's an d' thuaras
Do shuairce 's do 'sheannachas,
Air ròd 's an ruith-sionnaich
Bha thu urramach, ainmeil,
Air steud-each, 's an diollaid
Gum bu bhriagha 'na glaic thu,
'S ioma maighdean òg rimheach,
'Shiubhladh mìltean ga d' fhaicinn !

'S e bhi d' fhaicinn gun dearmad,
Còta dearg, spuir is bòtuinn,
Sìd a b' fhearr is bu mhian leo
Na Iarla 'bhi pòsda ;
Cha bhì'dh gàradh no geata
Nach leuma' tu uallach,
Each is marcaich' cho eutrom
Ri faoileann nan cuantan !

Bu tu roghadh nan saighdear,
Chumadh cruinn iad gun ghealtachd ;
Anns gach cunnart bu dual dhaibh
A bhi buadh'or 's tu aca,
B' e 'n lann sgaiteach do chlaidheamh,
Nuair a dheana' tu 'rùsgadh
Bhì'dh do naimhdean làn chreuchdan,
'S càirdean eibhneach mu d' chùlthaobh !

Nuair a dhireadh tu 'm fireach,
Le d' ghillean 's le d' mhial-choin,
Bhì'dh gach gualainn fo eallaich,
Mun laigheadh a ghrian oirbh :

Bhi'dh fear croiceach nan garbhlach
 Bu neo-chearbuiche gluasad,
 Call na falla 's ga sileadh
 Le nimhe do luaidhe.

'S far nach b' urrainn fear eile,
 Ian no maigheach a dhusgadh,
 'S tric a rinn thusa 'n t-sealgach,
 Bhi'dh iad marbhte co dhiu leat ;
 Nuair a thogadh tu gunna
 Cruinn, cumachdail, gleusta,
 Bhi'dh Mac-Talla ga freagairt
 'Measg nan creagan le h-eibhneas !

Cas a dhireadh gu h-eutrom
 Ri aodan nan àrd-bheann,
 Cridhe gasda gun fhiaradh,
 Fhuaras riamh thu gun fhàillinn.
 Suil ghorm mar na speuran
 Ann an ceitein na bliadhna,
 'S iomad maighdean bha 'n toir ort
 'S a bheireadh pòg dhuit gun mhial'achd.

'S ann duit bu dligheach a mhòrchuis
 'S e bhi mòr a bu dual dhuit,
 'S iomad Mor'air is Iarla
 Bha gu d'iarraidh 's a fhuair thu,
 Fion bu bhlaisde 's bu daoire
 Bhi'dh sig daonnan ri fhaighinn
 Ann ad thalla le fialachd,
 Cuilm gun chrìoch agus aighear.

Ann an eaglais air Sàbaid
 Rìgh gum b' àluinn 'bhi t' fhaicinn,
 Do cheann liath air a rùsgadh
 Ged 'bha do shuilean gun lasadh ;
 Ged 'bha do shuilean gun lasadh,
 B' e sid sealladh an àigh dhomh,
 Thu 'bhi g' eisdeachd le sòlas
 Focal gloirmhor na Slainte !

Mìle beannachd ad dheigh-sa,
 Fhir nam beus ged is fuar thu,
 Gur a brònach 'sa Chuil iad,
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh 's tu uapa ;

'S bronach mis' thar gach aon diu,
 Fhir mo ghaoil, o nach beo thu,
 'S bi'dh mi g' iomra' mo rùin duit
 Gus am mùchar fo 'n fhòid mi.

The better to understand the above, it is necessary to say that Colonel Maclean was married to Lady Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Hopeton; that he was a splendid horseman, the most accomplished and daring rider in the Caledonian Hunt, and that he became blind for several years before his death.

The following was sent to me many years ago by the late Rev. D. MacCalman, minister of Ardoch, who said it was composed by a young friend of his, a medical man, on the death of his wife, who died when they had only been married a few months. The bereaved husband afterwards went abroad, to the West Indies, I believe, where he died whilst still a young man. It seems to be modelled on the beautiful song to Prionns' Tearlach, of which this is one verse—

“A Thearlaich òig a mhic Rìgh Seumas,
 Chunna mi toir mhòr an deigh ort,
 Iadsan subhach 's mise deurach,
 Uisge mo chinn tigh'n tiun 'o 'm 'leirsinn.”

I have always thought the fourth verse extremely beautiful. “Caoimhneag,” in the first verse, is from “caoimhneas, an Upper Lorne term, signifying the affectionate one—the kind and tender one. “Caomhag” is the more common form over the rest of the Highlands.

Mo chreach 's mo leir gur mi tha deurach,
 Sgeul 's chan 'fhaoin e, ghaoil gun d' dheug thu,
 'S bochd a bhuille 'bhual an raoir mi,
 Fàth mo bhròin nach beo mo chaoimhneag.

Rìgh nach robh mi 'nochd riut sinnte
 Fuar aig bàs 'm broinn chlàrabh dìonach,
 Fuar gun chuimhn' air gaol na h-ògmhna
 Dh-fhag mi 'nochd gu tursach, bronach.

Dh'fhalbh mo dhreach, mo neart 's mo shòlus,
 Chàir iad, a ruin, fo 'n fhoid leat,
 Ciamar 'thig gu brath dhomh eibhneas,
 'S mi mar chlàrsaich luim gun teudan.

Laighidh grian 's an iar 's thig duibhre,
 Bristidh teud 's theid gleus a cuimhne,
 Ach eiridh grian, 's theid snaim air teud,
 Ach thuit mo luaidh 's mo thruaigh chan eirich.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'bhi craiteach,
 Thagh mi fein mar cheil thar chàch thu,
 Bean do shnuadh, do dhreach, 's do ghiulain,
 Cha robh, ghaoil, 'n taobh so 'n duthaich.

Suil mar reult' 'an aird nan speuran,
 Dealrach daonnan, aoidheil, leirsneach,
 Cneas mar chop nan tonngheal mòra,
 'S blas do bheoil cha b' eòl ach dhomhsa.

Cuach-fhalt aluinn, lùbach, fainneach,
 Gnuis bu bhriagha 's fiamh a ghàire,
 Deud mar ìbhri, combnard, dionach,
 Beul beag boidheach 's pòg bu mhilse.

Corp gun chron, gun ghò, gun fhàillinn,
 Cridhe ciallach, rianail, baigheil ;
 Bheirinn na mìltean crùn le h-aighear
 Air son do ghaoil, 's bu shaor an ceannach.

Ach cuime 'bhithinn fein gu diomhain,
 A g' iomradh eug is beus na ribhinn,
 'S fuar a leabaidh 'nochd 's a chill di,
 'S gu La Luain mo luaidh cha till rium.

Ach ged 'tha mise so gu deurach
 'S duil is dochas thu bhi 'n eibhneas ;
 Dhia, bi 'm stiuradh fhads 's a 's buan mi,
 'S bàs dhomh tràth o'n dh' fhag mo luaidh mi.

I have now done. If my paper is too long, I can only say in defence that my sole object has been to help on the good work so well begun by my gifted friend, Mrs Mary Mackellar, and by Mr Colin Chisholm, in the Society's volume of Transactions for 1885-6. If other members of the Society will only follow suit, and do their own share in so patriotic and praiseworthy an undertaking, much excellent Gaelic poetry may still be rescued from oblivion, to find an honourable and fitting resting-place in the well-edited pages of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

4th MAY, 1887.

The Society met this evening, when John Macrae, M.D., Craigville, Laggan, and Mr George Macpherson, Scottish Widows' Fund, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, were elected honorary members.

Thereafter Mr Alex. Ross, architect, read a paper on "The Caledonian Canal, and its effects on the Highlands." The paper here follows:—

NOTES ON THE FORMATION OF THE CALEDONIAN CANAL, AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE HIGHLANDS.

The advantages of the formation of a line of Canal communication through the great Caledonian valley (of which fully two-thirds was already formed by Nature) was, for a long time, self-evident; and as early as 1773 James Watt, of steam-engine fame, surveyed the line of both it and the Crinan Canal for the Forfeited Estates Commissioners. His designs, however, were thought at the time too ambitious and expensive, and the scheme was set aside, though he only proposed a small canal 25 feet wide and 10 feet deep. And it was reserved for Thomas Telford and William Jessop the honour of designing and carrying through the largest canal in Britain, or, indeed, in the world at the time. To the Brahan Seer—Coinneach Odhar—however, undoubtedly belongs the credit of suggesting a canal, for he, in the beginning of the 17th century, said—"Strange as it may seem to you this day, the time will come, and it is not far off, when full-rigged ships will be seen sailing eastward and westward by Muirton and Tomnahurich." He also said that the day "would come when there would be a road through the hills of Ross-shire from sea to sea, and a bridge on every stream," and that the "people would degenerate as their country improved." The first two prophecies have no doubt come true; whether the latter part has been fulfilled I leave you to judge.

That the Caledonian Valley was well adapted for the formation of a Canal had long been evident, and as early as 1725 Burt, in his letters from the Highlands, discusses the feasibility of the scheme; and his arguments are rather amusing (looking at the question at the present time), yet they were not unreasonable from his point of view. He says—"This opening (the valley) would be a surprising prospect to such as never have seen a high country, being a mixture of mountains, waters, heaths, rocks,

precipices, and scattered trees, and that for so long an extent in which the eye is confined within the space; and, therefore, if I should pretend to give you an idea of it, I should put myself in the place of one who has had a preposterous dream. The chasm begins 4 miles west of Inverness, and, running across the island, divides the Northern from the Southern Highlands. It is chiefly taken up by lakes bounded on both sides by high mountains, which, being very steep at the foot, run down exceedingly deep into the water. The first of the lakes, beginning from the east, is Loch Ness. It lies along the middle of it as direct as an artificial canal. It is 21 Scots miles in length; it has hardly any perceptible current, notwithstanding it receives a conflux of waters. Yet all the water that runs from it is limited by the River Ness, and that river is not in some places above 20 yards wide, and, therefore, I think the greatest part of the superfluity must be drained away by subterraneous passages. Some time ago there was a vessel, about 25 or 30 tons, built at the east end of this lake, and called the 'Highland Galley.' She carried 6 or 8 patteraros, and is employed to transport men and provisions and baggage to Fort-Augustus, at the other end of the lake. When she made her first trip she was mightily adorned with colours, and fired her guns several times, which was a strange sight to the Highlanders, who had never seen the like before. The next lake to Loch Ness is Loch Oich, 4 miles long, and Loch Lochy, the last of the three, is 9—in all, 34 parts of the 48 which is the whole length of the opening. Thus the whole extent of ground between sea and sea is 14 miles. This spot the projectors (of Canal) say is a level between the two seas, pointed out, as it were, by the hand of Nature, and they pretend the space of land to be cut through is practicable. But it would be an incredible expense to cut 14 navigable miles in so rocky a country, and there is yet a stronger objection, which is, that the whole opening lies in so direct a line, and the mountains that bound it are so high, the wind is confined, as it were, in the nozzle of a pair of bellows, so that, let it blow from what quarter it will without the opening, it never varies much from east and west. This would render navigation so precarious that hardly anybody would venture on it, not to mention the violent flurries of wind that rush upon the lake by squalls from places between the hills, and also the rocky shores, want of harbour and anchorage, and perhaps there might appear other unforeseen disadvantages if it were possible the work could be completed." Pennant also was a doubter, and in 1774, writing of the proposed canal from East Tarbert through Cantyre,

says—"There have been plans for cutting a canal through this isthmus to facilitate the navigation between the Western Ocean and the ports on the Clyde. It is supposed to be practicable, but at a vast expense—at an expense beyond the power of N. Britain to effect, except it could realise those sums which the wishes of a few of its sons had attained in idea. While I meditate on the project, and in imagination see the wealth of the Antilles sail before me, the illusion bursts, the shores are covered with wrecked fortunes, real distress succeeds the ideal riches of Alnashar, and dispels at once the beautiful vision of Aaron Hill and the much-affected traveller."

Notwithstanding Captain Burt's and Pennant's doubts, the canal has become an accomplished fact, but the causes which forced it on the Government were various, and the internal improvement of the Highlands, more than the shortening of the passage round the Pentland Frith, influenced the Government in this great work. During the 79 years the Government galleys ran through Loch Ness, six were worn out, giving an average life in the fresh waters of 13 to 14 years each. This was stated by Mark Gwynne, who sailed the galley for 37 years, and he succeeded his father and brother, who had navigated it for 39 years, and never lost a mast, boom, or bowsprit. The object of the Government in undertaking the construction of the canal and the extension of roads through the Highlands, was to give employment to the natives, and, curiously enough, to stop the stream of emigration, which had set in to such an extent as to alarm the political economists of the day. And when Telford was asked to report to the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury in 1802, he arranged his report under these heads, viz. :—

1. With regard to rendering the intercourse of the country more perfect, by means of roads and bridges.
2. Ascertaining various circumstances relating to the Caledonian Canal, especially with regard to the supplies of water on the summit level, and the best communications from this canal to the fishing lochs at the back of the Isle of Skye.
3. The means of promoting the fisheries on the east and west coasts.
4. The causes of emigration, and the means of preventing it.
5. Improving the means of intercourse between Great Britain and the northern parts of Ireland, particularly as to the bridges and roads between Carlisle and Port Patrick, and also the harbour of Port Patrick.

