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JOHN MACKAY

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Celtic Monthly:

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A Magazine for Highlanders.

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VOL. XX.

A. M. MACKAY,
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1912.

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**ALEXANDER FRASER, F.S.A., Scot.,
TORONTO.**

THE subject of this short notice is one of the best known and highly esteemed Highlanders in Canada.

A native of Inverness-shire, he was born on the 2nd day of November 1860 in the Aird of Lovat, the eldest son of Hugh Fraser, of the Frasers of Little Struie, and of Mary (Maclean) MacKenzie of Fanellan.

In the year 1866 he went to Canada where he still resides.

His first employment was on the staff of the Toronto Mail on which he remained for fifteen years, a connection which gave him an intimate acquaintance with Canadian Affairs.

For a time he edited with success Massey's *Illustrated Magazine*; the *Presbyterian Review*; and for many years the *Scottish Canadian*.

His writings showed careful preparation, logical statement and an elegant distinction of literary touch rather than the vigour of style useful in political warfare.

When it was decided to establish a department for the custody and preservation of the State papers and records of the Province of Ontario he was entrusted with the organization of the new office and was appointed its official head, a position in which he has proved himself a capable and indefatigable public official.

The yearly reports published by him as Ontario Archivist form a collection of volumes fraught with material of historical value on a great variety of subjects, involving patient and exhaustive research.

The old Gaelic Society had passed out of existence before his arrival in Toronto and in order to furnish a rallying point and a congenial centre to new comers from the North he formed a new Society which has had an unprecedented record of successful work first as the Gaelic Society of Toronto and then as the Gaelic Society of Canada. For many years he was its principal Secretary, for four years he was

President and to the present day a respected member, and one of the few who have been honoured with its fellowship.

To his hereditary military spirit and his love for his national music and garb—the bagpipes and the kilt—we owe the formation of the 48th Highlanders, the crack regiment of the Canadian Militia, and his interest in it has been maintained with the years.

He is an active committeeman of St. Andrews Society; a life member of the Caledonian Society; a Past member of the Burns' Literary Society and President of the Clan Fraser Society of Canada. For fourteen years he was Grand Chief, or Executive Head, of the large Sons of Scotland Benevolent Association, which carries on the financial interests of a Friendly Society combined with the cultivation of Scottish sentiment and customs in Canada. He is a Past President of the Canadian Fraternal Association; A Past Master of St. John's Lodge, A.F., and A.M., G.R.C., and of the first Toronto Shinty Club, and has just been elected President of the newly formed Toronto Inverness-shire Association.

His interest in educational and historical affairs has been long and active. For twelve years he was a Trustee of the Collegiate Institute of Toronto, the educational link between the public schools and the University. He was in turn Chairman of all the standing Committees, and of the Board, rendering enduring service in the organization of studies, the improvement of teachers' salaries, and the development of technical education in the schools. He wrote extensively in the periodical and daily press on educational subjects for years, and his advocacy of reforms brought fruitful results.

He is a member of the Council of the Ontario Historical Society; one of the founders, the first President and now the Honorary President, of the Canadian Folklore Society; a body of earnest investigators who are doing excellent work in connection with Victoria University. For three years he taught Gaelic to the students of Knox College.

From all these and other gratuitous activities Mr. Fraser has found his chief delight and recreation in the language and literature of his native land. An extensive Gaelic library, and of works bearing on Highland and Scottish History is the habitat of sedentary hours, and when he is prevailed upon to read a paper at a literary or national society meeting the flavour of Ossian or of Burns or of Macbain betrays where his heart lies and what touches his sentiments most. His acquaintance with the folklore of the Highlands is extensive, while the vast stores of Clan traditions and genealogies and of facts and data concerning people who figured locally in events of bygone days held in his unaided memory is little short of marvellous and shows how deeply he has drunk at the fountain head of Highland life and manners.

He has been a busy writer. In addition to fugitive articles and essays he has published, among other works, A History of Ontario, An illustrated history of Toronto in twelve parts, A History of the Forty-Eighth Highlanders, A Series of Scottish Canadian Biographies, "The Last Laird of MacNab," an interesting volume relating to the settlement of M'Nab Township; A Guide Book to Toronto, A book of Gaelic Essays and Biographies entitled "Leabhar nan Sonn," Elementary lessons in Gaelic Grammar; "Cànain agus Clùr ar Sinnsear," "The Mission of the Scot in Canada," "The Clan Fraser in Canada," "The Gaelic Folk Songs of Canada," &c. He has given public lectures on Celtic Antiquities and Art, on Gaelic Music and Song, on Scottish Song, on Burns, on Scott, and on the ethnological problems of early Scotland.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Fraser has been recently made a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in recognition of research in ancient Celtic and Scottish history.

He has made a large collection of Gaelic poetry, legends and lore among the old surviving Highlanders of Canada and has helped in collecting data connected with the early Highland settlements of the Dominion.

Interests such as these draw largely on a man's time and resources, but in their pursuit Mr. Fraser has had the satisfaction of being made to know that he has won the esteem and affection of a wide circle both in Canada and where he is known at home; and the writer believes he will always consider that to be his most-to-be desired reward.

In 1888 Mr. Fraser married Christina E. Frances, daughter of S. Francis Ramsay, M.D., Toronto, and to them ten children were born, seven of whom survive.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By J. G. MACKAY, Portree.

It is much to be regretted that history has to a great extent confined itself to political transactions, wars, and the doings of great personages, and says so little of the domestic life of the people, their customs, and daily life. How much more interesting it would be to know all about the social life in the times gone by, than all their forays and feuds, their herschips and hornings, their raids and reprisals.

Till the middle of the eighteenth century we get very little insight into the state of society, and we in the North are very much worse off in that respect than our neighbors in the South, for much that is written even then is by strangers who knew neither our language, customs, nor institutions, and who in most cases were politically and racially prejudiced against us.

With the exception of Martin, a native Skye-man who wrote an account of a Tour in the Western Isles in the year 1696, and gives a quaint account of life at that time, I know of no other native who wrote on the subject for nearly a century. Of course we have Sir Robert Gordon's "History of the Earldom of Sutherland," and such other works, but they only give an account of family feuds and intrigues, in which we are not interested at present.

Now, before entering into my subject of "Sketches of Highland Life and Character," I would like to refer very briefly to the difference and distinction between Highland life and character and Lowland life and character, and to endeavour to account for such distinction.

For many centuries there existed an almost unsurmountable barrier between the two portions of the country in the shape of mountain ranges, systems of local government, and language, and with the exception of times of national danger, when all had to combine against the common enemy, there was very little intercourse between them.

The Highland Chiefs, it is true, made frequent visits to the Scottish Courts and Parliament, sometimes of their own accord, frequently unwillingly, and occasionally some may have left their heads behind them, and not unfrequently, to talk poetically, their hearts also, as many of them married the daughters of Lowland nobles, and even of the Scottish kings.

These Chiefs in their visits brought an imposing retinue of retainers with them, who no doubt mixed with the retainers of their masters' friends as far as their difference of language would allow. Besides this there was a

constant stream of cattle drovers bringing herds of black cattle to the Southern markets, and perhaps an occasional pedlar bold enough to risk his goods and his head among the Cearnachs of the Grampians.

Further than this there was little or no communication. In the South of Scotland the Feudal System was early introduced, being one of the bad habits introduced from England with his wife, by Malcolm Ceanmor. In the North the old Celtic or patriarchal system held sway for ages after, and as life under the two systems was so different, so necessarily were the habits arising therefrom.

But no doubt the change of the language in the South had more to do with changing the manner and character of the people than anything else.

This also was a bad habit introduced by the wife of Malcolm Ceanmor. Up till that time Gaelic was the language of the Scottish Court, as well as of the Scottish Church, but the policy of Queen Margaret was the suppression of the old Culdee establishments, with their Gaelic language, and substituting in their place richly-endowed cathedrals, abbeys, and monasteries, presided over by a new clergy.

In this way the country was overspread with such establishments, exercising a silent but prevailing influence on the habits and language of the surrounding districts, "S iomadh rud a thig ann a lorg droch bhean"—"Many a thing comes in the wake of a bad wife."

But the wonder is not that there should be distinctions in Highland and Lowland characteristics, but that, considering the natural and unnatural barriers, there should be so much in common.

Take a Scot from whatever side of the Grampians, and you find in him the same love of country, the same unconquerable national independence, the same religious enthusiasm and thoroughness for good or for evil. Canny, cautious and calculating, with the same proverbial Scottish desire to get on in the world. The same pawky, dry and caustic humour, which they both carry more in the heart than on the brow. In fact, if you place an educated Highlander and Lowlander together, no one can distinguish the one from the other, and whatever little petty local jealousies may exist, no sooner do they cross the border than they are "brither Scots to brither Scots" in their love to their native land.

Now let us compare the distinctive characteristics of the Scots and English. Here we find two peoples living on the same island, and separated geographically, not by any unfordable rivers or mountain ranges, but by a mere impalpable boundary-line known as the "Bor-

der"; under the same monarchs for three centuries, the same government and legislature for two hundred years, professing, substantially, the same religion, enjoying for these two hundred years the most perfect freedom of intercourse, personal, social, political, and commercial, and still, after all, remaining so distinguishable that books, essays, and constantly recurring leading articles have to be written, explaining to the one what the other really is.

Now the only logical conclusion from this is, that the supposed Sazonizing of the Lowland Scots was more apparent than real, was in fact, very little more than their acquiring the language. For it is a fact that not only the majority of the Lowland place-names are Gaelic, but so also are most of the older surnames.

I am sorry that time will not admit entering into this subject. It is one of very great interest, and deserves to be taken up by someone who could devote time to its study.

It is interesting to note that many of what are known as Scottish traits of character are also represented in the Highlands, but usually more pronounced, which may be accounted for from the fact that in the Highlands the Celtic element is purer, and consequently the fire and impetuosity of the Celt carries him to a greater extreme.

Take, for instance, the present educational imbroglio in England, where a system of education which is objectionable to a large portion of the people has been imposed upon them.

While it has met with a good deal of what is called passive resistance in England, it is only in Celtic little Wales that it has roused the fire and indignation of the entire populace.

If such a thing had been done to Scotland you would have found the whole country ablaze from Dan to Beersheba, or more properly from John o' Groats to Berwick-on-Tweed, with, however, this difference, that while in the Lowlands, public feeling would be kept under a certain amount of restraint, in the North, everything, like a Highland battle-charge, would be taken at a rush.

In England the Reformation was accomplished calmly and without turmoil, but in Celtic Scotland the excited populace, not content with turning the clergy out of office, but in order to make the work more thorough, also burnt and destroyed the churches, destroying many beautiful and stately abbeys and cathedrals, a loss to Scotland which can never be repaired.

The Scottish love of country is proverbial. There is no part of the world where Scots congregate in sufficient numbers, but they form themselves into Scottish or Caledonian Socie-

ties, and in most cases the Highland element lends enthusiasm and force to their proceedings.

It is interesting to notice the similarity of Lowland and Highland humour. One chief characteristic of both is their spontaneity or utter want of effort in its production, and they have both a strong practical basis.

Here is an instance:

"Jock," cried a Lowland farmer's wife, "come awa' in to your parritch, or the flees will be drooning themselves in your milk."

"Nae fear o' that," says Jock, "they'll wade through."

"Ye skoondral," says the indignant mistress, "dae ye mean to say ye don't get eneuch milk!"

"Oh ay!" said Jock. "I get plenty of milk for all the parritch."

Now for a Highland one:

On one occasion, a namesake of mine was sent a message by his chief to Dunrobin Castle to the young Countess of Sutherland, and while her ladyship was writing a reply to the letter, William who was sitting in the library, was regaled with bread, butter, cheese and milk. When William began his repast he pared the crust off the cheese, and after finishing the cheese he began to scrape the parings and to eat them. The Countess noticing this, asked William where he learned to pare the cheese, to which William replied, "in Tongue," that was his master's place.

"And where did you learn to eat the parings?" asked she.

"In Dunrobin," says William.

At once the gong was sounded and more cheese ordered for William.

"Oh never mind," says he, "before she could come with the cheese the bread would be done."

"But," said the Countess, "we'll get you more bread, William."

"Oh don't trouble," says he, "the milk is finished."

Needless to say, William got a fresh supply.

During the Crimean War a Scottish soldier is said to have prayed as follows:—"Oh Lord! dinna be on oor side, and dinna be on the tither side, but just stan' ajeer frae baith o' us for an oor or twa, and ye'll see the toosiest fecht that ever was fochen." Similarly at Prestonpans, a Highlander is credited with the following:—"Oh, Lord! be Thou on our side, but if you winna be on our side, be not on the other side, but leave it between the red coats and us."

Look again at the similarity of the caminess of the Ayrshire man who, when bitten badly by a dog, said he did not so much care for the flesh, it would mend, but a' he cared for was his breeks, they were new: and the Highlander who was employed dressing an oar with an adze, and, being in his stocking soles, accidentally

cut his foot, exclaimed, "Is it not good I had not my shoe on."

One of the commonest characteristics of the Scot is that of answering a question by asking another. "Are you going to the Meeting?" "Are you going yersel'?" This trait is particularly strong in the Highlands. "Gu dé tha thu do' a dheanamh leis a sin a Dhombhmill?" "C air son tha thu foighneachd!" What are you going to do with that, Donald! "Why are you asking?"

There is then the very common trait of inquisitiveness, which is equally strong in the Highlands and Lowlands. A number of years ago I happened to be on holiday in Skye, and while a friend with whom I stayed was visiting in a house, I stood in the road. Being in the kilt, and a stranger, I attracted the attention of a gentleman of the district who was passing, when the following conversation took place: He—"Are you waiting for any person?" I shook my head. "What are you wanting?" Answer—"Nothing." "Where did you come from?" To which I answered—"Excuse me, sir, are you the Catechist here?" He at once coloured up and said, "Oh! I beg your pardon, that is a bad habit I have got," upon which I at once satisfied him as to my seed, breed and generation from Noah down and we have been the best of friends since.

Another from the same district: A gentleman who met a lad carrying a bag, enquired "Gu de thu agad anns a' phoe 'ille?"

"Dninc-nasal cha 'u fhoighneachd, is beadagan cha 'u fhaigh a mach."

A story is told of a Caithness man who was once travelling South, that he addressed the maid in the hotel as follows:

"Ye'll be frae Caithness?"

"No," was the curt reply.

"Frae Sutherland then?"

"No," a little sulkier.

"Frae Ross-shire then."

Still "No."

"Ye maun be frae the Mearns then?" This time the "No" was smothered by the slamming of the door. All evening he was thoughtful and abstracted, and when lighting his candle to go to bed he made an earnest appeal to his companions—"Whaur can that lassie be frae!"

(To be continued.)

Upon the inauguration of a chief, he took his stand on a stone placed on a cairn or hill, where he took an oath to preserve inviolate all the ancient customs. One of the principal persons then delivered to him a sword and a white wand. Thereafter a bard or orator recounted the chief's pedigree, enumerated the exploits of his ancestors, and exhorted the chief to emulate their example.

THE MARVEL CHILD OF KIRKCALDY.

NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY BY WELL KNOWN
CELTIC WRITER.



L. MACBEAN, Author of
"Pet Marjorie," &c.

THIS is the centenary year of the death of Sir Walter Scott's Pet Marjorie. Last Sunday, in the old churchyard of Abbots-hall, Kirkealdy, I stood beside the little grave in which repose the ashes of her who has been described as "the immortal child of

all literature," and as I gazed on the chaste miniature marble cross standing at its head, with its simple inscription—"Pet Marjorie—Marjorie Fleming—Born 1803; died 1811"—I thought of the mother's tears that must have been shed at that sacred spot for the "marvel child" who had been dandled on the knee and had nestled on the loving breast of the great writer. I thought too of the power of the pen of genius wielded by the author of "Rab and his Friends," which has breathed the breath of immortality into Marjorie's uneventful life-story, and made it as enduring as the love of woman. Marjorie's grave lies in a hollow on the west side of the churchyard, and the outlook from it is drear and uninteresting. Although Dr. Brown invested the life of Marjorie with imperishable fame, it has been left for a much later biographer, Mr. L. Macbean of Kirkealdy, to fill in the Doctor's graphic outlines and round off the beautiful story.

Mr. Macbean's "Pet Marjorie" takes its place among the most charming biographies of our time. It is interesting to note in this connection that the offices of the *Fife-shire Advertiser*, of which journal Mr. Macbean is proprietor and editor, occupy the site of the garden attached to the house in which Marjorie was born, and in which she died. "During the first five years of her life," writes Mr. Macbean, "the big, old-fashioned garden, rich in currant bushes and flowers and grassy slopes, was her play ground. Little did Marjorie anticipate that her garden would one day be covered with machinery on which would be printed the story of her life." The last article which Mark Twain wrote had Pet Marjorie for its theme. Mr.

Macbean's biography was published simultaneously in this country and in the States. A copy was presented to the great American humorist, and he wrote Mr. Macbean that he never laid it down until he had read it through. "I have," he wrote, "adored Marjorie for six and thirty years," and he begged for a scrap of her writing if any such relic existed. Unfortunately the Marjorie journals have disappeared, and the only known handwriting of hers is her name scribbled on the top of the first page of the cover of a Shorter Catechism presented to her in the last year of her life. The cover, with the facsimile "Miss Marjory Fleming" is reproduced in Mr. Macbean's book.

To the student of psychology the mental history of Marjorie Fleming will always be interesting. Her father, James Fleming, was a Highlander, born in Perthshire. By profession he was an accountant, and a man of strong will and intellectual force. Marjorie's mother, Isabella Rae, was the youngest daughter of an eminent Edinburgh surgeon. There were five daughters all of whom were gifted, and rich in literary friends. James Fleming and his wife settled in Kirkealdy about the close of the eighteenth century. Their first house was known as "Lion House," concerning which Mrs. Crowe in her "Light side of Nature" relates a weird tale of the ghost of a soldier which haunted it. Mrs. Crowe wrote—"A very remarkable circumstance happened some years ago at Kirkealdy, when a person for whose truth and respect I can vouch, was living in the family of Colonel M——. The house they inhabited was at one extremity of the town, and stood by a sort of paddock. One evening when Colonel M—— had dined out, and there was nobody at home but Mrs. M——, her son, a boy of twelve years old, and Ann the maid, Mrs. M—— called the latter and attracted her attention to a soldier who was walking backwards and forwards in the drying ground behind the house where some linen was hanging on the lines. She said she wondered what he could be doing there, and bade Ann fetch in the linen lest he should purloin any of it. The girl fearing he might be some ill-disposed person hesitated, but Mrs. M—— however, promising to watch from the window that nothing happened to her, she went, but, still apprehensive of the man's intentions, she turned her back towards him, and hastily pulling down the linen she carried it into the house, he continuing his walk the while as before, taking no notice of her whatever. Ere long the Colonel returned, and Mrs. M—— lost no time in taking him to the window to look at the man, saying she could not conceive what the man could mean by walking backwards and forwards there all that time; where upon Ann added, "I think it

is a ghost, for my part." Colonel M—— said he would soon see that, and calling a large dog that was lying in the room, and accompanied by the little boy who begged to be permitted to go also, he stepped out and approached the stranger, when, to his surprise, the dog, which was an animal of high courage, sprang through the glass door, which the Colonel had closed behind him, shivering the panes all round. The Colonel meantime advanced and challenged the man repeatedly without obtaining any answer or notice whatever, till at length getting irritated he raised a weapon with which he had armed himself, telling him he must speak or take the consequences. When just he was prepared to strike, lo, there was nobody there. The soldier disappeared and the child sank helpless to the ground. Colonel M—— lifted the boy in his arms, and as he brought him into the house he said to the girl, "You were right, Annie, it was a ghost." He was exceedingly impressed with these circumstances, and much regretted his own behaviour, and also having taken the child with him which he thought had probably had prevented some communication that was intended. In order to repair, if possible, these errors, he went out every night and walked on the spot for sometime in hopes that the apparition would return. At last he said that he had seen and conversed with it, but the purport of the conversation he would never communicate to any human being, not even to his wife. The effect of this occurrence on his character was perceptible to everybody that knew him. He became grave and more grateful and appeared like one who had passed through some strange experience. Mr. Macbean in his book alludes to the ghost of Lion House in a sentence, but he does not make clear whether

it was before or after its occupancy by the Flemings that the phantom soldier appeared. At any rate the Lion House remains to this day and in its ruinous state retains traces of its former importance. It must have been one of the leading residences in the town. For more than a hundred years it has been tenantless, and to-day, in one of the most populous districts of the town, it presents a veritable picture of wreck-age and ruin and the fit dwelling place for disembodied spirits. Kirkealdy mothers continue to put recalcitrant children to sleep with threats to summon to their aid the spectral figure which haunts the Lion House.

Before Pet Marjorie was born the family removed to 130 High Street to a three storey dwelling house which is to-day externally and internally pretty much what it was when occupied by the Flemings. The ground floor is used as a book-seller's shop. The entrance to the house is through an archway, and leading, at the time of the Flemings, to the garden. There is little to record concerning Marjorie during the first five years of her life. She was always a precocious and lively and lovable child and even back in these early days was torn with the agonies of remorse when she did anything of which her conscience and her mother did not approve. We hear little about her until her cousin Isa Keith from Edinburgh comes on a visit to Kirkealdy. This took place in the summer of 1808 when Marjorie was five and a half years old. Between Isa and Marjorie there sprung a warm affection—Isa became to her the life of her life and the soul of her soul. When Isa went back to Edinburgh Marjorie went with her. In her aunt's in Charlotte Street, where she met Sir Walter Scott, she remained for three years. Mrs. Findlay's description of Marjorie's personal appearance is as nearly as accurate as it can be. "The deep dark eyes and bow-like mouth suggest remarkable thoughtfulness and energy. In all the portraits of her, there is a striking spaciousness of forehead, more particularly between the eyes, and those eyes hold just a suspicion of hauteur in their questioning depths. The mouth is beyond doubt the characteristic in the child's face. It is at once sensitive and strong. But Dr. Brown's pen picture of Marjorie is all that is needed concerning her extraordinary personality. The year before Marjorie died when in Edinburgh she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie, and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn! What can have come over her! I'll go myself and see!" and he was getting up and would have gone when the bell rang and in came Duncan Roy



PET MARJORIE.

and his henchman Dougal with the Sedan chair which was brought right into the lobby and its top raised. And there in its darkness and dingy old cloth sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—hung over her enamoured. "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you," and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder and set her down beside him and then began the night, and such a night. Those who knew Scott best said that night was never equalled. Maidie and he were the stars, and she gave them Constance's speeches and Helvellyn, the ballad much in vogue—and all her repertoire, Scott showing her off and being oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders." Room can only be found here for a couple of samples from Marjorie's Journals. "Mr. Craky and I walked hand in hand in innocence and matitation sweet. The calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face. I behaved extremely ill in God's most holy church. It was the devil tempted me like Job. It is shocking to think of it, but I am going to turn over a new life. I hope I will be religious again, but as for my character I despare of it."

"I love in Isa's bed to lie,
O such a joy and luxury
The bottom of the bed I keep
And with great care myself I keep
Oft I embrace her feet of lillies
But she has gotten all the pillies."

THE CLAN MACLAREN. CLANN LABHRAINN.

By SEUMAS MACGARADH.

THE MACLARENS provide an instance of a Clan of very ancient descent, which with time came to be of inconsiderable importance compared with other Clans who were perhaps more fortunate.

Clans, like nations in miniature, have risen to power, flourished for a time, and have gradually dwindled, losing their places among the stronger tribes, along with their lands, which they were no longer in a position to hold; but there is no account to show that the MacLarens ever rose to be a formidable Clan, for perhaps they have figured more conspicuously in peace than in war. History treats slightly of this tribe, but of their antiquity and Celtic descent there is little doubt. There is a far-fetched tradition somewhere relating to the origin of the MacLarens, wherein certain references are made to a mermaid, which bids fair to stand as one of the most puerile of such legends, but to show how hard tradition dies, it was sufficiently believed in as to induce heralds to assign

armorial bearings allusive to this, when in 1781, Lord Dreghorn, who claimed the chiefship of the Clan, applied at the Lyon Court of Arms for matriculation of these family honours.

Then there is a belief current that the name Laren, Laurin or Lauren is a modification of Lawrence, and in accordance with this theory there are some who believe that the Clan owes its origin to Laurentius or Lawrence, the name of the saint who suffered martyrdom under Valerian, A.D. 261. But although there is some similarity in the names, it may be attributed more to coincidence than any real connection between the Celtic Clan and the illustrious Roman deacon.

The most probable theory concerning the origin of the MacLarens is the one by which they seek to prove their Celtic descent, and which seems to find favour with the majority of genealogists and authorities on Celtic matters generally.

The MacLaren motto, over the achievement "Dalriada," at once strikes us as significant, and instinctively we refer back to the province of that name in the north-east of Ireland, where in the beginning of the sixth century the Celtic king Ere held sway. And so the tradition goes with the three sons of this Dalriadic king, who in A.D. 503, with their following, effected a settlement in Lorn.

Loarn (or Lorn), one of the three sons of Ere, acquired that district which from him is said to have obtained its name, and it is worthy of note that in maps showing the divisions of Scotland at that period, this portion bears the name of Loarn, and is the Lorn of a later day.

Loarn, Laurin, Lauren, or Laren, however spelt, is invariably pronounced something like "Lawrin" by the Gael, its Gaelic orthography being Labhrainn, wherein the "bh" is quiescent. With the overthrow of the southern Picts by Kenneth MacAlpin, who was chief of the Dalriadic Scots, and the posterity of the three sons of Ere, drastic changes took place. It was a usual practice for conquerors to apportion the lands they acquired among their followers whose good swords had helped most in the conquest, and it is stronger than assumption to say that the Loarn family were not overlooked in this respect by their lineal head on the successful extension of his territories.

The districts of Balquhiddier and Strathearn, in the county of Perth, have ever been recognised as "the country" of the Clan Laurin, and that the appellation is demonstrative of a common origin is corroborated by the fact that three brothers from Argyll are mentioned as having this territory assigned to them, and it is interesting to note the order in which they were allotted their lands. Auchleskine, in the

centre, was occupied by the eldest; Brnach, to the west, by the second, and Stank, at the extreme east of the district, was given to the youngest. That the MacLarens are the descendants of these Argyllshire or Loarn (Lorn) settlers there can be little doubt, and the above tradition is borne out by an observance still regarded in the Clan country, the burial-places of the three distinct branches being marked out in the kirkyard from west to east in the same location as above. Although this has ever been known as the country of *Clann Labhrainn*, the name is very frequently met with in the west, and it is no wonder that a friendly feeling of kinship, grounded on the conviction of a common descent, has always existed between those of the surname in Argyll and the MacLarens of Perthshire. Lord Dreghorn, in his account of descent submitted to the Lyon Court of Arms when claiming the chiefship of the Clan, traces his ancestry through Donald MacLaurin to the ancient proprietors of the Island of Tiree, in the County of Argyll, and it is a well-known fact that at one time MacLarens were lords of this island.

In 1138, during the reign of David I., Malise, the then Earl of Strathearn, is recorded as having led the "Lavernani" at the Battle of the Standard.

There appears to be doubt among historians with regard to who the following of Malise on this occasion, known as the "Lavernani" or "Laurmani" really were; but we find that the learned and accurate Lord Hailes, in his "Annals of Scotland," is of opinion that these could have been no other than the Clan of Laurin. In the Roll of Submission to Edward I. of England, which was signed by so many of the nobility and gentry of Scotland in the year 1296 we find the names,—Maurice of Tiree, Canon of Balquhider, and Laurin of Ardeveke, who on good authority are presumed to have been cadets of the Earl of Strathearn.

This Earldom underwent many changes, and finally in 1370 it was vested in the Crown, and the MacLarens were reduced from the position of proprietors to that of "kyndly" or perpetual tenants. But, despite their misfortunes, they appear to have remained loyal to their country, from their first mention with Bruce at Bannockburn, 1314, for they are credited with having taken part in the wars of James III. and James IV., and at Flodden and Pinkie. In consideration of this, few, I daresay, will charge them of failing to act up to the spirit of their proud motto,—"*Ab origine fidus.*"

In addition to their services in the national wars of that eventful period in Scottish history, they appear to have been engaged in many of the internal feuds and encounters which the

then prevailing condition of Clan society rendered almost inevitable, but to what extent they really participated in these wholly undesirable affairs is not known as history, which treats very little of the *Clann Labhrainn* at all, is very reticent on this point, and we are indebted to the kindly intervention of tradition, oral and otherwise, for any light there is in this respect. A tradition which is still alive in the MacLaren country, tells of an encounter which that Clan had with the Buchanans of Lenie which took place on "*Latha fheill Aon' ais*,"—the fair-day of Angus, which was held near Auehleskine, and from an account which I have read of this affair, it would appear to have been a most desperate fight, wherein the victory goes to the MacLarens, although it is said both Clans fought with great resolution.

We now come to an interesting point in the history of the Clan, and which accounts for the friendship which has ever subsisted between the MacLarens of Perthshire and the Stewarts of Appin, a bond that in time of war has been as that of kinship. In 1469 we have mention of a Dougal Stewart, who by a certain lady of the Clan Laurin, was the natural son of John, the third and last of the Lords of Lorn, as contending for the estates of his father, whose death took place in that year. According to feudal law Dougal had no right of accession to his paternal estates, which accordingly went to the entail of his uncle. But this decision was not to Dougal's liking, and consequently he proceeded to enforce his claims by strength of arms. It does not appear whether his contention was for the lands of Appin alone, or for the whole of his supposed hereditary rights, but be that as it may, he was given the whole-hearted support of his mother's kinsmen, the MacLarens, with the result that a desperate encounter took place in Glenorchy at the foot of Bendoran, wherein, as tradition again tells us, he was victorious, and that no fewer than 130 of the MacLarens gave their lives on this occasion in the cause of their kinsman. Dougal succeeded, at least, in acquiring part of his father's lands, for from him are descended the Stewarts of Appin, a point on which all authorities are agreed.

About the year 1497 the MacLarens again became embroiled in clan feud, this time with the MacDonalDs, which was occasioned by their having carried off a creach from the braes of Lochaber. Again the encounter took place in Glenorchy, they having been followed by the MacDonalDs, who here inflicted a defeat on them. Incensed at this, they immediately sought the council of their kinsman, Dougal Stewart of Appin, who willingly lent his aid by calling his men, and setting off to intercept the

Clan Donald. They met somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Black Mount in Glencoe, where a determined conflict took place, all three clans losing heavily, especially the MacDonalds, of whom "Dugal and Donull Mac-Aonghais Mhic Dhonuill" of Keppoch, the chiefs of their respective clans, were slain.

Reference has often been made to the *Clann Labhairn* as being a "broken Clan," but there is good ground for disputing this, for in the Roll of the Clans having chiefs and chieftains of their own drawn up in 1587, they appear as "Clanlawren." In another list dated 1594 they occupy a similar position, thus proving themselves to be an independent Clan, although somehow or other prior to the application of Lord Dregbhorn, the chiefs of this Clan seem to have been lost sight of.

As a consequence of their loyalty to the Stewart dynasty, they were "out" in the '45 under the banner of Appin, and took an active part in that memorable campaign which terminated at Culloden, and in an estimate of the casualties of the Appin following sustained at that battle, the losses of the MacLarens are reported as being thirteen killed and fourteen wounded.

But since then times have changed, and for the Clan Laurin too. Balquhiddier, "the country of the MacLarens," is eighteen miles in length by seven in breadth, but where is the Clan that once inhabited this district. It is changed days indeed, for there was once a time in this part when, so numerous were the MacLarens, that none durst go into the church on a Sunday until every MacLaren had been seated, a custom that must have given rise to many unseemly brawls, and as all parties were armed, it is not too great an assumption to say that blood was shed, for there is proof of this in the Lord High Treasurer's Account for the year 1532, wherein reference is made to the killing of Sir John MacLaurin, Vicar of Balquhiddier. It is probable that the vicar must have lost his life in a just endeavour to quell one of these unhallowed brawls, for there is mention of several of his kinsmen being implicated, and accordingly outlawed.

MacLarens are still to be found among their native Braes o' Balquhiddier, and it is likely that future generations will look on this part as the "Clan country," but the *Clann Labhairn*, like the majority of the Gael, have gone out into the world, and must now be classed among those whom the cruel fates have rendered "Landless!"

ANGUS.—The name Angus, which is common in Scotland as a Christian name as well as a surname, means "unique choice." It is also used as a place-name of that ancient territorial division Angus or Mearns.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

GAELIC COINAGE.—Can anyone give a list of the coins for which we have Gaelic Names? COTA-BAN.

ENGLISH.—Can anyone give the origin and meaning of this name, and also the coat-of-arms? TEINE.

BARDESS.—Can anyone give any information regarding Dorothy Brown the Nether-Lorn bardess beyond what is contained in "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry?"

LATHARNACH.

MERCER.—What is the origin and derivation of this surname? NEMO.

SONG WANTED.—Will anyone supply the words and music if possible, of the Gaelic song of which the following is a verse? It is believed to be from the North as it was sung by a Sutherlandshire man in Victoria.

'S gile leam do shùilean
 Na 'n drùichd air an fheur,
 Do ghruaidhean mar an caoram,
 Air aodum nan slèibh;
 Do chibagan cho òr-bhuidhe,
 'S cho bòidheach an sgamh,
 Mar chùil sgèith na peucaig,
 A leum ams a' ghrèin.

I. F. C.

THE MACCRUTHAIRS.—Recently when perusing A. H. Millar's "History of Rob Roy," I found that a sept known as the MacCruthairs formerly inhabited Glengyle; do you know anything of them? Perhaps you would insert a query in your Notes and Queries column. I have made the following extract from the book mentioned above:—"Gregor Dhu, the founder of the Glengyle branch of the MacGregors, was originally a cottar holding his croft from a sept named MacCruthair, by diligence and frugality he amassed considerable wealth, and was latterly able to become tenant of all the lands of Glengyle, when misfortune compelled this tribe to abandon them (about 1480). What does "Cruthair" mean? What name was this tribe known by in latter times?" W. A. TODD.

SKY-GOAT.—GOBHAR-ATHAIR.—Is there any Highland superstition connected with a bird which I have heard called, the "Sky-goat," and described as "the male of the snipe," but of whose species I am ignorant? It usually haunts lonely glens and soars to and fro in the air, with a peculiar sound which seems from the vibration of its wings, but is otherwise silent. Any superstition attached to two magpies appearing often at a door in a district where none had been seen before or since? CLÉIREACH.

ANSWERS.

CRUACHAN.—After the House of Argyll, the Campbells of Breadalbane are the leading family. The ancestor of the Campbells of Breadalbane was Black Colin of Rome ("Cailean dubh na Roinne,") second son of Sir Duncan Campbell, Knight of Loch Awe, by his wife, Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, second son of Robert II. of Scotland. In 1432 Sir Colin received as patrimony from his father the lands of Glenorchy, from which the MacGregors had been driven, and from these lands they took their title, till raised to the peerage in 1677, in the person of Sir John Campbell ("Iain Glas,") The patronymic of the House of Breadalbane is "Mac Chailein-nihie Donnachaidh"—the son of Colin the son of Duncan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communication on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

JANUARY, 1912.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue we commence our Twentieth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our list of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their Annual Subscription (4s. post free, or One Dollar) at once to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give their immediate attention.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

GLASGOW SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—Last month the annual gathering of this Association took place in Glasgow. The Marquis of Stafford who occupied the chair delivered a short address. He said that personally he had always endeavoured to the best of his ability to take a practical interest in the welfare of the people of Sutherland and he would always continue to do so. He regretted that the Congested Districts Board had not seen their way to embrace Melness under the Small Holdings scheme, as it was admirably suited for such. In conclusion he hoped that the Association might long continue to flourish and do good in the great city of Glasgow and worthily maintain the honour and good name of their old country.

THE LATE REV. ANGUS MACKAY, M.A.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Angus MacKay, M.A., of the U. F. Church, Westerdale. Mr. MacKay had not been well for some time, and he passed away on the 9th December. An article from his pen appeared in a recent issue of the *Monthly*. He was the author of "The Book of MacKay," and took a deep interest in the Clan Society. He leaves a widow and a young family for whom much sympathy is felt.

GLASGOW LOCHABER SOCIETY.—At the annual dinner of the Glasgow Lochaber Society, held last month, Mr. Alex. Kennedy, who has acted as hon. secretary to the society for 30 years, was presented by the members with a silver tray, richly chased, and silver candelabra to match, in acknowledgment of his services to the society. Dr. Angus Macphee made the presentation and Mr. Kennedy replied in suitable terms.

WAR CRIES.—Each clan, Highland and Lowland, had its own war-cry or slogan, to which every loyal clansman answered. It served as a watchword in cases of sudden alarm, in the confusion of battle, or in the darkness of the night. It sometimes consisted of a prominent mountain in the Clan district, such as "Clar-Innis" in Loch Lomond, associated with the Buchanans. It might also be the remembrance of some gallant deed performed by a prominent clansman, or some act which shed lustre on the clan.

REVIEWS.

OLD ROSS-SHIRE AND SCOTLAND AS SEEN IN THE TAIN AND BALNAGOWN DOCUMENTS, Vol. II.—This is a supplementary volume which has been issued since the larger work was given to the public. The additional matter is of considerable interest, and refers to documents relating to Old Lanark, Old Edinburgh, and neighbourhood. They have been reproduced with much care. The price of the supplementary volume is 7/6, and copies are to be had from the "Celtic Monthly" Office.

FAIRY FAITH OF CELTIC COUNTRIES. By W. Y. Evans Wentz. 12/6 net. London, Henry Frowde.—This is a well prepared work on the new cult known as Fairy-faith. It is the work of a considerable number of learned Celts and others who have more or less faith in the cult which is being investigated, but the author informs us that he "assumes entire responsibility for all its short comings and in particular for some of its speculative theories, which to some minds may appear to be in conflict with orthodox views whether of the theologian or the man of science. These theories however venturesome they may appear, are put forth in almost every case with the full approval of some reliable scholarly Celt, and as such they are chiefly intended to make the exposition of the belief in fairies as completely and truly Celtic as possible, without much regard for non-Celtic opinion, whether this be in harmony with Celtic opinion or not." We have made the above quotation from the preface to show our readers what is aimed at in this scholarly work. Among the representative Celtic Scholars who have assisted the author we have Dr. Douglas Hyde (Ireland), Dr. Alex. Carmichael (Scotland), Sir John Rhys (Wales), Mr. Henry Inness (Cornwall), Miss Sophia Morrison (Isle of Man). The work which contains close on 550 pages is divided into four sections—(1) The Living Fairy-faith; (2) The Recorded Fairy-faith; (3) The Cult of gods, spirits, fairies and the dead; (4) Modern science and the Fairy-faith; and conclusions. There is a carefully prepared Index which increases the value of the volume considerably. Copies can be had from the "Celtic Monthly" Office.

Records of a Famous Regiment,

THE 93rd SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

(Now the 2nd Battalion Princess Louise's Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders).

By Lieut. IAIN MACKAY SCOBIE, India.

(Continued from Vol. XIX., page 234.)

ON account of the South African War bounties were offered to the men to extend their service to twelve years, and 224 accepted.

On October 5th the 93rd received sudden orders to proceed to Shahjehanpore, where they were to take charge of Boer prisoners of war. Accordingly, on the 10th they marched from Ranikhet, leaving 100 N.C.O.'s and men behind as a winter detachment, and arrived at Shahjehanpore on the 14th. The Boer prisoners of war arrived on the 19th, and were lodged in a specially-prepared camp.

There they remained under charge of the 93rd until January, 1902, when the battalion received orders to proceed to Calcutta.

After handing over the prisoners of war to the Devonshire Regiment, the 93rd left Shahjehanpore by train on the 28th January, arriving at Calcutta on the 30th, where they took up their quarters in Fort William.

A draft of 150 N.C.O.'s and men left Calcutta on the 16th of February to reinforce the 91st in South Africa.

On the 13th March the battalion was entertained by the ladies of the Scottish Churches in Calcutta, and on the 18th formed the Guard of Honour at the unveiling of the Calcutta Memorial Statue to Queen Victoria by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

The winter detachment from Ranikhet rejoined headquarters on the 30th March.

The first appearance of cholera in the 93rd during its tour of foreign service occurred on April 9th, when one man was seized with the dread complaint and died in a few hours.

During May a subscription was started in the battalion towards the fund for the upkeep of graves of men of the regiment who fell at Magersfontein on December 11th, 1899, the sum of £30 being realised.

On the 2nd August the 93rd won the Indian Association Football Challenge Shield, after playing three rounds, with a score of 18 goals to nil.*

The sergeants of the battalion gave a grand ball on the 29th of October, which was largely attended.

On the 14th November the 93rd left Calcutta for Umballa to take part in the Delhi manoeuvres and Durbar.

Umballa was reached on the 19th, and on the 21st the battalion took part in General Sir Power Palmer's farewell review. On the 30th November the 93rd marched out of Umballa with the 1st Division Northern Army for the manoeuvres.

At the conclusion of the first phase of the manoeuvres the 1st Division marched to join the Southern Force south of Delhi.

The second phase took place between the 16th and 20th of December, and on its conclusion the 93rd and other troops marched into Delhi Durbar Camp.

On the 29th December the State entry was made into Delhi, and from this date to January 10th, 1903, the 93rd took part in all the prominent functions of the Durbar.

During his inspection of the Durbar Camp on January 3rd H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught passed through the lines of the battalion, appearing well pleased with all he saw.

On the conclusion of the Durbar the camp was broken up, and the 93rd left Delhi by train on the 18th, arriving at Calcutta on the 22nd.

The Government House Centenary Ball, held on the 26th January, was attended by the officers in the regimental dress of 1803.

On the 17th February a second outbreak of cholera occurred in the battalion, there being eight cases and six deaths. The officers gave a ball on the 23rd, which was attended by some 300 guests.

Lieut. Colonel Paterson succeeded Colonel Campbell in command of the battalion on the 27th June.

The 93rd now received orders to move to Poona, and on the 15th October they embarked at Calcutta on the R.I.M.S. "Hardinge" for Bombay, arriving there on the 23rd.

*The battalion also won the Calcutta Football League Championship in 1903. The Calcutta Open Swimming Championship, 1902-3 was won by Privates Campbell and Pollock of the 93rd respectively.

*In July, 1903, new bugle calls were introduced, "Reveille" was abolished, and a new "dress for parade," etc., brought in.

Having disembarked the same day they were entrained for Poona, which was reached next morning, and the battalion moved into the Wanowri Barracks.

From January, 1904, a detachment of one company was sent to Kirkee, alternately with the East Lancashire Regiment, every three months.

From the 31st January to the 6th February the 93rd attended the Poona Divisional Manœuvres in the Sirur district. On the 20th of February the garrison of Poona and Kirkee was inspected by Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India, who afterwards visited the 93rd lines.

On the 18th June General Sir John A. Ewart, K.C.B., died. He was succeeded in the Colony by Lieut.-General Sir F. W. Traill-Burroughs, K.C.B.

During July the battalion won a cross-country race against the East Lancashire Regiment.

In August the third outbreak of cholera occurred during the 93rd's tour of foreign service. One man and two women died.

At the Bombay Presidency Assault-at-Arms held on September 10th the 93rd won the light-weight tug-of-war, the Reel Set, and Highland Fling.

From December 15th to 18th "Kitchener's Test" (a searching test of training) was carried out near Wakud, and the results fully justified the remarks made by General Sir Archibald Hunter, Lieutenant-General commanding Western Command, on the annual confidential report on the battalion, when he said, "the fighting efficiency of these Highlanders to day justifies, and I believe establishes, their claim to be considered as the equal of even the best of their predecessors in the glorious history of bygone days."

From January 25th to 27th, 1905, the 93rd took part in Divisional Field Firing at Chinchwad.

On February 10th the short Lee-Enfield rifle was issued to the battalion, which was one of the first corps in India to receive the new weapon.

At the Bombay Presidency Rifle Association Meeting at Poona the 93rd won the Long Range Competition, and in individual matches 42 competitors won three silver, and two bronze medals, and over sixty money prizes amounting to about £40. †

The battalion took part in the Poona Divisional Manœuvres held in the Sasrad district, which lasted from the 5th to the 8th of March.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. W. Traill-Burroughs, K.C.B., Colonel of the regiment, died on the 9th April, and was succeeded by Lieut.-General John Sprot, who had served in the 91st.

On the occasion of the Dharmasala earthquake the 93rd sent Rs. 1,000 (£67) to the fund for the relief of military sufferers.

Under Lord Kitchener's re-organisation scheme the battalion was included in the 1st (Highland) Brigade, composed of the 1st Seaforth's, 2nd Black Watch, 2nd Gordons, and the 93rd, with headquarters at Peshawar.

On the 20th June the Poona garrison was reviewed by Lord Lamington, Governor of Bombay.

In September the 91st Canadian Highlanders (Militia) were affiliated with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The annual returns of the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders shewed the strength on October 1st to be twenty-seven officers, two warrant officers, and 1,006 rank and file.

Of these, twenty-one officers and 860 rank and file were Scotch, five officers and 72 rank and file English, one officer and 55 men were Irish, and 14 of Colonial birth.

The religious denomination shewed 9 officers and 775 warrant and non-commissioned officers and men belonged to the Church of Scotland; 18 officers and 86 N.C.O.'s and men to the Church of England; 163 N.C.O.'s and men to the Roman Catholic, three to the Wesleyan, and one to the Baptist Churches.

253 men belonged to the territorial district. The average height was nearly five feet seven inches, and the average age between 25 and 26 years of age. There were 72 N.C.O.'s and men serving on a twenty-one years' engagement; 240 on a twelve years' engagement; 610 for eight years, 84 for seven years, and one solitary individual for three years.

362 men of the battalion were in possession of one good conduct badge, 197 had two, 15 had three, and 2 had four. The sergeant-major was the only possessor of the medal for long service and good conduct.

Certificates of education were plentiful, as there were 26 first-class, 220 second-class, and 254 third-class certificates in possession of men of the battalion.

During this year the officers' drill jacket was changed from red to white, like the men's. A white hackle for wear in drill or review order was introduced. The left collar badge was also taken into wear on the helmet, being fixed on the left side of the pagri, and having a small

† At the Western Command Assault-at Arms held at Poona in 1905, the 93rd won five events, and Lance-Corporal W. Montgomery was adjudged to be the best man-at-arms (dismounted).

tartan backing. These were discontinued on the re-introduction of the white helmet for review order in 1906.

From December 11th to 21st the 93rd took part in the Poona Divisional Manœuvres in the Sirur district.

Hogmanay (Oidche Calluinn) and New Year's Day, 1906, were celebrated by the regiment in traditional style, and on the 15th of January a second "Kitchener's Test" was carried out in the neighbourhood of Chinchowli.

On the 1st February the 93rd left Poona by train for Secundrabad to take part in a review by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, arriving there on the following day.

The battalion was inspected on 6th February by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Egerton, in whose Brigade it had served during the Tochi Valley Expedition. Sir Charles expressed his complete satisfaction at the fine appearance of the regiment. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales reviewed the troops on the 10th, and on the 13th the battalion returned to Poona. The 93rd being now under orders for South Africa, the officers gave a farewell ball in Poona to 400 guests, on the 28th September.

Early in October, plagne, which was raging amongst the native population of Poona and Kirkee, visited the 93rd, carrying off one victim. This was somewhat remarkable, for although natives of the East easily succumb to this dread disease, it rarely attacks a European.

The Bombay Presidency Assault-at-Arms took place from the 3rd to the 6th October, the 93rd winning the Mounted Infantry Competition, both heavy and light tug-of-war, and "best regiment at arms."

On the 10th November the battalion won the Poona Division cross-country race of 6½ miles.

In other departments of sport, too, the 93rd were equally successful. At Bombay, Private J. McDonald defeated Sam Newman (Welter Weight Champion of Manila and China) in a twenty-round boxing contest, and also secured the Indian Army Welter Weight Championship shortly afterwards. The Indian 40 mile Cycling Road Record was won by Lance-Corporal J. Wright, who had also won it the year previously. The same rider secured the 3 miles' British Army Championship at the Bengal Presidency Athletic Meeting.

At the Western Command Assault-at-Arms the 93rd were winners of Bayonet v. Bayonet, Sabre v. Sabre, Foils, and Gymnastics, also best man-at-arms—Lance-Corporal W. Montgomery.

NOTE.—In March, 1906, Kharki Chevrons on both arms in Kharki and Field Service Dress were introduced. Hitherto the Full Dress Chevrons had been worn for these orders of dress, and, as in full dress, only on the right arm.

On the 27th November Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India, made a farewell inspection of the battalion.

During December a memorial was erected by the 93rd in St. Andrew's Church, Poona, in memory of their comrades who had died while the regiment was in Poona.

On the 25th December Lieutenant-General Richardson, commanding at Poona, gave a farewell dinner to the officers of the 93rd.

On the 28th the regiment left Poona en route for South Africa, receiving a hearty send-off from the whole station, and arrived at Bombay early next morning. There they embarked on board the hired transport "Soudan" for Natal, sailing the same night.

The embarkation strength was 18 officers, 2 warrant officers, 41 sergeants, 37 corporals, 21 pipers and drummers, and 654 privates.

The "Soudan" arrived at Durban, Natal, on the 13th January 1907, and on the 14th the 93rd disembarked and entrained for Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony, which the battalion reached on the 16th, and occupied lines at Tempe.

At this time the white Wolseley pattern helmet with a kharki cover replaced the kharki helmet with white cover. A medal badge, as previously worn, was re-introduced for wear on the pagri of the white helmet. A kharki apron (with pocket in front) had been brought in for wearing over the kilt when in field service or marching order in all Highland regiments. The 93rd had adopted it in 1906.

On the 27th January the battalion supplied one company to form No. 2 Company of the 6th Battalion of Mounted Infantry at Standerton.

On the 11th February Lord Selborne, High Commissioner of South Africa, inspected the 93rd, and afterwards lunched with the officers.

The battalion was informally inspected on the 5th March by General Sir H. J. T. Hildyard, K.C.B., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, South Africa, on its arrival under his command.

On the 19th March Lieut.-General Sprot, Colonel of the regiment, died, and was succeeded in the Colonelcy by Major-General John E. Boyes, C.B.

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACMILLAN.—Last month the Clan MacMillan held their annual "At Home" in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow. Bailie D. McMillan, Partick, occupied the chair, and in the course of his remarks recommended that the various clans should federate and apply for restitution of the old clan lands. He recommended the cry, "Back to the land," for with larger holdings they could yet have a successful and happy peasantry in the Highland glens.

MUIREACH FIAL.

BHA uair eigin ann an Cinntàile duine ris an abradh iad “Muireach Fial,” agus bha mòran airgid aige. Ma ’s fhìor, thug Muireach air uair suim airgid do ’n t-Siosalach, nachdaran Shrath-Ghlais; agus fhuair e sgrìbheadh laghail no “bann” bho ’n t-Siosalach anns an robh air a cheangal air son an airgid àite ris an abrar “Afaric Mholach.” Chaidh Muireach turus sios rathad na Machrach; bha gille còmhla ris; agus a’ tilleadh dhachaidh bha iad oidheche ann an tigh-òsda Shruidh, agus chaidh Muireach a mharbhadh an sin.

Anns a’ mhaduinn, an uair a dh’ éirich an gille, dh’ innis iad da gu’ n d’ fhuair a mhaighistir fios-cabhaig gu dol taobh eigin; nach d’ innis e cia an taobh, ach gu ’n d’ iarr e airsan dol dachaidh. Thog an gille air, agus an uair ràinig e an tigh, cha robh sgial air Muireach, agus cha robh fhios aige càite an robh e, ach gu ’n do dhealaich e ris air an oidheche ann an Sruidh. Fhuaradh coire mhór do’n ghille, agus bha crùdh-cogais aige fhein air fhein, air son cho luath ’s a thàinig e air falbh; ach ’s e rud a rinn e gu ’n d’ fhalbh e rithist an ceann eheithirladiag, agus ràinig e tigh-òsda Shruidh. Cha d’ aithnich iad e an tús, agus cha mhò a dh’ innis e dhaibh co a bh’ ann, no ciod bu ghnòthach dha. Leig e air òl agus dh’ iarr e fear-an-tighe. Bha e cumail an uisge-bheatha ris gu math, ach a’ toirt na deagh aire air fhein; agus nu dheireadh an uair a thòisich fear-an-tighe air fàs blath,—ars’ esan ris a’ ghille:—

“Air do shlainte, a mhic Dhonnachaidh mhic Iain chaoil,

Fath mo ghaoil ort, cha b’ i ’n deoch;
Ach thu bhì euide ri Muireach Fial,
A’ chòig oidheche diag gus an nochd.”

Bha so ag innseadh gu ’n d’ aithnich fear-an-tighe e, ach cha do leig an gille air gu ’n do thuig e e. Goirid an deigh sin thigear mac fhir-an-tighe stigh, air ghnòthach gu athair, ’s dh’ fharraid athair dh’ e, “Am faca tu am bradan fìor-uisge an nochd?” Thuir gu’m fae, air a leithid so de pholl, a’s e ag ainmeachadh a’ phuill. “Nach e tha dol leis gu math!” arsa fear-an-tighe.

Bha am fear eile (an gille) ag cumail a chluaise ris a h-uile rud a bha e cluinntim, gum a bhì gabhail dad air; agus gun dol a laidhe idir, dh’ fhàg e an tigh cho luath ’s a chumaic a shiùl an latha. Dh’ fharraid e de na coimhearsnaich air bruaich na h-aimhne càite an robh a leithid so de pholl, ’s e toirt seachad ainn a’ phuill. Dh’ innis iad da: agus an uair a ràinig e am poll, faicear e Muireach air urlar a’ phuill marbh. Fhuair e air a thogail e, agus thiodhlaic iad e ann an cladh Shrath-Ghlais, agus an sin thog an gille air dhachaidh.

Dh’ innis e a h-uile car mar a thachair; agus gun dàil, dh’ fhalbh comhlan à Cinntàile gu corp Mhuirich a thoir dachaidh. An uair a thog iad e bha déigh mhòr aca air greim fhaotainn air cuid de na Glaisich a los am marbhadh, ach cha robh fhios aca ciamar a ghlacadh iad iad.

Ma dheireadh ’s e an rud a rinn iad leac a a thogail as a’ chladh, agus a toirt leo air falbh, an dòchus gu ’n leanadh na Glaisich iad air son na lice, agus mar sin gu’m faigheadh iad greim orra. Ach a dh-aindeoin sin cha do leig an t-cagal leis na Glaisich gnothuch a ghabhail riu; agus an sin thog na Sailich orra leis an lie ’s le Muireach, thair na monaidhnean gus an d’ ràinig iad Cill-Duthaich ann an Cinntàile.

Air an rathad thuit an leac air an fheadhainn a bha ’g a giùlan, agus chaidh sgealb as a’ ghualainn aice; thug iad leo an sgealb euide ris an lie, agus chuireadh le chèile iad ann Cill-Duthaich, far am beil iad gus an là an diugh. Thugadh mar ainm air an lie “An leac chuireneach,” a chionn gu ’n d’ fhalbh an sgealb aisde; agus lean an t-ainm sin riabh rithe.

A nise, a thaobh gu ’n d’ fhalbh Muireach mar so, cha robh fhios càite an robh a’ bhann a fhuair e bho ’n t-Siosalach; bha i air chall, ’s leig iad diubb a bhì ’g a h-iarraidh. Bha aig Muireach anns an tigh ball èirneis ris an abradh iad “beinge”; agus an deigh a bhàis bha a’ bheinge so, mar dhùthchas a’ leantainn an teaghlach bu teinne air fhein, a’s iad ’g a gleidheadh gu measail, mar bhall-sinusireachd, ré ioma bliadhna. Am fear aig an robh i mu dheireadh, ’s e “*Murchadh Buidhe nam miar*” a theirtadh ris; agus bu chéird da a bhì dròbhaireachd each. Phòs Murchadh Buidhe so boirionnach a bha ’n sid; ach ged a ghabh i e, ’s ann an aghaidh a càile fhéin, agus sin air eomhairle a cuideachd—gu sonraichte air eomhairle a bràthar.

An déis d’ i a’ ehiad urra chloinne bhì aice, dh’ fhàg i Murchadh, ’s thugar Peairt oirre leis a’ ghiullan, far an robh peathraichean d’ i ’g an cosnadh. Dh’ fhan i greis mhath ann an sin, agus thog iad an leanabh catarra.

Latha de na làithean, thuir bràthair na mnatha ri Murchadh Buidhe, gu’m b’ fhearr dha dol ’g a h-iarraidh; gu’m faodadh, bho’n a dh’ fhairich i nis a’ bhoedainn, gu’n tilleadh i. Dh’ fhalbh Murchadh, agus bhual e Peairt; ach céum cha tigeadh de Mhairghreid.

Thill e; agus goirid an deigh dha tighin dachaidh, thachair a bhràthair-eile air, agus dh’ fhaighnich e an d’ thainig Mairghread. “O, cha d’ thainig,” arsa Murchadh—“Ghabh-teadh a’ chuid, ach cha ghabh-teadh an duine. Ach an teid thusa euide riunsa an nochd, Iain,” arsa esan, “agus gheolh thu do bhìadh air

dheasachadh dhut cho glan 's ged a bhiodh Mairghread romhad." Thuirte Iain gu 'n rachadh; agus, 's e bh' ann gu 'n de chuir iad ann feasgar seachad gu ladhach ag comhradh mu thurus Mhurchaidh; agus chaidh iad a laidhe cuideachd.

Bha iad ag comhradh ri chéile mu'n do chaidil iad, agus, arsa Murchadh, "Saoil thusa, Iain, nach b' i Mairghread coluinn a' chruaidh fhortain nach do lean i mise, agus bann Mhuirich Fhéil agam?"

"Bann Mhuirich Fhéil," arsa am fear eile, 's e 'g eirigh 'n a leth-shuidhe—"bann Mhuirich Fhéil, cáite an d' fhuair thusa i?" Innsidh mi sin duit," arsa Murchadh. "A' bheinge bha an sid a mach ri taobh an tighe, bha i falbh 'n a cáth, is air gradadh; agus là dh' an robh mi 's droch theine agam, chaidh mi a mach leis an t-uaiigh dh' fhiach an cuirinn sgealban aisde a los an cur air an teine; agus an uair a leig mi air a cur as a chéile, léum bogsachan a mach á ceann na beinge, agus bha a' bhann anns a' bhogsa."

An uair a chaidh an sgial a mach air feadh na dùthecha gu'n robh bann Mhuirich Fhéil aig Murchadh Buidhe, thòisich iadsan uile a bha 'n an luchd-dàimh dha, air Murchadh a chur h-uige air son na boinne; ach dh'àicheidh e i, ag radh nach robh i idir aige, agus nach d' fhuair e riabh i. An sin chiadh Iain, a bhràthair-céile air 'aodunn air son an rud a thuirte e ris an oidhehe ud; ach, 's e a thuirte a Murchadh, "A Dhia beannaich thu, fhir mo ghaoil, nach bu mhi am briagadair ma thuirte mi sin riut."

Facal tuille air an son cha'n innseadh e do neach air bith; ach bha e mar chleachdadh aige a bhi bruidhinn ris fhein air naireannan, agus bhiodh feadhainn gu tric a' dol thair a' bhothain anns an robh e fuireach, a dh-fharluais air; agus ehuais e uair no dhà ag radh ris fhein mar so; "Thug mi dhut i, fhir mo ghaoil, bann Mhuirich Fhéil, agus cha d' thug thu ni riabh dhomh air a son ach an gini buidhe òir."

Leag iad an t-amhurus gur h-e bha e ciallachadh le so gu'n d' thug e a' bhann do dh-fhear Ionarinnait, a chionn gu 'n robh meas anbarrach aca air a chéile—agus cha robh teagamh sa bith nach e sin a rinn e.

Bha mise turus, bho chionn beagan bliadhnaichean thall rathad Loeb-Aillse, agus ehunnaic mi gille a bha 'n a charbadair aig fear de dh-uaislean na dùthecha, agus b' fhear-cinnidh an gille ruadh so do Mhurchadh Buidhe nam miar. Dh' innis e dhomh gu 'n do chuir e an céill do dh-fhear-lagha air an robh eolas aige an Dun-éideann an eachdraidh so uile, nu bhoinn Mhuirich Fhéil, agus gu 'n d' thuirte am fear-lagha gu'm fiachadh e ciod a b' urrainn da dhianamh gu tuilleadh soluis fhaotainn air a' chuis. Ach 's e bh' ann gu 'n euais maighistir

a' ghille mu 'n rud a rinn e, agus thug e air sgar dh' e, ag radh ris, na' m faigheadh an t-uachdaran a mach e, gu 'n sguabadh e bharr na h-oighbreachd a h-uile h-aon de 'n t-seorsa de 'n robh e. Is ann mar sin a tha agus theagamh a bhi theas bann Mhuirich Fhéil.

BAN-SAILEACH.

THE CAVE PICTURE AND ITS PAINTER.

THE famous dream picture of the Crucifixion on Davaar Island, which yearly draws so many thousands to gaze upon it, was truly the work of inspiration. Mr. Archibald MacKinnon, the artist, who became famous first through it, is a man of whom his native Kintyre may well be proud. He belongs to one of the oldest families known there. It is the prerogative of the Celt to "see visions and dream dreams," and the picture on Davaar, painted in 1887, was the materialised result of a vision which came to its painter. The artist is at present engaged—indeed, has been for years—upon a large painting, which, when framed, will occupy space 20 feet by 10 feet, which portrays the vision which led him to paint what he calls "my beloved Davaar picture."

He had been thinking of going to Liverpool—where, after the picture was painted, he did go—in 1887, and had then a strange and mystical vision or dream. He dreamt of a cave like that upon Davaar, and going there, vision-led, he worked upon the picture steadily for twenty hours. It must have been hard and trying work. He had to tie his brushes to his walking-stick to reach the thorn-crowned Head, and, as he stood upon a rock in front, a slip, as he himself said, might have meant his death. Speaking to an interviewer, he said—"Nothing could go home to one better than when one goes over the long stretch of rocks and boulders before you reach "The Cross of Blood."

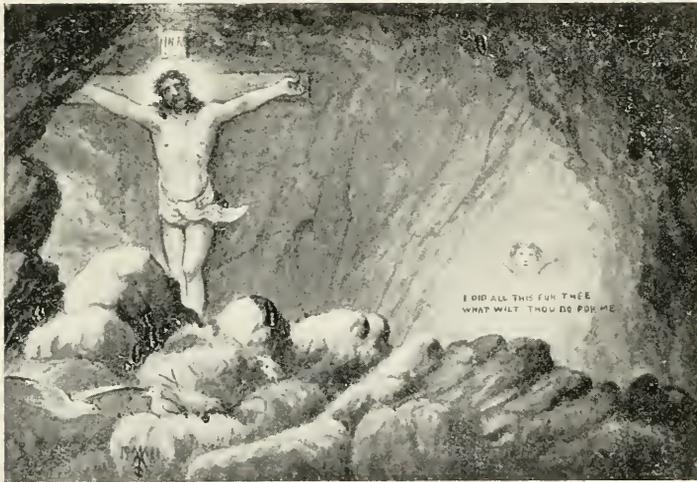
The following is his own description of the large painting upon which he is at present engaged:—"For many years I have been working on a large canvas, a representation of that dream which inspired me to paint the now famous cave picture. The title of the work is 'Veritas ex Caverna.' It is distinctly allegorical. It shows life in its temptations after which men most eagerly run—women, wine, gold, and passions of many kinds. But one figure engages our attention—that of the Saviour on the Cross, surrounded by the shadowy legions of the angelic host—while round His feet, as if they were trying to prevent men seeing clearly the full nobility of His sacrifice, are a number of other figures. It will start on exhibition in Crewe, then to most cities and towns in the

kingdom. Then the dream which inspired me to put The Christ in lone Davaar will be seen by all."

Mr. MacKinnon left Kintyre as a young boy. Both the romance of life and its struggle have been known by him. He now lives in Nantwich, Cheshire, where he is well-known and popular, having a studio there. As a boy at school he used to draw the house in Nantwich which is now his studio, it being one of the subjects in his drawing copy. His output has been great, many pictures having come in quick succession from his brush. His first commission, after he came to Nantwich, was a portrait of "The Grand Old Man of Cheshire," Thomas Beatman of Chorley, and this picture is now in the Board-room, Nantwich. His picture of Tarporly Hunt, which first made him famous in Cheshire, was engraved by Anman & Sons, the well-known

Its teachings cannot be received without making men wiser and better." And at the end of the paper he said—"There is no royal road to art. It is the height that charms us, not the steps which lead us to the temple of fame that shine so far. We can see these steps almost covered with the bleached bones of past ages, some still grasping in death's icy hands the banner "Excelsior." Yet, there is a road, and the name of it is "Patience." The flowers that grow by it are few, but they are sweet, and when plucked and gathered and woven into a crown their fragrance will last for ever."

In Campbelltown Free Library Museum are several paintings by Mr. MacKinnon. Of those which collectively bear the title of "Old Campbelltown," the librarian once said to me that they were invaluable to the town. Sometimes a prophet receives a little honour in his



THE CAVE PICTURE.

art photographers, and the engravings are to be found all over the world. Mr. MacKinnon has found inspiration several times in the hunting field for his work. His "Tally-ho!"—a satire—is another hunting scene, although necessarily of a different character from the "Tarporly Hunt." He has a very high ideal of his art, and its demands upon him. I quote the following passage from a paper which he read before the Crewe Literary and Philosophical Society, entitled, "The Ideal in Art":—"We dwell in a land glorious with the majesty of the silent and everlasting hills; rich with the happy breadths of fertile valleys. In all these we have an exhaustless store for the nurture of that love of the sublime and the beautiful which is the imperishable instinct of the human soul. High art underlies the noblest instincts of our nature.

own country! There is also in the Museum a three-panel picture of scenes from "The Sign of the Cross." The artist painted this from sketches which he made on his cuffs in the Chester Theatre when Wilson Barrett's play appeared there. To have had such an origin, the painting is wonderful. The richness and beauty of the colouring is specially noticeable, and the moonlight effect of the panel depicting the night scene is extremely well caught.

But it is to the wonderful cave picture that one's thoughts return most persistently. It is only at low tide that the traveller can cross to the island by land, the receding waters leaving a peninsula. Reaching the island, there is a grassy path which one follows for a short time, and then there is a long stretch of rough, boulder-strewn shore to be traversed. Several

caves are passed before one reaches the right one. But, when it is reached, and one stands before that presentment of majestic sorrow and suffering painted upon the rocky wall of the cave, one forgets the roughness of the way that led one there. Infinite stillness here in the heart of the rocky island—a stillness broken only by the mournful chant of the waves breaking upon the shore outside—awes the beholder. One wonders what the feelings of the artist were as he worked patiently and all alone, far from any human habitation (there is only a light-house upon the island), at his inspired picture. No wonder that the Roman Catholic fisherman, who, by chance coming ashore on the island, first saw the painting, said when he reached Campbeltown that a miracle had happened upon Davaar—that the angels had painted a picture of our Lord in one of the caves. Truly there is something miraculous about the whole story—religion, mysticism, romance, sentiment, are curiously commingled in it. The mysticism of the Celt—the best dreamer, poet, lover, in the world—is a strong characteristic of Mr. MacKinnon's, but it is balanced by a calm and quiet outlook upon people and things—a steadiness of brain and a determination of purpose, albeit he is fired by a passionate devotion to his art—which makes his character a very interesting one. It is only now and then, at wide intervals of time, that nature takes the long products of the ages best fitted for her purpose, and, moulding them, the poet or the artist comes to earth to teach men that there is still an ideal to be sought to be lived for; that the man who sees that vision is divinely taught, and that the true glory is in the struggle, although, alas, too often it is not given to us to see what seems fulfilment here.

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

The late Mr. A. R. MACDONALD of Ord.

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

Sir,—It is only those who sit upon the Editorial chair who know how fiercely the light of criticism burns. The late Mr. A. R. Macdonald's only living sister writes from Australia to correct a mistake that was made in the biographical sketch of her brother which appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* of last September. His father's mother was not a Macdonald of Scalpa; she was a MacAlister of Loup and Cour and her mother was Ann MacDonald, Kingsburgh. There were two daughters. Our grandmother's name was Margaret. Her sister Susan was married to Macdonald of Scalpa. A sister Flora was married to Lauchlan MacKinnon of Corry, and Ann was married to

Peter Nicholson, the grandfather of the late captain Allan MacDonald of Waternish. You know MacDonald Kingsburgh and Florence his wife were of the MacDonalds of the Isles. The Kingsburgh MacDonalds were cadets of the family, and Kingsburgh's wife Florence was a grand daughter of Donald Gorm. Besides these two daughters, Ronald Macalister and his wife, Anne Kingsburgh, had four or five sons, all in the army, two of them generals and one governor-general of Prince of Wales Island. Allan MacDonald, Kingsburgh, who married Flora MacDonald, was a brother of Ann MacDonald, Kingsburgh, who married Ronald Macalister, so that Allan MacDonald, Kingsburgh, was our great-grand-mother's brother, and our great-grand-mother Anne was the child of seven years mentioned in history as running in to tell her mother that the Prince was in the hall at Kingsburgh, and described him as a "strange muckle woman" he being dressed as "Betty Burke," Flora MacDonald's maid.

Trusting that the above quotation from Mrs. Godfrey MacKinnon's letter will keep history straight.—I remain, Yours faithfully,

K. N. MacDonald.

Edinburgh, December 1911.

GUR MIS' THA FO MHULAD.

Gur mis' tha fo mhulad air 'n tulaich so shuas,
Nach faicear am chòir thu la Dònaich no Luain.
Ged theid mi do 'n leabaidh: cha chaidil mi uair,
A' smaointean mo leannain 's e fad air dol bhuan.

Fear ciablaige glaise cha d' thug mi dha spéis;
'S e mo run an t-òg gasda, chaidh seachad an dé.
Mo chridh' air a bhristeadh—'s e bruidhinn gach té;
Tha mo dhòchas 'n uair thig thu, gu'm bi mi 's tu réidh.

Gu'm faea mi 'n dé thu, 's bu luaineach do chum,
Chaidh tu orm seachad, 's cha d' fharraid mo sgùl
Ach, marbhaig air an t-saoghal, gur caochlaidheach é;
Mu'n taice so 'n uiridh, gheabhainn d' fhran romh chéud.

ESAN A' FREAGAIRT.

An t-soiridh, an t-soiridh, thoir an t-soiridh so bhuan,
A null thair an loch, far bheil osnaich a' chuain.
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol mhala gun ghruaim.
Gur eibhraidh' leam d' anail na 'n cainéal 'g a bhuan.

A chuachag an fhàsaich, gur h-àill' thu na'n drùchd.
'S e miann gach gill òig a bhi 'n còmhaidh riut dlùth.
Tha mis' ann an dòchas gur h-òigh thu gun smùr.
Mo bhriathran 's mo bhòidean nach pòs mi ach thù.

Tha thu bòidheach gun mheang, tha thu baididh gun ghruaim,

Tha thu sibhealta 'd chaimnt, neothar-thaing, tha thu suaire:

Cha'n 'eil cron ort ri àireamh an làthair an t-shnigh,—
'S ma tha thu gann de stòras tha 'n còrr annad dh' uaisl'.

Am meadhan na mara, 'n uair bhios mi leam fhein,
Bidh do ghaol ga mo mhealladh, 's 'g am bheothachadh shuas.

Cha teid mi air àicheadh an làthair an t-sluaigh,
Nach tu 'n t-aon is fhear leam a dh' fhàs oirre gruag.

A TRIBUTE TO BURNS.

To Scotia's bard, who sweetly sang
 In rustic strains the wayside tales
 And auld-folk lore;
 His poesy's sweet fancy bright
 Touching each common thing with light
 And radiance o'er;

Or tuned to patriotic flight,
 In noble verses tipped with fire
 He sang the fame
 Of well-skilled Bruce, who won the fight
 At Bannockburn 'gainst Edward's might
 And Wallace's undying name.

Or cheered a weary world to mirth,
 And filled the countryside with laughter
 Wi' Tam o' Shanter,
 And witches dancing in the mirk
 Of Alloway's auld, haunted kirk
 To Satan's chanter.

Of pibroch shrill, or battle cry
 Of plaided warriors, waying high
 The dread claymore;
 Or slogan sounding o'er the glen,
 And marching tread of armed men,
 Set little store;

But turned to rhyme the homely themes
 O' hamely folk in hodden grey
 And topics timely,
 The chanting linnet or the soaring lark,
 The sonie haggis or "the swats
 That drank divinely"

When Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 And rantin' Rob was there to prece,
 And Allan too;
 Gude faith! I would we had been there
 That jovial night with them to share,
 We wadna rue.

The "Jolly Beggars" in their lair
 "Birling their bawbees wi' the best,"
 He sketched them true;
 Wi' laughin' and quaffin'
 And fechtin' hard and daffin'
 The whole nicht through.

Twa dogs he made to meet and talk
 Wi' seeds o' philosophic lore
 Sae unco' gash;
 And in a socialistic mood
 They turned the tables on the proud
 And sielike trash.

He laughed to shame hypocrisy
 And all the votaries of sham,
 The Holy Fair;
 He stripped the saintly robes from haters,
 Scourging the temple's desecraters
 Wi' Willie's prayer.

In softer mood he paints the scene,
 The cotter's weary week's work done
 And Sabbath calm;
 "The big ha' Bille" read with care,
 The pious strains of praise and pray'r
 And holy psalm.

This night we meet to honour pay
 To him who mourned for Highland Mary,
 And each heart turns
 With loving memory the while
 Unto the lad was born in Kyle,
 Our Robert Burns,

Though oceans wide between us roar,
 Our claim to kin with Poet Burns
 We'll ne'er deny;
 He sang for honest fame, not hire;
 The matchless music of his lyre
 Shall never die.

From rock-bound banks of Yellow-stone
 "To banks and brae's o Bonnie Doon"
 Is unco far;
 But we will sing his songs to-night
 And keep his memory ever bright.
 We might do waur.

Then raise the toast, let welkin ring
 And drink in usquebae or water,
 Whichever suits ye,
 To rantin', roarin', Robbin's fame,
 And do full honours to his name,
 I'll never doubt ye!

From new Montana's golden streams
 We send auld Scotia a greeting
 With final love;
 That she may prosper more and more,
 And Peace and plenty bless her store
 From God above.

And may the heritage of Burns,
 Columbia and Scotia share,
 In friendship bind
 The land we live in and the land
 Of our brave sires unto the end,
 As kin and kind.

Our fealty to the "Stars and Stripes,"
 The banner of the brave and free,
 Is all aglow;
 In peace or war we will defend
 Our country's honor to the end
 'Gainst every foe;

And while we love this goodly land,
 And serve it well, as it deserves,
 With best endeavor;
 For Motherland our love will glow
 While heather blooms or waters flow.
 "Scotland Forever!"

Billing, Mont.,

J. D. MATHESON.

By pressing into the service people who lived south of the Grampians, and who probably never even visited Lochaber, historians have sought to give the Clan Cameron the much-desired "lang pedigree." The pedigree of the Lochaber Camerons cannot be traced historically further back than about the fourteenth or fifteenth century. They got their name, as the usual etymology has it, from the "cam-shron" or wry-nose of some early chief, as a wry-mouthed chief of the Campbells gave them their Gaelic appellation "cam-beul." The first assured chief of the clan is Donald Du (cir. 1411), from which the chief of the Camerons takes his patronymic of "Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh."

The making of bows and arrows has given several surnames to the English, such as Bower or Bowyer, Stringer, Fletcher, Arrowsmith, &c. Gaelic absorbed "fleecher" or "fledger"—arrowmaker and, more generally, bowmaker—in the form of "leisdear." It was an easy transition from "Mac-an-fhledger" or "Mac-an-fhleecher" to "Mac-an-leisdear" or "Mac-an-Leister." In Argyllshire the Fletchers are still called "Mac-an-Leisdear." In Islay we find the name written M'Inleister in 1686. The Fletchers were arrowmakers to the MacGregors,

THE CLAN MACRAE SOCIETY.

LECTURE BY THE CLAN HISTORIAN.

UNDER the auspices of the Clan Macrae Society the Rev. Alexander Macrae, the Clan historian, Ardelay Vicarage, Herts., lectured last month in the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on the history of the Clan Macrae. Major John Macrae-Gilstrap presided over a large attendance.

The name Macrae (said the lecturer) was one of the oldest of Scottish names. It was found first in Ireland in the year A.D. 448. It was found in Scotland in the ninth century. It was common in Ayrshire and also in the district of Monteith about the middle of the fifteenth century. The name was mentioned in the neighbourhood of Inverness in 1386, and the clan could be traced back in Kintail until very near that date. The antiquity of their name clearly proved that the Macraes are not a sept of the Mackenzies. The surname Mackenzie did not appear until some generations after the settlement of the founders of the Clan Macrae in Kintail. According to Highland historians there was a Clan Macrae of Kintail, with the ancestors of the Earls of Seaforth for their chief, some generations before the Clan Mackenzie came into existence. The Macraes were the clan of the Earls of Seaforth in a much closer sense than any of the Mackenzies were. It was a proud position for the Macraes, for Seaforth was for many generations one of the greatest and most powerful of the Scottish nobility. The Macraes always occupied the place of honour in the service of Seaforth, and

Seaforth never allowed any sept or family of the Mackenzies to intrude between himself and his Clan Macrae.

There were well-known historical facts which make it absolutely certain that the Macraes never had or acknowledged any other chief than Seaforth. (1) There is no mention of any Macrae chief in any contemporary document yet discovered; (2) there is no record of any land having ever been possessed by any Macrae in Kintail; (3) wherever there is any contemporary mention of the Clan Macrae they are always mentioned as the most warlike and most devoted of Seaforth's following; (4) the Rev. John Macrae (died 1703), who wrote a history of the Clan Macrae, never mentions a Macrae chief, neither does Farquhar Macrae of Inverinate (died 1789), by whom that history was continued. It was inconceivable that there could have been a chief of the name Macrae without any mention being made of him by either of those two historians, both of whom belonged to the family for whom the chiefship was now claimed. On the contrary, both historians assumed the chiefship of Seaforth, of whom they spoke as the "master" of the Macraes.

As was well known the claim of a certain family to be chiefs of the Clan Macrae failed in the Court of the Lyon King three years ago, or, to speak more correctly, the claimants failed to satisfy the Lyon King that they were entitled to bear the coat-of-arms of a chief. It was the question of the coat-of-arms that the Lyon King had to deal with, but the supporters asked for, which are the only distinctive features of the arms of a chief, could not be granted unless the claim to chiefship was established. It was the claimants who first appealed to the Lyon King, and when they failed to establish their claim they ought to have frankly acknowledged their failure and let bygones be bygones. Such a course would have prejudiced nobody and would have saved the unity of the clan, and they should then have a very fine and influential clan society. They who contend for a due recognition of the facts of the history of their clan had no personal feeling of any kind against the claimants of the chiefship, but they did claim a frank acknowledgment of the true facts of their clan history, and it was on the basis of a frank acknowledgment of those undeniable facts that they hoped to see their clan united in peace and harmony and good fellowship.



Rev. ALEXANDER MACRAE, Clan Historian. &c.

The chief of the Strathglass Chisholms has always borne the distinctive appellation "An Siosalach," i.e. "The Chisholm," or "Siosalach Strathghlais," i.e. "Chisholm of Strathglass," in distinction from the Roxburgh chief, who was styled, according to his place, "of Chisholme."

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song by Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne Bard, has been used as a recitation, but not yet, as far as I am aware, has it been sung to any tune. It contains some beautiful similes, and is worthy of a place among similar pathetic songs by other bards. For that reason the accompanying tune has been adapted to it.

Evan MacColl cannot be said to have been guilty of making sacrifice of sense and feeling for the sake of smoothness of rhythm, and that is the main cause for so many of his songs, which are of more than average merit, remaining unsung. C. M. P.

CHAOCHAIL MAIRI.

Gleus G.

m : -m m : d	r : m l ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : -l ₁ d : m	r : d s : -s
Chaoch - ail i mar neultan ruiteach	Bhios 'san Ear mu bhriseadh faire;		
l : -l s : l s.m; r m : l ₁	s ₁ : -s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ d : m r : -r		
B' fhamad leis a' ghréin am bòidheach :	Dh' éirich i 'na glòir chur sgàil orra.		
m : -d m : -r d : - - :	r : -d m : -r s ₁ : - - :		
Hù o hù ri ù ;	Hé o i ri ù ;		
l ₁ : -s ₁ d : -d l ₁ : - - :			
Chaochail Màiri òg.			

Chaochail i mar phlathadh gréine,
 'S am faileas 'na chomh-réis an tòir air ;
 Chaochail i mar bhogh nan speuran ;
 Shìl an fhlas is thréig a ghloir e.
 Chaochail i mar shucachd a laigheas
 Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
 Dh' aom an làn gun iochd air aghaidh ;
 Ghile ! O, cha b' fhada shealbhaich.
 Chaochail i mar ghuth na càrsaich
 Nuair is druigheiche 's is mils' e ;

Chaochail i mar sgeulaehd àluinn
 Mu'n gann thòisichear r' a h-inneadh.
 Chaochail i mar bhoillsgeadh gealaich
 'S am maraiche fo fhiamh 's an dorcha ;
 Chaochail i mar bhruadar mìlis,
 'S an cadlaiche fo bhròn gu'n d' fholbh e.
 Chaochail i an tùs a h-àille ;
 Cha seachnadh Pàrras nomh as féin i ;
 Chaochail i—O, chaochail Màiri
 Mar gu'm bàiththeadh grian ag éirigh.

LORD LOVAT OF THE '45.

70 Mitchell Street,
 Glasgow, 9th December 1911.

IN regard to portrait in this month's *Celtic Monthly* of Simon, Lord Lovat of the '45 (after Hogarth), the following extract taken from an historical paper on the Macleans of Dochgarroch written for me by the late Charles Fraser Mackintosh, Esq., of Drummore, LL.D., in 1896, and which I read to the Members of the Clan MacLean Association, will, I think, be of interest to many :—

“Janet, daughter of Alexander Maclean of Dochgarroch, married as his second wife James Cumming of Delshangie, etc.

From Delshangie sprung the race of Cummings, writers in Inverness, betwixt whom and the Macleans several marriages took place.

Lasting over two hundred years, the race of Cummings terminated in the person of Miss Alexina, commonly called “Lexy” Cumming,

who died at Inverness about fifty years ago, reputed a hundred years of age, daughter of James Cumming, writer and messenger in Inverness. I recollect being introduced as a cousin to this venerable lady, whose masculine features and huge silver snuff-box made a deep impression. The Hogarth portraits of Simon, Lord Lovat, have taken such a hold on the public and become so numerous that it can hardly be credited that Lord Lovat, as late as the period of his being Governor of Inverness, was a remarkably fine-looking man. Miss Cumming was in possession of a really fine portrait by Zell, which still exists. The insignificant little representation given in the edition of Major Fraser of Castle Leather's *Memoirs* published a few years ago, attributed to Zell, while it has the same dress and pose, is not only an inadequate representation, but changes the whole expression.”—I am, yours etc.,

JOHN MACLEAN,



LIEUTENANT C. A. MACALISTER.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

No. 2. VOL. XX.]

FEBRUARY, 1912.

[Price Threepence.

THE LATE LIEUT. C. A. MACALISTER, Yr. of Glenbarr and Cour.

MANY of our readers will join with us in regretting the sudden death, at an early age, of Charles Augustus Macalister, Yr., of Glenbarr, J.P. for County Argyll, which took place at the British Legation, Peking, on Sunday, 31st December.

The news was received with profound regret, not only at Glenbarr, but in all the country round, where he was so well known.

Lieut. Macalister was born in Edinburgh, on 10th July 1883. His earliest years were passed at Crubesdale. While yet a child, Glenbarr became his home when his father succeeded to that estate, and in that beautiful spot he grew to manhood, beloved by all who knew him.

On the 4th of June 1904 he was gazetted to the 1st Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, a distinguished regiment of which his grand-uncle, Lieut.-General J. F. G. Campbell, C.B., had been Colonel.

Keenly interested in the profession he had chosen, he determined to fit himself for it in every way he could, and while at Tedworth he took a first-class certificate in musketry at Hythe, and was also appointed signalling officer to his regiment.

Anxious to see foreign service, he exchanged into the 2nd Battalion, and leaving home on 5th November 1908, he travelled overland by Russia and Siberia, and joined the regiment at Tientsin in China.

His battalion being ordered to India, he went with them, and spent a few months at Bangalore, but with a preference for China, and being desirous to qualify as a language-officer, by his own request, he was seconded for two years and returned to Peking to study Chinese. A year later he passed his first examination with a degree of distinction which gained him the reward of £100 from the War Office.

Being a keen sportsman, he combined pleasure with work, and during his sojourn in China, besides shooting, he won many cups and other prizes with his racing ponies.

Shortly before his death Lieut. Macalister had been sent on a scouting expedition into Mongolia to get some information for the Government, which his knowledge of the Chinese language made him well qualified to do. It is surmised while there, he must have contracted scarlet fever, as only a few days after his return to Peking, he was struck down by a violent attack, and on the last day of the old year the hand of Death was laid upon him, and thus ended what gave every promise of being a very bright career.

Although alone in a foreign land, and far from home, he was surrounded by many friends, and his laying to rest—with full military honours—was a touching and deeply impressive sight.

All the Foreign Legations in Peking, as well as the British, were largely represented at the funeral; his grave in the English Cemetery, which lies beyond the western wall of Peking, was a mass of lovely wreaths, and every mark of respect, love, and sorrow was shown for the gallant young soldier who had passed from their midst, never more to return, having laid down his life for his country as truly as if he had fallen on the field of battle.

Cheerful, generous, warm-hearted, thoroughly unaffected, Lieut. Macalister had indeed an attractive personality. His manly look and soldierly bearing drew the eye. A dutiful and affectionate son and brother, and a fast friend, with a character above what is ignoble and base, those who knew him most intimately recognised in him the stamp of a high-souled gentleman. The promise of his life lent colour to the expectation that, had length of days been given him, he would have still more adorned the profession to which he was so entirely devoted. He loved his home and the people among whom he was brought up. Troops of friends in this country and abroad will grieve that by his untimely death the King has lost a brave soldier and they themselves a loved associate. They will grieve that over his home is cast the shadow of a deep sorrow—that his head lies low in a foreign land.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By J. G. MACKAY, Portree.

THERE is another characteristic which at the risk of being considered far fetched, I will venture to put before you, and that is, the physical difference between the average Scot and Englishman.

It is long since I noticed in the course of business that the sizes of hats suitable for Scotland are much larger than for England. The Scottish head is long, the English head is round. Any gentleman fitting on a felt hat can see this for himself, those hats being made on English blocks are too short and too broad for Scottish heads. I was interested to see a quotation from the postal workers organ, in which it is stated, that the "Characteristics of the London postman are, small heads, and big feet," and that the measurements for postmen's clothing reveals the fact, "that the size of head increases the further they go north, Inverness-shire having the biggest average. The sizes for Scotland are altogether bigger than England. While in England, Carmarthanshire in Celtic Wales, works out the highest, next comes the counties nearest Scotland, while in Devonshire the people are noted for the roundness of their heads, which has earned for them the sobriquet, of Devonshire dumplings.

The feet, again, in Scotland are broader and shorter, with the bridge more arched, which gives them more spring and makes them more suitable for hill climbing.

I take the following from a magazine article which appeared some years ago:—

"It is surprising the little interest we take in other people's feet. Our own command the whole of our attention; and very worrying they are sometimes.

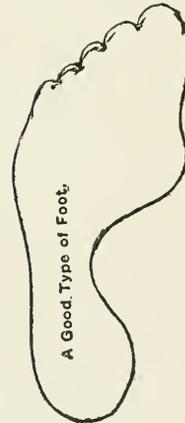
Have you ever noticed the shape of your foot? It may astonish you to know that one's feet are as much an index to one's character as one's face, or one's lines and wrinkles therein. This is the opinion of a foot surgeon who had been interviewed on the subject."

"Palmistry, physiognomy, and the like, are beside the mark compared with the value of the study of the feet in the formation of a man's character," said he. "There are three classes of the human foot—Aryan, Scandinavian, and the Anglo-Saxon. The first two are pure; the third is the blend of the former. There is also a nondescript type.



"The Celtic or Aryan foot was the foot of the old Phœnicians, and is the highest type of the human foot. It has many characteristics which stand out from all other feet.

"You may know it by the big toe being shorter than the next one to it, the big toe joint being large and long, the arch being short and high-pitched, and the heel-bone being irregular in form. The man with the Celtic foot will perform what he says; he will be strong, healthy, moral. It is the foot of the soldier, of the conqueror, and the trustworthy man.



"In the Scandinavian foot the big toe stands far away from all the others. The arch is flatter and longer than the Aryan; the heel is very symmetrical in relation to the general outline; the toes are longer; the tread is narrower. It is the more elegant of the two, but the Celtic is the stronger development. The man with such a foot as this will be no less sincere than the Aryan-footed man, but he will be slower in coming to a decision, and will perform his duty or a promise usually with less grace. For swimming it excels the Celtic; but the latter is all for long distance walking, mountain climbing, rapid and quick movement.

"The Anglo-Saxon may be termed the general all-round foot. We pass into degeneration from this, the foot that fills our prisons, hospitals, workhouses, and supplies us with the footpad.

"Even the prospects of marriage may be gleaned from comparison of the feet.

"The Anglo-Saxon foot is that of the business man. The big toe and the one next to it are brought on a line. The arch is not so accurate as the Aryan, but an improvement on the

Scandinavian. The displacement across the tread is greater than the Scandinavian, but not equal to the Aryan.*

This shows us the mistake of wearing shoes made on lasts of a different type to our feet.

Another striking fact is the difference in the tastes of the people in the matter of narcotics and stimulants. It is well known and carefully studied by certain people in business, wholesale provision merchants, tea-dealers, and tobacco manufacturers, to mention only a few. It manifests itself occasionally in very odd ways.

Just take tobacco, for instance. Even in the small area of the United Kingdom its consumption is greatly influenced by local temperament. In the South of England light, mild tobaccos are smoked; the Eastern and Midland counties fill their pipes with a medium, dark-coloured flake. The farther north the darker and stronger becomes the tobacco. In the North of England strong mixtures and black cake tobacco are favoured. When you reach Scotland you find four out of every five smokers charge their cutties with the black twist known as bogie. In Celtic Wales and Ireland cake and dark tobaccos likewise form the bulk of the trade.

