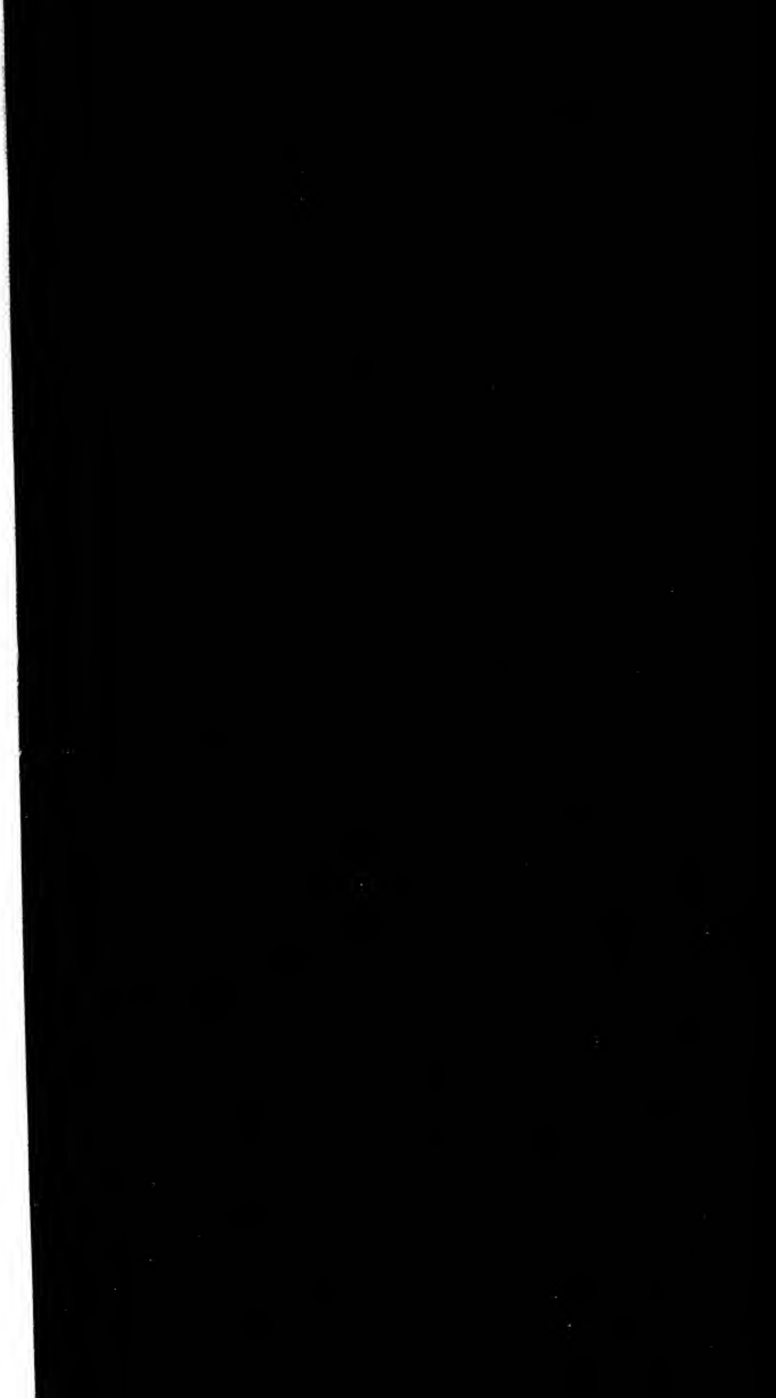
TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XV.

1888-89.



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OF INVERNESS.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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Duncan Campbell.
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Bailie Alex. Mackenzie.
William Gunn.

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SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

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Donald Fraser of Millburn.

LIBRARIAN.

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Pipe-Major Alex. Maclennan.

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 sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath 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 dligheach, feumadh tri 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	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

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

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

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh 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 Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm 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 thrian 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, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabhar-lann.

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 dearbhta.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION.

This, the 15th Volume of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, records the proceedings of the Society for one year, beginning with the Annual Assembly on the 12th July, 1888, and ending with the last meeting of the Winter Session of 1889, on the 8th of May. It appears later than the Publishing Committee could have wished. This is to a great extent due to the distance which some of the contributors of papers are from Inverness, and the consequent delays in the transmission of proofs. The Committee expect to amend matters in this direction, and they would be obliged to those who so kindly contribute papers if they would at once return their proofs corrected. The next Volume is to be sent immediately to press, and is expected to appear by the beginning of the coming Winter Session.

Dr Charles Mackay, the poet, who died on the 21st December last, at the age of seventy-four, was an honorary member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. He took a lively interest in the Highlands, and was proud to bear a Highland name. He was present at the Second Annual Assembly in the year 1873, when he delivered a stirring and patriotic speech. Indeed, he was, if anything, too fond of claiming for the Gaelic language an ancestral position which modern study can grant no language spoken, or ever spoken, in the world. He published a sumptuous work on this topic, entitled the "Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe," and within the last few years he returned to the subject in his work on the Scottish dialect. It is, however, not as a philologist that Dr Charles Mackay must be mentioned, but as a poet. He was the author of such catching popular songs as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Good Time Coming," "The Souls of Little Children," and many others, which will enshrine his name for ever in the roll of British bards.

More than usual activity has prevailed in the publication of works dealing with the Highlands or with the Gaelic Language. Mr Malcolm Macfarlane has published, at Paisley, an intelligent and interesting work on the "Phonetics of the Gaelic Language,"

and a third edition of Mr L. Macbean's "Elementary Lessons in Gaelic" has been issued, and has met with gratifying success. Mr Gardner, of Paisley, has begun the republication of J. F. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," a work now long out of print, and fetching a fancy price; and the first volume has already appeared in five monthly parts. Messrs Logan & Co., of Inverness, have produced a new book of Highland music, under the attractive title of "Lays of the Heather," wherein good selections from the Gaelic muse find adequate representation in the kindred art of music. A work that promises to be little short of the interest and importance of J. F. Campbell's volumes has been begun by a namesake, and in the same lines. Lord Archibald Campbell, under the happy title of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," is issuing a series of books in which are to be gathered the folk-lore and legendary material that still float through the Isles and the Highlands. Already two volumes have appeared, and a third will be issued within the next half year. The first volume contains Argyllshire legends, tales, and antiquities. The second volume is devoted entirely to folk-tales taken down in Argyllshire, and in interest and importance is a match for any of Campbell's volumes of Popular Tales. Mr Alfred Nutt has enriched the volume with valuable notes.

In the domain of history, good work has also been accomplished. Mr Archibald Brown, of Greenock, has taken up the cudgels against Dr Skene, and combats that scholar's conclusions on many points, both in early Scottish history and in the later period of the Clans. The book is entitled "Memorials of Argyle," and is a vigorous work, marked by sound, if at times rough-hewn, common sense. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Scottish Highlander*, has added another to his many clan histories. The new volume deals with the "History of the Macleods," and it has been received by an almost universal chorus of praise on the part of newspaper and magazine. Another work of very great importance has just been issued; it is Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's "Letters of Two Centuries"—a work which carries out the rather quaint idea of giving a series of two hundred letters written from 1616 to 1815, one dated in every year between these two dates.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh introduces each letter with an historical preface, and these prefaces are not the least interesting or important part of the work.

Literature dealing with the Highlands is, we see, plentiful in the shape of books, nor is it less so in the case of the more transitory work of the newspaper and the periodical. The Inverness papers, the *Oban Times*, and others from time to time publish articles and materials in Gaelic literature, and the new periodical, which lately finished its first year of life—we mean the "Highland Monthly"—has met with the encouraging success which the excellence of its literary contents amply deserves. Professor Mackinnon has had several articles in the *Scotsman* dealing with literary matters connected with the Highlands. From October of last year till well on in this year, an almost weekly article by the Professor appeared. He dealt with learning among the ancient Gael, the Continental and Edinburgh MSS. of Gaelic, and with the contents of the heroic literature of the Gael, not omitting the work of "Ossian" Macpherson. An interesting and excellent series of six lectures was given in Edinburgh by Professor Rhys, Celtic Professor at Oxford, in which he dealt with the "Early Ethnology of the British Isles, and more especially of Scotland, treated from the point of view of language." He enforced, with fresh emphasis and argument, the well-known views expressed in his "Celtic Britain," and the result has been quite a rush of more or less ephemeral literature dealing with the great "Pictish" question. The Professor's lectures are to appear in the *Scottish Review*. Indeed, the first lecture has appeared in the April number of this year.

The announcement is just made that the Literary Remains left by the late Rev. Dr Alexander Cameron, of Brodick, are in the course of publication. They are to be in two volumes, consisting, to a great extent, of unpublished MSS. of older Gaelic literature. The Etymological Dictionary of Gaelic was never completed; but one of the editors, Mr Macbain, offers to give the completed work should the public favour the idea.

The Highlander From Home has entered on a new phase of patriotic activity, which we heartily welcome. That consists in the

formation of Clan Societies, whereby the members of a Clan dwelling in the large cities of the South may band together for social and literary purposes. Most of the leading Clans have now Societies—such as the Clan Mackay Society, the Macdonald, Cameron, Grant, Campbell, and Fraser Clan Societies. Their intention is good: the fostering of the clan feeling of brotherhood, of social intercourse, and of education by means of clan bursaries; the assisting of clansmen south and north in difficulties; the collecting of clan records and traditions, and, finally, the forming of a clan invasion of their native glens *a la Cook*, in the shape of large tourist parties.

Other Highland interests are, we are glad to say, receiving welcome attention. The abolition of school fees must bring a good deal of money into the Highlands from the Probates Duty Fund. Otherwise the education question is as before; Gaelic is permitted as a vehicle of intelligence, and is placed on the specific schedule. Commissions and advocacy of railway extension are keeping the people of all classes at present agog; but there is no doubt that substantial benefits will accrue to the Highlands from the present stir.

For the prize of ten guineas which Mackintosh of Mackintosh so kindly offered for the best essay on "The social condition of the Highlands since 1800," only one competitor came forward! This competitor has been dealt with generously by The Mackintosh, who once again makes the offer of a ten guinea prize on the same subject. As not fewer than three must compete, intending competitors will kindly intimate their intention to the Secretary, so that arrangements can be made as to the length of time allowed for the writing of the essays, and also for the terms and method of the competition.

INVERNESS, *May, 1890.*

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Sixteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on Thursday, 12th July, 1888. In the absence of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Society, Sir Henry C. Macandrew presided. The *Northern Chronicle*, in speaking of the Assembly, said :—" After an interval of two years, the Gaelic Society of Inverness has resumed the summer entertainments which for the last sixteen years have been associated with the great Wool Fair. In all respects Thursday evening's assembly was a great achievement. We have never seen a larger or more enthusiastic audience ; certainly a more attractive programme had never previously been submitted, and zest and enjoyment characterised the whole meeting. It is becoming customary to decorate the platform very profusely when concerts are given in the Music Hall. Some of the decorations were on recent occasions extremely pretty ; but for chaste effect the picture produced by the Gaelic Society by means of tartans, weapons of war, and other fitting objects, has not been excelled. The platform was intended to represent the drawing-room of a Highland chief, when the native tartan played a conspicuous part in the economy and decoration of the household. Its uses were illustrated by the cover thrown over the quaintly-shaped table which stood in front of a luxurious easy chair, occupied by the chairman of the evening, Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness. The front of the orchestra, which lends itself considerably in form and outline to such embellishment, was draped with the tartans of the clans, and ornamented with shields, deer's heads, claymores, and dirks, tastefully arranged. Above the central doorway there was a picturesque group of weapons and other objects suggestive of war, of the chase, and of the wild grandeur of the Highlands ; and above all towered a gigantic thistle. In the background each tier of seats was con-

cealed in masses of heather and broom, judiciously relieved by plants and young trees. The whole decorations, as we have said, were charming in taste and effective as a spectacle." Sir Henry was supported on the platform by Sir Kenneth J. Matheson of Lochalsh, Bart.; Emeritus-Professor Blackie; Mr Mackintosh, yr. of Raigmore; Mr E. H. Macmillan, banker; Mr Alex. Ross, architect, Queensgate; Mr Alex. Macpherson, banker, Kingussie; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, High Street; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Major Baynes, Adjutant Cameron Highlanders; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, publisher; Mr Gilbert Beith, Glasgow; Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Bailie Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross; and Mr D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Secretary of the Society.

At the outset the Secretary intimated that apologies for absence had been received from Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Society; Mr Cameron of Lochiel; Mr R. B. Finlay, M.P.; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Fletcher, Letham Grange; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Dr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber;" Sheriff Nicolson; Sheriff Blair; Mr Bankes of Letterewe; Mr Reginald Macleod; Mr Mackay, Hereford; Col. Geo. Rose; Mr Charles Innes; Mr James Barron, of the *Inverness Courier*; Mr D. Davidson, Drummond Park; Rev. A. Bisset, Fort-Augustus; Rev. J. M'Rury, Snizort; Mr Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor; and Mr William Mackenzie, of the Crofter Commission.

Sir Henry Macandrew, who was received with prolonged applause, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure you will all join with me in a feeling of regret that the gentlemen whose names have just been read have not been able to be present to-night, and in particular that the Chief of the Society—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh—has not been able to take the place which I now occupy. It was intended that he should be here, but from unavoidable causes he has not been able to come. Before proceeding to the very attractive programme which has been prepared, it is usual for the person occupying my position to say a few words with reference to the occasion on which we are met together. This is the sixteenth annual assembly of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and I am sure we may congratulate ourselves upon the very large number of people who have assembled on this occasion, and also on the continued success which has attended this Society since its institution. During these sixteen years, the Society, in

its literary department, has been doing very excellent work—work which has been acknowledged by authorities in Celtic literature—and the volumes which have been published will be a lasting memorial of what the Gaelic Society has done for the Gaelic language and Gaelic literature. These annual gatherings are intended to perpetuate good Highland feeling, Highland songs, Highland games, and all that relates to what is best and most beautiful in the past among our ancestors. Thus, I am sure, we must congratulate ourselves upon the growing success of these gatherings, for I do not suppose there has ever been an assembly more largely attended than the one to-night. The purpose for which we are met is commemorative, as I have said, of certain things which were good in the lives of our ancestors. It is often a moot question whether, in the days that are past, life was happier and more beautiful than it is now. The result of my own reading and research on the subject is to this effect, that while I believe there is much more material comfort now, I doubt very much whether our lives are happier than they were in the past. We have now more material comfort, but we have also more cares. If there are fewer people among us who are reduced to the verge of want, we all have a more anxious life in earning a living. I think that life, particularly in the Highlands, wants a great deal of the charm and zest and beauty which it possessed among our ancestors. This Society is one of the outcomes of the efforts lately made for the preservation of something of that beautiful past. In all the efforts of the Society during the years it has existed, we have directed ourselves only to what we thought did make the life of our ancestors more beautiful and more pleasant; we looked to its poetry, its music, and games, and the enjoyment of its social life, which we have tried to preserve. If there is anything that should make us proud of our ancestry, it was a knowledge that, even among the poorer classes of the generation long gone by, there was a feeling of chivalry and devotion to something higher than themselves, which does not exist, at anyrate so strongly, among us now. I may mention that one day recently I had the pleasure of visiting a remarkable scene in the Highlands. I was at the top of Glenmoriston, and went to see a cave in a wild, weird corry where Prince Charlie spent three weeks under the care of seven men who were little better than freebooters. And yet these seven men, knowing that a fortune was offered for the capture of the fugitive, which they could have earned at any time, because within five miles of their retreat there was encamped a detachment of English soldiers, not only did they not

accept the offer, but I believe the thought of it never entered their minds. They preserved the Prince, and conducted him to a place of safety. As I sat among these stones and looked back upon the past, it struck me that there were few more beautiful and chivalrous stories in the whole course of literature. I felt that I had good reason to be proud of the race to which those men belonged. I will not now detain you longer from the programme which is before us. I trust you will all enjoy the evening, and that it will remind us of the past—remind us of the kindly feelings which all Highlanders ought to entertain towards each other, and that we will carry away with us a pleasant memory, which will help us through the rest of our lives, and make us more kindly towards our fellows.

The first part of the programme was then gone through as follows:—

Song (Gaelic)..Mr MURDO MACGILLIVRAY.
Song—"Doun the Burn, Davie"................Mrs MUNRO (Miss LIBBIE WATT).
Song—"The March of the Cameron Men".. ....Mr ÆNEAS FRASER.
Song—"A Dear Wifie"........... .... Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song (Gaelic)—"'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd"........Mr ALEXANDER ROSS.
Selections on Pianoforte—"Highland Airs"....................Miss MACARTHUR.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering"..Mr D. MILLER.
Dance—"Scotch Reel"................... ....FOUR YOUNG GAELS.
Song—"MacCrimmon's Lament"......................... .....Miss KATE FRASER.

The Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, then addressed the meeting in Gaelic. He said—'Nuair a chuir bhur Run-chleireach, Mr Mac-an-Toisich, litir thugamsa, a dh' iarraidh gun labhrainn ruibh a nochd anns a chainnt mhatharail, 's i a' cheud cheisd a thainig a steach orm—Ciod an ni fo 'n ghrein air an labhair mise riu nach tog atharrachadh barail agus deasboireachd. Ma labhras mi air cor nan Eaglaisean bithidh sinn aig na duirn an tiota; ma labhras mi air riaghladh na Parlamaid, cha 'n e sin buille is fearr; agus ma labhras mi mu shuidheachadh an fhearainn eadar uachdarana agus iochdrana—ged a chuala mise cliu oirbh fein Fhir-na-Caithreach mar Dhuin-uasal cho baigheal 's cho fialaidh do bhochd agus do bheartach 's tha ann an Ceann-tuath na h-Alba—cha'n eil fhios am biodh sinn fada an coluadar 'nuair a dh'eireadh atharrachadh barail eadaruinn. Anns an imcheisd, ciod a thainig na'm inntinn ach so. Tha aon ni co-dhiubh anns an cord na h-uile fior Ghaidheil—na h-uile aig am beil an cridhe far am bu choir da bhith. Ciod e sin? Meas mor air a chainnt-mhatharail, agus mor ghradh dhi mar a' chainnt is snasaile, mar a' chainnt is brio'mhoire, mar a' chainnt is druightiche, agus mar a' chainnt is deas-bhriathraiche, fo 'n ghrein. Rainig mi nis air mo cheann

teagiasg agus do thaobh 's gu'm beil an uine goirid agus moran r'a 'dheanamh, giulanaidh sibh leam a dhol air adhart cho bras 'sa ghabhas deanamh. Tha mi airson focal a radh an toiseach, mu mhearachd a gheibhear gu coitchionn a measg nan Gaidheal fein, nach e a mhain gu'm beil a' Ghailig am measg nan cainntean is sine chaidh riamh a labhairt air an talamh, ach gu bheil iad fein ga labhart a nis mar a bha i air a labhart feadh nan linnean cian a chaidh seachad. Cha bheag a mhearachd so; agus cha bheag an t-ana-cothrom a tha a' chainnt so a' fulang ann a bhi ga co-charadh ri cainntean eile. (1). Gabh am focal craobh *(cruv).* An e so ceud chruth an fhocail? Cha 'n e ach *crub*, agus uime sin ann an ainmibh aitean far am bheil a' Ghailig is sine r'a faotuinn gheibh sibh an cruth so. Ann an Eirinn *Sliabh Crub*, ann an Srath-Fharragaig againn fhein gheibh sibh *Bun-Chrubai*, agus an Cataobh *Sron-Chrubai.* A nis, mur eil mise air mo mhealladh se so freumh an fhocail Ghreugaich, *Krubo*, "Tha mi falach," oir ciod a' cheud aite falaich a bha aig clann nan daoine? Bha measg nan craobh. Lomaich am facal ni's mò gu *Craoich*, *e.g.*, *Dun-Chraoich*, *Sgire-Chraoich*, ann an Cataobh. A ris gu *Crieff*, *Moncrieff*—Cnoc faisg air Peairt, agus fa dheireadh gu *cru* agus *cri*, mar ann an *Bun-chrew*, agus *Cri-leamhann*, agus *Cri-nan-glag*—ann an Srath-ghlais. (2). Gabh am focal *clabar*, clabar criadha tiugh—clabhar (clavar). claur, agus o sin gu glaur, *e.g.*, *nieve fu' o' glaur*—dorlach de 'n chlabar. (3). Gabh am focal *sugh* (su) an toiseach, sug, mar a gheibh sibh e ann an "Sugan a mhathar," agus 'nuair a ruigeas sinn an cruth so de 'n fhocal chi sibh gur h-e mhathair am focal Beurla, *suck*, agus am facal Laidinn *sugo*, agus am focal Gear-mailteach *saugen.* (4). Tog am focal *troidh* (troih) ach ciod a their an Uelshach nan Kymrigeach? Troed. Tha e soillear gur h-e so ceud chruth an fhocail. Chum sinn fhein greim air anns an radh coitchionn *troud so*, ach 'nuair a ruigeas sinn so faic mar a gheibh thu uaithe na focail *tread*, *trudge*, *trot*, *trotter*, *retreat*, &c. Dh' fheudamaid ficheadan de 'n t-seorsa so a chur fo ur comhair, anns am bheil tri ceumanna de lomadh no de mhaoladh air teachd orra o na ceud chruthan. Bu mhaith leam focal a radh mu mhearachd eile a tha ro thric ra chluinntinn am measg pharantan Ghaidhealach, 's e sin gu'm beil beoil na clainne air an cur o fheum leis a' Ghailig airson a bhi labhairt na Beurla agus cainntean eile. Cha 'n eil amaideachd is mo fo 'n ghrein. An aite so 's ann a tha cleachdadh na Gailig a' deasachadh am beoil airson cainntean eile a labhairt gu ceart. Iarr air an t-Sasunnach *loch* a radh 's e their e *loc*, iarr air *Lochaber* a radh. 'S e their e Locaber—iarr air *laogh*, *agh*, *adhair*, a radh. Cha 'n urra dha ged a bheireadh tu

dha ceud punnd Sasunnach. A nis, tha am fuaim so anabarrach coitchionn anns a chainnt Ghearmailteach, *ach*, *hoch*, agus anns a chainnt Ghreugaich. Cha dean an Sasunnach dad diubh sin, ach cuir na gillean Gaidhealach an tarruing riu agus their iad na h-uile *ach* 's *hoch*, na h-uile *mach* 'us *machar* cho comhnard riu fein. Seadh 'us air an aon doigh fuaimean na Greige 's na h-Eabhra. Ni eile anns a' Ghailig gu sonruichte os cionn chainntean eile; an cordadh no an coslas a tha eadar an t-ainm, agus na nithe a tha air an ainmeachadh. Bheir an t-ainm eolas dhuinn air an ni a tha air ainmeachadh moran ni 's trice na ann an cainntean eile. (1). Thoir suil air da no tri de bheathaichean—Dobharan—ainmhidh an uisge; Gobhlach—Gobhal-bheathach; Leumnachan, o 'n leum aige—Miall mhagan, o na magan aige—Los leathainn o'n earabal leathainn a th' aige—Damhan-alluidh (agus *Tarantula* anns an Laidinn) a thaobh 's gum beil aodann aige cosmhuill ri aodann an daimh no an tairbh—Seangan direach a chionn 's gu'm beil e seang. (2). Gabh a nis na h-eoin. Is e *ag* seann Ghaelig air eun —Faolag, 'o fathal—Feadag, Eun na feadarachd—Buidheag, airson a dath buidhe—Cumhachag, airson a caoidh—Topag, airson an top a th'air a cheann—Seabhag no Seamhag, *Hawk*. Tha e soilleir gur h-e coslas do dh' aon seorsa no seorsa eile tha riaghladh an ainm anns a' chainnt so mar nach 'eil an cainntean eile. Tha fios aig na h-uile mar a chaidh ainmhidhean 's eoin 's na uile bith gluasadach a chur an ceangal a cheile mar theaghlaichean a reir an coslais, agus am meinean mar na coin agus na cait de na h-uile seorsa. A nis tha mi 'g radh gur iongantach an t-seoltachd leis 'n d' rinn ar sinnsireachd na coslais so a thogail agus an cur an ceill, ceart direach mar a tha iad air an la 'n diugh. (1). Gabh teaghlach nan con no na madraidh; an toiseach am *madadh* e fein; a ris am *madadh ruadh* (red dog or fox); a ris am *madadh alluidh* (wild dog or wolf); a ris am *madadh donn* (brown dog or otter). Anns a cheum so chaidh iad clith, ach cha b' iad a mhain, agus cha 'n eil ach uin ghoirid 'o fhuaradh amach le daoine geur, tuigseach agus rannsachail gur h-ann a bhuineas a madadh-donn no'n dobharan do theaghlach na niosan (2). Gabh teaghlach na 'n corr, se sin na h-eoin fhad-chasach a bhios a' taghal nan traighean. C'arson a chaidh an t-ainm so a thoirt orra? Direach do thaobh 's gu'm beil iad corrach, cosmhail ri duine air na casan-corrach; 's beag a thilgeas th'aithris e. (Shaoileadh tu gun deanadh osag ghaoithe a chorra a thilgeadh thairis, cho fada o'n talamh air a casan fada seang)—a chorra bhan—a chorra ghlas—a chorra ghriobhach, no, a chorra sgridheach—a chorra mhonaidh, a chorra-chosag—a chorra shealbach. Dh' fheudainn a nis a dhol an ceann ceisdean

ni's duilich. Co as a thainig a chainnt so? Ciod e cho farsuing sa sgaoil i? agus ciod e cho sean 's a tha i? Ach na'n rachuinn a chur an ceill mo bharail do thaobh nan cuisean so 's ann a shaoileadh sibh gun robh mi as mo chiall. Feumaidh mi na cuisean so fhagail gu am eile. Is e am bron a nis gu 'm beil cuid mhor de na Gaidheil iad fein a' fas suarach mu'n Ghailig, agus ga truailleadh le bhi ga measgachadh le Beurla. Bha mi o chionn bliadhna no dha ann an Eilean Mhuile; bha mi gabhail mo thurais 'o Thorloise. Bha duine coir colath ruinn, agus bha e labhairt mu'n Mhor-fhear Compton cho fialaidh sa bha e do'n tuath aige. Thug e isleachadh mor do aon neach, agus 'nuair bu choir dha a radh, "dh' islich a na h-uile mal eile a reir sin," thuirt e—"*Raduce* e na h-uile *rent* eile ann am *proportion*." Ach maith dh' fheudte gur e am measgachadh is ceolmhor mu'n cuala mi riamh achmhasan a chaidh thoirt ann an Eaglais Baile Dhuthaich ann an la an t-seann Dr Mhic-an Toisich. Bha e la a' searmonachadh 'nuair dheirich connsachadh oilteil measg nam madraidh air urlar na h-Eaglais. Rinneadh seamhaidhean agus comhartaich agus donnalaich a bha uamhasach. Stad an Doctor agus thug e suil air braigh an lobht agus thubhairt e. "Tha mi 'g agar o luchd-riaghlaidh a' bhaile so mise a dhion ann an cuairteachadh mo dhleasdanais," agus shuidh e sios. Dh'eirich am fear a b' oige de 'n luchd-riaghlaidh agus thug e achmhasan do luchd na *Fendams*, d' am buineadh na madaidh, focal air an fhocal mar a chaidh innseadh dhomhsa. "Sibhse Fendamers, tha mi 'g radh ruibh, mur a cum sibhse *regularity* agus *decorum* measg na *dogachan* agaibh, bheir mise oirbh gum bi na *dogachan* air an *shootigeadh* le *fire-arms*, agus gum bi sibh fein air bhur *confinigeadh* anns an *Tolbooth*." Ann an sin shuidh e sios, mar is mithich dhomhsa a dheanamh, oir tha eagal orm gur h-ann a chuir mi cus deuchainn air foighidinn luchd na Beurla.

Professor Blackie, whose rising was the signal for an outburst of applause, said as he had been called upon to appear by the authority of the chair he would do so; but he must, in the first instance, protest against the use made of his name. He never gave any such authority as to say that he was to deliver an address, and he would not do it. He had a special objection to delivering addresses for many reasons. He was always afraid that it would degenerate into a lecture or a sermon. He came there to be entertained, and not to deliver an address. He came there to hear the lovely sweet notes from those ladies, which had been like angels' music from heaven. It was worth going a hundred miles to hear such singing, and also to see old friends and old faces, and

their beautiful town—one of the six chief beauties in Scotland. He would commence geographically with Kelso, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness. These were the six finest towns in Scotland, and perhaps among the best in the world. He would make no address, but he would tell them what he thought as an honest man. He thought the most precious heritage God had given a people, after they had got out of the stage of wandering barbarism and savagery, was a nationality. It took hundreds or thousands of years to make a nation, and if it took that time to grow, don't let them cut it down, but rather root it like an oak in the forest. He believed that, at the present time, influences were at work to undermine our nationality, and nowhere were these revolutionary influences more operative than in Edinburgh, where the people were being made mere flunkeys of John Bull. The education of Scotchmen was being neglected, otherwise Scotch and Gaelic songs should be sung in the schools, even should they sacrifice the Latin and Greek grammars wholesale. He viewed with suspicion the centralising machinery of the present day, because it destroyed the variety of national types created by history. How would any of them like to see only one kind of flower in their garden? Why then should they have only one pattern of humanity in the country? The Scotch people must take care or they would be insidiously cheated. The English could not defeat the Scotch at Bannockburn, but by this London centralisation they would be strangled and throttled. They must see and adopt measures on a larger scale. For that reason he was for Home Rule. Some people wished Home Rule as a matter of business, but he was for Home Rule not for Ireland only, but for England and Scotland in order to preserve their national type and their national manners. He did not mean to discuss the question politically, but as a man, and as a Scotchman. We were swindled out of our position in the world by the Union of 1707. We made a bad bargain. He held that the Scottish Parliament—he did not mean a separate Parliament—that the Scottish part of the British Parliament now existing, with the sixteen Scotch Lords in the House of Lords, should meet in Edinburgh every year for six weeks, and do Scotch business before they proceeded to London. He concluded by warmly emphasising the importance of cherishing their mother tongue, which they should look upon as dear as their mother's milk. Let them learn their own songs, which were full of noble traditions. These songs came direct from nature, and were quite intelligible, which could not be said of certain songs. Those fellows in London—those original fellows—wanted to show

how clever they were in saying strange things. All popular Gaelic and Scotch songs were true, and with these things they could not go wrong.

The second part of the programme was then gone through, which was as follows :—

Song—" Cam' ye by Athole "...Miss MACARTHUR.
Song—" Flora Macdonald's Lament "............................Mr BALLANTYNE.
Song—" Jock o' Hazeldean ".....................................Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song (Gaelic)..Mr M. MACGILLIVRAY.
Dance—Reel of Tulloch..................................OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song—" Ealaidh Ghaoil "..Miss KATE FRASER.
Song—" O' a' the Airts..Mr D. MILLER.
Song—" Willie's gane to Melville Castle"......Mrs MUNRO (Miss LIBBIE WATT).

The musical part of the programme was gone through without a hitch, the vocalists, without exception, acquitting themselves admirably. The programme was opened by Mr Murdo Maclennan, who appeared in the Highland dress, and gave a Gaelic song in a manner which elicited the hearty appreciation of the many present who were familiar with the language. Mrs Munro, Strathpeffer (Miss Watt), received an enthusiastic welcome on this her first public appearance in Inverness since her marriage. Her song was "Doun the burn," a fine Scotch ditty, which no northern vocalist can sing as well. The audience listened in great enjoyment, and called forth an encore, when Mrs Munro gracefully responded with "Within a mile of Edinburgh toon," with the rendering of which none seemed more captivated than Professor Blackie. Mr Æneas Fraser, a prominent member of the Choral Union, sang the next song. "The March of the Cameron Men" is one of Mr Fraser's masterpieces, and he sung it on this occasion with a verve which appealed to every Highlander present. The next artiste was Miss Clara Fraser, who sang with cultivated taste the melodious piece, "A Dear Wifie." In response to an encore, Miss Fraser favoured the house with the sweet and ever popular ballad, "Annie Laurie," with even better effect. Mr Alexander Ross, who made a fine stalwart Highlander, re-introduced the Gaelic element with "'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd," and responded to an encore with an English version of the words. Miss Macarthur contributed to the programme popular selections on the pianoforte, and the song "Cam' ye by Athol," and in both departments proved herself an able and accomplished young lady. Miss Macarthur was heartily encored for her singing, and, in response, gave "Sound the Pibroch," from the "Songs of the North," which are now becoming well known and popular. "Macgregor's Gathering" was

pleasingly sung by Mr D. Miller; also "Jessie the flower o' Dunblane" (encore), and "O' a' the airts;" after which a novelty was introduced in the form of a Scotch reel by four young Gaels, viz., Misses Agnes Maggie Cameron and Grace Macdonald, and Masters David John King and Sutton Clark, who were all dressed in pretty Highland costumes. The grace and spirit with which the quartette went through the dance elicited applause which was thundering in its expressiveness, and, as an encore, the performers danced the Highland Fling. Miss Kate Fraser brought part first to a close with "Maccrimmon's Lament," which was sung with sweetness and taste. The song was so well sung by Miss Fraser that its repetition was demanded, and she appropriately gave it in English. "Flora Macdonald's Lament," by Mr Ballantyne; and another song, "Jock o' Hazeldean," from Miss Clara Fraser, led up to Professor Blackie's speech. There was a reel (Tulloch) by four Highland dancers, and it proved a popular incident on the programme. The evening was now far advanced—the concert terminated at 10.45—and a number of the audience had left the meeting, but those who remained were well rewarded for their patience by hearing Mrs Munro sing "Willie's gane to Melville Castle," to the music and humour of which she did captivating justice. During the evening the pianoforte accompaniments were ably played by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street. The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the performers, which was very heartily responded to. Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart. of Ardross, in a few complimentary terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding, and the assembly thereafter terminated by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the audience heartily joined.

28th NOVEMBER, 1888.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness, in the chair. The Secretary intimated the following donations towards the library:—From Mr John M'Kay, C.E., Hereford, "Oratio Dominica;" Mr A. H. F. Cameron, Liverpool, "The Mountain Heath;" Mr D. William Kemp, Ivy Lodge, Edinburgh, Bishop Pocoke's "Tour in Sutherland and Caithness;" and "Artificial Lightning," by Mr D. Bruce, Peebles.

Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk of Inverness, thereafter read a paper, entitled, "A Modern Raid in Glengarry and Glenmoriston." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

A MODERN RAID IN GLENGARRY AND GLENMORISTON.

THE BURNING OF THE CHURCH OF CILLIECHRIOST.

Our party numbered four, our host Bailie Duncan Macdonald, of Inverness, a Glenmoriston man, proud of the beauties and historic memories of his native glen, and of its men, and his three guests, the Provost, the Senior Bailie, and the Town Clerk of Inverness. On a cloudy day in July, 1888, we landed from the "Gondolier" at Cullochy, where we found ponies awaiting us. A ride of two or three miles along the Northern flank of Glengarry, first over a rough road, and then over rough pasture land, bog, and rock, brought us to the neighbourhood of the so-called "cave" of Allan Macranald of Lundie. Leaving our ponies, we scrambled over rock and bracken to the verge of a deep ravine at the bottom of which rushed a noisy torrent. Led by our guide we carefully let ourselves down the side of the ravine, and then picked our way over the rocky bed of the torrent to the "cave." Cave, properly so-called, there was none, and apparently never had been. A portion of the precipitous rocky bank of the stream had at some remote period become detached from the parent rock, and slipping down, lay among a heap of debris within a few feet of the cliff. To make a passably comfortable, and, in a friendly neighbourhood, an entirely safe hiding place out of this would be easy enough, and, according to tradition, this was one of the hiding places of Allan of Lundie after the raid of Cilliechriost. The other was on an island in Loch Lundie, a mile or two further up the glen. There is no trace on the island of its having been inhabited, nor, with the exception of a few doubtful chisel or hammer marks, is there any such evidence at the cave. The tradition, however, connecting both places with Allan Macranald and his exploit in Brae-Ross is distinct. The rude heap of stones, therefore, which may have once afforded shelter to the man whose name has come down to us branded as the perpetrator of the act of savagery with which the name Cilliechriost is associated, had an interest for us, and we lingered over it for a time discussing the story.

The story of the burning of the church of Cilliechriost, with which we are now so familiar, was given to the public for the first time, so far as I have been able to ascertain, when Gregory

published his History of the Western Highlands and Islands fifty-two years ago. The story, as told by Gregory, is that in 1603 "The Clanranald of Glengarry, under Allan Macranald of Lundie, made an irruption into Brae-Ross, and plundered the lands of Kilchrist and other adjacent lands belonging to the Mackenzies." Up to this point there is evidence to support Gregory. But he goes on to say, "this foray was signalised by the merciless burning of a whole congregation in the Church of Kilchrist, while Glengarry's piper marched round the building mocking the cries of the unfortunate inmates with the well-known pibroch which has been known ever since under the name of Kilichrist, as the family tune of Clanranald of Glengarry." This is, as I have said, the earliest printed notice of the burning of the Church of Cilliechriost, but that there was a floating tradition of the burning of a church full of people by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, long before Gregory wrote, is proved by a passage in Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides (p. 108, 1st edn.), where the author relates that as he sat at the table of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Armadale, in Skye, and the party were being entertained by the music of the bagpipes, "an elderly gentleman informed us that in some remote time the Macdonalds of Glengarry, having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice or vengeance, came to Culloden on a Sunday, where, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the Church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." This story was told to Johnson in 1773, and it is worth noting that he renders the name given to him of the place where the burning took place into Culloden—a name with which he was naturally familiar. Hugh Miller in his "Schools and Schoolmasters" makes a passing reference to the passage in Johnson, and says that the scene of the atrocity was the Church of Cilliechriost, not Culloden. The *Origines Parochiales* repeats the story of the burning of the Church, and quotes Hugh Miller in addition to Gregory and the authorities quoted by him. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Legend of Allan with the Red Jacket" gives an extended version of the story of the Raid of Cilliechriost, touched up here and there by bits of local colour, which, while they serve to present the narrative in an attractive form, put an end to any pretension it might have to be treated as serious history. In the "History of the Mackenzies," Mr Alexander Mackenzie treats the whole tradition of the Raid of Cilliechriost as historical fact, and not merely so, but he embodies in his history a narrative which appeared in a book entitled "Highland Tales and

Legends," edited by himself, containing statements which there never was even a vestige of tradition to warrant. According to the veracious author of those tales, Allan Macranald, whose personal prowess was only equalled by his intense ferocity, burning to avenge the losses of his clan in recent encounters with the Mackenzies, and particularly the death of the young Chief of Glengarry (to whose body a tradition, not mentioned by the writer, says unspeakable indignity was offered at the church of Kintail), gathered together a number of the most desperate of the clan, and by a forced march arrived at the Church of Cilliechriost on a Sunday forenoon, while it was filled with worshippers of the Clan Mackenzie. Surrounding the building, the Macdonalds set fire to the thatched roof. While a gentle breeze from the east fanned the flames, the song of praise mingled with the crackling of the flames until the worshippers, becoming conscious of their situation, rushed to the door and windows, where they were met by a double row of bristling swords. The writer then goes on to describe the wild wail of despair, the shrieks of women, the infuriated cries of men, and the helpless screaming of children, which, mingled with the roar of the flames, appalled the Macdonalds, but not Allan Dubh, who commanded that all who attempted to escape should be thrust back into the flames, "and they were thrust back or mercilessly hewn down within the narrow porch until the dead bodies piled upon each other opposed an insurmountable barrier to the living." Mothers threw their children from the windows, but "at the command of Allan of Lundie, they were received on the points of the broadswords of men in whose breasts mercy had no place." The Macdonalds are described as listening with delight during the tragedy to the piper of the band, who played round the burning building, to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been the war-tune of Glengarry. Then follows this brilliant piece of writing—"East, West, North, and South, looked Allan Dubh Macranuil. Not a living soul met his eye. . . . not a sound met his ear, and his own tiger soul sunk within him in dismay. The parish of Cilliechriost seemed swept of every living thing. The fearful silence that prevailed in a quarter lately so thickly peopled, struck his followers with dread, for they had given in one hour the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave. The desert which they had created filled them with dismay, heightened into terror by the howls of the masterless sheep-dogs, and they turned to fly." The writer then goes on to say that Allan, before leaving Cilliechriost, divided his party into two, one returning by

Glenconvinth, and the other by Inverness. He then describes the pursuit of the two parties, the former, which was under the command of Allan himself, by a party of Mackenzies under Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, and the latter by a party under Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle. Redcastle overtook the Macdonalds he was in pursuit of while they were in a house at Torbreck, near Inverness, resting. He set the house on fire, and the Macdonalds, thirty-seven in number, suffered the death which, according to the writer, they had earlier in the day so wantonly inflicted. The party under Coul, says the writer, overtook the Macdonalds as they were resting on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh, a burn which we know lies to the south of Glen-Urquhart and between it and Glenmoriston. The Macdonalds fled towards the burn, but many missed the ford and fell under the swords of the Mackenzies. The remainder held on for miles, and, when morning dawned, Allan and his party were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart (that is, still towards the Aultsigh), with the Mackenzies close in their rear. Allan called on his men to disperse, and then set forward at the height of his speed, but, after a time, found the Mackenzies still following him in one unbroken mass. Again, says the writer, Allan divided his men, and bent his flight towards the shore of Loch Ness, but the foe still followed him. He then commanded his few remaining followers to leave him, and they did so. What follows had better be given in the writer's own words:—"Taking a short course towards the fearful ravine of Aultsigh" (one would like to ask the writer if this is the same Aultsigh near which the previous night's battle took place), "he divested himself of his plaid and buckler, and turning to the leader of the Mackenzies, who had nearly come up to him, beckoned him to follow; then, with a few yards of a run, he sprang over the yawning chasm." Mackenzie attempted to follow, but only succeeded in touching the opposite bank with his toes. Slipping down, he clung to a slender shoot of hazel which grew over the brink. Allan, noticing the agitation of the hazel, returned, and, saying to Mackenzie, "I have given much to your race this day, I shall give them this also,—surely now the debt is paid," cut the twig with his sword, and Mackenzie "was dashed from crag to crag until he reached the stream below a bloody and mis-shapen mass." Allan recommenced his flight, but, being wounded by a musket shot from one of the Mackenzies, he plunged into Loch Ness, and swam towards the opposite shore. Allan's friend, Fraser of Foyers, attracted by the sight of the armed men on the opposite side of the loch, and seeing a man swimming, had

his boat launched, and rescued Allan, who remained in the house of Foyers until his wound was cured.

Such is the account given of the raid of Cilliechriost in the "Highland Tales and Legends," and quoted in the "History of the Mackenzies," and it is quoted in all seriousness without comment, —all but the statement that the leader of the Mackenzies was killed, which Mr Mackenzie correctly points out was not the fact. Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, the leader of the party who went in pursuit of Allan Macranald, is known to have lived until 1650—forty-seven years after the raid. In this very important particular, therefore, of the fate of the leader, the legend is admittedly inaccurate. Moreover, its account of the battle on the banks of the Aultsigh, the subsequent pursuit by moonlight, until in the morning the Macdonalds were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart, still towards the Aultsigh they had been fleeing from all night, is a grotesque absurdity. The fearful silence, of which the chief characteristic was the howling of masterless sheep dogs, is somewhat difficult to realise, and it is quite as difficult to understand how if, as is stated in one sentence, the Macdonalds had given the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave, the next can be true which states that the terrible deed roused the Mackenzies as effectually as if the fiery cross had been sent through their territories. If the first statement were true, there would be no Mackenzie left in Kilchrist to carry the fiery cross, or to be roused by the terrible deed.

Stripped, however, of its admitted inaccuracies and of its unintelligibilities, the narrative contains these assertions, the truth of which I mean to test :—

1. That the Church of Cilliechriost with its congregation of worshippers was burnt by the Macdonalds under Allan Macranald of Lundy in 1603 ; and

2. That the Macdonalds fled hurriedly from Cilliechriost, and, when pursued by the Mackenzies, their flight became a rout.

The two must to some extent be taken together.

It will be remembered that, so far as the reading public is concerned, the story of the burning of the Church originated with Gregory. The authorities quoted by Gregory are the Letterfearn MS.; Sir Robert Gordon's History of Sutherland, p. 248 ; and Reg. Privy Seal XCIV. 142. I have not seen the Letterfearn MS., but I have seen one of earlier date, which I shall immediately refer to. Sir Robert Gordon's History was written in 1639, and the writer was an interested spectator of events in the Highlands for many years before that. At the date of the raid, he was 23

years of age. What he says at the place cited by Gregory is:—
"The year of God 1602, the tribe of Clan Kenzie fell at varianc
with the Laird of Glengarry (one of the Clanranald), who, bein
unexpert and unskilful in the laws of the realm, the Clan Kenzi
easily entrapped him within the compass thereof, and secretl
charged him (but not personally) to appear before the Justice a
Edinburgh, having, in the meantime, slain two of his kinsmen
Glengarry, not knowing, or neglecting the charge and summons
came not to Edinburgh at the prefixt day, but went about t
avenge the slaughter of his kinsmen, whereby he was denounce
rebel and outlawed together with divers of his followers. So b
the means and credit of the Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Chancello
of Scotland, Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord of Kintail, did purchase a
commission against Glengarry and his men, whereby proceede
great slaughter and trouble. Mackenzie, being assisted by th
neighbouring countries, by virtue of his commission, went int
Morall and spoiled Glengarrie his countrey, wasting and destroy
ing the same with fire and sword at his pleasure. Then, in hi
return from Morall, he beseidged the Castle of Strome, which i
end was rendered onto him by the Captain onto whom Glengarri
had committed the defence thereof. The Earl of Sutherland (b
reason of the old friendship and amitie between his family and th
Clan Kenzie) sent twelve score well-appointed and chosen men t
assist Mackenzie in this expedition, who were conducted by Joh
Gordoun of Embo. Thereafter Mackenzie did invade Glengarri
his eldest son whom they killed with sixty of his followers, no
without some slaughter of the Clan Kenzie likewise. In end, afte
great slaughter on either syd, they came to a friendlie aggriemen
and decreit-arbitrall, whereby Glengarrie (for to obteyne his peace
wes glaid to quyte and renunce to Kenneth Mackenzie (who wa
afterwards created Lord of Kintaile) the inheritance of the Strom
with the land adjacent. Thus doe the tryb of Clan Kenzie becom
great in these pairts, still encroaching upon their neighbours, wh
are onacquented with the lawes of this Kingdome." [Gordon'
Earldom of Sutherland, p. 248.] It will thus be seen that Si
Robert Gordon, while treating with some detail the quarre
between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds—even noticing th
killing of two of Glengarry's kinsmen by Lord Kintail—makes n
reference to the raid of Cilliechriost, which, if it had involved th
murder and sacrilege which Gregory ascribed to it, would surel
have been deemed worthy of notice by a contemporary historia
treating of the relations of the parties to it, and favourably dis
posed to the Mackenzies. Perhaps, however, the most importan

fact for us at present is that Gordon does not say a word to warrant the statement for which Gregory quotes him as authority. I have not been able to consult the Register of the Privy Seal referred to by Gregory, but it has been examined for me by Sir William Fraser, and it does not support Gregory's account, while it is in exact accord with that given in the "Chiefs of Grant," which I shall immediately quote. This leaves us with the Letterfearn MS. It is somewhat unsatisfactory to have to dispose of its authority without having seen it, but let it be assumed that it states the church and congregation were burnt. My answer is, It cannot be true. The Letterfearn MS. is said to have been written by Mr John Macrae, who became minister of Dingwall in 1674, and who was in all probability born about 1640. The raid of Cilliechriost, therefore, took place between thirty and forty years before his birth. This, however, would not be enough to discredit such an account in the Letterfearn MS. if it contained it. But if there is an earlier MS. than the Letterfearn one, of at least equal authority in every other respect, and containing a detailed account of the raid, then that account must be accepted in preference to any later one. Such an account we have in a MS. history of the Mackenzies, written either by Mr Farquhar Macrae, who was born at Islandonain in 1580, who became minister of Kintail and Constable of Islandonain in 1618, and who lived until 1662, or by his son, Mr John Macrae (the uncle of the writer of the Letterfearn MS.) who was born in 1614, eleven years after the raid, and who became minister of Dingwall in 1640. Both father and son were favourites with Earls Colin and George of Seaforth, the latter of whom entrusted the education of his son, Kenneth, Lord Kintail, who became third Earl of Seaforth on his father's death in 1651, to Mr Farquhar. The contents of the MS. would point to Mr Farquhar Macrae as the writer of it. The document bears internal evidence of its genuineness, and it is the "Ancient MS." so frequently quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." I am indebted to Mr Mackenzie for the opportunity of examining and quoting from it. Much of the Letterfearn MS. was, I am informed by Mr Mackenzie, copied from it. The account this MS. gives of the Raid of Cilliechriost is as follows:—"Shortly after this, Allan Macranald of Lundy made ane onset to the Braes of Ross, and burnt the lands of Cilliechroist and other adjacent towns, whereupon my Lord Kintail sends two parties in pursuit of him, one commanded by Murdo Mackenzie of Redcastle, the other by Alexander Mackenzie of Coul. Redcastle went the way of

Inverness to Stratherrick, and, accidentally, in a town called Torriebreck, he gets intelligence that Angus Macrory and thirty-six of his followers were drinking in a change-house near by. A man of Redcastle, being well acquaint, called Donald Mackenneth Peiper, led them secretly to the house, sets it on fire, and every man as came out they killed. Ranald himself coming at last to the door, he sought quarters, which Redcastle would have granted him, but one Donald Maccurchie said, 'You shall have such quarters as you gave to Donald Macconochy Chyle' (this Donald was a very pretty fellow of the Clan Ian Odhar, who was killed by this Ranald after he had given him quarter, when young Glengarry harried Lochcarron), so, when he understood there was no mercy for him, he ran out. The other gave such a race after him, came so near him that he could not shoot him, struks him with the bow on the head, which he brake, throws him flat to the ground, but or he can recover himself, he sticket him with his dirk (so we may see one ill turn meets another). Of his company none escaped, except one subtle fellow (which I cannot forget), who came out at the roof of the house, began to tirr it and crying for water, and said, with a loud voice, 'Mackenzie, though you have a quarrel against the Clan Ranald, I hope you have none against my master and me, when you burn my house after this manner.' With this he went free, as if he had been landlord indeed, and Redcastle turns homeward with his company. The other party that went with Alexander Mackenzie of Coul went the way of Beauly to Urquhart and to Glenmoriston, and foretakes Allan Macranald resting themselves on a sheill in little huts, near a rough burn called Aldsayh. Giving the alarm, some of them, with Allan, fought manfully, others fled, which all alike of them were forced in end to do, but, as their misfortune was, they missed the ford, the burn was so rough running twixt two craigs that severals broke their bones there, shunning their killing they met death in their way, but Ranald, being half naked as he fled, lapp just over it, and made his escape of all the rest. The pursuers seeing him loupe and on the other side, notwithstanding thereof, could not be persuaded he did it, and no man ever saw that place yet that could believe it, which, being several times asked of himself afterwards, he said he knew sensibly he loupt that very place, but how he came over that he knew not, except it was with the wings of fear and providence, but give him all the world he would not try it again."

This is the earliest written account of the Raid of Cilliechriost, and the fact that it tells the story of the raid without in the most remote way suggesting that anything so terrible and unusual as

the burning of a church full of people had occurred is of itself sufficient to outweigh the loose evidence of a tradition the origin of which no one knows. But the evidence on the subject does not stop here. Gregory expresses his astonishment that such a terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century without public notice being taken of it, and well he might. But, although the raid was far from being so serious an affair as Gregory believed it, public notice was taken of it. A prosecution was instituted by Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, with the concurrence of the Lord-Advocate, against Allan Macranald of Lundie on account of the raid, and the facts laid before the Crown show that the raid was one of a kind then common enough, and was not accompanied by any such barbarity as tradition credits it with. In short, the judicial proceedings corroborate the evidence afforded by the silence of the contemporary historian Sir Robert Gordon, and that of the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, the writer of the contemporary account of the raid, who, while professing to give a full narrative of all that took place, makes no mention of the Cilliechriost church.

Allan, it appears from Sir William Fraser's "History of the Chiefs of Grant," was summoned to appear before the Justice Clerk to answer the charge against him, but wisely preferred to remain at home, trusting to his friends' ability to arrange matters for him when time should have modified the rancour of his foes. In consequence of his non-appearance, Allan was denounced rebel, and his estates forfeited. On 7th December, 1622—about five months after the forfeiture—his friend, Sir John Grant, procured a gift of the escheat from the Crown in his own favour, and in the letter of gift, which Sir William Fraser quotes, the causes of the forfeiture are narrated. After mentioning the goods forfeited, the letter proceeds—"Which pertained of before to Allan Macranald of Lundie, in Glengarrie, and now pertaining to us, fallen and become in our hands and at our gift and disposition by reason of escheat through being of the said Allan Macranald upon the 28th day of June last by past, orderly denounced our rebel and put to our horn by virtue of our other letters raised and executed against the said Allan at the instance of Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, for himself and as master with the remanent kin and friends of umquhile Alexander MacCaye, John MacCaye, Donald MacCaye his son, Alexander Gald, and tenants and servants to the said Mr John of his town and lands of Kilchrist, and also at the instance of Sir

William Olephant of Newton Knight, our Advocate, for our interest, for not finding of sufficient caution and surety to our Justice Clerk and his Deputes, acted in our books of adjournal that he should compear before our Justice and his deputes, and underlie the laws for the treasonable and wilfull raising of fire, and cruelly and unmercifully murdering and slaying of the said umquhile Alexander MacCaye, umquhile Johne, and umquhile Donald MacCayis, and Alexander Gald, and tenants to the said Mr John Mackenzie, of the said town and lands of Gilchriste, burning and destroying of the number of twenty-seven dwelling-houses within the said town, with the barns, byres, and kilns belonging thereto, and burning and destroying of the said Mr John his haill librarie and books, together with twenty score bolls oats and eight score bolls bere, being in the said Mr Johne his barn and barnyard, and theftously stealing and away-taking of nine piece of horse with the said Mr Johne his own best horse, three score ten oxen and kye, and that in the month of September, the year of God 1603 years, the time of the feud then standing betwixt umquhile Kenneth Lord Kintaill and Donald Macangus of Glengarrie."

"This narration," says Sir William Fraser, "divests the raid of Cilliechriost of its traditionary horrors, and reduces it to the dimensions of an attack by a party of Macdonalds, under Allan dubh Macranald, upon the Archdean of Ross, who, being a Mackenzie of prominence, would be peculiarly obnoxious to the raiders. The resistance of the Archdean's tenants to the attack on their laird probably incited the Macdonalds to extend their destructive operations to their dwellings in addition to that of the Archdean, and in the strife several of the tenants were slain. It is impossible to suppose that had any terrible sacrilege and cruelty taken place such as tradition relates, it would have been omitted from the charge against the Laird of Lundie, especially when the Archdean himself was the author of the process."*

It is difficult to overtake and more difficult to kill a falsehood when it gets a day's start. How much more difficult when it gets a start of more than a century. It is for those who allege that the men of Glengarry committed the atrocity of burning a church full of people to prove their case. If they say it is proved by a tradition, I reply that there never was a vestige of tradition even to justify the horrible details piled up by the writer of the legend quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." So far as these are concerned we are able to say that they

* Chiefs of Grant, Vol. I., pp. 221-2.

originated in the fertile brain of the nineteenth century writer quoted—I must say improperly quoted—by Mr Mackenzie. As to the bare tale that a church and congregation were burnt at Kilchrist, of which there is a tradition, I say that, in the face not merely of the absence of contemporary evidence to support it, but of the positive evidence afforded by contemporary writers, one of whom, the writer of the "Ancient MS.," describes the whole raid, and, in spite of what would have seemed, had the story of the burning of the church occurred, the divine retribution which overtook many of the raiders at Torbreck on the same day, says nothing of a church being burnt, while he describes all else minutely—in the face of that evidence I say the tradition must yield. The proceedings taken nineteen years after by the Archdean of Ross, and the narrative given in them, dispel any remaining vestige of doubt.

It may be objected that the Archdean only pursued Allan of Lundie for the loss sustained by himself and his own tenants, and that mention of the burning of the church and congregation was not a matter on account of which he would personally prosecute. Perhaps so, but no one who reads the Privy Council Records of the period will maintain that even in a semi-private prosecution arising out of the raid, the fact that one man even had been burnt to death would have remained unmentioned if it were the fact. The meaning of the narrative in the letter of gift manifestly is that the men were killed in fight while resisting the raiders. What then becomes of the promenade of Glengarry's piper round the burning church improvising a new pibroch? Then, why should not the burning of the church be complained of, if it took place, as well as the twenty-seven houses? These houses no more belonged to the Archdean than the church, yet he mentions the fact that they and their barns, byres, and kilns were burnt, not because they belonged to him, but as part of the narrative he laid before the Crown describing the raid in order to obtain the concurrence of the Lord Advocate to the criminal prosecution. The narrative names four persons who were killed, and it indicates that there may have been a fifth. That is the death-roll of the raid. Had it been otherwise, the complaint would have mentioned the fact. An examination of the Privy Council Records of the time, when such complaints were common, will prove this. What then becomes of the church full of men, women, and children? There is some reason to believe, moreover, that the Archdean himself was at the time serving the cure of Cilliechriost—at all events, he had his residence there, and was certainly incumbent of the neigh-

bouring parish of Killearnan, and Cilliechriost was within the Diocese in which he was a high church dignitary. Is it probable that this gentleman would have made the burning of twenty-seven black houses matter of complaint to the Privy Council and not even refer to the fact that a church within his Diocese had been burnt at the same time with its whole congregation? The thing is incredible. In a letter I had a few days ago from Sir William Fraser, that learned writer says, "had such an outrage occurred, it could not fail to have been specially noticed in the proceedings against the raiders, and the absence of any such charge against them outweighs the tradition however precise. Many traditions as persistent and precise as this about the burning of the worshippers have been exploded."

The origin of the tradition is not far to seek. There is a much older tradition that in 1487, before the battle of Park, the Macdonalds burnt the church of the neighbouring parish of Contin, with a large number of Mackenzies who had fled to it for refuge in the belief that their enemies would respect their sanctuary. It is easy to understand how, in the course of years, the two stories got mixed, until now the earlier association of the burning of worshippers with the Contin church is forgotten, and the story transferred to Cilliechriost. It is not at all improbable, too, that Contin was the name mentioned in Dr Johnson's presence, although he rendered it Culloden, either through imperfect hearing or imperfect recollection.

The church burning part of the story disposed of, the remainder of the tradition is not of so much consequence, but it is instructive to know that the most ardent believers in the tradition say that there is no place on the Aultsigh where Allan's wonderful leap could have been made. True, they point to another place a few miles away, which might fit into the tradition. But the tradition that Aultsigh was the place is precise, and was as universally accepted as the burning of the church, until scrutinised. Again, the story of the leap into Loch Ness and the rescue by Fraser of Foyers is contradicted by local traditions in Glengarry and Glenmoriston.

In the former, the tradition is that the Laird of Lundie returned home immediately after the raid, and, in Glenmoriston, tradition points out the place half a mile below Torgoyle Bridge, where Allan and his people crossed the River Moriston on their return home from the raid. And this not only fits in with the other local traditions connected with the raid, but it accounts for

the carrying off of the Archdean of Ross's cattle—an impossible feat had the flight from Cilliechriost been so hurried and the subsequent rout of the raiders been so complete as the writer quoted by Mr Mackenzie would have us believe. The proceedings by the Archdean state that 70 cattle were taken from Cilliechriost, and the fact that the proceedings were taken 19 years afterwards shows that the raiders succeeded in carrying them away, and that any pursuit which may have taken place was unsuccessful. The raiders, therefore, would seem to have returned home somewhat leisurely, and the skirmish at Aultsigh was probably no more than a chance encounter between a rear-guard of the Macdonalds, under Allan himself, and a pursuing party of the Mackenzies, who came up too late to engage the main body of the Macdonalds. The writer of the ancient MS. says nothing of a leap into Loch Ness or a rescue by Fraser of Foyers, and the inference is fair that Allan returned to Glengarry. The fact that he had two hiding-places in his native glen goes to show that he was sought for by a force so strong that he could not hope to beat them in open fight. It is extremely improbable that against such a force the Laird of Foyers would have been able to defend him. It is much more probable that Allan reached his native glen and his island fastness immediately after the raid. He had not been long at Lundie when, according to local tradition, a strong body of Kintail Mackenzies surrounded the Loch and attempted to capture him in the night time. Allan was alone, and, but for his boldness would have been lost. He adopted tactics similar to those adopted by the blacksmith of Moy nearly a century and a half later, to deceive his foes. Pretending to have a large body of men at hand he called in a loud voice, "Our common enemy is here, surround them." Midnight courage is a rare thing, and the Kintail men fearing to meet a superior force of whose disposition they knew nothing, took to flight over the hill. Allan followed them, and by shooting an arrow at one of his fleeing foes when he got him between him and the sky-line, he succeeded in killing twenty-one of them before they reached the summit of the hill. This tradition can, of course, only be accepted with very considerable modification. It is, however, instructive as showing the two lines in which tradition has gone in dealing with Allan Macranald. In his own country he has been made a miracle of bravery and skill as a leader. In the country of his enemies the Mackenzies, he has been made a miracle of ferocity.

After this, Allan, it is said, felt that his island must be supplemented by a second retreat, and the cave was prepared. He

secured the services of a mason from the low country to make up his cave, and when the mason work was finished and the cave ready for occupation, Allan asked his assistant to go inside and see if all was right. This the mason did, and, as he came out, the hero of Cilliechriost struck off his head, so that no one but himself should know of the hiding place. On the moor overhead, at a spot a few hundred yards lower down the stream, a place is shown where a flat stone let into the ground is said to mark the mason's grave. So long as Allan of Lundie was believed guilty of burning women and children in the Church of Cilliechriost, this story might have been credible, but if the raid of Cilliechriost was what I take it to have been, a successful foray by a handful of Glengarry men led by Allan of Lundie, a brave and skilful captain, into the heart of the territory of a foe much more numerous than themselves, if the story of the flight of the Kintail men from Loch Lundie is even partially true, then the story of the dastardly treachery to the mason is incredible. The fearless leader of the men of Glengarry could not have done it.

We were able to examine all the islands on Loch Lundie through the kindness of Mr Malcolm, Invergarry, who placed a guide and a boat at our disposal. One at least of the islands on the Loch is artificial, and another, a larger island, is joined by an artificial causeway to the mainland.

GLENMORISTON AND ITS TRADITIONS.

Leaving Loch Lundie and its islands, we proceeded a short distance along the road, and then starting off to the right, began to climb the ridge separating Glengarry from Glenmoriston. A somewhat rough ride of six or seven miles over peat hags and rocks brought us to the summit of the ridge. In a moment Glenmoriston from Ceanacroc to Dundreggan broke upon our sight, affording in its beautiful and cultured loveliness, such a contrast to the bleak and dreary scenes through which we had been riding for hours that it looked like a bit of fairyland suddenly disclosed to us. But we soon had our attention called to objects of interest nearer at hand. All around us were rude cairns of stones, none of them large, but all built with some degree of care of the stones found in the vicinity. There is no name nor inscription outside, and no burial inside, but yet each cairn is the record of a burial—a pathetic record of man's longing to have his bones laid with the dust of his kindred. After

the Glengarry emigrations of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present, that glen was to some extent re-peopled from Glenmoriston. But the hearts of the migrated people remained in their native glen, and their last wish was that their dust should be carried back over the hill, and laid in the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—how old no one knows—where their ancestors had been buried for generations. And as one after the other the emigrants—emigrants from home, although only to a neighbouring glen—died, their surviving kin and neighbours carried the rude coffin over the bleak moor, mile after mile toilsomely, and sadly and silently enough, until they reached this spot, where the glen they still called home lay like a lovely picture below them. Behind lay the land of their adoption, bleak, barren, brown, and cold—colder still as the land of the stranger. In front, below the softly wooded slopes, ran smoothly along its pearl-besprinkled bed the lovely Moriston, with the narrow haughlands on either bank, clothed in mixed green and gold of the ripening grain. What wonder then that the spot where, after perhaps years of absence, the old home came once more in sight—in sight to all on that hill-top but the forever closed eyes of their silent burden—the Highlander should instinctively build a cairn as his far-away ancestors did where a warrior died. And such is the history of the Ceann-a-Mhaim cairns.

A short way down the slope on the Glenmoriston side a series of gravelly ridges runs along the flank of the hill. They form a noticeable feature in the landscape, and local tradition connects them with an invasion of the glen by the men of Skye somewhere in the fifteenth century. Whether such an invasion ever took place or not the ridges are much older than that, for our geologist (the Senior Bailie) had no difficulty in pronouncing them the lateral moraines of a glacier which filled Glenmoriston a long time before Skyemen began to invade the mainland.

Remounting our ponies after examining the moraines, a short steep ride brought us to a portion of General Wade's road from Fort-Augustus, following which we came to the new road through Glenmoriston, and then, crossing the river by the ford at Achlain, we visited the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—one of the oldest in the country—in the centre of which lie the bones of the ancestors of our host, whose family, Mac-Ian-Chaoil, was one of four septs of Macdonalds, who were powerful in Glenmoriston until the downfall of the Lordship of the Isles. Notwithstanding the transfer of the patrimony of their Chief and Clan to the Grants, these Macdonalds stuck to their glen, and they remain

there honoured and honourable to this day. In or near the churchyard there was at one time a Roman Catholic Chapel, the only vestige of which now is a stone rudely hollowed into the form of a basin, which was at one time probably used as a Holy Water Font at the Chapel door.

Leaving the churchyard, a few minutes brought us to the schoolhouse, where Mrs Macpherson (the niece of our host) had for hours had waiting for us a table loaded with good things, after partaking of which we were fain to seek our pillows, but there was so much to comment and speculate on that, notwithstanding four A.M. was fixed for turning out, it was a good hour past midnight before we separated.

Breakfast between four and five in the morning is not usually a hearty meal, but knowing, though only by report, something of what was before us, we made it as hearty as we could. Starting by 5.30 from Glenmoriston Schoolhouse, a run of a mile along the left bank of the Moriston brought us to Torgoyle Bridge, and the main road through Glenmoriston. As we drove along, our host, afire with the love and pride of his native glen, had story or legend for every mile of the way. Here, on the left, was the road by which that ill-mannered, though inspired, giant, Dr Samuel Johnson, rode from Fort-Augustus to Skye. Yonder sheep-fank at the roadside, on your right, is all that remains of Aonach Inn, where Johnson and Boswell passed the night, and where Johnson, desiring to do a politeness to the Innkeeper's daughter, whom he found, apparently to his surprise, to be a young lady of some education, presented her with a book he had purchased in Inverness—a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic! That green spot on the other side of the river is Ballindrom, where our host's great-grandfather lived in 1746, and there, two hundred yards nearer the river, is where a detachment of the Royal Army encamped while the turbulent Highlanders were being quelled, and their Prince hunted for after Culloden. While the troops were so encamped above, a son was born to the man below. But the Glenmoriston men were known to have been in sympathy with the Stuart cause, and to have been on their way to join the Prince on the day of Culloden, and to have turned back only on meeting the fugitives from that fatal field. From the time therefore that the King's troops pitched their camp in the Glen until they left it, the people were murdered and robbed at the sweet will of the Duke of Cumberland's gentlemen. In the hope that in their absence their wives and families would be safe from insult, many of the men of Glenmoriston left their homes for a time, and took up their abode in the recesses of

the mountains around them. Among the number who did this was the great-grandfather of our host, the father of the boy born in the house near the camp. The father was thus absent when his son was born, and he did not return until the Royal troops had left Glenmoriston. On his return his child was baptised, and named Charles, after the unfortunate Prince whose cause the tender mercies of the Duke of Cumberland were sufficient to make popular if it had not been so already—the Prince who was himself in hiding in Glenmoriston, and in the safe keeping of its men at the time the boy was born. That boy was the grandfather of our host, and Mr Charles Macdonald, his grandson, our host's eldest brother, was named after him.

Further up the Glen on the left is the monolith in memory of Roderick Mackenzie, who, taking advantage of his likeness to the Prince, spent his last breath in the effort to save him ; and a few steps further on, in a hollow on the opposite side of the road, is the brave fellow's grave. A jeweller's son he was, from Edinburgh. In personal appearance he resembled the Prince, in whose body-guard he had served. He was hiding in Glenmoriston after Culloden, when the pursuit for the Prince was at its hottest. He was seen by a party of troops, pursued, wounded, and overtaken. As they poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and his life blood ebbed away, his only thought was for his Prince, and as he died he cried to his murderers, "Villains, you have killed your Prince." They believed him, and his head was cut off and sent to Edinburgh. His devotion resulted in the slackening of the pursuit at a critical time, and probably in the ultimate escape of the Prince. Mr Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion, affects to doubt the story. If tradition counts for anything it is nevertheless true. The grave is undoubtedly there, and Glenmoriston has testified to her belief in the heroism and devotion of the stranger whose blood dyed her sod by erecting a monument to his memory.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRAES OF GLENMORISTON.

Further on to the right is Ceanacroc, where the river Doe, which comes tumbling noisily down Glen Fada, joins its waters to the peacefully flowing Moriston. Further on, on the right, is seen a piece of rising ground, on which, tradition says, a battle took place between a party of Gordons under the Marquis of Huntly, and the Camerons led by Lochiel. After a fierce fight the Gordons were defeated, and the Marquis wounded and a

prisoner. At this point, says the tradition, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil sallied forth at the head of his men, attacked the Camerons, and rescued their prisoner. The Camerons managed, however, in retreating, to carry off seven of the Gordons whom they had taken, but, finding their prisoners an incumbrance they struck off their heads at Cnocknaceann, a name which survives to testify to the tragedy. Not content, says tradition, with merely rescuing the Marquis, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil nursed him until he had recovered from his wound, and then had him sent safely home. The tradition goes on to narrate that some time afterwards Macdonald being in Strathbogie went to Gordon Castle and asked for the Marquis. For a long time he was denied access by the retainers, to whom he was unknown, but his persistency in the end led to the Marquis being told of the rough-looking Highlander who stood at the door of Gordon Castle demanding access to its master. When the Marquis knew who his visitor was, he not only welcomed him as an honoured guest and as one to whom he owed his life, but he caused a lintel to be put over the chief entrance to Gordon Castle, bearing this Gaelic inscription, "Cha bhi Mac Iain Chaoil a mach agus Gordonach a stigh"—that a Mac Ian Chaoil shall not be without and a Gordon within. So says tradition, and looking to the gigantic proportions of the representatives of Mac-Ian-Chaoil in the present day, we could well believe that the accession of even a very few of such men to one side would turn defeat into victory. As to the rest of the story is there not the battlefield and Cnocknaceann and Gordon Castle all to prove the truth of it!

I am indebted to Mr William Mackay, the author of a forthcoming History of the Glen and of the parish of which it forms part, for information which led me to what is probably the historical foundation of the tradition. Students of Scots History in the 17th century know that when Montrose was maintaining his heroic struggle on behalf of Charles I. in Scotland, in 1645 and the early part of 1646, until in compliance with the twice-repeated command of the King he disbanded his army, there was none who gave him such doubtful and half-hearted support as the Marquis of Huntly. The cause of Huntly's lukewarmness would not perhaps be far to seek. Montrose disbanded his forces in July 1646 and sailed for Norway on 3rd September following. In December Huntly obtained a commission from the King, who was with the Scots army in England virtually a prisoner, commissioning him to levy forces in the North. In January 1647 the Scots army committed the infamy of giving up the King to the

English, and Leslie marched northward to suppress the rising headed by Huntly. Then was seen Huntly's incapacity to fill the place of Montrose, a leader whose greatness he was too small a man to see—a leader too with whom had he loyally co-operated, the history of our country might have been changed. Huntly retreated before Leslie through Badenoch into Lochaber, where he disbanded his men, retaining only a small party as a body-guard for himself and his son. With these he continued his flight through the Caledonian Valley. "In Glenmoriston," says Mr Mackay, "he was overtaken by General Middleton whom Leslie sent in pursuit, and a conflict followed in which his party was defeated and several of his men slain. He himself escaped for the time, but in November following he was taken prisoner in Strathdon." It appears from the editor's introduction to the Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron that some of the Clan Cameron assisted General Middleton when he defeated Huntly at the Braes of Glenmoriston in 1647—a fact which no doubt gave rise to the tradition that the conflict was between the Camerons and the Gordons. History does not say how the Marquis escaped from the field, or where to, but there is no reason to doubt the tradition that he obtained assistance and shelter in the immediate neighbourhood and from Mac-Ian-Chaoil. As to the rest of the tradition I fear it must be given up. Huntly was a fugitive with a price on his head from the time the conflict in Glenmoriston took place until his capture in November following, and from the time of his capture he remained a close prisoner in Edinburgh, until in March 1649, he was led forth to execution. There was no Marquis of Huntly in Gordon Castle until after the Restoration in 1660, and the Marquis then was the second in succession after the Marquis who was wounded in Glenmoriston. The tradition furnishes another instance of how unreliable mere tradition is as a basis for historical narrative. The story probably had its origin in a much earlier tradition of the Earl of Mar, who, as he fled wounded from the battle of Inverlochy in 1431, was kindly treated by a man O'Birrin, who afterwards went to Kildrummie Castle, and, after experiencing difficulty in getting access to the Earl, at last saw him, and was sent home rich in the possession of sixty cows.

THE BATTLE OF GLENSHIEL.

But while the story of the battle of the Braes of Glenmoriston is telling, we are passing historic ground on the other side. Away on the left, on the face of the almost precipitous cliffs

bounding the glen on the south, runs a narrow ledge rising gradually towards the summit at the west. This is known as the Spanish road. The name carries us back to that little known episode in the Jacobite Rebellions, the battle of Glenshiel, which took place on 10th June, 1719. After the failure of the rising under the Earl of Mar in 1715, the Jacobites received offers of assistance from Spain, and an imposing expedition was fitted out to effect a landing in the south of England, while at the same time a number of Spanish troops was to be landed in the Highlands to create a diversion. The Mackenzies and other clans loyal to the exiled royal family were expected to rally round the Spanish force, with whom were the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lord George Murray. The fleet destined to land the invaders in the south was dispersed by a storm and accomplished nothing, while the expedition to the north was, as soon as it had landed, distracted by dissensions among its chiefs. After spending a short time in Stornoway, the ships sailed towards the west coast of the mainland, and the Spaniards were landed at Eilean Donan Castle, which they proceeded to put into a defensive state. The Government was, however, on the outlook for the invaders, and in a few days two or three warships sailed up Loch Duich, and battered the walls of Eilean Donan Castle, which were never meant to resist artillery, until they began to tumble about the ears of the garrison. Leaving Eilean Donan therefore, the Spaniards, along with the Mackenzies, Macraes, Maclennans, and Macgregors—the latter under Rob Roy—marched to Glenshiel, where they were attacked and defeated by General Wightman, who had marched from Inverness to meet them. During the battle, the Spaniards, whose conduct was not heroic, retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, where next morning they laid down their arms, and 274 of them were conveyed to Edinburgh as prisoners. History does not say by what route they were conveyed, but it is impossible to believe that General Wightman, whose force included four companies of dragoons and some light mortars, and who had come from Inverness to Glenshiel by way of Strathglass and Glen Affric, would have attempted to return by a road impassable for cavalry, or would have divided his force by sending his prisoners under an escort by a different route from that taken by the main body. The "Spanish Road" did not therefore get its name from Wightman taking his prisoners along it, and there is no local explanation, so far as I know, of the origin of the name; but as the number of Spaniards who surrendered is less than the lowest estimate of the number who landed, and they do not seem to have

suffered much, if any, loss in Wightman's attack, it seems probable that between the time the Spaniards retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, on 10th June, and the time the main body of them laid down their arms next day, some of them may have broken away from the main body, and, joining the Highlanders who dispersed that night, have found their way over the watershed by the impassable-looking path in the steep rock face over Loch Clunie which has since borne their name.

SGURR NAN CONBHAIREAN.

We were now driving along the shores of Loch Clunie, which lay unruffled by so much as a ripple at the foot of the hills, whose summits pierced the clouds, levying from them in tribute the waters which filled the lake below. A mile or two on we left our conveyances and mounted the saddle, for we were now under *Sgurr nan Conbhairean*, the highest mountain in Glenmoriston, rising as it does 3634 feet above the level of the sea. Leaving our ponies after mounting some 2000 feet, we made the rest of our way on foot. Gradually the vegetation became scantier, more stinted and more Alpine in character, and at one point, where the biting wind blows with terrible force from the corries beyond, the vegetable world is represented by a solitary lichen. On we press upwards, now with a comparatively clear sky overhead, now through driving mist that envelopes us and the whole mountain top in impenetrable gloom. On we go through it all, trusting to Providence and our own good fortune that our journey will not be lost. And we are not disappointed. As we near the summit a wonderful panorama opens out before us. There in front rises Mam Soul, topping the mountains of Strathglass and Glen Affric. Away to the east and lying far below us is the summit of Mealfourvonie, while further on the summits of the Monadhliadh range loom through the haze. Far to the south-west we can just make out the summit of Ben Nevis as the mist rises for a minute or two at a time. To the west rise the sharp peaks of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye, and as we look round towards the North West we see far away the wonderful hills of Torridon, while nearer at hand Cralich, Sgurr Ouran, and Ben Attow rear their lofty heads to the sky. All round is a forest of hill-tops. We stand on the top of a high mountain in a mountainous country, and the whole wonderful picture lies at our feet. We are not on the highest mountain in Scotland but there is no Scottish mountain from whose summit a more wonderful panorama can be seen. Standing in the middle of the country, at the dividing of the waters and

in the midst of mountains, it commands a view of mountain, loch, and valley, which probably no other mountain can surpass. After indulging in a leaping competition, in which the Senior Bailie succeeded in distancing all competitors not merely among his city-bred companions, but among the gamekeepers and ghillies of the party—and building a cairn on the mountain top to commemorate the visit of the elite of the magistracy of the Capital of the Highlands to the summit, and having an inscription cut into the hard whinstone by the versatile Senior Bailie, we move on indulging by the way in the luxury of a snow-ball fight in July, and then we stand on the shoulder of the ridge dividing Corriegoe from Glen Affric. Here the scenery is grand beyond description. On the left we look sheer down into Glen Affric, at the bottom of which the river Grivie is seen running like a silver streak for miles to fall into Loch Affric and ultimately into the Moray Firth, while on the opposite side of Glen Affric the red-scarred slope of the mountain rises without a break from the bottom of the valley for a thousand feet. On the right, more than a thousand feet below, lies Corriegoe, bounded by mountains, which, on two of their three faces, are sheer precipices. Beyond lies Glen Fada, with the river Doe running down its centre to join the Moriston at Ceanacroc. In front, too, rising out of Glen Fada, are those weird-looking red hills, the Ram and the Aonach Sasunn, forming of themselves features in the landscape which do not allow it to be easily forgotten.