In the second paragraph of his report, Telford says—" Previous to the year 1742 the roads were merely tracks for black cattle and horses, intersected by numerous rapid streams, which, being frequently swollen into torrents by heavy rains, render them dangerous and impassable. The military roads which were formed about this time, having been laid out with other views than promoting commerce and industry, are generally in such directions, and so inconveniently steep, as to be nearly unfit for the purposes of civil life ; and in those parts where they are tolerably accessible, or where roads have since been formed by the inhabitants, the use of them is very much circumscribed from the want of bridges over some of the principal rivers."

He then points out that the best sites for these bridges are at the Tay, Dunkeld ; Spey, Fochabers ; the Beauly, at Beauly ; and the Conon, near Dingwall. He also points out the various lines of roads desirable, and particularly those lying to the north and west of the track of the Caledonian Canal. From this valley, which runs from Fort-William to Inverness, it is of great importance that there should be lines of communication with the Isle of Skye and the fishing lochs which lay at the back of it. These lines of roads are not only necessary for promoting the fisheries, but are urgently called for by the situation of the interior part of the country, where there are many fertile valleys which hitherto have remained nearly inaccessible. It is incalculable the loss the public has suffered, and are about to suffer, from the want of roads in this country.

He goes on to advocate the formation of these roads, and proposes that as the landlords would benefit by improved "cultivation and pasturage, increased incomes, and all the blessings which are to be derived from a facility of intercourse, it is certainly just that they should contribute a share of the expense of acquiring these advantages." He suggests that they should be empowered to sell land, or borrow money on land, to the amount of their proportion of the expense to be incurred by the roads and bridges ; and this would be reasonable, because the money so raised would be applied to improve the remainder of the entailed estate, which would be enhanced in value, though somewhat diminished in extent. The extent of roads so proposed extended to nearly 1000 miles in length, at an estimated cost of £150,000, and the four great bridges before-mentioned at £37,000. Some of the remarks are interesting, apart from an engineering point of view. He proposed to support these roads by tolls, and to erect and maintain proper inns upon the roads. Several of the

houses which were built by Government upon the military roads are striking instances of the necessity there is of giving the people who are to keep the inns something else to depend on besides what arises from supplying travellers. There should be some land attached to the inns, and the rent to be settled by a reference. Telford concludes by urging the construction of these roads, and he thinks, besides improving the fishing and communication, that some share of the emigration is due to the want of proper communications.

Before going into the details of the canal, I shall read Mr Telford's report on emigration, which is as follows :—"That emigrations have already taken place from various parts of the Highlands is a fact upon which there does not remain room to doubt. From the best information I have been able to procure, about three thousand persons went away in the course of last year, and, if I am rightly informed, three times that number are preparing to leave the country in the present year. I shall not encroach upon your Lordships' time by investigating all the remote or unimportant collateral causes of emigration, but shall proceed to that which I consider to be the most powerful in its present operation ; and that is the converting large districts of the country into extensive sheep walks. This not only requires much fewer to manage the same track of country, but in general an entirely new people, who have been accustomed to this mode of life, are brought from the southern parts of Scotland. The difference of rents to the landlords between sheep and black cattle is, I understand, at least three to one ; and yet, on account of the extraordinary rise in the prices of sheep and wool, the sheep farmers have of late years been acquiring wealth. As the introducing sheep farms over countries heretofore stocked with black cattle creates an extensive demand for the young sheep from the established farms, it is possible that the high prices may continue until a considerable portion of the country is fully stocked. After this takes place, the quantities of sheep produced will bear a very great proportion to the demand, and then it is possible the prices may fall below the average value. In this case, it is probable the farms will be sub-divided, and a proportion of black cattle and cultivation be introduced in the lower grounds in the valleys, while the upper parts of the hills continue to be pastured with sheep: This I consider as the most improved state of Highland farming, and is consistent with a very considerable population. A beautiful instance of this is to be seen along the north side of Loch Tay. But improved communications, by means of roads and

bridges, are necessary for this state of society, and for this reason I have said that if these conveniences had been sooner introduced into the Highlands, it is possible this emigration might not have taken place, at least to the present extent. The very high price of black cattle has also facilitated the means of emigration, as it has furnished the old farmers with a portion of capital, which enables them to transport their families beyond the Atlantic. In some few cases a greater population than the land can support in any shape has been the cause of emigrations: such was the island of Tiree. Some have, no doubt, been deluded by accounts sent back from others gone before them, and many others deceived by artful persons, who hesitate not to sacrifice these poor ignorant persons to selfish ends. A very principal reason must also be that the people, when turned out of their black cattle farms to make way for the sheep farmers, see no mode of employment whereby they can earn a subsistence in their own country, and sooner than seek it in the Lowlands of Scotland, or in England, they will believe what is told them may be done in the farming line in America. What I have here mentioned appear to me to be the immediate causes of the present emigrations from the north-western parts of Scotland. To point out the means of preventing emigrations in future is a part of my duty upon which I enter with no small degree of hesitation, as the evil at present seems to arise chiefly from the conduct of landowners in changing the economy of their estates. It may be questioned whether Government can, with justice, interfere, or whether any essential benefits are likely to arise from this interference. In one point of view, it may be stated that, taking the mountainous parts of Scotland as a district of the British Empire, it is the interest of the Empire that this district be made to produce as much human food as it is capable of doing at the least possible expense; that this may be done by stocking it chiefly with sheep; that it is the interest of the Empire the food so produced should not be consumed by persons residing amongst the mountains totally unemployed, but rather in some other parts of the country, where their labour can be made productive, either in business of agriculture, fisheries, or manufactures; and that, by suffering every person to pursue what appears to them to be their own interest, although some temporary inconveniences may arise, yet, upon the whole, matters will in the end adjust themselves into the forms most suitable for the place. In another point of view, it may be stated that it is a great hardship, if not a great injustice, that the inhabitants of an extensive district should all at once be driven from their native country to

make way for sheep farming, which is likely to be carried to an imprudent extent; that in a few years this excess will be evident; that before it is discovered the country will be depopulated, and that race of people which has of late years maintained so honourable a share in the operations of our armies and navies will then be no more; that in a case where such a numerous body of the people are deeply interested, it is the duty of the Government to consider it as an extraordinary case, and one of those occasions which justifies them in departing a little from the maxims of general policy; that, for this purpose, regulations should be made to prevent landowners from lessening the population upon their estates below a given proportion, and that some regulation of this sort would in the end be in favour of landowners, as it would preserve the population best suited to the most improved mode of Highland farming, such as is practised at Breadalbane, and to the establishment of fishing villages, on the principle laid down, and practised so successfully, by Mr Hugh Stevenson of Oban, at Arnisdale, on Loch Hourm. In whatever light the foregoing statements may be viewed, there is another on which there can, I think, be no difference of opinion. This is, that if there are any public works to be executed, which, when completed, will prove generally beneficial to the country, it is advisable these works should be undertaken at the present time. This would furnish employment for the industrious and valuable part of the people in their own country. They would by this means be accustomed to labour, they would acquire some capital, and the foundations would be laid for future employment. If, as I have been credibly informed, the inhabitants are strongly attached to their native country, they would greedily embrace this opportunity of being enabled to remain in it, with the prospect of bettering their condition, because, before the works were completed, it must be evident to every one that the whole face of the country would be changed. If the Caledonian Canal, and the bridges and roads before mentioned, are of the description here alluded to, they will not only furnish present employment, but promise to accomplish all the leading objects which can reasonably be looked forward to for the improvement and future welfare of the country, whether we regard its agriculture, fisheries, or manufactures."

How far Mr Telford's theories are correct, as to the preventing of emigration, we shall see further on. I think we shall be able to prove the reverse is the case, for in no part of the country has the population been so thoroughly cleared off the land than on the line of the Caledonian Canal.

To return to our subject. Mr Telford also examined the Bay of Cromarty as a military station, and as a harbour for a squadron to watch the mouth of the Baltic, and to protect the coast. He says it would be singularly well situated for convoys of vessels coming from the westward through the Caledonian Canal, and, when returning with the same trade, after seeing merchant ships pass Fort-George, the ships of war would be close in within this iron harbour. He proposed to get a water supply for the shipping from an old working by a Mr Ross, who tried to find coal, but who found a spring of water instead, producing 20 hogsheads an hour. He proposed to bring it in by pipes a distance of half-a-mile, and to form a reservoir and a pier. The cost of a small pier and making the harbour fit for frigates he estimates at £33,700. He also proposed to communicate with Aberdeen by telegraph, *via* Peterhead and Fraserburgh, whence a vessel would soon run to Cromarty, and a further outlay for a store of £5000. He then, in 1802, proceeds to report on the proposed canal. He says—We got much information from a Mr Gwynne, who had commanded the galley which navigated between Loch Dochfour, from a point near Aldourie House, to Fort-Augustus, for 36 years. As before mentioned, he had navigated at all times of the year on Lochness, till the gallies were worn out, none of them having ever lost a mast or a boom, or been driven ashore by stress of weather. Squalls were seen always in time to permit the sails being lowered without allowing the vessel to lose way. These gallies usually beat up against the wind in 24 to 36 hours, the starting-place being close to the present steamer pier. He also spent some days on Loch Oich and Loch Lochy. He (Telford) found these lochs suitable, and a plentiful supply of water from Loch Garry. After surveying the whole district he passed up to Loch Hourn, then on to Glenelg, and over Mam Ratagan, and by the military road down Glenshiel to Glenmoriston, but he says the idea of a water conveyance through them, between the Caledonian Canal and the fishing lochs (on the West Coast) is altogether inadvisable. He estimated the cost of the Caledonian Canal at £350,000, and the time required at seven years.

The Act was passed, and received Royal assent, on 27th July, 1803. The work was set about, and Mr Telford regularly employed, and the Convener of the Committees of Inverness and Argyre called on to give information as to the number of artificers, tools, and materials which might be collected for an immediate commencement, and also asking them to get the general concurrence of the heritors of those counties in carrying the purposes of

the Act into execution. Mr Telford now proceeded with the final survey of the Canal, and with him was associated Mr Wm. Jessop. Mr Jessop's report and estimate of cost was £474,000, exclusive of the value of land. And in the Commissioners' report of 1804, they say that the works in the loch or basin adjoining the tide loch at Corpach, on Loch Eil, at the western sea, has been carried on during the whole winter, and considerable progress made, and also excavations begun at Clachnaharry. To insure the subsistence of the men at Corpach, 400 bolls of oatmeal was purchased, and stored at Fort-William, to be delivered to the workmen at prime cost. Tools and utensils were collected, three small boats and two large barges for carrying stone, one at Loch Eil and one at Loch Beaully to carry stone from Redcastle; while a stone quarry was opened near Clachnaharry. Fir and birch timber was also purchased at from 10d to 14d per cubic foot. Workshops and huts for 100 men were also erected at Clachnaharry, the number of men now employed (1804) being about 150, and the rate of wages being 1s 6d per day, demands for higher rates being refused. The salary of Mr Telford was to be £3 3s per day while engaged on the work, and including the days of travelling and the expense of the journey to Scotland each year, and the necessary expense incurred in superintendence of the work, consideration being had whether any part of his travelling should be charged to the roads and bridges. The salaries of the superintendents, who may be found necessary, to be from £52 10s to £157 10s (according to ability) per annum.

Mr Jessop reported in 1804, January 30, and says, in a kind of geological report:—“It seems probable that in some early age of the world the immense chasm (almost two-thirds of the length of which is still occupied by water), has been nearly open from sea to sea, and that the land which now separates the lochs has been formed from the decay of the adjoining mountains, wasted by time, and brought down in torrents from rain. This decay is remarkably apparent in the great mountain of Ben-Nevis, which is evidently a part only of a much greater mountain, that seems to have included the present one and two adjoining ones of lesser height, presenting now between them two immense gullies, from whence the alluvial deposition has probably formed most of the flat land about Fort-William. Impressed with this idea, I was apprehensive, after the alarming disappointment in the first trials of ground at Inverness being composed of gravel and sand, so open that in the pits sunk for trial the water rose and fell with the tide. Fortunately a place has been discovered for a lock at Clachnaharry,

where a foundation on clay may be got by surrounding the pit with a coffer-dam. At Fort-Augustus the gravel was found to be so open that the lock, which was to be 24 feet under the loch level, was impossible, and the river had to be diverted, and the canal locks built on the rock where the river formerly ran. It was also found necessary to cut a new channel for the River Lochy, and to raise its level 12 feet, by making a channel to discharge the surplus water into the Spean; to deepen Loch Oich; also, to deepen the channel of the river below Bona Ferry, at the east end of Lochness, and cutting a new course, with a bridge over it, for discharging the floods of the lake, and lessening the current through the present channel, which must be the passage for the ships. One of the most difficult parts of the navigation to make and maintain was the passage from Lochness into and through the little loch at Dochfour. The water from Lochness (being probably as much as is discharged by the River Thames) above the tideway is confined in a narrow space, through which it runs with considerable velocity, and large quantities of gravel rolling along the coast from the north side is carried into the pass, and into and through Loch Dochfour. To lessen this current, a weir is proposed below Loch Dochfour, to pen it up to the level of Lochness, which, except in great floods, will have the proper effect; but as Lochness has been known to rise as much as 10 feet, the hauling of ships against a current must sometimes be submitted to."