Then in the matter of stimulants it is well known that the Scots, Irish, and Welsh go in for the more ardent spirit, while the less impassioned Saxon favours the sluggish beer.

In a recent magazine article a London business man gave his opinion as to the different national characteristics. He put Welshmen first as being courteous and persuasive; the Englishman as too independent; the Scotsman too dictatorial and not conciliatory enough; The Irishman not serious enough and too jocular.

But to come nearer home, it is very interesting to note the distinctive characteristics of the Highland Clans. The MacDonalds were sullen, proud and haughty, as instance, the unfortunate affair at Culloden, so also were the MacLeans.

The Gaelic proverb put it very well when it says, "Spagadaliog Chlann Dòmhnùill agus leòm Leathanach"—"The bombast of the MacDonalds and the conceit of the MacLeans," and again, "Leathanach gun bhòsd, Dòmhnùllach gun tapadh, agus Caimbealach gun mhòrèhuis"—"A MacLean without boasting, MacDonald without activity, or a Campbell without pride" (rare things).

The Martins were said to be cunning and tricky, "Sliochd nan sìonnach Clann Mhàrtainn"—"The race of the foxes, the Martins." The Nicolsons and MacQueens must have been a race of simpletons, or why did they say, "Buamasdair de Chlann Mhic Neachdail agus amadan de Chlann-ic-Cuinn"—"A fool of the

Nicolsons and an idiot of the MacQueens." The dilatoriness of the Mackintoshes was proverbial, hence, "Fadal Chlann a Tòisich"—"The tediousness of the Mackintoshes." The Campbells, Grants and Cummings had the credit of being deceitful, and the greed of the Campbells was an outstanding feature. You know the Covenanters prayer:—

From the greed of the Campbells,
The ire of the Drummonds,
The pride of the Grahams,
And the deceit of the Murrays,
Good Lord deliver us.

The MacLeods are dour and not easily roused, but when once roused, not easily appeased. The Mackays on the other hand were very fiery and like a flash in the pan it was all over, "Nì Macaoidh an rud a's àill leis, bitheadh e math na bitheadh e ole"—"Mackay will do what seemeth good unto him, be it good or be it bad." An Catach ciotach, an Caoidheach uaibhreach, 's an Gallach salach—"The quirky Sutherland, the haughty Mackay, and the dirty (treacherous) Sinclair." Of the Stewarts it was said, "An cinneadh rioghail, is am pòr mifhortanach"—"The Royal Clan, but the unfortunate breed," again, "Sliochd nan rìgh 's nan ceard"—"The race of kings and tinkers."

When cattle lifting raids were considered an honourable occupation the Camerons, Macdonalds of Keppoch, MacFarlans, MacGregors, and Mackays were allowed a foremost place, which gave rise to the saying, "Macaoidh nan Creach," or "Mackays of the Forays. Surely it was an enemy who said, "Clann Mhic Laomuinn fhuar do'm bu dual a bhi ole, ge'd bhithheadh an gair air an fhaicail ehureadh iad sgian 'na do chorp"—"The cold-blooded Lamonts, whose nature is to be wicked, with a smile on their teeth, they would put the dirk to your heart," and a friend who said, "Tha an naisle fo thuinn an Clann Lacluinn"—"There is a hidden nobleness in the MacLachlans. The MacLeans must have had an honourable notoriety which originated the saying, "Mac 'Ill-eathain Lochabmidhe ceann-uidhe nam meir-leach"—"MacLean of Lochbuy the chief of the thieves."

The MacCormicks must have been a stiff-necked generation, at least their wives were, hence, "Coltach ri muathan Chlann mhic Carraig gle làidir 'san amhaich"—"Like the MacCormick wives, very strong in the neck."

The Mackenzies, Grants and Mathesons must have been a greedy lot, and refused to be gracious till they supped their porridge and as for the Menzies they went by the name of "Meinearaich bhog a' bhruthaist"—"The soft brosy Menzies," which drew forth the couplet, "Bruthaist e bog, ga shuathadh le stob, Ga ehuir ann an gob nam Meinearach"—"Soft brose,

* From *Pearsons Weekly*, 26th February 1898.

pressed with a stick into the mouths of the Menzies," and you are all familiar with the local proverb, "Mac Neachdail a' bhrochain 's an droch aran eòrna, nam potagan mine 's na enaigeanan feòla"—"Nicolsons of the gruel and bad barley scones, the lumps of dough and junks of beef," and last but not least the "Stiubhartaich bhuidhe na h-Apunn bheireadh glag air a chabhruich"—"The yellow Stewarts of Appin who could gobble the sowens."

A MACLEOD WISH.

Gaoh an iar rudha na Feiste,
Oidheche dhorch, eò 'us uisge,
Clann Dombnuill air bordaibh bhriste
Leam cha mhisde,
Birlinn ehaol chorrach,
Siuil ard bhinneach
Sgioba fhann fheargach,
Gun urram aon d'a chéile.

East wind on the point of Feiste,
The night dark, with fog and rain,
The MacDonalds on broken boards,
Would be my wish,
A galley slender and crank,
With high peaked sails,
The crew exhausted and angry,
None respecting his fellow

I must now notice the distinctive character of the old social life in the Highlands, before the introduction of sheep farmers and strangers in our midst. The "upper" and "lower" classes were not then separated by any wide gap as at present. The chiefs and lairds then lived among their people, went in and out among them and were in daily intercourse with them. They knew everyone by name and were familiar with all their circumstances, they entered into all their joys and sorrows, they mixed freely with, spoke their language, treated them with sympathy and kindness and except in outward circumstances, were in all respects one of themselves. The poorest man in the country could converse in the frankest manner with his laird, as with a friend he could trust, and by doing so he honoured his chief and respected himself. There then came the tacksman an important and influential member of society who, to the everlasting loss of the country has completely disappeared from our midst. Next came the joint tenant a substantial though humbler member of society than the tacksman and who formed the bridge between the higher and lower grade and so formed the bulwark of the social system. He also has gone and left not a vestige behind.

The old Highland tacksmen were men of education and culture, many of them had a University education, large numbers of them served abroad in the army, or perhaps the armies of foreign countries, and were able to converse in several foreign languages. Dr.

Johnson on several occasions expressed his astonishment at the education and high breeding he found among ladies and gentlemen whom he found "occupying habitations raised not very far above the ground, but furnished with unexpected neatness and convenience and where they practiced all the kindness of hospitality and the refinement of courtesy.

Rev. Dr. Macintosh-Mackay in his Memoir to Rob Donn the Bard, in commenting on the extraordinary intelligence displayed by the bard (who was quite illiterate) of the world and its affairs, says, but it was the custom of gentlemen of those days regularly to assemble their servants and tenants in the kitchen and read to them newspapers and whatever periodicals came to their hand and that it was incredible the propriety and acuteness with which they made remarks and drew conclusions on the politics of the day." Such was the effect of this intercourse, that iniquity was ashamed and obliged to hide its face, a dishonourable action excluded the guilty person from the invaluable privilege enjoyed by his equals. A natural characteristic to arise from such free intercourse, was pride of race and love of country. The poorest born Highlander was taught to believe that he was as well born as the best of his race and that he was bound to conduct himself so that he would bring no disgrace on his people or country. Look how we find this running down through the ages. "*Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shènsuar*"—Follow closely the fame of your ancestors," says Ossian. "Ged tha mi boehd, tha mi uasal, buidheachas do Dhia 'se MacIleathain a th' annam"—Though I am poor I am a gentleman thank God I am a MacLean," said some poor MacLean. "If any one flinches, I will get his name posted on the door of his parish kirk at home," says Sir Colin Campbell to the Highland Rories at Balaclava, and the "Thin Red Line," stood like a Gaelic roek tipped with steel.

(To be continued).

Gaelic COINAGE.—The late Hector MacNeill of Islay, has the following note.—"The Gaelic *tasdan* or *tastan*, a shilling sterling is cognate with the English words *tester*, *testern* or *teston*, a sixpence. The Gaelic word and the English ones are derived from the French *teston* the name of an ancient French coin, which comes from the old French *teste*, a head. Shilling and *sgillinn* are both derived from the Anglo-Saxon *scilling*, which is cognate with the German *schilling*. *Schilling* is related to *schellin*, to ring, and originally signified a ringing coin. *Sgillinn Albannach*, a Scotch shilling, was equal to twelve pennies Scotch, and to one penny sterling. *Peighinn* is the Gaelic for penny. *Bonn a sè* denotes *bonn shè peighinnean* a piece of the value of six pennies, Scotch. *Cota bàn*, properly *coda bàn*, a white piece; so called because it was a silver coin, to distinguish it from the lower base metal coinage." Will some one supplement this statement. W.

CAIPTÉAN RUADH GHLINN LIOBHAN.

'NUAIR a bha'n Caimbeulach fiachail eliuíteach so na *factor* aig treas Iarla Bhraid-Albann, air oighreachd Latharn-iochdrach, an Earraighaidheal, thachair gu'n robh da bhrathair ann an seilbh baile beag fearainn, leth mar leth aig gach aon duibh. Bha teaghlach mar maoth aig fear dhiubh; agus bha e air a sharuchadh cho mor 'g an togail, 's nach robh e 'n a chomas a roimn-sa de'n bhaile a chumail anns an ordugh bu choir da. Cha b' ann mar so do 'n bhrathair eile: bha e na dhuine saobhir, agus air a chunn-tadh beartach le muinntir na dutcha. Ghabh e cothram air dol a dh-ionnsuidh a' Chaipitean Ruaidh, agus rinn e casaid ris an aghaidh a bhrathar, gu 'n robh e leigeil le 'chuid de 'n bhaile dol an dolaidh le cion mathachaidh agus aorannachaidh; agus an deigh iomadh "le 'r cead, a Chaipitein," thubhairt e,—“Cha 'n urrainn duibh ni 's fearr a dheanamh na leth mo bhrathar de 'n bhaile a thoirt domh fein”; agus, chum a thargradh a neartachadh, charaich e deich puinnid Shasunnach air a' bhord, a' feuchainn an Caipitean a chlaonadh. Fhreagair an t-uasal e gu tioram, “Gheibh thu leth do bhrathar.” Dh' fhalbh an cealgair gu moirteil, ard-inntinneach. Goidid an deigh so, chual' am brathair bhochd a bha 'g a 'ehlaoidh fabhunn mar a thachair. Chaidh e gu trom-inntinneach, bronach, a dh' ionnsuidh a' Chaipitein. Dh' innis e na chual' e, ach gu 'n robh dochas aige nach robh a leth-sa de 'n bhaile 's an ordugh anns am bu choir dha 'bhi; gidheadh, 'nuair a chinneadh a theaghlach a suas, gu 'n rachadh gach gnothach am feothas. “Tha na chual' thu fìor gu leoir,” deir an Caipitein: “fhuair do bhrathar do leth-sa.” Mar a bha 'n duine truagh a' falbh, gu muladach, bronach, ghairm an t-uasal air ais e, ag ragh, “Ged a fhuair e do leth-sa de'n ghabhail, cha d' iarr e a leth fein. Rach thusa dhachaidh, agus, 'n uair a thig a' Bhealltunnin, cuiridh mis thu an sealbh cuid do bhrathar; agus, a dhuine bhochd, so dhuit deich puinnid Shasunnach, a chuidicheas leat do theaghlach og a thogail, leis an d' fheuch do bhrathair mis' a bhriobadh.”

GAELIC LAMENT.

THE following Lament for Alexander Aeneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh, 27th Chief of Clan Chattan, who died in December, 1875, may be of interest to Clansmen who have not forgotten their Gaelic, and who may remember the liberality and large-heartedness of him to whose early death it refers. The verses were composed some time after his death, and as we now recall them from the recesses of our memory, and pen

them, his handsome kilted form rises before us in all its manly vigour.

Och nan Och! gur mi tha brònach
Mo cheam-cinnidh Mac-an-Toisich
Bhìdh an diùgh gu tosdach sìnne,
'S nach dùisg tuillidh caismeachd pìoba.
'S iomadh chridhe tha trom fo bhreacan,
Air a shon feadh ghlinn Clann Chatain,
Dubh-neul sgaoil' thar iomadh fàrdoch,
'S deur air gruaidh a fàgail làrach.

Gàidheal uasal, treabhach, dealbhach,
Duineil, cruadalach, neo-chearbach:
Riamh gu rùsgadh tuath nach lùbadh,
Urnugh truaghan riamh nach diùltadh.
Cas le sunnd a shiùbhladh frithean,
Làmh a thilgeadh cuimseach, dìreach,
Chridhe na caoimhneas, beul deas bhrithreach,
Ceann, is tuigse gu stiùradh 's riaghladh.

Och! gun d' thànig orsta chrioche,
'S maiream iomadh fear nach fhìacha;
Craobh a' gheallaidh a bhì gearra,
'S crìonagan bhì air am fàgail.
Cha robh 'n thrà's am buille fhuair sinn
Leath cho goirt, na leath cho chruaidhe,
'Nam b'è fìuran abuich aosda,
Bha fo chlàr na ciste caoile.

'S dubh an diùgh do brat, 's do charbad,
Dubhach, bronach, do luchd-leabhainn;
Cumha nan linn gach chridhe fàsgadh,
'Sinn fo leacean liath ga d' fhàgail,
Soraidd leat fìir uasail, choimhneil,
Soraidd—gus an tig an oidhche,
Gus am faigh thu t-àite am Pàrras,
'S iadsan dh' fhàg thu tìrsach lamh riut.

AONGHUS MAC-AN-TOISICH.

Saskatchewan,
Canada.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.—The twenty-fourth annual conversation and dance of the Gordon Highlanders' Glasgow Association took place in the Trades Hall, Glassford Street, last month. Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Neish, commanding the 1st Battalion, at present stationed at Colchester, presided over a muster of 300 ex-Gordons and their friends. Among those present were Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier; Major Bethune, and Captains Anderson and Robertson, V.C. The secretary read letters of apology from Susan, Countess of Southesk. General Sir Ian Hamilton, and others. The platform party were played round the hall by Pipers White and Silver. The chairman, in the course of an address, expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present, and said he was glad to see around him so many old friends, and to hear of the prosperity of the association. He remarked that the subject of recruiting received a great deal of attention at present. With other officers, he had taken much interest in the matter, and he found that a taste for soldiering such as was given in the ranks of the Territorial or the Special Reserve was a means of sending into the Army the men who made the best soldiers. Colonel Neish afterwards presented Mr. John Jeffrey, hon. secretary, with a purse of sovereigns subscribed by officers and others interested in the association. Much of the prosperity of the association, he said, was due to the hon. secretary.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE GRANT.

ON the 2nd of October last there passed away at Chiselhurst, Kent, Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant Colonel George Grant, Indian Medical Service (Retired), who was at one time well known on the West Coast of Scotland. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Patriek Grant, minister for sixteen years of the Parish of Small Isles, Inverness-shire. Dr. Grant, or more correctly, Colonel Grant, had thus from an early age formed a close and lasting bond with the Hebrides. By birth he belonged to Speyside, Banffshire, the land of the Clan Grant, but he also had a strain of West Highland blood in him. An ancestress of his was a Macdonald, which may have been responsible for the sea-roving tendencies which were so marked in him and his brother William.

Colonel Grant was a strong man, physically and morally: a man of high principle, reliable in all his undertakings; and though very unassuming, was possessed of a quiet dignity that made it impossible ever to take a liberty with him. At times his natural seriousness made him seem a little sombre, but he had a ready appreciation of humour, and keenly enjoyed a good story or a bit of dry, Scotch wit. Few, however, guessed the depth of kindness and feeling that lay below his outer armour of reserve. Fewer still, perhaps, understood the stern self-denial of which he was capable, and which he practised throughout his life, largely that he might help others: for from the beginning of his Indian days he charged himself with various family obligations which many men in his position would have been slow to undertake or would have altogether shirked, and these, as far as the circumstances continued, he faithfully fulfilled to the end.

In 1874 Colonel Grant married a daughter of the late Dr. Charles Hathaway, who survives him. Dr. Hathaway was the first Sanitary Commissioner of the Punjab: he was also Inspector-General of Prisons, and afterwards Private Secretary to Lord Lawrence when Governor-General of India.

The connection of Colonel Grant's family with India still continues. The elder of his two sons, Captain G. Patrick Grant, D.S.O., is at present on the General Staff at Simla. The younger son, Mr. Charles W. Grant, is a Member of the Indian Civil Service, and his only daughter married an officer in the Indian Army, Major Arthur W. Chitty, who is at present Brigade-Major of Ferozepore.

No record of Colonel Grant, however slight, could pass over his love of sailing. Though loyally interested in all that pertained to his native part of Scotland, where his forebears had lived

for generations, it was invariably to the West Coast that he turned for rest and recreation when from time to time he came back from India on furlough. He was a born sailor, and aided by the skill and daring of his brother, who equally with himself had a life-long enthusiasm for the sea, he delighted in cruising among the islands he knew so well. On these occasions a small yacht would be hired for a couple of months, and two reliable islanders engaged to work her under the critical eye of the brothers, who were past-masters of the art of sailing such craft. More than once it was an old schooner—rigged 14-tonner that carried them safely over their adventurous voyage, which usually included going round the Mull of Cantire and crossing the Minch to the Outer Hebrides. The precious leave went all too fast in exploring the beautiful, lonely lochs and sounds that he had known in his student days, or that were familiar to him from hearsay.

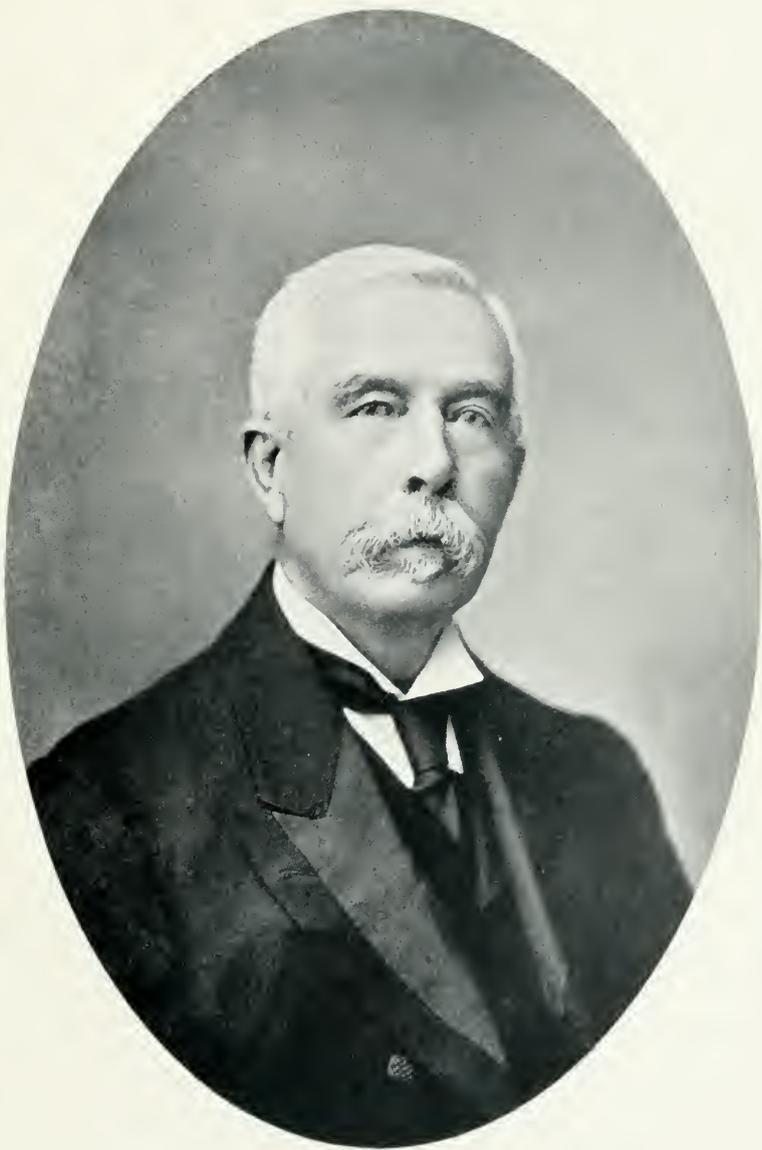
When Colonel Grant retired from the service his cruise became an annual thing, and he soon possessed an excellent little twenty ton cutter of his own. He lived in England, but his yacht was never taken there. He was such a devoted Scot that he would have found no delight in yachting in English waters. The "Aleina" was kept safely anchored in the Holy Loch, during the winter, and from the Clyde they always started on their northern cruise, neither brother ever dreaming of slipping the yacht comfortably through the Crinan Canal and avoiding the formidable Mull. Many a headful battering did they get off that famous headland, many a storm did they encounter among the islands, many a treacherous squall fell upon them from the peaks of Rum or the Cuchullins; but these grand struggles with wind and wave were just what Colonel Grant and his brother loved, and however rough and critical their experiences might be, the following summer found them both equally eager to set out again for their wild Archipelago.

About two years after his brother's death which took place in 1894, Colonel Grant sold the "Aleina": his interest in the sea, however, and all that belonged to it remained to the end.

On the 6th of October, his mortal remains were laid to rest in a beautiful corner of Hampshire, where the pines and heather make the surroundings seem like a part of the Scotland he loved so well.

J. G. R.

MACLIVER was the actual surname of Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde). In deference, however, to the wishes of his maternal uncle, Colonel Campbell, through whose influence young Colin procured a commission in the army, the future Lord Clyde assumed the name of Campbell in lieu of his own name of MacLiver.



BRIGADE SURGEON LT. COLONEL GEORGE GRANT, I.M.S.



THE HIGHLANDER IN MODERN FICTION.

By L. MACBEAN, Kirkealdy.

"THE best mirror is the eye of a friend." So runs the Highland proverb, and the Highland people found it true in Walter Scott. Just before Scott came upon the scene the fortunes of the poor Highlander were at their lowest ebb. He was suspected by law and rejected by literature; to southern respectability a stumbling-block and to commerce foolishness. But when Scott looked on that abject form he saw with the eye of genius and of sympathy the jewel encased in the clay. On the canvas of his poetry and his historical novels he pictured the Highlander, not as he appeared to his contemporaries, in rags and ashes, but in the brave garb and with the gallant bearing which befitted his history. Scott's mountaineer flashed on a surprised world in flapping tartan and shining in antique armour, marching to the stirring strain of the warpipe and carrying himself with a grand air. Roderick Dhu strode in conscious pride along the mountain path followed by the feebler FitzJames, and the Highland chief in Scott's first novel was a picture to gladden the eye—"Above the middle size and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage"—"His countenance, decidedly Scottish, had so little harshness that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a simple eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of the head which was besides ornamented with a graceful cluster of close black curls. An air of affability increased the favourable impression derived from this dignified exterior."

Mental and moral characteristics are in keeping with this brave outward appearance. Scott's Highlander breathes the native air of chivalry. His Rob Roy claims no more than his due when he says to the Saxon visitor, "Your liberty is little risked by this visit; mine is in some peril—but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood that kens no protector but the cross of the sword." This fine sense of honour forms the bed-rock of the clansman's character, and his loyalty is firm as his own hills. In the Highland creed and catechism the chief end of man is to be faithful to chief and clan. "Death for Hector," the word that passed from one foster brother to another on the North Inch of Perth, is the unforgettable expression of his personal loyalty. This high regard for faith and honour shines out in Scott's earliest attempt

to portray a genuine Highlander. His Roderick can say—

"Not for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honour's laws;
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way
O'er rock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan Alpine's outmost guard."

Along with this lofty spirit, the great novelist endows his Gael with a royal spaciousness of nature that finds its natural expression in hospitality, the "Highland Welcome" beloved of Burns. The open door, the open hand, the open heart are all Highland, and the north countryman who has forgotten them has sunk below the level of Scott's ideal of him. In quieter hours the Highlander is depicted as a reflective being, musing pensively on the past and the future of his race and of mankind, and nursing an inborn love for the romantic and a distaste for the sordid and vulgar. It was here that, as a survivor of a martial age, he came into collision with modern industrialism, which he despised and yet found too strong for him. "To my shame be it spoken," was his confession, "that has a cousin w' accounts and yarn winnles and looms and shuttles like a mere mechanical person." Perhaps this aversion to trade was but another form of the love of freedom, the impatience of restraint, which the mountaineer shares with the eagle. Says the chieftain: "We gang-there-out Highland bodies are an unehaney generation when ye speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid clait about our hinderlans, let-a-be breeks o' freestone and garters o' iron."

But there are shadows as well as high lights in the picture. The mountaineer, if "true to his word," was "hasty to homicide." These Highlanders, Bailie Nicol Jarvie complained, "are clean anither set frac the like o' huz; there's nae bailie courts among them,—nae magistrates that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa'; and, I may say't, like myself and other present magistrates in the city. But it's just the laird's eommand, and the loon man loup; and the never another law hae they, but the length o' their dirks,—the broadsword's pursurer, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears longest out,—and there's a Highland plea for ye." But even homicide is largely a matter of custom, and if in the good old days every gentleman's outfit included a sword it could not be merely as an ornament.

A similar excuse may be tendered for the superstition which Scott depicts as a trait of the Highland character. It was a fault of the age, and the pagan superstition of the north was less cruel if more picturesque than the witch-hunting of the Lowlands.

The real defect of that character as painted by the master-hand was a certain instability, which was by no means general, for it is only in Eachan of Clan Quhele we see it full ripe. Eachan confessed that he was a coward, and that when he appeared to be most fearless he was acting not from courage but from passion or pride. Now though Eachan was an exception, these words of his throw light on the secret of both the strength and the weakness of the racial character. The Highlander had much reason to be afraid, for, as Scott shows, "his quick fancy over-estimates danger." There are two ways of meeting peril without much fear. One is by being the happy possessor of a fibre that is coarse, nerves that are undeveloped, an imagination that is dormant. All this gives a numb physical courage that is very useful. But if a man is of a nervous temperament, keen, eager, with a glowing fancy, this comfortable courage is not for him. The young chief, like many another since, therefore, did not so badly by calling on pride and passion to supply the place of cool self-possession.

With remarkable insight Scott was able to read aright the feeling of the Gael for the world unseen. The bereaved Highlander, he said, mixes mirth with his mourning and "seems to regard the separation of friends by death as something less absolute and complete than is generally assumed in other countries."

Scott did not confine himself to one rank in his pictures of Highlanders, for he described the humble clansman as well as the high-born chief—Red Murdoch as well as Roderick, and Dougal as well as Rob Roy. But the pictures of high and low exhibit one consistent type. Every outstanding characteristic of the chief is repeated in some form in the commoner, even to the contempt for trade. Said Bailie Jarvie: "I'm e'en wae for you, Dougal, sac if ye will gang back to Glasgow wi' us, being a strong-backit creature, ye might be employed in the warehouse till something better suld cast up." "Her nainsell muckle obliged till the Bailie's honour," replied Dougal; "but teil be in her shanks fan she gangs on a causeway'd street, unless she be drawn up the Gallowgate wi' tows." A change has come over the Highlander's dream since those days. It has required no tows to drag clansmen with strong backs in their thousands to Glasgow, to toil in the city warehouses, to acquire a weird accent, and to take on a civilisation that is altogether unlovely. Even the supreme trait of a keen sense of honour Scott attributes to the humble clansman as well as to the chief. When the leader of Clan Ivor and his foster brother Evan were tried at Carlisle for treason and found guilty, the devoted Evan said: "If the honourable

Court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man." In reply to the laughter in court Evan said: "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." Then the hauteur of the chief is equally prominent in Scott's clansman, for it was the same Evan who, when his chieftain was referred to as "Your master," retorted, "My Master is in heaven." And yet he loved his chief so passionately that when the judge hinted that his life might be spared if he asked for it as a favour, he replied: "If you shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you is, to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!"

This, then, is the pattern of the Highlander in Scott's fiction—a bold commanding figure, well fitted to display the tartan and to wield the claymore; a man whose mind may be inflated with romantic notions, but who at least is free from mean or selfish aims; above all, a man of high honour which includes duty and loyalty. Scott made the public see what he saw, and thus he created in the Highlander a self-respect and in the Southron an admiring interest that were really the beginning of the Celtic renaissance.

In Walter Scott there must have been something akin to the Highland spirit ere he could have divined so happily its true content. This common element was probably a strong sense of wonder, insatiable and undiscouraged, combined with a joy in all that is symbolic, such as arms and emblems and material objects which the emotions have endowed with significance. This element in the disposition of the author and of the Highland people may seem puerile, but it is none the less valuable, for a capability of being surprised is essential to all happiness, and expectancy is necessary for all progress. Decadent races coined such words as *nil admirari*, *emai*, and *blasé*, but the Highlander in Scott's novels, as in real life, is like Scott himself—youthful.

Modern fiction may be said to have originated with Sir Walter Scott, whose first novels found

their milieu in Highland character, customs, and surroundings. How have his successors, the masters of fiction dealt with these matters? They have ignored Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, Trollope, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Besant, and Wilkie Collins had nothing to say about the Gael. Nor have the popular novelists of to-day—Meredith, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Silas Hocking, Anthony Hope, Jacobs, Jerome, Robert Barr, Kipling, Hardy, and the rest. "The Highlander as represented in Modern Fiction" on this broad scale is a blank. Other races, presenting more interesting psychological problems, are therein described and analysed, but never the Highlander. By way of exception, G. H. Chesterton lately published a story in which a full-blown west coast Highlander in kilt and plaid occupied a prominent place, and ample justice was done to the idealism, the enthusiasm, and the impracticability of the Caledonian nature. J. M. Barrie also created a remarkable Highland piper in one of his idylls, and Sarah Tytler wrote a story in which the scene is Highland, and most of the persons bear northern names, and yet there is no attempt at delineating a single trait of the Celtic character. But while the great masters of modern English fiction leave the Highlander severely alone, the theme that enamoured the great Wizard has been taken up by several Scottish authors, and the inquirer who examines their elaborations will discover much to reward him.

Only one generation separated Scott and George MacDonald, but a whole eternity divides their outlooks upon life. MacDonald's Highlander is a goodly figure, tall, powerful, perfectly poised, and covering the ground with long strides that might weary even Roderick Dhu: but he is a humane person, not at all "hasty to homicide," and so far from scorning commerce that he is introduced leaning over a little shop counter asking a clanswoman the latest news about her sweetheart in Canada. He does not disdain to help an old woman with her bag of peats, or to act as gillie to a sportsman in order to earn a shilling for a starving cottar, for he is a modern humanitarian, and he cherishes heretical views about the atonement that would have made Scott's Highlander stare. And yet even here are traces of the old romanticism, not only in costume and physique, but in ideals. For MacDonald's chieftain is more than faithful to his clan, he aspires to be the father of his people. No doubt he is unaccountably tender of heart, and discusses not nice points of honour but shades of meaning in verses of Scripture. It is a curious picture of a tame Highlander that MacDonald gives us, and one is relieved to find that when a usurping Saxon locks up his

gamekeeper on a charge of poaching, the chief has retained enough of the old spirit to set him free in spite of the stranger and his minions.

Robert Buchanan, who was himself of a high-strung poetic temperament, was the third to attempt the interpretation of the Gaelic nature. More accurately than MacDonald he read its true meaning. Nowhere but in the Highlands, he wrote, could a lovely and innocent girl have lived a free irregular life, consorting with all sorts of creatures, animal and human, without insult or contamination. The poor Celts he described as being as pure as Arthur's court. There was little crime, and the people were conscientious, gentle, and clean-minded. Buchanan also knew their intense love for the Gaelic and Gaeldom. Says his Highland parson: "Simplicity, honesty, hospitality—all go with the Gaelic: all vanish when a man forgets his mother tongue." Now this is newer and truer than anything in the pictures of Scott and MacDonald. Buchanan also, as a poet himself, valued the poetic gifts of the Highlander, his love-songs, his boat-songs, and his satires. He knew also his emotionalism, and his deep, solemn indignation when wronged in love. Buchanan's picture of the Highlander betrays on every page rare spiritual insight and literary grace, and he knew how to place his characters amid significant surroundings—the woe of a Highland funeral, and the libations of whisky that followed, or the wrongs of the crofters under the lash of the factor. But one great flaw is that his Highlanders have an unnatural habit of speaking in broad Scots.

(To be continued.)

MACMILLAN.—There are several branches of MacMillans. The branch to be found in Lochaber was called "Clann Ghillembhaol Abraich." From Loch Arkaig the branch was removed to Lawers, in Perthshire, in the twelfth century. From Lawers they were driven, in the fourteenth century, when some of the dispossessed MacMillans emigrated to Knapdale and to Galloway. The Knapdale branch soon attained to considerable power and influence. Their chief was MacMillan of Knap. A boulder at Knap head was said to have written upon it MacMillan's right to Knapdale—"Coir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap." According to tradition, the title ran as follows:—"Fhad 'sa runtheas sruth is gaoth, Bidh coir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap," which may be rendered:—

While currents run and winds blow cold,
MacMillan's right to Knap shall hold.

ON the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board, and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends lay on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth, an emblem of the corruptible body; the salt, an emblem of the immortal spirit. All fire is extinguished where a corpse is kept; and it is reckoned so ominous for a dog or cat to pass over it that the poor animal is killed without mercy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communication on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

FEBRUARY, 1912.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With January Issue we commenced our Twentieth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our list of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their Annual Subscription (4s. post free, or One Dollar) at once to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

THE LATE MR. COLIN MACVEAN.—We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Colin A. MacVean of Kilfinichan, Mull, which took place at Edinburgh on 18th ulto. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Donald MacVean, Iona. He was a civil engineer, and was for many years employed by the Turkish Government. In 1868 he proceeded to Japan, and became Surveyor-in-Chief of that enterprising country. He retired from the Japanese service in 1876, and took the farm of Kilfinichan, Mull. In May, 1919, he retired from the farm, and took up his residence in Edinburgh. He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

ERRATA.—We regret that in the letter which appeared in our last issue regarding the late Mr. A. R. MacDonald of Ord, owing to a printer's error, "two daughters" were stated instead of "four," as enumerated.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.—We learn that MacKinnon of MacKinnon of Dalcross Castle, near Inverness, has been appointed Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and is to preside at their social meeting on 1st February.

JUST A MINUTE.

Written for the Post-Dispatch by Clark M'Adams.

I went to a Scottish banquet, and the men in kilts
were there,
Bridging the width of ocean with many a Scottish air,
The old bagpipes were shrieking and wheezing at a
tune,
And the bonnie heather bloomed again beside the
river Doon.
They clamored for their haggis, and danced the High-
land Fling,
And in the end sang Auld Lang Syne, all standing in
a ring ;
But all that has subsided—what still reverberates
Is the cheer they gave when they got around to our
own United States.

I feasted with the Germans, each fellow with his
stein,
And every now and then we sang The Watch Upon
the Rhine.
The pretty miss was fraulein, and the mammakins
was frau,
And the dinner was as foreign as ever a body saw.
The Maennerchor was present, and the little German
Band,
And the roof cracked every now and then for the dear
old Fatherland ;
But that was not a circumstance—what broke eight
dozen plates
Was the cheer they gave when someone named our
own United States.

I sat among the Irish. The harp was on the wall,
And fifty pounds of shamrock slips were hung around
the hall.
We sighed for Lake Killarney and the beauty of the
glenn,
And sang the songs of Ireland with a good old-fashioned
din.
The lid was off for Erin, and many a lusty roar,
Bent the walls when her orators got going on the floor ;
And that, too, has subsided—but the air still palpitates
With the cheer they gave when they drank a toast to
our own United States.

Our own United States, I find, is the daddy of them
all,
And it always carries off the cake in any banquet hall.
The brand of liberty we serve suits everybody's taste,
And it isn't the European's fault if any goes to waste.
He can sit around the banquet board and praise the
other side,
And one would think the sea, in fact, is not so very
wide ;
But that is only sentiment—he never demonstrates
What he can do until he yells for our own United
States.

Records of a Famous Regiment,

THE 93rd SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

(Now the 2nd Battalion Princess Louise's Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders).

By Lieut. IAIN MACKAY SCOBIE, India.

(Continued from Vol. XX., page 13.)

AT THE Bloemfontein Garrison Sports the mile race was won by Piper A. Kean, and the 220 yards' race by Lieutenant R. G. MacLaine, while the Orange River Colony Golf Challenge Cup was secured by Major A. Aytoun, D.S.O. The 93rd also won the Bloemfontein Garrison Championship tug-of-war.

On the 27th June Lieut. Colonel A. E. J. Cavendish, C.M.G., succeeded to the command of the battalion.

In August the 93rd found the Guard of Honour to the Crown Prince of Portugal during his visit to Bloemfontein.

From September 1st to the 21st the Battalion took part in the Army Manœuvres, South Africa, near Kopje's Siding and Bethlehem, Orange River Colony.

On the 4th December General Sir H. J. T. Hildyard, K.C.B., inspected the Battalion, and complimented it on its turn-out and general appearance.

The nationality of the regiment, etc., at this time was practically the same as in 1905, while in discipline and efficiency, physique and character, it could compare favourably with any regiment in the army.

On the 13th of May 1908 the 93rd were inspected by General Lord Methuen, G.C.B., the newly-appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, South Africa, and elicited the warmest praise from that officer.

In sport, as in work, the 93rd have ever occupied a high place, and this was fully borne out during their stay in South Africa.

On the 1st August the Battalion won the South African Army Football Championship at Pretoria. At the South African Central Rifle Meeting the officers' aggregate was secured by Lieutenant A. E. Kennedy. During the Transvaal Army Meeting held at Pretoria the 93rd obtained first place in the Gymnastics (open), and at the Bloemfontein Garrison Meeting carried off the sword v. bayonet, and bayonet v. lance.

The regimental tug-of-war team won the Bloemfontein Garrison Championship for the second year in succession; they were also successful at the Bloemfontein Caledonian Society's Meeting, while at Pretoria they secured the South African Army Championship, the team

(catch-weights) being composed as follows:—Sergeant J. W. Balfour, Corporals Halliday, Swan, and M'Laren, Lance-Corporal Ferguson, Privates Craig, Munro, Stewart, Bain, and M'Leod—Coach, Sergeant J. Markey.

The South African Army Feather-Weight Championship was won by Lance-Corporal G. Mackin.

At the Bloemfontein Caledonian Society's Meeting Pipe-Major J. M. Lawrie was first for Pipe Playing (Piobaireachd), while the March, Strathspey, and Reel was awarded to Corporal R. Gunn. The Dancing events (Highland Fling and Sword Dance), also went to the 93rd. In the field competitions the Battalion carried off the Five-a-Side Football Match and the Three Miles Marching Order Walking Race, while Corporal A. M'Laren won Tossing the Cabar.

At the Transvaal Army Meeting the 93rd took first place in the High Jump (5 ft. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.) and the Mile Cycling Race. From the 16th to the 30th September 1908 the Battalion took part in the South African Army Manœuvres, extending from Bronkhurst Spruit to Waggon Drift and Hatherly, Transvaal. On the conclusion of manœuvres the 93rd returned to Bloemfontein.

During this year it was decided that steps should be taken to have a suitably inscribed tablet erected on the spot where the walls of the Secundra Bagh had been breached, in the storming of which place the regiment had played so distinguished a part in the early days of the Indian Mutiny.

The 93rd still remained quartered in Bloemfontein, and celebrated their second New Year (1909) in that place with all the customs and ceremonies long established in the regiment, the celebrations being enhanced by the knowledge that in all probability the next New Year would be spent at home "midst kith and kin," as the regiment was at the end of its foreign tour.

During 1909 the 93rd were as successful as in the previous year in all branches of sport

NOTE.—In 1900 and 1908 the silk of the colours, which had become worn with time, was renewed, the fragments being framed and hung in the officers' mess.

they entered for, securing, amongst other triumphs, the South African Army Football Championship, which they had also won the previous year, and in every way they maintained the reputation of being one of the most efficient and best-conducted regiments in the service.

"On December 21st," writes a correspondent to the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' "an entertainment was given to the regiment in the Town Hall, Bloemfontein, in the course of which the Mayor, Mr. C. L. Botha, made a presentation of a handsome silver cup bearing the following inscription:—'Presented to the 93rd Highlanders by the Footballers of Bloemfontein.' Below are recorded the names of the challenge cups won by the regimental football teams in the past three years."

On the 1st of January 1910 the 93rd left Durban in the transport "Soudan," en route to Glasgow, after over 18 years' service abroad, having landed in India on Christmas Day, 1891. Only three officers and 12 N.C.O.'s and men who went abroad with the regiment returned with it. The following officers sailed with the Battalion:—Lieut.-Colonel Cavendish, C.M.G.; Majors Moulton-Barrett, Sutherland and Darroch; Captains Marshall, Maclean, McCandlish, and Hyslop; Lieutenants Forbes, Kennedy, MacLaine (adjutant), Porteous, Stirling, Purves, Colquhoun, Crosbie, Patten, Gilkison, Clark, Gilmour, and Burt-Marshall. At Gibraltar a strong draft for the 1st Battalion was transferred to another vessel, and proceeded to Malta with Capt. Maclean and Lieuts Porteous and Purves on temporary duty.*

The 93rd arrived at Southampton on the 27th of January, and immediately entrained for Glasgow, where they took over the quarters at Maryhill Barracks from the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Having thus followed the fortunes of the 93rd from the time it was first raised and embodied in 1800 up to the present day, we now take leave of it, feeling assured that so long as Scotland has such regiments representing her in the British Army, her martial glory, for which she has ever been famous among the nations of the world, will be well and nobly upheld.

"The Sutherland Highlanders," says Lieut.-Colonel Percy Groves, "have been remarkable for their gallantry in the field and excellent discipline in quarters, the kindest feeling has ever existed between officers and men, and though the regiment no longer bears its original designation, it is still animated by the same spirit which was so conspicuous in the 'auld 93rd.'"

* The Army and Navy Gazette, January 22nd, 1910.

NOTE ON THE RAISING OF THE REGIMENT.

IN the first part of "The Records of a Famous Regiment" it was stated that the 3rd Sutherland Fencibles were in existence at the time of the raising of the 93rd, but this was not so, as they were disbanded at Fort George in 1798, and the Letter of Service authorising the raising of the 93rd was not issued until March, 1799.

According to General Stewart of Garth the 3rd Sutherland Fencibles were disbanded in 1798 without any attempt being made to encourage the men to re-enlist in regiments of the line. In the next year, however, the Government, recognising the splendid qualities of the Sutherland men as soldiers, resolved, with the assistance of the Chiefs of Sutherland and Mackay, to raise a line regiment in the county, and with that object in view, authorised Major-General Wemyss of Wemyss "to raise a regiment of 600 men, with instructions to endeavour, if possible, to prevail on the men of the Fencible Corps to return to their ranks in this new regiment. This was an arduous undertaking, for the men had by this time become settled in different situations, which they were unwilling to relinquish." However, as we have already explained in the account of the raising of the regiment, the authorised establishment was soon completed, and on its first formation the regiment numbered 596 men and 34 sergeants, or a total of 30 over the original required strength. Of this number 460 were from the estates of Lord Reay and the Sutherland family, the remainder coming from the neighbouring county of Ross-shire. "Amongst the recruits were a good sprinkling of men who had served in the late Sutherland Fencibles, of which Major-General Wemyss was formerly Colonel."

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—In February, 1907, officers and staff-sergeants were issued with carbines for use on active service, but in May, 1908, they were withdrawn from officers, who were again ordered to carry the claymore and revolver, while staff-sergeants were re-armed with the short magazine Lee-Enfield Rifle. In January, 1907, pipers had been armed with revolvers.

CLAN MACRAE SOCIETY. Major John MacRae-Gilstrap, presiding last month at the chamber concert held in Glasgow in aid of the funds being collected for the Clan MacRae cairns to be erected by the Clan Society on the battlefields of Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel to commemorate the gallantry of the MacRaes, took occasion to controvert certain statements put forward regarding MacRae of Inverinate having led the clan as its chief at Sheriffmuir. The Clan MacRae were present, but they were led by William, fifth Earl of Seafield—a gallant soldier who had led the MacRaes on several occasions.

THE CLAN M'FARLANE SOCIETY.

AT a meeting of gentlemen of the name of M'Farlane held in the Scottish Corporation Hall, Fleet Street, London, in December, 1911, it was decided to form a Society of the Clan M'Farlane. The chief objects are to collect the history and folk-lore of this ancient Clan, with a view to the publication of an authoritative history; the preservation of tombstones, castle ruins, and other relics of the house; to endeavour to unravel the various claims to the Chieftainship, to which at least four families aspire, as far separated as Scotland, Ireland, United States, and Natal. The scheme is to ultimately form branches of the Society in all considerable centres, and so constitute a family bond amongst all members of the Clan. All of the name are invited to join. The subscription has been provisionally fixed at 10/6 gentlemen and 5/ ladies in the London district, and 5/ and 2/6 respectively in Scotland and the provinces, but this is open to revision.

The hon. secy. is Mr. James M'Farlane, 57 Nibthwaite Road, London, with whom all who are interested in the movement are invited to communicate.

Lennox is regarded as the home of the MacFarlanes, and Arrochar as their cradle. According to Buchanan of Auchmar, in addition to the Allans and M'Allans of the North, the following are regarded as septes of the Clan MacFarlane:—MacNairs, MacEoins, MacEacherns, MacWilliams, MacAndrews, MacNifers, MacInstalkers Maciochs, Parlanes, Farlanes, Gruamachs, Kennons—all of whom own themselves to be, MacFarlanes, together with certain peculiar septes of MacNuyers, MacKinlays, MacRobbs, MacGrensachs, Smiths, Millers, Monach, etc. To trace the origin and history of these septes should provide work to the newly-formed MacFarlane Society.

Fifty MacFarlanes met in the Reform Hall, Hornbarn, on 24th ulto., and resolved themselves into the society of the Clan MacFarlane. It was the second meeting at which the formation of the society had been discussed, but at the first, a month ago, there were only five present. Those five forming a committee, have persuaded 50 into joining, and it seemed from the enthusiasm of those 50 clansmen and clanswomen that they intend shortly to bring in 500. Several arrived in full clan costume. Mr. Matthew MacFarlane explained the origin and the intention of the society, and said he hoped soon to see other societies of the clansmen started in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, New York, Montreal, Calcutta, and every other town and country in which MacFarlanes had founded a home. They wanted to get back to

the clan tradition of unity, and the names was to be a bond between them. One of the ultimate objects of the society would be to have a benevolent fund, but the first thing for them to do was to awaken the feeling of brotherliness and realise their kinship and clanship. Afterwards, for instance, by having a MacFarlane Day once a year commemorating some great event in the clan's history and by the volume of the sentiment they stood for, they evolve a society girdling the globe which would be worthy of their tradition and their name. Many letters from MacFarlanes all over the world were read by Mr. James MacFarlane, the secretary expressing the greatest sympathy and good wishes.

THE HIGHLANDS.

O the trees are gold and russet on the mountains of the North,
In the wild and mystic country which has sent the patriot forth,
And at eve, like gold lamp shining, trembles the bright Autumn star,
High above the hills and valleys where my thoughts and dreamings are.

O 'tis sweet the murmuring music of the rivers, crystal clear,
Haunting, singing, never-ending, chanting on from year to year:
Crimson are the rowan berries, lighting up the hills like flame,
In the country of my fathers, with its charm I cannot name.

Far away o'er sapphire ocean lie the islands of the West,
Like bright sunset lands a-glimmer—radiant Islands of the Blest;
And the mighty breakers ever beat upon the rocky shore
In the land of tale and legend—land of dreams and magic lore.

O the hearts are proud and tender in the country of the North,
In the land that through long ages shall its patriot sons send forth;
Like soft-haunting Gaelic singing with a minor, sweet refrain,
Memories of the Gael wake music deep within my heart and brain.

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

ISLAY ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the Islay Association held last month, it was reported that Captain James Archibald Morrison, M.P. for East Nottingham, who was to preside at their annual gathering on 9th February, now found it impossible to be with them on that date, as he was at present in America and likely to be detained there by business at that date. It was further reported that Mr. Hugh Morrison of Islay had kindly offered to take his brother's place on that occasion, and that he would be accompanied by Lady Mary Morrison.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

ALTHOUGH we have not Gaelic names for all the months—the Gael naming them in relation to the Seasons—yet we are now so much accustomed to deal with the year as consisting of twelve months, beginning with January, that it may be as well to follow this order. By taking them in their order we shall be able to deal with the various red-letter days as they occur in each month.

JANUARY.

As my readers are doubtless aware this month takes its name—*Januarius*—from the Roman god Janus, a deity represented with two faces looking opposite ways. January was so placed that while standing on the threshold of a new year it could also glance at the receding year. This month is called in Gaelic *Deireadh a' Gheamhraidh* the end of winter, Irish *Gionbhar*, Manx *Mee's terre yn Gheurey*. The first day of the month is of course *Latha na Bliadhna' ùire*, which is sacred to hospitality and good wishes for the New Year. The sixth day of the month is *An t-seann Nollaig*—Christmas Old Style, which we shall deal with when we come to consider Christmas in the month of December. This day is also known as *Latha nan trì Rìghrean*—or Twelfth day—in honour of the three Magi or sages, vulgarly called kings, who came to see the new-born Saviour. There is a Gaelic phrase—*Dà là dheng na Nollaig*—the twelve days of Christmas—which probably refers to this particular period. The ninth is known as *An Fhéill Fhaoilain*—St. Fillan's Day. This saint flourished about the seventh century, and had his residence in West Breadalbane. He taught agriculture, and built meal mills throughout the district. The present mill at Killin is erected on the site of that built by *Faolan*, and it is a striking proof of the veneration entertained for his memory in the district that it was only recently that the mill was allowed to be worked on St. Fillan's Day. Fillan's fair was established long ago in Killin, and is still held there in January.

New Year's Day, old style, falls on the thirteenth, and the first Monday thereafter is *Diluain an t Sainnseil*—Handsel Monday. It was customary on this day to give presents—handsels; and in some districts school children used to give money to their teacher on that day as his handsel. The month of January was a fatal one to the Royal house of Stuart. On the 30th January, 1649, Charles I. was executed, while on the 31st January, 1788, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" breathed his last in his own house in Florence, at the age of sixty-eight.

In the Statistical Accounts of Scotland

(1794), the minister of Kirkmichael, in the county of Banff, under the head of Superstition, writes—"On the first night of January they observe with anxious attention the disposition of the atmosphere. As it is calm or boisterous, as the wind blows from the S. or N, from the E. or the W., they prognosticate the nature of the weather till the conclusion of the year. The first night of the New Year, when the wind blows from the west, the call *Dàir na coille*—the ruttling of the wood. Their faith in the above sign is couched in Gaelic verse." The following is the rhyme referred to:—

Gaoh Deas, teas is torradh ;
Gaoh Niar, iasg is bainne ;
Gaoh Tuath, fuachd is gaillonn ;
Gaoh Near, meas air, chrannaibh.

South wind, heat and plenty ;
West wind, fish and milk ;
North wind, cold and tempest ;
East wind, fruit on branches.

There is an alternate reading of this rhyme:—

Gaoh á Deas teas is torradh ;
Gaoh á Tuath, fuachd is feannadh ;
Gaoh á Niar, iasg is bainne ;
Gaoh á Near mil air chrannaibh,

or,

Gaoh á Near tart is crannadh.

South wind, heat and plenty ;
North wind, cold and skimming ;
West wind, fish and milk ;
East wind, honey on branches.

or,

East wind, drought and parching.

FEBRUARY.

This month takes its name from the Latin *februare*, to purify, because the great feast of purification is held on the second of the month. It is called in Gaelic *Am Faoilleach* or *Faoillteach*; Irish, *Faoillidh*; Manx, *Mee hoshee yn nàrragh*—first month of spring. The name may come from *faol* a wolf, through Anglo-Saxon, wolf-month, or it may be, and probably is, from *Faoillidh*—liberal or hospital.

Faoilleach, Faoilleach, lamh. 'an crois,
Faoilte mhór bu choir 'bhi ris.

In connection with this latter derivation it may be noted that the period of Carnival—*from carnivali*, a farewell to flesh—is well-known as a time of merry-making and pleasure indulged in in Roman Catholic countries in anticipation of the abstemious period of Lent. It begins at Epiphany (6 January), and ends on Ash Wednesday. The three days preceding Ash Wednesday are those on which the greatest revelry is held.

Sheriff Nicolson, in his "Gaelic Proverbs" (Appendix IV.), observes—"The *Faoilleach* corresponds roughly to the present month of February, embracing the last two weeks of winter O.S. and the first two of Spring. Some-

times the first half was called the *Faoilleach Geamhraidh* and the other half the *Faoilleach Earraich*. Some time in this month three summer days were supposed to come in exchange for three cold days lent to July, and the saying is—

Tha trì là Iuchair 'san Fhaoilleach,
'S trì là Faoilleach san Iuchair.

There are three of the Dog-days in February, and three February days in the Dog-days. The occurrence of such mild days early in February is still a matter of common observation, and is never considered seasonable—

Chu'n eil port a sheinneas an sneòrach 'san Fhaoilleach, nach caoin i mu's tig an t-Earrach—For every song the man sings in February, she'll lament ere spring be over; or as the Manx say—*Choud as hig y scell greinneey stiagh Laa'l Breesheg, hig ey suaightey my jig Laa Baayldyn*—As far as the sun shines on St. Bride's day, the snow will come before Beltane.

After this came a week called the *Feadag*, the Plover or Whistle, so called probably because of the piping winds then prevalent. The following rhyme refers to it:—

Thuir an Fheadag ris an Fhaoilleach.
'Càit an d' fhàg thu'n laoghein bohd?
'Dh' fhàg mis' e aig eul a ghàraidh,
'S a dhà shùil 'na cheann nam ploc.'

Said the Plover to the stormy,
'Where did'st leave the poor wee calf?'
'I left him behind the wall
With his eyes like lumps of turf.'

Another rhyme makes the *Feadag* the *mother* of the *Faoilleach*, and of course preceding it,

Feadag, Feadag, mathair Faoillich fhuair.

For this, however, there is no other authority."

Here is a rhyme or two referring to February—

B' fheàrr a' chreach a thigh'nn do 'n tìr, na maduinn mhin 'san Fhaoilleach fhuair.—Better foray coming to the land than mild morning in cold February. The Manx say—*Share craight ve sy cheer, nu mee na mannan cheet stiagh meein*.—Better foray in the land than the month of kids to come in smooth.

The first day of February is the Festival of St. Bride—or St. Bridget—*La Fhéill-Brighde*. St. Bridget flourished during the fifth and sixth centuries. She is still referred to in some parts of the Highlands as *Muime Chrìosd* or Foster Mother of Christ. On this day, in some districts, the children used to present the schoolmaster with presents of money, and in old times cock-fighting was indulged in. The schoolmaster presided at the cock-fight, and as a perquisite received all the run-away cocks, which were called *fugies*—Gaelic *fùitse*—a craven or coward. As late as 1790, the minister of Applecross in Ross-shire, in the account of that parish, states

that the schoolmaster's income "consisted of 200 merks, with 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per quarter from each scholar, and the cock-fight dues, which are equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar."

In Barra, the fishermen, till a few years ago, inaugurated the season's fishing with religious services in the church on St. Bridget's day. I quote the following from Dr. A. Carmichael's "Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides":—"The people meet at church on St. Bridget's day—*La Fhéill Brighde*—and having ascertained among themselves the number of boats engaging in the long-line fishing, they assign these boats in proportionate numbers among the banks according to the fishing capabilities of each bank. The men then draw lots, each head man drawing the lot for his crew, and thus the boats are assigned to their respective banks for the season. . . Having completed their balloting, the fishermen go into church accompanied by fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, and sweethearts. The good priest says a short service wherein he commends those 'who go down to the sea in ships' to the protection of Holy St. Barr, after whom Barra is named, of the beautiful St. Bridget—'virgin of a thousand charms'—*Brighde bhòidheach òigh nam mìle beus*—on whose festival they are met, of their loved Mother, the golden-haired Virgin, and to the protection, individually and collectively, of the Holy Trinity. The people disperse chanting—

Athair, a Mhìc, a Spioraid Naomh,
Biodh an trì leinn a là 'sa dh' òidheh';
'S air eul nan toim, no air taobh nan beam,
Bith'dh ar Màthair leinn, 's bith'dh a làmh mu'r ceann,
Bith'dh ar Màthair leinn, 's bith'dh a làmh mu'r ceann,
Father! Son! and Spirit's Might!
Be the Three-in-One with us day and night;
On the crested wave when seas run high,
Oh, Mother Mary be to us nigh,
Oh, Mother Mary be to us nigh."

The following rhymes apply to St. Bride's Day:—*Là Fhéill-Brighde bàine, bheir na cait connadh dhachaidh*.—On fair St. Brid's Day the cats will bring home the brushwood. *Là Fhéill-Brighde thig on ribhinn as an toll, cha bhean an ribhinn rium*.—On St. Bride' Day the nymph will come out of the hole: I won't touch the nymph, and she won't touch me.

Seachdain roimh Fhéill-Brighde,
Thig nigh'n Iomhair às an tom;
Cha bhì mise ri nigh' Iomhair,
'S cha mhò 'bhios nigh'n Iomhair rium.

A week before St. Bride's Day,
Ivor's daughter you can see;
But I will ne'er molest her,
And she ne'er will injure me.

The second of the month is Candlemas Day—*La Fhéill Moire nan Coinneal*—and refers to the purification of the Virgin Mary, and the blessing

of candles, which were afterwards distributed among the people.

The thirteenth is associated with the Massacre of Glencoe, 1692, while the fifteenth used to be sacred to St. Valentine—*Là Fheill Uailein*. Valentines have of late years been superceded by Christmas cards.

This year Shrove Tuesday—*Dimàirt Inid* falls on the twentieth. It is known in Scotland as Fasten's Ee'n. The term *Inid* is from the Latin *initium*—first or beginning, the initiation of Lent. It is fixed by the rhyme—

First comes Candlemas,
Synce the new moon,
The first Tuesday after that,
That's Fasten's Ee'n.

or, as the Gaelic saying has it—An Inid, an ciad Mhàrt de 'n t-solus Earraich—Shrove tide, the first Tuesday of the Spring moon. There is another rhyme to which we have already referred—Thig an oidhche roimh 'n latha h-uile latha ach Latha Inid—The eve precedes the day except at Shrove. The other festivals of the Church are preceded by a Fast, and so the eve precedes the day, but *Inid* is the day of the Carnival, and is followed by Ash Wednesday—*Dicuidain na luath*. It gets its name from the custom of sprinkling the people with ashes from the palms of the previous year's Palm Sunday. Ash Wednesday is the beginning of Lent, which lasts forty days. Gaelic *Carghus*, Irish *Corghus*, Manx *Cargys*, all from *Quadragesima* the fortieth. It is in commemoration of our Lord's forty-day fast. The term Lent is from a Saxon term *Lengten-tide*—applied to spring—the lengthening of the day. Here is an old saying applicable to Lent—Carghus a chion, an Carghus a's miosa th'ann.—Lent for want is the worst of Lents—*i.e.*, compulsory fasting.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLANDS AS A HOLIDAY RESORT.

WHEN had the Highlands such a successful season as that which is past? From whatever reason, the district of Scotland north of the Highland line has been thronged with visitors from the south ever since the coronation of their Majesties at Westminster Abbey, something like three months ago. For the usual rush to the Continent on the part of our English friends there has been a rush this year to Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, to Argyll and Inverness and Sutherland. Go where one would, to the towns and villages among the Grampians, to Deeside, to the Spey Valley, to our wonderful West Coast, to Oban, Glencoe, the Sound of Mull, the Coolins, the Gairloch, everywhere was

the Sassenach in evidence, everywhere was he found surveying the landscape with an attentive eye, everywhere was he engaging himself in the instituting of a contrast between his own folk at home and the natives of the stern and wild Caledonia. For a lengthened period, indeed for something like a hundred years, there has been an annual migration of shooters to the north of the Border. These have been people with lengthened purses, people who became tenants of mansion houses and grouse moors and wide-spreading deer forests. And they have been as abundant in their numbers this year as in any previous year of either the nineteenth or the twentieth centuries. But to them have to be added troops of fairly comfortable middle-class people, who have come north as sightseers, not as deerstalkers or followers after the plump popular bird, whose plumage takes something of the colour of the heather amid which it finds its home. Of course this new departure of the English holidaymakers must prove of the utmost advantage to our railways and steamboats, to our innkeepers and our keepers of lodging and boarding houses, and indeed to the population of the Highlands generally. It means an important distribution of the coin of the realm among all sorts and conditions of dwellers in the picturesque uplands. Money, it need scarcely be said, is by no means plentiful in these northern regions. There are no Highland manufactures of either one kind or another; Highland farming, the cry of the Radical-Socialist notwithstanding—the cry is mainly the outcome of sheer ignorance—is a hard unremunerative occupation, and having all this in view there is no need for wondering at the welcome accorded to the old enemies and antagonists of the Celt. Of course, there is another side to the question. Every question has at least two sides, and this other side is whether our mountains and glens, our rivers and lochs, will not lose something of their charm, of their glamour, should they become the regular resort of thousands from Yorkshire and Lancashire, from the Midlands, and from London itself. However, this is really a small matter when compared with the advantages, nay the blessings, which would attend the opening up of the Highlands as an English holiday ground. In the past summer these blessings have been experienced in a satisfactory fashion by our Highland friends and neighbours, and the hope will be that, in the summers to come, the experience will be repeated, and repeated in a wider and more lucrative measure.

THE Clan Macrae Society are to have their annual gathering and "At Home" in the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on 2nd February. Major J. MacRae-Gilstrap presides.

THE STORY OF THE BAGPIPE.

THIS book* contains a fund of curious and out-of-the-way information well known to students of the subject. It will be welcomed by lecturers and others who are content to cull their information at second-hand. The bagpipe is known from earliest times to almost every nation in the Universe in some form or other. Dr. Flood has brought together all known references to the instrument from the literature of most ancient and modern nations. Beginning with the Hebrew book of Genesis, where reference is made to Jubal as "the father of fiddlers and pipers," he points out that the word "ugab" is more satisfactorily translated "pipe" than "organ." Then collating it with the word "sumphonia," "a bagpipe," he argues from this and from the representations on Chaldean sculptures associated with the memory of Jubal, that the bagpipe is as old as the harp. He traces the genesis of the instrument from the primitive pipe or reed, to which gradually a bag, blow-pipe, and drones were added. Chapters referring to Greek, Roman, German, Persian, Welsh, Irish, English, and Scotch bagpipes are given, and it is shown that bagpipes were used in several forms of ancient worship. The influence of pipe-music on other forms of music is reviewed, and various enactments for and against pipers and pipe-music are referred to. Coming to Scotland, he credits the advent of the bagpipe there to the Irish, and also states that the Romans borrowed the instrument from Ireland. This is the weakness of Dr. Flood's book. He claims everything for the Irish. The Welsh bardic system is said to be founded on that of Ireland; the "piob-mor" is said to have been the war instrument of the Irish; Donald Mor MacCrimmon is claimed as an Irish piper; and many of our best-known Scots song tunes and bagpipe melodies are claimed as Irish pipe tunes, or as showing Irish characteristics, and the ground of these claims is as a rule of the flimsiest character, and will not bear investigation. Thus "The Lea Rig" is claimed as an Irish pipe tune of 1702 called "The Day we beat the Germans at Cremona"; "John Anderson, my Jo," is claimed also as an Irish pipe tune, heedless of the fact that both are outwith the compass of the chanter of the piob mor, and it must be to this pipe he refers, for he claims it as the Irish war instrument. The tunes can be played on the "uilleann" or "union" pipes, but the fact of Irish pipers playing them under Irish names does not make the tunes Irish. "The Campbells are Coming" is also claimed, and several well-known piobrochs are said to have "Irish characteristics," whatever these may be in an essentially Highland

production. "Lord Breadalbane's March" is also claimed. Dr. Flood is on safer ground in a chapter on piobaireachd when he says that, notwithstanding traditional claims, no tune is older than the late 16th or early 17th century. He is wrong, though, in his reference to "I got a Kiss of the King's hand." He says a "vague tradition" assigns its composition to Patrick Mor MacCrimmon in 1661. The story of the tune is given in the Wardlaw MS., written at the time of the occurrence celebrated by the tune, and the composer was John MacGurmen (*sic*). Nor is Dr. Flood more successful in his references to "The Soutars of Selkirk" and "The March of the Cameron Men." The words of the former he erroneously ascribes to Burns. Burns never wrote such rubbish, and the Rev. Mr. Robertson, in his "Statistical Account of Selkirk," traces the paltry lines back to 1700. Dr. Flood says "The March of the Cameron Men" is said to have been played in the '45," but is "distinctly modern." So it is, for both words and music were composed by a lady about 60 years ago. It will surprise many to



GERMAN BAGPIPES, A. D. 1514.

learn that the Argyllshire Gathering expired some years ago, and that the Govan Police Band is the only police pipe band in Scotland, yet both statements are given seriously in the book. It is interesting to note that pipe bands, and with drums at that, were common in the early days of the bagpipe. The big drone, Dr. Flood says, was added to the Highland bagpipe in 1700. Save for such defects, as we have reviewed, Dr. Flood's book is a good one, and well worth study. It is a pity that it misses recording the facts that the bagpipe owes its celebrity in war, song, and story, and its immortal niche in the temple of fame to the Scottish Highlander, so it matters not whether it came to him from his blood-brother, the Irish Gael, or from the Hottentot. The book is beautifully got up, and well illustrated. The illustration we reproduce—page 76—shows a German bagpiper of the 16th century, wearing a kind of kilt, a bear-skin sporran, a dirk, and a tunic not unlike that of the modern piper, while his bagpipe has a big drone. We strongly recommend Dr. Flood's book to the notice of all interested in bagpipes. It can be had from the publisher of the *Celtic Monthly*.

* *The Story of the Bagpipe*, by W. H. Grattan Flood, Mus. Doc. London: The Sir Walter Scott Publishing Co. Ltd. Price 4/.

MACPHAIL OF INVERAIRNIE.

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

Sir,—In the kirkyard of Daviot, seven miles from Inverness, is an upright granite tombstone bearing the inscription—"In memory of Hector William Macphail, M.A., head of the family of Inverairnie, Died at Inverness on 2nd December 1897." Close by, within the same enclosure, is a flat stone bearing the inscription—"In memory of the Rev. James Macphail, for 37 years minister of the united Parishes of [Daviot and Dumlichity]. . . . He died on the 1st day of July 1639, in the 73rd year of his age."

Heotor William was nephew of the Rev. James, being a son of his younger brother, the Rev. William Macphail, minister of the Scottish Church in Rotterdam. James and William were sons of the Rev. Hector Macphail, "a native of Inverness"; M.A. King's College, Aberdeen, 1737; and minister of Resolis, 1748-74.

Heotor William gained the Gold Medal (for Classics) at the Royal Academy, Inverness, in 1835; but I fail to trace the source of the M.A. degree assigned to him. I desire also to ascertain how he comes to be styled "Head of the family of Inverairnie." A younger brother,

George, died in 1895, and his estate fell to the Crown as *Ultimus Haeres*.

The late Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, in his "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan" (Glasgow, 1898, pp. 57, 182), notes the traditional descent of the Macphail sept from "Paul Gow," who lived in the second half of the fifteenth century; but he goes on to state that "the Macphails did not acquire a heritable right to Inverairnie until the year 1631, when Hugh Ross, then of Kilravock, in respect of a thousand pounds Scots, granted a wadset right and long tack of Inverairnie to Duncan Macphail, therein described as "of Inverairnie." Duncan's grandson, Paul, in 1689 acquired from Kilravock the reversionary rights to the lands, in respect of a feu duty of two hundred and nine merks. Paul's grandson Alexander had a prolonged litigation with his superior, who attempted to evict the vassal and resume possession of the estates. Alexander fought hard for years to maintain his position, but at length had to yield, selling his rights to Farr and Dunmaglass jointly. In his struggles to retain the estate, he executed in 1763 a transfer to "a relative," Paul Macphail. This Paul's only son Donald was tenant in Balnault, Gask; and Donald's eldest son Paul emigrated to Australia in 1852, and in 1897, when he corresponded with Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, was unmarried.

Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, writing in 1898, recognises Paul as "head of the Macphails," and nowhere mentions Rev. Hector, Resolis; Rev. William, Rotterdam; or Hector William, who died in 1897.—I am, yours faithfully,

P. J. ANDERSON.

The University,
Aberdeen, 24th January 1912.

CLANSMAN.—Probably President Forbes, of Culloden, gives us the best definition of a Highland clan which we possess. He says:—"A Highland clan is a set of men all bearing the same surname, and believing themselves to be related the one to the other, and to be descended from the same stock. In each clan are several subaltern tribes, who own dependence on their own immediate chief, but all agree in owing allegiance to the supreme chief of the clan or kindred, and look upon it to be their duty to support him in all adventures." This statement might be supplemented by what Skene writes in "Celtic Scotland," Vol. III.

DUNDEE HIGHLANDERS.—At the Annual of the Dundee Highland Society Lord Lovat, who presided, said the depopulation of the Highlands was much to be deplored. Although Highlanders had great patriotism they did not have sufficient local patriotism by which they could hope that their wants in the Highlands could have adequate attention. A great many Highlanders would make willing sacrifice of time and money to keep alive their old language and the traditions to which they had been brought up, but very little attention was paid to the question of seeing that they should be represented in the highest counsels of the land by really bona fide Highlanders.

STORM AMONG THE HILLS.

A sigh ! And the Quicken trees tremble,
 The wee birds crouch twittering low ;
 The lamb in the shieling flies bleating,
 To shelter by green heather knowe.
 On the face of the waters the ripple
 Is lashed into white circling foam ;
 And the clouds come up racing and driving,
 Loud blasts through the red deer's lone home.
 Then the sun on the hillside so smiling,
 Dies down in a storm of wild tears ;
 With the veil of the mists rolling swiftly,
 To hide the quick quiver of fears.
 For there comes such a wail of things dying,
 As the heart of all Nature had burst in its crying ;
 From boulder to boulder the timid hind bounds,
 As the crash of the tempest through Corrie resounds.

The lone heron shrieks, tossed high on the gale,
 A sport for fierce buffeting gusts to assail ;
 Torn pinions and limbs trailing helplessly weak,
 Poor derelict barque with no harbour to seek !
 The storm-fiend rides gaily and madly triumphant,
 Uprooting and wrenching, and ruthlessly slaying ;
 The beech and the oak fallen prone in the forest,
 The birchen tree bending unbroken, but swaying.
 To swollen brown burns rain stung to quick fury,
 Where currents swirl out in a black seethe of rage,
 Is cast the green branch, the crooked, the withered,
 The pride of the fold or the crippled with age.
 The eagle alone screams rebellious defiance, impervious
 to wind or to rain,
 For he's learned of all lessons the saddest—the wild
 exultation of pain :

The soul on the heights leaving all things behind him,
 With nothing to fear and nothing to bind him.

Then a pause ! And the storm dies exhausted,
 Spent, weary, repentant perhaps of its force ;
 Thin streams grown to torrents, and rivers o'erflowing
 their banks,
 For who can foresee all the havoc that follows a
 storm in its course ?

Then the sun, like a ray of bright promise,
 Breaks through the wet wrack of grey cloud :
 Turns the drops on the rowans to diamonds,
 Makes the whole feathered clan sing aloud.
 Then the roar of the waters falls gently and lower,
 And the mists sweep away from the hills,
 When the smile of the sunshine grows broader,
 The rain-laden leaves dripping slower are still :
 With the mountains refreshed, from mourning
 beguiled,
 Shining out like the dimpled, wet cheek of a child,
 When the tears are soon dried without leaving a
 stain,
 And there's only soft birches sweet-smelling of rain.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.

**INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF
 DUGALD BUCHANAN.**

A correspondent writes :—

I was employed in looking up some old books the other day, when I happily came across a leaflet from the "Reminiscences of Dugald Buchanan," whereat I was both interested and

amused. In personal appearance Dugald Buchanan was above the average height, of dark complexion, dark hair, and large expressive eyes. The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson is said to have made sharp and pungent observations on the versatile character and poetical propensities of this just and good man, probably through fear that he might incline to sceptical leanings owing to the universal spiritual themes he invariably employed in his poetical works. Buchanan was the author of a small but valuable collection of sacred poems in the Gaelic language, and it displays poetical talent of no ordinary kind. He composed several songs that were never published, on various subjects.

Some time subsequent to the Rebellion of 1745 the Sutherlandshire Militia were stationed at Dunkeld. A detachment consisting of twelve men was sent to Rannoch to test the loyalty of the people, whose Jacobite proclivities were more than suspected. The Sabbath after their arrival they enquired where they could hear the Word of God preached or read, and were referred to Mr. Dugald Buchanan, schoolmaster, who was in the habit of addressing all who chose to listen to him. They went to Dugald's meeting-house. These men knew the Gospel, as they were accustomed to hear it preached in their native county, and some of them were sincere believers in the Lord Jesus. They saw at once that Buchanan was an excellent and godly man, and a close intimacy sprung up between them. Two of them, Andrew and Alexander Ross (probably brothers), had a great attachment to Dugald Buchanan, and they had frequent meetings for Christian fellowship. Andrew Ross used to say of Dugald Buchanan "that he was as tender, as kind, as warm-hearted a man in addressing sinners from the Word of God as he ever saw or heard." In earlier years Buchanan wore the kilt—the common dress of the country—and in this dress he frequently attended the Communion at Glenlyon. In his later years he wore knee breeches, a blue greatcoat, and a broad blue bonnet. The late Rev. John Macdonell, minister of Forres, frequently preached to the people of his native glen—Glenmoriston—in a kilt surmounted by a black coat; and the late Rev. Malcolm Nicolson, of Kiltarlity, usually wore the kilt, and officiated in this dress. This, along with many other reasons, will probably explain the cause of the English Government's hostility to the wearing of the Highland garb. Times and manners have changed since these days, and we are proud to think that the Gospel Message and this appropriate Highland dress still command the respect and approbation of an intelligent and discerning public.

THE SURNAME DOUGLAS.

This surname is a territorial one, from the wide pastoral dale possessed by William de Douglas. A William de Douglas witnessed a charter between 1174 and 1199. His eldest son was Sir Archibald, who left two sons—Sir William, and Andrew, ancestor of the Morton family. Sir William died about 1274, and was succeeded by his son, Sir William le Hardi. Sir William's son, "The Good" Sir James, is known as the greatest captain of Bruce in the War of Independence. He was killed fighting against the Moors, in Andalusia, 1330. His son, William, fell at Halidon Hill, and the next Lord of Douglas, Hugh, brother of Lord James, made over the estates of the family in 1343 to his nephew, Sir William. The Douglasses had since the time of William the Hardy, held the title of Lords of Douglas, but in 1357 Sir William was made Earl of Douglas, and by marriage became Earl of Mar. He died in 1384. His son James, second Earl of Douglas and Mar, fell at Otterburn in 1388, and, as he left no legitimate issue, the direct male line of William the Hardy and the Good Sir James now came to an end. His aunt had married for her second husband one of her brother's esquires, James of Sandilands, and through her Lord Torphichen, whose barony was a creation of Queen Mary in 1564, became the heir general and representative at common law of the House of Douglas. That house is now represented by such families as those of Queensberry, Angus, Hamilton, Morton, etc.

UIST AND BARRA ASSOCIATION.—At the monthly meeting of the Uist and Barra Association held last month, Mr. Colin MacPherson read a Gaelic paper entitled "Cor na Gaidhealtachd"—the "Condition of the Highlands"—in which he compared the state of the Highlands before the passing of the Crofter Act to what they found existing now. There had been more progress made within the last thirty years than there had been since the '45. An interesting discussion followed the paper.

CLAN GRANT.—The Executive of the Clan Grant Association met at Grantown last week for the presentation of an address of welcome to the Earl and Countess of Seafield, when they arrive at Castle Grant, probably in March. It was agreed that Mr. J. P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, should present the address.

SKYE ASSOCIATION, GLASGOW.—Last month Mr. Samuel Nicolson, who has acted as hon. secretary for the Glasgow Skye Association for fifteen years, was presented with a handsome gold watch and a purse of sovereigns on his resigning that office. Professor Magnus MacLean, D.Sc., hon. president of the association, made the presentation, and referred to the progress made by the association during the time Mr. S. Nicolson was secretary. Mr. Nicolson replied in suitable terms. A number of toasts were pledged, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

SONG WANTED.—Can any of your readers give a few verses of the song of which the chorus is as follows:—

Mo chùlaobh, mo ehùlaobh,
Mo chùlaobh ris a' bhaile so ;
Mo ehùlaobh ris an àite
'San d' àraicht' am leanabh mi."

CELT.

MONACH.—What is the origin and meaning of this surname and how is it connected with the Clan MacFarlane? It is given as one of the sept's.

PARLANE.

GALERAITHS.—Can anyone supply a sketch of the Galbraiths of Lennox and Gigha?

W. A. T.

MÀIRI DHUBH.—Can anyone tell me the name and author of a song of which each verse ends "Màiri Dhubb, turn ye to me"?

H. M. J.

PARK.—Park the Sept of any Clan, and if so what tartan may they wear?

I. G. P.

[The surname Park, like many others arose from a place of residence. The first Park may have been a John o' the Park. In that case the Parks are not a Sept of any clan.]

MACDOWALL.—Can anyone give a short sketch of the MacDowalls.

J. M.

ANSWERS.

MAC.—The Macilwraiths are sept's of the Clan Donald. The "Mac Gille Riabhaichs" were hereditary bards to the Clan Donald North, and in virtue of their office held the land of Baile Mhic Gille Riabhaich in Trotternish, Skye. As a sept of the MacDonalds of the North you are entitled to wear their tartan.

ANDERSON.—The Gaelic equivalent of Anderson is "MacAndrea," son of Andrew, or Gilleandreas—Gillanders, or St. Andrew's "gille," so that the Andersons are probably an offshoot of the ancient Clan Andreas. The MacAndrews are regarded as a sept of the Clan Chattan, they having taken protection of Mackintosh as early as 1400.

MERCER.—This surname arises from the trade or profession, "mercier," a merchant, one who has a shop for silks, woollens, linens, cottons, &c.

F.

GAELIC CENSUS.—The tabulated results of the 1911 census are not yet published.

F.

THE MAC CRUITERS.—In reply to the query regarding the *Mac Cruithairs*, I expect the sept enquired after is the *Mac Cruithers* or Harpers, from *cruit*, a harp. The harpist or *cruitear* is mentioned in the public records of the 15th and 16th centuries. Buehanan of Auchmar (1723) says: "The Mac Cruithers were a long time reputed Buchanans, having for diverse ages resided in these lands in the upper parts of the parishes of Buchanan and Callender, pertaining to the lairds of Buchanan, but are now wholly decayed in these parts. . . . They obtained their surname from one of their ancestors being a harper, and were thence termed Mac Cruithers or Harperson." Seeing the connection in which the name appears as detailed by your correspondent, the sept may be Mac Choiters (Cottersons), for Buchanan says they were sept's of the MacGregors, and if Cottersons, why not *Mac a' Chroiters*, or Croftersons. What does Miss Murray-MacGregor, the Clan historian, say?

FIONN.



PETER MACKAY, OF GLENURE, ARGYLE.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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[Price Threepence.



Mr. PETER MACKAY of Glenure, Argyle.

WHEN it became known that Mr. Mackay had arranged to sail for Australia early in spring, his numerous friends and acquaintances resolved to entertain him to a farewell dinner and give him a pleasant send off on the eve of his departure. This function took place in the King's Arms Hotel, Oban, on January 26th. Mr. Robert Macdiarmid, Corries, Lochawe, presided, and Mr. Campbell Preston of Ardehattan was croupier. About fifty of the landlords and farmers of the Lorn district were present, and all the members of the Lorn Presbytery. The Rev. M. MacCallum, Taynuilt, proposed the toast of the guest of the evening, in highly complimentary terms, and expressed the great regret they all felt at Mr. Mackay's departure. Mr. Mackay's ancestors, he said, had, for generations, been known in the district as successful gentlemen farmers who had dispensed a patriarchal hospitality, and he himself had maintained the traditions of the family. He had also most efficiently taken part in the public affairs of the district, in the parish council, in the school board, and in the church as an elder.

Mr. Mackay, replying, said it was difficult for him to find words to express adequately his sincere gratitude for the great honour they had conferred upon him. He would never forget the far too kind and indulgent terms in which Rev. Mr. MacCallum had referred to him, and the modest work he had done. As a member of school board and of the parish council, nothing had given him greater pleasure than in endeavouring to do his best on behalf of the ratepayers. Their meetings had always been of a pleasant nature—thanks to the ability and tact of the chairmen Messrs. MacCormick and MacIntosh. He felt a great pang in parting from those with whom he had been so long and

closely associated. He would have nothing but the pleasantest recollections of them, and of the signal honour they had done him that day. He sincerely trusted that his connection with his native county was not completely severed, but, if fortune favoured him, he would be able, from time to time, to pay visits to Argyllshire, where he knew he was sure of a hearty welcome.

Mr. Mackay was born at Kintour, Islay, which he left with his parents at an early age for the farm of Torrens, Isle of Mull. He received the rudiments of his education at Ledaig Public School, under the able guidance of Mr. Donald Mackay, F.E.I.S., who paid a high tribute to his ability and his gentleness and manliness of character. He afterwards proceeded to the High School, Stirling, where for several years, with much success, he pursued the higher branches of study.

At the close of his educational career he undertook the management of the farm of Torrens on his father assuming Glenure, subsequent to the death of his uncle. In 1892 he assisted his father in the management of Glenure, and on his father's death in 1894 he assumed full control till the termination of the lease on May last. Mr. Mackay's services were in frequent request in connection with the valuation of stock and crops, and as an authority in whom the farming community placed the greatest confidence for impartiality he often acted as judge of black-faced sheep and Highland cattle at the local shows. While at Glenure he was the possessor of a well-known herd of Highland pedigreed cattle, which was dispersed in May last. He is a life member of the Highland Cattle Society, and he has acted for a number of years as Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Farmers' Royal Benevolent Institution.

Mr. Mackay with his wife and two children sailed for Sydney on February 2nd on board the Orient Line Steamer "Otranto."

His mother and sisters reside at Connel, Argyllshire, and his only brother, Dr. Angus Cameron Mackay is in practice in Bathgate, Linlithgowshire.

Mr. Mackay has been a subscriber to the *Celtic Monthly* from the first issue, and has always been a warm admirer of the magazine.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 24.)

THE Highlanders are frequently twitted for what is called "Hieland pride." Burns in a moment of anger gave vent to the only unkind word he uttered about the Highlands when he was inhospitably treated at Inveraray by saying

"There's naething here but Hielan' pride,
And Hielan' scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger."

There was some great feast on at Inveraray, and poor Burns did not realize that bright as was his genius, he was only a small star in the firmament of Inveraray in comparison to the Duke of Argyle.

The breaking up of the Clan system was in the first instance the means of scattering the tacksmen and tenant farmers, but many of the Chiefs soon followed. So long as they were content to live quietly among their people they got on well enough on the small incomes derived from their estates, but when, lured by the promise of large rents, they took to rear sheep in place of men their expenses grew out of all proportion to their incomes. The time hung heavily on their hands now that the administration of the Clan ceased, and they betook themselves to London and began to put on airs in presence of their English acquaintances, to boast of the antiquity and rank of their families and their power and influence over their clansmen, and to generally make themselves ridiculous in the estimation of their friends. You all know the story of the MacLean, or was it a MacNeill? who when boasting of the antiquity of his family was asked if his ancestor was in the Ark with Noah, answered, with scorn, "Who ever heard of a MacNeill that hadn't a boat of his own?" These latter-day Chiefs, of whom the last Glengarry and Laird of MacNab were prominent examples, just like the last flickering of an expiring candle, and made a bigger flash than usual before being finally extinguished.

Francis, the last Chief of MacNab to occupy the Clan property, was a most eccentric and extravagant individual. His obtrusive peculiarities were pride of family, antiquity, and rank, and a withering scorn for the trousered Sassenach. He left the property so hopelessly burdened that his successor had to clear out and go to America, followed by the majority of his Clan, the only instance of the Chief and people going away together. On arriving in America he lost no time in calling on a cousin of his who had gone before him, and who was

in comfortable circumstances. MacNab sent in his card, bearing the legend "The MacNab." His cousin received him kindly, and in due course returned the visit, and not to be outdone, sent in his card with the legend "The other MacNab."

These cranks aside, however, there was a noble and stately dignity of manner in the old Highlanders, and if in their latter days many of them kept up a style they could ill afford, and pinched themselves in order to make an appearance before the public to keep up the respectability of the family, we who can appreciate those feelings, must make an allowance. Many ridiculous stories have been written about the pride of these decayed old gentry and the efforts they made to hide their poverty, but I don't think a rehearsal of them would be for your edification, or a kindly act on my part. But if many of them are as true as some of the stories that get into print about us, we may well be as sceptical as Sir Isaac Newton, when he said he would only believe of history what he saw with his own eyes. What do you think of this for a sample, taken from a recent magazine article:—"In Skye, if a woman crosses the water where fishing is in progress, fishing is at once discontinued. In Skye and Harris fishermen have been known to beat their wives dreadfully, not from any ill-feeling, but to propitiate and attract the fish." Now, whatever virtues may be attributed to Skymen, I don't think wife-beating can be reckoned as one of their accomplishments. But can any of you localize the following, for I cannot, and I think I can take credit of knowing a good deal about the island.

This is said to be an epitaph inscribed on a tombstone in a churchyard in Skye:—

"Here lie the bones of Tonal Jones:
The wale of men for eating scones.
Eating scones and drinkin' yill.
Till his last moan he took his fill."

THE "MEN."

This is a type of character which is distinctly native of the Highlands, and which deserves an important place in any sketch of Highland life and character. I refer to the "Men," or lay preachers. This class could only be the product of sparsely populated districts, where their services were specially required. They came to be called the "men," in order to distinguish them from the ministers. They took part in Fellowship meetings, and many of them acted as lay preachers and catechists in parishes where the minister could not overtake the work. They make their first appearance in Highland history about fifty years before the Disruption, at a time when the clergy, as a rule,

were not better than they should be. Ministers of evangelical zeal were few and far between. The many took their benefices as the gifts of Providence, and troubled their parishioners as little as possible about their present or future lot. The minister, who spent his time more as the companion of the laird or tacksman than in ministering to his flock, was usually a good hand at the bottle, and in a hard-drinking bout seldom was vanquished, and Presbytery meetings of those days usually lasted from two to three, or sometimes four days, and as the fathers and brethren were seldom disposed to stint themselves in their potations, the meetings were for the most part, scenes of riot and frolic.

My namesake Rob Donn very graphically describes them in a poem, of which the following is a free translation:—

“Join their clubs and society,
You'll find most of the pack of them
Fit for pedlars or sailors,
Fit for drovers or factors,
Fit for active, shrewd farmers,
Fit for stewards, not wasteful;
Their sworn calling excepted,
Fit for everything excellent.”

I find that in the south of Scotland at the same time, things were not much better. From an interesting account of an ordination dinner at Newmilns in Ayrshire in 1793 the following will give an idea of the capacity of the Presbyteries of those days. There were consumed 1 side of beef, 3 sheep, 14 ducks, 2½ doz. partridges, 2 plovers, 2½ doz. poultry, 10 doz. eggs, 4 geese, while the amount of liquor consumed was appalling. Of beer there were 3½ doz. quarts, porter, 2½ doz., wine, 4 doz. and 11 bottles, brandy, 2 pints Scotch, of rum for punch, 4 pints Scotch, and 1 chopin whiskey. Who says that they were not spiritually inclined?

It must have been such a company as this that *Donnachadh Ban* met at Cullfaul Inn, when he said:—

“Tha mi còr is trì fichead bliadhna,
Dh'fhàs mi làth an déigh 'bhi bàn :
Cha 'n fhaca mi 'n sealladh gus an raoir,
Triùir, mhaor an tigh *Chuilfaul*.
D'a mhinisteir 's triùir mhaoir,
Sud na fir a bh'air a mhìsg ;
A Rìgh nan Flaithreas as nan speur ;
Na leig mo charaid fheic 'na measg.”

“I am more than sixty years,
I am grey after being fair,
And the sight I saw yestreen,
The like was never seen at Cullfaul.
Two ministers and three bailiffs,
These were the men that were fou :
Oh King of Heaven and on High,
Keep my friend from among such.”

Though such are examples of many of the clergy of the time, it is a good thing, and to the credit of the cloth and a blessing to the country they were not all alike. There were a few good men among them, men of truly evan-

gelical spirit, who by their teaching and example partially leavened the whole lump of barbarism and indifference which surrounded them. These ministers gathered around them a number of earnest and godly laymen, who, having themselves seen and felt the blessings of the Gospel, dedicated their lives to the service. The unfortunate thing is that some of them were illiterate, and though they learned a good deal of the Word of God by heart, they naturally through their ignorance became bigotted and narrow in their teaching.

Usually the more sulphuric portions of Scripture fixed on their memories most, and these they hurled at their hearers with all the vehemence at their command. They sought to terrorise their hearers to repentance rather than to win them by the love of Christ. The annual Communion season was, of course, the time when the “Men” shone with special effulgence, where the Friday following the Fast was specially set apart for their benefit. I will not, however, enter into a discussion of this subject. These meetings are still to the fore in our midst, and possibly my views upon them might not accord with those of some of you. A word or two on the catechisings might not, however, be amiss. These public catechisings are now nearly gone out of date. They were not peculiarly a Highland institution, being held in the Lowlands as well, though, of course, not continued till so late a date. The people usually met in the church, or for the convenience of those residing at a distance, in the largest and most convenient house in the district. The meeting began with prayer and praise, after which the minister or catechist, as the case might be, put questions from the Shorter Catechism or from Scripture to each individual present in their order. It was considered a great disgrace not to be able to answer the questions, and there are some amusing tales of the tricks played to get easy questions. Though usually very solemn occasions, a good deal of humour was sometimes introduced into the proceedings by the answers given. The following is an example from a Lowland parish. The minister asked Walter Simpson how long Adam continued in a state of innocence. ANSWER: “Oh ay, sir, jist till he got a wife: but can ye tell me, minister, how long he remained innocent after that?” “Sit down, Walter,” said the discomfited minister, and he proceeded to examine another. Now for a Highland one. At a catechising in Ross-shire the minister asked, “Farquhar MacLennan, can you tell me where God is?” “Well, minister, I will tell you that if you tell me where He is not.” “Oh Farquhar, Farquhar?” exclaimed the minister, “don't you know that

God is everywhere? There can be no place where He is not." "Oh no," said Farquhar, "that is not the case. I will tell you two places where He is not, and these are, the hard and stoney hearts of the minister and of the miller." The latter, though an elder in the kirk and a leading light in the parish, was no favourite of Farquhar's. At Snizort, on one occasion, a local worthy was asked, "How many persons are there in the Godhead?" ANSWER: "Oh, many a one that; there are so many of them I cannot tell you them right off." "Oh Ewan, you are wrong," said the catechist. "Oh no," said Ewan, "I am not wrong. Stop till I count them. There are Mr. Rory, Donald Munro, Ronald Macdonald, Donald MacQueen in Bracadale, and two or three at Glenmire; and Chirsty, my own wife, if she continues as she is doing, she will soon be as good as any of them."