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORISTON.

Now begins the descent into Corrigoe, lying a thousand feet below us. The mountain slopes steeply down on this side, presenting a smooth-looking grassy surface, down which we make our way by a series of what would be less fittingly described as steps than short leaps. Arrived at the foot, a few yards walk brought us to the heap of tumbled rock forming the cave in which for a short time Prince Charles lay in hiding in July, 1746. At the foot of a perpendicular cliff lies this mass of rock, which ages ago separated itself from the cliff above, and, falling down, broke into huge fragments, which lying together form the rude walls and umbrella-like roof of a rough shelter — a shelter often welcome enough in this storm-swept Corrie, which, even now, is many miles from a human habitation. To this shelter there resorted in 1746, after Culloden, and while Glenmoriston and the whole country round was occupied by Hanoverian troops, Patrick Grant, a farmer known as Black Peter

of Craskie, John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers, and Grigor Macgregor, men honourably known in history as the "seven men of Glenmoriston." They had seen their homes burned, their friends murdered, and their property carried away, and they retired here to wait till the evil days had passed, and to lie in wait for their enemies, to whom they more than once dealt a blow. To these men came, on 28th July, 1746, their Prince in pitiable plight. He had just passed through a cordon of troops, drawn round the district where he was known to be after his return to the mainland from his wanderings in the Islands. He was weary with travel and exposure, and had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. His clothes, insufficient at their best to protect him from the rigours of the climate to which he was now exposed at all hours, were in rags. It was now three months after Culloden, and all that time Charles had been a fugitive with a price on his head. Constantly in the power of a people steeped in poverty, he never appears to have feared that the price of blood would tempt them to betray him, and, to the eternal honour of the Highland people, be it said, that they not only justified his confidence, but braved, nay courted, death, so as they might save this man, for whose betrayal a fortune was offered. Three months of wandering, and of almost incredible escapes, and Charles found himself near the hiding place of the Glenmoriston men. The story of their fidelity is told in history, and need not be here repeated. They took an oath that their backs "should be to God and their faces to the devil, that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." Charles said they were his first Privy Council since Culloden, and well they deserved the name, for so faithfully did they keep their oath that not one of them disclosed the fact that he had been with them till a year after he had sailed to France. For three days the cave in Corrigoe was the home of the Prince, and there, while his faithful friends mounted watch at their sentry posts at the head and foot of the Glen, and sent out foraging parties to fetch provisions, he obtained much-needed rest. After leaving Corriegoe, the Glenmoriston men formed the Prince's bodyguard until they had conducted him safely through the lines of his enemies, and handed him over on 21st August, near Loch Arkaig, to Macdonell of Loch Garry and Cameron of Clunes, faithful friends, who provided for his future safety

Leaving Corriegoc, a rough walk of several miles along the side of the hills on the right flank of Glen Fada, brought us to our ponies, which had been taken round some thirteen miles to meet us, and a ride of six or seven miles, followed by a drive of about the same distance, brought us late at night to the hospitable roof of Mr Macpherson, where a substantial, though very late, dinner and a sound sleep awaited us.

Our raid wound up with a peaceful day's fishing in Loch Clunie, and next morning a drive down the beautiful Glen, by Torgoyle, Dundreggan, and Invermoriston, to Loch-Ness, where we again joined the "Gondolier" for home.

An interesting discussion followed, in the course of which Mr Colin Chisholm said, with reference to the Pibroch of Cillechriost :—The tradition he had heard from his boyhood—between sixty and seventy years ago—was that the party of Macdonalds crossed the river at Beauly, and it was when they looked behind, and saw their work of destruction going on, that the piper struck up the pibroch. They were glad to keep quiet till they got out of the clutches of the Mackenzies, and it was when they were opposite Beauly, at "Bruthach-a-Phuirt" on the other side of the river, that the pibroch was played for the first time. When the piper saw what was going on, he made the pipes speak for him, and this is what they said :—

Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mór ;
Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mor ;
Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mór ;
'S Cill-a-Chriosda
  Na lasair mhóir.

Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd mo dhunach
  An smùd mór
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
  Cill-a-chrosda na teine.

5th DECEMBER, 1888.

At the meeting held this evening, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Honorary members—Lieut. Colonel Gostwyck Gard, late 93rd Highlanders, Cul-an-eilan, Inverness; Sir Charles Cameron, President of the College of Surgeons, Dublin; and Mr Allan Cameron, 22 Elmwood Avenue, Belfast. Ordinary members—Mr J. M. Grant of Glenmoriston; Mr J. Henderson, factor for Rosehaugh, Fortrose; Rev. John A. Campbell, Kilmore, Glen-Urquhart; Mr F. A. Black, solicitor, Inverness; Mr G. G. Macleod, teacher, Gledfield Public School, Ardgay; and Rev. Geo. Sutherland, Beauly. Mr Alex. M'Bain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, on the "Dialects of Sutherland." Mr Gunn's paper was as follows:—

THE DIALECT OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

The County of Sutherland is, in many respects, a suitable field for the study of dialect. Partly owing to its remoteness, and partly to the sterility of its soil, it would be difficult to find in any part of Scotland a district so little disturbed by external influences as the north-west of this county. This very district, too, furnishes the student with a bard of no mean order, in whose songs he may find specimens of the dialect of the people as it existed above a hundred years ago. Unfortunately, however, for philological purposes, a desire to conform to a southern dialect—whose sole claim to form a standard consists in a mere priority in print—led the editor of Rob Donn to tamper unnecessarily with his diction. The dialect, or, as some would put it, the provincialism of Rob Donn, was far too decided for this accommodating process; and the result was a well-grounded complaint on the part of those whose interests the editor studied—that the compositions of the Sutherland bard are, like Hamlet's reason, "out of tune and harsh." On first hearing the accusation, I was not a little surprised, for I had heard his songs sung without ever being arrested by their metrical blemishes. A glance at the Rob Donn of Dr Mackintosh Mackay—the only source to which critics had access—soon convinced me that the complaint was not without good foundation. I open at random the last edition of his poems, published by Maclachlan & Stewart; there, on page 29, the first two lines of the elegy on the Rev. Murdo Macdonald furnish an example:—

"Se do bhàs, Mhaighstir *Murchadh,*
Rinn na h-àitean so *dhorchadh.*"

To a reader unacquainted with the dialect, the words in italics will not rhyme; but the fault lies with the editor, for in the Reay country, *Murchadh* is pronounced *Morchadh.* Again, on the opposite page, we find the following:—

"'S ann o mheadhon an *fhoghair,*
Fhuair sinn *rabhadh* a dh' fhòghnadh."

Here *foghair* rhymes with *rabhadh,* and the rhyme is unimpeachable; only to make this apparent it should be written as it was composed—

"'S ann o mheadhon an *fhaghair,*
Fhuair sinn *raghaidh* a dh' fhoghnadh."

We need not enumerate instances; on every page the efforts of the editor to make our bard speak grammatically, and to conform his vocables to what he calls "the allowed standard of Gaelic orthography," are only too apparent. He has succeeded in this way in making his poems more intelligible to general readers; but he secured this greater intelligibility at a high price. In one respect, it was fortunate that the labours of Rob Donn fell into the hands of so able and accomplished a countryman; in another respect, this very accomplishment produced two evil results; it deprived these poems of a great deal of rhythmical beauty, and, what is more to be regretted for philological purposes, the *vocalismus* of the dialect has not been preserved. Without an acquaintance with the latter, little progress can be made in the study of dialect, and so in the work before us we expect little help from the pages of Rob Donn.

There are two main dialects of Scottish Gaelic—a northern and a southern. That which we propose to examine belongs, of course, to the former. It so happens, however, that in the case of the test-sound, the Reay country proves an exception. The *experimentum crucis* between north and south is this—a greater tendency to dipthongise the long *e* sound into *ia* on the part of the former. Thus, southern *beul* becomes northern *bial.* Curiously enough, we have little partiality for this sound. We subjoin a list of words which shows how widely we have diverged, not only from the northern dialects as a whole, but also from that of Assynt and the southern districts of the county. The only explanation that needs be made is that the small vowel inserted after the initial consonant in the third column is placed there to preserve the sound of the consonant preceeding:—

South.	*North.*	*Reay Country.*
beul	bial	beàl
sgeul	sgial	sgeàl
neul	nial	neàl
etc.	etc.	etc.

In the great majority of cases we approximate the southern dialect. We place above the following list, English words to denote the precise sound of the vowel :—

South.	*North.*	*Reay Country.*
fate	—	cain
breug	briag	breug
feur	fiar	feur
meud	miad	meud
etc.	etc.	etc.

The difference between the first and last column is so slight that it cannot be marked by a change of orthography; still, it is palpable to the ear, and may be said to consist in this—a tendency in the latter to approach the deeper *a* sound heard in *cain.* In the following words, the Reay country coincides with the southern dialect :—dean, geug, meadhon, feuch, sgleut, reub, beuc. Only in two or three instances do we coincide with the northern dialect as *diag, ciad* ('teen, 100).

On the whole, then, we arrive at this conclusion, that the Reay country dialect, so far as the test-sound is concerned, should be ranked with the southern dialect; and, whenever it shows a tendency to break away from the latter, it is always in the direction of the broad *a* sound. We have hardly a trace of the main characteristic of northern dialects—the dipthongisation of long *e* into *ia*—which Professor Rhys notices as the peculiarity of the northern, and which he ascribes to the possession of a more musical ear. That which marks us off from all others is unquestionably our partiality for the broad *a* sound. Not only have we turned *e* long into *a* broad, but in numberless cases we have changed southern *o* into *a*. Of course, one requires to exercise some caution here; for many words appear in literature with an *o* which are never so pronounced by the people. *Focal* and *cos* are examples; written with an *o* in deference to Irish orthography, but pronounced by the people, north and south, as *facal cas.* Scottish Gaelic as a whole differs from the Irish in its substitution of *a* for *o*; and if this tendency has been carried anywhere into excess it is in the Reay Country. Here are a few examples :—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
lorg	larg	foot-print
foluich	falaich	hide
storm	starm	storm
orm	arm	on me
solus	salas	light
dorus	daras	door
goil	gail	boil
donas	danas	mischief
los	las	inasmuch as
etc.	etc.	etc.

There are some half-a-dozen instances in which, with all our predilection for the ah-sound, we have refused the southern *a* :—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
falt	folt	hair
bainne	boinne	milk
trasgadh	trosgadh	fasting
gabh	gobh	take
etc.	etc.	etc.

Such instances of perverseness are, however, rare.

The u-sound.—The next favourite vowel-sound in the Reay Country is *u*. It is in great requisition, and does duty for various vowels and dipthongs. Thus, *u* for *o*—Dol = dul, obair = ubair, domhail = dumhail, drola = drula, tobar = tubar, tombaca = tumbaca. *U* for *adh*—In all participles, bualadh becomes bual-u.

This is the shibboleth of Sutherlandshire :—

" *U* for *amh*—deanamh = dean-u.
,, ,, *ibh*—fhearaibh = fhear-u."

With all our partiality for this sound we pronounce the demonstrative *sud* as *sid*.

Hitherto we have spoken as if there were only one dialect throughout the Reay Country; in point of fact, however, one could easily form as many sub-dialects as there are townships. No doubt this arose from want of intercourse; but now, with better roads, and means of transit, the reverse process is setting in. Still there is scarcely a village on the north coast which has not its own peculiarity in tone or diction. Portskerra is distant only three miles from Strathy; yet the difference of accent is so marked that a total stranger can at once perceive it. The peculiarity of the inhabitants of the former township is a hiatus in the middle of every syllable—thus rendering a monosyllabic sound

impossible. Besides, they have a shibboleth which is interesting in its way, and which they seldom or never get rid of. The demonstrative particle *sin, that,* is pronounced elsewhere in the Reay Country as *shin,* and rightly so; but the people of Portskerra make it *sin,* without aspirating the s. The natives of Knapdale and Strathbran have the same peculiarity. Had they carried this peculiarity so far as to embrace *so* and *sud* there would have been some grounds for the orthographical variety represented by these particles. The reason why they have developed so singular a dialect is probably due to the fact that they are a fishing community, and intermarry to such an extent as to occasion a saying very common in the country—"Inghean an tighe ud h-urad, posda ri gille an tighe ud stan."

Proceeding westward along the north coast we find each village with its own shibboleth. Naver is characterised with the dipthongal sound *oi*—making the long *o* sound in coit (coracle), poit (pot) a very decided *oi* sound. In Melness, again, the partiality for the broad *ah* sound so characteristic of the whole Reay Country is carried to its utmost limit. Such words as *sin* (that) and *teine* (fire) are pronounced *shan t-chan.* Coming to Durness we find a new characteristic—that of eclipsis—making its appearance. *Air an leathad* becomes *air a' leathad.* It is only when we reach Assynt that eclipsis proper is heard. Here *mullach nam beann* is *mullach na meann*; *an duine, an nuine*—pretty much as in Lewis. But the mention of such peculiarities would be an endless, as it would be a profitless task. Strathy and Strathy Head are separated only by a small stream; yet the former makes *mi-fhein* mi-hian, and the latter mi-hain (cain). Indeed, this word is pronounced four ways within the county; and if we embrace the whole Highlands we shall find the following variations—*mi-heun* (literary), *mi-heen, mi-hae, mi-hian, mi-hain, mi-hi.* The same liberty has not been taken with the second personal pronoun; it stands firmly *thu-fhein* north and south. *Sibh-fein* is pronounced in the Reay Country as *shu-peun*—the latter limb being of respectable antiquity, being the form used in Macrae's MSS. (1688) in the religious poems of Mr Alex. Munro, catechist, Strathnaver.

The word *ceudna* (same) presents a difficulty which is overcome differently by the north and south. The latter generally leaves the *d* altogether out of account; we transpose the letters, and make it *ciand.* Now, reasoning inductively, one seems warranted in coming to the conclusion that *chiand* must eventually become *chiann* (as *and* became *ann*); yet the word appears as *chijnd* in Macrae's MS., showing that it was pronounced precisely as to-day over two hundred years ago.

With regard to this transposition of letters, it is a distinctive feature of our dialect. *Lomradh* becomes *lormadh*, *iomraich iormaich*. The combinations in which the transposition takes place are *mr*, *nr*, *nd*, *lr*, *ld*; assimilation is also very common; *beurla* becomes *beula*, *Tearlach Tealach* (Charles), or, as it is generally pronounced by us, *Shālus*. It may help to bring out the distinguishing features of Reay Country pronunciation, if we go over the several consonants in order, referring, of course, only to those that call for comment.

c

With us it has none of the guttural sound heard in the southern *Mac sac* (machd sachd). We make it a *k*, pure and simple, and in this respect agree with the natives of Arran.

d

This letter, before or after a small vowel, has the soft pronunciation *j*. Thus, Latin *modi* would, in a Celtic mouth, become *moji*. When the final syllable dropped off, the effect of its presence, once upon a time, was felt in the soft *d* sound; and to make this apparent to the eye it is spelled *moid*. Now, in the Reay country this soft sound is, in the great majority of cases, discarded. *Cuide ri* is pronounced in the south as *cujeri*; by us, in spite of the small vowel, it is pronounced *cootheri*. In the same way the interrogative particle *de* is pronounced by us *hard*; and in this respect we happen to be correct, for *de* is a contraction for *ciod e*, where the *d*, flanked by a broad vowel, has the broad sound. This antipathy to the soft sound of *d* plays havoc among the remnant of our case endings; we make no distinction between the sound of *d* in the nom. bard, and its gen. baird.

f

In Gaelic philology this letter occasions considerable difficulty, because when aspirated it disappears altogether. But that which calls for mention here is the exceedingly large number of words which has taken on permanently the prosthetic *f* in our dialect:—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
eagal	feagal	fear
acain	facain	complain
rabhadh	fraghaidh	warning
aithn	faithn	command
easgann	feasgann	eel
an eol duit	am feol duit	do you know?
oit	foit	
etc.	etc.	etc.

Again, in another list of cases, we have refused an *f* where the southern dialects have it.

Reay Country.	*South.*	
aradh	faradh	ladder
abhrad	fabhrad	eye-brow
eadhainn	feadhainn	some
etc.	etc.	etc.

The reason of so much confusion in our dialects regarding this letter is obvious ; in the oblique cases, the *f* of the nominative disappears ; and in this way was in many cases discarded altogether in the nominative. By a mistaken analogy, it was placed at the beginning of some words where it had no right to be put.

l

When this letter is preceded or followed by a small vowel, we can distinguish without difficulty the aspirated and non-aspirated sound ; *a leine,* his shirt, is distinct from *a leine*, her shirt. But when it happens to be a broad vowel, there is no appreciable difference ; *a laimh*, his hand, is pronounced exactly *a laimh,* her hand.

When this letter is preceded by *r* assimilation takes place—Beurla becomes Beula ; forladh, folladh, etc.

m

In the single mute north and south agree ; but, when aspirated, we vocalise it, while the south makes it equivalent to a *v.* Thus :—

	Reay Country.	*Southern,*
amhainn	*a-u-inn*	avinn
samhuinn	sauinn	savinn
amhairc	auirc, also auric	avirc
etc.	etc.	etc.

n

Both north and south make this letter equivalent to *r* after *c.* *Cnoc cnamh* becomes *croc cramh.* We make it *r* in several other cases—*ainm = airm,* and *eanraich* (soup) *earraich* by assimilation

We make no distinction between the aspirated and non-aspirated sound of this letter. There is, however, a distinct peculiarity in the slender and liquid sound we give it in *duine* (like the *n* of English new), as opposed to the southern *doona.*

r

We can distinguish between the aspirated and non-aspirated sounds. *A rian fhein* (his own method) is quite distinct from *a*

rian fhein (her own method) in pronunciation. This is true also when *v* is succeeded by a broad vowel.

Passing from consonantal sounds to grammatical forms, we come to the point where the study of dialect becomes most interesting :—*ibh* of the dat. plural—It is still heard, but attenuated into *u*. Acc. plural—*u* is also the form for this case. Gen. plural—A separate form for this case is fast disappearing. "Tha e tional na caoraich" is quite as common as "Tha e tional nan caorach." Gen. sing.—We use this case sparingly, except in the case of irregular nouns. In pronunciation we do not distinguish between bard and baird, unless we speak with studied precision. *Bardi* was the prehistoric form of baird; perhaps a trace of the old genitive form is heard in "culraonidh" (goalkeeper), which exists side by side with the regular genitive "raoin"—to which it gave rise.

The impersonal form of the verb (cognate with Latin videtur) is seen in such expressions, "Bhathar a togail an tighe," which are common.

Guttural stems are still preserved—*nathair*, gen *nathrach; mathair* gives gen. *mathar*, and also a guttural genitive in the phrase *mac-mathrach* (mother's son). Compare *mater*, *matrix*, *matric-is*.

No less important than the above is the light cast by a careful study of dialect upon obsolete expressions. In the list of adverbs given in "Stewart's Grammar" *a mhan* (downwards) occurs, and in the foot-note he suggests it may come from an older form, *am fan*. Now it so happens that we use this latter form not as an adverb only, but also as an adjective—the comparative degree of which occurs in the first stanza of Rob Donn's elegy on Lord Reay :—

"'S an rùm as *fhaine* fo'n uir."

This brings us to note the great number of words used in dialects which never get the length of print, and are not to be found in dictionaries. There are scores of such words in every district gradually falling into disuse. This is one of the reasons why our place-names are not more intelligible to us. If these terms were carefully collected it would be found useful to the student of topography, and to the comparative philologist alike. I subjoin a list of words which are seldom heard but in Sutherlandshire, and some of them only in the Reay Country :—

Lòpan—A soft, muddy place. Enters into our topography, but the places are insignificant.

Igh or *ì*—A small stream, with green banks; a burn. This is the most common descriptive term in our place-names.

Uar—A water-fall; also a heavy shower. The confluence of waters. An *uar* at Loch Strathy, where the two streams meet.

Brùllachan—A shaking quagmire. Frequent in our place-names.

Riasgan—Green patches among the heather.

Ridhean—A flowing stream. Frequent in topography as Rian-ari-leothaid, Rian-a-bhoinne, etc.

Rabhan—The relics left by the tide, or after a river has fallen back.

Coileach-teth—The mirage seen on the mountain-tops on a hot sunny day.

Trŏm-altan—A cold. In south-east of the country called *an enatan*; in the north-west, *an trollaidh.*

Sgoiltean and *sgealpan*—Names for seed-potatoes when cut.

Màg—A rig. In the parish of Farr, the term is *iomar.*

Bàrradh—Thatching with straw or bent.

Tuthadh—Thatching with divots.

Baghan—The churchyard.

Punndaist—The weaver's share.

Molldair—The miller's share.

A' bhuaicneach—Small-pox.

An t-siatag—Rheumatism.

Bruthas—Broth.

Barr—Cream. *Barr-maistridh*—South *fuarag.*

Càl-dialus—Wild cabbage. *Romag*—Meal and whisky.

The name for cast-off clothes is *reidhligean.* This is from Latin, *reliquiæ;* and though we don't use *reidhlic* for a burying-ground, yet the fact that we have the word for *remains* of any kind, goes to prove that *reidhlic* is derived from *relictum,* and not from *reidh* and *leac,* as the dictionaries give it.

Numerous examples might be given here of words that have gone out of use for general purposes, and preserved only in set phrases. The last limb of a compound word is an excellent preservative. *Saidhe,* so common in Perthshire for hay, has gone out of use with us; yet, we have preserved it in *feur-saidhe.*

The vituperative vocabulary is very rich, and a close examination of the same brings curious things to light. "An aghaidh a bhonnan bana," "against his white soles," is, in the Reay country, equivalent to "very much against his will." This saying, no doubt, arose from the posture of the individual when

carried to his long home. "Suanas ort," "cionnlas ort," "marbhaisg ort," all mean, more or less, the English "confound you." The first may be from *suaimhneas*, rest, in which case it has deteriorated; or from *suaineadh*, wrapping. The second means the strings used in tying the fingers of the dead; and the third contains *marbh* in the initial syllable.

The absence of words in a dialect may occasionally be made to yield a positive result. *Màl*, for rent, is quite unknown in the eastern part of the Reay country; our equivalent is *rainnt*, from English rent. This proves that the custom of paying rent is among us only of yesterday, and history corroborates this. *Màl* itself is likely of Norse origin, cognate with English *mail* in black-mail.

A very striking feature of the dialect we are considering is the extent to which it is permeated with foreign material. From the isolated position of the Reay Country one might naturally expect to find the language here in its greatest purity. But such is not the case. Three distinct causes of this corruption may be mentioned—beginning with the most recent:—

1. The economic changes of the last and early part of this century, whereby an influx of south country farmers and shepherds took place—greatly to the deterioration of our speech.

2. The disbanding of the Reay Fencibles—after mixing with English-speaking peoples, at a much earlier dato. When we consider that almost every family in the Reay Country had one or more members in the army, we can form some idea of the influence they would exert upon the language on the return home of great numbers of them. Such words as *kisseag* for *pòg*, and similar corruptions, may undoubtedly be traced back to these days.

3. But the great disturbing influence was the Norse invasion, lasting from the 9th to the 12th century. Fully seventy per cent. of the foreign material in our dialect is due to the Norwegian, and not to the English stranger. To the Norse influence upon the dialect of the Reay Country, then, let us now briefly turn.

The influence of the Norse upon Scottish Gaelic as a whole is recognised on all hands, but nowhere thoroughly sifted. It is also admitted that it has left greater traces on the west and north coast dialects; and it is usual to bring forward *struth*, *stroin*, *strath*, etc., as instances. A thorough investigation, however, of the dialects of the north and western shores, should, we feel sure, yield more astonishing results than are hitherto dreamt of, and prove that we owe more to the hardy Norseman than we give him

credit for. It is natural to suppose that Sutherland would early fall under the sway of these Norse invaders from its proximity to Orkney and Caithness; indeed, the name itself is to be ascribed to them—Sudr-land. The topographical record makes it abundantly manifest that the whole county was overrun by them; and traces of their stay with us remain not only in our place-names, but also in the living speech of the people. The most distinctive characteristic of the dialect of the Reay Country is the broad *ah*-sound; and just as the English-speaking parts of Scotland are indebted to the Scandinavian for their *broad* accent, so are the Celtic-speaking people of Sutherland. The Gaelic of Sutherlandshire in general, and of the Reay Country in particular, may be termed the Doric of Gaelic dialects, and this feature is due to the fact that we came more under Norse influence than our southern neighbours, and had not a standard of written Gaelic like the south-west of Argyll to counteract the foreign influence.

But not only has the Norse invasion left its traces upon our vowel system, but we have in the Reay Country several examples of Norse words that are used to the present day in Iceland. Here are some, which I observed in the notes of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*:—

(1) The name for a bull in the east of Iceland is *tuddi*; when a Reay Country herd has occasion to call this animal towards him his expression is *tuadhi*, *tuadhi*—the usual changes being made, those of dipthongisation and aspiration.

(2) The dairymaid's call in Iceland is *kuskus*, *kuskus*, *kuskus* (root seen in Scot. qu-ey); that of the Reay Country maid is like it, *husgus*, *husgus*, *husgus*.

(3) The borrowing was not all on one side. They have taken from us *calman*, and *tarfe*, *dove*, and *bull*.

(4) In driving away cattle, the Reay country herd makes use of a word which, phonetically spelled, would appear as *tirrhi*—the voice resting on the *r*. The Norse "to drive" is *trrrhi*.

These terms are mostly connected with agriculture. I need not enumerate the nautical terms (sgiob, seòl, etc.) as they are common to North and South.

From Norse times we have inherited the following—*Jarl*, *tùrn*, *bale*, *deile*, *deilig* (dealing), *sgoil*, *sgilling*, *sgil*, *sgammal*, *slaucar* (a slouching fellow), and many others, which are often supposed to be English corruptions. Indeed, it is more than likely that our *sùsdan* (1000), for which we are twitted by our southern neighbours, may claim an equally remote origin—from Norse *thusund*.

Preisgeadh may be from Irish *pred-chim* or Norse *prestr*, either of which alternative gives it the air of antiquity. If it was a corruption of English *preach* it should be *preiseadh*, for soft *ch* becomes in Gaelic *s* by rule.

Again, our fish-names are nearly all of Norse origin. All along the north and east coast of Sutherland, the name for *cod* is cilig from keila, the gadus longus of the Norse Edda; in Assynt it is *trosg*. Further examples are *cnudan*, *geddag*, *lang*, *sgait*, from Norse cnudr, gedda, langa, &c. It would seem that the east and north of Sutherland came to a much larger extent under Norse sway, chiefly because more fertile and accessible than the wilds of Assynt; topography serves to confirm this, but we must leave Mr John Mackay, of Hereford, to say, from his examination of the topographical record, to what extent this is true.

12th DECEMBER, 1888.

At this meeting, Mr Otto Siepmann, the College, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter, the Secretary read a most inseresting paper, contributed by the Rev. J. M. Macgregor, Farr, entitled, "The Early History of the Clan Gregor," which was favourably received by the members present. Mr Macgregor does not wish his paper to be printed at present.

19th DECEMBER, 1888.

At this meeting, Mr J. R. Macphail, advocate, 13 South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, and Mr John Macdonald, Hotel-keeper, Dalwhinnie, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the Rev. Mr Campbell, Tiree, entitled, "Fionn's Ransom." Mr Campbell's paper was as follows:—

FIONN'S RANSOM.

In a dedicatory Gaelic letter to an Earl of Argyll in a Gaelic book on prayer, published as early as 1567 by Carsewell, Bishop of Argyll, the Bishop complains that his countrymen were fonder of listening to idle tales about the Féinne, or heroes of the time of Fionn MacCumhail, than of taking any interest in "the Word of God." On this subject the writer is indebted for his information

to a rare work, *An Laoidheadair Gaelic* (the Gaelic Hymnal), published about the year 1836 by D. Kennedy, under the patronage and recommendation of Rev. Dr Macleod of Campsie. The same continued to be the case until very recent times; and a person who was about 70 years of age, a few years ago, in giving an account of old Highland habits to the writer, said that when, *e.g.*, the people of a place assembled to build a boundary dyke, some one would observe that they should wait till so and so came, and when he appeared, as the day was good and long, one or other would remark that the new-comer might tell, before they began, some incident in the history of the Fian band. The whole party then sat round the story-teller, and listened to his marvellous account. By the time that he was done, the sun was drawing westward, and some one would then say—"It was hardly worth while beginning that day, and that he might tell some other story suggested by the previous narrative." When the second story was finished the sun was well nigh setting, and the parties separated, after agreeing to meet next day, as nothing had been done that day. These were the good old, easy days, when the saying, "Hurry no man's cattle," held its ground, and people were not pressed to the same extent as now for the means of living.

In what the writer has to say upon the subject of these heroic tales, he prefers to use the name *Fionn MacCumhail*, and the host of the Fians for *Feachd na Féinne*. The renderings of Fenian and Fingalian have other ideas attached to them; and the writer's information and belief in the value of the tales, as historical or archæological, is entirely founded upon them as they exist in popular tradition. It seems to him that in this way they are more free from the embellishments of idle fancy, and, in their own proper place, subservient to the elucidation of truth.

These heroes are to this day prominent in proverbs and riddles; and sayings and references to them and their actions occur continually in common every-day conversation, although the precise incident to which reference is made may not be known. It is in this way that people speak of Ossian after the Fians—*Ossian an deigh na Féinne*, and in the riddle "Fionn went to the hill, and did not go; he buried his wife there, and did not bury her"—*Chaidh Fionn do 'n bheinn, 's cha deachaidh idir; thiodlaic e bhean ann, 's cha do thiodhlaic idir*, &c.

Very prominent among these stories are those referring to ***Fionn*** and his dog, Bran, which had a venomous or death-inflicting claw or spur on its foot; Fionn's visits to the Kingdom of Big Men; how Fionn got his wife; the death of his nephew, Diarmid; the wars in which he was engaged, &c., &c.

Fionn occupies, in Gaelic, the position of a model gentleman or nobleman, in the original and best sense of the words. He was not accounted the strongest of the Fian host, but was looked up to as ever a kind friend and judicious adviser; wise in counsel, a solver of doubts and difficulties; hospitable to the stranger and poor; a protector of the weak and defenceless, and in every respect trustworthy.

The tales of his having visited the Kingdom of Big Men, and of his having a long ship—*Long fhada aig Fionn*—are told in various forms and in many different tales. One of these has already been made public, and is to be found in page 184 of the "Scottish Celtic Review," published November, 1882.

In the tale here given, the reader's attention is first drawn to the "Little, thickset, insignificant man"—*Fear beag, iosal, lapanach.* From another source, the writer has heard this description of him :—

"*An fear, beag, iosal lapanach,*
A chota lachduinn nan geur eang,
A ghruag uchd an àird,
'S a ghruag àrd air uchd,
A bholg saighdeadh le nimh,
Gun chèire gun iteach air."

"The little, low-set swaddler,
His russet coat and sinewy muscles,
The hair of his breast pointing upwards,
The hair of his head reaching to his breast,
His bag of arrows death-inflicting without wax or feathering."

Lapanach does not mean that he was under-sized in the same way that children are, but that he was a full-gown individual, under-sized, and sinewy, or muscular. Perhaps this adjective, *Lapanach*, is the origin of the name Laplander—the people of Lapland being of smaller height and lower stature than the average European. The Laplanders, although under-sized in point of height, are strong in muscle, and their appearance generally is only that of people living in a very cold climate, and on fat and unctuous food.

The word *eang* is, to the lexicographer, worthy of attention. It is not a word of common use, but it is well known in some poetic expressions. The boast of the young deer was that no animal ever planted foot on hill-side that could catch it—

"*Sleamhuinn 's as buidhe mo bhian,*
'S cha do chuir e eang air sliabh,
Beathaich riabh a bheireadh orm."

"Slippery and yellow is my skin,
And never planted foot on hill-side
Any living beast that could catch me."

Leum nan ceithir eang.—The agile spring of four bounds denotes a standing leap, or one as high and as far as one is capable of.

Gun ghligteadh nan eang.—Without a spring in the muscles is said of a person entirely exhausted, so that he is unable to rattle his bones, or move a sinew or muscle, however strong these may have been. *'S aotrom eang* is said of a young person with a jaunty air. The little swaddler, who was despised by the other nobles as dwarfish, was received by Fionn MacCumhail, and his request was acceded to. Though his request at the time appeared trifling, it proved afterwards to be of great moment. Fionn, in this matter, appears true to his character as "The real old, country gentleman, all of the olden time."

Eìrig was a recompense, or the taking of the part of any one, or vindicating his character after death, and in this case it seems to denote the avenging or clearing and the making good the injury done to Fionn. It does not seem to convey the idea of vengeance, or the requital of loss or injury by a retaliation equally severe.

It has been said to the writer that *eang* meant a mark in the centre of the archer's bow, with another towards each end for the guidance of the archer's aim. In this case the *eang* of the bow may mean the whole *twang* of the bow, implying the whole strength of the weapon, both wood and string—the Gaelic word *eang*, and the English *twang*, being, etymologically and onomatopæia, the same word, and the whole derived from the sound or resonance arising when the arrow is launched. The trebly nimble or agile leap is one in which the whole powers of the man's body are exercised, and the muscles are brought into play like the string of the bow.

There are many traditional tales in the Highlands of much interest, and referring to more modern times, in which little men of dwarfish and even pigmy-size figure as good bow-men, slaying men of large size and powerful make by their dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow. The reader will readily remember of "Little John" of Robin Hood fame, reputed in his time one of the most skilful archers of Sherwood Forest.

Another indication of Lappish connection worth attention is that there was at one time in the Highlands of Scotland a lullaby for young children, in which the words occur, "On deer's milk I

was reared." *Air bainne nam fiadh thogadh mi.* The writer himself has not been able to get the words of the lullaby; but these lullabies, like the names of places, are very enduring in their existence, and perhaps can yet be fallen in with in other places, and among other people. The rescue of this and other lullabies and Gaelic antiquities in an available form would be a boon to the philologist and anthropologist.

The quiet tackling of even the weakly with misfortune and formidable events, and the perseverance against impending calamities, denoted by these tales, are lessons from which every one can draw a moral for himself.

In the dispersion of languages and primeval tribes, the names of places, and still surviving indications, are much to be looked to; and, before parting with the subject, it may be permissable to point out that the word already mentioned *(eang)*, being connected with the English "twang" from the resonance of the weapon, may also have its analogy and relatives in the Kangarroo and Boomerang of the native Australian, the first of these words, in name and meaning, being very like *eang a ruidh*—the hopping or agile leaping of the animal taking the place of what in other animals is running, and the other deriving its name from the sound of the weapon when thrown over the head into the air.

The names of places in the rigorous climate of the north are not very easily comeatable, most of them being made known to us through alien tongues. Kamschatka cannot but arrest attention from the beginning of the word resembling so much the *camus* or indentation of the sea into the land, which is so common in names of undoubted Gaelic origin, like Cambuskenneth, *Camusdionbhaig*, in Skye, &c., &c. It is also noticeable from the differentiating noun or locality preceding the adjective or other adjunct by which the locality or place name is denoted, as well as from its common occurrence in the names of places. It is observable that in Gaelic the differentiating noun always precedes, and never follows, the place name, as it always does in English. The person acquainted with both languages can in this respect compare Newton and *Baile-nodha. Baile* is, in Gaelic, at the beginning of the place name, but in English at the end.

The tale as here given was told last spring by John Brown, Kilmoluag, and was written out from very full notes taken at the time. The object of the writer has always been, in all matters affecting Celtic antiquities, to make whatever he deems worthy of preservation, as available and reliable to the reader as to himself, without addition, suppression, or embellishment. In the tale, the

word swaddler has been adopted as a fair translation of *Lapanach*, as the idea conveyed is that of a little, insignificant-looking and, at the same time, a sturdy, strong, active individual, though in appearance not lithe or athletic, or, as it has otherwise been explained to the writer, *moganach làidir*.

MANSE OF TIREE, *29th September, 1888.*

EIRIG FHINN.

Aon uair chaidh Fionn 's a thriuir cho-dhaltan, an Ridire Dearg, Ridire Chuirn, 's Ridire Chlaidheamh, do'n bheinn sheilg 's shuidh iad air cnocan boidheach breac, ghabhail seallaidh, an fasgaidh na gaoithe, 's fa comhair na greine, far an faiceadh iad fhein h-uile duine 's nach fhaiceadh duine iad fhein. Mar bha iad tacain na 'n suidhe an sin, thuirt Ridire Chlaidheamh, "Saoil mi an do choisich e talamh na 'n d' imich e an t-athar, fear aig an robh chridhe tair no tarcuis dheanamh air Fionn Mac Cumhail 's a thriuir cho-dhaltan còmhladh ris." Mu'n gann a so bha facal air radhainn, chunnaic iad dubhradh froiseadh tighinn as an aird 'n iar-thuath, as an d'thainig fuaim siubhail seachad 's marcuiche steud dhuibh. Rinn e direach far an robh Fionn, 's bhuail e mun bheul e, 's chur e tri fiaclan as gu h-ard 's gu h-iosal. Dh'éirich Ridire Chlaidheamh sin, 's thuirt e gun deanamh an talamh lag na bhonn 's an t-adhar nead na chean 's nach bu cheum tilleadh dha, "Gus am faigh mi Eirig Fhinn." Thubhairt an da cho-dhalta eile, an t-aon ceudna. Ghabh iad sin sios gu cladach 's thoiseach iad air uidheamachadh luing air son falbh. Cha robh iad fada aig an obair so nar chunnaic iad Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach a teannamh air an aite 'san robh iad. Dh' fhailtich iad e ; 's dh' fharraid esan sin do Ridire Chlaidheamh faigheadh e cead na comas falbh leo air an luing. Fhreagair Ridire Chlaidheamh,

"Cha 'n fhaigh ; de feum dheanamh duine leibideach coltach riutsa dh' fhalbh leinne le luing."

Dh' fharraid e sin do Ridire Chuirn, an robh doibh aice-san air gu'm faigheadh e dol leo air an turus, ach thubhairt Ridire Chuirn, nach robh feum aca air duine mi-choltach mar bha esan air luing.

Chur e sin cheist cheudna ris an Ridire Dhearg, 's fhreagair esan, gu'm bu mhi-iomchaidh leithid sin do cheist a chur airsan.

"Co bhiodh co dana 's gu'n d' thoireadh iad ablach do chreatair lachdunn, leibideach coltach riutsa leo air luing gu cuan ?"

Dh' fhalbh e so gu Fionn, 's dh' innis e dha gu'n do dhiult iad sid uile e, 's dh' fharraid e dheth an leigeadh esan comhladh ris e.

"Leigidh," orsa Fionn, "'s fhearr thu na clach co-dhiu."

Chuir iad mach an long. Thug iad toiseach ri muir 's deireadh ri tir; thog iad na siuil bhreachdadh bhaidealach an aghaidh na'n crannaibh fada, fulangach fiutha le soirbheas, beag laghach ciuin bheireadh duileach far craoibh, seileach far beinn, 's fraoch òg as bhun 's as fhreumaichean cur na fairge fiolcanich falcanaich an leathair fhinn, 's an leathar fhaisg, 's an fhaochaig bheag chrom chiar bha seachd bliadhna air an aigeal tort chnig chnag air beul mòr, 'sad air a h-urlair. 'S e bu cheol 's bu chanran doibh, sgiamhul easgan, screadail fhiaclan, a bheist bu motha a g-ithe na beisd bu lughadh 's a bheisd bu lughadh deanamh mar a dh' fheudaidh i. Ghearra i an coinlean coirce aig a ro-thoiseach le feabhas a stiuirimiche, 's dheanadh Fionn Mac Cumhail iuil na toiseach, stiuir na deireadh, 's beirt na buillsgein, 's shuidhich iad a coursa air Rioghachd na Fear Mòra.

Mar bha iad da latha aig seoladh dh'iarr Fionn air Ridire Chlaidheamh sealltuinn o'n chrann am faiceadh e fearann. Chaidh Ridire Chlaidheamh so astar beag suas, 's thill e nuas 's thuirt e nach robh roinn no earrainn ri fhaicinn. Dh' iarr Fionn so air Ridire Chuirn dol dh' fheuchain am faigheadh esan sealladh air fearann, 's chaidh esan suas astar goiread 'sa chrann, 's thill e nuas 's thuirt e nach robh sgathadh do thalamh na do thuar 's an fhradhrac. Dh' iarr an so Fionn air an Ridire Dhearg sealltuinn uathaidh am faiceadh e fearann, 's cha deachaidh esan suas ach gleidh bheag astair 'sa chrann dar a thearrain e, 's thuirt e nach robh fearann no fonn ri fhaicinn, 's nach robh 'san t-sealladh ach mur 's athar. Dh' éirich so an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, 's thuirt e riutha, "Mur deanamh sibh na b'fhearr na sid bha e cheart co math dhiubh fuireach far an robh sibh," 's leum e 's rainig e barr a chroinn; 's mar thill e air ais thuirt e ri Fionn, "Tha e mor a dh' fheannag 's beag dh' fhearann, ach cum romhad mar tha thu."

An latha 'r na mhaireach bha iad 'sa chaladh an Rioghachd nam Fear Mòra.

Nar rainig iad an acairsaid cha 'n fhaigheadh iad air tir. Bha tri Gathan Teinnteach cuairteachadh a chaladh.

Sin chuir 'n Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, Sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach air a laimh chli 's air a laimh dheis, 's thug e leum nan tri eang as is bha e air tir. Mar fhuair e fhein gu tir thug e Fionn 'sa thri co-dhaltan ann cuideachd. Ghabh iad sin gu siubhal an eilean na 'n ceathrar. Mar bha iad dol roimhe thachair riutha boirionach mòr, 's measan, donn, buileagannta aig a sàil, 's h-uile

h-uair shealladh a measan air Fionn bhiodh na ficalan dol ann mur bha iad riabh, 's mur thionndaibh a measan a chulthaobh bha na fiaclan falbh a Fionn. Shaoil an so na co-dhaltan aig Fionn gun robh éirig Fhinn aca, agus ghoid iad leo an Te Mhòr 's a measan da'n luing, 's dh' fhag iad an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach 's an eilean.

Bha esan siubhal 's a sior iomachd roimhe 's an dorchadh na h-oidhche chunnaic e bothan beag 's solus ann. Chaidh e stigh 's bha teinne mor ann an sin ach cha robh duine roimhe. Cha robh e bheag sam bi d' dh'uineadh feitheamh, 's ag eisdeachd nar thainig Duine Mòr dhachaidh, 's thuirt e—

"Gu de naigheachd an Fhir Bhig, iosail, lapanaich?"

Thuirt esan—"Nach robh naigheachd sam bith mar fhaigh-eadh e aig an Fhear Mhòr thainig stigh i."

"Cha 'n eil mo naigheachd fhein ach bochd," ors' an Fear Mor. "Tha mo phiuthar aluinn a nigheadh mi 's bhallan ionlaid nar thiginn dhachaidh o chur a chath, 's a bhithinn co-sunndach an latha 'r 'n mhàireach dhol chur chath 's chomhraig 's bha mi riabh, air toirt air falbh 's i air chall 's air seachran orm."

"Mur deanamh i ach sin dhuit," ars' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "ma dh' fheudaibh gun dean mi fhein e," 's ghabh e sios 's nith e 'sa bhallan ionlaid e, 's cha robh fear ud riabh na b' aoibheanaiche na bha e sin.

Thainig nis brathair eile dhachaidh, 's thuirt e nar bha e stigh, "De naigheachd an Fhir Bhig, iosal, lapanaich?"

"Cha 'n eil bheag no mhor do naigheachd agamsa," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "mur faigh mi uat fhein i."

"Cha 'n eil fath mo naigheachd-sa ach trom," ors' fear so. Mu phiuthar ghradhach a nigheadh mi 's a bhallan ionlaid, 's an fheasgair an deighinn a chath, 's bhithinn an latha 'r na mhaireach co math 's a bha mi riabh, air a toirt air falbh, 's a measan donn, builgeanta, aig a sàil."

"Mur deanamh i ach sin," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "feudaidh mise aimeas air;" 's chur e 'm brathair mòr so 'sa bhallan ionlaid 's nith ghlan e e, 's an latha 'r 'n mhaireach bha e cheart co ùr dhol an chath 'sa bha e riabh.

Thainig an ath-fhear dhiu sin rithist dhachaidh, 's thuirt e cheart seanachas thuirt a bhrathran. "De sgeul an Fhir Bhig Iosail Lapanaich?"

"Cha 'n eil innse sgeoil 'sam bith agamsa," ors' esan, "nach eil na 's fhearr ag an fhear mhòr laidir thainig dhachaidh."

"Cha 'n eil mo chuid sgeoil-sa ach truagh," thuirt esan. "Tha mo phiuthar cheutach a nitheadh mi 's a bhallan ionlaid dar thillinn o chur a chath, 's bhithinn an la'rna mhaireach na b'fhearr

na cha mi riabh gu dol air m' ais a chath 's a chomhrag, air a toirt air falbh 's bidh mi nis gun chlì gun chomhairle."

"Mur deanadh i ach sin duit feudaidh mi fhein feuchain ris," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, 's thug e do cheann eile an taighe e, 's nith 's ghlan e 's a bhallan ionlad e 's an la 'r na mhaireach, bha e na bu deiseadh na bha e riabh roimhe air son cath 's comhrag chumail.

An sin thuirt am Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach—"An leig sibh mise chur a chath nochd air urson?"

Thuirt fear do na braithrean ris—"Dhuine thruaigh! de tha thusa dol dheanamh ann leat fhein dar tha iad cumail rinne nar triuir?"

"Ach nach innis sibh dhomh gu de na bheil tighinn chur dragh oirbh?" ors' Fear Beag.

Fhreagair sin fear dhiu gun robh reisimead shaighdearan tighinn, 's ged chuireadh e an ceann far h-uile h-aon diu, gun robh cailleach mhor thigeadh as a dheighinn 's stopan ath-bheothaiche aice, 's nar chuireadh i meur as an stopan ath-bheothaiche na'm beul gu'n éireadh h-uile aon diu beo.

"An dig ach sin?" ors' esan.

"Thig," ors' an ath-fhearr, "reiseamaid eile, 's cruitearan ciuil air an ceann, 's cuireadh iad sin ad chadal thu."

"An dig ach sin?" ors' esan.

"Thig," ors' fear eile dhiu, "Bodach Mòr Uamhanta Gabhanda, a leagas tu 'sa bheir uat do bheatha, mur cum thu cath oidhche ris; 's Cailleach Mhòr 's mu gheibh i dlu dhuit marbhaidh h-anail thu."

"An dig ach sin?" ors esan.

Thuirt iadsan nach digeadh, 's fhuair e cead falbh an oidhche sin thun a bhatail.

Nur rainig e chunnaic e cheud reiseamaid tighinn 's chaidh e falach, gus an deachaidh iad seachad 's thainig e air an culthaobh 's marbh e h-uile h-aon riabh dhiu. Chunnaic e nis Cailleach Mhòr, thar tomhais a meudachd, tighinn stopan ath-bheothaiche na laimh, 's mar chunnaic esan i tighinn leig e fhein na shineadh 's an streath 'san robh na daoine marbh. Chur ise corag as an stopan ath-bheothaiche an am beul an fhir bha laimh ris 's leum e beo. Chur i na bheul-san an ath-h-uair i 's thug e dhith a chorag o'n ruidean. Ghlaoidh ise, "Gum bu tu fear mu dh'eireadh do shliochd do mhathar dh'éireagheas do na bheil na 'n laidheadh sin."

"Cha mhi ach 's mi an darna fear dh'éireas," 's dh'éirich e 's thilg e na cinn dhiu le cheile, agus cha robh e sin ach uine ghoirid

an deighinn am blar sin chur seachad dar chual e na cruitearan ceolmhor sin tighinn, 's an ath-reiseamaid casa air. Bha e air chlaoidh thairis 's e tuiteam na chadal 's ga chumail fhein na aireacha, chaireach e ceann a chlaidheamh ri uchdan a choiseadh, 's bharr ri mhalaidh 's h-uile cnotach cadail bha tighinn air, bha an claidheamh ga chumail na dhuisgeadh 's mar thainig bhuidhean shaighdearan fagasg dha, ghabh e air an culthaobh 's mharbh e uile iad. Smaontich e so nach biodh am Bodach Mòr ro fhada gun tighinn, agus thoisich e air deanamh toll farsuinn domhain anns an talamh 's gu chur thairis le fiodh, 's le feur, 's le cònaich. Dar bha e gu bhi cùrnaichte, an croma-ciar 's an rath-dorcha an fheasgair thainig am Bodach Uamanda Ghabhanda mi-chuimseach mi-choimeasach ad 's thoiseach e fhein 's Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach air cur a chath. Theann iad ri cheil gu garbh, gabhaidh, 's am 's an ruith dhluthaich iad air an fhosgladh bha 'san lar 's chaidh am Fear Mòr ann, 's thuair esan cothrom air a cheann thoirt dheth.

Beagan uine an deighinn so thainig a chailleach bu mhotha 's bu mhòr. Nar bha i gu bhiodh lamh ris, bha h-anail ga lagachadh dh' fheuch e co math 's b' urrainn dha cumail uaithe, 's bha iad cluich chathadh chuid bu mhotha do 'n oidhche. Ann an briseadh soillearachd an latha, nar dhuisg fear do na bràthrean thuirt e ris fhein—" Feumaidh mis éireadh, tha mi cinnteach gu bheil a fear chaidh chur chath air mo shon marbh o chion fhadadh." Thuirt fear eile—" Cha 'ne sin 's duileadh dhuit, ach gum bi do rioghachd air a sgrios." Ach thuirt an treasa brathair riu uile—" 'S fhearr dhuin dol far a bheil iad cur a chath." 'Sa mach ghabh iad 's thug iad orra far an robh iad a cluich bhatailibh. Air dhoibh ruigheachd fhuair iad a Chailleach Mhòr 's Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach air toirt thairis taobh air taobh.

Thuirt fear do na braithrean—" O ! nach d'thoir thu dhomh an claidheamh feuch an cur mi an ceann far na beiste."

" Fo'n rinn mi fhein an troidh, ni mi an t-orlaich," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, " ach cur thusa do mheur ann san stopan ath-bheothaiche ad thall as cur am bheulsa sin i."

Rinn e so 's dar fhuair Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, so ghluais e 's sguab e 'n ceann bhar na caillich, 's bha i marbh !

Thog na fir mhora leo dhachaidh e sin air an guaillean. Bha iad fuireach comhladh.

Aon latha chaidh Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach mach air chuairt feadh a mhonaidh, 's chunnaic e dubharadh froiseadh tighinn as an Aird-'n-iar-thuath, as an d'thainig marcaiche steud dhuibh, 's thug e garbh ionnsuidh air an Fhear Bheag Iosal Lapanach, ach

tharruinn esan a chlaidheamh, 's chur e 'n ceann do mharcaiche na steud dhuibh. Nar fhuair e marbh e, dh' fheuch e sin gu de na fiachan bha e giulan. Nar rannsaich e cha do thachair ris ach da chìr, sporan seang sioda 's sia fiaclan Fhinn 'ic Cumhail ann. Thill e dhachaidh sid aice.

Dh' fharraid Fear do na Braithrean, " De chunnaic e 'n diugh air a chuairt ?"

Thuirt esan — Nach fhaca ni sam bi thug toilleachadh dha, ach dubhradh froise as an Airde-'n-iar-thuath as an d'thainig marcaiche steud dhuibh. " 'S dh' fheuch e ris a cheann thoirt fharamsadh, ach tharruinn mise mu chlaidheamh as sgar mi dh' esan an ceann," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach.

" De fhuair thu na luib ?" ors' iadsan.

" Cha d' uair ach da chìr, 's sporan seang sioda, anns an robh sia fiaclan," ors' esan.

" Och, och ! " ors' am brathair mòr, " cha d' rinn thu do mhath riabh dhuinn, nach d' rinn thu do chròn an diu ; dar mharbh thu aon bhrathair ar n-athar, bha cur cuairt uair 'sa bhliadhna air uile Rioghachdan an Domhain damhair, 'sa thigeadh thoirt dhuinne eachdraidh air gach ni mar bha dol."

'S e thuirt an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach ruithe sin—" Mar 'eil an gniomh rinn mi taitneach leibh, ni mi cheart chleas oirbh fhein."

Sin thuirt fear eile do na braithrean—" 'S fhadadh fon tha e 'san dailgneachd gur e fear thigeadh thogal Eirig Fhinn 'ic Cumhail bheireadh saorsadh dhuinne as gach cath as comhrag."

Thuirt am Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach gun robh e smaointeachadh air falbh nis bho 'n fhuair e Eirig Fhinn. Mu choinneamh sin thuirt na braithrean ris, gum faigheadh e uapadh-san steud dubh a mharcaicheadh an cuan glas mar machaire geal sgiamhach. " 'S bheir thu ar naigheachd-ne do 'r piuthair, 's bitheadh i agad fhein na mnaoi phosdadh."

Thug esan 's an steud an aghaidh air an Fhéinn, 's am bial an athadh 's an fheasgair bha e le Fionn Mac Cumhail, dh' fharraid dheth fhein 's do cho-dhaltan an d'uar iad an éirig. 'S fhreagair iadsan, " Nach d' uair." Thug esan mach an sporan seang siodadh 's na sia fiaclan ann, 's thuirt e ri Fionn—" Tha t-éirig an sin, 's cha d' rinn do cho-dhaltan fhaighinn dhuit."

FIONN'S RANSOM.

Once upon a time Fionn and his three foster-brothers, the Red Knight, the Knight of the Cairn, and the Knight of the Sword went to the hunting hill. They sat down, to look around

them, on a sunny, rocky, eminence sheltered from the wind, and in the sun's warmth, where they could see everyone, and no one could see them. When they were seated there sometime, the Knight of the Sword said, "Is it possible for me to think that anyone has walked on earth or traversed the air, who could despise or look down upon Fionn Maccumhail when his three foster-brothers are near him?" The words were hardly uttered when they observed the darkening and heard the sound of the approach and passing of a shower from the north-west, out of which came a rider on a black steed. He came straight where Fionn was, and struck him on the mouth, knocking out three upper and three lower teeth. Then the Knight of the Sword stood and said, that the earth would make a hollow in the sole of his foot, and the sky a nest in the crown of his head, before his footsteps would return, "Until I avenge Fionn's injury." The other foster-brothers said the same. They then went down to the shore, and began to fit out a ship to go away in. They were not long engaged in this work when they saw a little, low-set, insignificant looking man approaching the place where they were. They addressed him, and in reply, he asked the Knight of the Sword for permission to accompany them on the ship. The Knight of the Sword answered, "No; of what use would a trifling little man like you be to us for going in a ship?" He then made a request of the Knight of the Cairn, if there was any way by which he would be allowed to go with them on their travels, but the Knight of the Cairn replied that they had no need of such an unlikely person as he was in a ship. He then in the same way asked the Red Knight, who said that it was improper of him to put such a question; "Who could have the audacity to take an insignificant looking creature of mean, russety appearance, such as you are, in a ship to sea?" He now went where Fionn was and told him that the others had all refused him, and asked him if he would allow him to accompany him.

"I give you permission," said Fionn, "you are of more value than a stone anyhow."

They then launched the ship. They turned the prow seaward and the stern to land, and raised the speckled towering sails against the tall, tough, strong masts, with a slight, soft gentle breeze, that would strip leaves from trees, willow from hill, and young heather from its rootlets and grasp, lashing the sea wildly into waves and foam in the seething expanse far and near, while the little crooked, swarthy whelk that was seven years at the bottom of the sea gave a creaking sound on the gunwale and a

thump on the bottom of the boat. Their murmuring music and lasting sound of grumbling were the chirning of eels, the gnashing of teeth, the biggest beast devouring the smaller beast, and the little beast doing as best it could. The ship could cut a grain of oats with the edge of her prow from the excellence of her steering, and Fionn Maccumhail was guide at the prow, helm in the stern, and tackle in the centre, and they directed her course for the Kingdom of Big Men. When they had been two days sailing, Fionn desired the Knight of the Sword to look from the mast whether he could see land. He went a short distance up the mast, returned, and said there was no part or portion of land visible. Then Fionn asked the Knight of the Cairn to try if he could discern land. He went a short distance up the mast and came down and said that there was no trace or appearance of land in sight. Fionn now asked the Red Knight to look closely from him whether he could get a view of land. The Red Knight only climbed up the mast a short way when he returned, saying that there was neither land nor earth to be seen, nothing but sea and sky. Then the little insignificant man stood and said to them, "If you could not acquit yourselves better than that you might as well have remained where you were," and he gave a bound and reached the top of the mast. When he came down he said to Fionn, "It is too large to be a hooded crow and too small to be land, but keep the course you are on." Next day they were in harbour in the Kingdom of Big Men.

When they reached the anchoring ground they could not get to land. There were three fiery darts gleaming all round the harbour. Then the little, low-set, waddling man put a hollow-shaped, resisting shield on his right hand and on his left, gave the standing (or magic) leap of three bounds, and reached land. After that he took Fionn and his three foster-brothers safely on shore with him. They, four, then began to walk abroad through the island. On their way they met a tall woman with a brown, fat, little Lap dog at her heels, and every time the Lap dog looked at Fionn his lost teeth were in their place in his mouth as they should be, but when the Lap dog turned from him the teeth dropped out.

The foster-brothers now thought they had found Fionn's ransom, and they carried off with them the tall woman and the Lap dog to the ship, and left the little low-set swaddler alone on the island. He was travelling, and ever moving right on before him. In the dusk of the evening he saw a small dwelling-house, with a light in it, by the roadside. He entered, and found a large fire

burning, but there was no one before him; however, he was not long waiting and listening when a tall man returned home and said, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?" He replied that he had no news unless he got any from the tall man who had come home. "My news are but sorrowful," said the tall man, "for my beautiful sister who used to put me in the bath when I returned home from fighting the battle, and made me as cheerful as ever to go to battle and combat the next day, has been taken away, and is lost and astray from me."

"If that was all she could do," said the little low-set swaddler, "perhaps I may do it myself;" and he took him and washed him in the washing bath, so that he never felt more refreshed or joyful.

Another brother now returned home, and said when he entered the house, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?"

"I have neither little nor much of any news," said he, "unless I may get some from yourself."

"The burden of my news is but sad," this brother said, "for my beloved sister, who put me in the washing bath at eve after the battle, so that next day I was as well as ever, has been taken away, with the little, brown, fat Lap dog that followed at her heel."

"If she could only do that," said he, "I may myself be able to do it." And he put this tall brother in the bath and washed and cleaned him, so that he was as fresh as he ever was next day to go to fight.

Another tall brother came home soon after, and said the self-same words with the others, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?"

"I have no manner of tale to tell," he replied, "but what the big, strong man who came in has better."

"My share of the story is but poor," said the third brother; "for my handsome sister, who bathed me on my return from battle, and next day I was better than ever to go to combat, has been taken away, and I shall be now without strength or counsel."

"If that is all," said the swaddler, "I may try to do it myself," and he took him to the farthest off part of the house and washed and bathed him so that next day he was better prepared than ever to engage in battle and combat.

The little swaddler then said, "Will you allow me to go to the battle to-night in your place?"

One of the brothers replied to him, "Miserable being, what could you do there alone when they keep three of us fighting?"

"But will you not tell me how many are coming to trouble you?" said the little man.

Another of the brothers then answered, that there was a regiment of soldiers, and although he beheaded every one of them a tall old woman came after him with a life-restoring stoup in her hand, and when she dipped her finger in the life-restoring stoup and put it in the mouths of the men every one of them sprang up alive.

"Will any others come?" asked the swaddler.

"There will come then," resumed the next of the brothers, "another regiment of soldiers with musical harpers at their head, and they will set you to sleep."

"Will none other than these come?" said he.

"Then will come," said the third brother, "a tall old man of terrific and gruesome appearance, who will take your life unless you can keep combatting him all night. After him, a tall old woman will come, and if you let her get near you her breath will kill you."

The swaddler then asked if any others would come.

The brothers told him that none else would come.

He obtained permission to go away that night to the battle. When he reached he saw the first regiment approaching and he hid himself until they had passed; he then came up behind and killed every one of them. He now saw a great enormous old woman coming with a life-restoring stoup in her hand. When he saw that she was near he laid himself down in the row among the dead men. She put her finger out of the life-restoring stoup in the mouth of the man nearest to him, and he started up alive. She then put her finger in his mouth, and he took it off from the knuckles. She cried out,

"Of all those lying there may you be the last man of your mother's race to rise."

"No, but I shall be the second man to rise," and he rose up and threw off both of their heads together.

He was there but a short time after he got that battle over when he heard the musical harpers drawing near and the next regiment hurrying towards him. He was overcome with fatigue and was dropping asleep. To keep himself awake he placed the hilt of his sword to the upper part of his foot and the point to his eyebrow, and whenever he began to nod the sword kept him awake. When the band of soldiers passed near him he came up after them and killed them all.

He now thought the tall old man would not be long of appearing, and he began to dig a deep hole in the earth and to cover it with wood, grass, and moss. When the pitfall was nearly finished, in the gathering twilight, the terrific and incomparably dreadful big grey man came, and he and the little swaddler began to fight a battle. They attacked one another roughly and fiercely. In the heat of the conflict they drew near the opening that was in the ground, and the terrible great man fell in. Then the little swaddler took the advantage of him, and cut off his head.

Shortly after this fight was over the old woman, whose size was large and great, appeared. As she came close to him, her breath was weakening him; he endeavoured as much as he could to keep her from him, and they fought almost all night. At the break of day, when one of the brothers awoke, he said to himself, "I must rise, for I am certain that the man who went to fight in my place is long since dead."

Another of the brothers said, "That part is not the worst of it for you, but that your kingdom will be destroyed." The third brother said to them all, "We had better go together to the place where the battle is being fought. They then set off, and when they arrived at the place of battle they found the enormous old wife and the little swaddler both together quite exhausted. One of the brothers then said, "Oh! will you not give me the sword that I may cut off the wretched old woman's head." "Since I finished the foot measure," said the little swaddler, "I will undertake the inch measure, but, do you put your finger in that little life-restoring stoup over there, and then place it in my mouth."

When the little swaddler had this done to him, he rose, swept the head off the old woman, and killed her.

The tall men then carried him home on their shoulders, and they continued to live together.

One day when the little swaddler went to the hill to look abroad, he saw the darkening of a shower coming from the north-west, out of which came a rider on a black steed, who fiercely attacked the little swaddler; but he drew his sword, and cut off the head of the rider of the black steed. Then the little swaddler, finding that he was quite dead, tried to get what valuables he possessed; but, on searching him, he found only two combs and a slim, silken purse, in which were Fionn MacCumhail's six teeth. He took possession of them, and returned home.

One of the brothers asked him what he saw to-day (that day) on his travels. He said that he did not see anything that gave him pleasure, but the gloom of a shower from the north-west, out

of which came a rider on a black steed. "He tried to cut off my head, but I drew my sword, and separated his head from his body," said the little swaddler.

"What treasure have you found upon him?" they asked.

"I only found two combs and a slim, silken purse, in which were six teeth," said he.

"Alas! alas!" said the tallest brother; "you never did any good for us before that is not equalled by the evil you have done us to-day. You have killed our father's only brother, who went abroad once a year, through every kingdom of the universe to its remotest bounds, and returned to give us a history of everything that was taking place."

What the little swaddler said to them was—"If the act that I performed is not pleasant to you, I will play the self-same trick on yourselves."

Another of the brothers then said—"It has been long foretold that it would be the restorer of Fionn MacCumhail's loss who would give us deliverance from all our warfare and conflicts."

The little swaddler now said that he thought he would leave them, as he had found Fionn's ransom. In reply, the brothers said they would give him a black steed that would ride the green ocean, as though it were the fair grassy land; "and you will bring to our sister news of us, and make her your lawful wife."

The little man with the steed then directed his face for Feinne Land; and, in the dusk and twilight of that evening, was with Fionn MacCumhail to enquire from him and from his foster brothers whether they had found the ransom.

They all answered that they had not found it. He then drew out the slim silken purse, with the six teeth contained in it, and said to Fionn—"Your ransom is there, but your foster brothers did not get it for you."

19th JANUARY, 1889.

At this meeting, after transacting some preliminary business in connection with the annual dinner, the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., entitled, "Minor Highland Septs, No. 2. The Macdonalds of Morar, styled 'Mac Dhughail.'" Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND SEPTS, No. 2.

THE MACDONALDS OF MORAR, STYLED "MAC DHUGHAIL."

This family long held a prominent position in Inverness-shire. It descended from Allan MacRuari, one of the most famous of the distinguished chiefs of Clan Ranald, who was executed for treasonable actions at Blair-Athole in 1509.

The first of the family was Dugald Macdonald, after whom the lairds had the patronymic, and were in Gaelic styled "Mac Dhughail"—when in conjunction with the territorial designation of Morar, "Mac vic Dhughail," by and in itself.

There is some doubt as to the connection betwixt Dugald and Allan MacRuari. The historian of Clanranald, writing in 1819, describes him as son of "Angus Reoch," who was fourth son of Allan MacRuari; and as at that time the unparalleled misfortunes which befel the main line (afterwards alluded to) had occurred, the historian thus feelingly refers to Morar as "a family which has supported the dignity of the name for ages, and whose worth will be long remembered." Mr Gregory, however, and Mr Alexander Mackenzie, in his History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles, state that Dugald was the only son of Ranald, executed in 1513, eldest son of Allan MacRuari, and thus the real heir, who, in consequence of his cruelties, was murdered shortly after his accession, and his family excluded from the succession. It would be out of place here to enter fully into the matter, and the descendants of Dugald, though they accepted his name, relinquished all title to the chiefship, which remained unchallenged in Ian Muidartach and his descendants.

Before giving some account of the various heads of the Morar family, it may be as well at this point to describe their lands. South Morar was their chief residence, consisting of a 14 merk land of old extent. North Morar, formerly part of Glengarry, was judicially sold in 1768, and bought by General Fraser of Lovat, who was anxious to add to his political influence. In Gaelic, South Morar was "Morar-vic-Dhughail," and North Morar, "Morar-vic-Shimmie." South Morar, in its entirety, was a fine property, extending from the sea to the head waters of Glen Pean, which flow into Loch Arkaig, and to the sources of the river Finnon, which runs into Loch Shiel. It contained all the waters

which run into one side of the historic Loch Morar, including also the whole of Loch Beoraid, in itself a grand sheet of water. There are some pretty islets in Loch Morar, in one of which, it is alleged, Simon Lord Lovat was taken in 1746, concealed in the hollow of an old tree. The tradition is inaccurate; there are no appearances of old trees in the islands, and trees which, I observe, by an account of seeds and labour, were planted in 1802, have been cut down for estate purposes.

The place where Lord Lovat was taken, I am informed by Mr Eneas Macdonell of Morar, is called "Druim-a-Chuirn," situated on the south-east side of Loch Morar, part of the farm of Meople. Mr Macdonell saw the tree some forty years ago, then much decayed, and he understood there are at present no remains. He took it to have been a fir, but those with him made it hardwood.

The river Morar, with its rapids and falls, is most picturesque. In Eigg, the Morar family had Gruillen, Galmistell, Sandiemore, Hollin, Knockeltaig, and Cleadell. They also had the lands of Linaclete in Benbecula, and Machermeanach in South Uist. One of the cadets of Morar founded the family of Garryghoul, afterwards Gerrinish, whose descendant in 1854 became heir to Morar, and sold the estate.

When these lands in South Uist and Benbecula were sold to Boisdale by Allan Roy of Morar, it was said he had been outwitted, and I observe a curious statement made in the year 1854, by John Macdonald, cottar in Arisaig, then aged 82, that the Gerrinish family "had money on those lands which had been left to them as Thanishdearachd." The family has long been out of Uist, but has left some permanent memorials. Miss Mary Macdonald, a member of the family, residing in Glasgow in 1854, aged 60, says, "Ranald of Gerrinish's first wife was Isobel, daughter of Morar. She was drowned in the ford. The rock has ever since been called 'Isabella's Rock.' I have seen it myself." Miss Macdonald's sister, Mrs Anne Mackinnon, says, "I have often stood in the burying-ground at Howmore, between the graves of Ranald's two wives. The burying-ground is called the Morar family burying-ground—in Gaelic, Clach or Cille-vic-Coule."

The Morar family had at times other lands, particularly seven merks of Arisaig, but those I have mentioned were all included in the County Cess Roll, made up in 1691.

I. Dugald Macdonald was succeeded by

II. Allan, designed in 1538 as "Allan Mac-Coull-MacRanald," who, with his younger brother Lachlan, receive a grant of the non-entry duties of 14 merks of Morar, 9 merks in Eigg, 13 merks in

Benbecula, and 7 merks of Arisaig. From this period, at least, commences the distinct connection of the Mac-Coul family with Morar. In a remission, dated 3rd March, 1566, in favour of Clanranald and his friends and followers, the first name after that of John, the chief, and Allan, John Og, Roderick, Angus, and Donald Gorme, all his sons, is that of "Allan Mac Coul Vic Ranald de Morar."

The Clanranald historian seems to make him the same person as Allan MacRanald of Easter Leys, who is found in 1581. I infer that Allan of Easter Leys was of the Keppoch family. His eldest son and apparent heir, named John, appears in 1588, and he himself writes a long letter, dated at the Chanonrie of Ross, as late as 1596. Allan the second was succeeded by

III. Alexander, found in 1610 as "Alexander Mac-Allan-Mac-Coul MacRanald" of Morar. In his time, the Morar family was in the height of its prosperity. He received a Crown Charter of all the lands above particularised, including the seven merks in Arisaig, from James VI., dated Edinburgh, 15th March, 1610.

Alexander, with consent of his eldest son, Allan Mor, feued out ten pennies of Cleadell, Knockiltaig, and Hollin, in Eigg, to his brother Ranald, in life-rent, and the latter's son Angus, in fee, in the year 1618. This family of Knockiltaig ran on for a long time, and in 1818 its representative, Capt. George Macdonald of the 68th Regiment, was a claimant for the Morar estate, and tried to get himself appointed tutor-at-law to John, 12th of Morar, but the attempt failed, there being some doubt as to the marriage of the Captain's parents.

IV. Allan Mor. In 1646 Allan styling himself "Allan vic Allister," Laird of Morar, enters into a Bond of Friendship with John and Donald, elder and younger of Clanranald.

This would imply that the Mac-Couls were independent of Clan Ranald. Allan Mor had three sons, Allan Oig, his successor, John, who died without issue, and Alexander, ancestor of Garry-gual and Gerinish, whose descendants, as I have said, ultimately succeeded to the estate. Allan Mor had one daughter, who married Alexander Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, which Alexander died in 1644. Allan was succeeded by

V. Allan Oig, and he in turn was succeeded by his second son,

VI. Alexander, who had several sons, including Allan Roy, who succeeded, and John, the fourth son, first of the Guidale family, whose grandson James, an idiot, was for a time proprietor of Morar. Alexander, who was out with Dundee, was succeeded by

VII. Allan Roy. He is found party to a deed in 1702, and he, described as yr. of Morar, witnesses a deed in 1683. He died prior to 1759, having been infeft in Morar in 1726. He married Marjory, youngest daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, leaving five sons, who all died without issue, save John, the eldest. One of Allan Roy's daughters married John 6th of Glenalladale, and her son, Alexander, young Glenalladale, was one of the first to join Prince Charlie, and proved a most devoted adherent.

Allan was somewhat facile, and in his time the family began to decay. In 1748 he sold his South Uist and Benbecula lands to Boisdale, and feued Rhettland, part of South Morar. An old faded document, being an agreement 'twixt Angus Macdonald of Rhettland, and his son, Allan, is somewhat curious, and may be given, as it relates to the great emigration movement which had then begun :—

"Att Sunisleter, 7th June, 1772.

"It is agreed and contracted betwixt Angus MacDonald of Retland and Allan MacDonald, his eldest son, whereas the said Angus and Allan MacDonald are to sell and dispose of the whole lands, holding feu of John Macdonald of Morar, do hereby bind and oblige us heirs and successors to perform the following articles and conditions. That is to say, that the third part of the price of the foresaid lands are to be employed in making a purchase in whatever part they think most convenient in America, and that the foresaid Allan MacDonald, being the eldest son and heir of the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, is to have the whole of these lands purchased with the foresaid money, except five hundred acres for each of his other four sons, and one thousand to be att the disposal of the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, and the other two parts of the price of foresaid lands to be equally divided betwixt the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, and the foresaid Allan MacDonald his son. I, Angus MacDonald of Retland, and Allan MacDonald, my son, do hereby bind and oblige ourselves to extend the above upon stamped paper when convenient.

"In witness whereof we have signed these presents before these witnesses—Ranald MacDonald, tacksman of Grulin, in Eigg, and Donald MacDonald, in Sunisleter. (Signed) Angus MacDonald, Allan MacDonald, Ranald MacDonald, witness, Donald MacDonald, witness."

Rhettland was ultimately acquired by the sagacious John Macdonald of Borrodale, who afterwards succeeded to Glenalladale.

By the advice of friends, Allan Roy interdicted himself from acting without their consent, but mischief had already been done.

Both Allan Roy and his son John were out in the '45, and an account of interviews they had with Prince Charles when a fugitive in the neighbourhood of Morar, is well known. From the account it seems that the old man was more inclined than his son to run all risks for his Prince. One of Allan's daughters was the Janet before referred to as having been drowned in a ford of Uist. Allan was succeeded by his son

VIII. John Macdonald, commonly termed "Lieutenant John." He succeeded to an embarrassed estate, and being tempted to enter into litigation, to set aside his father's sales to Macdonald of Boisdale, he got into great difficulties, finally losing his case in the House of Lords in 1764. He married Mary, thirteenth child of Ranald of Kinlochmoidart, by Margaret, only daughter of John Cameron of Lochiel.

One of Mary's brothers was the well-known Angus Macdonald, banker in Paris, who disappeared during the French Revolution while Paris was in the hands of the mob. Another was Ranald, who will ever be sympathetically remembered by Highlanders, as that youth who, with hardly suppressed anger against his relatives, Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, impatiently stood on the deck of the vessel while Prince Charles was vainly striving to get their assent to the rising.—"Home's History," p.p. 39 and 40.

Sometime after his legal defeat in 1764, John entered the British Service, and served for years in America. He had to part with his remaining lands in Eigg, viz., Gruellin and the Knockiltaig feus, to Ranald Macdonald of Clanranald, in the year 1773, for the sum of £1070. There is a curious limitation in the deed of conveyance, to the effect that, though Galmistell and Sandimore were conveyed, it was without warrandice, because, though they appeared in Morar's charters, they had in fact been always possessed by Clanranald. After his return from the American War John lived at Kinlochmoidart, then at Glenancross, and thereafter at Bŭnacamb, where he died in the autumn of 1809, at an advanced age.

The sales mentioned did not suffice to clear the encumbrances. General Fraser of Lovat befriended him, and made advances, but the upper end of Morar, now generally comprehended under the one possession of Meople, was sold by John and his son to Ewen Cameron of Fassfern. John was a man of considerable ability, as may be seen by the following instructions, which are holograph, to prepare the marriage contract of his daughter :—

"Outlines of the contract of marriage betwixt Lt. Miles M'Donald, of the late 8th Regiment of Foot on the one part, and

Isabella M'Donald, daughter to John M'Donald of Morar, the said J. M'D. and Lt. Simon M'Donald, younger of Morar, on the other part, that is to say, the said Lt. M. M'D. having married the said Isabella M'D. on the — day of July last, with the consent of her said father and brother. But no contract or mention of agreement being hitherto extended, or mention in any manner except what passed verbally, and the said John M'D., with consent of Lt. Simon M'Donald foresaid, obliges them to pay to said Lt. Miles M'D. the sum of £100 stg., as portion or dowry, with the annual rent thereof, from date of their marriage till paid. In consideration of which, and on the other part, the said Lieut. Miles M'Donald obliges him and his heirs, &c., &c., &c., to secure to the said Isabella M'Donald, his spouse, in case she survives her said husband, by good sufficient land security, or by lodging a capital sum equal thereto, the sum of £20 stg. yearly, beginning the first payment thereof the first term after her said husband's decease, together with an equal half of all the movable stock, household furniture, or silver plate of whatever kind that may happen to belong to them at the dissolution of the marriage, in case no child or children shall then live or be procreate between them; but, in case there are children or child then living procreate betwixt them, in that case she is only to have one-third of the movables, as also of conquest from the time of their marriage, and she is entitled to the best horse, together with thirty pounds stg. in name of a compliment and a grant of mourning."

The sum of £40 was expended in John Macdonald's funeral expenses, including half an anker of rum and four casks of whisky. He left two sons and two daughters — Simon, who succeeded Colonel Coll Macdonald, 2nd Battalion of the Royals, one daughter, Isabella, above referred to, and Margaret, wife of that well-known litigant, Dr Donald Macdonald, of Fort-Augustus. John was succeeded in the estate by his eldest son.

IX. Simon, afterwards Major in the army, who married, in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, younger son of Glengarry, and Jean Gordon, daughter of old Glenbuckett.

Miss Macdonell was highly accomplished, and an heiress, and the romantic circumstances connected with Morar's successful wooing I have mentioned in another place, as these were related to me by my mother, who was personally acquainted with Major and Mrs Macdonald. Old Morar, at the marriage of his son in 1784, gave over the estates, reserving a liferent.

Simon Macdonald built the house of Tray, afterwards called Morar House, where he and his wife happily resided for some years,

he busying himself in the pursuits of a country gentleman. They were both good musicians, and in the small though varied library at Tray at his death, there were 11 volumes of music, and amongst his effects, three violins and a piano. The old mansion of the MacCouls was stone built, gabled, and thatched, situated at Glenancross.

When Simon left Glenancross, and built Tray, his father John also left it, and, as I have said, resided in a cottage at Bunacaimb, still standing, where he died. No vestige of the Glenancross house remains.

Simon took great interest in urging the opening up of Lochiel, Arisaig, and the two Morars, by good roads, finding then, as is now, the inconvenience of the £20 lands of Lochiel being situated in Argyle.

I give one of his letters as a specimen :—

"Dear Sir,—The Roman Catholic gentlemen in this neighbourhood swore allegiance to His Majesty last week, in compliance to the late Act in their favour, which I here enclose, but wish to have returned by my servant. You'll find also enclosed a list of the gentlemen, to be delivered to the Sheriff Clerk conformed to the Act; likewise £2 1s, out of which give the Clerk £1 7s, the balance to credit of my own account. There is enclosed a paragraph, which please transmit to Edinburgh with all despatch, to be published in three different Edinburgh papers, and in the *Glasgow News*. Acquaint me of the expense with due convenience, and it will be remitted. I hope, as the gentlemen left it with me to get these things done, you'll be so good as not neglect them. I always am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) "SIMON M'DONALD.