After various discussions, the depth of water finally proposed was 20 feet, the width of locks proper for the largest ships should be 40 feet, and the length of lock 170 feet. He proposed to use American pitch pine for the gates (as durable as oak, and much less expensive).

Mr Murdoch Downie, who had navigated Lochness for many years, makes the following suggestions. He says:—From the excessive steepness of the sides of Lochness, a suggestion has arisen that were mooring chains and buoys laid down in the bays, they would be very convenient for ships to ride by, instead of dropping the anchor in such deep water. The report further says:—"Iron in Lochness never rusts, and hence these chains would last for ever."

The suggestion does not seem to have been acted on, and I do not know if the water of Lochness has the quality ascribed to it, but probably, from its great depth and purity, this is correct to a certain extent, as pure water has no effect on iron whatever, provided it is free from air and other dissolved gases, especially carbonic acid gas. Iron in water melted out of pure ice, and in a

carefully corked bottle, remains bright and clear, but in impure water it rusts at once. He further says the whole bottom of Lochness is soft brownish mud. It consists of the lighter part of the soil of the adjoining mountains. The declivities of the mountains are also covered with mud, and, by the feel of the lead, was generally found where the depth was more than three or four fathoms. In the bays, and in every other part not consisting of perpendicular rock, mud was formed wherein the depth exceeded five fathoms, so that a ship letting go her anchor in Lochness need not be afraid of getting it entangled amongst rocks.

Loch Oich is described as a series of hollows, formed apparently by the gravel thrown into the loch by the Garry. The loch is considered too narrow for a ship to navigate, and it had to be treated as part of a canal, and ships towed through it.

Loch Lochy, the level of which it was proposed to raise 12 ft., otherwise presented no special features requiring exceptional treatment, except in the matter of mooring chains near the shore, which Mr Downie recommended, similar to that proposed for Lochness.

In 1805 the Commissioners made their second report, and by this time operations had been considerably advanced, and the Commissioners then state that they had appointed Mr Matthew Davidson to superintend the works from Clachnaharry Basin to Lochness, and John Telford to superintend from Corpach Basin to Loch Lochy. As men of tried ability and long experience in similar work, each to have 150 guineas, a habitation, and a horse. The building to be under the charge of John Simpson, assisted by John Wilson and John Cargill. With regard to Mr Davidson, Telford writes, when the salary of 150 guineas was proposed, Mr Davidson, who has a numerous family, complains that it is not, in the present times, an adequate allowance for such a trust, and the salaries were then raised to £200. Mr Jessop writes—"I know of no person of a similar description and equal ability already employed in other public works who are not paid twice, or even thrice, the amount of salary you have mentioned for Mr Davidson and Mr Telford." The native fir and birch seems to have been largely used, and to have answered the purpose for barrows and wheeling planks, &c., but foreign timber was required for the larger timbers. Of the timber from Lochiel's forest on the west, and Glenmoriston on the east, Telford reports it particularly hard and sound, and more durable in vessels and wheeling planks than Baltic timber at double the expense. The dressing stone for the east end was got from Redcastle, and the rubble from the Clach-

naharry Quarry, which was connected with the Canal works at the sea lock by a railway. The iron railway connecting the Tarradale quarries with the sea was 360 yards long, and the one at Clachnaharry 1100 yards.

At the Corpach end the freestone had to be got from the Cumbraes, 40 leagues distant, but rubble stone was got on the north shores of Lochail, 6 miles distant, granite from Ballachulish, and lime quarries were opened at Lismore. In 1805 three steam-engines, of 36, 20, and 6 H.P., were got from Bolton & Watt, of Birmingham, and two of them remained till very recently at Fort-Augustus, and were a perfect study. They were got for the purpose of pumping the water at the forming of the sea locks at each end of the canal, and cost respectively £2329 12s 1d, £1675 2s, and £898 9s 2d—total, £4903 3s 3d. The great engine of 36 H.P. was not in use till 1816 at Fort-Augustus, where it and the smaller one were fitted up; then the great engine had a cylinder of 4-feet diameter, open at the top, the steam being effective in the up stroke. I have frequently examined these engines, and one scarcely knows whether to be amused or astonished at the great, rude, unfinished-looking machines, with their primitive valves, pipes, and chains, all formed of the simplest construction—rude but evidently effective. Each stroke of the engine lifted a hogshead or two in a great iron bucket, attached by a long rod to the end of the great beam. It was, indeed, a cumbersome-looking article, in a house about 30 by 60 ft. and 40 ft. high, which was not even able to contain it, for the great beam hung out over the wall, and could be seen moving up and down from the outside. These engines have now been removed, and an interesting feature of Fort-Augustus has thus disappeared. These engines were in use in 1843-6. The works, so far as possible, were carried on by price and measurement, and, where day labour was employed, the superintendents were strictly enjoined not to exceed the ordinary and accustomed price of the like labour in the adjacent county, which was eighteenpence a-day for labourers. At this time the number had increased from 150 to 900. The herring fishery, potato planting, and harvest reduced the number occasionally. The Commissioners say, in their report, the men were mostly from Argyle and Morayshire, except those of experience in several departments of canal labour, whom they found it expedient to encourage to settle along the line of the Canal, "in order that they might undertake the contracts for the work, and by their example impart skill and activity to the persons employed under their directions. With the further view to the welfare of the

persons employed, we have encouraged the establishment of a small brewery at Corpach, that the workmen may be induced to relinquish the pernicious habit of whiskey drinking, and cows are kept at the same place to supply them with milk."

"We have in contemplation a similar establishment at Clachnaharry, though the neighbourhood of the town of Inverness renders it somewhat less necessary than at Corpach." It is said that many of the labourers were Irish, and that much fighting between the Highlanders and the former took place, but in 1807 the report says the labourers were nearly all Highlanders. The acquirement of the ground seems to have given some trouble, and the works were commenced before this was quite settled. Notice was sent to all the proprietors, and Mr George Brown of Elgin was appointed to measure and value the ground. None of the proprietors objected at the time, but the Commissioners report that lately they had heard of some hindrance. At the west end, Colonel Cameron of Lochiel was the one proprietor, and he gave free permission to proceed without molestation. They report that in 1804 the Clachnaharry lock had been commenced, and the sea lock's position fixed. This portion was perhaps the most difficult at first, but the difficulty was cleverly overcome. It had to be carried out 600 yards beyond high-water mark, and the foundation was on a bed of soft mud or blue clay, some 54 feet deep. "And after the depth of 54 feet is formed a whitish clay, which formed the base of the hill at Clachnaharry," and immediately above the high-water mark, close to the fishermen's houses at Clachnaharry, there is a point consisting of hard whitish clay mixed with stones which is with difficulty cut into with picks, and is perfectly water-tight. On this the second lock is formed, but the sea-lock rests on the mud, and to get this made two great mounds were extended out seaward 360 yards, enclosing the space to be occupied by the lock, and allowed to settle down in the mud, and after resting a year or two the canal was dug out between them and the lock built, without coffer-dams. This was most successfully done, the whole lock went down bodily 18 inches. I am informed that only a few inches of settlement has taken place since down to the present date.

In May, 1805, Mr Telford makes a long report on all the soil along the line of intended canal, and the general description is gravel and sand for the first 9 or 10 feet, and strong, sandy, water-tight stratum below, except when the solid rock comes on.

Loch Lochy was raised 12 feet above its original level, and a new channel formed into the Spean, and the river diverted. The

report says it was intended to change the river into the new channel on the south side of the flat ground of Mucomer, and to fall into the river over some rocks, which will be carried into a slope to permit the salmon to pass over with as great facility as on the rocky path of the present channel. The bridges originally proposed for roads crossing the canal seemed to have been rather numerous, for between Loch Ness and Beauly it was proposed to have four. The report says by purchasing the small slips of land which will be left between the south side of the canal and the river Ness, and making the public road along the north of the Canal from Loch Ness, to the east of Torevaine, the bridges on this part may be reduced to four, that is, one over the second lock at Clachnaharry, one at Muirtown, for the public road from Inverness to Beauly, one to accommodate the land on the Kinmylies estate, and one for the public, and some private roads at the east end of Torevaine. This arrangement was subsequently altered. The public road in olden times leading to Glen-Urquhart passed along straight from Tomnahurich Street to the east end of Torevaine, and ran along between the hill and the river direct to Dochgarroch, winding along the base of the hill. It was found, however, that a better road could be made behind Torevaine. Starting off from what is now the entrance lodge to the Bught, on the Glen-Urquhart Road, it crossed the canal at Tomnahurich and so passed the north side of the Loch-na-Sanis, which loch was merely a hole dug for puddle clay for the canal. The early plans gave no indication of an old loch here, though I think there must have been a pool of some kind, while the canal was being made along at Torevaine. The country traffic to and from Glen-Urquhart was carried along the bed of the canal, the carts entering near the present bridge at Tomnahurich, and emerging at the west end of Torevaine, and so resuming the old road. At this point (Torevaine) the river was diverted, and the canal bank placed in the old river bed. A large slice of the lands of Holme was cut off in order to shift the river and give room to the canal. A similar mode was adopted near Dochgarroch, of shifting the river and placing the canal in its bed. It may be interesting to give a note of the price paid for work at this period. It was as follows:—Cut stone cost 1s 7d per cube foot; building, £12 12s per rood, or 11s per cube yard—a good price even in the present time; best Swedish iron-work was rated at 5½d per lb.; earth-work, 6d to 9d per cube yard; hollow quoins, and such like large stone, 2s 5d per cube foot; coping and common quoins, 2s per foot; rock cutting, 2s per cube yard. In 1806 the number of men employed rose to 1163, and fell as low as 641.

The valuation of lands were finished this year, and appear to have been carried out agreeably, the valuation being carried out by Mr Brown of Elgin. For the Holme division £640 was paid, and the Bught lands £1500. The valuation of some of the lands had to be fixed by juries. Mr Duff of Muirtown got £2701 19s; Kinmylies, £1392 10s; Baillie Duncan (a minor), £4185; Mr Maclean, Dochgarroch, £943; Dochfour, £514; Colonel Cameron, at the west end, got £2002 18s 9d; for the middle reach, Colonel Macdonald of Glengarry got £9997 6s 2d; Duke of Gordon, £146; Colonel Fraser Lovat, £3837; total payment for land and damages, £48,000—a goodly amount, considering the value of land at the time, as the quantity would not have exceeded 1500 acres, nearly £30 per acre.

The steam engine of 20 H.P. was fitted up at Corpach in 1806, but the others remained in store at Clachnaharry till 1816, when they were fitted at Fort-Augustus. The most scientific bit of the work was the carrying the canal on an aqueduct at the river Loy, the river passing below the canal by three arches of 25, and two of 10 feet span. This part of the canal did not progress so rapidly as the other portions, and when remonstrated with, the contractor alleged as the cause of delay the scarcity of oatmeal! The cost of the two locks at Clachnaharry is given at £22,000, or £10,000 each; the others cost about £8088 each.

In the 1811 report, the men employed rose to 1200 in summer, and fell to 559 in winter. The great increase is ascribed to a temporary embarrassment amongst the Glasgow manufacturers, and the lessening demand for labour in these parts. At this time it was agreed that the accommodation bridge at Kinmylies should be done away with, the Commissioners giving the price of it in lieu of bridge, viz., £1664. In 1812, the great series of locks at Banavie, called “Neptune’s Staircase,” were reported finished. The amount expended up to this date on the whole labour and workmanship was £308,743 4s 1½d, and the total in all amounted to £402,968 19s 9d. The formation of the canal between Loch Ness and Loch Oich gave the engineers some anxiety, and more particularly the formation of the bottom lock at Fort-Augustus. They eventually diverted the river, and got space and a rock foundation for the locks in their present situation.