CHRISTENINGS

were frequently the occasion for a good deal of unconscious humour. You have all heard of the man, who, when the minister said to him, "I am afraid you are not in a fit state to hold up your child for baptism," replied in astonishment, "No fit to hand him up, me! Man, I could hand him up though he was as heavy as a bull stirk." But the following, which is a true bill, is, I think, as good as anything of the kind I ever heard. A Skyeman resident in Lochalsh had occasion to go to the late Mr. Sinclair, Plockton, to ask for baptism. Mr. Sinclair, who was at the time a comparatively young man, was delving in the garden, and poor Neil, mistaking him for the servant lad, addressed him thus:—"Hey, man, did you see the minister?" Mr. S.—"Would you know him if you saw him?" "Is it I? I would not not know him should I get him in my brochan." Mr. S.—"What do you want him for?" "Oh, I have a child yonder, and I want him to put a drop of water on it." Mr. S.—"Have you got the questions?" "Is it I? No, they weren't in it in my day, but Chirsty can say every one of them like a Christmas rhyme." Mr. S.—"Do you not come to church at all?" "To church! Man, that is not what I have to do. If you had to work as hard as I have, carrying hods of lime and stone up these scaffolds there would be very little church in your mind." Mr. S.—"Oh Neil, Neil! I am sorry for you. You better send Chirsty here." "Oh, confound you, man," said poor Neil, "are you the minister?" and he bolted like a deer, and couldn't face the minister for many a day.

But to return to the "Men." Great as was their influence for good, at a time when the country was sunk in indifference, they cannot be said to have been an unmixed blessing.

Being, as I have said, for the most part unlettered, and with highly imaginative minds, they soon developed the most uncompromising system of theology, and their Heaven became a very narrow place indeed. Come upon the scene when frivolity of every description enjoyed an undue amount of licence, they set about putting down all kinds of amusement whatever, frowning with equal severity upon sinful and innocent alike, and to them more than to any other influence belongs the credit of having destroyed the natural spirit of poetry and music in the people. I knew myself a man who boasted of having broken six fiddles and cut the bags of eleven bagpipes, but such is the irony of fate, that the same man lived to hear his three sons playing the pipes.

I knew a minister who was equally diligent in terrorizing local musical talent, and when he got married, his wife brought home a piano. They had to get the assistance of two men working close by to carry it in to the manse. Curiously, one of them was a piper and the other a fiddler, both of whom had been prohibited from playing, on pain of excommunication. Said the one to the other as they were carrying in the piano, "Be careful of this, Finlay; this must be a righteous instrument, different from your pipes and my fiddle."

(To be continued).

CAOL MUILE.

(THE SOUND OF MULL.)

(From the Gaelic of the late Rev. Dr. John MacLeod of Morven.)

Thou loveliest one of the seas 'neath the sun,
 Caol Muile, thou'rt dearer than gold!
 How often I played a child by thy wave,
 By the caves of the Ocean old!
 How lovely thy deeps when thy waves were asleep
 Reflecting Mull's steeps white with snow,
 Or when woods gold or green, fair mirrored were seen
 In the gleam of thy waters below!
 Sweet our songs when we'd float slow adrift in our
 boat,
 Wild our notes when we'd rush through the foam;
 'Mid lightning and hail how swiftly we'd sail,
 Close-reefed in the gale, for home!
 Where now are our men? Mull and Morven, your glens
 Are deserted. My friends all are gone.
 My dear ones no more hear Ocean's wild roar,
 They're asleep 'neath the moss-grown stone.
 Man's pride and his lust soon are laid in the dust,
 But unchanged is thy ebb and thy flow,
 In calm and in storm through th' ages thy form
 Shall, unchanged in its loveliness, go.
 Caol Muile! I'll sigh for thy wave till I die,
 Till I lie in the grave low and cold.
 Ah! then would I dream of Morven of streams
 And the gleam of the Ocean old!

English version by DR. GALD MAC ECHERN,
 Bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness,

GAELIC PROVERBS.

Am fear a's luaithe lamh 's leis an gadhar bàn 's am fiadh.

To the man with the swiftest hand belongs the white hound and the deer.

Am fear a ghleidheas a long gheibh e latha g'a seòladh.

He who keeps his ship will get a day to sail her.

Am fear a gheibh gach latha bàs 's e a's fearr a bhitheas beò.

He who dies daily, lives the best.

Am fear a gheibh bean, gheibh e dragh.

He who findeth a wife, findeth trouble.

Am fear a thèid do'n mhùileann bheir e sadach as.

He who goes to the mill will bring mill-dust back.

They that work in the mill maun wear the livery—Scotch.

Am fear a bhios fada gun éirigh, bidh e 'na leum fad an latha.

He who is long of rising will be hurrying all day.

Am fear a bhios carach 's a' bhaile so, bithidh e carach 's a' bhaile ud thall.

The man who is cunning in this town will be cunning in yonder town.

Am fear a bheir bean a'frinn bheir i ris ann e.

The man who takes a wife frae hell, she'll take him back that gate hersel'.

Am fear a bheir 'se a gheibh.

The man that gives is the man that gets.

(There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. —Prov. xi., 24).

Am bodach a bha 'n Lathurna 'nuair nach b' aithne dha bruidhinn dh' fhanadh e sàmhach.

The old man of Lorn, when he knew not how to speak, he remained silent.

This proverb also takes the form—"Am bodach a bha 'n Lathurna 'nuair nach robh ni aige ri ràdh dh' fhanadh e sàmhach."—The old man of Lorn, when he had nothing to say, he remained silent.

Aithniehidh an cat dar gheibh bean-an-tighe gràs.

The cat knows when the house-wife gets grace.

Aithnichear craobh ni's fearr air a toradh na air a diulleadh.

A tree is known better by its fruit than by leaves.

Aithnichear fear air a' chuideachd.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Aithne na bliadhna gu léir aig fear na h-aon oidhehe.

The whole year's knowledge with the man of one night—the presumption of the inexperienced.

Aird na dalach is isle na h-àirde.

The higher part of the dale, and the lowest part of the height—best lands.

Air ghnòthuch na euthaig.

On the gowk's errand. Scotch—On a foolish mission.

Air deireadh rug i 'n t-oihgre.

At last she bore the heir.

Air a mhàgan roimh na casan.

Creep afore ye gang—Scotch.

Ainmeacheas bà air buachaille is 'ga toirt naithe mu fheasgar.

Naming a cow of the herd, and taking it from him in the evening.

Ailleagan na luatha luathragan a' chlachain.

The fireside beauty, the slattern of the village. (Wise among fools, and *vice versa*.)

Adhaircean fada air a' chrodh a tha 's a' cheò. Long horns on the cows in the mist.

A Shàbaid 's a' sheachdain.

Sunday and all the week—always.

A' phoit a tilgeadh air a choire. gu bheil a mhas dubh.

The pot calling the kettle black.

A nàdur fein a' tighin 's a' chullach.

His own nature showing itself in the boar—heredity.

A ghnè a bhios sa' mhàthair, is gnath leis a bhi 's an nighean.

The mother's nature is often in the daughter.

A' deanamh math an aghaidh an uile.

Recompensing good for evil.

A' taomadh na mara le cliabh.

Bailing the ocean with a creel.—Doing a foolish thing.

A deanamh balg ri gréin.

Sunning himself.

A deanamh teadhair do ròine.

Making a tether of a hair.—Spinning yarns.

Ag itheadh na cruaiche fo 'n t-sìoman.

Eating the stack beneath the straw-ropes.

A' dol eadar thu 's do chadal.

Going between you and your sleep.

Piseach enilean a mhadaidh-ruaidh, mar a's sin' e 's ann a's mìos' e.

The luck of the fox's whelp—the older the worse.

A cur bréid air toll.

Putting a rag on a hole—making up a deficiency.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLANDER IN MODERN FICTION.

By L. MACBEAN, Kirkealdy.

(Continued from page 29.)

WILLIAM BLACK, the next novelist attracted by this subject, produced chiefly pictures of women. In his books, *Highland Cousins*, *A Princess of Thule*, *Wild Eelin*, *A Daughter of Heth*, *Wise Women of Inverness*, and others, the leading characters are of the gentler sex. But he gives them the highly impressionable Highland temperament. As the London lady remarks to his Mairi—"You people from the Highlands seem never to learn to have a little control over your passions. If one speaks to you a couple of words, you either begin to cry, or go off in a flash of rage." Such a temperament when uneducated becomes a slave to the senses, and worships outward gaudiness, as in Black's Barbara, but, when devoted to high moral ideals, it produces a saint like her cousin. Sir Walter Scott drew his material from the Highlands of Perth and Stirling, but Black worked farther west, and gives us types to be found on the Clyde, among the Western Isles, and sometimes in the Great Glen—tall, yellow-haired, keen-featured Norse gods, or sometimes the shorter and darker Celts, that take naturally to boats. William Black is, above all, the painter of the up-to-date Highlander, who divides his time between the Hebrides and Hyde Park, and is equally at home in Mull and Mayfair; but his portraits are seldom impressive, and the reader's attention is engrossed with his excellent stage scenery—trim yachts in western lochs, purple heather on Highland hills; snatches of Gaelic songs or proverbs, and the table-talk of a Highland chief of to-day, with, of course, the necessary love-story. But, withal, his type of Highlander is not unlike Scott's. We get the same high spirit and romance and sombre flashes of imagination. In his strong novel, *Macleod of Dare*, one important truth is finely wrought out, that for all our new manners and creeds a great crisis may call up the old Highland temper, untamed, resolute, ruthless: for the young chieftain chose a tragic end for himself and the soft English lady who proved false to his love. Old Hamish, his devoted servitor, spoke the thought in his master's mind when he said, "If the will can't be broken, it is the neck can be broken, and better that than that Sir Keith Macleod should have shame upon him." "Hamish, Hamish," said the chief, "how will you dare to go into the church at Salen next Sunday?" Hamish made the reply of a Highland pagan, "Men were made before churches were thought of."

Robert Louis Stevenson brings us nearer to the real Highlander than we have yet got. Through the limpid current of his narrative every feature of the native character shows clearly as under a microscope. Here are all the attractive qualities of Scott's Highlander, but, withal, so well displayed that one can discern the very fibre of their texture, the faults in the seams and the compensations for the shadier folds. Stevenson's Highlander has more verisimilitude than any previous writer's, and he is more plainly a living, breathing man. Alan Breck Stewart, for example, is unmistakably of Gaelic lineage—proud, honourable, devoted. He has courage to face, sword in hand, a whole ship's crew who have surrounded him with murder in their eyes, and yet there's a flaw in his courage somewhere, for when it comes to facing a watery grave, and the sword no use whatever against the ocean billow, he confesses that he is terribly afraid. He is a leal and staunch friend, but so sensitive that an ill-chosen word may cause an explosion. Spite of his ardent love for his native Appin, he is broad enough to love France also; and for all his intense clan feeling, he is fair enough to do justice even to his mortal enemies the Campbells. He acknowledged that when a Campbell was killed and a Stewart was arrested on suspicion, to try him at Inverary before the Duke of Argyll and a jury of Campbells was just what the Campbells ought to do. Says Alan Breck: "What would the clan think if there was a Campbell shot and naeboddy hanged, and their own chief the Justice-General? But I have often observed that you low-country bodies have no clear idea of what's right or wrong." The contempt for filthy lucre indicated by Scott and Macdonald is emphasised by Stevenson, whose Highland ferryman savagely tells the Lowland stranger, "There's one thing you should never do, and that is to offer your dirty money to a Highland shentleman." But even here the Highlander may only be showing off. When Duncan Stewart, "the prettiest man of his kindred and the best swordsman in the Highlands," is brought before King George, and the King gives him a parting gift of three guineas, the Highlander loftily hands these to the porter at the palace gate, "to give him a proper notion of his quality." Stevenson adds certain truthful details to the picture of the Highlander. For example, he does justice to that endurance obtained by the complete mastery of the mind over the body which is perhaps the most serviceable of all the Highlander's qualities. On the long and terrible march from Appin across the Moor of Rannoch, Balfour would have succumbed more than once, but Alan Breck had enough of staying power and grim resolution to

serve them both. Alan Breck was, in short, a very fine Highlander, and Stevenson did the tartan ample justice. It is true that he has a crowd of indifferent characters on his canvas—Stewart, the Edinburgh writer, with his prim professional air, changing at Inveraray into the primeval clansman shrieking with joy at the idea of upsetting the Campbells; the Duke of Argyll, cunning, vengeful, implacable; Fraser of Lovat, an unprincipled scoundrel; and James More, the degenerate son of Rob Roy, a double-dyed traitor. Was the manly Alan Breck an exception, then? By no means. Argyll and Fraser and James More were the exceptions. Alan Breck was no greater hero than the men of Appin, all of whom paid two rents—one compulsorily to King George's nominee, and the other voluntarily to their chief over the water. Nor were these nobler than the whole population of Balquhider, who would not betray the man with a price on his head though he lived openly among them. Stevenson writes: "Other folk keep a secret among the two or three friends, and somehow it leaks out; but among these clansmen it is told to a whole countryside, and they will keep it for a century." Stevenson's picture of the Highlander is the work of a master, and its main features are true to actual history.

To the developing of our picture there comes next an author who has peculiar advantages in his studies of Highland character, for he is a Highlander himself. Neil Munro knows the nature of his race from within, but every page of his proves that he has also applied himself to a study of their habits and customs and turns of thought. The result is a carefully drawn portrait of the Gael which confirms the delineations of Scott and Stevenson. Munro's Highlander is a native of the West, of Real Argyle, but he is no parochial specimen. He is a typical Highlander in brain and heart and sinew. But where Scott and Stevenson gave us a front view, Munro as a brother Gael shows us a profile, near at hand, which at first sight seems to disillusionise. The gallantry of Scott's Highlander is acknowledged by Munro as the love of posing and of finery that gave his name to John Splendid. For the chivalry of Roderick Dhu we have John's courtly speech, glossing over the unpleasant and ever seeking the path of least resistance. In place of the lofty spirit of Roderick we have the passionate temper of the Splendid. Even the tender regard for honour, chiefest of Highland virtues, is felt by the Highlander himself to be just a sure sense for the fitness of things, very necessary, very powerful, but in essence more artistic than ethical. Courage of the purest quality we find portrayed, more than once, notably in the chief of the

Maclachlans, who surrendered to the mob rather than flee by a back window. But we have also the confession that an infectious disease plays havoc with Highland valour, for the doughty heroes of the battlefield scatter panic-stricken when they hear that they have been sitting and eating in a bothy where a man has died of the plague. Says one of Munro's characters: "Gaels on the attack are omnipotent as God's thunderbolts. Give them a running start at a foe, with no waiting, and they might carry the gates of Hell, the worst one and all his clan. On a standing defence, where coolness and discipline are wanted, they have less splendid virtues."

But to make up for all this toning down of superlatives, Munro fills in the lines of many a pleasing quality rather slurred over by earlier writers. For example, there is the pure love of nature for its own sake, a primal emotion with the Celt. Says Gillean the Dreamer: "I must be wondering at the hidden mystery of things. The wind in the winter trees, the gossip of the rivers, the trail of clouds, waves washing the shore at night—all these things have a tremendous importance to me. And I must laugh to see my neighbours making to-do about a bargain. Well, I suppose it is the old Highland in me." With Munro we discern at close quarters the natural meekness of a nature in which strangers find only violence and pride, and the tenderness which in spite of clan feuds and homicides has always dwelt in the heart of the Gael. In his tales, too, we find the long struggle between the Pagan and the Puritan which the Highlanders know so well. "My people," says Munro's Marquis of Argyll, "are of an unruly race, I ken; good at the heart, hospitable, valorous, even with some Latin chivalry, but my sorrow! they are sorely unamenable to policies of order and peace." "Deil the hair vexed an I," John Splendid replies; "I have a wonderful love for nature that's raw and human, and this kirk-session morality is but a gloss. They'll be taking the tartan off us next, maybe! Some day the old dog at the heart of the Highlands will bark for all his sleek coat. Mau, I hate the very look of those Lowland cattle sitting here making kirk laws for their emperors, and their bad-bred Scots speech jars on my ear like an ill-tuned bagpipe."

Munro delineates with marvellous truth the brooding Celtic mysticism which looms so largely, and yet is so elusive, in the sketches of Fiona Macleod, and he does not omit superstition, which lies at the back of a weak character (and many a strong one). His Gillean on critical occasions turns over a lucky flint or arrow-head in his pocket; and a Highland woman when told of a death replies, "Do I not

know? I dreamt last night I saw a white horse galloping over Tombreck to Ladyfield, and the rider of him had his face in his plaid."

But perhaps Munro's greatest contribution to the picture of the Northern Scot is his portrayal of passion. This is an element either omitted or insufficiently emphasised in other writers. Munro gives it full value. "All the passion of his people," is his phrase. His lover does not lack ardour—"I am Highland, and if I want you I must have you. I love you and I'm inside like a fire. You make me mad." Nor is vengeance less vehement, for where can we match the grotesque figure of that vengeful hag who followed the Argyle army to egg them on—"a bird of battle, croaking in a horrible merriment over our operations." And Gaelic patriotism is, if possible, more passionate still—an unquenchable fire, flaming ever higher when the blue mountains are far away or the mountain race is under a cloud.

Munro's genuine Highlander is a man who has beheld *Tir nan og*, an illumination by which the Gael alone among the races of men have recognised the eternal youthfulness that lies behind the ageing of the world. Who thinks of the Highlands as a land of Eild, the home of aged men and ancient customs, memories of decay and thoughts outworn? Not the man who has seen *Tir nan og*, "the land of the young," and who with that light in his heart finds the world aflood with the brightness and buoyancy of youth, the real world life, for which this outward illusion is but a mask. The intuition of Walter Scott divined the Highlander's youthful spirit, but Neil Munro knows intimately his imperishable vision, the glow and gladness of an inner light where everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers.

In any list of the modern *senachies* that have spoken of the Scottish Highlander a place must be found for the late William Sharp who wrote under the name of Fiona Macleod. But I think he made no important addition to the portrait and the Highland gloom of his stories is a little overdone. The Scottish Celt is not really more gloomy than other mortals. His songs and tales and proverbs are not those of a hypochondriac. His music does indeed contain laments but it also contains *Strathspeys*, and a modern public that delights in Wagner and Italian operas—all anguish and tragely—need not prate of "the Celtic gloom." But though the Fiona Macleod stories add nothing to the portrait of the Highlander they do give it a fitting back ground and a genuine Highland atmosphere, mystic and moving with spiritual presences.

This, then, is the Highlander evolved in modern fiction. His bold outlines were drawn by the

masterhand of Scott, but softened by MacDonald brightened by Buchanan, modernised by William Black, made intensely real by the artistic touches of Robert Louis Stevenson, and frankly intelligible by the friendly shadings of Neil Munro. It is a picturesque contribution to modern literature. But is the portrait true to the reality? The question is difficult to answer, for the current conception of Celtic idiosyncrasies has been largely formed by these very writers. There is a species of hypnotism in a well-written novel. When the author has made us see things with his eyes, the vision remains with us for ever, and we may never again see these things as we might have seen them but for the literary mesmerist. But one obvious criticism must be made on the language which the novels offer as Highlander's English. Who ever heard a Highlander use the words, "her nain sel," in place of "myself"? And yet Scott puts this sort of gibberish in the mouth of Perthshire men, and Stevenson represents his Argyleshire Gaels as using the same ludicrous expression. And why represent Highlanders as speaking the patois of the Lowlands which they have always despised? It may also be objected that the portrait even yet is not quite complete; certain lines are left for some later artist to fill in ere the likeness is perfect. For example, we miss the modern ecclesiastical element in the Highlander, the tendency to make his church his clan, to make his minister his chieftain, and the Confession of Faith the slogan of his native glen. There are also certain contradictions in the Gaelic nature which even the most paradoxical of writers may find embarrassing, for the Highlander's character is as violently chequered as his own tartan. Where but in Highland story can you find such cruelty and such tenderness, such love of wandering abroad and such home-sickness, such honesty and such cunning, such pride and such humble devotion, such high valour and such wretched collapse? Fiction is naturally afraid to copy too truthfully the real colours of a character so improbable. But, after all, the portrait of the Scottish Highlander given in modern fiction is wonderfully faithful, and to Highlanders it may be of special advantage, for it shows their strong and their weak points as a race. Of course the ordinary Highlander of to-day need not be quite so bad, nor quite so good as the novelist's conception, and he is generally far less picturesque. He does not raid his neighbour's cattle, nor yet does he place his sword or his honour at his neighbour's service. Yet no doubt the old nature is still there, and even if there has been some recent cultivation, and some grafting of Norman and Saxon branches, it is instructive to study these diverse views of the older boughs

of the national tree, for in them the original sap is coursing unchanged. Like Bailie Nicol Jarvie many a modern Scot can say, "It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that am a man o' peace mysell, and a peacefu' man's son—for the deacon my father quarrelled wi' nane out o' the town council,—it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Highland blude o' me warms at thae daft tales, and whiles I like better to hear them than a word o' profit, Gude forgie me! But they are vanities, and, moreover, again' the statute law—again' the statute and gospel law."

(Concluded.)

THE GAELIC LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

IN connection with the forthcoming examination for the leaving certificate, the following conditions apply to the Gaelic certificate:—

So far as outside tests are concerned, I am to explain the ability to conduct a conversation in Gaelic will be regarded as essential. The written paper (in which the orthography of the dictionaries of Macleod or Dewar or of Mac-eachan should be followed) will comprise (1) translation into English of unseen prose and verse passages of ordinary difficulty chosen from standard Gaelic literature; (2) translation into Gaelic of an English passage; (3) reproduction in Gaelic of a story read aloud in English; (4) questions on Gaelic grammar.

The written paper will be set in the usual course along with the rest of the written portion of the Leaving Certificate Examination. In connection with the oral examination, all the exercise books of the candidate must be preserved and must be available for reference by the examiner, who will also apply such tests relatively to the approved course of instruction as he may deem desirable.

I am to point out that the department have deliberately refrained from offering any suggestions as to the length and character of the curricula of which they would be prepared to approve. Circumstances vary considerably, and it appears inexpedient to lay down definite regulations until experience has shown what is the minimum that may properly be exacted. In the meantime, each case will be considered on its merits, and provisional approval will be extended to any well arranged course that offers reasonable opportunity for serious study. It is hardly necessary to add that, while there may be a certain amount of elasticity in regard to the curriculum, the standard of pass all over will, as far as possible, be an absolutely uniform one.

Mr. DONALD NICOLSON,
Bearsden.



GLASGOW contains not a few prominent citizens connected with the Misty Isle of Skye. One of these is Mr. DONALD NICOLSON, who for the past three years has occupied the prominent position of President of the Glasgow Skye Association. He is a native of Kilmuir, Skye, but has been resident in the south for over thirty-five years—closely identifying himself with the various movements which he regarded as favourable to the conditions of life in the Highlands. On coming to Glasgow he identified himself with the various agencies in the city that aimed at the betterment of his native land. He held various offices in connection with the Skye Association, and was for some time Hon. Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow. For five years he was President of "Ceilidh nan Gaidheal," and he is a Director of the Glasgow Celtic Society.

Mr. Nicolson has done much good work with the camera, and as a result, he possesses a large collection of magnificent views of Highland scenery. These views he utilised in the illustration by lime-light of a series of lectures on the Highlands, which were much appreciated. For about twenty years Mr. Nicolson has acted as Governor of the Buchanan Retreat, Bearsden. *Saoghal fada sona dha,*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communication on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1911.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With January Issue we commenced our Twentieth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our list of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their Annual Subscription (4s. post free, or One Dollar) at once to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.—In connection with the literary section of St. Columba Parish Church Guild, Glasgow, Mr. Henry Whyte lectured last month on "Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the Gaelic Bard." He traced the history of the bard in his native Highlands and in Edinburgh, where he closed his career, giving many interesting reminiscences of the bard and his charming spouse, "Mairi Bhàn Og," on whom the poet composed one of the finest love songs in the Gaelic language. A number of the bard's songs were rendered by Gaelic singers.

THE CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY are to have a social meeting in the Douglas Hotel, Bath Street, on the evening of the 9th March. The programme will include progressive whist, music, &c.

THE ISLAY ASSOCIATION, at their jubilee gathering in the St. Andrew's Halls, last month, had a crowded house. Mr. Hugh Morrison, of Islay, who presided, remarked that the association had been formed for three purposes—to do what it could to advance the material interests of the island, to hold out a helping hand and to be a common centre for Islay people in Glasgow, and to keep alive their ancient language and the ancient history and traditions of their beautiful island home. It was interesting to find that there was at least one present at the jubilee gathering of the Islay Association who had been present at the first gathering of the Association. This was Mr. John MacKechnie, Bearsden, who, though well over four-score years, looks hale and hearty.

THE CLAN MACLEAN had a successful concert and dance last Friday evening in the Masonic Halls. Captain C. A. H. MacLean, of Pennycross, who presided, referred to the projected gathering of the Clan during the coming summer at the ancient seat of the Clan, Duart Castle, recently purchased by the Chief of the Clan, Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. MacLean, K.C.B. On that occasion the MacLean banner would wave once again from the walls of that historic stronghold. MacLeans from all quarters were expected to assemble at Duart in the summer or autumn.

THE CLAN MACDONALD.—The annual gathering of this Clan is to be held in Edinburgh on 12th March, when the chair will be occupied by that distinguished Highlander, Lord Kingsburgh, K.C.B.

MULL AND IONA ASSOCIATION.—The monthly meeting of this Association took place last month when Rev. Hector MacKinnon, M.A., Shettleston, delivered an interesting lecture on "The Trail of the Celt." In his opening remarks Mr. MacKinnon controverted the prevailing opinion that the population of Great Britain is mainly Anglo-Saxon, and contended that the proper designation for the modern Briton is Anglo-Celtic. The lecturer then graphically described the overwhelming ascendancy of the ancient Celtic race over North-Western and Central Europe for the long period of over 700 years, from about 800 B.C. till about 140 B.C., detailing a number of their warlike exploits and achievements. In three great wars during these centuries the Celtic peoples did a great deal to influence the course of history and to affect the balance of power among the ancient Kingdoms of Greece, Carthage and Rome.

MANCHESTER HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—The Rev. A. MacKinnon, M.A., B.D., of Grosvenor Square Presbyterian Church, preached to Manchester Highlanders on Sunday, the 11th inst., the service being the third of the series arranged by this Society. These services are well attended, and are greatly appreciated by the Highlanders in the Manchester district.

On the following evening, in the Milton Buildings, Manchester, Mr. MacKinnon lectured to a considerable audience on "Highland Life and Character." The lecture was of a comprehensive nature, and analysed the characteristics of the Scottish Gael.

During the evening Mr. Nicholson sang "Duthaich nan craobh," Mr. Macarthur "Air fal al al o," Mr. Macmillan "An t' eilean Muileach," and Mr. Macdonald (formerly of Glasgow High School Ceilidh), sang "Ho ro mo nigheann donn bhoidheach" and "Fhear a bhata." Mr. Garner, who is the possessor of a fine tenor voice, sang several English songs beautifully. Pipers Macarthur and MacCuig played on the bagpipes at intervals.

Records of a Famous Regiment,

THE 93rd SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

(Now the 2nd Battalion Princess Louise's Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders).

By Lieut. IAIN MACKAY SCOBIE, India.

(Continued from Vol. XX., page 32.)

REGIMENTAL PIPE MUSIC.

Reveille, - - - - -	"Johnnie Cope."
Fall In, - - - - -	"Piobaireachd Dhonnmuill Dubh."
March Past, - - - - -	"Highland Laddie."
Charge, - - - - -	"Monymusk."
1st Dinner Pipe, - - - - -	"Bundle and Go."
2nd Dinner Pipe, "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," popularly known as "Hey, Jock, are ye glad ye 'listed?"	
Fall In (Afternoon), "The Athole Highlanders."	
Officers' Mess, 1st Call, - - - - -	"Brose and Butter."
Marching Colours off Parade, "Blue Bonnets over the Border."	

Other tunes connected with the regiment are "The 93rd's Welcome to Glasgow (1851)," "The 93rd's Farewell to Balaclava" (Quickstep), by Pipe-Major John Macleod, "The 93rd's Farewell to Edinburgh," by Pipe-Major Robert Meldrum, and "The Braw Lads of the 93rd," by James Sutherland.

As is only natural in a regiment which was raised, and for many years largely recruited, in such a famous piping district as Sutherland, pipe music has always been greatly encouraged, and every facility given to ensure a high standard in playing. Many well-known pipes have been produced by the regiment. The study of Piobaireachd or "Ceol mor" is fostered as well as "Ceol min" (Little music).

LIST OF PIPE-MAJORS OF THE 93RD.

As the rank of Pipe Major was not officially recognised until 1854, it is not possible, owing to scarcity of information on the subject, to complete the list much before that year. Prior to 1854 pipes were solely a regimental institution in Highland corps, they were only entitled to the pay of their army rank, but in order to get them extra pay they were sometimes made "Drummers." The rank of Pipe-Major was purely an honorary one, the holder of it usually being a corporal or lance-sergeant. He was entrusted with the musical instruction and leading of the pipers, while for purposes of discipline they were under the captains of their companies or the drum-major. Their numbers varied at different periods, but generally there was one for every battalion company and two each for the flank companies. The first pipe-major of whom we have any authentic record was James Wilson, who retired on pension in 1852. He was succeeded by Roderick Mackay,

who died while the regiment was at Sentari in May 1854.

As pipers were officially recognised with War Office letter of February 21st, 1854, Roderick Mackay may be said to have been the first *official* pipe-major of the 93rd, though he did not live very long to enjoy his new rank. The list of regimental pipe-majors from that date up till now has been as follows:—

John Macleod,* - - - - -	1865.	Died at Sealkote.
William Mure, - - - - -	1865.	To Maharajah of Patiala's Army.
Henry Sinclair Mackay, 1865.		To Maharajah of Patiala's Army.
John Smith, - - - - -	1872.	—
James Coventry, - - - - -	1873.	—
David Macarthur, - - - - -	1874.	To Pension.
Robert Meldrum, - - - - -	1887.	To Cameron Militia.
William Robb, - - - - -	1891.	To 91st.
Donald M'Rae, - - - - -	1893.	Died at Dagshai.
Alexander Ferguson, - - - - -	1903.	To 4th Battn. Died 1907.
Francis J. Lynch, - - - - -	1907.	To Duty.
James McIntosh Lawrie.		Present Pipe-Major (Sergt. Piper).†

REGIMENTAL PIPE MUSIC.

Advance in Review Order,

"Blue Bonnets over the Border."
Regimental Slow March, "In the Garb of Old Gaul."
General's Salute, "Caledonian Slow March" (8 bars).

* PIPE-MAJOR JOHN MACLEOD. Served as pipe-major of the 93rd throughout the Crimean War, being present at the battles of Alma and Balaclava, and the siege and fall of Sevastopol, including the assaults of June 18th and September 8th, 1855; also throughout the Indian Mutiny, taking part in the Relief and Capture of Lucknow and all the other actions of the campaign. He particularly distinguished himself at the Storming of the Begam's Palace on March 11, 1858, being one of the first through the right breach, when he immediately struck up the "Regimental Gathering" on his pipes, and continued to play during the fighting "as calmly as if he was walking round the officers' mess table." Afterward, on being complimented by Sir Edward Lugard, who commanded the Division, he replied: "Aye, Sir, I knew our boys would fight the better for it." Pipe-Major Macleod died, to the universal regret of the 93rd, in the Hospital at Sealkote on July 26th, 1865, a Regimental Order testifying to the esteem in which his Commanding Officer held him. ("Thin Red Line Almanac, 1908.")

† In 1904, by Army Order, the titles "Pipe-Major" and "Drum-Major" were abolished, and the words "Sergeant-Piper" and "Sergeant-Drummer" ordered to be used instead.

(Concluded.)

AN T-EARRACH.

AN t-Earrach ! àm ath-urachaidh na talmhainn. Tha 'n t-Earrach a' giùlan air a sgiathaibh moran a bharrachd air gorm-dhreach na maebharach, agus faile cubhraidh nam blath. Tha 'n t-Earrach 'n a ghealltanais air na nithibh sin a dhuisgeas suas gach dochas, an da chuid a thaobh an t-saoghail so agus an t-saoghail a ta chum teachd. Is ann o ath-philleadh riaghailteach an Earraich a ghabh Cinnich o shean beachd gur eiginn a leithid de ni ri Neo-bhasmhorachd a bhi ann. Ma tha 'n saoghal 'n a laidhe gu nea-mhothachail, marbh, fo chuirtean reota a' gheamhraidh, agus ma thig aiseirigh thairis air, leis an duisgear suas gach luibh agus blath, agus gach cun-cheol agus snillbhearachd, an urrainn e bhi nach eirich an duine sin a ris a tha ann an trom chodal a' bhais, agus nach duisg e suas chum beatha nuaidh, agus chum gach deagh-dhochas a sheal bhachadh ! Tha sinn gu leir a' creidsinn so, do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil Focal Dé 'g a theagasg dhuinn ; ach tha iadsan, ann an seadh, 'g a chreidsinn nach 'eil fathast eolach air an Fhocal sin, air da a bhi air a sparradh orra le oibrìbh Nadair mu 'n cuairt doibh. Ach an deigh sin uile, tha an smuainte mu thimchioll na firin cudthromaich so, air an comhdachadh le sgaile diombaireachd agus neo-chinnteachd. Biodh na h-uile, uime sin, taingeil air son an Taisbein Naoimh sin a thugadh dhuinn leis an Ti a's Airde, trid am bheil beatha agus neo-bhas m-horachd air an toirt chum an t-soluis. S.

CRIONTACHD.

THA e gu tric a' tachairt gu 'm bi a' cheud fichead pumnd Sasunnach a chosnas oganach glic, an deigh gach ni a' chur 'n a aite fein, chum mor bhuanachd dha air, son a dheagh ghiulain an deigh laimh. Tha 'n t-suin sin, ged nach 'eil i ro mhor, a' teagaisg curaim agus diehill dha a leanas ris uile laithean a bheatha. Tha e moran ni 's fearr air a shon fein gu 'n cosnadh e le saothair a lamh am fichead pumnd Sasunnach sin, na gu'm faigheadh e mar thiodhlac iad o neach eile. Ma chosnas e an t-airgid sin, tha fios aige air an diehill a ghnathaich e ga 'chur r' a cheile. Bha a' chuid a's mo dhiubhsan a ta saibhir 'n ar measg aon uair bochd, agus air doibh le 'n diehill onaraich fein beagan a chur mu seach, tha meas ni 's mo aca air. Bha iadsan a rugadh le spainibh airgid 'n am beul a ghnath buailteach air bliadhnaichean an oige a chur seachad ann an ruiteireachd agus dìomhanas, agus mar is minic a chunneas, cha d' eirich iad suas gu bhi aon chuid 'n an cliù dhoibh fein, no 'n am buannachd idir do 'n t-saoghal mu'n cuairt doibh. S.

LUCHD-CLUICH NAN CAIRTEAN AGUS NA SEOLADAIREAN.

THA fhios aig neart de na tha 'dol moran feadh na duthcha, gu bheil muinntir ann a tha 'g an toirt fhein troimhe le bi gu foilleil a' toirt an cuid bho 'n mhuinntir shocharach a gheibh iad a chluich leo air cairtean.

Shuidhich càraid dhuibh iad fein ri taobh an rathaid, dluth do bhaile àraid air latha feille. Chuir iad iompaidh air tuathanach 's an dol seachad a lamh fheuchainn. Fhad 's a chluich iad le argiod-geal leig iad leis a bhi buidhinn ach an uair a thòisich iad air na notaichean, chuir iad "car ùr an ruidhle bhodaich ;" le 'n ceilg thug iad entromachadh air a sporan. Air dha dol do 'n bhaile agus innseadh d' a choimbearsnaich mar chaill e 'chuid, co 'thuit a bhi lathair ach sgioba soithich de sheoladairean. "C' àite bheil iad !" dh' fheoraich iad. "Cha 'n 'eil iad fhathas fad as," fhreagair esan. "Tiugainn as an deigh," ars' iadsan ; "thig 's leig fhaicinn duinne na daoine thug nait do chuid's bheir sinn orra' thoirt duit air ais." Air an toir ghaidh iad ; 's air dhoibh teachd a nios riutha, "Thugaibh a chuid airgid do 'n duine so," arsa na seoladairean. So cha robh iad air son a dbeanamh, a' reusanachadh gu 'n d' fhuair iad e gu dligeach. Cach cha 'n eisdeadh ri 'n leisgeul, ach le 'n doru ris an leth-cheann aca, b' eiginn doibh a h-uile sgillinn d' a chuid a thoirt do 'n tuathanach. Cha b' e a mhain sin, ach thug iad orra beagan a thoirt doibh a dh'fhaotainn *dram* air son an dragh a fhuair iad ann an tighinn as an deigh.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 36.)

MARCH.

THIS month takes its name from the Latin *Martius*, pertaining to Mars, the god of war. Among the Romans, who gave it this name, it was reckoned the first month of the year, as it continued to be in several countries to a comparatively late period. In the Scottish Highlands it is known as Mios meadhonach an Earraich—the middle month of spring—or Am Màrt. Maux, Mee veanagh yn aree ; Irish, Màrt ; early Irish, Mairt. This was the month in which the Highlander deposited his grain in the earth, and so the saying is—Am fear nach cuir anns a' Mhàrt, cha bhuaic e 's an Fhoghar. —He that doesn't sow in March, will not reap in autumn. Despite this injunction the weather was so cold that it was not considered favourable to vegetation. Am fear a thig a mach 's a Mhàrt thèid e stigh 'sa' Ghiblean, —The grass that

comes out in March shrinks away in April. As regards the sowing of the corn the following was the injunction:—An ciad Mhàrt leig seachad, an dara Màrt ma's eadar, an treas Màrt ged nach rachadh elach-ceann a-mheòir an aghaidh na gaoithe tuath, enair an siol 'san talamh.—The first Tuesday let pass, the second if need be, the third, though you couldn't send a stone against the north wind, sow your seed.

Probably the reason for naming Tuesday (Di-Màirt) was that Monday, in some places at least, was considered an unlucky day for beginning any work of importance. About the middle of this month occur the periods known as Gobag and Gearran, with their cold, biting winds and storms. Gobag—Little-Gab or Dog-fish was usually reckoned a week, and came in between Feadag and Gearran—Gelding. Hence the saying—Is Feadagan is Gobagan e tuilleadh gu Féill-Pàruig—Whistling and biting winds on to St. Patrick's day. The following quotation from Sheriff Nicolson's Gaelic Proverbs, Appendix IV., may be of interest:—"After the Feadag came the Gearran, the Horse or Gelding, a period as to the duration of which authorities differ very considerably. The Highland Society's Dictionary, Macleod, and Dewar and MacAlpine all make it the days from March 15 to April 11 inclusive; four weeks. Armstrong says more vaguely than usual that it is "the latter end of February," and no more. Mios Faoillich, seachdain Feadaig; Ceithir-la-deng Gearrain; seachdain Caillich; Tri la Sguabaig—suas e 'n t-Earraich—A month of the Stormy; a week of the Plover; a fortnight of the Gelding; a week of the Old Woman; three days of the Bushlet—up with the Spring. This saying makes the Gearran a fortnight, while several living authorities make it one week. The presumption is in favour of a short period, which is supported by the only suggested meaning of the name Gearran—Geàrr-shian, and the words "an Gearran gearr" in the rhyme given below.

The Feadag is severe, but the Gearran is no better, as the rhyme says—

Is mis' an Fheadag lom, luirgneach, luath,
Marbham caora, marbham uan,
Is mis, an Gearran bæach bán,
'Us cha mhi aon bonn a's feàrr,
Cuiream a' bhò anas an toll,
Gus an tig an tonn thar a ceann.

I'm the bare, swift-leggy Plover,
I can kill both sheep and lamb;
I'm the white, lame Gelding,
And not one bit better;
I'll put the cow into the hole,
Till the wave comes o'er her head.

or otherwise—

Aa sin thuir an Gearran geàrr,
Nì mi forran ort nach fheàrr,
Cuiridh mi 'bho mhòr 'sa' pholl, &c."

The seventeenth of the month is St. Patrick's Day—Là Fheill Padruig—the natal day of the Patron Saint of Ireland. The weather is often very cold about this time, and so the proverb runs—Cha tig Geamhradh gu eul Fheill Pàruig—Winter comes not till after the New Year, nor Spring till after St. Patrick's Day. In English and Scotch there is a saying to the same effect—"As the day lengthens the cold strengthens." Here is another St. Patrick's Day rhyme—

Là Fhéill-Pàruig,
Là mo chridhe 's mo ehléibh;
Là 'dh' fhóghnadh do dhuine,
'Sa dh' fhóghnadh duine dha.

St. Patrick's Day—
Day of my heart and body;
Day sufficient for one;
And one is sufficient for it.

One wonders whether the author of this rhyme had the St. Patrick's Day celebrations in view!

The twenty-fifth of the month is the English Law term "Ladyday"—known in Gaelic as Là-caillich. The stormy period of Cailleach is somewhat later, and will be considered when we come to deal with the month of April.

The thirtieth of March this year is Palm Sunday—Di-dòmhaich Shlat Pailm, when it was customary to go to church bearing palm branches commemorative of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem.

Di-dòmhaich Shlat-Pailm,
'San ris 'tha mo stòirm;
Di-dòmhaich Crum-dubh,
Ploasgaidh mi 'n t-ubh.

On Palm Sunday 'tis stormy I feel,
On Crom-duff's Sunday my egg I'll peel.

Regarding this rhyme Sheriff Nicolson remarks—"This saying is obscure 'Crum-dubh' apparently, for Crom-dubh is known in Ireland as the title of the first Sunday of August, but in Lochaber it is applied to Easter." We may have something to say about Crom-duff when we have to deal with August. About the end of March comes the period known as Neòil dhubha na Caisge, the dark clouds of Easter, followed by Glasadh na Cùbhaige—the cuckoo's greening or preparation time. There is a phrase in Gaelic Tri là nan Oisgean—the three days of ewes, or Là nan trì Oisgean—the days of the three ewes. These days were usually understood to follow the Cailleach which would bring them into the third week of April, O.S. The name suggests the "three borrowing days" of the Lowlands, but the period and characters of the Oisgean are quite different. According to Chambers' Book of Days the Lowland tradition runs that these three days were the last of March, and said to be borrowed from April.

According to the English version, referred to by Sir Thomas Browne, and thus given by Ray—

“April borrows three days from March,
And they are ill.”

The Stirlingshire version quoted by Chambers gives, as he says, the most dramatic account of this tradition, and seems to throw light on the Gaelic name, substituting “hogs” for “ewes,” though otherwise not satisfactory—

March said to Averill—
“I see three hogs on yonder hill,
And if you'll lend me days three,
I'll find a way to gar them dee!”
The first of them was wind and weet,
The second, it was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' feet to the trees;
When the three days were past and gane,
The silly poor hogs cam' hirplin hame.

Regarding this rhyme, Sheriff Nicolson remarks—“In point of fact the few days in March that might with any propriety be called ‘borrowed’ are warm and summery, and not the opposite. The idea of April lending cold days to March seems rather absurd. Be that as it may, the three days of the ‘Oisgean’ are more probably to be considered mild days borrowed from summer than killing days borrowed from April. There is a Highland tradition to that effect, which ascribes the origin of the borrowing days to the three days allowed the Children of Israel for their journey into the wilderness to eat the Passover. That the name is derived from the idea that a few mild days are given in lambing time, for the sake of the ewes and lambs, is at once more probable and more pleasant than the opposite version.”

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

(The late Principal Wm. Patrick, D.D., of the
Manitoba College, Winnipeg.)

Far, far away from the limitless prairies—
Far from the keen cold breath of the snows
Now thou art sleeping; now thou art holding
The key to the secret that no man knows.
Sleeping—the victor; thine are the laurels
Won by the hero on hard-fought field;
Wide was thy sowing—it may be thou knowest
That plentiful harvest thy broad lands shall yield,
Red are the tints on the berry and bracken;
Crimson and russet the swift-falling leaves;
'Tis time of the harvest; now is the season
The Reaper ingathers the ripe golden sheaves.
Sleep! in the shadow of hills of the homeland,
And where the rivers flow near to thy home
Murmuring music, wordless, alluring—
Voices that sang to thee far o'er the foam.
Not here the end to thy soul's strong endeavour—
Winged, it soars to the ultimate spheres,
Seeking and finding; daring and doing;—
Now thou art passed from the place of our tears.

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

CLAN MACINTYRE.—Who is the Chief of this Clan? Does he reside in this country? SAOR.

MACKINDV.—Is this a Gaelic surname? If so what is its Gaelic form? AINM.

MACNIVEN.—What is the Gaelic form of this name? CRUACHAN.

[It takes the form Naomhain *i.e.* the holy one. The real Gaelic is MacGille-Naoimh, *i.e.* “Son of the Holy Youth.” The MacNivens were connected with the MacNaughtons. They had several places and farms about Lochawe and there is a Macniven Island on Loch-mor, Craignish.]

STRATHYRE.—What is the Gaelic for this place name? I have heard that it is sometimes called Nineveh. Why? GILLE.

“AN LONG GHEAL.”—Where can I see a copy of this spiritual poem? I understand it was written by Rev. John Forbes, author of a Gaelic grammar. LONG.

ANSWERS.

MONACH.—The Duke of Atholl is known as “Am Monach Mor.” The seanachie Laelhan Mackintosh of Kinrara tells us in the “History of the Mackintoshes,” 1670, that it was so. We have a Monach M'Alpy a witness to a Tullibardine deed in 1284. Buchanan of Auchnear, 1723, makes the Monachs a sept of the MacFarlanes. The name Monach appears in Ireland interchanged with Manach. They both mean Monk used as a personal name. F.

“MAIRI DHUBH.”—The song known as “Mairi Dhubb, turn ye to me,” first appeared in “Albyn's Anthology 1816, and is the composition of John Wilson. F.

CLAN CHATTAN.—Cattanaeh is, as the name signifies, one of the oldest septs of the Clan Chattan. The following is extracted from Shaw's “History of the Province of Moray”:—“From Gillicattan More some of them are called MacGilliehattans. The general is Catenach—from Muirach they are termed Clan Mhuirach, and from Gillicattan Clerach, Parson of Kingussie, they go now in Badenoch by the name of Macpherson.”

VICARS.—This is what Frank Adam says about the MacVicars:—MacVicar, or “son of the vicar,” is a name which is found on the shores of Loch Fyne. It was formerly a MacNaughton sept name, as the territory of the Clan MacNaughton extended from Loch Fyne to Loch Awe. After the dispersion of the MacNaughtons the MacVicars appear to have followed the Campbells of Argyll. A standing stone on the lawn of the Castle of Inveraray was said to mark the old march between the MacVicars and the MacIvers.

MACFHEARACHAR.—The Farquharsons were members of the Clan Chattan Confederacy. Their possession lay in Aberdeenshire. The lands of Invercauld, whose family held the chiefship of the clan, were acquired by the marriage of the chief with the daughter and heiress of MacHardy of Invercauld. From a celebrated chief (Finlay Mor, who fell at the battle of Pinkie in 1547), the Farquharsons were known as Clann Fhionnlaidh. Our King's Highland home, Balmoral, was formerly a Farquharson possession.

FIONN AND THE FIDGA.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT.

(Author of "Elements of Negro Religion.")

LEGENDS of the Fenian have enjoyed a long spell of popularity in Gaeldom, and the mass of legend and tradition that has gathered round the warrior Fionn and his devoted band may be safely regarded as the sure and certain index of public favour. The demand for such kind of harmless fiction was confined almost entirely to the Gaelic-speaking clans of Ireland and Scotland, because the Fenian were Irish Gaels, and their history was, accordingly, bound up with that of the Gaelic people. But after the lapse of many centuries, when the name of Fionn became a memory from the distant past, the ancient *sgeulachds* decayed amidst the changing fortunes of the race which gave them birth, until, with the disappearance of the professional story-teller from the *ceiliidh*-circles, they have come to be supplanted in most parts of Gaeldom by more modern fiction.

While Fenian romance was generally appreciated in the old *ceiliidhs*, it does not seem to have been altogether discredited as grave history. In fact, if we are to judge from the respect which the Tales obtained among the common people, one might well suppose that they were held in higher repute as fragments of forgotten history than as the creations of the story-teller. To the Highlanders of former generations, steeped as they were in their country's lore, and brought up to almost worship the Fenian as the flower of ancient chivalry, it would have seemed heresy to deny the former existence of Fionn and his band, as it would have been folly to doubt their popularity.

Since those remote days of simple faith, however, the world has turned many times on its axis, and now, among the best of Celtic scholars, and others who have adopted views running counter to the accepted beliefs of the people, Fionn has come to be regarded as a figure of Celtic mythology rather than an historical character who once played a leading part in the making of Irish history, and Fenian legendary lore as the creation of the primitive mind—"common to all Celts, and perhaps to all Indo-European races," as the late J. F. Campbell of Islay used to say. For my own part, I hold that all this mass of historical fiction about the Fenian is, beyond question, unshared in by any other race in Europe, but is the peculiar heritage of the Gaelic people, the literary merits of which proclaim it to be indubitably the common product of the common mind, which is so easily distinguished anywhere by the stamp of common mediocrity.

In the present short paper, I do not propose to open or discuss any of the larger questions which so many of these old-world tales force upon our notice, but to confine myself entirely to the explanation of one or two obscure references which have, hitherto, proved a thorn in the flesh to many students of Celtic folklore and tradition. It has, of course, been a frequent habit among commentators of Fenian lore to explain the "hidden meanings" of the text by the aid of different mythologies, but if we take a rational view of these decayed fragments of history, and think of most of them as simple narratives of the Fenian age tricked out in the finery of romance, we shall better understand how the residuum of historical truth, still left to their credit, receives more light from early Irish manuscripts than from foreign systems of mythology.

Possibly, the first difficulty which grips even the most casual reader of a Highland *sgeulachd*, is the ethnological puzzle presented by the strange medley of foreign nations with whom Fionn had to contend. Chief among them are those, who, in this age of pallid thought, have been respectfully dubbed "Latins, Greeks, Seythians, Indians, Turks, Danes, Norsemen, Gauls, Portuguese, Germans, and Jews," to say nothing of Welshmen, Britons, Picts, Irishmen, Manxmen, Scotsmen, and Sassenachs. The names of all those diverse races are so familiar to us nowadays with our wider notions of the world, that the wrongful association of old Gaelic with continental names comes natural and easy to us, although there is not a particle of evidence to prove that the real Fionn of the third century ever heard of Turk or Tartar, or learned to know the difference between a Norseman and a Jew. The creation of this ethnological puzzle is, in short, one of recent date, originating wholly from the modern reader's preconceived notions of ancient history, and his misinterpretation of old Gaelic gentile names. If we only remember that the authentic legends about Fionn and the Fenian deal exclusively with the Fenian age of Ireland, and with Irish people, individuals, and events, and that the battles of Fionn were most of them fought on Irish ground, the tangle of Fenian history and ethnology will be found to unravel itself very simply.

To begin with, who were the "Latins" that sometimes had a crow to pick with Fionn? The "Latin" country in Gaelic is called *Laideann*, and in the story of *Connal Galban*, we have a prolix account of the young hero's adventures ere he reaches the *dinn* of the king of the Latins, whose only daughter he meant to carry off. Few details are given in the story that are worth more than passing notice, but in

two different passages, it may be useful to remark, are to be found cryptic allusions to the great extent of the Latin country, and the sovereign power of its king. As a warrior, Conall considered himself to be the strongest and best-taught "in the sixteen realms" (*Highland Tales*, III, p. 208), and as a monarch, the king of these sixteen realms was "king of the chiefs and mighty" (vol. III, p. 210).

Now we know that Conall was an Irishman, and of nobler birth than Fionn himself, and his intimate connections with the Province of Leinster clearly indicate that the Gaelic name *Luireann* was but a mis-spelling for Laighean "Leinster." In this sense Fionn and the Fenians were "Latins," because they were Leinstermen first, and Irishmen afterwards. In early Irish manuscripts, the name of the Province invariably appears as *Laigin* (and never *Láilen*), its king *Rí Laigin*, and its people as *Laigin*, the name being derived, according to the *Rennes Dinisenchas* which follows the common tradition, from the *laginor*, or "broad spears" which the Leinstermen used in battle. It is, perhaps, scarce necessary to add that these Leinster people, some of whom had migrated to Ireland from Wales (*a tírib Gall*) several centuries before the Christian era, were of Celtic race and speech; and although nick-named the "Black Foreigners" (*Dub-Gaill*) by the men of Ulster, who were ultimately expelled by the invaders from their ancient seats in Leinster, the *Dub-Gaill*, or "Dougals" of Leinster traditions should not be confused, as is often done, with the Norsemen or Danes, who were also nick-named *Dub-Gaill*, but who never appeared on the stage of Irish history before the eighth century.

With the conquest and settlement of Leinster by the *Dub-Gaill* (among whom were included the so-called "tribes of Britons," like the Fidga of County Wexford, the "Greeks" and the "Scythians,"), there sprang up numberless petty kingdoms or "realms"; but, as the *Laigin* were the ruling race, the *rí Laigin* extended his sway over all the Gaelic and British tribes, as well as over the *aithech tuatha*, or "servile races." Fionn himself belonged to a small clan known as the *Ui Failge*—a people who have since given their name to Offáley in Leinster, where was their ancient seat. Despite the greatness of his fame, he seems to have been of humble origin—"of poor but respectable parents," so to say. Never for a moment did his subsequent rise to power and affluence, as a born leader of men, hide from the eyes of the old genealogists the fact that he was the lowly-born "son of Cumall," alone among his compeers to be without a pedigree.

Union never seems to have been the watch-word among the old clans of Leinster any more

than was "Clanna nan Gàidheil ri gnaillibh a chéile" in the Scottish Highlands, and the troubles that the king of Leinster experienced, in consequence of his claim, as *Arul-Righ*, to their allegiance, gave Fionn the opportunities to show his worth in the eyes of the master he served. To illustrate how rebellious some of them were about Fionn's time, one need only allude to the case of the *Deisi* of County Meath, who resisted all the attempts of Cormac mac Art, the then king of Leinster, to subdue and civilise them. By dint of superior forces, however, King Cormac succeeded at last in destroying their independence about the year 265 A.D., whereupon a part of them fled into Munster, and part into the southern district of Wales called Dyfed, in which some of their kinsmen were formerly settled. The whole story of this expulsion, as narrated in the *Indarba innu nDeisi*—an ancient Irish saga written in the eighth century—proves very clearly that, although the Irish Gaels very early gained the upper hand in Leinster, many of the native tribes of Picts or Britons did not give in without a long protracted struggle.

(To be continued.)

SOLAN GEESE CATCHING AT ST. KILDA.

THE solan goose, after the hard toil of the day at fishing without intermission, rising high in the air to get a full sight of the fish that he marks out for his prey before he pounces upon it, and each time devouring it before he rises above the surface, becomes so fatigued at night that he sleeps quite sound in company with some hundreds, who mark out some particular spot in the face of the rocks, to which they repair at night, and think themselves secure under the protection of a sentinel, who stands awake to watch their lives, and gives the alarm, by *bir, bir*, in times of danger, to awaken those under his guard.

The St. Kildians watch with great care in what part of the island these birds are more likely to light at night; and this they know by marking out on which side of the island the play of fish is, among which the geese are at work the whole day; because in that quarter they are ready to betake themselves to sleep at night. And when they are fairly alighted, the fowlers repair to the place with their panniers, and ropes of thirty fathoms in length, to let them down with profound silence in their neighbourhood—to try their fortunes among the unwary throng.

The fowler, thus let down by one or more men, who hold the rope lest he should fall over

the impending rocks into the sea, with a white towel about his breast, calmly slides over the face of the rocks till he has a full view of the sentinel; then he gently moves along on his hands and feet, creeping very silently to the spot where the sentinel stands on guard. If he cries *bir, bir*,—the sign of an alarm—he stands back; but if he cries *grog, grog*, that of confidence, he advances without fear of giving an alarm, because the goose takes the fowler for one of the stragglers coming into the camp, and suffers him to advance. Then the fowler very gently tickles one of his legs, which he lifts and places on the palm of his hand; he then as gently tickles the other, which in like manner is lifted and placed on his hand. He then, no less artfully, insensibly moves the sentinel near the first sleeping goose, which he pushes with his fingers; on which he awakes, and finding the sentinel standing above him, he immediately falls fighting him for his supposed insolence. This alarms the whole camp, and instead of flying off, they all begin to fight through the whole company; while in the meantime, the common enemy, unsuspected, begins in good earnest to twist their necks, and never gives up till the whole are left dead on the spot.—*Buchanan*.

THE LATE Mr. D. R. MACGREGOR, MELBOURNE.

WE regret to learn that this warm-hearted Highlander passed away at his residence in Melbourne on 10th January, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. MacGregor was born at Portree, Skye, and went to Victoria about 55 years ago. He was an engineer by profession, but when he first arrived he assisted his grandfather, John MacGregor, who was a surveyor. He was subsequently engaged in breeding horses and cattle at Woodstock and Donnybrook, but afterwards became the first shire secretary to the shires of Wallan and Broadmeadows. In 1870 he started a wine and spirit business in Queen Street, Melbourne, and this he carried on until 1908, when he started acting as a licensed valuer. He had been very successful in business up to the boom period, when he suffered severe reverses.

Tall, broad-shouldered, and bluff, but with an abundance of good nature and dry humour, the late Mr. MacGregor was a fine type of Scotsman. There have been few Scottish gatherings in Melbourne for many years past at which he was not present. He was a member of the council of the Scottish Union from its inception, and was also a member of the

council, and at one period the president of the Caledonian Society in Melbourne. He took great interest in the agricultural development of the State, and was a member of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society from its inception in 1870. Except for the years 1891-2, when he was president, he was vice-president of the Society from 1883 to 1896. He was also a member of the council and hon. treasurer of the Old Colonists' Homes, North Fitzroy.

The deceased gentleman leaves a widow and five daughters and three sons. One of his daughters is married to Mr. John McDonald, managing director of Messrs. John Bridge & Co., wool merchants, Sydney, and another is the wife of Mr. James Mackay, accountant, of Queen Street, Melbourne. He was a warm supporter of the *Celtic Monthly* from the beginning.

HIGHLAND FUNERALS.

THERE are many superstitions connected with funerals. Among the Gaels it is customary to place a plate of salt, the smoothing-rod, or a clod of green grass on the breast of a corpse while laid out previous to being coffined. This, it was believed, kept it from swelling. A candle was left burning beside it all night, when it was placed in the coffin, and taken away on the day of the funeral. The boards on which it had been lying were left for the night as they were, with a drink of water on them in case the dead should return and be thirsty. Some put the drink of water or of milk outside the door, and, as in Mull and Tiree, put a sprig of heartswort above the lintel to prevent the dead from entering the house. When coffining the corpse every string in the shroud was cut with scissors; and in defence of the practice there was a story that after burial a woman's shade came to her friends to say that all the strings in her shroud had not been cut. Her grave was opened, and this was found to be the case. The relatives of the person last buried had to keep watch over the graveyard till the next funeral came. When two funeral parties met at the churchyard a scuffle frequently ensued to determine who should get their friend buried first. The bodies of suicides were not taken out of the house for burial by the doors, but through an opening made between the wall and the thatch. They were buried, along with unbaptised children, outside the common churchyard. It was believed in the North, as in Skye and about Applecross, in Ross-shire, no herring would be caught in any part of the sea which could be seen from the grave of a suicide.

THE LEGEND OF LOCH MAREE.

Far in the storied North where mountains lift,
 Storm-riven, to the sky their rugged heads
 Lies Loch Maree—oh, fairest of the lakes,
 Oft have I seen thee on thy walls of rock
 Dash ocean-waves to meet the cataracts
 Scarring the sides of birch-clad battlements—
 Oft have I seen thee as of polished glass
 Doubling thy heathered isles and trackless heights,
 Snow gazing upon snow from purest depths
 Of water and of air—Aloof from all
 Its neighbours floats a solitary isle
 Mirrored with silvery strand upon the lake,
 Green-tufted with its native oak and elm
 And hoary holly in the deeper shades—
 This Isle Maree grows nearer as our oars
 Alone the felt and dreary silence break :
 The boat's keel, grating on the echoing shore,
 Frights in its solitude the snowy gull—
 There in the depth and shadow of the wood,
 Flecked with the sunlight shot through verdant boughs,
 Two ancient tombstones prostrate side by side
 Lie, and on each a moss-grown cross is seen,
 Rudely incised, which tell of Christian hope.

* * * * *

In the far times when Northmen ruled the seas
 And, dragon-prowed, the predatory craft
 Of Vikings bore the raven-flag aloft
 On sea-loch and on stream, came to Loch Ewe
 Olaf, a son of Norway's royal line.
 Child of the fair North and the storm was he,
 Strong-limbed and born to rule o'er men. His ship,
 Outlined with shields and rowed by stalwart arms,
 Lay on Loch Ewe; but when the winter came
 And long-drawn silence of the Northern nights,
 He came to Loch Maree whose tideless flood
 Rushed torrent vexed, its short course to the sea.
 There he would rest on one or other isle,
 Stag-hunted (for when winter clothed the glens
 And topmost carries in deep folds of snow,
 The hungered deer would seek the lower ground
 And cleave with hoof the water of the lake,
 Leaving behind them on the moonlit wave
 A sparkling track of light.) And thus it was
 He landed on the shore of Isle Maree
 Where in a cell there dwelt a holy man,
 The hermit of the lake, whose care it was
 To curb and teach the fiery-warlike youth
 Whose love he gained—And then when Olaf took
 The fairest maid of all that fairest land
 To be his bride, they on the little isle
 Built them a tower near by the humble cell
 Where dwelt the holy man—Then for a space
 Love held the Viking as with silken bonds
 And long he set not forth for war or raid
 But found his happiness in love returned,
 In summer sunshine, in a soft repose
 And in the teaching of the holy man,
 The hermit of Maree—But the day came
 When stirrings of his restless calling strove
 With the sweet cords that bound him to the isle
 And, trumpet-voiced, the call was to the wars.
 Sad was the parting of those two young hearts ;
 Most beautiful she looked, most noble he,
 Stalwart and masterful with flaxen locks
 Curling beneath his eagle-feathered helm
 And so he passed. The princess, left alone,
 Strained tear-dimmed eyes until the boat was lost
 In distance; then, with bowed and drooping head,
 Turned and received such comfort as the saint
 Could give her.

But before the prince set forth,

They had agreed that, when, on his return,
 He once more launched his boat on Loch Maree,
 Should he have prospered and should all be well
 A white flag from his mast should woo the breeze ;
 But if disaster had o'ercome his arms
 Or if the boat but bore him maimed or dead,
 A flag funereal should replace the white.
 She too should row to meet him so that he
 Might know full early of her weal or woe.
 And so the time passed, and the island saint
 Strove ever to appease the lady's fears,
 Who wept and thought that Olaf's non-return
 Was due not to the chance and change of war
 But that in some remote, enchanted land,
 Far, far away, he had forgotten her
 And loved some other and some fairer face.

* * * * *

But Olaf still was true to his true love
 And once again with longing heart he saw
 The cloud-capped peaks which brooded o'er Maree.
 With ardent hope he stepped upon his barge,
 Which idly waited him upon the shore,
 And hoisted high the white flag of success,
 The promised signal. There on that far isle
 The watching maidens of the princess saw
 The stately craft come sweeping up the lake
 With measured beat of oar—The princess still
 Nursing her fears and hoping thus to try
 The Viking's love, gave orders that her barge
 Should haste to meet him draped in solemn black
 And bearing in its midst a bier where she,
 Mantled in shroud, should lie "neath snow-white pall,
 Thus was she borne along and from the mast
 Fluttered the black flag, emblem of her death—
 They met and Olaf, frantic in his grief,
 Leaped from his barge to hers and raised the pall
 And gazed with bitter anguish on the form,
 Still lying, and the face no more to smile
 A welcome to him. From his side he drew
 His dagger and so died—She all too late,
 With misery untold and frenzied woe
 Beheld the outcome of her jealous doubt
 And, plucking from his trusty heart the steel,
 She stabbed herself and died upon his breast.
 And thus they came back to the waiting isle
 When tenderly the hermit of Maree,
 Deep-mourning, laid the lovers side by side.
 There midst the ferns and flowers which spring around
 Still side by side we see their tombstones now.

* * * * *

Oh fairest of the lakes, rock bound Maree,
 Farewell—Thy heathered and thy soaring heights
 Speak to me still of friendship long and true,
 Of golden hours upon a golden shore—
 Enchanting scene, farewell.

W. C. GOOD.

THE BLACK WATCH.—The 42nd Highlanders, known as the "Black Watch," got that title from the following circumstances: In 1730, six independent companies of Highlanders were raised for the protection of Edinburgh, and for police and other local purposes, and being dressed in black, blue, and green tartans, they presented a very sombre appearance, which procured them the name of "Freiceadan Dubh," or "Black Watch." These independent companies were, in 1739, amalgamated into a regular regiment, under the title of the "Highland Regiment," which in 1751 was numbered the 42nd.

MACDONALD TARTANS.

THE SURNAME GALBRAITH.

CAN anyone say why certain families of the Clan Donald wear tartans which vary very greatly in colour?

For present purposes it is not necessary to go back further than Angus Mor, Lord of the Isles.

It is admitted that the tartan of the Sleat family is that of the ancient Lords of the Isles. Seeing then that Clanranald and Glengarry descend from Angus Mor, why is it that they wear a tartan so different from that of the Islesmen?

Again, why is it that the tartan now ascribed to the Macdonalds of Glencoe is so very similar to that worn by Clanranald and Glengarry? As we know, John Og was a grandson of Angus Mor, being the brother of "Good John" of Isla, and a son of Angus Og.

The Macdonalds of Ardnamurchan descend from Angus Mor, John Spranach being a young brother of Angus Og, and uncle of "Good John" and "John Og." Their tartan is a red one. The progenitor of Keppoch was a son of "Good John." The Keppoch tartan is a red one.

Sleat descends from "Good John," and as we have said, their tartan is that of the old Lords of the Isles. How comes it then that Glencoe, whose progenitor was a brother of "Good John," wear a tartan so unlike that of all the other descendants of Angus Mor, and so similar to that of Clanranald and Glengarry, and the descendants of Reginald and Amy MacRuari?

It is reasonable to suppose that the descendants of Amy MacRuari, being more or less at feud with the descendants of the Princess Margaret, should have invented a tartan for themselves. And it is reasonable to assume that after the massacre of 1692, the outlawed and hunted people of Glencoe should have assumed the tartan of another branch of their Clan in order to deceive their persecutors. The assumptions are perhaps reasonable—can they be supported by history?

The questions are of interest to the Macdonald family, and it is possible that some of your readers may be able to throw light on them.

DÒMHNULLACH.

THE CLAN MACLEOD SOCIETY, Edinburgh, had a successful gathering last month under the presidency of Sir Reginald MacLeod, K.C.B., who congratulated the society on the progress they had made. Satisfactory progress was reported as to the collecting of material for the projected "History of the MacCrimmons." It is also intended to erect a suitable memorial in Skye to these famous Highland musicians.

THIS is a surname derived from two Gaelic words "Gall Bhreathan," strange Britain, or Low Country Briton. Nisbet renders the meaning "the brave stranger," but the former appears the more correct. The Galbraiths were once a powerful family in the Lennox. The first known is Gillespie Galbrait, witness in a charter by Malduin, Earl of Lennox, to Humphry Kilpatrick, of the lands of Colquhoun. In the beginning of the reign of Alexander the Second, the same Earl Malduin gave a charter to Maurice, son of this Gillespie, of the lands of Gartonbenach, in Stirlingshire, and soon after, in 1238, the same lands, under the name of Bathernock, now Baldernock, were conveyed to Arthur Galbraith, son of Maurice, with power to seize and condemn malefactors, on condition that the culprits should be hanged on the Earl's gallows. From the Galbraiths of Bathernock, chiefs of the name, descended the Galbraiths of Culeruich, Greenock, Killearn, and Balgair. In the Ragman Roll occurs the name of Arthur de Galbrait, as one of the barons of Scotland who swore fealty to Edward the First in 1296. The family was afterwards designed of Gartconnell.

The family of Galbraith of Machrihanish and Drumore in Argyllshire, of which David Steuart Galbraith, Esq., is the representative (1854), is sprung from the Galbraiths of Gigha, descended from the Galbraiths of Baldernock. They fled from the Lennox with Lord James Stewart, youngest son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, after leaving Dumbarton, in the reign of James the First, and held the Island of Gigha from the Macdonalds of the Isles till after 1590. The Galbraiths in the Gaelic language are called Breatanuich or Clann-a-Breatanuich, "Britons, or the children of the Britons."

The writer of the above sketch, which is an abstract from the authentic records printed in 1863 ("The Scottish Nation,") is of opinion that there is much oral history and authentic enough tradition (with dates) in the clan which, if collated, would give satisfaction, seeing it is fifty years since Mr. Anderson's work was presented and published. The first idea would be to form a clan society: everything would follow in proper order. What would the Chief say!

Airdrie.

A. G. B. C.

FIERY CROSS.—General Stewart of Garth states that one of the most recent instances of the fiery cross being used was in 1745, by Lord Breadalbane, when it went round Loch Tay, a distance of thirty-two miles in three hours, to raise his people, and prevent their joining Prince Charlie's forces.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Naile! 's iad mo ghaol na gillean.

THE following fine "Iorram" was taken down from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley, a few years ago. Mr. Cameron heard it only once, and that when he was a young boy. The occasion was the leaving of his uncle for a foreign land. He was convoyed down the loch by a number of his friends, and among the rowing songs sung by the convoy was this one. Mr. Cameron does not remember more than the chorus and two lines of the original words. These were as follows:—

Naile! 's iad mo ghaol na bràithrean
Ams gach àit' an dean iad tàmh ann.

Key C.

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Bheir mì hé ri	ri u ó;	Hog oirm falbh,	hog oirm falbh.														

Eathar caol thug bàr an grinneas
Air gach culaidh-shnàmh 'sa chruinne.
Air a bòrd tha Oighr' a' ghlinne
Dol thar sàil gu Torr-an-fhithich
A thoirt dachaidh reul nam finne,
D' an d' thug esan gaol a chridhe;
'S bheir e làmh, mu'n dean e tilleadh
Dh' ionnsuidh 'n àit am bheil a chinneadh;
Siol nan som thug buaidh 'san iomairt,
'S a bheir buaidh 'san àm ri tighinn.

Naile! 's iad na diùnaich threubhaich
Dh' iomradh cothromach le chèile;
Thogadh fonn le guthan gleusda;
"Heig" is "hùgan" 's "horo òil" 'ae';
Dol thar tonnan borla, beucaich,
'S iad 'gan sadadh air a dhèilan,
Iad 'gan taomadh thar a beulmor,
Le cruaidh-ghaoith o'n iar a' sèideadh.

But the tune remained in his memory for over 30 years. No doubt it was repeated often enough at the time at which he heard it, but he never heard it again until he sung it in my hearing for record purposes.

The following words will enable it to be sung by such as may take a fancy to the music. They are in the spirit of the "Iorram" class of song. To suit the change in the duration of the cadence syllables, the notes marked by the asterisk must be sung thus:—l, s and m, r.—C.M.P.

Ach bheir neart nan righean féitheach
Buaidh a dh' aindeoin anns an streupaid.

Naile! 's iad an laochraidh làidir
Thigeadh buadhaich as gach gàbhadh;
Bheireadh i gu eala sàbhailt,
Far am faighteadh furan 's fàilte
O na maighdeaman deas, àluim—
An rìgh fén cha deanadh tair orra:
'S ann a bheireadh e a ghràdh dhaibh
A roghainn air ban-fhlathann àrda.
M' fhalluim! 's mis' tha trom an dràsda
'G ionndrainn ceinneag nan sùl mállda,
'S banaib beus 's is binne manran
Mheall mo chridhe bhuan an tràth sin
Bha sinn roimhe ams an àit' ud.
Sìudaibh! 's cuiribh ams na ràmlan!
Fèitheamb oirm tha 'n fhàilte 's blàithe:
Fìor chaoin fhàilt' nam Bana-ghàidheal.

DR. JOHNSON IN SKYE.—At the Skye gathering held in Glasgow, Rev. N. Maclean, M.A., Park Parish, who is a native of "Eilean a' cheo," delivered an interesting address. He told an amusing story of Dr. Johnson when he visited Skye. When on a visit to Kingsburgh his appearance caused much amusement. Kingsburgh's shepherd asked his master who the portly "bodach" was. "That," says Kingsburgh to Donald, "is the man that made the English language, referring, of course, to his great English Dictionary. "Ma ta," says Donald, "bu bheag a bh'aige 'na dheanadh!"—"Well," says Donald, "he had very little to do."

MACKENZIES.—The cognisance of the Mackenzies, a stag's head and antlers with the Gaelic motto "Cuidich an Rìgh" (Help the King) is worn by the Seaforth Highlanders, both of the regiments which now form its two battalions having been raised by the Earls of Seaforth, heads of the Clan Mackenzie. The story goes that the founder of the clan saved the then King of Scotland from the attack of an infuriated stag. They also wear on some of their appointments the mottoes "Cabar-feidh" (antlers of the deer), the slogan or war cry of Seaforth, and "Tullach Ard" (the high hill), the slogan of Kintail, the home of the Mackenzies, and the mustering-place of the clansmen.



A. W. M'LEAN, LUMBERTON, U.S.A.

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[Price Threepence.

**Mr. A. W. M'LEAN,
Lumberton, North Carolina, U.S.A.**

ANGUS WILTON M'LEAN, who was born 41 years ago near Maxton, N. C., is one of the best known men in the State. He is of the Duart branch of the clan, his greatgrandfather, John M'Lean, having emigrated about the end of the 18th century to North Carolina from the north or Duart part of the Island of Mull. John's father was known as Angus Dhuart, probably to distinguish him from some other Angus, or from his residing at or near Duart. John called his son Angus Dhuart; he became a Medical Doctor and married Mary Jane eldest daughter of Colonel Archibald M'Eachin. The second son of this union was Archibald Alexander, who married Lina Purcell of Robeson, Co. N. C., and Angus Wilton M'Lean is the eldest of this family (the Purcells emigrated to N. C. from Kintyre.) He is proud of his Highland descent and takes great interest in everything pertaining to the Highlands of Scotland.

He is President of the Scottish Society of America, practices as an attorney at law, and is senior partner of the firm of M'Lean, Varsar, & M'Lean, who have an extensive and lucrative business in the State. He organised and is president of the Bank of Lumberton, projector and sole owner of the Virginia and Carolina Railway; is owner of Cotton plantations to the extent of 4000 acres adjoining the town of Lumberton; was one of the foremost promoters of the Lumberton Cotton Mills, the most successful mills in the Southern States. Later he became one of the promoters of the Jennings Cotton Mills; he organised the Lumberton Improvement Co.; the Lumberton Building & Loan Association; the Robeson County Loan & Trust Co.; the latter is now consolidated with the Bank of Lumberton. He is a trustee of the Southern Presbyterian College and Conservatory of Music, Red Springs. He was projector of the book entitled Flora MacDonald in America,

by Dr. J. P. M'Lean, Clan Historian, believing the work would be well received in Scotland and America. The sale of the book exceeded his expectations. It may be noted that Flora MacDonald was a relative, Sallie MacQueen, the wife of Colonel M'Eachin, being a grand niece of the Highland heroine. He is now projecting a work on the Scots and Highlanders of Cape Fear, N. C., Dr. J. P. M'Lean and others being engaged in collecting material for the publication, no expense being spared in procuring information.

In the summer of 1909, Mr. and Mrs. M'Lean made their first visit to Britain. They spent some time in the Islands of Mull, Iona, &c., taking home some carefully selected souvenirs: they visited Edinburgh, and were highly delighted with the Scottish Capital, and the sights there; Roslin Chapel and Abbotsford were also visited. After a short stay in Glasgow they went to London where they had the pleasure of spending a day with Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, K.C., M.G., at his beautiful residence at Richmond, Surrey, and then left for France and Germany, visiting the principal places in both countries. Both are most enthusiastic on the pleasures they had during the time spent both in Britain and on the Continent.

Mrs. A. W. M'Lean, nee Margaret French, vies with her husband in all his undertakings, proving that she is a worthy helpmate. Their beautiful home in Lumberton is certainly the most hospitable in the State; they are seldom without guests and as the writer lived with them enjoying their hospitality and kindness for over six months, she well knows that every guest is made welcome and happy. It is a home in the true sense of the word. There is an extensive and well selected library, many of the books relating to Scotland and the Highlands. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. M'Lean are Life Members of the Clan MacLean Association and they hope to be present at the Clan Gathering at Duart Castle in August.

ESSIE MACLEAN.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By J. G. MACKAY, Portree.

(Continued from page 44.)

ABOUT 26 years ago, when secretary of a Highland society in Glasgow, I had the satisfaction of getting the game of shinty revived. It was taken up with great enthusiasm, which, I am glad to say, shows no sign of being on the wane. At a meeting of the session of the Hope Street Free Gaelic Church, the minister referred to the surprise and pleasure he got in seeing a number of young men playing shinty in one of the public parks. One of the elders who was present got up in a tremendous fury at the minister, and charged him with giving his approval to the work of the devil. He made such a terrific row that he seceded from the church over it.

But there were some fine characters among the *men*, for all that—large hearted, open minded men, Christians in the fullest sense of the word, and this island was blessed with some of them: “peace to their manes.” The present times would have been the better of the sound, solid judgment and Christian spirit of some of them. Naturally, the result of such teaching was the propagation of the most rigid and uncompromising doctrines which even men of cast iron mould could not hope to attain to. The following may be given as a sample; it is no doubt familiar to you:—An old worthy on the way to church on a very fine Sunday morning was accosted by a stranger, with the stereotyped remark: “This is a fine day, sir,” to which the old man replied, “Yes, it is a fine day, but is this a day to be talking of days?” Now, may it not be worth our while to enquire what is the net result of all this severity of teaching? Has it made the people more truthful, more sober, more honest, or more trustworthy in their dealings?

In a paper I wrote some years ago, I brought forward evidence from most trustworthy sources to prove that the people in the Highlands were formerly most truthful and honourable in their dealings. That was in the dark days when neither arts nor sciences were taught amongst them, and when the gospel was only known among them by name, at a time when they had no intercourse with their neighbours and did not get into the way of acquiring bad habits; before, I might almost say, they got to be civilized. They were, as I have said, at that time reputed to be examples of uprightness, honesty and integrity, so much so, that when the Highland regiments were raised at first and

for many years after, that was so long as they remained truly Highland, crimes of any description were totally unknown among them, and when punishments were administered in other regiments, Highlanders stationed in the same garrison were usually kept away from the sight of them. Now, is it not a terrible confession to have to make that, with all our teaching and preaching, with all our civilization and progress, morals are lower to-day than they were a hundred years ago? Any one having any dealings in the country can verify this for himself. My own business experience extends to nearly forty years, and I can say that I observe the saddest difference in the trustworthiness of the people in that time. I occupied a position in a Glasgow warehouse doing a large business in all parts of the country, and it used to be a boast with us that we could trust a class of people in the Highlands that we would never dream of crediting in the south. I am afraid these days are gone. But what is the cause of it all? It has been frequently cast up to me that the Land agitation some years ago was the cause of it. I have no hesitation in saying that is the veriest bunkum.

Two years ago I had an interesting conversation with a man from this parish who has an extensive business in several of the Highland districts of Canada, and I put the question to him, “If he found the people as upright in their dealings as formerly?” and he at once said no, not half. He said that the class of people whom he could trust thirty years ago with fifty pounds worth with the greatest of safety, he could not to-day give them thirty shillings worth with any faith of getting paid. There was no Land agitation in Canada. The Land agitation was only the effect of a cause, and rents only stopped being paid when nothing could be either begged, borrowed or stolen to pay them with.

Well, what has been the cause of it all? I answer, without hesitation, that the cause of the lowering the tone of morals has been the intercourse with the civilization of the towns of the south.

This brings me to another illustration. A few days before the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, which brought ruin and desolation to so many homes in Scotland, two of the directors of the bank in the course of a holiday visited Tarbert, Lochfyne. They landed at the time of day when the fishermen were about to proceed to sea. Their boats were ready, and they were waiting for the tide, and, having nothing to do, they loafed about with their hands in their pockets, as fishermen will do. Some basking themselves in the sun, others knocking about the pier gazing at the passengers landing, and every man with his cutty stuck in

his mouth. The energetic bank directors were quite shocked at such a deplorable exhibition of laziness, and accosting one of the men, indignantly asked, "Have these lazy fellows nothing at all to do but to go about with their hands in their pockets like that?" The man quietly shrugged his shoulders and replied, "No. They have never been in Glasgow, and have not learned to put their hands into other people's pockets." This reply was at the time thought smart, but it was only a few days after, when the great crash came, that its appositeness was recognised.

But I have not yet answered the question how this change in the character of the people came about. I have hinted that the increased intercourse with the towns in the south has had to with it. I don't mean to say that our countrymen in the south are naturally more corrupt than we are in the north, far from it; but it is well known that the huddling together of all classes and characters of people in large towns has the effect of lowering the tone of morality; bad habits are easier acquired than good, and people from the country very soon get initiated into all the tricks of the towns, and very soon even improve upon them. There is another thing, and no doubt that has also been introduced in the same way. People are much more expensive and luxurious in their habits than formerly. The most ordinary people must now have articles of diet and of dress that only the wealthy would think of a century ago, and their cravings for these will be satisfied either rightly or wrongly. I recollect myself, when in the church on Sunday only two or, at the most, three ladies' trimmed bonnets were to be seen. Now the poorest creature on the parish dole would never dream of going to church without having her head decorated with the latest Parisian fashions.

I am sure some of you have heard of the minister who, when he saw his wife coming into the church, cried out "to make room for his wife, as she had the chest of drawers on her head." As she could not get a smart bonnet any other way, she sold the chest of drawers to buy one. While our forebears were content to measure their wants by their means, we in these later days satisfy our desires and never think of the means.

HIGHLAND SMUGGLERS.

I will now introduce to you quite a different type of character — that of the Highland smuggler.

About the beginning of last century there was a considerable amount of illicit distillation going on in some parts of the Highlands, and a large traffic done in sending it to the southern

markets, and even to the Baltic and to France. At the time when a certain shop in Skye was established special provision was made for carrying on a trade in smuggled whisky, which was brought from the districts of Gairloch, Lochalsh, and Lochduich. The firm who ran the business at that time, owned vessels of their own, which made periodical trips abroad, presumably with cured herrings, but usually a large part of the cargo was composed of the *crater*, which was conveniently packed in the bottom of the hold and covered over with herring barrels, and which was also accidentally omitted from the Bills of Lading. One of these vessels called the "Rifleman," an old Spanish privateer, was a famous sailer, and there used to be great yarns in my young days of how she could show a "clean pair of heels" to the Government cutters, of which there were quite a number prowling about on the look out for smugglers.

Her skipper was a young man who served his apprenticeship in the shop, but the life of a sailor had more fascination for him than that of counter jumping, particularly when it was spiced with such exciting work as that of dodging the Government cutters.

One yarn about the "Rifleman" is worth relating before going into the smugglers proper. She was on her way from Lochduich with whisky, and was coming to Isleornsay harbour to take on board herrings and stores for her voyage, when who should they see at anchor but a cutter, and had just passed her before noticing her. The latter who had all the sails set, immediately slipped her cable and gave chase. The anchorage, as you know, is formed by the island Oronsay lying right across the bay, with a wide entrance at one end, and a very narrow channel at the other. This latter is a zigzag and ebbs at low tide. On this particular occasion it was high water, and the "Rifleman" in place of making for the pier made straight for the Dornie, as this narrow channel is called, and just at the proper moment, put her helm hard up and rushed through into the Sound of Sleat. The cutter, on the other hand, not knowing the entrance to the channel, passed right up the loch and stuck fast in the mud, where she remained for nearly a fortnight; it being neap tides at the time. The "Rifleman" stayed at Knock, three miles down, and got her stores and remainder of her cargo carted down in a couple of days, and sailed for the Baltic. Another of the vessels of the firm was the "Roversbride." She was commanded by a man no less famous. She was also very fast, and was said to bear a charmed existence, but she was well matched by her master, who, on account of his slinness, was known as the *Scotch*

Rogue. I must, however, come to the smugglers proper. It is customary to speak of smugglers as if they were engaged in a nefarious trade, and were themselves an immoral and degraded lot; nothing could be further from the truth. That they were engaged in an illegal trade is, no doubt, true; but they argued with a good deal of reason on their side they had no share in the making of the laws, and they were only exercising a right which their ancestors had from time immemorial. But, be that as it may, as a class they were as respectable as was to be found in the community, and not at all to be confounded with smugglers of contraband goods on the southern coasts. These latter would commit any manner of excess rather than be caught or lose their cargo. Not so the Highland smuggler. He was slim and tricky in evading capture, and it took a very smart gauger to run him to earth, and in making his escape he might perhaps go the length of dealing a few hard knocks, but he also recognised that the unfortunate gauger was, after all, only doing his duty. And though I was brought up in one of the most notorious smuggling districts in the Highlands, and not only knew some of them intimately, but frequented their haunts, I never heard of an exciseman losing his life in the pursuit of his duty among them.

Another thing to be said about them which those who did not know them would hardly expect—they were a specially sober set of fellows. It is, however, their slinness or cuteness in evading the excise I wish specially to bring before you, in the shape of a few anecdotes.

In the heights of Strathconan there was a noted smuggler of the name of Lachlan Macenzie, who for a long time baffled the excise. He was what was called in Gaelic an *aireach* or sheiling herd, and tended the cattle in their summer grazings on the hills. The officer on the station, whom we will call Wilson, was particularly anxious to effect a capture, and such high game as Lachlan was worth a good deal of trouble. At last he made the acquaintance of a young man in the district whose cupidity he sought to arouse by the sight of five golden sovereigns. When he thought he had raised the Judas in the young man sufficiently to take the bait, he made the proposal that if he should bring him within sight of Lachlan's bothy he should become the happy possessor of the five sovereigns. To his great surprise and no doubt inward horror at Celtic perfidy, the lad at once jumped at the offer. The terms were that the money was to be paid on his being brought in sight of the bothy. Everything was arranged, and they set out on the appointed day quite sure of their quarry.

The officer was accompanied by three preventive men, and when they came to the top of a certain hill from which Lachlan's sheiling could be seen, the lad was duly paid his bribe and departed. The gaugers then separated in order to come on the bothy from different directions. Wilson taking the shortest route so as to be first on the scene and have the glory of the capture. I may as well at this stage mention that there was another side to the supposed perfidy of the informer. By some mysterious way Lachlan knew of the visit and was prepared. Wilson arrived on the scene long before the men and at once entered the bothy. There was no one in at the time but Lachlan's daughter, a strapping damsel whom Wilson saw at a glance could take very good care of herself. However, he put on a bold front and demanded to know if they had any malt in the place. She told him there was a little in a big girdel at the other end of the hut. The girdel, which was meant to contain the season's make of butter and cheese, was very high, and Wilson was not of the Sons of Anak. He attempted to look in but couldn't reach, he then took a stool and stood on it. When the girl saw this she rushed forward, took him by the legs and couped him in, closed down the lid and locked it. She then rushed out for her two brothers who were occupied outside, and told them what had happened. They immediately ran in, carried out the girdel and launched it on the river which flowed past the sheiling, floating it down stream for a long way.

Wilson was at first very furious at such an indignity to one of Her Majesty's honoured servants. After a bit he got more pacific, and, before he had gone very far down stream, he appealed to his tormentors in the most pitiable manner. When he was taken sufficiently far that he would not be able to make his way back again, he was released and escorted to within sight of his home.

Needless to say, Wilson never visited Lachlan's sheiling again.

(To be continued.)

THE CLAN MACMILLAN.—The annual general meeting of this Society was held in the Christian Institute last month when the following office-bearers were appointed for the year:—Baillie Donald M'Millan, Partick, chief; Messrs Neil Macmillan, Kirkcormel; Donald M'Millan, St. Vincent Crescent; Hugh E. M'Millan, Larbert; and Sir Frederick M'Millan, Devonshire Place, London, chieftains; Mr. James P. Macmillan, Crookston, president; Provost W. B. Macmillan, Greenock, vice-president; Mr. Hugh M. M'Millan, Woodcroft, Stepps, secretary and treasurer. The Society makes good progress, and Mr. James P. Macmillan, who presided, made a special appeal for subscriptions to the Benevolent Fund. The funds now amount to about £300. The annual excursion was fixed for 23rd May.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

A DOL an sinead mhiosad—coltach ri cuilean a' mhadaidh-maidh.

The older the worse—like the fox's whelp.

(See "piseach cuilean a' mhadaidh-ruaidh, &c.")

A eur glais air an stàbull an déigh na h-eich a ghoid.

Putting a lock on the stable after the horses are stolen.

A' chungaidh leighis a's goirte 's i gu tric a's fearr a leighiseas.

The healing medicine that is worst to bear is often the best to heal.

A' chuileag a dh' éireas as an òtrach 's i 's mo a nì srann.

The fly that rises from the dunghill makes the greatest buzz.

A choir fhéin do na h-uile fear.

His right to every man.

A' chiad bhliadhna, bliadhna nam pòg,

'San dara bliadhna, bliadhna nan dòrn.

The first year to bill and eoo,

The second year to seart and pu.

A' call rothad 's a' d' dhéigh.

Losing before and after you.

As a thoiseach.

From the beginning.

Arrainn bheag, mhiodalach, bhreagach, a cùl ri caraid," 's a' h-aghaidh ri namhaid.

Little flattering, lying Arran, with its back to its friend, and its face to its foe.

An uair a bhristias aon bhò an gàradh, théid a dhà-dheug a mach air.

When one cow makes a breach in the wall a dozen will follow her through.

Aois coin trì bliadhna 'na chuilean, trì bliadhna 'na neart, agus trì 'dol air ais.