"Arisaig, 18th Augt., 1793."

His family increasing, and the old military spirit still glowing, he again entered the army. His mother-in-law, Mrs Macdonell of Glenmeddle, writing from Inverie, 9th June, 1794, says :—"Mr Macdonald has accepted of a Commission from the Marquis of Huntly. Since it was to be so, I wish it had been sooner. He has got some recruits. God grant all things may do well for himself and family." He became Major in the 92nd Regt., and after being abroad for some time, retired in bad health. He died on the 12th March, 1800, and in one of his last letters, bearing date the 13th January, he writes, alluding to a notorious quack medicine of the day termed "the Balm of Gilead," thus—"The Gilead cordial I have found benefit from, so I mean to commission

a whole case from Edinburgh. If the effects are so sensibly felt in every complaint to which it is applied as a cure, it must be a blessing to society." The Major was buried with his fathers within the walls of the ancient chapel at Kilmoire of Arisaig, one of the seven expiatory chapels of "Allan-nan-Creach," and a handsome tombstone, costing £14 sterling, is ordered from Greenock.

This was the first blow to his widow, left with a young family of five—Elizabeth, James, Mary, Simon, and John. Her next misfortune was in the year 1803, when, having previously removed to Inverness for the sake of her childrens' education, she lost, in the month of July, her daughter Mary, and in November, her clever mother, Mrs Macdonell of Glenmeddle. Both were buried at Inverness. In these days, in towns, it was customary to have a funeral dinner or "entertainment" as it was termed, and it needed, with other liquors, the consumption of 28 bottles of port to pay proper respect to the old lady's memory, at Fraser's hotel. I give a specimen of her letters:—

"Sir,—I would have wrote you sooner, according to promise, but was detained longer by the way here than I expected, by my relations and friends in Perthshire. I only arrived here last week. I long much to know about your Mrs M'Donell and how all matters are. I sincerely wish and hope all is weel to your and her comfort. I am very anxious to hear. What can I think not to have had a letter or any accounts from my daughter or from Knoidart since I left Inverness. You cannot imagine my uneasiness, God grant they may be all weel. I am amongst my kindest and best friends, but in the midst of all, not happy with my anxiety in not hearing from my daughter, the reason of which I cannot comprehend. I have been at Lord Henderlands mostly since I came here. They are at Murrayfield, about two miles from town. My Lord sets off the 15th for Inverness, from Mercer of Aldies. I dined at St Martins with Remulin, and returned to Mr Mercer's at night. I only saw Mr Fraser, Gortuleg; he called upon me the day I came to town; he went north next day, but says he returns soon. I beg to hear from you upon receipt of this. Let me know all your news, how they are at Invergarry, what has become of Mrs M'Cay, but I beg to know when you heard from Knoidart. I shall conclude with my kindest compts. to Mrs M. and you, and am, Dr. Sir, your assured friend, and humble servt., (Signed) "JEAN MACDONELL.

"Edin., Carrubers Close, Sept. 10th, 1787.

"Direct to me at Mrs Laing's, Carrubers Close, and care of Mr Angus M'Donell, Merchant, Parliament Close.

"Compts. to Mr John M'Donald and Mrs M'Donald, and to good Miss Gordon. Adieu, write me soon."

In 1804, when in his 11th year, Mrs Macdonald's youngest son, John, met with an accident, and began to show signs of fatuousness.

I have placed Major Simon Macdonald as the 9th of Morar, because, though he predeceased his father, he had been put in possession of the estate. He was succeeded by his eldest son

X. JAMES, who, in 1805, like his father and grandfather, betook himself to a military life, entering his father's regiment, as seen by the following letter addressed to his uncle, Colonel Coll Macdonald :—

"Aberdeen, 28th September, 1805.

"Sir,—The Marquis of Huntly is extremely happy to acquaint you that he has now procured an ensigncy in the 92nd for your nephew, James Macdonald.

(Signed) "THOS. JOHNSTONE, Major of Brigade."

James Macdonald was sent abroad immediately, saw much service, and went through a deal of hardship. It was reported that he was killed at Corunna, but, in a letter from a friend of the family in Edinburgh, dated 31st January, 1809, it is said—"There has been word from James Morar, who it seems has been lucky enough not to be at the Battle of Corunna. He says the army have lost in all 10,000 men in battle, and left on the road in retreat from fatigue ; but it is said confidently that 4500 only have been lost. James Morar was in the rear on the march, and was skirmishing and retreating for three weeks."

James Macdonald returned home a major, and his mother, writing from Morar House, on 17th October, 1809, says her son Simon had a letter "from James. He is, I thank God, well. His regiment is at Woodbridge, in Suffolk. He is put into the Grenadiers as a mark of distinction."

His own views are well expressed in a long letter, dated Woodbridge, 18th October, 1809, from which I make an extract :—"I am now the representative of an ancient and honourable family, with hardly a vestige of property, but the name, with a family to support, and debts to be expunged. Providing for the one, and supporting the other, as becomes them, are my objects, and, with the assistance of God, I am determined to overcome all obstacles to effect them. The task is difficult."

Alas ! that such high hopes should be frustrated. He shortly fell into ill health, and died at Edinburgh, after a lingering illness,

in the month of October, 1811. On 30th October a youth at college writes to Inverness—"Poor Morar was buried on Tuesday. They got a very bad day, for it incessantly rained all the time of the burial." The death of her eldest son, of whom she was justly proud, was a sad stroke to his mother, but she still had the comfort of her second son Simon. James Macdonald was succeeded by his brother.

XI. SIMON, 11th of Morar. He was intended for the profession of the law, and carefully educated, first by Mr Ewan Maclachlan, of Aberdeen, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh. He was the favourite of his mother and only surviving sister. It may be imagined, therefore, what an overwhelming shock it was to these loving ones to hear that in April, 1812, barely six months after his accession, he was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while visiting a relative in Moidart. Upon his way to shoot at Kinlochmoidart, Simon Macdonald stayed a night at the house of Irin. Starting off after breakfast on 22nd April, in health and spirits, he took up his gun, which had been placed over night against the wall behind a sofa. In doing this the gun went off, the contents penetrating his head, and, though he lived three hours, never spoke. Simon was succeeded by his only surviving brother,

XII. JOHN, 12th of Morar. He, as I have stated, showed signs of fatuousness as early as 1804, and, by the time of his accession, had quite sunk into idiotcy. He attained his majority in 1814.

These unparalleled misfortunes left Mrs Macdonald with only one real comfort—her eldest daughter, Elizabeth. She, like her mother, was highly accomplished and well up to business. I cannot better illustrate this than by giving a paper drawn out and holograph of herself, early in 1814, in reference to certain accounts of cash and business, which had been laid before her mother and herself—

"Memorandum as to the Accounts:—

"A. These two Accounts, the £60 is not included in which he was due Mrs M.

"B. The Interest of Glengarry's Bond, which was due two years, he sent by Mr J. M. in 1809, which he puts right in his account, but in making up the Interest, he charged her Interest upon from 1807. And the Accounts he paid in the same way at that time.

"C. These two accounts are the same, but that the agency is charged more in the last sent.

"D. This Account he has put John in place of Simon. In it he charges with an Interview with our Lamented Simon when he was in Morar. It was the day after his coming of age, the 14th of April, when every person knows that he was not at Inverness. In John's accounts he has charged the Postages much more than they are. As to mine, if he sends the vouchers I shall be satisfied."

Mrs Macdonald was destined to lose, and that very shortly, as I have said, her last comfort. Borrodale writes on 4th July, 1814:—

"Dear Sir,—Mrs Macdonald, Morar, with her poor reduced family, arrived from Edinburgh on the 23rd of last month. Miss Macdonald was much reduced indeed, but she retained such spirits that I thought she might live a few weeks. The poor mother never despaired of her recovery until Thursday night last, late in the evening, and early on Friday morning she departed this life. The interment is to be on Thursday. You will easily conceive the distress of worthy Mrs Macdonald on losing her last hope and only comfort. I am happy to be able to say she bears this severe trial with a great degree of Christian fortitude, as much so as could be expected from any woman in her situation.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) "JOHN MACDONALD.

"Morar House, 4th July, 1814."

Barisdale, writing same day from Auchtertyre, says:—"I am just preparing to set off for poor Betsy Morar's interment. God help her distressed mother; few women have suffered more in the world, or borne her fate with more resignation and fortitude."

In 1818, when certain formalities were to be gone through with regard to the management of the estate, an old friend writing by a messenger-at arms to Mr John Macdonald, priest of Arisaig, and to Mr Macdonell of Rhue, says—"The bearer goes to cite John Morar, the remaining stock of my most affectionate friends, Major and Mrs Macdonald of Morar. That that family should have been so reduced is truly distressing to me."

Mrs Macdonald did not long survive. Glengarry, writing on 16th May, 1817, states—"He expects setting out for the West to attend the funeral of my poor cousin, Mrs Macdonald of Morar." She left considerable means, Lord Medwyn, Mr J. A. Murray, afterwards Lord Murray, Wm. Macdonald of St Martins, and Alex. Macdonell of Rhue and Lochshiel, being her executors. Mrs Galbraith, daughter of Ranald Macdonell of Scotos, speaking in

1854, aged over 70, said—"I lived for three years preceding Mrs Macdonald's death with her at Morar House." Space prevents my giving one of her numerous letters. Lord Murray, her maternal cousin, was appointed her residuary legatee, and though a great part of it was laid out by him for the benefit of the people, it did not prove a success. He erected a monumental tablet in one of the walls of Kilmoir chapel, with the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory
of
AMELIA,
Widow of Simon Macdonald of Morar,
Of their Daughter ELIZA, and Sons,
JAMES, SIMON, and JOHN.
The sorrows of a mother, borne with patience truly Christian, and
the sad fate of her family, are here recorded.
R.I.P.
J. A. M., Posuit, 1843."

Colonel Coll Macdonald, only brother of Simon 9th of Morar, married Miss Frances Cochrane, and left an only child Mary. The Colonel, who was in very good circumstances, had to be placed under restraint in 1814, and died towards the close of 1817. Mary Macdonald married Angus Macdonell, commonly called "Angus Inch," from his farm in the Brae of Lochaber. Mr Eneas Macdonell, Morar, to whom I am much indebted for information in preparing this paper, describes Mrs Macdonell of Inch in these words, in answer to my specific enquiries, made in respect that she and her descendants became heirs of line of "Mac Dhughail"—"Mrs Macdonell was regarded by every one who saw her as a very handsome and beautiful woman. She retained her good looks and graces to the last. She was little past middle life when she died. The old Macdonalds of Morar were, I have always heard, a good looking race. I am not sure whether Mrs Macdonell died before or after the family emigrated. My impression is that her death took place in this country. Mrs Macdonell was an elegant, agreeable, well-informed woman." I observe that in August of this present year, 1888, Archie, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Macdonell of Inch, died at Melbourne.

John, 12th of Morar, who died about 1832, was succeeded by his second cousin, of the Guidale family.

XIII. JAMES, 13th of Morar, also fatuous. He died about 1853, and the estate being destined to heirs male, he was succeeded by a very distant cousin of the Gerinish family, which had emigrated to America,

XIV. RANALD, 14th of Morar, who claimed through Alexander, 3rd son of Allan Mor, 4th of Morar. This Ranald's proof of propinquity was difficult, but it was assisted by a proof taken by an uncle Allan, in 1824-5. Some rather interesting facts which cropped out, may be mentioned. Speaking in 1824, Malcolm Gillies, in Cross of Morar, aged 75, says the Gillieses "had been long in Morar, and, as far as he had learned, were older in the country than even the family of Morar itself." In the same year, Donald Macdonald of Eignaig, in Moidart, aged 70 years, says—"He is well acquainted with the genealogy of the family of Morar, and can give them from the Lords of the Isles." In 1825 Miss Margaret Macdonald, only sister of young Clanranald of the '45, was still alive, and residing at Ormiclate. Her father, Ranald Macdonald, in his youth styled of Benbecula, was born in 1692. Same year, 1824, Donald Macdonald, tenant in Iochdar of South Uist, said that in 1746, when Prince Charles Edward came to the country, after the battle of Culloden, he, Donald, was 18 years of age. In 1854, Donald Thomson at Druim-a-chaillich of Arisaig, aged 74, knew an old man, Donald Maceachin, who resided at Drumindarroch, and who died 20 years ago a very old man. Donald told him he was ten years old when Prince Charles was in hiding on the West Coast. I may mention that I have myself seen a gentleman who was six years old at the battle of Culloden.

Ranald, fourteenth of Morar, sold the estate to Mr Eneas Macdonell, grandson of Ranald Macdonell of Scotas, whose trustees parted with it to an English family which had previously acquired the adjoining estate of Arisaig.

Thus Morar, which had never been out of the race and name of Macdonald since 1120, and the time of Somerled, was lost to them, but it is to be hoped not for ever.

22nd JANUARY, 1889.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Caledonian Hotel. In the absence of The Mackintosh, the Chief of the Society, who was unable to be present owing to the illness of Mrs Mackintosh, the chair was taken by Sir H. C. Macandrew, who was supported by Major Grant, Seaforth Highlanders; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Colonel Gostwyck Gard, Culaneilan House;

Mr Campbell of Kilmartin; Captain Macleod of Cadboll, Cameron Highlanders; Captain Davidson, do.; Lieut. Forbes, do.; Surgeon-General Grant, Mr Charles Innes, solicitor; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Queen Street F.C. Manse; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Dr Murray, and Mr J. Horne, of the Geological Survey. Alex. Macbain, M.A., and Bailie Mackenzie were croupiers, and among the company present were Mr A. Ross, architect; Mr Allan Macdonald, Commissioner for The Mackintosh; Mr Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Coy.'s; Treasurer Jonathan Ross, Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Dr Moir, Aberdeen; Rev. Mr Sinton, Invergarry; Mr James Gossip, Inverness; Mr A. Machardy, Chief-Constable; Mr Donald Fraser of Millburn; Mr Thomas Fraser, do.; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Wm Macdonald, Sheriff-Clerk Depute; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr John S. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Henry V. Maccallum, Queensgate Chambers; Mr T. G. Henderson, Mr Macdonald, Superintendent of Police; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street; Mr Gilbert A. Matheson, Mr Strickland, Kenneth Street; Mr Alex. Fraser, draper, Church Street; Mr Fraser, Ballifeary; Mr Mackenzie, Kenneth Street, Inverness; Mr Walker, Torbreck; Mr Wm. Macdonald, contractor; Mr Medlock, jeweller; Mr John Macdonald, Castle Street; Mr Paul Campbell, Bridge Street; Mr James Macbean, Mr Wm. Miller, Longman Road; Mr Ewen Macrae, Kinbeachie; Mr Murdo Macrae, do.; Mr Wm. Macbean, Imperial Hotel; Mr John Whyte, Mr Wm. Gunn, Castle Street; Mr Duncan H. Chisholm, do.; Mr Cargill, accountant, Royal Bank, Inverness; Mr Farquhar Urquhart, Union Street; Mr D. M. Cameron, do.; Mr Fleming, Caledonian Bank, Inverness; Mr Hugh Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr D. Ramsay, Mr Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Secretary of the Society, &c. The large dining-room was beautifully decorated with clan tartans and stags' heads, and on the large mirror the arms of The Mackintosh, with the motto, "Touch not a cat bot a glove," were displayed.

After dinner, in the service of which Mr Macfarlane excelled himself, the loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair. In proposing the Queen, Sir Henry said he asked them to drink to her, not only as sovereign of the British Empire, but as the oldest representative of royal families on the face of the earth—(applause)—which was proved, as he was convinced, by her descent from the ancient Pictish Kings, whose headquarters were at Inverness—(applause). In proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, Sir Henry said they could not forget in this connection the widowed

lady, who was now in this country, the Empress of Germany—(applause). He was sure they appreciated her virtues perhaps with considerably greater force than the subjects of her late husband did; and they would have learned with pleasure that the Empress had the other day come into a singular piece of good luck by having a legacy left her by an Italian lady, which was even worthy of an Empress, the sum being stated at £600,000—(applause).

Sir Henry, in giving the patriotic toast, said they had been told recently that the Highland regiments were not to be considered as the peculiar property of Scotland, and that they must look forward to having in Scotland other regiments in the garrisons, because all were alike regiments of the British Empire. He was convinced that they would protest as vigorously and successfully against that innovation as they did against the proposed abolition of the Highland regiments—(applause). Many of the English battalions were no doubt quite as distinguished in their service as the Highland regiments, but they preferred to have the Highland bonnets in their midst, and to see their sons serve their Queen and country in their ranks—(applause). In his concluding sentences, Sir Henry alluded to the eminent military services of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, one of the oldest members of the Gaelic Society, remarking that he was sure it was a source of satisfaction to them to find his son at the table to associate with the toast of the Army—(applause).

Major Grant, who was received with applause, said he supposed the old military spirit still lingered in the Highlands, but he sometimes wondered if nothing more could be done to popularise the army as a profession for Highlanders. Amongst those present were no doubt landlords, municipal authorities, factors, employers of labour, and tenants of large farms, men who in town and country districts exercised authority and influence, who must know of many fine young fellows who were idling away their time, and living from hand to mouth, and who, if they could be induced to join the army, would benefit both themselves and do a service to their country—(applause). He wished some influence towards a military career could be brought to bear upon this class. He did not refer to those young fellows who were doing their duty by striving to help forward the trade and agriculture of the country, whose assistance was required at home, but to those, and there were many, he was afraid, in the Highlands, who were idling along and were a burden to their families and a degradation to themselves and their race—(applause). In the army they would

become gallant soldiers, and they would earn, what they had little prospect of earning otherwise, a pension to comfort them in their old age—(applause). He desired to thank Sir Henry for the terms in which he had alluded to his father—(applause). It was a grand thing to have a father to be as proud of as he was of his. In his old age nothing delighted Sir Patrick Grant more than to know that his name was still looked upon with some affection in the Highlands he loved so well—(applause).

At this stage of the proceedings, the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, read the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows:—"The Council have pleasure in reporting that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. During the past year 45 new members were enrolled, and eleven volumes added to the library. The fourteenth volume of Transactions is now in the binder's hands, and will be delivered to the members in the course of a few days. It is one of the largest of the Society's annual volumes, and it is believed that its contents will be found of much interest and value. The syllabus for session 1888-89 shows that there is no abatement in the activity of the members in the special field which the Society endeavours to cultivate. The Treasurer reports as follows:—Balance from last year, £66 10s 4d; income during year, £121 18s; total revenue, £188 8s 4d; expenditure during year, £165 2s 8d; balance in hand, £23 5s 8d. The Council desire to point out that in consequence of the gradually increasing size of the Society's annual volume of Transactions, the yearly expenditure is also greatly increasing; and they would urgently impress on the members the necessity of doing what lies in their power to increase the list of the Society's life and honorary members. The study of the questions in which the Society is specially interested has greatly extended since the foundation of the Society, and able scholars are ready to contribute to the Transactions; but without a considerable increase in the Society's revenue, the Council feel that they cannot issue to the members volumes of such size and value as, with a larger income, they would be in a position to publish. In connection with this subject, the Council have to acknowledge with gratitude the liberality of Mr Macdonald of Skeabost, who has defrayed the cost of the *fac similes* appearing in Volume XIV. now about to be issued, of documents from Lord Macdonald's Charter Chest, and also of The Mackintosh, Chief of the Society, who has offered a prize of £10 10s for the best essay on the social condition of the Highlands since 1800. This prize has been advertised, and it is hoped the successful essay will appear in the next volume of Transactions."

Apologies for absence had been received from the following members :—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Sir Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh ; Mr R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P. ; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P. ; Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, London ; Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel ; Mr Alex. Mackintosh of Holme ; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Mr Sutherland of Skibo ; Mr Ian Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch ; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost ; Mr James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour ; Mr L. Macpherson of Glentruim ; Mr P. L. Bankes, Achnasheen, Ross-shire ; Mr D. Cameron, Moniack Castle ; Dr Masson, Edinburgh ; Mr Donald Davidson of Drummond Park ; Mr J. Macpherson, Caledonian United Service Club, Edinburgh ; Mr John Henderson, Town Clerk, Fortrose ; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch ; Mr A. Mackintosh Shaw, G.P.O., London ; Rev. C. H. Goldthwaite, The Manse, Glen-Urquhart ; Dr Miller, Fort-William ; Mr A. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie ; Rev. John Mackintosh, F.C. Manse, Fort-William ; Rev. Alexander Bisset, The Abbey, Fort-Augustus ; Mr A. A. Carmichael, Raeburn Place, Edinburgh ; Mr Duncan Menzies, Rogart ; Rev. Robert Munro, F.C. Manse, Old Kilpatrick, Glasgow ; Mr Ewen T. Miller, Fort-William ; Mr Ewen Cameron, do. ; Rev. J. P. Campbell, Manse of Urquhart ; Mr H. Bannerman, Southport ; Mr D. Maclachlan, Edinburgh ; Mr G. M. Sutherland, Wick ; Mr James M. Gow, Union Bank, Hunter Square, Glasgow ; Mr Alex. Maclean, Greenock ; Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford ; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh ; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Chelsea. The Secretary further stated that he had received a telegram from The Mackintosh, wishing all success to the gathering, and read the following telegram from Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society : —"Buaidh agus piseach, sith agus sonus, do fhear na cathrach agus do'n chomunn."

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," said—I must again repeat the apology which I made at the beginning of our proceedings, that my occupancy of this position arose from the unfortunate absence of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and that it is only a few hours ago that I understood I was to take his place. I hope, therefore, that you will not expect from me such an elaborate and thoughtful address as is usually delivered on occasions of this kind. The toast is one we can all drink with enthusiasm, and the subject of the toast is one to which we can refer, I think, with unmixed satisfaction—(applause). The Gaelic Society of Inverness is, it appears to me, fairly and fully fulfilling the objects which its founders had in view. It has been doing its utmost to preserve

the ancient Highland feeling, to encourage the native Highland literature, and preserve the records of Highland history. The Secretary has just told us that the annual volume of the Society's transactions would be placed in the hands of members in a few days, and he has kindly placed in my hands an advanced copy, which, as you will see, is a very bulky and respectable book—(applause). On looking over the index, one can see that the volume contains a great deal of matter which will be valuable always as Highland history—(applause). There are various societies which, in these days, undertake to put into our hands in readable form, records and documents relating to the history of our country, so far as hitherto has not been published. I happen to belong to two of those societies, and, while the subscription is a guinea per annum for one or two volumes, I venture to say that there is more readable matter in this volume than in the publications of the new Spalding Club, or the Royal Historical Society, since they commenced business—(applause). Now, this is one of the fields in which this Society can be peculiarly useful, and in which it may still more extend its efforts. We have in this volume a *fac simile* of a Clan Macdonald Charter, dated 1744, bearing the signature of Donald Cameron of Lochiel (the gentle Lochiel) and two other chiefs; a most interesting document, but I am sorry to say its terms indicate the beginning of the decadence of the true Highland spirit which characterised the olden time. I have not read it through, but I see it is an agreement between the three chiefs to the effect that thefts and other depredations having become injuriously common, they bind themselves—in the most ignominious manner—(laughter)—to put these offences down; not only so, but they agree to subscribe a certain sum to bring the offenders to justice at the County Courts. Such a thing could not be done unless the Highland chiefs had gone down greatly in the world—(laughter). At an earlier and more spirited period, if the chiefs could not protect their thieves and depredators, they would have hung them themselves—(laughter). Another feature of the volume is the unpublished correspondence of Lord Lovat, contributed by our friend Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, whose forthcoming work on the history of the Castle and Glen of Urquhart we are all looking forward to with much anticipation and interest—(applause). There are various other important subjects discussed in the volume, and the matter thus given, which will prove valuable, as has been recently remarked by those of high authority upon these topics, to all Celtic scholars interested in the social, political, and antiquarian history of the High-

land people—(applause). I think we may sincerely congratulate ourselves on the fact that the Society is prospering, and doing its duty well—(applause). The membership continues large, and, upon the two occasions I was present recently, a satisfactory amount of interest was shown in the papers read; but I only wish that more would, by their attendance at the weekly meetings, testify to their interest in the Society's work. There is only one subject to which I wish to refer, and it is one on which I have spoken on former occasions; I mean the promotion of the native industries of the Highlands—(applause). Since I last alluded to the subject, Mr Alexander Ross has contributed a paper to the Field Club transactions, in which he gives a list of the native Highland dyes used long ago in the weaving of tartans for Highland soldiers, and thus elucidates an interesting department of a particular industry. We hear a great deal about the land question and about the future of the Highlands, and the capacity of this part of the country to maintain a large population. I see that our friend Mr Mackenzie, who, I am sorry to see is not present to-night, told an audience at Kingussie the other day that he had "thocht" out the land question and also "wrocht it oot"—(laughter). I cannot say, with regard to the question to which I have referred, that I have "wrocht it oot;" but I feel quite satisfied that the comfort and happiness of the Highland people could not be more thoroughly or efficiently promoted than by encouraging the revival of the old domestic manufactures which used to be characteristic of the country—(applause). It was true, perhaps, that hand-made goods could not compete with the productions of modern machinery, but so far as usefulness and economy was concerned, I am convinced that home-made material is far more profitable in the end—(applause). I do not refer alone to the manufacture of stockings and tweeds, although nothing is more beautiful in the world than the Highland tartans and checks. There is also the art of carving, which was pre-eminent as an industry in byegone times, and the working of metals. In India at this day a common peasant will produce an artistic article for a few rupees, and there is no doubt that much valuable work of a similar kind used to be done in the Highlands in ancient times by numbers of the peasantry, who received their education in the Celtic monasteries. With regard to wood-carving, I can remember the period when beautifully carved articles were exposed for sale at the Inverness market. An effort has lately been made in the Lovat country to revive this art, and at the Sutherland Exhibition, held in Inverness last summer, a considerable amount of

work, much of which was executed in cottage homes, was exhibited. As I have said, if this Society could accomplish something in the way of promoting the native industries and manufactures of the Highlands, a great deal would be done to add to the comfort and happiness and contentment of the Highland people—(applause). People cannot live on small plots of land entirely by that land. On a recent occasion I passed a day at Dunvegan, in Skye, along with my friend, Mr Mackay, and happened to hear that a young lady had telegraphed to Paris for a bonnet in order to attend a marriage. Now, crofts cannot produce Parisian bonnets, however well the Highland question may be thocht and wrocht oot—(laughter)—and the people ought to know that. They would be very much happier with the articles of their own manufacture; and I would suggest that a prize should be given to the woman who dressed best in materials of her own manufacture—(applause). Sir Henry concluded by giving the toast, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr Alexander Ross, architect, proposed the toast of the Members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs, and said he was sure they would all agree with him in saying that, whatever their politics, the desire of all of them was to promote the interests of the constituencies they represented—(applause).

Rev. Thomas Sinton, Invergarry, proposed the Language and Literature of the Gael—(applause). He felt not a little honoured, he said, in being asked to propose this toast, which must be regarded in some respects as the toast of the evening. Although a Borderer by name, he was fully three-fourths Celtic by descent, and altogether Highland in his appreciation of the language and literature of the Gael—(applause). There was an element of truth in that hoary myth as to the antiquity of the Gaelic language; it was far less artificial than English or any of the great European tongues—(applause). He thought it was in a peculiar sense the language of the heart and of nature—(applause). Through its medium the religious instinct found ready utterance; so did all the emotions and affections which were common to all time. Surely no other language came more pleasantly from the lips of children. The Gaelic bards had deeply revolved the mysteries of nature, and their verses vividly portray the changing face of nature in storm and calm and sunshine. In poetry of this description the literature of the Gael was particularly rich. Take Ossian for instance. They should not lose sight of the intrinsic merits of the work amid discussions and controversies as to whether it was composed by the Bard of Cona or the Bard of Badenoch If by James Macpherson, then that gentleman

cherished a modesty of which none who knew him well thought him to be possessed. It was quite true that in the poems of Ossian the same images and thoughts occurred again and again. But why, the same might be said of Shakespere. In Ossian, we find a plaintive eligiac strain genuinely Celtic. The author must have been one familiar with the gloomy grandeur of the mountains, and the dreary solitude of the moorlands, who had listened to the sugh of the wind among the heather and woods and rocks, and whose ear had been attentive to the varying cadence of the streams from the tinkling rill to the rolling cascade—(applause). In many passages the voice of nature spoke faithfully. What his dear friend the late Principal Shairp of St Andrew's had called the poetic interpretation of nature held a very important place in Gaelic poetry. Some of the best modern Gaelic bards had visions as pure, and impressions as strong, as Wordsworth, and some of their verses might fitly be placed alongside of his. They had Gaelic bards, too, whose delightful lyrics, instinct with the music of love, showed that their authors were endowed with the genius of Burns—(applause). There was an impression abroad, and sedulously fostered in some quarters, that Gaelic was rapidly dying, and at no very distant date would be dead and buried. He was convinced that the idea was erroneous—(applause)—that fifty years would make very little difference in the number of those speaking Gaelic. He had often observed persons who had been speaking freely in English in the presence of strangers suddenly and naturally turn to Gaelic when they found themselves alone. The heart then seemed to unbend, and the tone became more real —(applause). In conclusion, he had at this time much pleasure, in proposing the Language and Literature of the Gael, to couple with this toast the names of Mr Campbell and Mr Macbain. He believed that these gentlemen were upon the eve of making a new venture in the field of Gaelic literature. In this field they had both already made their mark. In Mr Campbell they had a *sennachie* possessed of wide and varied information in matters Celtic, and always able to command a considerable amount of bardic fire—(applause). In Mr Macbain they had a scholar profoundly skilled in Gaelic philology, and well able to tread his way through the mazy labyrinth of Celtic folklore. He wished long life and prosperity to the new magazine which he believed was shortly to appear under the editorial auspices of these gentlemen, and he felt assured that under their direction the *Highland Monthly*, as it was to be called, would be the means of fostering and illustrating the language and literature of the Gael—(applause).

Mr Campbell made a brief reply to the toast, and Mr Macbain also refrained from entering at any length into the subject, on the ground that, besides being admirably treated by Mr Sinton, it had been thrashed out many times on previcus occasions. Mr Macbain, in the course of a reference to ancient Highland stories, suggested the formation of a society in Inverness to publish some of the Edinburgh manuscripts—a sort of Gaelic Text Society—(applause). He thought the project worthy of being taken up in Inverness—(applause).

Mr D. Campbell gave the toast of "Highland Education," and in doing so said that, being an old schoolmaster himself, he was in a position to contrast the old system with the new. In his day, education was conducted at a very cheap rate—at a rate of expense which, he ventured to say, would not keep the creaking wheels of the present machinery going—(laughter and applause)—but still the old parochial schoolmaster rendered very efficient services to the country—(applause). Moreover, the old system was, he maintained, the right system, because it was based on the eternal and immutable laws of nature—(laughter and applause)—whilst the present system was based upon the falsehood of equality—upon the supposition that children could be driven through certain codes, and turned out equally perfect scholars. The result of this system was, he thought, that clever children received more damage than "dolts" received in advantage. Under the old system all children up to ten or eleven years of age received fair play, but after that age the schoolmaster and the fathers consulted together, and if Johnny was not making so much progress as Jamie, Johnny was put to his legitimate occupation, say herding, and Jamie was consecrated to a higher position in life, for which his abilities fitted him. By a great deal of sacrifice, Jamie was sent to college, and he came out as a doctor or clergyman, and was an honour to his native glen. By this process of elimination, the intellectual aristocracy of the country had a chance of coming to the front—(applause). He admitted that the present system could not be altered as long as payment by results was maintained, and he hoped that the expense which the new system incurred would be warranted by the results attained; but his opinion was that the present system was more applicable to England, which had been deficient in educational organisation as compared with Scotland—(applause). He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Charles Innes, who, he said, had rendered great service to the cause of education in the Highlands—(applause)—and was at the present time doing a great deal of educational service by

revealing to the people of the Highlands another Highlands in another country which deserved their favourable consideration—(applause).

Mr Charles Innes, who was received with applause, said that during the past year Highland education had been thoroughly maintained; it had not in any way retrograded, but, on the contrary, improved—(applause) One remarkable thing about the existing system was that the number of defaulting parents who do not send their children to school was decreasing. Those parents were generally to blame. They were actuated by either of two motives; they were either perfectly indifferent to the education of their children, or so greedy that they were willing to sacrifice their interests by withdrawing them from school in order to reap the benefit of their labour. Hitherto School Boards had tried the effect of moral suasion, but with no great success, and the consequence must be that hereafter the requirements of the Act of Parliament must be more rigorously enforced. He had lately noticed in the newspapers that certain clergymen had on platform and in pulpit been doing all that they could to prohibit the teaching of dancing, which was, to his mind, a very innocent amusement —(applause)—and one which, in a country such as the Highlands, where amusements are scarce, should rather be encouraged than discouraged—(applause). In a society of this sort they could afford to tell those gentlemen what was thought of their conduct; and it was interesting to note that, while they preached against dancing, he had looked long and in vain for speeches or sermons in which these clergymen reproved the parents belonging to their own congregations for allowing their children to grow up without getting any education whatever—(applause). He would leave the matter there; merely adding that it was very difficult to see why such a harmless amusement as dancing should be denounced, while the conduct of parents who allowed their children to grow up in perfect ignorance was passed over without a word of reproof. The only matter connected with education which had occurred during the past year, and which was of importance to this part of the country, was the proposed radical changes in the future management of the Society popularly known as the S.P.C.K. According to the scheme which had been framed, but which had not yet been formally sanctioned, a considerable portion of its wealth was to be devoted to the cause of secondary education in the Highlands, and each Highland county was to be entitled to elect a member of the new Board of Governors; the constituency being the Chairmen of School Boards. He understood that for Inverness-shire Rev.

Dr Mackenzie, Kingussie, was to be appointed representative; and it might interest them to know that, as the result of a suggestion made by his friends, a majority of the Chairmen of School Boards in Ross and Cromarty had signified their intention of electing him (Mr Innes) as their representative—(applause)—so that it would not be necessary for Inverness-shire or Ross-shire at anyrate to go outside the Highlands for parties willing to serve them—(applause). Mr Innes concluded by an interesting reference to his recent sojourn in Canada, making particular allusion to the influential positions Highlanders, who had received their education at the old Parochial Schools, had won for themselves in that colony.

The Chairman, in submitting the toast of the "Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," said the situation was summed up in answers which he had lately received from two people to whom he put a question as to the aspect of affairs. The one, an old smuggler—(laughter)—and a crofter told him things were twice as good as last year, and the other, a factor, said they were no doubt vastly improved, because he found that the tenants at the last rent collection, not only took their dram cordially, but afterwards drank freely by themselves—(laughter)—a thing they had not been in the habit of doing in recent years. Sir Henry gave examples of how native Scotchmen, by industry and intelligence, succeeded abroad. These were the things, he said, that made them hopeful of Highland people—(applause)—and they should put their foot down upon any attempt to say that they were to remain here in a country which they loved, but which could not support them. They were born here, they would come back here, but they should rule the Empire—(applause).

Mr Walker, Torbreck, in replying to the toast, said he was old enough to have seen several ups and downs in the agricultural world. He remembered well the time of the Russian war, when all agricultural produce in this country went up to fabulous prices, £5 being a common figure for a quarter of wheat. These were the times when farmers could live and do well. But a mania for farming was the result, and bankers, and lawyers, merchants, and tradesmen flocked out into the country from every town in Great Britain to take farms, the result being that land rose far above its value, and prices fell. In less than ten years, helped by a few backward seasons, he, as a farmer, was delivering oats in Inverness at 15s per quarter. This was in 1864, and the price mentioned was the lowest he received at that depressed period. As a consequence, a great cry got up that farming, at least in the Highlands, was done forever, and that good prices would never be obtained

again: but he was not one of those who joined in that cry, for he believed in the saying that when things came to their worst they always mended—(applause). Matters soon took a turn for the better, and a number of prosperous years followed—years good for landlord, the farmer, and the community—(applause). Things went on swimmingly for ten or twelve years, and then dawned the most serious crisis in farming the present generation has seen, A dark cloud, without the slightest trace of a silver lining, settled down over agriculture, and for a number of years the old, tried, and practical farmer had to struggle hard to make ends meet, and many good men had to succumb. A multitude of remedies were proposed, such as poultry rearing, strawberry growing for jam purposes, all of which the practical farmer regards as silly. Then a general cry was raised against landlords for raising the rents, but it appeared to him that the farmers themselves, and more especially those who knew least about agriculture, were more responsible in this matter than landlords—(applause). It was much to the credit of Highland landlords that many of them came to the rescue by giving reductions of rent, varying from 20 to 60 per-cent., which was the means of saving many good men from going to the wall. Second to none in the field of generosity stood the noble Chief who presided over this Society—(applause). Mr Walker concluded by expressing the hope that the revival of agriculture and trade would continue, and that the beautiful glens and straths of the Highlands would soon enter upon an era of peace and prosperity—(applause).

Mr Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Co., in replying for the commercial interests, said Inverness had not escaped the depression that had so long prevailed everywhere and proved so disastrous in many places. But its native energy and the spirit of commercial enterprise had lived through it all, and there were few towns where the signs of material progress and improvement were so obvious as in and around Inverness—(applause). There were now indications of general improvement in trade, and Inverness might expect its fair share of the returning prosperity. Although a place of great ancient and modern renown, Inverness was after all not a very big place, compared with some of their larger old towns or new centres of industry, but its trade was considerable, and there was every reason to hope it would yet expand, and that the commercial interests of Inverness would continue to be not unworthy of the historical associations and metropolitan character of which its citizens were so justly proud.

Mr John Horne, of the Geological Survey, proposed the toast of Kindred Societies, and, in doing so, said he thought it was only

natural that in a town associated so closely with the name of Dr Carruthers the study of literature should form the chief aim of many of the societies which existed in their midst—(applause). Dr Murray, President of the Field Club, replied.

Mr James Barron, Ness Bank, proposed the toast of the Non-Resident Members, to which Dr Moir, Aberdeen, replied, and, in doing so, referred to the very deep interest taken by Highlanders in the proceedings of the Society.

Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, proposed the toast of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, to which the Provost replied.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed the toast of the Clergy of all Denominations.

Rev. A. C. Macdonald, in reply, said it was often felt to be a matter of regret that there were so many churches and sects in the land. He was not sure but they all had some high end to serve. An endless density that tends to their endless unity was the characteristic of creation. The perfection of a church was not to be found in the lower forms of a stupid union, it was to be found, if anywhere, in a splendid divergence of thought and feeling. The weakness of the churches was that which was the curse of all the professions—jealousy. It destroys the spirit of brotherhood that ought to subsist between all. In a sense he considered the Pope was his brother, although he did not own him, but relationship did not depend upon his consent—(applause). Truth was divided among the sects, and he was so convinced of the divine economy of divisions that he would not, if he had the power, destroy any of them. They came together by elective affinity, and each had some great element of truth that perhaps none of the others had—(applause). Truth was so vast that it was not given to any one man or any set of men to tell the whole of it. It took each to tell his own side, and then the whole was not told. Ages to come must correct past ages—(applause).

Mr Alex. Macdonald proposed the toast of the Press, to which Mr D. K. Clark, of the *Inverness Courier*, replied.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the toast of the Chief of the Society—The Mackintosh—who, in the words of his telegram, was present with them in spirit that evening—(applause). The toast was drunk with Highland honours. Mr Mackay then gave the toast of the Chairman, which was enthusiastically responded to.

Colonel Alexander Ross proposed the health of their excellent and energetic Secretary and Treasurer, Mr Duncan Mackintosh,

Bank of Scotland—(applause). The very pleasant evening which they had enjoyed was in a great measure due to him. He had brought to bear an amount of ability and zeal in the affairs of the Society which was really surprising. He was quite satisfied that the business part of the Society was never better conducted than it is now in his hands—(applause). Mr Mackintosh briefly replied, stating that no reward would give him greater satisfaction than the splendid gathering they had that evening.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed the toast of the Croupiers, both of whom replied, and the proceedings thereafter terminated.

During the evening songs were given by several gentlemen, and Colonel Gostwyck Gard and Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, played some excellent pipe music, to which several gentlemen enjoyed a dance. Pipe-Major Ferguson of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Cameron Highlanders, played appropriate pipe music during the dinner and between the toasts.

23rd JANUARY, 1889.

A meeting was held on this date for the purpose of nominating office-bearers for 1889. All the business having been transacted, the meeting assumed the form of a Highland "Ceilidh," when a most pleasant evening was passed.

30th JANUARY, 1889.

On this date the meeting was devoted to the election of office-bearers for 1889. The following gentlemen were duly elected members of the Society, viz.:—Mr Donald Fraser of Millburn, life-member; and Mr James Ross, solicitor, Inverness, ordinary member.

6th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At this meeting Mr John Macphereon, Inverguseran, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., on behalf of Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, read a paper, entitled, "The Races from which the Modern Scottish Nation has been Evolved." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

THE RACES FROM WHICH THE MODERN SCOTTISH NATION HAS BEEN EVOLVED.

The science of anthropology has advanced with remarkably rapid steps during the last fifty years. At the early stage of the science it was generally supposed that conquering races almost entirely extirpated those which preceded them, and intermixed with the latter but little. The Lowland Scotch and English were supposed to be pure Saxons or Teutons, and the Scotch Highlanders, Welsh, Irish, and French were considered to be mostly Kelts. It is now fully ascertained that every nation is a much blended race, and that even the physical peculiarities of the earliest races are to be observed among modern populations. The languages of nations have changed, but racial characteristics have survived the old dead tongues. In Arabia, four racial types have been pointed out; but the Arabic, the speech of one of these four races, a Semitic tongue akin to Hebrew, replaced the languages of the other three races. The language of modern Armenia is an Aryan tongue introduced by its Iranian conquerors, but the predominant type among the modern Armenians does not resemble that of the ancient Persian conquerors as represented on the ancient monuments; but it resembles another represented upon them when the speech of Armenia was Vannic, a language akin to Akkadian, Medic, and Elamite—non-Semitic and non-Aryan ancient tongues. In an article in the November number of "The Journal of the Anthropological Institute," entitled "The Races of the Babylonian Empire," by G. Bertin, M.R.A.S., it is shown that the ancient Babylonian empire, extending from the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, on the south, to the mountains of Armenia, in the north, and from the Mediterranean Sea, in the west, to the mountain range in the east, from Armenia to Persia, was inhabited by four races; and that four racial types corresponding to these are still to be observed in all the countries which were anciently included in the Babylonian empire. The ancient monuments of Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, and Egypt, point out to us clearly that commixtures of races abounded in the world in pre-historic times—even in the least cultured portions of it. Races never intermix uniformly, for mixed breeds present individuals who resemble much more one type than the others from which they are derived, hence by analytical investigation the characteristics of the original races may be ascertained.

Although races change their languages, the new languages which they have acquired are modified, through time, by their mental peculiarities. The majority of the Irish speak English, but the accent with which they speak it—called the *Irish brogue* by the English and Scotch—is derived from the formerly spoken Irish tongue. The English dialects of Ireland contain numerous words and phrases borrowed from the old speech of Erin; yet the English blend introduced into the Irish population is but small in comparison with the old native share of the intermixture. The people of Cornwall are chiefly of old British descent, so the English dialect of Cornwall contains numerous words and phrases derived from the Cornish language, and the names of the numerals in it, and the method of calculating by them, are still remembered by Cornishmen. The Aryan languages, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, and Slavonian, and Keltic, contain non-Aryan words, and an eminent scholar has lately shown that one half of the roots of the Greek tongue are non-Aryan. All these languages, albeit their words and inflections are cognate, yet their individual linguistic characters, as evolved phonetically through many centuries, are entirely distinct, and point strongly towards racial characteristics and peculiarities. The languages derived from Latin have, all of them, individual characters, which mark them out well from one another, and also from the Latin mother tongue. As are the modern Italian, French, and Spanish nations, distinct mixed races derived from several older ones in variable proportions, so are the tongues that they speak. The Italian, smooth and musical; the French, soft, easy, graceful, and conversational; and the Spanish, lofty and majestic. The Anglic dialect of the Lowlands of Scotland differs much in character from English; Mr A. Ellis in his "Essentials of Phonetics," tells us that if we do not count the nasal vowels in French, the Scotch has as many in proportion to its consonants as the former tongue. So, in this respect, Scotch resembles the languages of Southern Europe, and the Keltic languages, all of which have a large number of vowel sounds in proportion to consonantal sounds. The fact is that races assimilate languages to themselves, from whatever quarter they have obtained them, as eagles, ravens, kites, and crows, convert the flesh of the birds whereon they prey into their own flesh. Such has been the case with old Aryan dialects in the mouths of Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Kelts, and Slavonians; and such has been the case with Italy, Gaul, and Spain, after the fall of the Roman Empire.

As we take an ethnological view of the people of Scotland from north to south, and from west to east, without thinking of the two

different languages spoken in the country, we learn that there is not a physical human type found in the Highlands that is not met with in the Lowlands; only that some types are more frequent in the Highlands than in the Lowlands, and others more frequent in the Lowlands than in the Highlands. The types vary in different counties and in different districts. The peasantry of the south-east of Scotland resemble those of Northern England; they are seemingly muscular, large, and tall, and they have broader heads, rounder figures and features than their countrymen in the West and North. They have generally very fair complexions, blue or light grey eyes, and their hair varies from light red to flaxen yellow, through divers shades of brown. The prominent over-hanging eyebrows, so common in the Highlands, are less so in south-eastern Scotland, and the eyes are less sunken. The fore-head and chin are rounded, and the nose, which is rather short than long, tends to straightness. The south-east of Scotland formed part of the kingdom of Northumbria until the reign of Kenneth the Third of Scotland, when it was added to Scotland, but on condition that the inhabitants were to retain their own laws and languages. The Anglian population was afterwards increased by fugitives from the north of England after the Norman conquest. The type is Anglian chiefly. Mr D. Mackintosh, F.G.S., F.E.S., in his article in the "Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London," entitled "Results of Ethnological Observations made in England and Wales," says—"In the county of Durham the existence of a fair and tall race, not Scandinavian, and apparently superimposed on the British population, would lead one to suppose that there is an *Anglian* type distinct from Saxon, and probably standing mid-way between Saxon and Dane. This type, the detailed characteristics of which I am not prepared to state, is found not only in Durham, but in the south-east of Scotland, in the district marked German in Dr Kombst's map, and scattered over the east-central districts of England."—Vol. I. New Series, pp. 219-220. Mr Mackintosh has pointed out several varieties of the Teutonic race in England, such as the Saxon, Frisian, Jutian, Dane, and Norwegian; also Keltic types, which he calls Gaelic and Cymbrian. Here is his description of what he calls the Saxon type in England—"Light brown hair or flaxen, rather broad semi-circular forehead, nearly semi-circular eyebrows, blue or bluish grey and prominent eyes, nearly straight nose of moderate length, rather short broad face, low cheekbones, excessively regular features, flat ears, head of a form between a short parallelogram and a round form, figure smooth and free

from projections, fingers, hands, arms, and legs short, more or less tendency to obesity, especially in the epigastric region, in extreme cases giving rise to what is provincially called a corporation, moderate stature." These characteristics are considerably different from those of the Anglian, Dane, Norseman, or Kelt. Keltic characteristics are very observable in the population of Edinburgh. Black hair, and black or dark brown eyes are remarkably frequent, but every variety of Scottish features may be studied in this city.

The peasantry of Galloway are a very athletic people, equalling or perhaps exceeding in stature the inhabitants of the south-east of Scotland. The predominant cast of features is elongated, the face is of a long, narrow, oval form. It is sometimes of a pentagonal form, owing to the narrowness of the chin and prominence of the cheek-bones, the nose is long and frequently aquiline, the eyes are grey or blue, the hair is generally brown, and often of a dark shade. The people of Ayr do not differ much from those of Galloway, but there, more frequently than in Galloway, a physiognomy and complexion have been observed nearly resembling those of the southern Irish; blue, grey, and black eyes, hair frequently dark, and even jet black, seldom red, but often of a fine bright yellow. About Dumfries and Castle-Douglas, as the names, complexions, and features indicate, a mixed population of Galwegians and Teutonic borderers.

Dr Beddoe thinks that squarish narrow foreheads, eyes rather deep in the head, broad, prominent, cheek-bones, and narrow angular chins, constitute the peculiarly Scotch cast of features. He is of opinion that these are rather prevalent in Kirkcaldy; but he tells us that "further to the east, and especially at Anstruther, Pittenweem, Arbroath, and perhaps Brechin and Dysart, another type prevails; figure bulkier, but not taller, face rounded, or sometimes squarish, from breadth of lower jaw, which does not form an angular chin, cheek-bones not so much marked, forehead smooth and rounded, eyes not unfrequently hazel, with light eyelashes, complexion, &c., generally light throughout this division, except, perhaps, in the old city of Brechin. Red hair particularly common at Perth, Arbroath, Kirkcaldy, and Dysart. I have reason to think that I have over-rated the proportion of black hair in Angus"—(A contribution to Scottish Ethnology, by John Beddoe, B.A., M.D., p. 17). Dr Beddoe informs us that in approaching Aberdeen from the side of Inverness, he was struck with the breadth and roundness of the faces in many of the inhabitants, but that no such idea had occurred to him when he had visited Aberdeen on his return from Orkney and Caithness;

that such of the peasantry whom he saw were mostly stout-built men, not being tall, but broad and burly; that fair complexions and light eyes were almost universal; but that hair of a darkish brown was not seldom conjoined; that flaxen was more common than yellow hair; and that red hair was also frequent—(Ibid. p. 19).

We are told by him, also, that his tables show that he did not find black hair at all confined to particular districts; that it appeared to be common in all parts of the Highlands, as compared with those parts of England, and the Scottish Lowlands where the population is supposed to be pretty purely Teutonic; that it is also common in the borders of Galloway; that in Ayrshire where hair of a clear bright yellow seems very common, that which is coal black is not much less so; that in Kintail black hair is singularly common, but that the proportion of fair hair (chiefly yellowish) is above the average; that red hair is more frequent in Marr than in any other district he had visited, and that here too a coal black hue is very common—(Ibid. p. 26).

It may be remarked that there are many shades of red hair; that there are two kinds of red hair in Scotland—the one a Keltic, and the other a Teutonic, characteristic; the former is a bright or orange red, and the other a light or yellow red, called in Gaelic *buidhe-ruadh*; among the Caffres a rusty kind of red hair is occasionally observed, and I learn from a friend in New Zealand that the same kind of hair abounds among the Maoris. "I may perhaps be allowed to point out," Dr Beddoe tells us, "that the 'rutilae comae' of the Caledonians are still remarkably and uniformly common throughout the whole region, Highland and Lowland, from the Forth to the Don, and even to the Moray Firth, but decidedly rare throughout the Highland country that stretches conterminously with it on the west"—(Ibid. p. 31).

Red hair is not characteristic of Germany at the present day, for it is fair hair—flaxen straw colour, or flaxen yellow—that distinguishes the Germans of our day from the most of other European nations, as it does also Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. Norwegian hair and features are easily pointed out in the Hebrides, Caithness, Sutherland, and the Western Coast of the mainland of Scotland, from Sutherland to Argyllshire. And we learn from other writers that it was not characteristic of Germany in Tacitus's time, for other old writers inform us that they were fair-haired then as now.

"I will now state," Dr Beddoe observes, "what are the complexional characters I have been led to attribute to the two great ethnological sections of Britons, as at present existing.

"1. Celtic Race—Eyes grey or blue, passing through dark grey and dark green into brown and black; eyelashes dark. Hair bright red or yellow, passing through various shades of brown, generally bright and tinged with red or yellow, into dark brown and coal black.

"2. Teutonic Race—Eyes blue or grey, passing through greenish grey, yellow, and hazel, into brown; eyelashes light. Hair light red, flaxen or flaxen yellow, passing through various shades of generally dull brown, into a very dark hue, but not into coal black"—(Ibid. p. 29).

The Kelts were not, as it was at one time supposed, the first inhabitants of Western Europe; a succession of other races preceded them in Gaul, Spain, and Britain. The name Keltoi or Celtae was never applied by any of the classical writers to any of the old tribes of the British Isles. Learned men in the last century ascertained by observation and study of the classical writers that the peoples of ancient Britain and Ireland were akin to the Gauls or Kelts, and that their languages were cognate. Much light has been thrown upon this subject within the last fifty years both by scholars and ethnologists. The *Celtae* of Cæsar's time were clearly a mixed race, and were not identical with the tall yellow-haired Gauls described by Livy and other ancient historians as invaders of Rome at an early period of Roman history. The fact is, the Keltic conquerors of the territories now named France, Belgium, North-Western Italy, and Switzerland, were small in numbers as compared with the conquered, with whom they gradually intermixed and became one people. The same was the case in the British Isles, but here the blending was slower, and was not complete in Scotland till the time of the Scandinavian invasions. The Picts are now ascertained to have been a pre-Keltic people, who were gradually intermixed with the Kelts, and were ultimately united with the Scots.

The Kelts of the British Isles consist of two great divisions—the one, the Welsh, Cornish, and Bretons, whose dialects are closely allied; and the other, the Irish, the Manks, and the Scottish Highlanders, whose dialectal differences are much less considerable than those of the former group. Seas, rivers, and mountains, by interrupting communication between people whose speech is the same, tend to give rise to dialectal variations, and the expanse of the Irish Sea will, to a great extent, account for the differences between Irish and the languages of Wales and Cornwall. The proximity of Ireland to North Britain would lead us to think that the British of North Britain should be closely

allied to the Irish of Ulster, at the time that the Dalriadic Scots settled in the Highlands, and that it would not take long for Britons and Scots to make themselves intelligible to one another.

Kelt seems to me a preferable name to Celt; for in the time of Cæsar the Latin *C* was equivalent to *K* before *e* and *i*, and *Celtae* was pronounced *Keltae*; and there is the Keltoi of the Greeks. Professor Rhys supposes that the name means warriors, and that the origin of it is probably the same as that of the old Norse *hildr*, war, battle (Celtic Britain, p. 2). With this derivation I entirely disagree. This name seems to me to be cognate with *céile*, which signifies, in Gaelic, friend, comrade, or companion. From it is derived the modern Gaelic *céilidh*, a visit, or visiting; *céilteach*, given to visiting; *céilteach*, a person who is fond of visiting. *Celtae* or *Keltoi*, therefore, meant friends, companions, or comrades in the ancient tongue of the Kelts. The other name by which they were known, *Galli*, according to Professor Rhys, meant warriors or brave men (Ibid., p. 2); but I do not accept this explanation. There is the Gaelic word *gal*, valour, from which there are many derivatives; but there is also the old Gaelic *gal*, which has become now *gaol*, denoting kindred. *Gaol* now means love, albeit it formerly signified persons of the same family, clan, or tribe. *Gaol* is given in Llwyd's Archæologia Britannica as Gaelic for the Latin *gens*, and in the same work occurs *Feargoil*, a kinsman; *Brathair gaoil*, a man of the same tribe or clan. Previous to the time of Cæsar, and before the Roman conquest of Spain, when Kelts were settled in regions wide apart, such as portions of Spain, Germany, and Asia Minor, Galli or Galatæ would be an appropriate name for the whole race, and Kelts for any branch of them that lived together within the bounds of the same territory; for these were companions or comrades. The name has blended with the names of Iberi, Ligures, and Scythæ; so we have Celtiberi in Spain; the Celtoscythæ, according to Strabo, in Scythia, in which he included Germany, and Tacitus speaks of the language of the Aestii, who were situated to the east of the Baltic, as being more analogous to the British than to the Suevic; and the Celto-Ligures in the south-east of Gaul. Dr Whitley Stokes, in his Celtic Declension (Transactions of the Philological Society, 1885, p. 105), gives the declension of *céle*, "companion," W. *cilydd*, protoceltic *céliô's*, and classifies it in Masculine Stems in Io. Dr P. W. Joyce, in his edition of Book I., Part I., of Keating's History of Ireland (p. 38-37), translates *gaol* by relationship; "*agus fós gach druinge díobh fein le chéile*"—"and also the relationship of each people of these same with each other."

In speaking of the Kelts, Professor Rhys says:—"Roughly speaking, however, one may say that the whole Celtic family was made up of two branches or groups, the Goidelic group and the Gallo-Brythonic one; and as Gaulish is long since dead, every Celt of the United Kingdom is, so far as language is concerned, either a Goidel or a Brython. The Goidels were undoubtedly the first Celts to come to Britain, as their geographical position to the west and north of the others would indicate, as well as the fact that no trace of them on the Continent can now be identified. They had probably been here for centuries when the Brythones, or Gauls, came and drove them westward"—(Celtic Britain, p. 4).

There is not the slightest proof that the first Kelts who arrived in Britain were called by themselves Goidels. Among all the tribe names of the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain there is none which can be identified with the name of Goidel. We know nothing of the name in Britain previous to the appearance of the Scots from Ireland in 360. We learn from Irish history that the Scots seized upon portions of Wales and settled there. Professor Rhys brings forward ingenious arguments to prove that the Goidels of Wales were the remains of the ancient Kelts of Britain, in order to confirm his own theory—but these arguments are invalid. *Guyddel*, the Welsh equivalent of *Goidel*, is the Welshman's name for an Irishman, and there is little reason to doubt that the Welsh always considered the Goidels of Wales to be of Irish descent. The distinguished Professor Zimmer, of Germany, accepts the statement of the Irish chroniclers as fact—that the Scots made settlements in North and South Wales. In the Archæological Review for October, 1888, in the article "Celtic Myth and Saga," by Alfred Nutt (p. 138), the following passage occurs:—"Professor Zimmer points out that early Irish history falls into three periods, the first reaching from pre-historic times to about the year 350 A.D., the second to the end of the 7th century, and the third to the beginning of the 11th century. No external activity regarding the Irish is recorded during the first period; the second, on the contrary, witnesses the harrying of the coasts of Britain, the establishment of the kingdom of Dalriada, and the settlements in North and South Wales; whilst the third period is filled by the wars with the Northmen invaders."

That the first Keltic invaders of Britain would have come over the narrowest portion of sea from Gaul to the South-east, there need not be any hesitation in accepting; but, as the Kelts increased and extended into Spain and Germany, it is probable that they invaded Britain from various parts of Gaul, and even

from Germany at successive periods. South-west Britain and Ireland may have been first invaded by Kelts from North-western Gaul, and from Spain, before the Keltic occupiers of the east and south-east of Britain had succeeded in subduing the non-Keltic tribes to the west and south-west of them. It would seem that the oldest name by which the Kelts of Ireland called themselves was *Féne*, and the old Irish or Gaelic language is named *Bélre Féne*. *Bélre*, which anciently denoted language has changed to *Beurla*, and is now understood to denote the English language. The word *Féine* signifies a farmer, a ploughman, a champion; in fact, one of the people. There is reason to think that it is akin to *fine*, a tribe or clan; for it also signifies a generation. *Féineachas* denotes the code of Irish laws, judgments, history, genealogy. In Fiacc's hymn, which gives a short biography of St Patrick, the Kelts of Ireland are designated *fene*—

"Pridchais trifichte bliadan croich crist dothuataib fene."

"He preached (for) three score years Christ's Cross to the pagans of (the) Féni" (Stokes' Goidelica, pp. 127, 131). The name Goidel appears to me to have been first given to the ruling military clans, and that subsequently it became common to all the Keltic people of Ireland. When this had happened the ruling clans designated themselves Clanna Mílidh; literally, the soldier or warrior clans. The words *clann* and *milidh* are both loan words from the Latin. The Latin *planta* was made into *clann* at a time when the Goidels found a difficulty in pronouncing *p*, as is the case with other early loan words from the Latin; *milidh* is from the stem *milit*—of the Latin *miles*, a soldier. After the Goidelic Kelts had been thoroughly amalgamated with all the pre-Keltic tribes, *Goidel* became a general name for an Irishman; and, at the present day, a Gaelic-speaking Irishman calls himself *Gaoidheal*, and a Gaelic Scotchman calls himself *Gaidheal*. Both these forms, which are derived from *Goidel*, differ but little from each other; and, in both, the *dh* is silent, while the *d* was pronounced in *Goidel*. In the Welsh name for an Irishman, Gwyddel, also derived from *Goidel*, the medial *d* becomes *dd*, which, in Welsh, is equivalent to *th* in *wither*.

The Scots are first mentioned by Roman writers about the year 360. They fought in alliance with the Picts against the Romans. The fighting men of all countries in past times, when they invaded a country foreign to them, usually designated themselves by a name in their own language denoting warriors. This was the case with the Goidels in Britain. *Scoth*, in old Irish, sig-

nifies warrior (O'Daveron's Glossary, in Stokes Three Irish Glossaries, p. 115), and *Scothi* the Goidels, fighting with the Romans, called themselves; whence the Roman name for them, Scoti, and the Roman name for Ireland, after their appearance in Britain, Scotia. This name was transferred to modern Scotland in the tenth century. By that time the Scots and Picts had become one people. At the end of the tenth century, what was once the kingdom of Strathclyde and Galloway were added to the Scotch kingdom, and, in the beginning of the eleventh century, the northern portion of that which was formerly the kingdom of Northumbria was also added. Scotland then extended to the Tweed and the Solway Firth. Gaelic being the language of the old Scots, it was spoken much further east than it is now. It was the language of Galloway, where it was not entirely extinct, even in the reign of Charles I. It was intrusive in Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, and Dumfriesshire, wherein innumerous Gaelic place-names are found. The monasteries in the south of Scotland from the sixth to the end of the tenth century were filled with Irish monks, and large numbers of their lay countrymen came over with them to cultivate the land attached to the monasteries, and do other services. So Gaelic place-names are found here and there in the south-eastern counties, such as Melrose (*Maol-rois*, smooth-topped hill of the promontory or of the peninsula). There is reason to think that all the *invers* in the east of Scotland were substituted for *abers* by Goidels, and that *pet*, the Pictish equivalent for the Gaelic *baile*, a townland name, which is so rare in the north-western counties, and so frequent in the north-eastern, has disappeared in the north-west on account of this part of the country being sooner occupied by the Scots than the north-east.

It is shown now by the investigations of scholars and scientists that the Picts were a pre-Keltic people. There is no ground for accepting the explanation of their name given by Roman writers that they were so called because they painted themselves. As inheritance went in the female line, the husbands of heiresses, who were frequently of foreign origin, became influential among them. Princesses married the sons of British or Irish kings, who became Pictish kings after the deaths of their fathers-in-law. Owing to proximity of position, the northern Picts intermixed, at an early period, with Irish Kelts, and the Southern Picts with British Kelts. Long before the settlement of the Dalriadic Scots in the Highlands, the Picts were much intermixed with Scots or Goidels; and no doubt their speech was much blended with Gaelic. There is extremely little of the Pictish language pre-

served—only a few words known as such; but future research among the dialects and sub-dialects of Albanic Gaelic may yet throw light on this interesting, but obscure topic.

In the lists of the names of the Pictish kings, the forms of the names are very unlike the forms of Keltic names, either Brythonic or Goidelic. Brude appears to have been a kingly name bestowed on the king, along with his own proper name. In one list of Pictish kings (Skene's Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, p. 3) Brude occurs joined to another name twenty-seven times. Again, the consonant *p*, so alien to old Goidelic names, is remarkably frequent. Mr Hyde Clarke calls "Brude a Pictish kingly title," in his paper, "The Picts and Pre-Celtic Britain" (published in "The Transactions of the Royal Historical Society"); identifies Brude with Prytanis, the name of a king of Sparta, with Proteus, the name of a king of Egypt, and with Protus, the name, according to Plutarch, of the founder of Massilia, now Marseilles; also with Prætus, the name of a king of Argos. "It is possible," he says, "that Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins or Tarkon from Rome, was himself of royal stock, and that the name has nothing to do with the term Brutus, as Brute, but expressed the kingly title." He identifies Drust with Otreus, the name of a king of Phrygia, with Atreus, the name of a king of Mycenae, with Eurystheus, the name of a king of Argos, with Asturias, the name of a king of Crete, with Astræus, the name of a king of Arcadia; again, with a closer form, Adrastus, the name of a king of Argos, of a king of Sicyon, of the father of Eurydice, who married Ilos, King of Troy, of a Phrygian prince of the time of Croesus, King of Lydia. He also identifies Thrasydæus, the name of a king of Thessaly, with Drust, and mentions Adrastia as the name of a country near Troy. He considers Talargan to be identical with Telegonus, the name of two kings of Egypt, and of a king of the Greek Islands; and with Telkhis, the name of an early king of Peloponnesus; also with Thelxion and Telkhines, names of chiefs of Rhodes. All these names Mr Hyde Clarke views as kingly titles. And he observes that—"Although the several names figure in Greek books, and are commonly represented as Greek, they are to be accounted for as transliterations of names in earlier languages rendered into various Greek dialects. These dialects were not always capable of reproducing the original sounds; the *sh* was one of these difficulties. It is found in Hebrew for Canaanite names, but in Greek it is supplied by *sk*, *ks*, &c. It must, therefore, be expected that we shall find variety of forms in the Greek renderings. Besides, the syllables in Iberian are

capable of transposition, and *l* and *r* were not always distinguished."

Irish writers, following the opinions of classical authors, explained their own name for them, *Cruithnigh*, by tracing it to *cruth*, form or figure, and inferred that they were so named because they painted a variety of figures on their bodies; but the name Cruithnigh is derived from *Cruithin*, and *Cruithin* is a transformation of Prydyn, made at a time when the Goidels replaced *p* by hard *c*, when *pluma*, a small soft feather, was converted into *clúm*, now *clòimh*, meaning down and also wool, *pallium* into *caille*, a veil, and *planta* into *clann*, children, a clan. The Picts and other peoples of North Britain transformed the ancient name Britannia into Prydyn, as the people of South Britain modified it into Prydain, so the South Britons understood Prydyn to denote North Britain. The Goidels called it *Cruithin tuath*, by whose writers we are informed that it was the country of the Picts. The Cruithnigh of Ireland were therefore a colony of Picts from North Britain; but as the same pre-Keltic race abounded in Ireland, great confusion pervades the early history of this people as transmitted to us by Irish writers.

How far the Caledonians were pure Kelts, or a commixture of Keltic and pre-Keltic people, it is extremely difficult to decide, for unluckily we have not the names of any of them recorded, except Galgacus, the name of their commander at the battle of the Grampians, and Argentocox, the name of a queen of theirs, at a much later period. According to the best Keltologists, the best reading of Galgacus is Calgacus, which corresponds to a Keltic Calgacos. Such would have been the ancient form of the old Irish name *Calgach*, which name formed part of the old name of Londonderry in the days of St Columba—it was then named *Doire Calgach*, Oakwood of *Calgach*. The other name, Argentocox, is in modern Gaelic *Airgiod-chos*, in which *cos* means foot, leg, and thigh. The weapons of the Caledonians at the battle of the Grampians — long swords and small shields—in this respect resembling those of the ancient Gauls, would indicate that those who fought in the battle were chiefly Keltic, but the name Caledonia is not Keltic; and all attempts to explain it by Gaelic or Welsh derivations have signally failed, and hardly any words of their language have come down to us, and if there are continuators of any words of their speech in modern Albanic Gaelic, it is yet to be ascertained. I believe, myself, there are such continuators, and that future diligent research will discover them. The name Caledonia, like Britannia and Hibernia, is an Iberian name. The

ancient Iberians not only inhabited Spain, but preceded the Kelts in Gaul and the British Isles, and the Teutons in Germany. At page 9 of "The Iberian and Belgian Influence and Epochs in Britain," by Hyde Clarke, F.R. Hist. Soc., it is stated that "Caledonia is shown by its termination to be an Iberian name," and at p. 4 Idem., Mr Hyde Clarke tells us—"At a later period during my investigations for Khita decipherment, the word Nia came out a distinctive word for country land. This we find in Britannia, Hibernia, Sardinia, Hispania, Lusitania, Acquitania, Mauritania, Tyrrhenia, Lucania, Sikania, Makedonia, Lakonia, Messenia, Acarnania, Carmania, Armenia, Germania, Paionia, Albania, Babylonia, Hyrcania."

It would appear that after the battle of the Grampians the Kelts had lost the dominant power among the Caledonians, which they had probably first obtained as mercenary troops among the pre-Keltic tribes. Dion Cassius, who flourished in the third century, speaks of two nations, the Caledonii and the Maeatae, in North Britain, which exactly correspond to the Northern and Southern Picts of later times. He informs us that the Maeatae dwelt near the Roman wall, and the Caledonii beyond them; that they are addicted to robbery, fight in chariots, and have little swift horses; that their infantry are remarkable for speed in running, and for firmness in standing; that their armour consists of a shield and a short spear, in the lower end of which is a brazen apple, whose sound when struck may terrify the enemy. "They have also daggers." (See Brown's "History of the Highlands," vol. I. p. 13), It will be observed that these were differently armed from the Caledonians who fought the Romans under the Grampians. The weapons are short spears and daggers. Large shields and small swords were the armour and weapons of the Iberians. The blended descendants of the Keltic and pre-Keltic Caledonians also combined their armour and weapons—the target and claymore and dirk.

The national and tribal names of ancient peoples were, in the greatest number of cases, derived from words signifying *man*, and such appears to me to be the case with Maeatae—a name which is at a later period found in the forms Miati and Miathi, in Adamnan's "Life of St Columba." *Mae* in the former and *Mi* in the latter denote man. We have *mies*, meaning man, in Finnish; and in the non-Aryan languages of India and High Asia we have *mi*, in Tibetan; *mi*, in Serpa and Murmi in Nepal; *mi*, Lhopa, N.E. Bengal; *mi*, Míthán Nāgā, Eastern Frontier of Bengal (the "Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," by W. W. Hunter, p. 139).

According to Irish legendary history, four colonisations of Ireland took place before the arrival of the so-called Milesians from Spain—otherwise the people named *Féni.* This name may be identified with Veneti, the name of a people in the north-west of Gaul, who were powerful by sea, and who made a more gallant stand against Cæsar than any of the other Gaulish tribes. The four colonies that preceded them—Partholan and his followers, the children of Nemhidh, the Firbolg, and the Tuatha De Danann —were non-Keltic. Irish writers have considered the Firbolg, Belgae; but Professor Rhys says (at p. 276 of his "Celtic Britain," about the Belgae)—"Neither the people nor its name had anything whatever to do with the Irish Firbolg." As regards the Belgae of Cæsar's time, this is partly correct; for the old Belgae were intermixed with Kelts and Teutons; nevertheless, there is little reason to doubt that the old pre-Aryan Belgae and the Irish Firbolg were the same in race. Mr Hyde Clarke remarks (at p. 3 of his "Notes on the Ligurians, Acquitanians, and Belgians") that "the names of tribes are preserved under great difficulties, as stated by me in my *Pre-historic Comparative Philology and Mythology*, and such names have been observed in many cases to signify man in the local language of the population;" and at p. 8 of the same work he informs us that "the general name of Belgian, like that of Ligurian, is recognisable. It is man as in other cases."

The name *Fir bolg*, then, consists of two parts; the first part *Fir*, men, is a Gaelic gloss on the second part *bolg*, which tells us that *bolg*, like Belgae, denotes *men.*

The second part of the name Fir bolg, not being Keltic, the Irish Kelts confounded it with the word *bolg*, a bag, in their own language. Hence arose the legend of the men of the bags, whom the Greeks subjected to slavery, and obliged to dig the earth, raise mould, and carry it in bags of leather. Many old Irish pre-Keltic names are similarly misunderstood and explained. The Firbolg, like the pre-Aryan Belgae, were an Iberian people, of moderate stature, dark-brown or black hair, and dusk-white skin. So the type modified by intermixture is still frequent among us.

The Tuatha De Danann, who conquered the Firbolg, were, according to legendary history, tall and fair. They appear to have had more culture than the Kelts who conquered them, from what we learn from Irish chroniclers. Cultivating the soil, building of stone houses, and magic are ascribed to them—which arts are also ascribed to the Picts. In a curious old poem, the Milesians, or Irish Kelts, are represented as making alliances with

the inhabitants that preceded them, obtaining wives from the Tuatha De Danann, and not expelling them (Skene's "Celtic Scotland," vol. 1., page 176). This is seemingly a true account of the settlement of the Kelts in Ireland. That there were two distinct racial types in ancient Ireland, "one a high-statured, golden-coloured, or red-haired, fair-skinned, blue, or gray blue-eyed type; the other a dark-haired, dark-eyed, pale-skinned, small or medium-statured, little-limbed type." we learn from Professor Sullivan's "Introduction to O'Curry's Lectures on Manners of Ancient Irish," p. 72. But light-grey eyes are frequent in Ireland, with dark hair and dusk-white skin, and in this respect Ireland contrasts with Wales. There is a strong resemblance between the Tuatha De Danann, described in the preceding quotation, and the red-haired, large-limbed Caledonians of Tacitus.

The Irish Kelts seemed to have derived their eponyms from the races that preceded them. *Eibhear* and *Eireamon*, anglicised Heber and Herimon, are traced to the older form, *Emer* and *Erem*; and the latter appears to be formed by metathesis from the former. This name, Emer, therefore, it seems to me, may be identified with *emeris* in Gar-emeris, "the common Assyrian title of the district in which Damascus stood," and which, Professor Sayce tells us, is best explained as "the *Gar* of the Amorites" (Professor Sayce's "The Hittites," p. 14). At p. 15 of the same work, we are informed by Professor Sayce that the Hittites and Amorites were therefore mingled together in the mountains of Palestine like the two races which ethnologists tell us go to form the modern Kelt. But the Egyptian monuments teach us that they were of different origin and character. The Hittites were a people with yellow skins and Mongoloid features, whose receding forehead, oblique eye, and protruding upper jaws, are represented as faithfully on their own monuments as they are on those of Egypt, so that we cannot accuse the Egyptian artists of caricaturing their enemies. If the Egyptians have made the Hittites ugly it was because they were so in reality. The Amorites, on the contrary, were a tall and handsome people. They are depicted with white skins, blue eyes, and reddish hair, all the characteristics, in fact, of the white race. Mr Petrie points out their resemblance to the Dardanians of Asia Minor, who form an intermediate link between the white-skinned tribes of the Greek seas and the fair-complexioned Libyan of Northern Africa. The latter are still found in large numbers in the mountainous regions which stretch eastward from Morocco, and are usually known among the French under the name of Kabyles. The traveller who first meets with

them in Algeria cannot fail to be struck by their likeness to a certain part of the population of the British Isles. Their clear, white, freckled skins, their blue eyes, their golden-red hair, and tall stature, remind him of the fair Kelts of an Irish village; and when we find that their skulls are of the so-called dolichocephalic or long-headed type, are the same as the skulls discovered in the prehistoric cromlechs of the country they still inhabit, we may conclude that they represent the modern descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments. A fair-complexioned, blue-eyed type is still observable in Palestine, which no doubt represents the ancient Amorites. Long after the Israelitish conquest of Canaan this race abounded in Judah. Captives taken by Shishak from the southern cities of Judah, depicted on the walls of the temple of Karnak, in Egypt, exhibit Amorite, and not Jewish features. The Philistines were remains of the Amorites, and Goliath of Gath has had in Ireland, and in the Scottish Highlands, at various periods, kinsmen, so far as stature, haughtiness, and unwariness are concerned. The Amorites were long in Palestine before the Hittites, and extended much further to the east. The two races blended, and produced a mixed people. The Amorites were the same race, as proved by their physical characteristics, as the Libyans. This race is traced through Spain, the west of France, and the British Isles. It is remarkable that wherever this race has abounded it has been accompanied by a peculiar form of cromlech, and these cromlechs are found in Britain, in France, in Spain, in Northern Africa, and in Palestine, and the skulls which have been exhumed from them are the skulls of men of the long-headed type (Sayce's "The Hittites," p. 17).

Ir appears to be a personified and contracted form of *Iriu*, land (O'Davoren's Glossary), and *Sliochd Ir*, the offspring of *Ir*, that is the offspring of the earth, was applied to them by the Kelts, as being the oldest inhabitants of Ireland. Irish scholars now identify them with the Picts. The *Cruithnigh* of Ireland merely differed from them in being a colony of Picts from North Britain, whence their name, as already explained. It is this colony that has caused so much confusion in old Irish history.

Galloway, Argyllshire, Inverness-shire, Ross-shire, Sutherland, Murray, and Aberdeenshire, were pre-Keltic in Roman times. After the fall of the Roman Power in Britain the Pictish kingdom arose in North Britain and also the British kingdom of Strathclyde. The Scots, or Goidels, from Ireland, founded the kingdom of Dalriada, and seized upon Galloway, the south of Ayrshire, and the west of Dumfriesshire. Gaelic supplanted the former language of

these districts, and gradually became the speech of south-western Scotland, and of the whole of Scotland north of the Forth and the Clyde. *Cruithnech*, Pict, was a living name in the twelfth century, as we learn from the "Book of Deir;" but there is reason to think that it was entirely obsolete in the thirteenth, as the two peoples—*Gàidhil* and *Cruithnich* (Scots and Picts)—were so blended into one that there was no longer any distinction between them. I am of opinion that there was a fringe of Norse settlers along the coasts of Forfarshire, Kincardineshire, and Aberdeenshire, who remained in the country, and spoke Norse after these districts had been recovered from the Norsemen, and that a dialect of Norse was spoken in Caithness after it had ceased to be under the sway of Norway. This would account for the rapid spread of English north of the Firth of Forth, because English and Norse are kindred tongues, and the words of Norse origin in the Anglic dialect of Scotland are much more numerous than in English. When English became the court language of Scotland, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, it became the interest of all to acquire it, so that its spread westwards in the north of Scotland does not at all imply the recession of the old race westwards. The same may be said with respect to the south-west of Scotland.

We have to observe that the Hebrides and a large portion of the mainland of the Highlands were occupied by the Norwegians. The same may be said of Galloway and of the east of Scotland. We have the same ingredients blended in different proportions in the commixture of races that constitute the Scottish nation—Iberian or pre-Keltic races, Kelts, Scandinavians, and Angles; but no Saxons, for *Sasunnach* is never applied to the Scottish Lowlands; he is called *Gall*, a foreign settler. The Saxons settled in the south of England, and were, of course, like the Angles, a variety of the Teutonic race. The Scotch are one mixed race—not two; but consisting of two divisions—the one Gaelic-speaking and the other Anglic-speaking.

Let us study the pedigrees of the Highland chiefs, and we shall see how much Highland blood is intermixed with Lowland blood; and let us make research into the genealogy of the Lowland barons and gentry, and we shall learn how much Lowland blood is blended with Highland blood.

12th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF ASSYNT.