The western portion between Loch Lochy and Corpach seemed to present a good many difficulties, and besides heavy embankments, the carrying the canal over the river Loy by an aqueduct, and the keeping the arches clear of gravel in a country where the heavy floods come down so suddenly, was no light task. In 1814

Dochfour had been dredged, and a depth of 14 feet of water obtained before the weir was made at the outlet to the river Ness. Reference is made in 1817 to the ruins of Castle Spiritual, but no indication is given of their extent. The navigation through Loch Ness was opened to the public in 1818, during the summer months, but closed in November, as a precaution against winter floods, and 150 vessels went through, from 40 to 70 tons each, the first season. In 1820 the steamers were running regularly from Glasgow to Fort-William, and permission was applied for to enable them to pass through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, and a regular passage of steamboats established between Inverness and Fort-Augustus, and the first passage from sea to sea was accomplished in a steamboat on the 23rd and 24th October, 1822, in 13 hours. The charge for steamers was fixed at 5s each way to Fort-Augustus, provided she carried passengers only, and no parcel exceeding 56 lbs. ; 5s additional was charged at Fort-Augustus, thus making the entire cost 10s each way for each run. On the occasion of the first passage, a large party went, consisting of Mr Charles Grant, M.P. ; the Commissioners, the Magistrates of Inverness, and a number of county gentlemen connected with the canal. The vessel was a small steam yacht which plied on Lochness. The Inverness journals report it thus :—"The vessel started from Muirtown locks, amidst the firing of guns and music of the Inverness Militia band, and seemed to have kept up a running fire of guns all the way, which was returned on passing by Dochfour. The reverberation of firing repeated and prolonged by a thousand surrounding hills and rocks, the martial music, the shouts of the Highlanders and answering cheering of the party on board, produced an effect which will not soon be forgotten by those present." The party stopped and dined in the schoolhouse at Fort-Augustus, and held great times, but the grand display was reserved for Lochaber. In Loch Oich it was joined by the "Comet" steamer. The party reached Corpach at half-past five on Thursday afternoon, and was greeted by a salute from the fort at Fort-William, and a large bonfire was lit and a plentiful supply of whiskey given by the gentlemen of Fort-William, and the proceedings wound up with a grand dinner in the Mason Lodge at Fort-William.

The total outlay on the canal to this date was, as stated by Mr Grant in his speech at the dinner, £645,000. The dinner was prolonged, and there were 26 toasts. The meeting broke up at 12 P.M., but some of the gentlemen, as the report says, "with genuine Highland enthusiasm prolonged the festivities of that memorable evening."

In their report of 1821 the Commissioners refer to a map showing all the objects of antiquity adjoining the canal, and they also refer to the silver chain found in 1807 in a cairn or tumulus at Torevaine, situated at the eastern corner of Torevaine, and about two feet under the ground. The chain weighed 7 lb. avor. weight, and in the report which appeared in the *Inverness Journal* of January 1st, 1808, they say—"On the supposition that the chain is as old as the cairn in which it was found, the other cairns, of which there are several in the neighbourhood, should be opened, and according as they contain urns or bones, we may date their formation prior or posterior to the introduction of Christianity. It is hinted that more of this, as well as other articles equally valuable, have been found—reports say a ball and bar, also of silver; but the labourers kept the fact a profound secret." The article also goes into a question as to the origin of the name Torevaine, and says:—"If Pictish (*i.e.*, the chain), it must be coeval with the cairn in which it was found, and is of course connected with the etymology of its designation and that of the hills. The names of both are evidently British (that being the language spoken by the Picts)—Tor-y-ven, Tor-y-fione, and Cib-y-ven, Cil-y-fione, are the modern Torevaine and Kile-veon, and unquestionably apply to the conflicts of the Picts with the Dalriadies or Fingallions."

It is not surprising that such a chain should have been found in the locality, as it was the only thoroughfare from the great glen to Inverness, and must have been much frequented then. There were many cairns on the Bught field removed during the formation of the canal. Holm indicated these cairns in his maps of 1760. I may here mention that the diversion by the formation of the new road was completed in 1814, and cost £1172; land, £294. "When the canal was opened the depth was 10 feet, but the Commissioners, in their report, hope that by autumn 1824 a depth of 15 feet would be attained. Owing to a scarcity of water in 1825, Mr Telford made arrangements for an additional supply of water from Loch Garry. In this year the main feeder of the Garry was reduced to a mere rivulet. In 1826 many claims were made against the Government, partially for injury to the fishing of the Ness. When the rent of Mr Stevenson's fishings fell from £120 to £40, the claims were founded on the assumption that the salmon fry would go by the canal instead of the river, and as they could not reach the sea they would die. There was also a claim on account of steamboats which would terrify the fish and prevent them breeding. The water would also be dirtied and muddled, and so disgust the fish away! Lady Saltoun also claimed for the

extra cost of taking her timber by the canal instead of floating down the river, by which 80 tons of timber would cost £4, instead of £2 7s 6d by floating. Rod fishing and mills were also to be destroyed; loss by doing away with Bona Ferry and Ford; indeed, anything was made grounds for a claim. Lochiel's claims were the most reasonable, by want of bridges and loss by raising Loch Lochy, of timber houses, and Lochy Ferry, &c.: total claims by Lochiel, £8784 13s 4d; Glengarry's, for damages and loss of bridges, £14,000. Mr Baillie also made large claims for clay taken out of the pit (Loch-na-sanis). He said the clay would sell at from 13d to 16d per load in Inverness. In 1828 the weir at Dochgarroch was raised, and Loch Ness kept three feet higher than formerly.

In 1834 considerable alarm was felt by the great flood. Loch Ness rose two feet in one night, and Loch Lochy three feet. Fortunately, however, every precaution was taken, and no damage occurred, though for a while the canal was in jeopardy, and the Gairloch lock in extreme danger. The recurrence of this was, however, guarded against by the enlarging of the Mucomer outlet. In 1838 the Commissioners report an accident at the lowest lock, Fort-Augustus, by the falling in of the dock wall, whereby the traffic was impeded. The Commissioners attributed it to hurried finish and hasty opening of the canal, various minor accidents, and also the reduced depth of water. This hasty finish was brought about by the impatience of the public and the distaste of the Parliament to the annual grants which were being abridged. This hurried finishing and opening of the canal seems to have been most unfortunate, for not only was the navigable depth of 20 feet as first proposed unattained, but only 12 feet could be guaranteed. It was part of the original design to raise the level of Loch Ness several feet, but so long as the canal reaches could not be filled, it was useless to raise Loch Ness, and therefore till 1847 it remained at its original level. Loch Oich was intended to remain at its ordinary summer level, and to be rendered navigable by dredging, but this latter was found to be a more difficult process than expected. As, however, the locks had been built, the expedient for raising the level by damming the water could not be carried out, or only to a limited extent, and was only raised a foot or two, and the depth eventually got by dredging.

In 1838 the Commissioners, urged by the representations of the dilapidated condition of the canal, directed a minute examination by Mr James Walker, C.E., and a statement of all that would be necessary to fit it for the traffic originally intended, in order to

enable the Government to decide whether the works should be completed or abandoned, and the whole expenditure sacrificed, amounting to £1,023,628, besides £39,146 4s due.

The principal defects were at Gairlochy locks, where the water was dammed up 12 feet above its natural level, and safety was dependent on one pair of gates, the giving way of which would cause great damage to life and property, and let loose 6000 acres of water 20 feet deep. The masonry of many of the other locks was defective, and the leakage along the banks so great as to prevent a uniformity of depth of water. The report says the whole works appear to be in a dilapidated and insecure state, and their condition is daily becoming more alarming, and an outlay of £200,000 necessary, while Mr May said the works could not be abandoned without still greater loss, besides claims for damage by parties who had made outlay on the facts of the canal being continued. The next great defect was at Aberchalder, where there was no proper weir, and in 1834 the water of Loch Oich rose 15 inches above the gates. The leakage between Dochgarroch and Muirtown locks was given at 24,000 cubic feet per minute, a great leakage unknown on any other canal. He gave it as his opinion that the canal had fulfilled to a great extent its original intention by giving employment to the Highlanders and preventing emigration, and raising the value of the estates it passed through, extended cultivation, and provided excellent inns, &c., besides giving safe and convenient navigation.

In 1843 the general repairs recommended by Mr Walker were set about, and from 1023 to 1729 labourers then employed, and in their report the Commissioners state they hope to resume navigation in three years, and it was opened for traffic in May, 1847, and made available for vessels drawing 16 feet of water.

At this time Loch Ness was raised $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the flats at Glen-Urquhart then flooded, and the effects of raising the water may be seen by the submerged trees along the sides of the lake, and the flooded marshes at Urquhart. A claim was made by the proprietors along the sides of Loch Ness—by Lord Seafield, Mr Fraser-Tytler, and the trustees of the estate of Foyers.

Messrs Walker and Burgess, engineers, report (1) that the standard level now fixed by the weir was 2 feet lower than originally contemplated (viz., $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet); (2) that the effect of the improvements will be to prevent the water in time of floods rising so high as they have heretofore done; (3) that the imperfect state of the works causing the water of Loch Ness to be sometimes 4 feet above the navigation level, and sometimes 6 feet under it,

was not a state which the landowners could expect to be continued ; (4) that on the whole the interests of the landowners are improved by the removal of these imperfections, &c.

In October, 1846, a great breach occurred opposite Holm, which alarmed the people of Inverness, but it was explained that it had been the site of an old outlet for waste water, and used during the construction of the canal, and the making up of the gap had not been carefully done. The leak was made good, and the engineers say there is no reason to apprehend a similar burst.

The entire works were reported as complete by 1847, with the exception of the great weir at the outlet of the Ness, which had not been arranged for. This weir was reconstructed in a different manner, being made long and shallow, and the summer level of the loch made about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet higher than before, and the channel between Loch Ness and Loch Dochfour enlarged, and thereby hangs a tale, for in 1849 a great flood occurred, which flooded the town of Inverness, and carried away the fine old stone bridge of seven arches. How far the canal operations were to blame for this unprecedented flood, I do not mean to enquire at present. The subject was fully reported upon by Mr John Fowler and Mr Bateman, and I daresay those who remember the flood and its consequences have formed their own conclusions. A second, but not such a disastrous flood, occurred in 1868. Since then no special event has taken place in connection with the canal. I would just note one striking fact resulting from the raising of the level of the lochs, and it is the remarkably perfect beaches already formed round them, and they are a fine illustration of how the parallel roads of Glenroy may have been formed by the glacial lakes. Though only forty years have elapsed since Loch Ness was raised, the gravelly beaches are regularly laid down in broad benches of water rolled pebbles, and still more striking are those of Loch Lochy, where the material of the hills furnishes better materials ; and were Loch Lochy again lowered, we should have perfect roads like those of Glenroy laid round the valley. The gravel brought down by the mountain streams loses much of its weight when entering the water, and remains at the margin instead of reaching the bottom, and the constant action of the waves has polished and cleaned it so as to make a beautiful pebbly beach all round the lakes.

I shall now only add a few words on the social and economic effect of this great work, and see how far the ideas of its projection have been realised. You will recollect Mr Telford's chapter on its probable effects on emigration, and the providing of work for the

population thrown out of their livings by sheep farming. In his report of 1802 he says that owing to the conversion of the country into sheep walks, had forced emigration to such an extent that during the previous year 3000 persons had gone away, and three times that number were preparing to go, and he says that by the earlier sub-division of the farms and the foundation of roads and means of communication, the emigration might not have taken place, at least to the present extent, and he points out that the excessive sheep farming may be carried to such an extent that the country may be depopulated before the error may be discovered. This, in the opinion of some, has come to pass, but, unfortunately, not in the districts which most required thinning; for I think it will be found that, wherever roads and canals and means of communication have been provided, there the depopulation has been most complete, and that, where the districts are isolated and out of reach, so to speak, of the traffic, there the districts have become congested. The line of the Canal furnishes a very notable example. The Caledonian Valley, I take it, when the Canal was commenced, was occupied by a pretty dense population, as the remains of the houses and patches of cultivation demonstrate, along the shores of Loch Oich, and particularly of Loch Lochy. The traces of former cultivation are most numerous on the south shores of that loch, where a population existed which, in the end of the last century, furnished a battalion of volunteers called the Letterfinlay Volunteers, and the famous tribe of Doch-an-assie men, which have entirely disappeared. I don't think they could raise a dozen men now. The population of Glen Dessary and Loch Arkaig-side went to Corpach, and along the banks of the Canal, to obtain work, and have since, in a large measure, emigrated. In point of fact, so far as these means of communication are concerned, they have been the means of educating and inducing the people to seek other lines of life, so that they are benefited in quite the reverse way to that intended—much, I believe, to their good, for such a thing as the squalor and discomfort of the West Coast and the islands of the Hebrides is unknown. During the recent land agitation there has been no movement along the line of the great Glen, and this I attribute very much to the fine outlet for the youthful population, and the means of easily reaching the great centres of industry, as well as foreign lands. There is an air of comfort and prosperity along the whole line of traffic such as exists nowhere in the Highlands; and this, I think, is in no small measure due to the good training and, perhaps, some of the money saved during the formation of the Canal.