A dog's eye three years a whelp, three in full strength and three declining.

An uaisle dhubb 's gun dad gu cumail suas.

Black gentility with nothing to uphold it.

An-uair ort.

Bad weather to thee.

An uair a thig a bhochdainn a stigh air an dorus théid gradh a mach air an àrlas.

When poverty comes in at the door love goes out at the roof-light.

An uair a theirgeas do chuid, tréigidh na cairdean.

When your goods disappear your friends depart.

An uair a théid crodh chàich an diosg, 's ann a nì breunag càise.

'Tis when other people's cows cease to give milk that the slattern makes cheese.

An uair théid na meirlich thar a cheile thig an t-ionracan 'g a chuid.

When thieves cast out honest folk will get their own.

An uair a's mò am beadradh, is ann a's còir sgar.

When the sport is at its height it should end.

Better that it should not be overdone.

An uair a's mò a fhuair mi 's ann a's lugha 'bh 'agam.

The more I got the less I had.

(There is that scattereth and yet increaseth—Prov. xi., 24).

An uair a's caoile an gràn is ann a's daoire an gràn.

When the grain is finest the price is dearest.

An uair a gheibhear fear, cha'n fhaighear bean.

An uair a gheibhear bean, cha'n fhaighear fear.

When a man is at hand the wife is absent.

When the wife is at hand the man is absent.

An uair a dh'fhalbhas tu casruisgte teichidh do chàirdean uat.

When you go bare-footed your friends will forsake you.

An uair a chluinneas tu sgeul gun dreach na creid i.

When you hear a shapeless story do not believe it.

An tuagh a thoirt a làimh an t-soir.

Taking the axe out of the joiner's hand.

An tomhas a bheir 's e a gheibh.

With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.—Mat. vii., 2.

An t-uain nì 's duibhe na a' mhàthair.

The lamb blacker than its mother.

An t-uain nì 's gile na 'mhàthair, 's a' mhàthair nì 's gile na an sneachda.

The lamb whiter than his mother, and his mother whiter than the snow.

An toil féin do na h-uile, 's an toil uile do na mnathan.

To every man his will, and all their will to the women.

An rud nach ith an leanaban, ithidh an t-scana-bhean féin e.

What the bairnie does not eat, the old wife will.

An rud a thig leis an t-sruth, falbhaidh e leis a' ghaoith.

What comes with the stream goes with the wind.

An rud a théid fada o'n t-sùil, théid fada o'n chridhe.

What goes far from the eye goes far from the heart.

(To be continued)

Mr. L. MACBEAN, KIRKCALDY.

LACHLAN MACBEAN was born on the croft of Tigh na Coille in the strath of Aird, about five miles from the Beauty Firth. Some of his forebears, on both sides of the house, were participators in the Jacobite Rebellion of "the '45," and fought at the Battle of Culloden Moor. His father, John Macbean, a man of intelligence and piety, could trace his descent to Angus Macbean, who signed the bond of the Clan Chattan in 1609. His mother came off a branch of the Clan Donald who were known locally as "Na Ciùinich," on account of their equable temperament. From the one he inherited a great love of learning, and from the other an intimate knowledge of Gaelic songs and proverbs.

His first school, in the heights of Kincoaras, had a floor of rough earth and a roof of turf. The second, on Culburnie Moor, was also humble; for, while he carried to it under one arm Cæsar's *Bella Gallica* and a Greek grammar, he had to carry under the other a peat for the schoolroom fire.

Before being sent to school at seven years of age Lachlan had learned to read his mother tongue, as many a one before and since has done, by looking on the book while the parent read at family worship; and in the years which followed, he neglected not to advance in knowledge of the Gaelic language concurrent with his progress in his English education.

At fifteen years of age he went to Inverness intending to follow a business career, and in course of a few years we find him assisting in the founding of the Inverness Gaelic Society, teaching a Gaelic class, drawing together Gaelic melodies, translating Gaelic poetry into English verse, and other kindred work.

At twenty-two years of age he was placed on the staff of *The Highlander*, a newspaper published in the town of Inverness in the interest of the Highland crofters, and in promotion of their language and culture. In this newspaper appeared Mr. Macbean's "Gaelic Lessons" and "Gaelic Melodies," previous to their appearing later on in book form. But before the end of the following year Mr. Macbean went to Kirkcaldy and joined the staff of *The Fifeshire Advertiser*, the connection then made developing in the course of years into that of editor, and finally of proprietor. The paper is now owned by a limited company, but Mr. Macbean still holds the position of editor. During his tenancy of the editorship the scope of the paper has enlarged to include other Fifeshire towns. Like all good citizens, Mr. Macbean has not been negligent of the interests of the locality in which his lot has been cast, but takes a part in matters which concern "The Lang Toun." He founded the Kirkcaldy Philosophical Club and

the Kirkcaldy Charity Organisation Society. Moreover, he has written booklets of local interest, chief among which may be mentioned a biography of Provost Swan, the friend and pupil of Carlyle.

Beyond his consuming interest in all things Highland, Mr. Macbean is a capable journalist, conversant with every branch of newspaper work. In the old days, shortly after he left Inverness, he had to follow on many occasions the oratorical flights of Mr. Gladstone, during the historic Midlothian campaigns. He is popular among newspaper men, and at present a vice-president of the Scottish Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Besides his editorial work on *The Fifeshire Advertiser*, and the control of a large printing business, he has found time to write a number of books with more or less of a local basis. His "Kirkcaldy Burgh Records," with the annals of Kirkcaldy and a description of the ancient burgh, is a voluminous work extending to some four hundred pages, and must have entailed a great deal of labour. His description of Kirkcaldy back in the old days, which forms the introduction, is a bit of fine writing, and the most vivid account that has been written of the town when it was struggling out of the darkness into the light. His "Caer Caledon," being dramatic scenes from the history of Kirkcaldy, was produced last year, and published at the instance of the Kirkcaldy Pageant Committee of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. It is a most creditable piece of literary work, and reveals the poetic as well as the graphic descriptive powers of the author. But Mr. Macbean's most interesting and enduring work is his "Pet Marjorie," the most fascinating biography of a child that was ever written.

But it is in the Gaelic connection that Mr. Macbean will be best known, longest remembered, and most esteemed, for after his advent in the Fifeshire town, he did much serviceable work in the cause of the mother tongue. His "Lessons in Gaelic" have gone through several editions, and are still in the field. His translations into the English language of Dugald Buchanan's Sacred Songs in the measure of the original, are rightly regarded as wonderful of their kind, and stamp Mr. Macbean as a gifted versifier. His "Songs and Hymns of the Gael," with their chaste and fluent renderings into English in the measure of the original have gone through a number of editions, and, in token of their popularity, appear now in handsome covers. Following in the footsteps of Joseph Mainzer, an Edinburgh musician, Mr. Macbean published the music of the much slurred Psalm tunes as chanted and sung by the fathers and grandfathers of this generation



L. MACBEAN, KIRKCALDY.

in the North Highlands, a service of considerable value from the antiquarian point of view. Mr. Macbean's settings strike one as better than Mainzer's, and free from the falsity which Mainzer—and, following his lead, The Gaelic Association—has given to them by the introduction of harmony, which is utterly alien to this class of music, and instead of enhancing, depreciates their singularity.

Besides the work already detailed, Mr. Macbean has contributed numerous papers to the syllabuses of Gaelic Societies all over the country on subjects of deep interest, which prove his insight into the Celtic spirit, as well as his literary capacity.

In Mr. Lachlan Macbean we find one of the pioneers of the Gaelic Movement as it is at present understood—one of those who, when everything Gaelic was at a very low ebb, put their shoulders to the wheel and did practical foundational work; one of those who was not content to advocate alone, but had to be doing such work as their capabilities fitted them for; one of those to whom the present professing supporters of the cause are apt to forget their obligations. Mr. Macbean's Song and Music books, with their English translations, which appeared coevally with those of "Fionn" (whose invaluable aid and that of his brother Iain Bàn Og he has always proudly acknowledged), were the first stimulants to the Gaelic renaissance, inasmuch as they brought these songs and music within the reach of the reading and singing public for the first time. Through them were sown the seeds of the present popularity of Gaelic songs, and this should not be forgotten. There were others, of course, who did work in the same direction, but those books were the important influences in the early days of the Gaelic movement which started in the seventies of last century.

Mr. Macbean has been for more than thirty years in and out, as the saying is, among the Kirkcaldy people. If he had been ambitious, he might without much effort on his part, have blossomed out years ago into a Bailie, or have become the Provost of the Auld Toon. He never had aspirations, however, in this direction, and of him it can be truly said that he never sought for place, but has always been foremost where principle is involved. Kirkcaldy people know him well, and summed him up long ago as a man of stainless integrity, a journalist of tact and ability, to whom there are but two roads—the right and the wrong.

The adoption of coats of arms by Highland chiefs was a matter of comparatively late date. The introduction of heraldry to the Highlands did not, as a rule, take place till long after it had become universal among the feudal lords of the Lowlands.

MO NAIRE AIR A' BHEURLA!

(Shame on the English tongue.)

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

The tongue of Saxon hounds,
No honoured place would I allot
In hallowed Celtic bounds.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

And the race that owns the tongue;
Who long to seize the rope and hear
The Celtic death-knell rung.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

And the folly of our race,
That robbed us of our birthright,
And writ shame in mother's face.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

O! poor Albainn's rugged breast
Heaves high with grief,—a mother's grief
For what she gives the West.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Sighs the wind in every glen.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Echoes ilka rugged ben.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Each burnie whimpers low.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

It's the moor-cock's lusty crow.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Breathes the rustling of the pine:—
All Celtic nature loves to tell
What's in this heart of mine.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Each day we hear the voice,
The truth hits hard in every Gael,
But the Bheurla was his choice.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

The curse of Donald's race,
That brought us low as Saxon hounds,
And stamped us with disgrace.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Why does the Gael delay,
When God's own gift—His heritage—
Is falling by the way.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

He hears, and heeds the Cause:—

'Mo nàire orra,' cries the Gael,
'Am faigh a' Ghaidhlig bas?'

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Resounds the warning note,
In town, and glen, and clachan too,
In mansion and in cot.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Ye winds take up the cry,
Nor rest, but haunt our mountain home
E'en as the years roll bye.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Who fails to hear the cry?
'Twill echo till the end of time—
Or till a' Bheurla die.

Mo nàire air a' Bheurla!

Each Gàidheal takes up the strain,
Poor Albainn shall be free once more,
And a' Ghaidhlig live again.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 54.)

APRIL.

THIS month takes its English name from *Aprilis*, the month in which the earth opens for the growth of plants, from the Latin *aperis*, to open. The Gaelic name for this month is *Giblean* or *Giblin*, the meaning or origin of the term being obscure. The first day of the month—"All Fool's Day"—Gaelic, *Latha gnothach na cuthaige*—the day of the cuckoo's errand,—or *Latha na Gocairveachd*—the gowk's day, gowk being the Scotch for cuckoo. It is difficult to say what the origin of this day is, but it seems to be common to many countries. The French call the person imposed upon "An April Fish"—*Poisson d'Avril*. This year the first Wednesday of the month is Wednesday in Holy Week—*Diceulain a' Bhraath*—Betrayal Wednesday, and is followed by Maunday Thursday—Gaelic, *Dirdaoin Bangaid*. It is associated with acts of charity—the distribution of food in baskets or *mawls*, hence the term Maunday Thursday and *Dirdaoin Bangaid* from *bangaid*, a feast. Good Friday follows (5th April 1912). *Di h-aoine na Ceusla* or Crucifixion Day. It is followed by *Di-sathuirne na Cùisge*—Easter Saturday. Easter Sunday falls on 7th April this year—Gaelic, *Di-Dònaich Cùisge*; Irish, *Cùisg*; Old Irish, *Cusc*, from the Latin *pasche*. English, paschal.

"Dean bonnach mór mu Inid
Is fear eile mu Chàisg;
'S cho fad 'sa bhios rud agad,
Cha bhí thu falamh gu bráth."

Make a large cake at Shrove-tide,
At Easter another;
And while you have something,
In want you'll be never.

The beginning of this month was reckoned *A' Chailleach* or Old Wife—Ladyday O. S. Sheriff Nicolson has the following remarks regarding this term—"The grass has by this time begun to grow, and the Cailleach, representing a hostile and withering influence, sits down and tries hard with her *slachdan* or beetle, to beat down the grass and keep it from growing. Finding her efforts vain she flings away her mallet in wrath, and vanishes with a shriek into the realm of Night exclaiming—

Dh' fhàg e shìos mi, dh' fhàg e shuas mi,
Dh' fhàg e cadar mo dhà chluais mi;
Dh' fhàg e thall mi, dh' fhàg e bhios mi,
Dh' fhàg e cadar mo dhà chois mi;
Tilgeam so am bun preas cuilinn,
Far nach fàs fear no duilleach !

It escapes me up and down,
'Twixt my very ears has flown;

It escapes me here and there,
'Twixt my feet and everywhere;
This 'neath holly tree I'll throw,
Where no grass nor leaf shall grow.

[This is a lively description, and the selection of the holly in particular shows felicitous accuracy.]

The fifteenth of the month is called *Ceitean na h-ànsich*—the foolish woman's May, why I cannot say—unless it be folly to anticipate the summer by a fortnight. The sixteenth is *Latha Chhùil-fhodair*—the memorable day on which Culloden was fought in 1746. The thirtieth is Beltane eve—*Oidhche Bealltainn*.

When dealing with Shrove-tide—"An Inid"—in the February issue (page 36), I mentioned that there was a rhyme which always fixed the date of Shrove Tuesday—or Fostern's E'en, as it is called in Lowland Scotland. An esteemed correspondent wrote me asking the meaning of "Fios na h-Inid as an Roimhe." I had heard it explained that at one time there was some difficulty felt by the mediæval church in fixing the date of Shrove Tuesday, and that it appealed to Rome to settle the matter, sending a special messenger to bring back the tidings. The answer was—"An Inid, an ciad Mhàrt den t-solus Earraich"—Shrove-tide, the first Tuesday of the Spring moon.

Being anxious to have authentic information I communicated with my friend Rev. Archibald Campbell, S.J., St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Glasgow, who writes me as follows:—"(1) 'Fios na h-Inid as an Roimhe' originally and firstly means the issue of the Lenten Regulations for all parts of the world, which year in and year out are sent to us from Rome. I enclose a copy for 1912. (2) a secondary meaning is when there is a doubt about anything and authorities on both sides cannot agree, the matter is referred to Rome. Rome speaks and the question is ended. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, or "Thàinig fios na h-Inid as an Roimhe"—Rome has spoken and the matter is at an end. (3) the controversy about the date of Easter was a long and tedious one. The Celtic Church adhered to the method brought by St. Patrick from Rome, Rome changed its eye but the Celts did not know of the change."

As might have been expected, tradition has been at work and has thrown its mantle over the visit to Rome to ascertain the correct date for Shrove-tide. The following quotation is from Rev. J. G. Campbell's work "Superstitions of the Scottish Highlands," p. 296:—

MAKING THE DEVIL YOUR SLAVE.

Those who had the courage to perform the *taghairn* called up the devil to grant any

worldly wish they might prefer; the disciples of the black art made him their obedient servant. Michael Scott, whose reputation as a magician is as great in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, made him his slave. He could call him up at any time. In Michael's time the people of Scotland were much confused as to the day on which Shrove-tide was to be kept. One year it was early and another it was late, and they had to send every year to Rome to ascertain the time ("dh' fhaotainn fios na h-Irid.") It was determined to send Michael Scott to get "word without a second telling" ("fios gun ath-fhios"). Michael called up the devil, converted him into a black, ambling horse ("falaire dhubb"), and rode away on the journey. The devil was reluctant to go on such an expedition, and was tired by the long distance. He asked Michael what the women of Scotland said when they put their children to sleep or "raked" the fire ("smàladh an teine") for the night. He wanted the other to mention the name of the Deity, when the charm that made himself an unwilling horse would be broken. Michael told him to ride on. "Ride you before you worthless wretch ("mar-caich thusa, bhiasd, romhad") and never mind what the women say." They went at such a height that there was snow on Michael's hat when he disturbed the Pope in the early morning. . . . The Pope gave Michael "the knowledge of Shrove-tide, viz., that it is always "the first Tuesday of the Spring light, i.e., of the new moon in Spring.

(To be continued.)

A NEW ZEALAND PIONEER.

SCOTSWOMAN'S ROMANTIC STORY.

NEW ZEALAND papers to hand record the death at the ripe age of 93 of Mrs. Jessie M'Kenzie, whose life-story might form the theme of a fascinating book, and whose strong personality entitled her to rank among the notable women of New Zealand. Born at Cromarty in Scotland, she sailed at the age of seven with her parents for Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. There she was married at the age of 21 to Duncan M'Kenzie, who, with his brother, owned a store and traded up and down the coast, and she might have spent her life there but for a simple incident. Norman M'Leod, the pastor of the little Calvinistic community at Cape Breton, had a son who had found his way to Australia. He wrote glowing accounts of that land, contrasted its warm, sunny climate with the bitter winters of Nova Scotia, and drew such attractive pictures of the place that he stirred the imagination of his old father. And the father

talked to his flock, and it ended by the whole community deciding to try their fortunes in *Terra Australis*.

There was no Canadian Pacific railway in those days, and no Vancouver service. But the community resolved to build their own vessels. Duncan M'Kenzie and his brother Murdoch built a brig, which they named the Highland Lass, and with their families and their household goods on board, set sail for Adelaide. They were caught in the ice for a season, and it was fully a year, and after much adventurous voyaging, before they reached that port. But they found that most of the land near the port of Adelaide was in the possession of large companies, and being coast-dwellers and sea-lovers, they would not go inland. They opened up communication with Sir George Grey, who was then Governor of New Zealand, and evidently received friendly encouragement from that great statesman, for they sold the Highland Lass, purchased the *Gazelle*, an Aberdeen clipper top-sail schooner, and with the emigrants from Nova Scotia on board, sailed for New Zealand. The emigrants settled at Waipu, and Captain Duncan M'Kenzie built the cutters *Flora Macdonald*, *Thistle*, *Jessie*, and *Cambria*, well-known coastal traders in their time, being among the best-known passenger vessels for that part of the Auckland coast. Here it was that Mrs. M'Kenzie dispensed for so long a boundless Highland hospitality which made her house so famous through the north.

At Waipu the M'Kenzies became a numerous clan, and so many were the master mariners from Waipu bearing the name, that at one time nine of them anchored their ships in Auckland harbour on one day. Mrs. M'Kenzie is described as a lady of a frank and out-spoken nature, of rare commonsense, and of a generous, kindly nature, who was also wonderfully wise in weather-lore.

The name Campbell first appears in 1216, when "Gillespie Campbell" is returned in the Exchequer Rolls as holding the lands of Menstrie and Sanchie, in Stirling, and he also witnesses the charter of Newburgh, in Fife, in 1266. "Duguid Campbell" is connected with Dumbarton Castle about the year 1289; and in 1292 "Colin Campbell" supports the claim of Bruce, and is entered on a document as connected with Argyll. About 1296 "Neill Cambell" is made King Edward's baillie over the lands from Loch-tyne to Kilmartin, in Argyll. This "Neill Cambell" is practically the founder of the Argyll family. He married Bruce's sister, and his son Colin succeeded him.

In 1267 Gilchrist, chief of the Clan MacNaughtan, received from King Alexander III. a patent granting to him and his heirs the fortress and "Fraoch Eilean" in Loch Awe, on condition that the King should be properly entertained whenever he passed that way. Hence the insignia of a castle on the armorial bearings of the chief of the clan, and hence also the slogan of the clan, "Fraoch Eilean."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communication on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1912.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With January Issue we commenced our Twentieth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our list of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their Annual Subscription (4s. post free, or One Dollar) at once to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION. The annual gathering of this Association held last month in the Queen's Rooms, was a decided success. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, who was accompanied by Lady Mary Grant and Mr. Iain Grant, younger of Rothiemurchus. The chairman directed the attention of the meeting to rural depopulation as revealed in the last census returns. He also referred to the Small Landholders Act, and hoped that landlords and tenants alike would give it a good practical trial. He also urged on Highlanders to do what they could to support Highland home industries in the country districts.

THE CLAN PIPER.

I am the Piper of the Clan Macrae,
A clan of doughty deeds and high renown:
There is no bagpipe tune I cannot play,
On me my father's mantle has come down.

My father was the famous Ronald Rhu,
For piping he was known both far and wide:
The bagpipes all his life he bravely blew,
Until at last for want of breath he died.

His pipes upon his manly bosom lay,
"Take them, my son," he said, and died content.
The teardrops from my eyes I dashed away,
And for him played a masterly lament.

His wake it was a glorious affair,
Myself provided the refreshments free:
Each guest made sure that he would get his share,
And all was happy as a wake could be.

But there was one who sat apart and sighed:
It was the Chief—he knew not what to do—
"There is no piper in the world," he cried,
"Can fill the empty brogues of Ronald Rhu."

My youthful cheek with modesty was flushed,
As on my father's pipes my hand I laid;
And while the hall in silence deep was hushed,
The grand old gathering of the clan I played.

Spell-bound they listened as I paced the hall
With lofty head and proud majestic stride.
The martial fire was stirred within them all,
And loud the slogan of the clan they cried.

And then I brought them back to earth again
With strains of grief that thrilled them through and through;
They wept aloud, those stern and warlike men,
And gazed upon the corpse of Ronald Rhu.

Not so the Chief—"Enough of this!" he said,
Addressing with reproof his weeping clan:
"I know quite well that Ronald Rhu is dead,
But in his place we have a better man."

And then his arms around my neck he threw,
"I never heard," he cried, "such perfect play;
I have much pleasure in appointing you
To be the Piper of the Clan Macrae."

D. M. M'K.

It was long the custom when either the laird of Strathlachlan or the laird of Strachur died that the survivor laid his late neighbour's head in the grave. This observance is traditionally connected with the time of the Crusades, when it was said that the heads of these two families accompanied each other to the Holy War, each solemnly engaging with the other to lay him in his family burying place if he should fall in battle.

The Chief of Clan MacNab returned to Europe in 1853, and in 1860 died in France. The direct line of the chiefs then became extinct, but the next senior cadet is believed to be in Canada. Of the Clan MacNab's once broad lands none are left in their possession save the family burying-place, on the island of Innis Buie, formed by the parting of the waters of the River Dochart, just before it issues into Loch Tay. The rest of the clan territory has, for the greater part, passed into the possession of the Campbells of Breadalbane.

THE MACEWENS OF OTTIR AND OTHER SMALL CLANS.

I. THE MACEWENS OF OTTIR.

DONNSLEIBHE was born about the year 1120. It is probable that he was toiseach or headman of Knapdale. The name Donnsluibhe means apparently lord of the hill, but possibly brown of the hill. It was changed to Dunsleibhe at an early period. It appears in English either as Dunslave or Dunslass.

Suibhne or Suinn, son of Dunslass, was known in English as Suinn Ruadh or red-haired Sween. He was toiseach of Knapdale. He had two sons, Dugall and Mulmory, both of whom appear in record in 1262.

Dugall, son of Sween, had two sons, Sween and John. Sween supported King Edward of England against Robert Bruce. He had three sons, John, Terlach and Murdoch, all of whom appear in 1310 as followers of King Edward. As they were on the wrong side of politics they could expect no favour from the hero of Bannockburn. They lost all their possessions whatever they may have been.

John, second son of Dugall, appears on record in 1261 and 1262. He supported Robert Bruce and was probably rewarded with a gift of lands. He married possibly a daughter of Gillespie Campbell, of Lochow.

Gillespie, son of John, was succeeded by his son Ewen.

Ewen, son of Gillespie, received the lands of Ottir, and was the progenitor of the Macewens of Ottir.

John, son of Ewen, was Laird of Ottir in 1355. He was the first Macewen. He had three sons, Walter, Ewen and Alexander. Walter succeeded his father but died without issue.

John, son of Alexander, is mentioned in 1519.

Ewen, second son of John Macewen, succeeded his brother Walter. He had two sons, Sween and William. John, son of William, witnessed a document in 1431. Alexander, third son of John, had a son named Duncan. Duncan, son of Duncan, appears on record in 1431.

Sween, son of Ewen, was born about 1390, and succeeded his father as laird of Ottir and chief of the Macewens.

In 1432, by an indenture made at the Ottir, it was agreed that when Sufline MacEwyn, laird of Ottir, should have an heir he should pay to Gillespie Campbell, the son and heir of Duncan Campbell, of Lochow, on one day or otherwise at Gillespie's pleasure, sixty marks Scots and twenty-five sufficient marts at Ottir, Inheonnell, or Iuveraray, or give him the two Larragis and the lands of Killala in the barony of Ottir for yearly payment of half a mart, and

should his heir die before he should have another that the agreement should remain valid, and that Sufline should give Gillespie the first offer of the lands, if leased.

Sufline or Sween was the last Macewen of Ottir. His lands became the property of Gillespie Campbell or Gillaspay Cambel as the name is written in the agreement. Mart means a fattened cow or ox.

As "sh" in Gaelic is just "h" in sound, Mac-Shuinn, son of Sween, is pronounced MacHuinn. But it requires an effort to say MacHuinn; consequently, man being a lazy animal, as Max Muller assures us, instead of saying MacHuinn we are apt to say MacCuinn, which in English becomes MacQueen. Suibhne is a Gaelic name and means apparently well going or going well. Its old form in English was Sufline, which appears in Latin documents as Suffinus.

In the genealogy of the Macewens, as given in the Skene Manuscript, there were three names which it was impossible to make out. For discovering these names—Sween, Dugall and John—we are indebted to Mr. Niall D. Campbell, who found them in old documents in possession of the Argyll family. Niall, in English Neil, is an old and excellent Gaelic name. It means champion. The Niall who led the Campbells in the time of Bruce deserves to be remembered.

II. THE MACLAYS.

Dunsleibhe or Dunslass, son of Mulmory, son of Suibhne, son of Dunsleibh, was born about the year 1230. He lived in Knapdale and was the progenitor of the MacLays or Livingstones of Argyleshire. Iain MacDhunsleibhe would become, first, Iain Mac-an-leibhe, and finally Iain Mac-a-leith. Livingstone is an English name and has no connection with Mac-a-leith. The correct English form of the name is Maclay. However, as Dr. Livingstone has made it one of the greatest names in Scottish history, and the most illustrious name in Argyleshire history, it must remain in English as it is. Dunslave appears on record as a witness in 1262.

III. THE MACQUEENS.

It is said that the Macqueens settled in Strathdearn about 1405. According to some writers they were descended from Revan, son of Mulmory, son of Suibhne, son of Dunsleibh. About the name Revan I know nothing. I suspect, however, that there was no such name. To the Highland bards the Macqueens were known as Clann Reumhair, or descendants of the reaver. They followed the Macdougalls of Lorn in opposing Bruce, and lost their lands.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR,

Hopewell, Nova Scotia.

“CULLODEN,” APRIL 16th, 1746.

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER
(THE LATE LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.)

“Thou art gone, my brave, true darling,
Well I would thou could'st have stay'd,
But thy spirit's aye beside me,
Never will thy memory fade.”

I.

Shone the sun in golden glory,
O'er Culloden's fatal plain,
As the wearied Highland army
Straggled back to camp again :
Thro' the darksome night we'd wander'd
Stumbling o'er morass and moor
In a wild forlorn endeavour
To surprise the “Butcher” dour.
Aye ! the hand of Fate was 'gainst us,
The bold enterprise had failed,
Bitterly we cursed the dawning,
Loud its early break bewailed.
Famished, faded, sad and footsore,
Sullenly our lines we sought.
Fling us on the ground, despairing,
Strove in vain to slumber court,
But altho' t'was sadly needed
Brief indeed was our repose,
For ere long a breathless rider,
Told the coming of our foes.
Skirled the pipes and bugles sounded,
Marshalled was the line in form,
Then we waited, wan and weary,
For the bursting of the storm.

II.

Soon appeared the gleaming bayonets
To the eastward of the muir,
Next we saw the guns advancing,
And their horsemen fierce and dour :
As they wheeled into position,
Cloudy grew the world, and grey,
Dim became the glorious morning,
Boding of the fatal day.
Rose the tempest ; fierce and blinding,
Drove the hail on our array,
Opened then the English cannon,
Heralding that bloody fray.

III.

For the space of near an hour
Did that murd'rons fire maintain,
And the field was covered thickly
With our wounded and our slain.
Timid counsels bound Prince Charlie,
But at length he could not brook
Further to behold the carnage,
Blazed his eye, resolve he took :
“Speed, M'Lachlan, to George Murray,
Bid him with the clans advance,
Bid him silence you inferno—
God, I waken from a trance.—
Bid him charge upon the instant,
With each loyal Highland blade,
Speed thee—and may God be with thee,
War is but a risky trade.”
As from bow the arrow speeds it
Spurred M'Lachlan on his hest,
Thro' the deadly hail of bullets,
On his lips a smile and jest.
But before the youthful soldier
Half his journey had traversed,
One more bullet found its billet,
Never was one more accursed.

IV.

Sullenly the clans were chafing
At the slaughter grim and red,
And they clamoured long and loudly,
'Gainst the foemen to be led.
Then Lord George, the brave and valiant,
Darling of the Highland Heart,
Wearied of the drear inaction
And resolved to play his part.
High above the cannons' thunder,
Rang his voice, so stern and clear,
“Forward clansmen, strike for Scotland,
Home, and all ye hold most dear,
Show the Hanoverian ‘Butcher’
How the blood that long ago
Won the glorious field of Bannock,
Still within our veins doth flow.
We may fail, but God ! t'is better,
To die bravely, sword in hand,
Than to perish in these shambles ;
Forward, each true Highland band.

V.

Answered him a roar of cheering,
And the clansmen forward sprang,
With their broadswords bare and gleaming
Clashing till the welkin rang.
Thro' the hail of grape and bullet,
Like a swollen torrent red
Swept the furious, maddened tribesmen
Rose their slogan fierce and dread
Sounded loud the pibroch's music,
Firing men to deeds of fame,
And each heart beat high and strongly,
Athole, Cameron and Graeme.
Onward thro' the smoke and hailstorm,
Onward o'er the embered field,
Till the claymores crash and mingle
With the bayonet's flashing steel.
As a whirlwind levels forests,
In its wild, resistless wrath,
So the foremost line of Saxons,
Melted from the clansmen's path.
Onward bore the stubborn victors,
But their ranks were thinned and few,
To their front stood troops unbroken
Galled by flanking fire too.
For awhile with desperate valour
Recklessly they strove amain,
To win thro' the bristling phalax,
But all efforts were in vain.

VI.

In that wild and desperate onslaught,
Smartering under deemed affront,
The Macdonalds, great Clan Coila,
Had refused to share the brunt.
Earnestly their chiefs besought them
Not their honour thus to stain,
And to aid their gallant brethren,
But they pled, implored in vain.
Writhing at the ghastly slaughter
Keppoch to his clan appealed
To forget the seeming insult
And redeem the stricken field.
Heedless of his words, Clan Coila,
Sullenly maintained their place,
Muttering of their wounded honour,
Of the deep and black disgrace.
“O ! My God” cried gallant Keppoch,
“Has it come to this, that I,
By my children am forsaken,
Better stark and dead to lie.”
Then alone the noble chieftain
Rushed upon the Saxon steel,
Dying as besemed a hero,
To the end so true and leal.

VII.

All was lost, our army shattered,
 Darkness fell o'er moor and dale,
 Set the Stuart sun for ever,
 'Midst Lochaber's mournful wail.
 From the fatal field, reluctant,
 Charles was forced at length—Ah! me,
 Better had his life there ended,
 'Mongst the noble and the free.
 O'er his sad, unhappy ending,
 Charity, O! throw thy veil,
 'T would not be a fitting parting,
 To a stirring, noble tale.
 Turn we to those months of wandering,
 Ere he gained the shores of France,
 Off' the theme of song and story
 Never failing to entrance.
 See across the page of Hist'ry
 Writ in golden letters, shine
 Flora, woman true and dauntless,
 Daughter of Macdonald's line,
 And the glorious Highland honour
 That would not the prince betray,
 Tho' the wealth of all the Indies
 Were the price of him—ah yea,
 Time will pass, but through the ages,
 Until the Great Judgment Day,
 Told will be the deathless story,
 Never will its charm decay.

GEORGE DOUGLAS DIXIE.

WHO HAVE THE LARGEST HEADS AND FEET?

"Ceann mór air duine glic, ceann cir air amadan."—Gaelic Proverb.

SMALL heads and large feet are the characteristics of the average Londoner, according to a well-known expert. It is, however, curious to notice that the sizes of these parts of the human frame vary in different counties. For instance, in an article in the current number of the postal workers' organ, it is related that the process of measuring reveals the fact that the farther north one goes the bigger becomes the heads and the feet of his Majesty's subjects.

The heads of the postmen in Glasgow are the largest in the kingdom, and our Northern friends must acquit us of any intentional rudeness, when truth compels us to add that the feet of their telegraph messengers hold the record.

Strong in the arm and weak in the head is the old proverb relating to the Derbyshire people, and, as a matter of fact, this county's natives have the smallest heads of any people in England, and yet they are reputed to be the brainiest. The average head here, according to hat-makers' figures, is $6\frac{1}{2}$, whereas in the adjoining county $6\frac{7}{8}$ is the average size of the cranium.

LARGE AND SMALL BRAINS.

But, to get at the average size of heads in counties as a whole. In Scotland you have to go still further north than Glasgow for the biggest, for Inverness, as a county, can boast of that distinction. Then in England the county

of York appears to bear the palm, but it has a very close competitor in the very western county of Devonshire, where the people are noted for the roundness of their heads, and have earned for themselves the sobriquet of Devonshire dumplings, in which they delight, taking it as a compliment, just as the sister county of Somerset glories in the distinction of hard heads, a term very commonly applied to them. Carmarthenshire, in Wales, works out the highest.

Then, dividing England, Scotland, and Wales, and taking each as a whole, Scotland comes out on the top with a considerable margin; England makes a fair second; and Wales follows with the smallest heads of all. According to one authority, the average sizes of the heads of these different peoples work out as follows: For Scotland $7\frac{3}{4}$, England $7\frac{1}{4}$, Wales $6\frac{5}{8}$. But those with the smallest heads may take comfort in the statement of one authority who says that it does not follow that the people who have the smallest heads have the smallest brain. The brain chambers of the skull have been tested by several experts with a view to discovering whether the larger head has more brain room than the smaller, and, as a result of this internal measurement, it has become a fixed point that on the average the largest heads have the highest brain capacity.

HOW HATS AFFECT US.

Yet, in many instances, it was discovered that some of the smaller outwardly contained the greater internal brain space. Then, the medium-sized cranium is generally considered to be of a more symmetrical shape. However, there is yet a difference of opinion, even among expert authorities, as to whether the biggest or smallest is the most desirable.

Then, again, it is not always the biggest person who possesses the most prominent head. Often very small ones have been found on persons of huge proportions. It has also been stated that the size of a person's head is considerably affected by the kind of hat worn when young and growing. And especially so in the case of males. If the hat is of a soft, flexible material, then the head naturally expands and becomes better developed, whereas its growth becomes considerably retarded by a head-dress of hard, unbending material.

Big feet do not always go with big heads, for large feet are in some cases acquired by the calling in which the owners are engaged. For instance, as a class, all over the country postmen and other messengers are the possessors of very prominent feet. It is also a feature for which policemen are conspicuous; the same thing is very noticeable in the agriculturist, and the last-named class can boast of the broadest and flattest feet of all.

PIPERS THREE.

"TO-DAY," says Neil Munro in *The Lost Pibroch*, "there are but three pipers in the whole world from the Sound of Sleat to the Wall of France. Who they are, or what is their tartan, it is not for one to tell who has no need for a thousand dirks under his doublet, but they may be known by the lucky ones who hear them. Namely players tickle the chanter and take out but the sound; the three give a tune the charm that I mention—a long thought and a bard's thought, and they bring the notes from the deeps of time, and the tale from the heart of the man that made it."

The author of that justly-celebrated allegory would not have been far out in naming the subjects of the photograph we present as "the three"; nor do we think in that case would the thousand unnamed have felt aggrieved enough to have insinuated their dirks under the doublet of the distinguished author. We are pleased to be numbered among the lucky ones who have heard this three, and who know them well. They are well known by repute to thousands of unlucky ones who have not heard them. Wherever lovers and followers of the great and heart-stirring warpipe are gathered together their names are known and respected. It will interest many readers to hear more about them

and their triumphs, and what manner of men they are. Each belongs to a piping family, and being born to the art, may be said to have lisped in piping numbers.

Pipe-Major William Ross, sitting on the left of the photo, is the big, handsome leader of the celebrated 2nd Scots Guards pipe-band, and a younger brother holds a corresponding rank in the band of the 1st battalion. He is a Gaelic speaking native of Camersorie, Glen Strathfarrar, on the borders of Inverness and Ross-shires. Both his father and mother could play the pipes, and the latter was a good musician and an adept at piobaireachd and slow marches. From her he had his first lessons at the age of eight, and five years later he was competing. He has been 16 years in the Army, having joined the Scots Guards in 1896, and has seen a good deal of foreign service. He is a fine, all-round performer, with a sledge-hammer finger action, reminding one of Angus MacCrae, Callander, at his best. He has gained all the best and highest honours a piper can win. Of fine presence and quiet, agreeable disposition, he is a general favourite, a credit to his race and to the service in which he is engaged. Subjoined is a list of some of the principal prizes he has gained, and in order to save repetition it may be mentioned that at different times most of these have been won by the other two pipers of "the three."



Pipe-Major George Stewart McLennan, the centre figure of the photo, is the genial and debonaire leader of the band of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders. A son of Lieut. McLennan, Edinburgh, the well-known authority on piping, and author of "The Piobaireachd as MacCrimmon played it," he is the worthy son of a worthy sire. The MacLennans are a notable piping race, and one of the greatest players of all time, the late Willie McLennan, was a cousin of the Pipe-Major's. George McLennan, though still on the sunny side of thirty, has been in the Army for 12 years, and has seen foreign service. Beginning the pipes at an early age, he won at Edinburgh in 1894, when only 10 years old, "The Scottish Amateur Championship," and next year repeated his triumph. In 1896, and again in 1897, he won in London the Amateur Championship at the Scottish Gathering there. Since then he has won over 1,000 first-class prizes, and still remains unspoiled and unassuming. He is a fine all-round player. To hear him play Piobaireachd, March, Strathspey, or Reel, is to hear perfect—nay, marvellous—technical skill. Not even MacCrimmon at his very best had a finer mastery of the chanter or finer fingers than G. S. McLennan. Frank, genial, and unassuming, he is much thought of by all who know him, and is a sterling favourite with a public that knows the best, when it is served up.

Lastly, as the preachers have it, on the extreme right of the photo., is the presentment of one of the greatest pipers of his time, if not, indeed, of any time—Pipe-Major John Macdonald. He has been aptly designated "the great artist of the piping world," in recognition of the fact that he possesses, in addition to perfect technique, the musical temperament, without which all is but sound. He is the finest pibroch player of to-day. Coming of a piping family—his father was a distinguished performer—he was early trained in the art, and soon excelled. He was born in Glentruim, Inverness, and speaks Gaelic. He has been Pipe-Major of the 4th Cameron Highlanders for 13 years. As a regular competitor at "the games," he has won over two thousand prizes, including most of the principal ones in the list subjoined. Somewhat reserved, there lies under the cloak a kind and sympathetic nature, and he has always a cordial welcome for a friend. Strange it is that in history and literature we come across presentments of individuals of outstanding characteristics often called "John," and privately referred to among their intimates by their Christian names, with the prefix "gentleman" added, to distinguish them from their less gifted and less thought-of contemporaries of the same name. Such a one

in the piping world of the earlier 18th century was John Dall MacKay, piper and friend of the MacKenzies of Gairloch, a man of outstanding character and accomplishment, notable for these in his day, and also as one of the greatest of great pipers at a period when these highly-trained specialists held high rank under the old Clan system. Here, then, on the right of our photo., we have his modern representative, John Macdonald, Inverness. "*Saoghal fada dha. Seil suas!*"

The following is a list of the chief champion prizes won by Pipe-Major Ross, many of which have also been won at different periods by Pipe-Majors MacDonald and McLennan:—The Highland Society of London's gold medal and four clasps for attachment, won at the Northern Meeting, Inverness; The Highland Society of London's gold medal, won at the Argyllshire gathering, Oban; The Lochaber gold medal for champion all round piper, won by Ross three times in four years; The Crieff gold medal for all round piping; Scottish Piper's badge; also the Dunmore gold star, Skye gathering; Two Argyllshire gathering medals for marches, strathspeys and reels; Champion gold medal at Newcastle. Last year Pipe-Major Ross, along with many other trophies, won the Scottish Champion Shield for best all round piping in three events—(1) piobaireach, (2) marches, (3) strathspeys and reels; Two Cowal gold medals; The Scottish Piobaireachd Society's Champion gold medal at the Northern Meeting, Inverness; also a gold clasp for attachment thereto, at Oban. Verily, a record of which anyone might be proud.

GLASGOW OBAN AND LORN ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of this Association, Mr. Dugald McCallum, native of Taynait, was presented with a handsome gold pendant and silver cigarette case by the ladies of the Association. Mrs. Barron, convener of the committee, in presenting the gifts, thanked the lady members for electing her to act on their behalf on this most pleasant occasion, when they marked their appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Dugald McCallum as programme director for several years at their annual "At Homes." It was unnecessary for her to sing Mr. McCallum's praises; his deeds were well known to them all. She, as well as the other ladies of the Association, fully realised that in a great measure to Mr. McCallum's unselfishness, tact, and ability much of the success and enjoyment of the ladies' nights had been due. The ladies desired at this stage to record in a tangible form their appreciation of his social qualities. She concluded by handing Mr. McCallum the pendant and case. Mr. McCallum expressed his thanks in a few well-chosen remarks.

THE FRASERS, though of Norman origin, have attained to the position of a true Highland clan. The Frasers and the Cummings appear in Scotland in the 12th century, first in the South, and latterly in the North. The name Fraser is spelt variously as Fraser, Freser, Frezel, Frisel. The Gaelic form is "Friseal." The name is referred to the old French freze, strawberry, a possible diminutive of which is frezel, Latin fragula.

FIONN AND THE FIDGA.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

(Author of "Elements of Negro Religion.")

(Continued from page 56.)

ONE of these British peoples with whom Cormac mac Art and Fionn had to contend for the mastery were the Fidga, inhabiting that part of County Wexford which lies between the Slaney and Barrow rivers. They were a tribe of "Woodlanders," as the etymology of their name suggests, and the old manuscripts that describe the savage habits of this people generally concur in supposing that they were not Gaels, but rather a tribe of Britons. For which cogent reason, doubtless, they were classed among the *Aithech Tuatha*, or "vassal tribes" of Leinster. According to the *Book of Ballynate*, they seem to have been an unimportant sept of the Gaileoin, but there can be no doubt that what they lacked in power and importance, they gained in evil notoriety. Alone among the Irish tribes and clans they fought with poisoned weapons, the virulence of the poison being such that, as we can see from the story of Crimthann Sciathbel in the *Rennes Dinlseuchas*, the most extraordinary precautions were taken by the Leinstermen to ward off its fatal effects. "Such were those people," says the historian Keating, "that the weapons of every one of them were poisoned, so that the wound inflicted by them, small or great, no remedy whatsoever availed the wounded man, but he must die."

Despite the numerous brushes that Fionn and his hands must have had with such enemies, it does not appear that the Gaelic doctors and herbalists ever discovered an antidote to their poison; and so to the end, the Gaels of Leinster, in the words of the *Irish Nennius*, "were defenceless against the poisoned arms of the hateful horrid giants"—

Cen din nimib na n-arm
Na n-athach n-uathmhar n-agarb.

In the Highland Tales, the same people are represented as the enemies of Fionn and the Feinne, the epithet *athach*, "giant," being applied to them just as it was in the more ancient texts, because the Fidga were a tall British race, and evidently taller than the Gaels of Leinster. They are called by the name of *Na Finghaidh* in the "Tale of Manus," a *sgeulachd* dealing with Leinster history, but regarding which the late Mr. Nutt believed he could trace connections between it and the romances of the Holy Grail. I believe, however, even although much be matter of conjecture through the absence of older records, that *Finghaidh* ought to be spelled *Fiodhyhaidh*, the name being obviously the same as the Irish *Fiodhgha*, which is the aspirated form of the old Irish gentile name *Fidga*. Few

details are given about these Finghaidh. They had for leader the so-called "Iarla na Finghadh," and their territory is described as being "within the borders of Greece," which was anciently a part of Leinster occupied by the Gaels. In the story, the daughter of the King of Greece advises Manus to abduct and marry the daughter of this Earl who lived on her land (Popular Tales III., p. 369); but, as there was never any love lost between the Gaels and the Finghaidh, or Fidga Britons, Manus soon found he had to fight the whole of them before he won the Earl's daughter.

As regards the use of poisoned weapons, for which the Fidga were celebrated, there seems to be no direct reference whatever in Highland Tales. But a passage in the *Laoidh Osguir* may perhaps be taken as alluding indirectly to their skill in mixing poisons. Here we are told that Fionn was such an able doctor, that he could heal any of his band "unless the wound were poisoned,"—and this, notwithstanding the magical properties of his famous "healing-cup," by virtue of which he was said to cure all manner of wounds and diseases. The allusion, obscure though it be, seems to be an echo of the old historical traditions about the Fidga of Wexford, who fought with poisoned arrows in their wars with the Gaels, and whose deadly poisons baffled the skill and ingenuity of the native leeches.

Another doubtful reference, the interpretation of which is open to conjecture, appears in the poem known as "The Praise of Goll and of Fionn" (*Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 123),—a poem ascribed to Fergus the Bard, one of the sons of Fionn, but whose fame was eclipsed by his brother Ossian's. From this historical fragment, we gather that differences had arisen between Fionn and Goll over a question of right in hunting. Fionn, it seems, claimed the right to hunt over the whole territory of the Feinne, and of the Finghaidh to boot; while Goll claimed a share for the race of Morna. Matters were amicably settled at last by the intervention of Fergus, who obtained for Goll one-third of the territory called *Fiodh*, "the wooded territory." As this *Fiodh* must have been none other than the country of the Fidga, the fact will help to explain why it was that Fionn so readily parted with his hunting-rights in County Wexford.

In many of these Highland *sgeulachds*, such, for instance, as the "*Story of Conall Gulban*," "*Manus*," and "*Seathan mac Righ Beirbh*," frequent reference is made to a place called *Beirbhe*, a place which some modern writers have identified with Copenhagen, and others—doubtless under the guidance of Campbell of Islay—with the City of Bergen, Norway's ancient capital. This identification of place-names is based,

nevertheless, on a false assumption which there is no evidence to justify; yet this has not restrained the large number of those who, taking for granted that such names as *Beirbhe* are Norse, are able to detect Norse influences at work in these pre-Norse legends, or to prove that they are post-Norse productions in whole or in part.

Now, there can be no reason to doubt that the name *Beirbhe* in Fenian traditions is as old as the name of *Fionn*, and, on this showing, necessarily dates back to an historical period long centuries previous to the coming of the Norsemen. It is genuinely of Gaelic origin, since the best of traditions locate *Beirbhe* in Leinster. Modern editors of old legends may think differently from ordinary folks, but I think that the geography of the unsophisticated story-tellers was less at fault than that of their modern representatives. Whether the older generation even knew of the existence of Bergen or Copenhagen admits of question, but, at any rate, in the minds of most people, *Beirbhe* was certainly some place of tradition strangely linked to the history of *Fionn* and the *Féinne*.

Fenian topography, as we find it in the popular tales, has suffered much at the hands of Time, but, so far as regards *Beirbhe*, or "Bergen," there seems to be nothing Norwegian or Danish about it and its inhabitants. That its location was in County Wexford may be inferred from the tale of "Manus," where *Beirbhe* is stated to have been within the domains of the Earl of the Fiughaidh ("Popular Tales," Vol. III., p. 373). Clearly, then, it follows that *Beirbhe* must be the Scotch traditional name for the Barrow now separating County Wexford from County Kilkenny, but which in ancient times flowed through the territory of the Fidga or Fiughaidh, and on whose banks, it appears, there stood the fortified *din*, or castle of the chief. In old Irish, the river is called *Berba*—the "dumb Barrow" as the *Leabhar Breac* styles it, because of the silence and placidity of the stream; and this identification of the Scots Gaelic *Beirbhe*, or *A' Bheirbhe* as it appears with the Article, with the Old Irish form *Berba*, "Barrow," necessarily disposes of various "Norse" theories to which the stories about "Bergen" have given rise.

Admitting the probability of this identification (and it is far more probable than the other), we can more easily understand how *Fionn* and the warriors of the Gael came to blows with the people of "Bergen." They had never to travel far to reach the place, for it lay on the borders of Leinster, and within the territory of the Fidga, whose allegiance to the King of Leinster was of the shadowiest kind. Whether this disloyalty on the part of such a vassal-tribe was the sole motive which induced *Fionn* and other

Leinster chiefs to attempt their subjugation, as was done in the case of the Deisi, we do not know. The Fenian legends would rather suggest that the abduction of women was the most frequent occurrence leading to an Iliad of troubles. In the tale of "Manus," it is the Gael who forces his way into the Earl of Fiughaidh's castle, and runs off with his daughter,—probably for the sake of the ransom, as the girl was not of marriageable age; while, on the other side, we have the Earl of Fiughaidh's son abducting a woman of the Gaels under cover of night, and the way he is tracked and overtaken, and then slain by *Comhrag*, *Fionn's* head huntsman, forms the subject of the ballad *Seathun mac Righ Beirbh*. Excluding, however, any further discussion of social events as these which helped to make life interesting in the old days, I think it will now be clear to most how the "Latins" of tradition came to be mixed up with the history of Ireland, and why the Fiughaidh, or Britons of "Bergen," were so long associated, in the popular memory, with the era of *Fionn* and the *Féinne*.

THE CUMMINGS.

SEVERAL clans, like the Frasers and Cummings, arrived in Scotland about the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Cummings belong to the Norman House "De Comines," a territorial name; the oldest form of the name in England is *Comyn*. The *Comyns* were closely allied to William the Conqueror. For 250 years, from 1080 to 1330, the *Cumins* flourished in strength in Badenoch. Sir John, the Red *Cumin* or *Comyn*, was the first who was designed Lord of Badenoch. His son John, called the Black Lord of Badenoch, was a somewhat unscrupulous competitor for the Crown of Scotland in the thirteenth century. Edward in pursuance of his nefarious schemes against Scotland, favoured the rival claims of John Baliol, which did not prevent the Lord of Badenoch from swearing fealty to the foe in 1292 (Rymer). Five years after he died a prisoner in England, leaving by his wife, daughter of John, and sister of King John Baliol, a son, who became Lord of Badenoch, called in turn the Red *Cumin*, an artful, ambitious dissembler. A panderer to the King of England, he was on the point of betraying Robert Bruce to the latter, when he perished under the daggers of Bruce and Kirkpatrick in the church of Dumfries on the 10th of February, 1306. He was the last Lord of Badenoch of the surname of *Cumin*. The slaughter of the Red *Cumin* by Bruce inspired the whole clan with a desire to avenge his death. They opposed the King,

who defeated them in 1308. The Earl was outlawed, and his forfeited estates were bestowed on the Keiths, Hays, and Dungalases, whose good swords had helped to win the battle of Bannockburn. His only son married a daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, and died without heirs; but Jordanus Cumin, a kinsman of his, who got the lauds of Iuveralloy from Earl Alexander, because, it is said, ancestor of the Cumins of Culter, who, says Sir Robert Douglas, got a charter of these lands from James III. in 1477. The old race is now represented by the Gordon-Cummings, Baronets of Gordonstoun, through the Cummings of Altyre, who succeeded to the name and arms of Gordon by intermarriage.

THE BOOK OF DEER.

THE following extract from the "Book of Deer" was probably the vernacular Gaelic of Scotland or Alba in the eleventh and twelfth centuries:—

"Collumeille agus drostán mac cósgreg adálda tangator áhí marroalseg día doib goníc abbor-dobóir agus béde eruthnee robomormáer buchan aragainn agus essé rothídnaig dóib ingathráig sáin insaere gobraíth ómormaer agus óthóséc, tahgator asááthle sen incathraig ele agus doráten ricolumeille si iarfallán dórath dé agus dorodloog arinmormáer i. bédé gondas tabrád dó agus mithárat agus rogab mae dó galár iarnéré na glerée agus robomarb act mádbce iarsén doehuid inmormáer dáttae na gleréc góndendaes ernaele les immac gondisád slánte dó agus dórát ined-bairt doib nácloic intiprat gonice chloic pette mie garnáit doronsat innernaede agus tanic slante dó; larsé dorat columeille dódrostán inehadráig sén agus rosbenact agus foracaib imbrether gebe tisad ris nabad blience buadaec tangatar deara drostán arseartháin fri collumeille rolaboir collumeille bedear ánim óhúim imáec."

TRANSLATION.

Columeille and Drostán son of Cosgrach his pupil came from I as God had show to them unto Abbordoboir and Bede the Piet was mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from mormaer and tosech. They came after that to the other town and it was pleasing to Calumeille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the mormaer to wit Bede that he should give it to him; and he did not give it; and a son of his took an illness after [or in consequence of] refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead [lit. he was dead but if it were a little]. After this the mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should pray for the son that health should come to him, and he gave in offering to them from Cloch in tiprat to Cloch

pette mie Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Calumeille gave to Drostán that town and blessed it and left as (his) word, "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many yeared [or] victorious." Drostán's tears (deara) came on parting with Calumeille. Said Calumeille, "Let Dear be its name henceforward."

MIONNARAN (The Blue Tit.)

Blue little Mionnaran
Dropped from the sky:
'Tis there they've dressed you finely,
Given a star for each eye;
Diamonds for twinkling,
Joy bells for tinkling,
With your little chirrup, chirrup,
As you hop from bough to bough.

In a wild lone glen then,
Where winds sweep along,
Is the music of a waterfall,
The sweetest in its song.
Bright rowans bending,
Full redder for the spray
That kisses and caresses them,
Than those in gardens gay.
Summer nights for roaming,
From sunrise to gloaming:
With no sorrow for the morrow,
Just this, to-day, and now.

Blue little Mionnaran,
You are so very small!
Can you carry to the heights then
A heart's wish and all,
Under azure wings so kindly.
Can you speak without betraying,
Can you tell where footsteps straying
Crush the rough deer grass?

Sweet little Mionnaran,
Tho' you look so human wise,
There are things beyond your kenning
That would cause you great surprise.
Why—loving, one is leaving,
With a heart sore for grieving;
O! 'tis well for you my Mionnaran
You're just a little bird.
You can search the highest mountain,
Where I would—but dare not go;
Drink delight from joy's deep fountain,
Whilst I in shadows lonely sigh—alas!

Dear little Mionnaran,
Is it strange I've chosen you
To bring my knight a message then,
So tender, warm, and true.
Will he know your wee voice calling,
Will he miss you when the falling
Of the pure white snow has covered you and me—
Know you brought him some fair token,
Tho' the words may ne'er be spoken,
Or the message, by mortal ears be heard,
O! my *wee blue bird*.

ALICE C. MACDONELL
of Keppoch,

THE CLAN STEWART.

At the recent Annual Dinner of this Clan, held in Edinburgh, the Earl of Galloway, who presided, in proposing the health of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. K. Stewart, said he had been asked to make a presentation to Mr. Stewart. Among other things, Mr. Stewart had been editor of the magazine since its inception, and usually author of half its contents. He was the author of "The Story of the Stewarts," a work which had assisted greatly in promoting the welfare of the Society and stimulating interest in Stewart history. He had always been responsible for the Society's dinners, the success of which was almost proverbial. He had conducted all the extremely heavy secretarial work of the Society, and also done an amount of genealogical research work for members privately that was little short of appalling. Notwithstanding his diffidence, he was persuaded to accept the gift of a handsome writing table and fittings, which bore the inscription:—"From the Stewart Society to their secretary, J. K. Stewart, Esq., as a token of esteem, and their appreciation of his services." The Society made a present, with their compliments, of a diamond necklace to Mrs. Stewart, which he (the Chairman) hoped she would wear for a long time, and they also presented an opal and diamond ring to Miss Muriel Stewart, to whom they were very much indebted for the beautifully designed menu cards of the last few years.

Mr. Stewart, who, on rising to reply, was received with loud applause, said that he would be more than human if he had listened to Lord Galloway's kindly eulogium, or the way in which it had been received, without feeling both proud and grateful. Continuing, Mr. Stewart said the acorn that had been planted twelve years ago had already grown into a goodly tree, which had spread its branches over the whole world. The gardener's work in tending such a tree had been neither little nor light, and it would be affectation to pretend otherwise. But the work was only one side of the shield, and they had forgotten the brightly blazoned side. The hum-drum, work-a-day side had been brightened by the gold of many and valued friendships, the blue of loyal support from true and warm hearted colleagues, and the silver of a great object—the glory of an ancient name and the preservation of its splendid history. To carry the metaphor from the past a little further, the inspiration of the ladies had not been wanting to help him in the fight, and he was sincerely pleased that they should have included his wife and daughter in this appreciation of his services,

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

"DUBH-SITH"—Where can I get some information regarding this famous dwarf? He was present it is said at the battle of Fraigh Ghruinard in Islay. When was the battle fought? TROICH.

ICICLE.—What is the Gaelic for an icicle? I understand it has more than one name? EIGH.

J. F. CAMPBELL.—Where and when was "Great Campbell of the Tales" born? Where and when did he die? ILEACIL.

GAELIC MUSIC.—I am told the Gaelic Society of London published a collection of Gaelic songs many years ago. What is it like and can it still be purchased? A description of the work will oblige. CEOL.

MACNABS.—Can any one give information regarding the silver-smiths to the Campbells of Lochawe? I understand they were MacNabs. ABBOT.

ST. KILDA.—How was this island first peopled? What was the date? How many inhabitants does it contain now? HIRTA.

IN MacKenzie's "History of the Camerons," under the Camerons of Dawnie, he says Ewan Cameron, who fought at Culloden, married with issue Donald Charles Cameron, born in 1745. I should like very much to know whom Ewan Cameron married, and the names of any of his children other than Donald Charles. Donald Charles Cameron married a daughter of Cameron of Letterfinlay, and had five daughters. I should like to know the Christian names of his wife and the daughters. CATHERINE CAMERON.

I should like to have information about the Kennedys of Leaneachan, Lochaber, circa 1740-1780. More information is available for the period 1780-1820; but I can trace very few references to the earlier generations. FLORA KENNEDY.

DONALD, 3rd Maclean of Brolas, had a son called Gillian who became a lieutenant, was married, and had issue. I should like to know whom this Gillian married, and the Christian names of the offspring. GILLIAN MACLEAN.

ANSWERS.

CLAN MACINTYRE.—It is understood the Chief is in America. I am not aware that his whereabouts is known. SLEAT.

MACKIBDY.—This surname is in Gaelic MacUrardaigh. It was common in Bute and Arran of old. F.

STRATHYRE.—The old Gaelic name for Strathyre is "Iomaire riabhach." SRATH-OIGLISE.

CLANN CHOLLA.—The race of which Clan Donald are the principal house was known in early times as "Clann Cholla," as they claimed descent from Colla Uathais, or Uais, who flourished A. D. 125. This Coll or Coll Uathais was sixth in descent from Constantine Centimachus. He was known as "Conn C'end-cathach," or "Conn of the Hundred Battles," and the Clan Donald are referred to in ancient history as "Siol Cuinn."

CHISHOLMS.—The chief of the Strathglass Chisholms has always borne the distinctive appellation of "An Siosalach"—the Chisholm, or "Siosalach Strathghlais"—Chisholm of Strathglass, in distinction from the Roxburgh chief, who was styled, according to his place, "Chisholme."

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Mi fhin is Anna.

Gleus A. Seis.

Words by Neil MacLeod.

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Bu chuireidheach binn an rìghinn Anna; Bu cheanalta grinn an rìghinn Anna;

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Bu deas air a buinn an rìghinn Anna, Nuair rinn mi'n ainmir a phòs - adh.

RANN.

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Au cois a' chruidh-laigh an glinn a' bharraich, Le suigeart is aoidh mi fhin is Anna,

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Bha sona is sìth gu'n dìth 'nar talla, Gun nì cur smalain no bròin oirm.

Chuir Freasdal oirm pàisdean bàigheil, tairis,
A chinnich fo bhlàth gu làidir, fallan,
O mhonadh gu tràigh 's o thràigh gu baile,
Bu shumdach fearail ar n-oigrìdh.

Bha Anna gu fial 'g an riaghladh thairis,
Mar aingeal 'g an dìon bho lion gach galair,
'G an teagasg le briathran ciallach earail,
Le rian is maise 'g an seòladh.

Chuir trioblaid no dhà an sgàil mu'r teallach,
Is bha sinn mar chàch an sàs fo 'n eallach,

Ach Anna, mo ghràdh, gun smàig, gun talach,
Le sìth nam beannachd 'g ar steòrnadh.

Ach chaochail ar n-àl 's tha 'n àite falamb,
'S tha sinne gun stà air sgàth ar calla,
Gun aighear mar bhà, gun àgh air thalamh,
Mi fhin is Anna 'n ar n-ònar.

Gur fadalach, sgìth mi-fhìn is Anna,
Le mulad is caoidh ar cinn air gealadh,
Ach moladh do'n Tì thug dhuinn gach beann-
achd,

Cha dìobair Esan ar còmhnuidh.

REVIEWS.

"SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE BURN." By Alice C. MacDonell, London; John Ousley (Limited), Fleet Lane, Farringdon Street, E.C. Price, 2/- net.—We cordially welcome this further collection of verse by our Highland countrywoman, showing, as it does, that even in the atmosphere of London this Celtic bardess can sing as sweetly as if she were in her Lochaber home. The book contains 56 pieces on various subjects. Not a few of them are thoroughly Highland, such as "Lads with the Kilt," "The Lassie wi' the Tartan," "Cill Charoill," and "Tir-nan-òg." Our readers at home and abroad should encourage this clear crystal rill of pleasing verse.

HISTORIC GLEANINGS IN THREE FAMOUS BORDER COUNTIES.—By George Douglas Dixie, Dumfries; W. Blacklock, Church Crescent, 1911.—This book aims at supplying in a handy form a list of places of outstanding historical interest in the Counties of Dum-

fries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigtown. Brief notes are given concerning these places, which make the work a safe and interesting guide to the district. The work is well written and beautifully illustrated.

THE BURN OF TANG, Adam Cromartie's Narrative. By John Horne, Ayr; Stephen and Pollock. 2/6.—Pastor Horne is the author of several interesting volumes, but this is his first long story, and we heartily congratulate him on his success. We have always held that the Highland Evictions were never successfully dealt with in fiction. In "The Burn of Tang" Mr. Horne has tackled this phase of Highland history, and we consider he has been wonderfully successful. The Land Question has been a good deal before the public since the Crofter Revolt in the early eighties, and it is here dealt with in a graphic and fascinating manner. The book contains some graphic passages, and may be accepted as a trustworthy record of an eventful period in the history of the Scottish Highlands. It contains some excellent illustrations.



THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.



THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

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THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

ON Thursday, 11th April, the marriage of the Marquis of Stafford, the elder son and heir of the Duke of Sutherland, and Lady Eileen Butler, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London. Amongst those present were Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, the American, German, French, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Argentine, and Danish Ambassadors with their ladies, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, the Countess of Cromartie, and Major Blunt Mackenzie, and many others. The wedding was the most important social event of the season, and over 1000 guests were present.

The church was transformed into a bower of flowers, and the scene was a charming as well as an impressive one. A detachment of the Coldstream Guards lined the church porch. The Archbishop of Armagh officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Canon the Hon. Leonard Tyrwhitt, Rev. H. R. Gamble, Rev. J. Sorby and Rev. J. Murray Dixon.

There were fifteen bridesmaids in attendance on Lady Eileen Butler:—Lady Betty Butler, the bride's little sister, who walked alone; Lady Evelyn Herbert, the Hon. Maureen Stewart, Miss Hilda Butler, Miss D. Butler, Miss Jean Stewart, Miss Christine Guthrie, Miss Kitty Combe, Miss Romaine Combe (all children); Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Lady Enid Faue, Lady Mary Dawson, Miss Phyllis Come, Miss Kitty Leigh, Miss Lavinia Bingham.

The Earl of Lanesborough gave away his daughter, who looked very well in a wonderful wedding robe of silver and gold brocade, draped

with a quantity of valuable old lace, while from the shoulders there fell in graceful folds a long train of the same material also draped with lace, and she wore a lace veil over a spray of natural orange flowers in her hair. Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

After the ceremony a reception was held in Grosvenor House, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. The presents include a tie-pin from the King and Queen, and gifts from other members of the Royal family.

An extensive scheme of celebration was carried out in Sutherlandshire, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland having contributed £500 in order that the poor of the county should be remembered and the children entertained. The officials of the Sutherland Estates co-operated with the Parish Council and School Board authorities in carrying out the arrangements for the distribution of the money to the poor and giving suitable treats to the children. Golspie was transformed into fairyland, the places of business and private dwellings being decorated on a lavish scale. The whole village was illuminated at night. All the celebrations, from beginning to end, were a complete success. An enthusiastic Highland welcome was accorded to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford on their arrival at their Highland residence of Dunrobin, on Saturday, 20th ulto. The village of Golspie had entirely undergone a transformation scene, flags, bunting and clusters of innumerable decorative material being everywhere in evidence. A huge crowd gathered in the vicinity of Dunrobin Station and Castle eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Marquis and his bride. A guard of honour of the 5th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (Territorial Force), under the command of Lieut. Mackay, stood at attention on the platform, and as the Duke of Sutherland's private train steamed in bearing the newly-married couple, who were travelling on the engine, the pipe band, under the command of Pipe-Major Colin Thomson,

struck up "The Cock o' the North," which was followed by a vociferous burst of cheering on the part of the crowd, the Marquis and Marchioness smilingly acknowledging the welcome. The horses were unyoked by the crowd from the landau in which the Marquis and his bride were to be driven and drawn by several of their number to the front entrance of the Castle, where Mr. D. Maclean, factor for the Duke of Sutherland, delivered a hearty welcome. Mr. J. R. Campbell, Shiness, then read a congratulatory address on behalf of the tenantry on the Sutherland estate, which was followed by a welcoming speech by Mr. D. Maclean on behalf of the officials and employees. The Marquis and Marchioness each made a fitting reply, thanking all present for their kindness. The village was illuminated in the evening.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By J. G. MACKAY, Portree.

(Continued from page 64.)

ON the shore of a certain loch in the west there is a cave which was long the haunt of a party of smugglers. On one occasion a south country shepherd was proceeding to the nearest village by a rough track along the shore, when all of a sudden his dog set up a howl. The shepherd looked about him to see what had been at his dog, and discovered the cave and found the men, who were at work at the time, sitting at their breakfast, and I may mention that the mouth of the cave was grown over with brushwood and ivy, so that it was almost impossible for an ordinary passer-by to notice it. The smugglers usually tied back this overgrowth when passing in and out to keep it from getting chafed and discoloured. He was invited in without any question and treated to a share of the breakfast, and besides getting a good stiff "*deoch an doruis*" he was also presented with a bottle of whisky to bring home.

He was never pledged to silence. No one would have thought it necessary—certainly not in the case of a native: that is an unwritten law, and possibly under ordinary circumstances it would not have been required in this case. But to proceed.

The shepherd went on his way quite pleased with his adventure, and when near his destination he met a local clergyman who was rather unpopular in the district, and who was on very bad terms with the young men, who delighted to play all manner of tricks upon him. Having to live more or less as a recluse, he was naturally inquisitive when he fell in with a stranger.

Consequently he struck up a friendship with the shepherd, who was so delighted with the condescension of the minister that in the largeness of his heart he produced the bottle and offered him a dram, assuring him that it had never paid anything to the Queen. Before he knew where he was the minister had the whole story, and as ill-luck would have it, the smugglers were some of those to whom he had a pet aversion. He immediately wrote the Excise, informing them of the find, and giving them such bearings and land-marks, which he got from the shepherd, that they could have no difficulty in finding the cave. The Excise, who lived at the other end of the parish, set off next day on their enterprise and attempted to get a conveyance to bring them to the nearest place to reach the cave. The conveyance not being obtainable on the plea of the horse wanting a shoe, they had to tramp it. This, however, roused suspicion as to their intentions, and messengers were despatched across the hill with the news.

The smugglers were busily employed, but they set to work, and soon dismantled everything. The worm and pot and mash tubs were hoisted far up the precipice by means of a rope passed over the branch of a tree, and then a creel was got and shingle taken in from the beach, which was scattered over the place to cover marks of habitation, and pails of water splashed over roof and fire-place to give it the appearance of not having been used for a long time. Thus, in an incredibly short time the cave looked as ancient and forlorn as if it had not been occupied since the time of the Druids.

When this was done everyone went to hide in clefts of the precipice above to wait the result. By-and-bye the sound of oars was heard, the oars making a loud, creaking noise, which showed that the rowers, at all events, did not wish to come by stealth. In due course they landed, and the officers had no difficulty in finding the cave, which, however, they never would have found, unless they had got such good directions.

When they entered and saw what was before them, you may judge their surprise and chagrin at being so badly duped. You may be sure that the minister had a bad half-hour of it when they got to his house.

The next anecdote I tell you more for the coincidence than for anything very special in the story. The District Officer on one occasion called at a friend's house accompanied by a collector or similar high official in the service. The officer was a school-fellow of my friend, and in the course of the conversation they talked of old smuggling days, when the collector told of an experience he had in Sutherlandshire when a young man. After a bit my

friend corrected him, and told his way of the story. The exciseman in astonishment asked, "How do you know?" "Because," said my friend, "it was I who gave you that cut on your lip."

The thing happened thus. My friend, a young student, during the holidays sometimes taught a class of young men in his father's barn. Their next neighbour was a noted smuggler, and on this occasion he was busy preparing the malt in his own barn, which was close at hand, only a burn dividing the two farms.

On looking out he saw the gangers coming down the glen. He immediately rushed into the barn where the school was being held, and cried "Oh! lads, there's the gangers." The young men at once took in the situation at a glance, made for a number of bags of chaff in a corner, and shouldering them, made off down the glen in an opposite direction from that in which the officers were coming. The officers immediately took up the chase, which continued for a long distance. When the chaff carriers considered the folks at home had sufficient time to put everything out of sight, they slackened speed.

My friend, who was the leader of the band, pretended to fall, and by the time he got up the officer, who was now the collector, came and seized the bag in the King's name. The lads kept up the fun for some time with a semblance of being very much in earnest, and unfortunately the fun came to blows, and the cut on the officer's lip was the consequence.

Many years ago, the Excise succeeded in discovering the haunt of a famous smuggler in the West and capturing the plant. They destroyed the pot and tubs, but carried away the worm, which is the valuable part, as a trophy. They had to tramp about a dozen miles to the nearest station, carrying their burden on a pole. They were, however, quite jolly, as it was a very important capture. On arrival at the station they deposited the worm on the platform among the other goods and luggage which were to go by the first train. There was an hour before the train would start, so they had plenty time to get some breakfast, of which they stood in need after their long tramp and weary burden. On the way to the hotel they wired to head-quarters, intimating the capture. But "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

When they returned to the station after having refreshed themselves, they looked on to the platform, and not seeing the worm, they took it that the railway porters had put it into the luggage van, and they strutted about the station quite jolly. By-and-bye, one of their number looked into the van, but no worm was

there. He at once rushed up to his companions and told them, without, however, thinking there was anything wrong. They went to the office and asked where the worm had been put, but no one there saw it.

At first they tried to treat the thing as a joke, thinking some of the railway officials had hid it for fun, but they soon realised that it was no fun, but grim earnest.

They had for once caught the great Duncan napping, but they got a rude awakening before he was done. Duncan followed them and saw them leaving the worm in the station, and when they were joking and laughing at their breakfast, he slipped in by the back of the station, and shouldering the worm, was off and placed it in a safe hiding-place before the gangers were back at the station. You may easily appreciate the chagrin of the poor gangers, after all their weary tramp over the hills and days and nights of watching.

These are only a small sample of smuggling yarns. To do them anything like justice would require an evening for themselves.

THE HIGHLAND POACHER.

I must, now, however, introduce to your notice the twin brother of the smuggler, in the person of the Highland poacher.

Like the smuggler, the genuine Highland poacher is entirely different from his name-sake of the south. The genuine Highland poacher is a sportsman, and prosecutes the calling for the love of the sport and the romance and excitement of the chase, which is as inherent to the Highlander as it is to breathe the air of his native mountains.

There is no passage in Holy Writ that comes more natural to him than the first Divine command, "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,'" and when, owing to the altered circumstances arising from the breaking up of the Clan system, the liberty of the chase was taken from them, they excused themselves in the saying which has since become a well-known and oft-repeated proverb—"Breac à linne, Fiadh a fireach, Slat a coille, Tri meirle as nach do ghabh, Gaidheal riamh nàir"—"A trout from the stream, a stag from the forest, and a switch from the wood," three acts of theft of which a Highlander was never ashamed. I must, however, explain that deer in a park, reared pheasants, and any game which cost money to rear, or planted timber, did not come under that category, and were always considered private property, and there-

fore safe as the sheep on the hills. Besides the pleasure of the chase there was also the romance and excitement of evading the keepers, which gave additional pleasure to the life of a poacher. Ever since our "mither Eve, the witless hizzie," took that unfortunate apple, stolen bread has always been considered sweet, and the fact that game was preserved made the pursuit of it all the more enticing.

Poachers of this class are not to be confounded with the man who sets nets across field gates at night, and with his dog, silently drives the timid hare into its meshes. There is no romance in prowling about at night covering coveys of grouse or scores of rabbits, and sending them by stealth to the nearest and best markets.

There is no romance in silently laying in wait for the unfortunate game-keeper, and with brutal bludgeon maiming or perhaps killing him who is only doing his duty, as every honest man is bound to do. I never knew of an old Highland poacher laying violent hands on a keeper, and even in these mercenary days, when following the evil teaching from the south, poaching is done for the market, I have only heard of one case, and that was a case of a man who was bereft of his reason.

To the old Highlander sport came as a second nature, and when the first attempts were made to prohibit them in the enjoyment of the pastime, very great indignation was felt. We in these prosaic days cannot appreciate the freedom and excitement of roaming the hills at pleasure in pursuit of the fleet and nimble deer. There is no theme that has excited the Highland muse so frequently as that of hunting. There is hardly a love song of the period comprising the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth in which the love-stricken bard does not dwell with pride on the sportsman capabilities of her lover, while the poetic effusion of the sterner sex setting forth the delight of "chasing the wild deer and following the roe" are innumerable.

In that inimitable poem, "*Beinn Dorain*," Duncan Ban, the King of Hunters, as well as of Bards, says:—

(Translated by Professor Blackie.)

My delight it was to rise
With the early morning skies
All aglow,
And to brush the dewy height,
Where the deer in airy state,
Want to go.
At least a hundred brace
Of the lofty-antlered race,
When they left their sleeping-place,
Light and gay.
When they stood in trim array,
And with low, deep-breasted cry,
Flung their breath into the sky,
From the brae.

When the hind, the pretty fool,
Would be rolling in the pool,
At her will.

Or the stag, in gallant pride,
Would be strutting at the side
Of his haughty-headed bride,
On the hill.

And sweetest to my ear,
Is the concert of the deer,
In their roaring.

Than when Erin from her lyre,
Warmest strains of Celtic fire,
May be pouring;

And no organ sends a roll,
So delightful to my soul,
As the branchy-crested race,
When they quicken their proud pace,
And bellow in the face
Of Beinn Dorain.

Oh, what joy to view the stag,
When he rises 'neath the crag,
And from depth of hollow chest,
Sends his bell across the waste,
While he tosses his high crest,
Proudly scouring.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PASSING OF THE "TITANIC."

April 15th, 1912.

Unto its depths the Universe to-day
Is moved, awe, horror, deepest gloom hold sway,
All eyes are dim, and blanched is every cheek,
And hearts are full of sorrow none can speak.

Well might the Universe appalled be
And stand aghast, for from the Western Sea,
These tidings dread had flashed to every shore,
The great "Titanic's" lost for evermore.
Pierced thro' by giant berg, she's fathoms deep,
'Neath the Atlantic wave in last, long sleep,
Whilst of two thousand souls aboard her, true and
brave,
Full fifteen hundred lie in watery grave.

The direful news at first was scarce believed,
Stunned was the World, and fancied 'twas deceived;
But soon, alas! the ghastly truth was proved,
And none could hear it and remain unmoved.
The details left the stoutest heart appalled,
But tho' all sorrowed, all were yet enthralled.

The high traditions of the Saxon race,
Upheld were nobly, there was no disgrace,
No coward panic 'mongst that hero band,
Standing on verge of the Eternal Strand.
All did their duty, calm and brave, serene,
Unto the close of that grim, thrilling scene;
Altho' we mourn, we cannot but feel pride,
And glory we are kith and kin of those who died.

Throughout the ages will the story ring,
Long after we are gone who felt the sting;
Those heroes true, from castle and from cot,
To the World's ending ne'er will be forgot.
Recalled will be the hymn the bandsmen brave
Played till the end, till o'er them closed the wave;
Upon the Roll of Fame of Ocean dread,—
The names be blazoned of those glorious dead.

Have mercy, Lord.—Unto this Thy decree,
Humbly we bow, and nearer draw to Thee;
"Thy will be done"; Lord God, Thou knowest best,
Comfort the living, to the dead grant rest.

April 19.

GEORGE DOUGLAS DIXIE.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 45.)

AN rud nach faic sùil cha chiùrr cridhe.

What the eye sees not will not hurt the heart.

An rud nach 'eil, nach robh, 's nach bi—
Sin a mach do làmh is chì.

What is not, was not, and never shall be,
Stretch out your hand, and it you'll see.

[This is a guess, and the answer is, that the little finger of your hand is not as long as the middle one.]

An rud a thig gu dona, is eutrom a dh' fhalbhas e.

Lightly come, lightly go.

An rud a nì Dòmhnall dona millidh Dòmhnall dona.

What angry Donald does, angry Donald destroys.

An rud is fhiach a ghabhail, is fhiach e 'iarraidh.

What is worth having is worth asking.

An rud a bhios an dàn bithidh e do-sheachan.
What is fated cannot be avoided.

An rathad a chuir thu 'n gruth cuir na shruth am meog.

If the curds you throw away, after them just cast the whey.

An onair nach faigh duine a ghnàth, na biodh e 'ga h-iarraidh aon tràth.

The honour you cannot get alway, never seek it for one day.

An rud 's an téid dàil théid dearmad.

What is delayed is often neglected.

An rud nach gabh leasachadh is fheudar cur suas leis.

What can't be cured must be endured.

An ni nach cailte, gheibhear e—

What is not lost will be found.

An ni (rud) nach buin duit na bean da—An rud a thuir clag Sgàin.

Says the bell at Seone—"What is not thine, touch not, my child."

An neach théid fada o'n dorus cinnidh a shoraidh fuar.

Out of sight, out of mind.

A Luain 's a' Dhòmhnach.

Sunday and Monday—always.

Am fear nach lùb ri glùn cha lùb ri uilinn.

He that yields not at the knee will not yield at the elbow. (Learn young, learn fair).

Abair Mac-an-Aba gun do chab a dhùnadh.

Say MacNab without closing your lips.

("Aba" cannot be sounded without bringing the lips together).

An leabaidh 'ni duine dha fhéin, 's ann innte 's fheudar dha laighe.

The bed one makes for himself is the one in which he must lie.

An cliù a théid òg do dhuine 's e a leanas ris.
The character one bears when young is what clings to him.

An té a théid a dh' aindeoin an allt brisidh i na cuinneagan.

She who goes to the well against her will will break the stoups.

An ceòl air feadh na fìdhle.

The music has gone through the fiddle—things have got mixed up.

An cadal fada, 's beag a thlachd do neach 'tha ann an deòrachd.

A long sleep has little joy to him who is in want.

Amhaire araon romhad 's ad' dhéigh.

Look both before and after you.

Amadan aig deich ar fhichead amadan am feasd.

A fool at thirty is a fool for aye.

Amadan an duine chrionda.

The penurious man's fool—an undesirable position.

Am fear nach toir oidhirp, cha dean e gnìomh.

He who makes no effort performs no deed.

Am fear nach fritheil do chlag chàil, fritheilidh e do'n ath thràth.

He who won't answer the dinner-bell will attend the next meal.

Am fear nach cluinn air chòir, cha fhreagair air chòir.

He who hears but badly answers badly.

Am fear air am bi fearg a ghnàth, is cosmhuil a ghné ris an dris.

He who is ever wrathful is like the brier in nature.

Am fear aig am bi an sac làn 's math leis màin air a mhùin.

He who has a full sack would like a heap on the top.

Am fear aig a bheil, 's e a gheibh.

To him that hath shall be given.

Am fear a thig air na's léir dha thig air na's nàr dha.

He that speaks what he should not will hear what he should not.

Am fear a th' ann san fhéith 's duilich dha tighinn aisde.

The man who is in the bog finds it difficult to get out.

Am fear a's tuighe claigeann, 's e 's lugha eanchainn.

The man with the thickest skull has the least brain.

**THE LATE
LIEUT. DONALD CAMPBELL, R.N.,
of Balliveolan, Argyllshire.**



THIS month we give a portrait of the late Lieutenant Donald Patrick Colin Campbell, R.N., whose untimely death in the terrible submarine disaster which occurred off the Isle of Wight on the morning of February 2nd, caused a feeling of profoundest sorrow in his native county of Argyll, which has in him lost one of its best and bravest sons.

Cut off at the early age of 23, he had in that short time nobly achieved the promise of his boyhood, and the highest hopes were entertained for his future career.

A Cadet of the House of Barcaldine, Lieutenant Campbell was brought up in his ancestral home of Balliveolan, on Loch Creran side, to which he was devotedly attached, and where in his childhood and early youth he won the love and kindly regard of all who knew him. "The white flower of a blameless life" was his, and everywhere, at home and abroad, his frank and kindly manner gained him many friends.

He succeeded to the estates of Balliveolan in 1891, and, in connection with Lieutenant Campbell's own death, it is a pathetic coincidence that his father too, in the prime of his manhood, lost his life by drowning in a boating accident off the Island of Lismore.

Choosing the Navy as his profession, Lieut. Campbell received his early training on board H.M.S. "Britannia," and in 1905 he was appointed to H.M.S. "Majestic," which was stationed for some time at Gibraltar. Later he was appointed

to H.M.S. "Berwick," and, with the Atlantic Fleet, visited the South American Ports in 1910. On H.M.S. "Roxburgh" he served as Lieutenant, and was, only a few days prior to the sad accident, chosen out of a number of distinguished applicants for submarine duty at Portsmouth in connection with H.M.S. "Arrogant."

The ill fated submarine, which was for over five weeks the tomb of 14 brave men, was raised on March 12, and on March 16, amid deeply-impressive scenes, and with every mark of honour and of love the body of young Lieutenant Campbell was laid to rest in Pennyfuir Cemetery, near Oban.

The tragic circumstances of his early death had stirred to their depths the hearts of all, and sympathy in fullest measure was extended to his sorrowing mother, Mrs. Campbell of Balliveolan, and to his only sister, Miss Viola Campbell, in their overwhelming grief.

The sad consolation that their loved one lies with kindred dust is theirs. He has entered into his rest, into that sleep which knows no waking till the glory of the Resurrection Morn breaks in on its dreamlessness. "Home is the sailor, home from sea."

TO ALL HIGHLAND HEARTS.

[Written on seeing an appeal from the minister of Kilmuir, Skye, for the creation of a National Fund for the repair and preservation of the Tomb and Monument of Flora Macdonald.]

DINNA FORGET.

Can it be ye have forgotten,
In brief space, fair Flora's name;
One that's writ in golden letters,
On the deathless scroll of Fame.
Can it be her grand devotion,
Is into oblivion cast;
That Macdonald's noble daughter,
From the Highland heart has passed?

Never, surely? Yet it saddens,
Those who hold her men'ry dear,
When they hear the grievous tidings,
Borne to them from far Kilmuir,
That the tomb wherein reposes,
Dauntless, loyal Flora's dust,
Is forgotten and neglected,
Crumbling to decay and rust.

Surely should that tomb be sacred,
Be preserved with loving care,
This be deem'd an honour'd duty,
One ye never should forswear.
Surely ye have *not* forgotten?
'Twould be lasting, deep disgrace,
All unworthy the traditions,
Of a noble, loyal race.

Rouse ye, see those hallowed ashes,
Lie in fitting resting-place;
Raise to her a new memorial,
Worthy of the Highland race.
Tend it with fond love, devotion,
Till the Day of Doom and Dread;
Gladly should ye pay this tribute,
To your great and glorious Dead.

THE RELIGION IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.*

By H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D.

(Author of "The Place-Names of Argyllshire,"
"Regimen Sanitatis," &c., &c.)

You may think that this is a strange subject, or a strange heading; but I am going to try to justify it, and all I have got to say will be an effort to explain it. I may say—and, indeed, must say—that my thoughts in this connection have nothing at all to do with the sects or creeds and faiths that we are so fully familiar with. My objective is in another direction, which I hope you may realise as I proceed. Your best way is to imagine that I am speaking to you at least a thousand years ago, and then we shall all—both speaker and hearer—be free from all possible prejudice. We shall then look upon the mind of our people as it was, and as it even now is, expressed in our language.

You will see that the subject falls at once and easily under the three venerated "heads" of our younger days. I shall alter the order of the words a little, and take first Religion, then Language, and last and finally Gaelic, as it bears upon the other two heads.

What then, and first, is a Religion? Man-kind are accustomed to look upon the sect or creed or faith in which they have been brought up, or have been instructed into, or have attained to themselves, as their religion. That is, so far, quite true: but that is not the essential primary concept in religion. The first concept in the word, and the word itself, means a *bond* which unites a body of people together, so that they may pursue, and if possible, attain to, a common ideal of life and conduct, whatever that ideal may be. There are hundreds and thousands of religions in the world, but the concept which I have just stated—a bond of common union—is the basic factor in them all. In our own small Highlands we have quite a number of religions, of sects and of creeds—it is not for me to say whether for good or for evil—but this, the original idea of the common bond, is there always, underlying them all. That is what determines and constitutes the sect and the creed and the religion. The word is used admirably in a sermon by Bishop Latimer before King Edward VI. in the year 1549, where he refers to the "duty between man and wife which is a holy religion." This shows the original and pure sense of the word as being a *bond* between man and wife. In this same correct sense a bond exists between members of a

family, of a clan, of a community, and of a nation, and of even a race.

Now, for myself, I can put all and every religion of a healthy nature that ever was, is now, or ever can possibly be, into two words—*Bi glan* ("be clean"). This is reducing all healthy religion to its least common denominator. It is in terms of this L.C.D. that I want to test our Gaelic language. The twenty-fourth Psalm has it, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart . . . shall receive the blessing from the Lord," or as our Gaelic version has it, and beyond comparison finer, *Esan aig am beil a lamhan neo-chiontach agus a chridhs glan gheibh esan beannachadh o'n Tighearna* ("He that hath his hands guiltless and his heart clean . . . he shall receive the blessing from the Lord"). What I am aiming at comes out here admirably. It is the hands that are clean in English, but the heart in Gaelic, which simply means that the hand and the heart must both be clean in order to obtain the blessing. It must be both—clean hands and clean heart. Now, I have often wondered whether this of the psalm, very fine indeed as it is, is better than our Gaelic maxim, that "A man should shake hands with a clean hand." To extend a dirty hand to a friend—even in the simplest sense—was and is un-Highland and un-Gaelic, but the moral behind is the great matter. This simple and familiar everyday Gaelic saying has always appeared to me to be the last word in honour, honesty, and manliness. The heart is strongly and strangely expressed in the shaking of the hand. The heart comes through to the fingertips in a wonderful way. You know the man who gives you his hand feeling like the limp cold tail of a dead cod-fish, or gives you the knob of his umbrella or walking-stick! How do you like him? It was said of Robert Burns that when he gave you his hand it went through you like an electric shock—and Burns was not a codfish! If you write across the glorious firmament of your great Northern sky, across from our old friend the Plough, and on the laps of Cassiopœia, Cepheus, Perseus, and Andromeda in letters of adamant, each a thousand miles long, the great Gaelic advice and the essence of all religion, *Bi glan* ("be clean"), to which you will look steadily through all your earthly days, it will conduct and carry you far—all the way—and you need not be greatly concerned about sects and creeds.

Now, let us ask what are these bonds which bind us together as a people—bonds which are a religion in the true sense I have shown. Well, first there is the bond of race. We are of the Keltic stock, and we of the Highlands of Scotland are even to-day, after many millenniums, racially considered, certainly one of the

* An address delivered to *Comunn nan Albannach, Lunnainn*.

purest unmixed blood in all Europe. That surely is a big bond, and a big religion, for us. Then, again, we have a very long, and a very strong, and honourable history, not only as part of the history of Europe, but also in our own special history made from our glorious Glens and Isles of Scotland. That, also, is a big bond, and the memory of it is no mean religion. And, again, we have our great Gaelic tongue—in which you speak and sing to-day—still a living language, and yet it was old, even aged, before many of the other, and oldest languages of Europe, were out of their cradles, or even born. Before Dutch, or French, or Spanish, or Italian, or German, or Latin, or Greek, were out of their swaddling-clothes, our Gaelic language had written its record in the rock, as the rivers and mountains and all the great configuration of Europe shows and declares forever! That is surely a bond, a great bond, indeed—the bond to which I am to direct my attention specially, and from which I am going to determine our basic religion. We see, then, that we have had an origin, a continuance, and a development special and peculiar to ourselves. I would like to put this all into the form of a botanical similitude of, say, a tree or plant. It will help our memory and our understanding. A tree, let us say, consists of root, and trunk or stem, and branches, and leaves, and flowers, and fruit. I look upon the race as the stem, and our stem is fairly familiar to students of the records of mankind. It stands straight and strong in the whole history of Europe, at least. Our roots are so very far back in the deep darkness of unknown time that I fear they can never be, with certainty, traced, although some have tried to do so. The foliage is the mental factor, the understanding and the imagination of our race and people, which has drawn health and inspiration from its great environment, and gave out in wisdom and poetic respiration beauties of which even great nations might be proud. I like to look upon the language of a people as the flower. It is in the natural system of botany, taken as the basis for classification, and it is so among nations also, although hybrid forms cloud and disguise the essential Natural Order in the one as in the other. It is to the flower, to the language of our race and people, that I wish to direct your particular attention; but let us follow our similitude. The fruit is expressed in the ultimate result of all growth, namely, in the Character which distinguishes race and peoples so very clearly, and determines their history and their place in the world, and from which in process of time further trees and plants may grow; for we must know that in the order of nature, no race, or people, or language, or character, is ever extinguished or

lost, but falls back and remains in the great store of humanity for all time.