Returning to this interesting subject, as promised in a previous paper, it is now proposed to take each parish separately, beginning with Assynt, and proceeding round the coast till the circuit is completed in Creich. Each of the parishes comprised in this circuit has the sea for one of its boundaries. It may be assumed that, along their coast lines and somewhat inland, traces of Norse invasion and occupation would be found and met with, corroborating tradition and history, giving ample evidence of the fact; and were history silent upon the point, the record is unmistakeably written on the face of the land, more especially along the coast, and in the fertile valleys, where centres of population are first formed in all countries, in which minerals do not exist, or had not been discovered or worked, nor any other industry, except the pastoral and agricultural.

Sutherland was no exception to this recognised and general and natural law, that, on the sea coast and in river valleys, the original population would centre itself, then increase, gradually occupying to its full extent the coast plains, and extending inland by the river sides, as far as the means of existence could be obtained, leaving the interior wastes of moor and mountain for summer grazings and hunting.

The Norse in their invasions, no doubt predatory at first, gradually obtained possession by superior force. They occupied the plains and those portions of the valleys nearer the coast which were more immediately productive, and more defensible from the sea, as the only line of communication with their base of operations, and afforded a sure line of retreat in the event of a successful native attack. They would either eject the natives, or keep them in subjection, like their brethren in Normandy and in England.

With these possibilities and other facts, we may connect the absence of Norse place names in the interior of Sutherland and Caithness. A brief study of the map of these districts affords a

commentary upon their history. A slight examination of their place names will make it abundantly evident that here we have history itself stamped on the coast, and few subjects of research are more interesting.

The names of places, like those of streets of a town, are endowed with extraordinary vitality, frequently surviving the race or nation that imposed them, and often defying the accidents of conquest and of time, while furnishing information of an unexpected character.

Of the very earliest inhabitants of Sutherland, previous to the Celts or Caledonian Picts, few or no traces are left in local names. The few presumed to be pre-Pictish, or Iberian, can readily be solved by old Gaelic terms now become obsolete. This pre-historic race, living by hunting and fishing, dwelling in caves and woods, or on lake shores, was not likely to leave much behind it, other than a few relics, in caves or crannogs. Who these people were, who they might have been—whether a race of Basques, or Iberians, or allied to Lapps and Finns—must at best remain a matter of conjecture.

That the Celts were differently constituted subjects, there is ample and abundant evidence, for they attained to a great degree of civilisation, leaving their footprints dispersed over Southern and Western Europe. In South Britain, neither Roman, Saxon, Dane, nor Norman has been able to obliterate them. There they still remain, incorporated in the common nomenclature of the country, on the coast, in the plain, in the river, on the mountain, as Avon (river) in several counties, Adour (dark water), Dover (dwfur, water), in Sussex, Dore (dwr, water) in Derby and Hereford, Dor (water) in Dorset, as Axe, Exe, Esk, Usk, Ux (yse, W.; uisge, G., water)—river names, in various counties, Derwent (dwr, W., water; and gwent, W., high-lands—dark water from high-lands) in Derby and York, Cam (crooked), Morcambe Bay (mor, big; cambe, bend) in Lancashire, Dar (dwr, water; gwen, bright) in Darwen, Lancashire; in in Kent, Dartford (darent-ford); in Staffordshire, *Dar-las-ton*, Dar (dwr, water) (las, grey) (ton, Sax town), the town in the grey water; Frith in Chapel-en-le frith, Derbyshire (frith, forest), the chapel in the forest; Glen (gleann, narrow valley), in Glen Magna, Leicestershire; Wey and Wye (gwi, W., water), in Surrey and Hereford. There are tors (hills) in Devon and Derby, and coombes (cwm, W., dingle), in Devon and Somerset, and many others in various disguises in almost every county in England, all of Celtic origin. It is equally the same in South-eastern Scotland, showing where the Saxon and the Dane had expelled the Celts.

The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, by invasion and conquest, have left their footprints, too, in the south, and so have, in the north, the fierce and warlike Norse rovers of nine centuries ago left theirs, in place names, as finger posts of history recording invasion and temporary conquest.

Equally interesting it is to meet with other place names in the north which can only be defined by old Gaelic, or the Caledonian Gaelic of the Picts, who were the inhabitants of the country long anterior to the irruptions of the Norse, tending to prove in some measure that the language of the Caledonian Picts of North Britain has not been lost, though many of its words have become obsolete, but that it still remains in the nomenclature of the north intelligible to the Gaelic student.

ASSYNT.

It has been supposed that this parish name had been imposed upon the district by the configuration of its coast line, indented as it is by headlands and inlets of the sea, or by the aspect of its surface, alternately convex and concave, caused by its lofty mountains and deep valleys. To prove this supposition two Gaelic words have been hit upon. As (out) and innte (in), "out and in," as the origin and definition of the term Assynt, for the simple reason, possibly, that they very nearly represent the pronunciation of the word. In that case Assynt signifies "Out and in."

In charters relating to this district, from 1225 to 1640, of our era, the word Assynt is spelled or written in a variety of ways. In 1455 it is "Assend," in 1509 it is "Assint," in 1600 it is "Assyin," in 1640 it assumes its modern form "Assynt." These differences may be ascribed to the unfixed orthography of the times. They are no doubt phonetic differences in pronunciations, and written at different times by different scribes, and probably from dictation.

Tradition refers the origin of the term "Assynt" to two brothers, whose respective names were "Unt" and "As-unt," signifying, it is said, in the old statistical account of the parish in 1793, Peace and Discord, who in very remote times fought for the mastery of the district. Unt was slain, and As-unt, proving victorious, obtained the mastery, and thenceforth gave it his name. The decisive combat took place, it is said, on a small plain in Lower Assynt (Mhan Assynt), since called Rhi-an-unt (Unt's field), where the unsuccessful warrior fell, and was buried.

The more probable origin of the term, and parish name, may be assigned to the Norse word, "Asynte" (seen from afar), as the

Norse rovers would do, from the Northern Ocean and the Minch, when sailing past the coast in their frequent expeditions to the Hebrideys and Sudereys, or viewing the district from the coasts of Lewis, which are directly opposite. The mountain tops of Assynt would be objects very conspicuous on the horizon, from the ocean or from Lewis, especially the tops of the Canisp, the Suilven, Glasven, Quinag, and Stack. The effect of mountains thus seen is always striking, because, towering aloft into the sky, it fills the imagination, as well as the eye. These mountain names can easily be defined by Norse, though in Sutherland and Caithness it is rarely found that the Norsemen ever imposed a permanent name upon an inland mountain, place, or river, yet in Assynt, inland, as well as along its coasts, their footprints are seen on the mountain, the river, place, and island, lending a probability to the assumption that this parish name is of Norse origin, meaning, as above described, "Seen from afar."

These grand mountains, so conspicuous to the mariner, are, in a geological sense, the oldest in the British Isles. "They stand boldly out to view, in a district dreary and desolate, rugged rough moor and heather tufted rock alternating with lakes that lie under some of the wildest and most imposing scenery in Scotland —Coinne Mheal, the Assynt portion of Ben Stack, 3234 feet above sea level; Ben More, 3273 feet; Canisp, 2786 feet; Quinag, 2453 feet; Glas-ven, 2541 feet; Suilven (the sugar-loaf mountain of the mariner), 2403 feet, composed of silurian quartzite and trap, Cambrian conglomerate, gniess, and sandstone. These colossal piles of Titanic masonry crumbling in ruin bestrew their pedestals with the whitened products of their decay, resulting in a bare bleak country, treeless, and devoid even of bushes, yet, still the resort of the eagle and the falcon." Well might the hardy Norse rovers, seeing these grand objects on the horizon, apply the term "Asynte" to them—"Seen from afar."

On the eastern boundary of the parish a belt of limestone intersects its border in the direction of south to north to a height of several hundred feet at Innis-na-damph (Meadow of the stags). It contains many subterranean caverns, into which streams and springs disappear, to re-appear at a lower level. The Norsemen left their foot-prints here in imposing one of their names on the stream and the ravine not far from the hotel, indicating their opinion upon what they saw, and their proneness to superstitious beliefs. The ravine is truly a hideous sight, and it would seem the Norsemen, impressed with that idea of it, called it Träligill (the fiend's ravine), träll, a fiend, gil, ravine. Were this limestone

mountain situated near the sea coast, or a railway, it would form a valuable property in the midst of much that is valueless, but to the geologist, the district presents a rare field for minute investigation, and to those who delight in the pathless solitude, where, in wild grandeur, nature dwells alone, the solemn and sublime scenery of Assynt, the "Seen from afar," will afford moments of exquisite pleasure. One oft feels in wandering through its superb solitudes as if the next step would conduct him into the ideal and the supernatural. To the philologist, its nomenclature is equally interesting, though perhaps not so absorbing.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-more, beinn mor.—G. Lofty mountain.

Ben-Stack, N. Stakkr.—Like a hay stack, very appropriate to the aspect of this mountain. G. stac, high hill, high cliff; stack and stuaic, in the topography of Donegal; stook and stookens, in that of Limerick, also in Tipperary and Galway.

Coinn Mheall.—G. Coinneamh, meeting, and meall, eminence, hence, the meeting of the eminences, probably in reference to its being a portion of Ben-Stack, thus meeting it; B. Scots, mull, Welsh, moel, Armoric, or Bas-Breton, moel, eminence.

Quinag.—G. Cuinneag, a cask, in reference to its appearance; N. kaena, boat-like mountain.

Canisp.—N. Kenna, well-known, and ups, house roof—mountain formed like a house roof, the well-known house roof mountain.

Suil-ven.—G. Suil, eye, and beinn, mountain, or N. sölr, sallow-yellow, and G. beinn, compound word, Norse and Gaelic—the sallow or yellow mountain, from the aspect of its cliffy sides.

Glas-ven.—G. Glas, grey, and beinn, mountain—the grey mountain. N. glaistr, shining, and G. beinn, compound word Norse and Gaelic—shining mountain.

Sail-ghorm.—G. Blue heel, end of the Quinag mountain.

Sail-gharbh.—G. Rough heel, another spar of the Quinag.

Ben-uidhe.—G. Aodh (Hugh) and beinn—Hugh's mountain, where he hunted. Uidhe is frequently seen in the topography of Assynt and the north of Sutherland, in reference to streams and space from one part of a glen to another part. Ben-aodh is 2354 feet high.

Meallach-an-leathad riabhach.—G. Summit of the brindled slope. 2300 feet above sea level.

Beinn-an-fhurain.—G. The mountain of salutations, in reference to the herds and keepers of the Macleods of Assynt and those of the Rosses of Balnagowan meeting on its summit, which formed the

boundary between the two properties, and saluting each other. 1500 feet.

Beinn-nan-Cnaimhsaig.—G. The bear-berry mountain. 1500 feet.

Tarsuinn.—G. Across, in reference to its position in regard to the range of the direction of surrounding mountains.

RIVER NAMES.

Kirkaig.—N. Kirkja, church, so named from an ancient church and village found here, and destroyed by the pagan Norsemen—a Culdee place of worship, founded by St Maolrubha. Assynt Parish Church is dedicated to this ecclesiastic.

Uidhe-fhearna.—G. Uidh, gently flowing water, cognate with Aw, part of a stream that leaves a lake before breaking into a current, and fearna, alder-wood. It is here a river between two lakes, with a slow current, having alder trees on both its sides. Uidh is probably "old Gaelic," meaning a stretch of water gently flowing at an equal rate. In Sutherland it is also applied to a level open space between two points, or to distance between one place and another. It is uncommon in Highland topography. Wel. gwy, Wye in Hereford, Wey in Surrey—slow-flowing water.

Crom-allt.—G. Crooked stream; crom, crooked. Irish crom, Welsh crwm. Cor. and Armor. croum. Allt., stream, brook; Welsh allt, cliff; Lat. altus, high. It would seem that in remote times, allt might have been applied to the steep sides of mountain torrents, and ultimately applied to the stream itself, that came down between them after rains, and so came to represent the stream, and not the precipitous banks of it.

Led-beg.—G. Leathad-beg, small slope or declivity—a place name, the place giving its name to the river near it.

Inver.—G. The angular land formed by the confluence of two waters. Inver and aber, in their different definitions, have been fought out by Col. Robertson and the late Dr Maclachlan. Inver is not aber, nor is aber inver. Aber, from its first syllable à, old Gaelic, flowing water, and bior, point, refers to the point made by one water as it merges with the other at the confluence. Inver, from its first syllable *in*, old Gaelic, is land or country, and bior, point—hence point of land. The first syllable is in Innis, an island, or flat land, such as is found at all abers, and hence the natural conclusion must be that aber refers to the water, and inver to the land on either side of the aber. It is to be noted that the name of the smaller water falling into the larger invariably

imposes itself on the aber, and the inver—thus, the Ness river—a smaller quantity of water, falls into the Beauly Firth, the larger, imposes its name on the confluence of both waters, the aber, and on the land adjoining the aber, which the keen-eyed Caledonian Celt named inver. Both these contested terms are unquestionably Old Gaelic. Aber is not of Welsh or British origin—it is one of those words common to the Celtic language, whether it be Gaelic or Welsh. The student of topographical philology finds that the Caledonians were much more keen-eyed in their imposition of place names, river names, mountain names, and used more variations in describing physical aspects than their brethren the Brythons.

Allt-na-h-airbhe.—G. Allt, stream; airbhe, produce, in reference to its fishing properties. It is said of another stream in Sutherland, Allt-na-harra, that it means the stream of slaughter, from the supposition to have been there, in crossing it, that the last of the fugitives from the battle of Druim-na-coub was killed by the pursuing Mackays. If that be so, the orthography should be Allt-an-àir.

Allt-an-tiughaich.—G. Stream in the dense glen. Tiughaich, dense, thick wood, or scrub; tiugh, thick; W. tew, Arm; teuo, Bas-Breton, tew.

Uidhe-na-Caoraich.—G. Sheep track, or a portion of the glen in which sheep were wont to graze, giving the stream its appellation. It is between Loch-an-tuirc (lake of the boar) and Lochan-an-aite-mhoir (the little lake, near, or by, the big place).

Allt-skiack.—G. Sgiathach, shaded—the shaded stream; Wel. ysgiw, a screen; Corn. sgeth, shade; Greek skia, shade.

Allt-na-beadhan.—G. Biadh (old Gaelic), oppress; beath, treacherous; beathan, as a noun, means deceivers—stream of the treacherous, or deceivers.

Allt-na-beinn-ghairbhe.—G. The rough mountain stream. Wel. garw; Bas-Bret. gara, appears in Gar-onne (rough river).

Allt-a-chamhna.—G. Gamhna, stirk—stream of the stirk.

Amhainn, Loch Bhig.—G. River entering Loch Beg (little lake).

Amhainn, Glen Coul.—G. Cul, back—river of the back glen.

Amhainn, Glen Duibh.—G. Du, black—river of the black glen.

Amhainn, Traligill.—N. Trölla, or träll, fiend, and gil, ravine, in allusion to the depth of the chasm, and the stream disappearing in the limestone caverns. The Norsemen were very superstitious, believing in many gods, goddesses, and evil spirits. It would

appear that they were terrified at the view of this ravine. The name given it by them, "the devil's ravine," represents their opinion of it.

LAKE NAMES.

There are probably 300 lakes in this parish, all of them full of trout, all of them bearing Gaelic names. The following are specimens :—

Barrolan.—G. Bairlinn, billow—lake of the billows, or waves. It lies in the defile leading from Ross-shire into Assynt, and exposed to the force of the east and west winds.

Urigill.—G. Uiriollaich, precipices (old Gaelic term)—lake of the precipices? This lake is sometimes shown on maps as Udrigill, N. udr; Norse god, Son of Night; and gil, a ravine. Hence, were a ravine near it, the definition would be "lake of the very dark ravine."

Loch Urchoille.—G. Literally new wood, green wood—lake of the green wood. Near it is a large grove of evergreen wood, hence the name.

Loch Preas-nan-aighean.—G. Preas, bush, or thicket; aighean, hinds—lake of the hinds' bush; Wel. pryd, prysg, bush.

Loch Ardd,—G. Ardd, or airde, height, takes its name from the height near it. Dubh-ard, Duart, black height. This lake is an arm of the sea.

Loch Ard-bhar.—G. Ard-bhar, the point of the height. This lake is also an arm of the sea. The district gives its name to the lake. Wel. bar, a point, or summit; Wel. bara, bread, the produce of the top of corn stalks; Irish bar, a point; Corn. bar, a point; Bas-Breton bar, a point. This is a most interesting root word. As bar, or barr, it is found in most languages, signifying the height of something, whether in quality or degree of excellence. Near the lake is a village called Ardvar, and at the end of the lake are the ruins of a Pictish tower.

Loch Cairn-bhain.—G. Lake of the white cairn. W. carn, a heap; Manx carn, a heap; Bas-Bret. carren, heap.

Loch Airidh-na-beinn.—G. Airidh, sheiling—lake of the hill sheiling.

Loch-na-Gainmhich.—G. Gainmheach, sand—lake of the sandy beach.

Loch-na-Creige-dubh.—G. Creige (gen. of creag), rock, ana du, black—lake of the black rock.

Loch Nedd.—G. So called from the village name near it.

Loch Bealach-na-buirich.—G. Bealach, pass between hills or mountains; buirich, roaring like a deer or bull—lake of the bellowing.

Loch Assynt.—N. See Assynt; the district names it.

Loch Camloch.— G. The crooked, or bent loch.

Loch Awe.—G. Aw (fluid) is old Gaelic for running water; N. á, in the sense of the Latin, aqua; W. aw, flowing liquid; French eau, water or liquid; Greek a; Gaelic ath, a ford.

Loch Bad-na-muirichinn.—G. Bad, thicket; muirichinn, children—lake of the thicket of the children.

Loch Feithe-an-leothaid.—G. Feithe, quagmire; leothaid, gen. of leathad, a slope—lake of the quagmire slope.

Loch Druim-Suardalain, compound word.—G. and N. Druim, G., back or ridge; suardulain, N., "svarda," svördr, sward; and lain, N., land—lake of the ridge of the sward land.

Loch Roe.—N. Röd, high-stepped banks—lake of the terraced banks.

Loch Crocach.—G. Branched, like the fingers of the hand spread out; N. kroka, crooked.

Loch Beannach.—G. Beann-ach, hilly—lake amongst hills; or G. bean-nach, horny—horny lake, equally applicable as to form and aspect of this lake.

Loch Claise.—G. Clais, ditch, hollow—lake of the hollow; W. clais, riverlet; Arm. clais and cleis; Bas-Bret. cleiz.

Loch Na-loinne.—G. Lake of the blades, probably into which swords had been cast. There is a lake in Rogart named "Loch-na-cliadheamh'n," into which tradition states a party of free-booters threw their swords, leaving the spoil to the pursuers.

Loch Innse-na-fraoich.—G. Lake of the heathy island. Innse may here mean pasture, or island; Welsh ynys; Corn. ennis; Arm. enes; Bas-Bret. enezen.

ISLAND NAMES.

Eilean-a-chleit.—G. and N. Gaelic, rugged height; Norse klettr, rock; Bas-Bret. clet, rock. This small island, out in the sea from Lochinver, is 120 feet above sea level. In the study of the Icelandic, or old Norse, it is interesting to find many words very similar to the Gaelic of North-West Sutherland, leading to the inference that they were introduced into Icelandic literature from that region. From the dissertation of the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale" we would infer that at least parts of Iceland had been colonized by the N.W. inhabitants of Scotland when the Druids were persecuted and expelled after Christianity was introduced, or

that Norsemen who had lived long enough in Assynt and round about it, to acquire the knowledge and the use of Gaelic, had returned to Iceland and Norway carrying with them tales, legends, and terms peculiar to the north-west portion of Scotland. It has been said that it was the expelled Druids who first instigated the Norse to make their incursions into Caithness, Sutherland, and the Hebrides, burn places of worship, and slaughter the priests.

Soyea.—N. Sæ, sea; and ey, island—island in the sea, 100 feet high. It forms a breakwater to Lochinver Bay. It may be Gaelic—from samhach, to quieten.

Crona.—N. Threnn, triple; ey, island; threnn-ey, throna—eventually pronounced Crona—three islands.

Oldany.—N. Aldinn, old; and ey, island—the old island, from being the largest in size on the coast. In the English Channel we have Alderney, old island; Guernsey, rugged island; Jersey, grassy island; Sark (Sercque) temple island; Herm, serpent island.

Eilean-nan-uan.—G. Island of the lambs. At speaning times lambs were sent there away from their dams.

Eilean-ruadhridh.—N. Ruadr, red, and, ey, island—the red island, from its cliffs of red sandstone; or, G. eilean, island, and ruadhridh, Roderick, Roderic's island, more probably the first.

PLACE NAMES.

Achandoich.—G. Achadh, field, and do-aobhaich, unpleasant—unpleasant field.

Ach-na-carnan.—G. Achadh, field, and carnan, heaps of stones—the field of heaps of stone; ruins of a Pictish tower are near.

Achumore.—G. Achadh, field, and mor, big—the big field.

Achmelvich, G. and N. compound. Achadh, field; mel, Norse, grassy; uig, Norse, a bay, or a creek—the field of the grassy creek, or grassy bay.

Aird-da-loch.—G. highland, or height between two lakes, the Glencul and Glendu lochs.

Achantur.—G. Achadh, field, and tur, a tower. Tur here means a conical tower like-hill, near 300 feet high. Manx toor, Wel. twr, Corn. tur, Arm. tour, tur, Lat. tur-ris, Gr. turis, Arab. tour, a hill, Heb. thur, a hill.

Allt-na cealgach.—G. A place and stream name. Allt, stream, and cealgach, deceiver—stream of the deceiver, in reference to a Ross-shire man, as tradition states, who gave false evidence in a dispute respecting the marches between Ross-shire and Assynt. Frequent contests were taking place between the herds of Balna-

gown and Assynt regarding the grazings on these marches. The Earl of Sutherland intervened by right of heritable jurisdiction. The oldest inhabitants on the marches were called on to give evidence on the spot. One of the Balnagown witnesses, more astute than truthful, who had placed Ross-shire soil in his shoes, when he came to the march contended for by Balnagown, swore he stood on Ross-shire ground, and the decision was given in favour of Balnagown, but the intrepid Macleod said, "Balnagown may take the land; I'll keep the grazing." It is said that the unfortunate man, who gave the false evidence, met with an untimely end soon after by suicide or assassination.

An Car.—G. The bend.

Am Pollan.—G. The little pool. Wel. pwll, Corn. pol, Arm. poul, Lat. palus, a marsh; Gr. pelos, Norse, pallr, pool.

Ardvreck.—G. Ard, high, or height, breae, speckled—the speckled height.

Ard-roe.—G. and N. Ard, height, and röd (pronounced *roth*), stepped—the stepped height or ridge. Takes its name from the adjoining promontory, Rhu-rodha.

Ard-var.—G. See lake of this name, which takes its name from this village, and the village from the height.

Am Braighe.—G. The brae; cognate is Wel. braich, B.B. brech, Lat. brachium—upper part of the shoulder.

Baddy-na-ban.—G. Groves, or thickets of the women.

Baddy-grinan.—G. Sunny groves.

Baddy-darrach.—G. Oak groves.

Bad-na-carbad.—G. Bad, grove or thicket; carbad, bier—grove of the bier. The grove at which the bier was wont to be set down to rest for refreshments at funerals.

Bae-garbh.—G. Bagh bay, and garbh, rough—the rough bay. Name of the village at the bay.

Ballachladdich.—G. Bal, village or township; and cladich, gen. of cladach, shore—village on the shore.

Balloch.—G. Bealach, gap or pass in a mountain range.

Brackloch.—G. Breac, speckled; clach, stone—place of the speckled stones, conglomerate.

Cà, Cà-beg, Cà-mor.—G. Cadha, a narrow pass; Cà-beg, small narrow pass; Cà-more, big narrow pass.

Cor-eadag-beg.—G. Coire-an-fheadag-bheag, little hollow of the plover. The adjective refers to the hollow.

Cor-eadag-mhor.—G. Large hollow of the plover.

Coire-riabhach.—G. The brindled hollow.

Clach-toll.—G. Clach, stone; toll, hole—the holed stone. Clach-toll is a very interesting locality. On the seashore is a hill of soft-red sandstone, through the softer parts of which the sea made a large hole, gradually increasing it, and forming the hole, as it were, into an archway, which could be discerned from a great distance. Many years ago this arch was destroyed by a slip in the strata, which is composed of red sandstone, alternating with beds of marl, dipping to the sea. The western limb of the arch slid down with the dip of the strata, and the arch gave way. Tradition states that "Coinneach Odhar," the Seer, prophesied that the arch would be broken, and fall to pieces, and when that event happened the noise would be so great that the Ledmore (18 miles away) cattle would be disturbed and frightened from their pastures. When the fracture and fall occurred it so happened that cattle from Ledmore were grazing at Clach-toll, and were actually disturbed by the noise, fulfilling the saying of the Seer. So say the natives. Near Clach-toll are the ruins of a Pictish castle, or Druidic temple, called by the natives Tigh-talmhaidh-na-Druidhaich (earthly habitation of the Druids), "a prodigious pile of huge stones close to a great rock, its front to the sea, and surrounded on the land sides by three circular outworks at regular distances." There are many tumuli all round the outworks, and various ornaments, such as a golden sickle, were found in the neighbourhood. These ruins have been explored.

Cloich-an teine.—G. Stone of fire. Probably here it was that the Druidic priests distributed the sacred fire at certain festivals.

Cloich-ary.—G. Clach, stone; and airidh, sheiling—the stony sheiling.

Clashmore.—G. Clais, hollow; and mor, great—the great hollow, or an extensive area of low lying land surrounded by higher.

Clashanessie.—G. Clais, hollow; and easag, dim., small waterfall—the hollow near the small waterfall.

Camus-vic-Erchar.—G. Camus, bay; vic-Erchar, son of Farquhar—the bay of the son of Farquhar. Probably he lived near it, and was drowned in it.

Cùl.—G. Back; locally it applies to land behind a ridge. Wel. cwl; Fr. cul—back.

Cùlaig, or Cùlag.—G. Cul, back; and ag, dim., the little back land—the area not so extensive as in Cùl.

Cùlin.—G. Culainn, backs—several little back places.

Culbeg.—G. Cul, back; and beg, little—little place behind a ridge.

Culkein.—G. Cul, back; and cinn, heads—a place behind several eminences.

Dornie.—G. Narrow channel where the tide ebbs and flows, or narrow channel between two lakes. Dornie, in Kintail.

Druim-suardlain.—G. and N. Druim, ridge; suardlain (N. svördr), sward, and lain (N.), land—the ridge of the sward land.

Druimbag.—G. Dim., little ridge.

Dureland.—N. Dyr, deer, and N. land—deer land.

Eddra-chalda.—G. Eadair, between; da, two; choille dur, woody or bosky streams—between two woody or bosky streams.

Eddra isk.—G. Eadair, between; da, two; uisge, water—between two waters, or two streams. Here it applies to "between two rivers."

Eddra-ven.—G. Eadar, between; da, two; and beinn, mountain—between two mountains.

Elphin.—G. "El," old Gaelic aill, stone or rock; phin = fionn, fair, white—the white rock. Limestone at this hamlet.

Feithe-na-bad-clisg.—G. Featha, bog; bad, thicket; and clisg, shaky—bog of the shaky thicket.

Felin.—G. Fè, smooth, calm; and linne, pool or arm of the sea—calm pool. Wel. lyn, Arm. lin, a pool, a lake.

Go-na-calman.—G. "Go" = geodha, a creek, or cove, surrounded by rocks; and calman = columan, pigeons—the creek of the pigeons; go (old Gaelic), the sea.

Go-na-dunan.—G. Geodha, as above; na, of the; dunan, little hills—creek of the little hills or forts. Tradition states that the Norsemen, after their defeat at Dornoch and in adjacent parts of Ross, retreated to this place, built forts for their protection, cut down timber to build a "birlinn," or ship, to take them away to their own lands, and, in revenge for their defeat, burnt all the woods round about, to prevent the natives making iron weapons, and so put an end to the manufacture of iron in Assynt.

Gonval.—G. Conn, a man's name, and baile, residence—Conn's residence (Joyce, Vol. I. 25). Conwall, habitation of Conn.

Glaic na-shellich.—G. Glac, glaic, a hollow, a narrow valley; shellich, seallaich, willow—hollow of the willows.

Glaswell.—G. Glas, grey, pale, wan; "well" (aill O. G.), stone or rock—the grey or pale rock. Wel. glas, blue, green; Corn. glas, blue, green; Arm. glas, grey; march glas, grey horse. The different applications of this colour represent different shades of the primitive blue-green.

Glen-bain.—G. Glen, gleann, narrow valley; bain, bàn, fair, white. Manx, bàn, Irish bàn, Heb. and Chal. la-ban, white or fair. Laban (a man's name), fair skinned.

Glendu.—G. Black glen; gleann and du.

Glenbeg.—G. Little valley.

Glenlerig.—G. Gleann, narrow valley; and lairic, or lairig, sloping hills—glen with sloping hill-sides; lerig, lairg, &c.

Innis-na-damph.—G. Innis, flat land, meadow; damh, stag—meadow of the stag, or stags.

Knockan.—G. Cnocan (dim. of cnoc), an eminence or hillock.

Knock-na-manach.—G. Cnoc, hill, and manach, monk—the little hill (or eminence) of the monks, near the ancient church.

Knock-nan-each.—G. The little hill of the horses.

Kylescow.—G. "Kyles" = caolas, strait; cow = cumhann, narrow—the narrow strait; the "myrkifiord" of the Norsemen.

Kylestrome.—G. and N. Kyle, caolas, strome; N. straume, current, tide—a strait having a current or tide; peculiarly applicable to this strait from the tide rushing in and out at flow and ebb. The town of Calais takes its name from the strait now called Straits of Dover.

Ledbeg, Ledmore.—G. Led (contraction of leathad), slope, and beg, little; mor, great. Manx beg, little; mooar, big or great.

Led-na-beathach.—G. Leathad, slope, and beathach, beast or animal. W. buch, bwch, cattle; Corn. byach; Fr. bète.

Lead-na-lub-croy.—G. Leathad, slope; lub, bend; croy, cruaidh, hard—slope of the hard or rocky bend that resisted the action of the current.

Loyne.—G. Leana, lian, a meadow—a grassy plot of land.

Luban Croma, G.—Luban, dim., little bend; and Croma, crooked.

Mean-Assynt.—G. Meadhon, middle—middle division of Assynt.

Meoir.—G. Fingers—place from which streams issue, and spread out like the fingers of a hand spread out to their full stretch.

Mhan-Assynt.—G. Lower division of Assynt; Ard-Assynt, higher division, or heights of Assynt; mhan, meadhon, and ard often occurs in Highland topography to mark distinction.

Meallan-Odhar.—G. Meallan, dim. of meall, a lump—a hill terminating like a lump; and odhar, dun colour; W. moel; Arm. moel.

Meall-a-bhuirich.—G. Hill of the bellowing of deer.

Meall-nan-imrichinn.—G. Hill; and imrichinn, removals or flittings.

Nedd.—G. a sheltered place like a nest; Wel. nyth; Arm. nyth; Corn. neid; Fr. nid—nest.

Oldany.—N. See the island name definition, *ante*, which gives the name of this hamlet, situated on the shore of the mainland opposite to the island.

Pol-an-dunan.—G. Poll, pool; and dunan, little fort—pool of the little fort. There are many Pictish towers along the coast; here is one of them.

Pal-gavie.—G. Pool; and garbh, rough—the rough pool.

Pal-gawn.—G. Pool; and gamhna, stirk—pool of the stirk, probably where a stirk had been drowned. Wel. pwl; Corn. pol; Arm. poul; Norse pollr; Belg. poel; Gr. pelos; Dor. Gr. palos; Lat. pal-us.

Ry-an-traid.—G. Ruigh, slope, ascent, or declivity; and traghad, shore at ebb tide—the declivity or slope to the shore. Gaelic also traigh; Wel. traeth, traith; Arm. traez.

Raffin.—G. or N. (doubtful).—G. rath, fort or village, and fionn, fair; N. ref, fox, and inn, habitation or resort. N. rafn, a place on the coast where sea weed accumulates.

Ru-store.—G. and N. Ru-rudha, promontory; storr, N., high, big; Gaelic, stör, high cliff; Irish, sturr.

Ryan-crorich.—G. "Ryan," ruighan dim., small slope; and "crorich," cro-bheathaich, cattle shelter—the little slope of the cattle shelter.

Ryan-fearna.—G. The small slope covered with alder scrub or trees.

Slis-chilis.—G. Slios, side; and caolas, strait—the side of the strait.

Strone-chrubie.—G. Strone, nose; and crubaidh, bending—the nose of the bending; in reference to the bending or jutting out of a portion of the mountain.

Stoer.—G. or N. Seems to be common to both, and applied to high pinnacled hills or cliffs. Irish sturr; N. storr; G. stör. The Norse language of Iceland has many words in common with the Gaelic spoken in the north-west of Scotland. The Druid refugees, who fled into the Orkneys, Shetland, and Iceland from Christian persecution, may have imported such terms into those quarters, or the Norse men imported them into the north-west, and after a period of years became incorporated into Gaelic. Stör pinnacle is 530 feet above sea level.

Strathan.—G. Dim. of strath—little or short strath.

Torbreck.—G. Torr, hillock, mound; and breac, speckled.

Tilin.—G. Tigh, house; linn, pool or dam—house near the dam.

Tubeg, Tu-more.—G. "Tu"=taobh, side; and beag, little; "more," mor, big side of land divided by a river or stream. Iron was manufactured here, tradition states, until the Norsemen burnt all the woods, by which the smelting was done, to prevent the "Assintaich" handy craftsmen from making swords and axes and spear heads to defend themselves and supply their neighbours. There is good and superior iron ore lodes in the limestone mountain adjoining Tu-more

Unapool.—G. Una, aon, one; and poll--one pool, jutting out of the lake into the land at the village.

The ancient place name formers generally succeeded in designating places by their most obvious characteristics—every name striking straight for the feature that most strongly attracted their attention, so that to this day a person moderately skilled in such matters may often understand the physical peculiarities, or the aspect of a place, as soon as he hears the name. The Celts were sharp-eyed, the Norsemen no less so. Norse names of places, when applied to the aspect of places, are very descriptive, as we shall see in succeeding papers, round the Sutherland coast.

20th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Mr John Finlayson, head master, Bell's School, Inverness, and Mr Malcolm Macinnes, Raining School, Inverness. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the late Dr Cameron, Brodick. Mr Cameron's paper was as follows:—

ARRAN PLACE NAMES.

SECTION I.

The topography of Arran, like that of all the Western Islands of Scotland, is partly Scandinavian and partly Celtic. Names like Brodick, Goatfell, Ormidale, Kiskadale, are clearly of Norse origin, whilst such names as Tormore, Torbeg, Achanacar, Druimindoon, Dunfin, Dundow, are manifestly Celtic, our names of places thus bearing testimony to the fact that, in past times, the Norsemen and the Celts held alternate sway in our island, the inhabitants of which are a mixed race, being partly Norse and partly Celtic. But although the topography of a country serves

to throw important light upon both its history and its ethnography, I do not intend at present to deal with these matters. All that I intend to do is to give the meaning of such of our local names of places as admit of being explained with a tolerable degree of certainty and accuracy. There is nothing in the world more easy than to discover a meaning for almost any place-name; but we must remember that interpretations based upon a mere resemblance in sound between words, or parts of words, is of no value whatever in the accurate study of topography. It would be easy to give amusing illustrations of this statement.

In what I am now to bring before you, I shall carefully avoid fanciful interpretations. It is better to confess our inability to explain a word than to mislead, by giving an inaccurate explanation, and when a matter is doubtful, it ought to be given as doubtful. This is the surest way of attaining at last to certainty.

I shall begin with Arran (old spelling Aran), the name of our island. Arran has been derived from the words *ar-Fhinn* (the slaughter of Finn)—the name of a place near Catacol, from which the island, it is said, has received its name. This, however, is erroneous. Arran (older form Aran) is an inflection of Ara, the old name of the island, as Alban (Scotland) is an inflection of Alba, and Erenn (Ireland) is an inflection of Eriu. The genitive of Ara is Aran. Our ancestors said, just as we say, "Eilean Aran," and thus Aran became the regular name. Now, *ar-Fhinn* never was Ara, nor could it have been Arran, for the genitive of *Fionn* is *Finn*, or with aspiration *Fhinn*. Besides, there are other Arran islands; in the mouth of Galway Bay there are two islands which have that name. It is, however, much easier to show what Arran has not been derived from than to show what is the correct derivation of the word. In both form and declension, Ara, gen. Aran, agrees exactly with the word *ara* (kidney), gen. *aran*. This word, which has lost a *b* before *r (abran)*, is etymologically connected with the Greek *nephros*, pl. *nephroi*, Lat. *nefrones* (kidneys); but I cannot say whether or not it is the same word as the name of our island. Any explanation, however, which does not take into account that the nominative of the word is *ara*, although the stem is *aran*, cannot be regarded as satisfactory, just as no explanation of Alban is satisfactory which does not take into account that the nom. is Alba, nor any explanation of Erenn which overlooks that the nom. is Eriu.*

In dealing with the place names of the island, I shall begin with the Brodick district. In a document quoted from in the

* Hersey was the old Norse name of Arran.

"Origines Parochiales," and which dates as far back as 1450, Brodick is spelled Bradewik, which means the broad bay.* The Icelandic form of the adjective "broad" is *breidhr*, the Dan. *bred*, and the Scotch (which is closely allied to the Norse language) *brade*. The second syllable, "wik," signifies a bay. It occurs very frequently, both by itself, as in Wick in Caithness, Uig in Skye, and Uig in Lews, and in composition as the last syllable of very many of the names of our bays and inlets. We find this word also spelled Braithwik and Brethwik. Until lately there was a hamlet at the head of the new street, now called Douglas Row, at Brodick, which the natives called Breadhaig. This was, doubtless, the original Brodick, and in olden times the head of the bay.

Strathwillan furnishes a good example of how words, in the course of time, change not only their form but also their component parts. In old documents Strathwillan is Terrquhilane, and the natives still call the district Tirhuillein. *Tir*, allied to Lat. *terra*, signifies land. It occurs frequently in place-names, and is often connected with the names of persons. Thus, Tirconnell, Tyrone, Tirkeeren—the land of Connell, the land of Eoghain, the land of Cærthainn. The second part of Tirchuilein resembles *cuilionn* (the holly), but if Tirchuilein meant the land of the holly, we would expect to have the article between *Tir* and *cuilean*, and that the word would be Tir-a'-chuilinn, like the Irish place-names Tirachorka (the land of the oats), and Tiraree (the land of the king). We may safely conclude that Tirchuilein means the land of Cuilean, which, although meaning a whelp, is also a personal name, as in "Culen mac Illuilb," who was a king of Albain in the 10th century.

The natives call Corriegills "Coire-ghoill." *Coire* signifies a hollow in the side of a mountain, and occurs very frequently in topography. It is identical with *coire* (a cauldron); it is cognate with the Ice. *hverr* (a cauldron, a boiler).

There is more difficulty about the second syllable of Corriegills. It may from its form be the genitive of *Gall* (a stranger), a term applied in the West Highlands to the Danish invaders. The word would thus signify the "Corrie" of or belonging to the stranger. The last syllable, however, may be the Norse *gil* (a deep narrow glen with a stream at bottom), which occurs so frequently as *ghyll* and *gill* in our Scottish topography, and this I regard as the more probable explanation.

* Dean Munro (1549), calls it Braizay.

From Corriegills we pass on to Dunfin, which does not mean the *Dun* of the Ossianic Finn-mac-Cumhaill, for then the word would not be Dun-fionn but Dun-Fhinn, like Kill-Fhinn. In Dun-fionn is plainly the adjective *fionn* (white, fair), and Dun-fionn is the fair hill; or it may mean the white or fair fort. The former, however, is the more probable, for we have close to Dun-fionn another hill Dun-dubh (the black hill), and when we look at the two hills, we find that the names are descriptive. The original meaning of *dun* is an enclosure. From an enclosed or walled place, it came to signify a fort; and as forts were usually built on elevated places, the word came to be applied to hills, and from hills to any heap, even a heap of dung, or dunghill, which in Gaelic is *dúnan*, a diminutive of *dún*.

But *dúnan* does not always mean a dunghill. It also means a hillock, or little hill. Hence the *Dunans* below Corriegills means the hillocks, a descriptive name.

The English etymological equivalent of *dun* is *town*, from the Anglo-Saxon *tún*, literally an enclosure.

We shall now return to the centre of the Brodick district, but must have a look in passing at the sweet glen of Lag-'a-bheithe (the hollow of the birch). *Lag*, as those of us who speak Gaelic know, means a hollow, and *laggan*, a little hollow. Hence Lag, near Kilmory, is the hollow, a very descriptive name, and the Lagans —we have two in the north end of Arran—are very common in Gaelic topography.

The last part of Lag-a'-bheithe is *bheithe*, the genitive of *beithe* (birch). The *a'* between *Lag* and *bheithe* is the contracted form of the article *an*.

We pass by the modern names Springbank and Alma Terrace, and come to the Mais or Maish, which means probably the *moss-land.* Then we have Glenormadell, which the suffix *dell* shows to be a Norse name, although the prefix *glen* (a valley), is Celtic. In Norse terms *dale*, which signifies a plain, a dale, forms an affix, whilst in Celtic words it forms a prefix. Knapdale, Helmsdale, Berriedale, are Norse words, whilst Dalintober, Dalnacardach, Dalanspittal, are Celtic words. It is not an uncommon thing to meet words containing both Norse and Celtic elements. Ormidale is a Norse word, which, at a later period, received a Gaelic prefix. The syllable *orm* is identical with the Ice. *ormr* (a snake, a serpent, also worm), and is the Norse equivalent of the English word worm. Ormidale, therefore, means the valley of snakes.

Glencloy takes its name from the Macloys or Fullartons, who held the lands of Kilmichael early in the fourteenth century, one

of that name having received them from King Robert Bruce. Macloy is MacLouis, or MacLoui, that branch of the Fullartons having descended from a person of the name of Louis, a name still not uncommon among the Arran Fullartons.

Kilmichael means the Church of Michael, or the church dedicated to St Michael. The ruins of the old chapel were to be seen there until a comparatively recent period. *Kil* is the Gaelic *cill*, which signifies a church, and now a churchyard or burying-place. It is borrowed from the Latin word *cella* (a cell).

As Kilmichael signifies the Church of Michael, or the church dedicated to St Michael, so Kilbride signifies the Church of Bridgit, or the church dedicated to St Bridgit; Kilmory, the Church of Mary, or the church dedicated to St Mary; Kildonnan, the church consecrated to St Donnan, and Kilpatrick, the church dedicated to St Patrick.

Aucharanie is the field of the ferns, the first part of the word being *achadh* (a field), and the second part the genitive (Irish) of *raineach* (ferns). A similar example of inflection is Ceum-na-laittagh.

Glensherraig is written both Glenservaig and Glensherivik in ancient documents. Glenservaig may be the glen of the sorrel, but Glenshervik renders this interpretation doubtful.

Glenrossay is the glen or valley of the water Rossay. The last syllable of Rossay is a common affix, signifying water (cf. *Iarsa*, the *Iarsa* water; *Thurso*, the water of *Thor*).

Glenshant is for Cranshant or Cranscheaunt, of which the first part is clearly *crann* (tree), and the second part may be *seunta*, the participle of the verb *seun* (to bless, literally, to cross one's self). The place may have taken its name from some tree in the locality, which was considered sacred.

Knock, which occurs very frequently in the topography of Arran, signifies a hill or knoll, and Knockan, a little hill, a hillock. Knockan was the name of a hamlet of houses near the Castle of Brodick; and there is somewhere in that direction a place which was called Coreknokdow, *Coire-cnuic-dhuibh*, but which I have not been able to identify.

Pennycastel (Peighinn a' Chaisteil), the Pennyland of the Castle, was the name of some fields near the Castle.

Peighinn (a penny), meaning a pennyland, enters largely into the topography of the island. There is a Peighinn near Shisken. There is a Peighin-riabhach, Penrioch (the spreckled Pennyland), and Benlister, which I suspect is a corruption of Penalister, the Pennyland of Alister,* perhaps the same Alister whose name has

* Palester in Rent-Roll of 1757-8.

been kept in remembrance in the name Gortan-Alister (the little field of Alister). (Clachelane, a pennyland).

I may here notice that Gort is the same word as Gart. Gart is now applied to a field of growing corn, but it literally signifies an enclosed field, and is, in fact, the same word as the English word *yard* (an enclosure). The cognates are the Greek *chortos*, the Latin *hortus*, the Gaelic *gort* or *gart*, and English *yard* and *garden*.

I have said that the word peighinn (penny) enters into several of our place names. We have also halfpenny lands as Levincorrach (the steep halfpenny land), and Achenleven. There is a farm in Strachur called Lephin-mor (the big halfpenny land).

Feorline (a farthing), meaning a farthing land, is a common place name in the West and North Highlands. We have a North and South Feorline in Arran, near Kilpatrick.

Mark, in Gaelic *marg*, which was thirteen shillings and fourpence, occurs very frequently in Gaelic topography. In Arran, we have Merkland, near Brodick, and *Marg-na-h glish* (the Merkland of the Church), near the Manse of Kilbride, and another *Marg-na-heglish*, near Lochranza. Marg-an-ess (the Merkland of the waterfall).

Dupenny occurs as an older form of Dippen, which, therefore, means two-penny or two-penny land. It formed part of what is called in ancient documents the Tenpenny lands of Arran, which embraced the three Largies, Kiskadale, Glenashdale, and Clachlane.

I shall now come to the district of Lamlash.

Lamlash proper is the Holy Isle, so called, no doubt, from its early ecclesiastical associations. It was the residence of St Molash or Molaisi, of Devenish, whose connection with it gave it the names of Helantinlaysch (the island of the flame), Molassa (the island of Molas), and Lamlash (the island of Molash). This saint, whose day in the calendar is on the 12th September, is called also Laisren (the little flame), in the calendar of Angus of Culdee.

I may observe that the name of this saint was not Maeljos or Molios, as stated in the Origines Parochiales. Maeljos or Maelisi means the attendant (that is the tonsured one) of Jesus, whereas Molas or Molash signifies my flame, it having been common to use the possessive pronoun *mo* (my) before the names of saints as a term of endearment. Thus Mernoc, whence Kilmarnock, the Church of Mernoc, is "my Ernoc," Ernoc being the name of the patron saint of the Church of Kilmarnock. Molas or Molash is *mo las* (my flame), *las* signifying a flame. This word *las*, with its diminutives *lasan* and *laisren*, was the name of more than one saint.

There is nothing remarkable in the name of the neighbouring island having become the name of the modern village of Lamlash any more than there is in the name of the neighbouring loch having also become its modern name, for the Gaelic name of Lamlash at the present day is Loch-an-eilein (the loch of the island).

I have already referred to the Pennyland of Clachlands. The old form of this word was Clachelane, also spelled Clachellane. The first part of this word seems to be *clach* (a stone). Of this I would have no doubt if I did not find the word also written Cleuchtlanis. I do not know what the second part of the word, *lane*, means, if it be not the word *lann* (an enclosure). This word occurs frequently in Gaelic topography. It is the same word as the Welsh *llan*, so often met with in British topography, as in Llanbride, Llandudno. We find at least one instance of it in Arran in Lyniemore (the big enclosure or field). It occurs in the word *iodhlann* (a stackyard) a compound from *iodh* (corn), and *lann* (enclosure), and is probably cognate to the English word *land*. It is still used in our spoken Gaelic, but, as in many other cases, the accusative *loinn* has become also the nominative.

At Lamlash we have a Blairmore and a Blairbeg. *Blár* signifies a field. It is very common in Gaelic topography. This word has other meanings, as a peat moss *(blár-moine)*, and battle *(Blár Chuil-jhodair*, the battle of Culloden). *More* is the adjective *mór* (great, large, big), and *beg* the adjective *beag* (little, small). Blairmore is therefore the large field, and Blairbeg is the little field.

Kilbride and Marg-na-heglish have been already explained.

In the Blairmore glen, there was a hamlet which was called *Druim-'ic-an-Duileir*. *'Ic-an-Duileir* is the genitive of what must have been the name of a person—*Mac-an-Duileir*. *Druim*, the first part of the word, means a ridge. It is a common element in Gaelic place-names, as in *Druim-a-dúin* (the ridge of the *dún* or hill). It is cognate with Lat. *dorsum*.

I have already noticed Benlester. Glenkill I have not met with except in its present form. The first part of the word, glen, the Gaelic *gleann* (a valley), is plain, but whether the second part, kill, be the same word as that which forms the first syllable of Kilbride, Kilmory, Kilpatrick, &c., and which, as already noticed, signifies a church, it is impossible to say, without knowing whether or not there was a church there, especially as the *kill* is not, as it almost invariably is, prefixed to the name of a patron saint. The place may possibly have taken its name from a kiln for drying corn or for burning lime.

THE YLE OF ARREN

in the Fyrth of Clyd

Timotheo Pont Auctore.

[Made circ. 1600 : Published 1662

The Cock Arren
Loch R
Arren
Kiskidel more
kidel beg.
Lairgie moir
Lairgy beg.
Dounen
The Score of Pladda
Pladda
The Race of P
Loch Knockacharbit
Kildonnen
Drum chly-barra
Balmeanach
Achareoch
Lhun
Ahew
Margriers
Leffan Corkrach
Cleynack
East Bennen
Bennen head
West Bennen
Channochy
Kil Morie
Torlean
West Clachack East
Head of Torlean

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Glenkill there are two places which were called the Laigh Letter and High Letter. *Letter*, in Gaelic *leitir*, signifies the side or slope of a hill. It occurs very frequently either by itself or in composition in Gaelic topography.

Cordon, written Corrden in the rent roll of 1757-8, and Buneen, I am not able to explain. It would be easy to give a plausible interpretation of these words, but that would serve no useful purpose. Buneen may mean *bun aibhne* (the mouth of a river), and thus take its name from the stream which falls into the sea at Buneen, and which is large enough to be called *abhainn* (river) in Gaelic. *Bun* is applied in other places to the mouth of a river, as Bunaw (the mouth or lower part of the river Awe).

Moniemore may signify the large hill, *monadh-mòr*, from *monadh* (a hill) and *more* (large), or it may signify, as it is more likely, the large *brake*, for it is not unlikely that the whole of that slope was at one time covered with wood, as a considerable part of it is still.

Gortan-Alestir I have already explained. We come to King's Cross, a name which, although it has a modern look, has been in existence for at least more than 120 years; for I find it in the rent roll of 1757, when it paid a rent of £16. But King's Cross is an English name, and was not, therefore, the old and proper name of that locality. About 1450, King's Cross must have been Pennycrosche: for in a document of that period there is a farm of Pennycrosche mentioned alongside of Monymore, among the lands which paid ferms and grassum to the Crown, the sum paid by Pennycrosche being 46s 8d.

Other places mentioned in the same document are Knockenkelle, Achabarne, Ardlavenys, Letternagananach, and Dubroach. Knockenkelle seems to be Knockencoille (the little knowe of the wood), from *knocken* (a hillock or little knowe), and *coille* (wood). The latter part of the word may, however, be *coiligh*, the genitive (Ir.) of *coileach* (a cock); but, in this case, we would expect the word to be *knocken-a'-choiligh*, with the article between the two parts of the compound.

Achaharn, now Achencairn, is the field of the cairn, from *achadh* (a field), and *càrn* (a cairn of stones).

The first part of Ardlavenys is either the adjective *àrd* (high), or *aird* (an eminence or a dwelling-place), but I do not know what *lavenys* is, nor have I been able as yet to identify the place.

Dubroach must be to the north of Lamlash. It seems to be *Dubh-bhruthach.*

Lettirnaganach is the *leitir* or hill slope of the canons, which points back to the time (1452) when James II. granted to the canons of Glasgow the whole Crown rents of Arran and other lands in payment of the sum of 800 marks, which they had lent to him out of the offerings of their church in the time of the indulgences.

In Whitingbay there are three *Largies*—Largiebeg, Largiemore, and Largiemeanach. Largie, I take to be the Gaelic word *lairig* (a moor, the side of a hill). It is of frequent occurrence in Gaelic topography. There is in Sutherland a parish of Lairg, and you have Largs on the Firth of Clyde. There is a Largie in Kintyre, and the burying-place of the Breadalbane family at Loch Tayside is Finlairig. There is also a Gaelic word *leirg*, which signifies a plain. But we may, with confidence, identify Largie with Lairig. The affixes, *beg*, *more*, and *meanach*, are the adjectives *beag* (little), *mòr* (large, big), and *meadhonach* (middle).

You have also three Kiskadales—North, South, and Middle. In the old written documents, this word is written Keskedel. It is manifestly a Norse word, the affix *dale* or *del* being the same word as our Gaelic *dail* (a plain, a dale), and related to the English *dale* and the German *thal.* The first part of the word I do not know, but I believe that, with a little more research, I shall be able to discover its meaning.

There are some other words, such as Glenashdale, written Glenasdasdale in old documents, and Glenscoradale, clearly Norse names, which I must leave for the present unexplained.

SECTION II.

In the previous section on the Arran place-names, I started from Brodick, came along by Lamlash, and went as far as the march between the parishes of Kilbride and Kilmory. This time I propose to start again from Brodick, and to go in the opposite direction by Corrie, Lochranza, Catacol, and Dougarie, to Shisken. This includes the whole north end of the island. As in the former section, we shall frequently meet with names at the meaning of which we can only guess, although I do not despair of being yet able to get at their correct interpretation. Here, as elsewhere, names that were once familiar have disappeared, through the process of adding field to field and house to house, from the map, although they still linger in the memories of the people. Thus, we know of a "Gortan gaimheach" (the sandy little field), near where Mr Halliday has his sawmills; of the

"Cnocan" (the Knockan), above the Castle; and of "Peighinn a' Chaisteil" (the pennyland of the Castle), near the Castle. The burn coming down through the Castle wood is marked on the map as the "Cnockan Burn," although the "Cnocan" itself is not marked. It would be both interesting and important to get a list made up of as many as can now be recovered of the names that are not on the map before they pass away, as they are certain to do in the course of another generation, from the memories of the people. At present, I must take the Ordnance Survey map as my guide, although, so far as the place-names are concerned, it is by no means a safe guide.

When we leave the Castle behind us, the first name we meet is Merkland, from the Scottish coin *merk*, equal to 13s 4d of our money. This was the amount of superiority money paid by the place in olden times.

We pass by Merkland Point and Birch Point, and come to the "Rudha Salach" (the dirty headland), from *rudha* (headland), and *salach* (dirty).

We meet with no other name on the map until we come to Corrie, in Gaelic *An Coire* (the cavity, the cavern; also, a hollow among hills or in the side of a mountain).

We come next to Sannox, which is really a plural formed by adding *s* to "Sannoc" (the sandy bay), from *Sand-vik*, a common place-name. There are three Sannocs—South Sannoc, Mid Sannoc, and North Sannoc, which the natives still call "Na Sannocan" (the Sannocs).

The burying-place of Kilmichael (the Church of St Michael), from *Kill* (a cell, from Latin *cella* (a cell), and *Micheil*, the patron saint to whom the church was dedicated, is not marked on the six-inch scale map.

If we ascend the North Glensannocs Burn we come to the Glen-du, marked by its Gaelic name *Gleann dubh* (the Black Glen) on the map, and between Glen-du and North Glen Sannocs, lies the hill called in Gaelic *An Tunna* (the Tun, or the vessel).

To the north of North Glen Sannocs, are the Torr Reamhar (the Thick Hill), and the Crogan, probably another form of Cnocan (a little hill), although the Crogan seems to be more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea. But "Crogan" may be for "cracan" (a hill-side).

Proceeding northwards, we come to Lagan (the little hollow), diminutive of *Lag* (a hollow); Creag ghlas (the grey hill), or it may be the green hill, for *glas* means grey, pale, and also green, and before we come to the "Cock" (*an coileach*), we find

Cuithe marked on the map, which signifies a pit, a trench, a deep moist place, and also a cattle fold.

We now cross the water-shed into the Lochranza district. The glen through which the road passes is marked Glen Chalmadal on the map. It is plainly a Norse name, but I have not succeeded in making out the meaning of it. *Dal* is the same as the Gaelic *dail*, and the English *dale*, but I do not know the meaning of the first syllable.

In this glen there are several names that are not marked on the map. One of them is Gortan na Ceardaich (the little field of the smithy). *Gortan* is the diminutive of *gort* (a field), the same as *gart* in Gartsherrie, Gartmore, &c. The "Gortans" are very common in Arran.

The first place we come to in Lochranza is Bolairidh (the fold of the shieling), from *bol* or *buaile* (a fold), and *airidh* (a shieling). On the opposite side of the burn is Narachan, which I cannot explain. Perhaps it is derived from *nathair*, gen. *nathrach* (a serpent). But as there are other Narachans, the name is probably descriptive. On the north side of the burn are also Torr Meadhonach (the middle hill), Creag ghlas (the grey or green rock), Cnoc-nan-sgrath (the turf hill), and, on the shore, Rudha a' Chreagain Duibh (the headland of the black rock).

Rising above Bolairidh is the hill of Torr-nead-an-eoin (the hill of the bird's nest), and farther south is Clachan, either the plural or the diminutive of *clach* (a stone).

We pass now out of the parish of Kilbride (the Church of St Bridget), into the parish of Kilmorie (the Church of St Mary, that is, the church dedicated to St Mary).

The first word that claims our attention now is Lochranza itself, from which the district takes its name. The earlier name was Keanlochransay or Kendlocherayns ay (the head of Lochransay). It was also called Lochede, which I take to mean Loch-head, or the head of the loch.

Keanloch—or Kendloch—the first part of this word, is plain enough. It signifies Loch-head, or head of the loch, and the last syllable is also plain. It signifies an island, and is the same—*a* or *ay*—which occurs so frequently at the termination of the names of islands, as Jura, Islay, Colonsay, &c. Ranza is, therefore, the Island of Ran, but what is Ran? The name of the giant goddess, the Queen of the sea, in Norse mythology, was Ran, so that, perhaps, Lochranza may have derived its name from this mythic goddess. But there is a word *ran* in Danish which signifies robbery, plunder, and, possibly, Ranza may signify the island of

plunder. These explanations are mere conjectures, and must be taken for what they are worth. The island was the place on which the castle stands, and which must have been at one time surrounded with water.

Near the bay of Lochranza, on the south, is the Coillemore (the big wood), and nearer the village are two places marked on the map Urinbeg and Clachurin. *Beg* is the adjective *beag* (little), and *clach* is a stone; but I do not know the meaning of *urin.*

Other names of places at Lochranza are Margnaheglish (the Merkland of the Church), which was no doubt the land attached to an older church of Lochranza which occupied the site of the present Established Church which was built in 1795 (the old church is marked on a map published about 1640); Loch a Mhuilinn (the loch of the mill); a small loch marked on the map, Cnoc leacainn Duibhe (the knoll of the black hill-slope or declivity), and Doire buidhe (the yellow forest), above Catacol.

The glen through which the stream, which divides the two parishes, passes, is named on tne map Gleann Easan Biorach (the glen of the pointed waterfalls).

To the north of Catacol is a cairn, marked on the map Arfhionn, correctly Ar Fhinn (the slaughter of Finn) probably a corruption of some other name. At any rate, this word has not given its name to the Island of Arran.

We come now to Catacol, which is for Catagil, which occurs in an old document. *Cata*, which signifies a kind of small ship, is the same word from which Caithness, from *Kat-nes* (the ship headland), takes its name; and *gil*, which occurs very frequently in names of places, signifies a deep narrow glen with a stream at bottom. Catacol is, therefore, the glen of the *Kata*, or small ship, pointing, in all probability, to the time when ships anchored where are now cultivated fields.

A small stream which falls into Catacol Bay, to the north of the larger stream that comes down Glencatacol, is marked on the map Abhainn bheag (the small river).

A small loch, which sends a streamlet down into the Catacol river, is marked Lochan a' Mhill (the little loch of the hill). *Meall*, of which the genitive is *mill*, signifies a lump, a heap, a hill.

"Craw" I have not seen in any older form, and, therefore, I cannot explain it with certainty. There is a Norse word *krá*, signifying a nook or corner, and a Gaelic word *cró* (an enclosure, a fold, a hut), with either of which it may be identical.

Lennymore is the great wet meadow. The word *leana*

signifies a wet or swampy meadow—grassy land, with a soft, spongy bottom—and is very common in Irish topography. Lenamore is the name of many townlands in the Irish counties.

Thundergay * is called *Torr-na-gaoith* (the hill of the wind) by the natives of Arran; but, as the old form of the word was Tonregethy (back to the wind), the double *r* of *Torr-na-gaoith* seems to have arisen from the assimilation of *n* to *r*, a common phonetic change.

Penrioch, of which Pennerevach was an older form, is *Peighinn-riabhach* (the brindled or gray pennyland).

Allt-gobhlach is the forked stream, from *allt* (a stream) and *gobhlach* (forked).

Whitefarland, or Whiteforland, is the white promontory or cape.

Tobar Chaluimchille, between North and South Tundergay, is St Columba's well.

On the shore we find marked Rudha Airidh Bheirg, Rudha Glas, and Rudha Ban. There is a Gaelic word *bearg* which signifies a soldier, a champion, a marauder. If this be the word from which Rudha-airidh-Bheirg takes its name, the meaning would be the point or headland of the soldier's shieling. Rudha glas is the gray point or headland, or more probably the green point or headland; for *glas* signifies both gray or pale white and green. Rudha ban is the white point or headland.

To the south of Whitefarland is Leac-bhuidhe. *Laac* means a flat stone, and, therefore, Leac-bhuidhe is the yellow flagstone. But this name may be Leaca-bhuidhe (the yellow hill-slope), from *leaca*, gen. *leacainn* (a hill-slope).

* Also found written "Trurregeys." In reference to Tundergay, the following extract from Dr Joyce's "Irish Names of Places" seems to leave no doubt as to its meaning. "The Irish word *tón* signifies the backside, exactly the same as the Latin *podex*. It was very often used to designate hills, and also low-lying or bottom lands; and it usually retains the original form *ton*—as we see in Tonduff, Tonbaun, Tonroe—black, white, and red backside respeetively; Toneel in Fermanagh, the bottom land of the lime. One particular compound, *Ton-le-gaeith*, which literally signifies "backside to the wind," seems to have been a favourite term; for there are a great many hills all through the country with this name, which are now called Tonlegee Sometimes the preposition *re* is used instead of *le*—both having the same meaning—and the name in this case becomes Tonregee. In this last, a *d* is often inserted after the *n* (p. 57), and this, with one or two other trifling changes, has developed the form Tanderagee, the name of a little town in Armagh, and of ten townlands, all in the Ulster counties, except one in Meath, and one in Kildare."—*Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," 3rd Ed., p. 507.*

Imachar is written Tymochare and Tymoquhare in some ancient charters. I cannot at present say anything with certainty in regard to the meaning of this word, and conjectural interpretations are of little value.

The older form Baynleka shows that Ballickine is for Ban-leacainn (the white hillside or hill-slope). The word is a good example of the ease and certainty whith which words, that on the face appear difficult, can be explained when we get at their older forms.

We come next to Dougrie, which is written Dowgare and Dougarre in old charters. These forms show plainly that the first part of this word is *dubh* (black); but they leave us in some uncertainty in regard to the second part—*gar* or *garre*—which may be either *garadh* (a den, a cave, also a thicket), or *garradh* (a garden). Garadh occurs in other place names, as Gleann-garadh (Glengarry) and Garadh-buidhe (the yellow thicket or shrubbery).

Iorsa, like Rosa, is Norse. The last syllable *a* means water, but it is difficult to say what the first syllable signifies.

A stream, which falls into the Iorsa water, is called Allt-na-h-àiridh (the burn of the shielling).

A small lake, at the head of Glen Scaftigill, is called Dubh Loch (the black loch). Loch Tana, which likewise empties itself into the Iorsa water, means, probably, the shallow loch. I say probably because I do not know exactly how the word *tana* is pronounced.

Skaftigill is Norse. The last syllable means a narrow glen, and *skaft* is Danish, for English shaft, haft, handle. The corresponding Ice. word *skapt* occurs frequently in place-names, as *skapta* (shaft-river, Cf. the name Shafto), *skaptar-fell* (shaft-mountain; Cf., shap-fell in Westmoreland). Skaftigill is, therefore, shaft-glen.

We come next to Achencar, a more recent form of Achachara (the field of the standing-stone), from *achadh* (a field), and *caradh* (a pillar or standing-stone), the place having taken its name from the pillar-stone still standing there.

South of Achnacar, Cnocan cuallaich (the little hill of the cattle-herding).

Farther south is Achagallon (in Gael., *achaghalloin)*, which likewise means the field of the standing-stone, from *achadh* (a field) and *gallan* (a pillar or standing-stone*).

* There is a standing-stone marked on the map above Auchaghalloin. Ghlaic Bhan (the white hollow) is between Auchaghalloin and Machrie.

On the shore is Cleiteadh Buidhe (the yellow ridge of rocks), from *cleiteadh* (a ridge of rocks in the sea) and *buidhe* (yellow).

There is a little hill above Auchagallon set down on the map as Cnoc-na-ceille (the hill of wisdom), but the proper name, I understand, is Cnoc-na-cailligh (the hag's hill).

We come next to Machaire (a field, a plain), a very common name, as might be expected, in Gaelic topography, both Scotch and Irish.

The next name on the map is Torrmore (the big hill), from *torr* (a hill), and *mor* (great, big). There is also Torr-beg (the little hill).

There is marked on the map a Torr-righ-beag (the king's little hill), which seems to be the name of a small hill, which is marked as being 350 feet above the level of the sea

Between Torr-mor and the shore is Leacan ruadh (the red flag-stones); but I suspect Leacan should be Leacainn (a hill-slope), and Leacainn ruadh (the red hill-slope).

Near Torr-righ-beag there is a place marked as An Cumhann, which means the strait, the defile.

Near the shore, north from Druim-an-dùin, is Cleiteadh-nan-Sgarbh (the cormorant rocks, or, more properly, ridge of rocks of the cormorants).

We come now to Drumadoon; in Gaelic, Druim-an-dùin (the ridge of the fort), from *druim* (back, ridge), and *dùin* (a fort); the Gaelic etymological equivalent of Eng. town, from Anglo-Saxon *tun*.

I have already referred to Torr-beg (the little hill).

The Eilean More, near Black-water Foot, is the big island.

The Dubh Abhainn is the Black-water, and Black-water Foot is Bun-na-Dubh-Abhainn.

Feorline, of which there are two—South Feorline and North Feorline—is the Farthing-land, as *peighinn* (penny) is Pennyland. Cnoc-na-Peighinn is the hill of the Pennyland.

Ballygown is Smith town, from *baile* (town, town-land), and *gobhann*, gen. of *gobha* (smith). Cnoc Ballygoun is the hill of the smith-town.

An t-Allt Beithe is Birchburn, the name by which it now seems to be best known.

Shedog, in Gaelic Seidag or Seidog, is a diminutive formed by the feminine *og* or *ag* from *seid*—corresponding, I have no doubt, to Scottish *shed* (a portion of land separate from another).

Ballinacuil is the town or townland of the nook or corner. I have been told that this has been recently given to Mr Allan's

farm, and is in no way descriptive; but I have been also told that the name is much older than at least the time of the present occupant. There are two parts of Balmichael—*Baile Iochdarach* (Lower Balmichael) and *Baile Uachdarach* (Upper Balmichael).

Ballnamoine is *baile na moine* (the town or townland of the moss).

Clachan, a derivative from *clach* (a stone), means a hamlet, and also a burying-place.

Ballmichael is the town or townland of Michael.

Sroin-na-carraige (the nose, or point of the rock), now forms part of the farm of Ballmichael.

Gortan Dubh (the black little field) is near Balmichael.

Sloc a' Mhadaidh (the pit or hole of the dog) is now part of the farm of Balmichael.

Srath-na-Cliabh (the strath of the hurdles, or of the harrows*).

On the Tormore side of the stream is Sliabh-na-Carrachan (the hill or moor of the standing-stones), the name having been taken from the standing-stones.

On the same side is Cnocan-na-tubha (the little hill of the thatch), where, I snppose, turf for thatching the houses used to be cut.

We come now to Dair-nan-each (the oak of the horses), or rather Daire-nan-each (the grove of the horses).

Lag-an-Torra-Duibh (the hollow of the black hill) is the name of the wood below Dar-nan-each.

Tarr-na-Creige (the extremity or tail of the rock) is probably for Torr-na-creige (the hill of the rock).

Glaistre is for Glas-doire (the gray or green grove). In old documents the spelling is Glasdery.

Monyquil was formerly written Monycole, which means the moss or bog of the hazel, from *monadh* (moss, bog), and *col*, gen. *coil* (hazel).

The second part of Glenlaeg I cannot explain with any certainty.

The glen through which the Shisken road passes is Gleann-an-t-suidhe (the glen of the seat), and the glen to the north of it is Gleann an Easboig (the bishop's glen).

Shisken, from which the district which we have now traversed takes its name, is, in Gaelic, *an sescenn*, which means a boggy, marshy, or sedgy place, which, no doubt, was a correct description of the district when it received its name, although it has now a good many fertile fields.

* There is a place here called Cra-léith, or something which sounds like that.

[At this point, Dr Cameron's paper on Arran Place Names, so far as it was thrown into literary form, ends, leaving the south-western corner of the island, from Blackwater Foot to Pladda Isle, unfinished. Fortunately, he has left notes on the place-names of the district, and they are here reproduced as he left them, in order to complete his survey of Arran Place Names. The notes begin at Shisken, where he left off in the last section of his paper :—

Kilpatrick, for *Cill-Phàdraig*—the Church of St Patrick.
Bruthach Breac, speckled brae, near Kilpatrick.
Rudha Garbhard, for *Rudha-garbh-àrd*—the rough high headland.
Aird-nan-Rón, the height of the seals.
Rinn-a'-Chrúbain, the point of the crab-fish.
Cnocan Donn, the brown hillock—two places of this name.
Cnoc Reamhar, the thick hill.
Torr, the hill.
Cnocan-a'-Chrannchuir, the hillock of the lot.
Cor-na-beithe, the round hill of the birch, or the hollow of the birch.
Lean-a'-Chneamh, the boggy land of the garlic.
Torr an Daimh, the hill of the ox.
Beinn-tarsuinn, the cross mountain.
Loch-cnoc-an-Locha, the loch of the hill of the loch.
Tormusk, the hill of the musket.
Beinn Bhreac, the grey or brindled mountain
Cnocan Biorach, the pointed hill.
Cnoc-na-Croise, the hill of the cross.
Cnoc-a'-Chapuill, the hill of the horse.
Cnoc-na-Dail, the hill of the meeting, or the hill of delay, but rather the former.
Ross, for *Ros*, wood. The word also signifies a peninsula.
Port-na-Feannaige, the port of the hoodie crow, or also, the port of the lazy bed.
Cleiteadh Dubh, the black ridge of rocks.
Cleiteadh, near Clachag farm.
Sliddery (Pont has *Sledroi*).
Port Mór, the large port, near Sliddery water.
Glenscorrodale, from Scorradal by prefixing the Gaelic *gleann*. *Skorradal* is a place-name in Iceland. It is derived from *skorri*, apparently the name of a bird. Cf. Vigfusson.
Glenree, for *Gleann-righ*—the glen of the king ; or *Gleann-reagh*, for *Gleann-riabhach*—the grey glen.
Boguille, for *boglach (?)*—a bog, a boggy place.
Birrican, or Burrican.
Bennicarrigan, the hill of the little rock ; but is *Benni-* for *Penni-?*
Clachaig, an inflected form of *clachag ;* Irish *clochag* or *clochoge* (a stony place, a place full of round stones)—from *clach* or *cloch*, stone.
Lagg, for *lag*—a hollow. Laggan, for *lagan*—the little hollow.
Kilmory (St Mary's Church. See above).
Shanachy, the old field. Cf. Shanaghy in Joyce's Place Names, II., p. 450.
Torrylin, for *torra-linn*—the tower or hill of the pool.

Cloined, for *cluain-fhad*—the long meadow ; or *claoin-fhad*, the long slope. Cf. Joyce, p. 224 and 400.
Aucheleffen, for *achadh-leth-pheighinn*—the half-penny field.
Achareoch, for *achadh-riabhach*—the grey field.
Bogaire, a soft marshy place ; Na Bogaire (plural), because there are two places of the same name.
Achenhew, for *achadh-eó*—the field of the few. Cf. Joyce, I., p. 492.
Levencorrach, for *leth-pheighinn corrach*—the steep half-penny land.
Bennan, for *beannan*—the little hill.
Pladda, old forms *Pladow*, *Plada*.
[Seven or eight of the Western Isles are called Fladda respectively, the Icelandic island-name Flatey, flat island ; Pladda is a Gaelic variant of Fladda with *f* de-aspirated to *p*.—ED.]

Dr Cameron, further, transcribed the names on Blaeu's map of Arran, published in the famous Atlas of 1662. The map of Arran was drawn by Timothy Pont, some fifty years previously. We have thought it best to reproduce the map in its entirety, to illustrate and add value to Dr Cameron's researches in Arran Places Names].

DR MACDONALD'S COLLECTION OF OSSIANIC POETRY.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE LATE REV. A. CAMERON, LL.D.*]

A Collection of Ossianic Poetry, taken down from Oral Recitation, by the Late Rev. Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh.

In July, 1805, Dr Macdonald was licensed to preach ; and two months later he started, as stated, at the request of Sir John Sinclair, on an Ossianic tour throughout the North-Western Highlands. The object of his journey was to ascertain to what extent traditions of the Fingalians existed in the Highlands, and whether Ossian's poems were still remembered.

In the course of that journey, Mr Macdonald took down from the recitation of several persons, whose names he has recorded, a small collection of Ossianic ballads, which afterwards passed, probably through Sir John Sinclair, into the possession of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and is now deposited, together with other manuscripts belonging to the Society, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.

* Dr Macdonald's Collection is printed in the 13th volume of our Transactions, pp. 269-300, under the editorship of the late Dr Cameron. It wants the introduction which he wrote for it, and which has been found among his papers since his death. It is here printed to complete the edition of the Collection made by Dr Macdonald.

Dr Macdonald's MS., which is in his own hand-writing, extends to fifty-two octavo pages. The MS. is written, apparently, with great care; but the orthography is frequently inaccurate. In after years, Dr Macdonald acquired the art of writing Gaelic with considerable accuracy.

Five of the ballads in this MS., including "The Battle of Ben Eadair," which is made up of more than one ballad, were published by the late Mr J. F. Campbell in his "Leabhar na Fèinne;" but, unfortunately, the transcripts from which he printed must have been inaccurate, for his printed copies abound with mistakes, which frequently render the places in which they occur quite unintelligible. Among those mistakes must be numbered the omission of lines, and sometimes of even whole verses contained in the original manuscript.

We now print the entire MS. exactly as it was written by the collector, except that a few verbal changes have been made in the brief statements or "arguments" prefixed to the ballads. Amended versions of the ballads would, no doubt, be more readable, and, therefore, more interesting to general readers; but those who take a real interest in the study of our Ossianic literature prefer exact transcripts of the manuscript collections, to which they may not themselves have convenient access, to amended versions, however skilfully the editor may perform his task. We, therefore, print the ballads exactly as they were written by Dr Macdonald in September and October, 1805. A. C.

27th FEBRUARY, 1889.

On this date Mr Malcolm M'Innes read a paper contributed by the Rev. Mr John Macrury, Snizort, entitled "A Collection of Unpublished Gaelic Poetry." Mr Macrury's paper was as follows:—

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED GAELIC POETRY.

A Luchd-Comuinn mo ruin,—Gu ma fada beo sibh fhein agus bhur Comunn. Tha mi anabarrach toilichte sibh a bhith soirbheachadh cho math anns an obair a ghabh sibh os laimh, agus ma's math am bliadhna gu ma seachd fearr an ath-bhliadhna. An uair a sgriobh an run-chleireach agaibh do m' ionnsuidh a dh' iarraidh orm rud eiginn a chur uige a chuireadh seachad greis de 'n oidhche dhuibh, gheall mi da gu'n cuirinn a dha no tri de sheann

orain d' a ionnsuidh. Tha eagal orm nach cord iad ribh; ach nam biodh ni b'fhearr agam gheibheadh sibh iad le deagh run. Fhuair mise na h-orain a leanas sgriobhta ann an leabhar beag a dh' fhag an t-Urramach Iain Tormad Domhnullach nach maireann, a bha 'na mhinistear anns na h-Earradh. Sgriobh e iad ann an Uibhist o chionn sheachd bliadhna deug air fhichead. O'n a chaidh cuid de na h-orain a sgriobh e a chlo-bhualadh anns an "Oranaiche," agus ann an leabhar no dha eile, cha 'n 'eil feum dhomhsa an cur sios an so. Cha 'n 'eil fios agamsa nach 'eil cuid de na tha mi 'cur thugaibh air an clo-bhualadh cheana. Co dhiu tha gus nach 'eil, so agaibh iad facal air an fhacal mar a fhuair mise sgriobhta iad :—

LAOIDH FHRAOICH.

An t-oglach o 'n d' fhalbh a bhean,
Ged a bha e seal 'na deigh,
Uime sin na bi fo leann,
Dh' imich o Fhionn a bhean fein.

Dh' fhalbh a bhean o Righ nan Ruadha,
'S bu cheannard e air sluagh cheud,
Chuir i currach air an t-sal,
'S thug i gradh do mhac Righ Greig.

Dh' fhalbh a bhean o 'n Ghlas mac Seirc,
'S cha do dh' fhidir i 'rasg mall;
Cairioll, ged bu ghlan a ghnuis
Rinn a bhean cuis air a cheann.

Sud 's mac Ridir an Domhain Mhoir,
Phronn e or fuidh dheud a mhna,
Loisg is' e fuidh leinidh luim:
'S mairg a ni muirn fuidh na mnai.

Anagladh gach fear fo 'n ghrein,
A bhean fein mu'n dean i lochd,
Mu'm bi i rithist 'na dheigh,
Mar bha Moibh an deigh nan corp.

Seachd righrean chuir i gu bas;
Gu'm bu mhor a cradh 's a lochd;
Fraoch is Cairioll agus Aodh,
Is Conan caomh nan arm nochd,

Cuchullainn ri sgoltadh sgiath,
Saor dian an fhaobhair ghil,
Rosg mac Meaghaiche nan cliar,
Nach d' ghabh fiamh roimh dhuin' air bith.

. . . .

Bhuail euslainte throm throm,
Nigheann Moighre nan corn fial,
Thainig i le fios gu Fraoch
Dh'fhidir an laoch ciod e 'miann.

Thuirt ise nach biodh i slan
Gus 'm faigheadh i lan a bas maoth
De chaoireann an lochain fhuair,
'S gun a dhol g' am buain ach Fraoch.