A very interesting discussion followed the reading of Mr Ross's paper, and a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to him for the trouble he had taken in its preparation for the Society.

11th MAY, 1887.

At the Society's meeting this evening Miss Amy B. Mackintosh of Dalmigavie was elected an honorary member, and Mr P. Mactavish, solicitor, Inverness, and Mr D. William Kemp, Ivy Lodge, Trinity, Edinburgh, ordinary members.

Thereafter Mr John Whyte read a paper by Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh, on "Language as an Index to Character." Professor Mackinnon's paper was as follows:—

LANGUAGE AS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER.

The word CHARACTER comes to us from Greece. It is of doubtful origin. The verb from which the noun was formed (*charássō*) originally meant "to make a thing sharp or pointed," "to make scratches or furrows" on anything, hence to "inscribe," "to engrave," as upon stone or coins. In the same way the substantive *charactēr* at first meant "the instrument" by which (sometimes "the person" by whom) such scratches or furrows were made. Afterwards the word came to be used for the scratches themselves, whether these were simple lines or figures. By a natural extension of meaning, *charactēr* subsequently denoted, not *any* line or figure engraved on an object, but *the* line or figure which distinguished the particular object from others of the same class, and gave it its individuality. And, finally, the word was, especially in the later literature, used to designate the physical marks which distinguished the features of an individual, and the mental and moral traits which distinguished individuals and peoples.

Our use of the word differs little, if any, from the meaning attached to it by the Greeks. We speak of a book as written in Greek, Roman, or Irish *characters*. With us, as with them, whatever marks off an object from its neighbours, so as to give it a style and individuality of its own, constitutes its *character*. Thus we speak of the character of a *face*, of a *building*, of a *landscape*, of a *book*. Sometimes it happens that a single trait obtains undue prominence in an individual. We call such a person a *character*. In every case the original idea conveyed by the word is discernible. The special lines or furrows drawn upon your body and mind which mark you off from your fellows,—these are your *character*.

By *character* we thus mean the particular features, whether physical or intellectual, moral or æsthetic, by which peoples and individuals are distinguished and identified among men. For peoples, as well as individuals, have a distinctive *character*. Nature is a cunning artificer. In fashioning the races of men, she has drawn her main lines deep and broad. These lines, though crossed and re-crossed by innumerable others of infinite complexity and delicacy, are never obliterated, hardly ever obscured. No two faces are exactly alike. You may find two Chinamen who resemble each other so closely that only their intimate friends can say at a glance who is who, but any one Mongolian, for example, is at once distinguished from any one Hottentot. The European nations, being more closely connected in blood, resemble each other more closely in feature than Chinese and Africans. Besides, it may be difficult to meet in modern Europe with a people of unmixed descent. Hence it happens that we sometimes find in an individual of one tribe certain features characteristic of another tribe more strongly developed than in many members of the tribe itself. The average Frenchman, for example, is short, dark, and mercurial. The average German, on the other hand, is tall, fair, and phlegmatic. But an individual Frenchman is frequently met with taller, fairer, and duller than an individual German. If, however, twenty Frenchmen and twenty Germans were picked up at random off the streets of Paris and Berlin, and arranged in two groups, their appearance alone would enable us, without fail, to tell the nationality of each group.

Men differ quite as much in mental and moral attributes as in physical appearance. It is true that the eye does not distinguish spiritual impressions as it distinguishes colours. You cannot measure an emotion by foot-rule and tape as you can measure the length of the arm or the girth of the chest. Nevertheless, such differences are as real and actual as the physical, though they may be fully appreciated only by those who have spiritual discernment. Action and reaction between man and circumstance, if not equal and opposite, certainly exist, and make him what he is. Even in our physical appearance we are so far the creatures of our environment. The mountain hare grows white in winter, and the fair Briton grows dusky in the scorching Soudan. In his mental relations, man is to a greater degree the product of his surroundings. But within this sphere he is also in a measure able to create, at any rate to control, the environment. The course of Scottish history has largely moulded the Scottish character. The character of Scotsmen has largely shaped the course of Scottish history. To

take one instance out of many. For centuries Scotsmen were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a stronger power, and they came out of the struggle victorious. The fact powerfully helped to make the Scot of to-day what he is admitted to be—the strongest man, physically and morally, in the world. It has also helped to make him what he is often said to be—the least attractive companion in Europe.

It is by their mental and moral capacities, by what they were rather than by what they were like, that we value and cherish the memory of individuals and peoples. We honour them for what they achieved in literature, in science, in art, in government, and not for the size of their bones, the symmetry of their features, or the delicacy of their skins. "Life is more than meat." Even "the heathen Chinee" is known to us of late years, such is the power of genius, for "ways that are dark"—for moral rather than physical obliquity of vision. And so when we summon up in fancy the great nations of the earth—the impassioned Hebrew, with his deep religious fervour; the sensuous Greek, with his unerring eye for beauty and finely-balanced faculties; the haughty Roman, with his military tread, the embodiment of law and government; the fiery and impetuous Celt; the practical and sagacious Teuton—all pass before the mind's eye decked out in their intellectual and spiritual rather than in their material habiliments.

The ethnologist, by comparison of bones and skulls, is able to restore the physical features of a by-gone race. To attain to a full conception of the *character* of a people; of their intellectual and moral capacities; of their achievements in arts and science; to know how "they lived and moved and had their being" on the world's stage—we must piece together items of evidence gathered from various quarters. There is the recorded impression of neighbours, at best defective, frequently misleading. There are the thousand-and-one relics of the people's energies and activities which may have withstood the destructive hand of time and circumstance, the systematic study of which, under the name of Archæology, has been, of recent years, elevated into the rank of a science. There are, finally, the language and literature of the people themselves.

I propose to look for a little into the language, rather than to the literature proper, of our own people, with the view to inquire how the evidence furnished by our linguistic forms, words, phrases, and proverbs, confirms or modifies the impressions formed from other sources of the history and character of the Scottish Highlander. This kind of testimony, if read aright, is of

the most reliable and unimpeachable character. It is the unconscious mirroring of the people by themselves—a picture to which all ranks and conditions, at all stages of their history, contributed their quota. If we can but read the record, we shall find the mental, moral, and spiritual character of our people—their industries, pursuits, fancies, and beliefs, all reflected in the Gaelic Grammar and Dictionary.

What are the prominent outstanding features which, through all time and chance and change, the most competent observers have attributed to the Celt? What elements constitute the basis of his character? Wherein lies the strength, wherein the weakness, of our race?

In history the Celt has neighboured with two other races—Romans and Teutons. He came little in contact with Greeks, and less with Jews. There is, however, a most interesting incident recorded of Alexander the Great, or *Alastair Uaibhreach*, as he is called in Gaelic Literature, having met a tribe of Celts upon the banks of the Danube. The Grecian Monarch asked the Ambassadors of this savage tribe, as he regarded them, whether they were afraid of anything at all. "Of nothing," was the strange reply, "if so be that the sky may not fall." Alexander turned away with the remark, "These are a proud, haughty people," showing how well the conqueror of the world gauged the Celtic mind.

At various times during the third century B.C. Celtic tribes journeyed eastwards through Greece, conquering and plundering as they went, and finally settled in Asia Minor. Three hundred years afterwards the great Apostle of the Gentiles found the descendants of these people in Galatia. St Paul seems to have been particularly attracted to these Asiatic Celts. His estimate of their character is to be inferred from the epistle he addressed to them. Affection, devotion—pure and ardent, but liable to sudden and radical change—seems to have been the feeling of his "little children" towards their spiritual father: "I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me. Am I, therefore, become your enemy because I told you the truth?"

We could hardly expect an unprejudiced account of our people from the Romans. In Italy, in Gaul, in Britain, Celt and Roman met as deadly foes. The Celt sacked Rome. The legions which swept Europe were turned at the Grampians. And yet the Latin writers, especially Cæsar and Tacitus, speak with a generous

admiration of their most formidable enemies. In the view of the Romans, the Celts were a people of great parts, bodily and mental. They made considerable progress in civilization, but retained many barbarous and savage practices. They paid great regard to religion. They were given to poetry and music. They had a passion for freedom, but the tribes were jealous of each other and disunited. They were of a fierce, passionate, and changeful disposition. They were courageous and brave, and made most formidable soldiers.

For thousands of years Celt and Teuton have lived side by side. The two peoples have met frequently in friendly rivalry. They have met still more frequently in deadly strife. The racial distinctions between these two nations, whom history has joined together, are deep and broad. Except where, as with ourselves, their blood has mingled, they do not easily come together. We have frequently been enabled to see ourselves as our Teutonic neighbours see us. But in recent times our picture has been painted by two Saxons of genius. Sir Walter Scott has, with his magic pen, described the Scottish Highlander. Matthew Arnold, with consummate ability and subtlety, has analyzed the genius of our race.

The judgment of all these observers—of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, of the ablest and most candid of Teutons—is essentially the same. They all declare the Celt to be a man of large endowments—physical, mental, and spiritual. They add in so many words, or imply, that, in the constitution of his being, in the adjustment of the various parts of our complex nature, the emotions and the will are not under subjection to the reason, the understanding, in the same degree in his case as in that of the other great nations of Europe. The heart, rather than the head, controls the Celt. In the language of Matthew Arnold, sentiment is the basis of his character. He refuses to accept the omnipotence of fact. He is, indeed, unable to see the fact except as clothed in his own warm fancy.

If now we translate this phraseology, applied to the Celt as a whole, into the facts of actual life as applicable to the Highland people, what do we find? The modern Highlander is of mixed origin and chequered history. It is said that the blood of France is nineteen-twentieths Celtic, though this is probably an over-estimate. The blood of the north of Lewis is almost, if not altogether, Norse. The Highlander of to-day is the descendant of at least three peoples—pre-Celt, Celt, and Teuton. In South Argyll we have Pict, Dalriad, Norseman, and Lowland Scot, with

a substratum of we know not well what, mixed in varying degrees in different localities. The history of this composite people has been eventful in the extreme. The Highlander is accustomed to revolutions. Within historic times the greatest of all was the conversion of the Picts by Columba, followed by the Dalriadic ascendancy. Then came the Norse invasion and occupation, which have left permanent results. The struggle between Celt and Saxon upon a large scale was decided at Harlaw. To it we owe the minor clan-system which followed, with many evil effects that still remain. The conflict of the new and the old, in the matter of creeds and beliefs, culminated in the Reformation. We have since had our Culloden and our Disruption. We are at the present time going through a revolution with issues deeper and wider than many of the more violent convulsions of the past. Each of these in its way has helped to make ourselves and our history what they are; and all find their place in the picture which the language presents. For the Gaelic vocabulary, like more material products, obeys the law of supply and demand. The metaphors and similes of the people are gathered from the circumstances of their daily life. The Gaelic proverbs and familiar phrases are in part, like the root-words of the vocabulary, true citizens of the world, heard on the lips of men everywhere; but, as Sheriff Nicolson says, "a large proportion of them is of native growth, as certainly as is the heather on Ben Nevis, or the lichen on Cape Wrath." The Gaelic proverbs represent the Highland people quite as ubiquitous as the ethnologist and historian find them in actual fact to be. There is hardly a possible trait of character or quality of intellect that does not find illustration. But a general survey of these sayings undoubtedly conveys the impression that they are the recorded experience of a people of shrewd observation, impressive and sensitive to a degree. Let us endeavour to illustrate one or two of the main features in character and belief, for which our people have always been noted.

Take, *e.g.*, the question of Race and Family. The Celt has always been a firm believer in the principle of heredity—the transmission of qualities, bodily and mental, from parent to child. *Theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag. Bu dual da sin, &c., &c.* The modern Highlander is wont to pride himself on his pure blood and high descent. The breaking up of the tribe into clans and septs had no doubt a great deal to do with the feeling. The educative value of the sentiment is, as we know, very high. To live worthy of those who went before is a powerful incentive to

Highland virtue. In its most exaggerated form, the idea finds expression in the saying, *Ged tha mi bochd, taing do Dhia, tha mi uasal*, attributed to a member of the Clan Maclean.

Whether the Celt can boast of an ancient lineage or not, we have seen that the blood of the Highlander is anything but pure. Some of our countrymen are as proud of their Norwegian descent as others are of a native pedigree. The boast of the Macgregors is, *Is riùghail mo dhream*. Macaulay, again, was quite as eager to trace a pure Norse descent for himself as the family historian is to bring every *novus homo* over with the Conqueror.