A religion has no purpose and is of no use unless it aims to raise mankind to a higher plane of life, to a higher conception of cleanliness in mind and action, to a higher apprehension of honour and duty, and responsibility for the life bestowed upon us. Our evolution demands so much, and all that, and will have it, otherwise we degenerate and go down—to perdition.

Let us think what a language is, and especially our Gaelic language. To those of you who know something of the early history of mankind when they dwelt in the rock-shelter and the cave—to which the utmost worst of our *bothain dubha* were palaces—it is not impossible to imagine a time when man spoke no language at all. We look upon language as being co-eval with man and with race; but it was not so. Language was a matter of slow growth, and whenever it is determinable or knowable it remains always our surest index of the civilisation of its time. There are forms and idioms remaining in the spoken Gaelic of to-day that reach infinitely beyond all reliable history, and beyond anything and everything in all the languages of Europe. In the beginning, man, of course, made the language, and he has continued to make it until now; but on the other hand, the language has made man through the ages, and it is making him now. It is our only sure inheritance. It is a purer bequest than even the clean blood of our long generation. It is the treasury in which our people and our race have stored for us through thousands of years their feelings, and their thoughts, and their wisdom from experience. No one who knows the language well, claims for it the keen-edged reasoning of Aristotle or of Euclid. Our language went on other lines. It is the language of the heart and not of the head. It is the language of the kind heart and of the strong heart. It has made men and heroes, even if it has not made philosophers, and however I admire the immense power of intellect, I concede at once that

“The heart aye is the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.”

In what I have to say I assume, and it is not a very big assumption, that the fundamental concepts of the Gaelic language are far older than our Christianity in whatever form we follow it. So, therefore, if I am able to read the language aright, I cannot justly be supposed to be in any way prejudiced, and I shall certainly make no contrasts or comparisons.

Now let us see where our Gaelic language has raised us to, and where it has left us—up to the present time. As the best way of estimating

this, let us see what types of men it has grown, or—to keep my botanical analogy—what types of men have grown it, and who they are, what they have left us in our language, to emulate, and if possible to excel. We have several great types of man who have crystallised in our venerable tongue, but I can only refer to a few of them, yet even this few will raise you to a very high plane indeed if you are not already there: and if you are there, they are a great position to start from towards higher things. Who then are our great men of the Gaelic language? Well, I at once give first place to one of our most familiar men, the *duine-còir*. Now, who is he? You say that he is the kind man, the generous man, the altogether good man and you are right. But who is he? He is simply the *just* man, and none but he. You know that *còir* is just and justice, and justice involved to the warm, sensitive Highland heart all the attributes that it could give or ascribe to this very high type of man. There is not upon the whole earth, and there is not possible to the human imagination, a finer type of man—so far as he reaches—than the *duine-còir* of the Gaelic language.

The next man I am to introduce to you, or rather to recall to you, is the *duine-foghuinteach*. Now, who is he? He is the hero, you say, the brave man, the warrior. Yes, I will take all that. The *duine-foghuinteach* is all this and more—in one. But who really is he in Gaelic? He is just and simply the *sufficient* man—no more and not less. He is the man that the great American, Emerson, described as “the man at home” within himself—the man waiting for the occasion, and ready at all times for the occasion. He is the strong man—in reserve. We have no word in Gaelic for a bully, and we have no word for a coward. The sufficient man was enough for our people. It is true that we have the word *gealtair* for a coward in the later language, but this really and primarily means a *madman*. Did any language or people ever register a higher compliment than is implied in this word? Our people did not know the coward at all, but when civilisation came to redeem them from their savage state, with the help of Johnson and Lord Macaulay, the coward somehow came too. Our people did not recognise him. He was a stranger. They did not know what to call him, so they threw him into the category of contempt, and they named him Madman, *Gealtair*, “Coward”—and there he remains.

The next man I have chosen is that very fine man, the *duine-cothromach*, a very near relative to the *duine-foghuinteach*. Who is he? You know him well. He is the man who harbours not hate, nor declares his love to excess. He is not a slave to anger or to timidity. He

boasts not of his strength, and he shows no weakness. He suffers neither from poverty nor from riches. He is the equally balanced man, the man in equilibrium, for *co-thromach* means “equally balanced,” by the rigid beam, in character, conduct, and estate. You will agree with me that he was, and is, a fine, equitable, stable, solid citizen. We could always do with a great many of him.

(To be continued)

THE TONGUE OF THE GAEL.

If there a Gael that dare despise
His mither tongue and a' that,
And clips his words in Saxon wise?
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their hums and ha's and a' that,
We'll still be true to speech we drew
Frae mithers' lips for a' that.

The deep, full-breasted Highland tongue,
Wi' *gairm* and *glaoth* and a' that,
Ere Roman fought, or Greeklings sung,
Was sounded loud for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their classic lore and a' that,
On Highland braes the Celtic phrase
Comes banging out for a' that.

On mild Illissus' tiny stream
Pale olive trees and a' that,
Let Plato pile with lofty scheme
Ideal states and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their fine-spun Greek and a' that;
Where torrents roar stout hearts will pour
Brave Gaelic speech for a' that.

The Roman was a lusty loon,
Wi' camps and roads and a' that;
But whar the Highland hills looked down,
Guid faith he couldna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their legioned host and a' that;
When Celts were nigh, with slogan cry,
They turned their backs for a' that.

Your Oxford man's a dainty loon,
Weel combed and brushed and a' that;
But when the Celtic blast comes down,
He's blown like chaff for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their smooth-rubbed Greek and a' that,
A Highland sang is never wrang
On Highland hills for a' that.

If Ayrshire blows the trump of fame
For Robbie Burns and a' that,
Wi' Duncan Ban's high-honoured name
Shall we be dumb and a' that?
For a' that and a' that,
Though prigs deny, and a' that,
There's lofty lays in Gaelic phrase
Will never die for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Highland lads may sing and say,
In Highland speech for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their red tape rules and a' that,
On Highland braes the Gaelic phrase
Is Queen o' tongues for a' that.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communication on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

MAY, 1914.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With January Issue we commenced our Twentieth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our list of Subscribers for the Volume as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their Annual Subscription (4s. post free, or One Dollar) at once to the Editor, A. M. MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

THE LATE DONALD MACKENZIE, SANDYFORD, GLASGOW.—Glasgow has lost a well-known and popular citizen in the person of Mr. Donald Mackenzie. Deceased was born and educated in Ross-shire, and after spending some time in America he settled in Glasgow, and for over 30 years resided in the Sandyford district of the city. He took an active part in the civic life of the city, and was always ready to assist any deserving movement. For a number of years he acted as president of the Northern Highland Benevolent Society, and he filled a similar office in the Sutherlandshire Association. He was connected with many other social and political organisations.

GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this Association the following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Mr. W. R. Yule; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. D. MacKenzie and W. N. Simpson. Mr. W. N. Simpson was appointed president of the Rambling Club. It was unanimously agreed that Major Stirling of Fairburn be elected a patron of the Association as a small recognition of his interest in Ross and Cromarty people resident in Glasgow, and of his help in carrying on the good work of the Association.

GLASGOW SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this Association—Mr. Alexander Bruce in the chair—the reports of the secretary and treasurer, being considered satisfactory, were adopted. Mr. Bruce was appointed president for the seventeenth year in succession. Regret was expressed at the sudden death of Mr. Donald MacKenzie, Sandyford, an ex-president of the Association, who took a deep interest in all matters affecting the well-being of the county.

THE CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this society—Mr. Gremie A. MacLaverly presiding—an expression of regret was recorded at the death of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Braemar, Pollokshields, one of the original members, and an office-bearer. Mr. W. H. Macdonald intimated that he desired to resign from the secretaryship, which he had held for over 13 years, and Mr. John D. Macdonald, who has acted as honorary treasurer for the past eight years, was appointed honorary treasurer and secretary. Sir John H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., was re-elected president.

THE JOHN MURDOCH MEMORIAL.—A beautiful Celtic cross was unveiled in Ardrossan Cemetery last month to the memory of the late Mr. John Murdoch, the well-known land-law reformer, by Mr. J. G. Mackay, Portree. It bears the following inscription:—"John Murdoch. Born at Ardelech, Nairn, 1818. Died at Salcoats, 1903. Highland patriot and pioneer of land reform in Scotland. A man of noble ideas, pure and unselfish public spirit, who devoted his life to the uplifting of his down-trodden countrymen. Erected by friends and admirers."

THE CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—At the annual business meeting of the Clan MacLean Association in Glasgow, Captain A. J. H. MacLean of Ardgour presided, and there was a good attendance. The secretary reported that the total membership was 375, made up as follows:—life members, 205; ordinary members, 170. Thirty-six new members had joined during the year. The treasurer reported that the total funds standing at the credit of the Association amounted to £330. The annual social gathering was fixed for 25th October. A ladies' committee was afterwards appointed, as well as the usual office-bearers.

The Clan are at present making arrangements to visit the ancient stronghold of the Clan, Duart Castle, Mull, which has been recently purchased by Sir Fitzroy D. MacLean, Bart., chief of the Clan. Duart Castle occupies the verge of a high cliff on the coast of Mull. It is of great antiquity, and is a square tower with walls of enormous thickness.

THE FORBES AND THE MACKAYS of Sutherlandshire are regarded as of common descent, and are known to the "senachies" as "Clan Mhonguim," or Clan Morgan. The clan took its name from the Aberdeen-shire parish of Forbes, and the Morgans were also an Aberdeenshire clan, possibly one and the same with the Forbeses.

THE SONS OF ROB ROY.

By DAVID N. MACKAY.

IT may safely be claimed, I venture to think, that interest in historical records is more widespread to-day than it was a generation ago. Our history books are more numerous, and they are more attractive. They pay less and less attention to the foibles of kings and courtiers, and they reflect more truly the daily lives of the men and women. Less stress is laid on dates and categories. The historian who wishes to receive the attention and the shillings of the book-buying public must give us coloured word pictures in place of the dull engravings of his predecessors. Even the school history book has become a joy for ever, if not to the actual scholar, at least to his parents and big brothers and sisters. So if I am to secure the modern reader's approval, it must be by showing that the sons of Rob Roy were human beings, though some of them were very depraved, and not mere lay figures in the historical comedy or tragedy.

The five sons of the famous freebooter were men of some importance in the Southern Highlands. They were sib to the chief, and they must have known all that tradition recorded concerning the ancient history of their clan, formerly the main branch of the Siol Alpin from which sprang the Mackinnons, Grants, Macnabs, Macfies, and Macanlays. They must have heard how their clan claimed to be descended from the Scoto-Irish royal house and had for their motto, *'S rioghail mo dhream*—"my race is royal," and had lived for at least seven centuries as a distinct organisation on the northern shores of Loch Lomond, in Glenorchay, on the banks of Loch Katrine, and in the more distant wilds of Glenstrae. They must have heard of the issuing of letters of fire and sword in 1564 (in the reign of Mary,) of the long feud with the Colquhouns, of the victory at Glenfruin in 1603, of the march of the widows to the King's presence with the blood-stained shirts of their husbands, and of the pitiless cruelties perpetrated by land-grabbing Campbells and other chartered freebooters against the outlawed Clan Gregor. At every *ceiliidh* they must have heard tales of the period when their clan was "nameless by day," when ministers were forbidden to use the name MacGregor at baptisms or weddings, and when each clansman had to use an unwilling ingenuity in allying himself with any clan but his own.

A modern humorist has remarked that "one cannot be too careful in the selection of one's parents." I think we may assume that Coll, Ronald, James, Duncan, and Robert MacGregor

were well satisfied with theirs. Probably they would have been still better pleased had they lived to read the novel written by the Wizard of the North around the remarkable personality of their father. But we, like they, must leave the imaginative picture aside and stick closely to the actual facts.

Rob Roy had Campbell blood, for his mother was Margaret Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Gleneaves. Some writers state that the record of a baptism on 7th March 1671, in Buchanan Parish, is that of Rob himself. At any rate he was the second son of Lieut.-Col. Donald MacGregor, and he was a nephew of the Chief of the Clan. His father, the Colonel, was a freebooter like himself, not given to nice distinctions of conscience, and was taken prisoner in 1690, but released on the promise that he would persuade the Keppoch and Glengarry MacDonalds to make terms with the Government.

Young Rob was nominally a cattle dealer and grazier in the neighbourhood of Balquhidder, but he constituted himself the protector of the goods of such neighbours as would pay him "blackmail." He was a kind of one man insurance agency, and the premium he collected insured the payer against all cattle raids which Rob Roy could prevent, including of course those that might otherwise have been led by the insurance agent himself. His chief biographer, Mr. A. H. Millar, states that he originally organised his bands of armed adherents to protect his own cattle from northern rievvers.

When Rob was about twenty years of age, namely in 1691, the Kingdom of Kippen was raided by his men, in revenge against the Kippen folk for attempting to prevent a cattle drive by which Lord Livingston was to be the loser. This occurrence is known as the Her'ship of Kippen—the harrying of Kippen. Mr. Millar recalls, in passing, the ancient rhyme concerning that region:—

“Baron o' Bucklyvie
May the foul fiend drive ye
And a' to pieces rive ye
For building sic a town,
Whaur there's neither horse meat, nor man meat,
Nor a chair to sit doon.”

If this was a correct description the her'ship cannot have been a lucrative exploit.

In 1693, when Rob was about 22 years old the Clan Gregor was again the object of legal restraint, so he had to give up using the name MacGregor. He took his mother's name, like many persons of later birth who wish to preserve incognito. He became Mr. Robert Campbell. He did not leave Balquhidder, and for a time (about 1693) he acted as leader of the Clan, during the minority of Graham of Glengyle.

On some date during this period Rob married

Helen MacGregor of Comar—a relative of his own. Mr. Millar tells us that her real character was the very reverse of her fictional one—that she was gentle, amiable, and never meddled with the schemes of her fiery husband. She was not interested in politics.

Between 1693 and 1711, Rob seems to have carried on, in comparative peace, his business as a cattle-dealer. The method of working seems to have been remarkable; Rob got money from his trade customers in the winter, and in the summer he supplied them with black cattle. It would not be fair to say that he stole the cattle. Possibly he bought them and forgot to pay for them. In 1711, his financial affairs became involved and he omitted to return from his usual Highland tour, and went to the Western Isles. Thence he returned, on receiving a promise of protection by the Duke of Montrose. He did not face the lawyers in Edinburgh, however, and he was declared a “notour bankrupt.” The use of these words causes a smile—Rob Roy a notour bankrupt! Hard words break no bones. The Government had long ago passed legislation against the “wicked thieves and limmers of the clans” but had been powerless in following abuse by actual repression, so his notour bankruptcy did not worry Rob Roy. That cheerful knave was safe from the law’s long arm, and in the words of a warrant for his apprehension he kept himself “with a guard or company of armed men in defiance of the law.” It is interesting to note that the worst cattle thieves were on the borders of the lowlands. I assume that the lowlanders had not the organisation necessary for the role of cattle-stealing, while the more remote Highland clans had not yet been corrupted by proximity to lowlanders.

We must now consider some of the early experiences of the young MacGregors. While Rob was away among the friendly hills keeping clear of the legal minions, his wife and family were evicted in the middle of winter. It is said that Mrs. MacGregor was most brutally and criminally treated by the evictors and that this explains the extreme keenness of Rob’s hate for the Montrose family thereafter. This event must have made a deep impression on such of the lads as were reaching years of understanding. The evictor was Montrose, so Rob very naturally turned his sword against the Grahams and allied himself to the Earl of Breadalbane. He seized a newly built fort at Inversnaid and made it a defence against its own builders. The young lads were thus exiled from the property of their father, for the Inversnaid estate had been Rob’s own. He had mortgaged it to the Duke of Montrose, had been unable to pay, and by an old law the Duke was able to take possession.

We may be sure that our MacGregor youths suffered many hardships during their boyish days, but their lives must have had a brighter side, for Rob was not without a lively sense of Celtic humour. In the collection of tales published in his lifetime under the title of “The Highland Rogue, or The Memorable actions of the Celebrated Robert MacGregor commonly called Rob Roy” (London, 1723) ascribed by some to Daniel Defoe, some amusing incidents are recorded, and may very possibly have been enacted in presence of the young hopefuls.

“A rich old parson who was a zealous maintainer of predestination, coming late one night from an entertainment when he had been a little too free with the bottle, unluckily reeled into the hands of the MacGregors. By the small regard they showed to his habit, Old Sanctity quickly suspected he was fallen among reprobates. . . . He endeavoured to lay open before them the heinous and damnable sin of sacrilege, but his tongue failed him and the accents fell imperfect from his mouth. Roy Roy, it seems, in the time of his prosperity, had been one of the flock over which our elect elder brother (I am still quoting) was pastor, and knowing him to be rich sent for him next morning, to treat about his ransom. But old Boanerges being brought before him, began with making grievous complaints of the unchristian usage he had met with. ‘Is this’ (continued he) ‘doing as you would be done by? Are ye quite abandoned to works of darkness? Have ye lost all sense of goodness, of religion, conscience and justice? Have ye no thoughts of the dreadful consequences of your wickedness, no regard to future rewards and punishments? Cannot hell and damnation, fire and brimstone, awaken and terrifye from this destructive course of living?’

“‘Prithee! no more of your eant,’ says Rob Roy, ‘How often have I heard you preach that we are not free agents, but that all our actions were preordained, and that, of consequence, we are under a necessity of doing what we do? Do you mutter at the treatment you have received from us? Consider that it was determined before the creation that you should fall into our hands, and suffer all that ye have undergone, and that we had not power to act otherwise. Why do you advise us to employ our thoughts upon a state of life hereafter when if your own notions are just, we were from all eternity fated to happiness or misery? You make pretensions to an extraordinary piety, but you are not ashamed to rob, nay worse, to cheat your congregation by taking their money for preaching, when at the same time you believe it is to no purpose.’”

I shall not quote the remainder of the lay sermon, so attributed to Rob, though it contained several other "heads."

Another incident of the outlaw's career must have been known to his sons. A sheriff officer was sent to collect a debt from Rob, and ventured to his very door in the path of duty. Rob asked him to remain over-night, so that he might procure the cash to pay him off. During the night a dummy figure was prepared and set hanging from a reasonably distant tree, in view of the sleeping sheriff officer's window. That worthy was terrified to see what he took to be the corpse of a newly executed man. Calling a servant, he asked for an explanation and received (if the author of "The Highland Rogue" speaks truly) the following reply.—

"Oh sir! 'tis a bailiff, a cursed rogue that had the impudence to come hither to my master's own house, and dun him for an old debt, and therefore he ordered him to be hanged there for a warning to all his fraternity. I think the insolent dog deserved it, and in truth we have been commended by all his neighbours for so doing."

The officer, we are told, then ran for his life.

Rob's character was complex. He had his good qualities, though we may well doubt if he was quite so public-spirited as Sir Walter would have us believe. He could be generous, though he was often harsh. If he did not always do the right, he at least knew the right, and sometimes did it. He resented a mean action. He had the virtue of physical courage. He had the Highlander's traditional failings—bluster, a tendency to let many suns go down on his wrath, and a capacity for outward religious profession with no very observable indications of productive convictions.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

THE SCOTTISH PSALMONDY.—The Free Church have published for the use of their congregation an enlarged and extended edition of the Scottish Psalmody. The Committee have restored into favour a number of tunes that have been excluded from modern collections of sacred music. A large number of minor tunes have also been restored and we have a supplement containing a number of the "Gaelic long tunes" as they are called. It is questionable if many congregations will use these. The work is carefully got up and can be had in either notation price 2/6, postage 4d. from the offices of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh.

OUR readers will be interested to know that the series of articles on "John Stuart, Earl of Bute" by Mr. J. A. Lovat-Fraser, which appeared in our pages, has been published in book-form by the Cambridge University Press. The volume is dedicated by the author to his Chief, Lord-Lovat. Copies can be had from the publishers, price 2/6 nett.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

MACCLUTCHIE, MACLATCHIE, OR MACLETCHIE.—Is this an Irish or a Scottish surname? What is the Gaelic form? A LEARNER.

SCOTCH COUNTIES.—How many of these have got Gaelic names, and what are they? TUATHACH.

RAONULL DUBH.—Where can I find any information regarding Ronald MacDonald, son of Alasdair MacDonald the poet? Did he write any poetry himself? ARISAIG.

[You will find some information about Raonull Dubh in the interesting work called "Moidart; or Among the Clanranald."]

IMITATION OF CHRIST.—Was this work translated into Scottish Gaelic? If so, when, and by whom? LIBRA.

[This work was translated into Scottish Gaelic by Father MacEachen (1769-1849) in the year 1836.]

MACCANDLISH.—What is the origin of this surname? Are the names MacCandlish and Candlish derived from the "Clan Andrish", a small sept of Clan Chattan?

SKEOCH.—What is the origin of this Argyllshire surname?

MITCHELL.—What is the Gaelic form of this name? There are Gaelic speaking families of this name in the Isle of Lewis.

LEITHS AND MACLEITHS.—Were they connected with any clan?

IMRIE.—Was this family connected with the Highlands. It is an old Fifeshire name of supposed Flemished origin. W. A. T.

ANSWERS.

"DUBH-SITH."—You will find an account of this dwarf in Wm. Livingstone's poem on "Blàr Tràigh Ghruineairt." This battle took place in Islay in 1595. F.

J. F. CAMPELL.—He was born in 1822, I presume, in Islay. He died at Cannes in 1885. F. C.

ST. KILDA.—This island has a population of 70. They all speak Gaelic. The island was probably populated from Uist or Lewis. IORT.

THE KENNEDYS OF LIANACHAN.—You will find two articles on the Lianachan Kennedys in Vol. IX. of *The Celtic Monthly*, pp. 188, 203. F.

LONDON COLLECTION OF GAELIC SONGS.—The Gaelic Society of London published "A Selection of Highland Melodies" in 1876. It was edited by Louis Honig. It contains fifty songs. Some of the translations are very wonderful. FIONN.

SURNAMES.—The making of bows and arrows has given several surnames to the English, such as Bowyer or Bower, Stringer, Fletcher, Arrowsmith, Setter, and Tipper. Gaelic absorbed "fleecher" or "fledger," arrowmaker, and, more generally, bowmaker, in the form of "leisdear." It was an easy transition from "Mac-an-fledger" or "Mac-an-fleecher" to "Mac-an-Leisdeir" or "Mac-an-Leisteir." In Islay we find the name written Mac Inleister in 1686. The Fletchers of Glenlyon were arrowmakers to the MacGregors in late mediæval times. The name is fairly common in Argyle.

FIONN'S WARS WITH THE MACGREGORS.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."

THE origin of the race and name of MacGregor has been much discussed, but partly owing to the obscurity which involves the problem of their origin, partly also to the ignorance of writers who knew nothing about their Irish ancestry, very little is known of this clan beyond what can be gleaned from untrustworthy traditions. Thus it happens that the early history of the MacGregors is represented by a blank page, and this, in spite of the prominence which they have gained for themselves by their warlike habits, their misfortunes, and the indomitable spirit which enabled them to resist and overcome all attempts to suppress their unity as a clan.

Like other Highland clans, they wrote their history in lines of blood, and in blood and iron they paid the penalty. As they held their lands by no other title than the "right of the sword," they saw no need for title-deeds from the Crown, and scorned these "bits of parchment" as only fit for Saxon dogs and dishonest men. They reaped the natural consequences of this contempt for the law in due time. Their ignorance and simplicity made them an easy prey to powerful but unscrupulous neighbours, who never hesitated to obtain from the Crown by legal means the lands of the MacGregors which they could not obtain by force. "More land," as Sir Walter Scott has said in "Rob Roy," "is won by the lawyer with the ram-skin, than by the Andrea Ferrara with his sheep-shead handle." Nor were the MacGregors long in discovering the truth of this, when they saw their ancestral lands filched away from them with every show of legality, and themselves hunted and harried from place to place. They came under the Royal displeasure, and the Royal frown proved to be the general signal for the wolves to fasten on the prey. The fierce struggle for existence that ensued led the clan to commit deeds of spoliation and of bloodshed which were natural in the circumstances. Legal craft was resisted by open violence, and violence was met in turn by atrocities which aimed at the extermination of the clan and the obliteration of its distinctive name. It was every man's hand against the MacGregors, and the MacGregors against all-comers.

The MacGregors have always claimed to be one of the most ancient of Celtic clans in the country, but if this traditional claim rests on the mere assumption that they are descended

from Gregorius, or Gregor, third son of Alpin, King of Scots, who flourished about 787 A.D., their title to great antiquity would not bear close scrutiny. As King Gregor, the so-called "eponymous ancestor" from whom the clan MacGregor claims to be descended, reigned in Scotland from 870-890 A.D., the clan cannot be said to be ancient unless we are to deny the infallibility of the accepted tradition about the MacGregors' origin. The popular vanity, which tries to see in some individual—who always happens to be of noble birth and of great military renown—the eponymous ancestor and founder of a clan, is a vanity peculiar to the human race in every stage of culture and refinement, and when, as in the case of the MacGregors, there survive no authentic records of history to prove or disprove such a pleasing fiction, its chances of popularity and general acceptance are immeasurably increased. But popularity of itself will not prove the truth of any such contention. Indeed, the naked truth is seldom popular, and to be acceptable must be dressed out in showy tinsel and finery so as to create a favourable impression.

Some clans do not claim to have any eponymous ancestors. They "spees they growed." Others, less fortunate, may have had reason to hang and quarter them, and then forget all about them. This was, perhaps, the commonest and most convenient method of disposal in ancient times. However it be, the eponymous ancestor has, in this age of criticism, come to be regarded, and rightly so, as an ideal rather than as an historical figure, and if ideals betray the man, they also throw light on the character of a community which holds them up to admiration. Many of these old Highland "ideals" in a past age were a trifle bloody-minded, but we cannot forget that they sprang from the people, and only reflected the savage manners of the time.

It is, therefore, not unlikely that King Gregor, being an historical figure, was descended from the clan rather than that the clan was descended from him. Besides, less than four centuries after his time, the MacGregors had become so numerous and powerful that their recognition of King Gregor as the eponymous ancestor and founder of their race must have been only a pleasing fiction which deceived none but themselves. This fiction, as Dr. Skene observed, is, nevertheless, "believed in by all the MacGregors, although there is no title of documentary evidence to prove this descent, and fabricated genealogies are not reliable." Admitted, also, that the clan-name Griogar has in some unaccountable way been influenced by the Christian name Gregor, the difference in the usage of the names seems to point to a difference in the origin and etymology which most historians

and genealogists have overlooked. Highlanders of old called each other by descriptive epithets; as for surname they bore none but the clan-name. By exception, we have in the case of the MacGregors a Highland clan which has no clan-name, or else has lost it, since *Griogar* is a Christian name meaning "the watchful one," and being strictly personal, cannot be made to designate a clan without transgressing ancient Celtic usage.

My own belief is that the original form of the clan-name was *Grega* or *Grīga*, whence was derived the by-form *Griogalach* (i.e. *Grīga sluagh*, "the Greek or Greig people"), the termination *-lach* being the same collective suffix as appears in the old Irish word *teglach* (Gael. *teaghlach*)—family, household, and meaning literally "house people" (*tego-slungos*). It may be that King Gregor was sprung from this wild clan *Grīga*, and, perhaps owing to his church connection, adopted the clerical name *Grēgor* because it sounded so like his own clan-name; but of the true facts of history we shall probably never know. The clan *Grīga*, if such was the original clan-name, certainly derived it from one of the ruling races of Leinster, one whose ancient sovereignty in this Irish province justifies the MacGregors' title to be considered a "royal race" in comparison with the upstart clans around them. 'S rioghail mo dhream—"Royal is my race"—is the well-known motto of the clan, but although, not supposed to be older than the ninth century, most probably dates back to the first century, or thereabouts, when the Irish ancestors of the MacGregors ruled the races subject to them with a rod of iron, and later, proved themselves, in the third century, a thorn in the flesh of Fionn and his band of warriors.

This clan-name *Grīga*, *Grega*, or *Greig*, has an antiquity attached to it which no other Gaelic clan can boast, and the ancient history of the clan itself is so intimately bound up with the very beginnings of Gaelic history and civilisation that the story of the origin of the Gael could not possibly be written without the appearance of the MacGregors in the first chapter. The "grey Gael" that came from the "land of Greece" is hackneyed tradition, and sufficiently well-known to be popular; and yet, it is a tradition which ancient and modern commentators have so successfully obscured by their classical learning that, at the present day, no man knows exactly what the tradition means. In the present paper, I wish to show that "Greece" was not the name of a country, but of an Irish people who lived in a part of Leinster anciently called "Scythia;" and that the Fenians had much trouble with these Greeks, because the Greeks were the Irish ancestors of

the MacGregors, and where there's a MacGregor there's sure to be trouble.

There are, of course, no very ancient Scottish records extant to prove that the clan-name of the MacGregors was originally *Grīga*, but in any case, the ancient form could never have been *Gregor*, which is a Christian name of ecclesiastical origin and not a Celtic clan-name. It is probably nearer the truth to say that King Gregor adopted a name popular with the leading churchmen of his day, and that out of compliment to him, or of clan vanity, or both, the *Grīga* clan made the easy change of name to *Griogar*, *Griogar*—whence the derivative *Griogalach*. This obvious confusion of name may disprove their own contention about their origin, but cannot refute the possibility of their existence as an independent clan centuries before King Gregory saw the light. The MacGregors are not the lineal descendants of King Gregory, but of the "Gael of Greece" who are equally renowned as warriors in Highland *sguelachds* as in the oldest of Irish legends and traditions.

(To be continued.)



Mr. FRANK ADAM, writing from Singapore, says:—"I wrote you some time ago, sending you a photo of a pipe band of eight gentlemen, from all parts of the Malay Peninsula, who gave a performance in Kuala Lumpur about a year ago. Last Xmas we managed to get together a band of eleven in the same place, where we received a perfect ovation from a large and most appreciative audience. This has attracted the attention of the military authorities, and a movement is now, therefore, on foot for starting a kilted body of volunteers in the Federated Malay States. I am hopeful that this will come to something. I hope to be able to engineer a pipe-band performance in Singapore.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 69.)

MAY—AN CEITEIN.

THIS month derives its English name—May—from the Latin *Maius*, from the goddess *Mai*, a goddess of growth or increase. It is called in Gaelic *An Ceitin*, old Irish *ceitain*. The word means “the first of summer” *cét sam*—the *sam* of Samhradh. Manx, *yn chiud rec jehn towrey*—the first month of summer. It is also frequently spoken of in Gaelic as *A' Bealltuinn*—the Beltane—from the fact that it begins that Gaelic division of the year termed *A' Bhealltuinn*. Manx, *Boalltyn*. Another name by which it is known in some districts is *A' Mhàigh*. Early Irish, *Mai*; from Latin, *Maius*. The first day of the month is called *Latha Bealltuinn* or *Latha buidhe Bealltuinn*—Yellow Beltane Day. In Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland (1794) we find the minister of Callander in Perthshire, describing the May-Day customs of his parish as follows:—“Upon the first day of May, which is called Beltane or *Bàl-teine* Day, all the boys in the township or hamlet meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal, until it is perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfolded, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to *Bani*, whose favour they mean to implore, in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast.” Pennant in his “Tour of Scotland,” 1771, also refers to this custom, while Martin (1716) refers to a custom prevalent in Lewis of sending a *man* very early to cross Barvas river every first of May to prevent any *females* crossing it first; for that they say would hinder the salmon from coming into the river all the year round.

On the thirtieth of this month, 1812, the famous Gaelic bard, Duncan Bàn Macintyre—*Donnacha Bàn nan òran*—died at Edinburgh. He lies buried in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, where a chaste monument, erected by admirers, marks the spot.

The fifteenth is the Scotch quarter day of Whitsuntide—Gaelic, *A' Chuingis ùr*, but more generally *An Fhèill Brèanain*—St. Brendan's day. This saint was a famous voyager, and his name was associated with more than one Highland parish. The twenty-sixth (Sunday) is the proper Whit-Sunday—Gaelic, *Di-Dòmhnach Cuingis*. This day gets its name *White Sunday* from the fact that it was formerly a great season for Christenings, in which white robes are a prominent feature. It is the seventh Sunday after Easter, commemorative of the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost. Gaelic, *Cuingis*; Irish, *Cingris*; Early Irish, *Cingceigais*—from the Latin, *quin-qua-gesima*, fifteenth day from the Passover.

It is considered unlucky to marry in May—

Marry in May,
Rue for aye.

Why it should be so is difficult to determine, and I am not aware that a satisfactory reason has ever been given for the superstition. The late Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness, in his book on “Highland Superstitions,” says (page 41), “the Highlanders, as well as many other ancient tribes, looked upon certain days as lucky or unlucky in themselves. The 14th May was considered an untoward day; so much so that the day of the week on which the 14th day of May fell was deemed unlucky during the whole of that year, and nothing of consequence was undertaken on that day. May and January were considered unfortunate months to marry in, as also the Friday of any week.”

There was a day known to the ancient Gael *La sheuchmailh na bliadhna*—the day of the year to be avoided. Armstrong, in his Dictionary, says—“This term was applied to the 3rd of May; others, too, say the 2nd; others the 5th. It was held unlucky to begin any important work, and unpardonable to commit any crime on that day; for the extraordinary reason that on that day the fallen angels were believed to have been expelled from Heaven.”

As we have been dealing of late with Moveable Feasts in the Ecclesiastical Calendar, it may be well to introduce the Tables and Rules for the determining of such days. The following—taken from the Book of Common Prayer:—

TABLES AND RULES

for Moveable and Immoveable Feasts; together with the Days of Fasting and Abstinence through the whole year.

Rules to know when the Moveable Feasts and Holy-days begin.

Easter-Day (on which the rest depend) is always the first Sunday after the Full Moon

which happens upon, or next after, the Twenty-first day of March; and if the Full Moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter-Day is the Sunday after.

Advent-Sunday is always the nearest Sunday to the Fast of Saint Andrew, whether before or after.

Septuagesima.....	Sun- day is	<table border="0"> <tr><td>Nine</td></tr> <tr><td>Eight</td></tr> <tr><td>Seven</td></tr> <tr><td>Six</td></tr> </table>	Nine	Eight	Seven	Six	<table border="0"> <tr><td>Weeks</td></tr> <tr><td>before</td></tr> <tr><td>Easter</td></tr> </table>	Weeks	before	Easter
Nine										
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Weeks										
before										
Easter										
Sexagesima.....										
Quinquagesima.....										
Quadragesima.....										

Rogation Sunday..	is	<table border="0"> <tr><td>(Five Weeks</td></tr> <tr><td>Forty Days</td></tr> <tr><td>Seven Weeks</td></tr> <tr><td>Eight Weeks)</td></tr> </table>	(Five Weeks	Forty Days	Seven Weeks	Eight Weeks)	<table border="0"> <tr><td>After</td></tr> <tr><td>Easter</td></tr> </table>	After	Easter
(Five Weeks									
Forty Days									
Seven Weeks									
Eight Weeks)									
After									
Easter									
Ascension-Day									
Whit-Sunday.....									
Trinity-Sunday....									

AN DOIGH ANNS AN ROBH NA SEAN GHAIHDEIL
A' CUNNTAS DUBHILACHD NA BLIADHNA.

Tha oidhehe agus geàrr mhìos o Shamhuinn gu Feill Aindris agus trì oidhechean a dh' easbhnidh a gheàrr mhìos eadar Féill Aindris agus Nollaig. Seachdain Nollaige. Seachdain Coinnle. Seachdinn Sainnseil. Ceithir latha deug Faoiltich Geamhraidh. Ceithir latha deug Faoiltich Earraich. Seachdain eadar Feadag agus Gobag, no Sguabag. Seachdain Ioma-sgobaidh na Feadaig agus an Fhaoiltich. Seachdain a' Ghearrain. Deich laithean sgiorraichean na Féill Conain. Deich laithean Doinn na Féill-Pàdrùig. Latha na Caillich. Tha Chailleach air an latha so a tilgeil uaipe an slachdan-druidheachd leis an robh i a cumail fodha a' chiuneis fad na Dàldaehd agus i ag radh—

Dh' fhàg e shìos mì,
Dh' fhàg e shuas mì,
Dh' fàg e eadar mo dhà ehluais mì;
Dh' fhàg e thali mì,
Dh' fhàg e bhos mì,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà chois mì.

Agus tilgidh i 'm farehan ann am bun craobh-challtainnairnaeh fàs duilleach no dos gu toiseach an ath-Dhùldaehd; an déigh so tha Oehd laithean deug eadar Glasadh na Cuthaige agus Neòil Dhubha na Caisg, Oehd laithean deug Ceitein Earraich agus an sin Latha Buidhe Bealltuinn.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A NOTABLE HIGHLANDER.

RECENTLY the death took place at Achnaconeran, Glenmoriston, of Mr. Angus MacDonald, a man of unusually interesting personality. Mr. MacDonald was almost a centenarian, having attained to the extreme old age of 97 years. Thus he lived under six sovereigns, namely, George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, Edward VII., and George V.

Mr. Macdonald was a genuine native of Glenmoriston, and a descendant of Clann-Iain-Chaoil, one of the four MacDonalld families who, as tacksmen and vassals under the Lords of the Isles, possessed the Glen till the coming of the Grants about the year 1500. Mr. MacDonalld was also descended from one of the famous seven men of Glenmoriston who sheltered and supported Prince Charles Edward in a cave at Corry-Dho when a lonely wanderer hiding from his enemies, with a price of £30,000 on his royal head. During the time the illustrious visitor was in the keeping of those brave and devoted Highlanders one of them, Alexander MacDonalld, Aonach, had born to him at home a son, to whom, in honour of his beloved prince, he gave the name of Charles. This Charles had a son Donald to name, who was the father of Angus MacDonalld, recently deceased. It is also worth mentioning that a pot used in the cave for such cooking purposes as were possible there, was in Mr. MacDonalld's-father's family till within a few years back, and is still in the district. Numerous interesting reminiscences centred in the deceased. It was his father, Donald MacDonalld, who became occupier of the old inn at Aonach, where Dr. Johnson put up on his way to the Western Isles, after it had been vacated by MacQueen, whose daughter the distinguished lexicographer presented with a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic. Mr. MacDonalld retained a vivid recollection of the "and hoose," and frequently pointed out the site when passing. He was exceedingly well versed in the legends and traditions of the Highlands generally, and his numerous reminiscences of Glenmoriston during his younger days were most interesting. He remembered having seen the famous Colonel Ronaldson MacDonell of Glengarry on one occasion passing through the glen on his way to Strathglass, with his attendant retinue of followers along with him, some twelve in number, the whole party clad in full Highland dress—kilt, bonnets, feathers, and all. His stories of early school days in the glen were no less fascinating; and when speaking of the people and things of the olden time a crack with him was like the touch of a vanished world. He was well educated, as education went in his youth, and was a noted arithmetician, having quite a faculty for figures. His command of Ossianic poetry and lore was remarkable, and he could at one time in his life recite a large number of ancient ballads, some of which he had learned from his parents, and some from published books from time to time going the round of the countryside. Mr. MacDonalld left a family of grown up sons and daughters, one of the sons being Mr. Alister MacDonalld, Inverness.

THE CLAN MACKAY ANNUAL GATHERING.

LAST month the 25th Annual Gathering of the Clan took place in Edinburgh. There was a large attendance. The Rev. Dr. Patrick Mackay presided over an audience that entirely filled the hall. Apologies for absence were received from the following clansmen and others—Lord Reay, Messrs J. F. Mackay, W. S.; D. N. Mackay, writer, Glasgow; A. L. Mackay, Glasgow; and Chief-Constables Ross, of Edinburgh, and Macleod, of Leith.

The Chairman was accompanied to the platform by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Dr. and Mrs Mackay, Drumshugh Gardens; Provost A. Y. Mackay and Mrs Mackay, Grangemouth; Dr. Hew Morrison, Rev. Malcolm Maclellan, B.D.; Rev. G. M. Munro, Insh; Mr John Munro (president, Sutherland Association), Mr James Macdonald, Mr Donald, Mrs, and Miss Mackay, Seaton Place; Mr Chas. G. Mackay, Mr Peter Morrison, Mr J. Lyell Mackay and Miss Mackay, Mr John Mackay and Miss Mackay, Preston Street; Mr Hugh Mackay and Mrs Mackay, Palace Hotel; Mr D. McLean and Miss McLean, Mr. W. Sutherland Mackay and Mrs Mackay, Mr. A. Mackay, Easter Road; Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., hon. secretary; Mr. Wm. Mackay, hon. treasurer and convener, and Mrs Mackay, Roseburn Place.

A hearty reception was accorded the Rev. Chairman on rising to address the gathering. He said that since the last annual gathering the Society was poorer for the passing of several men, who, by their public service, added lustre to their name and distinction to the Association. The names of four at least were familiar to all clansmen. Sheriff Æneas Mackay, of Edinburgh, from the date of the inauguration of the Society (as it now is) in 1888, until his death, was a strength to the Association, its unwearied and unflinching friend. To John Mackay, of the "Celtic Monthly," a youth of 23, as he stood with a friend listening to the pipe band of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—a regiment which by name and tradition is linked with the homeland of the Mackays—came the vision of helping his clansmen, and this Association that day had its birth. Painter and poet may here find subject for their art—the youth, his dream, its setting, its inspiration. He was not disobedient to the vision. For eighteen years John Mackay served his clansmen with unflinching devotion, served the Association with a zeal such as many men give only to their private affairs, and in mid-time of his years he fell on sleep. But his name and memory will long abide. The clan historian,

the Rev. Angus Mackay, Westerdale, in his well-known book on Mackay, did good service to his clansmen and to Scotland. A great circle of readers, wherever Scotsmen are found, were the richer for his insight and industry, for his steadfast devotion to a great ideal. All who knew him recognised in him a loyal comrade, a generous friend, a true and good man. The Society has erected memorials at the graves of Dr. Duncan Mackay—the founder of the Mackay Bursary for St. Andrew's University—and of Mr. John Mackay, of the "Celtic Monthly." A sum of over £800 was collected for the Kirtomy disaster fund, and of this sum about £370 was obtained through the medium of the Clan Association. This is a practical proof of sympathy for the home folks in their time of trouble. Through the literary activity of our hon. secretary, Mr. David N. Mackay, to whom the Association owes so much, we are reminded that a Clan Mackay Society was in existence so long ago as 1806, and was probably the first genuine clan organization ever formed in the south. The study of its rules is most profitable. They give some evidence that the Mackays in those days were an irritable people, as one article of association provides—"That if any member at any meeting gives scurrilous or abusive language, provoking any person present, he shall immediately pay down a fine of sixpence." The Mackays of those days were far sighted, for they passed an Insurance Bill, so free from difficulty in interpretation, that one might offer a prize to any legal member of the present Association who will find a clause of doubtful meaning. To-night our thoughts turn to the homeland, which some of us used to approach through the gate of Drumholistan. Reay, Strath-halladale, Strathnaver are names which for many of us have witchery. We will rejoice if recent legislation will make them echo again with the song and life of a prosperous people. But whether or not the homelands are to slip out of the grasp of our kinsmen, or whether they are to come to them again, it is our privilege to diffuse knowledge, to elicit native talent, to help the youth of these districts to be masters of any situation in which they find themselves. Education in the Highland districts requires much more assistance than at present it receives. Buildings of superior excellence are not so necessary as is adequate reward for teachers and adequate opportunity for pupils. I have sometimes thought that there are districts in which what was deemed impossible has been achieved, and that educational authorities in some parts of the Highlands, instead of bread have given the youth a stone. The subject requires careful consideration. It is much to be desired that Highland Societies

in the south should take united action in the interest of education in the Highlands. The Highlands do not count for much possibly in the material life of our country, but they may, and if their children get opportunity, they will count for something in the inward world of thought and feeling. I am sure that those present to-night will be glad to know that the Council of the Society are giving careful attention to education, a subject of vital importance to the children of the Mackay country and throughout the Highlands. (Loud applause.)

An excellent concert followed.

THE MACLARENS AND THE APPIN STEWARTS.

To the Editor of *The Celtic Monthly*.

A Charaid!—I would like to draw the attention of your readers to a passage in my article on the Clan MacLaren which appeared in the January issue of this year, wherein I made reference to "Dougal Stewart, who by a certain lady of the Clan Laurin, was the natural son of John, the third and last of the Lords of Lorn."

Since writing the above-mentioned article, it has been brought to my notice that the question of the above Dougal Stewart's illegitimacy is not recognised by the Appin Stewarts, therefore in justice to both Clans concerned, I thought it advisable to draw attention to this point, on which all are not agreed.

In connection with this, a correspondent of mine writes:—"Neither did old Donald MacLaren nor do we Stewarts concede to the illegitimacy of Dougal, 1st of Appin; our arms bear no bar sinister, and the Chief in the Lyons books is 'Stewart of Lorn, the direct legitimate male heir of the line of Sir John Stewart, last Lord of Lorn and Invermeath.'"

Lord Archibald Campbell, in his "Records of Argyll," referring to the murder of John Stewart, says:—"but he lived a sufficiently long time to marry Dougal's mother." Reference to this question is also made in the March and April, 1905, issues of *The Celtic Monthly*, by Alex. K. Stewart of Achnaone.

I may say that my own authority—and it is considered a good one—for the reference which I made to this question in my article on the Clan MacLaren is no less than the illustrious author of "The Scottish Gael," James Logan.

Is mise, le meas mòr.

SEUMAS MACGARADH.

66 St. Vigeans Road,
Aberbroath, 12th April 1912.

LINES TO THE EAGLE.

What Nature-loving Highlander would begrudge the eagle a song? The Highlands without "An Jolaire" would be the Highlands no more. When the sheep-farming, that ousted the Highlander from the glens, flourished, the eagle became nearly extinct; but we are glad to hear that many of the Highland lairds have now laid a restraining hand upon their stalkers and gamekeepers, and that it still circles over the brown bens, dark corries, and blue lakes of our native land.

Proud bird of the mountain, grey crag, and blue sky,
Long over the Highlands in strength may'st thou fly,
Unharm'd by the spoiler, unscathed by the gun,
Swift cleaving the azure, thy front to the sun.

We see thee in fancy, as often of yore,
We've seen thee while tramping the braes of Glenmore,
High poised in the heavens, o'er summits of grey,
Keen scanning the heather beneath thee for prey.

The distant horizon, the valley and sky,
Thou swept with thy flashing and far-seeing eye;
Thou sawest when danger was looming afar,
Or spoilers approaching thy home in the scaur.

The cleft of the lofty, precipitous rock,
Thou chosest for thine eyrie, the hunter to mock;
And bold were the cragsmen thy young that would
take,
Or at thy appearing whose hearts would not quake.

Though mountain and corry are claimed by the stag,*
Thy right is secure to the air and the crag;
In all thy dominions no rival hast thou,
The vulture and sparrow, alike, to thee bow.

The chieftain's blue bonnet thy feathers adorn,
Embroidered on banners thine image is borne;
To fly o'er the steel-crested waves of the fight,
A symbol of conquest, of daring and might.

Farewell, if we see thee, brave eagle, no more,
High circling over the peaks of Glenmore;
Nor gaze on the grace of thy flight and thy swing,
The sun anon lighting thine uptilted wing.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

* Monarch of the glen.

REGIMENTAL NOTES.—A correspondent writes:—"The 71st Highlanders (formerly 73rd). It is generally reported that when the 73rd (now 71st) Regiment was raised, the rank and file wore the kilt and the officers the trows. One would be glad to know if this is a correct statement. In the picture of "The Sortie made by the Garrison of Gibraltar on the morning of 27th November 1781," one notices two officers, Capt. Alex. Mackenzie and Lt.-Col. Maxwell, both of the Regiment, *in the kilt*. Also an old "Officers Account Book of the 73rd Regiment," now in the officers mess of the Regiment, one notices occurring not once but several times this item—"To Bonnet, Kilt and Hose" 7 (£s?) 4s. 4d. (once it is in the year 1781), and under Lt. McIntosh (1779) this item—"To your order paid Busby" 19 (£s? 17s. 3d.)

HEREDITARY PIPERS.—The hereditary pipers of the MacDonells of Keppoch were a sept of Campbells called "Clann a' Ghlasraich." The last of these played at Culloden, and soon after the family emigrated to Prince Edward Island, where it is said a descendant of the Culloden piper now resides, and has the set of pipes which led the Keppoch warriors to battle in 1746.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

La Chul=odair.

Gleus B ♩ *Dà bheum cadar gach trom bheum.*

LE IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

{	d : -- : d	t ₁ : l ₁ : s ₁	d : -- : --	d : -- : r	m : r : d	d : -- : --	}
	O, gur	mis' th' air mo	chràdh ;	Thuit mo	chridhe gu	làr ;	

{	d : -- : r	m : r : m	s : -- : --	-- : -- : m	m : -- : --	r : -- : --	}
	'S tric an	snidhe gu m' shàil		o m'	léir	sin n ;	

{	s : -- : m	m : r : d	r : -- : --	m : -- : m	m : d : l ₁	d : -- : --	}
	O, gur	mis' th' air mo	chràdh ;	Thuit mo	chridhe gu	làr ;	

{	r : -- : d	t ₁ : l ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : -- : --	-- : -- : d	r : -- : --	m : -- : --	
	'S tric an	snidhe gu m' shàil		o m'	léir	sin n.	

Dh' fhalbh mo ehlainncaehd nam
 Cha chluinn mi' san uair
 Gu mall no gu luath ni 's éibhim.

Mu Phrionns Tearlach mo rùn,
 Oighre airidh a' chrùm,
 'S e gum fhios ciol an taobh gu'n téid e.

THE above song has been published as one of the Mod Oran Mor Competition Songs. The air given is said to have been taken down by Miss Amy Murray, U.S.A., from the singing of The Rev. Allan MacDonald of Eris-kay. If the air is correctly recorded—which there is no reason to doubt—then Father Allan or the person from whom he learned it had a very indifferent conception of the rights and wrongs of the adaptation of words to music and *vice versa*. The air is, to begin with, a series of spasmodic notes strung together without any regard to the long or short syllables of the words. To short syllables such as mis', eridhe, snidhe, airidh, fhios, are allotted notes which have a beat and a half and two beats, and to long syllables like the first in léir-sinn and the word téid, only half a beat and a beat are allotted respectively. No good singer of the traditional order would be guilty of the like.

It should be interesting to compare the air as given for Mod Competitors with the above, which is that to which the song was sung at the concerts promoted by The Highland Association of Glasgow many years ago, and which was noted by Mr. John Munro, one of the pioneers among Gaelic Music Recorders.

It is not a little remarkable that the Reverend Convener of the Mod and Music Com-

mittee should not only have chosen this blood-thirsty song, but selected for singing, without any necessity therefor, the most bloodthirsty verses in it, calling down curses on the Han-overian family, that are hardly equalled by anything else of the kind in the language. And this too, in spite of the fact that another older song of equal historical interest was available. The spirit of Iain Ruadh Stewart's song accords well with "God Save the King," the English song which has now become a stock one for expressing at Mods, Gaelic loyalty to the very family whom Iain Ruadh, if he could, would have blighted by his curses! It accords well too with the psalms and English psalm tunes which are now stock ones for expressing praise and glory to the God of Mercy who has put the Sassenach in charge of the Gael for the latter's worldly and spiritual benefit, which he has lost the art of looking after for himself.

We live in other days and under conditions very much different from those in which Iain Ruadh lived, and it is not to our credit as a nation that for the gratification of a mere antiquarian whim, the worst verses of this song should be unearthed and sung in public as long as better material is available and worthy of every encouragement which can be given to it.

C. M. P.



PAUL MACPHAIL.
CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACPHAIL.

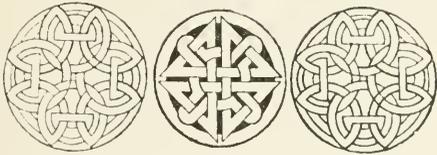
The Celtic Monthly:

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JUNE, 1912.

[Price Threepence.



THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACPHAIL.

WE have much pleasure in submitting to our readers a sketch and portrait of the late Chief of the Macphails. The following letter, addressed to Mr. P. J. Anderson, Librarian of Aberdeen University, explains the circumstances in which the portrait was forwarded, and gives some interesting facts regarding the late Chief—

Dear Sir,—In respect of your chivalrous defence of the head of the house of *Inverairnie* in the *Celtic Monthly* of February, it may be of some interest to you to know that at the death of my uncle, which took place on the 7th July 1904, so far as I am aware, he was the last male representative of the family you refer to, and from what I have been told by my relatives and others, I have not a doubt in my mind but that he was what Dr. Fraser Mackintosh pronounced him to the world to be, the Chief of the Clan Macphail.

When my grandsire died he left three of a family behind him, two sons and one daughter, Paul, Lauchlan, and Ann Macphail, my mother. Paul, who was the eldest of the family, as you are aware, came out to Australia some time in 1852, and followed the occupation of a gold miner for a number of years, with variable success. Latterly for a time he was employed on a sheep station in New South Wales, which then partly belonged to an old school-mate and clansman of the name of Donald Macphail, but at the time my mother and the rest of her family came out to this country in 1886, Paul Macphail was book-keeper for Donald Macphail's ex-partner in Queensland. This Donald Macphail's father took possession of the farm in Strath-Nairn that my grand-father retired

from, and knew my uncles and mother from infancy. Although claiming no blood relationship, Donald Macphail and his brothers Duncan and Alexander, always acknowledged my uncle as their Chief up to the time of their respective deaths. Donald and Alexander predeceased my uncle by some years, but Duncan, who was the eldest of the family, died about three or four months ago at, I think, the ripe age of 86 years. Lauchlan Macphail, my uncle, was educated for some position in the Civil Service, but like a good many projects of man, this fell through, and he practised in Inverness for a number of years as a Sheriff's officer. He was married, but when he died, some time in 1882 or 1883, I am not aware of his leaving any children.

Paul Macphail told me that before he left Scotland in 1852, he went and saw Mackintosh of Mackintosh to ascertain the date of a certain event which was the only clue he had for ascertaining the date of his birth, as the registration books, which had been kept by the school-master, were destroyed by fire. This may account in some way for part of the family being unable to recognise that they were related, that is, if they really were relations, which is a great deal more than I can say up to the present.

As you have taken such a kindly interest in the family, I thought you might perhaps like to see what sort of an appearance the Chief of the Macphails had, when in the flesh. I am getting a copy of a photograph he had taken about two years previous to his death, which he handed to me by his own hands, and when complete, I will forward it to your address, which arrived when I was about to forward this to you by an indirect channel. I also wish to thank you most sincerely for the kind interest that you have taken in the Macphail family.—I am, Dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

[Signed] JOHN CAMERON."

"Lochiel," Shepherd Street,
Broughton Park, Surrey Hills,
Victoria, 1st March 1912.

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By J. G. MACKAY, Portree.

(Continued from page 84.)

ANOTHER famous Bard, Rob Donn, already mentioned, was a most inveterate sportsman. He lived at the time when game began to be preserved in the Highlands, and took very unkindly to the new order of things.

On one occasion he was summoned to appear before the Sheriff and a court consisting of all the local gentlemen, probably answering to our Justice of Peace Courts of the present day. Rob, when the bailiffs came for him, coolly took down his gun and accompanied them without any fear. His wife, however, was very much concerned, and followed him, crying bitterly.

They did not go far, when a flock of deer crossed the track, and Rob's sporting proclivities getting the better of him even in such august company as that of his Chief's bailiff, immediately shot two of the deer, and turning to his wife, asked her to get them taken home, and if he did not return, she would have more need of them, but, he added, "Fear not, it will go hard with me if I am not soon with you to enjoy my share." Arriving at the Court, he was, of course, found guilty, and before sentence was passed upon him, he turned to his Chief, Lord Reay, and asked him "if he would accept security for his future good conduct?" "No, he would not." "Will you accept your own son Hugh as cautioner?" "No, indeed he would not."

Rob then got up, and turning to the Court, exclaimed, "Thanks be to Him who refuses not His Son as surety for the chief of sinners," and bowed himself out of the room.

On another occasion he was out all day in pursuit of deer, and had been unsuccessful in getting near his quarry. There was heavy snow on the ground, and he had wandered far—too far to return home that night. Remembering that there was a sheiling near at hand in which he would be sure to find peats to make a fire and other means to make himself comfortable, he at once made for it. On entering the hut he found it already occupied by a mendicant who wandered about the country, and who was apparently now in the last struggles of his life.

Rob proceeded to make a fire, and when doing so remembered that he had that morning heard of the death of Mr. Pelham, the Prime Minister. The weirdness of the situation, in a hut miles away from any human habitation, in

the company of the decrepit old man in the grasp of the "King of Terrors," set his mind a-thinking of the awful solemnity of the scene, and picturing to himself the wide range of the operations of Death, from Pelham in his high position and luxurious surroundings to poor Ewen the lowly beggar in this deserted hut, he set to croon to himself an elegy, of which the following is a translation:

EWEN'S ELEGY

(Written shortly after the death of Pelham, the Prime Minister).
Translated by Dr. Angus Mackay.

'Tis thou dost instruct us, Death,
That we should turn ere yet too late!
The longest lives are but a breath,
Thou callest hence both small and great!
But these thy latest actions ought
To ope at once our slumbrous eyes—
Thy sudden leap from Britain's court
To this low nook where Ewen lies!

Long time, O Ewen, yes, long time
Has dread disease foretold thy fate;
Now nigh Death's door dost thou repine,
With no one to compassionate!
If unimproved the time has passed,
And many a crime been done therein,
Yet hope remains while life shall last,
O yet repent thee of thy sin!

If we believe thy word, O Death,
These lessons we shall ne'er let slip!
There is no mortal drawing breath
Too vile for thy companionship!
The solemn truth when will we learn,—
Death's vision is both high and low—
From Ewen's sores thou didst not turn,
Great Pelham felt thy mortal blow.

Thou makest grief in court and hall
When at thy touch earth's glories fade,
The ragged poor man thou dost call
For whom no mourning will be made!
All men, O Death, thy face shall see,
And all be forced with thee to go!
Watchful and ready we should be
'Twixt Pelham high and Ewen low!

And all around thy victims fall,
Unseen thy sudden bullets fly;
The noises round us loudly call
That we should be prepared to die.
Thou that art lowest in the throng,
Hast thou not heard that Ewen dies?
And thou whom riches render strong,
That low in death great Pelham lies?

Friends of my heart, and shall not this
Make all our thoughts to heaven tend?
Society a candle is
That flames away at either end!
Where shall we find a humbler man
In Scotland than thy father's son?
And in all Britain greater than
This Pelham, save the king, was none!
Long time, O Ewen, &c.

But with Donnachadh Bàn,—

"I must cease to flood your ear,
With all I know about the deer,
And the fine craft of stalking;
'Twould leave you deaf the half to hear,
And me drive from my senses sheer,
With such unmeasured talking."

"NA BURRAIDHEAN"—THE NATURALS.

The Natural, or Half-Wit, was a prominent figure in every Scottish parish or village. Before he was legislated upon and confined out of harm's way he roamed at "laige" over a wide district, made his home for a time wherever he was well treated. On account of his ready wit and sly humour, as well as his frequently daring to give expression to unpleasant truths which some people would not venture even to think, he was at once a favourite, and a terror in the community. Several amusing sketches have been written about these characters in books of Lowland Scottish anecdote, and it is most interesting to observe how many of these stories can be paired by similar lines of thought from the North. A learned Edinburgh Professor one day going along the road met one of these unfortunates, and thus accosted him—"How long may a man live without brains?" "I dinna ken," responded the Natural; "how auld are ye yersel'?"

Similarly, a parish minister in Lorn, one day driving along the road in company with the laird, saw a local character called Lachlan Gorach herding calves, and said to his companion, "Stop, you, we will have some fun with Lachlan," and he thus addressed him—"Look here, Lachie, the laird is wanting a fool, and I was speaking to him on your behalf." "Are you giving up the job yourself?" says Lachie. The minister, nettled at this, whipped up his horse, but after proceeding a few yards, stopped, and thought he would try another shot, and, turning to Lachie, said—"It is too bad of you to be so severe on me always. Mind, I am very good to you. You know I am chairman of the Parochial Board, and look at the fine new suit we gave you!" "It is not nearly so fine as the one the parish put on yourself, and you don't do nearly as much for it," says Lachie.

Most of you will be familiar with this incident in the life of Jamie Fleeman, the laird of Udney's fool. He was sent to carry water from the well one day, and someone scattered some coppers in the way. Jamie passed and repassed without taking notice of them, when his attention was called to the coins. Jamie replied, "When I carry water, I carry water; when I gather bawbees, I gather bawbees." Similar to that is the story of *Gillesbuig Aotram*, Skye's famous fool, of whom I will have something to say further on. He was one day gathering shell-fish for bait along with MacLeod of MacLeod and a friend at Dunvegan, and in order to try him, MacLeod placed half-a-crown on a stone near him. Archie passed by several times without lifting the money. At last MacLeod pointed it out to him. "Never mind it," says Archie, "When we are gathering shell-fish, let

us gather shell-fish, and when we are gathering money let us gather money."

Jamie Fleeman was on another occasion travelling along the road, and found a horse shoe, which he lifted. Shortly after he met the Rev. Mr. Craigie, of St. Cyrus, and says to him—"Od, minister, can ye tell me what that is?" "You fool," said the minister, "that is a horse shoe." "Ah!" said Fleeman, with a sigh, "what a blessing it is to have book lear! I could not tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's."

Similarly *Fearchar a' Ghruinn*, the famous Ross-shire natural, one day met the minister of Redcastle. The minister, knowing Fearchar's fancy for collecting all manner of oddities, lifted a horse shoe which he found on the road, presented it to him, saying, "See how good I am to you when I carried that horse shoe so far for you." "Oh man," says Fearchar, "what a wonderful thing education is; if I had found that I could not tell whether it was a horse's or a mare's shoe."

I must come, however, to particular individuals, and before doing so, I would make a strong protest against the objectionable manner in which specimens of Highland humour are dished up in collections of Scottish anecdote. You usually find them faked up in such doggerel English or bastard Scotch as grew in the imagination of the writers, and were never the utterances of a genuine Highlander. The originals having occurred in Gaelic, it is seen that the presenting of them in such a dress is only done for stage show, and a very poor show at that.

In presenting a few anecdotes of Highland Naturals, it is only right that the first place should be given to *Gillesbuig Aotram*, or Light-headed Archibald, who for genuine humour and innocent, if boisterous, devilment, if I may use such an expression, will be difficult to match by either Highland or Lowland.

Gillesbuig, whose proper name was Archibald Matheson was a native of Glen Hinesdale in the parish of Snizort, and lived up to the middle of last century. He wandered about the island at his own free will, and even took occasional excursions to the mainland. He always found a welcome wherever he went, partly for the enjoyment of his sparkling humour, and also perhaps for fear of the lash of his caustic wit. His company was in great demand with the native gentry of the time, of whom there were a considerable remnant left in Skye in his day, consequently he was always well found in food and clothing. In fact, he was said to make quite an aristocratic appearance. On one occasion, when the cattle markets were held in Sligachan, the day being very wet

and cold, the number of gentry present filled up the inn, and of course, there was no room for the poorer class. Gillesbuig appeared on the scene, and immediately elbowed his way into the coffee room. He was at once received with the usual applause, after which "Corrie" (Mac-Kinnon of Corrie) asked him where he came from to-day. "I came from hell," said he. "Oh, Gillesbuig," said Corrie, "that is awful language, but what are they doing there?" "Just exactly what they are doing here; the gentry are after filling the whole place, and there is no room for the poor folk."

Another time, at some gathering in Portree at which MacLeod, the last of the old lairds of Raasay, was present, Gillesbuig managed by some means to smuggle a couple of saithe into each of his great-coat pockets. You know how the Raasay people got the nick-name of *saoithean* or *saithe*. In former times, the Lairds of Raasay owned a part of what is now the farm of Scorybreac, which, being in the parish of Snizort, carried with it a share in the yair in Loch Snizort. The fishing of the yair was apportioned to each district on special days, Thursday being the day for Raasay.

One winter there was a heavy herring fishing got in the yair, but curiously, on Thursdays, it was saithe that was got. Every week, as sure as Thursday came round, the yair was full of saithe, till at last the thing got to be talked about, and the nick-name of *saoithean* came to be applied to the Raasayman.

But to return to Gillesbuig. After putting the saithe into the pockets of *Mac Ille Chaluum*, by which patronymie the Lairds of Raasay were known, he made for the Royal Hotel, and sat down among the gentlemen present. Soon after MacLeod entered. Gillesbuig asked him how many saithean he took over to-day. "None," said MacLeod. "I'll wager you did," said Gillesbuig. MacLeod got the ferry from Raasay with Corrie on his way from Broadford, and he persisted in maintaining that he brought none. At last a bet was laid, and MacLeod told how he came, but Gillesbuig was not to be done. "Try your pockets," said he, "don't I feel the smell of them?"

The chief butt for Gillesbuig's wit was Mr. Souter, the minister of Duirinish. Mr. Souter had bad Gaelic, and Gillesbuig delighted to trip him up in his speech, but if he had been content with that it would not have been so bad, but he was constantly playing outrageous practical jokes on him, so that the poor minister was in positive terror from him.

One of his well-known pranks on Souter is worth detailing at length.

On a cold, wintry night between 12 and 1, a loud rapping noise disturbed Souter from his

first sleep. Who was this but Gillesbuig. When asked what he wanted at that time of night, "What," said he, "would anyone want but his supper and bed?"

There was nothing else for it. Poor Souter had to rise, and placing before his visitor what came to his hand, he told him he would get a comfortable bed in the stable loft. "Is that the way you would treat any gentleman who would come to visit you? Just wait till I am done, and then show me to my bed," said Gillesbuig. When the supper was finished, they both went out to the stable loft. Mr. Souter placed a ladder up to the door of the loft, and told his visitor to ascend, and that he would get a good warm bed upstairs. "Is that the kind of manners you have; up you go and show me my bed like a gentleman."

Poor Souter had no option, and climbed the ladder with the best grace he could put on. As soon as he ascended, Gillesbuig took away the ladder, and cried to him, "If the bed is so comfortable, I wish you a nice sleep in it. I will go and see what your own bed is like. Poor Souter, he stamped and raved, pled and beseeched in turn, and his tormentor, grinning at him from the corner of the stable, when he tormented him to his heart's content, he replaced the ladder and let him down, and going up, himself went to bed.

He took a journey the length of Glenshiel at one time, and on Sunday went to church, and seated himself on the pulpit stairs. After a bit a number of shepherds with their dogs entered. The dogs, after the manner of their kind, took to snarling and growling at each other. This was Gillesbuig's opportunity to distinguish himself, and going down among them, he belaboured them right and left with his stick till he had them all in each other's throats. At last the minister had to ask some of the people "to put that awful man out." "They don't need," said Gillesbuig. "I have had plenty of your preaching. If whistling is music, you's plenty of it."

When he got out he saw a horse tied to a cart at the back of the church, and noticing the bell rope hanging down at the end of the church, he brought round the horse, and, taking the reins, he tied the bell rope to the horse's tail. He then went to the top of a hillock, and lay down to watch the course of events.

The horse quietly cropped the grass where he stood for a few minutes, then, moving on a bit, gave a tug at the rope and rung the bell. This set him a-kicking and prancing, and the more he jumped the better the bell rung, till the whole congregation rushed out of the church, minister and all, and there was no more preaching that day.

Martin the Tacksman of Tote, as men will do, proposed marriage to Miss Maedonald, Kingsburgh, and whether she had better game in view or not, it is not said, but she refused him. Shortly after, the young lady met with an accident. A goat knocked her eye out, but it so happened that Martin's eye was not knocked out. He again presented himself, and this time was accepted. Public gossip, which is busy at all times, said it was because her market was spoiled that she took him. That does not matter here or there now. Shortly after the marriage who should go the way of Tote but our friend Gillesbuig, and as was customary, got a dram to drink the health of the young couple. Gillesbuig, assuming a pose worthy of the occasion, took off his glass with the toast, "Here's to the goat that put a good wife your way."

(Concluded.)

SCOTTISH CLANS ASSOCIATION.

SERVICE IN CROWN COURT CHURCH.

THE Committee of the Scottish Clans Association of London inaugurated a new feature last month by holding a service in the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, London.

The service was conducted by the minister of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Ivor J. Robertson, M.A., while the sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander Macrae, Hon. Chaplain to the Association, and minister of Crown Court Church.

There was a large congregation, many of the gentlemen wearing the Highland dress.

The company included Mr. John Douglas, F.S.A., Scot., an ex-Chief of the Scottish Clans, and author of the Scottish Society Year Book; Mr. L. Graham Horton Smith, F.S.A., Scot.; Mr. John B. Hector, Mr. Richard Lillico, the Masters Lillico, Mr. and Mrs. T. Jaffrey Ross, Mr. and Mrs. D. Williamson, Mr. Wm. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. William Macleod, Miss Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr. Alex. Maedonald, Mr. G. R. Smith, Mr. Alex. Joss, Mr. John Mackenzie, etc., etc.

Rev. Mr. Macrae gave a patriotic and inspiring address from 1st Kings, viii., 34: "The land which thou gavest unto their fathers."

In his opening remarks Mr. Macrae said—Sons and daughters of our land, you are welcome here to-day, and I rejoice at your presence. It is fitting and right that your great Association should crown the helpful and kindly end of the social year by doing public homage to Almighty God, from Whom comes the grace and power

to do it. It is no light thing to worship where those thousands and tens of thousands of Scottish souls have been struggling upward to God. Surely there is a ghostly audience at such a function as this. Surely many of the great cloud of witnesses are keenly interested, as their successors ran the race and pressed towards the prize. You praise and pray where the saintly Gardner of Prestonpans and David Livingstone did before you. Rejoice, as you have a good right to do, in the heroes of your race. Proud was Mr. Macrae to say that all this has been remarked outside, in the wisest and highest places of the land. It is not for nothing that several Archbishops, four Prime Ministers, a Viceroy of India, and forty of the men who have held highest office under the Crown, have felt the call of their Scottish blood, and have come to the help of the oldest Scottish Church—it is not for nothing that a Royal Princess linked to Scotland in more ways than one, has interested herself in their affairs: and now to-day, quite unasked, you most kindly offer your gift, which we gladly and gratefully accept. When the rebuilding work is finished, as it will soon be, and the lists of benefactors of 200 years ago and of to-day are hung up side by side, he was pleased and proud to think that the name of the Scottish Clans Association of London will not be absent, and that amidst their many other benefactions they have not been forgetful of God's Church. "The land which thou gavest unto their fathers."

After an eloquent sermon Mr. Macrae concluded by thanking the members of the Scottish Clans for coming to Crown Court, and prayed that the Giver of our land would guide and keep them in all their ways.

The church choir gave a fine rendering of Sullivan's anthem, "Sing, O Heavens," and Mendelssohn's voluntary overture "Ruy Blas." The collection, which amounted to £5 5s., was on behalf of the rebuilding fund of the church. The service concluded with the National Anthem.

THE MACKINNONS have a boar's head with a shin-bone in its mouth as their crest, and regarding it the following story is told:—One of the first proprietors of Strathaird, Skye, went out with a company to hunt on the Cuchullins in Skye, and at the conclusion of the first day's sport resolved to spend the night in a cave. Here fires were made and venison prepared, but the feasting hunters were surprised by the appearance of a wild boar at the mouth of the cave. Men and dogs retreated to the innermost recess, but the chief stood still as the boar with open mouth advanced to the attack. He, however, deftly managed to thrust the shin-bone of the deer into the animal's mouth, and overcame it. Hence the MacKinnon crest. Under the Lord of the Isles, MacKinnon of MacKinnon was obliged to see weights and measures adjusted; and MacPhie of Colonsay kept the records of the Isles,

STORNOWAY AND THE LEWS.

WHEN a town begins to thrive, and pulsate with the blood of commerce, one of the first things that it does is to make its prosperity known. The most effective way to achieve this object is by means of a Guide Book which puts upon record by pen, and the lens of the photographer, the progress of the town commercially and socially, and the facilities it can offer to strangers, to bear testimony to its growth and development.

Stornoway as most people know is the capital of the Lews, the largest of the Hebridean group of islands. Stornoway has thriven and is thriving, and its men of light and leading have issued one of the best Guides that has ever emanated from these hyperborean regions known as the islands of the Hebrides. The full title of the booklet is "Guide to Stornoway and the Lews—Eilean-an-Fhraoich." The cover design, the work of Mr. A. Gordon, is exceedingly neat and artistic to the marrow. The Guide is just the sort of thing wanted to make the island known. "Steòrnabhadh mòr a' Chaisteil" has been known for centuries but the island is a terra incognita to visitors. St. Kilda is better known than Uig and the wide Ness district with its yellow haired Norsemen—the descendants of the Vikings who back in the grey twilight were in possession of the island. The old hard times have passed away in the Lews and a fine tone of hopefulness pervades the Guide, showing that the islanders themselves have realised that they are on the threshold of an era of prosperity greater than any in their past history. The Pentland Aet, like the Crofters Act of 1886, is to produce wonders in the Lews as in the other islands—the principle of fixity of tenure will in the end revolutionise the island socially and industrially. This little book will do its own share in bringing the island within the purview of the tourist, and one can predict with safety that within the next decade Lewis will become one of the great health sanatoriums of Scotland.

The Provost of Stornoway—Mr. John Mackenzie—appropriately opens the book with a contribution "Stornoway and its surroundings." "Angling" is the theme chosen by Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, and "Stornoway as a Health Resort," by Dr. D. Murray. Among other contributions are:—"Bathing," by Alex. Macdonald, C.E.; "Ethnology," by Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie; "Antiquities," by C. G. Mackenzie; "History," by W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Scot.); "Places of Interest" by D. J. Macleod, M.A.; "Language, Customs, and Folk lore," by Angus L. Macdonald, M.A.; "The Fishing Industry," by Provost Mackenzie; "Geology and Botany,"

by W. J. Gibson, M.A.; "Zoology," by John Anderson, M.A., B.Sc.; "Bird Life," by R. S. Clyne, Butt of Lewis; "Some Famous Lewismen," by ex-Provost John N. Anderson, F.S.A. (Scot.); and "Tweed Weaving," by Bailie Donald MacIver. Mr. J. C. Smith and Mr. J. Anderson are responsible for the illustrations all of which are fine examples of the photographic art. We say good luck to the island of Lewis and its Guide Book. The Guide is published by Stornoway Tourist Association.

THE LASS THAT ROW'D ME O'ER THE FERRY.

THE following poem was written by the late Dr. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"), as far back as 1851:—

Good hostess, up and bring to me
Of wines the best—some gold-bright sherry,
That I may toast with right good will
The lass that row'd me o'er the ferry.

I asked for boat, I asked for men,
She glanced at me with eye so merry;
Then sweetly blushed, and, curtsying low,
She said—"I'll row ye o'er the ferry."

Then stepped we both into the boat,
And she alone to guide our wherry;
Unskilful all was I, and old—
The lass she row'd me o'er the ferry.

Right skilfully she plied the oars,
And met the blustering waves so wary;
Oft from her locks the salt sea-spray,
She shook, as row'd she o'er the ferry.

And when we reached the further side,
I asked her name—she answered, "Mary";
I kissed her cheek, and blessed the while
The lass that row'd me o'er the ferry.

And wilt thou go with me, I asked:
She answered gently, "I must tarry:
My father's old and frail, and I
Must stay to row folks o'er the ferry."

I gave her then a piece of gold,
"May God protect and bless thee, Mary,"
I said, and lingering, waw'd adieu,
As she row'd back across the ferry.

Her eyes were of the darkest blue,
Her lips were red as rowan berry,
Her skin was whiter than the snow,
The lass that row'd me o'er the ferry.

If beauty, innocence, and truth,
Be wished for in the one you'd marry,
Young man, you'll find them all and more,
In her who row'd me o'er the ferry.

Then, hostess mine! be pleased to bring
Of wines the best—some gold-bright sherry,
And I will drink with heart and soul,
To her who row'd me o'er the ferry!

THE RELIGION IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

By H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D.

(Author of "The Place-Names of Argyllshire,"
"Regimen Sanitatis," &c., &c.)

(Continued from page 89.)

WE have two men, two Gaelic men, who are supposed to be *rich* from the English sense. If I ask you the Gaelic for a rich man you will at once say *duine-beairteach*, and some of you *duine-saibhir*. The *duine-beairteach* is in everyday use, the *duine-saibhir* is not in so common use. He is scriptural, and he is perhaps more classical than the other—but they are both perversions. They are both splendid Gaelic men, but they are not, and they cannot be, or be made Englishmen. Who are they? The *duine-beairteach*, who is he? What is the meaning of the word *beairt*? It means an act, a work done, an effort attained and accomplished, and our great *duine-beairteach* is the man who has a sheaf of duty done in his right hand. In the 145th Psalm we have *do bhearta iongantach* and *do bhearta uamhasach*, "Thy wonderful and Thy terrible deeds:" and in our everyday speech we say *droch-bheairt* for an evil deed. Now we see quite clearly that *beairt* is a deed or a good work done, and that the Gaelic *duine-beairteach* was a man of deeds, a man, say, like Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister, and that the money-bags man had nothing to do with the case. The money-bags man has another place in the Highland estimate to which I may presently refer.

The other one, the *duine-saibhir*, is the rich man, the Dives of the New Testament—who went to Hell and did not like the place (Luke xvi.) I have always protested against this degraded use of a splendid word, and I do so now stronger than ever, if that is possible. The *saoi* of Gaelic is a brave man, a hero, even if he never had a copper in the world. In one of our *Sean Dìna* I came across a very fine statement of the *saoi*. *Esan a thuiteas le buaidh tha e 'faoitainn caochladh nuadh a' mealltainn ionnlais nan saoi. Nach ionnlhainn a chòmhaidh a chòmhaidh.* "He who falls in victory enjoys the riches of the brave. How desirable forever his habitation." Not so very long ago I had a letter from an evidently accomplished Highlander whom I do not know, and he finished his letter with "*Is mise, a shaoi, do charaid.*" I have no suspicion that I merit the term. I only mention it because of my friend's correct use of the word—from his point of view and estimate.

Another of our Gaelic men, which the English language has tried to absorb and engulf,

is our *duine-nasal*, but the effort has failed, and for that failure one person in the world is thankful. There may be more. The English tongue and the English concept has no room for our *duine-nasal*. They have a very fine man of their own—the gentleman—and they think that he is the same as our *duine-nasal*, but he is not. The English concept embodied in the gentleman is really a very fine one, and although the name is of Latin origin, which we need not follow through its long career, it is, upon even its later face value, of simply the *gentle man*, a very admirable character, but he is not our *duine-nasal*. Our man contains the gentleman as the greater contains the less. Our *duine-nasal* must be a gentleman, but he is far more. I have been all over England now for practically a life-time, and it is altogether wonderful how very few men I have met to whom our *duine-nasal* could be rightly applied, according to my judgment. I think I would make our late king a *duine-nasal*. I would certainly do so if he had been a Highlander, which I believe he was in strong part. There are one or two Englishmen living even now whom I might almost risk to call *duine-nasal*, but it would be invidious to mention names. I say, however, with all judicious charity that the English *duine-nasal* is rare, very rare. After all, the *duine-nasal* is a product of the Highlands of Scotland and of our Gaelic life and language, and we naturally cannot expect to meet him everywhere. I have seen him abundantly among the Camerons and Macdonalds of Lochaber and in the Macleods of Morven. I do not know the other parts of the Highlands intimately enough, but I have no doubt they were there too, and I hope still are. The most perfect specimen of a Highland *duine-nasal* I ever saw was a grandson of Flora Macdonald. His name was Allan Ramald Macdonald Jeffrey, on whose coffin I dropped a little white flower in Norwood Cemetery now too many years ago. We may have Knights of the Thistle and of the Garter, of St. Patrick, and of other things, but the *duine-nasal* is our man. He is quite sufficient for us. Who, then, is he? Some have said that he is the nobleman of English, or the distinguished man. No, he is not. The *duine-nasal* very often prefers not to be *know-able* or distinguished. Great humility is one of his ingredients—"It is the heaviest ear of corn that bends the head lowest," says our unspeakably fine Gaelic proverb and we have many noblemen, so called, who do not suffer in this way. Many a worthless man is distinguished because he is most anxious to be so, because he cannot afford to be otherwise. Not so the *duine-nasal*. He is Nature's full and complete man up to the present. He is our *duine-coir*,

our *duine-foghainteach*, our *duine-cothromach*, our *duine-beairteach*, and our *duine-saibhir*, in all their clean original sense, rolled into one. Now, again, who is he! You know that the word *nasal* is the exact opposite of the word *iosal*, and you know that *iosal* means "low" in English. When you speak of a low man in English it is very bad indeed. Perhaps there is no more comprehensive word in the English language than this for worthlessness and unmerit. Now, take his very opposite, the high man, although, strangely enough there is no such form in English, and you now approach to an apprehension of the *duine-nasal* of Gaelic. The *duine-nasal* is the man making for above, the upwardly man, the man with his face turned upwards towards great things, and not downwards towards things low and small and mean. We have no *duine-iosal* in Gaelic. We have no low man in the language, although we have one that does duty for him, as I shall tell you presently.

The Gaelic *duine-nasal* has come into English by several ignorant doors. By the wretchedly ignorant people called English historians he has been equated with the *vassail*, serf, or slave of the Norman Conquest and its vile, degrading consequences. They did not know

"The brave *duine-nasals* three thousand times three
That marched with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

And they don't know him now. I have known the top men of the past and the present generations of Englishmen—all the great men—and if you were to ask me if they were *duine-noise*. I would at once say "No." They were not. They failed somewhere. I cannot tell you where, but they fell short. We have several extremely able men in our public life to-day—men of highest character and quality and natural gifts—but which of them would you call a *duine-nasal*? I will leave you to think. The only man under approximate suspicion is a Highlander, and I am perfectly certain you cannot guess whom I mean. You will certainly hear of him, and know him better, later on.

I am now finished with our very royal Gaelic family. May it be a very long day, and very far away, before the *duine-coir*, the *duine-foghainteach*, the *duine-cothromach*, the *duine-beairteach*, the *duine-saibhir*, and the great *duine-nasal*—this "bunch of orbic names shining like a constellation of great stars" from the sky of our Gaelic story—fall from our imagination or fail in our reverence. If they are not a religion I want some wiser person to tell me what is!

We have now made the acquaintance of our royal family. What of the other side of the medallions. Our royal family is numerous; the names on the other side are few, I am glad to

say, but they are terribly expressive. The *trudar* or *trusdar* is king of them all—the great king of dirt and worthlessness. In order to perhaps assist my own measure and understanding of this fellow I consulted my Highland Society's great *Dictionary*, and this is what I found. "*Trudar, trusdar*—a dirty worthless fellow; homo vilis, fœdatus, an obscene fellow; impudicus, impurus quis, a filthy or nasty fellow; spurcus, immundus quis, filth, dirt, unclean, impure; 'immundis enis,' a dirty dog, as Horace has it; lutum, spurcities, mud, mire, scum of the earth." Again, under his profession or life-purpose of *trusdairteach*, I found "dirtiness, filthiness; immundities, meanness, worthlessness; vilitas, obscenity; obscenitas, impuritas." These are not my words. If I used words like these you might think that I was overdoing the *trusdar*, greatly as I dislike him. These words came from the "clean hand" and the "clean heart" of Ewen MacLachlan, the scholar absolute, and I should not mind saying, the Highlander of the most delicate mind and touch who ever lived—at any rate in our knowledge. He was the author in Gaelic and English of "*Air faillirin illirin*," and of very many other things in Gaelic, in Greek, in Latin, and in Scots—a gem of our people and of our race—one of the healthiest Highland minds in our healthy Highland story. Whenever you find yourselves in that small great Lochaber you will see his obelisk monument on the *Creagan*, and you will make your reverent bow to the memory of this man. It will do you good. I have done it more than once, and felt better every time.

Now, who is this fellow, the *trusdar*, on which such a cataclysm of loathsomeness and dirt has fallen! He is a very simple, single-minded man after all. He is simply the gatherer—the selfish man, the *trus-dair*, with the verb *trus*, "gather," as the base. He is the man with the muck-rake of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—*Bodach an Ràchdain*, as he has been most happily translated. If this was a meeting "for men only," I could give you very strong proof of how our people loathed the selfish man—the Gatherer. I am fairly familiar with the expressions used regarding the selfish man in quite a number of languages, but they are mere mild poetry compared with the terrible intensity with which the Gaelic tongue blasphemes this fellow—the Gatherer, the *trusdar*.

The only other character on this side of the account I wish to refer to is the *tuathal*. He is the *weakling* of the Gaelic language, the pitiless, purposeless, feckless, luckless, useless man. He is as very nearly the opposite of the *duine-foghainteach* as the *trusdar* is of the *duine-coir*. The healthy Gaelic people threw him on the

rubbish heap as a creature of no account. You wonder why I should trouble with him. Wait and see. He is a most interesting fellow. If you cut off his tail, the tail of the word *tuath-al*, you are left with the word *tuath*, and thereby hangs a tale—even if you have cut the other away. The word *tuath* means north, so the *tuathal* is the man who goes north, which implies that the sensible, purposeful man goes south. This is, of course, a big compliment to you all who have found your way to London—to make your fortunes. The matter is quite clear. Samuel Johnson—*Bodach na Beurla*—said that the Scotsman's finest vision was the way south. He said that deep down in geological strata you could find that the big beasts of the prime were always on their way south, as their footprints in the rocks show; and in the ages to come some wise man of science may discern the footprints of the Lewisman, and the Skye-man with his terrier, in the hardened London clay in the northern suburbs of London—on his way south; and if he does not, it is not because it is not there, as this meeting so clearly shows. "Gang sooth" is the great Scottish advice, and that it has been well accepted there can be no doubt at all, as the whole and best life of England shows to-day—and it is not to the loss of England.

There is another very interesting facet to the *tuathal*. He is a most interesting remnant and product of the old sun-worship religion of the Gaelic people. To go *tuathal* is to go "the left-hand gait"—to turn to the left was the most unfortunate, inauspicious, and disastrous course that could possibly be the commencement of any undertaking. It was *ipso facto* doomed to failure. Why? Let me recall one or two familiar things to you. If you face the east, where the sun rises, you call that the *aird an ear*, and your back is towards the *aird an iar*. But *ear* or *oir* means the front or edge, and *iar* means behind or after. Your right hand is *deas*—you say your *deas-lamh*, right hand or really south hand, and your left hand is *tuath-lamh* or north hand. What is the meaning of all this? It means that our people were sun-worshippers or Nature worshippers, as they even now are to a very remarkable extent, even if they may not know it. When in your Psalms you sing an *iolach ard* you are only singing Yule-tide, when the sun turns from the south on its way north. Yule is perhaps a Scandinavian word, and these people had even more reason than ourselves to make *Yule-ach* when the sun turned. We have always turned towards the sun, and I hope we always shall. We, so far north, always get the sun from the south, and that is why we find there our right hand, and our left hand, *tuathal*, to the north. So the poor *tuathal* is, after all,

an interesting person, even if in a sort of negative sense. Poor *tuathal*. I have some sympathy with him, while I have none at all for the *truslar*. It is not my purpose nor my duty on this occasion to show you how very much of Paganism remains in our great religions, but it is there and strongly there.

The Gaelic people have behind them the accumulated inertia of their race history and of language for many thousands of years, and if their children only understood and realised the immense moral and socially effective power which this gives them, they would part with their right arm sooner than with a tittle of the finest inheritance of any people in Europe. If they part with their language, kilts and sporrans and plating and bagpipes will not save them from the contempt which their folly merits and invites, although I must say that the kilt and its adjuncts are the most picturesque and the most artistic dress upon the face of the earth to-day, and that the bagpipes needs no commendation.

Let us put the matter in another way. Suppose we had no tradition and no accumulated inheritance of the natural observation, or of that wisdom and practical experience of life which has come down to us from generations that were forgotten thousands of years ago, what should we be worth? We should be worth nothing at all but what we could in our one short life realise. We should stand in naked helplessness, in the utter darkness, cowed and amazed before the undetermined forces of Nature, living in caves and rock-shelters, making more or less ingenious war with wild beasts in order to live. But now, at the very day of our birth, we are the heirs of all the ages. It is as if our lives were extended to 10,000 years instead of our poor 70. Will you throw that away or any part of it? We have no record of human experience nor any storehouse of human wisdom that can at all be compared with language. It is the great and abiding Will and Testament of the people of the past to their children of the present time, and, as far as we are concerned, in that Will and Testament there is nothing which should be at all so precious as the language of our inheritance and of our blood and being. It has bequeathed to us the *duine còir*, the *duine-foghuainteach*, and the *duin'-uasal*, and the others, and an astonishment of delight and wisdom besides. Wherefore, being surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses—or, as I would rather say in this connection, being surrounded by such a cloud of great witnesses—let us run with patience the race set before us. *Cuimhnich air na suinn o'n d'fhàinig, 's lean gu dlùth ri clùd do shùinsir.*

(Concluded.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

JUNE, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

FROM numerous letters we have recently received from subscribers abroad regarding the non-delivery of the *Celtic* for April it is evident that many of the copies for the United States and Canada were lost in the ill-fated "Titanic," which sank on the 15th April. We shall do what we can to supply subscribers who communicate with us, with fresh copies of the April issue.

THE CLAN MACLEAN AND DUART CASTLE.—The Committee appointed to carry out the arrangements for the Clan MacLean gathering at Duart Castle on the 24th August had a meeting with Col. Sir Fitzroy D. MacLean, Bart., K.C.B., Chief of the Clan, recently, in Glasgow. The Convener, Mr. John MacLean, 70 Mitchell Street, Glasgow, reported that replies had been received from members of the clan at home and abroad, stating their intention of being present, and that the gathering would be a great event in the history of the Clan. MacLean of Ardgour, Mr. A. B.

MacLean and the convener are to visit Duart early in June, after which the committee will issue circulars giving the arrangements agreed on to those who have intimated their intention of being present. Any clansmen who wish to be present are requested to communicate with the convener of the committee.

CLAN MACFARLANE.—The recently-formed Clan MacFarlane Society is making steady progress. Already it boasts of a membership of a hundred. The clan is still without a chieftain, but this vexed question is likely to be settled soon. The Secretary is Mr. James MacFarlane, 57 Nibthwaite Road, Harrow, London.