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch 's cha bu ghill tiom'
Shnamh e gu grinn air an loch ;
Fhuair e 'bhiasd 'na siorram suain,
'S a craoslach suas ris an dos.

Thug e leis na caoireann dearg
Dh' ionnsuidh Moighre 's i air tir ;
" Fhir dha math dha 'n d' thig e uait
Cha 'n fhoghainn sid a laoich luaidh
Gun 'fhreimh a bhuain as a bhun."

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch 's cha bu turus aidh,
Shnamh e air an linne bhuig :
Bu diochdair fhios da mar bha,
'M b' e sud am bas da 'na chuid.

Rug e air an dos air bharr,
'S thug e na freimh as am bun,
'N am dha 'chas a thoirt gu tir,
Rug i air a ris a muigh ;

Rug i air 's e air an t-snamh,
'S liodraich i 'dheas lamh na craos,
Rug esan oirrese air ghial ;
'S truagh gun sgian a bhith aig Fraoch.

Nigheann or-bhuidh' 's ceanna-bhuidh' falt,
'S grad a thug thu 'n sgiath o 'n laoch ;
Fraoch mac Iuthaich is a' bhiasd,
'S truagh a chiall mu'n d' rinn iad stad.

Comhrag 's cha bu chomhrag laoich
Bh' eadar a' Fraoch 's a' bhiasd mhor,
Gus 'n do thuit iad bonn ri bonn
Air traigh an leac lom a bhos.

Thainig neultaidh as an Fheinn
'S ghlac iad e 'nan lamhan bog'.
" Ged tha thu 'n diugh an glaic an eig,
'S iomadh euchd a rinn thu bhos.

B' fhaide do shleagh na crann siuil,
Bu bhinne na guth ciuil do ghuth ;
Snamhaiche cho math ri Fraoch
Cha do shin a thaobh air sruth.

Bu duibhe thu na fitheach gearr dubh,
'S deirge d' fhuil na fuil a' bhraoin ;
Sar mhillticbe nan sral—
'S gile na sin slios an laoich.

An ceol ris an eisdeadh Fraoch,
'S binne na ceileireadh lach air loch—
Langan an loin air a' charn
Buireadh daimh air aird nan cnoc.

ORAN LUAIDH.

'S mi 'm aonar air airidh 'n leachduin,

Luinneag—
Chall ò hì-o-bho hi-hùrabhò,
Chall òro-hì 'sa bho-hì,
Na hi rì riobhò hi hùrabhò.

'G amharc nam fear a' dol seachad,
Chall o, etc.

Cha tig mi mo roghainn asda,
Chall o, etc.

Chi mi na feidh air an leachdaich,
Chall o, etc.

'S iad a' falbh gu fiamhach, faiteach,
Chall o, etc.

Ged 'tha cha ruig iad a leas sud,
Chall o, etc.

'S an giomanach donn am pasgadh,
Chall o, etc.

'N ciste nam bord air a ghlasadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S ard a' ghrian air beanntaibh Uige,
Chall o, etc.
'S a' ghealach air beinn a' smudain,
Chall o, etc.
'S na feidh air leachdaich a' bhuiridh,
Chall o, etc.
Tha 'na chadal fear g' an dusgadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S an gunna breac air a chulaobh,
Chall o, etc.
An daga 's an adharc fhudair,
Chall o, etc.
Ge h-oil leam sin cha 'n e chiurr mi,
Chall o, etc.
Mo thriuir bhraithrean marbh gun dusgadh,
Chall o, etc.
'N fhuil a' reothadh air an culaobh,
Chall o, etc.
Bha mi fhin le m' bheul 'g a sughadh,
Chall o, etc.
Gus na rinn air m' anail tuchadh,
Chall o, etc.
Ge h-oil leam sin cha 'n e chiurr mi,
Chall o, etc.
Bhith 'n gaol air an fhear a ruisg mi,
Chall o, etc.
'Fianuis cruinneachadh na duthchadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S mi m' aonar air airidh 'n leachduinn,
Chall o, etc.

'S mise a thug an ceannach
Air bainne nigh'n Domhnuill,
Hi ùrar ùbhi-ùo-hò-hì-ibho.
Cha 'n e mheud 's a dh' ith mi,
Dh' fhidir mi no dh' òl mi.
Challain éileadh hò hi ibho-ro-ho-le-adh,
Challain ùrar ùbhi hù-o-hò-hi-ibho,
E ho hì-rì-rì hoirionn ò-ho-le-adh.

Cha 'n e mheud 's a dh' ith mi,
Dh' fhidir mi no dh' òl mi,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
No ro mheud mo shinead,
Ach mi mhilleadh m' oige.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Tha mo bhraiste briste,
Tha mo chrios 'na oirnean,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Mo ghruag anns na tollan,
Mo phlaide 'na sroicean.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

O fhear de Chlann Mhuirich,
Mac Muire 'na thorachd,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Nam faicinn do bhirlinn
Fo 'h-eideadh a' seoladh.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Air m' fhalluing nam faiceadh,
Gu rachainn na codhail,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gu'n deanainn mo ghearainn,
Ris an t-seobhag sheolta.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Bhiodh Raoghnull Mac Ailein,
Air toiseach mo thorachd,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gu'm biodh ni nach b'ioghnadh
Bhiodh Raoghnull Mac Dhomhnuill.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'm biodh ni gun tagradh—
Bhiodh dalta nan Leodach,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gaol nam ban a Lathurn,
Aighear ban na Mor-thir.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Trom-cheist nam ban Ileach,
'S ann diubh Sile 's Seonaid,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Nam faicinn mo leannan
'Tighinn an coir na buaileadh.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'm paisginn an cuman,
Gu'n lunnainn a' bhuarach,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Fear an aodainn shoilleir
Fo thaghadh na gruaige,
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'n aithnichean do bhuidheann
A' tighinn o 'n mhointich,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Air ghilead an leintean
'S air dheirgead an cota.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Air ghuirmead an triubhais
'S air dhuibhead am brogan,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Air gheiread an iubhair
Fo uidheam an dorlaich.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Sgiath o bharr an iubhair
'S claidheamh caol de 'n t-seorsa,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Bhiodh pocaidean fudair
Trom dumhail air t'olaich.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

Ach a Righ mo chuirre,
Chuir mi 'n luib nan Tuathach,
    Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Iomlaid na bà dara
Chuir mo ghradh an gruaim rium.
    Challain eileadh, etc.

. . . . . .

Cho do rinn nigh'n Raoghnuill
An fhaoghlum bu dual di,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Cha d' thug i dhomh beannag,
Gu falach mo ghruaige.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Ach sguilein beag salach
De 'n anart bu shuaraich,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Eagal mi bhi nasgaidh,
O'n mhasl' ud a fhuair mi.
Challain eileadh, etc.

'S mise 'thug an ceannach
Air bainne nigh'n Domhnuill.
Hi urar, etc., etc.

Tha oran eile an so a rinn an Dall mor mac Neill Mhuilich, agus cuiridh mi e m' a choinneamh an orain a chuir mi sios mar tha:—"Do Alasdair Domhnullach, Bhalaidh ann an Uibhist a' Chinn-a-Tuath, air dha tighinn dhachaidh as an Taobh-Deas, far an robh e car uine air son a shlainte. Le Alasdair Domhnullach ris an cainte an Dall mor mac Neill Mhuilich."

Do bheatha dhachaidh o 'n chuan sgith,
Fhir Bhalaidh nan lann liomhaidh geur,
Fan lann sgaiteach claiseach cruaidh,
Seobhag na h-uasal' 's mor speis.

Mo cheisd air ceannard an t-sluaigh,
Anns an ruaig a b' eutrom ceum,
'S leomhan guineach thu 'n robh spid—
Am beul firinneach gun bhreig.

'S iomadh banntrach air a gluin,
A ghuidh 'na h-urnuigh dhuit deagh sgeul,
Agus dilleachdan gun treoir
Leis 'm bu deonach dhol fo d' sgeith.

Rinn na leannachdan thu slan
Le toil 's le fabhar Mhic Dhe,
Ghairm na seobhaig anns a' chos,
"Theid am fasgadh oirnn gu leir,"
Do bheatha dhachaidh o'n chuan sgith.

Rann a rinneadh ann am Baile nan Cailleach, am Beinne-bhaoghla, do Rob Domhnullach mac an t-Saoir, piobaire Raoghnuill oig Mhic 'ic Ailein, Tighearna Chlann Raoghnuill, le Alasdail (Dall) Domhnullach, ris an cainte Alasdair mor mac Neill Mhuilich—

Oidhche dhomh 's mi ann am chadal,
Chuala mi sgal pioba moire,
Dh'eirich mi ealamh a' m' sheasamh,
Dh'aithnich mi 'm fleasgach a bhual i.
Bha da leomhain orr' a' beadradh
Claidheamh is sleagh air an cruachain,
Bha fear dhiubh o 'n Chaisteal Tioram
Grunn de na dh'imich mu'n cuairt da.
Mac a Mhor-fhear a Dun-Tuilm,
Gu'n d'labhair sAilbhearr suairc,
Druidibh ri 'cheile 'Chlann Domhnuill,
Leanaibh a' choir mar bu dual duibh.
Rob Mac Dhomhnuill Bhain a Raineach,
Boineid is breacan an cuaich air
Bha suil leomhain 's i 'na aodan,
Coltas caonuaig 'dol 'san ruaig air.
Chluich e "corr-bheinn" air a' mhaighdinn
(Ceol a's caoimhneil' chaidh ri m' chluasan).
Nach iarr biadh, no deoch, no eideadh,
Ach aon leine chur mu'n cuairt dhi ;
Chluich e air maighdinn Chlann Raoghnuill,
Rob a leannan graidh 'g a pogadh,
Meal do mheodhair, meal do mheoirean ;
Meal do chuimhne 's do gloir shiobhalt' ;
Meal do phiob-mhor, 's meal do Ghailig.
Do mhaighistir dh'fhag an rioghachd,
Iain Muidcartach mor nam bratach ;
Raoghnull a mhac thogas ire,
'S coma leam co ghabhas anntlachd,
'Se Rob maighstir gach piobair',
Bha 'n urram greis an siol Leoid ac' ;
'Nuair 'bha 'n oinnseach aig na daoin' ud.
Bha i 'n sin aig Clann Mhic Artuir
Piobair sgairteach na caonnaig,
Tha i nis 's a' Chaisteal-Tioram,
'S ait leis an fhinne so 'faotainn,
Fhad 's a dh'fhanas Rob 'na bheo-shlaint'
Gleidhidh Clann Domhnuill an Fhraoich i.

AN OIGH FHOLUIMTE.

Le Domhnull Friseal (Rosmarkie), Ball de 'n Chomunn Oiseinneach.

Air fonn—"*'Nuuir thig an Samhradh geugach oirnn.*"

A cheolraidh bhinn nan coilltichean,
Do m' mhaighdinns' biodh 'ur n-oran-sa ;
'N te fhoinnidh, bhaigheil, bhoillsgeanta,
'N te fhoinnidh, chaoimhneil, chomhraiteach,
'N te mheallach, chanach, fhurmailteach,
'N te shugach shunndach, mhor-mhaiseach,
'N te mhalda, narach, ionnsaichte,
Gun lurdanach, gun bhosdalach.

Air inneal-ciuil nam baintighearnan,
Gur pongail, aghmhor, eolach i ;
'S i ealanta 'g a' laimhseachadh
'S a binn-guth graidh 'g a chordadh ris—
An t-seis a bheireadh faothachadh
Do theasaich ghaoil nan oigearan ;
Am fonn a dheanadh maothachadh,
Air buadhan dhaoine teo-chridheach.

'S ard fhoghluimt' anns an cainntibh i,
'S gu'm b'annsa leam a h-oraidean,
Na'n ceileir ceolmhor bardail ud
A thig o 'n challduinn chrochd-mheuraich ;
Gu'n labhair i gu deiseil
A chainnt Eadailteach is Romhanach,
'S gu fuaimnich i gu h-eagarra
A' Ghailig bheadarr' oranach.

Mar sgeimh na maidne samhraidh i,
'Nuair bhios gach gleann fo fhluraichean,
'S a bhios baird bheaga 'canntaireachd,
Am barr nan craun le surdalachd,
'S na h-osagan gu fann-sheideach
A' siudadh nam meang cuirneineach,
Is toroman binn nan altan
Ann an greannmhoireachd a' tuirling oirnn.

DUANAG DO 'N CHOMUNN OISEINEACH.

LE BARD.

AIR FONN—" *Tha tighinn fodham eiridh.*"

Deoch slaint' a' Chomuinn Oiseinich,
'S e sin an Comunn salasach,
Comunn glan nan oganach,
  A sheasadh coir na Feinne.

    Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
    Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
    Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
      Tha tighinn fodham eiridh.

'S e sin an Comunn dealasach,
Tha snaoim a' ghaoil 'gan teannachadh ;
Bidh suain aig Gaill a' bhaile so,
  Mu'n dealaich iad ri cheile.
    Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

Mo bheannachd aig na fleasgaichean,
Na Gaidheil ghasda theas-chridheach,
Ga'm bheil an comhradh deas-chainnteach,
  Gun eisiomail do 'n Bheurla,
    Tha tighinn fodam, etc.

'S i 'Ghailig cainnt nam fineachan,
'S i 'Ghailig cainnt ar cridheachan,
'S i 'dhuisgeas blaths is cinneadas ;
  Cha 'n ionnan i 's a' Bheurla.
    Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

'S i so ar canain mhathaireil,
O ! 's caoimhneil agus baigheil i ;
Gur math gu deanamh manrain i ;
  Gu brath cha leig sinn eug i.
    Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

Lionaibh mar a b' abhaist duibh,
Na glaineachan le gairdeachas,
Gu aiseirigh na Gailig
  Is gu buille bais na Beurla.
    Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

The following note was appended to this song by the collector of the songs given in this paper, in October 30, 1854:—

"The author of 'Duanag do 'n Chomunn Oiseineach' is not certain. It was sung for the first time at the first dinner of the Society in the Argyll Hotel, in Glasgow, on the 14th January, 1833 (for which occasion, I was told, it was composed), by Mr Macpherson, F.O.S. It is written down in the first volume of the Minutes of the Society, after a long account given of the dinner, and is known very little beyond that. It is sometimes, but not often, sung at the annual dinners. (Signed) "J. N. M'D.
"October 30, 1854."

6th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting the Rev. Charles Macdonald, Mingarry, Loch-shiel, Salen, Suinart, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper, contributed by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on "The Sheiling, its Traditions and Songs, Part II." Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows:—

THE SHEILING: ITS TRADITIONS AND SONGS.

Part II.*

The maiden of the sheiling has been an object of special interest in all pastoral countries, and was frequently the theme of the poet, in all ages and in all countries—

"'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame."

So sang the Lowland bard, but no song on the maid of the sheiling can surpass that of our own Alexander Macdonald — "Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair." Was ever a maiden's hair praised more than in the following verse?—

* For the first part of this paper see volume 14 of Society's Transactions, page 135.

"Chuireadh maill' air mo léirsinn,
Ann an driuchd mhaduinn Chéitein,
Na gathannan gréine,
'Thig bho 'teud-chul cas 'fàineach."

Translation.

My eyes were dazzled
In the early morning of dewy May,
By the sunbeams that flashed from her curling locks,
That were bright as the golden strings of the harp.

In another verse he says—

"'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein,
Ga chrathadh mu 'cluasan,
A' toirt muigh air seist-luachrach,
An tigh-buaile 'n gleann-fásaich."

Translation.

Beautiful is the motion of her locks
As they flash and shake about her ears,
As on her bed of rushes she churns the butter
In her sheiling in the lonely glen.

This reference to the churning the butter on the bed indicates that it was the vessel known as the "imideal," that I explained about in my former paper, that is referred to here, for two girls sat on the bed shaking this vessel until they produced butter.

It is interesting to know that our first recorded romance of the sheiling is to be found in the Book of Genesis, when Jacob met his fair young kinswoman, Rachel, as she tended her father's flocks. The first meeting, with its tears and kisses, is full of romantic interest. Afterwards, the years of service given for her, and, notwithstanding her waywardness, the poetic love with which the patriarch clung to her memory to the end of his long life, must command our admiration. "As for me," said he, "when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come into Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem;" and the patriarch was then dying in extreme old age.

Another ancient romance of the sheiling is that of Cormac, King of Ireland, which is worthy of being commemorated. Cormac, son of Art, was the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Fights—Conn-ceud-cathach — from whom his descendants, the Macdonalds,

take the title of "Sìol-Chuinn." Cormac was one day riding through a forest near his own castle, when he beheld a lovely young maiden milking cows at some distance. He reined in his steed under the boughs of a tree, and with admiration watched the grace of the maiden's actions as she, with a cheerful manner, went about her humble duties. She went home with her milkpails to a little cot that stood near, and then returned singing gladly in a low sweet voice whilst attending to the wants of the milky mothers. She had not noticed him, but he approached her cautiously lest he should alarm her. She attempted to flee away when she saw him, but with his adroitness he set her at ease, and soothed her into confidence. He pretended ignorance of cows and dairy labour ; he asked her about the separating of milk from strippings, and was surprised that she preferred fresh rushes to rotten, and clean water to brackish. The girl modestly gave him all the information he wished, and in the course of conversation she mentioned the name of her foster-father, and then he knew that Eite, the daughter of Dunluing, stood before him, and that her foster-father was Buiciodh Brughach who had been a rich grazier in Leinster, and was ruined by the munificence of his hospitality. The Leinster gentry who used to be his guests began to consider his goods their own, and when they left his house they took whatever number they fancied of his cows. They soon ruined the princely farmer, and so he left home quietly, and travelled until he came to a forest in Meath, resolving to spend his days retired and unknown with his wife and Eite, or as she is sometimes called Eithne. The meeting of Cormac with the fair girl led to her becoming his wife, and her foster-father got ample land and herds near the palace of Tara. The daughter of Cormac and Eite became the wife of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Mac Treuna-mhoir, and thus the maid of the Sheiling was the grandmother of Ossian, the royal bard.

One of the romantic incidents of the sheiling was the fairy lover, and some of the songs concerning those are still to be heard among the old people. This "leannan-sith," or fairy lover, was able at times to win the love of the maid of the sheiling in no ordinary manner ; and fairy women, in the guise of milkmaids, have been known to win the affection of the herdsman who on the mountain side attended his flocks. There is a fairy lullaby of which I only know a fragment. It was composed by the "leannan-sith" when the maid of the sheiling, who was the mother of his child, had become cruel and laid his little baby-boy to cry himself to death on the hill-side near the father's uncanny

home. The poor unhappy man came to the relief of his child, and in his song he is promising every thing good to his "Morag" if she obeys nature's call and comes to her son. Morag it seems went to look after her herds, and turned a deaf ear to his weird singing and his deep distress. The melody of this song is very sweet and plaintive, as are all those known as "Fonn-sìth," fairy melody. The words run as follows :—

"A Mhór, a Mhór,
A Mhór, a Mhór,
A Mhór, a Mhór,
Taobh ri d' mhacan ;
  A hùbh a hó !
'S gheibh thu goidean
Bòidheach bhreac uam.
  A hùbh a hó,
  A hùbh a hó !
Laogh do chuim,
An cois an tuim,
Gun teine, gun dion, gun fhasgadh.

A Mhór, a ghaoil,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.
  A hùbh a hó !
Gheibheadh tu fion,
'S gach ni b'ait leat,
Ach nach eirinn
Leat 's a' mhaduinn,
  A hùbh a hó,
  A hùbh a hó !
Ged nach eirinn leat 's a' mhaduinn.

Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
'S uisge frasach.
'S thachair ormsa,
A ghruagach thlachdmhor.
  A hùbh o hó,
  A hùbh o hó !
A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a' chrò
Is cach na'n cadal.

An daoith gheal donn,
An daoith gheal donn,
An daoith gheal donn,
Rug i mac dhomh.
  A hùbh a hó !
Ged is fuar
A rinn i altrum,
  A hùbh a hó !
A Mhór, a Mhór,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.

A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma 'riut,
A nighean nan gamhna,
A nighean nan gamhna
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a chrò
'Us cach nan cadal,
  A hùbh a hó!
A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a' chrò
'Us cach nan cadal.

A Mhór, bheag dhonn,
Nach till thu rium,
A Mhór, bheag dhonn,
Nach till thu rium,
  A hùbh a hó !
Mi caoidh do mhicein
Air an t-sliabh.
  A hùbh a hó,
  A hùbh a hó !
'S a bhialan min
Ri m' fheusag liath.

'S tu direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann,
A' direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann.
  A hùbh a hó!

'S na laoigh air chall
A' direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann.
  A hùbh o hó,
  A hùbh o hó!
Gu sgith, fliuch, fuar,
'S na laoigh air chall.

A Mhór, a Mhór,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.
  A hùbh a hó!
Laogh do chuim
Ri taobh cnocain,
Gun teine, gun tuar,
Gun fhasgadh.
  A hùbh o hó,
  A hùbh o hó!
'S gheibh thu fion uam
'S gach ni 's ait leat,
Ach nach eirinn leat 'sa a mhaduinn."

Another unfortunate girl was at the sheiling with her companion; and, when out on the hillside, she made the acquaintance of a fairy lover, to whom she was most devoted. She used to steal away every evening to meet him in a cosy hiding place surrounded by trees of holly and mountain ash, and although her companion watched her, she could not find out where she was going. At last she asked her to confide in her, promising that the secret would come through her knee before it came through her lips. The maiden then told her where she went every evening, and the other soon revealed the secret; and the girl's brothers went to the place, and found the lover resting on a bed of straw that the maiden had made for him at their trysting place. The lover, who was probably human enough, was slain by the angry young men, and the girl, on getting near the place, saw them ride away; and on going to her lover, she found him slain.

The poor girl died of sorrow, and composed the following song, in which she bitterly reproaches her companion for unfaithfulness:—

" Far am biodh mo leannan falaich,
  Cha b'ioghna mise a bhi ann,
Fàile nan ùbhlan meala,
  Dhe 'n fhodar a bha fodh cheann.

Ille bhig, ille bhig, hugaidh o,
Hugaidh o, hugaidh o,
Ille bhig, ille bhig, hugaidh o,
Dh'fhag thu 'n raoir gun sugradh mi.

Chith mi mo thriuir bhraithrean thall ud,
Air an eachaibh loma luath,
Sgianan beaga aca ri 'n taobh,
Is fuil mo ghaoil a' sileadh uath.
Ille bhig, etc.

Cha teid mise a chrò nan laoighean,
'S cha teid mi do chrò nan uan,
'S cha teid mi do chrò nan caorach,
Bho nach 'eil mo ghaoilean buan.
Ille bhig, etc.

Chi mi 'n toman caoruinn cuilinn,
Chi mi 'n toman cuilinn thall,
Chi mi 'n toman caoruinn cuilinn,
'S laogh mo chéill air 'uilinn ann.
Ille bhig, etc.

A phiùrag* ud 's a phiùrag eile,
'S mairg a leigeadh riut a rùn,
Gur 'luaithe a thainig an sgeul ud
Troimh do bheul, no troimh do ghlùn.
Ille bhig, etc.

Ach a nighean ud 's an dorus,
Na' robh na fir ort an rùn,
Sgoltadh a bhradain fhior-uisg,
Eadar do dha chioch 's do ghlùn.
Ille bhig, etc.

A luaidh ud 's a luaidh ud eile,
Cha bhi mi na d' dheighidh buan,
'S goirt a reubadh leo mo chridhe,
Gaol nan gillean a thoirt uam.
Ille bhig, etc.

'S a chraobh chaoruinn a tha thall ud,
Ma 's ann ort a theid mi 'n chill,
Tionndabh m' aghaidh ri Dun-tealbhaig,†
'S bheirear dhomhsa carbad grinn.
Ille bhig, etc."

*Some say it was her sister that betrayed her, but we think not, "Piuthrag" being the term for confidential friend.

†A fairy hill.

There is another fragment of a song of this kind which is said to have been composed by a young man who was travelling the mountain side, when he met a young woman of great beauty, who pretended to be a maid of the sheiling. She fascinated him with her charms of looks and manner, and when she asked him to become her herdsman, he followed her, to find she had deceived him, and her beauty was only seeming. She was one of the weird women of the fairy hills, and he regrets having met her. We have heard this sung as a lullaby, and also as a waulking song. The melody is very fine—

"A chailin òg a stiùradh mi,
Chailin iu ò, hog hì ho ro,
Hog i hò, na hò ro eile,
'Chailin òg a stiuradh mi.

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal fàsaich,
Chailin og.

Thachair cailin mhin gheal bhàn orm,
Chailin og.

Sheall i na m' ghnuis 's rinn i gàire,
Chailin og.

Sheall mise na gnuis 's bhuail an gràdh mi,
Chailin og.

Bhuaileadh le saighead a' bhàis mi,
Chailin og.

Mheall i mo chridhe le 'blàth-shuil,
Chailin og.

Bha a gruaidh mar shuthan gàraidh,
Chailin og.

Dath an oir air a cul fàineach,
Chailin og.

Thuirt i rium le guth binn gàireach,
Chailin og.

Buachaill thusa, banachag mise,
Chailin og.

B' feairde banachag buachaill aice,
Chailin og.

Theid e mach ri oidhche fhrasaich,
Chailin og.

Cuiridh e na laoigh am fasgadh,
Chailin og.

Lubaidh e i fhein na bhreacan,
Chailin og.
Caidlidh iad gun sgios, gun airsneul,
Chailin og.
'S eutrom dh'eireas iad 's a' mhaduinn,
Chailin og."

Weird women of the fairy race were said to milk the deer on the mountain tops, charming them with songs composed to a fairy melody or "fonn-sìth." One of these songs is said to be the famous "Crodh Chailein." I give the version I heard of it, and all the old people said the deer were the cows referred to as giving their milk so freely under the spell of enchantment:—

"Chrodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil,
Gun tugadh crodh Chailein,
Am bainn' air an fhraoch.

Gun chuman, gun bhuarach,
Gun lao'-cionn, gun laogh,
Gun ni air an domhan,
Ach monadh fodh fhraoch.

Crodh riabhach breac ballach,
Air dhath nan cearc-fraoich,
Crodh 'lionadh nan gogan
'S a thogail nan laogh.

Fo 'n dluth-bharrach uaine,
'S mu fhuarain an raoin,
Gun tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh 'm bainn' air an fhraoch.

Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
'S crodh Iain, mo ghaoil,
Gu h-uallach 's an eadar-thrath,
A beadradh ri 'n laoigh."

Mrs Grant of Laggan gave a free translation of this old song, and it had the distinction of having given its name to a distinguished Literary Club in Edinburgh. This club met regularly at a tavern in the Anchor Close, kept by one Daniel Douglas, who knew Gaelic, and whose favourite song was "Crodh Chailein." He was called upon to sing it at the close of every jovial evening. Robert Burns, when in Edinburgh, was a regular attendant at this

club, and he celebrated it in more than one song. It was of Smellie, the antiquarian, that he sang—

"As I cam' bye Crochallan
I keekit cannily ben,
Rantin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en',
Sitting at yon board en',
And among gude company,
Rantin', rovin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame tae me."

Burns visited Edinburgh in 1787, and on the 1st of January, 1788, the death of Mr Daniel Douglas was announced in the public papers, and he is deserving of some notice from us, as he made our simple little song of the sheiling a classic; and Burns, who delighted in "Crodh Chailein," gave the song to the world that superseded it, and that ends every meeting of Scotsman in good fellowship—"Auld Lang Syne." Of all influences to soothe an irritated or sulky cow, and make her give her milk willingly, this song is considered the most powerful. Highland cows are considered to have more character than the Lowland breeds, and when they get irritated or disappointed, they retain their milk for days. This sweet melody sung—not by a stranger, but by the loving lips of her usual milkmaid—often soothes her into yielding her precious addition to the family supply. There are other verses sung to this melody which have rather a tragic story. A man was suspected of having killed his wife, and the unfortunate woman's brothers came to charge him with the murder, and to avenge her death. As they came to the door late at night, they heard the man whose life they sought crooning this plaintive song to his little motherless child. As they listened to his words of sorrow, they sheathed their dirks, and returned home, convinced that he was not the slayer of the woman he mourned in such pathetic verses. This set of the words became as popular with milk-maids as the "Crodh Chailein" set:—

"Cha till mo bhean chomainn,
Cha till mo bhean ghaoil,
Cha till mo bhean chomainn,
Bean thogail nan laogh.

Thig bàrr air a' ghiubhas,
Thig duilleach air craoibh,
Thig ruinn air an luachair,
'S cha ghluais mo bhean ghaoil.

Cha tig Mór, mo bhean, dachaigh,,
Cha tig Mór, mo bhean ghaoil,
Cha tig mathair mo leinibh,
A laighe ri m' thaobh.

Thig na gobhra do 'n mhainnir,
Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh,
Ach cha tig mo bhean dachaigh
A' clachan nan craobh.

Thig Màrt oirnn, thig Foghar,
Thig todhar, thig buar,
Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag,
Aig bleoghann, no buain.

Cha dirich mi tulach,
Cha shiubhail mi frith,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail,
'S mo thasgaidh 's a chill.

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
Tha m' olann gun sniomh,
Agus deadh bhean mo thighe,
'Na laighe fodh dhion.

Bidh mo chrodhsa gun leigeil;
'S an t-eadradh aig càch,
Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
Na shuidh air an làr.

Tha m' fhardochsa creachta,
'S lom mo leac, 's gur a fuar,
Tha m' ionmhas 's mo bheairteas,
Fo 'na leacan na suain.

Uist a chagarain ghràdhaich,
Caidil samhach a luaidh,
Cha tog caoineadh do mhàthair,
As a tamh anns an uaigh."

To sing to the cows was always a sure sign of a good dairy-maid. Sometimes the song was improvised in praise of the

particular cow; sometimes there was not much sense in it, but words strung together to a pleasing air, such as the following:—

"Gaol a chruidh, gradh a chruidh,
Gaol a chruidh mheall mi,
Gaol a chruidh cheann-fhionn,
'A thug mi do 'n ghleann leam.
Gaol a chruidh, gradh a chruidh,
Gaol a chruidh chiar-dhubh,
Gradh a chruidh dhriomuin-duibh,
Aghan leam fhin thu."

When a dairymaid in Mull was milking a young cow, of whose pedigree she was proud, she sang to her saying—

"Ogha Ciaraig iar-ogh Duinneig,
Cha 'n fhaigh Mac Iain Ghiarr a' Muil thu."

Mac Iain Ghiarr was a wild reaver of the seas on the West Coast. He was of good family, being of the Macdonalds of Mingarry in Ardnamurchan. His mother had been early left a widow, and she married a farmer in Mull; and one of Mac Iain Ghiarr's feats was —in after years, when his mother died—to steal her body away by night, in order to bury her with his own father. He had a boat painted white on the one side and black on the other which gave rise to the proverb—Taobh dubh us taobh bàn a bh 'air bàta mhic Iain Ghiarr. This was the boat that was so useful to him because no one that saw a white boat go up the loch in the morning thought it was one and the same with the black boat they saw returning in the evening. Mac Iain Ghiarr had been listening to the dairymaid who was singing to her favourite young cow, and he replied, although she did not hear—

"A bhean ud thall ris an t-sior bhleoghann
Bheir mi 'n dubh 's an donn 's a chiar uat
'S dusan de na aighean ceud-laoigh."

And before morning he fulfilled his threat, and only left the breast-bit, or "caisean-uchd," of each cow to indicate that they need not look for them again upon the hill. We may imagine the sorrow of the dairymaid, who neither had her "dubhag," nor her "donnag," nor her "ciarag," to milk in the morning. The affection in the hearts of those good women for the animals they reared and watched over was very intense, and such a sorrow as this dairymaid's would be within hail of Rachel weeping for her children because they were not. The following is a beautiful milking song that has been much abused in the public prints, but

I give it here as I got it from a good old dairymaid many years ago :—

Chorus—

"Ho hi ho leiginn, ho hi ho leiginn,
Ho hi ho leiginn, m' aghan guail-fhionn,
Ho hi ho leiginn, m' aghan gaolach,
'Us mo chrodh-laoigh air gach taobh dhe'n bhuaile.

Faic an dris ud air an lionaig,
'S i a lubadh leis na smiaran,
'S amhuill sid agus m' aghan ciad-laoigh,
An t-agh is ciatach de chrodh na buaile.

'S i mo rùnsa an t-aghan cais-fhionn,
Cha 'n iarr i buarach a chur mu casan,
'Nuair 'bhiodh cach anns na siomain naisgte,
'S e siod a' Sasunn bhiodh air mo ghuail-fhionn.

M' fheudail fhein an t-aghan cais-fhionn,
Theid do 'n bheinn is nach iarr i dhachaidh,
Cudthrom bainne air a casan,
Is laogh a h-altruim le gheum ga buaireadh.

Dh' fhaithuinn gris-fhionn a tighinn thar faire,
Leis a mheanbh-bhric a tha mu braighe,
Righ gur ro-mhath a thogail àil i,
A suas thar chàch 's i 'n ceannard buaile.

M' fheudail ise a chrodh na tìr so,
Bheir i dhomhsa am bainne priseil,
Gheibh mi càise is gheibh mi ìm dhi
'S nam bidh i uam gum bu mhor ga'm dhì i."

The romance of the shieling with its poetry was not confined to those of the fairy race. Sons of men often took great pains to see the maidens of the sheiling in spite of the guardianship of brothers or other male relatives who might be there, after the habit of the family migration to the hills had ceased.

When a young man was objected to as the future husband of the maid of the sheiling he had to have recourse to stratagem in order to see her. A young man of whom we heard went to the sheiling in which his beloved was the presiding goddess, but he dared not go in sight. He hovered about in hopes to get a word of the maiden, but in vain. At last rain came on and he was more than miserable, and he went and opened the cro' or fold in which the calves were shut in. The calves began to low, and the whole occupants of the sheiling got out of their beds to go in

quest of them, when the lover slipt into his sweetheart's room. He threw off his wet plaid and hid himself in a corner. As the maiden went back to her apartment after the calves were secured she touched the wet plaid accidentally and screamed. In a moment, however, she was aware of the situation, and when her brothers asked the cause of her fright she said the cat had jumped in her face, and believing her, they retired unsuspiciously to bed.* That night she promised to elope with her lover, which she afterwards did, for she knew he was trustworthy and true, although her brothers disliked him. A young man less fortunate went forth one morning before daylight to the sheiling to see his sweetheart, and when he got there he found her dead. The following is a fragment of a song composed by him on the occasion :—

"'Nuair a rainig mi bhuaile,
Cha robh 'n sluagh mar bu choir dhoibh,
Bha na mnathan a' fuaigheal,
'S bha na gruagaichean bronach.

Bha miadh air luchd-gul ann,
'S cha robh guth air luchd-orain,
'Nuair a rainig mi 'bhuaile,
Gum b'fuar bha i dhòmhsa.

Bha mo chraobhag chaol dhireach,
Na sineadh 's an t-seomar,
Na sineadh fodh'n uinneig,
Far nach cluinneadh i comhradh.

'Na righe air deile,
As a leine fuar reota,
'S truagh nach robh mi 's an fhiabhrus,
Mu'n d'fhuair mi riamh t-eolas.

Ann an ciste chaoil chumhain,
Air a dubhadh le roiseid,
Ann an ciste nan sliseag,
Fodh shlios nan stuagh reota."

When a death, as in this case, took place away at the sheiling, and the weather was too stormy to carry the body to the famiiy burying-ground, they chose a suitable spot on the hillside in which they solemnly buried their dead. We have heard of a man who was travelling over a mountain, and having got tired, he lay down on a little knoll to rest, and there fell asleep. As he slept he saw a pretty little girl of about eight years old dancing about the spot

* 'Nuair sheallas bean air a cois thoisgeil gheibh i leisgeul.

on which he reposed. "Who are you, my sweet child, and why are you here alone?" "Ah!" she replied, "I died when they were here at the sheiling, and I am here alone. You are sleeping on my grave, and I am glad you came, for they left me all alone. Dh'fhàg iad mise 'an so leam fhéin." On going to the nearest township, the traveller found that a girl had died at the sheiling at that place on the previous summer, and that, owing to stormy weather, she had been buried there. And the description he gave of her quite agreed with the appearance of the little maiden they knew. This happened in one of the sheiling districts of Lochaber.

Many places in the Highlands owe their names to this old habit of sending the cows to the sheiling. Achintore, near Fort-William, now studded with so many lovely villas, is nothing else, interpreted, but the field of the manure. The ancient family of the Macgillonies of Strone had Achintore as a summer grazing. They gathered heaps of manure there in the season twice a day. "Achadh-an-todhaire far an deanar dà thodhar 's an latha" was the old proverb about it. The country people, short of manure for their ground, came there to buy it at so much a creel. Burt, in his letters from the north, speaks of the women in the neighbourhood of Fort-William coming to buy the horse dung from the soldiers at 4d a creel. The creels used for carrying this manure had false bottoms, fixed with pins, and they could be emptied without being removed from the back of the man or horse that carried them. They were known as "cléibh-spidrich."

In the same way they went with those creels to buy manure to Achintore. As late as the beginning of the present century the Macgillonies had their summer grazings in Achintore, for which they paid a rental of £40 per annum. Many of the names of Highland places owe their origin to sheilings. The famous "Fionn-airidh" of Morven is the white sheiling; "Gleann-deas-airidh" is the glen of the south sheiling; "Airidh-fhionn-dail," the sheiling of the white field; "Airidh-mhuilinn," the sheiling of the mill, and so on.

The only place in the Highlands in which the "airidh" is still a summer resort is the Lews, and even there they seem modern institutions. The family do not leave the ordinary home. Only the girls go, and in that the others are losers. The change of air, the break in the monotony of life, especially to the women, must have been a salutary change. The girls, however, enjoy their residence there, free from all restraint; they can sing and dance to the music of their own innocent hearts without fear of either minister or elder. There

are generally four girls in each sheiling, and they occupy one large bed made on the floor, with a first layer of rushes, and then bent, hay, or straw. Between this bed — "leabaidh mhór na h-àiridh"—and the fire there is built up a sofa or couch of turf called "an ceap," and that is their seat as they sew or knit in the evenings, after they have finished their duties. Wednesday night is their great evening, for then their sweethearts come to see them. One brings a Jew's harp, another a chanter, and they have a dance, and the girls sing the Gaelic songs that are too often forbidden at home. Then they hospitably entertain the young men, who came to cheer them in their solitude, the usual feast on such occasions being curds and cream; and when the lads go to Fraserburgh, they bring nice presents to the girls who were so kind—little shoulder shawls of tartan, ribbons, combs, and pen-knives, or cheap brooches — which are lovingly treasured. All the East Coast fishing is called Fraserburgh by them. If a stranger comes unexpectedly to these sheilings, and they have no luxury to offer, they hastily bake an oat-cake, which is put standing against a stone to be fired. The fire for this purpose is made of dried heather, which gives a clear, hot redness without smoke. This "bonnach-cloiche," taken to a bowl of fresh cream, is considered a great treat. The tit-bit given by the Lews people to their cows, in order to induce them to give their milk, is the dried bones of the cod and ling pounded down small. The cows are particularly fond of it, and yield their milk freely whilst enjoying it; and if they get a song with it, all the better. The great terror of the sheiling was the witch, or any one with an evil eye. The former could, with a sympathetic teat, sit at her own fire-side, and milk her neighbour's cows; the latter could, with her "beum-sùla," lay the most healthy and beautiful cow of the herd dead on the field in a moment. If the witch were vindictive only, and did not want any benefit herself, she would prevent the cows of her unfortunate victim from having calves, which was the most serious evil that could befall a pastoral people, to whom milk in its different forms meant a wealth of luxurious living.

Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, in his praise of the mainland, says :—

"'S measrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaile 's t-samhradh.
    Heitirin, &c.

'S ònach, uachdrach, blathach, cnuachdach
Lòn nam buachaill' annta.
    Heitirin, &c.

'S imeach gruthach, mèagach, sruthach
An iomaraich shubhach shlambach.
Heitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol mar comhair,
Gun aon ghlomhar gainntir.
Heitirin, &c.'

Of course this land of Goshen would become a starved and miserable place without the rich streams from the milky mothers, and the calves that were to rise up to take the place of their ancestors on the sheiling. Sometimes if one's cows were injured by a witch, another went privately and bought them with any small silver coin. "You have no cows now," said the buyer, "they are all mine, and spells wrought to injure your cows cannot affect mine." "They are all yours, I have none," replied the owner. And then the witch, who knew not of the transaction, was baffled at the want of success in her spells.

Sometimes butter and cheese and milk were sent to the witch to purchase her goodwill. And there was one spell that was performed at great risk, but which was effectual in making the witch come to terms. A young girl was sent to milk the strippings from the udder of the cow, and after every window was darkened and every inlet to the house shut up, the milk was poured into a pot with a portion of the cow's dung, a tuft of her hair, and as many rusty nails and needles and pins as possible. The pot was set on the fire, and stirred with a stick of mountain ash, and if that is not convenient any other stick will do, and the person who is brave enough to take charge of it keeps stirring all the while, repeating some charm. By and by the witches begin to make a great noise about the house, going to the windows and to the doors and even to the top of the house trying to get a sight of the person who is stirring the pot, for if they get that the victory would be theirs. The person in charge of the pot could then make terms with the person who had injured the cow when he knew the pain undergone was beyond endurance; or, if he or she was very revengeful the person could, by prolonged suffering, be brought to cry out asking for relief, and promising to take the spell away from the cow. Then the pot was lifted off, and as the water gradually cooled the witch got free from pain, and the cow yielded the old full rich quantity of milk.* These cantrips were the terror of the sheiling, and those who caught one of the water

* A gentleman in Stornoway told me that he had used this charm with great efficacy.

cows were considered happy, as no evil eye or witch's spell had any power to injure these creatures of the flood, which are seldom seen by mortal eye as they come in droves from the sea to career about in the dim moonlight. A man in Harris told me that his forefathers had such cows for many generations. One of his ancestors had been out hunting on the hill-side, and as he lay still he saw these creatures of the flood rushing past him. He had the presence of mind to know what they were and threw a handful of earth towards them. The one on whose back it fell stood spell-bound unable to follow the herd to the sea. He led her home, and she seemed quite content with her new mode of life. She and her progeny were all good milchers. I tried to get a description of these creatures, but could only learn that they were beautifully shaped and had long silky black hair.

The following description of a Highland quey of the best stamp may be interesting:—

> " Dh'aithn'inn an t-agh dubh no ruadh,
> Daite air suaicheantas a bhein,
> 'S na'n leanadh a phris a' suas
> Chumainn fhein mu'n cuairt an ceum.
>
> Adharc fhada, ghorm, no dhearg,
> Cluas mhor 'us earball da reir,
> Speir mholach, leathan, gharbh,
> Bhiodh e searbh mar bi'maid reidh.
>
> E bhi leathan os a chionn ;
> Goirid o 'n dà shuil a bheul ;
> Fionnadh dualach, tiugh, 's e dluth,
> Gun bhi fo na ghlun ach reis.
>
> Aisne leoghar, dhomhain, chrom,
> Trusadh na chom air an fheill ;
> Togail ann a suas gu bhàrr,
> Aigionnach na nàdur fhein."

The names given to the Highland cows were indicative of their colour or of any distinguishing mark such as a brow star, which made her "Blàrag," the brown cow was "Donnag," the dusky grey one "Ciarag," the brindled one "Riabhag," and the dun one always the "Odhrag," the black and white one was the "Gris-fhionn," sometimes a quey of no distinctive colour got emphatically called "An t-aghan," and the name stuck to her unto old age. The children at the sheiling gave their playmates, the

calves, those names; and they were the names by which they were sung in the lilts of the milk-maids as they praised them in sweetest song. If the words did not mean much, as sometimes happened, the melodies were always beautiful, and could be played on the bagpipes with fine effect. Of some of those milking lilts I could only get a verse, for instance, the following, which is very fine played on the pipes :—

"A mhnathan na buaile,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm,
Dh' òl sibh an t-uachdar,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm ;
A mhnathan na buaile,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm,
Dh' òl sibh an t-uachdar,
'S mise gu tìnn."

Here is a verse of another sweet air :—

"Ged tha crodh chàich a stigh,
Chan 'eil m' agh donn ann,
Ged tha crodh chàich a stigh,
Chan 'eil m' agh donn ann ;
Dh' fhuireadh m' agh, dh' fhanadh m' agh,
Dh' fhuireadh m' agh riumsa,
Sheasadh m' agh boidheach breac,
Air a chnoc leamsa."

In all these songs the most affectionate expressions were used to the cows, as in the following :—

"M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan donn ;
Ged bhiodh na siomain,
Air crodh na tìre,
Bidh buarach shiod
Air an aghan donn.

M' aghan gaoil thu,
M' aghan gaoil thu,
M' aghan gaoil thu,
Air feadh nan tom ;
M' aghan aoidheil
Air feadh an fhraoich thu,
'S gur mor mo ghaol
Air an aghan donn.

M' aghan cais-fhionn,
M' aghan cais-fhionn,
M' aghan cais-fhionn,
A thogadh m' fhonn ;
Tha 'm bainne frasadh,
Bho h-ugh gu casan,
'S i greiseadh dhachaidh,
Gu laoighean donn.

M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan donn ;
Ged 'bhios na siomain,
Air crodh na tire,
Bidh buarach shioda,
Air m' aghan donn."

The old life at the sheiling is a thing of the past. Yet, its traditions, and songs and proverbs that embalm its history, will live as long as our language is spoken or written, and the beautiful similes that tell of a pastoral people have become part of the mosaic that makes it so grand and worthy of preservation. Of a kind-hearted person it was said, "Tha e mar am bainne blàth"—"he is like the warm milk." The poet could find no better thing to describe the fairness of the skin of his lady-love than to say she was as white as the curd. "Cho gheal 's an gruth leam fhein thu." "Calf-love" was described, "Laoigh na h-aon airidh," the calves of the one sheiling. One going to marry a stranger away from their own people and glen was told in surprise, "Ubh, ubh, b' fhada bho cheile crodh laoigh ur dà sheanar," "Ay, ay, far from each other were the milk cows of your two grandfathers," and so on. The boys brought up at the sheiling had a different stamina from the present generation who rejoice in being English-speaking and tea-drinking from their infancy The new state of things fits them best for taking their places with the Lowlanders in the battle of life, but yet they unfit them to be the representatives of the race that grew up to be like a mighty bulwark to their country—those who from childhood climbed the highest rocks, and swam the deepest pools, and whose simple, temperate lives fitted them for hardships and endurance.

The better life of the sheiling was over when the whole community cased to move together with their flocks in the early summer. The poetry of the old life was gone, and then gradually

the "buaile" took the place of the "airidh," and the more modern Gaelic songs celebrate the maiden who was queen of this new order of things—

"O 'chruinneag, e 'chruinneag,
O chruinneag na buaile,
Gur tu cruinneag mo chridhe,
Leat a ruidhinn am fuadach.

Gur ann shuas anns a' Chàrnaich,
Gleann ard nan sruth fuara,
A tha chruinneag is boidhche,
'S a dh' fhag fo leon gu Lath-luain mi.

Tha thu cumadail, finealt—
Thu cho direach ri luachair,
Bho chul do chinn gu do shailtean,
Chan 'eil faillinn ri luaidh ort.

Tha do chalpa mar bhradan,
Air an aigeal a' cluaineis,
'S do shlios mar an fhaoileann,
'Snamh ri aodann an fhuaraidh.

Tha do shuil mar an dearcag,
Bhios fodh dhealt anns na bruachan,
Do dha ghruaidh mar an caorann,
Mala chaol 's i gun ghruaman.

Tha do dheud mar a chailce,
Dluth snaight na d' bheul stuama,
O 'm binne thig oran,
Ann an seomar a' fuaigheal.

Bheirinn bradan bho 'n t-saile,
Fiadh bho ard nam beann fuara,
'S coileach dubh o na gheig dhuit,
'S cha bhiodh eis air mo ghruagach.

'S mi gun rachadh do 'n Fhraing,
Le Nic-Raing a chuil dualaich,
'S cha leiginn ort mighean,
'S ceol fidhle na d' chluasan."

I remember the heroine of this song, a tall, stately matron in Glencoe, when I was a mere girl, and I do not think that the poet exaggerates her charms.

13th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting the Right Rev. Colin C. Grant, D.D., late Bishop of Aberdeen, read a paper before the Society, entitled "Highland-English as found in Books." Mr Grant's paper was as follows :—

HIGHLAND-ENGLISH AS FOUND IN BOOKS.

Highlanders cannot make much complaint about the character given to their countrymen by writers of English. They are depicted as being brave to temerity, strong of endurance, fearless in danger, temperate in eating and drinking, hospitable, of strict honour, proud of their mountain land, true as steel to their chief and clan. On the other hand, they are described as taking unkindly to all sorts of manual labour, adhering unduly to ancient methods, slow to improve the homes, the fields, the roads of their fathers, unforgetful, if not unforgiving, of injuries, with some taste to bloodthirstiness; proud, with a perceptible shade of sly cunning, regarding themselves as more than half the rightful owners of all the sheep, cattle, horses, and chattels of the Lowlander. This side of the picture, or that, or both, may be somewhat overdrawn, but in a broad sense we may look upon it as true, and allow it to pass.

When these same writers make the Highlander speak, he is no longer recognisable. We see in the description given evident marks of his character; but his language is unknown. He acts like a hero, he speaks like a child. His bravery and prowess are his own, but his words are those of a stranger or those of a goose. I have long noticed this manner of treating the Highlander in English works. I have considered the subject of sufficient importance to draw the attention of your Society to it in my paper of this evening. You will kindly bear in mind that, to save the continual repetition of an adjective, I mean throughout by "Highlander" the unlettered of our countrymen, and what I state, though at times applicable to others of us, always refers to him.

A writer, in dealing with men and their doings, may rightly set forth in his own words, as a plain narrative, not only what they did, but the bearing and gist of what he considered to have been their thoughts and their words. To take away from the heaviness and monotony of his narrative, to carry with him the attention of

his readers better, and to make his writing life-like, he may also rightly give what was spoken in conversational form. In place of giving the meaning of a conversation, he may introduce the persons about whom he writes as speaking for themselves. We have, then, not the substance of a conversation, but the conversation itself, either in the writer's or the speaker's own words. There are two ways in which this may be done, both quite allowable and according to the canons of good taste on the subject, and, therefore, both correct and both constantly used by the best of our writers. One way is—that you can make your characters speak correctly in the language in which you write. Thus, if I am writing in French, I give a conversation in correct French though it was spoken in English, even in bad English, by Englishmen. The other way is—that you give the very words of the speaker. This latter way is by far the most difficult, but it is unquestionably by far the best. The former represents, the latter is the truth in the case. The reader is placed as nearly as possible, in the circumstances, in the position of those who heard the words spoken. There is only wanting the tone, accent, and manner of the speaker, which is the part of an actor, not of a book, to supply.

If, however, a writer is not so skilled in the manner of speech of his characters as to be able to reproduce it exactly, he must of right confine himself to the first method. The only latitude permissible is to make use of such errors of language as are common to the country or class to which the speaker belongs. Any other deviation would be an imposition on the reader and a falsehood. I think I have made it clear, that in the one case we have substantially what was spoken and in conversational form; in the other we have the very words spoken and none other. These laws hold good whether one is writing history, actual conversations, or works of fiction. For fiction offends against good taste, the canon of art in writing, whenever any person speaks *what* and *as* one of the class, to which he is described to belong, could not and would not have spoken. In English works, then, where it is the case of a Highlander, these laws of correct writing are in very rare cases observed. When a Highlander opens his mouth he is no longer one of ours.

What may be called the first and most apparent error is that when a Highlander speaks he is made to speak Broad Scotch. Now, my contention is that he speaks English, broken enough English it may be, but not Scotch, or rather broken Scotch. He bungles in his language no doubt, but he bungles in English, and not in Scotch. It may be stated as a fact that he does not know

Scotch, and, therefore, it is impossible for him to bungle or to use it. This is said not by any means in disparagement of Scotch, which is a rich and most expressive dialect, and which no one appreciates more than I do in its proper place. In making this statement of fact I do not include those who dabble in reading, nor those living in a certain depth of border line or country between Gaelic-speaking and Scotch-speaking populations. In such districts the inhabitants are so mixed that the Scotch is continually heard by the Gaelic people, and they become nearly as familiar with it as with their own tongue.

I think, on giving the matter a little consideration, you will admit the truth of the case, as above stated. If anyone, bearing this in mind, pass through the streets of Inverness, keeping an open ear to such snatches of conversation as he may be able to hear, he will be surprised at the little Scotch spoken. The members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness include natives of many parts of the Highlands. What is your experience on the point? Might I not appeal with confidence to you? I myself have spent the greater portion of my life among the Gael, and, as far as it goes, my experience is that they do not and cannot speak Scotch. When they do not speak Gaelic it is English they attempt; how successfully or unsuccessfully is another question. You will find it so in Strathglass. If you journey by the "Great Glen," and diverge, when your purpose requires, to the left and to the right, Stratherrick, Glen-Urquhart, Glenmorriston, and Glengarry will offer the same evidence. Extend your journey to Lochaber, even to Oban. Explore thence Argyll southwards, Ardnamurchan and Mull northwards. Search all the "rough Bounds." Spread your sails to the breeze, and land where you list in Skye; pass the Minch, and circumnavigate the outer isles. Return by Applecross, Lochalsh, and Kintail, or further north examine Gareloch, Lochbroom, and Assynt. I confidently maintain that in all these wide districts the efforts of the natives at English is never murdered "broad" Scotch. You would indeed produce a curiosity if you produced a Gael from Barra, from Uist, from Kintail, or Lochbroom from whose lips flowed the "broad" Scotch. I believe the sources of our countrymen's knowledge of any tongue but their own were the schools amongst them, the occasional English sermons they heard, their intercourse with their clergy and with their proprietor and his friends, the occasional books they read, and especially the Bible. These sources were all English, and what instruction they drank in from them was English instruction. How could it be otherwise? They could not, if this be the true

state of the case, produce the Scottish Doric out of the little smattering of English they had been taught.

Had I the opportunity of examining the subject more closely I might have been able, but, as it is, I am unable to state who was the first writer that fell into the mistake of making Highlanders speak Scotch. It was Sir Walter Scott at all events, who, by his Waverley Novels, spread the error over all the world. The witchery of his tales and of his style made his works favourites everywhere, and all his readers learnt how his Highlandmen spoke, how they floundered in speaking, and floundered in broadest Scotch. In the sixteenth chapter of Waverley we come across one of the first sentences he puts into a Highlander's mouth. Here it is:—"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but, as Duinhé-wassel was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh." Do you perceive any sign of Gaelic origin in these words except *Duinhé-wassel* and *curragh?* One would be inclined to look upon them rather as the effort of a Scotch urchin fresh from a grammar lesson in school. *Could, might, would, should* have no trace of Highland features. Then there is this puzzle of a word "taiglit." I must confess my ignorance. I never heard this word used, and, except in these novels, I never saw it. If it were not for the context I could not guess its meaning. How many here present are acquainted with it? It is safe to say that there is not a native in all the Highland districts above mentioned who would understand this "taiglit." Callum Beag speaks:—"Ta Duinhe-wassel might please himself; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here's a bit line frae ta Tighearna, tat he bad me gie your honour ere I came back." These incessant *tas* don't strike me as Highland. But what is to be said of "ta auld rudas loon?" Do you consider that a known expression among our countrymen? It is certain that "Tighearna" is never used in this fashion by itself to signify a clan chief, but very solemnly for a high and reverent purpose. Evan Maccombich is a Highlander of a better sort. Judge his language for yourselves. I shall make no comment. "That grey auld stoor carle, the Baron o' Bradwardine, 's coming down the close wi' that droghling coghling bailie body they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittlegab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him, and I am as hungry as a gled, my bonnie dow" (Waverley, chapter xlii). I shall only give you one passage or two from "Rob Roy," and then proceed with what further I have to say. The *fracas* is just over at the Clachan of Aberfoil. "And fa's to pay my new ponnie plaid," said the larger High-

lander, "wi' a hole burnt in't ane might put a kail-pat through? Saw ever onybody a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before." Now I object to *kail* by itself or in composition, and I object to *pat* whether with or without kail. This altogether smells of the Lowlands. Highlanders were not gardeners. Vegetables were not plentiful among them. They had besides a sort of contempt for kail and for eaters thereof. I still remember some words of a song of my country, wherein the singer makes great complaint of his inhospitable usage—

> "Cal fuar, 's aran eorna,
> Se sin bu bhiadh mhaidne dhomh."

(Cold kail, and barley bread, 'twas this the morning meal given me). A pot of kail is an out-and-out Lowland dish. Such an image as a kail-pat surely never entered a Highland head. Besides, no Highlander could possibly turn pot into *pat*, for the Gaelic word for it is *poit*, and the *o* sounds so much more potently in *poit* than in *pot* that the change to *pat* would be insufferable to our ears. Rob Roy is made by Sir Walter Scott a sort of cosmopolitan gentleman. Yet I could never credit the real Rob with such a speech as this:—"Ye wad hae tried, cousin, that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure, for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans, let a be breeks o' freestone and garters o' iron."

Sir Walter was such a wizard of the pen that he held the reading world in a spell. He was such a master in delineating the Scottish character, so inimitable in his conversations in the Scottish dialect, in a word, such a chief handicraftsman of all that embellished works of fiction, and rendered them interesting, that all succeeding writers followed, or endeavoured to follow, at whatever distance, in his footsteps. I, therefore, quote from his writings because they are best known, and he was the guiding star of the others, He made Scotch the English of Highlanders, and his successors were led by him. The freshness of the air, the smell of the salt water, and of the weeds by the shore, proclaim in the darkest night, and even to the blind, the neighbourhood of the sea, but this ill-treated Scotch smacks nothing of the Celtic tongue, and proclaims no lingual kinship to the men of the mountain.

THE USE OF "SHE."

The second error to which I would draw your attention is the use attributed to the Highlander of the pronoun *she*. It cannot be denied that this pronoun is used by many of them with

frequency, and in a manner sufficiently startling, if not ludicrous, to the English ear. Of what then do I complain? I complain, and I assert, that though this pronoun be frequently mis-used, it is not mis-used so frequently and it is not mis-used after the fashion we find set down by English writers. They seem utterly ignorant of the cause of the error, and thus they continually blunder the blunder. You understand as well as I do whence the error flows. Of course, you know that the mistake does not spring from the great gallantry and gentlemanly bearing of the Highlander to the fair sex. The source of it is not far to seek. In Gaelic there are but two genders—masculine and feminine. Everything in that language is either *he* or *she*, and there is no *it*. So, passing through the dictionary from beginning to end, you have as many *hes* and *shes* as there are nouns in it. It is natural, therefore, to one who has but a smattering of English, to say *he* or *she* to things neuter. It requires time and a process of education to drive the "use and wont" of the foreign tongue into one's head, and there will be of necessity many unconscious outbursts of the older usage. Which of you is ignorant that in the great ancient languages, Latin and Greek, though both possess a neuter gender, multitudes of nouns, neuter in English, are masculine or feminine in them? A Latin or a Greek would think quite correct the error of the Gael in his use of *she*, which so upsets an Englishman.

What is this use? It is simply the employment, when speaking English, of the pronoun he would have employed if speaking Gaelic. He blunders as frequently in the use of the masculine as of the feminine pronoun, though our writers have not been sufficiently observant to notice this. They knew nothing of any system in the matter, and the masculine pronoun did not tickle their ears as the feminine did. With them the Highlander is made to call everything *she*. There was no method in the madness of these writers. The Highlander, on the other hand, erred, but erred according to rule. If old Horace or Virgil were to start up in the midst of us, who would wonder if they said—"She is a good pen?" They would necessarily have to undergo a considerable drilling in a public school before the new law of gender got properly fixed in their heads. The Highlander, in this case, if a feather was meant, would say *she*, but if a pen, *he*. We would again require to have recourse to the dictionary and count the nouns before we could exactly tell what pronoun a Gael would use most frequently. The English language itself fails not to give examples of this nature. The sun is often called *he*, the moon *she*. Everyone can recall other words that are used in this way. But

when writers, who are unacquainted with the usage of the language of the people and ignorant of the reason thereof, make this blunder of theirs pervade all likely and unlikely places, it comes to be very tiresome and pitiful. It is a clamant example of the mischief of running counter to Pliny's caution :—

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

As to them, there is no why or wherefore on the point; they run riot in most outrageous fashion. The poor Gael is credited with but this one pronoun. All others are Hebrew to him. It, indeed, is a masterful, not to say tyrannical, pronoun. *I*, *thou*, and *he*, *me*, *mine*, *thee*, *thine*, *him*, and *his*, it sweeps unmercifully out of its path. These scribes permit not the limited vocabulary of the Gael to embrace such superfluities. Books make one universal *she* meet the eye of the reader everywhere.

The matter is even worse than this. Our countryman is even made to call himself *she*, and to call his male friend *she*. A woman, as far as I can remember, is never made to call herself *she*, but her brother, not on a rare occasion, not as a particularly ignorant specimen of the genus Hielanman, but as a rule, metamorphosises himself and always becomes *she*. Rob Roy speaks to Dougal—"Fear nothing, Dougal, your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat sall they no," said Dougal, "she suld—she wad—that is, she wishes them hacked off by the elbows first. But when are ye gaun yonder again? and ye'll no' forget to let her ken. She's your puir cousin, God kens, only seven times removed."

"I will let you ken, Dougall, as soon as my plans are settled."

"And by her sooth when you do, an' it were twal o' the Sunday at e'en, she'll fling her keys at the Provost's head or she gie them another turn." ("Rob Roy," chap. xxii.)

The following is the language of a Highland gentleman after the fight with the red-hot culter at Aberfoil—"She had better speak nae mair aboot her culter, or, by ——, her will gar her eat her words, and twa handfuls o' cauld steel to drive them ower wi'!"

Our friend Dougal brings Francis Osbaldistone and Rob Roy into a cell in Glasgow jail, wherein there was a bed. As he placed the lamp he bore on a little deal table, "she's sleeping," said he.

"'She! Who? Can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?' I (Osbaldistone) turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment oddly mingled with pleasure that I saw my first suspicion had deceived me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful garnished with a grey beard of two

days' growth, and accommodated with a red nightcap." (Chap. xxii.)

Callum Beag says to Waverley—"Ta Tighearnach did not like ta Sassenach Duinhe-wassel to be pingled wi' mickle speaking, as she was na' tat weel." (Chap. xxiv.)

These quotations might be multiplied to any extent. I have lived in the Highlands nearly all my life, and I cannot recall ever having heard this outrageous mistake made. I have, however, made enquiries of others, and have met some who maintain that they have noticed some cases of men who call themselves *she.* But granting it be so, how can some rare cases justify the continual usage of English writers? These even aggravate the matter by making a Gael call himself, as a matter of course, "her nainsell." "Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her skene-occle." A sleeping Highlander starts up from the floor and joins in the fray at Aberfoil, exclaiming—"Her nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and by her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil." I doubt if one Highlander in a hundred would know what "her nainsell" meant. But "her nainsell" is the commonest of designations they give themselves in books.

It must strike one, after all this, as something very singular that the noun in Gaelic to designate a woman, *boirionnach,* is masculine, so that it would appear that the Gael would have some justification for calling a woman *he,* while he has none for calling himself *she.* If such words are monstrosities, Gaelic cannot boast a monopoly of them. In Latin the word for person, *persona,* is feminine. Everyone is powerless to help himself. No exception can be tolerated. If you are a persona, you must as such be lingually feminine. As to the above Gaelic word, and as to everything, hasty conclusions are to be deprecated. For the conclusion obviously does not follow that the gender of the word *boirionnach* arises from the fact that, though the Highlander wears a kilt, which some people call petticoats, his wife always arrays herself, as some English-speaking wives are known to do, in the equivalent Lowland habiliments!

We progress from wonder to wonder. It would be a safe undertaking to engage to prove that Highlanders, not rarely and even without having partaken liberally of mountain dew, call a mountain *the man,* and a hill *the woman*; a door *the man,* and a window *the woman*; a horse *the man,* and a cow *the woman.* One who knows only English has not the genius or the scholarly

instruction that would fit him to understand the beauty of this nomenclature. English, in many cases, shows no gender. Its adjectives proceed unmoved on their uninteresting, monotonous path. They have something of the cold, unemotional, supercilious nature of the nation in them. The Gaelic adjective, a lively and bright being, changes at its beginning or at its end, or at both, gets knocked about head and heel. Like its sisters of most other languages, it has to wriggle through strange mutations in the course of its uneven life, according to the disposition and circumstances of its yoke-fellow the noun. When in English *this* or *that* is used, *this one* or *that one*, they show no gender. How happy and how handy for purposes of gender is the Latin *hic, hœc, hoc*; *ille, illa, illud; iste, ista, istud.* What shall we say of the Gaelic? When distinguishing it bears the palm. It says, *am fear so*, this man; *an té so*, this woman. Then, to prove our case, when distinguishing one mountain, one door, one horse, from another, or from several others, we say *am fear sin, that man*; and when distinguishing between hill and hill, window and window, cow and cow, we say *an té sin, that woman.* The very same words *am fear ruadh*, used to denote a *red-haired man*, are used for a *red horse* or any red male animal or thing; and *an té ruadh* means a *woman* or any female animal or thing that is *ruadh*—red. And, in place of *red*, any other applicable adjective may be correctly employed in the foregoing fashion. These, then, are true Celtic equivalents for the demonstrative adjective and not a whit odd to Gaelic ears. There is a sufficient reason for this, dating back to the Creation. Man was placed over all creatures, and why should not all creatures be called after him? "My conscience," Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, "every man maun do as he dow." When he had not his sword, Samson used the jaw-bone of an ass with exceeding effect, as the skulls of the Philistines amply testified. The worthy Gael finds his unpromising demonstrative adjective quite ready and effectual for its purpose.

A story that may look exceedingly well to the uninitiated falls to the ground at the first glance of those who know better. Even on historic occasions grand deeds and words have been handed down, which have no sort of likelihood of truth in them. One story, glowingly told in print, and strikingly depicted by the artist, about the "Relief of Lucknow," was, when first told, seen to be absurd on the face of it by a Highland gentleman, who was an officer, and also a piper. The story goes that the Highland wife of a soldier, when things had come to the utmost straits, gave the first intimation of coming relief by catching the sound of the

pipes, knowing the very tune they played. My friend upset the touching tale with one word :—"That is not a pipe tune," said he. I may add that there are now many versions of the story, and differences about the name of the tune. An instance in case is the stirring words said to be used by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo—"Up, guards, and at them!" which seem more fitted for the boards of a theatre than to direct far bodies of soldiers drawn out in line at a crisis of the battle. Tested in this manner, and applicable to what I have said above, the words put into the mouth of a Highlander in the '45 may amuse the ignorant, but cannot pass muster with the native. Edinburgh, then, was so quietly and so cleverly captured, that many of the dwellers therein were not aware that they had changed masters. A citizen had seen the town guard in possession of a gate, and, a few minutes thereafter in passing, he found a body of Highlanders mounting guard. He walked up to them to seek an explanation, asking what had become of the town guard? A Gael quietly told him—"She pe relieved." I must say I do not believe in that *she*. This tortured pronoun must be thus thrust into our faces on all occasions. It no doubt deserves to be tortured, for it has wantonly done away with every other one! An insensate writer, excuse my warmth under such provocation, produces a great book, and calls it "She," and the whole foolish world reads and dotes over this "She."

The third error, which I wish to bring to your notice, is perhaps the worst of all. Most English writers have no knowledge of the genius of the Celtic language, and are therefore totally incapable of representing how a Celt would express himself on a given subject and occasion. When they portray the Highlander they portray a gentleman in manners. When they put a sword into his hands they arm a hero. But when they put words into his mouth they show us but a baby or a fool. How can writers represent what they themselves do not know? They should never have made the attempt. *B* is frequently altered to *p*, *d* to *t*, *v* to *f*, *th* to *s*. Thus *because* becomes *pecause*, *good* becomes *goot*, *very* becomes *fery*, and *three* becomes *sree*. Now, if writers who have learned this much would limit themselves to these faults no one would complain. But when they have not learned how a Highlander would express himself they fall back upon their own imagination. This is not an allowable method, for it offends against the truth. In a narrative the spoken words of the persons introduced are given to enliven the narrative. A good writer exerts himself to make his characters express themselves in the manner

that best fits their station, place, and country. The writer shows his own talent by making this spoken language to the point, natural, clever, witty, and surpassing what is generally heard amongst men of the class. In place of this it appears to me that the whole talent displayed by these writers, if it can be called talent, is wasted in trying to make as much a muddle as possible of the words of the Highlander. It seems a too extravagant effort to make him speak as he naturally would speak. Naturally he would try to translate into English the words he would use if he were speaking Gaelic. We would then always find some touch of the Gaelic idiom. Some old-world taste of his ancient tongue would season his discourse. A vein of plaintive, poetic feeling would run through it. His narrow, winding valleys, his rugged mountains and rushing waters have touched up his character with a strain of melancholy and of pathos. The Highland tongue bears impress of these Highland feelings, and continually manifests them in conversation. The Gael does not want wit. Where is the glen or hamlet in which we do not find men and women famed for their witty and sharp sayings? This gift of wit is frequently noticed to descend, like other family characteristics, from father to son and grandson. The houses where such people dwell are, of a winter evening, the well-known rendezvous of the youth of the village. The witty repartee and the humorous saying fall fast and spontaneously from the lips of many a mountaineer, bright and sparkling like golden coin from the mint. In books the same man is made as dull as ditch-water. How few Highland sayings of the writers I allude to are worth remembering? I scarcely know one.

"Tell me where is fancy bred, or in the heart or in the head?" sings Shakespeare Either the Highlander wants both heart and head, or they are barren soil where fancy can never flourish. Other people are allowed wondrous flights of imagination to regions rich and rare, but if a poor Highlander flaps a wing it is in the mire. The furthest flight is to a clan feud, to have his dagger at his enemy's throat, or to spoil the Sassanach. Listen to Evan Maccombich :—

"No; he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman-drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon." (Waverley, chap. xviii).

The Gaelic possesses an infinite variety of rich saws and proverbs. As you savour food with salt, the Gael incessantly seasons his conversation with new applications of these old words of wisdom, and this with a drollery, a wit, and a grace all his own. Nothing of this kind finds its way from the mouths of the noodles given us for Gaels by English writers. I read two comparatively recent works with a view to this paper:—"A Princess of Thule" and "Chronicles of Stratheden." The writers of these books knew our country and countrymen much better than their brethren of the pen, and they do not fall into the ridiculous fault of making us all speak Broad Scotch and similar monstrosities. But even they seem never to have heard of such a thing as Highland wit. The conversations they give are level and flat like the moors and moss-pools of the sorrowful Lewis. I was barely able to cull one saying from the "Chronicles of Stratheden" worth bringing to your notice. It, wonderful to say, happily hits on a Gaelic idiom. The argument is too deliciously illogical, but all the same very true to nature. An old man says:—"Och, munnistars shouldna be making people laugh; it's no for laughing they're in't. Look at the soalam face Messtur Neeculson hes; try, wull he be laughing." That is too good not to be true. "It's no for laughing they're in't" cannot be surpassed. He might have said as conclusively, "It's no for sleeping they're in't;" therefore poor "munnistars" should never take a wink.

The utterly inane style of Highland speech is to be found in the columns of some newspapers in what are reckoned amusing paragraphs, particularly in comic papers. Therein Donald is trotted out for the public amusement in what is thought to be a supremely witty manner. I fail to see the wit. Not the tatter of a kilt or tartan can be recognised, nor the faintest smell of the fragrant birch or blooming heather. It is a mass of nonsensical gibberish, fit for the feeble mind of the idle or for the waste-basket, that we are treated to. If fancy flaps a wing, it is that of the barn-yard cock on the dung-hill, and not that of the grouse on the brow of the mountain. It is difficult to account for the base taste which relishes this impossible display of Donald, nevertheless the amount of this kind of literature is unquestionably extensive, as any person who chooses to examine may easily find. In dread of any blemish to the glory of the tartan we speedily pass it by.

Every language has peculiarities of its own. Some are guttural, some labial, some nasal; one soft, another hard; some long-worded, some short. Chinese seems to be all words of one syllable. Men attribute one quality or perfection to this language, another

to that, and so on. The well-known saying of the great Emperor Charles V. comes *à propos* here; he said he would speak German to his horses, English to birds and serpents, French to his friends, Italian to ladies, but Spanish he would speak in his prayers to God. Unfortunate man! he did not know Gaelic!

To become acquainted with the characteristics of a language, one must learn that language. This signifies not the work of an hour, but a long period of serious application. Men who write books, and so aim at being the instructors of others, have to submit to this apprenticeship. There cannot be two opinions on the subject, they must be the instructed before they can be qualified to be the instructors. Only when a student finds that he can think in a foreign language, only then can he congratulate himself that he begins to master it. Make your own experiments as to this. Try to think in a foreign tongue, and you will observe very quickly how much or how little you know of it. The Highlander has to do all his thinking in Gaelic. This is his first process. The second process is that he has to substitute English words for the Gaelic. His knowledge of English is defective and limited, and he only bungles through it somehow. He has to change his gold coin into silver, and what with crowns and half-crowns, florins and shillings, not taking into account all smaller fry, one like him who does not often handle money may be easily bamboozled, and fare badly in the exchange. In the second proc ss, the exceeding difference of form and idiom between the two languages makes all the difficulty. It also accounts for the nature of the mistakes made, at least in the majority of cases. If you were to have charge of a school for a week in a Gaelic district, and there observe the English compositions of the pupils, I believe you would see more of true Highland-English than in all the books ever written. A mistake then would be the genuine article, and none of your counterfeit "Brummagem" ware. It would no longer be the ass covered with the skin of the lion you heard braying, but the lion himself giving voice in a kingly roar. The truly artistic and competent writer must, therefore, be able to think in Celtic before he can hope to render his thoughts into English as a Celt would, and before he can approach to verisimilitude in his efforts to amuse us by his rendering of Celtic mistakes. This preparatory, yet most necessary, labour is precisely what the writers I speak of have never thought of undertaking. The passages I have quoted must have made this clearly evident to you. To write of things Celtic without being a Celtic scholar—even without being a Celtic student—manifests a lite-

rary foolhardiness which deserves severe condemnation. As I already explained, my quotations have been from Walter Scott, not that he is the greatest sinner, but because his books are in every hand. I shall task your patience with only other two citations :—

"Ah !" said Evan to Waverley, "if yon Saxon Duinhe-wassel saw but the Chief with his tail on !" "With his tail on ?" echoed Edward in some surprise. Evan explains at great length that the tail meant the Chief's personal attendants. A few pages after we have—"Phough," said Dugald Mahony, "tat's ta Chief."

"It is not," said Evan imperiously. Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach Duinhe-wassel in such a way as that ?"

But, as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification—"And it is even he, sure enough ; and he has not his tail on after all ; there is no living creature with him but Callum Beag" (Waverley, chap. xviii.).

In this quotation the word "tail" is given, and, because it looks ridiculous, is repeated, as the English synonym of the Gaelic word for the retinue of a chief. There is no term in Gaelic with any such signification as "tail" to denote the attendants of a chief. The laugh, instead of being against the Gael, should be against the delinquent writer.

This fitly introduces a new point. It is not enough in writing about a people to know their language. One must also know themselves, their houses, habits, and country, even their local and national history. Familiarity with all these things brings one to the very sources of their ideas. What they esteem, what they despise, what they love, what they hate, what is great, what is mean, what is praiseworthy, what is disgraceful, all has to be learnt. The family must be seen seated round the family hearth. The family must be seen at work in the field, or on the hill. The week-days have their teachings, and so has the Sunday. There are days of gladness and days of mourning. Each occasion furnishes fresh illustrations of the Highland character. And Donald will be found not without shrewdness and rich gleams of humour, far other by a long way than the dry wizened stick he is depicted. The west coast and the islands have different sources of ideas from inland districts. Boats, sails, oars, nets, fishing, storms, billows thundering over the rocks—the winds shrieking through the cordage and tattered sails—men striving for life and death on the great sea, open up an infinite source of thoughts, joyful or sad as the case may be. In the inland districts scanty or plentiful crops, cattle and sheep, rivers and lakes, floods and drought, frost and snow,

woods and mountains, a shot at a stag or a cast for a salmon, and all the variety of incidents of a landward district life, happy or perilous, profitable or unprofitable, exercise the minds, and vary the occupations of the inhabitants. These and such like things form the world of the Highlander, mental and material. Is it unreasonable to say that he who wishes to write about him should learn the things of his world? Walter Scott had all this knowledge of the Scottish people in its widest extent. He had lived amongst them and seen them at home and at work, at kirk and at market. He was as one of themselves. What can excel his Scotch conversations? He can praise, he can blame; scold like a fish-wife, swear like a trooper; he can fawn, he can flatter, he can wheedle; he can joke, he can back-bite, he can beg, he can mock; he can rage and whine, and prose, and rant to the utmost. Nothing escapes him. He blunders nothing, and he embellishes all. He revels in the might of his power. No other country has had such a wizard of the pen—least of all the Highlands—to bewitch us with the charms of the words and wit of their people.

My argument can be still further enforced. What is it that is done by writers on like occasions? Books are as numerous nearly as the leaves of the forest. If examples there are, they can easily be found. What writer would be so bold or so ignorant as to make a Cockney speak the dialect of Yorkshire? Whoever heard of a writer making a Northumbrian speak the dialect of Lancashire? What incredible fatuity any writer would manifest should he make the talk of any of these shires like to the broken brogue of an Irishman. Men are chary of their reputation. No one would dare to be guilty of such blunders as I mention. Every paper in the country would be full of the absurdity. Every critic would snatch the goose-quill from the back of his itching ear, and fill it with ink of the bitterest black, to write in abuse of the unfortunate author. Surely we Highlanders are the most patient of men, the least alert of critics, or the most careless and callous as to the treatment of our countrymen, when such blunders about them, and them alone, pass scatheless. Thousands of readers—questionless by far the majority of readers—could not in the least distinguish between Northumbrian and Yorkshire and Lancashire, and any medley of a mixture, however gross and unpalatable, might never cause a wry mouth. But, though this be so, there are behind the multitude so many who do know, that no writer, with safety to himself, can blunder in these dialects. Here they study and learn; with us such trouble is not to be expected. The Jew, the Turk, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, every one is treated

with more consideration than we are. From the days of Shakespeare until our own, there is a difference between the blunders which each of these peoples falls into in speaking English. The nature of the mistake is, as I have argued in regard to the Gaelic, caused by the difference of idiom between their language and English. No writer can be produced who makes any confusion on this score. The Italian is never credited with the sort of blunder a Frenchman would make; nor is the Spaniard ever credited with the sort of mess a German would produce. We can find men to man the lifeboat in the fiercest storm, and men to dare everything in search of the hopeless North Pole—to climb the most dangerous Alps; we can find men to lead the most forlorn hope: but to find a man who cares so little for his literary reputation as to write such a stupid blunder, I think impossible.