I do not know whether it will contribute to our *amour propre* to trace the stream of Celtic lineage too far back. Cæsar tells us (B.G. v. 14) that in the interior of Britain in his time the people lived in communities of ten and twelve men; that these had their wives in common; and that the children were regarded as belonging to the man who originally married the mother. In Scottish history, as we know, Pictish succession was through the female. I am of the belief that such proverbs as *Cha'n abair mi mo bhràthair ach ris a' mhac a rug mo mhàthair* have had their origin in those primitive times. In an early stage of society, the child was the child of the tribe; and among us clan-feeling is hardly a thing of yesterday. The very word *clann*, which means, and always meant, "progeny" (Zeuss *passim*), was also applied to the household, the family, the *gens*, and in this signification has passed into English—*clan*. *Treubh*, again (W., *tref*; A.S., *traef*; old French, *tref*), meant "a homestead," "a settlement." It now denotes "tribe"—*dà thréibh dheug Israel*. Not only so, but *treubhach*, *treubhas*, *treubhantas*, literally "belonging to the tribe," "having a tribal spirit," have, among a warlike people, come to mean "being worthy of the tribe," "courageous," "brave." *Treubhach a muih*, 's *meagrach a stigh* is the *beau idéal* of manly conduct.

Of this class of words, *céile* is specially noteworthy. In the early language the word has two meanings—"socius" and "servus." Stokes (Beitr: viii. 312) would refer *céile* "socius," W. *celydd*, to *callis* and *keleuthos*, while *céile*, "servus," might, he thinks, find its cognates in *colo*, *kelēs*. *Buachail*, e.g. (W. *bugail*), would thus correspond in etymology and meaning with *boukolos*. In the social economy of Ireland, *céile* denoted a class of tenantry who had perpetual tenure upon payment of certain rents, the position in which the Legislature has recently put the Highland crofter. Among the Irish there were two classes of *céile*, the bond and the free, a *daer-chéile* and a *saer-chéile*, as they were called. In the Church, the *Servus Dei* was called *Céile Dé*, written *Culdee* by our

early Scottish writers, and pronounced *Cuideach* in modern Gaelic. A verb, *céilidhm*, "to visit," was formed from the noun, from which, again, our own *céilidh* is derived. The phrase in Rom. xv. 32, rendered in the Vulgate *et refrigerer vobiscum*, and in our English version "that I may with you be refreshed" (in the Revised Version, "and together with you may find rest"), is in the old Würzburg Codex (fol. 7 a.) translated *corran céilde libsi*. It would thus appear that with the Gael of those days, as with his descendants still, *céilidh* was a season of "rest" and "refreshing" to the mind and spirit, perhaps also to the body. The more frequent use of the word is "companion," and in this signification it is used in such phrases as *le chéile*, "with his fellow," "together;" *troimh chéile*, "through other;" *thar a chéile*, "at cross purposes," &c., &c. In the more limited signification of "spouse," the word is used in the compounds, *athair-céile*, *mathair-chéile*, &c. So also in *cliámhuin*, "son-in-law," and *cleamhnas*, "relationship by marriage," as in the proverbs—*Cleamhnas gu ceud is cairdeas gu fichead*; *Cleamhnas am fagus is goisteachd am fad*. *Céle* glosses *maritus* in the St Gall MS., and in the Gaelic Bible (Joel i. 8), *céile a h-dige*, with *fear-pòsda* in the footnote, translates the phrase rendered in English the "husband of her youth." We have thus ample authority for the use of *céile* in the restricted sense of "spouse." But in modern Gaelic it is usual to say *céile pòsda*, and it is certainly remarkable that we have not in the language a native word for "to marry" or "marriage." We borrowed *sponsa*, which appears in Gaelic as *pòs, pùs, pòsadh, pòsda*. The word was evidently required very early. In the Book of Deer we read that Colbain, the Mormaer of Buchan, and Eva, the daughter of Gartnat, "his wedded wife" (*a benphusta*), along with others, granted important privileges to the monks of Deer. It would almost appear as if the Celt had brought within the threshold of history the social condition which modern science declares that society everywhere passes through when the tribe and the family are one and the same.

Again, the Celts have always had the reputation of being a religious people. Cæsar was told (B.G. vi. 13) that Druidism had its origin, and attained to its highest perfection, in Britain. Nowhere, we would fain believe, has Christianity found more faithful and devoted disciples than among the Celts of these isles. It may well be that the aspect of religion which specially attracts the Celt is that which appeals to the feelings rather than to the understanding. The language is wonderfully copious in its

vocabulary of adoration and praise. The late Professor Weir of Glasgow, a native of Argyllshire, used to say that the impassioned utterances of the Hebrew prophets could find more forcible expression in Gaelic than in any European language. On the other hand, I am persuaded that the Epistles of St Paul cannot be adequately translated into the Gaelic tongue.

It was essential that, in the case of the great central principles of the Christian faith, the names of the new and strange ideas should be borrowed as well as the ideas themselves. But St Patrick and St Columba were wise men as well as zealous missionaries, and they did not unnecessarily trample upon the prejudices of our Pagan ancestors. Reasonable concessions, in matters not essential, were made to heathenism. Far removed as our religious life is from the lives of our heathen forefathers, many of us would hardly care to admit, few of us know, at how many points our religious orbits and theirs touch and cross each other. In legend, in myth, in unexplained custom, in a familiar word or phrase, in odd corners of the mind as well as in neglected nooks of the language, traces of the Paganism of our ancestors find a place and form part of our unconscious creed.

The Celts were given to the observance of stated days and festivals. Cæsar's statement is explicit (B.G. vi. 18):—"Dies natales, et mensium et annorum initia sic observant, ut noctem dies subsequatur." St Paul also reminds the Galatians (iv. 10)—"Ye observe days and months and times and years." It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Celt has not been, in many cases, able to engraft the native name upon many of the festivals and saints' days of the Christian Church. Still, we have preserved the old names of the seasons—*earrach*, *samhradh*, *fogharadh*, *geamhradh*. In the case of three of these we have kept the name of the first day—*Bealltainn*, *Lùnasdal* (Irish *Lughnassadh*) and *Samhuin*, where, as among the Gauls in Cæsar's day, such is the persistence of custom, the night precedes the day. *La-fheill-Brìde*, "Bridget's Feast Day," has replaced the fourth for many centuries, but from old Irish books we know that the native name was *Oimulc*. The shadow at least of the old ceremonies of *Latha Bealltainn* and *Oidhche Shamhna* still remains with us. Towards the end of last century the old heathen customs were pretty fully observed on May-day in Callendar (Old Stat. Acc. xi. 621). It is somewhat remarkable that the native name for the New Year has disappeared—*Nollaig* and *Calluinn* are both borrowed. We cannot even tell when the Celtic year began. The names of the months are, for the most part, lost; *seachdwin* is probably a

loan-word, and of some of the days of the week only a part of the name is native to the language.

The names of churches and temples, with the ritual and worship observed in them, and the officers who officiate therein, are all Latin and Greek words. The *druidh* struggled hard for a place in the new order of things, but, though always mentioned with respect in Gaelic literature, he is not acknowledged as an ecclesiastical dignitary in the Celtic Church. The arch-druid seems to have borrowed his Gaelic title from the extremely sensible and practical ecclesiastic, Coifi, who was chief of the priests in Northumbria when Paulinus was converted, and who recommended the new faith to his prince upon the ground that it could hardly be worse than the old, from which he himself, though its chief officer, never derived any benefit whatsoever. Our Gaelic proverbs to the present day preserve the popular belief in the power and sympathy of these men—*Cho teòma ri Coibhi Druidh: Ge fagus clach do Ìar, 's fhaisge na sin cobhair Choibhi*. Now-a-days, *druidh* and *druidheachd* mean “sorcery,” “necromancy”; what in the old Gaelic life of St Columba is termed *geintlidheachd*, “gentilism,” “paganism.” The older conception is higher than this. To the present day the *magi* of Matt. ii. 1., translated “wise men” in the English Scriptures, is rendered *druidhean* in our Gaelic Bible. In the Würzburg MS. “Jannes and Jambres,” who (2nd Tim. iii. 8) are said to have withstood Moses, are boldly paraphrased into *da druith aeceptadi*, “two Egyptian druids”; while in an old hymn, attributed to St Columba, the poet confers a still higher dignity upon this official of Celtic heathendom:—

Is e mo drai Crist mac Dé.

“Christ, the Son of God, is my druid.”

Again, it is worthy of note that, while the terms descriptive of ideas distinctively Christian are borrowed, the native language copiously supplies words descriptive of the great conceptions of natural religion. *Ifrinn*, e.g., is a loan from Latin (*infernum*). *Neamh* (old form *néb*), on the other hand, is pure Celtic, having its cognates in Skr. *nabhas*, Gr. *nephos*, and Slav. *nebo*. The primal meaning is “cloud,” a fact which strikingly recalls the grand description of the Hebrew poet—

“Clouds and darkness are round about him.”

So *flaitheanas* (*flaithemnas*) means not the “isle of heroes,” but the sphere over which the jurisdiction of the *flath* (*flaithem*) extended. From the wealth of native epithet available to

designate such conceptions as "immortality," "eternity," "judgment," &c., &c., we are entitled to conclude that these ideas were neither new nor strange to the people. A new significance was attached to them. From all we can gather, the heathen Celt believed in a future state, more or less happy.

On the other hand, though the Gauls believed they were descended from Dis or Pluto (B.G. vi. 18), our ancestors, if they had any, have preserved no native name to designate *Satan*, *devil*, *demon*, all of which are borrowed. The Gaelic words applied to the *devil* suggest mischievous intent rather than power—*donas*, "ill-luck;" *rosad*, "the obstructive;" *breaman*, "the little imp;" *am fear ud*, "yon one;" *muisean*, "the mean rascal." For the Supreme Being, on the contrary, there is a number of native names—*Tighearna*, "the protector;" *Triath*, "king;" *Rìgh-nam-feart*, "king of powers;" *Rìgh-nan-dùl*, "king of the elements." And the name of all others by which we invoke the Divine Being, *Dia*, connects itself with the Skr. *Dévas*; Gr. *Zeus*, *Dios*; Lat. *Deus*, *Dies*; Ang. Sax. *Tives* (*dæg*) "Tuesday"; Slav. *Děvas*. In the whole round of the languages, the meaning of this word is twofold—*God* and *day*, the root idea being "to shine," "light." In the Celtic dialects the word has ceased to be used in the sense of "day;" but *an diu(gh)*, *an dé*, the *Di* in *Di-luain*, &c., still live to testify that the Celt, like his neighbours, at one time identified "day" and "God"—"light" and the "source of light." The conception irresistibly carries us back to that fore-time when our Indo-European ancestors lived together, and worshipped the Being whom they felt after, and thought they found, in the great luminary which enabled man to see, and caused the corn to grow.

A relic of the period of sun-worship undoubtedly survives in the phrases, *Deiseal air gach nì*, and *Car tuathal t'aimhleas*. The underlying conception is deeper than the practical rule that there is a good and a bad way of doing everything—a maxim expressed in the Gaelic utilitarian saying, *Leum an gàradh far an òsl' e*. These phrases rather connect themselves with the necessitarianism which formed so large a part of the pagan Celtic creed, the shadow of which, I believe, still clouds our spiritual vision. The rooted belief that the fated, the *dàn*, will happen, will we, nil we, has had its share in shaping Highland creed and Highland conduct. The lesson has been taught longer and learned better than the claim for freedom of opinion frequently made in our proverbs, and notably in that admirable saying, found among the Gaels alone—*Léintean farsuing do na leanabaibh òga*.

But to pass on. From the cloister to the camp seems a far cry, and yet it would not be difficult to show that the moral and emotional elements which incline the Celt to religion help to make him the warrior which he is, and always has been. In olden times the chief end of a Celt was to fight well. Solinus, speaking of the Britons, says that "when a woman is delivered of a male child, she places the infant's first food on the point of her husband's sword, and inserts it in its mouth; and, offering up her supplications to the gods of her country, devoutly prays that he may die in war, amidst swords and javelins." Tacitus informs us that the Celt fought for love of freedom, but he was and is a born soldier, ready to fight on any quarrel. On occasion, as in the case of Boadicea, females not only fought in battle, but headed insurrections and commanded armies. And, if we may trust Marcellinus, the ladies of Gaul seemed to engage in a scrimmage with all the zest and skill of a member of the modern fancy:—"If any of them be set a brawling, having the shrew his wife (who is commonly by far the stronger of the two, and of a sallow complexion) to take his part, a whole band of strangers is not able to match him; especially when, setting out her big neck with swollen veins she falls a grating her teeth, and snow white arms, of a mighty large size, once begins to lay about her with fists and heels together, like the bolts and darts discharged with violence from a military engine."

Our language bears the most ample testimony to the military prowess of the people. Among the words borrowed from the Gaulish speech to Latin, those relating to war and warlike implements stand conspicuous—*gaesa*, *cataxia*, *covinus*, *essedum*, &c. The very names by which the people were known point in the same direction. One of the tribes which occupied Gallia was in the language of the Romans called *Galli*, but in that of the people themselves *Celts* (*qui ipsorum lingua Celtae, nostra Galli, appellantur*—B.G. i. 1). Both words were known to the Greeks—*Keltoi* and *Galatai*. It is curious that while the names by which the people were known among the Greeks and Romans, *Galatae*, *Galli*, have been equated with *gal*, "bravery," "courage," the meaning of *Celt*, the word by which the people named themselves, is still a matter of some doubt, though all the suggested significations refer in one way or other to war.