CLAN MORRISON.—At the recent annual meeting of the Clan Morrison, it was stated that the annual outing of the clan would take place on 13th June, per Queen Alexandra, to Campbelltown.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF VANCOUVER, B.C.—This Society held one of their periodical "Ceilidhs" on 18th April, a special feature being the presentation of an address and a purse of gold to the Secretary, Mr. J. Grant. Mr. Lachlan Maclean presided over an audience which completely filled the large hall. After an excellent rendering of Gaelic and Scottish songs, Rev. Ronald M. Macleod, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, North Vancouver, in name of the office-bearers and members of the society presented the testimonial and purse to Mr. Grant, and expressed to him the appreciation of his fellow-countrymen here, and the appreciation of the Gaelic Society of his services as secretary. Mr. Grant replied in a few well-chosen words and thanked the members for their kindness and assistance in his work. The ladies of the Society then entertained the audience with tea and cake, and a most enjoyable social hour was spent. Singing of the Society's parting song, "Oidhche mhath leibh 's beannachd leibh," brought the meeting to a close.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wamego, Kansas, writes:—"It is pleasing to me to note that my clansman, Bailie Macmillan, Partick, Chief of the clan society, is in favour of opening the Highlands to settlement by the people again. This is a favourite theory of mine. I have no doubt that the land would support a numerous and thrifty population. The herding of people in the cities tends to degeneration, and that is one of the great dangers to the future greatness of Britain. Let the people return to the land, and thus perpetuate a race of the highest efficiency for defence as well as for the fierce competition that characterises modern social conditions. It seems to me that there must be a change in the handling of the land question, or the nation will go to the dogs. This is a good country for Scotch people. We have quite a number here, all reasonably prosperous. Young men who are acquainted with farm work are wanted most. The pay is good, and with frugality any one can acquire a competency. Mechanics find better opportunities in the cities. This is a pleasant part of the country to live in, and very healthy."

THE SONS OF ROB ROY.

By DAVID N. MACKAY.

(Continued from page 93.)

PART II.

PRACTICALLY nothing is known of Coll, the eldest of Rob's sons. "Happy is the land that has no history" is a very true proverb, and we may, I think, assume that Coll's escutcheon was unstained by crime, if it was not blazoned with the rewards of fame. Concerning Ronald and Duncan, little need be said; they appear as alleged accessories to the crimes of their more enterprising brothers, James and Robert. No incidents of any consequence, either in support of the good character of the five brothers or against it, are recorded as having happened during their father's lifetime. They were quite young when he died in 1734.

In the year 1736 an agrarian crime occurred which involved three of the brothers—Robin, James and Ronald. A M'Laren (a member of a clan whom Rob's family detested) had cast envious eyes upon a piece of land in the possession of the MacGregor family, and schemed to procure a lease of it. The matter seems to have been the cause of some ill-feeling, as a MacGregor retainer, Callum MacInlister, was charged with having threatened to kill M'Laren with a dirk. The threat was not sufficient to end the matter, and, as there was no Crofters Commission or Land Court to deal with the matter and give the MacGregors fixity of tenure, the lad MacInlister and Robert MacGregor went to a field at Drumloch where M'Laren was ploughing. According to the subsequent indictment, the retainer MacInlister carried a gun loaded with slug shot. When they got near their victim, Robert took the gun and fired at MacLaren, wounding him in the thigh. Callum, it appears, was a pretender to some surgical skill, and by some strange indifference on the part of the country people, was called to attend to the man who had been injured with his apparent concurrence. He refused, says the indictment, saying he did not wish to interfere as he did not know what kind of shot had been used. M'Laren soon afterwards died. Robert and MacInlister were charged with murder, and as it was alleged that Robert's brother James had expressed approbation of the crime, he also was charged under the indictment. The prosecution has a second claim to the attention of Highlanders as it was conducted by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who was then Lord Advocate.

Other counts were included in the indictment—being "notorious thieves and resettlers," cattle

thieving, houghing and killing, the latter offences involving as serious a risk to the necks of the accused men as did the graver charge of murder. One witness graphically stated that the accused MacGregors had "beasts not rightly come by, and that might be speered after." Robert, or Robin Og—Rob the younger—did not appear.

I shall not deal in detail with the events of the trial. It was a sordid unromantic episode, but was conducted with great fairness by the prosecution and with keen ability by the defending counsel. Robin was outlawed for non-appearance and the evidence proved that his absence was well advised, for he would certainly have been found guilty of the murder. The accession of James and MacInlister was held "not proven" but James was found to be a thief "habite and repute." He was ordered to find caution for £200 that he would be of good behaviour for seven years. He seems to have raised this cautionary sum, for he remained in Scotland—to the great injury of several of its inhabitants.

Robin is said to have been only 16 or 17 years of age when he became a murderer. He appears to have gone abroad and to have been present at the defeat of Cumberland's army at Fontenoy, in 1745. It has been suggested that the authorities had "winked" at his outlawry, in consideration of his military service.

The best known of Rob's sons was James, variously known as MacGregor, Campbell and Drummond, and in contemporary circles as "Seumas Mor." He has become the heir to a wide notoriety by Robert Louis Stevenson's portrait in "Catriona." Mr. Stevenson, though the greatest of Scottish novelists since Sir Walter Scott, never delved very deeply into Highland history (although he cherished the hope of doing so, and intended some day to write a History of the Highlands). He did not know all the facts concerning James, but he sized up his character with what Mr. Lang has called "the assured certainty of genius."

Let us now consider some of the doings of this dangerous man, the least Highland of all notable Highlanders. Various attempts have been made to explain away his crimes, but his story is too well authenticated. He remains the most treacherous, cringing villain whose deeds are chronicled in Highland history. He was out with the Jacobites in 1745, and had a thigh bone broken at Prestonpans. No one would have been a loser had it been his head.

After the rising he was employed for a time as a Hanoverian spy, a part for which he had every qualification, ingenuity, treachery, and the power to conceal a black heart under a smiling face. The correspondence of Pickle

the Spy gives us the information that "MacGregor was a spy of both sides, and will never be trusted."

The consideration of James MacGregor's character brings us to the best known of the crimes in which some of Rob's sons figured—a crime of a kind that has been rare in Scotland, the abduction of Jean Key, a young widow, who had an estate variously stated at from 14,000 to 20,000 merks. It was alleged that James, Ronald and Robert MacGregor were the abductors and each was tried separately. James's trial began on 13th July 1752 (old style), Duncan's on the 13th January 1753 (new style), and Robert's on 24th December 1753 (new style.)

It was alleged against James that "upon the 8th day of December 1750 years, in the evening thereof, under cloud and silence of night, Jean Key was living at her own house at Edinbelly, in the Parish of Balfron and shire of Stirling, where she was lying and rising nightly and daily, under the protection of Almighty God and of His Majesty's laws, and then and there the said house was beset, invaded, and violently entered, by a crew of lawless ruffians, armed with guns, swords, dirks, pistols, and other war-like weapons . . . and he (James) or some other of his accomplices, did, with horrid oaths and imprecations, threaten to murder every person in the family and to burn the house and every person in it alive, unless the said Jean Key should instantly be produced to him . . . and that he and his accomplices were come there in order to marry her to Robert, his brother . . . and did threaten, with execrable oaths, immediately to murder any person who should offer to give the said Jean Key the least assistance . . . and the said James MacGregor and his accomplices, or some or other of them, did, in a violent barbarous and cruel manner, carry off the said Jean Key from her own dwelling-house . . . and caused to be celebrated the form of a pretended marriage between him the said Robert MacGregor, *alias* Campbell, *alias* Drummond, *alias* Robin Og . . . and the whole was begun, continued, and ended, with the wicked and lawless intent of making the said Robert's fortune, by procreating for him, by force, the possession of the person and estate of the said Jean Key . . ."

It seems perfectly clear that Jean was bound and thrown upon a horse, carried some miles before she was unbound, taken to Rowardeman and detained over Sunday, while a priest, called Smith, was being procured from Glasgow; married willingly or unwillingly, to Robin Og, carried by boat to Glenfalloch and thence through the southern Highlands by her "husband" and his followers.

It is unnecessary to consider the evidence in detail. A large number of witnesses spoke to the demeanour of the unlucky Jean during her captivity. She seems to have been allowed a considerable amount of freedom within strict limits, and if the evidence of some of the witnesses for the defence can be credited, she had alternate moods of defiance and hopelessness. Some times she bemoaned her sad fate, and at other times, with the buoyancy that so often dignifies female character, she seemed more than half inclined to make the best of matters. As she had died before the trial began, her own story is to be found solely in her depositions, and in them she did not diverge from what seems to have been the true narrative. She was brought to Edinburgh by James Mor to try to get her husband's fugitation cancelled, and to counteract the legal steps taken by her relatives to preserve her estate from Robin's hands.

During her stay with relatives in Edinburgh she had periods of deep depression, and can we wonder? No doubt her early death was to some extent due to her sufferings at the hands of the brutal MacGregors, but the connection between the ill-treatment and her decease was not apparently sufficiently clear to justify the Crown in charging the prisoner with murder. Strong efforts were made in the trials to cast discredit upon the dead lady and her story, and the most remarkable witness for the defence was Lord Kames (then a newly-made Senator of the College of Justice), who gave evidence that he, as an advocate, had been consulted by Jean when she first came to Edinburgh, and had been instructed to try to get the "fugitation" of James MacGregor recalled. Mr. Home was disinclined to act for her, but she said to him that however matters were carried on, she was now "absolutely reconciled to her husband, loved him, and was thoroughly satisfied with her present condition." Lord Kames gave evidence that he had heard of her abduction, and was surprised to hear Jean speak as she did, but he was satisfied that she was content with Robert, and he agreed to act for her. Soon after (stated the witness) he heard that she had got beside some of her own friends and had altered her tale, so he declined to act further on her behalf. We may safely conclude, as the jurymen did, that the poor girl was forced to act in this contradictory manner, and that the sordid story of the abduction was true in all its essentials.

The result in the case of James was that the jury found the abduction proved, but held that Jean afterwards "acquiesced in her condition," and that the charge of the forced marriage was not proved. The Court adjourned till next day to consider the effect of this verdict.

When they met again they found a written statement sent by eleven of the jurymen stating it was their unanimous intention to exempt the panel from capital punishment. A further adjournment accordingly took place, and when James was actually due to be brought up for sentence, it was found that he had escaped from Edinburgh Castle on 17th November 1752 disguised as a cobbler by the help of his daughter, Mr. Stevenson's heroine "Catriona." Even at the time this was considered suspicious, and an enquiry was ordered. It was suggested that the criminal had been allowed to go free because he held, or was believed to hold, information that would be useful to the authorities. Had the Edinburgh public seen a letter which Mr. Lang has now discovered, they would probably have formed a clear opinion. It had been written by General Churchill to Lord Newcastle on 19th November 1751.

He says James Mor has been taken up on the "abduction charge," and was burning to speak words that might free himself. "Should your Grace," continues the General, "think proper to employ him, the great difficulty is to bring about his liberation without raising a suspicion of the cause, nor can it be so effectually done as by giving private order to a Party of the Troops employed in escorting him, to favour his escape."

We shall all form our own conclusions as to the reason of James's escape, but if it was a planned affair, as I believe it was, the military guard was badly treated, for the "Scots Magazine" for December 1752 tells us that as the result of a court-martial, "two lieutenants who commanded the guard on the night when Drummond (*i.e.*, MacGregor) escaped, were broke, the serjeant who had charge of locking the prisoner in his room, was reduced to a private man, the porter has been whipped, and all the rest are released." Very possibly these sentences (except, of course, that on the porter) were purely diplomatic, so as to satisfy the public. Early reinstatements may have gladdened the hearts of the lieutenants and the serjeant, and even the porter may have got private solatium for his whipping.

James made his way to Cumberland, sailed from Whitehaven in a fishing-boat to the Isle of Man, and thence to Ireland, whence he seems to have reached France about May 1753.

The subsequent trial of Duncan ended in an acquittal, but Robin Og met with his deserts at last. His defence was ingenious. He alleged that he had courted Jean previously, and won her affections, that the abduction was merely what would now-a-days be called a "put-up job"—as "the lady had so lately become a widow, and that decency required

that she should continue in that state for some longer space, at the same time being apprehensive of obtaining the consent of her mother and friends, they at last resolved that the panel should carry her off with a seeming violence, which was accordingly done, and the marriage solemnised with her free will and consent, and she afterwards continued to live as his wife, in great harmony, love and unity," but the jury would have none of this tale, and found Robin guilty of abduction. The verdict contained nothing about the forced marriage. Robin was sentenced to death, and he suffered the extreme penalty in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh on 16th February 1754. He was cool, read a volume of Gothe's works when on the scaffold, affirmed himself a Roman Catholic, and "attributed all his misfortunes to his swerving two or three years from that Communion." His body—the "Caledonian Mercury" records—was conveyed away to the Highlands.

(To be continued.)

I DREAM OF THEE.

In arbour at the twilight hour
 I saw thee sit,
 And petals from the drooping bower,
 Around thee flit :
 Engrossed in meditative thought,
 With pensive mien,
 Nor recked thee thou had'st homage bought,
 My beauteous queen.
 No bloom from an exotic shore
 Could match thy face,
 Nor flight of any birds that soar,
 Thy peerless grace ;
 The lily e'en might raise its head
 In bright array,
 To bow before thy lustre shed
 In light of day.
 So evermore my prayer shall be—
 "God guide thy feet,"
 And may He ever give to thee,
 Communion meet.
 May love and joy flow clear and free
 In royal parts ;
 No queen my bosom owns but thee—
 Thou queen of hearts !

ARCHIBALD MACKINNON.

THE MACINNESSES.—The seat of the chief of the Clan MacInnes was at the head of Lochaline in Morven. Tradition has it that after returning from an expedition in which the MacInneses had borne themselves very bravely, the chief of the clan was addressed thus by the Lord of the Isles:—"Mo dheannachd ort Fhìr Chium Lochalainn ! fhad 'sa bhios MacDhòmhnuill a stigh, cha bhì Mac Aonghais a muigh" (My blessing on you, chief of Kinlochaline ! while MacDonald is in power, MacInneses shall be in favour). The MacInneses were hereditary bowmen to the chiefs of the Clan MacKinnon—evidently a bodyguard. The first of these, and also one of the first who migrated from Morven to Skye, was a famous warrior archer known as "Niall a' Bhogha"—Neil of the Bow. Some of his descendants are said to be still in Skye.

THE CAPE BRETON AND NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLANDERS.

THERE is no portion of the dominions-over-the-seas so closely associated with the Highlands of Scotland as Cape Breton and eastern Nova Scotia, that part of Canada nearest to the British Isles. There the first emigrations from the Highlands established themselves about a hundred years ago, and handed down to those that came after them the language and customs they brought with them, "a Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach." In large and populous sections of that prosperous country to-day the sweet Gaelic is heard on every side, in the churches, where it is preached by Gaelic speaking clergymen; in commercial life; and at the fireside where sgeulachdan na seann dùthaich agns òrain na Ghàidhealtachd" are repeated and sung as of yore. The condition of the country is quite different, however, to what it was when the brave Highlanders had to face the forest primeval: to-day it is a beautiful country with green fields of marvellous production, large and populous cities and towns, veritable hives of commerce and industry—mar a shiubhail na bliadnachan, shiubhail a' "choille gruamaeh."

There is no part of Canada, extending from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, four thousand miles, where there is as

much comfort, as much general prosperity and as much peace and happiness as in eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the land that to-day reveals in a manner more forcible than words can ever express, the determination, the perseverance, the physical strength and endurance, and the moral courage of the true Highlander. It was with this equipment that the first settlers bravely and successfully fought the difficulties of establishing homes for themselves in an absolutely new country, and began the work of development that has since been resolutely carried on by their descendants, until to-day we have there a land rich in agriculture and with unbounded and inexhaustible mineral wealth fully developed, yielding in coal alone upwards of six million tons a year.

History traces the beginning of Highland emigration to Canada back to the ever memorable rising of 1745. After the battle of Culloden, when Bonnie Prince Charlie and his faithful and noble followers made their final stand for the Stuart cause, and owing to adverse circumstances that no amount of bravery could overcome, went down to defeat, the English, realising the value of the Highland character in war, undertook to raise a number of Highland regiments. Some of these gave an account of themselves in the second siege of Louisburg, a strong fortification built by the French, in 1720, on the eastern shore of Cape Breton Island, at a cost of six million pounds sterling, and which was captured by the English in 1745, and again in 1758, after which the island was finally ceded to Great Britain, and long may the Union Jack float triumphantly over its beautiful landscape. At the close of the war, when the troops were disbanded, many of the soldiers of the Highland regiments settled in Canada, and the glowing terms in which they wrote of the country of their adoption induced many more to follow, and the tide of emigration then began to flow. The first Highland emigrants to arrive in Nova Scotia were those on the ship "Hector" which landed in Pictou, one of the eastern seaports of Nova Scotia in 1773, and there are still in that good old Scotch county of Pictou, and in several parts of Cape Breton, many who can trace their descent to some of those brave men and women who faced the perils of an ocean trip in those days. In 1791, there arrived in Pictou two emigrant ships, and these were from the Catholic districts of the west coast and the islands. Some of those settled in the county of Antigonish, where to-day we find the Chisholms, the MacGillivrays, the Camerons and the MacDonalds in large numbers, while others crossed over to Cape Breton Island and settled on the western coast, and to-day their descendants are found in the prosperous county of Inverness



JOHN A. MACDOUGALL.



JOSEPH M. MACDONALD.

with its magnificent large farms stretching through the Mabou Valley and along the beautiful Margaree River. Others soon followed and it was in these later years that that magnificent sheet of inland water known as the Bras d'Or (a French name, meaning "Arm of Gold") Lake attracted the attention of the Highland emigrants, reminded, no doubt, by the panoramic view presented by that "golden arm" of the sea of lochs in the land from which they were driven by the dire oppression of landlords. Along the shores of that highly picturesque body of salt water, running into the centre of the island a distance of thirty miles and a width of ten, with numerous bays and channels extending in different directions, there are to-day hundreds of well cultivated farms of deep and most fertile soil yielding excellent crops of every variety in large and profitable quantities, and settled on all those in comfort and prosperity are none other than "Clann nan Gaidheal ri gnailean a chéile," the descendants of the emigrants from the western islands, Barra, Uist, Harris, and Lewis, who were attracted by the grandeur of the location over a hundred years ago, and there you hear everybody conversing in the beautiful Gaelic tongue. These conditions will also be found along the Mira River and throughout the county of Inverness.

The first emigrant ship to arrive in Sydney, the principal seaport of the island, and to-day with a population of 20,000 souls and its extensive iron works, the Birmingham of Canada, was on the 16th day of August 1802, with two

hundred and ninety-nine passengers, all from the western islands, and these again settled along the shores of the lake and later followed the emigration (principally from North Uist) that located along the Mira River, a beautiful river running through a most rich and fertile belt of land in the southern part of the island, a stream that is the tourist's and the sportsman's paradise with no restrictions whatever. The Highland emigrant continued going to Cape Breton and eastern Nova Scotia until 1828, when emigration practically ceased, but during its flow it is estimated 30,000 people settled there. Their descendants are to-day "the people" of Cape Breton and eastern Nova Scotia, and no better can be found on the continent of America. They are leaders in every avenue of trade and commerce, they are the managers of the industries, they are high in the councils of the country, they grace the learned professions, pulpit, bar, medicine, science and politics, not only in their own country but also in the great republic to the south of them, the United States of America. All honour to the descendants of Highland emigrants!

A movement is now on foot in Canada to induce more of the Highland emigrants, who are everyday leaving their own country, to seek settlement for themselves and families on farms in Cape Breton and eastern Nova Scotia among their own kith and kin rather than in western Canada, or other colonies. Two Cape Breton delegates have been in the Highlands during the past couple of months with a message that there are splendid opportunities for the Highlanders to occupy good farms, already in a state of cultivation and in the midst of the best market in Canada, and showing the many advantages of emigration to that section of Canada. Many have signified their intention of going there, and the emigration to Cape Breton and Nova Scotia that ceased in 1828 may now be resumed. The delegates, who have already visited many sections and have aroused considerable interest in the country they represent are, John A. Macdougall and Joseph M. MacDonald.

The Highland Livingstones are called "Clann an-Leigh," children of the physician. From this we have the surname MacLeay, and the MacLeays of the North-West are said to be descended from "Farquhar Leighiche," who got land in Assynt in 1386.

THE HENDERSONS.—Traditionally and historically the name Henderson, under the Gaelic appellation "Mac Eanraig," or Henry's son, is first heard of in Glencoe. The founder of the name is said to have been "Eanraig Mor, mac Rìgh Neachtan"—Big Henry, son of King Nectan. The Nectan referred to is said to have been the Pietish King of that name (700-724). He it was who built the Pietish towers of Abernethy ("Aber-Nechtan") and from whom the MacNaughtons claim descent.

FIONN'S WARS WITH THE MACGREGORS.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."

(Continued from page 95.)

SO MANY clan historians and genealogists of repute admit that the families of Grig or Grigg, Greg, Gregg or Greig are either branches or dependants of the MacGregors, that the closeness of the blood-relationship between a Greg and a MacGregor seems fairly well established. This relationship cannot but suggest that the former have faithfully preserved the original Celtic clan-name which the MacGregors thought fit to change in the ninth century to a Christian name somewhat similar; but we need not believe that the MacGregors acted thus under the influence of strong religious emotions or convictions. Although the early history of this clan is unwritten and unknown, it is practically certain that the ecclesiastical name MacGregor is but the name Greg in disguise, and that, accordingly, the MacGregors along with the Scottish Greys and Grigs are the lineal descendants of the ancient tribe of the Greys who flourished in Leinster during the eras of Fionn and Cuchullin.

But while the history of the name MacGregor may lend itself to difficulty because it is obscure, and obscure because it has no great antiquity attached to it, the same cannot be said of the name Greg which is as old as Gaelic history. The form it takes in early Irish is *Gréc*, and in middle Irish *Grey*, the clan-name having no connection whatever with "Greece" or the "Greeks." Owing, however, to what the late Dr. McLauchlan was pleased to call "the spread of Greek Literature among the Gaels," commentators and editors mistook the word *Gréc* to be the old Irish name for *Greece*, and under this false impression, built up wonderful creations of myth and fable in order to prove the existence of Graeco-Celtic connections which existed only in the editorial cranium, and nowhere else. Nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that in early Irish, *Gréc* is used as a gentile name, and being an ancient Celtic clan-name, cannot be made to denote a country or locality. Strictly speaking, it would be more correct and in accordance with historical fact to translate *Gréc* by *Grey* or *MacGregor* than by *Greek* or *Greece*; and the only valid excuse in using "*Greek*" for *Grey* is that the former has the custom of centuries in its favour. In this instance, custom obscures the truth.

From the early Irish form of the name, we get in Scottish Gaelic the forms *Greag* or *Greig*

(*Greig* in the Dean of Lismore's Book,) and also *Greug* by diphthongisation of the e-vowel.

When editing the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," the late Dr. McLauchlan was much struck by the numerous allusions as well as the prominence given to the Greys in all the ancient traditions of the Gael. But, unfortunately, he made no attempt to break away from ten centuries of editorial traditions, preferring rather to follow the opinions of his uncritical predecessors who were able to establish the antiquity of Graeco-Celtic connections on the slender evidence of the similarity of names. "Celtic poetry," said he, "is full of reference to Greece, whence a portion of the race are said to have come. . . These allusions belong, without doubt, to the period when both Scotland and Ireland were brought into contact with Greek Literature." Almost every other writer, ancient and modern, who has discussed the history of these Irish Greys, has laboured to prove their classic origin and affinities; but after all credit be given them for their patience, ingenuity, and industry in research, I do not believe anything is to be gained by repeating or criticising the childlike fancies of past generations who were doubtless serious when they wrote fables, and always meant well—especially when they were complimenting themselves on their Greek scholarship.

During a long period of history, too ancient to have left any contemporary records behind, the Greys were the ruling race in the south-east corner of Leinster. Tradition has it that they were originally a Munster tribe which migrated, in course of time, to the more fertile province of Leinster. But since there is so much fable attaching to the history of this ancient Gaelic people, it would be unsafe to accept the leading dates regarding their history, as they are too chronologically exact to be above suspicion. All that one is safely entitled to deduce from the fabulous stories about them is that the Greys are recognised by all the ancient traditions of the Gael as a people of Gaelic origin in contrast to the *Cruithne* or Pictish tribes of Ireland; and that they were among the first, if not the foremost, colonists in the country, and on that account, the most ancient Gaelic people known to Irish history.

Asserting the chief power in Leinster, the Greys quickly gained the mastery over many tributary peoples, such as the *Fíughaidh* or *Fidga* Britons previously discussed, as well as over many other peoples who preceded them in the country. But like all the other Celtic races, they knew not how to rule save to oppress, and thus, the whole political history of these Greys is a record of their wars with their neighbours and dependants. So unsettled was

their country, so oppressive their tyranny, and so grievous their exactions, that from time to time, Picts and Gaels alike found it best to migrate. The "grey Gaels" were not the first to leave the "land of the Gregs." According to ancient traditions, the Firbolgs had fled long before in order to escape the cruelty and ferocity of their overlords. Two of their nobles, Aindinn Oach, "the Eared," and Uar Etharehar, fled north into Westmeath where they gave name to Loughs Aindinn and Uair. Little importance need be attached to obscure traditions like these, but they are suggestive in so far as they give indirect testimony to the migrations of the servile tribes of southern Leinster into the northern portion, which was destined to become the centre of Gaelic civilisation in Ireland.

The *Coir Anmann* says that these Firbolgs were treated with great harshness by their warlike taskmasters, being forced "to drag mould on their backs, and cast it on bare flags and on crags of stones in the lands of the Greeks, so that they might be as flowerful plains." From this circumstance, the Gregs called the slave-caste in their midst "Men of the Bags"; and there can be no doubt that it was largely this harshness which the Gregs meted out to the numerous servile clans they ruled, that was one of the contributory causes leading up to the bloody revolution of the *Aithech Tuatha* in Leinster, about the beginning of the first century. In this revolution, the noble families of the "Grecian Gael" were wiped out of existence by the enraged peasantry, and the subsequent decay of Gaelic supremacy in the south gave the Gaelic enemies of the Gregs in the north of the province those opportunities for aggrandisement, of which they were not slow to take advantage.

In the *Rennes Dindsenchas*, we read of a certain *Dala Glas do Gregaib na Scithia*, "Dala Glass of the Gregs of Scithia," who, along with his brother *Cannán Cruithnech*, Cannán the Pict, were two nobles of the "grey Gaels" that left the "land of Greece" because of the warlike habits of the people, and "to avoid the warlike expeditions," as the old manuscript puts it. These expeditions or ~~attacks~~ ^{raids} seemed to be a fruitful source of trouble and dispeace, and it seems clear that these ancient forefathers of the Mac-Gregors, from the very beginnings of their eventful history, specialised in the fine arts of cattle-lifting and of throat-cutting. The Fenians further accused the Greeks of lady-lifting, if not of lady-killing, and often argued the point with axes and claymores when it was thought necessary to press the argument home. Of course, reprisals were the natural consequence of this kind of controversy. The Greeks swore to bury the hatchet—in their neighbours' bosoms,

and the West Highland Tale of *Maghaech Colgar* shows that they were serious and meant business. Four thousand Greeks who set out with the express purpose of cutting Fionn's throat, undertook the task with avidity, but their failure proved one more lesson illustrative of human frailty. The initial difficulties in the way of attaining our ideals often prevent us seeing them realised. So was it with the Grecian Gael on this occasion; and in the argument which they had with Fionn, many of the Greeks lost their heads, and many received deep impressions such as they retained to their dying day.

The reason of Fionn's frequent appearances in the "land of Greece" is easily explained by the proximity of the Greg tribe to the Fenians. Whenever Fionn went on a ~~journey~~ ^{foray} into "Greece," he merely crossed the river Liffey on the southern border of his own country, and then invaded an extensive tract of territory which was anciently known as *Sciuth*,—a name of unknown origin or signification, and certainly having no connection with old Irish *sciuth*, a shield. Some early scribes spelled the name *Scithia*, and then explained it to be the country of the Seyths in the east of Europe! Since their time, *Sciuth* is always translated to mean "Scythia," and the queer puzzles which many writers have made to explain, satisfactorily to themselves, how Fionn and the Feninne could fight in "Greece, Italy, Norway, Denmark, and Scythia" all in the space of a week make very interesting reading. How easy would it be to understand ancient Gaelic history if it were not for the editor, and behind him the shadow of the ignorant monk whose gospel is infallibility! Had either but gone to the trouble of comparing the oldest traditions which deal with the history of this ancient part of Leinster, each might have quickly seen that "Scythia" was the country of the Gregs, and included part of counties Dublin and Wicklow as well as the half of county Kildare south of the Liffey. *Dala Glas* and his brother *Cannán* of *Scithia* migrated from the south of Kildare county, and as the latter's daughter *Life*—who married the spencer of *Conaire Mór*, king of Tara—gave her name to the Liffey, according to tradition, the original seat of this Gaelic family in ancient *Scithia* must clearly have been localised in Kildare.

The story of the Gaelic migrations from "Scythia" or the "land of Greece" is thus seen to be very simple when once we acquire a better knowledge of ancient Irish geography. The Gaels migrated from the south to the north of Leinster where they ultimately settled for good. The centre of their power was at Tara in county Meath, and here they established the chief seat

of government. The outlying portions of this ancient Gaelic kingdom, consisting of what is now represented by counties Westmeath, King's County, and Kildare north of the Liffey, had to be protected from southern invasion, and for this reason, if none other, the services of the Fenian militia were brought into requisition. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the Fenian traditions, which describe Fionn's wars with the Gregs or "Greeks," give a fair picture of the state of Leinster in the third century. In his time, the province was rent in twain by wars and dissensions between the fierce Gregs or "Grecian Gaels," of the south and the combined Gaelic tribes and servile clans of the north. Besides, the latter's growing power, dominion and importance, evoked the jealousy of their southern neighbours; and as these, for the most part, resulted from the fact that the armed levies of the Fenian Gaels were constantly being recruited from the ranks of the subject races who had thrown off the ancient yoke imposed on them by the ruling race of southern Leinster, the "Grecian Gael" had every reason on their side to strike at the root of Fenian supremacy in the province before it eclipsed their own.

(To be concluded.)

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 97.)

JUNE—AN T-OG-MHIOS.

THIS month probably gets its English name—June—from the Latin, *juvenis*—young—which corresponds with its Gaelic designation, *An-t-og-mhios*—the young month. *Manx*, *nice veanagh y touray*—the middle month of summer.

The ninth of the month is known as *An Fhéil Chaluim*—St. Columba's Day. The following extracts from an article on St. Columba's Day by Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, Secretary to the Land Court, will be read with interest:—

"According to the modern calendars, Columba's Day is always observed on 9th June, no matter what the day of the week may be. Judging from an old Gaelic saying, it used to be on a Thursday: and this view seems to be supported by entries in some of the old Celtic chronicles. It is stated in the old Irish life of Columba in the Book of Lismore (circa 1460) that he was born at Gortan, 'on the seventh of the ides of December as regards the solar month, and on Thursday as regards the day of the

week.' In a copy of the same life in the Advocate's Library, the following sentence occurs:—'Calum Cille, moreover, used to go to heaven when he wished, every Thursday while he was alive.'

"The Gaelic saying already referred to is:—

'Diardaoin, La Chaluim Chaoimh,
Latha chur chaorach air seilb
Gu deilbh, 's gu cur bá air laogh.'

Translated—

'Thursday, gentle St. Columba's Day,
The day to put sheep to pasture,
To warp, and cow to calf.'

Further confirmation on the point is furnished by an entry in one of the Brussels MSS., copied by Michael O'Clery in 1629:—

'Columille, beautiful his aspect,
And his comrade, Baithene;
Their festivals perpetually without change,
Upon the same day of the week.

The last line runs in the original:—

'For aenlaithe sechtmuine.'

It must not, however, be overlooked that the Feilire MSS. are as old as the fourteenth century.

"In certain parts of the Highlands and Islands Columba is regarded as the special patron of cattle. 'May Columba protect your cattle for you' was an expression of goodwill towards a neighbour in respect of his stock. Or, again, 'May the herding or guardianship of God and Columba be on your cattle.' An old Uist woman, on leaving her cattle on the hillside, used to address them—

'May each pit be closed,
And each hillock be plain:
Columba's herding on ye
Till home ye return!'

"In the Gaelic charms and incantations which used to be applied for the cure of man and beast the name of St. Columba is frequently mentioned. Not only so, but tradition credits him with having introduced charms to the Western Islands. In several of the incantations reference is made to his curing the old wife's only cow—

'An t-Eòlas a rim Calum Cille
Dh'aona bhò na caillich.'

"When a cow lost a calf and refused to give milk, an incantation was said at her side with the view of inducing her to give milk, or allowing the calf of another cow to suckle her. I give a literal translation of it:—

'The charm that St. Columba made
For the old wife's only cow,
For the giving of her milk
After the killing of her calf;
To the veins of her back
From the veins of her belly
To the veins of her side;

From the roots of her ears
To the joints of her thighs
For the giving of her milk.
After the killing of her calf.

“The plant St. John’s Wort, plucked in other parts of the country on St. John’s eve, and venerated for its supposed magical powers, is known in the Highlands as Achlasan-Chaluim-Chille—Columba’s herb or plant. It is also called Seud-Chaluim-Chille—Columba’s jewel. The old Highlanders believed it afforded protection from all evil agencies. It was worn on the person by old and young—by the school boy to protect him from the dominie’s tawse, by the aged in order that his herds and flocks might prosper and flourish. To find it unsought-for growing on the mountain side was considered highly propitious—success and prosperity followed such an incident. When thus found an incantation (of which the following is a literal translation) ought to be said:—

‘The herb of St. Columba
Unsought-for, unmasked—
Fortunate the one who should get it,
I will pluck the foliage of prosperity,
As commanded by the High King—
Wherever it is put up it will command victory and
homage.’

It was carried about the person as an amulet; and doubtless it is the herb referred to by Martin in his Western Isles as a Fuga demonum. John Morrison, Bernera, Harris, writes Martin, wore it sewed in the neck of his coat to prevent him seeing visions, ‘and he says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about him.’”

With reference to St. Columba being the patron of cattle, I would call attention to the following verse from one of those ancient hymns preserved by Mr. Alex. Carmichael, Edinburgh.* This hymn, which is called “Laoidh na h-àiridh”—The Sheiling Hymn—was sung by the Hebridean Catholics as they dedicated their cattle at the sheiling.

LAOIDH NA H-AIRIDH.

Mhicheil mhìn ! nan steada geala
A choisinn cìos air dragon fala,
Air ghaol Dia is Mhìc Mhuire,
Sgaol do sgiath oirinn, dìon, sinn uile.
Sgaol do sgiath oirinn, dìon, sinn uile.
A Mhoire ghràdhach, màthair Uain-ghil,
Cobhair oirne, Oigh na h-uaisle :
A mhghaimn uaibbreach, a bhuaichail nan treud !
Cum ar enallach, cuartich sinn le cheil.
Cum ar enallach, cuartich sinn le cheil.
A Chalum-Chille chairdeil chaoimh,
An ainm Athair, Mìc, ’n Sioraid Naomh
Trid na Trithinn ! trid an Triath !
Comraig sinne, gleidh ar triall.
Comraig sinne, gleidh ar triall.

Athair ! A Mhìc ! A Spioraid Naomh !
Bithheadh an Tri-aon leimn a là ‘sa dh’ oidhelì :
‘S air machair lom, no air raon nam beum,
Bidh an Tri-aon leimn ‘s bidh a làmh fo’r ceann.
Bidh an Tri-aon leimn ‘s bidh a làmh fo’r ceann.

The following somewhat free translation I present for the benefit of your English readers:—

THE SHEILING HYMN

O Michael, the gentle, of snow-white steed
Who the fierce dragon subdued with speed,
For the love of God and Mary’s Son,
And the blessed Trinity—Three-in-One,
Bow down Thine ear to hear our call !
Spread o’er us Thy wing and shield us all !

O, Mary, Mother of the Lamb so white,
Virgin of nobleness shield us to-night :
Queen of all beauty, attend us we pray,
Shepherdess holy, protect us alway,
Surround all our cattle and keep them from harm.
Protect us, fair Virgin ! Thy name is a charm.

And then to Columba, the gentle, we pray,
In the name of the Trinity blessed for aye,
Through the Three-in-One and One-in-Three,
To whom we ever should bow the knee !
Guard our procession, our cattle guide
To pastures green on the mountain side.

O Father ! O Spirit ! and Mary’s loved Son,
The source of our strength is with Thee alone,
Protect our herds while the darkness reigns
On mountains high or on machair plains ;
If Thou be with us no ill shall we dread,
Thy wing shall protect us ; Thine arm guard our head.

The twenty-fourth is St. John’s Day—La Fhèill Eathain. This day was of some importance to the Gael.

Oidhe Shambua, theirat gambua ris na laoigh ;
Oidheh’ Fhèill Eathain, theirar aighean ri na dhoigh.

At Hallowe’en the calf is called a stirk aye,
At St. John’s Eve the stirk is called a quey.

The change of name is for the purpose of “Sounning” or Coilpeachadh, as it is called in Gaelic, where there is common grazing.

Mr. Macbain in his “Celtic Mythology,” † page 98, remarks:—“The mid-summer festival, Christianised into St. John’s Eve and Day, for the celebration of the summer solstice is not a specially Celtic, as it is a Teutonic feast. The wheels of wood wrapped round with straw, set on fire, and sent rolling from a hillock summit, to end their course in some river or water, which thus typified the descending course of the sun onward till next solstice, is represented on Celtic ground by the occasional use of a wheel for providing the tein’egin, but more especially by the custom in some districts of rolling the Beltane bannocks from the hill summit down its side.”

(To be continued.)

* “Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides.” By Alex. Carmichael. Edinburgh, 1881.

† “Celtic Mythology and Religion.” By Alex. Macbain, M.A. Inverness, 1885.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

BANNOCKBURN.—What is the meaning of this place-name? Is it of Celtic origin? What is the oldest form of the word? **BONNACH.**

COINAGE.—What old Scotch coins have Gaelic names and what are they? **SCILLINN.**

MACKINTOSH'S GAELIC PROVERBS.—How many editions of this collection of proverbs have been issued? Who edited them and when? **SEAN-FHACAL.**

WALLACE.—Was Wallace a Gael, was he able to speak Gaelic? **UILLEAM.**

"AIR AN T-SEAN EOLAIS."—Was this projected Gaelic work ever published? Who was to edit it? **LIBRA.**

CUIL-PIHAIL.—Who is this nook called after? **MELFORT.**

ANSWERS.

THE MACNABS OF BARACHASTALAIN.—The famous hereditary smiths and armourers lived for over seven hundred years in a district not far from Glen Dochart, over which their probable ancestor was Culdee Abbot. The Culdee Abbots were allowed to marry. Gregory, Abbot of Glen Dochart, and afterwards first Bishop of Dunkeld was the second son of Sir John MacGregor—Sir Iain, Borb an Cath—and was sent to Italy to be educated. From the artistic excellence of their carving, and the "unrivalled temper" of their weapons, also from the fact of this family (of Barachastalain) being able to read, in an age when education was not general, one might be ready to infer that Gregory must have given to his son—who was their progenitor—the like advantage of an Italian education. The Barachastalain MacNabs are mentioned as having done all the ironwork for the Lady of Lochawe, when she altered and re-built Kilehurn Castle in 1440, and they continued to reside in their old home till the end of the eighteenth, or beginning of the nineteenth century. One of them gave Thomas Ford Hill, at least, eight old MSS. of Ossianic poems, when Hill was sent from London, to enquire into the real parentage of the translations that had awakened such a storm of controversy. Frequent mention is made of this family in the "Black Book of Taymouth." Some of the descendants of that family of MacNabs are still to be found scattered over Perthshire and Argyllshire.

K. W. G.

SCOTTISH COUNTIES.—In answer to "Tuathach," the following are the Gaelic names of many of the Scottish Counties:—Argyll, Farraghaidheal; Banff, Banbh; Berwick, Abaruig; Bute, Bòd; Caithness, Gallaibh; Dumfries, Dum-fris; Edinburgh, Dun Eideann; Elgin, Eilgim; Fife, Fiobha; Inverness, Inbhir Nis; Kincardine, Cinn Chardainn; Kirkcudbright, Cille Chnithbert; Lanark, Leannraic. Linlithgow, Gleann Iuca; Nairn, Inbhir-narunn; Orkney, Arcaibh; Ross and Cromarty, Ros agus Cromba; Roxburgh, Rosbrog; Shetland, Sealtain; Stirling, Sruighlea; Sutherland, Cataibh; Perth, Peairt. **F.**

MACCORQUODALES.—MacCorquodale is from the Norse, and means the son of Thorketil. The name means in Norse Thor's Kettle, or divine cauldron. It was a favourite name with the Norse and Danes. The MacCorquodales belong to Argyllshire, and the chief had an estate there called Phantelands. **F.**

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 85.)

AM fear tha elis gu gealladh, 's tric leis fealladh.
The man who is eager to promise often deceives.

Am fear a's fhaide 'chaidh riamh o'n tigh, bha cho fada aig ri tighinn dachaidh.

The man who went furthest from home had the same distance to return.

Am fear a's laige fodha 'sam fear a's treise an uachdar.

The weakest below and the strongest above.

Am fear a shiubhail an cruinne, cha d' fhuair e cho duineil ri mhàthair.

The man who travelled the world found not so manly as his mother.

Am fear a's luaithe lamh 's e a's fearr cuid.
He of swiftest hand gets the best share.

Thig Dia ri aire, 's cha 'n aire 'nuair thig.

God comes in distress, and distress goes when He comes.

Gabhaidh gach dath dubh, ach cha ghabh duth dath.

Every colour will take black, but black takes none.

Ugh na circe dol a dh' iarraidh ugh a gheòidh.

The hen's egg going in quest of a goose egg.

—The hen's egg goes to the ha', to bring the goose's egg awa.—Scot.

Cha'n ionndrainn an loch na dh'òlas an lach.

The loch won't miss what the duck drinks.

Cha'n e'n rud a bha an dràs d a dh' fhòghnas.

'Tis not that which was that will not suffice.

Cha chum freiteach ach deamhan.

Only devils keep rash vows.

Fiadh à fireach, breac à linne, 's slat à coille trì rudan as nach do ghabh Gaidheal riamh nàire.

A deer from the mountain, a salmon from the fountain, and a wand from the wood are three things of which a Highlander was never ashamed.

Laogh buabhall an doruis.

The calf of the door stall.

Is tric a fhuar fear na h-eadraigim dòrn.

The interposer oft gets a blow.

Thig tubaistean air na elioabaistean.

Mishaps will befall the awkward people.

Far am bi call bidh cur-ionchair.

Where there is loss there is blame.

Bidh adhairecan fad' air a chrodh 'tha fad' naimh.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

(To be continued.)



LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE J. MACFARLANE, C.M.G.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE J. MACFARLANE, C.M.G.

IT IS a far cry from sunny South Africa to the ancient homes of "Wild Macfarlane's plaided Clan," around Loch Sloy, Arrochar, and Ardlui, yet there now resides in Natal a gentleman who claims by virtue of the law of primogeniture to be the legal representative of the last Macfarlane who owned the family estates, and therefore Chief of the Clan.

According to a record carefully preserved in the family of the gentleman referred to, and which is supported by all the authorities dealing with the matter, the Clan Parlan is descended from Gilchrist, son of Aluin, Earl of Lennox, who died in 1200. This Gilchrist obtained by Charter from his brother Malduin, Earl of Lennox, in 1225, the lands of Arrochar, and these lands continued in the possession of the family until towards the end of the 18th century. The great-grandson of Gilchrist was Parlan, from whom the Clan appears to have taken the surname of Macfarlane.

It is recorded that Andrew, the 17th Laird of Macfarlane, being a zealous Protestant, took a prominent part on the side of the Regent Murray, and at the battle of Langside, with 300 of his followers, by an opportune attack on one of the flanks of Queen Mary's army, practically decided the fortunes of the day. It is said the Clan carried off three of the enemy's standards. For this service the Regent bestowed upon the Chief the crest of a demi-savage proper, holding in his dexter hand a sheaf of arrows, and pointing with his sinister to an Imperial crown, or, with the motto "This I'll defend."

The 22nd Laird was John Macfarlane, who married (first) Agnes, daughter of Sir Hugh Wallace of Wolmet, by whom he had no surviving issue; (second) Lady Helen Arbuthnot, daughter of Lord Viscount Arbuthnot, by whom he had three sons. The subject of our sketch, George James Macfarlane, is descended from

this Laird. He is the eldest son of the late John Macfarlane, for many years Resident Magistrate of Weenen County, Natal. He was born at Maritzburg on 6th June 1855, and married (8th December 1887) Mary Maria, daughter of the late Walter Macfarlane, Speaker of the Natal Legislative Assembly.

If we may judge from their special appropriation of the pipe tune "Thogail nam bó," the Macfarlanes were fond of emulating their near neighbours, the Macgregors, in their descents upon the Lowlands, and their soldierly tendencies have been well attested by many gallant members in the old days and since the disruption of the Clan. Lieut.-Colonel Macfarlane, the present claimant of the Chieftainship, has inherited no small share of the war-like proclivities of his house, and has had a distinguished career as a soldier. He served in the Zulu War of 1879 and during the last Boer War (1899-1902), and now holds the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in that famous Colonial Regiment, the Natal Carbineers. But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and Lieut.-Col. Macfarlane has not spared himself in municipal and political life. He was Mayor of the Capital of Natal for four years in succession (1898-1902), and had the unique honour of being re-elected while serving at the Front with his regiment. For his services during the war he was created a Companion of St. Michael and St. George in 1901. He is a member of the Provincial Council of Natal, and at the first meeting of that body was elected Chairman, which position he still occupies. Mrs. Macfarlane, who is a most charming lady, also claims descent from the 22nd Laird of Macfarlane, and is an enthusiastic Highlander, with a marvellous love and knowledge of Scottish history and literature. They have two sons, Keith and Brian.

Their home is at "Redlands," a small estate a mile or two outside Pietermaritzburg, and the house commands a magnificent view over the Capital and the surrounding country.

IAN FRISAL.

THE MEDICAL BOOK OF DUNOLLY.

By H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D.

By courtesy of the authorities of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, I have had sent me, on the care of the British Museum, two old medical manuscripts, one marked Adv. III. and the other LX. The former is a treatise in Latin and Gaelic upon the old *Materia Medica*, having origin as appears from Arabic sources through Greek and Latin, with additions, of course, by the way. As the book is written on vellum and is in a good state of preservation I have not given it much attention. It can wait. The other, however, LX., is written on very poor paper and is in a wretched condition, crumbling to dust and almost beyond hope of preservation, so far as I can judge. A good part of the book, as it originally was, is without doubt lost—especially at the beginning, and fifty or so leaves are even now almost hopelessly decayed, of what is left. I have had some 30 of the worst of these pages carefully photographed and it is my intention to publish them, and as much of the text as I can, so soon as I am able.

I am going to call the work "The Medical Book of Dunolly," because most of it was written there and almost all of it in that neighbourhood in the years 1611-14 by a family of Connachers, physicians of that part of the country. The scribe of the book, for certainly the most part, was an Angus of that family, as we shall see.

The MS. extends to 237 folios written on both sides of the paper. Many of the leaves are loose and many of those that are still in some sort fixed are out of their proper place and sequence. Evidently everyone who has had to do with the book since it left the first hands understood nothing at all about it. It has been paged by some modern hand, just as it came, without any regard to the matter or its order or right sequence. This is why I find the pages marked 1 and 2 are renderings of the *Third Book of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates*—Aphs. 13 to 17—and the next pages 3 and 4 are Aphs. 39 to 52 of the *Fifth Book*, and the pages 16, 17, 18, 19 give again part of the *Third Book*—Aphs. 21 to 31 consecutively and in order. This and other things make the classification of this MS. extremely difficult work, and this leads me to indicate what work of this kind really entails.

Anyone undertaking to render these manuscripts must

1. Know the Gaelic language in almost all its history—a very big task.

2. By a study entailing long years of work he must attain an extremely special ability to

read the very troublesome, irregular, and often carelessly written contractions which are so very abundant in these manuscripts; and he must have a full knowledge of ignorance!—one of the most difficult accomplishments of life—for the scribes are not always angels of perfection.

3. He must know the whole range of ancient medical theory and terminology and be in some degree able to equate their signification with those of modern times.

4. And what is more immediately severe, he must know all the Greek and Latin sources from which these Gaelic translations have been made—for they are always directly from or based upon ancient sources, and the source is very rarely even suggested. I have found this by far the most difficult aspect of the work.

For a popular journal I cannot rightly enter upon anything of the technicalities or of even the linguistic or scientific merits of the manuscript. I would only refer to its human, and especially its Highland interest. It was written in Lorne exactly 300 years ago. It shows a very remarkable acquaintance, for the time and in that remote part, with Greek and Latin medical literature. It is very badly written, but the *will* to do, and the determination, is there and always apparent, even when the necessary accomplishment and the ability to do good work is painfully lacking. The work is therefore not to be despised but heartily appreciated. It always reminds me of Dr. Johnson's criticism of the performing dog, "The wonder is not that he did not do it better but that he did it at all." If we just for a moment think of the time and place we must realise that it is simply a marvel that the thing was done at all. The other manuscripts which I have been able to deal with were written by professional Irish copyists, and we have nothing of the writing of the Macbeaths themselves, but this is absolutely native and therefore the more to be thought of. The following *subscriptions* show this very clearly. I give the pages as they are on the manuscript, and I am sorry that the contractions cannot be here indicated except by italicising the contracted letters. The signatures show where the page or the part was finished.

Page 2.—An Lios Mór damh 1611—*In Lismore I am 1611.*

Page 21.—An Lios Mór damh 30 la mí Decembar b . . . a 1611—*In Lismore I am 30th Dec. 1611.*

Page 22.—Co deualh Dia crìoch maith air in leabar so Aonghus—*That God would make a good end upon this book—Angus.* I am not quite sure of the *Aonghus* here—it is so very indistinct.

Page 23.—An Lios Mór is all I can make

Page 84.—An Dùn Ollamh beag damh—*In little Dunolly I am*—without date.

Page 106.—An Dùn an Eagain duinn a bfochar Mic Donnail Duibh—*In Duncagain I am in the presence of (or in company with or even at the house of) MacDhonnachail Duibh*. This is interesting. Where is Dùn an Eagain, and who was this MacDhonnachail Duibh? I should be glad of some clearer light than my own upon these two points.

From this page onwards to page 126 is a very interesting tract, with only the headings in Latin, giving substantial paragraphs of Gaelic, which I should like to deal with if I did not feel compelled to do the more decayed parts first. The tract ends with

Page 126.—*Finis*. An Aird-Chonghail damh a bhfochair Dhonnchaidh Mic Eoin Mic Donnail Mic Donnchaidh i gbaire (Conchobair) aois an tigerna intan sin 1612 an 3 la 20 Augustus. Misi Aonghus Mac Ferchair Mic Aonguis g [deleted] gidh nàr re admhail do sgrìobha in leabar e. Ni bee sin—*In Arleconnel I am in the presence of Duncan the son of John the son of Donald the son of Duncan O'Connacher. The Age of the Lord in that time 1612 the 3 days 20 (23d) of August. I am Angus son of Farquhar son of Angus though it is a shame to admit that he (I) wrote this book.*

Page 126 begins the full text of the "Regimen Sanitatis Salerni," a version or commentary upon which, by the Macbeaths, I published a year ago, and it ends.

Page 154 with *Finis* ann so air Regemen Sanatatis an ceud la do November aois an tigerna 1612 ocus gur aon leighis so tuig beachd air annain an ti do sgrìobh .i. Aonghas Mac Ferchair—*An end here upon Regimen Sanitatis the First day of Nov. the Age of the Lord 1612. And without our healing here give thought to the soul of him who wrote it, namely, Angus son of Farquhar.*

From this onwards is a Tract upon the Bladder, Urine, &c., which ends page 193 with A Dhia cure crìoch maith air fear an leabair Aonghus—*God give a good end to the man of this book*—*Angus*.

Then a chapter upon Treatment goes on to page 198, which ends *Finis anno domini 1612 an 28 la November an Dùn-ollamh dam a bfochair Donncaid i Conqhair*—*A.D. 1612 the 28th day of November being in Dunolly in the presence of Duncan O'Connacher*.

At 199 begins *Medicina est scientia sanorum aegrorum et neutra (sic)* which goes on with more or less a philosophy of Disease to page 207, which ends An Dùn-ollamh damh in ceud la do December an [?aon] bliadhain dég inprionnsa [*in* has the punctum delens under both letters] Alba ocus Saxan ocus Eirionn.

Aois an tigerna 1612—*I am at Dunolly the First day of December the eleventh (?) year of the Prince of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the Age of the Lord 1612*. Someone may tell me who the Prince was—I have not looked it up. On the next page in a flourishy hand is *Misi Aonghus*—*I am Angus*—as if he was "showing off" a bit.

From page 215 to 235 is a Tract upon Foods, &c., ending *Finis air an leabar so darab ainm Blath nan Diet an Dun-ollamh*—*An end upon this book named The Flower of the Diets in Dunolly*. No date is given.

Anatomy takes up the next 25 pages, and *Materia Medica* the next 40. The leaf 301-2 has been torn out methodically by some fool. It was blank, that is, it had no text on it, but it seems to have been covered by several personal notes which would be of great interest.—On page 225 is An Dùn-ollamh damh an 18 la Decembar Anno Domini 1612, and on page 229, Dia liom, an Dùn-ollamh damh 20 la Decembar 1612.

Then again on page 236 begins a part of the *Regimen Sanitatis* ending on middle of page 238 with simply *Finis*.

Page 239 begins *Adir Galen an leabhar Anatomia gurub iad so na boill oireltha .i. incinn ocus eroidhe, ae, ocus uirgi, &c.*, and the Anatomy goes on to page 260.

Page 261 begins a chapter on *Materia Medica Is iad so neithe aonda dileaghus leanna fura mar ata ysoip ocus bitone ocus pulegi ocus caliment, &c.*, and at bottom of page 264 an *Lios Mòr damh an 4 la Iuli 1613*. This ends at 285 with five pages of a systematised pharmacy, and the same sort of thing is carried on to page 300.

Page 301 begins with a heading *De Linimentis .i. dona neithe coimilter*, ending on next page with *Finis air na clàruibh sin gordonius* (evidently taken from Bernard de Gordon) an *Apain in* [deleted] *Eoin Sdiab [? air] an ri afochair Dhonnchaidh y gbaire ocus isse Donnchadh d tug na clair si damsa ri sgrìobhadh ocus gach duine a leighis iad no dau dena siad maith tugad siad beannacht air annain an Donnchaidh sin tug na clair nada damsa re na sgrìobhadh Misi Bhdlnghts Mhbe Fsebhrebhngur*—*An end on those pages in Appin of John Stewart the king in the presence of Duncan O'Connacher, and it was Duncan who gave me these pages to write, and every man whom they healed or to whom they have done good let them give blessing to the soul of that Duncan who gave to me from him these pages to be written [? copied]. I am, &c.* These letters, &c., are surely a "code." I can make nothing of them, but I have taken care to copy them correctly. Let our readers have a try. I have no doubt the other subscriptions

will help to solve them. My reading of "Apain Eoin Stiab [hairi]" is as correct as I can make it, but "an ri" is peculiar. This also may give a thought to some who may know the interesting history of Appin in that time.

On page 329 is the very interesting statement "A gleann Craibhrionn dam 1614—*In Gleuceran I am 1614*. This rendering of the name is a distinct relief to me, for Creran was always a difficulty, and it seems to be pure Gaelic after all, with a Lewis value of the vowel.

I feel that for this occasion I have given quite enough of what must, to many, be very dry reading. The whole thing is, however, intensely interesting. The MS. extends to 474 pages, and I think the best way is to offer another instalment later on. The adequate reproduction of the whole text would take far longer than my remaining life-time, and if it is ever done rightly it must be by one or other of our splendid photographic processes. It is the question again of *Ars longa, vita brevis*—and the expense is altogether beyond anyone but such as do not care for these things. I feel strongly that the Scottish nation should demand Government assistance towards the preservation and reproduction of these valuable writings before it is too late.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 120.)

Is ghorm na cnuic tha fada uainn.
Green are all the hills that are far away.

Lion thusa 'mharag is lionaidh 'mharag thu.
Fill you the pudding and the pudding will fill you.

Cha tug gràdh luath nach tug fuath elis.
He ne'er loved in haste but was quick to hate.

Pathadh na caorach—aon a dh' iarras 's a dha dheug a dh' òlas.

The sheep's thirst—one asking and twelve drinking.

Fàisneachd caillich mar a dùrachd.
An old wife's prophesy is her desire.

Is duilich cupan làn a ghiulan.
It is difficult to carry a full cup.

Abair gu beag is abair gu math e.
Say little and say it well.

Abair sin dar a loisgeas tu cruach-mhòna còmhla ris.

Say that when you have burned a peat stack with him,

A' bheinn a's àirde 's an tìr, 's ann oirre 's tric a chì thu 'n ceò.

The highest hill is oftenest covered with clouds.

A' buain nan àirneagan searbha 's a' saltairt cìrean meala.

Plucking the bitter sloes, and trampling on the honeycomb.

A' bhliadhna a's gainne min, dean fuine mór ainneamh.

The year meal is scarcest make an occasional large baking.

A bhò a's lagha feum 's i 's mò geum.

The most useless cow lows the loudest.

A bhò 's caoile 's a' bhuaile, 's i 's cruaidhe geum.

The leanest cow in the fold lows the loudest.

A' bhéist a's mò ag itheadh na beist a's lugha, 's a' bheist a's lagha 'deanamh mar a dh' fhaodas i.

The bigger beast eating the lesser one, and the lesser one doing as it may.

A bhi gu dàna modhail, sin lagh na cùirte.

To be bold and courteous is the court rule.

A' bualadh na tarraing air a ceann.

Striking the nail on the head.

A chailleach, an gabh thu 'n rìgh? Cha ghabh, 's nach gabh e mi.

Crone, will you have the king? I won't, as he won't have me.

A' chaor' a théid anns an dris cha 'n 'eil aic' ach tighinn as mar a's feàrr a dh' fhaodas i.

The sheep that goes into the thicket must get out as best she can.

A cheud sgeul air fear-an-tighe, 's gach sgeul gu latha air an aoidh.

The first story from the host, and tales till dawn from the guest.

A' chore 'an ionad a' chùinnseir.

The gully in the place of the sword.

A chuid de Phàrras dha!

His share of Paradise to him!

A' chuid nach gabh na leanaban, gabhaidh an t-scana-bhean fhéin.

What the children won't take the old woman will.

A' chuisseag ruadh a dh' fhàsas 's an otraich, 's i 's àirde 'thogas a ceann.

The dunghill red weed lifts its head the highest.

Athghearr an tàilleir dhuibh do Ghleam-cuaich—mu'n enairt an saoghal.

The black tailor's short cut to Glen Quaich—round the world.

(To be continued.)

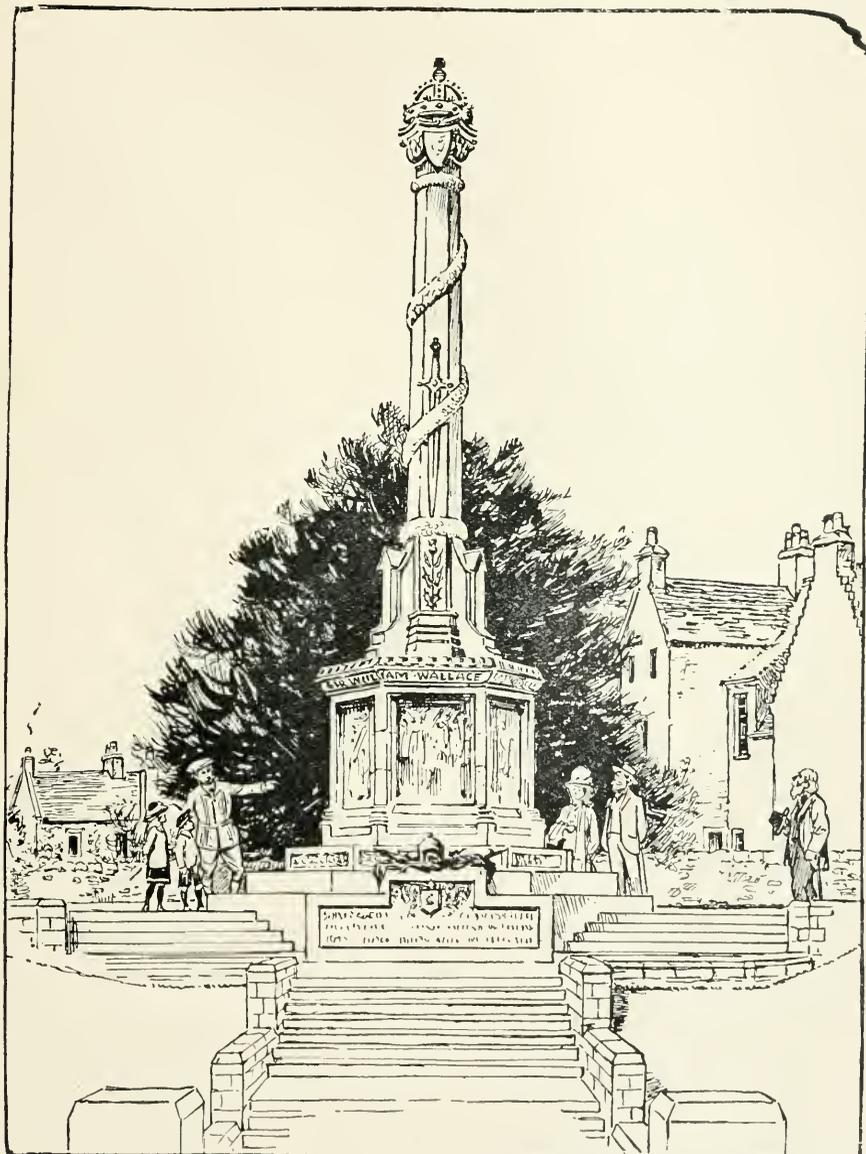
**MEMORIAL TO
SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL PATRIOT.**

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AND ELDERSLIE.

It is singular that up to the present time no memorial has been erected at Elderslie, in Ren-

due to the London Renfrewshire Association, who have secured the support and sympathy of Scotsmen all the world over.

Through the generosity of Mr. A. Hagart Speirs, the laird of Elderslie, who has been a strong supporter of the movement, a site associated with Wallace has been gifted for the



Drawn by J. Duncan from Architect's plan.

frewshire, to commemorate the fact that Sir William Wallace, the national patriot of Scotland, was a native of the locality. This stigma against all true Scotsmen is now being removed by the erection of a very handsome memorial at Elderslie, the inception of which has been

memorial, in the centre of the village. This site is adjacent to the ancient Elderslie Castle, where, according to the highest authorities, Wallace was born, and in the background is the famous Wallace Yew which, over 600 years old, is a noted landmark in the West of Scotland,

and which, apart from the old Castle, has been the means of preserving the memory of Wallace with the neighbourhood.

The memorial has been designed by Messrs. Murray & Minty, Westminster, London, who are West of Scotland men. They have been very happy in producing a design, distinctly national in character. The memorial takes the form of a massive grey Aberdeen granite column rising from a six-sided pedestal, on which provision is being made for the erection of bronze panels illustrating incidents in the life of Wallace. The column itself is entwined with a sculptural wreath, which binds a representation of Wallace's celebrated two-handed sword. Surmounting the capital of the column is the Scottish crown supported by three shields bearing appropriate national arms. The original design has been accepted and hung at the Royal Scottish Academy.

In order that the memorial might have a fitting setting, the amenities of the site were artistically laid out by Mr. Hagart Speirs, and the foundation stone was laid by Lady Anna Speirs. There was a large attendance of the public to witness the ceremony.

The entire cost of the memorial, with the exception of the panels, which it is hoped will be gifted by private donors, will be close on £2,000, and of this sum a goodly portion has been subscribed. It is confidently hoped that the memorial will appeal to the patriotic instinct of all Scotsmen, both at home and abroad, and that those who have not yet had the opportunity of subscribing to so worthy a movement will assist or help the executive with this laudable object prior to the unveiling, which is expected to take place in September next.

Among those who have been identified with the movement are the following:—Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lamington, Lord Strathcona, Lord Newlands, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Earl Cassilis, Lord James Murray; Lord Inverclyde, Sir Thomas Glen-Coats (Lord Lieutenant of the County), Sir James Coats, Sir Charles Bine Renshaw, Sir William Arrol, Sir John Maxwell, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL.D., and other prominent Scotsmen.

Sir Robert Laidlaw is Chairman of the Executive; Mr. James Douglas, Vice-Chairman; and Mr. W. A. Bowie, Treasurer, to whom donations may be sent, addressed Royal Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

A FAMILY of Livingstones were hereditary standard-bearers to the MacDougalls of Lorne, and a family of Carmichaels were hereditary henchmen to the same clan chief. A family of Cowans or MacCowans followed MacDougall of Reyran, near Oban, from whom they held lands about Loch Seil, in Lorn.

THE WAR SONG OF THE HAYS.

By SEUMAS MACGARADH.

THE origin of this clan seems to be very obscure; but if we are to accept the tradition of the Battle of Luncartie wherein the father and his two sons were instrumental in turning the tide of battle in favour of the Scots, we must credit them with being of Celtic descent. The armorial bearings, crest, and motto of the Hays are all founded on this tradition, which at least speaks eloquently of the respect with which it is regarded. Some slight reference is also made to their traditional origin in the first stanza of the following, which is the complete slogan-song or Gathering of the Hays. Mr. F. H. Allan who first gave a published version of the song, says that some parts of it are said to be of considerable antiquity. Here is the first stanza which seems to credit a measure of the antique:—

THE GATHERING.

“MacGaradh! MacGaradh! red race of the Tay
Ho gather! Ho gather! like hawks to the fray;
MacGaradh! MacGaradh! MacGaradh! come fast
The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.
The Standard of Errol unfolds its white breast
And the falcon of Luncartie stirs in her nest.
Come away, come away, come to the tryste,
Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west.”

In the second stanza the ‘Gathering’ is continued; but this part cannot be older than the periods of the Jacobite risings.

“MacGaradh! MacGaradh! MacGaradh! come forth
Come from your bowers, from south and from north,
Come in all Gworie Kinnoul and Tweeddale
Drumelzier and Naughton, come locked in your mail,
Come Stuart! come Stuart! set up thy white rose,
Killour and Buccleuch bring thy bills and thy bows;
Come in MacGaradh, come armed for the fray,
Wide is the war-ery, and dark is the day.”

The author or authors of these two stanzas are unknown as well as the periods when they may have been written; but what follows has been attributed to Captain James Hay, who is said to have added them in 1715, when the Earl of Errol and his following attended the ‘great hunting match’ when the Stuarts banner was raised on the Braes o’ Mar. However there is some uncertainty as to authorship, and it is probable that several pens were employed. Then follows the Quick March:—

The Hay, the Hay, the Hay, the Hay!
MacGaradh is coming, give way, give way,
The Hay, the Hay, the Hay, the Hay!
MacGaradh is coming, give way!

MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,
MacGaradh is coming, hurra! hurra!
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,
MacGaradh is coming, hurra!

Then we can picture the site of battle. The enemy is seen in the distance, the clans, horse and foot, are marshalling to do battle for Rìgh Seumas, and in the mind's eye we can see the red tartans of the Stewart and the Hay mingled with the glint of arms, as they come on to the

ADVANCE.

“MacGaradh is coming like beam of war,
The blood-red shields are glinting far;
The Stuart is up, his banner white
Is flung to the breeze like a flake of light.
Dark as the mountain's heather wave,
The rose and the mistle' are coming brave,
Bright as the sun which gilds its thread
King James's tartan is flashing red :—
Upon them MacGaradh, bill and bow,
Cry, Holleu ! MacGaradh ! holleu ! holleu !”

There is no time for dallying now, discretion is thrown to the winds in the wild impetuosity of the charge, which, like the mountain torrent, comes fast and furious,—

“MacGaradh is coming ! like stream from the hill,
MacGaradh is coming, lance, claymore and bill ;
Like thunder's wild rattle
Is mingled the battle,
With cry of the falling, and shout of the charge
The lances are flashing,
The claymores are clashing,
And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.”

The Saxon is borne down before the fierce onslaught of the Gael, and short is the duration of the

BATTLE.

“MacGaradh is coming ! the banners are shaking,
The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking,
The Southerners are flying
“Saint George !” vainly crying,
And Brunswick's white horse on the field is borne
down ;
The red cross is shattered,
The red roses scattered,
And bloody and torn the white plume in his crown.”

The final stanza is the completion of the victory, the pursuit of the vanquished and the last victorious holleu !

PURSUIT :—

“Far shows the dark field like the stream of Caim
Gorm
Wild, broken and red, in the skirt of the storm ;
Give the spur to the steed,
Give the war-cry its holleu !
Cast loose the wild speed
Shake the bridle and follow.
The rout's in the battle
Like blast in the cloud,
The flight's mingled rattle
Peals thickly and loud :—
Then holleu ! MacGaradh ! holleu MacGaradh !
Holleu ! Holleu ! Holleu ! MacGaradh !”

So ends the slogan-song which is said to have an accompanying piobaireachd, played on the pipes. “Holleu MacGaradh !” was the most ancient slogan or war-cry of the Hays of Errol ;

but is said to have been set aside at an early date. The “mistle” occurring in the fourth stanza is the mistletoe which is the badge of the Hays. With regard to the name MacGaradh itself which is reputed to have been the ancient name of the Hays, little can be said, as there are no proofs to show at what period it was applied to them, and the name itself, translated from the Gaelic might have several meanings. This surname, however, without the final ‘dh’ is pretty common in our sister Celtic isle, Eire.

CALL AN “TITANIC.”

Tha cuid de'n fheadhain a chaidh a shàbhladh bhàrr na luinge, an “Titanic,” ag innseadh nuair a bha i 's cuid mhòr de dh'anaman prìseal a sioladh fodha, gun do chruinnich an t-àrd Fhear-ciùil an banal a bha leis agus gun do ehluch iad gu soerach, sòlumte fonn na laoidh prìseil sin—“Na 's dlùith, mo Dhia, dhuit fhéin,” agus chaidh iad do t-siorruidheachd 's an ceòl binn sin na'n cluasan is air an teanga. Chaidh an Laoidh so eadar-theangachadh gu Gàidhlig le “Iain Bàn Og,” fear do nàistinn Lathurna. So mar a tha i dol :

Na 's dlùith', mo Dhia, dhuit fhéin !
‘Na 's dlùith' dhuit fhéin !
‘S ged b' ann a thogteadh mi
‘Tre Chrois is phéin,
Gùdheadh b' e so mo laoidh,
‘Na 's dlùith do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith' !

Ged bhion, mar sheachbranaich',
Nuair laigheas grìan,
Am shuain le cloich fo m' cheann,
Is dorch' gach sìon,
‘Am aising b' e mo ghuidh'—
Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith' !

Faiceam mo shlighe 'n sin
‘Dìreach gu Gloir ;
Na chuir Thu orm a' teachd
Bho d' thròcair mhóir ;
Ainglean 'gam ghairm air m' tìdh,
Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
Do m' Dhia no 's dlùith' !

An sin, nuair dhùisgim suas,
Le d' chliù ga luaidh,
Thogaim mo Bhéteil àrd,
Air stéidh mo thruaigh,
Air ghaol troimh bhron 's troimh chaoidh.
Bhith teachd do m' Dhia na 's dlùith',
Do m' Dhia no 's dlùith' !

‘S na 'm b' e bun éirinn suas
Gu h-ait troimh 'n speur,
Gealach, is reul, is grìan,
Air chùl gu léir,
Gùdheadh b' e so mo laoidh,
‘Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith' !

THE SONS OF ROB ROY.

By DAVID N. MACKAY.

(Continued from page 113.)

PART III.

JAMES MOR MACGREGOR'S part in the Jean Key outrage was a loathsome one. I need not waste adjectives upon it. One can hardly imagine old Rob taking part in any such coward's devilry, but James had not yet filled up the record of his iniquities. Even while a prisoner in the Tolbooth he devised a plot which reached the very limit of selfish treachery. Somewhere—probably during his war service with the Jacobites, James had made the acquaintance of James Stewart of the Glen. I need not relate the oft-repeated story of the murder of the Crown Factor, Campbell of Glenure at Lettermore in Appin in May 1752 when on his way to visit some Stewart tenants from the forfeited Ardsheal Estate, or of the subsequent arrest of James Stewart as an accessory to the murder. It seems clear that shortly before that crime was committed, James Stewart, when in Edinburgh on business, had visited James Mor in prison. No one now knows exactly what happened, but when James Mor learned of the assassination and the feverish desire of the Campbells to convict someone in the absence of Allan Breck, the alleged actual murderer, he saw a possible way of saving his own neck by sacrificing the life of James of the Glen. His intentions are indicated in a Memorial in the MS. records of the Barons of Exchequer. It was addressed by Glenure's (the murdered factor's) brother to the Barons.

"It is intended to bring on the Tryal of the said James Stewart at the ensuing Circuit at Inverary, and your memorialist having been lately informed that James Drummond *alias* McGregor, present prisoner in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, would be a material witness against him, for that the said James Stewart did visit Drummond in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh in the month of April last, and after making frequent mentions to Drummond of Glenure's name in a opprobrious manner, did propose to him a scheme of disabelling Glenure from acting as factor on the forfeited estates. What he proposed was that James Drummond should give him, James Stewart, a letter directed to Robert Campbell *alias* McGregor, brother to the said James Drummond (a person under sentence of fugitation), desiring the said Robert to do whatever the said James Stewart directed him, particularly to murder Glenure, for which purpose the said James Stewart was to furnish a very good gun. James

Drummond's bribe was to have been a proration of a very beneficial tack or lease from a near relation of James Stewart's to whom he was Tutor, and the bribe to Robert was to be James Stewart's affording him money to carry him to France, where by Ardsheal's interest he was to get a Commission in the French Service or a pension, whichever of them he chused.]

In these circumstances it may probably occur that the conviction of the murderers of Glenure will be of more service to the Government than the taking away the life of James Drummond so that if the matter be properly represented to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, they may possibly be prevailed with to grant Drummond a remission to enable him to be a witness against the sole contriver of the murder of Glenure.

Your memorialist thought it his duty to represent the matter to your Lordships that you may, if it be thought proper, represent the case of the Lords Justices. I have the honour to be your lordships' servant myself. My brother was killed in your service, and therefore I know not to whom I can more properly make this application.

(Signed) JO. CAMPBELL."

Are we to accept James MacGregor's statement as true? When James Stewart was on the scaffold, his last words were these:—

"Mr. Coupar, minister, shewed me some queries a few days ago which he was desired to put to me. . . . Whether I interceded with James Drummond in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, to persuade or entice his brother Robert, who was already outlawed, to murder Glenure and that I would give him a good gun for that purpose and money for carrying him off the country, and that Ardsheal's interest would procure him a commission in France. Answer—I declare before God there never passed such words betwixt James More Drummond and me, or any proposal to that effect."

I shall leave you to judge whether James of the Abduction or James of the Glens is the truth-teller.

As we have seen, James of the Abduction escaped from the clutches of the law, while the other James was convicted, after very scandalous proceedings, and was hanged at South Balluelish on 8th November 1752.

James MacGregor re-appeared in the early summer of 1753, this time in France. One would have thought that a man with his record would have forsaken the dubious paths of intrigue and spying. James soon began to scheme for procuring a pardon. One of his devices was to offer to entrap Allan Breck. On 12th June 1753 he writes from Dunkirk to

Glenure's brother Balcardine a letter, in which he says:—"I presume to give you this trouble as its vary necessary for me to let you know of Mr. Breack Stewart who landed in this country in March last and went to Lyle (Lille) to Ogelvie's Regiment with whom he was formerly, but now I understand they give him no countenance unless in a private manner yet as he stays about Lyle I suspect he may be supported privately. I was awetwaly inform'd that he was sent over to murder your brother and money given him for that purpose. You may judge I'll endeavour to be at the bottom of this, and shall let you know about it. It's my opinion if you applay and procur a warrant proper to apprehend him I shall fall upon a method of bringing him within the bounds of Holland, and as there are some English Campbells in Holland, they are the onely people to be applayed too, you may depend I shall go any length to serve you in this affair, but as I am but poor it cannot be supposed I can go throw with this unless I get some cash or a bill to suport the carrying on of this affair. I have no manner of doubt of getting the affair done to your satisfaction, if anything is sent me let it be sent as if it were from my brother-in-Law, Nicol, by the hands of Capt. Duncan Campbell of the City Guard, Edinburgh, who knows my direction. You may believe that I have the gretist difficulty on earth to stand my ground here as our friends the Stewarts was at the pains to send a misrepresentation of me to the Court of France and to both this place and Lyle.

I was obliged latly to draw my sould in my own defence and in defence of your Brother's caracter and with a countryman, who I believe will give no further trouble for some time comming. I firmly declair to the gentlemen who are here of the Scots that no advantage was taken at James Stewart's tryall, and at the same time my own opinion which has alter'd the ffensses of maney here, and now begins to consider and read Stewart's tryall and explain it after ane other method which they did not formerly but conform'd to the sentiments of ffactions."

His one glint of human merit as disclosed in this letter is his request that Barcardine shall try to help "poor Robb," by attempting to have him banished instead of hanged.

On 12th October 1753 James Mor wrote a letter which has been preserved among the Newcastle Papers. It seems to have been addressed to Lady Albemarle. He there says:—

"I always had in my view if possible, to be concerned in Government's Service, and for that purpose thought it necessar ever since I came to France to be as much as possible in

Company with the pretenders' friends so far as now that I think I can be ane useful subject to my King and country upon giving me proper Incouragement. In the first place I think its in my power to bring Allan Breck Stewart, the supposed murderer of Colin Campbell of Glenenir, late factor of the forfit estate of Ardsheal, to England, and to deliver him in safe custody so as he may be brought to Justice, and in that event I think the Delivering of the said murderer merits the getting of a Remission from his Majesty the King, especially as I was not guilty of any Acts of Treason since the year 1746, and providing your Losp. procures my Remission upon Delivering the said Murderer, I hereby promise to discover a very grand plott on footing against the Government, which is more effectually carried on than ever since the flamelly of Stewart was put off the Throne of Britian, and besides do all the Services that lays in my power to the Government.

Onely with this provision that I shall be received into the Government's service, and that I shall have such reward as my services shall merit."

The remainder of the letter reeks with that low-down syeophantic treachery which reaches the climax of loathsomeness when united with a spurious patriotism and assumed gentility. The writer came or was brought to England in November, 1753, and made a "confession," which Mr. Andrew Lang reproduces in "Pickle the Spy" (page 240, etc.), mainly referring to an alleged Jacobite plot in Ireland, but the disclosures were not taken seriously. James had over-reached himself. Whether or not the Government had connived at his escape from Edinburgh Castle, they were not prepared to make permanent use of such a hound, and in 1754 the black-hearted villain died in great poverty in France. One of his last requests was for the loan of a set of bagpipes, so that he might play "melancholy tunes."

Such were the sons of Rob Roy. With the possible exception of Coll, they were rogues.
(Concluded.)

CLAN ALPINE.—The personal name Alpin or Alpine is from the Welsh; it came into the Gaelic from Strathclyde, and from the Picts as well. The general appellation of "Siol Alpein" has been usually given to a number of clans situated at a considerable distance from each other, but who have hitherto been supposed to possess a common descent, and that from Kenneth MacAlpine, the ancestor of a long line of Scottish kings. These clans are the MacGregors, the Grants, the MacKinnons, MacQuarries, MacNabs, and MacAulays.

THERE are at least two Clan Mackays—an Argyllshire and a Sutherlandshire clan. The Argyllshire Mackays are to be found in Isla and Kintyre. The Mackays of the North are called Clan Morgan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

THE MACCONACHERS or Conachers of Lorn were of Irish origin, and were proprietors of the lands of Ardlorian, near Oban. They were for centuries hereditary physicians to the MacDougalls of Lorn. The name appears to have been originally O'Conacher, but at an early date the Irish O' was discarded for the Scottish Mac. In the sixteenth century Dr. John MacConacher was sent from Argyllshire to Rome, to attend the family of the third son of the Earl of Argyll. In 1560 John MacConacher pays to my Lord forty merks "for ye grassum for office of churgeon." Some of the Gaelic MSS. of the MacConachers are in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

THE MACMILLANS.—A branch of the Clan MacMillan is found at Loch Arkaig, Lochaber, at an early period. They were known as "Clann Ghillemaoil Abrach." They were among the most loyal retainers of Loehiel. Another branch is found in Knapdale. A boulder at Knap head was said to have written upon it MacMillan's right to Knapdale—"Coir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap." The Gaelic rhyme may be rendered in English—

"MacMillan's right to Knap shall be,
While 'gainst this rock shall dash the sea."
There is a Clan MacMillan Society in this city.

HONOUR TO A HIGHLANDER.—We are pleased to learn that the degree of LL.D. has been conferred on Mr. Alexander Fraser, F.S.A., Toronto, for research in Mediaeval History of Europe. A portrait and sketch of Dr. Fraser appeared in our issue of January last.

THE LATE REV. GEORGE HENDERSON, CELTIC LECTURER.—Just as we go to press we learn with regret that the genial Lecturer on Celtic Languages and Literature, in Glasgow University, has passed away after a short illness. He was appointed Celtic Lecturer in 1906. He was a native of The Aird, Inverness-shire, and was in his 47th year. We hope to give a portrait, with an extended notice in our next issue.

A NEW COLLECTION OF PIPE-MUSIC.—We learn that a new collection of pipe-music will be published early this month. It will consist of new Marches, Reels, and Strathspeys, selected from the best submitted for competition at the Cowal Highland Gathering. Judging from the names of the contributors the collection should be one of the best ever published. It is to be offered at the modest sum of one shilling.

THE MOUNTAIN BREEZE.

The first two stanzas were written in anticipation of a visit; the second two, on beholding the changes ten years have wrought.

AWAY on my native mountains
How sweet the balmy breeze!
It has kissed the clear cool fountains,
And fanned the silver seas:
It stole the breath of the flowers
In every nook and dell,
And touched the fragrant honey
The bee had in his cell.

It got the smell of the clover
Down by the river side,
And incense from the heather bloom—
The mountains' crown of pride.
And Oh! to drink its perfumed breath,
So fragrant, pure, and free,
As once it came, in days gone by,
With health and joy to me.

On my own dear native mountains
The breeze is balmy still;
It always has the freshness
Of fountain, sea, and rill.
But it cannot give the gladness
To me that once it gave,
For it bears the smell of the flowerets
That bloom upon the grave.

And alas! to me how changed
Its once gay minstrelsy!
Of old its songs were only
Of joyousness and glee;
But now so weird its wailings,
So sad its voices come,
They seem but solemn dirges
That echo from the tomb,

**THE LATE
ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, LL.D.**

IN the fourth volume of the "West Highland Tales" there is given what Campbell of Islay describes as an "able paper" on the Ossianic Controversy by "a gentleman of good education, and well able to write Gaelic and English, who has been kind enough to collect stories, etc., for me." This was Alexander Carmichael, at that time, in 1861, a young man still under thirty. One afterwards met with his handiwork in other books, in "Leabhar na Feinne," in Skene's "Celtic Scotland," in the translations of various learned societies, and in the "Report of the Crofters' Royal Commission." In all these contributions the note of distinction was never wanting; one felt that here was a man who, in addition to being a great collector of folklore, had rare literary and expository gifts of his own. And yet it was doubtful if any one was quite prepared for such supreme qualities as are shown in his great work "Carmina Gadelica." The two stately volumes came as a revelation, not merely to the literary world furth of Gaeldom, but to Gaeldom itself. Here was proof at last "that the Northern Celts were endowed, as Renan justly claims for Celts everywhere, with profound feeling and adorable delicacy in their religious instincts"—nay, more, that the Scoto-Gaelic folk had been a highly cultured and literary race at the very time they were supposed to have been barbarians.

In hymn, in verse, and in incantation, "Carmina Gadelica" gives us a singularly noble picture of Celtic life as it was, its passionate piety, its highest ideals, its wistfulness, and its other-worldliness, with now and again glints of wilder days and moods peeping through. Nor is Dr. Carmichael's own work the least valuable part of the book. His various introductions are now regarded as classics, not merely for beauty of style, but also for their exquisite pictures of old times and old things, while his voluminous notes are a veritable treasure-trove for scholars and for such as are interested in the culture and thought of an ancient race. Altogether, it is no exaggeration to say that if a literary Celt, no matter what his nationality, were asked to mention the greatest book which his race had produced, he would have great difficulty in withholding the first place from "Carmina Gadelica"—a Scoto-Gaelic book.

One is apt, perhaps, to forget the man in the splendour of his work, but it would ill become the Gaels to forget Alexander Carmichael. He loved and understood us better than any other man of his generation, and devoted his

time and his means, and all his fine qualities of head and of heart, to what to him was a sacred task, that of preserving our racial self-respect and pride of place by preserving the best of what our fathers had thought and sung and prayed. And though, to our grief, the stately and gracious figure has passed away, he has left behind him work which to the cultured ones of all the nations will be "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and a memorial of the great days of the Gaelic race.

K. M.

**FIONN'S WARS WITH THE
MACGREGORS.**

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."

(Continued from page 118.)

IN those remote and barbarous times, the lot of the serf and vassal was one of extreme wretchedness, and, to escape the social conditions which prevailed, it was not unusual for numbers of both classes of the people to seek refuge, by flight or otherwise, from the harshness of the common oppressor. As we learn from the *Uin Adamnain*, vassalage and serfdom brought in their train misery and degradation to free and unfree tribes alike, and the voluntary expatriation of Fir Bolgs and Gaels from Southern Leinster may be explained to have been the inevitable consequence of the cruelty and oppression of the Greys of Scythia. If ancient traditions ring true, these early forefathers of the MacGregors were notoriously a turbulent and blood-thirsty race. They fought for a place in the sun, and found it warmer there than they had supposed. They became a nuisance to neighbours more peacefully-minded than themselves, and a standing menace to those weaker or less ferocious. Heredity is stronger than the rocks, and, to judge from the blood-stained record of the Griogarach, one is inclined to believe that this Scottish clan inherited, in a marked degree, the truculent character and disposition which brought its Irish ancestry into general disrepute. With a pride that was inspired by the ancient traditions of the race, they regarded themselves as a royal race descended from kings, emulated the ferocity of their sires, followed closely in their footsteps, and came to a like end—landless and proscribed.

Ancient history and tradition are unanimous in giving the Greys of Leinster a character for ferocity and unscrupulousness all their own. Nor in the later traditions of the Scottish Gael which have for theme the combats of the yellow-haired Fionn (*Fionn ùluinn fhalt-bhruidhe*)

with these Greugaeh, and of which the story of *Maghach Colgar* is representative of its kind, does their character appear in any better light. They boasted that they were Leinster's ruling race above all others, and, in virtue of this claim, bore the device of a lion on their shields, because the lion was emblematic, to quote the *Yellow Book of Lecan*, of a "furious, combative, fighting animal." The heraldic device was, in addition, the peculiar property of kings and those of royal lineage, and as the right to wear it on their arms was a privilege confined to the Gregs but withheld from their vassals, the Gregs in this way plainly signified their pretensions to royal descent and royal privileges. In the tale of *Manus*, the hero of the legend is represented as fighting with lions in the country of the Greeks (Vol. III., p. 373); but this can only mean, in accordance with the facts of Leinster history, that the "lions" which attacked Manus were Greg warriors, each of whom had a *lumman* (i.e., *leuinhan*) painted or engraven on his shield. A suggestive passage in the story of *Conall Gulban*, which also mentions the "lions" of the MacGregor country, records an ancient Gaelic superstition about lions which I have not met with elsewhere. Being royal animals themselves, it is said, lions will neither touch nor scathe kings or their descendants.—*Nach bwin iad agus nach dean iad dolnith sam bith air righrean no air clann righre* (Vol. III., p. 268). Quod erat demonstrandum! This superstition in connection with the Gregs suggests their royal lineage and connections, and that *Clann Righre* ("Clanna an Rí") was the original motto of the race, before it was changed, in a later age, to the now familiar one—*S ríoghail mo dhream*. It is also interesting as showing how little the ancient Gaels knew about the character and habits of an African lion.

As the ruling race of Southern Leinster, the Gregs proved unquestionable failures, however successful they may have been at levying blackmail from their tenants and dependants, at cattle driving, and rack renting. To the Fir Bolg serfs who tilled their broad acres, they acted like veritable task-masters, and, at intervals, did not hesitate to kill off large numbers of them when they rebelled against the yoke. This solved the crofter problem, and put an end to the land agitation at the same time. To the free but vassal Gaels they played the tyrant, apparently with such arrogance that their proud-spirited vassals migrated in large numbers to the north of the Province, and in this way cut themselves adrift from their ferocious kinsmen in the "land of Greece."

From all the early accounts that have come down to us, it would seem that when any nobles of the vassal Gaels acquired valuable property

in Seithia, the Gregs would murder or expel them, and then take forcible possession of their goods and chattels. An old legend runs that "Parthalon, son of Sera, son of Sru, son of Esru, son of Gœdil Glas—from whom the Gaels are descended—came out of Greece, after his father and mother and brothers had been killed for sake of their heritage." Thereupon, Parthalon fled across the Liffey with a numerous following: and soon after, his son Laiglinne, along with his brothers in misfortune, settled down in East Meath, which became the general rallying-ground for exiled Gaels and Fir Bolgs from Seithia.

While Parthalon and Laiglinne migrated north because of the ferocity and unscrupulousness of the Gregs, the excuse of Cannán Cruthnech and Dala Glas for imitating their example was that they had wearied of the ~~struggles~~ of their enemies. They objected, they said, to the moonlight raids of free-booters, slippery as eels, and as fickle as the wind, who undertook removals expeditiously, and free of charge to their neighbours and dependants. They came unasked, and without proper introductions, and vanish, with their clients' valuables as swiftly as a dream before the coming of the morn. This conduct was particularly aggravating to men like Dala Glas and Gœdil Glas, "the eponymous ancestor" of the Gael, for it left them "stone-broke." It was also aggravating to their wives, who, seeing that there remained to them no household effects worth fitting in consequence of these ~~partings~~, felt themselves cruelly deprived of the joy and excitement attendant on the hazards of a fitting of their own in the moorlands of Kildare. And so, for this reason, among others, they all joined the ranks of the grey Gaels in the first train of them leaving Seithia for the north.