A book brings us into close contact with the mind—with the inmost soul of a person when it gives us his words; for what are his words but the outward expression of what inwardly animates his heart. When we have laid before us many conversations of a vast variety of individuals belonging to a people or nation, individuals taken from every rank and profession, we have exposed to our study the soul of that nation. Their weakness and strength, their views, principles, and aims are thus subjected for admiration or condemnation to the judgment of the reading world. The people of a country have, therefore, a pressing interest or rather a duty imposed upon them to see that writers fail not to give a faithful delineation of their character. They ought to be watchful and ready to commend and uphold the truth, to condemn and expose the false in this important matter. For each portraiture of themselves they allow to go forth unquestioned, helps to fix the position, high or low, which they are to occupy in the estimation of mankind.

I hope, then, I have not erred in my expectations, when I thought of this for the subject of my paper to the influential body which forms the Gaelic Society of Inverness. These expectations are that your greater attention be drawn to the study of this question, that your watchfulness may be excited, your position of influence exercised, that your voices may be raised, and that your able pens be used in newspaper, magazine, periodical, or wherever they may, to condemn strongly the errors I have dwelt upon, and every error in the treatment of the language of the Highlander.

I shall end with one further quotation. Evan Maccombich expresses true Highland sentiments—I cannot say so much for his words at the trial at Carlisle. Great changes have occurred and

are now occurring, whether for good or for evil is a question, as regards the feelings between chiefs and clans, and Evan's feelings may not now animate every bosom. Be that as it may, Evan at Carlisle made the proposal that, should they allow the chief Fergus Mac Ivor to go free, he, by their permission, would go and bring six of the best men of the clan to suffer in his stead. When the proposal was greeted with a laugh, this is the noble answer Evan made—"If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life or the life of six of my degree is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

Those writers, whose case we have been considering, *ken* neither the language nor the ideas of the Highlander.

20th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., read the following paper, contributed by Mr D. Munro Fraser, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Glasgow :—

CERTAIN PECULIARITIES OF GAELIC IDIOM.

The increased attention given to the study of the Celtic languages, in connection with the advancement of the Science of Language, has operated mainly towards the production of results that are interesting to those who pursue that science for its own sake. A great deal of light has been thrown on obscurities of etymology and syntax in the Gaelic language by investigations into the oldest forms of the language as these are contained in ancient writings. It seems to me, however, that some of the energy that is devoted to the increase of our knowledge regarding the changes which Gaelic has undergone in the course of the centuries might be profitably employed in smoothing the difficulties of the student of Modern Gaelic. We have men who are competent not only to

account for the transformation of words and to trace the origin of inflections, but to supply the light necessary to illumine much that is dark and perplexing in the structure of ordinary Gaelic sentences. What I, and perhaps a good many others, desiderate, in short, is a good grammar of Modern Gaelic, especially in the department of Gaelic syntax. Our desire is that somebody possessed of the requisite knowledge would do for our own Highland tongue what such books as Geddes's "Principles of Latinity," Dr Potts' "Hints towards Latin Prose Composition," Abbot's "Latin Prose through English Idiom," and Bradley's "Arnold" have done, or attempted to do, for the Latin language. Those whose knowledge of Gaelic has been acquired from their infancy onwards understand, at least, how to use its idioms or peculiarities. They may be trusted to make few serious mistakes in expressing any English sentiment in their own mother-tongue. Their language is, as it were, organically connected with their thought, and is recognised by all who are similarly circumstanced as a natural production. Unfortunately, the writer does not belong to this class. All the knowledge he possesses of the language of his native district was acquired after he left school, and chiefly from books. In seeking to extend that knowledge—chiefly for the pleasure it affords, and not for philological purposes—he has encountered many difficulties. These difficulties could be met, and progress in the art of translating English into Gaelic ensured, if the want to which he has already referred were supplied. It may be said, of course, that these difficulties are not of a nature to debar the earnest student of Gaelic from making progress in the study of the language. What he finds out by his own exertions will certainly give him a greater sense of power than any number of empirical regulations contained in text-books. At the same time, the principle of order demands that the facts of language should be classified, as well as the phenomena of other branches of study; and even in the case of the native Gael, a knowledge of the laws of Gaelic syntax is essential to an adequate appreciation of the virtues, or it may be the vices, of his mother-tongue. The value of a work on Gaelic prose composition would be enhanced if it contained a somewhat full treatment of Gaelic style—that is to say, the methods employed in that language for expressing thoughts in a beautiful as well as effective manner. A little knowledge of any language can be easily acquired, but possesses little educative worth unless it includes a knowledge of principles as well as of facts. Again and again, English students of Gaelic have been told that "the taste of the English" is on their Gaelic,

the reproach being concerned not merely with the pronunciation of the language, but with the recurrence of constructions which betray a loose knowledge of fundamental laws—in short, with ignorance of the genius of the language.

Concerning the large subject of Gaelic style, I do not propose in this paper to say very much. My purpose is a very humble one. I intend to investigate certain grammatical constructions which are puzzling to the learner of Gaelic, and to deduce therefrom some simple rules, which will be of service to one who approaches the study of Gaelic as an outsider. I by no means depreciate the value of the Gaelic grammars that are in existence. The only fault, or almost the only fault, I have to find with them is, that they are not on certain points explicit enough to satisfy the requirements of one who studies the language as a foreign tongue. My paper is avowedly a fragmentary one. If it serves to indicate what can be accomplished in the same direction by one who possesses a fuller knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, I shall be satisfied. I shall, no doubt, commit some errors, and leave many things as hazy as they were before, but approaching the subject, as I do, with fresh eyes, I hope that I shall at least point out difficulties which have not been detected or attempted to be solved by Gaelic scholars, just on account of their facility in using a language that is part of their natural endowment.

The verbs *Is* and *Tha.*

In acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic, the learner experiences no little difficulty in apprehending the difference between the two substantive verbs, *is* and *tha.* The construction of *tha* is easily understood, but with *is* the case is very different. What I may call the "Gaelist," or the man who learns Gaelic as a foreign tongue, can be readily recognised, either by the attempts he makes to use "is" too frequently, or by the errors he commits when he does use it. Dr Stewart, in his excellent grammar, gives him no assistance in this matter. Munro is a little more helpful. He bids the learner attend to a number of examples (p. 240), which he adduces to show the distinction between *is* and *tha*, as—

Is àrd a' bheinn sin.	Tha a' bheinn sin àrd.
'Tis a high hill that.	That hill is high.

He does not enunciate any principle, however, for the guidance of the learner, except the following :—"'*Is* affirms simply of his object, although that object be expressed by two or more words : as *Is mi Donull*...*Bi* has a two-fold object, and shows the subject

and predicate distinctly from each other: as *Tha Dònull aig an dorus. Bha* na mnathan a' buain (Dr Neilson, p. 126.' The predicate is placed immediately after *is*......the subject is placed next after *bi*, &c." I confess I do not possess sufficient intelligence to understand Dr Neilson's remarks (as quoted by Munro): it seems to me a beautiful instance of the explanation of the *obscurum per obscurius.* Munro gives us a fairly good practical rule for the order of the words, when we employ *is* and *tha*, and for the rest seems to be contented with the quotation he has made. A remark he makes on p. 130 of his work indicates that he perceived that the difference between these two verbs is to some extent a matter of style. Of the combination of another verb with *is*, he says—"The Gaelic expression, being more emphatical, generally requires some intensive word or phrase in the English, to exhibit its import more forcibly; as *Is mi nach robh toilichte*, I was *not* (at all) pleased."

What then is the difference between *is* and *tha ?*

1. Both verbs are used when we connect an attribute with its subject, with some difference in the force of the expressions. Thus we can say, *Is brònach an duine*, and *Tha an duine brònach*, the latter being the expression ordinarily employed.

2. Only *tha* can act as an auxiliary to another verb—"Tha mi a' bualadh."

3. The essential difference between *is* and *tha* (so far as they are employed in Modern Gaelic) seems to be this—*Is* denotes mere existence, and as an Irishman would say, hardly that. *Tha* denotes existence in certain relations, such as place, manner, or condition. We can say, "Tha mi an so," but not "Is mi an so." *Is* exists entirely for the benefit of some other word in the sentence; thus we can say, "Is *mi(se)* a tha an so: "Is ann ('s ann) *an so* a tha mi." The verb *is* in fact has lost its independence; in the last instance, *ann* has to be attached to it in order that it may predicate a local relation. In drawing attention to some other word, its function, as we shall afterwards see, is a very important one, but it cannot itself be used as a predicate of existence. Thus, "God is" cannot be expressed by *Is Dia.* In this respect, *i.e.*, incapability of predicating existence, *per se*, it agrees with *tha*, but it is so much weaker than *tha* that it never receives the voice accent and always leans for support on some word or words which follow it, being usually written *'s*, as in the expression, "'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn." *Tha* may be emphasised in speaking, but, so far as I can see, *is* always leans for support on the word which follows it. Again, in such expressions as "'S e Dia mo shlainte," the verb *is* requires to be

fortified by the addition of the pronoun "e." Further proof of the weakness or dependence of this verb is to be found in these two facts :—

1. It cannot stand alone in answer to a question, as, "An e clachair 'tha annad ?"—*Is e.* Are you a mason?—Yes. Ct. "Am bheil thu glic ?"—*Tha.*

2. In asking a question, it disappears altogether, as, *Co e?* for "Co is e ?"—Who is he? *An tu? An e?* etc. This happens also in negative statements, as, *Cha 'n ann an diugh a thainig e,* for "Cha 'n is ann"—It's not to-day he came.

I shall now proceed to illustrate the use of the verb *is* more fully and more systematically, giving the various combinations in which it is found, and the corresponding expressions in which *tha* is used where these exist. The combinations may be classified thus—

§ 1. Is + adjective in the predicate.
§ 2. Is + indefinite noun (predicate).
§ 3. { Is + indefinite noun and adj. (predicate)—same as § 2.
Is + adj. (predicate) + noun with the article (temporary subject).
§ 4. Is + pronoun (subject).
§ 5. Is + ann.
§ 6. Is + eadh = seadh.

What is said of "is" applies of course to its past tense "bu" or "ba." A similar remark may be made in regard to "tha" and "bha." Interrogative and negative expressions may be left out of consideration.

§ 1. *Is* + adjective.

Compare the expressions (1) *tha mi brònach,* and (2) *Is brònach mi.* The first expression may be translated *I am sad,* no particular emphasis being attached to any part of the sentence. The second expression is best translated *Sad I am.* In this case particular stress is laid on the fact of the sadness. The first phrase states with logical precision that the attribute sad belongs to the speaker, the second is a rhetorical device for calling attention to the existence of the reality of the sadness. No. (1) is therefore the form to be found in everyday speech when the giving of information merely is the purpose of the speaker ; No. (2) is the language of poetry, and of impassioned statement. The latter form, as one would naturally expect, is to be found frequently in maxims and

proverbs, and is analogous to such inversions of the logical order of a sentence, as "Blessed are the merciful," "Great is Diana," and the like. A certain dignity or weight is added to the sentiment by the employment of such an inversion (cf. the expressions as ordinarily uttered: the merciful are blessed, &c.) A glance at Nicolson's "Gaelic Proverbs" will show the effective way in which use is made of the verb *is* in this connection. A proverb is a generalisation from experience, and is often expressed with the dignity and gravity which pertains to a law. Cf. "Is cairdeach an cu do'n bhanais, Is coltach an gunna ris a' phiob," and similar expressions. The emphatic positions in a sentence are the beginning and end, so that in such sentences as "Is brònach mi," and "Is beannaichte na daoine tròcaireach," both the subject and the predicate receive due prominence, the attention being directed specially, however, to the predicate.*

A third variety of the expression under consideration is used, especially when a defining or conditioning clause follows—"*Is bronach a tha mi* 'nuair 'tha mi cluinntinn nan nithe sin."

A fourth variety of the expression, formed also by combining the two verbs *is* and *tha* (Is mise a tha brònach †), may be translated by using an adverb of degree before the adjective, as Munro has pointed out. (I am exceedingly sad; or, perhaps, sad, sad, I am.) The entire combination *mise a tha brònach* is here rendered emphatic: No sadness is like mine! If anybody is sad, it is I! See § 4.

§ 2. *Is + indefinite* noun.

(1). *Is righ mi. Is clachair thu. Is saor e.* These expressions are all grammatically correct, but out of place except in the language of poetry or passion. They are, in short, rhetorical, and rarely occur in ordinary conversation. Cf. the proverb, *is damh thu* = chan 'eil annad ach (an) damh. They seem to be used in conversation, chiefly when economy in words is necessary. Short pithy statements and interrogations like the following are constantly employed. "Is bainne so—nach eadh?" or "Am bainne so?" = Milk—eh? "Is boidheach i so" = Surely, a pretty girl.

(2). *Tha mi saor, tha thu clachair,* &c., are not Gaelic. In ordinary conversation we say *tha mi am righ, tha thu ad chlachair,* literally, I am in my king, You are in your mason.

* An expression of the form *is brònach mi* is very useful when a relative clause follows the subject, as "Is brònach an duine a tha gun chairdean," "Is beannaichte an duine sin nach gluais an comhairle nan daoi." The corresponding expressions with *tha* are somewhat clumsy and weak.

† Or, Is e mise a tha brònach.

(3). The colloquial emphatic forms are "Is e ('s e) righ 'tha annam. 'Se clachair 'tha annad." The following rule can easily be deduced from No. 2—One substantive cannot be predicated of another ("pronoun" being included in the term "substantive") by means of *tha*, or *tha* cannot form the copula between two substantives. Cf. the expression "Is Mi an Ti a 's Mi"—I am that I am—I am the *person* (pred.) | *that* (pred.) I am. Here the Gaelic verb *is* couples substantives or pronouns in both parts of the expression.

Is therefore can couple two nouns, *tha* cannot.

Proverbs may be quoted in illustration of the combination of *is* with nouns, as "Is brathair do 'n mhadadh | am meirleach"—The thief is brother to the hound; "Is bior | gach srabh 's an oidhche"—Every straw is a thorn at night.*

In the case of the so-called *composite verbs*, the constructions *is* + adj. (*is brònach*), and *is* + noun (*is saor*). seem to have lost their rhetorical power through frequency of use, and to have now become the ordinary prose phrases for the ideas intended to be expressed by them, as "Is toigh leam," "Is beag orm," &c.

§ 3. { *Is* + *indefinite* noun and adjective.
Is + adj. + definite article + noun.

The sentence, "Hunting is delightful work," may be translated—

(1). Is obair eibhinn | an t-sealg.
(2). Is eibhinn | an obair || an t-sealg.

The only difference between these two expressions seems to be that in the first emphasis is laid on the whole predicate (delightful work), while in the second the epithet "delightful" is singled out for special prominence, the noun (work) to which it is attached becoming the subject of the sentence, and having appended to it an explanatory subject (hunting) in apposition.† Both the ex-

* It may be observed here that *Is* is followed in the cases noted above only by an adj., an *indefinite* noun, or a pronoun.

† The expression may be analysed thus:—

<table>
<tr><td rowspan="2">Link or copula denoting mere existence, but serving to emphasise the quality denoted by the next word.</td><td rowspan="2">Is</td><td>eibhinn
predicate</td><td>an obair
temporary subject</td><td rowspan="2">an t-sealg
epexegetical (explanatory) and also real subject.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="2">English Predicate.</td></tr>
</table>

Cf. French (for explanatory subjects), "C'est se tromper (que) de croire." "Lui donner des conseils c'est perdre sa peine." "Son plus grand bonheur (c')est de faire des heureux."

pressions (1 and 2) are rhetorical, but the second is the more common and the more effective of the two.

The idea intended to be conveyed cannot be expressed by *tha*, except under a relation of locality, according to the rule just stated regarding the predication of one noun of another. With *tha* the expression becomes " Tha an t-sealg na h-obair eibhinn"—literally, Hunting is *in* its delightful work, and this is the form used in common speech. We can also say (3) " Is i an t-sealg an obair eibhinn," but this form is definitive and unusual; and (4) " Is e obair eibhinn a tha anns an t-seilg." These forms will be considered afterwards (see § 4). Take, as an additional illustration of *is* in this combination, the translation of the sentence—" The man is *a* good carpenter."*

(1). Is saor math | an duine (rare, poetical, passionate).
(2). Is math an saor | an duine (emphatically *math*, not so rare and more formal; The man is a good carpenter, *that* he is).
(3). Tha an duine na shaor math (colloquial, or simple logical statement).

" 'Se an duine *an* saor math" † means the same as No. 3, but is more formal and rarely employed; " 'S e saor math a tha anns an duine" is the emphatic form of No. 3.

For a discussion of the use of *ann* (prep.) to express " actual existence in any state, relation, position, or office in which one may be at any time," I must refer the reader to Nos. 3 and 4 of the "Scottish Celtic Review." Dr Cameron explains this idiom on philosophical as well as on etymological grounds. The verb *ta* originally = stand (Latin sto.), and hence signifies " radically existence connected with locality." Thus *tha e na shaor* means primarily " he stands in his relation of carpenter;" *tha e 'na chadal*, " he exists in his relation of sleep." On the other hand, the preposition *ann* is not necessary when the predicate is an adjective, as " Tha e fuar," He is cold, for the simple reason that the adjective in itself denotes posture or local condition (literal or metaphorical), and is in fact equivalent to an adverbial phrase. Cold = in cold. So " Tha e saoibhir," He is rich = He stands in a rich condition. The genius of the language is opposed to such an expression as

* *Rule*—All sentences of this form, therefore, are translated by detaching the adjective from the English predicate, and making its noun follow it in the definite form, when stress is to be laid on the adjective, as " Honour is a tender thing"—" Is beadarach an ni an onoir."

† Only definite nouns or equivalents are used to express equations after *is e*, &c., see below § 4.

"He stands carpenter," although such expressions as, *Incedit regina*, She walks a queen, are common in Latin. Dr Cameron's explanation of "Tha e fuar," is that "a quality exists in the subject, not the subject in a quality." This, however, is metaphysics. It is not true in grammar, for in certain sentences, states, relations, or functions, &c., such as "saor," are regarded as qualities, and so exist in the subject. In Gaelic, the "carpenter" can exist in the man, as well as the man in his "carpenter," *e.g.*, "'S e saor tha annad." (It is a carpenter that is *in you*). "Cha'n eil innt' ach a' ghlaoic." (She is but a silly woman). With this last compare "Cha'n eil ise na glaoic," from which we see that the verb "feil," though by its etymology devoid of the idea of "standing," takes by analogy the same construction as the verb "tha."

§ 4. *Is* + pronoun (subject).*

Consider here, in the first place, such expressions as, "Is mise an dorus," "Is mise am buachaill math"—I am the door, I am the good shepherd. Both these expressions are formal, effective, rhetorical. We may at once deduce the rule—A predicate consisting of a noun and the definite article cannot be made by means of *tha*. In other words, a relation of absolute identity cannot be made by *tha*. The device of using the preposition "ann" with the noun cannot be employed here. We can say, I am *a* door, "Tha mi am dhorus;" but not "Tha mi an dorus." *Is* is the substantive verb used to express absolute identity.

Observe, again, that in connection with such a predicate, the subject pronoun *(mise)* comes after the verb *is*. In former cases we saw that the predicate came after *is*. Contrast with the above expressions the rhetorical forms for "I am *a door*," &c., "Is dorus mi," "Is buachaill mi." Another rule may be enunciated here—*Is* cannot be immediately followed by the definite article,† or by a proper noun. (A proper noun is in its nature definite, restricted in any particular case to one individual). "Is mise Alastair," I am Alexander; "Is Alastair mi," I am *an* Alexander.

The absolute identity of subject and predicate gives us the reason for placing the subject pronoun immediately after *is*. When subject and predicate are absolutely identical, their position is determined by considerations of euphony and non-ambiguity. "Is

* The pronoun may often be considered as the predicate.

†The usage is thus—Is + indef. noun, or adj. + pronoun, or def. noun; and Is + pronoun + def. noun, or equivalent. Cf. An Romhanach thu? and An tu *an* Romhanach?

Alastair mi" *might* mean (logically, though not as matter of fact), I am Alexander; but custom has determined that, in addition to pronouns, only indefinite expressions (such as adjectives, and nouns without the definite article), should immediately follow *is*. Again, the emphatic position is that of the word which follows *is*, and the pronoun "I" is evidently more important than the name Alexander. We cannot say, "Is mi dorus," because dorus is the predicate, and, according to established custom, comes after *is*. It is interesting also to observe that since the word following *is* is in the emphatic position, the pronouns *mi*, *thu*, &c., require in general to be strengthened, and take the forms *mise*, *thusa*, &c., accordingly. Such expressions as "Is e Dia mo bhuachaill," where *e* does not take the emphatic form, will be explained immediately. In the sentence, "Is tu fhein a thòisich an toiseach," &c., the *tu* is strengthened by the *fhein*, and in "Is tu 'thilg a' chlach air a' chaisteal, the *tu* is not emphatic,* a contrast is drawn between the stone and the castle.

Is e, Is i, Is iad.

Such expressions as *Is e*, *is i*, *is iad*, are very convenient in translating certain kinds of sentences into Gaelic, and must be considered separately. A very simple rule can be formed from the examples in which they occur. We now pass from the consideration of such expressions as "Is esan am buachaill," which is parallel to "Is mise an dorus," &c.

Let us first determine the grammatical construction of such a combination as "Is e am Focal Dia," The Word is God. We can also say, "Is e Dia am Focal." *Dia* and *am Focal* are two definite expressions, and therefore no consideration except that of euphony and non-ambiguity determines which is to come first. "Is e am Focal Dia," literally means, It, viz., the Word, is God. *It (e)* is the subject, *am Focal* is the explanatory subject. The pronoun "e" is used because *Focal* is masculine. In "'S i so fianuis Eoin," This is the witness of John, the gender of the pronoun is determined by *so*, and the gender of *so* by *fianuis*.† It is interesting

* The form *is mi (is mise)* may, of course, be followed by a relative clause (as in "Is mi a 'tha bronach.") A very effective use is made of this particular combination in answering a question by emphasing a particular fact, as "Am faca tu e?" "Chunnaic," Yes, but "Is mi a chunnaic," That I did—There is no doubt about it.

† It seems more correct, however, to say, "Is e so fianuis Eoin," *i.e.*, this *statement* is the witness of John, not, this *witness* is the witness of John.

to observe by the way that, in ordinary conversation, *is e (is i)*, is omitted when followed by demonstrative pronouns like *so*, *sin ;* as in "*(Is e)* So tigh Sheumais," This is James's house. The verb *Is*, as we saw before, exists in a state of dependence or decay, and has a tendency to become contracted, or to vanish altogether.

The following examples illustrate the usage of the compound expressions, *is e*, *is i*, *is iad*—

(1) Is e | Dia | mo shlainte.
(2) Is e | 'n t ionnsachadh òg | an t'ionnsachadh boidheach.
(3) Is i | an oidhche | an oidhche | na'm b'iad na fir | na fir.
(4) Is iad | na laithean fada | na laithean a's miosa.
(5) Is e | do shuil | do cheannaiche.
(6) Is e | deireadh nan ceannaichean | dol a shniomh shioman.
(7) Is e | farmad | a ni treabhadh.
(8) 'S e | 'bh'aig Dàrnlaidh 'na aghaidh, | gu'n robh e fein 's a' bhan-righ ro mhòr aig a cheile.
(What Darnley had against him was that he and the queen were too much together).
(9) Is e | tuarasdal a' pheacaidh | am bas.

In all these examples, *is e (is i, is iad)* is followed by two equations, or two identical expressions. In fact, *is e (is i, is iad)* might be translated by the mathematical =, or sign of equality. Again, these two equations are definite nouns* or their equivalents. The subject (in the English expression) comes immediately after *is e*, *is i*, *is iad*, and then the predicate. The order of subject and predicate is regulated chiefly by euphony. We may say, instead of "Is e tuarasdal a' pheacaidh am bas," "Is e am bas tuarasdal a' pheacaidh"—just as in English we can say, "Death is the wages of sin." as well as, "The wages of sin is death." The expression which immediately follows the *is e (is i, is iad)* seems to be more accented than that which closes the sentence, although the effect of the construction employed is to give due prominence to both parts of the statement.

In Nos. (7) and (8) the construction is a little different from that of the other clauses. No. (7) It is emulation that makes ploughing. No. (8) is construed as translated.

The reason why the pronouns *e*, *i*, *iad* are used, and not the corresponding emphatic forms, is that these words are merely temporary subjects, as the French *ce* in "C'est moi qui parle," and the English *it* in 'Tis I who speak. From the very nature of the

* Mo shlainte = *the* salvation of me. Tuarasdal a' pheacaidh = *the* wages of sin.

case, therefore, the emphasis is laid on the words that follow these pronouns.

Sentences such as the above being formal enunciations of the identity of two definite nouns, or emphatic statements of particular facts, are necessarily translated by the verb *is*. If for sentence No. (7) we were to substitute "Tha farmad a' deanamh treabhadh," the effect of the statement is considerably different. No. (7) means that emulation—more than anything else—makes ploughing. The alternative translation merely states the fact that emulation is in the act of making ploughing—it restricts the attention to the predicate.

We are now in a position to lay down the following rules :—

1. When an English expression consists of two definite nouns or their equivalents, connected by the verb *to be*, it is usually translated by the formulae *is e*, *is i*, *is iad*, followed immediately by the more accented of the two nouns, thus :—"*Charlie* is my darling"—"Is e | Tearlach | mo rùn." "Charlie is my *darling*"—"Is e | mo rùn | Tearlach." We cannot say, "Is Tearlach mo rùn" (which would mean, rhetorically, "My darling is *a* Charlie) ;" nor can we say, "Is mo run Tearlach," *mo rùn* being definite. We could say, of course, "Is run dhomh Tearlach," *run* being indefinite ("*a* darling to me"). Again, "The light of the body is *the eye*"—"Is i an t-suil solus a' chuirp." In "Is e solus a' chuirp an t-suil," the accent is placed on the *solus*.

2. When an English expression consists of a subject and a predicate, if the subject is to be rendered emphatic, the same formulae may be used, followed by the subject and a relative clause, thus :—"Practice makes expert"—"Is e | 'n cleachdadh | a ni teoma." So, "A man acts, a dog tells"—"'S e | duine | a ni, 's e | cu | a dh' innseas."*

What I may call "the phenomenon of the double *e*" is an exact application of Rule 1. Thus, "This is he"—"Is e | so | e ;" "It is the city of the great king"—"Is e | baile an righ mhòir | *e*;" lit. "It, viz., the city of the great king—is *it*," the weak "e" (subject in English) being thrown to the end. "Ma 's E | ur toil | *e*"—If IT [viz., a certain statement (neuter), which is] your will is *it* = if it is your will = if you please.

* Man and dog are definite—the class man and the class dog. So, "God created the heavens"—"Chruthaich Dia na neamhan" (ordinary form). "*God* created the heavens"—"Is e | Dia | a chruthaich na neamhan" (emphatic form).

§ 5. *Is + Ann.*

The combination of *is* with *ann* is another device for expressing emphasis in Gaelic. We shall first jot down a few examples :—

(1) Is ann air an duthaich a thainig an da latha !
(2) Is ann air a' mhuic reamhair a theid an t-ìm.
(3) Is ann aige a tha an sgoil.
(4) Is ann mar sin a bha e.
(5) Is ann mar a chuirear an siol a dh'fhàsas e.
(6) An àite seasamh, is ann a theich iad !
(7) Is ann a' dol a dhannsadh a bha iad !
(8) Cha 'n ann a bhriseadh an lagha a thainig mi.
(9) Is ann a dh' fhàsas an siol mar a chuirear e.
(10) 'S ann ur a tha e.
(11) Is ann boidheach, 's cha 'n ann daicheil.
(12) Nach ann | ann a tha 'n latha briagha !*

In all these expressions, *is ann* is the equivalent of the formula "is e," and may be literally translated "it is," or "is there."

The use of *is ann* is much the same as that of *is*, *is e*, &c.—to bring into prominence the phrase that immediately follows it, and by this means to add force to the whole sentence. Wherever *is ann* is used, a change takes place in the usual order of words in a sentence. It is generally employed to express indignation or surprise ; thus, the first sentence may be translated, "What a change has come over the country," and the last, "What a fine day !" Several of the instances given indicate that it is frequently used in proverbs. "Fasaidh an siol mar a chuirear e" = the seed grows as it is sown. "Is ann a dh' fhasas," &c. = Just as the seed is sown, *so it grows*. "Is ann mar a chuirear an siol," &c. = Just as the seed is *sown*, so it grows.

The following rule may be deduced as to its use :—*Is ann* is employed most frequently before adverbs or adverbial phrases or clauses.

Thus it was = 'S ann mar so a bha e. It is employed very effectively in the apodosis or consequential clause of a statement, as "Ge b 'e ni a bhios os cionn so, is ann o'n olc ata e"—Whatsoever is more than this, is of evil. The latter part of the Latin expression *quo*... .*eo* ; English *the*......*the* is translated by *is ann*, thus, "The sooner I hear, the sooner I shall go = Mar is luaithe a chluinneas mi, 's ann is luaithe a dh'fhalbhas mi.

* This sentence is similar in form to the first five. Nach ann = Nach is ann ; the second *ann* is an adverb modifying *tha*, and is transposed in order to be emphasised by the first *ann*.

Is ann before adjectives is rare, and not to be imitated. It is frequently used before relative clauses in Gaelic, but these are generally restricted by some adverbial expression, as in Nos (6) and (9).

Is is the word usually employed before adjectives, as we have already seen, and in certain common expressions it takes the place of *is ann* before adverbs, as *Is minig* a bha an Donas dàicheil, *is tric* a bha sonas air beul mòr, *is fhada* bho'n thubhairt mi, &c.

§ 6. *Is + eadh = seadh.*

The latter part of this expression is cognate with the neuter pronoun *it* (English), *id* (Latin). *Seadh* may generally be translated by *that's it* or *'tis so.* It is often employed absolutely, in assenting to a previous proposition, as "Gu deimhin a ta mi a 'teachd an aithghearr. Amen. *Seadh,* thig a Thighearn Iosa." *Even so.* In some parts of the Highlands, the formula of assent is *sin fhein.* The negative of *seadh* is *Cha'n eadh* or *Ni h-eadh.*

The words "Yes" and "No" are variously translated in Gaelic according to the form in which the question is put. Except in the case of *seadh,* the answer always repeats the verb that is used in the principal sentence of the question. *Is* is the only verb that cannot stand alone in answer to a question. The following are examples of affirmative replies :—

(1). An d' thainig thu ?—Thainig.
(2). Am bheil e marbh ?—Tha.
(3). An tu 'tha ann ?—Is mi.
(4). An esan (ise) a tha ann ?—Is e (is i).
(5). Am bheil e ann ?—Tha.
(6). An ann à Duneidin a thainig e?—'S ann.
(7). An e fear a tha annad ?—Is e ('s e).
(8). Am fear e ? - Seadh.
(9). Am bainne so ?—Seadh.

The rule regarding *seadh* may be thus stated :—*Seadh* is to be used when the answer refers to a predicate (adj. used as a noun, or noun) attached to the verb *is* (expressed or understood).* The last question may be put thus :—" Is bainne so, (nach eadh) ?" and and the answer is *seadh.*

From the preceding discussion, the general conclusion may be drawn that *is* in Gaelic, though unemphatic itself, is largely used when any deviation from the supposed ordinary method of expression takes place for the sake of effect. It is an appropriate device

* An e sin modh ?—'S e. Am modh sin ?—Seadh.—*Professor Mackinnon.*

for altering the usual order of words, especially when the language attains a certain level of dignity, indignation, or pathos. In certain combinations (as in "Is bronach mi an diugh") it occurs more frequently in poetry than in prose, but it is inseparable from the idiom of everyday speech, especially in interrogations, and when employed in conjunction with other verbs (such as *tha*). As a stranger to the language of the Gael is known by his inability to use this idiom aright, so a Highlander more accustomed to his mother tongue than to the language of the Southron is detected most readily by his attempt to transplant this native style of conversation into English. Mr William Black rings the changes on this idiom in his Highland novels. Thus—"There is many a time that I have said to him;" "It will be a bad day the day I quarrel with my own people;" and so on *ad libitum.*

The Position of the Object after an Infinitive.

The next peculiarity of Gaelic diction that I take up is also inadequately dealt with in the grammars. All the grammars state that the noun object which follows the verb-noun, or infinitive mood, is put in the genitive, while the object preceding it is put in the accusative. What learners of Gaelic desire is an answer to the question, When does the object precede the infinitive?

For the sake of clearness, I shall call the form *bualadh* (striking) a verb-noun; in combination with the preposition *do (a)*, the verb-noun may be called the infinitive.

Do is the preposition *to*, and, like the corresponding term in English, seems originally to have denoted purpose. It is usually written in the form *a*. We shall call *a bhualadh*, when it denotes purpose, the strong infinitive; when it does not denote purpose, the weak infinitive.

Consider these two sentences:—

(1) Dh àithn e dhomh | an dorus a bhualadh.
(2) Thàinig mi | a bhualadh an doruis.

In the first sentence, "An dorus a bhualadh" is a noun phrase, in the second, "A bhualadh an doruis" is a phrase of purpose, or an adverbial phrase. The rule, therefore, is—In noun phrases, the object precedes the infinitive, in phrases of purpose, the object follows the infinitive, or, shortly, the strong infinitive is followed by its object; in other cases, the weak infinitive is preceded by its object. This rule, it should be noted, strictly applies only when the strong infinitive (or infinitive of purpose) follows a *verb*.

Obs. 1. Verbs beginning with "f," *(fill,* to fold), and with a vowel (*ol*) are a little peculiar. The *do* (*a*) of the weak infinitive is lost, and an additional *do* (*a*) is placed before the strong infinitive, as—

Dh' àithn e dhomh { an t-aodach fhilleadh. / an t-uisge ol.

Thainig mi { a dh' fhilleadh an aodaich. / a dh' ol an uisge.

Obs. 2. Intransitive verbs in noun phrases are used in their verb-noun form, not in the infinitive form,* as—

Is coir dhomh { eirigh, fuireach. / falbh, tuiteam, &c.

N.B.—The form *a bhi* is always used.

Obs. 3. The noun-phrase construction is used after all those expressions that do duty for verbs, as "Is aill leam," "Is toigh leam," "Is nàr dhomh," "Is beag orm," "Tha eagal orm," &c., as "I wish (what?)—to read the book" (noun phrase), Is aill leam | an leabhar a leughadh†. The noun phrases are in these cases really the subjects of the sentences in which they occur, the predicates being the nouns or the adjectives that immediately follow *is*.

So far there is no difficulty in connection with the position of the object. When prepositions, other than *do* (a), are used before the infinitive, or before the verbal noun, the construction is not so clear. Here, again, the grammars afford us but little guidance.

Obs. 1. When *gu* and *chum* are used to denote a purpose, the object precedes the (weak) infinitive, as "Thainig mi gu | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn," "Thainig mi chum | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn," so also "Thainig mi airson | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn"—I came for the purpose of—what?—seeing my brother (noun phrase).

Obs. 2. *Ag* and the verb noun is equivalent to the English participle, and of course takes the object after it.

Obs. 3. The construction of *air, an deigh,* and the like is, at first sight, a little difficult.

(1). *Air* may be followed immediately by the verb-noun, in which case the object comes necessarily after the verb. "When the

* It seems better to put the matter thus than to understand such a verb as *a dheanamh* (weak infinitive) after them: *Is coir dhomh eirigh, (a dheanamh).*

† Is toigh leam an leabhar a leughadh—I (myself) wish (or find pleasure in) to read the book. Is toigh leam leughadh an leabhair—The reading of the book (by another) is a pleasure to me.—*Professor Mackinnon.*

soldiers heard these words"—Air cluintinn nam facal so do no saighdearan. "Sending forth executioners"—Air cur fir-marbhaidh uaith. "When you pray"—Air bhi dhuibhse a' deanamh urnuigh.

(2). If the subject of the verb (represented by *do* + noun) comes immediately after *air*, the object precedes the (weak) infinitive, as—"When the soldiers heard these words"—Air do na saighdearan na facail so a chluintinn. "On his sending forth executioners"—Air dha fir-marbhaidh a chur uaith. "When you prayed"—Air dhuibhse urnuigh a dheanamh; but "When you pray"—Air dhuibhse *bhi* deanamh urnuigh. "When you stood"—Air dhuibhse seasamh: bhi and seasamh being intransitive.

(3). The epexegitical or explanatory infinitive after nouns and adjectives takes the object before it, whether used with a preposition or not, as—"Chan'eil cothrom agam [air] sinn a dheanamh," "Chan'eil cothrom agam airson sin a dheanamh"—I have not an opportunity of doing that. "Cha robh uine aca | uiread as biadh itheadh." It will be observed that the infinitive in these cases may be considered as an adj. clause, or even as a clause of purpose, but here the purpose phrase does not occur after a verb, and therefore the object does *not* follow the infinitive. They may be considered as noun-phrases, however, the expression preceding them being equivalent to cha'n urrainn domh (doibh).

(4). When a preposition is attached to a verb, the predicate may be considered as a single expression, and then the rule as to noun-phrases applies, as, "They began to pluck the ears of corn"—"Thoisich iad air | diasan arbhair a bhuain." But the verbal-noun construction may be followed, especially if a relative clause follows, as, "Thoisich mi air sireadh a' bhrathar nach bàsaich am feasd"—"I began to seek the brother that shall never die" (Sinclair's "Life of M'Cheyne," translated).

(5). Object pronouns take the same construction as object nouns, except when they are translated by the possessive adjectives, in which case they, of course, precede the verbal noun. "A shaoradh iadsan" (in order to save them) may also, with a difference, be translated by "g' an saoradh." *Gu* (not *do*) expresses a purpose when the possessive adjective is used.

In conclusion, I may state that it was my purpose to take up several other Gaelic constructions that present some difficulty to the student of Modern Gaelic, and to co-relate these with usages tabulated and explained in books on Latin Prose Composition. But the limits I have appointed to myself in connection with this paper prevent me from referring to these at present. Before I

close, however, I cannot help mentioning a difference in Gaelic construction that has often puzzled me, and that is seemingly inexplicable by the application of logical principles. We say, "C'uine 'tha thu dol do'n eaglais?" but "C'àite (whither) am bheil thu dol?" "C'àite (where) am bheil e gabhail comhnuidh?" The compound interrogative adverbs *c'uine* and *c'àite* are parallel to each other (lit. what time, what place), and yet the first is followed by a relative clause, the second by an interrogative clause. "C'àite a tha" occurrs in the Gaelic Scriptures, however,* and is probably found in some parts of the country.

* John iii. 8.

27th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting the Secretary read the following poem, "Laoidh Chlann Uisne," with English translation, contributed by Mr Alexander Carmichael, Edinburgh :—

LAOIDH CHLANN UISNE.

BHO DHO'ULL MAC-A-PHI, GOBHAINN, BREUBHAIG, BARRAIDH, MART 15, 1867.

A Chlann Uisne nan each geala,
Us sibh an tir nam fear fuileach,
Gu de e do bhi eir na'r 'n eachaibh,
Na'n cion-fath a ta 'g ur cumail?

Ta 'g 'ur cumail fada 'uainn,
'S gur ann leibh a chuirteadh an ruaig,
Do lannan bagairt ur namhuid,
Bhur 'n amhladh anns a chumasg.

Ach chuireadh leibh 'ur long a mach
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eolach,
Bha Naos bu treasa 'ga seoladh,
Agus Aille maise nan ogan.

Bha Ardan bu deise 'ga stiuireadh,
Eir freasdal dithist bhrathar iular,
Tha ghaoth gun eismeil ri 'sgeimh,
A gleachd ri 'trillse grinne reidh.

Cadal shul is beag a' tlachd,
Dha 'n mhnaoi tha aca ri deoireachd ;
Mar tha 'n oidhche falach a' boichead,
Tha Dearduil dubhach dubh-bhronach,

Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd,
Eir mnathan eile na Feinne ;
Cha choimeasar rithse càch,
Ach mar bhaideal eir sgath na reultaig.

Gu de fath do thurs a bhean,
'Us sinne beo ri do bheatha,
'Us nach aithne duinn neach da'r buadhach,
An ceithir ranna ruadh an domhan.

CHILDREN OF UISNE.

WRITTEN DOWN BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, CREAGORRY, OUTER HEBRIDES.

Close Translation.

Ye Children of Uisne of the white steeds
And ye in the land of the men of blood
What boots it ye to be on your horses,
What the cause of your long delay?

That delays you so long from us
Seeing that ye it is who would force retreat
On the threatening arms of our foes,
Would shield us in the combat.

But ye have sent your ship afloat
To speed the sea so skilfully;
Naos the brave was sailing her,
And Aille, most noble of youths.

The deftest Ardan was steering her
To the guidance of the skilful brothers twain;
That wind which heeds not her beauty
Struggles with her smooth lovely lines.

Sleep of eyes is little to the liking
Of the woman whom they have weeping,
And as night her loveliness conceals
So Darthula is consumed with gloom and grief.

Darthula who exceeded in beauty
All other women of the Feinne,
With her no other woman compares
Save as the nebulæ to the starlet.

What occasions thy grief, O woman,
And that we live but for thy sake
While we know not one to subdue us
Within the four red bounds of the world.

Aisling a chunnacas an raoir,
Oirbhse a thriuir bhraithre barra-chaoin,
Bhur cuibhreach 's bhur cur 'san uaigh,
Leis a Chonnachar chlaon ruadh.

Eir chlacha sin 'us eir chranna,
Agus eir lacha nan lianta,
Eir chuileana fiar an t-sionnaich.

. . . .

Gu de bheir sinne 'n dail an laoich,
'Us farsuinneachd na fairge muigh,
'S a liuthad cala, caol 'us cuan,
'S am faodamaid taruinn gun uamhas.

Cadal na h-og mhna ni 'm b'fhaóin ;
Is diamhain bhi spairneachd ri gaoith
Loch-Eite nan sian bu chian o'n iul,
Agus Connathuil nan crannachoille ura.

Cha tig saoir 'eas a deas mo nuar,
Cha 'n islich friodh na gaoith tuath,
Cha tig Naos eir ais ri a re,
Cha tog e ri bruthach an fheidh.

Ris tha Coigeamh a' dluthadh,
'Us Connachar nan car 'na 'mhur ann,
Agus an tir uile fo a smachd,
Anns na ghabh Dearduil a tlachd.

Bu shoinemheil le Dearduil an t-og,
Agus aghaidh mar shoillse an lo,
Eir lì an fhithich do bha ghruag,
Bu deirge na'n t-sŭgh a ghruaidh.

Bha chneas mar chobhar an t-srŭth,
Bha mar uisge balb a ghŭth,
Do bha chridhe fearail fial,
'Us aobhach ciuin mar a ghrian.

Ach nuair dh-eireadh a fhraoch 'us fhearg,
Bi choimeas an fhairge gharg,
B' ionnan agus neart nan tonn,
Fuaim nan lann aig an t-sonn,

A vision which I saw yestreen
Of you, ye three all-excellent brothers,
That ye were gyved and laid in the grave
By the wily red-haired Conachar.

By the stones and by the trees
. . . .
. . . .
And by the cunning cubs of the fox,

What should bring us in presence of the hero
While unbounded ocean lies before us,
And the many havens, straits, and seas
To which we may draw without dread.

Not in vain was the sleep of the maiden,
Vain it is to strive with the storm ;
Loch Etive of the elements is far away from their course,
And Connel of the masted woods so green.

No wind shall come from the south, my grief!
The venom of the north wind will not cease,
Naos will never come back in his life,
He never will ascend the hill of the deer.

To him Fifth is nearing
And Connachar of the wiles in his palace there,
While the whole country is under his sway
Wherein Darthula gave her love.

Delightful to Darthula was the youth
Whose face shone like the day,
Of the lustre of the raven were his locks,
Redder than the rasp were his cheeks.

His skin was like the foam of the stream,
Like melodious water his voice,
His heart was manly and generous,
And his mien serene as the sun.

But when arose his wrath and his ire
His likeness was the ocean wrath,
Like as is the strength of waves—
So was the clang of the glave of the brave.

Mar reodhairt a bhuinne bhorb,
Bha e 'san araich ri streup cholg,
Am facas le Dearduil e an tus,
'S i 'g amharc o mhullach an duin.

"Ionmhuin," ors' an oigh thlath,
"An t-aineol o bhlar nam beud,
Ach 's goirt le cridhe 'mhathar,
A dhainead ri uchd na streup."

"A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,"
Do radh Naos bu tiamhaich fonn,
"Ge fada bh'uainn Alba nam Fiann,
Agus Eite nan ciar-aighe donn."

. . . .

Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nos,
Tha do chomhradh air fas fann,
Tha toirm nan stuadh us na gaoith,
A toirt caochladh air d' uirigleadh ann.

"B' ioma-ghointe mo chridhe ma 'm athair,
'Us chrom mi gu talamh ga thearnadh,
Ach chaochail ruthadh a ghruaidh,
Threig a shnuagh us a chail e."

Chaidh long Chlann Uisne eir tir
Fo bhaile mor Righ Connachair,
Thainig Connachar a mach le 'fheachd,
(Fichead laoch ceann uallach).
'Us dh'fhiosraich e le briara bras,
"Co na sloigh ta eir an luing so?"

"Clann eir seachran a t'ann,
Truir sinn a thainig eir tuinn,
Eir einich 's eir comaraich an Righ
Tha gradh dillseachd ar cairdeis."

"Cha Chlann air seachran liomsa sibh,
Cha bheirt saoidh a rinn sibh orm,
Thug sibh uam a bhean am braid,
Dearduil dhonn-shuileach, ghle-gheal."

Like the spring-tide's powerful flood
He was in battle striving with death,
Where Darthula saw him at first
When looking forth from the top of her tower.

Beloved, said the lovely maiden,
Is the stranger from the field of war,
But sore to his mother's heart
Is his rashness on the field of strife.

"Thou daughter of the Coll of the Shields,"
Spoke Naos of the melodious voice,
"Far from us is Alba of the Feinne
And Etive of the brown brindled hinds."

. . . .

But Darthula of the kindliest grace,
Weak is become thy speech;
The noise of the waves and of the wind
Is changing thy speech of melody.

Much grieved was my heart for my father
And I bent to the ground to save him,
But the ruddy colour of his cheek forsook him,
His expression and feeling have left him.

The ship of the Children of Uisne went ashore
Below the great town of Conachar,
Conachar came out with his forces
(Twenty strong-headed heroes)
And he demanded in words of wrath,
"Who are the people on board this ship?"

"Children astray are we,
Three who came over the ocean
On the truce and the faith of the king
Is the close friendship of our greeting."

"Children astray ye are not to me,
No act of friendship to me ye did,
From me ye took the woman in abduction,
Darthula the brown-eyed the lovely fair.

"Eirich a dheagh Naos 'us glac do chlaidheamh,
A dheagh mhic righ is glan coimhead,
Ge nach faigheadh a cholunn shuairc,
Ach a mhain aon chuart dha 'n anam."

Chuir Naos a shailltean ri bord,
Agus ghlac e a chlaidheamh 'na dhorn,
Bu gharg deannal nan deagh laoch,
A' tuiteam eir gach taobh da bord.

Shorchar mic Uisne 's a ghreis
Mar thri ghallain a' fas gu deas,
Eir an sgrios le doinionn eitidh,
Cha d'fhagadh meangan, meur, no geug diubh.

"Gluais, a Dhearduil, as do luing,
A gheug ur an abhra dhuinn,
'S cha 'n eagal dha do ghnuis ghlain,
Fuath, no eud, no achmhasan."

"Cha teid mi mach as mo luing,
Gus am faigh mi mo rogha athchuinge.

. . . .

Cha tir, cha talamh, cha tuar,
Cha triuir bhraithbre bu ghlan snuagh,
Cha'n òr, cha'n airgiod, 's cha'n eich,
Nis mo is bean uaibhreach mis.

Ach mo chead a dhol dha 'n traigh,
Far am bheil Clann Uisne nan tamh,
'S gu'n tiubhrainn na tri poga mine, meala
Dha'n tri corpa caomha, caoine, geala."

Ghluais Dearduil a sin dha 'n traigh,
'Us fhuair i saor a snaitheadh ramh,
A sgian aige 'na leth-laimh,
A thuagh aige 'na laimh-eile.

"A shaoir is fearr ga'm facas riamh,
Gu de air an toire' tu an sgian?
'S e bheirinnse duit 'ga cionn,
Aon fhainne buadhach na h-Eirionn."

Arise, thee Naos, and grasp thy glave,
Thou brave son of a king so goodly to view
Though thy comely body shall only get
But one round of the soul."

Naos placed his heels to the board
And he seized his glave in his grasp,
Fierce was the struggle of the bold warriors
As they fall on each side of her board.

Overpowered were the sons of Uisne in the combat,
Like three saplings growing richly
Destroyed by the blasting *eitidh*,
Nor branch nor bough nor twig is left.

Move thee Darthula from thy ship
Thou beauteous branch of the brown eyelids,
And nought to fear has thy pure soul
From hatred jealousy or reproach."

"'I will not go out of my ship
Till I obtain my choice petition

. . . .

. . . .

It is not land nor country nor riches,
It is not the three brothers of fairest form,
It is not gold nor silver nor horses,
Neither am I a proud woman,

But my leave to go to the strand
Where the three Children of Uisne are lying
That I might seal the three smooth honeyed kisses
On their three fair, dear, beautiful corses."

Moved Darthula then to the strand
And there she found a wright trimming oars,
His knife he had in his half hand
And his axe he had in his other.

"Thou wright the best that has ever been seen
For what would'st thou give thy knife?
What I would give thee in return
Is the one choice ring of Erin."

Shanntaich an saor am fainne
Eir a ghrinnead, eir a dheisead, eir 'ailleachd,
'Us thug e do Dhearduil an sgian,
Rainig i leatha ionad a miann.

"Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisne,
O ! is tursach gun bhi na'r cuallachd ;
Tri mic righ le 'n diolta deoire,
Tha 'n diugh gun chomhradh ri uchd uagha.

Tri màghamhna Inse-Breatuinn,
An triuir sheobhag shliabh a Chuillinn,
An triuir da 'n geileadh na gaisgich
'S da tiubhradh na h-amhuis uram.

Na tri eoin a b'ailli snuagh,
A thainig thar chuan nam barc,
Triuir Mhac Uisne an liuinn ghrinn,
Mar thriuir eal' air tuinn a' snamh.

Theid mise gu aobhach uallach,
Fo 'n triuir uasal a b'annsa ;
Mo shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada
'Us cha'n eug fear abhuilt domhsa

Tri iallan nan tri chon sin
Do bhuin osna ghoint o m' chridhe ;
'S ann agamsa bhiodh an tasgaidh
Mur faicinn an saor cumha.

A Chlann Uisne tha sid thall,
Na'r luidhe bonn ri bonn ;
Nan sumhlaicheadh mairbh roimh bheo eile
Shumhlaicheadh sibhse romham-sa.

Teann a nall, a Naosne mo ghraidh,
Is druideadh Ardan ri Aillein ;
Na'm biodh ciall aig mairbh
Dheanamh sibh ait dhomhsa."

The wright coveted the ring
For its beauty, its power, and its loveliness,
And he gave to Dearduil the knife,
She reached with it the place of her desire.

There is no joy without the Children of Uisne
O ! grief not to be in your company
The three sons of a king who helped the helpless
To-day without speech on the brink of the grave.

The three strong bears of the Isles of Britain,
The three hawks of the hill of Cuillionn,
The three to whom heroes would yield,
And to whom hirelings would pay homage.

The three birds of loveliest colours
That are come over the ocean of barques,
The three Sons of Uisne of the beautiful mien,
Like unto three swans on the water sailing.

I will go with joyous gladness
To the side of the three heroes beloved,
My world behind them is not long.
Nor coward's death is mine.

The three leashes of their three dogs
Have drawn sore sighs from my heart,
'Tis I who would have the treasures
Had I not got the fitting gift.

Ye Children of Uisne over beyond
Lying together sole by sole
If dead would closely lie for a living
Ye would closely lie for me.

Press closer over ye Naos of my love,
And Ardan lie ye closer to Aillein,
Dead ! if ye would have feeling
Ye would make room for me."

3rd APRIL, 1889.

At this meeting the Rev. William Cameron, minister of Poolewe, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, entitled "Sketches of the Old Ministers of Badenoch, Part II." Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows :—

SKETCHES OF THE OLD MINISTERS OF BADENOCH.

PART II.

Unfortunately, in the case of many of the earlier Ministers of the Parishes of Alvie and Laggan—as in the case of the earlier Ministers of the Parish of Kingussie—since the Reformation in 1560—I have been unable to trace any particulars beyond the bare record of their names, with the addition, in some cases, of the duration of their ministry. But I proceed to give a summary of the succession of the Protestant Ministers of Alvie and Laggan for the last three hundred years, with such glimpses, gleaned from various sources, regarding them as may, I hope, be considered of some general interest.

II. PARISH OF ALVIE.

1. JAMES SPENCE, EXHORTER.
1572-15—.

2. JOHN ROSS.
1579-15—.

A son of John Ross, Provost of Inverness. Presented by James VI., 31st March, 1579, but does not appear to have been settled.

3. WILLIAM MAKINTOSCHE.
1580-1585.

Demitted prior to 19th August, 1585.

4. SOVERANE MAKPHERLENE OR M'PHAIL.
1585-159—.

Presented by James VI., 19th August, 1585, and 6th April, 1586. Continued in 1594.

5. ROBERT LESLIE.
1595-159—.

Continued in 1597.

6. RODERICK SUTHERLAND.
1599-16—.

Continued in 1601.

7. JAMES LYLE.
16—-1626.

Formerly of Ruthven. Was Minister of Alvie "long before 12th October, 1624"—Laggan being also under his care. Is said not to have understood the Irish language. "Being of verie great age and infirm," demitted his charge in 1626 on condition of getting ij l.i. (3s 4d) yearly.

8. RODERICK MACLEOD.
1632-1642.

Declared "transportable," 5th April, 1642. Deposed towards close of same year for fornication.

9. THOMAS MACPHERSON.
1662-1708.

Of the family of the Macphersons of Invereshie. For sometime Schoolmaster in Lochaber. Having entered to preach without having passed his trials, he expressed his sorrow to the Presbytery of Lorn, 12th September, 1660, and was licensed by that Presbytery, 11th April, 1661. Ordained before 21st October, 1662. During his incumbency the Parish of Alvie was (in 1672) united with the Parish of Laggan. Died in 1708.

10. ALEXANDER FRASER, A.M.
1713-1721.

Alumnus of the University of King's College, Aberdeen, where he obtained his degree in 1706. Was "Highland Bursar" to the Presbytery of Haddington. Licensed by that Presbytery 10th March, 1713. Ordained, 13th September, same year. Mr Fraser was Minister of Alvie during the Rising of 1715, and in the Minute of the Kirk-Session, of date 13th May, 1716, it is declared that "there was no possibility of keeping Session in this Paroch all the last Session until the Rebellion was quelled"—Mr Fraser, it is added, "being often oblidged to look for his own safety." Mr Fraser was translated to Inveravon on 26th April, 1721.

11. LUDOWICK (or LEWIS) CHAPMAN.
1728-1738.

Had a Bursary at the University of Glasgow on the Duchess of Hamilton's Foundation. Studied afterwards at Edinburgh and Leyden. Licensed at the latter place, 2nd March, 1728. Called to Alvie by the Presbytery of Abernethy, *jure devoluto*, 5th, and ordained, 25th September, same year. Translated to Petty, 30th March, 1738.

12. WILLIAM GORDON, *alias* MACGREGOR.
1739-1787.

For sometime Schoolmaster in Kingussie, and subsequently Catechist in Laggan. Ordained and admitted as Minister of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, 24th December, 1730. Called to Alvie, 30th January, and admitted 20th September, 1739. Mr Gordon was well and favourably known in connection with the '45. Remarkably enough, in view of the prominent part the Highlanders of Badenoch took in that Rising, there is no reference thereto either in the Session Records of Kingussie, or in those of Alvie. From other sources of information, however, we learn of an event connected with the '45 reflecting the greatest credit on Mr Gordon. For the capture of "the devoted Ewen of Clunie," who held such powerful sway in Badenoch, and had, at the head of the Macphersons, been among the first to join the Standard of Prince Charlie, a reward of £1000 was offered. Burnt out of hearth and home, Cluny was, subsequent to the Battle of Culloden, hunted in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years, ultimately—after many hair-breadth escapes and enduring the most terrible hardships—making his way beyond the reach of his relentless pursuers only to die in exile. He and his Clan had been long proscribed, and Mr Gordon was employed by "the bloody Duke of Cumberland" with the view of inducing them to lay down their arms on the assurance that, if they did so, they would be restored to their name and countenanced by the Government, or if they joined the Royal Army, "that their commanders would have similar rank and be cared for by the Commander-in-Chief." This offer, however, was firmly rejected. Reduced to the greatest privation after the sad disaster on "bleak Culloden Moor," many of their number applied to Mr Gordon for relief, and were hospitably received at his Manse. The fact having been communicated to the Duke of Cumberland, then at Inverness, Mr Gordon was summoned to headquarters, and required to answer for himself. With a feeling of conscious integrity, he said:—"May it please your Royal Highness, I am exceedingly straitened between two contrary commands, both coming from very high authority. My Heavenly King's Son commands me to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to give meat and drink to my very enemies, and to relieve, to the very utmost of my power, indiscriminately all objects of distress that come in my way. My earthly King's son commands me to drive the homeless wanderer from my door, to shut my bowels of compassion against the cries of the needy, and to withhold from my

fellow mortals in distress the relief which it is in my power to afford. Pray which of these commands am I to obey?" Inhumanly cruel and bloodthirsty as he proved to the poor houseless wandering followers of ill-fated Prince Charlie—the "King of the Highlanders"—the Duke, it is narrated, was so impressed with the humane feelings and noble sentiments of the worthy Minister, that he felt constrained to reply:—"By all means obey the commands of your Heavenly King's Son."

Mr Gordon died on 2nd April, 1787, in the 101st year of his age and 57th of his ministry, discharging, we are told, the duties of his sacred office until within six months of his death. All honour to his memory!

13. JOHN GORDON, A.M.
1788-1805.

Native of Ross. Studied at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, where he took his degree in 1770. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff, 8th May, 1779, as Missionary at Fort-William. Presented by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 8th May, 1788. Got a new church built in 1798. Died 6th October, 1805, in the 55th year of his age and 27th of his ministry. His descendants were tenants of Easter Lynwilg, on the estate of the Duke of Richmond, for a period of about sixty years after his death in 1805.

14. JOHN MACDONALD, A.M.
1806-1854.

Native of the County. Obtained his degree from the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1797. For some time Schoolmaster of Dornoch. Licensed by the Presbytery of Dornoch, 4th February, 1802. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abernethy in December, 1803, as assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, Kingussie. Presented to the Parish of Alvie by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in March, and admitted, 24th July, 1806. Long familiarly known by the cognomen of "Bishop John." For the following particulars regarding him, I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Anderson, the present Minister of the Parish:—

The current volume of the Session Records begins with Mr Macdonald's incumbency. It has been well kept, and the penmanship and fullness and clearness of its Minutes are admirable. Mr Macdonald was for many years the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abernethy. He was a very able and popular preacher, both in English and Gaelic, and took great interest in the education of the young. Apart from the Parish School, he established in the early

part of his Ministry three other schools—one of these being wholly confined to instruction in Gaelic. Besides preaching at Alvie, he officiated every third Sunday at Insh, and frequently had services on Sunday evenings in outlying parts of the Parish. Thus, the early and greater part of his ministry was abundant in labours.

As an author, he wrote a *satire* in verse on the "Men" of Duthil, in which he exposes, in trenchant terms, the love of these worthies for the good things of this life. Their professional piety formed a passport to every table, and in exercising this privilege they made a point, he maintained, of making choice of the table best known for its rich food and good whisky. Pre-eminent intellectually among the Highland Ministers of the time, Mr Macdonald was no less distinguished for his physical strength, a well-known instance of which may be appropriately related. On one occasion he was waiting in the Churchyard for a funeral announced to take place. After waiting for two hours beyond the time appointed, he started to meet the funeral, which was coming from the west end of the Parish. On reaching the Moor of Alvie, about a mile and a half from the Church, he found the bier laid at the side of the road and the whole of the funeral company engaged in a free fight. Boldly going into the midst of the combatants, he sought by word and hand to separate them. Among their number was a well-known bully, who made a rush at the Minister and attempted to trip him. The Minister, however, seized his antagonist and threw him with such force to the ground that he lay stunned for some minutes. This incident brought all the combatants to their senses, and the bier was immediately raised and carried in silence to the Church yard. The Minister further punished the company by ordering them away as soon as the grave was closed, without allowing them to partake of the customary refreshments in the Churchyard. "Here," adds Mr Anderson, "reference may be made in passing to the use of whisky at funerals in the Highlands. This use has, in times past, been turned too often into abuse. But in many houses of mourning other suitable refreshments cannot be conveniently given, and as people often come long distances on foot to funerals, and the bier has frequently to be carried many miles, there can be no doubt that in such cases some refreshments are required, and probably whisky with bread and cheese is the most available. Those who condemn its use do not keep this in view. The use of whisky at funerals cannot, I fear, be stopped until a hearse is provided for every parish. With such a vehicle in common use, the partaking of whisky at funerals in the Highlands

would, I believe, be as rare as it is in towns, and the custom, old as it is, thus become more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Mr Macdonald was married in 1841 for the fourth time—his fourth wife predeceasing him in 1845. He died in 1854 at the advanced age of ninety-four years. Now that the intensely bitter and unchristian spirit to which the Secession of 1843 so unhappily gave rise, has, in a great measure, subsided, many old persons still living in the parish who joined in that Secession may be heard speaking of Mr Macdonald with affection, and of his long ministry with admiration.

15. DONALD MACDONALD.
1854-1879.

Presented by the Duke of Richmond Lennox. Translated from the Parliamentary Parish of Trumisgarry, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 29th November, 1854. Died 6th November, 1879.

16. JAMES ANDERSON.
1880——.

The present energetic and much respected Minister. Was for some years a Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Called by the congregation, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 22nd April, 1880. Through Mr Anderson's instrumentality, great improvements have, within the last few years, been effected in connection with the Church and Parish. Since his appointment the Church has been almost entirely renewed and so much improved that it is now one of the neatest and most attractive edifices of the kind in the Highlands. Through his unwearied efforts, a commodious and comfortable hall has also been erected at Kincraig, which has been found most useful for parish purposes.

For sometime after the Secession of 1843, only a lay Missionary was employed in connection with the Free Church in Alvie and Rothiemurchus, namely, Mr Donald Duff, Lynchat, long a Catechist in the district down to 1853 or 1854. Was subsequently Catechist for some years at Dingwall under the late well-known Dr Kennedy, and afterwards at Stratherrick.

The Free Church of Alvie was built in 1852. Mr James Grant, who was ordained as minister of that Church in Rothiemurchus and Alvie on 17th March, 1856, was a man of great mental power, with a decided turn for languages and mathematics. He knew a little of sixteen languages, but excelled in Hebrew. In devotion to his books, in primitive simplicity of character and habits, and in firm attachment to the "fundamentals," he reminded one very much

of Dominie Sampson. As a preacher, Mr Grant never wrote his sermons, nor did they pretend to much culture, but, intimately acquainted as he was with the habits and modes of thinking of the people, he was often pointed and graphic, frequently upsetting the gravity even of "grave and reverend seigniors."

Mr Norman Macdonald, the present incumbent, was ordained as minister of the Free Church in Alvie, on 27th October, 1868. Possesses excellent attainments, and writes with great ease and vigour. His subjects are always arranged with admirable clearness, and handled with more than ordinary ability. Has now ministered with untiring zeal and devotion to his attached flock in Alvie for a period of fully twenty years.

III. PARISH OF LAGGAN.

Short descriptions of the old churches of Kingussie and Alvie have been given in previous papers. "St Killen's Church," the "little aul' kirk of Laggan," says Gordon, the editor of the new edition of Shaw's "History of the Province of Moray," published in 1882," is worth notice. Besides a very small altar-stone, it has two little side altars under rounded arches. At the south entrance is a large, round granite baptismal font, capable of immersing the infants. In the oldest version of the ballad of 'Sir James the Rose,' founded on fact, reference is made to the churchyard of Laggan. The doorway is not 3 feet wide, and in both sides there is a groove, as if it had been closed in the manner of a portcullis, and a hole in each side may have been for the reception of a wooden bar. Near one side of the door is an eyelit or oilet for reconnoitring."

In "A Survey of the Province of Moray," published in 1798, it is said that in the midst of the *Coill-more*, the great wood, extending at one time about five miles along the southern side of Loch Laggan, "is a place distinguished by the name of the *Ard merigie*, the height for rearing the standard. It has been held sacred, from remote antiquity, as the burial-place of seven Caledonian kings, who, according to tradition, lived about the period when the Scots, driven northward of the Tay by the Picts, held their seat of Government at Dunkeld. It is likewise, by tradition, represented as a distinguished place for hunting; and it abounded in deer and roe till they were lately expelled by the introduction of sheep, with whom they never mingle. The kings, it is said, and their retinue, hunted on the banks of the lake for the greater part of almost every summer, which is rendered probable by its vicinity to the parallel roads of Glenroy, which must have been

formed solely for the purpose of betraying the game into an impassable recess, and could not have been executed but by the influence of some of the first consequence and power in the State.

"In the lake are two neighbouring islands; on the largest the walls remain of a very ancient building, composed of round stone laid in mortar, untouched by the mason's hammer. Here their majesties rested from the chase secure, and feasted on the game. The other, named *Eilan-nan-con*, the 'Island of Dogs,' was appropriated for the accommodation of the hounds; and the walls of their kennel, of similar workmanship, also remain.

"Near the middle of the parish is a rock 300 feet of perpendicular height; the area on the summit, 500 by 250, is of very difficult access, exhibiting considerable remains of fortification; the wall, about 9 feet thick, built on both its sides with large flagstones without mortar.

"Near the eastern end of Loch Laggan, the venerable ruins of St Kenneth's Chapel remain in the midst of its own consecrated burying-ground, which is still devoutly preferred to the other."

"Laggan," says Shaw in his "History of the Province of Moray," "was a mensal church, dedicated to St Kenneth. The Bishop was patron, and settled the parish *jure proprio.* Now, the King is properly patron, and the family of Gordon has no act of possession. This parish was sometimes, by the Bishop, annexed to Alvie, that he might draw the more teinds from it. Mr James Lyle served long in both parishes, and, it is said, understood not the Irish language, such penury was there of ministers having that language. Upon his demitting, the parishes were disjoined, but were again united (by Murdoch Mackenzie, Bishop of Moray) in 1672, and so continued to the death of Mr Thomas Macpherson. It was again disjoined and re-erected in 1708."

For many particulars regarding the later ministers of Laggan, I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Sinton, minister of Invergarry, the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abertarff,* a well-known native of Badenoch.

1. ALEXANDER CLARK.
1569-1574.

Entered Reader at Lammas, 1569. Promoted to be Exhorter in November following. Presented to the Parsonage and Vicarage by James VI., 27th September, 1574, his stipend then being XXVI. Ii. XIIIs. IIIJd. (£2 4s 5⅓d). Died prior to 6th November, 1575.

* Now the Minister of Dores.

2. JOHN DOW MACQUHONDOQUHY.
1575——.

Reader at Dunlichtie and Daviot in November, 1569. Presented to the Parsonage and Vicarage by James VI., 6th November, 1575. Continued in 1589.

3. JAMES LYLE.
16—-1626.

Was Minister of Laggan and Alvie "long before 12th October, 1624." Demitted for age in 1626. See No. 7, Parish of Alvie.

4. ALEXANDER CLARK.
16—-16 –.

"Laureated" at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1619. Admitted prior to 3rd April, 1638. Deposed by the Commission of Assembly at Aberdeen before 5th October, 1647. Admitted Master of the Grammar School at Kingussie in 1652.

5. JAMES DICK, A.M.
1653-1665.

Obtained his degree from the University of St Andrews in 1645. Ordained to Laggan prior to 4th October, 1653, having Alvie likewise under his care. On 29th October, 1656, the Synod of Argyle wrote him "to know what Presbytery he is in, that they may write anent his carriage in Lochaber." Was deposed by the Bishop and brethren on 15th November, 1665, for drunkenness.

7. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M.
1667-1669.

Graduated at Aberdeen in 1660. Passed his trials before the Presbytery of Fordyce, and was recommended for licence on 21st February, 1666. Admitted as Minister of Laggan prior to 1st October, 1667. Translated to Crathie and Kindrocht or Braemar after 6th April, 1669.

7. THOMAS MACPHERSON.
1672-1708.

Was also Minister of Alvie from 1662 to the date of his death in 1708. See No. 9, Parish of Alvie.

8. JOHN MACKENZIE.
1709-1745.

Translated from Kingussie to Laggan, and admitted prior to 31st May, 1709. In 1743, Mr Mackenzie, "owing to his great age, and manifold infirmities attending it," petitioned the Presbytery of Abertarff to have an assistant and successor appointed. The people

concurred, and signified their desire to have Mr Duncan Macpherson, who had been recently licensed by the Presbytery, settled as their minister. The Presbytery entreated the Duke of Gordon to favour the nominee of the people; but, until there would be an actual vacancy in the parish, the Duke declined to entertain these overtures. So the matter remained until the parish was declared vacant, after Mr Mackenzie's death in 1745. In 1747 Mr William Gordon was appointed by the Presbytery to supply services at Laggan upon a certain Sabbath, "and to sound the inclinations of the people as to their choice of a proper person." Afterwards two candidates were put upon the leet. These were Mr Macpherson and a Mr Neil Macleod, a brother of Mr Donald Macleod of Swordale. This Neil Macleod was Macleod of Macleod's chaplain to the Royal forces during the Rising of 1745. In December, 1746, Macleod writes from London to President Forbes of Culloden, asking his influence in favour of Neil Macleod's appointment to the parish of Laggan. "You may remember," the writer says, "he was of the Church millitant, and tended me in my expedition eastward, and stayed with the men constantly till they were sent home, and preached sound doctrine, and really was zealous and serviceable." Consequent, apparently, upon President Forbes's influence, the Duke of Gordon signified to the Presbytery "his inclination" to have Mr Macleod settled as minister of Laggan. As regards Mr Macpherson—the choice of the people—there was some difficulty, inasmuch as he had fallen under suspicion of being concerned in "the late unnatural rebellion." After due enquiry, however, "the Presbytery unanimously agreed to reject the call to Mr Neil Macleod, in respect it was signed only by four, two of whom were reputed Papists, and to sustain the call to Mr Duncan Macpherson, as being signed by a great many heads of families, together with the elders of the parish." Mr Macpherson was accordingly duly admitted to the charge. Mr Macleod, it would appear, had been officiating within the bounds of the Presbytery; but shortly before the termination of the Laggan case the following minute occurs in the Presbytery records:—"A letter from the Committee (Royal Bounty) was read, signifying their disapproval of employing Mr Neil Macleod as itinerant of Kilmonivaig and Laggan, and to approve of Mr Kenneth Bethune being continued at Laggan." "Subsequently," adds Mr Sinton, "Mr Martin Macpherson was appointed, and so ended Mr Macleod's relations with the parish of Laggan and the Presbytery of Abertarff, which were apparently the north side of friendly. One can scarcely suppose that the Duke of Gordon was very ardently in his favour;

and, considering the condition of Brae-Badenoch at the time, and the pronounced political opinions of Mr Macleod, it is likely that he was regarded by the people as being a sort of Government spy in their midst."

Mr Mackenzie died Father of the Church, on 27th April, 1745, in the 59th year of his ministry.

9. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, A.M.
1747-1757.

Graduated at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, 1st April, 1731. Licenced in 1742. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff 23rd June, 1743, as Missionary at Glenroy, &c. Transferred to Mull in October, 1744. Called to Laggan, 2nd June, and admitted 16th September, 1747. Familiarly known by the cognomen of the *Ministeir Mór*, and distinguished for his herculean strength, as well as for his powers of mind. For some particulars regarding him I have to express my obligations to the Rev. Mr Maclennan, the present minister, and to Mr Angus Mackintosh, the worthy ex-schoolmaster of Laggan.

The old Kirk Session records of Laggan having been accidentally burnt, the particulars I have been able to obtain regarding many of the earlier ministers of that parish are very scanty. There is one, however, Duncan Macpherson (the *Ministeir Mor)*, who was well known to the grandfathers of the present generation. Whether the Reformers worshipped in St Kenneth at Camus Killin is uncertain. At anyrate, one of the first Protestant churches was that at the *Eilean Dhu*, near Blargy. The church was of very rude construction, and thatched with heather. The remains are still to be seen. Mr Macpherson had his residence at Dalchully, and, in order to get to the church, had to cross the Spey on horseback, there being no bridges. Sunday was generally observed both as a holy day and a holiday. For hours before public worship began, the young men of the parish met and played shinty until the arrival of the clergyman, who, *nolens volens*, was compelled to join the players; otherwise he was given clearly to understand that he would have to preach to empty benches. So, after a hail or two, shinties were thrown aside, and a large congregation met to hear the new doctrine. The sermon was short, but pithy, and people began to think there was something in the new doctrine after all. Immediately after services were over, shinty was resumed, and carried on at intervals till darkness put an end to their amusements, when many retired to the neighbouring crofts and public-houses, where high revelry was kept up till morning.

Frequently the river was unfordable, and on such occasions the *Ministeir Mor* was obliged to preach from a knoll on one side, while one-half of the congregation stood on the other. A difficulty arose in connection with the proclamation of marriage banns, and the minister, when not very certain as to the financial status of the ardent swain, would, in stentorian tones, cry out—"*Ma chuireas tusa nall an t-airgiod, cuiridh mise null am focal*"—a request that was immediately responded to through the medium of a piece of cloth in which the fee was carefully wrapped up, and flung across the river. It is also related that in the case of baptisms by the *Ministeir Mor* when the Spey was similarly in flood, the infant would be taken to the brink of the one side of the river, while the minister, standing on the brink of the other side, would, with his powerful arm, throw the water across with such unerring aim as to descend. in showers on the face of the child, and thus, with the appropriate words uttered in tones sufficiently loud to be heard a long way off, administer the rite of baptism.

The universal application of the scriptural maxim that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong" was, alas! strikingly exemplified in the case of the *Ministeir Mor*, the worthy man, strong and vigorous though he was, having been cut off on 13th August, 1757, at the comparatively early age of 46.

10. ANDREW GALLIE, A.M.
1758-1774.

Native of the parish of Tarbat. Graduated at Aberdeen, 3rd April, 1750. Licenced by the Presbytery of Tain in 1753. Ordained in 1756 as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 6th September, 1758. Mr Gallie was well-known in connection with the Ossianic controversy. As having reference to visits paid by James Macpherson, the translator, to the Manse at Laggan during Mr Gallie's incumbency, let me give a few interesting extracts from the evidence given by the latter on the subject:—

"When he (Macpherson) returned from his tour through the Western Highlands and Islands he came to my house in Brae-Badenoch. I enquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and characters, being the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards.

"I remember perfectly that many of those volumes were, at the close, said to have been collected by Paul Macmhuirich, Bard

Chlanraonuil, and about the beginning of the fourteenth century Mr Macpherson and I were of opinion that, though the bard collected them, yet they must have been writ by an ecclesiastic, for the characters and spelling were most beautiful and correct. Every poem had its first letter of its first word most elegantly flourished and gilded; some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green; the material writ on seemed to be a limber, yet coarse and dark vellum; the volumes were bound in strong parchment; Mr Macpherson had them from Clanranald.

"At that time I could read the Gaelic characters, though with difficulty, and did often amuse myself with reading here and there in those poems while Mr Macpherson was employed on his translation. At times we differed as to the meaning of certain words in the original.

"I remember Mr Macpherson, when reading the MSS. found in Clanranald's, execrating the bard who dictated to the amanuensis, saying, 'D——n the scoundrel; it is he himself that now speaks, and not Ossian.' This took place in my house in two or three instances. I thence conjecture that the MSS. were kept up, lest they should fall under the view of such as would be more ready to publish their deformities than to point out their beauties.

"It was, and I believe still is, well known that the ancient poems of Ossian, handed down from one generation to another, got corrupted. In the state of the Highlands and its language, this evil, I apprehend, could not be avoided; and I think great credit is due, in such a case, to him who restores a work of merit to its original purity."

Mr Gallie was translated to Kincardine, in Ross-shire, on 18th August, 1774.

11. JAMES GRANT.
1775-1801.

Appointed by the Committee of the Royal Bounty, 21st August, 1769, as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 21st September, 1775. Was married on 29th May, 1779, to Anne, only daughter of Lieutenant Duncan Macvicar, Barrack-Master at Fort-George, afterwards so well known as the amiable and accomplished Mrs Grant of Laggan, the authoress of "Letters from the Mountains," "Essays on the superstitions of the Highlanders," and other literary works.

Mr Grant got the Church of Laggan rebuilt in 1785. In 1794 he was appointed Chaplain of Lord Lynedoch's Regiment of Perthshire Volunteers, the 90th Foot. Of refined and cultivated tastes,

and gentle and amiable in manner, Mr Grant was greatly revered and beloved by the people of Laggan. Died suddenly on 2nd December, 1801, in the 60th year of his age—his remains being interred in the Churchyard of Laggan beside those of his mother—"venerable for the fervour of her piety, and the sanctity of her life, and beloved for the endearing qualities of a tender and affectionate heart, and a liberal and beneficent spirit."