A considerable number of the personal and tribal names by which our people were known in ancient times are still a living testimony to the martial character of the race. I shall select one

or two for illustration out of very many that might be chosen. The root of the word *Aeduus*, *Aedui* (Gr. *aidouoi*), so familiar to us in the pages of Cæsar, has been connected with Gr. *aithos*, Lat. *aestus*, O.H. Ger. *eit*—all meaning “fire,” “burning,” &c. In Cormac’s Glossary, *aed* is found as a common noun, meaning “fire.” As a personal name the word has become very common. The Latin form is *Aidus*. In Gaelic and Irish it is *Aedh* and *Aodh*. The English equivalent, from a different root, is *Hugh*, which on the Continent appears as *Hugo*. A diminutive of the Latin form yields *Aidan*, the name of the brave and gentle bishop of Lindisfarne, whose beautiful character Bede paints so touchingly (Ecc. Hist. iii. 5). By prefixing *mo*, “my,” to the name (a form of endearment common among our ancestors, as *Monenn* for *Mo* + *Ninian*, *Moluag* for *Mo* + *Lughaidh*), we get *Modan*, the saint of Roseneath, whose name still survives in Kilmodan, the parish of Glendaruel, in South Argyll. Mackay of the Rhinns, in Islay, is written *Magaodh* in the Gaelic charter of 1408. It would thus appear that the real Mackay is neither more nor less than a modern *Aeduan*, a veritable “son of fire,” which perhaps is not an inapt designation of many a member of that patriotic clan.

Two of the oldest words of which we have record in Celtic, and which still survive in all their vigour and freshness, are *cath*, “battle,” and *dùn*, “a fort.” Into personal and tribal names, both in Gaul and Britain, the word *cath* enters largely:—*Cassivelaunus*, the powerful opponent of Cæsar; *Catugenus* (*Katougnatos*), “warrior-born;” *Catumaglus*, “warrior-prince;” *Caturix*, “warrior-king;” and *Catuslogi* (*cath-shluagh*) “warlike people.” The diminutive *Catullus* became a personal name among the Romans. The Brythons have preserved the word more than the Goidels—*Cadawc* and *Catôc* is *Catuacus*; *Catlôn* is the old *Catalaunus*; *Catmail* is *Catumaglus*. Among ourselves the word is by no means unknown as a proper name, while, as a common name, literally and in metaphor, it turns up most frequently. *Cathbad* was the name of Conchobar’s Druid, who foretold the fate of Déirdre. Macpherson has *Cathmor*. Two of the Bards of Clanranald bore the name of *Cathal*, which is a common personal name in Assynt at the present day.

Dùn in Gaelic means “a fortified hill.” In Welsh the form is *din*, which also means a “hill-fort.” The cognates, or, as some think, the derivatives, in the Teutonic languages are—Eng., *town*; Scotch, *toon*; Icelandic, *tùn*; and German, *zaun*. The word had, from the earliest times, the same meaning which it still retains. It occurs frequently in the Celtic topography of the Continent—

Augusto-dunum, Novio-dunum, Ebro-dunum. The *dunes* of Celtic France are in large numbers with us still. But it is remarkable that, in Endlicher's Glossary, the *dunum* of *Lugdunum* (Lyons) means simply "hill,"—*Lugduno, desiderato monte, dunum enim montem.* The *lug* here is the Irish *lu*, "little," which remains to us in the derivative *lùdag*, "the little finger," and in the comparative *lugh*a. *Dùn* does not enter so largely into our personal names. We have *Maidun* (cf. Zeuss p. 24). According to Mr Hector Maclean, the common name *Donnachadh* (Duncan), formerly *Dunchad*, is made up of *dùn* and *cath*. In our place-names the *dùn*'s are simply legion. A *dùn* had its outposts, or little forts, in its immediate neighbourhood—sometimes to guard the water supply of the main fort, sometimes for easier access in sudden emergencies. These are the *dùnan*'s, or "fortlets," so frequently met with where there are *dùn*'s. By an extension of meaning, the word has come to be applied to any rounded hill or artificial-looking mound. Still further, any heap is now a *dùn*. Thus, in Ruth iii. 7, *dùn arbhair* is "a heap of corn," and Dugald Buchanan applies the word to an ant-hill:—

" 'S mar dhùn an t-seangain dol 'n a ghluas,
Grad-bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìos a mairbh."

Finally, from being a "little fort" or "outpost," *dùnan* has, in our peaceful, prosaic days, come to be applied in Argyll almost invariably to "the midden."

As it was, so it is still. No one who has read the *Brosnachadh* of Lachann Mòr Mac-Mhuirich to the Macdonalds at Harlaw, whatever else he may think, will doubt the wealth of the Gaelic vocabulary in matters pertaining to war, or will question the truth of Alexander Macdonald of Ardnamurchan's dictum that the Gaelic language is the best:—

" Ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
A bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh."

Equally true, perhaps, is Macdonald's other deliverance regarding the language, especially when wielded by a master of vituperative epithet like himself:—

" Si 'n aon chànan
Am beul nam bàrd 's nan éisg,
A's fhearr gu càineadh
O linn Bhabel féin."

And I do not know that it would be impossible to find among our countrywomen one now and again who could use her Gaelic tongue

with the same force and directness with which her relative in ancient Gaul, according to Marcellinus, could use her fists.

Another feature which has attracted the attention and won the admiration of observers has its root in the emotional nature of the Celt—his urbanity and courtesy. It was a patriotic Highlander who sung—

“Hands that fiercest smite in war
Have the warmest grasp for brothers ;”

“And beneath the tartan plaid
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.”

Sheriff Nicolson here puts, in stirring lines, what is admitted to be the truth regarding the Celt wherever met with, though perhaps, in a special degree, applicable to the Highlander. The clan-system survived longest with us, and, among its many baneful fruits, it has undoubtedly left one blessing behind—it developed the inherent politeness and courtesy of the people, at too high a price it may well be. Of strangers the people were naturally jealous. In old times these came most frequently from the North. Hence the proverb—*Is fuar gaith nan coimheach*. Just as in Latin *hostis* meant “a stranger” and “a foe,” so in Gaelic *coimheach*, “the stranger,” yields *coimhicheas*, “distrust”; and, with perhaps an unconscious tribute to his power, the use of the word as an intensive epithet, meaning “very,” “exceedingly”—as in the phrases *coimheach mòr*, *coimheach sgìth*, &c. The saying still heard in the Central Highlands—*Cuir a mach an Sasunnach, is leig a steach an cù*—dates probably from Cromwell’s day. The Celt is proverbially sensitive to ridicule. Between neighbouring clans intercourse was possible only by great deference in speech and bearing. The sharp sword made the smooth tongue. Within the clan, which was composed in miniature of all the various social grades found in an empire, and where, owing to the small numbers, frequent intercourse between various classes was absolutely necessary, great deference in speech and bearing was indispensable. In the proverbs we find the highest value put upon a dignified courtesy, while boldness and independence in language and action have also their time and place—*A bhi gu dàna modhail, sin lagh na cùirte*, a lesson which Jeames has learned to perfection far from the mountains. But true courtesy could not be taught—*Bheirear comhairle seachad ach cha toirear giùlan*. It evidently was not, in the strictest sense, hereditary, for we have the saying, *Is buaine dùthchas na oilean* ; but good breeding was, to say the least of it,

a second nature. And where can be a finer appreciation of the retort courteous than in the phrase, *Cha bu tu mi, 's cha bu mhi an cù?*

The intellectual and spiritual force which underlies the agreeability of the Highlander is not confined to our Scottish soil. It develops in several directions among the various branches of the family. There is a delicacy of feeling, a deftness of touch, which is natural to the Celt. In no part of those charming lectures is the literary insight of Matthew Arnold better shown than where, apparently in the teeth of evidence, as it seemed when the author wrote, he maintains that to the Celt English literature is indebted for its superior style, and especially for what the writer calls "natural magic," a quality which he finds nowhere else among the Teutons. Similarly, in Celtic art, fertility of conception and idea may be sometimes missed, but the wonderful delicacy of the lines and elaborateness of ornamental detail are beyond comparison or imitation.

To the same keen sensitiveness is undoubtedly due the genuine sympathy with the beautiful in nature which the Celt undoubtedly acquired early, and in the fulness of time taught to his neighbours. I do not know whether among any people devoid of literary training a higher appreciation of the beautiful in expression can be found than among our own people. One need only recall our favourite idioms, metaphors, and similes, or compare such proverbs as, *Far birds have fair feathers*, with, *'S gorm na cnuic tha fada bh'uainn*; *A lie has no legs*, with, *Cha seas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois*, &c., in order to see the force of the remark. It may be a fancy, but it is certainly curious, if not significant, that the Gaelic word *tuigse*, "understanding," finds its Indo-European relatives in Skr. *gush*, "to relish"; Gr. *geuō*, "I give to taste," and *geuma*, "food;" *gustus* and *gustare* in Latin; English, *choose*.

The Gael's artistic taste, agreeability, and courtly bearing, make it difficult for him to say *no*—a monosyllable for which he has no equivalent indeed—and lead him into various amiable weaknesses. No one who has seen him in the witness-box but must have observed the difficulty he has in making a direct unqualified statement of fact. I remember once interpreting in a case of disputed marches in the west of Ross-shire. An aged matron who used, as a bare-footed lassie, to tend the cattle beside the burn which formed the boundary between the two estates, was repeatedly asked if she ever saw the cattle cross the stream, or on the over side of it. She was a perfectly candid, truthful witness.

But she simply could not say further than that the cattle *would* be crossing—*U bhithheadh, bhithheadh cheana* ; but *bha* never.

Dr Alexander Stewart (Gr. p. 98), in accounting for the use of the *future tense* as a *present* in Gaelic, ingeniously says :—“From observing the same thing happen repeatedly or habitually, it is naturally inferred that it will happen again. . . . Thus the future tense, which simply foretells, conveys to the hearer an intimation that the thing foretold has already taken place frequently or habitually.” The learned grammarian points to a similar use of the future tense in Hebrew. The Highlander had no doubt a belief, after a fashion, in the uniformity of nature. He had perhaps quite as firm a belief in second-sight, by which many of his friends were able to make the future actually present when occasion demanded. But he had certainly an aversion to direct statement ; and to this, rather than to any scientific or superstitious feeling, I would attribute his partiality for the future tense, and especially for the subjunctive mood, where he has preserved a considerable variety of linguistic forms. The same mental attitude may, in part at least, account for the almost entire loss of a present tense form in the modern Gaelic verb.

Such are a few traits which the Celtic character has preserved, and of which the language affords conclusive, because unconscious, proof. They are striking instances of the persistence of mental and spiritual characteristics in a people which have, in almost all their branches, been largely modified. The modern Highlander, for example, is far removed in blood as well as in opinion and belief from the ancient Celt. But, both in his strength and in his weakness, he is essentially the same man. The emotional element, the preponderance of feeling over intellect, is still supreme. We are a people of lofty ideal. *Nan deanadh an làmh mar a dh'iarradh an t-sùil*, all would be well with us. But the reward of attained excellence is not always with us a sufficient end to make us go through the trouble of training the hand so as to be able to satisfy the eye. In what requires hard, patient, plodding effort, the Celt is weak. Here undoubtedly the “creeping” Saxon, as he used contemptuously to designate his neighbour, surpasses him. But when trained and confronted by example, no one shows more patience and persistence than our own people. A shrewd, observant Highland colonist once informed me that where Celt and Saxon farmer live together on the shores of Lake Huron, the Highlander's “concession” frequently stands first, and is always a good second ;

but, in a community of Highlanders, one not unfrequently comes upon broken fences, open gates, and that general air of negligence and *abandon* so charming to the artistic instinct, but so destructive of good husbandry, which one meets with too often in the old country.