(To be concluded.)

REVIEW.

STEELCAPES AND LILLIES.—Such is the title of a beautifully got up book of poems by Hans Key-Aberg. The best of the poems are patriotic or historic and deal largely with Scottish scenes and incidents, with which country the author is bound by many ties. In glowing language he deals with stirring incidents by flood and field, not to mention striking verses on Mary, Queen of Scots, which display considerable sympathy with the beautiful queen and the unfortunate Stuart race. The author of these fifty-five poems is still young, and we have expectations of greater things from his versatile pen. The book, which is richly ornamented, is published in Stockholm.

THE original progenitor of both branches of the MacLeod family was Leod. He was almost certainly a son of Olave the Black, King of Man. He had two sons, Tormod, ancestor of the MacLeods of Harris; and Torquil, the ancestor of the MacLeods of Lewis.

CAMERON'S "ISLE OF SKYE."

THE ISLAND'S FIRST GUIDE BOOK.

THE first Guide exclusively devoted to the Island of Skye has just made its appearance. The style of the book reflects credit upon the Sinclair Celtic Press (Waterloo Street, Glasgow), and the matter which is provided by Mr. James Cameron will be of interest to Skyemen generally, but to tourists in particular. The booklet differs in some essential respects from the usual type of guide. The author steers clear of much of the old historic legendary associations of the island, and gives the reader some notion of Skye as it is to-day. It is interesting for instance to the thousands of Skyemen driven from their native island by the operation of

forms. The districts which he visited on this historic tour are nationalised property—Kilmuir is now the property of the people, and nearly all the beautiful district of Glendale is State property.

The Skyeman in military history forms an interesting chapter of the Guide. We are told that "The military records of the brave sons of Skye are in length and brillianey such as any district of many times the population might be proud of, and show the debt which the British Empire owes to Skye. The brave deeds of the Macdonalds, Macleods, Mackinnons, MacAskills, and Martins, and many another race of Skye will surely not be forgotten as long as the British Empire lasts. The heroes of Skye are men in the main who have ever despised the arts of peace and to whom the smell of villain



LOCH SLIGACHAN.

harsh land laws, far away "beyond the Atlantic foam," and "the long wash of Australasian seas," to know that since the passing of the Crofter Act of 1886, over a thousand new stone and lime and slated houses have been built, representing roughly in value a sum of £100,000. The operation of the principle of security of tenure has socially revolutionised the island, and the outlook to-day is such that one can predict, with absolute safety, that Skye is entering upon an era of expansion and development undreamt of even by the land reformers of the 80's. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain visited the island in 1888, and it has been the good fortune of the right hon. gentleman to have lived to see the disappearance of landlord power in its harsher

ous saltpetre has been more dear than even the island breeze, all of them looking forward to the day when they should return as battered veterans to their native isle. Lt.-Colonel MacInnes, the author of 'The Brave Sons of Skye,' says, 'Let this fact be remembered for ever to the credit of the people of Skye, that in the many official records (and they lie not, neither do they screen the worthless) which were searched in the course of this inquiry only three cases of alleged misconduct against Skyemen came to light, and that, after due investigation, all three charges broke down, and the individuals concerned were honourably acquitted.'

Some of the contents will indicate the scope

of the guide:—Road to Skye; The Royal Route; Through far Lochaber; Fort William, via W. H. R.; Glenfinnan and Mallaig; Old and New Skye; Island of To-day; Skye in Military History; Kyleakin; Peat-Cutting; Night on a Drifter; Broadford; Islands of Pabba, Scalpa, Raasay; Portree; Battle of the Braes; Uig and Staffin; Dunvegan and Glendale; Camusnary; Coruisk by Moonlight; Sligachan; John Mackenzie, Famous Guide; Pen Picture of Sgurr-nan-Gillean; Silence of the Coolins; Camping in the Coolins; Thunderstorm in the Coolins; Still to Conquer; The Skye Bard; Skye Proverbs; Eagles in Skye; Famous MacCrimmon Pipers; The Crofting System; Where to Stay.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 119.)

JULY—AN T-IUCHAR.

THIS month was originally the fifth of the Roman year, and hence denominated *Quintilis*. At one time it consisted only of thirty days, but Julius Cæsar, who felt a personal interest in his natal month, added a day to it. After the death of this great reformer of the Calendar, Mark Antony changed the name to July, in honour of the family name of Cæsar. The month is known in Gaelic as *An mìos buidhe*—the yellow month; also *Mìos deireannach an t-Samhraidh*—the last month of summer. Its commonest Gaelic name, however, is *An t-Iuchar*, or the dog-days—why *Iuchar* no one seems to know. Manx, *Mee s' jerree yn tourey*—the last month of summer. With reference to the Gaelic term *Iuchar*, it may be explained that there is a summer *Iuchar* and an autumn one. The summer *Iuchar*—*An t-Iuchar Shamhraidh*—is the last fortnight of summer O.S. *An t-Iuchar Fhoghair*—the autumn *Iuchar*—is the first fortnight of autumn, corresponding with *Faoilleach*, which is the last fortnight of winter and the first fortnight of spring, and of which people say:—*Dì-h-Aoine thig iad, agus Dì-h-Aoine dh' fhalbhas iad*, they come on a Friday and they go on a Friday. They also say:—*Tha trì lùithean de'n Fhaoilleach 'san Iuchar, agus trì lùithean de'n Iuchar 'san Fhaoilleach*—There are three days of *Faoilleach* (stormy weather) in *Iuchar* (the dog-days), and three of the dog-days (*Iuchar*) in *Faoilleach*. It used to be calculated that *An t-Iuchar Shamhraidh*—summer *Iuchar*—began on the Friday next to the 14th day before Lammas O.S., and that *An t-Iuchar Fhoghair*—autumn *Iuchar*—ended on Friday month again. Among the Romans, who associated the period known

as the dog-days with the setting of the star *Canicula*—the Little Dog—the exact period covered by the dog-days was between 3rd July and 11th August.

The sixth of the month is St. John's Day O.S.—*An t-seann Fhéil Eathain*. The fifteenth is usually associated with St. Swithen—the wet Saint. The day is called in Gaelic *Là Mhàrtainn Buidh*—Saint Martin of Bullion's Day, but we presume there is some confusion here, arising from the change from New to Old Style. We find that the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians not only celebrate the day of St. Martin's death (11th November), but also that the transference of his remains from their original humble resting-place in the Cathedral of Tours show conclusively the veneration in which this soldier-saint was held. The day is referred to in the Church of England Calendar as "The Translation of St. Martins—*Atharrachadh N. Mhàrtainn Easbuig agus Fear aileachaidh*.* Referring to this day, Chambers, in "Book of Days" remarks—"In Scotland this used to be called St. Martin of Bullion's Day, and the weather which prevailed upon it was supposed to have a prophetic character. It was a proverb, that if the deer rise dry and lie down dry on Bullion's Day, it was a sign there would be a good gorse-harvest—gorse being a term for the latter end of summer; hence gorse-harvest was an early harvest. It was believed generally over Europe that rain on this day betokened wet weather for twenty ensuing days."

Compare all this with traditions respecting St. Swithen. The well-known adage regarding this Saint is to the effect that, as it is raining or fair on St. Swithen's Day, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for forty days ensuing.

"St. Swithen's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithen's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

According to tradition, St. Swithen, bishop of Winchester, was a man equally noted for uprightness and humility. So far did he carry the latter quality that on his death-bed he requested to be buried, not within the church, but outside in the churchyard, on the north of the sacred building where his corpse might secure the eaves-droppings from the roof, and his grave be trodden by the passers-by. His lowly request was complied with, and in this neglected spot his remains reposed till about a hundred years afterwards, when a fit of indignation seized the clergy at the body of so pious a member of their order being allowed to occupy such a position; and on an appointed day they

* "Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides," by Alex. Carmichael. Edinburgh, 1884.

all assembled to convey it with great pomp into the adjoining Cathedral of Winchester. When they were about to commence the ceremony, a heavy rain burst forth, and continued without intermission for the forty succeeding days. Such is the tradition, but the fact is that the translation of the remains of St. Swithen was effected on the 15th July 971, 108 years after his death, most successfully.

The twenty-fifth of the month is noted in the church calendars as St. James Day—*An Fhéil Sheumais*—but beyond this the day is not observed among the Gaels. Although not regarded as a red-letter day, the 26th of July, 1822, was a day of considerable importance in the Highlands, for on it the Salt Tax was abolished. When submitting the Gaelic proverb *Cha bé sin an salann saor*—that was no cheap salt—Sheriff Nicolson, in his Collection of Gaelic Proverbs, remarks:—“In 1669, Charles II appropriated an exclusive right to make salt, though only to hand it over to a courtier—the salt was consequently bad and dear. In some districts, as Galloway, the West, and the Highlands, to which the native article could not be carried, salt was wholly wanting, and the people used salt water instead, by which many of them died as of plague; others being forced to buy at intolerable rates such as sixteen shillings the boll, though they formerly had it at four shillings.” Mackenzie in his “History of the Nineteenth Century,” says, p. 76—“So late as 1800, salt was taxed to the extent of forty times its cost.”

The 31st is Lammass eve—*Oùilche Linnaslaib*, Lammass has already been referred to as one of the divisions of the Gaelic year—and we may refer to it again in our next article, when we have to treat of August.

(To be continued.)

THE MACFADYENS.

THE name MacFadyen means the son of Paton, and is the same as the Scotch name Patonson, common in the 15th century, and the English Pattison. A fuller Scotch form is Paterson, derived from Patrick, and Paton is a diminutive of Patrick or Pat. The Macfadyens are an Argyllshire sept, with a corresponding branch in Galloway, and there are Irish M'Phaideans (Irish Paidin) as well. “Were we to believe the historian of the Sleat Macdonalds (1680),” says Dr. Macbain, “the ancestor of the clan would have to be reckoned as one of Somerled's contemporaries in the 12th century.” When Somerled raised the standard of revolt against the Danes, MacPhadin is the only Argyll chief who is specially mentioned by the veracious Seanachie as having joined him in his efforts.

But the next entry he makes is not so favourable to MacFadyen. In the war of Scottish Independence MacFadyen opposed Wallace, and the Sleat historian says:—“It was by persuasion of MacDougall, the Cummins, and the rest of the Baliol faction that MacPhaden fought against Wallace, being promised great lands and possessions by them. He went to Ireland . . . and brought from there 1,500 men, who, with himself, were all cut off at a place called Brarich (Brander Pass), near Lochow. Their ancient arms were a star and arrow.” Blind Harry confirms the Sleat Seanachie as to the encounter of MacFadyen and his followers with Wallace at the Pass of Brander about 1296. Campbell of Lochow sent word to Wallace to come and assist him in expelling MacFadyen and his rieviers, who were devastating Lorn. The Pass of Brander is the key of Lorn from the east, and MacFadyen and his followers sought its security. Tradition tells how MacFadyen, imagining himself secure from attack, was sitting down to a dainty repast—a broiled chicken—when Wallace and his men suddenly swept down the pass, carrying all before them. In so short a space of time was the battle lost and won that Wallace sat down and partook of the delicacy prepared for his vanquished foe. Hence the origin of the Gaelic saying:—

“Mac Pháidean na círe,
Ged dh'fheith e ri rostadh,
Cha d'fheith e ri h-iththeadh.”

MacFadyen of the chicken,
He gained time to roast it,
But stayed not to eat it.

MacFadyen escaped across the Awe, and doubling up the west bank took refuge in a small cave in Creag-an-onaidh, still called Uaimh Mhic Phaidean—MacFadyen's cave. His retreat was discovered, and he was dragged to the summit and summarily hanged from a projecting tree. It is doubtful whether this MacFadyen was Irish or Scotch. According to a Mull tradition the MacFadyens occupied Mull prior to the MacLeans. MacLaine having obtained a grant of Lochbuy from the Lord of the Isles, deceitfully asked MacFadyen for a site for a sheep fold (“*crò ehaorach*”), and having obtained a hillock for this purpose, proceeded to build a castle. When the place was sufficiently fortified he shot an arrow from it at MacFadyen—who sat at some distance—at his dinner. In the end MacFadyen had to leave his own land and go to Garmony. (See “History of the Clan MacLean;” and “Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands,” by Rev. John G. Campbell, Tiree). The earliest mention of the name of MacFadyen in public documents is Malcolm Macpadene, who witnesses a Charter in Kintyre in 1304. They are connected with

the church in the sixteenth century. Donald Macfadzane was precentor in Lismore in 1507, there was a M'Faden in Iona in 1532. A M'Fadzeane was chaplain in Tobermory in 1540. A tenant farmer in Islay was MacPhaden in 1733. They are still numerous in Mull and Tiree.

FAMOUS HIGHLAND BOWMAN.

"HE would have clapped i the clout at twelve score and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen that would have done a man's head good to see."—*Shakespeare*.

THE churchyard of Duthil in which the remains of the Countess of Seafield were the other week laid to rest is an ancient place of burial going back for hundreds of years. There is one grave among its many thousands which contains the ashes of a remarkable man of whom history has preserved but scant record, but who played an exciting part back in the days of the Caterans or Cattle Thieves. The name of this man was Ian Beag Mhic Andrew—Little John M'Andrew of Dalnhatnich—and no man of his own or of any age had achieved such distinction with the bow and arrow. The writer of this article can speak with some authority concerning John, because it so happens that he was born in the house where the famous marksman is said to have passed away at a ripe old age; and had eagerly listened to the marvellous tales which tradition had preserved in the district of his feats. The village of Carrbridge, a station on the Highland Railway, and next in commercial importance to Grantown the capital of Strathspey is bi-sected by the river Dulnain the largest tributary of the Spey. If the course of the river is followed in a westerly direction from Carrbridge for a distance of four miles the great glen of Dalnhatnich is reached. It was in this mountainous strath that the Bowman was born and spent the most of his life. Fifty odd years ago the house in which he lived and died stood there in the western corner of the glen—a little black house with unusually thick walls of unbewn stone, and knotted and gnarled rafters encrusted with centuries of peat soot. Close to the door there was a hole through the wall large enough to permit a dog to enter. The dog hole was known in Gaelic as Toll a Choin—The Dog's Hole. There were three apartments with a window in each, and a larger window in the back wall. Within thirty yards of the house there was a great old fir tree commanding a full view of the door. It stood alone and a quarter of a mile from any other tree. It was known as M'Andrew's Tree and at the time of which I write decay and death

had set their seal upon it. It was the first tree I ever set eyes upon, and with its torn and hollow trunk it had been to me always venerable and the most interesting I have seen. After fifty years I still can hear the wild music of the tempest whistling through its withered limbs—the moans and the sobs of the wind far up among the branches.

If the Dulnain is followed to its source the mountain fastnesses of Lochaber are within measurable distance of the traveller. It was down these mountain defiles that the Lochaber men came in bands to harry the farmers of Strathspey and the Laighs of Moray of their cattle, but the return journey was usually through Strathdearn further north. M'Andrew was a little man, dwarfish in appearance, but tradition credits him with having the soul of a hero. He was a tenant of the Grants of Castle Grant, and he and his wife lived comfortably from the produce of their farm. John was also a bit of a carpenter and in the winter months moved about doing odd jobs. Little, however, is known of his life beyond his exploits with the bow among the Lochaber Cattle Thieves. In the unwritten records of tradition the story which has been handed down has been narrated as follows:—

It is said that John could shoot twelve arrows and fix one after one of them in the end of the one before it. One day he passed a party of hunters in Strathdearn. One of them asked the little fellow if he would try his skill at the bow and with some show of diffidence he consented. At the first attempt he struck near the middle of the target, but at the second throw he sent the arrow direct to the centre. They began to wonder and to praise him; but he told them they could do better than that in Strathspey. He went and thrust a willow wand into a little mound a good distance off. He sent his first arrow right through the twig.

At one time he was doing some work for the Laird of Kyllachy. During the night the fiery cross came to the house. This was Rose of Kilravock in Strathnairn, seeking his cattle of which he had been plundered by the Laird of Auehluachrach in Lochaber, who was on the eve of getting married. The Laird of Kyllachy and his retainers set off with Rose's party and little John M'Andrew among the rest. They pushed on eagerly and warily till they came to Cro-clach in the heights of Strathdearn. They observed a light in the shepherd's hut. Here were the Laird of Auehluachrach and his company after supper, sitting talking to each other and fearing nothing. At this time John M'Andrew was at the head of the party. He took up his position opposite the door of the hut. The night was very dark, a fact against

the others, who were made quite visible by the light of the fire which they had in the hut. When they heard the sounds of footsteps outside they all sprang bravely to the door to meet their pursuers, but not one of them passed the threshold, for they were all shot down in a heap on top of each other. Little John M'Andrew's hand was active enough and with his eye he watched the leader of the party. Being easily recognised by his garb, John catching sight of him sent an arrow into his breast which transfixed him to the post that stood at his back. When the Laird of Kyllachy saw what he had done—perhaps to apprise Rose of what had happened—he cried out “victory and luck to you John M'Andrew of Dalnahatnich.” When John heard this compliment at such an ill-chosen moment—knowing that if one of them escaped he would carry his name to Lochaber, a fact which would expose him to danger in the future—he answered the Laird of Kyllachy in words not fit to be recorded. Not one escaped of those who were within “ach aon ghille maol dubh”—but one black beardless fellow—who had witnessed the fight. He cut his way through the back of the hut and unluckily for John M'Andrew he carried the news and his name to Lochaber, as the man who had won the honours of the fight. When the tidings reached Lochaber, which were so distressing to the bride, she neither stayed nor rested till she reached Cro-clach, and her state when she did so is more easily understood than described. When the news spread the friends of the slain were moved with fierce fury. Twelve of them set out direct for John M'Andrew's house. John and his wife were both within and at once understood who their visitors were. The men asked the good wife if this was the house of John M'Andrew and where he was himself. She boldly answered that it was and that he himself was not far away. She bade them sit down till he should arrive. They never thought it was John himself that was sitting by the fire-side; for though they had got his name and surname they had not got his form and aspect. His wife was baking at the time, and throwing a piece of bread at the wight who sat at the fire she roughly ordered him to go and see that the cattle were in no mischief and if he saw his master to tell him that some gentlemen were waiting for him. He went away muttering as if he were not at all pleased. She then went to a room where the quiver was kept and handed it out to him at the window. All the while she kept talking to the strangers and entertaining them to the best provision she had. John ascended the slope which faced the door of the house, he laid twelve arrows in order on the

hump beside him and called upon any man who wanted John M'Andrew to come out. In great haste each one struck out to make the attack on John M'Andrew but no sooner had they reached the door than they were met by John's arrows and felled to the ground. The last of them had not gone far from the house when he fell, so that not one escaped to carry the news to the country from which they set forth.

This description differs in one or two essential points from that which was current fifty years ago in the district in which the dramatic incident happened. At that time there were some half a dozen families in Dalnahatnich including two old men. One of them was over ninety years of age. His version was that M'Andrew shot the Lochaber men from the tree already alluded to, and he pointed out the bough upon which the archer sat. The tree he said from that time till then had been carefully preserved because of the part it had played in the drama of the destruction of the Lochaber men. According to the local version the number of men was seven and not twelve. The seventh man escaped, but was followed by the marksman for nearly a quarter of a mile and was eventually shot. He was buried where he fell, and I have seen scores of times the grave with its rude slab of granite. It was close to the house of a man named Seumas Bàn—James Bain. The other six were buried close to M'Andrew's house and for the first ten years of my life I saw their graves in the day time and in my dreams at night.

About the time of which I am writing a man named Oswald set up a saw mill at Dalnahatnich. One night some of the men employed at the mill decided to “burn” the Dulnain for salmon. A torch of the splinters of a tar barrel, old ropes and bog fir, was got ready but, at the last moment it was discovered that water bailiffs were in the neighbourhood. The torch intended for salmon spearing was used in exhuming the remains of a Lochaber reiver from one of the graves. Two of the sawyers doubted the story. Spades and a pick were secured and I held the blazing torch. In a very short time one of the graves was opened and human remains shovelled to the surface. There was no longer any scepticism on the subject. Some ten years afterwards the Oswald referred to secured a lease of Dalnahatnich farm from the then Earl of Seafield and in a year not a trace was left of either the graves or the house in which the famous Bowman died. The house was pulled down, the old fir taken out by the roots, and the plough completed the work of obliteration.

After the killing of the Lochaber men, we were told it was not safe for John to be at

night in his own house. He made his bed on the top of a tree in Duhnain Wood, at a spot called the Pine of the Cave to this day. They heard of this bed in far Loehaber and the Abridh men were often seen searching the wood to try and discover it. Occasionally they met John himself, but they never imagined it was he. The last one of them he saw was in the wood alone. He asked John—as if for curiosity—where was the secret lair of the man of Dalnabatnich. John replied that he would point it out to him, and when the Loehaber man saw the bed he looked about for a moment and then set his face for his own country; but he had not gone far when John drew the bow which was concealed under his plaid and shot that one also without letting him further on his way. He was an old man when he died, and was buried with much pomp in the old churchyard of Duthil. The only relic that exists of this notable bowman is a snuff horn in the possession of Mr. Lachlan Rose, Rothiemurehus.

The writer is well aware that the M'Andrew story has been often told in print and that several districts in the Highlands lay claim to the honour of being the birthplace of the famous bowman. The reason for producing the story here is to emphasise and make clear beyond dispute that so late as fifty years ago the writer saw (and there are at least a dozen persons still living who can corroborate his statement) the graves of the Loehaber reivers in Dalnabatnich; that the house in which M'Andrew lived and died was at that time in existence; and that the tree from which the deadly arrows were shot with unerring aim by the archer was also there, standing alone bearing upon it the marks of age and dissolution. There is also in existence and can be seen the horn snuff mill which was owned by M'Andrew, having upon it in faint lettering what has been deciphered as the initials of the bowman.

THE FRASERS, though of Norman origin, have attained to the position of a true Highland Clan. The Frasers and the Cummings appear in Scotland in the twelfth century, first in the south and latterly in the north. The name Fraser is spelt variously as Frazer, Fraser, Frezel, Frisel, &c., The name is referred to in the old French "freze," strawberry, a possible diminutive of which is frezel, Latin "fragula"; seven strawberry leaves form part of the armorial bearings of the Frasers.

THE NAME MacKinnon has for long been etymologised as "Mac Iomhnuim," "beloved son," but older forms show it to be Fingon, for in 1409 Lachlan MacFingon, *vir nobilis* (i.e., a gentleman), witnessed a charter of the Lord of the Isles to Hector MacLean of Duart. The MacKinnons were closely connected with Iona in the fifteenth century, and John MacKinnon was the last Abbot.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

ROSE.—What is the origin of this surname? Is it still common in the Highlands?
R.

MACNEILAGE.—Where does this name come from, and what is its origin?
J. M'N.

MAC AVOY.—Can anyone explain the meaning and origin of this surname?
MAC.

FINDLAY DUN.—Where did he belong to. He compiled a collection of airs, many of them Highland.
CEOL.

[He was born in Aberdeen 1795, and died in Edinburgh 1853. Published "Orain na h-Alba," 1848. Edited Messrs. Paterson's "Vocal Melodies of Scotland," 1837. For further particulars, see "Musical Scotland," by D. Baptie, published by J. & R. Parlane, Paisley].

"AN TEACHDAIRE GAELACH."—When did this monthly begin and end?
GAEL.

[It began May, 1829, and ended April, 1831].

BROGACH or MORGACH.—A woman's name. Which is the correct form? What is the etymology of the form. It came to this country (Canada) from Uist.
M.C.

ANSWERS.

GAELIC COINAGE.—"Sia-sgillim" stands for sixpence, "Tasdan," or "Sgillim Shasunnach" stands for shilling. "Sgillim" stands for penny, "Bonn-a-sia" is equal to a half-penny. "Gröta" is a four-penny piece or groat. "Crùn" is a crown. "Leth-chrùn" is a half crown.
COINAGE.

MACKINTOSH'S GAELIC PROVERBS.—This work was first published in Edinburgh in 1785 by the Rev. Donald MacKintosh, who was born near Killiecrankie, and died in Edinburgh, 1808. A second edition appeared in 1819, edited by Alexander Campbell, author of "The Grampians Desolate." The number of proverbs in the first edition was 1305, in the second, 1538. A new and enlarged edition was prepared by the late Sheriff Nicolson in 1881. It contains 3,900 proverbs. It is understood that another edition is forthcoming.
F.

LIBRA.—The work projected in 1836, and advertised as "Aire an t-seanòlais," was never published. It was to be edited by Duncan Kennedy, the compiler of "An Laoidheadair Gàidhlig," published in 1834, in Glasgow. He published a collection of Gaelic Hymns in 1786. He was a schoolmaster in Kilmelford, Argyll. He also collected a quantity of Ossianic poetry.
F.

FRASERBURGH.—The Gaelic designation of Fraserburgh is not "Balle-nam-Frìsealach," but "A' Bhruach." Locally, the natives are called "Brochies." The town was founded by Alexander Fraser of Philorth in 1569.

THE MAC EWENS.—There can be little doubt the habitat of the Clan MacEwen was in Cowal. They were known as "Clann Eoghain na h-Oitrich"—the MacEwens of Otter—and on a rocky point on the coast of Loch Fyne, about a mile below the church at Killfinnan, there stood, in 1750, the vestige of a building called "Caisteal Mhic Eoghain"—MacEwen's Castle. The MacEwens, in fact, possessed a tract of country about twenty-five miles square, and could probably bring out about 200 fighting men.

H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D.

Dr. GILLIES is a native of Sunart, Argyleshire. He studied in Glasgow University, where he graduated M.B., M.Ch. in 1882. In 1893 he took his M.D., being top graduate. In 1877 he compiled a collection of Gaelic songs for the use of schools. In the preface of that work he

the Gaelic Language." In 1899 he published on "The Gaelic Names of Disease and Diseased States." In 1906 he gained the prize offered by the Caledonian Medical Society by an essay on "A Gaelic Medical MS. of 1563," and the same year he published "The Place-Names of Argyll." In 1911 he gave the world "Regimen Sanitatis—the Rule of Health," a Gaelic medical



said:—"I believe that in the Gaelic song lies the means of the Gaelic redemption," a prophecy which is being verified every day. In 1881 he edited a collection of the Gaelic Songs of Dr. John MacLachlan, Rahoy. In 1885 he issued "Gaelic Texts for Schools," and in 1896 a Gaelic Grammar, as well as "A Class Book of

MS. of the early 16th century. He is at present engaged on the "Dunolly Manuscript of 1611." He has contributed numerous articles to the various medical magazines and journals. He was President of the Caledonian Medical Society in 1903. He has been appointed Secretary of the newly-formed Scottish Gaelic Academy.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Oran na Gaidhlig.

THE following fine bold tune was taken down from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley, a native of Ballachulish. Mr. Cameron had only one verse of the words, and he was not certain of the correctness of these even. The

first line might be "Tha 'm pilot ship (or Tha 'm Prince of Wales) a' dol a sheòladh." For lack of the old words the following have been adapted.—C.M.P.

Gleus D.

{	d'		d', d' : d', d'		d., d : d., d		m', m' : m', r'		m', r' : r', d'	}
A	Shìol nan		sonn o		Thir nan àrd-bheann,		Sibhse th'ann d' an		dual a' Ghàidhlig,	
{		m', r' : d', s		m. d : m. s		l. l, l : r', r'		d', r' : m', r'	}	
So	an		t-àm bhì 'm bann mar bhràithrean		'Go bair gu dian,		dileas,		dàna	
{		d', d'.— : d', d'		d. d : d. d						
A	theasairginn		na		cànain mhàthaireil.					

A' chàin thàrnaich thall an Eirinn—
 'S ainmeil i an tìrean céine—
 Fhrois i sìol is shuidhich freunhan
 Dombain 'nar tìr, is rinn i éirigh;
 'S gura tlachdmhor againn féin i.
 'S binne fuaim na guth na smeòraich;
 Sruth de mhìl o leanabh òg i;
 Borbhan nìlt á beul na h-òigh i;
 Bheirinn mo bhreacan bhuam gun sòradh
 Bhì 'n euideachd Ghaidheal 's iad gabhail òrain.

Samhladh nach claon air fear na mòrchuis—
 Esan dhiobradh càinain òige
 Chionn nach eòsnadh i an t-òr dha,
 Brotaeachd mòr is beatha shòghail—
 Cuileag ruadh, 's a miann 'san òtrach.
 Earail dhàsan tha dhì bàidheil;
 Sgrìobh an òr i 's croch gu h-àrd i
 Anns gach talla, sgoil is fàrdaich
 Far am bhì cruinneachadh de Ghàidheil;
 "Ionnsuich tràth i 's eileachd a ghnàth i."

BREADALBANE.—The ancestor of the Campbells of Breadalbane was Black Colin of Rome ("Cailean dubh na Roimhe"), second son of Sir Duncan Campbell, Knight of Loehawe, by his wife, Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, second son of Robert II. of Scotland. In 1432 Sir Colin received as patrimony from his father the lands of Glenorchy, from which the MacGregors had been driven, and from these lands they took their title till raised to the peerage in 1677, in the person of Sir John Campbell ("Iain Glas").

THE judicial system of the clan was delegated to a "brithèamh," or brievè, or judge, who administered justice according to the Brehon law. The principle of this primitive law appears to have had for its object the reparation rather than the prevention of crime. The fine inflicted under Brehon law was termed "eirig;" each form of injury was assessed at a certain rate, named "ero." The office of brithèamh was usually hereditary, and besides a certain proportion of the fines which were imposed the judge obtained a piece of land for his support.

MACLENNAN.—The name MacLennan, in Gaelic, "MacGillinean," signifies the son of the servant of St. Finnan, and was known in different parts of Scotland in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. This clan was the first that branched off from the Clan Donald stem. Recent research goes to prove that the clan is descended from Alister Mor, son of Donald de Ile. This Alexander appears on record for the first time as a witness to the charter by his brother Angus Mor to the Monastery of Paisley in 1253.

COLL AND TYREE.—The island of Coll is so close to Tyree that they are generally regarded as one. Till within recent years Coll was a part of the Parish of Tyree, but now it is disjoined. For its size and population I question if there is any place in Scotland that has given the Church so many of its sons as Tyree. Rev. J. Maclean, D.D., of St. Columba Church; Rev. Hector MacKinnon, M.A., Shettleston, hails from that fertile island; Rev. C. Lamond, Salteats; Rev. D. Lamond, Blair Atholl, as well as many others who could be mentioned.



THE LATE MRS. MACRAE



MRS. STEWART
(NEE MACRAE OF TORLYSHICH).
MOTHER OF MRS. MACRAE.



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THE LATE MRS. MACRAE.

BURIAL AT KINTAIL.



Barnlongart from the East.

ON Wednesday 8th May 1912, the late Mrs. MacRae was laid to rest in the private burial ground of the MacRaes of Conehra, at the head of Loeh Duichin, Kintail. In the adjoining ruined church of Kintail and surrounding burial ground lie the lineal representatives of this family since the days of Findlay du Mac-Gilchrist in the fifteenth century, with the exception of those killed in the services of their country and those who have died in foreign lands.

Mrs. MacRae was the widow of the late Mr. Duncan MacRae, D.L., Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, head of the MacRaes of Conehra, and daughter of the late Mr. Donald Stewart (Overblairish family, Cadet of "Garth") and his wife Isabell MacRae (Torlyshich family).

Mrs. MacRae was one of the last of the old Highland ladies who could speak Gaelic fluently and play Highland music. She was the soul of Highland hospitality and her charming person-

ality, kindly disposition, and her wide sympathy with all ages and all classes endeared her to all who knew her, and to the last her great interest in every subject before the public and her love of reading made her a delightful companion to those privileged to know her.

When Mrs. MacRae left her old home of Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, after a residence of twenty-six years, to live at Barnlongart, Otter Ferry, on the property of her son Major John MacRae-Gilstrap of Ballimore, the *Rothesay Chronicle* of the 20th May 1899 stated:—"Mrs. MacRae and family left Kames Castle on Monday morning for Lochfyneside, and while the breaking of the ties formed during many years was a painful experience, they have the good wishes for their future happiness of a wide section of the people of Bute. Whatever neighbourhood their lot may be cast in is to be congratulated."

Mrs. MacRae leaves a family of three sons and three daughters:—Mr. Stuart MacRae, Head of the MacRaes of Conehra; Mrs. Batten-Pool, wife of Mr. R.P.H. Batten-Pool, D.L., of Road Manor, Somerset, and Tinsbury, Wilts;



Barnlongart from the West.

Lady Colquhoun of Colquhoun, Widow of Colonel Sir Alan Colquhoun of Colquhoun, Bart., K.C.B., of Luss, Dumbartonshire; Miss Isabella MacRae; Major John MacRae-Gilstrap, of Ballimore, Argyll, Royal Body Guard; Captain Colin MacRae, Exon of the Yeoman of the Guard.

The deceased lady was borne from her residence at Barnlongart, with its beautiful surroundings, on the shoulders of the tenantry and employees on the estate to the pier at Otter Ferry, where the steamer "Fingal" was in waiting to carry the funeral party to Glasgow, *en route* to Kintail.

As the procession passed down the long drive to Otter Ferry, rendered beautiful by the flowering rhododendrons and other early flowering shrubs and spring foliage, the scene was most impressive in the early hours of a beautiful spring morning, and the wailing notes of the bagpipes playing the old MacRae slow march,



Road from House to Pier along which Mrs. MacRae was carried shoulder high.



Barnlongart from the South.

"Theid mi dhachaidh Chro Chinntaile" (I will go back to the Croe of Kintail), added greatly to the pathos of the sad procession, which will long be remembered in the district.

On the coffin were crossed a MacRae and a Royal Stewart tartan plaid. The funeral party arrived at Kyle of Lochalsh, and left again by sea the following morning for Clachan Duich, landing at Inverinate pier (permission having been given by Sir Keith Fraser, Bart. of Inverinate), where they were met by practically the whole population of Kintail, many of whom had come very long distances to pay a last tribute of respect to one who in early life had been constantly in the district—whose mother was one of the MacRaes of Glenshiel, and whose husband, the late Mr. Duncan MacRae, D.L., was head of the MacRaes of Conchra.

Headed by Mr. Angus MacRae (Captain Colin MacRae's piper) playing the "MacRae's March," "Flowers of the Forest," "Land of the Leal," and other appropriate tunes, the procession started on the last stage of the long journey—the coffin being borne by the clansmen of Kintail to its final resting place in the family burial ground at Clachan Duich, surrounded by the majestic hills of Kintail.

On arrival at the grave the cortege was met by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Moray and Ross, and the Rev. Wilfrid Mellor, of Christ Church, Lochgilphead, and, with the impressive burial service of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, the deceased lady was placed in her last home, which had been beautifully decorated with heather, moss, and flowers by Mr. Donald MacRae, Allt-a-chruine.

The pall-bearers were Mr. Stuart MacRae (Conchra), Major John MacRae-Gilstrap (Ballimore), Captain Colin MacRae (sons); Mr. Batten-Pooll



Otter Ferry Pier, from which "Fingal" started.



Mrs. MacRae's Path towards Barnlongart.

(son-in-law); Mr. Kenneth MacRae, 3rd Black Watch; Mr. Duncan MacRae, yr. of Ballimore; Mr. Walter Batten-Pooll (grandsons); and Major MacDougall of Lunga (nephew).

Among those present were Miss MacRae, Lady Colquhoun of Colquhoun (daughters); Mrs. MacRae-Gilstrap, of Ballimore, Lady Margaret MacRae (daughters-in-law); Nurse E. MacRae, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Arthur Batten-Pooll, Mr. Stewart of Ensay, Mr. MacRae (Ardintoul), Rev. P. McIver, Kintail; Rev. Duncan Macrae, Glenshiel. Mrs. Batten-Pooll (daughter) was prevented from being present on account of illness.



Otter Ferry.

The wreaths sent were very many and very beautiful, including a handsome cross borne on the coffin, with the inscription—"From her children, who rise up and call her blessed."

At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Angus MacRae played the "MacRae's Slow March" and the "Piobaireachd of the Clan MacRae" by the grave-side.

THE LATE MAJOR CATTO.

WE learn with regret the death by drowning of Major Catto of Toronto, whose portrait appeared a few months ago in the *Celtic Monthly*.

He had gone at the end of June to Rideau Ferry, a well-known resort on the Rideau Lakes, to spend the week-end and Dominion Day in company with his wife and children, and in venturing alone in a canoe on Sunday evening, became in some way thrown into the water. Although but a short time in the water, the unfortunate man, being unable to swim, was not able to remain above water. The body, although recovered a few minutes later, showed no signs of life.

Major Catto, who was 44 years of age, has been for years connected with the firm of Catto & Son. For a length of time also he had been a member of the 48th Highlanders, and his promotion to major in 1910 proved very popular among his associates. He was a prominent member of the Masonic Order, the Sons of Scotland, and denominationally an Anglican.

A widow and five children, as well as his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Catto, and a sister, Mrs. Haist, of Vancouver, B.C., survive. The funeral was attended with full military ceremony, and in addition to Major Catto's own company and nearly all the officers of his regiment, there was a strong representation of officers from the other Toronto corps, and from a number of outside regiments. At the closing of the service in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, the firing party fired three volleys over the grave, after which the last post was sounded on the bugle. An unusual feature was the playing at the foot of the grave a dirge on the bagpipes by Pipe Major Dunbar, late of the Gordon Highlanders.

Major Catto was one of the most popular of the officers in any of the local militia units. He was senior Captain in the 48th Highlanders, and was made Brevet-Major in 1910. His company in the 48th Highlanders has always been one of the strongest in the regiment.

THE oldest cadet of the MacLachlans are the MacLachlans of Corunan, Lochaber, who held the position of hereditary standard-bearers to the Camerons of Lochiel.

AFTER CULLODEN.

By J. G. MACKAY.

Wild waves the heath on Culloden's black moor,
As it waved on that morn long ago,
When warriors proud on its bosom it bore,
That trembled and shook with the Camerons' loud roar,
And the shouts of each terrible foe.

Oh! ill-fated Stuart, the last of thy race,
Though nobly thy right thou didst claim,
The tear starts unbidden, when round us we trace,
The scene of thy ruin, unstained by disgrace,
Thy conquest untainted by shame.

And ye, gallant spirits, the brave and the true,
Who stained the brown heath with the gore,
That followed each terrible stroke that ye drew,
Alas! that your own should have mingled there too,
And your names pass from earth evermore.

I DO NOT propose to follow the wanderings of the unfortunate and ill-fated Prince, nor to recount his many exciting and hair-breadth escapes. That part of the Jacobite story is so well known that it does not need to be repeated, particularly to a Skye audience,* where the weary, wandering footsteps of the Royal fugitive may still be traced in imagination as he wended his toilsome way under the guidance of the noble and heroic Flora MacDonald, who by her gallant conduct went very far to retrieve the good name of Skye from the ignominy cast upon her by the faithlessness of the Chiefs of MacDonald and MacLeod.

You are all familiar with the story of how, under the guidance of the faithful Flora, and the no-less faithful Neil MacEachran, the wandering Prince crossed from South Uist in an open boat and landed at Monkstad in Kilmuir, then the residence of the vacillating Chief, Sir Alexander MacDonald, and how with the assistance and guidance of his Lady and Kingsburgh his factor, the Prince was brought from Kilmuir to Kingsburgh dressed as Betty Burke, an Irish serving maid, and how the Prince, by his awkward gait in the female attire, caused such amusement to the country people, to the no small concern of his fair guide. You will recollect how after resting for a night at Kingsburgh and changing the dress of Betty Burke for the Highland garb of Kingsburgh's son, he proceeded, still under the guidance of Flora and Neil MacEachran, to Portree, with the object of getting across to Raasay. We may fancy we see him in the only public room of what was then the Royal Hotel, drying his soaking clothes, for it rained in Skye in the good old days even as it does now. We may see him, in our imagination, with his strange suite of faithful adherents, eating his frugal meal, after which we are told by Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, who was present, that he

called for a dram, but "there being no fermented drink in Skye except in gentlemen's houses, he was obliged to slake his thirst with water from a dirty-looking, rough-edged wooden vessel which the landlord employed to bale his boat."

We can follow his steps as he scrambled in the dark along the shore of Scorybreac to wait the appearance of a boat from Raasay, as a Portree crew could not be trusted—poor Portree! We can picture to ourselves young MacLeod of Raasay, who then lived at Totrome near Storr, with the assistance of his brother (who was wounded at Culloden), and a number of women, hauling a boat from one of the Storr Lochs to the sea in order to bring a boat from Raasay to convey the prince thither, as all the boats in the district of the Raasay MacLeods were broken by the military but this one, which they succeeded in hiding. I am sorry here to dispel what has passed into a well established belief, and which has the merit of being perfectly harmless, viz.—That the prince occupied what is popularly known as "Prince Charlie's Cave" as a hiding-place: I can find no trace of his having ever entered it. When he left the inn as mentioned already, he found the Raasay boat waiting him somewhere about the Black Rock, and on his return from Raasay where he remained in hiding for a few days, he landed under what is called Nicolson's Rock, beyond Beil, and found shelter for a couple of nights in a byre belonging to Mr. Nicolson of Scorybreac.

This cave has a history all the same, though not coming under the category of Royal Residences. It is quite evident that it was used as a place of concealment and defence. According to the author of the Old Statistical account of the parish of Portree, it was so used by one party who trusted too much to the security of their hiding place and did not keep watch. Their enemy coming on them in the night time piled up a quantity of damp heather to the mouth of the cave to which they set fire and smothered the occupants in their sleep. I am afraid the connection of Prince Charlie with this and many other caves pointed out for the benefit of the inquiring Cockney Tourist, is as remote as with many of the Prince Charlie Relics treasured by their owners in many parts of the country. If the Prince had been the owner of one-half of such relics as are preserved to his memory, he must have been going about with a regular pedlar's pack of old Muskets, Claymores, Silver Spoons and Forks, Snuff Mills, Tartan Coats and old Shoes.

I propose to divide my subject into the following chapters, viz.—The Suppression of the Rebellion; The Disarming Act, and the Proscription of the Highland Dress; The Hereditary Jurisdiction Act, and the Breaking

* This Lecture was first delivered in Portree, Skye.

up of the Clan System, and the Introduction of Sheep Farming.

I am sure there is none of you but would resent the suggestion that this country of ours, particularly what Lord Rosebery has called the predominant partner, was not highly civilized a century and a half ago. There have, however, been many occasions in the history of our country, and more especially in its dealing with that part of it in which we are particularly interested at present, to go no further afield, in which I am afraid the civilization has been very much mixed. To keep myself perfectly right and not lay myself open to making any unfair charges *against the Government*. I give my authority for the following account of the suppressing of the rebellion, viz.—Chambers' History, which is allowed on all hands to be the most reliable and impartial, being composed largely of the narratives of parties who actually took part in and were eye-witnesses of the transactions they describe.

Immediately after the battle, Cumberland dispatched divisions of his army in different directions through the disaffected districts to disarm the clansmen. The Earl of Loudon executed his mission with mercy, and induced a considerable number to deliver up their arms. General Campbell with his own clan militia was equally successful in Appin and Glencoe. But the Duke of Cumberland determined to take very severe measures to reduce the disaffected to obedience. He made his headquarters at Fort Augustus and from thence he dispatched parties all over the surrounding country. Not only were the mansions of the chiefs of Locheil, Glengarry, Cluny, Keppoch, Kinlochmoidart, Glengyle, Ardsheal, and many others plundered and burned, but those of many inferior gentlemen, and even the huts of the common people were in like manner destroyed. The cattle, sheep and provisions of all kind were carried off to Fort Augustus. In many instances the women and children were stripped naked and left exposed; in some, the females were subjected to even more horrible treatment. A great many unarmed and inoffensive men including some aged beggars were shot in the fields or on the mountain side, rather in a spirit of wantonness than for any definite object. Many hapless people perished of cold and hunger amongst the hills. Others followed, in abject herds, their departing cattle, and at Fort Augustus begged for a wretched existence, to get the offal or even to be allowed to lick up the blood of those which were killed for the use of the army.

Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which

had been denounced upon Scotland by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens *without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a cock crow*. It is generally allowed that the Duke himself, though the instigator of these cruelties, did not show so much open or active cruelty as some of the more immediate instruments of the Royal vengeance. General Hawley was one of the most remorseless of all the commanding officers, apparently thinking no extent of cruelty a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk.

The names of Lieut.-Col. Howard, Capt. Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart are also to be handed down as worthy of everlasting execration. The last, in particular, did not even respect the protection Lord Loudon had extended (by virtue of a commission from the Duke) to those who had taken an early opportunity of submitting, but used only to observe to the unhappy individuals who expected to be saved on that account, as he ordered them to execution and their houses to the flames, "*that though they were to shew him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty.*"

Not content with laying waste the country of the active insurgents, they extended their ravages before the end of the season over peaceful districts to the very gates of the Capital.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was required to command all the Established clergymen throughout the country to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which the Duke ordered every minister and loyal subject to exert themselves in discovering and seizing the rebels, and the *General Assembly complied with the requisition*. Many of the individual clergymen, with a better spirit, refused to read this paper, in consequence of which the Duke sent another order to the church, commanding every minister to give in a list of the rebels belonging to his parish. With this last, still fewer complied, the clergymen of Edinburgh ranking among the recusants; the Duke, having then used individual applications, and even personal entreaties, in vain, troubled with them no more.

While Cumberland in this way endeavoured to make use of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to aid him in his bloody work, he visited the Scottish Episcopal Church with all the terrors of military law. On his way north he found the members of that persuasion to be beyond all doubt closely identified with Jacobitism, and he determined to have his revenge upon them. Within one week of the battle of

Culloden he succeeded in having every church in the country in which a non-juring clergyman officiated, closed. The Bibles, prayer-books, and other furniture of many of the chapels were taken out by the soldiers and openly burned, and even the buildings were in some instances destroyed.

In order to give these outrageous proceedings a little colour of law an Act of Parliament was passed in less than three months after the battle, in which it was ordained that "any Episcopal clergyman officiating after the 1st September 1746, without having taken the oath of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once during the service for the King, his heirs and successors, and for all the Royal family; should, for the first offence, suffer six months imprisonment, for the second (upon conviction before the High Court of Judiciary) be transported to the American plantations for life, and in case of returning from banishment be subjected to perpetual imprisonment."

In order to prevent the unfortunate ministers from officiating in private, it was enacted that every house in which five or more persons met to hear them perform services should be considered a meeting-house within the meaning of the act. It was declared that if any person should resort to an illegal Episcopal meeting-house and not give notice within five days of such illegal meeting to some proper magistrate, he should be subjected to fine or imprisonment.

A peer was disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons, if he attended an Episcopal meeting twice in Scotland. Many clergymen, who were not Jacobites, in order to render their chapels legal meeting-houses repaired to the proper magistrates, took the oaths to government required by the act, and got their letters of orders registered before the 1st of September.

But this compliance availed them nothing. As if the act of 1746 was not stringent enough, in May 1748 it was amended to the effect, "that no letters of orders, not granted by some bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland, should be sufficient to qualify any Scottish Episcopal pastor, whether the same had been registered before or after the 1st September 1745, and that every such registration, whether made before or since, shall now be null and void."

These Statutes were not mere matter of form; the penalties were most rigorously put in execution, as could be proved by many instances. One will suffice—that of a clergyman, "not more distinguished by his well-known poetical genius than by his piety and private worth, the Rev. John Skinner of Longmay in

Aberdeenshire, author of the song "Tullochgorm," was imprisoned for six months in the public jail, although he had previously taken all the loyal oaths, and for two years prayed for the King."

Chambers, in his "History of the Rebellion," says, "That in what was considered the hottest time of the persecution, the Presbyterians could at any time save themselves by pronouncing the Scriptural phrase "God save the King," but at this time the Episcopalians could not escape except by perjuring themselves—without swearing by the oath of abjuration, that they believed, what no unprejudiced man could believe, that the Pretender was a suppositious child.
(*To be continued.*)

THE REAL MACKAY TARTAN.

MEMBERS of the Clan have of late years experienced considerable trouble in procuring a correct pattern of the ancient Mackay tartan, the specimens usually offered for sale in dress materials being a hideous medley of dark shades in which the design could hardly be traced. These, we learned on enquiry, were actually manufactured in Germany, and sent in great quantities to this country for sale. The German manufacturers evidently thought that anything in dark squares and stripes was good enough for a Highland clan. The Mackay Society, however, took the matter up, and in conjunction with Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Ltd., Renfield Street, Glasgow and Princes Street, Edinburgh, the well known specialists in tartans, every procurable book and plate illustrating the clan tartan was examined, as well as old specimens in the possession of clansmen, to secure as near as possible the original shades of colour. Mr. Andrew Forsyth personally examined the pattern of Mackay tartan, a century old, in the collection of the Highland Society of London. A careful examination of these resulted in a pattern being selected which was considered to be, as near as possible, a correct representation of the real Mackay tartan, as it was worn by our ancestors. Messrs. R. W. Forsyth have now manufactured from this design, a range of clan tartan goods of the finest materials—in silk, poplin, and wool—in the form of kilt and ladies' dress materials, shawls, handkerchiefs, neck-ties, rugs, ladies' blouses, belts, ribbons of various widths, etc. We have examined the charming specimens of these tartan goods now on exhibition, and we trust that the enterprise of this well-known firm will be suitably recognised by members of the clan at home and abroad, by sending an order at once to Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Ltd., Renfield Street, Glasgow.

THE CLAN DAVIDSON.

ANNUAL GATHERING IN LONDON.

A SUCCESSFUL and enthusiastic gathering of the Members of the Clan Dhai was held on Thursday, May 21st, at the Holborn Restaurant, London, Duncan Davidson, D.L., of Tulloch, Chief of the Clan, presiding. Among those present were—The Chief, General Alexander Davidson, R.A.; Sir Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., K.C.; Mr. Mark Davidson, Sheriff Substitute for Lanarkshire; Lindsay Davidson, Hon. Secretary; Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, M.B., C.M. Guests—Mr. J. I. Macpherson, M.P., and Sir William Bennett, K.C.V.O.

The Chief put the following Resolution:—That the Members of the Association of Clan Dhai, here assembled at their Annual General Meeting, desire to express their deep sympathy with the family and relatives of the late Mr. Thornton Davidson, in the loss they have sustained by the death of their distinguished clansman, who so nobly ended his career in the tragic disaster which occasioned the loss of the Titanic. This was carried unanimously, the Members, according to custom, standing and voting in silence.

The Annual Dinner, at which the Chief again presided, was held later. Among those present were—Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, D.L., J.P., Chief of the Clan Dhai; Sir Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., K.C., Past President; Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, M.B., C.M.; Sir William Bennett, K.C.V.O.; Major-General A. H. Davidson, R.A.; Mark George Davidson, LL.B., Sheriff Substitute of Lanarkshire; Madgwick George Davidson, M.A.; Alan H. Davidson; Edward C. Davidson; John Colin Campbell Davidson; Alaister N. G. Davidson; Major H. G. Lindsay Davidson, M.A.; J. Ian Macpherson, M.P., Ross and Cromarty; Arthur Charles Davidson; Dr. James Gellie Davidson; Dr. Francis Wm. Davidson; Dr. Hugh Morgan Davidson; Thos. Gerard Davidson.

The attendance of pipers from the Caledonian Asylum contributed largely to the success of the function. The boys, under Pipe-Major Burns, late Scots Guards, "played in" the haggis, and subsequently gave an exhibition of dances. The Chief was immensely pleased with the efficiency displayed by the pipers in executing the various movements, and addressing the Pipe-Major, paid him a special compliment for the high standard which had been attained, alluding to the fact that the best piper his grandfather ever had, who was also the best he had ever known, came from the Caledonian Asylum.

The Royal toasts having been duly honoured,

the Chief proposed the toast of the evening, coupling it with the name of the new President, General Alexander Davidson. They had made a new departure in inviting guests, he said, or rather they had allowed outsiders to come into the inner circle of the Association of the Clan Dhai and he trusted they would feel highly honoured (cheers.) Having paid a tribute to Mr. Robt. Davidson (hon. secy. for the dinner) for his share in the dinner committee and success of the gathering, the Chief observed in passing, that the Association was in a most flourishing and healthy condition (cheers). They were a young Association, but they were most enthusiastic, and they had members in every part of the globe. Having referred to the sad privilege which fell to him at the annual meeting of moving a vote of condolence to the relatives of their clansman of Canada, Mr. Thornton Davidson, who was drowned in the Titanic disaster, the Chief alluded to the distinguished guests present, expressing pride at having among them Sir William Bennett, K.C.V.O., and the worthy member for Ross and Cromarty, Mr. J. Ian Macpherson. He had many times had differences of opinion with Mr. Macpherson, but they were pleased indeed to see him present. They knew he came from a good country and belonged to the grand clan of Macpherson (cheers.) As regards General Alexander Davidson, his excellent cousin, he was a fine specimen of the old soldier, as young as possible, who insisted in attending the Delhi Dinner every year. They wished him long life and happiness (cheers.)

The toast having been enthusiastically honoured, General Alexander Davidson responded. He was sometimes asked the question, he said, what was the idea of that Association. He thought the best answer to that was found in the report which said the chief object of the Association was to revive and foster clan sentiment.

The Chief next gave the toast of "The Past President," and in the absence of Lieut.-Col. Christopher Middlemass Davidson, coupled it with the name of Sir Edward Davidson. They were particularly sorry, he said, that Lieut.-Col. M. Davidson could not be present. He had done very good and hard work during the past year and in fact he (the Chief) thought his son, their most valued Hon. Secretary, had worked his father very hard indeed (laughter). But the result had been all for the best because the work had been done uncommonly well.

Sir Edward Davidson, K.C.M.G., C.B., K.C., in responding said nobody was more sorry than he at the greatness thrust upon him by the absence of their Past President, Col. Middlemass Davidson of the Royal Body Guard.

In responding for the guests, Mr. Macpherson, M.P., remarked that if all the Highland Chiefs were the same as Davidson of Tulloch or Cluny Macpherson, there might not be a land problem in the North of Scotland to-day (applause). Referring to the friendship between the two clans he said the Macpherson clan and the Davidson clan had been united in the holiest of all bonds, in the bonds of matrimony (laughter).

were Radical because of the system, not because of the men (applause). They would never regret having established the Clan Dhail Association. He was proud to be there as a Highlander and a politician, and as one who had got clan connections with a very old and distinguished historical clan. Might those clan connections and inter-marriageable relations long continue (cheers).



FRANZ LOCHMATTER. SIR EDWARD DAVIDSON. JOSEF POLLINGER.

It had given the Cluny stock some of the finest Highland wives and chiefs they ever possessed, and he was perfectly certain that no combination could ever be more effective (laughter). He assured them that the members of the Davidson clan might well be proud of their chief. He had given years of anxious study to the Highland land problems, to the literature, history and traditions of the Highland race, and he was perfectly certain that the Highlands to-day

Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, M.B., C.M., proposed the toast of "The Chief," and said the name of Davidson of Tulloch was familiar to him although he was born in a very remote part of the world some 6,600 miles from there. In conclusion Sir James mentioned that this year was a very important one in the Chief's life for he would celebrate his silver wedding. They wished him all joy and happiness (cheers).

The Chief in responding, said Mr. Macpherson's remarks about the family of Tulloch were extremely gratifying to him. When such remarks were made it was impossible for him to stand as member for Ross and Cromarty and turn Mr. Macpherson out; but at one time, he confessed, he had grave thoughts of doing so (laughter). His great-great-grandfather was member for Cromarty, and it behoved this generation to do something. He had been pressed extremely hard to stand but was afraid he must take a back seat (laughter). He could only describe Mr. Macpherson as a thorough Highlander. He (the Chief) fought hard against him at the last election, but it did not do the slightest good (laughter). Alluding to Mr. Macpherson's remarks about the land problem the Chief said he lived on the most friendly terms with his tenants and looked upon them as his greatest friends (cheers). He hoped the future of the Association would be as rosy as had been the past (cheers).

The dinner terminated by the company linking hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."



CHARLES M. HAYS.

PROMINENT among those whose valuable lives were sacrificed in the Titanic disaster was Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad, whose untimely death is mourned not only by his family and the great railway system of which he was president, but also by a large

circle of friends in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain.

Mrs. Hay is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Gregg of St. Louis, and she, together with her daughter, Mrs. Thornton Davidson, whose husband also perished on the Titanic, were among the survivors, and were met on their arrival in New York by the venerable Mr. Gregg, who hastened from sunny Florida on receipt of the terrible news. His whole family is almost prostrated by this double bereavement, and we deeply sympathise with them, as well as with the thousands of others who lost their dear ones in the Titanic's appalling disaster.

[Through the courtesy of "The Canadian," New York, we are able to give the above portrait of the late Mr. Hays.—EDITOR, C.M.]

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 124.)

ANMOCH gu loch, moch gu amhainn, 's mu mheadhon-latha na h uillt.

Late to the loch, early for the river, and noon for the burns.—Advice to the anglers.

An nair a thig air duine, thig air uile.

When anything comes on a man everything comes.

An uair a theirigeas gual sguiridh obair.

When coal is done work will cease.

An nair theid na mèirleach thar a chèile thig an t-ionragan g'a chuid.

When thieves fall out the honest man gets his own.

An uair a theid a chailleach 'na ruith, theid i 'na deann ruith.

When the old wife runs she runs indeed.

An uair a sguireas an làmh a shileadh, sguiridh am beul a mholadh.

When the hand ceases to give the mouth ceases to praise.

An uair a's mo an éigin dearbhar na cùrdean.

It's when there is most need, that friendship is proved indeed.

An uair a's fearr a' chluich 's fhearr sgar.

When the play is best, 'tis best to cease.

An uair a gheibh sinn biadh gheibh sinn poit.

When we get food we'll get a pot.

An nair a chì thu bean oileanach,

Beir oirre, beir oirre;

Mar a beir thus' oirre,

Beiridh fear eil' oirre.

When you see a well-bred lassie,

Catch her, catch her;

If you don't do it,

Another will match her.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

AUGUST, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

THE VANCOUVER KILTED REGIMENT.—72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, after having gone through a strenuous time in mimic war on Vancouver Island, turned out spic and span on the evening of the 3rd July, and embarked on board the C.P.R. steamer "Princess Royal" for Tacoma, Washington, with the special consent of the War Departments of Canada and the United States, there to take part in the July celebrations and Montama Festival and Sports. Their Mackenzie tartan kilts, scarlet tunics and feather bonnets, to say nothing of their splendid physique and military bearing, ensures them a hearty welcome from our cousins on the other side of the invisible line.

THE DUNOLLY MS.—Dr. MacNaughtan, Stonehaven, writing to Dr. Gillies regarding this interesting MS., says:—"I am at Dunolly the first day of December the eleventh (?) year of the Prince of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the Age of the Lord, 1612." This refers, I should think, to the most High and Mighty Prince, James the First of England, whose name and extraordinary graces are familiar to us in the Preface to our Authorised Version of the Scriptures,—and of whose reign as "King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland" 1612-1613 was the eleventh year. Dun-an-Eagain seems to be a stiff nut to crack."

VANCOUVER, B.C.—JOINT HIGHLAND PIC-NIC.—The Gaels of Vancouver, to the number of several hundreds, with their wives, families, and friends, turned out on the 29th June to the annual pic-nic of the Gaelic Society, which this year was held jointly with the "Clan Maclean". The rendezvous selected was Bowen Island, picturesquely situated at the entrance to Howe Sound, and favoured with glorious weather, a most enjoyable day was spent. A lengthy programme of sports, shinty being the first item, was gone through. Kilts, Pipes, tartan badges, and Gaelic, monopolized the decks of the S.S. "Baramba". The skirl of pipes and beat of drums awakened the echoes of the surrounding mountains, and raised a cheer from every passing craft. The first-class Pipe Band connected with the Clan Maclean, helped materially to make the outing the success it was. There is a generation of Gaelic speakers growing up on the Pacific Coast, and if old country Gaels are true to their trust, Gaelic as a spoken language will never die.

THE CLAN MACFARLANE SOCIETY.—We are asked to inform members of the Clan that the new address of the Secretary is Mr. Jas. MacFarlane, Southfield Park, Pinner, Middlesex.

GLENMORRISTON GRANTS.—After Culloden 84 of the Glenmorrison Grants, who laid down their arms in May, were transported to the Barbadoes, in violation of their terms of surrender, and sold as slaves. The Glenmorrison Grants wear a tartan different in sett from the rest of the clan. Two regiments were raised out of the Clan Grant—"The Grant, or Strathspey Fencibles," in 1793, and the old "79th," or "Strathspey Regiment," in the following year.

THE CHIEF'S RETURN.

[Duart Castle, the hereditary seat of the MacLeans, has passed once again into the hands of the Chief, who is to unfurl his banner on its walls at the Annual Gathering this month.]

Hail, Duart's proud Chief! 'tis thy clansmen who meet thee

By thine ancient keep, on thy coming to greet thee;
In plaided array see the loyal host gathers,
To welcome MacLean to the halls of his fathers.

Seinn éirich, O éirich! How proud o'er the heather,
The plume and the tartan are waving together.

From the grey castle wall, lo! the banner is streaming,
And a thousand bright crests in the noon-day are gleaming.

Hark! the slogan again rends the welkin asunder,
While the mountains of Morven re-echo its thunder.

High Chief of our name, we in honour acclaim thee,
And deep in our hearts' fond affection we name thee;
One people we are, and our story reminds us,
To cherish the mutual glory that binds us.

Then health to MacLean in its kindest measure,
May his be for ever contentment and pleasure;
And long may his banner on Duart be o'er us,
Where oft it has waved o'er our fathers before us.

We gather from lands 'yond the swell of the ocean,
Yet as brothers in blood with a filial devotion;
And this shall the pledge be, though ocean leagues sever,

"Our Chief and our Clan, and our Country for ever!"

Edinburgh.

MURDOCH MACLEAN.

FIONN'S WARS WITH THE MACGREGORS.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."

(Continued from page 132.)

DURING the whole of the third century, there was no cessation of hostilities between the Gregs and the Gaels, and we may be sure that Fionn and his men had their fill of fighting. So far as we are able to judge, however, from the many legends and traditions that have safely floated down the stream of Time, the Gregs proved the better fighters, and had a better knowledge of military organisation and tactics. Brave as the Fenians were, they had to act usually on the defensive, and, on more than one occasion, were compelled to yield to their former superiors, or flee to their fastnesses amidst the dreary bogs and marches of Kildare. The story of *Maghach Colgar*, for instance, illustrates the weakness of the Feinne when it describes how the Grengach used to quit their *brúghs*, or fortified castles, and attack Fionn's stronghold at Almuin. To reach it, they would have to cross the Liffey, the fords of which, we may be certain, were keenly contested, and then, they were within the domains of Fionn. The Gregs, nevertheless, seldom relished an invasion of this kind, because it was a risk fraught with peril. The famous Bog of Allen, the largest and deepest bog in all Ireland, runs through the ancient territory of the Feinne in Meath and Kildare, and the unfavourable character of the country, while it eminently suited the guerilla tactics of the Feinne, who could retire to their fortified mud-hills in the swamps when pressed to do so, was one that discouraged moonlight marauders like the Gregs, who, ignorant of the treacherous bogs, were sure to find themselves "bound in shallows and in miseries."

A bog-fight of the period is thus vividly described in the traditional manner (Vol. III., p. 188):—"They would make a bog of the crag, and a crag of the bog; in the place where they least would sink, they would sink to the knees; in the place where most they would sink, they would sink to the eyes." This combat, referred to in the tale of *Maghach Colgar*, must have taken place in Kildare, possibly near Fionn's stronghold at Almuin; and although the name of the famous Bog of Allen has evidently escaped the narrator's memory, there can be no doubt that the place of mortal strife was the moors near Almuin, and that the Grengach had invaded northern Kildare for the express purpose of rooting out the troublesome Feinne. At such times, Fionn had to fight for

his patrimony with all the forces he could muster, and was given many an opportunity to show his personal prowess as a leader and warrior, while his talented son, who acted as aide-de-camp or journalist to his father, was more inclined to the paths of peace, and, instead of embroiling his hands in blood, preferred—

"To sing of battles and the breath
Of stormy war and violent death."

History is the poorer in that the poet's works were not published in his life-time. Ossianic poetry is entirely traditional, and makes at the best untrustworthy history. It does not seem to have been reduced to writing till a late period, and this in spite of the merits of his verse. He would not have been a true poet if his worth had been discovered and his genius measured by his own generation. I suppose* that Ossian, like other Gaelic bards, wrote most of his poetry in the Spring, and spent the other three seasons hunting—for a publisher. This point is well worth enquiry.

After the Feinne were removed from the stage of Irish history by their defeat and overthrow at Gabhra, the Gregs did not cease hostilities, but remained to the last the avowed enemies of Gaelic independence in North Leinster. As we may see from a post-Fenian tale like *Conall Gulban*, the Grengach were as jealous of him as they had been of Fionn, and their animosity led that warrior, in due course, to make a raid on their *dúns*. Hence the appearance of Conall amidst the "Greeks" in Southern Leinster. In such expeditions, we may be sure that Conall was joined by his brothers, Conall Cremhthainne, Fiachra, and Maine of County Meath, whose descendants were afterwards known to history as the "Southern HyNeill," and that, with their help, he laid the "realm of Greece" under cress when it was profitable to do so. His mode of fighting impressed the Greeks. "He struck them, under them, over them, through and throughout them; where they were the closest, there they were thinnest: where they were thinnest, they were most scattered."

Conall Gulban lived long after the days of Fionn, and the troubles he had with the Gregs prove clearly that they had not foregone their ancient hatred towards the Gaelic clans north of the Liffey, even in the fourth and fifth centuries. The son of the famous Niall of the Nine Hostages, and the ancestor of the *O'Donnells* and all the *Cinel Chonail*, this ancient king of Tara occupied a large place in the affections of his people; and with this knowledge, we can understand how the Highland story of *Conall Gulban* (which takes up 95 pages of print in *Campbell's Tales*) assumes prominence which

few of the Fenian tales can equal or excel. It says much for the consistency of the legend that the name of Fionn or the Feinne is never once mentioned, an anachronism being thereby avoided which reduces the preceding tale of four pages (*Guaigeann Lualhrach's Loirean Spagach*) to the merest balderdash.

However, the Fenian Epic has made its influence felt, even in such a post-Fenian tradition. In one version of the tale, to which reference is made, Conall is said to have been slain by Oscar, grandson of Fionn (Vol. III, p. 297). But this erroneous statement is not in accordance with the facts of history, and is of interest only in so far as it illustrates how the popularity of the Fenian Epic had begun, at a very early date, to interfere with the growth, and retard the development of other epic cycles like that of *Conall Gulban*. The death of Conall was not the deed of the Feinne, but of the Masraighe, a vassal tribe of Mag Slecht in County Cavan. On one occasion, says the *Book of Fenagh*, this tribe made a raid on Tara when the king was absent, and stole away with all the horses they could get. Conall got wind of the affair, and hurried after them with such few retainers as he had. He came upon them at Dun Conaing on Magh Rein, but being hopelessly outnumbered, Conall fell into the hands of the Masraighe, who, in their elation, hacked his body to pieces.

“A flying spear killed the king,
On that journey, without falsehood,
On Magh Rein at Dun Baile (Fenagh),
Of which the Masraighe boasted.”

As will be gathered from the older text, it is the Masraighe who kill Conall Gulban, and gloat over the deed; but in the Highland version of the same tradition, Conall's death is attributed to Oscar, and it is Fionn who boasts over Oscar's bloody work. “Oscar struck Conall's head off, and threw it off the battlefield. Music was got to cheer Oscar from his weariness, but the music that was best with Fionn was what had happened” (*Tales*, Vol. III, p. 297). Such an historical anachronism, which brings Fionn and King Conall together, and that in spite of the gulf of the centuries dividing them, is on a par with the historical anachronisms which make Fionn hobnob with Cuchullin, or Ossian with St. Patrick. To seek a modern analogy, it is as excusable as it would be for a novelist or historian picturing a scene in which Prince Charlie was made to pour his griefs into the ears of Queen Victoria, or for a Celtic scholar to expatiate on the wars and adventures of Fionn with the Danes and Norsemen!

In so far, therefore, as the Highland tales of *Mughach Colgar*, *Conall Gulban*, and *Mamus* have

a direct bearing on the old-time relations existing between the Greys or MacGregors, and their neighbours, they all bear eloquent testimony to the bitter feuds that raged in the Province of Leinster during the Fenian and later periods—feuds that lasted down the centuries, until the final extinction of Greg power and influence in the Province by the kings of Tara settled the question of supremacy. Considering the conditions under which they have been preserved, they are yet in wonderful harmony with the older traditions embalmed in Irish manuscripts, although they manifestly lack that superabundance of detail which differentiates the ancient from the modern legends and traditions, and do not possess that degree of familiarity with the history and topography of ancient Leinster as might have enhanced their value and raised their credit in the general esteem.

Taking them as they stand, we must admit that the *sgéalachds* have comparatively little to say about the Greengach, but this silence need not be ascribed to the fault of the records. The Irish ancestors of the MacGregors had lost most of their power and prestige by the end of the first century, by which time they had ceased to be formidable as a nation. Furthermore, the Feinne must have known very little about the Greys, who were their hereditary foes, and with whom they had no social or political ties of relationship. Hence the silence of the Fenian Epic with regard to the history of the Greys is only one more proof of the hostility, and consequent estrangement, between Fenian and Grecian Gael.

But it would not be relevant here to go too far into the early history of these ancestors of the MacGregors, when Scythia was ruled by a race of kings centuries before the days of Fionn, because such discussion would have no bearing on the history and adventures of Fionn and the Feinne. I believe, however, that if the foregoing facts and arguments have been carefully weighed and pondered, the average reader will have learned something new about the origin and prehistoric record of the wild Griogaraeh, and have gained a sufficient acquaintance with old Irish topography to understand the connections that exist between the MacGregors of “Greece” and the “Greeks of Scythia.”

THE CLAN MACDONALD is probably the oldest and most famous of Scottish clans, claiming descent from Donald, grandson of Somerled of the Isles, in the twelfth century. Somerled's name is Norse, “Sumerlidhi,” summer-slider, that is mariner. He was son of “Gille-brighde,” son of “Gille-adamnan.” These two names are thoroughly Gaelic, so that on the whole Somerled may be regarded as a Gael ruling independently over the mixed Norse and Gael of Argyllshire. Somerled died in 1164.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE HENDERSON,
Celtic Lecturer, Glasgow University.

As briefly stated in our issue last month, Rev. Dr. George Henderson died at his residence, Burnside, Rutherglen, after a short illness, in the 47th year of his age.

Dr. Henderson was a native of the Aird, Inverness-shire. He studied in Raining's School, Inverness, and afterwards at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.A. He held the Sir I. Macpherson scholarship in Celtic language and literature for three years. He also held the examinership in Celtic, and was first medallist in Professor Masson's class. He was also a medallist twice in moral philosophy. He held a medal in Celtic, and a prize for Gaelic essay writing, and another for Gaelic poetry. He travelled and studied in Wales and in many parts of Ireland, where in several districts his knowledge of Gaelic stood him in good stead. At Oxford he was admitted as an honorary scholar of Jesus College, and held the Bachelor of Letters degree of that University. Philosophy he studied at the Universities of Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig. He was a Ph.D., and B. Litt.

Dr. Henderson was appointed to the Lectureship in Celtic Language and Literature in Glasgow University in 1906, being highly recommended for the position by Professor Kuno Meyer. On his permanent appointment to this post, he vacated his ministerial charge at Edrachilis, Sutherland. He was eminently fitted for the discharge of the trust placed in his hands. His training, his temperament, his exact and patient methods marked him out for such a task of scholarship, and his place will, in this respect, be difficult to fill.

Among Dr. Henderson's contributions to Gaelic literature may be mentioned "Dain Iain Gobha"—the poems of John Morison of Harris, with a memoir: "Leabhar nan Gleam," containing transliteration of one-half of the Fearnag Gaelic MS., 1688, into modern Gaelic; "The Gaelic Dialects of Scotland," contributed to "Celtische Zeitschrift," and designed to form a grammar of the Gaelic language on a phonetic basis; and "Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman," being reminiscences of Evander Maciver of Scourie. The most important works from his pen during his occupancy of the lectureship were "The Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland" (1910) and "Survivals in Beliefs Among the Celts" (1911). Dr. Henderson also contributed valuable papers to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, together with a series of articles on "The Fionn Saga" to the "Celtic Review."

Dr. Henderson was one of the gentlest and

most unassuming of men, and his death is a profound sorrow to his many friends, as it is an irreparable loss to Gaelic scholarship.

THE IRISH OIREACHTAS.

The annual Gathering took place in the Rotunda, Dublin, in the first week of July. There was a large attendance at the various competitions, evincing a deep interest in all that was said or sung. At the reception of delegates, Mr. Alasdair MacLaren, Crianlarich, represented An Comunn Gaidhealach, and Mr. Roderick MacLeod being unable to be present, Mr. MacLaren, who is a Mod Gold Medallist, took his place, and rendered several songs in Gaelic, which were well received.

Scottish Gaelic song was represented by Miss A. Campbell Whyte, Glasgow, who received a



Miss A. CAMPBELL WHYTE.

flattering reception at the Grand Concert in the Rotunda, as well as at the Lord Mayor's reception in the Mansion House. Miss Campbell Whyte, who is a daughter of "Fionn," holds the Junior and Senior Gold Medals of the Mod. While yet a junior, she qualified herself for competing for the Senior Gold Medal, which she secured the year after she won the Junior Medal. Since then she has won prizes at the Mod for duet singing, as well as for compilations of unpublished Gaelic melodies, and also for playing Highland airs on the piano. She possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of rich quality, and being a fluent speaker of Gaelic, her songs are received with great acceptance.

A SONG OF THE NORTH.

HEARKEN, oh sons of the stranger! Out of the kingdom of Silence, out of the years that are told, hark to the voice that is singing!

This is the story of Olaf and Ella, of Olaf the son of Eric, chief of men in the northlands, and Ella, the beautiful daughter of Horsa, the woodsman of Hindfell.

Olaf was straight as a mountain-pine ere it bows to the ring of the axe-edge, mighty in voice and in limb, faithful in deed as in word. Many a great princess and noble lady of Norway had sought with her eyes to enslave him, but free as his own grey seas, he yet stood, seathless before them, nor cared for the voice of a woman until that day when he hunted the boar in the fair, deep forests of Hindfell.

There, in a glade, she stood, Ella, the tall and the true, with sunlight falling upon her, with eyes of summer starlight, crowned with the glory of sunset, of Day when he dies in the west.

Thus met Olaf and Ella high up on the ridges of Hindfell, and thus, in the sun and the silence, the wordless passion was spoken.

Daily they met in the forest, and ever their love grew stronger, as there, at the foot of the pines, bubbles the crystal dawn of the mighty, the fathomless ocean.

Then fell there a day when the gods sent thunder to cover the sunshine of bliss, and a sorrowful, wailing wind to the forest-clad ridges of Hindfell. For Eric, the king, would hunt, and followed the chase afar, e'en to the sunny glade in the fair, deep forests of Hindfell. There in the sun and the silence he met with Olaf and Ella, while black grew his face as the thunder which booms in the glory of summer.

"Now, by the great Thor! What is here? Answer me, Olaf, my son," and proudly and swift came the words—

"This is the bride of my love, the daughter of Horsa, the woodsman." Then terrible grew the face of Eric, the king of the Norsemen, and low were his words as the voice of a flood, straining behind its bars.

"To-night thou shalt tell me the whole and make choice—choice between exile or freedom," and firm rang the voice of the Viking as gravely he answered,

"Freedom is exile without her. To-night I will tell thee the whole."

Then rode he away at the right hand of Eric the king of the Norsemen, and never a word spake Ella, only her soft eyes entreated. And once as he rode he turned to behold her alone in the glade, in the sun-flecked shadows of Hindfell. But Eric the king did not turn, and

his face was black before him as they rode, in a silence unbroken, down to the City of Waters, the town by the thundering waves.

And when the night fell softly, over the world of the summer, over the City of Waters, long they sat together, Eric the king of the Norsemen and Olaf the famous and noble. Nought but the murmur of ocean stirred in the echoing chamber, nought but the murmur of silence reigned on the spirit of Olaf. Angrily Eric had spoken, spoken with heat of an old man, pacing at times the floor, but Olaf stood firm by the window nor gave back word for injustice. Ever his eyes were fixed on that point in the slumbering heavens where one bright star shone out, high over the ridges of Hindfell.

Then slowly the king of the Norsemen uplifted his head and continued,

"Be it so, then, ungracious and rebel. Go to the thrall of thy choice, but never shall boor-girl or stranger have part on the throne of the Norseman!" And then in the blue eyes of Olaf flashed fury as blazes the lightnings which spring from the midnight of summer yet bring not the noise of the thunder. So went he in resolute silence away from the City of Waters and climbed through the dangerous forest to fireside of Horsa the woodsman. And there lived Olaf, the son of the king, with Horsa the woodsman of Hindfell and Ella his beautiful daughter, simple as they were simple, and earning his rest with toil.

Thus passed a year away and Olaf and Ella were wed, but while the sacrifice yet mounted in smoke from the altar came one from the City of Waters and fell to the ground before Olaf.

"Come to the house of your fathers! Save us, oh Olaf, the Mighty, for the king is beyond the seas and an army descendeth upon us!"

Then Olaf the Mighty arose, and casting aside his woodsman's cloak, flashed forth in the splendour of arms, while Ella the brave and the true bade him farewell with a smile and remained—alone by the altar of fire.

By day and by night there rose from the ridges of Hindfell the noise and confusion of battle, while up to the desolate heights rang the war-shout of Olaf, the Mighty, the cry of the son of the Vikings.

Then up rose Ella the daughter of Horsa, and taking the garb of a woodsman, went down from the ridges of Hindfell. Three times the sun-god drove his fire-girt course ere she saw the axe which he only could wield, swing in the hand of Olaf, ere the voice she had loved to hear, high on the ridges of Hindfell, cried—

"Strike for Eric and Olaf! Strike for the king of the Norsemen!"

So, by the grace of the gods, came Ella, unscathed through the battle, yet splashed with drops of the conflict, and thus did Olaf behold her.

Then came the traitor—his brother—swinging a subtle death in the rear of Olaf, the Mighty. This Ella saw, and glided, swift as a mist of the meadows, betwixt the twain, and uplift her fair, white arms to the blow.

Then Olaf, the Mighty, turned—turned while the traitor-axe yet struck down the pure pine of Hindfell, while at their feet she fell, lying silent and lifeless between them. And Olaf strode her body all day till the sun sank lower, over a field of blood—blood which rose up as one vast altar-reek to the silent, the satisfied heavens.

Then spoke Olaf, raising aloft on his shield the form of Ella of Hindfell, while, in an awful stillness, bowed the heads of his soldiers.

“Now hath blood answered for blood, and whither I go seek not to follow my steps,” said Olaf the son of the king.

Standing, they watched him depart, Olaf the mighty in battle, and Ella, the faithful till death, crowned with the glory of sunset.

Raise the song of mourning over the field of battle for Olaf, the prince of the Norsemen and Ella the daughter of Horsa, the lonely woodsman of Hindfell.

Rest for the weary souls, rest for the faithful and brave, who rest in their perfect love in the glorious halls of Wallhallah.

EDITH M. WAGSTAFF SMITH.

REVIEWS.

“The Book of Highland Verse. An (English) Anthology, consisting of Translations from Gaelic, and of English Verse Relating to the Highlands.” Compiled by Dugald Mitchell, M.D. 4s. 6d. nett. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

This book is the first of its kind. It is an Anthology of Gaelic Verses translated into English by various people. It also has a collection of English Verse relating to the Highlands. The first section deals with the Gaelic bards chronologically; and we have a delightful variety of verse. On the whole, the field is so very wide that we think a little less of Ossianic matter might suffice. Here we find Thomas Pattison, Dr. Nigel MacNeill, and Mrs. K. Whyte-Grant at their best.

Dr. Mitchell devotes considerable space to modern Gaelic Verse, and poems by over thirty bards are given. The rendering in many cases are very fine and not a few of them appeared first in our own columns. Perhaps the most interesting section is that devoted to “English Verse Relating to the Highlands.” Here we find some choice verses by some of the sweetest singers in the Land of the Gael. The Anthology should appeal to all who love the Highlands, its people, and songs.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

CLAN ALPINE'S VOW.—What was the vow? Where can I get particulars regarding it? ALPINE DUBH.

MACDOUGALL.—How long have this Clan resided at Dunolly? Is the proper designation of the Chief MacDougall of Dunolly or MacDougall of Lorn?

THE GALLEY OF LORN.

CLAN MACFARLANE.—Have we an extended History of this Clan, and if so, where can it be seen? When was it published? PARLAN.

BIRDS AND FISHES.—Is there any work giving the Gaelic and English names of Birds and Fishes? IASC.

[There is a work by Mr. Alexander R. Forbes, Edinburgh, on this subject. You can get it at Mr. John Grant's, publisher, Edinburgh.]

GAELIC PLACE NAMES.—Where will I get a reliable list of Highland place names? BAILE.

ANSWERS.

MACNEILAGE.—The name MacNeilage is an old Dumbarton one, formed on the confines of the Gaelic and English tongues in that county, for it is the Scottish pronunciation of the old Gaelic “Niaelus,” and extension of the name Neil. F.

ROSE.—The Clan Rose is of Norman origin—“de rose” of the rose. The family of Rose of Kilravock appears in the North in the thirteenth century. They did not blossom into a great clan, but they have kept well to the old acres, and show a remarkable unbroken pedigree. The family intermarried with the families of the North. The badge of the Clan is Wild Rosemary.

CLANSMAN.

BROGACH OR MORGACH.—May Morgach not be a corruption of Muronach, which is a name applied to the inhabitants of Uist by those of the neighbouring islands. People living on the west side of Uist are also thus called by the inhabitants of the east side.

UIST.

CLANSMAN.—Clan societies should remember that (1) a clan badge must be an evergreen plant, otherwise its usefulness as a mark of distinction is impaired, if not nullified; (2) a Highland clan badge should be indigenous to the soil; (3) all the septs of a great clan, unless there be special arrangement, should wear the same badge. By acting upon these lines a good deal of confusion which obtains might be removed. When our “authorities” give two badges to a clan—one of them indigenous and the other exotic—the presumption is strong in favour of the native plant being the correct one.

SUAICHEANTAS.

ARTHUR.—The MacArthurs were hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of Skye. Some of the same clan were pipers and armourers to the MacDonalds of Islay. There is a story told of one of these pipers, who played so well that he gave great satisfaction to MacDonald, who offered him a high reward (lan boineid de dh'airgid 's de dh'or) if he would change his surname from MacArthur to MacDonald. The piper's reply was characteristic. “No. You will always find me ready to follow your banner, wear your tartan and crest, and play your clan music, but my name must be MacArthur.”

NEW BAGPIPE MUSIC.

Dunoon Highland Gathering Collection of
Highland Bagpipe Music.

THE Committee of the Dunoon Gathering is to be congratulated on the production of this fine collection of contemporary Bagpipe Music. It is unique and unrivalled. It is made up of Marches, Strathspeys, and Reels selected from the best of the original compositions submitted for competition for prizes, given by Cowal Gathering Committee, and so may be considered representative of all that is admirable in modern Bagpipe Music. Published at the modest sum of 1/- it is the cheapest collection in existence. It is nicely got up and clearly printed. The selecting and editing of the tunes was the work of that representative body "The Scottish Pipers' and Dancers' Union" assisted by Pipe-Major Geo. Ross and J. MacLellan, and they have performed the work well. The work is appropriately dedicated to the Duke of Argyll and the finest commentary on the production is to be found in the dedication which we are pleased to quote in full

"This collection of new Marches, Reels, and Strathspeys, for the bag-pipe, selected from the best submitted for competition at the Cowal Highland Gathering held annually under his Grace's distinguished patronage as Chieftain, is respectfully dedicated by the officials and committee of the Gathering.

"At no former period in the history of the great Highland Bagpipe have there been so many skilful exccutants of the national instrument as there are to-day and probably this may be said likewise of students who devote themselves to the composition of new melodies of the character whereof the present collection is typical. Not only among the mountains where the 'piob-mhor' has for centuries been specially the instrument of the Highland people, a solace for their social hours, the voice of elegy or lament the stimulant for chivalry and war, but in every part of Scotland, and in every land where Scots have made their home, the bag-pipe elastic-born and little changed from the time of its first fashioning, has become more durably established in the affections of a race for whom its notes maintain the power to waken all the fondest, proudest, saddest memories of the past.

"To sustain and extend the national interest in the bagpipe has been one of the first objects for which the Cowal Highland Gathering exists, and a desire to encourage and develop the composition of new music for the old instrument originated the competitions for which these pieces were submitted and has led to the publication of this collection."

A little more care might have been taken

with the Gaelic names of some of the tunes, but outside of a few minor defects we have nothing but praise for a work which every piper should possess.

THE GUNNS.

OLAF, son of Rolf, was a Scandinavian of some prominence in his day. He lived on the small island of Gairsay in the Orkneys. Paul, Earl of Orkney, and possessor of a large part of Caithness, appointed him prefect or chamberlain of Dumcansbay in Caithness. By his wife, whose name was Aslief, he had three sons, Waltheof, Gunni and Sween, all men of ability and restless energy. Gunni was the progenitor of the Gunns.

The name Gunni became in Latin, Gunnius, in Gaelic Guin, and in English Gun. When the other fiery guns began to make their appearance the name Gun was changed to Gumm.

It does not follow because a man has a Norman or Scandinavian name that he is himself a Norman or Scandinavian. I have a Norman name but I am very far from being a Norman. So far as blood is concerned, I am a Highlander and nothing else. My mother was a Maclean, my father's mother was a Sinclair with a Gunn mother, my grandfather's mother was a Cameron, and my great grandfather's mother a Strath-halladale Mackay.

The history of the Gunns really begins with George Gunn, crowner or coroner of Caithness. He was the son of James Gunn, of Ulbster, son of Donald, son of Ingram, son of James, grandson of Gumm son of Snaekol, son of Gunni or Gunn, son of Olaf, son of Rolf. Snaekoll appears on record in 1231. Donald must have been the son of a Highland mother.

Donald is one of the best names in Gaelic. The Gaelic word domhan means world. The oldest form of its stem was dubno, which in course of time became dumno. Rix in old Keltic, at the present day, righ, means king. Rex in Latin is the same word. Vlatos in old Gaelic means a chief or ruler, and is at the present day, flath, a chief, a noble-looking man. Dumno-rix, or, in the Gaelic of the present day, domhan-righ, means world-king. Dumno-valos, or domhan-flath, means world-ruler. It became at an early period Domhan-fhlath or Domhan-la, and is at the present day Domhnall, the mh being silent.

George Gunn, the Crowner, was born probably about the year 1410. He wore a large silver brooch as a badge of his office, and was known as Am Braisteach Mor, or the man of the big brooch. He lived at Halbury Castle in Clyth. He had seven sons, James, Robert,

John, Henry, William, Alexander, and one whose name is not on record.

About 1340 John, second son of Sir Edward Keith, married Mary, daughter of Reginald Cheyne, and obtained by her the lands of Aekergill in Caithness and Inverguie in Elginshire. About 1400 Alexander Gunn married Helen, daughter of Lachlan Gunn, in Braemore. On the night of the wedding Andrew Keith, son of Keith of Invergie and Aekergill, went with a crowd of villains to Braemore, slew Alexander Gunn and others, and carried off Helen to Aekergill Castle. Disregarding her tears and entreaties, he dealt with her as his brutal passions and savage nature urged him. A few days afterwards the unfortunate "Lucreta of Caithness" climbed to the highest window in the tower and terminated her life by casting herself headlong to the ground. The horrible actions of Dugald Keith created in the hearts of the Gunns a feeling of intense bitterness against all the Keiths of Caithness and their followers.

About the year 1461 the Gunns and the Keiths agreed to meet in the chapel of St. Ayre, near Aekergill, to settle all the points in dispute between them. There were to be twelve horsemen on each side. The Gunns arrived first and entered the chapel. The Keiths arrived shortly afterwards on twelve horses, but having two men on each horse. A fierce fight took place in the chapel. The Gunns were of course defeated, the Crowner and two of his sons being amongst the slain. During the night James and Henry Gunn went to the place in which the Keiths lodged, sent an arrow through the window and slew the chief of the Keiths. As the night was dark, and as the Keiths were in a hilarious frame of mind, the Gunns succeeded without difficulty in making their escape.

II. James, eldest son of the Crowner, succeeded his father as Chief of the Gunns. He left Caithness and went to live at Killearnan in Sutherlandshire. Two of his brothers, William and Henry, accompanied him.

III. William, son of James, was known as Uilleam Mac Sheumais or William MacHamish. As he was born and brought up in Sutherlandshire, he was also known as Uilleam Catach, or William the Sutherlandshire man. He distinguished himself as a brave and skilful warrior at the battle of Torran Dubh in 1517. He slew George Keith of Aekergill, and his son, together with twelve of his followers, whilst on their way from Invergie to Aekergill. His object was to avenge the death of the Crowner. He lived at Killearnan.

IV. Alexander son of William MacHamish, married a daughter of Hugh Mackay of Farr,

and had by her William Mor, his heir. He had William Beg by a second wife.

V. William Mor was sent to Lewis in 1599 by the Earl of Sutherland, to assist the adventurers who were trying to take possession of that island.

VI. John, son of William Mor, and Alexander his brother plundered the lands of Hugh Bain, in January, 1620. They took away 7 oxen, 19 cows in calf, 19 queys and 3 young cattle, 12 horses and 2 mares, 70 sheep and 40 she goats, 20 bolls of bere and 40 of oats; £70 in money, a bow and quiver worth 20 marks, and household valuables worth £40. Hugh Bain—Uisdean Ban MacAlasdair Mhic Rnairidh was a Gunn of the Rorison branch of the clan,

John Gunn succeeded his father in Killearnan. He married Catherine, only daughter of Francis Sinclair, fiar of Dun, and had by her two sons, Alexander and George.

VII. Alexander, son of John, held the lands of Killearnan, Navidale, and Easter Balnavaliach. He married first, a natural daughter of George, 5th Earl of Caithness, and had by her John, William and another son. He married, secondly, in 1650, Christina, daughter of Donald Mackay, first Lord Reay, and had by her Donald Crotach and George of Borrobol. John appears in 1652 as heir apparent. He died without issue. William and Alexander's next son were slain at Taehar.