Here are some very touching and beautiful glimpses of Mr Grant, given by his gifted and devoted wife in a letter written from the Manse of Laggan, of date 1st January, 1802, shortly after his death:—

"You wish to know how I bear the sudden shock of this calamity. I bore it wonderfully, considering how much I had to lose. Still, at times, the Divine goodness supports me in a manner I scarcely dared to hope. Happily for me, anxiety for a numerous orphan family, and the wounding smiles of an infant, too dear to be neglected, and too young to know what he has lost, divide my sorrows, and do not suffer my mind to be wholly engrossed by this dreadful privation—this chasm that I shudder to look into. A daughter, of all daughters the most dutiful and affectionate, in whom her father still lives (so truly does she inherit his virtues and all the amiable peculiarities of his character)—this daughter is wasting away with secret sorrow, while 'in smiles she hides her grief to soften mine.' I was too much a veteran in affliction, and too sensible of the arduous task devolved upon me, to sit down in unavailing sorrow, overwhelmed by an event which ought to call forth double exertion. None, indeed, was ever at greater pains to console another than I was to muster up every motive for action, every argument for patient suffering. No one could say to me, 'the loss is common—common be the pain;' few, very few indeed, had so much happiness to lose. To depict a character so very uncommon, so little obvious to common observers, who loved and revered without comprehending him, would be difficult for a steadier hand than mine. With a kind of mild disdain and philosophic tranquility, he kept aloof from a world, for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it. For who can enjoy the world without deceiving or being deceived? But recollections crowd on me, and I wander. I say, to be all the world to this superior mind, to constitute his happiness for twenty years, now vanished like a vision; to have lived with unabated affection together even this long,

when a constitution, delicate as his mind, made it unlikely that even thus long we should support each other through the paths of life, affords cause for much gratitude. What are difficulties when shared with one whose delighted approbation gives one spirits to surmount them? Then to hear from every mouth his modest, unobtrusive merit receive its due tribute of applause; to see him still in his dear children, now doubly dear; and to know that such a mind cannot perish, cannot suffer—nay, through the infinite merits of that Redeemer, in whom he trusted, enjoys what we cannot conceive! Dear Miss Dunbar, believe me I would not give my tremulous hopes and pleasing sad retrospections for any other person's happiness. Forgive this; it is like the overflowing of the heart to an intimate friend; but your pity opens every source of anguish and of tenderness."

Removing to Edinburgh a few years after the death of her husband, whom she survived for the long period of 37 years, Mrs Grant continued to live in that city for nearly 30 years, namely, from 1810 until her death in 1838. "During this lengthened period, Mrs Grant mixed extensively in the literary and other circles of Edinburgh, where her house was the resort of many eminent characters, both of her own and foreign countries. She continued all this time to maintain an extensive correspondence with her friends in England, Scotland, and America, and her letters, as may be supposed, contained many sketches of the literary and other society of the Scottish Capital, and of the varied characters with whom she was brought into contact, as well as notices of the literature and general topics of the day."

Mrs Grant's life, for some years after she gave up writing for the public, had been in part devoted to an intellectual employment of another kind—the superintendence of the education of a succession of young persons of her own sex, who were sent to reside with her. From the year 1826, also, her means had been further increased by a pension of £100, which was granted to her by George IV., on a representation drawn up by Sir Walter Scott, and supported by Henry Mackenzie, Lord Jeffrey, and other distinguished persons among her friends in Edinburgh. In that representation they declared their belief that Mrs Grant had rendered eminent services to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste, and that her writings had "produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality."

Of the five sons and seven daughters of Mrs Grant's marriage, four died in early life before their father; and, with the exception of John Peter, for many years a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, who edited her correspondence and the memoir of her life, published in 1845, all predeceased their venerated and famous mother. The following is the inscription on the tombstone erected to her memory, beside that of her husband, in the Churchyard of Laggan :—

"Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Anne Grant, Widow of the Rev. James Grant, Minister of this Parish, who died in Edinburgh, 7th November, 1838, aged 83. Her writings illustrate the associations and scenes of her eventful life. Her eminent virtues adorned its relations. Her Christian faith and fortitude sustained its many severe afflictions in humble submission to the will of God. Her numerous family of twelve children, for whom she made most meritorious and successful exertions, was, by the will of a mysterious Providence, all cut off before herself, except him who now records this memorial of his love and veneration.

"Her mortal remains are interred in the burying-ground of Saint Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh."

12. JOHN MATHESON, A.M.
1802-1808.

Native of Ross-shire. Obtained his degree at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1778. Licenced by the Presbytery of Dornoch, 29th March, 1785. Became Missionary at Badenoch and Lochaber, 19th September, 1791. Ordained by the Presbytery of Forres, 3rd April, 1792, as assistant to the Rev. Alexander Watt of Forres. On Mr Watt's death, Mr Matheson returned to his old Mission in Badenoch. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 11th August, 1802. Died 1st December, 1808, in the 49th year of his age and 17th of his ministry.

13. DUNCAN M'INTYRE, A.M.
1809-1816.

Native of Fort-William. Graduated at Aberdeen in 1779. Licenced by the Presbytery of Abertarff, 25th November, 1783. Ordained by them as Missionary at Fort-William, 13th July, 1784. Became subsequently Missionary at Kilmuir, in Skye, then at Laggan and Glenurchy, and thereafter at Glencoe. On the nomination of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, he afterwards resumed the charge of the Mission of that Society at Fort-William. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon in March, and admitted 7th September, 1809.

Kilmallie appears to have been regarded by Mr M'Intyre as a perfect paradise compared to Laggan. Having received a call to Kilmallie, the reasons for his translation submitted by himself to the Presbytery of Abertarff are so candid and amusing as to be worth quoting. Here they are:—

"(1). Because your petitioner has a large young family, as yet uneducated, and because that in his present parish the proper Seminaries of Education are not nearer to him than Perth or Inverness; and because the Living of Laggan is inadequate to the expenses that unavoidably would attend their being sent to either of these places; whereas at Kilmallie education falls more within his reach and ability.

"(2). Because the climate of Laggan is so severe as in general to render the crop most unproductive, and is commonly attended of course with most serious loss; whereas the climate of Kilmallie is warm, kindly, and favourable to the rearing of crops, as well as most congenial to his own and his family's constitutions, they being natives of the Parish.

"(3). Because that Laggan is at the distance of fifty miles from any market town where he can be supplied with the necessaries of life; whereas at Kilmallie he can get whatever he requires for the use of his family and for the improvement of the Glebe by sea to the very door.

"(4). Because that the Living of Kilmallie, including the Glebe, is much better than that of Laggan.

"(5). Because that the feeling of *amor patriæ* binds him more to Kilmallie than to any other parish.

"For the above stated reasons, and others to be stated by your petitioner *viva voce* at your bar,

"He humbly trusts and earnestly entreats that the Rev. Presbytery of Abertarff will be pleased to grant him an Act of Translation, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc., etc."

Notwithstanding the vastly superior attractions of Kilmallie, in the estimation of Mr M'Intyre, I question very much whether the present estimable Minister of Laggan would readily exchange that Parish for that of Kilmallie. Apparently, however, Mr M'Intyre's reasons proved so irresistible to his Presbytery that they agreed to his translation to Kilmallie *nem. con.*, and he was accordingly inducted as Minister of that Parish on 26th March, 1816.

14. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M.
1816-1818.

Licenced by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, 28th July, 1810. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff as Missionary at Fort-William on 1st April, 1812. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon in July, and admitted 3rd September, 1816. Was a brother of John Robertson, the famous Minister of the neighbouring Parish of Kingussie from 1810 to 1825. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Inverness in 1818. Translated to Kinloss, 19th June, same year.

15. GEORGE SHEPHERD, A.M.
1818-1825.

Native of Rathven. Graduated at Aberdeen in 1812. For sometime Schoolmaster at Kingussie. Licenced by the Presbytery of Abernethy, 16th July, 1816. Ordained by the Presytery of Abertarff as Missionary at Fort William, 2nd September, 1817. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, 26th September, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 16th November, 1818. Translated to Kingussie and Insh, 11th May, 1825.

16. MACKINTOSH MACKAY, LL.D.
1825-1832.

For sometime Schoolmaster at Portree. Licenced by the Presbytery of Skye. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, 27th July, and ordained as Minister of Laggan, 27th September, 1825. Was the seventh Minister presented to Laggan by Duke Alexander during the long period of seventy-five years that nobleman enjoyed the family honours, namely, from 1752 down to his death in 1827. Degree of LL.D. conferred upon Mr Mackay by the University of Glasgow in 1829. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Inverness, 13th May, 1831. Translated to Dunoon and Kilmun, 27th March, 1832. Joined the Secession of 1843. Elected Moderator of the Free General Assembly, 24th May, 1849. Sailed for Australia in 1853. Admitted as Minister of the Gaelic Church of Melbourne in 1854. Also to a congregation at Sydney in 1856. Returned to Scotland in 1861. Admitted as Minister of the Free Church, Tarbat, Harris, in 1862. Died 17th May, 1873, in the 80th year of his age.

Dr Mackay was one of the foremost Gaelic scholars of his day. In connection with the excellent Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society, the following note indicates the importance attached to the aid rendered by him in its preparation :—

"In its progress through the press it has been superintended and corrected by the Rev. Mackintosh Mackay, now Minister of

Laggan, and it is only just to add that in its present form the Gaelic Dictionary is much indebted to his indefatigable labours, and his philological acuteness and learning have greatly contributed to render it more accurate and complete."

17. DONALD CAMERON.
1832-1846.

Appointed Schoolmaster at Southend in 1815. Admonished by the Presbytery, 28th June, 1816, "for cruelty to his scholars, being censorious and backbiting, and declared to be ill-qualified to be useful." Licenced by the Presbytery of Kintyre, 13th December, 1820. Ordained by the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neill, 21st March, 1824, as Missionary at Glengairn. Presented by the Trustees of Alexander Duke of Gordon in May, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 1st August, 1832. Is said to have been possessed of some sterling qualities, but apparently he was of a most combative disposition. So little sympathy does he appear to have had with the manly pastimes of the Laggan people that he strongly objected to any members of the Kirk-Session patronising shinty matches, and the Session Records of the time show that he even frowned upon any of their number appearing at Meetings of the Session in the kilt!

Unfortunately no Session Records of Laggan now exist earlier than 1827. Here is an extract from a Minute of the Session, during Mr Cameron's incumbency, dealing with a profanation of the Sabbath quite prevalent in Badenoch down to within living memory :—

"Compeared in terms of citation————————Balmishaig accused of profaning the Lord's Day by proclaiming a Roup at the Churchyard gate on Sabbath last, the 30th ult. The said ————————being interrogated as to his guilt, acknowledges that he did publicly give intimation of said Roup, and expresses his regret for such violation of the Sabbath, and gives in his letter expression of the same that it may be read in face of the Congregation next Lord's Day immediately after Divine Service."

Mr Cameron died 19th April, 1846, in the 54th year of his age, and 23rd of his ministry.

18. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.
1846-1850.

Translated from Harris. Presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and admitted as minister of Laggan 24th September, 1846. Was an amiable, genial, and popular minister. Translated to Dingwall, 17th October, 1850.

19. JOHN MACLEOD.
1851-1869.

Translated from Ballachulish and Corran of Ardgour. Presented to Laggan by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and admitted 30th January, 1851. A faithful and most estimable clergyman, universally esteemed throughout the district. In quiet, unassuming, practical usefulness was the *beau ideal* of a parish minister. Died at Laggan, 8th April, 1869, in the 63rd year of his age. One of his sons is the well-known Dr Donald Macleod, the genial and popular minister of the Scotch National Church in London.

20. DONALD MACFADYEN.
1869-1880.

Translated from Ardnamurchan. Presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and inducted as minister of Laggan, 22nd September, 1869. An excellent preacher, both in Gaelic and English, and a genuine Highlander to the very core, with a most marked personality. Apt though he was, at times, to be carried away by the Celtic warmth and impetuosity of his feelings, and with what, on the surface, appeared a somewhat unattractive manner, no more devoted, kind-hearted minister than Mr Macfadyen ever, I believe, filled the pulpit of Laggan. Was a capital story-teller—of which he was himself frequently the hero—and had a keen sense of the humorous, as well as of the tender and pathetic, side of the Highland character. Mr Macfadyen died 1st November, 1880. In testimony of their deep and affectionate regard, his Congregation, soon after his death, erected a handsome granite monument to his memory in the Churchyard of Laggan, with the following Gaelic inscription :—

"Mar chuinhneachan air Mr Domhnull Macphaidein, ministeir Lagain, a chaochail air a cheud latha de'n Gheamhradh, 1880.

"Duine a choisinn meas 'san eaglais agus urram 'na dhuthaich. Chuir a chomhthional an carragh so aig a cheann."

Let me give a few extracts from the just and eloquent tribute paid to his memory soon after his death by his old fellow-student, Dr Mackenzie, of Kingussie :—

"Your minister was one of my oldest friends. Long before we were neighbours, we were fellow-students, thrown very closely together, so that I knew him well. He was a brave fellow—a true man—a real Christian. These features of his character were marked at College ; they continued in a more subdued form to the close of life. When a lad at the University he showed a manly independent spirit. He worked his own way. While attending

the classes he earned his maintenance by extra labour—maintaining a sturdy independence. Amongst his fellow-students he was looked upon as a type of the true Highlander, fearless in his expression of opinion—seeking a fair field and no favour.

"He earned distinction in his classes, and gained a valuable money prize for an essay on a philosophical subject. . . . He resolved at an early period to study for the Church of Scotland. He did so at a time when to do this in the Highlands entailed from many ill will and reproach. When a schoolmaster in Ross-shire, his sister was not allowed to take water from a public well, because her brother was a *Moderate*, and he himself was shunned as an outcast. He boldly faced the trials of that time, and it was a cause of rejoicing to him that he lived to see in the North a wider toleration prevail, and old enmities and feuds laid to rest, by the growth of a kinder and more Christian spirit. . . .

"His career in the Ministry was not a very prosperous one measured by the world's standard. He was called to no eminent charge. His words were not chronicled in newspapers. No crowded congregation hung on his lips. He was a simple Parish Minister trying to do his Master's will, and feeling honoured by the position to which his Master had called him.

"Beginning his Ministry at Aucharacle in Argyleshire, he was, after four years, translated to the Parish of Ardnamurchan—that immense parish which stretches along the western sea-board for miles. There he laboured cheerfully and successfully among a kind and devoted people for nine years. It was a parish that, which to work thoroughly, entailed immense bodily fatigue; distances were great, but by boat or on horseback, the faithful Pastor found his way to the most outlying districts. He loved Ardnamurchan and the sea, and would never, I believe, have left it if he had not been compelled to do so from the state of his health.

"Most of you remember his coming to Laggan at the unanimous request of the Congregation then worshipping in the Church, and all of you know what his ministry here has been. He had his faults, but how few they were compared with his virtues. His impetuosity, which was the side of his character on which perhaps he tended to err, was prompted always by a thorough conviction that he was in the right. He was a pure-minded simple-hearted man, with the guilelessness of a child. I never knew one more guileless and free from double dealing. He was intensely single-minded, and absolutely disinterested in all his dealings. You never could mistake him. As he was at College, so he continued to the last—a true Highlander full of Celtic fire, fond of his

kindred, of his country, of its language, of its mountains, brave and full to the brim of courage. I don't think he knew what fear was. . . . . .

"His character was tried at the last as the character of few is tried. With the sentence of death hanging over him for weeks, with pain unceasing and no hope of recovery, his faith never wavered. He looked the last enemy in the face with an unquivering eye. For him, resting on his Saviour, with the everlasting arms around him, death had no terror. He told me that he was full of thankfulness to God for his goodness to him throughout his life, and especially for continuing his faculties to him to the end. If he had sorrow, it was for those he was leaving, not for himself. "Be kind to my Mother," were almost his last words as he bade farewell to his aged parent, who had, indeed, been a true mother to him. His death-bed was a peaceful scene. Kind friends and parishioners of all denominations were unceasing in their attention and inquiries. His colleague in the Parish—the Minister of the Free Church—stood more than once at his bedside, and prayed fervently with him and the sad household. May he, when his time comes, not want a man of God to render to him the same holy and blessed ministry he rendered to your Pastor. So your Minister—my friend of many years—passed to his rest in God. The grass on his grave in Laggan Churchyard will soon grow green, and other interests will cause him to pass out of mind—no one can be long remembered on earth. But to-day his memory is warm among you. . . . . . Unselfish, true-hearted, brave-spirited Christian soul! We sorrow that thou art gone from us—most of all, that we shall see thy face on earth no more. But we sorrow not without a sure hope of meeting thee again in the land of peace and joy." . . . . .

21. DUNCAN SHAW MACLENNAN.
1881——

The present Incumbent. Translated from Kilcolmonell and Kiberry. Called by the congregation, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 8th July, 1881. A faithful, upright, and devoted Minister, Mr Maclennan has won the esteem and good-will of all classes of the community. Taking a warm and sincere interest in the welfare of the people of Laggan, he has proved a judicious and prudent counsellor, as well as a most reliable and true-hearted friend.

Soon after the Secession of 1843, the Free Church of Laggan were fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Dugald

Shaw, who for a period, now extending to nearly half a century, has ministered with great acceptance to that Congregation. While ever earnest and active during his long ministry in promoting the life and work of the Congregation committed to his care, Mr Shaw's sermons and prayers have been characterised by an unction, delightful quaintness of expression, and personal directness of application, peculiarly his own. The Free Church of Laggan having been unfortunately burnt down some years ago, the present comfortable and handsome edifice was erected on the same site; and mainly through the unwearied efforts and persuasive appeals of Mr Shaw, is now entirely free from debt. Although he has already attained such an advanced age, it is, I am sure, the sincere wish of the whole body of the Parishioners that he may be spared for many years to come, and long be able in health and strength to go out and in among the members of his attached Congregation. Mr Shaw's only daughter is married to the Rev. Murdo Mackenzie, the worthy and popular successor of the late venerated Rev. Dr Mackay, in the ministry of the Free North Church of Inverness.

"If men were free to take, and wise to use
  The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,
Then kings and mighty potentates might choose
  To live and die lords of a Highland manse.
For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind
  Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,
The bliss that chiefly suits the human kind
  Within this bounded compass largely lies—
The healthful change of labour and of ease,
  The sober inspiration to do good,
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,
  The working hand leagued with a thoughtful mood;
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,
The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen."

17th APRIL, 1889.

Mr D. Munro Fraser, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Glasgow, was elected a member of the Society at this meeting. Thereafter Mr Colin Chisholm read a paper entitled "A Collection of Unpublished Gaelic Songs, with Notes." Mr Chisholm's paper is as follows:—

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED GAELIC SONGS, WITH NOTES.

The following memento, or "cuimhneachan," was written by the Rev. Ranald Rankin, C.C., and given by him to the children of his congregation at Moidart, when he was parting with them for Australia, in 1855. I have heard several verses of his composition, the most humorous of these I remember is his "Address to the Railway Engine," which was included in a former paper that I read before this Society (see Vol. XII., p. 153. The Rev. Ranald Rankin (W.D.), Australia, died in 1863, aged 64.

TALADH AR SLANUIGHIR.

Air fonn—"*Cumha Mhic Arois.*"

Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah.
Mo ghaol, mo ghradh, a's m' fheudail thu,
M' ion'ntas ur a 's m' eibhneas thu,
Mo mhacan aluinn ceutach thu,
Cha 'n fhiu mi fein bhi 'd dhail.
Aleluiah, &c.

Ge 'mòr an t-aobhar cliu dhomh e,
'S mòr an t-aobhar curaim e,
'S mòr an t-aobhar umhlachd e,
Righ nan dùl 'bhi 'm laimh.

Ge d' is leanamh diblidh thu,
Cinnteach 's Righ nan Righrean thu,
'S tu 'n t-oighre dligheach, firinneach
Air Rioghachd Dhé nan gràs.

Ge d' is Righ na glorach thu
Dhiult iad an tigh-osda dhuit,
Ach chualas ainglean solasach
'Toirt gloir do'n Tì is àird.

Bu mhòr solas agus ioghnadh
Buachaillean bochda nan caorach,
'Nuair chual iad na h-ainglean a' glaodhaich,
"Thainig Slanui'ear thun an t-saoghail."

B' e sin an ceol, 's an naigheachd aghmhor
'Sheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-ardaibh,
Ag innseadh gu'n d' rugadh Slanui'ear
Am Betlehem, am baile Dhaibhidh.

B' e sin sgeula binn nam beannachd,
Mu'n aoidh a rinn tearnadh gu talamh,
Cha 'n ioghnadh mi 'bhi muirneach, geanail,
Is gile na ghrian mo leanamh.

Dh' fhoillsich reulta dha na righrean,
Lean iad i mar iuil gu dileas,
Fhuair iad 'n am achlais fhein thu,
Is rinn iad umhlachd dhuit gu lar.

Thairg iad or dhuit, mirr a's tuis,
Thug iad aoradh dhuit a's cliu,
B' e turas an aigh do 'n triuir,
'Thainig a shealltuinn mo ruin.

'O na dh' innis aingeal Dé dhuinn
Gu'n robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,
Dh' fhalbh sinne leat do'n Eiphit
G' a sheachnadh mu'n deanta beud ort.

O ! 'Heroid a chridhe chruaidh,
Cha choisinn t'imleachd dhuit buaidh,
'S lionar mathair dh'fhag thu truagh,
'S tu dian an toir air bàs mo luaidh.

'S fhada, fhada, bho Iudea,
Tearuinte bho d' chlaidheamh geur e,
'Measg nam mac cha d'fhuair thu fein e,
'S fallain, slan thu, 's fath dhomh eibhneas.

Dh' aindeoin do mhi-rinn a 's t'fharmaid,
Bidh mo mhac-sa cliuiteach, ainmeil,
Cha chuir e uigh an òr n'an airgiod,
A rioghachd cha rioghachd thalmhaidh.

Gur galach, brònach, tùrsach iad
An drast ann an Ierusalem,
A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,
'S b' e 'n diubhail 'n cur gu bàs.

Tha Rachel an diugh fo bhròn,
A' caoidh a paisdean aluinn, òg,
'S frasach air a gruaidh na deoir
Bho nach 'eil iad aice beò.

Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na mòrachd,
'S mise mathair Dhe na gloire—
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhomhsa,
Tha mo chridhe làn do sholas.

Thainig, thainig am Messiah,
Fhuair na faidhean uile 'n guidhe,
'S fhada bho 'n b' aill leo thu thighinn,
'S aluinn thu air mo ruighe.

A ghnothach gu talamh cha b' fhaoin e,
Cheannach sabhaladh chloinn daoine,
'S e 'm Fear-reite 's am Fear-saoraidh,
Is e 'n Slanui'ear gradhach caomh e.

Ciamar a dh' eirich dhomhsa
'Measg an t-sluaigh a bhi cho sonruicht' ?
'S e toil a's çumhachd na gloire
Mac bhi agam ge d' is oigh mi.

'S mise fhuair an ulaidh phrìseil,
Uiseil, uasal, luachmhor, fhinealt,
'N diugh cha dual dhomh bhi fo mhighean,
'S coltach ri bruadar an fhirinn.

Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoine
Gu la deireannach an t-saoghail
Meud do throcair a's do ghaoil-sa,
Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonnta.

Bheir mi moladh, bheir mi aoradh,
Bheir mi cliu dhuit, bheir mi gaol dhuit,
Tha thu agam air mo ghairdean,
'S mi tha sona thar chloinn daoine.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlà,
Mo ghaol an cridh 'tha liont 'le gràdh,
Ged is leanamh thu gun chàil
'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, a's mo luaidh thu,
Rùn, a's gaol. a's gràdh an t-sluaigh thu ;
'S tus' an Tì a bheir dhoibh fuasgladh
Bho chuibhreach an namhaid uaibhrich.

'S tu Righ nan righ, 's tu naomh nan naomh,
Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh t'aois ;
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanamh gaoil,
'S tu àrd cheann-feadhna 'chinne-daonn'.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais,
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt ;
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich
Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, a's eòlas.

Thigeadh na sloigh chur ort failte—
Dheanadh umhlachd dhuit mar Shlanui'ear,
Bidh sòlas mòr am measg siol Adhamh—
Thainig am Fear-saoraidh, thainig!

Thig a pheacaich, na biodh sgàth ort,
Gheibh thu na dh' iarras tu 'ghrasan ;
Ge d' bhiodh do chiontan dearg mar sgàrlaid
Bidh t'anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann.

Hósanah do Mhac Dhaibhidh,
Mo Righ, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlanui'ear,
'S mòr mo shòlas bhi 'ga d' thàladh,
'S beannaichte am measg nam mnai mi.

The following lament was composed by the late Captain Donald Chisholm, at Musselburgh, for his son Archibald Chisholm, who died in India :—

CUMHADH CHAPTAIN SHISEAIL DO MHAC, GILLEASBAIG SISEAL,

A FHUAIR BAS ANNS NA H-INNSEAN, DOL NA 19 A DH'AOIS.

AIR FONN—Och ! Ochain ! 's mi trom inntinneach,
'S nach urrainn mi ga innseadh dhuibh.

D'fhalbh mo Leanabh fada bhuam,
Air a chuan 's na h-Innseannan,
Och, Ochain, &c.

Gur e bhas aig Serampore,
A d' fhag fo 'bhron 's fo 'mhi-ghean mi.

Air mo chridhe rinn e crua'ach',
Co chruaidh 's nach gluaiseadh ligh'chean e.

Ach an t-Athair, a b'fhearr coir air,
Cum mo bhron gun mhi-mhodh dhuit,

Gabh mo Leanabh fo' do churam,
O 'n bha run 's inntinn dhuit.

'S mor bha earbsa as do throcair,
'S as gach gloir a dh'inn's thu dha.

As tric a fhuair mi e ri urnuidh,
Air a ghluinibh diblidh dhuit.

Bha barail mhath aige air cach,
Ach bha e ghnath ga dhiteadh fein.

Cul-chainnt cha 'n eisdeadh a chluas,
Ge b'e co bhuaithe thigeadh i.

Bho bheul cha d' thainig mi-stuaim,
A chuireadh gruaim no mi-ghean orm.

Gar an robh a sporan lan,
Bha chridhe tla do 'n dilleachdan.

'S tha mi nise ann an dochas,
Gu'n seinn e gloir gu siorruidh dhuit.

John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," gives six verses of the following popular song. I give eight verses, as well as the name of the poet. It was Christopher Macrae. He was a schoolmaster in Kintail in the latter part of the last century. I have heard verses of other sweet songs he composed. To distinguish him from his neighbours, he was called "Gillecriosd Uasal":—

FAILTE DHUT A'S SLAINTE LEAT.

Luinneag.

Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a 's do dhéigh;
Fàilte dhut a 's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a 's do dheigh.

'Se mo rùn an Gàel laghach,
Gur tu a thaghainn 's cha b'e 'n Gall;
Ort a thig na h-airm air thaghadh,
Os ceann adharc chrios nam ball.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Ach gur e mo ghaol an Crathach
Oganach deas flathail treun,
'S truagh nach robh mi 's tu fad seachdain,
Anns an stachd sam bi na feidh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Eadar Cluanaidh ghorm 's Braigh-choilich,
'S tric a leag thu lan damh croichd,
Bhiodh do ghillean tighinn gu baile,
Sithinn bhiatachd dhaibh mar choir.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S tu sealgair a's dirich amharc,
'S geal an aingeal th'ann ad ghleus;
'S tric do luaidhe ghlas na siubhal,
'S i gu fuilteach, guineach, geur.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Bu tu nàmh'd a chapuill-choille,
'S a bhuic an doire nan stùc;
Marbhaich a bhric ris a choinneil,
'S a choilich anns a choille dhluth.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S math thig siud dhut air do ghiulan,
Flasg anns am bi fùdar gorm,
'S aithreach leam nach d'rinn mi 'cùis riut,
Ged a bhiodh iad diumbach orm.
Fàilt dhut, etc.

Leat cha'n iarrainn seòmar cadail,
No clàraidh leap 'bhi ri m' thaobh;
B' annsa bhi le m' ghaol 's le m' aighear,
'N aros nan aighean 's nan laogh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Fhir chaidh timicheall an rugha,
Tha mi dubhach as do dheigh;
Gus am faic mi, ghaoil, thu rithisd,
Gu'n robh gach slighe dhut rèidh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

On a former occasion I read a paper before this Society in which I gave, from memory, nine verses of the following lament for Roderick Mackenzie, ninth Laird of Farbrainn. Through the kindness of a friend, I am now able to give eleven verses, probably the whole of the composition:—

CUMHA DO RUAIRIDH, FEAR FARBRAINN.

Sgith mi ag amharc an droma
Far bheil luchd nan cul donna fo bhron;
Ann am Farbrainn an tuir so,
Far am bu shilteach an suilean le deoir;
Lot an suilean dha 'n gearan,
Bas Ruairidh, Mhic Alastair Oig;
Gum bu dhalta 'Righ Alb' thu,
'S oighre dligheach air Farbrainn an coir.

'S iomadh cridhe bha deurach,
An àm dhol fodha na greine Diluain,
Aig a' chachaileidh 'n dé so,
'S an deach na h-eachaibh 's na seis as thoirt uaibh;
Shil air suilean do pheidse,
Sud an acaid a leum orra cruaidh;
Ach 'sann ann a bha ghair bhochd
Dha do thogail air ghairdean an t-sluaigh.

Gur a tursach am bannal,
A th' anns an tur mheallach a thamh;
Tha do Bhaintighearn og, galach—
Bhean uasal, chiùin, fharasda, thlà!
Tha do pheathraichean deurach;
Stric an cuailean gun réiteach an drast;
Mur h-eil Coinneach ri fhaodainn,
Theid a' choinneal a threigsinn gun smàl.

Na'm bu daoine le 'n ardan
A bhiodh coireach ri d' fhagail an cill,
Mur a marbht' ann am blar thu,
'Casgadh maslaidh as taire do 'n Righ,
Cha'n 'eil duine no paisde
A b'urrainn biodag a shathadh no sgian,
Nach biodh uil' air do thoireachd,
Eadar Cataobh 's Caol Rònach nan ian.

Bho 'n a dh'fhagadh 's a chrùids thu,
'S beag ar n-aighear 's ar sùnnt ris a cheol,
Bu leat àbhachd na duthcha,
'Nuair a shuidheadh gach cùis mar bu chòir.
Bu leat Conainn gu h-iasgach,
Agus Monair gu fiadhach, a sheòid,
Oidhche Challainn na 'm b' àill leat,
Gheibhte bradan o'n Fhàineas gu d' bhòrd.

'N am sgaoileadh nam macan,
Gun robh uaisle a's ceartas a' fàs,
Cha bu chùbaire gealtach,
Ach curamach, smachdail, gun sgath,
Ri am tional na tuatha
Cha b' ann agartach cruaidh mu na mhàl,
Bhiodh na bochdan ag eigheachd
"Gun robh fortan mhic Dhe dhuit an dàn."

Dh' eireadh sud 's an Taobh-tuath leat,
Mac-Coinnich, le shluagh air an ceann,
Nall o Leoghas, na h-Earadh,
Cinn-t-saile, Loch-Carunn, 's Loch-Aills';
Bu leat armuinn na Comraich,
Agus pairt dh' fhearaibh donn 'Innse-Gall,
Mar sud a's siol 'Ille-Chaluim,
'S iad a' dioladh na fola gu teann.

But leat na Gordanaich rìoghail,
Luchd a chruadail gun mhi-chliù an camp,
'S e sud an cinneadh nach striochdadh,
Gus an cailleadh iad direach an ceann;
Clann-an-Tòisich nam pios leat,
Bha iad crosda 'nuair shineadh am fearg;
'S mur deachaidh fad air mo chuimhne
Thigeadh brod Chlann-'ic-Aoidh leat a nall.

Dh' eireadh sud mu do ghuaillibh,
Na'n cluinnt' thu bhi 'n cruadal no 'n càs
Clann Eachainn nan Roibnean,
'S cha bu ghealtach an toiseachadh blair;
Bhiodh da shlios Locha-Braon leat,
'S ged bhitheadh cha b' ioghnadh leam e,
Mar sud 's a Choigeach Chinn-Asainn,
Dha do chomhnadh, fhir ghasda, 's an spairn.

Righ gur mis' tha fo mhulad,
'S beag m' aighear 's mo shunnt ris a cheòl;
'S mi gun duine m' an cuairt domh,
Ris an gearain mi uair de mo bhròn.
Tha mo stuic air am maoladh,
Gus an cinnich na maotharain òg,
Ma 's a toileach le Dia e,
Na'm bu fad' ach an lion iad do chòt'.

'S tim dhomh sgur dheth mo mhulad—
Mo chreach leir mi cha bhuidhnig e bonn,
'S ann is fheudar dhomh sgur dheth;
Na d'dheigh theid gach duin' air an fhonn.
Mar na coilltichean connaidh,
Tha na saighdean a' pronnadh nan sonn;
Sgith mi dh'amharc an droma
Far bheil luchd nan cul donna gu trom.

The maker of this merry song describes the charms, and mentions several admirers, of Betsy, the daughter of the host at Lub-ghargan:—

'S fheudar dhomh bhi beo
Ged a robh thu 'm dhith,
Cia mar gheibh mi smuairean
A chumail dhiom.

'S ann san Luib tha chaileag,
Dha 'n tug mi'n gaol falaich,
Ma ni i mo mhealladh
'S arrabanach mi.
'S fheudar, etc.

Betaidh, fhir na Luibe,
'S mor a ghabh mi loinn dhi',
M' aisling feadh na h-oidhche,
Mu na mhaidean ghrinn.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S i mo ghaol an ainnir
Dha 'n tig breid is anart,
'S iomadh diuc is baran,
D' fharraideas co i.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S i mo ghaol an steudag,
'S deise theid na h-eideadh,
Coimeas do 'n a ghrein
'Nuair a dh' eireas i.
'S fheudar, etc.

Cha 'n urra mi aireamh,
Na th'air thi' do thaladh,
'S ann diubh Fearachar taillear,
Murachadh Bàn, 's mi fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

Tha fear eile an drasta
'S e air tì do thaladh,
Fleasgach de chlann Thearlaich
'Sa chaoirich ard an glinn.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S ann diubh Donul Grigor,
Giullan boidheach, sgiobalt,
Posaidh e gun fhios i,
Thuirt e sud rium fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

Ged tha Donul boidheach,
'S e cho binn ri smeorach,
Ni thu mar 's coir dhuit
Posaidh tu mi fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

LAOIDH AN SPIORAID NAOIMH.

O thig a nuas, a Spiorad Naoimh,
A shealltainn anmannan do ghaoil,
'Us lion ar cridh' le d' ghrasan caomh,
A Chruthadair a' chinne-dhaoin'.

'S tu ar Comhfhurtair 's gach cas,
'S tu gibht' ro-naomh an Dé a's àird',
'S tu 'm fuaran beò, an teine, 'n gràdh
'Us ùngaid spioradail an àigh.

Tha do thiodhlaicean seachd fillt',
Miar deas-lamh Dhé thu 'thriath gach ni,
'S tu gealladh 'n Athar naoimh le cinnt,
Bhuat-sa thig deas-labhairt cinn.

O las le d' sholus ar ceud-faith,
'Us taom a nuas na 'r cridh' do ghradh,
Cum ri 'r nàdur lag do lamh,
'Us thoir dhuinn neart, 'us feart, 'us càil.

Ar naimhdean fuadaich fada bhuainn,
'Us builich oirnn do shith gu buan,
Bi ad iuil dhuinn fad ar cuairt,
'S gu'n seachainn sinn gach béud 'us truaigh.

Deonaich dhuinne eolas fior
Air an Athair 'us air Criost',
'S annad 'fhein 'tha bhuap' 'ad Dhia,
Creideamaid a nis 's gu sior.

Gloir gu'n robh gu sior gun tamh,
Do 'n Athair 'us do Mhac a ghraidh,
A rinn an aiseirigh bho 'n bhàs,
'Us dhuts' a Chomhfhurtair nan gràs.

SEINNEAM LAOIDH DO CHORP CHRIOST.

Theanga, seinn le caithrim cheòl-bhinn,
Diomhaireachd Corp glormhor Chriost',
Agus 'Fhala prìseil, mòrail,
'N 'eiric chòrr a dhiol ar fiach,
Toradh cuim ro-naoimh na h-Oighe,
'Dhòirt àrd righ gach slòigh gu fial.

Dhuinne thugadh, dhuinne rugadh,
Leis an Oigh nach d' fhuilig béud;
Bhos air talamh labhair 's thuinich,
Sgaoil 'us chuir e facal Dhe';
'N dòigh 'na chrioch e cuairt a thurais,
S' ionadh dhuinne 's do chùirt nèamh.

Aig an t-suipeir, oidhche 'a Phàise,
Shuidh le 'bhraithrean sios gu biadh,
'S choimhlion e an lagh gun fhàillinn,
'S na deas-ghnathan 'dh' òrdaich Dia;
'S thug e 'chorp—'s e beò na 'n làthair—
As a laimh do'n dà fhear dhiag.

Le cumhachd 'fhacail naoimh tha Criosta
'Tionndadh arain fhior gu 'Fheòil,
'Sa 'tionndadh fiona gu 'Fhuil dhiadhaidh—
Ged nach tùr sinn 'mhiorailt mhòr,
Foghnaidh creideamh dhuinn mar fhianis,
Biodh an cridhe dian gun ghò.

'Shacramaid, tha sinn le umhlachd,
'Toirt dhut aoraidh, cliù, 'us gloir';
Riochd an t-Seann-lagh chuireadh cùl ris,
'San Lagh-ur tha'n fhir-bheachd chòrr;
Ged nach tuigear le 'r ceud-fàthan,
Creideamh cha dian fàillinn òirnn.

Glòir do'n Athair, 's glòir do'n Mhac,
'S glòir co-cheart do'n Spiorad Naomh—
Cliù 'us aighir, onoir 's neart,
Slainte 's beannachadh a chaoidh—
Trianaid chumhachdach nam feart,
Molamaid mu seach 's mar aon. Amen.

URUAIGH NA SACRAMAIDE.

Deagh do bheatha Chuirp Chriosta,
Deagh do bheatha Righ na 'm feartean,
Deagh do bheatha fhuil is fheoil,
Deagh do bheatha phor na'n gràs,
Deagh do bheatha Dhiadhachd Naomh,
Deagh do bheatha dhaonndachd cheart.
Bho 'n thoilich thu teachd,
Fo sgeimh arain a chuirp shlain,
Leighis m' anam bho gach olc,
Ormsa nochdaidh mar a ta,
A Thrianaid naomh, gun deireadh gun tus
Na bidh t'fhearg rium na's mòdh,
Bath m' uilc am fuil do ghràs,
Failte dhut a Mhoire sa Dhia. Amen.

Before I left London the following very good Gaelic translation of "Auld Langsyne" came to me by post. I laid it carefully aside, and discovered it recently in the leaves of a MS. The

sender, whom I take to be the translator, simply endorsed the song thus—"O Dhonnachadh Sdiuard do Chailean Siseal. 'Auld Langsyne' air a thionndadh gu caint mhilis nam beann":—

NA LAITHEAN CIAN.

'N coir seann luchd eolais dol air chul,
'S gun tigh'nn gu brath gu cuimhn',
'N coir seann luchd eolais dol air chul,
'S na laithean bh' ann o' chian.

Luinneag.

Air sgath nan laithean cian a ghraidh,
Air sgath nan laithean cian,
Gu'n gabh sinn cupan cairdeil lan,
Air sgath nan laithean cian.

Bhith trusadh neoinean feadh nam bruach,
B'e siod aon uair ur miann,
Ach 's iomadh ceum sgith a shiubhail sinn,
O laithean bh' ann a chian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

Bha sinn araon a cluich 's na h-uilt,
Gu h-oich' o'n chite ghrian,
Ach bheuchd na cuaintean eadar-uinn,
O laithean bh' ann o chian.
Air sgath nam, etc.

Sin mo lamh-sa chairid chaomh,
'S thoir dhomh 's do lamh 's gun ghiamh,
'S gu'n gabh sin tarruinn fhialaidh lan,
Air sgath nan laithean cian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

'S co cinnteach sa bhios tusa stop,
Bidh 'm fhearsa air bord le 'm mhiann,
'S gheibh sinn cupan cairdeil lan
Air sgath nan laithean cian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

MARBHRANN AIR IAIN SIOSAL, *i.e.*, FEAR CHNOIC-FHINN AN STRATHGHLAIS, A CHAOCHAIL, ANN AM BLIADHNA 1810.
LE ALASTAR OG A BHA 'M BAILECHLADAICH.

'S ann mu thoiseach na 'm faoileach,
Fhuair mi naigheachd nach caomh leam ri sheinn,
Mu 'n tra anamoch Di h-aoine,
Gun bhuail saighead bho'n aog fear Chnoic-fhinn,
'S cruaidh leam acan do dhaoine,
Mathan galach cha 'n ionadh do dheigh,
'S do bhean og ga do chaoine,
'S ann oirre s' fhaide bhios saoil a do dheigh.

Tha do planntanan oga,*
Air an lionadh lan bron a do dheigh,
Mar sin 's Deadh Mhac do Pheathar,
Agus Cloinn Bhrathair t'athair 's e fein,
'Chraobh mhullaich a b'airde,
Bhi air tuiteam mu 'n d'fhàs a cuid geug
Dh-fhag do cheile fo chrà lot,
'Si bhi cumha gu brach a do dheigh.

'Strom do chinneadh ga t'iargainn,
'S do cheann fine lan siorrachd do dheigh,
Cha bhiodh t'fhuil uaibhreach gun dioladh,
Na 'm bann le naimhdean a riabt do chreibh,
S lionmhor Siosalach mor,
Rachadh fo armachd a comhnadh chum feum,
Bhuaileadh sporan ri ord,
Aig na cuiridh ga seoladh ri gleus.

Chaill an Righ ceannas feachd,
Bhuinnigeadh cis far a faltrich air cach,
Nuair dheireadh na Glaisich,
Na fir mhor fo do bhratach gun sgá,
B' fhior Chaiptean air sluagh thu,
Sheasadh dana an cruadal a bhlair,
Gun lean sud ribh mar dhualchas,
Nach cuireadh lasar no luaidhe oirbh sgá.

* The "planntanan oga" alluded to here were the six sons of Fear Chnoic-Fhinn. "Deagh Mhac do Pheathar" was the Rev. Colin Grant, for some time missionary priest in Nova Scotia, where he died. "Cloinn Bhrathar t'athair 's e fein" were the two Bishops Chisholm, who died at Lismore, their sister, Mrs Allan Chisholm, late of Kerrow, and their venerable father, Valentine, who died at Inchully, aged 96

Troidh as cuimir an caiseart,
'Sas boidhche ni coiseachd air straid,
Claidheamh geur air do chruachan,
Boineit iteach ort suas as coc-ard,
N'am b'ann an Cogadh no'n cruadal;
Rachadh saighead a bhualadh na t'fleoil,
'S lionmhor cuiridh lan misnich,
Dh'eiridh leats' as na Friosalaich òg.

Na 'n tigheadh eigin na càs ort,
Bhiodh Mac Shimidh bhon Aird leat a nios,
Oighre dligheach Chuilbaice,
Dol air thus a bhatalain gun fhiamh,
Uaislean Easgadal 's Aigais
'S iad nach tilleadh le sga san dol sios,
'S bu mhath gu buannachd na larach,
Nuair a ghluaist iad gu ardan na crioch.

Bu ghniomh faoin dha do namhaid,
Thighinn le baoghal na fath air do chul,
Leat a dh'eiridh Mac Phadric,
Agus tighearna bhraidhe sa thall,
Na fir ghasda nach failnich,
Bu mhath gu buannachd na larach le camp,
Racheadh sios leat sa charraid,
Le lús ghairdean a taruinn na lann.

'S lionmhor fine thig ga d' chomhnadh,
Mu 'n leigte do leoin a measg Ghall,
Leat dh'eireadh Cloinn Donuill,
'S Mac Mhic Alastair og air an ceann,
Ann an cogadh na Righrean,
Fhuair mi mach gur i an fhirinn a bh'ànn,
Nach d' fhuair Sasuinn fo chis sinn,
Nam biodh Alba cho dileas san 'àm.

Sgeul nach duilich do shloinneadh,
Ann a brod Cloinne-Choinnich so thal,
Na fir ardanach uasal,
'S ceann an fheigh dhaibh mar shuaicheantas ri crann,
'S iad a thigheadh sa bhuaileadh,
'N àm tarruing na truaille dheth lann,
Gum faicte na 'n cruachan,
Luchd nan casagan ruadh ann am fang.

Gur lionmhar stuth uaibhreach,
Tha direadh ri do ghruaidhean gu h' ard,
Fuil Sir Eoghan nam bratach,
Leis an eireadh na gaisgich san spairn,
Bhiodh na naimhdean ga 'n gearan,
'S iad a call an cuid fala ann sa bhlar,
Aig na laoich bu mhor meanmna,
Rachadh sios leat gu dearbhadh do leois.

Ach gur mor mo chuid artail,
'S mi bhi cluinntinn 's a faicinn mar tha,
Gun d' fhuair innleachd fir Shasuinn,
Comas comhnuidh na t'aitreabh a thamh,
An dara ceannas bu shinne,
Deth 'n t-seann linn de na chinneadh a b'fhearr,
Crion a n 'ionad nan saoidhean,
Mac a Ghoill thigh 'n an taobh so na d' ait'.

Gum b' e 'n caraiche an saoghal,
Le chuid faileasan faoine gun sta,
Smairg a ghabhadh droch mhisneachd,
Na dheilegeadh briste bhi dha,
Mar bha Iob air a cheusadh,
Le lotan lan chreuchdan gu bhas,
An deigh chuid cloinne agus fheudal,
A sgrios bhuaidh mu 'n d'eirich sud dha.

Nuair bhiodht 's tigh-osda,
Cha ba sgrubaire poit thu bha crion,
Cha b'e eigheachd nan stopan,
Bu mhian le do sheorsa riamh,
Ach goc am buideal as deabh i,
'S olar as i mu'n deonaich sinn triall,
Ge b'e dhianadh a traghadh,
'S tusa a b'urrainn a paidheadh sa diol.

'S goirt a ghaoir aig na feumnaich,
'S iad a cumha mu dheidhinn do bhàis,
'S iomadh fear agus te,
Fhuair cnodach gun éis air do sgà,
Gheibht a pocaid na feile,
Rud a bheireadh na feumnaich a cas,
'S cridhe farsuinn na ceille
Ga thoirt seachad gun eis air a laimh.

'Nuair thilleadh tu dhachaidh,
Gu tur meadhrach do bhaile le muirn,
Bhiodh mnai oga lan aiteas,
Na dc sheomraichean dait le surd,
'S iad fuaigheal air anart,
Ann an uinneagan glainne gun smuid,
Gheibht seanachas mu'n Fheinn ann,
Agus iomadaidh sgeul air a chul.

Gheibht am Biobull ga leughadh,
Aig do sgoilearan geura le tur,
'S deadh bhean-tighe na feile,
Cur an ceill daibh mar dh-fheumadh a chuis,
An àm dhaibh eiridh sa mhaduinn,
Agus sleuchdadh roi' chadal na h'oidhche,
Gu 'm bitheadh creud agus paidir,
Mar ri laoidh agus leadan ga 'n seinn.

24th APRIL, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Major Randle Jackson of Swordale, Evanton, Ross-shire, a life member; Mr Cecil Kenard, Sconser Lodge, Skye; Mr David Todd, Kingsburgh; Mr Gilbert Matheson, draper. Inverness; and Mr Peter Macintyre, of the Crofter's Commission, 6 Parliament Square, Edinburgh, ordinary members. Thereafter Mr John Whyte read a paper contributed by the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Greenock, entitled "Some Hebridean Singers and their Songs." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

SOME HEBRIDEAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS.

John MacCodrum, popularly known in his own day as "Iain Mac Fhearchair," was undoubtedly the greatest of our Hebridean bards. The MacCodrums were, I believe, a sept of the Macdonald clan, but the origin of the name is unknown, and the family seems to be extinct. John MacCodrum has immortalised his birthplace in a verse of "Smeorach Chloinn Domhnuill," a song composed in honour of his favourite clan, and published in Mackenzie's "Beauties"—

"An Cladh Chothain rugadh mise
'N Aird-a-Runnair chaidh mo thogail,
Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach."

The works of this bard have never been published in a separate form, though the most famous of them have appeared in the collections of Stewart and Mackenzie. Since then, and within the last few years, two of his other songs, "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich" and "Oran na h-Oige," have appeared in print for the first time, the former having been contributed by the Rev. John Macrury, Snizort, to Mr Sinclair's "Oranaiche," and the other by myself to the *Celtic Magazine.* "Oran na h-Oige" was taken down from the recitation of Donald Laing, Howmore, in South Uist, who died a few years ago, and who was really a marvellous repository of poetical lore. Though already in print, it is not out of place that it should be reproduced here, along with other effusions by the same bard, obtained from the same reciter. The Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness will thus possess a complete record of all that has been rescued from oblivion of the productions of a bard of whom his countrymen are justly proud. These poems, with one exception, published for the first time, are an interesting illustration of the length of time the works of a great, though untutored bard may be handed down by oral tradition.

ORAN NA H-OIGE.

An toiseach nam bliadhnaichean ur,
Deireadh gheamhraidhean ùdlaidh nam fras,
'Nuair is anmoiche dh' eireas a ghrian,
'S is lionmhoire 'shileas an sneachd ;
Bi gach leanabh, gach naoidhean bochd, maoth,
A' gabhail gu saothair 's gu cnead,
Ach geiread an fhailidh 's an fhuachd,
Nach faodar an gluasad bho nead.

'N toiseach Earraich thig Gearran fliuch, garbh,
Chuireas calluinn gach ainmhidh air ais,
Thig tein-adhair thig torrunn 'na deigh,
Thig gaillionn thig eireadh nach lag ;
Bi gach leanabh gach naoidhean bochd maoth,
Nach urrainn doibh innse 'de staid,
Gun eirbheirt, gun asdar, gun luth,
Gus an teirig an dudlachd air fad.

Mart tioram ri todhar nan crann,
A' sughadh gach allt 'us gach eas,
Gach luibh bhios an garadh no 'n coill,
Gun snodhach, gun duilleach, gun mheas ;

Bi turadh fuar fionnar gun bhlaths',
A' crubadh gach ail a thig ris,
Bi gach creutair 'n robh aiceid 's a' Mhart,
Tigh'n air eiginn o 'n bhas no dol leis.

Mios grianach ur feurach an aigh,
'M bi gach luibh a' cur blath os a ceann,
Nach boidheach bhi 'g arach gach luis,
Ur aluinn fo ghucaig 's fo dhriuchd!
Bi gach deoiridh 'n robh aiceid 's a' Mhart,
Fas gu boidheach snuadhmhor glan ur,
Le eirbheirt, le coiscachd, 's le cainnt,
'N deigh gach bochdainn 's gach sgraing chur air chul.

Bailc-Bhealltuinn* nan cuinneag 's nan stop,
'S nam measraichean mora lom-lan,
Trom torrach, le uibhean, 's le eoin,
Le bainne, le feoil, 's le gruth bàn;
Fasaidh gillean cho mear ris na féidh,
Ri mire ri leum 'us ri snamh,
Iad gun leth-trom, gun airtneul, gun sgios,
Sior ghreasad gu ire 's gu fas.

Mios dubharrach bruthainneach blath,
Bheir sineadh 'us fas air a' ghart,
Fasaidh gillean an iongantas mor,
Le iomadaidh bòsd agus beairt;
Iad gun stamhnadh gun mhunadh 'nan ceill,
Cuid de 'n nadur cho fiadhaich ri each,
'N duil nach 'eil e 's nach robh e fo 'n ghrein,
Ni chuireas riuth 'fein aig meud neart.

'N tusa 'n duine 'n robh iomadaidh bòsd,
C'uim 'nach d' amhairc thu foil air gach taobh,
'N e bhi beairteach seach iomadaidh neach,
No bhi taitneach mu choinneamh nan sul?

* Bailc-Bhealltuinn.—The word *bailc* is a good deal out of use in the sense in which the bard uses it in "Oran na h-Oige." In the Highland Society's Dictionary the word bailceach is found meaning rainy—*pluviosus*. Macleod & Dewar's Dictionary gives bailc among other meanings that of a flood—a mountain torrent. In this sense also it is found in "Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair's" "Marbhrann do Pheata Columain," signifying the flood, in allusion to the service done by the dove to Noah after his long imprisonment in the ark. MacCodrum, in his use of the word, gives the idea of the soft, dewy weather so desirable in May, and so productive of the fertility depicted in "Oran na h-Oige."

'N tigh creadha so 'm bheil thu 'n ad thamh,
Chois cheadhaig ni cnamh anns an uir,
Ma 's droch dheaghad* a bh'agad 's an fheoil,
Thig fathast dhuit doruinn 'g a' chionn.

Cia mar dh'eireas do n choluinn 'n robh 'm bosd,
'Nuair a theid i 's a' bhord-chiste dhluth ?
Cia mar dh'eireas do'n teanga 'n robh cheilg,
No do 'n chridhe bha deilbh a mhi-run ;
No do uinneagan buairidh nam miann,
Dh' fhad bruaillein a' d' inntinn bho thùs ?
'S grannada sloc anns an robh iad a' d' cheann,
'N deigh an stopadh le poll 'us le uir.

'N deigh a stopadh le poll 'us le uir
Anns a' closaich gun diu is beag toirt,
'S am beagan a thug thu leat sios,
Bheirear buileach e dhiot anns an t-sloc ;
Cia 'n aghaidh bu mhaisiche fiamh,
Cia do shuilean, cia t-fhiaclan, cia t-fhalt,
Cia na meoirean an glacaibh nan lamh,
Bha cur seachad gach spàirn a rug ort.

'Nuair a dh' fhalbhas an Samhradh ciuin blath,
Theid gach uamhar 's gach ardan air chul,
Bi cnuimhean 'g 'ur ithe 's 'g 'ur searg,
Ris an abair iad farmad 'us tnu ;
'Nuair nach foghainn na dh'fhoghnadh de'n bhiadh,
'S nach foghainn na lionas a bhru,
Cha robh bheairteas aig Solamh 's aig Iob,
'Na thoilicheadh comhlath do shuil.

Gur e 'n gaisgeach nach gealtach am bas,
Leis an coingeis an saoibhir no 'm bochd,
'Nuair a thilgeas e 'n gath nach teid iomrall,
Cho cuimseach ri urrachair a mhoisg ;
Cha 'n amhairc e dh' inbhe no dh'uaisl',
Ach gach ardan 's gach uamhar 'na thosd,
'S ni cinnteach shiol Adhamh o thùs',
Bas nadurr' 'us cunntas na chois.

* Ma 's droch dheaghad a bh' agad 's an fheoil.
The word *deaghad* is not uncommonly employed in North Uist in the sense of living, or morals. It appears to be a corruption of the English word *diet*, though never used in Gaelic in the original sense of that word.

A very touching poem was composed by MacCodrum on the eve of a number of the Macdonald clan emigrating to America. The song seems to have been composed in prospect of their departure; but tradition says that the greater number of the better-off among the supposed emigrants were in a plot to get their poorer neighbours away, under the pretence that they themselves were to accompany them across the Atlantic. The story goes that the conspirators carted a large quantity of what appeared to be baggage to Lochmaddy, the port of departure, but that their trunks and boxes only contained peats! Those who were not in the plot—and among them, it is said, Macdonald of Griminish—had made genuine preparations to depart, and carried out their intentions, even after the conspiracy was discovered, with feelings more to be imagined than described; while the rest, satisfied probably with the success of the *ruse*, returned to their respective homes. The song seems to have been composed before the plot was divulged, as it makes no suggestion regarding the treachery that was enacted:—

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh
Fo sprochd 's fo éislein,
Gur bochd mo sgeula
'S cha bhreug mo chainnt,
Ma 's sgeula fior e,
'S e sgeul is cianala,
Chualas riamh
Ann an Innse-Gall.
'S e sgeula mor e
Air bheagan solais,
'S e sgeula bhroin e
Gun cheol, gun fhonn;
'S e sgeul is truaighe
Chuala cluas e,
Air bheagan bunnachd
'S gur buan a chall.

'S e sgeul tha cruaidh e
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fuadach,
Ar sar dhaoin'-uaisle
Gun ghruaim, gun sgraing;
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fogradh,
'S cha b'ann 'g 'ur deoin,
Dha'n an tir nach b' eolach
An seors' ud ann.

Bi sinne bronach
Air cnoc 'nar onar,
'S e luchd ar foirneart
A bhuinigeas geall,
Gur eiginn striochdadh
Do luchd ar mi-run,
'S ar cairdean dileas
Dol fad o laimh.

'S e sgeul is cinntiche
Dhuinn r'a innse,
Ga 'n d' bhuail a chuibhl'* oirnn,
An tuinnse teann ;
Gu'n d' rug beul sios † oirnn,
Gun duil direadh,
Gu'n d' luidh am mi-fhortan
Air ar ceann.
Mu'n fhine phriseil
Bu mhisneachd righ sibh,
An am dal sios duibh
Sibh cruinn 's a' champ,
'S a sheasadh laidir
Ri aodann Spaintich,
'S nach traoight' ur n-ardan
Gun bhas nan Gall.

Gur bochd an sgathan
Bhi triall 'g 'ur n-ardaich,
Gun ann ach fasach
'Us larach lom,
Na tighean maiseach
Am biodh am pailteas,
An deigh an sgapadh
Gun chloich, gun chrann.

* Ga 'n d' bhuail a chuibhl' oirnn
Le tuinnse teann.

The word "cuibhle" in this connection probably means the wheel of fortune, or Providence. Iain Lom uses the word similarly in his elegy to Alasdair Dubh, Ghlinne-Garaidh—

"Thionndaidh cuibhl' air Clann Domhnuill,
'N treas a conspunn bhi bhuatha."

"Tuinnse" means the fatal blow which this wheel gave in the course of its revolution.

† "Beul sios" was an old phrase conveying a malediction. "Beul sios ort" was a strong expression of ill-will, and, though not now in use, is to be found in some of Campbell's West Highland tales.

Far 'm biodh a' choisir
Gu muirneach, ceolmhor,
'S na tighean mora
Bu bhoidheach greann ;
Bi comhlan ur ann
A danns' air urlar,
A lionadh bula*
'S gu'n chumhn' air *dram.*

Ar daoine fialaidh
Bha cliuiteach ciatach,
Nach d' fhuaireadh riamh
Ann a' fiar no feall,
Bha fearail fearrgha
Gun bhleid, gun anbharr,
Gun tnu, gun fharmad,
Gun chealg, gun sannt' ;
Iad ri falbh uainn
An dudlachd aimsreach,
Le uprait fairge
Is aingidh greann,
'Se smaoint an ànraid
Air mnaoi 's air paisdean,
Is goirt a rainig
Gach cridh' an com.

Mar nach b' àbhaist
Cha chluinn sinn lamhach,
Bi cadal samhach
Aig damh nan eang,
Caidlidh earba
Bheag nan gearr-chas,
Cha chluinn i farbhas
No stoirm 's a' ghleann.
Bho 'n dh'fhalbh Clann Dònuill
Nam brat 's nan rò-seol,
An fhine bhoidheach—
Bu nòs domh 'n dream !
Leis 'na dh'fhalbh a cheud uair
'S na bheil gu triall dhuibh,
Ri uine bliadhna
Cha 'n fhiach sinn plang.

* "Bula" is probably a corruption of the English word *bowl*, and refers to the old-fashioned punch-bowl.

Dhubh na speuran,
Gu'n d' dhubh na reultan,
Dh' fhalbh teas na greine
Cha 'n 'eil e ann.
Thig croisean saoghalta
'S dosgaidh dhaoin' oirnn,
'S ann their gach aon fhear
Tha 'n taod cho teann.
Tha chuis ra'r n-aodann
Cho cruaidh 's a dh'fhaodas,
'S a fearann daor oirnn
Gun saorsa plang;
Tha 'n t-sid air caochladh.
Le gaoith 's le caonnaig,
'S an tuil air aomadh
Bho thaobh nam beann.

Ar daoine finealta
Socair, siobhall',
'N robh pailteas riomhaidh,
Gun stri, gun staing;
B' e mais' 'ur beusan,
Bhi sgaipteach gleidhteach,
Bhi tapaidh, treubhach
Gu cur 'na 'cheann;
Bhi reic ar n-airneis
'S ar n-aite taimhe,
'S e dh'fhag 'ur cairdean
Gu tursach trom;
'Na bheil an larach dhiu
Falbh am maireach,
Gun dad a dhail
Ach gu'n tig an long.

'S i Ghearmailt uaimhreach
A dhearbh 'ur cruadal,
Rinn Alba chuartach'
Le cruas 'ur lann;
B'e dreag bhur namhaid
Sibh sheasamh laidir,
An cinn bhi gearrta
'S an cnamhan pronn.

Sinn nis 'nar traillean
Ma thig an namhaid,
Gur lag ar pairt dhiubh
'S ar n-aireamh gann.

Le mheud 's tha mhiann orm,
'S tha run air m' inntinn,
Cha 'n eol domh innse
Bho cheann gu ceann;
Gach lasgair ur-ghlan
A chaidh an taobh ud,
Cha 'n eol domh chunntas
Bho thus mo rann.
Ach 's mor an dith
Air a' chearn 'so 'n righeachd,
Aig meud na h-ire
'G an tug sibh ann,
'S a nis bho 'n thriall sibh,
Le 'r cliu 's le 'r ciatabh,
Biodh beannachd Dhia leibh
'Gar dion 's gach ball.

Much of the foregoing is in the poet's happiest style, and although some of the verses, as we have them, are not lacking in obscurity, the poem is not unworthy of the poet's reputation.

The next of MacCodrum's unpublished poems I am giving you is an elegy composed to Alexander Macdonald of Kirkibost and Balranald better known in his day as "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill." He was the seventh in succession of the Macdonalds of Balranald, of whom Alexander Macdonald of Edenwood, in Fifeshire, is the eleventh and present representative. Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill was married twice, both times with issue, and the Macdonalds of Penemuirean, in South Uist, are the representatives of the younger family. They are all the descendants of Donald Herrach Macdonald, who was a son of Hugh, first of Sleat, brother of John, last Lord of the Isles. He was called Domhall Herrach from the fact that his mother was a daughter of Macleod of Harris, where he was probably brought up. "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill" was factor for Macdonald of Sleat over his Long Island property, and was a man held in much esteem by the people of North Uist. He was also renowned for his great physical strength. His tragic death is celebrated in the "Marbhrann." The channel which separates the island of Kirkibost from the main island of North

Uist is fordable at low water, and it is supposed that Macdonald, while crossing the sands, fell from horseback in a fit, and, before he regained consciousness, was drowned by the rising tide. The first two verses of the elegy refer to two other deaths by drowning which occurred about the same time, but the remainder of the poem is an eulogy on the virtues of "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill":—

Ach ge fada mi m' dhusgadh,
Gur a pailte le m' dhusal no m' thamh,
Gu bheil sac air mo ghiulan,
Agus aiceid 'g a' chiuradh le cradh;
'S beag de sholas na duthcha,
Tha dhe m' chomhradh ri dhusgadh an traths',
'Na 'bheil a dhith air a chunntais,
Dh'fhag e sgith sinn 'g a' dhusgadh gach la.

Gur e fuaradh na Bealltuinn
Dh'fhag am bruaillein 'nar ceann gun bhi slan,
Sinn a' copadh gu frasach
Air na dh'ol na fir ghasda dhe 'n t-sàl;
Ar sar chonnspuinn Gilleasbuig,
Agus Eoin a chuil chleachdaich mo ghradh!
Dh'fhag iad tairnean nar cridhe
Chaoidh cha slanuich aon lighich ach bàs.

Fhuair sinn fuaradh 'n a dheigh,
S' tric an ruaig ud 'g ar taghal a ghnath,
Dh'fhag fiamh gul air ar rosgaibh
Sinn uile ri acain 's nach nàr;
Ar sar spailp a dhuin' uasal,
Bu deacair fhaotainn mu'n cuairt dhuin' ni b'fhearr,
Duine macanta-suairce,
Duine tapaidh gun tuaireapachd lamh.

Duine measarra cliuiteach,
Bha gu h-aoidheil 'na ghiulan 's na ghnaths',
Beul na firinn 's an t-sugraidh,
'S mor an dith air an duthaich do bhas;
'S mor a' bhearn 'n ar daoin' uaisle,
Chaidh am maran 's an uair sin mu làr,
Dh' fhalbh ar tacsa 's ar reite,
Cuis is goirte do sheathar bhi fas.

Duine sgiamhach ri amharc,
Tha sud cianail 's tu d' luidhe fo 'n fhàd,
Bu cheann uidhe ro cheud thu,
'Nuair bu mhithich dhoibh triall air an t-sraid;
Gheibhte slainteachan dumhail,
Agus traghadh air bulachan lan,
Urlar farsuing lom sguapte,
Far 'm bu tartarach fuaim bhrogan àrd.

Dol a dh'innse do phearsa,
Cha bu bhrideach ri t'fhaicinn air blar,
Cha d'fhuaireadh riamh ort cron cumailh,
Ged a dh'iarrt' thu bho d' mhullach gu d shàil;
Duine smearail, deas, treubhach,
Bu sgafanta ceum air an t-sraid,
Bu cheann feadhna mor, beachdail,
Laidir teom thu neo-thais ann a' spairn.

Tha mi sgith dhe na roidean,
Cheart cho direach, 's cho comhnard, 's tha'n traigh,
'S ann a dhireas mi mhointeach,
Bho nach cuimhneachan solais do charn,
Ann a' larach na coise,
Far nach d'fhuair thu cur solais air lar,
Luidh an t-Eug ort a thiota,
Aig an aon Dia tha fios mar a bha!

Righ! gur h-oil leam do cheile
'N am luidh' agus eirigh 'us tamh,
I gun sunnd air gair' eibhinn,
'S tu gun dusgadh 's a' leine chaoil bhain;
'S lag a guallainn fo 'n eallaich,
Agus luasgan fo h-anail le cradh,
Chionn a fagail 'n a h-onar,
Agus fad a' cur feoir ort 's a' charn.

Rug an dil oirnn am bliadhna,
'S goirt an sgrioba thug fiaclan an t-saibh,
Mar tha fuaradh na bochdainn,
'S ann tha thuar air a' chnoc a bhi fas;
Mallachd buan air an dosgaidh,
Thug i uainn na cinn stoca cho trath,
Mar a bhuaileadh a' chrois oirnn,
'S ann a fhuaireadh do chorp anns a bhàgh.

Bu tu beannachd na tuatha,
'S tu nach teannadh iad cruaidh mu'n a mhàl,
Ceann diadhaidh nan truaghan,
'Nuair a dh'iarradh iad fuasgladh na'n càs ;
Fhir a b'aon-fhillte cridhe,
'S tu gun chlaonadh gu sligheachan cearr,
'S tu nach buaineadh a bhuinig,
Air a chluain sin nach cuireadh am barr.

Cha robh ar diobhail gun ghainne,
'S Di-ciadain mu dheireadh de 'n Mhaigh,
Ann an iochdar na sgeire,
Bha ar mi-stath so shoilleir le càch ;
Ann an uachdar a' chladaich,
Far nach d'fhuair thu tigh'n dhachaigh gu blaths',
Cas bu luaith air an astar,
Agus guallainn 'n robh neart air an t-snamh.

Gu'm b' e imrich an fhuathais
Anns a' mhaduinn 'nuair ghluaiseadh Di-mairt,
Gu'n robh frasan air gruaidhean,
Agus basan g' am bualadh le cràdh ;
Gu'n robh gruagan 'g an cireadh,
Daoine truagha 'g an spionadh gu làr,
Mar nach guidheadh neach riamh leat,
'S ann a dh'uidheamaich Dia dhuit am bàs.

We now pass "from grave to gay," from those more serious and pathetic efforts to others of a lively, sportive, and humorous description, a style of composition which was thoroughly characteristic of MacCodrum, whose sallies of wit are still remembered and quoted in his native island. One of the sprightliest and most amusing of his comic songs is "Oran a bhonn-a-sia," of which the following is an account :—A cattle dealer and farmer from Skye, called Roderick Macleod—or, from the name of his place, Ruairi Bhorlain—had occasion once to ferry live stock from Loch Ephort, in North Uist, across the Minch to Skye. Among others, the bard, who was as vigorous in body as in mind, was called upon to assist in taking the cattle on board. After this was accomplished, and the sails of the smack were about to be hoisted to catch the favouring breeze, MacCodrum received from the drover, as the reward of his services, what, in the uncertain light of eve, the poet's exuberant fancy imagined to be a guinea. In "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" he describes his reception of the gift, his thanks to

the generous donor, and the despatch of a messenger to the neighbouring inn to get a part of the gold dissolved into mountain dew. When the supposed guinea was presented in payment the *tableau* may be imagined :—

Soraidh slan do 'n duin' uasal,
Thug dhomh an duais nach robh miothar,
'N deigh do 'n ghrein do 'na suidhe,
'S greis air tighinn de 'n oidhche ;
Gus 'n do rainig mi 'n teine,
Mo chridhe mire ri m' inntinn,
Ann an duil gur e *guinea*,
A rinn an duine dhomh shineadh.

Haoi o haoirı horo thall,
&c., &c.,
Cha cheil mi air cach,
Nach 'eil am bàidse leam gann.

Rinn mi fichead troidh *square*,
Agus barrachd a sgriobadh,
Urrad eile 's ni 's modha,
De mhodhanna siobhalt' ;
A' faighneachd le onoir,
Ciod am moladh a b' fhiach e.
'Nuair a chuncas am baidse,
'S ann bu nar e ri' a innse.

B' ann 's an tigh air a' laimhrig,
Fhuair sinn tearmad na h-oidhche,
Dh'fhaighneachd Aonghas Mac Aulaidh,
"Ciod a th'ann a cheart riribh ?"
Thuirt mi fhin gu'n robh *guinea*,
Gun aon sgillin a dhith air,
Labhair esan gu socair,
"'S coir dhuit botal thoirt dhuinn dheth."

Thuirt mi fhin le guth fosgarr,
"'Uam am botal beag spiocach,
C' uim' a bhith'mid ri bochdainn,
C' uim' nach cosgamaid pinnt dheth ?
Falbh thusa bi tapaidh,
Thoir an clachan so shios ort,
Gabh rathad na Leacaich,*
Fag do chaisbheairt cuir dhiot e."

* "Leacaich"—So called from the rocky nature of the land.

'Nuair a rainig e Tearrlach
An araidh nach dolach,
A bha 'shliochd nan daoin' uaisle,
Do 'm bu dualach an onair;
'N deigh na botail a lionadh,
'S ann bhi trilleach an donais,
'Nuair a dh'fheuchadh am baidse,
Bha da fhairdinn 's a' sporan!

'N sin leag Tearrlach a mhala,
'S thug e criothnachadh mor dh'i,
"Cha iobh mise 'm bhall buirte,
Bho 'n la ghiulain mi cota,
Bonn-a-sia air son *guinea*,
Cha ghabh duine tha beo e,
Fhaic thu cuineadh na Ban righ,
'S dealbh na clarsaich fo 't-n air."

Labhair Aonghas an trathsa,
"'S ann tha naire sin domhsa,
Na bi rithist 'g a' thumadh,
'Sinn 'nar urrachan coire;
Far a faighte' duin' uasal,
Cha b' e Ruairi an drobhair,
'S mar a deachaidh mi mearachd
Gur a balach gu bhroig e.

"'Nuair chluinneas Tormod a Uinis,
Agus Uilleam a Os e,
Tormod eile 's a Siorram,
Far an cruinnich iad comhlath;
Their iad fein nach duin' uasal,
C thug uaith as a dhorn e,
Ach fior sheamanach ballaich,*
Fear gun aithne gun eolas.

"Their Fear-fearann an Leigh,
Tha mi 'g eisdeachd ni 's mo dheth,
Thig an gnothuch gu solus,
Le onoir 's le comhdach;

* "Fior sheamanach balaich"—The dictionaries render the word *seamanach* as meaning "stout, jolly, cheerful." But the bard makes use of it as signifying a sturdy indifference to the rights or feelings of others. "Seamanach balaich" is a rough, churlish, bullying character.

'S maith a dh'aithneadh e 'n copar,
Air a shocair fo mheoirean,
Ach chuir an donas glas lamh air,
Mar tha meirleach fo chordail.

'S tim dhuinn nis bhi dol dachaigh
Gus ar cairtealan coire,
Sinn gun *dram* gun *tombaca,*
Gun dad againn a dh'olas ;
Bonn-a sia eadar ochdnar,
Cha bu choltach an lon e,
Dh'ith e fein a' mhin choirce,
'S cha d'thug moisean dad dhomhsa !

The object of this satire was a person of some consequence in his native Skye, and, as might be expected, much offence was occasioned among his friends by the ridiculous representation of what appeared to be his meanness. The bard's intention, however, was not really malicious. He was simply carried away by the comic aspect of the scene, and "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" was the result. In the end he was willing to give the hero of his sally the benefit of the doubt. On singing the verses afterwards in company, and hearing his audience laugh immoderately, he added the following supplementary impromptu verse, in which the drover's apparent niggardliness was condoned or explained away—

Fairi ! fairi ! dhaoin' uaisle,
C'uim' nach gluaiseadh sibh stolda,
'S ann tha Ruairi 'n a bhantraich,
Agus clann air tigh'nn og air ;
'S gu'm bi dubhar na h-oidhche,
Cur na milltean gu dorainn,
Cur nan loingeas gu cladach,
Far nach faiceadh an t-seolaid.

John's relation to womankind was, for a bard, anomalous and unique. He was married thrice, yet, notwithstanding that practical acknowledgment of female attractiveness, his poetical addresses to the fair sex never assumed a more sentimental tone than good-humoured chaff or banter. In the following lines he indulges in a series of complaints against his wife, for real or imaginary mismanagement of those domestic matters in which he himself was more directly interested :—

'S eiginn domh 'n t-anart
A cheannach gu leine,
Dh'aindeoin no dh'eiginn
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
'S eiginn domh rithist
Dol an iochd na cloinn nighean,
Ag iarraidh a nighe
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
Cha bheag a chuis anntlachd*
'S gun mi gann do na caoirich,
A bhi ceannach an aodaich,
Ged tha mo bhean beo;
Ge beag e ri radh
Tha e nar leam air uairibh,
Bhi air faoigh an t-snath fhuaighill
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
Cha 'n fhuiling a chlann domh,
Bhi ri streampull no briodal,
Chual iad gu cinnteach
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
'S truagh nach robh mise
'S gun ise 'm Eirgini,
Far nach deant' orm innse
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
Chuirinn teachdaire romham
Gu iomall gach sgire,
Dh'innse gu cinnteach
Nach robh mo bhean beo.
Gheibhinn te og ann
A chordadh ri m' inntinn,
'S cha chluinneadh i chaoidh
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
Tha i mall air a lamhan
'S i dana gu labhairt,
'S e dh'fhag mi gun samhuilt
Mo bhean a' bhi beo.

Somewhat similar in tone is another fugitive effusion of the bard's—"Oran nam Bantraichean." He pretends to be annoyed by what would at first appear to be the obtrusive attentions of

* In these verses against his wife, it may appear unreasonable on the bard's part to complain of having to buy his clothes, or beg for thread. It need hardly be explained that clothes and linen thread were all home-spun in those days out of native wool and home-grown flax.

the widows of the district. These dames, who did not refuse to be comforted, were not disposed to regard John as an ineligible match, though he had by that time buried his second wife. The satire of the following stanzas is as much directed against himself as against the "widders," of whose supposed arts he seems to have been as much afraid as Dickens' famous hero. Whether he succumbed to the charms of one of these experienced sirens or to the attractions of a spinster in his third matrimonial venture we are unable to say :—

Tha na bantraichean 'g am sharuch',
'S gun agam mu dheighinn pairt diubh,
Och ! och ! mo chall 'us mo naire,
Falbhaidh mi 's fagaidh mi 'n tir.

> Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach,
> Mi 'n coireach, mi 'n coireach,
> Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach,
> Ged a theirinn-sa nach mi.

'M Pabuill 's a' Sannda, 's a' Sollas,
Gu'm bi dream dhiubh anns gach dorus,
Leis mar a chuir iad 'nam bhoil mi,
Theid mi sgorr am faigh mi sith.

Thuirt te dhiubh le comhradh caoimhneal,
" 'S maith a b'airidh e air maighdinn,
'S math a cheannsaicheadh e raoin',*
An dorus faing ged bhiodh i stri."

Thuirt te eile gu ceol spors doibh,
"Ciod e 'm fath dhuinn bhi 'g a thorachd,
B' fhearr leis bhi falbh leis na h-orain,
Na bhi doruinn ri cois-chruim."

Sin 'nuair thuirt Bailidh an Tighearn,
" 'S ann tha 'm baini ort a' tighinn,
'G iarraidh gu posadh a rithist,
'S tu 'n deigh dithis chur do 'n chill."

* The word *raoine* is not, I think, in books or dictionaries. It is, however, quite intelligible in Uist, though not quite so common or current as it was forty years ago. It means a young barren cow that had a calf, or perhaps two ; but, being barren, and having "cuid a laoigh air a leis"—*i.e.*, the calf's part or share (of milk) on her thighs—she would be strong, and difficult to lay hold of and manage at the time of shipping. Hence the propriety of the compliment to MacCodrum's strength.

Thuirt fear Ghriminis gu fiadhaich,
'S e tarruing bucuis air fhiaradh,
"A faca sibh riamh cuis mi-thlachd,
Ach fear liath gun chiall gu mnaoi !"

The satire on the tailors—a fraternity he held in scant respect—is the last of MacCodrum's unpublished efforts I am in a position to give you. My version of it seems to be a fragment, and I am not aware of the existence of any other. He appears to have encountered insurmountable difficulties in securing the services of the "knights of the needle," and the irritation caused by this unsatisfactory state of matters resulted in "Oran nan Taillearan." Its chief interest lies in the fact that it was MacCodrum's second effort at rhyme :—

Saoil sibh fein nach mòralach,
An spòrs a bha 's na taillearan,
Fairi ! fairi ! co bhiodh ann
Na foghnadh danns' 'us gaireachdaich ;
Ach ma bheireas dragh no trilleach orra,
Drip le mnaoi no paisdean,
'S ann a chithear feadh na tire iad,
'Nan aoidheachdaich 's nan anrachdaich.*

'M b' aithne dhuibh-se mhnathan,
A mac samhuilt aig na taillearan ?
'Nam eirigh anns a mhaduinn,
Gun dad aca chuireas blaths orra,
H-uile sian de 'n riatanas,
'Ga iarraidh air na nabaidhean,
'S an te bheir ultach moine dha,
Bheir Dia na gloire paidheadh dhi !

* "Nan aoidheachdaich 's nan anrachdaich."
Aoidheachdach is derived from *aoidh*—a guest ; first, of course, in a good sense, but a man who taxes too much the hospitality of his friends, becomes contemptible, and is called an *aoidheachdach*—a "sorner." *Anrachdach* probably comes from the word *rath*—a fortune, or luck, or prosperity—with the privitive *an* prefixed, so that it would first be *an-rathach,* an adjective ; *an-rathachd* being the noun. With the common termination *ach* added, the above noun might very easily become *anrachdach.* It means a miserable wanderer, in fact, a tramp, without the idea of vicious practices. The shorter word, *anrach,* is in Neil Macleod's "Gleann 's a' robh mi og," in the sense of a wanderer, but does not seem to involve any degradation, but may mean honest poverty, still a state men *will* look down upon.