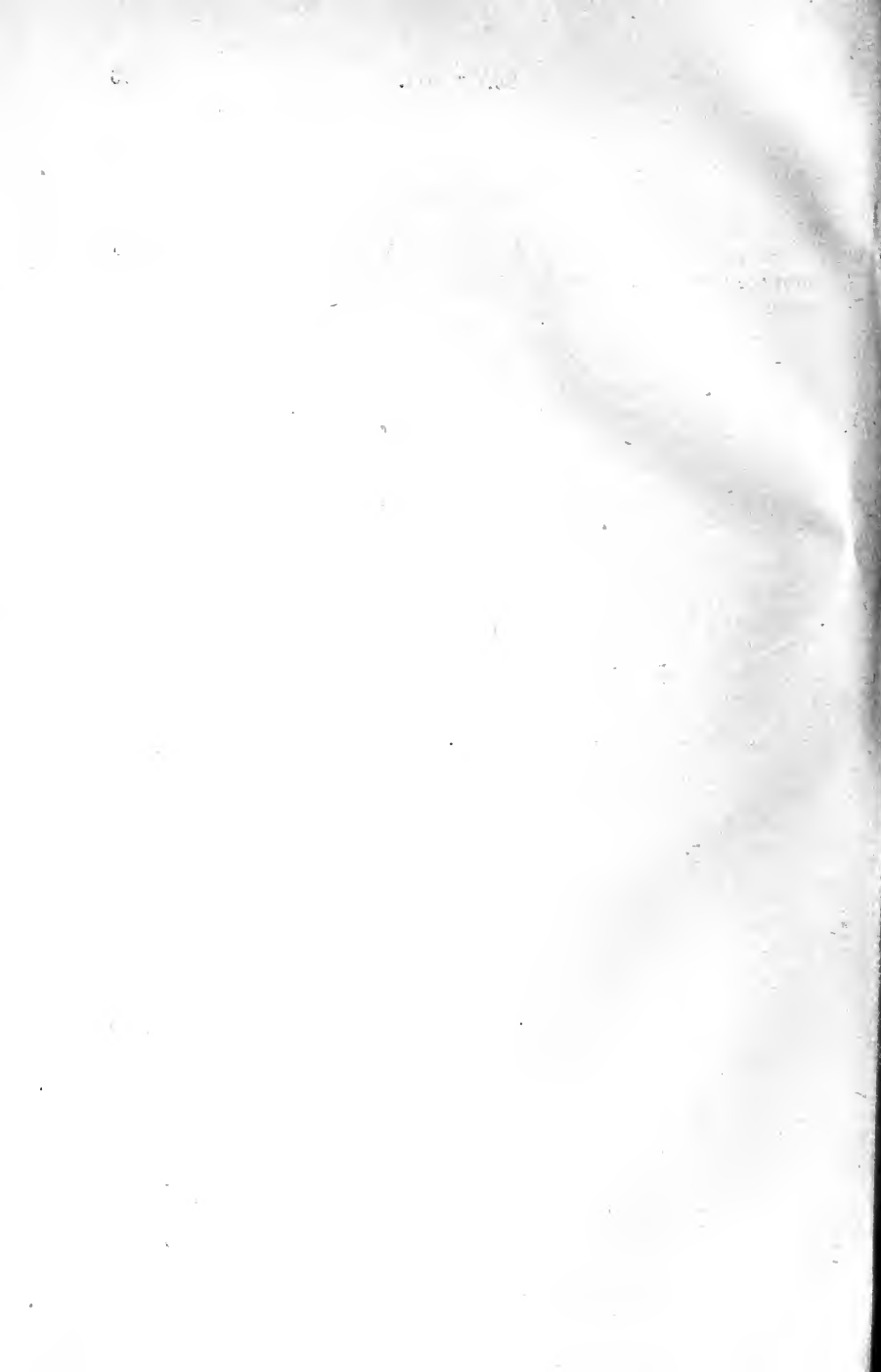
Swayed by feeling and emotion, the Celt is easily elated, easily depressed. He will not brook tamely the sinking of his individual will. Rather than accept an inferior place, he prefers to have none. Macdonald of the Isles was once recognised occupying an obscure place at a feast, and a courteous stranger suggested that he should take the head of the table. The haughty reply was characteristic of the princely house of which he was the head:—*Far am bi Mac-Dhomhnuill, sin ceann a' bhàird*. Matthew Arnold has proved to demonstration that, in so far as English Literature, and, we may now add, Icelandic Literature, differs from and excels the literature of the pure Teuton, the superiority is due to Celtic influence. The wealth of feeling and passion infused by the Celt into the Saxon's calm, matter-of-fact nature has secured a result which neither race could attain to singly. To produce the highest forms of literature the dazzling but intermittent electric flash is needed as well as the strong steady light of the sun.

In war and government the Highlander is a better soldier than general—a better general than statesman. Too often has the Celt won battles and allowed others to reap the fruits of victory. Lord Macaulay wrote in an one-sided, exaggerated strain of our people. But there is too much truth in his remark that, under the clan-system, the Highlander was a perfect soldier, the clan a perfect regiment, but that a Highland army under a Highland commander-in-chief was impossible. The motto of the Roman statesman, *Divide et impera*, achieved its highest success among the disunited tribes of Gaul. If our own favourite saying, *Clanna nan Gaidheal ri gvaillibh a chéille*, were heard while the clan-system flourished, it would be regarded as a masterpiece of sarcasm invented by the enemy.

The Celt is naturally disinclined to the dull, monotonous life which peaceful industry and commerce demand. Among Highlanders the conditions of life for centuries were such as to make him so. Fighting was his occupation, hunting and fishing his amusement. He has, curiously enough, registered in his language his passion for war and his contempt for trade. He has exalted *laicus* (*laoch*), a simple “layman,” into the rank of a military hero; he has degraded *cerdo* (*ceard*), “an artificer,” into the rank of a tinker.

CELTIC ART.

On account of illness, Mr P. H. Smart has been unable to prepare for publication his paper on Celtic Art, referred to on page



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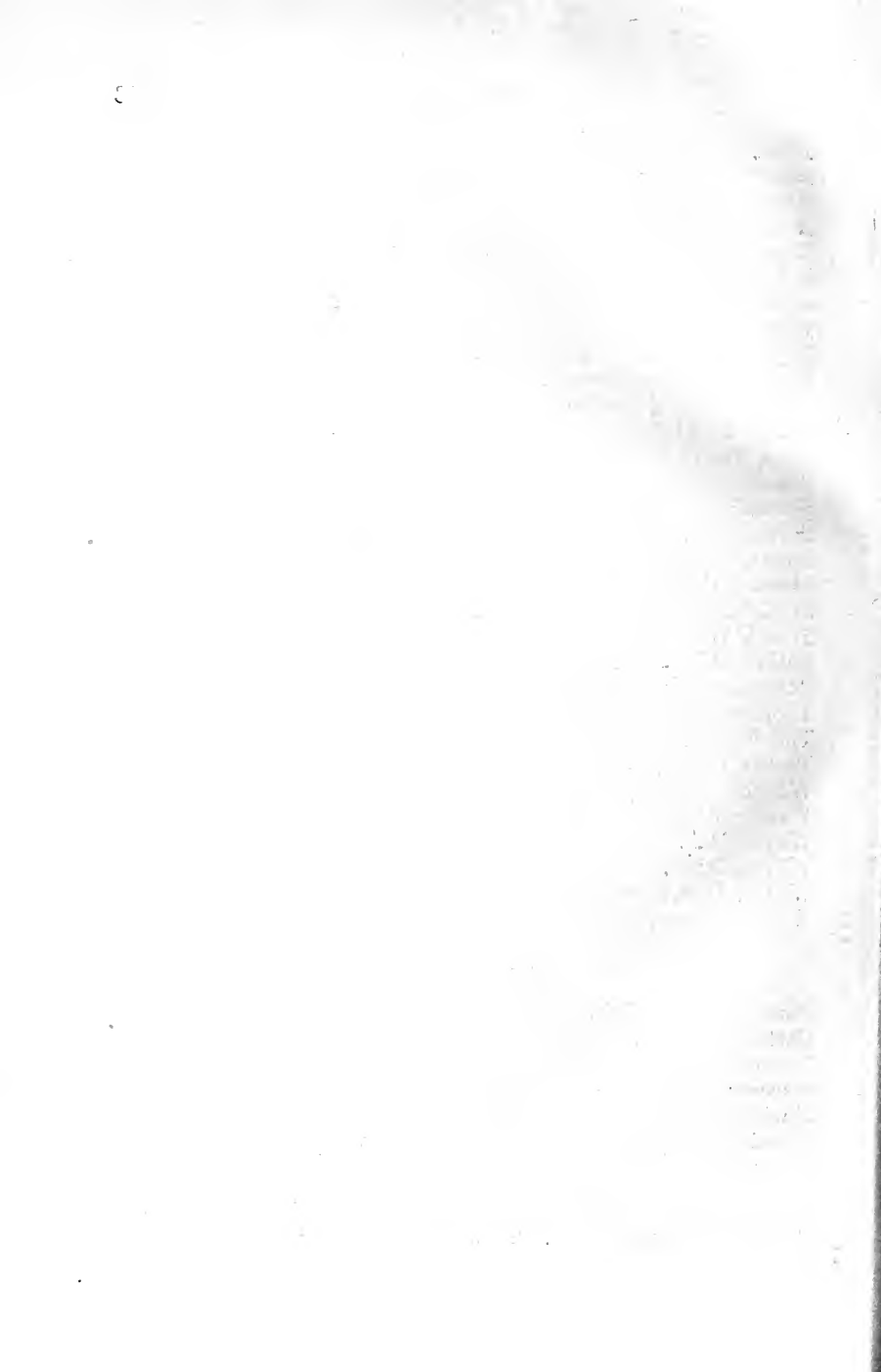
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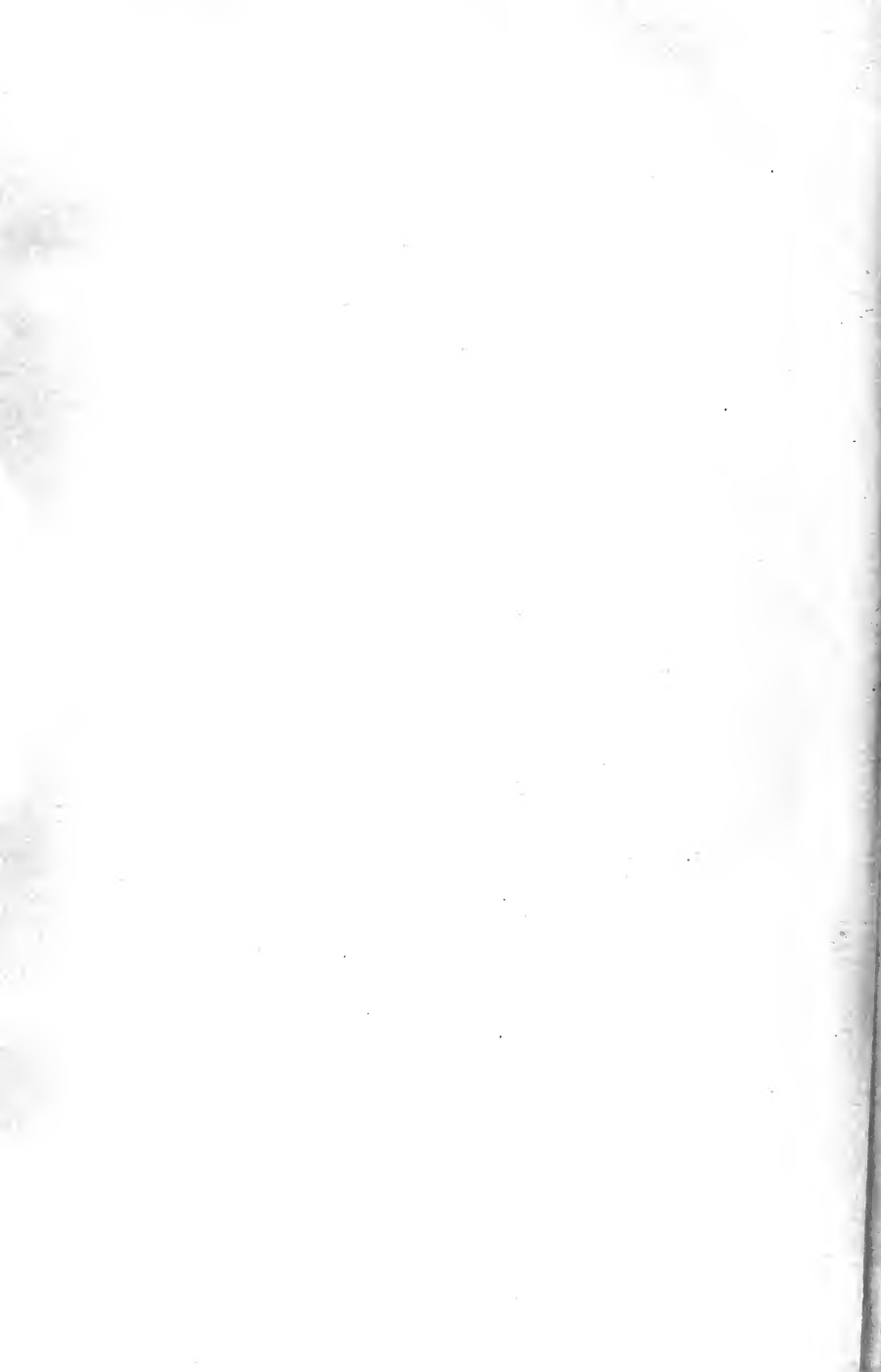
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