Labhair mi ri Mac-a-Phiocair,
Ghealladh tric 's e sharuich mi,
Gheall e 'm bliadhna gheall e 'n uiridh,
Dh' fhuirich e 's cha d' thainig e.
"Cha dean mi tuilleadh briodail riut,
Bho 'n tha mi sgith dhe t'abhartan,
Gur truagh nach 'd rinn iad greusaich dhiot,
'S gu'm biodh na breugan nadurra."

Labhair mi ri Mac-an-t-Saoir,
Cha b'ann aon uair bha mo chairdeas ris,
B'eol domh agus b' aithne dhomh,
Thaobh athar 'us a mhathar e.
"Cha ruig thu leas bhi smaointeachadh,
Gur duine faoin an Gaidhlig mi,
Mholainn agus dh'aoirinn thu,
Cho maith ri h-aon air Ghaidhealtachd."

Labhair mi ri Mac Aonghais Ghlais,
"An tig thu mach am maireach dhomh ?"
Thuirt e, "S ann is neonach leam,
'S tu eolach air an fhailingeadh;
Nach faic thu fein bean og agam,
Nach leig 'ga deoin air fath chul mi,
Ged dh'fhalbhainnse cha choisichinn,
'S cha bhi mi nochd an Cairinis."

The foregoing, with one or two exceptions, are all I have picked up of the unpublished songs of Iain Mac Fhearchair. One of the exceptions is "Oran na Bainnse," a satire upon a wedding, at which, as a half-grown lad, he seems to have been ignored. The young wedding guest resented the slight, whatever it was, and poured forth his contempt for the principals in vigorous, though not elegant, verse. Like the juvenile efforts of most great poets, it hardly indicates the future eminence of its author, and the publication of it would do nothing to enhance the poet's fame, even although a liberal use of asterisks should make it acceptable to ears polite.

We now come to another distinguished Hebridean singer, Archibald Macdonald, known in his time as "Gille na Ciotaig." He was born at Paible, in North Uist, where MacCodrum composed the "Smeorach." He received all the education he ever got in the parochial school of that parish, the only school there at the time. When the gifted and amiable Sir James Macdonald, pro-

prietor of North Uist, was, with a number of Uist and Skye gentlemen, deer-stalking in the hills there, they came upon a sheiling, or "airidh," where the parents of the bard were residing for a few weeks, with their cattle and sheep, as was the custom in those good old times; and, the goodwife having shown her hospitality by offering them a drink of the milk of her heather-fed cows, which all Highlanders know to have a peculiar sweetness of its own—"bainne air airidh"—Sir James, who added to his other extensive and wonderful accomplishments a good knowledge of the mountain tongue, entered into conversation with her, asking her about the welfare of her family, and so forth. She told him, among other things, that her two boys were at the west side in school, and that one of them had been born with a defective arm, short and with only rudimentary fingers. Sir James asked his name, and when told that he was baptised by the name of "Gilleasbuig," he answered, "It was a pity that they did not call him Coll, so that there would be another 'Colla Ciotach' again in the Macdonald clan." Before leaving, Sir James gave her money to aid in the prosecution of her sons' education. Luckily the sound arm was the right one, so that he was able to use it in various ways; and, being an expert writer, he was employed by Macdonald, the "baillidh breac"—a son of "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill," to whom MacCodrum composed the elegy—as clerk, whilst he held the factorship of the Clanranald estate of South Uist. Mention having been made of Sir James Macdonald, it may be added that during that shooting excursion the gun of Macleod of Tallisker went off accidentally, and the shot lodged in Sir James' leg, and that it was with difficulty the crofters of North Uist were kept from laying violent hands on the offender. It was said his fine frame never recovered the shock from the accident. It was then that his kinsman, Macdonald of Vallay, composed the well-known *piobaireachd*, "Cumha na Coise." "Gilleasbuig na Ciotaig," like all true bards, had an ambition to immortalise himself, by having his bardic effusions perpetuated in a book; and, with this purpose, he started for Inverness, the town with which the Western Isles had most frequent communication and easiest access in those days. He only reached as far as Fort-Augustus, where he died and was buried; and, if the spot could be identified, which is very unlikely, it would be well on the part of his countrymen to erect a monument to the memory of one who has justly been called the finest and cleverest of all the Gaelic comic bards. It is said that while at Fort-Augustus he met with Alexander Stewart, who had been parochial schoolmaster of North Uist—the

author of "A Mhairi bhoidheach, 's a Mhairi ghaolach"—and that his manuscripts, having fallen into Stewart's hands after Macdonald's death, formed the foundation of that excellent volume of Gaelic poems, called "Stewart's Collection." Macdonald is essentially the bard of humour and satire, and his only serious production, his eulogy of Lochiel, is much inferior to his livelier poems. One of his most amusing songs is his lampoon on the "Doctair Leodach," published in Mackenzie's collection. This "Doctair Leodach" was a favourite mark with Macdonald at which to aim his shafts of ridicule. Macleod was born in St Kilda, and seems to have returned there on a visit once at least in the course of his life. Hence Macdonald nicknamed him the "Giobain Hirteach" in a sprightly effusion, of which I have picked up the following. The hero seems to have been a great fop, who went about arrayed in full Highland dress :—

Gu seinn mi 'n Giobain Hirteach dhuit
'S e nis a tigh'n do 'n duthaich,
Cha dean mi di-chuimhn' idir air,
'S ann bheir mi tiotal ur dha ;
Ma dh'fhalbh e uainn gu briogaiseach,
Gu'n d' thainig e gu biodagach,
'S cha'n fhaigh e 'n aite bhrioscaidean,
Ach iseanan an t-sùlair.

'Nuair chunnaic iad an Lunnain thu,
Bha h-uile fear a feòrach,
Co as thainig an lunnaiche,
'S am buimealair 's an t-òlach,
Ma 's maraich e gur culach e,
'S gur leathunn tiugh a *phullet* e,
'S tha *watch* urrad ri *turnip*
Aig a' lunnaiche 'n a' phòcaid.

An gille bh'aig na doctairean,
Gur iomadh poit a sgurr e,
Gu'm b'olc gu *reefadh topsail*,
'Nuair bu chaise thigeadh cuis e ;
'Nuair chunnaic an long Spainteach e,
Gu'm b'ard a chluinnte rainich e,
Cha saighdear am fear spairtealach,
Cha seas e *guard* no *duty*.

Another hitherto unpublished poem by Macdonald is in the form of a *sgiobaireachd*, in which a most amusing description is

given of a tempestuous voyage in an ill-found craft, from Lochmaddy, the principal harbour in North Uist, to some other port of the Outer Hebrides :—

A falbh a Loch-na-mada dhuinn,
Le *rant* a ghaoith an Iar,
A' togail a cuid aodaich ri,
Cha 'n fhacas aogas riamh ;
Bu lionmhoire dhuit sracadh ann,
Na cunntas shlat an cliabh,
'S their leam fein gu'm b'amadan
Thug anam innte sios.

Sgiobair laidir aineolach,
Ro bharaileach mu ghniomh,
Gu'm b' olc gu cunntas fearainn * i,
'S i an-sheasgair 'n a' gniomh ;
Da thota 's dh'ith na giurain iad,
Na croinn air an cul sios,
B'e cuid de'n fhasan ur,
An cur an taobh nach robh iad riamh.

B' e sud na croinn 's bu neonach iad
Gun dad ach seorsa ramh,
Gun dad a snaidheadh riamh orr',
Ach an liadh thoirt dhiubh le tàl ;
Spreod de bhun slat iasgaich,
Mar a thogas fiannuis chaich,
'S gur iomadh uair a shiolaigh'mid,
Mar bhitheadh Dia nan gras.

Na cuplaichean † gun sughadh annt',
'S an stagh 'sa dhuil ri falbh,
Na croinn a bagairt lubadh,
'Nuair a thigeadh tuirling gharbh ;
Deich laimhrigean a chunnt mi,
'S mi 'nam chruban air a calg, ‡
'S mi greimeachadh le m' innean,
Ann an ait' nach direadh sgarbh.

* "Cunntas fearainn"—A phrase applied to the progress of a boat as it skirts along the coast.

† "Cuplaichean"—The shrouds.

‡ "Calg"—I am in doubt as to *calg* being the proper reading in this passage, as I have not been able to ascertain that the word is applied to any part of a boat. It has been suggested, with some likelihood, that the word is really *balg ;* and I find that the word *bulg*, in Macleod and Dewar's dictionary, as well as in the Highland Society's, is rendered, "the convexity of a ship."

'Se e mo run an Domhnullach,
Bha comhlath rium 's a bhàt,
'N robh spionnadh agus cruadal,
Air a guallainn leis a' ramh;
Dol sios gu Ruadha Lirinis,*
Gu tir Mhic Raonaill Bhàin,
Bha fear an sin na eiginn,
'S gun air fein ach an aon lamh.†

Bu chruaidh eadar da Eigneig ‡ i,
'S a muir ag eirigh searbh,
'S a ghaoth a bha 's a speuraibh,
Cur an ceill gu robh e garbh;
'Nuair rainig sinn rudh Eubhadh, ||
'S a bha h-uile beud air falbh,
Gu'n d'fhuair sinn lan na gloine,
Ghuireadh anam am fear marbh!

Dh'falbh sinn agus fras ann,
Cha bu stad dhuinn 's cha bu tamh,
Gus 'n do rainig sinn an cladach,
'S an robh acarsaid an aigh;
Seann teadhair a bh 'air capull,
Chuir iad orr' i air son cabull,
Fullag airson acair,
Cha robh acasan ni b' fhearr.

* "Ruadha Lirinis" is a well-known point on the Minch, where crofters used to live previous to the absorption of those pendicles on the east coast into larger grazings. "Mac Raonaill Bhain" would have been one of the largest tenants on that part of the sea-coast.

† "'S gun air fein ach aon lamh."
This of course, is a serio-comic reference to his own deformity.

‡ "Da Eigneig" are two rocks, somewhat similar to the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients, and which were very dangerous to the smaller boats, which found it necessary to keep near the land. The same *Eigneag* is descriptive of the danger incurred in getting past them.

|| "Ru Eubhadh" is a point opposite the south end of Beinn Eubhall, the highest hill in North Uist. There is a harbour for boats—"Seolaid Ru' Eubhadh" where there was a small inn at one time for the convenience of callers, and where Macdonald got the potent and reviving glass of whisky to which he makes such feeling reference. Near Ru Eubhadh, MacCodrum, the bard, lived during a good part of his life, and probably died there, though tradition is not very clear upon the matter.

Another Hebridean singer, well known in his day, but of very much inferior powers to either of the foregoing, was Alexander Macdonald, two of whose songs were given to your Society recently in a paper by the minister of Snizort. He was descended from the aboriginal family of Macdonalds in North Uist. He was called the "Dall Muileach," from the fact of his father having resided for a number of years in the island of Mull, where the bard was probably born. His father, however, like a true Highlander—who is beyond all others "faoileag an droch cladaich"—migrated back to Uist, and his posterity are still called the "Muileachs," from their ancestor having sojourned in "Muile nam Morbheann" for a time. He was a man of fine presence, a splendid specimen of a stalwart Highlander. He went about always dressed in the garb of Old Gaul, and from his great size, as well as to the fact of there being in the same locality another blind man of diminutive stature, he was called the "Dall Mor." He lost his eyesight in early youth in consequence of a virulent attack of smallpox. The "Dall Mor" was a great rhymester, but not many of his effusions have been preserved. Being a man of great powers of memory, and being thus able to repeat the whole of the Shorter Catechism and large portions of the Bible, he was appointed as catechist for the parish of North Uist, through which he travelled summer and winter, and it is said did a lot of good by teaching the youth of his day to learn by heart the Catechism, a number of Psalms, and other portions of holy writ. The following verses were composed by him to one of the Macdonalds of Vallay, probably a son of Ewen Macdonald, first of Vallay, who has been already referred to as the author of "Cumha na Coise." They are all I have been able to pick up of the "Dall Mor's" productions:—

'S toigh leam an Domhnullach sobar,
Aig am bheil an t-aigne stollda,
Bheir gach aon duit urram corra,
Eoghainn oig a Bhàllaidh.

'S toil leam an Domhnullach subhach,
Cruinn chas a dhireas am bruthach,
Le gunna caol a bheoil chumhainn,
Bheireadh fuil 's a lamhaich.

Tha thu d' dhannsair, tha thu d'fhidhleir,
Tha thu foghainteach deas direach,
'S tu nach labhradh ach an fhirinn
Beul o'm binn thig mànran.

Snamhuiche taobh gheal na stuaidh thu,
Bheireadh tu bric gu na bruaichean,
'S mairg a rachadh riut 's an tuasaid,
'Nuair a ghluaiste t'ardan.

'S cairdeach thu do Chaisteal Tioram,
'S do Mhuideartach mor a ghlinne,
Am Blar Leine rinn thu milleadh,
Le do ghillean laidir.

'S cairdeach thu Dhuntuilm nam baideal,
Anns an tur am biodh na brataich,
Buidheann nan seol 's nan srol daite
Rachadh grad do 'n lamhaich.

I must now bid farewell to the Hebridean singers, but I hope it is not for long. In the preparation of this paper I have received material assistance from my father—Rev. Roderick Macdonald, minister of South Uist—especially as regards the information I have given about "Gille na Ciotaig" and the "Dall Mor," with reference to whom I have almost given his *ipsissima verba*. I have also had valuable aid from him in the explanatory notes appended. I would trust on a future occasion to submit to your notice another, if a smaller, galaxy of poetical stars in the Western firmament, with some snatches of song, worthy of remembrance, which I have picked up in the course of a few flying visits to "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-gheadh."

1st MAY, 1889.

At this meeting Mr Angus J. Beaton, C.E., London and North-Western Railway, Bangor, North Wales, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Chas. Fergusson, The Gardens, Cally, Gatehouse, entitled "The Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle." Mr Fergusson's paper was as follows:—

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS.

At a meeting of the Gaelic Society, about a dozen years ago, when I was a resident member in Inverness, the subject of collecting the early history, legends, traditions, folk-lore, &c., &c., of the Highlands, was brought forward, and, after discussion, it was

agreed that every member then present should collect, in their respective native districts, whatever old lore they could find for the Society; and as I was the only Perthshire man present, I was specially asked to do what I could for my native Athole, to which I readily agreed, as I had been for many years previously engaged in collecting material for a proposed history of my native Strathardle, a work in which I am now well advanced, and from which I now give some short sketches.

I am very glad to see that other two members who were present at that meeting have already redeemed their promise—Mr Colin Chisholm and Mr William Mackay, who are doing such good work for their native Glens of Strathglass and Urquhart; and I hope the other members will be to the front next session with what they have collected in their several districts.

The writing of the history of many districts of the Highlands, such as Athole, Breadalbane, Braemar, or Strathspey, is comparatively easy, as, in general, it is simply the history of the great families who ruled there, and whose deeds and doings are part of Scotland's history, and, as such, are preserved in public and private records. But in Strathardle, as in some other districts, it is more difficult, not from want of material, as I do not think there is another district of the same extent in the Highlands where so many historic scenes can be pointed out; but from the fact that no great historic family ever ruled there as lords supreme, for though most of the district is in the ancient Earldom of Athole, and the Duke of Athole bears the title of Earl of Strathardle, yet the native clans—the Robertsons, Fergussons, Rattrays, Smalls, Spaldings, and M'Thomas or M'Combies—always followed their different chiefs, who generally took opposite sides. Owing also to its position on the Lowland border, and as one of the great passes into the Highlands, it was generally in a state of war and turmoil, from that famous day in 84, when the defeated Caledonians fled for shelter to the woods of Strathardle from the conquering Romans, after the battle of Mons Grampus, till 1746, when Lord Nairne and other defeated Jacobites sought shelter in its caves and woods after Culloden. So most of its lands very often changed owners, and many of the old families are extinct, and their histories mostly forgotten and their records lost, so that its history has to be collected from many scattered sources.

The M'Leans of Mull, claim to have been so far advanced at the time of the flood, as to have started opposition to Noah, in "having each a boat of their own." I will, however, be more modest for Strathardle, and only go back to the year 1, when we

find it inhabited by the great tribe of the Vagomogi, as we are told by that old geographer Ptolemy. In the year 84 was fought the great battle of Mons Grampus, between the Caledonians and the Romans, the site of which has caused so much controversy amongst various writers, some placing it near Ardoch, in south Perthshire, and others as far east as Stonehaven; but when all the evidence has been duly weighed, I think most of our authorities now agree that it was fought about midway between those places, in the Stormont, at the lower end of Strathardle. That site in every way agrees better with the account given by Tacitus than any other, and from the vast number of very large tumili and sepulchral cairns found in that district, it must have been the scene of great slaughter and carnage at some very early date, and I think the number of Roman weapons, spurs, coins, &c., found there place the matter beyond doubt. In the old statistical account of the parish of Bendochy we read—"The battle of Mons Grampus happened in the heart of the Stormont, upon ascending ground in the parishes of Kinloch, Cluny, and Blairgowrie, at the places called Cairns, Upper Balcairn, Nether Balcairn, Cairnbutts, and Craig Roman, on the side of the Grampian ridge. The Haer or Here Cairns of Gormack, below and immediately contiguous lying close together, about 80 in number, and about 15 ft. each by 5 ft. high, mark the contest that followed. The flight is still to be traced by numerous tumili through Mause, in the parish of Blairgowrie, along the track that lies between the River Ericht and the Moss of Cochridge.

The great Cairn of Mause lies in the tract not far from the wooded banks of the Ericht; it is 81 ft. wide and 4 ft. high. It was opened in the centre by the writer hereof, and found to contain human teeth, sound, and a great quantity of human bones much reduced, which were mixed with charcoal and lodged amongst loose earth, and having undergone the fire which contributes to preserve the bones. This is the grave of the 340 Romans who fell. In the New Statistical Account we are told that a Roman spear was found in the Moss of Cochridge, and another near the bed of the River Ericht; also a bronze Roman coin close to one of the Cairns.

In the Old Statistical Account of the parish of Cluny we read—"The scene of the engagement at Heer Cairns is at no great distance from the mouth of the Tay, where the Roman army in case of defeat would have easy access to their ships. On the west it is defended by the steep banks of the Tay, and on the south-east and north-east by the banks of the Isla and Lunnan.

"It commands a distinct view of the upper grounds of the Stormont, and looks directly westwards on the entrance into the Highlands by Dunkeld, which was then the capital of the Caledonians, and in the vicinity of which it would be natural for them on this occasion to hold a general rendezvous. In several parts of this neighbourhood the surface of the ground exhibits a singular appearance of long hilly ridges or drums, answering very well to the "colles" of Tacitus, running parallel from west to east, and rising above one another like the seats of a theatre. This appearance is remarkably exemplified at the Guard Drums, which are partly enclosed by the Buzzard Dyke or Vallum, which is still in many places 8 or 10 ft. high. If the line of battle was formed at Balcairn, then Agricola's right wing might extend to the hill still called Craig Roman, where several Roman urns and spears were dug up by the proprietor of the ground about 1750; and Tacitus informs us that the wings of the army consisted of 3000 cavalry.

"The Caledonians in their retreat northwards over the Guard Drums, seemed to have faced about on the summit of each Drum, and there to have made a resolute and bloody stand against their pursuers. This appears presumable from the number and position of the tumili on each of these Drums. It likewise appears from the disposition of the tumili along the neighbouring hills that the flight of the Caledonians, previous to their final dispersion, was principally by two distinct routes, one north-west to the woods of Strathardle, and the other north-east to those of Mause, where there is also a number of cairns in which Mr Playfair has lately dug up cinders and some bits of human bones, and where some have thought it probable that Aulus Atticus and some of the thirty-three Romans who fell with him were burnt together in one funeral pile at the Great Cairn, which is about 80 to 90 yards in circumference, and in the centre of which we had occasion to see cinders turned up last summer" (1792).

Much more could be said on this very interesting subject, but as space is limited, I must now pass on from Roman to Druidical Cairns and Relics, which are even more interesting, and for which Strathardle stands pre-eminent over all other districts in Britain for the number and variety of its Druidical remains. Chalmers in his "Caledonia" says, at page 72—"The number and variety of the Druid remains in North Britain are almost endless. The principal seat of Druidism seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range." And again, he says, in a note, at page 75—"In Kirkmichael Parish, Strathardle, Perth-

shire, '*the distinguished site of Druid remains in North Britain,*' there are a number of Druid Cairns in the vicinity of Druidical Circles and other remains."

The Rev. Dr Marshall, in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," says—"Cairns and Druid Circles abound in the Parish of Kirkmichael more than in any other of which we have written. It has also a Rocking Stone, which was, no doubt, used for the purposes of priestcraft." In the Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Kirkmichael, by the Rev. Allan Stewart (the famous Maighister Allain), we read—"In the middle of a pretty extensive and heathy moor stands a large heap of stones or cairn, 270 feet in circumference, and about 25 feet in height. The stones of which it is composed are of various sizes, but none of them, as far as they are visible, large, and appear to have been thrown together without order. They are in a good measure covered with moss, and in some parts overgrown with weeds. Round this cairn are scattered, at different distances, a great number of smaller cairns. They are generally formed in groups of eight or ten together. About a furlong to the west of the great cairn are found vestiges, quite distinct, of two concentric circular fences of stones, the outer circle being about 50 feet, the inner 32 feet in diameter. There are also the vestiges of six, perhaps more, single circular inclosures of stone, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter, lying at different distances in the neighbourhood of the cairn. Two parallel stone fences extend from the east end of the cairn, nearly in a straight line, to the southward, upwards of 100 yards. These fences are bounded at both extremities by small cairns, and seem to form an avenue or approach to the great cairn of 32 feet in breadth. There can be but little doubt that all these cairns are reliques of Druidism; that the great cairn is one of these at which they celebrated their solemn festivals in the beginning of summer and the beginning of winter, when they offered sacrifice, administered justice, &c., and that these circles and lesser cairns must have been the scenes of some other religious rites, of which the memory and knowledge are now lost. Similar cairns are to be seen in the neighbouring parishes, but this parish has to boast of a more uncommon and remarkable monument of Druidical superstition. About a mile north-east from the above-mentioned great cairn, on a flat topped eminence, surrounded at some distance with rocky hills of considerable height, and rocky ascent, stands one of these Rocking Stones which the Druids are said to have employed as a kind of ordeal for detecting guilt in doubtful cases. This stone is placed on the plain surface of a rock level with the ground. Its shape is

quadrangular, approaching to the figure of a rhombus, of which the greater diagonal is 7 feet, and the lesser 5 feet. Its mean thickness is about 2½ feet. Its weight will be about three tons. It touches the rock on which it rests only on one line, which is in the same line with its lesser diagonal, and its lower surface is convex toward the extremities of the greater diagonal. By pressing down either of the extreme corners, and withdrawing the pressure alternately, a rocking motion is produced, which may be increased so much that the distance between their lowest depression and highest elevation is a full foot. When the pressure is wholly withdrawn the stone will continue to rock till it has made 26, or more vibrations from one side to the other before it settles in its natural position. Both the lower side of the stone and the surface of the rock on which it rests appear to be worn and roughed by mutual friction. There is every reason to suppose from the form and relative situation of the surrounding grounds, that this stone must have been placed in its present position by the labour of man. It will hardly be thought, therefore, an extravagant degree of credulty to refer its origin to the same period with those other tribunals of a similar construction mentioned by writers who have treated of the customs of the ancient Celts.

"This opinion is, however, the more confirmed from finding in the neighbourhood of this stone a considerable number of other Druidical relics. On the north side of the stone, at a distance of 60 yards, on a small eminence, are two concentric circles, similar to that already described, and a single circle adjoining to them on the east side. Beyond these, at 45 yards' distance, is a third pair of concentric circles, with their adjacent circle on the east side. Further on, to the north-east, at a distance of 90 yards, is a single circle, and beside it, on the west side, two rectangular enclosures of 37 feet by 12 feet. Also a cairn 23 or 24 yards in circumference, and about 12 feet high in the centre. Several smaller cairns are scattered in the neighbourhood. One hundred and twenty yards west from the Rocking Stone is a pair of concentric circles, with a small single circle beside them of 7 feet in diameter. All the pairs of concentric circles are of the same dimensions, the inner one being about 32 feet, and the outer about 45 or 46 feet in diameter, and all of them having a breach or doorway 4 or 5 feet wide on the south side. The single circles are, in general, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter, and have no breach. The vestiges of all these structures are perfectly distinct, and many of the stones still retain the erect posture in which all of them had probably been placed at first.

"Cairns and circles similar to these described are to be found on other hills in this parish, particularly between Strathardle and Glen Derby. There are likewise several tall, erect stones, called here in Gaelic, *Crom-leaca* or *Clach-shleuchda*, stones of worship. Some of them are five or six feet above ground, and may be sunk a considerable way below the surface from their remaining so long in the same position, for a superstitious regard is paid them by the people, none venturing to remove them, though some of them are situated in the middle of corn fields."

There are also many Druidical cairns and circles on the south side of the river Ardle, especially one very large cairn at the foot of Benchally, and a little to the south of that large cairn there are a great many smaller ones. There are also two immense cairns, one at the north-east and another at the south-west extremity of the parish of Cluny, which are said to mark the ancient boundary between the Caledonian and the Pictish Kingdoms. So numerous and extensive are the Druidical remains in Strathardle, that they would require an entire paper to do them full justice, so I will now leave them and move on to another class of historic stones—the monoliths, or single standing stones, of which there are many in Strathardle. Of these Dr Marshall says in his "Historic Scenes, Parish of Kirkmichael"—"There are also in this parish several monoliths, or single standing stones. The inhabitants call them in Gaelic *Crom-leaca*, or *Clach-sleuchda*, that is being interpreted, stones of worship. This name shows that they have been connected in the popular mind with the observance of the Druid worship; and in treating of the religion of the Druids in his 'History of the Religious Rites, Ceremonies, and Customs of the whole world,' Dr Hurd says—'Sometimes stones were set up to perpetuate the memory of the deceased, but more commonly a hillock of earth was raised over the grave.' That stones were sometimes set up for this purpose is undoubted, but monoliths were more commonly memorial as distinguished from sepulchral stones. They were set up to perpetuate the memory of certain events which men wished to preserve from falling into oblivion. This, however, they failed to do, principally from the want of inscriptions on them. In the lapse of time the stones and the events they were to hand down to the latest generations became dissociated, so that, as Chalmers in his 'Caledonia' has observed, 'they do not answer the end either of personal vanity or of national gratitude.' That is quite true, but it was a fact well known to those who raised these stones, as we find it beauti-

fully alluded to in the poem of 'Dan na Du-thuinn,' in Dr Smith's *Sean Dana*, page 85 :—

'Ach a nis cha chluinnear mo dhàn,
Cha 'n aithnich an t-anrach m' uaigh ;
Chi e leac ghlas, is cuiseag ga còdach',
Feoruichidh co d' an uaigh i.
Cha 'n aithne dhuinne, their clann a ghlinne,
Cha d'innis an dàn a chliu dhuinn.'

'Now, there wont be heard the song of my fame,
The stranger will not know my grave ;
He will see a grey stone with ragweed o'ergrown,
And he will ask—whose grave is this ?
We know not, the children of the glen will say,
The song has not carried down his fame to our day.'

There are three very fine monoliths in the upper part of the glen, in the parish of Moulin, one on the farm of Cottartown of Straloch, another at Tulloch, and one at Ennochdhu, besides the one at Ardle's grave. The stones at Tulloch and Ennochdhu are memorials of the great battle of Ennochdhu, fought between the Strathardle men and the Danes at a very early date. I have never yet been able to ascertain the exact date of this battle or to find any distinct notice of it in any of our old historical records. Many incursions by the Danes into the districts of Angus and Gowrie are recorded, but as the sites of the battles are not always mentioned, it is difficult to find out on which occasion this battle took place ; but, though it must have been at a very remote period, the tradition of the district about it is still very distinct. The hero Ardle is always said to have been the eldest of three brothers, each of which gave his name to the district over which he ruled—Ard-fhuil, high or noble blood, to Strathardle ; Ath-fhuil, next or second blood, to Athole ; and Teth-fhuil, hot blood, to Strath Tummel. The latter's hot blood was the cause of his death, for wishing to cross the river Tummel on some hot-blooded expedition with a band of followers in winter, they found the river in very high flood, with great quantities of large blocks of ice floating down, and they all saw it was impossible to cross except Teth-fhuil, whose hot blood neither ice nor water could cool, so he dashed in to swim across, but the ice knocked him under, and he was drowned, so the river and the Strath took their name from him. If Ardle was really Athole's brother, then they must have lived at a very early age, as Athole is the earliest district mentioned in Scottish history. In fact, if we are to

believe the old Irish annals, as given in the ancient books of Ballymote and Lecain, Athole was only tenth in direct descent from Noah! He was one of the sons of Cruithne, the first king of the Picts. Skene, in his Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, page 24, gives the following account of the origin of the Picts from these ancient records. (The Book of Ballimote was written in 1391, and is a copy of the works of Gillacaemhin, who died in 1072):—

"De Bunadh Cruithneach andseo.
Cruithne mac Cinge, mic Luchtai, mic Parrthalan, mic Agnoinn, mic Buain, mic Mais, mic Fathecht, mic Iafeth, Mic Noe. Ise athair Cruithneach, agus cet bliadhna do irrighe.

Secht meic Cruithneach annso i.
Fib, Fidach, FODLA, Fortrend cathach, Cait, Ce, Cirigh. Et secht randaibh ro roindset in fearand, ut dixit Columcille.

Mhoirsheiser do Cruithne clainn,
Raindset Albain i secht raind
Cait, Ce, Cirig, cethach clann
Fib, Fidach FOTLA, Fortrenn.

Ocus is e ainm gach fir dib fil for a fearand ut est, Fib, agus Ce, agus Cait, agus reliqua."

Of the Origin of the Cruthneach here.
Cruithne, son of Cinge, son of Luctai, son of Partalan, son of Agnoin, son of Buan, son of Mais, son of Fathecht, son of Jafeth, son of Noe. He was the father of the Cruithneach, and reigned a hundred years.

These are the seven sons of Cruithne, viz. :—
Fib, Fidach, FODLA, Fortrend, warlike, Ceit, Ce, Cirig; and they divided the land into seven divisions, as Columcille says :—

Seven children of Cruthne
Divided Alban into seven divisions,
Cait, Ce, Cirig, a warlike clan,
Fib, Fidach, FOTLA, Fortren.

And the name of each man is given to their territories, as Fib, Ce, Cait, and the rest.

Fodla and Fotla are the spellings given here; in the Annals of Tighernac, in the year 739, it is *Athfoithle*, and in the Annals of Ulster for the same year it is *Atfoithle*. If the tradition that

Ardle and Tummul were brothers of Athole's (or Fotla) be correct, then, no doubt, if they had not come to an untimely death before "the great divide," they would have each received a large slice of Scotland as well as their brothers.

Previous to the death of Ardle, the strath was called *Srath Mor na Muice Brice*—the Great Strath of the Spotted or Brindled Sow. This famous sow, like Diarmad's wild boar in Glenshee, had ravaged the district for a long time, and had her den at Sron-na-muice, the Sow's Rock. In the old Statistical Account of Kirkmichael we read :—"According to tradition, Strath Ardle was anciently called in Gaelic Strath-na-muice-brice, the strath of the spotted wild sow, which name it is said to have retained till the time of the Danish invasions, when, in a battle fought between the Danes and the Caledonians, at the head of the country, a chief named Ard-fhuil, (High or Noble Blood) was killed, whose grave is shown to this day. From him the country got the name of *Strath Ard-fhuil*, Strathardle." Ardle's grave is at the back of the village of Ennochdhu, close to the entrance lodge of Dirnanean. It is sixteen feet long, as both Ardle and his faithful henchman, who fell with him, are buried in it, with their feet towards each other. There is a large stone at Ardle's head, and a lesser one at the henchman's. According to tradition, when the Danes marched up the strath, Ardle and his men posted themselves on the round hill of Tulloch, and awaited their approach. As soon as the Danes reached the foot of the hill, the Highlanders rushed down on them, and a fierce battle began at the Standing Stone of Tulloch. After a time, the Danes were driven back to the Standing Stone of Ennochdhu, the Black Moor, where the fight raged hottest, and the issue seemed doubtful, till Ardle led a fierce charge on one wing of the enemy, and drove all before him ; and, as they turned and fled eastward, he pursued them too eagerly, as he left all his men behind him, and, supported only by his faithful henchman, rushed in amongst his foes, who, seeing only two men, suddenly turned, and, surrounding them, cut them to pieces, at the spot where they are buried, before his men could come to their assistance. The slain Scots were buried at the Standing Stone of Ennochdhu, and the dead Danes were thrown into the Lag-ghlas, the Grey Hollow, a round hollow in the wood at the back of Ennochdhu ; and my uncle has told me that when the wood there was planted, the workmen, in making pits for the trees, turned up quantities of very much decayed bones and pieces of old metal, which were supposed to be the remains of the slain Danes, and their arms.

I must now pass on from these ancient memorial cairns and stones to other historic stones and cairns, of which there are many in the district; and I may begin at the head of Glen Brierachan, with the famous "Gled Stone"—*Clach-a-chlamhain,* so called from its being a favourite perching place for the gled or kite hawk. Its legend is given in the following note from the *People's Journal* of Feb. 28th, 1885:—"Pitlochry. Singular Legend of a Boulder.—At a meeting of the Edinburgh Geological Society, held on Thursday, the Chairman read a notice of the 'Gled Stane' and other boulders near Pitlochry, Perthshire. The 'Gled Stane,' he said, was a large boulder of mica-schist, situated about a quarter of a mile to the west of the road between Pitlochry and Straloch, at a height of 1100 feet above the sea, on a moor near Dalnacarn farmhouse. A singular legend was attached to this boulder, viz., that it gave its name to the Gladstone family, an infant having, it was said, been found there by a shepherd, who took it to his wife to be nursed." So that Strathardle has a claim on the Grand Old Man himself.

The farm of Dal-nan-carn, field of cairns, here mentioned, is also an historic spot, and took its name from the cairns raised over the slain in the great clan battle fought there in 1391 between the Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertsons, and the Lindsays of Glenesk, after the famous raid of Angus, which will be noticed when we come to that date.

We next cross the hills to Glenloch to Cumming's Cairn, and the famous Leac-na-diollaid, or Saddle Stone, both of which I will afterwards notice in connection with the Cummings at the proper date, but I may here mention the very curious tradition connected with the Saddle Stone, viz., that if any lady who was not blessed with children made a pilgrimage to Glenloch, and sat on the Saddle Stone, she would in due time become the happy mother of a large family! So firmly was this believed, that well on in the present century pilgrims from all parts of Scotland visited the famous Leac-na-diollaid.

Coming down Glen Fernate, we come at the bottom of that glen to another famous stone, the Clach Mor, or Big Stone, an immense boulder, which tradition also connects with the Cummings. Some years ago, a very learned and worthy clergyman gave me a long account of how the huge boulder, which is of a different kind of stone from any of the rocks found in the neighbourhood, must have been floated here, in the early glacial ages of the world, from distant lands, embedded in immense icebergs, and got stranded here. When he was done I rather shocked him by

giving *my* version of how it came there, which, as it is the old tradition of the country, no doubt the Gaelic Society will prefer to the learned divine's scientific theory. Well, as the story goes, when the Cummings were lords of Badenoch, and ruled there with a rod of iron, centuries ago, the great Comyn proposed to build a castle there so strong that no human power could take it, so instead of employing masons to build it, he engaged a famous Badenoch witch, who, for a great reward, agreed to carry the stones in her apron, and to build an impregnable castle. Her first proceeding was to hunt up two enormous boulders of equal size and shape for door posts for the outer gate, but after searching all Scotland, no two such stones could be got, equal matches, and she was in despair till on her midnight rambles she met a sister witch from the Isle of Man, that famous stronghold of witchcraft, and all sorts of "dealings wi' the deil," who told her of two such stones on the hills of Man. Next night she started for the Isle of Man, and having got one of the stones in her apron, she started northwards for Badenoch on a clear moonlight night. As she was passing where the stone now lies, a famous hunter who lived there was coming home from the Athole Forest with a deer on his back, and seeing such a great black mass flying through the air, he uttered the exclamation—*Dhia gleidh mis*—God preserve me. The moment he uttered the Holy Name it broke the witch's power, and her apron string at the same time, so down the stone fell, and there it lies to this day, as she could never get another apron string strong enough to carry it, or even lighter stones. So the Comyns' Castle never went further, and ever since, on the anniversary of that night, the witch returns, and spends the night trying to move the Clach Mhor, so that the good folks of the glen used to give such an uncanny spot a wide berth after dark. This stone stands 20 feet above ground, and is 74 feet in circumference, and calculated to weigh nearly 1000 tons.

The next notable stone is another *Clach Mor*, or big stone, and I think it well deserves the name, as it is 22 feet high, 25 feet wide, and 51 feet long, quite flat on the top and covered with long heather. It lies at the foot of Kindrogan Rock, or, as it was anciently called, *Craig Chiocha*—the Pap Rock—from the rounded form of its western shoulder. In olden times, when wolves were common in Strathardle, and when they had their dens and reared their young in the great cairn there, this stone was a famous place for killing wolves, on the clear moonlight winter nights, when the young men of the district lay in ambush in perfect security amongst the long heather on its top, and shot the wolves with

their bows and arrows, as they ran past on the scent of some carcase which the hunters trailed along the ground past the stone during the day.

There is another place, a few hundred yards further up, on the west shoulder of Kindrogan Rock, which was another famous place for killing wolves, where a ravine, or gully, runs down the face of the hill to the foot of the rock. On the ridge on the low side of this ravine, there is still seen a circular pit, now partly fallen in, and covered with moss, which was dug and used for a place of ambush to lie in wait for the wolves as they came up this pass in the morning, making for the hills, after prowling all night in the district. The Laird of Kindrogan had got a very valuable mare as part of his wife's tocher, and as fodder was scarce in spring, the mare was turned out to feed on the hill-side, where she was killed and partly devoured by wolves in this ravine. Before next night the carcase was drawn within shot of the pit, and two renowned hunters lay in wait, and shot the two wolves when they returned to feed, in memory of which the place is still called "Clais-chapuill" — the Mare's Ravine. The wolves' cubs were afterwards found in the deep cairn on "Creag Mhadaidh"—the Wolf's Rock—near Loch Curran, which got its name from being a famous breeding-place for wolves, as it still is for foxes.

So numerous and destructive were the wolves in Strathardle, Glenshee, and Glenisla, that all tenants were bound by their leases to keep a pair of hounds for hunting the wolf and fox. In a lease granted in 1552 by Abbot Donald Campbell, of Cupar-Angus Abbey, to Donald Ogilvie, of the "haill toun and landis of Newton of Bellite, half of Freuchy and one quarter of Glenmerky," he was bound to have a pair of good hounds and a pair of sleuth-hounds, "and sall nwrice ane leiche of gud houndis, with ane cuppill of rachis, for tod and wolf, and salbe reddy at all times quhene we charge them to pas with us or our bailzies to the hountis." Many other leases with similar conditions could be given.

The wolves of Ben Bhuirich, at the head of Glen Fernate, were reckoned the largest and most ferocious of all, and Colonel Robertson, in his "Historical Proofs of the Highlanders," says that that mountain took its name from the roaring of its wolves. This is also mentioned in "Oran nam Beann," one of the most ancient poems known in Athole :—

> "Chith mi Beinn Ghlo nan eag,
> Beinn Bheag, 's Argiod Bheann,
> Beinn Bhuirich *nam Mhadadh Mor*,
> 'S Allt-a-nid-an-eun ri taobh."

I see Ben Ghlo of the pointed tops,
Ben Bheag and Argiod Bheann,
Ben Bhuirich of the great wolves,
And the Brook of the Bird's Nest by its side.

But to return to our historic stones. The next is the "Clach nam Barain"—the Baron's Stone—at Balvarron, the home for several generations of that famous old Strathardle family, the "Barons Ruadh"—the Barons Reid or Robertson—of Straloch and Inverchroskie, four generations of whom were born at Balvarron, and each young Baron was baptised with water out of a circular hole or basin hewn out of this stone, a new hole being made for each Baron. There are four such basins cut in it, and there would have been many more, tradition informs us, if the parents of the last Baron had not, in their pride, despised the rude baptismal font of the family, and got their heir baptised out of a silver basin. "And there were no more Barons," as he had an only daughter. This last Baron was the famous General Reid or Robertson, one of Strathardle's most illustrious sons, the composer of "The Garb of Old Gaul," and founder of a Chair of Music in Edinburgh University. He died in 1803. The Baron's Stone is a great block of granite, and it is situated on the rising ground a little above the stables at Balvarron House. Some years ago it had a very narrow escape from being blown to pieces, through the ignorance of a local worthy, who was employed blasting stones for building purposes. "A stone was just a stone to him, and it was nothing more," so thinking this huge boulder a grand prize, he bored a hole in it, and had begun filling in the powder, when the late proprietor happened to come that way, and at once put a stop to such an act of vandalism.

The next notable stone is the great boulder in the river Ardle, in the pool formed by the croy that sends the water to the Black Mill. According to tradition, this stone makes three distinct jumps up the stream every time the cock crows in the morning. So firmly was this believed, that old people have assured me that they remember it much further down the stream than it now is. I have never been able to learn anything about the origin of this very curious belief of the supernatural movement up the stream of this huge boulder, or of its connection with the crowing of the cock. The top of this stone was also a famous haunt of the water kelpie, especially when the water was in high flood. I have known old people who would not upon any account pass this stone after dark, for fear of the kelpie. It was altogether a place of evil repute, and as such the whole of its surroundings got the name

of dubh—black—attached to them. The water itself here was called Dour-Dubh, or Black-Water; the hill on the north side Dunie-Dubh, the Black Hillock; and the mill on the south side, the Moulin-Dubh, or Black Mill. I have noticed in the topography of Strathardle, that in all cases, and there are many, where the adjective dubh—black—is added to place-names, there has always some bloody deed been done there—a battle, or murder, or a lot of slain buried there—which gave the place an evil repute in these superstitious times. This will be noticed as we go along.

We have already seen that Dal-nan-carn, at the head of Glen Brierachan, got its name from the cairns raised over the slain in the great clan battle of 1391. We now come to another Dal-nan-carn, at Kirkmichael, which got its name from cairns of a different nature. I may give the story as told by Dr Marshall in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire":—"A large cairn called Carn-na-baoibh, used to stand a little to the north of the village of Kirkmichael. It was the sepulchre of a fairy lady. She was one of the bad class of that order of beings, and did much mischief in the strath. At length a great mortality took place among the cattle in it. This was universally imputed to her malignant influence; and with one voice the Strathardalites passed judgment on her—she must die. We have not fallen in with any authentic account of how they managed to catch and kill her; but they must have managed to do so somehow, for she was buried at the spot to which we are now pointing, and Carn-na-baoibh was raised over her. At a comparatively recent date, the laird of the ground on which the cairn stood was in want of stones for drains which he had cut in it. It was suggested to him by a gentleman of the cloth, who must have had very little reverence for the traditions of the fathers in the strath, that he need not be in a strait for stones as long as such a mass of them was at hand. He ventured to make free with the cairn, and ere his draining operations were completed not one stone was left. No remains of the fairy were found; and we are rather surprised that we have never heard of her race taking some marked revenge on the laird for demolishing her tomb."

The tradition, as I have always heard it, of how they managed to discover and kill her was as follows:—One of her favourite amusements was to attend all social gatherings, funerals, and places of worship in an invisible state, and when everything was going on quietly, she gave a smart slap on the cheek to one here, and a dig with a large needle to another there, and as they could not see her, they very naturally concluded that it was their nearest

neighbours who had done it, and at once struck them in return, so that every meeting ended in a free fight. Things went on this way for a long time, getting worse and worse, till an old tailor at last discovered by accident the cause of all the disturbance. Having to wait rather long one morning for the coming of the clergyman, the tailor amused himself with his shears, which he had brought in his pocket; and happening to catch them by the blades, and holding up the handles, and looking through the finger-holes, like spectacles, he to his great astonishment at once saw the Baobh going about her usual wicked pranks. However, he had the shrewdness to keep to himself what he saw, till after the service, when he informed the priest, who told him to tell no one, but to come back next Sunday, and take his shears with him. The tailor promised to do so; but alas! it was just the old, old story—woman's wiles beguiled him; for he was so excited when he went home that his wife at once saw that something unusual had happened him. So in a very short time she had fished it all out of him, and in a shorter time had told all her gossips; and it became so public that the Baiobh herself came to get an inkling that she was discovered, and, in revenge, killed nearly all the cattle in the country that week. Next Sunday, the priest put a bottle of holy water in one pocket, and the tailor's shears in the other, and began the service. After a little, he took a sly peep through the finger holes of the shears, and saw the Baobh present. He at once stopped the service, and telling the people to follow him, he pursued her. She took to the hill for a little, and then sat down on a stone, to let them pass, as she thought she was still invisible. However, the priest, looking through the shears, saw her on the stone, and pulling out his holy water, he made a circle round the stone and her, out of which it was impossible for her to get. He then set the people to gather stones, and pile them over her, which they did with right good will. She pleaded hard for mercy, and even after the stones were high over her head, she offered the priest to turn all the stones in the cairn into gold, if he would only release her; but, to the honour of the clergy of Kirkmichael, he refused this very tempting addition to his stipend, and only answered her by calling to the people—"Cuiribh oirre, cuiribh oirre, clach air són gach mairt." (Put on her, put on her, a stone for every cow she killed).

Having got the Baobh in safe keeping under her great cairn, we will now go some miles down the Strath, to another similar cairn, also built over the grave of another wicked female being,

but of a different class—a mermaid. Strathardle seems in olden times to have been a favourite haunt of all kinds of these supernatural beings, belonging to both land and water. I will quote this story from a series of articles which appeared some years ago in "The Blairgowrie News," from the pen of a worthy laird in the Strath, who knows, perhaps, more of the old legendary lore of Strathardle than any other individual now living:—"On Bal-na-bruich hill stands a cairn of immense magnitude called Carn-liadh, the Grey Cairn, the origin of which, according to tradition, was thus:—A loch on the contiguous estate of Dalrulzion, belonging to the same proprietor, was the haunt of a mermaid, which occasionally visited the lower part of the Strath, but never without committing damage. Her depredations became insupportable, and the inhabitants being in terror of her visits, various fruitless attempts were made to capture and conquer her, with a view of putting a stop to her ravages. Ultimately, a famous dog named Bran, belonging to the Fingalians, was let loose on her at the village of Kirkmichael, and, after an exciting chase and a fierce encounter, overpowered and killed her where the cairn lies. In olden times many curious and incredible stories were current amongst the people of the Strath regarding the doings of this fabulous being. The loch said to have been her abode was by no means of a lovely appearance, and its banks were very unsafe for people walking on them, being liable to give way. It is about a mile distant from Dalrulzion House, and is now a handsome loch, its surroundings having been greatly improved by the proprietor. Its Gaelic name is Loch-Mhairich, the Mermaid's Loch. According to the traditional exp anation, the cairn referred to was obviously reared to mark the spot of the mermaid's grave, with the object of preventing the return of sea monsters to the district. The accumulation of such an enormous pile of stones—principally large boulders—must have been the work of many men and horses The cairn has recently been considerably diminished in size by the removal of stones for the building of fences, &c. On Tuesday, 26th September, 1865, it was visited by Mr Stewart, the secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Lairds of Woodhill, Blackcraig, and Ballintuim, and many other gentlemen, and about a score workmen were engaged to turn over the old cairn. Mr Stewart superintended the work for two days, and all were eager to find some relics of the ancient Druidical worship, which, it was anticipated, would be brought to light. The result, however, was not very gratifying, the relics found consisting chiefly of stones used for weights and for grinding meal in

those days. The circumstances above stated regarding the pursuit and conquest of the mermaid by the dog Bran gave the name Pitvran—Gaelic, *Pitbhran*—to the whole face of the hill from Kirkmichael to the Cally boundaries, and the memorial gave name to the loch alluded to."

We will now cross the hills to Glenshee, to a stone connected with still another kind of female spirit—the Clach-na-narriche, or Serpent Stone of Inveredrie, of which Dr Marshall says—" On the lands of Inveredrie, on the north side of Loch Bainne, is a wonderful stone called *Clach-na-narriche*, or the Serpents Stone. The explanation of the name is this: One of the Lairds of Inveredrie had a familiar spirit, through whose favour and influence he prospered remarkably in everything to which he put his hand. His prosperity was the admiration and envy of the whole neighbourhood. In process of time a misunderstanding took place between him and his familiar. The laird had a child that died, and he blamed the familiar for its death. She (the familiar was of the female sex) took the imputation very much amiss, but he persisted in it, denounced her, and forbade her to appear in his presence. One day they met by the side of Loch Bainne, at the above stone, and renewed the contention between them as to the death of the child, and it waxed very violent. The laird's Highland blood rose to the boiling point, and he drew his sword to run it through his familiar. In an instant she transformed herself into a serpent and darted into the heart of the stone by a hole which no instrument could have made—such were the turns and curves in it! The laird in his towering passion, hacked at the stone with his sword, and left marks on it which, it is said, may be traced to this day. When he was going away his familiar spoke out of the hole she had made in the stone, saying—'As long as you look at your cradle, and I look at my stone, we may speak and crack, but we will never be friends.'"

Now that we have gone over the principal historic stones in the district, and landed in lone Glenshee, we will leave these graves of supernatural beings and turn to the grave of a famous lady of the human race who, along with her husband, made Glenshee a noted spot from the earliest ages. This was the beautiful Grainne and her beloved Diarmid Donn, who lost his life hunting the boar on Ben Ghuilbuinn, at the head of Glenshee. Dr Marshall's version is as follows:—" As far back as the days of Fingal there was a great hunt on Ben Ghuilbuinn at the head of the Glen. It was the wild boar that was hunted. It had long abounded in these wilds and disputed the sovereignty of them with man. The

hunt to which we refer is specially memorable, because it was in connection with it that Diarmid, one of Fingal's heroes, lost his life. He fell the victim of a stratagem of his master, at the impulse of one of the basest of passions. Grainne, Diarmid's wife, was a very beautiful woman, and Fingal loved her too well. Diarmid stood between him and his wishes, but might he not be got out of the way? Fingal thought that he might. His dispositions for the great boar hunt he made accordingly. He set Diarmid, with his two dogs, in the most dangerous place, in the hope that the infuriated creature, as the hunters closed on it, would set upon him and tear him to pieces. It did attack him; he hurled his spear at it, which stuck in its body. Seizing the weapon and putting forth all his strength to wrench it out, it broke. He then drew his sword, cleaved the boar's head with it, and killed it.

Fingal was bitterly disappointed. Uriah still stood between him and Bathsheba. He next set Diarmid to measure the carcass of the boar. He did so from the head to the rump, but that was not enough. He must do it again, and from the rump to the head, in the hope that the bristles of the animal might pierce his foot and poison and destroy him. In this the murderer succeeded. Diarmid was wounded by the bristles in the foot, and the wound festered and proved mortal. Still Fingal was baffled of his purpose. Diarmid's wife must have been as loving as she was beautiful. She could not survive him. She died forthwith of a broken heart. This was the end of Diarmid, and the story, as we have told it, must have been known and accepted in Glenshee at a very early period. It gave to several places the names which they bear to this day, and which they have borne from time immemorial. Such is the spring called *Tobar-nam-Fiann*, that is, the fountain of the Fingalians—the well from which they drank at the hunt, and it may be, on other occasions. Such is the spot on Beinn Ghuilbuinn, called the Boar's Bed, that is, the place which it made its lair. Such is the loch called *Loch-an-Tuirc*, that is, the Boar's Loch. The boar was killed near this loch, and its body was dragged and cast into it. So likewise was a magic cup belonging to Fingal. That cup possessed such virtue that whoever got a draught from it was cured of whatever disease he had. And least Diarmid should, after his wound, get a draught from it and recover, the cup was thrown into the loch. Such, moreover, is Diarmid's grave, to which his comrades committed his dust, laying his loving and beloved wife beside him, and his two dogs, which likewise died of their wounds."

There are none of our ancient poems of which there are so many different versions as of this of Diarmid; however, they all agree that the hunt took place on Ben Ghulbuinn.

James Grant in his "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael," says—A poem called "Bas Dhiarmid," or the death of Dermid, was till late well known in the Highlands. As handed down it is extremely fabulous and inconsistent, and can lay no claim to poetical merit. However corrupted in all the editions we have heard repeated, it is expressed that both Dermid and Grana died in the hunting ground where the boar of Ben Ghuilbuinn was killed by Dermid, and that both were buried hard by one another. It bears genuine intrinsic marks of remote antiquity. It makes mention of the Druids, and intimates their prescience of future events; and it mentions the elk, an animal not known in Britain for many ages:—

Gleann Sith, an gleann seo tha ri m' thaobh,
Far 'm bu lionmhoir guth feidh 's loin,
Gleann an tric an robh an Fhiann,
An ear 's iar an deigh nan con.

An gleann sin fos Beinn Ghuilbuinn ghuirm
'S aileadh tulachan tha fo'n ghrein,
Is tric bha na sruthan dearg
An deigh na Fiann bhi sealg an fheidh.

Glen Shee, that glen by my side,
Where oft is heard the voice of deer and elk,
That glen where oft the Fiann have roved,
East and west after their dogs.

That glen below Ben Gulbin green
Of the most beautiful hillocks under the sun,
Often were thy streams dyed red
After the Fiann hunted the deer.

We will now leave the dim mythical ages of remote antiquity, and come down to events recorded in history, which will be arranged in chronological order.

729. In this year the great Angus M'Fergus, King of the Southern Picts, advanced against the Northern Picts of Athole, and a great battle was fought between them on the hill of Blathvalg, between Strathardle and Athole, at the back of Loch Broom. The battle took place on the height called Druim Dearg —Red Ridge—or as it is sometimes called the Lamh Dearg—Red

Hand. The Athole men were defeated with great slaughter, and Drust, their King, slain. The dead were all gathered and thrown into the small loch there called the Lochan Dubh—Black Loch—which took its name from that event, and to this day it is supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of these ancient dead. It is a place of such evil repute that nobody cares to pass that way, and I well remember when a boy how carefully I kept away from it even in daylight when alone. The only one of consequence who fell on Angus M'Fergus' side was his favourite bard, who had ventured too far amongst the enemy when pouring forth his *Brosnacha-cath*, or Song of War, to encourage on his clan to battle, which was the duty of bards in those days. His body was not thrown into the Lochan Dubh, but was buried on a round heathy hillock in the great corrie which runs down from Blathvalg into Glenderby, and which to this day is called *Coire-a-bhaird*—the Bards' Corrie. This battle is recorded in the Annals of Tighernac: "729. Cath Droma Derg Blathmig etir Piccardaibh i Dtuist agus Aeugus Ri Piccardach agus ro marbadh Drust andsin la dara la deg do mi Aughuist." The Battle of the Red Ridge of Blathmig between the Piccardach, that is, Drust and Angus, King of the Piccardach, and Drust was slain there, on the twelfth day of the month of August.

In the Annals of Ulster it is recorded in Latin instead of Gaelic:—"729. Bellum Dromaderggblathnig in regionbus Pictorum inter Oengus et Drust regem Pictorum et cecidit Drust." Though victorious in this great battle, Angus did not finally subdue Athole for other ten years, when he overthrew and drowned another King of Athole, as recorded in the Annals of Tighernac:—

"739 Talorcan mac Drostan Rex Athfhotla a bathadh le h-Aengus."

Talorcan, the son of Drostan, King of Athole, drowned by Angus.

This Angus M'Fergus was the greatest of all the Pictish kings, and subdued all opponents, and united the Northern and Southern Picts. He reigned for 30 years, and died in 761.

806. In this year Constantine M'Fergus, the grandson of Angus M'Fergus, founded Dunkeld as the seat of the primacy of the Scottish Church. In the Pictish Chronicle we read—

"Constantin Fitz Fergusa xl. annz. Cesti fist edifer Dunkeldyn."

Constantin M'Fergus reigned forty years. He caused Dunkeld to be built.

Col. Robertson, in his "Historical Proofs," says:—"The Register of St Andrews even, admits the foundation of Dunkeld by King Constantine, which, coming from a quarter that was jealous of all other churches, is strong confirmation of its truth; and as the district of Athole and country near Dunkeld was then in the Crown, by the conquest of its provincial rulers by Angus M'Fergus, King Constantine had it in his power largely to endow his church, and place it also where it must have been considered safe from the heathen plunderers."

Amongst the lands with which Constantine endowed Dunkeld were the whole barony of Cally, the lands of Persie and Ashmore, and the whole stretch of country from there to Dunkeld, which continued to be the property of the Bishops of Dunkeld till the Reformation.

In later times there was a monastery and a nunnery at Bridge of Cally in connection with Dunkeld. This connection with the church gave their names to many of the places in Strathardle. Cally itself is derived from *Caillach*, a nun, and the full name of it is *Lagan-dubh-chaillich*, the Hollow of the Black Nuns; Rochallie comes from *Ruith-chaillich*, the Nuns' Sheiling; Benchallie and Loch Benchallie are *Beinn Chaillich* and *Loch Beinn Chaillich*, the Nuns Mountain and Loch; Blackcraig, in full, is *Craig-dubh-chaillich*, the Rock of the Black Nuns. There was also the Monks' Mill near Bridge of Cally.

In 903, the Pictish Chronicle tells us, the Danes laid waste Dunkeld and all Alban. Possibly it was then the battle of Ennochdhu was fought.

About 1005, in the reign of King Malcolm II., Kirkmichael gave the title of Abthane to Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, who had married the King's daughter, Bethoc or Beatrice. This title of Abthane is peculiar to Scotland, as no trace of it is found in any other country, and only three in Scotland. In the article on Malcolm II. in the "Scottish Nation," we read:—"Malcolm's daughter Bethoc married Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and this marriage gave a long line of Kings to Scotland, ending with Alexander III. Their son Duncan succeeded his maternal grandfather on the throne, and was the 'gracious Duncan' murdered by Macbeth.

"Crinan is styled by Fordun *Abthanus de Dull ac Seneschallus Insularum*. The title of Abthane seems to have belonged to an abbot who possessed a thanedom. It was peculiar to Scotland, and only three Abthaneries are named in ancient records, viz., those of Dull in Athole, Kirkmichael in Strathardle, and Madderty

in Strathern. The three thanedoms mentioned seem to have been vested in the Crown, and were conferred by King Edgar on his younger brother Ethelred, who was Abbot of Dunkeld. On Ethelred's death they reverted to the Crown."

Dr M'Lauchlan says in his "Early History of the Scottish Church":—"Malcolm II. had a peculiar interest in Dunkeld, his daughter Bethoc having married Crinan the Abbot. This Crinan was head of the Athole family, this including in his own person both the civil and the ecclesiastical authority of the Athole district. Crinan engaged in war, raising troops, as we find, on behalf of his grandchildren, and was slain on the battlefield."

Crinan was Abthane of Kirkmichael, and as both spiritual and temporal leader, was followed by the Strathardle men in this, his dire hour of need, when he fought and fell fighting against the "Bloody Macbeth" to win back the kingdom for his grandson, the famous Malcolm Canmore. How well and bravely Crinan-Crinan's, Athole, and Strathardle men fought on that day is proved by the fact that their fame spread beyond even the limits of their own kingdom to the remote parts of Ireland, as we find recorded in the old annals of Tighernac :—

"1045.—Cath etir Albancho araenrian cur marbadh andsin Crinan Ab. Duincalland agus sochaighe maille fris. i. nae XX. laech."

Battle between the Albanich, on both sides, in which Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was slain there and many with him, viz., nine times twenty heroes.

The fall of Crinan enabled Macbeth to reign another dozen years, till Malcolm, again assisted by the Strathardle men, marched from the wood of Birnam to the Hill of Dunsinane, and defeated Macbeth, as told by Skakespeare ; and three months after slew his son Lulac in Strathbogie, and so firmly seated himself on the throne in 1057.

After being securely seated on the throne, Malcolm Canmore kept up a close connection with the Abthanedom of Kirkmichael, where he built the old Castle of Whitefield as a hunting seat, from where he followed the chase in the surrounding royal forests of Athole, Mar, Alyth, Bleaton, Cluny, &c.

Whitefield is a modern name, the old name and that still used in Gaelic being *Morchloich*—the Castle of the Big Stone—from a large boulder on an eminence in the vicinity. This castle afterwards passed into the possession of a branch of the Clan Spalding of Ashiutully. It is now a a fine old ruin.

In 1033, when Thorfinn, the Danish Earl of Caithness, defeated and slew King Malcolm, and subdued and overran the whole north of Scotland as far south as Fife; the only districts north of the Forth which he did not conquer were Athole and Strathardle.

As we have now followed the History of Strathardle for a thousand years, and are now entering on modern history, I will leave the remainder for another paper.

8th MAY, 1889.

At this meeting, Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardross, read a paper entitled, "Notes on the Parish of Kiltearn." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

NOTES ON THE PARISH OF KILTEARN.

The Parish of Kiltearn lies on the north side of the Cromarty Firth, west of, and parallel to, the Parish of Alness. Its greatest length is nearly 16 miles, and its average breadth 3 miles. The total area by the Ordnance Survey of 1876 is 29,956 acres, of which 4578 acres are arable. The surface is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, wood and water, arable and moorlands—the hills rising in successive altitudes to the crowning point at Wyvis, 3429 feet high. From the summit of Wyvis on a clear day the view is grand. A description is almost useless; it must be seen to be appreciated.

The origin of the name is to me doubtful. It is traditional that one of the early Barons of Fowlis was buried at the site of the present Parish Church, that in process of time many of the retainers of the family were buried around him, and that when a place of worship was built there it was called Kill-an-Tighearn—the burying-place of the lord of the manor. I am not aware of another place of worship or of burial in the Highlands which, if dedicated, is so to any other than to the Divine or to a saint. May not the dedication be to the Lord—Kill an Tighearna?

Great changes have taken place in the parish since Dr Robertson wrote his Statistical Account in 1791. There were then very few stone and lime houses—those of the poorer classes were miserable turf and mud huts. The population then was 694 males and 922 females—together, 1616; in 1831, 1605; and

in 1881, 1146. I have no doubt the difference of the number of males under that of the females in 1791 was owing to the number of the Clan Munro who were then serving in the army. They were always famed as a warlike race.

The object of this paper being to give the place names, I now proceed with them in alphabetical order :—

Achleach—Achadh-an-Leathad—The field on the slope.

Allt-Cailc—The chalky burn. Plants under water on the banks of this burn have the appearance as if covered with chalk, no doubt caused by lime held in solution in the water. Limestone must be there, though as far as I know it has not been discovered.

Allt-Duack—The black small burn.

Allt-Duilleag—The leafy burn, named after water-cresses that grow there.

Allt-Garbhaidh—The rough burn.

Allt-Gràd—The ugly burn. This is a portion of the river flowing from Loch Glais, now too well known to require a minute description. North of the village of Evanton, the river, for a distance of nearly two miles, runs through a narrow chasm from 80 to 120 feet deep—in one place only 16 feet wide—and it is said in the last century a smuggler pursued by excisemen leapt over the chasm at this place.

Allt-a-Choilich—The burn of the blackcock.

Allt a Ghoill—The burn of the stranger or Lowlander.

Alltan-Teann—The swift running burn.

Allt-na-moine—The burn of the peat moss.

Allt-nan-Caorach—The burn of the sheep. Supposed to have got the name from a large number of sheep having been smothered in it during a severe snowstorm. There is here a lead mine, which was found to produce good lead, but the work was not prosecuted.

An Leacainn—The side of the hill.

Ardullie.

Ath-a-Bhealaich Edheannaich.

Bad a Ghortain—The clump of wood at the small arable field.

Badgharbhaidh—The clump at the rough place.

Balachladoch—The town at the shore.

Balacreig—The town of the rock.

Balmeanach—The mid town.

Balconie—Balcomhnuidh—The residence. So named from having been the first building erected by the first Earl of Ross, and in times gone by known as Baile Comhnuidh Mhic Dhonuill.

Balnacrae

Bog Tuath—The north bog.

Bog a Phiobaire—The piper's bog.

Bogandurie—Bog-an-Tùr—The bog of the tower. The tower is now in ruins.

Bognahairn—The bog at the south side of the Skiak water, where there existed a tower now in ruins.

Cadha Dubh—The black narrow pass.

Clach-a-Cholumain—The pigeon's stone.

Clachan Biorach—The pointed stones.

These stones have evidently been erected as a Druidical place of worship. There are twelve of them disposed into the form of two ovals joined to each other, of equal areas, measuring 13 feet each from east to west in their longer axis, and 10 feet from north to south in their shorter axis. In the west end is a stone 8 feet above the ground, and the others are from 4 to 5 feet high. In the middle of the western oval is a flat stone, which probably may have been the altar. About 9 feet from the eastern oval is a circular hollow, said to have been a well of considerable depth, now filled up. It is 8 feet diameter at the top. Around these ovals are the remains of three consecutive circles—the first 35 paces, the second 50 paces, and the third 80 paces in circumference. The remains of large sepulchral cairns and tumuli in the parish are numerous, and are worthy of being kept on record.

Clais Bhuie—The yellow hollow.

Clais Dhaibhidh—David's hollow.

Clare—Clàr—A name applied to a plane, or land having a smooth surface. There is here an area of about 200 acres of what was till about 40 years ago arable and meadow land, about 700 feet above the sea, but which cannot now, owing to the coldness and lateness of the seasons, be profitably cultivated.

Caolasie—The narrow passage at the lower end of Loch Glais. Here is the ford of the old drove road that passed that way.

Clyne—Claon—The slope. This is the name by which the estate, now called Mountgerald, was known till recently.

Cnoc a' Mhargaduidh—Cnoc-a-Mhargaidh-Dhuibh—The hill of the black market. Supposed to have got the name from some disaster that happened there, either in loss of life or loss in business—the former probably—on account of the number of tumuli at the base of the hill. This is a beautiful hill, oval in form, having its longer axis from north-west to south-east, or parallel to the valley of the Glais. Its base measures about 800 yards by 400 yards, and its summit 60 by 20 yards. Its elevation is 1020 feet above the sea, and about 250 feet above the average level of the surrounding ground. On the eastern slope can be

traced out what was evidently a roadway formed to the summit. A view from the summit of the surrounding valley suggests that its form was caused by glacial action, the flow of the ice being from the valley in which Loch Glais is situated, and from the eastern corries of Ben Wyvis, along the valley of Allt-nan-Caorach, immediately north of the hill. The united glacier appears to have swept the valley on both sides of the hill, and to have left the hill itself in its present beautifully smoothed shape. How it was able to withstand the destructive flow of the glacier is not very evident, as no rock is to be seen in it. From the summit are seen the vitrified hill forts of Knockfarrel, Craig-Phadrig, and the Ord of Kessock, and also the ridge of the Black Isle from Mount Eagle to Cromarty. Though the slopes are heathery, the summit is covered with green sward on fine black mould, and on digging to the depth of 18 inches, charcoal was found, suggesting that though no remains of a fort can be traced, it was a beacon hill that might be in communication with the above hill forts and the beacon points of Resolis and Cromarty. As the name indicates, and tradition has it, markets were held at this hill in times long gone by. This is confirmed by easily traced remains of stone and turf walls at the base of the hill on the south side. They enclose an elongated area of 30 acres, sub-divided into stances by internal walls, and conspicuous in one place are the sorting fanks, of circular form, and other four-sided enclosures. More interesting, and within the same general enclosure, are five hut circles—undoubtedly ancient—two of them joined by a passage, and another having an internal wall from the circumference to near the centre, apparently intended for partial privacy. Around and north of the hut circles are a great number of tumuli, apparently grave mounds, which, except in two instances, have not been opened.

Cnoc-Rais—Reis—The hill of the race, so named on account of some person who was wanted being seen at this place, and hotly pursued, but he won in the race and escaped.

Cnoc-Vabin—Mhath-beinn—The good hill. This hill, about two miles north of Mountgerald House, has been, and still is, productive in grass.

Cnoc-an-Teampuill—The temple hill, north of the Clachan Biorach.

Cnoc-na-Làthaich—The hill of the mire. The ground at the base of this hill is miry.

Coire-na-Comhlach—The corry of the meeting place.

Corrie-Bhacie—The corrie of the peat bogs.

Culbin—Behind the hill.

Culcairn—Behind the cairn. This portion of the parish lies to the east of the Alltgrad, awkwardly jutting into the parish of Alness It was included in the parish of Kiltearn on account of the small estate which it forms having belonged to a scion of the Fowlis family when the boundaries of the parish were fixed.

Culnaskeath—A nook enclosed on one side by the Skiak water.

Dal-Gheal—White plain.

Drummond—Drummean—The low ridge. A farm west of the village of Evanton.

Dunruadh—The red mound. The ruins of an old stronghold, relating to which there is no tradition.

Eileanach—The place of the islands. The place is about a mile and a half south of Loch Glais. The ground is flat, and during floods the river spreads out so as to form a few islands. Near this place is a beautiful waterfall, called "Conas," properly Coneis—The waterfall of the dogs. Why it is called so I could not ascertain. The fall is in two leaps, about 15 feet each. The first falls into a large basin, over the lips of which it has been recently observed that less water flows out than falls in. Curiosity led the observing party to try by experiment if there existed an invisible channel, and, to their astonishment and delight, small pieces of wood and other light substances thrown into the basin were sucked up by a small eddy, and they reappeared in the pool at the bottom of the fall, after having made their way through the under channel.

Evanton—A village situated between the Alltgrad and Skiack, about a mile north of the Cromarty Firth. The first house was built there about the year 1800, when Mr Fraser was proprietor of Balcony, and he called the village after his only son, Evan. Before then a small village existed to the west of Skiack water, to the north of the farm of Drummond, where there are still a few houses, still called the village of Drummond; and, to distinguish the one from the other, Evanton was, and is still by old people, called "Am Baile Ur"—the new town. This village is laid out with regular streets, its sanitary condition is good, and, a few years ago, the present superior—Mr Ferguson of Novar—introduced water at considerable expense to himself.

Fannyfield—The name given by the late Mr John Munro of Swordale, in 1859, to a portion of the estate of Swordale, formerly known by the name of Bog-Riabhach—the brindled or greyish bog.

Ferrindonald—Fearann Donuill—The country of Donald, which includes the parishes of Alness, Kiltearn, part of Dingwall, and part of Kincardine.

Buchanan relates that, about the beginning of the eleventh century, King Malcolm the Second of Scotland feued out the lands in the country to great families in it, on account of their eminent services in assisting him to extirpate the Danes out of the kingdom. And, according to the records of the Fowlis family, it was on that occasion that the lands between the Borough of Dingwall and the water of Alness were, in 1025, given to Donald de Bunroe, progenitor of the family of Fowlis, from whom all the Munros in this country are descended. Part of these lands were afterwards, by the king, erected into a barony, called the Barony of Fowlis. From this Donald de Bunroe is lineally descended the present Sir Hector Munro, bart., who is the thirty-second baron of Fowlis. The surname of Bunroe (now softened to Munro), is said to have originated in the fact that Donald came to assist King Malcolm II. with a band of trusty followers, from the foot of the river Roe (Bun Amhainn Roe), which falls into Loch Foyle, in the north of Ulster, and hence we have a few place names of Irish origin still existing in Ferrindonald, the most prominent of which is Fowlis, Ben-Wyvis, and Loch Glais. When the first charter was granted by the Crown is not known. The earliest I could get at is the one granted by James the Sixth of Scotland, dated 8th March, 1608, granted to Sir Robert Munro.

Fluchlady—Fliuch Leathad—The wet hill-side.

Fowlis—Fodh-'n-Lios—Beneath the fort. The word lios is now applied to a garden, but originally in the Irish language it meant the enclosure of the garden, or that which defended the garden from the inroads of cattle or other animals. It meant also a wall of defence surrounding a dwelling. Hence we have Lismore in Ireland, and the island of that name in Argyleshire, both meaning the big fort or stronghold. Now, on the top of the hill above Fowlis Castle, there is to be traced the foundation of what appears to have been an oval fort, and the late Sir Charles Munro told me that the site of Fowlis Castle derived its name from its being situated beneath this old fort. Hugh Munro, first of the family, authentically designated of Fowlis, died in 1126, and he seems to have been the grandson of Donald de Bunroe. Hugh's grandson built the first tower of Fowlis on a piece firm ground surrounded by a bog about 1150 or 1160. It is only in the present century that the last of this bog has been drained. The present Castle of Fowlis is built upon the foundations of the old tower, greatly extended in area, and the dates upon it are 1754, 1777, and 1792. The barons who successively occupied the fort

and castle are eminent in the history of our country, and to do justice to their memory would be the writing of volumes. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning an anecdote which is told of Sir George Munro of Culcairn, uncle of Sir John Munro, known as the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece," and from whom the present Baronet of Fowlis has descended. He was a soldier of fortune, and was engaged in the thirty years' war. He was called the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece" on account of his firm adherence to Presbyterianism during the twenty-eight years of Prelacy in Scotland from 1660 to 1688. He was too powerful a man for Bishop Paterson to take before the Commission for nonconformity, but his dependants did not always escape. The Bishop was informed that two men on the Fowlis estate, John Munro (Caird), and Alexander Ross (Gow), were in the habit of holding conventicles, and caused them to be summoned before a Commission which sat in Elgin in December, 1684, or January, 1685, on nonconformity, "to fine, confine, banish and hang, as they should see cause." The Commission consisted of the Earls of Errol and Kintore, and Sir George Munro of Culcairn. Sir George was a friend to the oppressed. He was told by his lady that John Caird and Alexander Gow were summoned to appear before the Commission, and he desired her to tell them when called not to answer to their names of "Munro" and "Ross," but "Caird" and "Gow." He then, on the Court day, when the men were before them, said that their Lordships did not understand Gaelic, which he did, and that the names of the men meant "tinker" and "blacksmith;" that such characters never troubled themselves about religion—they rather engaged in drinking, swearing, and fighting, and that the Court was really disgraced by the Bishop bringing such characters before them, and he moved that the men be ordered out of Court, never to appear before them again, which was agreed to, and the Bishop was censured. At the same meeting Sir John Munro of Fowlis was ordered to be imprisoned in Tain, and his son in Inverness, for nonconformity.

Sir John was a man of great physical power. Here is the whisky bottle out of which he used to give his tenants a dram when paying their rents, and this is the glass. The bottle contained $5\frac{3}{4}$ gallons, and the glass $2\frac{1}{2}$ large wine glassfulls. It is said that Sir John could, with ease, lift the bottleful in his right hand and steadily fill the glass. From other anecdotes related of him he must have weighed over 30 stones. He died in 1696. Many of his dependants also were strong men. It is said that about this period an English champion came to Fowlis and

challenged any man to fight him. He was entertained in the castle according to the custom of such challenges till an opponent could be found. Some days passed without any accepting of the challenge, till a township of crofters from the side of Loch-Glais came down with their stent of peats as part of their rent. After delivering their peats they were taken into the castle kitchen and entertained to a supply of beef, bread, and beer. The champion went in to see what kind of men they were. Among them was a big bonnetless and shoeless youth, whom the champion took a fancy to tease. He spat upon the meat the youth was eating without effect; he did it a second time, which caused a disturbance in the youth's face, but on it being done a third time the youth threw down the meat he had in his hand, caught the champion by the neck and legs, and with one stroke broke his spine on the massive bars of the kitchen grate.

Fuaran-buidhe—The yellow well.

Gortan—The small corn or arable field.

Katewell—Ceud bhaile—The first town or piece of land possessed by the Earl of Ross.

Knockan-Curin (Caoran)—The hill of the rowan trees, or mountain ash.

Knockgurmain—The indigo hill.

Lemlair (Leum-an-làir)—The mare's leap.

Meall-na-speraig—The sparrow hawk's hill. Here three lairds' lands meet—Tulloch, Fowlis, and Wyvis.

Loch-nam-buachaillean—The herds' loch.

Mountgerald—So named by Mackenzie, the proprietor, who resided there in the middle of the last century, in honour of his supposed progenitor, Fitzgerald. The estate was formerly called Clyne, and is still called Claon (a slope) by Gaelic-speaking people.

Mountrich—A name recently given; why, I have not ascertained. Its Gaelic name is Kil-a-choan.

Ochtobeg—The small eight of a davoch of land.

Ord—The height.

Pealaig—The patchy looking ground.

Ridorach—The dark slope.

River Skiack—Sgitheach, or blackthorn.

Teachait—Cat house.

Teanord—Tigh-an-ord—The house on the height.

Teandallan—Dallan is an old name for plough-yokes and swingletrees. A carpenter lived here who made a trade of them.

Tòrr na h-Uamhaig—The hill of ticks.

Waterloo—This house, recently an inn, was named after the Battle of Waterloo.

Weyvis—Fuathais (3429 feet), is an Irish word, meaning a den, or a dismal place to look into. Near the summit of the mountain there is a corrie, which cannot be viewed from above without feelings of awe. It is comparatively narrow, and 1000 feet deep. On the south-west side the cliffs are nearly perpendicular, and it would take a cool head indeed to attempt to scale them. On the north-east side the descent can safely be made. From this corrie the mountain has got its name. It is now called Corry-na-feol, on account of the number of cattle that were killed by falling over the cliffs in the days when Ross-shire farmers sent cattle there to summer grazing. It is said of a man who at one time herded the cattle that when he happened to be short of food he did not scruple to drive some of the cattle under his care to the edge of one of the cliffs at night, making himself sure of dead meat at the bottom of the corrie next morning. Many stories are told of excursions to Weyvis by caterans in the days of cattle lifting, I will relate one. Twelve Lochaber men, in quest of spoil, came to Weyvis, and drove before them all the cattle they could find into Corrie-na-feol, with the intention of commencing their home journey the following morning. A powerful old man, who herded the cattle, known by the name of "Breachie," from the freckled appearance of his skin, assisted by an active young man named Donald òg, took a bundle of withs, came upon the twelve men by surprise during the night, overpowered and bound them with the withs. They were handed over to justice. Seven were hung, and the rest set at liberty. The leader, who was a bit of a poet, composed a song on the occasion of his capture, of which the following is a verse:—

> "Tha mo bheansa torrach òg,
> 'S truagh a ri nach b'e mac e,
> Ach an toir e steach an tòir,
> Air Donull òg is air Breachie."

At no time is Wyvis without snow. Even in the hottest summers a patch is to be found in some one of its corries, and in allusion to this, says Dr Robertson of Kiltearn, in his Statistical Account of the parish, written in 1791, "there is a remarkable clause inserted in one of the charters of the family of Fowlis, which is, that the forest of 'Uaish' is held of the King on condition of paying a snowball to his Majesty on any day of the year, if required. Snow was actually sent to the Duke of Cumberland when at Inverness, in 1746, to cool his wine."

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