In 1668 Alexander Killearnan gave to his wife, Christina Mackay, the lands of Navidale and Easter Balnavaliach, for her use during her lifetime. It is likely that he died shortly afterwards. He was succeeded by Donald Crotach, his brother.

Donald Crotach, or Donald of the Humpback, married a daughter of Major Sutherland, of Torbo, and had by her Alexander, George of Borrobol and William. He was under the necessity of leaving Killearnan about 1690. He spent the remainder of his life at Badenloch. Alexander, his eldest son, was a captain in the army. George, his second son, was tacksman of Corrish in Kildonan. William, his third son, was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and died in Holland in 1741.

Capt. Alexander Gunn, son and heir of Donald Crotach settled at Wester Helmsdale. He was born in 1705, and became heir to his father in 1723. He married, first, Margaret, daughter of John Mackay, and had by her Alexander and a daughter. He married, secondly, a daughter of the Rev. William Rose, minister of Loth, and had by her William and Morison. He died in 1763. His three sons were officers in the army, and died unmarried.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR,
Hopewell, Nova-Scotia.

CORRIEVRECKAN IN LEGEND.

FOR untold centuries the sailors and fishers of the west have looked with dread upon the whirlpool of Corrievreckan, and legend has long busied itself around the treacherous Malström. The engulfment on the 29th June of a sloop bound from Ardnamurchan to Ardrossan, serves to show that this dread was not misplaced, and the striking incident has made a deep impression. Doubtless the fate of the Ardnamurchan sloop had been shared, in days long since gone by, by many a gallant barque.

According to Irish writers, the name "Corrievrechan" was first applied to a whirlpool in the channel, between Ballycastle and Rathlin, and Adanman, in his life of Columba, brings the Saint before us in the act of prophetically foretelling the extreme danger which his friend Bishop Colmair was at that moment experiencing in the rolling tides of the whirlpool. The Irish whirlpool is said to have derived its name from Breacan, grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who, according to tradition, had been lost in it. It is further inferred that in time the name was transferred by the monks of Iona to the Scottish whirlpool, situated between Scarba and Jura.

Tradition also associates the Scottish Corrievreckan with the name of a Breacan, who was drowned in the roaring pool, but in this instance the bearer of the name was a Prince of Denmark. It is plain, however, that the name "Corrievreckan," in keeping with most Gaelic names, is descriptive of physical characteristics. It simply means the parti-coloured or specked caldron, appearances due to the play of the sun on the broken water.

The legend associating the Prince of Denmark with Corrievreckan forms the substance of an effective ballad by the late Dr. George MacDonald. During one of his visits to the Hebrides, Breacan had lost his heart to the lovely daughter of one of the lords of the Western Isles. To his request for the hand of the maiden her father replied that the Maid of the Isles might only be wed by a king of the sea, and such was not he, so far as he had yet proven:—

"Hold thine own three nights and days
In yon whirlpool of the sea,
Or turn thy prow and go thy ways
And let the isle-maiden be."

Turning his dragon-prow to Denmark, the Prince consulted a wise woman, who advised him thus:—

"Make a cable of hemp, and a cable of wool,
And a cable of maidens' hair,
And hie thee back to the roaring pool,
And anchor in safety there."

Furnished with these cables, and with three mighty anchors forged by the smiths of Greydale, Prince Breacan returned to the whirlpool, and cast his anchor there. Ere the first night had passed, the cable of hemp had snapped in three, and with the coming of the second morning, the cable of wool had parted in twain. Still the cable of hair held out, and Prince Breacan blessed the maiden of Denmark:—

"He watched the rope through the tempest black,
A lantern in his hold:
Out, out, alack! one strand will crack!
It is the strand of gold!

The third morn calm and clear came out:
No anchored ship was there!
The golden strand in the cable stout,
Was not all of maidens' hair.

Legends of mermaids and kelpies are also associated with Corrievreckan. One of them forms the substance of a well-known ballad by John Leyden, and tells how the laird of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid to Corrievreckan, where for years he wandered about in the caverns of the sea.

Dr. Charles Mackay also felt the glamour of these weird legends, and enshrines one of them in his poem, "The Kelpie of Corrievreckan." Mounting on his steed of "the water clear," and galloping over the wave, the Kelpie reached the shores of Mull as sunset glowed. It was Beltane E'en, and the fires were lit; the pipers played, and the dance went merrily. Among the company was the fair Jessie, sitting beneath a tree with her lover Evan. To Jessie, the Kelpie appeared as a beautiful knight. Captivated by his fair words and gallant appearance, the fickle maiden forsook Evan, and, mounting his "steed of grey," fled with the stranger over mountain and moor to the dark sea-shore:—

"We have ridden east, we have ridden west,—
I'm weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest:
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me?"

"I have no dwelling beyond the sea,
I have no good ship waiting for thee:
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home."

At morn a fisherman sailing by,
Saw her pale corse floating high:
He knew the maid by her yellow hair,
And her lily skin so soft and fair.

I charge you, maids, whoe'er you be,
Conquer your pride and vanity:
And ere on change of love you reckon,
Beware the Kelpie of Corrievreckan." D. M.

JACOBITE TARTAN.—Many secret signs and emblems were adopted by the Jacobites prior to the rising of 1715, and the Jacobite Tartan was one of them. Doubtless it was adopted and worn as a symbol to others of secret political opinions, like the S. (for Stuart) in the open-work of the claymore hilt, or the legend "No Union," on its blade.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song is taken from a unique Collection of Gaelic verse which is very little known. It is the production of Duncan Campbell, a native of Cowal, Argyllshire. The book was printed in Cork in 1798, the year of the Irish Rebellion, the suppression of which, no doubt, accounts for Duncan's sojourn in Ireland, he being a soldier in the Rothesay and Caithness Fencibles.

There are 32 pieces in the book, all very badly edited. There is a large list of subscribers on the end pages, comprising names of officers and privates of his own regiment, the Duke of York's Highlanders, Fraser's Fencible Highlanders, Breadalbane's Fencible Regiment 2nd Battalion, Reay's Fencible Highlanders, Gentlemen Sailors from Scotland, and the Gentlemen of Cork. The title is given on opposite pages in English and Gaelic as follows:—A new Gaelic Song Book composed by Duncan Campbell from Argyllshire; born at Lochlongside in Stronchulin in the Parish of Kilmonn, Coual, now a soldier in the 2d Battalion of Rothesay and Caithness Fencibles; Cork; printed by J. Cronin, Grand-Parade, 1798. Nuadh Orain Ghailach air n dianadh le Donnchadh Chaimbeull E Sheuraemachd Earra-ghaidheal; ruighadh aig Taoub Lochlong-aun n Stroin a chuellin, ann n Sgiriehd Chillmhunadh, n Chaodheil, nish na Shoideair anns darna Reasmaid Bhailla-Bhoid s' Gallaudh; clo-bhuailt' ann Coreuig: Le Ioin a Cronin, aig Sraid na Chaodheil-Urrumach, 1798. The dedication is: To James Fraser, Esq., of Culduthl, Colonel commanding the 2d Battalion of Rothesay and Caithness Fencibles. The Preface, being rather quaint, will bear reproducing here. It is:—"The following book is presented for Public perusal for two reasons—1st, The hopes the

Author entertains, that the Publication of these POEMS may be a means to bring Persons who are not expert in reading the Gaelic Language to the perfect knowledge of it—2d, For the amusement of those who are acquainted with the Language, and would wish to *revive* it for its fame in former times. As for what concerns the following poems, and their Author, as they are published in the *Gaelic Language*, only those that understand that Tongue are competent judges of them, and he submits them to their censure and indulgence, all his ambition being to prove himself a lover of his country, and an inoffensive man.

The Author hopes, that those who are acquainted with that Language shall find no fault with what he has mentioned, but cannot say but there may be some words left out, and some more put in, that should not, owing that the Author could not command his own time to correct it, and the Printer being unacquainted with the Language. But the whole that the book contains is so plain that it may be easily comprehended by those who understand the Gaelic Language."

It is rather remarkable that without going outside of the Regiments mentioned, as many as 450 subscribers were got for the book; and these belonged to every grade from Colonel to Private.

An idea of the difficulties of the Author's orthography may be gleaned from the 7th verse of the song given below, which, though a favourable sample, is hardly as easy of comprehension as the "inoffensive" author imagined:—

N nair theid an Nidhel air gleas,
Dhambsa tu air urlar rea,
Calapa cruin bu luar ceum
Smo chridhe leam nad comhal.

Mo nighean donn is boidhche.

Gleus G. SEIS.

d, l : s, s l, d : r Hi ri ri ho rathail ó;	r, m : s, m r, d : l Rathail ocho rathail ó;
s, m : r, m d, d : r, r Hi ri ri ho rathail ó; Mo	m, s : m, r d : l nighean donn is boidhche.

A' ghruagach air am bheil an loim,
Cha bhi mise riut am foill;
Nàile! shùibhlaim leat a' choill,
Ged bhiodh an oidhche reot' ann.

'S tiom dhomh fhàin a bhi eir umam,
Togaill ris an àirigh mhullaich,
Far an d' fhàg mi ann a' chruinneag,
Is cùl buidhe mar òr oirre.

Tharladh dhomh bhì 'n Leitir Beam,
Is tamull ann an Imse Gall;
'S iomadh té 'gan d' fhuair mi caimnt—
'S ann tha mi 'n geall air Mòraig.

Gruagach òg is guirne sùil;
'S entrom do cheum air an drùichd;
Gu'm b' fheàrr leam féin na mìle crùn
Gu'n draiceadh tu pòg dhomh.

Do shùil mar dheareag an fhraoich ;
Gnùis channach 's mala chaol ;
'S mór a thug mi dhuit de ghaol
Nuair bha mi aotrom górach.

Saighdeach, corranach an gaol
A thug mi bhanarach nan laogh ;
B' ait leam a bhí sint' ri d' thaobh,
Is sinn araon cho deónach.

Nuair théid an fhidheall air gleus
Dhannsadh tu ar úrlar réidh ;
Calpa cruinn bu lúthmhor ceum,
'S mo chridhe leum 'nad chómhdhail.

* A' chraobh abhall is áillidh sealladh,
Tha do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangan ;
Slios cho min ri snuadh na h-eala,
No mar chanach löintiehan.

An ògh gheal ghasda mar bheinn
Déis an sneachd a chur gu teann ;
Dh' aithnim i fos ceann gach meall,
Thar bàrr gach beann is mòr-thìr.

'S iomad mais' tha air mo ghràdh ;
Tha i dìreach, foimhidh, àrd ;
Calpa cruinn an stocaidh bhàim,
'S do bhràighe geal mar neòinean.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 134.)

AUGUST.

IN the old Roman calendar this month was called Sextilis or the sixth month of the series, and consisted of twenty-nine days only. Julius Cæsar, when reforming the Calendar, extended it to thirty days. Not long after Augustus conferred on it his own name, and took a day from February, which he added to August, which consequently ever since consisted of thirty-one days. This month is known to the Gael as *Toiseach an Fhoghair*—beginning of autumn; Irish, *Foghar*—autumn; Manx, *Yn chied ve jeha ouyr*—the first month of autumn.

LAMMAS—LUNASDAL.

The first of August is Lammass feast, called in Gaelic *Làmasd* or *Lànasdal* or *Lànasdalainn*; Irish, *Lughnas*; early Irish, *Lūghnasad*, festival of Lugh, from Lugh the sun-god of the Gael. This festival was held on the first of August at Tailtiu—modern Teltown—in Meath. According to the Irish historian Keating, “Lugh Lámhfhada, son of Cian, took the kingship of Erin for forty years. It is this Lugh that first instituted the fair of Tailtiu, as an annual commemoration of Tailtiu, daughter of Mag-mor. . . . It is as a commemoration of honour to her that Lugh instituted the games of the Fair of Tailtiu, a fortnight before Lammass and a fortnight after, in imitation of the games called Olympic; and it is from this commemoration which Lugh made that the name Lughnasadh is given to the first day or calends of August, that is to say, Lugh's *nasadh* or commemoration.”* Professor Rhys, in his “Hibbert Lectures, 1886,” is not satisfied that *nasadh* means festival, and connects it with the Latin *nectus*—a tying or binding together—a legal

obligation—and concludes that *Lugh nasadh* originally meant Lugh's wedding or marriage. Lammass comes from the Anglo-Saxon *hláfnesse*, that is, loaf-mass or bread-mass, so named as a mass or feast of thanksgiving for the first fruits of the corn-harvest.

On the 1st of August, 1747, the Act prohibiting the wearing of the Highland dress became law. It remained in force till 1782.

There is an old rhyme already quoted in connection with Palm Sunday which runs—

Dì dòmhnuich Shlat-Phailm
'S am ris 'tha mo stòirm ;
Dì dòmhnaich Crum-dubh
Plaoisgidh mi 'n t-ubh.”

Sheriff Nicolson renders it—“On Palm Sunday is my stir; on crooked black Sunday I'll peel the egg. This saying is obscure. *Crum-dubh*, apparently for *Crom-dubh*, is known in Ireland as the title of the first Sunday of August, but in Lochaber it is applied to Easter.” *Crom-dubh* was a large stone idol surrounded by twelve smaller ones on Mäg-Slecht—plain of adoration—in Ireland. This god appears to be the sun, surrounded by the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Professor Rhys refers to this idol as *Crauu-Cruich*, and *Cromu-cruich* in his Hibbert Lectures, pp. 200-215.

The fifteenth is noted in the Ecclesiastical Calendar as *An Fhéill Mhoire*—The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The 19th of August, O.S., saw the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. It is said that the great Jacobite bard—Alex. Macdonald—*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*—was present, and that the Prince was set on the bard's knee, who straightway proceeded to pour out that piece of impassioned declamation—

O Thearlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais mhic Thearlaich !
Leat shiùbhlainn gu h-èutrom,
'N àm éigheach bhí mairseal, &c.

(To be continued.)



REV. JOHN MACLEAN, D.D.,

ST. COLUMBA CHURCH, GLASGOW

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THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, D.D.

THE minister of St. Columba, Glasgow, is one of the most scholarly divines in the Church of Scotland. Of a modest and retiring disposition, he does not parade his knowledge or his gifts, but he carries under his hat as much linguistic and theological learning as would furnish a whole Presbytery.

It has been said that there are no better judges of the diligence and devotion of city ministers than the assistants who have worked under them, and Dr. MacLean might well abide the judgment of that tribunal, for when you hear a group of his past assistants discussing their old "chief," over their pipes in the smoking-room of the Assembly Hall, story follows story in illustration of the pastoral diligence and conscientiousness of this grave scholar, who takes no pains to advertise his scholarship, his virtues, or his labours.

From a parish school in the island of Tiree, where he was born, he passed to the University of Glasgow, where he had a distinguished career in Classics and Philosophy, graduating with Honours in 1862. Afterwards he attended the Divinity Classes and received the degree of B.D. at the end of his course. In 1867 he was presented to the parish of Kilchoman in Islay, remaining there till 1880, when he was called to the parish of Tarbert. While exercising a useful and dignified ministry in these country charges he found leisure to read widely and to continue his classical and theological studies. In 1887 the University of Glasgow bestowed on him the honorary degree of D.D.

In 1888 he was called to Glasgow, following a succession of eloquent preachers who had made the church of St. Columba the Mecca of Highlanders in Glasgow; and in the assiduity of his pastoral visitation and the uniformly high level of his pulpit work, Dr. MacLean's fame is in the month of all his ministerial colleagues in the city. During his ministry a new St. Columba has been built at a cost of over

£30,000; and although to many Highlanders in the city the old building in Hope Street was truly "tigh mo chridhe, tigh mo ghraidh," it should be a pleasing thought to them that they now possess one of the most beautiful churches in Scotland. Pleasant for situation is their Mount Zion, and the spire that rises above it is a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." If good "Caraid nan Gaidheal" were ever to come back and to take a stroll along St. Vincent Street, arm in arm with Eachann Tirisdeach, wouldnt the pair of them have something to say about that spire!

And, talking about the "Caraid" and Eachann reminds us that Dr. MacLean is an excellent Gaelic scholar, and that the most permanent piece of work which he has done has been in connection with the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures. But that is a long story, and suffice it to say here that although there were others more or less connected with the work of revision the burden of it latterly fell upon him almost entirely, and the whole of the Revised Old Testament is his work.

To his other duties Dr. MacLean has added for a long period of years that of Examiner for the degree of B.D. in the University of Glasgow. He has also done a good deal of examining work for the Presbytery of Glasgow and other bodies, and has been an active member of the Education Committee of the Church of Scotland. On the death of Dr. Blair, the General Assembly appointed him to the Convener'ship of the Royal Bounty Committee.

While Dr. MacLean's tastes and interests are in the main academic, he has always been ready to associate with his fellow-Highlanders in their social gatherings and functions in the city, and there is scarcely a Gaelic concert or meeting of any sort at which he is not present. He is a member of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and of the Highland Club, and frequently appears on the platform at the annual meetings of the different Ceilidhs and Clan Associations. These evening meetings take up a good deal of

a busy man's time: but Dr. MacLean is most kindly and unselfish, and grudges no inconvenience to himself if he thinks he can help or please his countrymen in any way.

He has been in the ministry for 45 years, but he carries his years lightly and thinks nothing of working more hours a day than is allowed by the Trades Unions. He has no hobby that we know of, unless it be book-hunting. But Dr. MacLean buys books to read them, and reading is scarcely a hobby.

He has a vein of dry humour, and a happy gift of kindly raillery and gentle sarcasm; but he seldom exercises these lighter qualities of his mind in his public utterances, reserving them for the delectation of his intimate friends in the freer converse of his own study. Being himself so simple and honest, and unaffected in his words and thoughts and ways, he does not suffer fools gladly, especially when their foolishness manifests itself in pretentiousness and display and lordliness. No man can more effectively prick bubbles than Dr. MacLean, or take the conceit out of persons who endeavour to cover the poverty of their thought with high-swelling words. Young rhetoricians whose eloquence rested on a slender foundation of sense and scholarship have been known to fish for a compliment from Dr. MacLean, but his caustic remarks on these occasions belong to the good things that are told and re-told when his past assistants come together and the talk turns on their old "bishop."

Among his fellow ministers in the church of Scotland Dr. MacLean is greatly respected, and many of them would be glad to see him called to the Moderator's Chair of the General Assembly. That honour would be fittingly bestowed, both on the ground of his erudition, and for his utter lack of self-seeking.

THE CLAN MACLEAN.—The first of the clan MacLean of whom there is an authentic record is Gillean (surnamed "Gilbeathain na Tuaidh," or Gilleon of the Battle-axe, from his proverbial dexterity with that weapon), who lived during the reign of Alexander III., and fought at the Battle of Largs. It is worthy of remark that most of the branches of the Clan MacLean bear as a part of their armorial bearings a battle-axe, in memory of their famed ancestor.

THE MACQUARRIES comes from the Gaelic "Guaire"—which means noble. The MacQuarries first appear in possession of Ulva and part of Mull, and like the MacKinnons "their situation forced them," says Skene, "to become dependent upon the MacDonalds."

MACSPORRANS.—The MacSporrans were hereditary purse-bearers to the Lord of the Isles, Martin, in his "Description of the Western Islands of Scotland," when mentioning the tombs of Iona, says:—"In the west end are the tombs of Gilbrid and Paul Sporrans, ancient tribes of the MackDonalds."

THE CLAN MACLEAN.

RESTORATION OF DUART CASTLE.

SATURDAY, 25th August, was a proud day for the Clan Maclean, for a large contingent of the clan accompanied their chief, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., K.C.B., when he unfurled his banner on Duart Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Macleans of Duart.

This castle was out of the Duart family for over 200 years. It was built in the thirteenth century, and was repaired and enlarged by Hector Mor, Lord of Duart from 1523 to 1568. Sir John Maclean, Bart., who died in 1716, was the last chief who lived at Duart. He was obliged to surrender the castle to the Duke of Argyll in 1691. The castle is once more the property of Maclean of Duart, who has entered upon the work of its restoration and repair, which will take some considerable time to accomplish. It is being carried out from plans by Dr. J. J. Burnet, of Glasgow, who is hopeful of modelling the internal arrangements so as to meet modern requirements without destroying the original lines of the ancient keep.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTLE.

The castle, which occupies a commanding position, consists of a strong tower at the north end, with a long projection of buildings overhanging a precipitous rock, which renders it inaccessible on the side next the sea. At the end of this projection, and at right angles with it, another building forms the south side of the castle, and where this terminates a high wall connects it on the west side with the tower, enclosing a large square in the centre. The entrance is from the west through a postern gate with portecullis, and defended by a barbican. The tower is evidently much more ancient than the rest of the building. It corresponds in character with the architecture of the thirteenth century. Its walls on two sides are about 14ft. thick and on the other about 10ft. The stair winds up through the wall which separates it from the centre square. In this wall along the course of the stair, are crenells opening upon the square. The tower consists of two tiers of apartments supported by beams resting on corbels. The windows are deep recesses, forming acute angles towards the entrance of the light, and on each side of each window is a long flat stone or flag raised by rubble work to the height of a chair or sofa, the purposes of which, it is probable, it was intended to serve. The interior of the tower is 44ft. by 22ft. The rest of the building is comparatively of a modern date. On the lintel of one of the doors there is the crest of the Macleans and the

year 1663. The whole building on the exterior measures 75ft. by 72ft.

The progenitor of the Macleans was Gilleain or Gilleoin, who flourished in Argyllshire about 1210. He was a prominent man and a distinguished warrior. He was known as "Gilleain na Tuaidhe," or Gilleain of the battle-axe, a weapon which he no doubt wielded with dexterity and power. According to tradition the founder of the clan while hunting on Beinn

EARLY CHIEFS.

Among the men who rendered homage to Edward I. of England in 1296 was "Gillimoire Mackilyn," apparently "Gillimoire Mac-Gille-Eoin or Gilmory Maclean. He was a man of standing in his own day. John, the son of Gillimoire, had two sons, Lachlan Lubanach, progenitor of the Macleans of Duart, and Hector Reganach, progenitor of the MacLaines of Lochbuy. These two brothers lived during the



COL. SIR FITZROY DONALD MACLEAN, Bart., K.C.B., Chief of the Clan Maclean.

Talaidh, in Mull, was suddenly enveloped in a fog and lost his way. He wandered about for some days, and at last, utterly exhausted by hunger and fatigue, stuck his battle-axe in the ground near a cranberry bush, and lay down beside it. His companions discovered him in this perilous position, apparently dead, and succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and safety. The battle-axe and the cranberry form part of the arms of the clan.

reign of King Robert II., and appear to have been at first followers of MacDougall of Lorn. However in consequence of some dispute with the Lord of Lorn the two brothers left him and became followers of the MacDonalids, Lords of the Isles. They rose to such distinction in the service of the Lord of the Isles that by him the Macleans were rewarded by large grants of land in Mull. These grants brought the Macleans into conflict with the Mackinnons, who were

settled in Mull before the advent of the brothers Lachlan and Hector. Lachlan received in marriage the hand of the daughter of the Lord of the Isles, and his son Hector acted as lieutenant-general of the Lord of the Isle's army at the battle of Harlaw.

FOUR INDEPENDENT CLANS.

Charles, son of Hector Reganach, settled in Glen Urquhart, and was the founder of the "Clann Thearlaich" of Glen Urquhart and Deochgarroch, known also as "The Macleans of the North." "The Clann Thearlaich" joined the Clan Chattan Federation about the year 1460.

At the date of the forfeiture of the last Lord of the Isles in 1493 the Macleans had attained to great power and were possessors of large territories. The Maclean possessions then comprised the larger part of the Isles of Mull and of Tiree, with lands in the islands of Islay, Jura, Scarba, and in the districts of Morvern, Lochaber, and Knapdale. The Macleans at this time were divided into four clans, completely independent of each other, having first received direct charters from the Lord of the Isles, which charters were confirmed and continued by the Crown. These four branches of independent clans were (1) Macleans of Duart, descended from Lachlan Lubanach; (2) Macleans of Ardgour, cadets of Duart; (3) Macleans of Coll, also cadets of the same house; (4) MacLaines of Lochbuy, descended from Hector Reganach. The Ardgour Macleans got a grant of the Ardgour lands, which formerly belonged to the MacMasters, vassals of the Lords of the Isles. Of the four main branches of the clan only two, Lochbuy and Ardgour, retain their territory.

Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart was a brave warrior. He was killed in a bloody battle between his own clan and the MacDonalds, which took place in the year 1598 on the shore of Gruinart, Islay. It is said that before setting out from Mull Sir Lachlan consulted a famous witch as to his chance of success. He was told that to be successful he must not land in Islay on a Thursday and he must not drink water out of a well near Gruinart called "Tobar Néill Neonaich"—Strange Neill's Well. Unfortunately, through stress of weather, he and his forces were obliged to land on a Thursday. Being athirst he drank water from the nearest well, which happened to be the forbidden one. Tradition says that on the eve of the battle a dwarf from Jura offered his services to Sir Lachlan, but was rejected. This dwarf, "Dubh-sith" by name, transferred his services to James MacDonald, and was gladly accepted. Being unfit to mingle in the strife of strong men "Dubh-sith" took up his position on a tree

which overlooked the field of battle. As Sir Lachlan was climbing a hill he bent, and this caused an opening in the joints of his defensive armour. The dwarf took steady aim and lodged his arrow in the body of his victim. The body of Sir Lachlan Mor was carried to Kilchoman, Islay, and buried there.

THE SLOGANS OF THE CLAN.

This war-like clan has two slogans which are used alternately. These are "Bas no Beatha"—Death or Life—and "Fear eil' air son Eachainn Ruaidh"—Another for Hector Roy. This latter slogan is associated with a gallant incident which took place at the battle of Inverkeithing, 1651. Charles II. was crowned at Scone in 1651; Cromwell had no idea of allowing him to rule in Scotland, and so he marched against him and defeated the Scots under David Leslie at Dunbar. In June, 1651, Cromwell led his army against the Scots, who occupied a strong position in front of Stirling. Shortly after the middle of July he sent a division of his army under General Lambert across the Forth at Queensferry to intercept the supplies of the Scottish army. Holborn of Menstrie was sent by the Scots to oppose Lambert. The two forces met at Inverkeithing on Sunday, July 20. Lambert had about 4000 men under him, 2000 of whom were probably cavalry. Holborn had about 3500 men under him. His force consisted of 1000 horse under his own immediate command, 200 horse and 800 infantry under Sir Hector Roy Maclean of Duart, and 700 infantry under Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. Holborn, who was both a traitor and a coward, fled with his cavalry ere the battle had scarcely begun. The Macleans and the Buchanans were in a short time encircled by the English, the result being that they were nearly all cut to pieces. It was now evident that the charge of the enemy was directed more particularly against the spot where Sir Hector stood, and who, though severely wounded, still continued to encourage his faithful followers. Seeing that the principal object was to cut off their beloved chief, the few clansmen who still survived flocked around his person, and numerous were the attempts upon the life of Sir Hector, which a Maclean rendered unsuccessful by the sacrifice of his own. In their devotion for the young chief those fearless spirits offered their own breasts to the weapons aimed at him, and as each in succession rushed forward for this purpose his resolution was evinced as he threw himself upon the enemy to shield the person of his chief by the exclamation—"Fear eil' air son Eachainn!"—Another for Hector. Under the influence of this extraordinary feeling of devotion no less than eight gentlemen of the name of Maclean lost their lives at Inver-

keithing. With death only ended the resistance of the fearless Sir Hector Roy. He fell covered with wounds.

Sir Hector Roy, the stout Maclean,
Fought one to ten, but all in vain.
His broad claymore unsheathing ;
Himself lay dead 'mid heaps of slain
For Charles at Inverkeithing.

The direct line of Duart having become extinct in 1750 by the death of Sir Hector,

Castle Duart on Saturday, 24th August, to mark the formal re-taking possession of their ancient stronghold in Mull. For over two hundred years it had been the property of others than Macleans, but the present Chief, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., bought it, and has set about the work of restoring it. For some time past the architects have been conducting excavations and otherwise renovating the grim, grey walls, and the purpose of



LADY MACLEAN.

fifth baronet, the honours of that family devolved upon Allan Maclean of Brolas, the next cadet in succession, from whom the present Chief is lineally descended. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1883. He was born in May, 1835.

HISTORIC GATHERING AT DUART CASTLE.
A NOTABLE, indeed a historic, gathering of the Clan Maclean was that which took place at

Saturday's assemblage was to rejoice with the Chief in unfurling his banner to signalise that the castle was again the clan headquarters of the Macleans of Duart. Not only from various parts of the United Kingdom, but from Canada, Australia, America, New Zealand, and several countries of Europe, came Macleans to do honour to the occasion. The years that have passed since Culloden have separated many

clansmen, but they reunited on Saturday. Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, from Morocco, was prominent, dressed in the kilt of the clan; America was represented by Macleans from Tennessee, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, San Francisco, Washington, Northampton, Mass., and Chicago, including Dr. J. P. Maclean, of Ohio, the noted historian of the clan: Canada had her "delegates," among them being Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., proprietor of the *Toronto World*; New Zealand and New South Wales were other Colonies represented; while Macleans were also present from Germany and Holland. In that respect it was a remarkable gathering, full of the significance of clanship, and one could not but be impressed when, in the courtyard of the Castle, the Chief sent aloft his banner, at the same time reminding his people of the records of their clan.

A PEACEFUL HOMECOMING.

Some four hundred clanspeople took part in the interesting proceedings. Trains coming to Oban had brought them on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, so that the town was bright with the tartans of the Macleans, and there was about the streets more of the Gaelic tongue than is ordinary. Special steamers had been chartered to convey invited guests from Oban to Mull, and from the pier a large company gave a "send-off" that was worthy of the occasion. Thoroughly Highland was the dominant note. Everybody had his or her sprig of heather; the kilt was a familiar garb—both with the bright red ground or the black and green with white stripe, which are the distinctive Maclean colours—and during the passage from Oban to Duart pipers played appropriate airs. It was quite an exceptional day, also, in the matter of weather, a genial sunshine lying over the district, so that the sail was made more delightful by reason of the beautiful panorama of sea, mountain and sky which was presented. Across the calm waters the fine blue hills of Morven and the Appin country suggested nothing but peace and harmony, and one felt that after the years of strife which enshrine Duart Castle the Macleans could not have had a happier return to their ancestral home. The work of restoration necessarily involves a suggestion of modernity about the Castle, but it was with pride that the clanspeople approached the venerable pile, set high above the rocky shore, rugged with age and the stress of battle, but impressive in its dignity and its history.

QUAINT CEREMONY.

After landing by means of ferry boats, the members of the clan formed into processional order, and, headed by the marshals—Captain Maclean of Ardgour, Argyll and Sutherland

Highlanders; Captain C. W. Maclean, Cameron Highlanders; Lieutenant C. A. H. Maclean, Royal Scots—and the pipers, they marched to the front of the castle. There an interesting and fine ceremony took place. Captain Maclean asked the clansmen if they wished that their arrival should be intimated to the Chief. A chorus of assent answered the question, and the Captain walked up to the castle steps, and with his staff knocked three times upon the door, at the same time calling out—"Fhir Dhubhairt tha Clann Illeathain a feitheamh a mach gu faillte ehur oirbh do luchairt ur sinnsireachd." ("Chief of Duart! The Clan Maclean is waiting without to give you welcome in the castle of your ancestors.") In answer to the announcement, the Chief, accompanied by Lady Maclean and members of their family, appeared at the door, and was received with great cheering by his clanspeople. "Ceud mile Fàilte. You are all welcome," he said in greeting, and again there was loud cheering, while Piper William Maclean played the piobaireachd, "The Chief's welcome to Duart," which he had composed for the occasion.

Thereafter the Chief and Lady Maclean personally received the members of the clan, shaking hands with each as they passed into the courtyard of the castle. There a brief formal ceremony took place. The Chief presided, and among those gathered around him were Lord and Lady Llangattock, Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Nevill, Lady Hood of Avalon, Lieutenant Charles L. Maclean, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Maclean; Mr. and Mrs. Cordy Simpson, London; Sir John and Lady Shelley, the Bishop of Moray and Ross, Maclean of Ardgour, Mrs. and the Misses Maclean of Ardgour; the Rev. Allan M. Maclean, Dochgarroch; Maclean of Pennyross; Professor Magnus Maclean, the Rev. Hector Maclean, Dochgarroch; Principal Maclean, Paisley; Lieutenant-Colonel Colin and Mrs. Maclean of Breda, and Mr. John Maclean, convener of the Committee. After a Psalm had been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. William Mackintosh, minister of the parish, and a portion of Scripture was read by the Rev. L. Maclean Watt, Edinburgh.

The Chief, addressing the assemblage, said that all true Highlanders loved glory, and were glad to serve under the flag that was likely to lead them to glory. It was 200 years since the Maclean banner had been over that ancient castle, and in their presence he was about to unfurl his banner, knowing perfectly well that the honour of that flag and the honour of the clan would be ever safe in their hands. (Applause.)

The Chief then unfurled the banner and

hoisted it to the top of the castle keep, the piper playing the Chief's salute and Clan march, while the company cheered with great enthusiasm.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CHIEF.

Professor Magnus Maclean expressed the feelings of the gathering towards the Chief. He said it was fitting that they should offer their congratulations to the Chief on acquiring the castle. They were all proud of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, and they felt honoured that on the day when he took official possession of the ancient site of his ancestors they should have been allowed to be associated with him in his rejoicing. In congratulating him, they must not forget Lady Maclean—(applause)—her two sons and daughters, and their brave young son, John Marsham Maclean, the last of the line of Duart, who was killed in action, fighting for his King and country in the South African War. He had command of a gun and 32 men, and when he was recovered no less than eight wounds were found on him. They all wished Sir Fitzroy and Lady Maclean good health and long life, and every happiness in their possession of Duart Castle. (Applause.)

In returning thanks on behalf of Lady Maclean and himself and family, the Chief said that it was perfectly marvellous to him that their feelings and Clan sentiment had brought them to that castle, in which he was excessively proud to see them. There was no doubt that his family all enjoyed the very fact of being within the walls of that castle, and it was greatly increased by seeing their clanspeople from all over the world there to welcome them, and to show them their delight in seeing the old place restored to the house of Duart. (Applause.) The Professor had mentioned the loss sustained by the death of their youngest son. He had behaved as a Maclean ought to behave—(applause)—and it was consolation to his parents and to his family to know that he had fought bravely for his King and country, and had died of wounds received. He won the laurel wreath, and before the shadow of the yepress was placed over him; and his memory would always be remembered by his clan. (Applause.)

It was many years ago since any of the Macleans gathered there—he supposed it would be when Sir John Maclean surrendered up the castle—and he hoped that his clansmen would recognise that the hatchet had been buried. He had received the kindest letters from many who had formerly been their enemies, and who were now their greatest friends—(applause)—and in that connection he wished to read a telegram which he had received from the Duke of Argyll, which was in the following terms:—

“Rejoice with you at Duart to-day.” (Applause.) He was sure they would wish him to return thanks for the kind expression of goodwill towards them. He honestly confessed that he was a happy man, because the dream of his youth and the object of his life had been to get the old castle back, and so he need not tell them how proud he was to be within the walls of his ancestors. (Applause.) In former days the fiery cross had been sent round the hills and the valleys, and the clansmen came round their chief, and were ready to fight and die for him; the fiery cross had gone out again, and in response they had with them Macleans from all over the world. It was deeply gratifying to him personally, and was an event which he and his family would remember all the days of their lives, for it showed a fine feeling for the memory of their ancestors and for the present house of Duart. No clan gathering ever held people of finer spirits, grander motives, and more affection than was represented in that assemblage, and the occasion would go down to future generations as an epoch of importance, not only to the clan, but to the history of Scotland. It showed that sentiment had not died



MR. JOHN MACLEAN,
Convener of the Arrangements Committee.

out, and that the glory of a chief had not departed. (Applause.)

The Chief afterwards read a letter from Mrs. Guthrie, stating that she was going to change the name of her house and estate to Torosay, which it was formerly called, so that the name of Duart might be left to the Chief alone—an intimation which was received with cordial approval.

Afterwards the company were entertained at luncheon by the Chief and Lady Maclean, whose health was pledged, and when the company departed, the Chief bade them farewell from the keep by dipping the banner as the steamers left.

TREE THE SANATORIUM OF THE WEST.

It seems to me that the beautiful and romantic island of Tree—"the gem of the western main"—is on the threshold of new times in its history and that the prophetic utterance of the late Duke of Argyll will in the course of a few years have literal fulfilment. You remember how his Grace in a note to a pamphlet which he published back in the 80's as a protest against the charges of the Land Reformer and the findings of the Royal Crofter Commission, condensed into a brief but glowing paragraph the potentialities of the island as a great health resort. "I fully expect," he wrote, "when far on in summers which I shall not see, the island of Tree will be a great resort for health. Its strong, yet soft, sea airs—its comparative dryness, its fragrant turf full of wild thyme and white clover—its miles of pure-white sandy bays equally pleasant for riding, driving or walking or for sea-bathing, and last but not least its unrivalled expanses for the game of golf—all combining to make it most attractive and wholesome in the summer months." My own tastes would lead me to add its wealth of sky ringing with the song of larks which are extraordinarily abundant.

The importance of the new pier which is in course of construction in Gott Bay at a cost of over £20,000 would be difficult to over-estimate. It brings the islanders into touch with the mainland in a manner which is certain to widen and expand the industrial possibilities of Tree, and eventually raise it to the proud position which its natural and geographic position entitles it as the great health sanatorium of the Hebrid Isles. The old ancient ferry-boat system of conveying passengers to and from the steamers militated seriously against the development of the island, and as a resort for tourists and others

seeking the repose and tranquility which it affords. Ladies with "nerves" rarely returned to the island after the experience of the ferry-boat in a gale which is by no means an unusual occurrence towards the end of the summer season. With the new pier, the old terrors will be removed, and visitors can land directly off the steamer with the same sense of security as when they boarded it at Glasgow or Oban. Gott Bay, where the pier is being built, is an ideal spot with one of the finest stretches of beach in Scotland, extending eastwards along the shores of the Atlantic for fully three miles—a long unbroken line of silvery sands almost dazzling in the purity of their whiteness on a bright summer day.

There is already a demand for feus for villas and other types of houses in the neighbourhood of the pier, and within the next couple of years or so the village of Scarnish, with its undoubted attractions, will be largely superseded by a new town resplendant and beautiful on the green slopes of the eminence overlooking Gott Bay.

There is already throughout the island a re-awakening, a throwing off of the lethargy of a full century—and the natives are feeling the pulsations of fresh, vigorous life. The hard, bad days have passed away, and on the hill-tops of thought the Seer and the Tree man of far vision have had glimmerings of the time when the island will once more throb with the old music and the song, and blossom like the rose. Prosperity will clasp within its folds every township from Caolas in the east to Hynish in the west. The new people who will settle from the mainland will find in Tree what I might call the *ne plus ultra* of hospitality. The islanders have characteristics which one does not find so prominent in any of the other islands of the Hebridean group. The stranger will find them steadfast and loyal as friends, and as generous as autumn and hospitable as summer—a fine robust race, physically fearless, morally clean, and religiously free from the superstitious which are common still in neighbouring islands.

There are one or two events which mark the summer season of the island at present, the most exciting of these being the stir consequent upon the Glasgow Fair. The stranger can hardly realise the note of jubilation that rings from one end of the island to the other when the Glasgow Fair has come round. St. Mungo absorbs hundreds of the Tree natives, and somehow they all seem to make a bee-line for the island at the Fair. One of the grandest spectacles that can be witnessed by the visitor gifted with the inner eye, and who understands the enduring love of the Hebridean for his

rock-bound island, is the splendid welcome accorded to the men and the women who have been in the thick of the stress of city life during the winter months filling situations and occupying posts in every sphere of industrial activity. Their friends and relatives give them an enthusiastic reception in the best sense of that hackneyed expression, and no wonder, because it is rarely that the native returns who has brought the name of the island into disrepute. The "Dunara" is linked indissolubly with the life of the people of Tiree, and round no steamer that ever sailed these western seas has grown up so many pleasant memories, and sometimes sad associations. It is mostly on the "Dunara" that the Tiree men and the Tiree women make their first venture out into the turmoil and hurly-burly of the world, and it frequently carries them back, after the fight—after years of toil and struggle—laden with honour and the good name which is even more than riches.

Crime is practically unknown in the island, although the population turns a couple of thousand. Even the navvies employed at the new pier have been transformed by the natives, and drunkenness even among these strangers has disappeared. If you ask Mr. Beattie, the constable who has under his care Tiree and Coll, when he has had cause to exercise his judicial functions, he will tell you with a good-humoured smile "More than six years ago, and then it was tinklers." Tiree is in the unique position of being the most law-abiding community within His Majesty's dominions upon which, we are often told by the post-prandial orator, the sun never sets. A curious thing in connection with the island is that it is the only "Prohibition" community in the teetotal sense in Scotland. It is some seventy years ago

since the late Duke declared it "dry"—to use an Americanism—in the sense of there being no licensed house within the island. The late Duke persistently refused to sanction the existence of any licensed premises. One is doubtful of the expediency of such a policy and of the results which have accrued from it. From some knowledge of the islander, the writer is inclined to the belief that the Tiree people would be fully as sober as they are to-day in the matter of intoxicants even if the very excellent temperance hotel at Scarnish had been always licensed. The suppression of licenses at Tiree was immediately followed by the inevitable shebeen, and this moral and social excrescence has remained the only blot on the fair fame of the island. The natives, however, had not the opportunity of choosing the legitimate or legal channel of obtaining their liquors—they were told that they must do without licensed premises. There is considerable diversity of opinion on the subject, even among the islanders themselves, who should know better than outsiders the pros and cons of the question, and I have no intention of entering further into the subject. I am credibly informed, however, that the old order of things in this respect is about to disappear, and that a full licensed hotel will be one of the most prominent architectural features of the new town at Gott Bay. There is no need to fear, whatever happens in this matter, that the Tiree people will abuse any privilege granted them.

Ballemartin and other crofter villages have made wonderful strides during the last ten years, and whatever influx there may be after the building of the pier, there will be ample accommodation for visitors. The new houses erected in these villages are modern in every sense of the term, and the visitor can secure in them every possible convenience. Successive Governments have been making promises to the hardy and industrious fishermen of Balliemartin of monetary grants for a new pier, but so far there is not the slightest indication of a redemption of these promises. If there was a pier, the town would expand and become speedily prosperous upon its fishing industry. The Balliemartin people should resuscitate some of the old spirit of revolt which flitted about the island in the '80's, and bring it to bear upon the present Government.

To the writer the island is intensely interesting. The great Reef, the famous cliffs of Kerevera, The Sounding Stone, The Skerry Vohr Lighthouse, the ancient churches which go back to the grey twilight of the Celtic world, and above all, the infinite and the immortal sea, and the miles of silver strand—these are of abiding interest.



THE HARBOUR, TIREE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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SEPTEMBER, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

THE SURNAMES GOW AND MACGOWAN are from the Gaelic "Gobha" or "Gobhainn," a blacksmith, and mean son of the Smith. The Gows are generally regarded as a sept of Clan Chattan, but there are, doubtless, many Gows and MacGowans who are not connected with this clan, but who owe their surname to some local tradesman. One of the famous combatants at the North Inch of Perth in 1396 was "An Gobha Crom," or the crooked or bandy-legged smith.

THE FARQUHARSONS are regarded as one of the leading branches or septs of Clan Chattan. In the year 1741 Anne Farquharson, daughter of Invercauld, married Eneas, twenty-second Mackintosh, and during the rising in 1745 she took such a leading part for the Stuarts as to be called "Colonel Ann." As Culloden the Farquharsons mustered over 300 men, and were in the centre of the front line.

THE MACINTYRES are generally understood to be an offshoot from the MacDonalds of Sleat, Skye. They were in possession of Glenoe, near Bunawe, in Lorn, so far back as 1300, and these lands they retained until 1810. The MacIntyres of Glenoe were hereditary foresters to the Stuarts, Lords of Lorn, and retained that office after the lands of Lorn had passed into the hands of the Campbells.

THE MACLEAN GATHERING AT
DUART, 1912.

THOUGH the sons of Duart wandered from the valleys of their sires,
There's a halo round the mountain peak that never more expires:
For the memory of the morning of the heart is ever true.

As the hills of Mull and Morven, gleaming o'er the waters blue.

Chorus. So we gather, gather, gather,
Like the sons of loyal men,
We rally round the banner
Of old Duart's house again.

On the field of red Culloden we were midst the foremost there,
When the slogan of the Islesmen rent the sultry battle air,
Well the Hanoverian horsemen knew the valour and the might
Of the children of Clan Gillean in the grappling ranks of fight.

Chorus So we gather, gather, gather, etc.

And on lonely Killiecrankie, when the onset word was given,
And the soul of Graham was wafted through the distant throbbing heaven,
Oh, we tore down the Garry's banks like torrents from our snows,
And the claymore of Clan Gillean cleft the glory of her foes.

Chorus. So we gather, gather, gather, etc.

And when the blood on Sheriffmuir was pouring forth like rain,
The heather-bell was deeper red for blood of the Maclean:
Wherever men were gathered, in the darkest hour of strife,
The sons of Duart freely flung away, for truth, their life.

Chorus. So we gather, gather, gather, etc.

Never pibroch sounded battle, but the foe-man saw our plaid,
Never heroes lay in carnage, but our brothers there were laid,
Never foe returned to face us, never clansmen fled the field,
Never threat of foe or tyrant made the sons of Duart yield,

Chorus. So we gather, gather, gather, etc.

And though Mull and Morven slumber far across the distant waves,
And the lonely sea is sobbing by the sleeping clansmen's graves,
We are ready, ever ready, should the king or country call,
To do battle like our fathers,—like our fathers, too, to fall.

Chorus. So we gather, gather, gather,
Like the sons of loyal men,
We rally round the banner
Of old Duart's house again.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

AFTER CULLODEN.

By J. G. MACKAY.

(Continued from page 146.)

WHILE these terrible scenes were being enacted in the Highlands, operations of a no less savage and barbarous description were being performed in the south. Many of the unfortunate prisoners who were captured at Culloden and on previous occasions were transported south under perhaps the most cruel travelling conditions ever known in this country. Large numbers of them were subjected to what I can characterise as nothing else than mock trials, at Southwark, Carlisle, York, and London. At length, to expedite matters, at Carlisle, where no less than 382 of these unfortunate beings had to be disposed of, they hit upon a novel plan of getting over the work, which for brutal callousness, rivals even the famous "Jeddart Justice" of hanging a man first, and then trying him. The plan was this:—one man was chosen by lot out of every twenty to be tried, and the remainder were transported. Little wonder though one of the prisoners should exclaim in the Court, "Never mind it, my boys, for if our Saviour were here, these fellows would condemn him. What the devil are you afraid of? We shan't be tried by a Cumberland Jury in the next world."

On the Sunday before the trials the High Sheriffs-Chaplain preached a sermon from a very significant text (Numbers xxv., 5): "And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, slay ye every one his man, that were joined unto Baal-peor." If this was meant as an official hint to the jury, it was most rigorously acted upon, for the acquittals were very few indeed. I will not attempt to give a description of the executions which followed, only to say that they were revolting in the extreme.

The prisoners were brought up in batches of twenty at a time, and executed singly in the presence of their companions. The words of the Wizard of Lochiel are in no way exaggerated.

"But where is the iron-bound prisoner, where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair;
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near:
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier:
His death-bell is tolling, oh, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale."

All these unhappy individuals are said to have behaved throughout this trying scene

with a degree of decent firmness which surprised the beholders. Every one of them continued to the last moment to justify the cause which had brought them to the scaffold, and some even declared that if set at liberty, they would do the same again.

To show the spirit which actuated the Duke of Cumberland, writing from Scotland to the Duke of Newcastle, he says:—"All in this country are almost to a man Jacobites, and mild measures will not do. Were I to enumerate the villains and villainies this country abounds in, I should never have done.

I am sorry to leave this country in the condition it is in, for all the good that we have done is a little blood-letting, which has only weakened the madness, but not at all cured it, and I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this island, and of *our family*."

From a man of Cumberland's character, cherishing such feelings towards an enemy in his power, little mercy was to be expected, more especially with the many defeats administered by the Highlanders to the Royal army still rankling in his bosom, and, as he puts it, the interests of "our family" before his eyes, but these considerations do not give sufficient excuse for the insatiable thirst for blood which seems to have taken possession of the English army, and the inhuman, heartless, and uncalled-for treatment of a defenceless enemy when for the first time they got them in their power.

At long last, in June 1747, an Act of Parliament was passed, granting a pardon, with certain exceptions, to all who had taken part in the rebellion, but the exceptions were so numerous as to leave very little to be thankful for: they numbered eighty, who were specially excepted by name. The list is very interesting, and I wish I had time to read it.

These unfortunate eighty had escaped to France, where they passed their days in exile.

"On Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
When Scotland we thought on;
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone."

Though I have abstained from following the fugitive Prince in his wanderings, I can hardly pass from this subject without referring shortly to the plight of those of his unfortunate followers who escaped the massacre after the battle. I mentioned in a previous paper that the Highlanders met at Ruthven in Badenoch the day after the battle, and opened communication with the Prince, who had gone to Glengarry, with the view of continuing the war. Nearly two thousand men assembled there, as might be expected, not in the highest spirits, but resolute, and determined to defend themselves and the property of the Jacobite clans till the

much-expected assistance should come from France. Upon receiving Charles' reply declining to take the field again till he had returned from France, whither he meant to go to procure assistance, they took a melancholy leave of each other and dispersed, the gentlemen to seek concealment or escape from the country, the clansmen to their homes.

In the meantime a number of the leading men had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The Earl of Cromarty and his son, Lord MacLeod, with all the officers of his regiments, were taken prisoners in Sutherlandshire the day before the battle of Culloden. The Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmorano were taken immediately after and sent to London in a sloop-of-war along with Cromarty and his party. Sir James Kinloch, Ker of Graden, Hon. William Murray, brother of the Earl of Dunmore, Stirling of Keir and Stirling of Craigbarnet, were taken early in May and sent south to take their trial and their places on the scaffold.

The Marquis of Tullibardine made his way as far as Loeh-Lomond, and, being in a bad state of health, he sought refuge in the house of a friend, who happened to be an officer of militia, and who deemed it his duty to deliver up the Marquis. Murray of Broughton, better known as "Secretary Murray," from the fact of his having acted as Secretary to the Prince, made his way home to the Borders, and was seized in his brother-in-law's house in Peeblesshire.

Lord Lovat was discovered in an island on Loeh Morar, where he had lived for 12 days on meal and water. He and Secretary Murray were sent to London together—a well-matched pair. If poor old Lovat was a past-master in the art of dissimulation and chicanery, his companion was the only one connected with the Jacobite movement who preferred "to live the life of a dog, to die the death of a man." On condition of his own pardon, he engaged with the Government to provide them with evidence to incriminate a large number of others. Poor Murray was a bird of ill-luck to the Jacobites from the beginning. He was continually fomenting quarrels between the officers, particularly Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth, and prejudicing the Prince against his best friends, and as an ill-omened bird he followed them to the end. His memory has been handed down to public execration, and next to Menteith, the betrayer of Wallace, he left behind him the most unenviable record of any Scot that ever lived, and if the account of his future reward given by the Jacobite bard, who seems to have been thoroughly acquainted with the domestic arrangements of the nether regions, are not exaggerated, he paid dearly for his short liberty in this mundane sphere.

"Ken ye whare Charlie Murray's gane,
He's gane to dwell in his lang hame.

He's in a Satan's frything pan,
Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's;
He's washing them in brunstane lowe,
His kintra's blude it winna thow,
The hettest soap-suds of perdition,
Canna out thae stains be washing."

Clan Ranald, Glenalladale, MacDonald of Dalilalea, Lochiel, Glengarry, John Roy Stewart, and Dr. Cameron, after several months' skulking in the hills, escaped to France by the same ship which took the Prince from *Loch nan Uamh*. In all, 23 gentlemen and 107 clansmen escaped by her. On leaving their native country these battle-stained warriors wept like children.

While in hiding in the hills, these gentlemen had many exciting experiences. They had to shift from place to place for fear of their hiding-places being known.

John Roy Stewart, on one occasion while bathing his wounded leg in a burn, was suddenly confronted with a large company of the enemy, who were out "rebel-hunting." They halted for some time on the opposite bank, but by lying still and motionless, he was able to evade them. It was on this occasion that he composed the poem which goes under the name of "John Roy Stuart's Psalm":—

"The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
With dirk and trusty blade;
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
He's always good to me;
Though red coats come a thousand more,
Afraid I will not be.

Though they the Woods do cut and burn,
And drain the waters dry;
Nay, tho' the rocks they overturn,
And change the course of Spey.

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
And seek me underground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
He's gracious and kind;
While they like fools groped in the dark,
As moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
They saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place,
He's to me always good.

Let me proclaim both far and near,
O'er all the earth and sea;
That all with admiration see,
How kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
And dance upon my stumps;
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
And play it on my trumps.

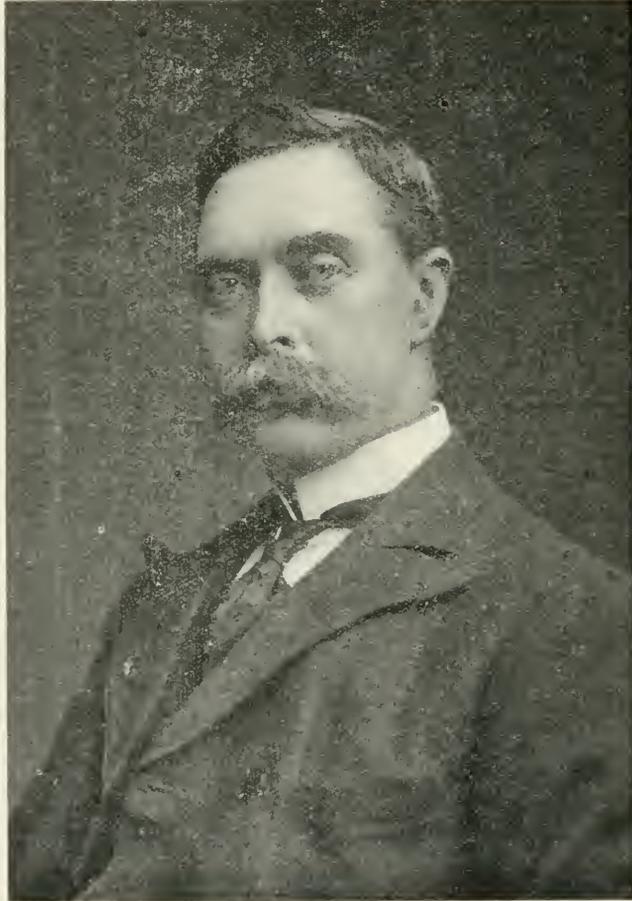
He also composed a poetical prayer on the same occasion, but as it is in the classic language of the Garden of Eden, I am sorry I must pass on.

MAGNUS MACLEAN D.Sc., GLASGOW.

PROFESSOR Magnus Maclean is a native of "Eilein a' Cheo, and all Skyemen are proud of him. He came to Glasgow in 1877 to qualify for the teaching profession and entered the Free Church Training College. After having acted as a teacher in Sutherland-shire for a period, he came back to Glasgow and resumed

University. His *Alma Mater* conferred on him the degree of D.Sc.

On the chair of Electrical Engineering in the Technical College falling vacant in 1899 Dr. Maclean was chosen for the post. He was the first Celtic Lecturer under the Kelly MacCallum foundation in the University of Glasgow. His lectures have since been published in two Vols. under the titles of "The Literature of the Celts" and "The Literature of the Highlands."



DR. MAGNUS MACLEAN.

study at Glasgow University in November 1881. In 1884 Dr. Maclean was selected by Lord Kelvin as chief assistant in the class of Natural Philosophy, where he soon acquired a reputation as a successful lecturer and teacher of Science. In 1892 he was appointed by the University Court Lecturer on Physics to Medical Students, and in 1895 Lecturer on pure and applied Electricity to the Engineering Students of the

Dr. Maclean is an active member of the Glasgow Skye Association, of which he is hon. president, and lectures frequently to various societies in and around Glasgow during the winter months. As might be expected he is an active member of the Clan Maclean Association, and took part in the recent celebrations at Duart Castle as will be seen from our report of these interesting proceedings. *A le-uile latha dha!*

THE ADVENTURES OF FIONN IN CONNAUGHT.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

[Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."]

THE Province of Connaught, or *Olnegmacht*, as it appears to have been called before the days of *Conn Cetchatach*, boasts a history no whit less ancient or celebrated than that of Ulster or Leinster. Compared with the other more favoured provinces of Ireland, it lacked many natural advantages which gave them an easy lead and ensured their populousness and prosperity, but, save in this respect, Connaught could not be called a backward province, or one that was slipping behind the times. Its social and political state, we learn from many sources, was much on a par with the conditions prevailing elsewhere during the early centuries of the Christian era, and as some of the native races ranked amongst the foremost warrior-clans in the whole island, they could not be said to lack activity or enterprise.

Chief among these were the *Fir Domnann* of County Mayo, with their sept the Gamanraidi, *Fir Craibi*, and *Dal n-Druithni*—three tribes, says the *Book of Lecan*, each distinct from the other through territorial division, but one tribe by origin. Of many other septs, such as the *Tuatha Taiden*, *Umoir* of Galway, *Clanna Morna*, *Fir Remaind*, and some others, very little is recorded, but most of them, it would seem, were the vassals of the *Fir Domnann*, being usually styled the *Féni*, or "Fenians," in contrast to the *uilech tuatha*, or ignoble tribes of slave-subjects. And just as the "broken" Gaelic clans of Northern Leinster became the Fenian vassals of the kings of Tara, so too did those of Connaught, like the celebrated *Clanna Morna*, become the Fenian militia in the service of the kings of Connaught.

Much of their celebrity, doubtless, was but the reflected glory which they derived from their connexions with Fionn of Kildare and the Kings Cormac and Cairbre of Tara. At the same time we cannot overlook the fact that, as a body of militia, or rather "champions" (*cuaidhe*), under the leadership of the great warrior Goll MacMorn, whose ancestral seat was at Rath Cruachan, the *Clanna Morna* have made a name for themselves throughout Ireland, irrespective altogether of their connexions with and antipathies towards the Fenian militia of Leinster. They formed, primarily, a legion of frontiersmen chosen from among the vassal clans, and their chief duty was to patrol the Province and make themselves useful as exigencies demanded.

That they concerned themselves in other

people's affairs goes without saying. They were able to mind their own business and everyone else's, and as Fionn of Kildare was also an able man in this respect, we can the better understand how the Fenians of Leinster and the Fenians of Connaught, as represented by the *Clanna Morna*, had frequent causes of quarrel and mutual recriminations. These quarrels lasted right down till the end of the third century, when they practically ceased with the death of Fionn and the subsequent dispersal or annihilation of his warrior-bands.

In the first century, Connaught was a military power of some importance, able to hold its own with the men of Leinster or Ulster, if, indeed, it were not superior to either. This would rather seem to have been the true state of matters, for in the ancient epic of the *Tiin bó Chualgne*, the Connaughtmen received more praise for their soldier-like qualities than did the men of Ulster, Cuchullin excepted. Both provinces were then in a hopeless turmoil, partly from internal feuds among tribes and clans over the division of lands, and partly from external causes, such as wars with troublesome neighbours, or quarrels about the proper delimitations of the frontiers. By the second century, things were no better, and it is more than probable that a bellicose king like *Conn Cetchatach* (who reigned from about 123-127 A.D.) purposely encouraged these native wars from motives of self-interest. At anyrate, his sobriquet "Fighter of Hundreds" reveals his pugnacious character. He was ready to fight anybody and everybody whenever the chances of self-aggrandisement offered, and it is therefore needless to suppose that under such a monarch Ireland would be left to seek peace and pursue it.

When the third century had dawned, and when, under the enlightened rule of King Cormac, Leinster had begun to assume the place of honour among the provinces, Connaught grew jealous of its claims to supremacy, and in due course transferred her old-time animosities from the men of Ulster to those of Leinster. But her power had decreased considerably since the first century, and she proved no match for Cormac, who occasionally invaded the western province whenever he thought fit to chastise his foes. According to the *Four Masters*, who give but a brief survey of his reign, it appears that Cormac invaded Connaught in the year 236 A.D., when he fought and defeated Aedh, son of Eochaidh, son of Conall, king of Connaught, at the battle of *Eu in Magh Aei*. The *Annals of Tigernach* refer to the battlefield as *Cath Meda*, a place now identified with *Knockmau*, a hill in the barony of Clare, County Galway, and from this authority we

are led to presume that *Eu* and *Cath Meda* were one and the same place.

Again in 239 A.D., the thirteenth year of his reign, Cormac fought no fewer than seven battles with the men of Connaught at a place called *Elce*, now *Sliabh Eilbhe*, a hill in the parish of Killonaghan, County Clare. But we are not told definitely what motives induced the king to undertake these distant enterprises, nor whether his Fenian levies, raised as they were from among the vassal clans of Kildare and West Meath, had accompanied their feudal lord to his wars in the west. Seeing then that the ancient records of Ireland do not inform us precisely if Fionn or the Feinne visited Galway and Clare about the years 236-240 (Fionn's name finds no mention in the *Annals*), the available evidence, drawn chiefly from Fenian traditions, is not altogether satisfactory or convincing.

This silence of the old records is suggestive, but easily explained. Fionn was at that time a young man, brave and adventurous, but obscure and comparatively unknown. His age told against him, for he must have been about twenty years old in 239 A.D., if we are to accept the tradition of his death in 285 A.D., and on account of his youth and inexperience, his influence in the councils of his compatriots as well as in the field must have been small indeed. In after years, when he had made a name for himself, when his abilities as a general attracted the king's attention, and when he figured at the regal court as the king's favourite son-in-law and a person of consequence there, instead of a mere vassal-chief, Fionn's name was one to conjure with, because it belonged to a great warrior and general, who, in his own hands, held the balance of power between the rulers of Northern and Southern Leinster. The history of these Fenian regiments shows that while they sided with Northern Leinster, the tribes and their many septs in the southern part fared badly at their hands, but when Fionn chose to influence the balance of power in favour of the latter, his activities made the King of Tara uncomfortable on several occasions, culminating in King Cairbre's humiliation at the battle of Cnamhross about 280 A.D. It is this Cairbre who appears so often in Fenian legends as the bitter enemy of Fionn, for the king never forgot or forgave his humiliation, and spent the interval between Cnamhross and Gabhra in preparations for war with the Feinne. The result of these preparations is well known. The Feinne were annihilated in the struggle for existence that ensued, and their former rivals and enemies, the Clanna Morna of Connaught, contributed in no small degree to their ultimate overthrow and destruction.

The silence of history, then, in regard to the early years of Fionn must have resulted entirely from the obscurity of his youth, and for that reason, one can lightly ignore the faked legends of a later age which sought to cast the halo of sanctified greatness over the warrior's youth. Yet in so far as concerns Fionn's early expeditions to Connaught, with or without the company of his royal master, the Fenian ballads and legendary lore make ample recompense for the shortcomings of the historical records, and the familiarity which they display with the various tribes and septs of Connaught, from the Fir Domnann down to the humble Mac-Namaras of Clare (or *Clann Cuilein*, as they called themselves), and with its leading kings and warriors who were the contemporaries of Fionn, all goes to prove that the many stories relating to Fionn's wars and adventures in the west of Ireland, especially in those parts now comprised in Counties Clare and Galway, have some foundation in fact, although tradition is our only authority, and never a trustworthy guide. Nor can we leave out of account their familiarity with the ancient topography of the country, since this knowledge testifies to their native genuineness despite the amount of fable which so often distorts the facts of history and obscures their worth.

What renders some of the tales, perhaps, more mythical and untrustworthy than others of their kind, is the apparent mixing together of such widely-separated countries as Norway and Connaught—another of those quaint geographical and ethnological jumbles which are attributable to the garrulous editors who invent puzzles for their own amusement or edification, rather than to the faults of Fenian topography as it exists in the native traditions. Fionn had many friends as well as foes in Clare and Galway, and had reasons of his own for paying them both visits when he chose. A topographical poem, ascribed to the poet Mac Liag (b. A.D. 918), who was a native of *Aidhné*, in South Connaught, states that Fionn and his warriors left their names on many parts of the *Echtgé*, a range of hills separating County Clare from Galway: and, just before the battle of Cnamhross, we learn from another old Fenian story that Fionn summoned several of his Connaught friends, such as Donn MacDoghar of Magh Adhair in Clare, to help him against Cairbre and his allies.

From such traditions we can draw the only possible conclusion in accordance with the facts, viz., that Fionn was very well acquainted with the Province of Connaught, and especially with the districts of Clare and Galway. Hence, when we read of this warrior going westward on a distant expedition to the "Norway" of

Irish and Scottish Gaelic traditions, we must understand from the outset that the so-called "Norway" of Fenian ballads and legends was a place in Connaught, and that the identification of this ancient Irish place-name with the land of the Norsemen is the figment of the Celtic tale-collector or editor, and the fancy of his brain. Fionn, as we all know, was a Leinster warrior of the third century. He never heard of Norway to know what it was, and certainly never lived to meet a Norseman who might have enlightened him as to its whereabouts.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 160.)

SEPTEMBER.

WHEN the year began in March, this was the seventh month—Latin, *Septem*, and consequently was properly termed September. When Julius Cæsar reformed the Calendar, he gave this month 31 days—one more than it previously had, which day Augustus subsequently took from it; and so it has since remained. It is called in Gaelic, *Meadhon an Fhoghair*—middle of harvest—also *An t-Sultainn*; Manx, *Mee ruenagh an ouyr*—middle month of autumn.

The fourteenth of the month is noted in the Church Calendar as *Féill an Roid*—Exaltation of the Holy Rood or Cross. The fifteenth of September 1752, was the date on which the new style of reckoning was introduced, and is known among Highlanders as *Toirt a stigh a ùir*. On that day a decided change was made on the calendar in this country. As far back as 1582, Pope Gregory found that there had been a miscalculation of ten days in reckoning the year, and he accordingly declared that the 5th of October of that year should be reckoned as the fifteenth. The Gregorian style, as it was called, readily obtained sway in Catholic, but not in Protestant countries, and it was not till 1752 that an Act of Parliament was passed in Britain dictating that the third of September of that year should be reckoned the fourteenth, and that three of every four of the centurial years should, as in Pope Gregory's arrangement, not be bissextile or leap year. It has consequently arisen—1800 not having been a leap year—the new and the old styles now differ by twelve days, the first of January old style being the 13th of the month new style. In Russia alone, of all Christian countries, is the old style retained. In some parts of the Highlands—especially in the Hebrides—there is a lingering regard for the old style, particularly with

reference to the observance of Christmas and New Year's day, but the old is fast giving way before the new, and a few years will see the adoption of the new style throughout Gaeldom. The twenty-first is observed in the church as St. Matthew's Day—*An Fheill Mhata*. The twenty-third used to be reckoned *An Fheill Eonain*—Little Hugh's Festival. This Eonan was a Glenlyon saint, whose festival is now observed on October sixth, consequent on the change from old to new style. We shall refer to him under October.

MICHAELMAS.

The great festival of the month is Michaelmas Day, the 29th—*An Fhéill Micheil*. In pre-Reformation days the festival was religiously observed in the Western Isles. Martin,* who visited these islands in 1696, states that Michaelmas was observed as a holiday in Uist, Harris, Skye, &c. Referring to South Uist, Martin remarks—"The natives are much addicted to riding, the plainness of the country disposing both man and horse to it. They observe an anniversary cavalcade on Michaelmas Day, and then all ranks of both sexes appear on horseback. The place for the rendezvous is a large piece of firm sandy ground on the seashore, and there they have horse racing for small prizes, for which they contend eagerly. There is an ancient custom by which it is lawful for any of the inhabitants to steal his neighbour's horse the night before the race, and ride him all next day, provided he deliver him safe and sound to the owner after the race: the manner of running is by a few young men who use neither saddles nor bridles except two small ropes, made of bent, instead of a bridle, nor any sort of spurs but their bare heels, and when they begin the race they throw these ropes on their horses necks, and drive them on vigorously with a piece of long sea-ware in each hand instead of a whip, and this is dried in the sun several months before for that purpose. This is a happy opportunity for the vulgar, who have few occasions for meeting except on Sundays, they then have their sweethearts behind them on horseback, and give and receive mutual presents: the men present the women with knives and purses, the women present the men with a pair of fine garters of divers colours, they give them likewise a quantity of wild carrots." An esteemed correspondent writing me from South Uist remarks, "On St. Michael's Day it used to be customary to have Mass said at Ardmichael in the middle of South Uist, under the canopy of heaven, and games, particularly horse-racing, were indulged in on the strand. Rev. John Chisholm, of Bornish, was

*A description of the Western Isles of Scotland, &c., by M. Martin, 1696.

the last to hold this annual service at Ard-michael. Many are still alive who attended these old celebrations."

ST. MICHAEL'S BANNOCK OR CAKE, CALLED IN GAELIC "STRUTHAN MICHEIL."

In size it is as large as a quern, the shape, that of a triangle with the corners rounded a little, and about an inch thick. The quantity of meal required for each cake or *Struthan* is *Leth de dh' ochdrann*, which is said to be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. (can any one explain *ochdrann*?). The meal must be the current harvest barley meal, and when the harvest is likely to be later than St. Michael's Day, ripe sheaves are cut wherever they may be found on the croft, so as to supply the meal needed. The process of making is to take the meal and water and bake the cake as another, except as to shape and thickness. In making the *Struthan* no *fulaid* is employed. The cake is then put to the fire. During this part of the process it is supported by the quern stone. When it has become hard and baked, the next thing is to cover one side of the cake with a compound of eggs and buttermilk, beaten and mixed together. The cake is then again put to the fire, and the new coating hardens. The other side then receives a coating, and is put to the fire to harden. The old custom was that one should be made for each inmate of the house whether young or old, master or servant. It is considered to be extremely unlucky if the cake, or even a small part of it, should be broken in the process of firing it.

THE MICHAELMAS MOON.

Associated with the end of this month is the Michaelmas or Harvest Moon. It is known to the Celt by various names—such as *Gealach bhuidne na Fríll Micheil*, the yellow moon of Michaelmas, *Gealach bhuidhe nam broc*, the badgers' yellow moon—it being popularly believed that the badgers gathered and dried by the light of this bright moon their winter bedding. There is an old rhyme which runs—

"The Michaelmas moon
Rises nine nights alike soon."

In the interesting work "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" I find the following reference to the rhyme already quoted—"The above rhyme describes a simple astronomical phenomenon which takes place at that season, and which is usually called in England the *Harvest Moon*. As the moon moves from west to east about thirteen degrees every day, she rises generally about fifty minutes later every evening. Her orbit, however, being considerably inclined to the equator, she does not always make the same angle with the horizon. When her orbit is most oblique to the horizon, which happens when she is in the beginning of Aries, the thirteen degrees of her orbit which she recedes

daily, rise in *seventeen minutes*; whereas, in the opposite case, the time required is one hour and seventeen minutes. Of course the phenomenon occurs every month; but generally happening when the lunar orb is not full, it is not remarked. In September, however, the sun is in Virgo and Libra, the signs opposite to Pisces and Aries. The moon of course can only be full when the sun is opposite her. Rising nearly at the same time for several nights when in her greatest splendour, and when her light is considered as useful both in drying the cut grain and lighting the husbandman to his unusual labours, the phenomenon impresses the mind, raising at the same time, as it ought to do, sentiments of admiration and gratitude for the beneficent wisdom which planned an arrangement so useful to the inhabitants of the earth." The Michaelmas moon can be easily ascertained as being the full moon which falls always within a fortnight of September 23.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 149.)

ATHAIR na Dìlinn!

Father of the Flood!

An uair a chailleas duin' a stòras, cha 'n fhiaich a sheòladh no 'chomhairle.

When a man loses his means, his direction and counsel go for naught.

An uair a bhios rud a dhìth air Dòmhuill gheibh e fhéin e.

When Donald wants anything, he'll get it himself.

An uair bhios nì aig a' chat nì e crònar.

When pussy has something she purrs.

An uair a bhios an sgadan mu thuath, bidh Donnacha Ruadh mu dheas.

When the herring is in the north, then Duncan is in the south.

An uair a bhios mise thall, geàrr an drochaid. When I am over, cut down the bridge.

An uair bhios gill' agad, tarruing a chluas.

When you have a servant, pull his ear.

An uair bhios Murchadh 'na thàmh, bidh e ruamhar.

When Murdoch rests he delves.

An uair a bhios am pobull dall, nì an gille cam ministear.

When the congregation's blind, the one-eyed lad will suffice for minister.

An uair a bhios a' ghaoth air chall, iarr á deas i.

When there is no wind, seek it in the south,

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

An t-srathair an àite na diollaid.
The pack-saddle in place of the saddle.
An triùir nach fuiling an eniodachadh, seann
bhean, ceare agus caora.
The three that won't bear caressing—an old
woman, a hen, and a sheep.

An tinneas a's feàrr na'n t-slàinte.
The illness that's better than health—child-
bearing.

An taoman na's mò na'n long.
The bailer bigger than the boat.
An solus ùr 's a chùl ri làr.
The new moon with her back downwards—
not liked.

An sneachd nach tig mu Shamhuinn thigh e
gu reamhar mu Fhéill-Brìghde.
The snow that comes not at Hallowmas will
come thick at Candlemas.

An ruith air an ruaig, 'san ruaig air an ruith.
The chase retreating, and the rout running.
An rud nach cluinn cluas cha ghluais cridhe.
What the ear hears not, the heart moves not.
An rud anns an téid dàil théid dearmad.
What is delayed is often neglected.

An rud a's fheudar 's fheudar e.
What must be must be.
An rud a nithear 's a' chùil, thig e dh' ionn-
saidh an teine.

What's done in the corner will come to the
hearth.

An rud a ni math do bhàillidh Dhiùra cha
chiùrr e Rùsgan MacPhàil.
What is good for the Jura factor won't hurt
Rusgan MacPhail.

An rud a ni e le 'chrògan millidh e le spògan,
cleas a bhodaich Ghaidhealaich.
What he does with his hands he spoils with
his feet—the trick of the Highland churl.

An rud a dh' fhalbh cha 'n e dh' fhòghnas.
That which has gone won't suffice.

An rud a chuir an earb air an loch—an éigin.
What made the roe take the loch—necessity.
An òrdag an aghaidh na glaic.
The thumb against the palm.

As an dris anns an droighean.
Out of the briars into the thorns.
Ge mór aintheas na poite bige, cha tig e
seach an luath.

Great as the heat (and overflowing) of the
little pot may be, it won't go beyond the ashes.

Aontachadh bradaig le breugaig, 's aontach-
adh breugain le braidein.
The thief's assent to the liar, and the liar's to
the thief.

(To be continued.)

ROUGH-BOUNDS.—Where are the lands known by this
name—"Na Garbh-Chriochan"? DELTA.

[According to the late Rev. Charles MacDonald of
Moidart in his fascinating work "Moidart: or
among the Clan Ranalds," the name has been given
to a large track of country lying in the Western
Highlands between Loch Sunart in the south and
Loch Houra in the North East.
The districts included in the Rough-bounds are
Ardnamurchan, Moidart, Arisaig, North and South
Morar, and Knoydart.]

"THE RED BOOK OF ABBEY."—Where will I get some
information regarding this famous book? DEARG.

THE 42ND REGIMENT.—Was it known by any other
title? Why is it called the "Black Watch"? SAIGHDEAR.

APOCRYPHA.—I understand this work was translated
into Gaelic. When and by whom? LIDE.

MARTIN.—When and where was Martin who wrote
"Tour to the Hebrides" born? M. W.

[He was a native of Skye. The date of his visit
was 1699. I believe he graduated as M.D. at Leyden
and died at London 1719.]

ANSWERS.

GAELIC PLACE NAMES.—You will get a good list in
MacDonald's Gaelic Dictionary published a few years
ago. A list of Gaelic personal names will appear in
our next issue. F.

MACAVOY.—Is not this a form of the Irish surname
M'Evoy? John O'Donovan says:—"In the Province
of Ulster the name of MacGilla boy ("Mac-Gille-
bhui") has been shortened to MacEvoy. W. A. T.

MITCHELL.—This surname is derived from the name of
the archangel Michel. The surname Mitchellson is
further confirmation of this view. B.

CLAN MORGAN.—The Forbeses and the MacKays, of
Sutherlandshire, are regarded as of common descent,
and are known to the seanachies as "Clan Mhor-
guin"—Clan Morgan. The clan took its name from
the Aberdeenshire parish of Forbes, and the Morgans
were also an Aberdeenshire clan.

FERGUSONS.—The ancient home of the Fergusons was
in Atholl, where they were reckoned an old clan
before the time of Robert the Bruce. The chief was
Baron Ferguson, of Dunfallandy. An important
branch of the Fergusons has been settled in the parish
of Balquhider for over six centuries. They are also
to be found in Aberdeenshire.

CLAN MACFARLANE.—There was a history of the Clan
published in New York in 1893 by a Mrs. Little. It
deals chiefly with prominent members of the Clan in
America. F.

CLAN MACALISTER.—The Clan MacAlister was the
first that branched off from the main Clan Donald
stem—probably early in the thirteenth century—and
its origin and history are involved in considerable
obscurity. Recent research goes to prove that the
clan is descended from Alister Mor, son of Donald de
Ile, and younger brother of Angus Mor. This Alex-
ander appears on record for the first time as a witness
to the charter by his brother Angus Mor to the Mon-
astery of Paisley in 1253.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Nighean Donn nan Gobhar.

AS far as known to me, this air appears first in the Rev. Patrick MacDonal'd's Collection. Lowland Bards have evidently seen it there and fancied it, and one of them—William Dudgeon by name, who lived 1753 to 1813—made a song to it known as "The Maid that tends the Goats." The Gaelic words are by Archibald Maclean of Laggan, in the Isle of Mull, of whom the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair writes as follows:—"He was the fourth son of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and his wife, Mary, daughter of Campbell of Sunderland. He was a

kind-hearted and pleasant man. He died in 1800, and was buried in Kilnivan Churchyard. There were eight pipers at his funeral."

With most of Patrick MacDonal'd's tunes of which the words are known, it is necessary to take slight liberties with the time of the notes to make them suit the words, and this case is no exception to the rule. The italics indicate liberties taken with the words to make them fit the music better than they do when left as they are found in Vol. I. of "The Maclean Bards."—C.M.P.

Gleus B) SEIS.

m., m ₁ : l ₁ , l ₁ —	d., m : r, r.—	m., m ₁ : d, r.—	t., l ₁ : t., r.—
O, a nighean	domn na gobhar.	E, a nighean	domn nan gobhar,

Fine.

m., m : r, r.—	s., l ₁ : l ₁ , d.—	r, t ₁ : m, r.—	t., l ₁ : l ₁
Dh' òlainn <i>hainne bhuait</i> fo chobhar : 'S gheibheadh tu gleadh <i>har bhinn</i> o'n truibh.			

RANS.

s., m : m, r	d., r : m ₁ , m ₁	d., d : r, r	s. m : m, r
Lion am botul :	lion a dhà dhiubh :	Lion a trì dhiubh	mar a b' àbhaist :

m, l ₁ : d, s ₁	m, r ₁ : r ₁ , r ₁	m, m ₁ — : d., r	t., l ₁ : t., r
Gu'n dean ginichean am pàigheadh : Seasaidh a' bhò bhàn a prìs.			

D.C.

m, m.— : r, m	l ₁ , l ₁ : s ₁ , l ₁	d, t ₁ — : m, r	t., l ₁ : l ₁
Gu'n dean ginichean am pàigheadh : Seasaidh a' bhò bhàn a prìs.			

Gu' a h-i mo rùn is m' amsachd,
An nigh'n domn 'tha ris na ganhna ;
Nuair a theid thu do 'n bhàl damsaich
Cha bhì shamhladh dhuit 'san tìr.

Nuair a theid thu a'd làn chomhdach,
'S a bhìos do ribinnean an ordugh,
Cha 'n fheil fleasgach 'san Roinn Eorpa
Nach bì 'g òl ort ann am fion.

Nuair a theid thu mu na bruachan,
'S a bhìos do ribinnean mu'n cnairt dhuit.
Am fear a bhios da mhìle shuas bhuait,
Bruaillean cuiridh tu na 'chrìdh'.

ISE A FREAGAIRT.

Cha phòs mise 'chaoidh fear suarach,
Is cha nì leam bhàth 'ga luaidh rium ;

'S ann bhìos agam sàr dhuin' uasal
Nach cuir gruaman orm a chaoidh.

AM BARD.

'S a nigh'n domn 'tha 'd shuidhe làmh-rìum,
Gu' a mór a thug mi 'gbràdh dhuit ;
Is ma gheibh mi toil do chàirdean,
'S mi nach dean ort tàir a chaoidh.

'S beag mo dhèidh air té le storas,
No air té 'bhiodh uaibhreach, pròiseil ;
Té mo rùn, a chailleag bhòidheach
A tha 'n còmhuidh laghach, grim.

Biomaid eridheil, biomaid ceòl-mhor,
Dennamaid gach mì mar 's còir dhuin :
Gheibh sinn pailteas fhad 's is beo sinn,
'S gu de 'n còir a bhiodh gar dìth ?



MR. DONALD MACKAY, EDINBURGH.

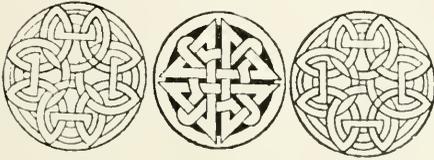
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[Price Threepence.



MR. DONALD MACKAY, EDINBURGH.

Mr. DONALD MACKAY, whose portrait we give in this number, is one of the best known members of the Clan Mackay in the City of Edinburgh. He was born in Kirtomy, a picturesque and thriving small township in the parish of Farr, Sutherlandshire, and was educated at the old school there. Mr. Mackay was fortunate in having in his younger days come into contact in a peculiar manner, for one of his years, with a phase of civilisation that was fast passing away, even in Kirtomy. It was a custom of the people of the place that when harvest was over, and the big boats drawn up high on the beach, to wile away the time, not suitable for other pursuits, in evening meetings, where songs were sung, poems recited, and riddles and proverbs given by each in turn. The "proverbs" were especially useful as a means of natural education, and not a few have testified in after life to the value of these meetings in the old house on the "Manus."

But, pleasant as were the Kirtomy days, young Mackay, with a keen eye to the future, moved "south," like many more of his countrymen. He was employed in the noted Cockburn Street shop carried on by his eldest brother and his partner. His brother dying a comparatively young man, Donald succeeded him, and in carrying on the business, earned a reputation for geniality and integrity—qualities which still characterise him. His connection with Cockburn Street was so long and well known that, although he has transferred his business to another quarter of the city, he is still

familiarly known as "Donald Mackay of Cockburn Street."

Mr. Mackay's interests are of a very varied character. Combined with strict and careful attention to business, he finds time to devote to a game of golf, and as partner or opponent, he is equally good-tempered and entertaining. He is a member of the Burgess Society Golf Club, and acted for some time on the committee of management.

In the affairs of the Sutherland Association he has taken deep interest and active part for many years, contributing to every scheme that had for its object the improvement of the condition of the people, or assisting to ameliorate the lot of those deprived by accident of those upon whom they depended.

In the formation of the Clan Mackay Society he cordially supported the late editor of this paper, the result being the strongest Clan Society in existence, and one imitated by various other clans. Mr. Mackay has very deservedly been honoured by the Society in appointing him successively to all the offices by which it is managed.

Mr. Mackay, one might think from all this, to be of an ambitious character, but nothing is further from his nature. The writer knows this full well, after an acquaintance extending well back to the middle of last century. Devoted to all that is best in the Highland movement, Mr. Mackay did much for the *Mòd* in its earlier struggle for existence, when it was not under such favourable auspices as it is to-day. The writer is only giving a few notes to accompany the portrait of our friend, and not writing a life of Donald Mackay. May the time for that be long distant.

In conclusion, let us convey to our friend the wish that Rob Donn so happily expressed regarding a friend of his:—

"Saoghal sona 'n deagh bheath dhuit,
'S deagh oighreachan bhi t' àit,
Is nìod eile dh' iondramain ort
'S an àm am faigh thu bàs."

AFTER CULLODEN.

By J. G. MACKAY.

*(Continued from page 173.)*THE DISARMING ACT AND THE PROSCRIPTION
OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

AFTER the rising of 1715, an Act of Parliament was passed making it unlawful for any person within the bounds of the Highland Counties to carry arms, but "that act not being found sufficient it was further enforced by an enactment in 1726, for the more effectual disarming the Highlands in that part of Great Britain called Scotland." This act was only intended to remain in force for seven years, but the government found to their no small disappointment, that, while the Whig Clans had to a very great extent delivered up their arms, the Jacobite Clans only delivered what was old and obsolete, and as we found at the landing of Prince Charlie, the friends of the Stewarts took the field fairly well armed while those clans which were loyal to the government had nothing to take the field with. This time, however, the government were determined that there should be no mistake. Consequently, on the 1st day of August 1746, an act was passed entitled—"An act for the more effectual disarming the Highlands in Scotland, and for the more effectually securing the peace of said Highlands, and for restraining the use of the Highland Dress."

Immediate action was considered necessary from the fact, to quote the words of the act, "That many persons within the said bounds and shires, still continued possessed of arms, and that, as a great number of those persons had lately raised and carried on a most audacious rebellion against his Majesty in favour of a popish pretender, and in prosecution thereof did, in a most traitorous and hostile manner, march into the southern parts of this Kingdom, took possession of several towns, raised contributions upon the country, and committed many other disorders, to the terror and great loss of many of his Majesty's faithful subjects."

This time, there was to be no evasion of the law. It was enacted that upon a certain day fixed by the Lord Lieutenants every man was to deliver up all his arms, failing which he was liable to a fine of £15, and if after that date any person was convicted by the oath of one or more witnesses of possessing arms he was liable to six months imprisonment or if considered fit by the judge he could be sent to America to serve in any of his Majesty's regiments as a soldier. But the harshest clause is to follow. It was hard enough to deprive them of their much loved weapons—the trusty Claidhemor, in

which they took such a pride, which had been their constant companion since ever they were able to wield it. In many cases, it was a sacred heirloom, handed down from father to son for many generations, and its well tempered blade showed by its many notches the many deadly struggles in which it had been engaged.

But the Highlander must throw aside his national garb—the very type of his own free, manly spirit, a garb which had been handed down to him from a period reaching beyond either history or tradition, and confine his limbs in the contemptible garb of his enemy, so, it was further enacted—

"That from and after the 1st day of August 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers or soldiers in his Majesty's forces, shall, on any pretence whatever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes, that is to say, the plaid, philabag or little kilt, trowis, shoulder belt or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb, and that no tartan or parti-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great-coats or upper coats."

The act goes on to say, "that any person convicted of having worn any part of said garments shall be imprisoned for six months, without bail, and for a second offence the offender was liable to be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations beyond the seas—there to remain for the space of seven years."

The Highland ladies had espoused the Jacobite cause so heartily, that they came in for a special clause—"If the person convicted shall be a woman, she shall over and above the said fine and imprisonment till payment, suffer imprisonment for the space of six callander months." Things had come to a severe pass surely, when the most stringent clause of the whole was reserved for the weaker sex.

As for the clause forbidding the carrying of arms the Highlanders could not but see that the government were only acting according to the dictates of common prudence, but to interfere with a matter so simple and personal as their dress, was clearly carrying the thing too far; it seemed as if the government wished to degrade and insult them to no purpose. They had already paid dearly for their unfortunate allegiance to the fallen cause and could not see the purpose of this silly oppression. "Had the whole race been decimated," remarks General Stewart, "more violent grief, indignation and shame, could not have been excited among them, than by being deprived of their long inherited costume."

If we may judge the feelings of the people, by the productions of the bards of the day,

they were certainly bitter enough. The following, from a translation of Alexander M'Donald's, "He 'n clo dubb," by Professor Blackie, will afford a good example of the spirit of them:—

A coward he was, not a king, who did it,
Banning with statutes the garb of the brave,
But the breast that wears the plaidie
Ne'er was a home to the heart of a slave.

Let them tear our bleeding bosoms,
Let them drain our latest veins,
In our hearts, is Charlie, Charlie,
While a spark of life remains.

If this punishment had been confined to the clans that took part in the rebellion, it would not have been so cruel, but friend and foe were treated alike—such cruel severity.—It was very hard for those clans who had remained faithful to the government, that they should have to suffer this degradation and shame, as the reward of their fidelity, not only to lay aside the swords they had used on behalf of the government, but to be compelled to carry the brand on their very backs; it looked as if it were more the intention to outrage their feelings as a race, than the act of a wise and just administration.

"It is impossible," says Dr. Johnson, "to read this act, without considering it rather as an ignorant wantonness of power, than the proceeding of a wise and beneficent legislature."

Several of the loyal chiefs remonstrated with the government, but to no purpose. Lord President Forbes, who had done such good service in checking the rising of many of the disaffected clans, and had raised the Highland Militia, entreated the government on behalf of his countrymen, but his prayers and solicitations were in vain. The value of any remonstrances on his part may be seen from the following quotation from the Anti-Jacobin Review:—"When he visited London in the end of the year 1746, for the purpose of settling the accounts he had run up with the Highland Militia, he as usual went to court, the King, whose ear had been offended with the repeated accounts of the conduct of the military, thus addressing him:—'My Lord President, you are the person I most wished to see.' Shocking reports have been circulated of the barbarities committed by my army in the north; your lordship is, of all men, the most able to satisfy me.'

'I wish to God,' replied the President, 'that I could, consistently with truth, assure your Majesty, that such reports are destitute of foundation.'

The King turned abruptly away from the President, whose accounts, next day, were passed with difficulty, and as some say, the balance, which was immense, never paid up."

To provide against any possibility of evading

the law, the following form of oath was devised:—

"I———do swear, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of Judgement, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession, any gun, sword, or pistol, or arm whatever; and never use any tartan plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property, may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, and relations; may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without christian burial, in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath."

If the framer of this oath was not himself a Highlander, he at all events had a most intimate knowledge of their feelings and character, of which he took the fullest advantage. He well knew the Highlander's love for family and kin; his dread of being stigmatised as a coward; his warm attachment to the land of his birth, and what an awful destiny he would consider it, "to lie without christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of his forefathers."

It was not to be expected that the Highlanders would submit to such treatment with good grace; and though we have no account of their making direct resistance, they took every possible means of evading the law. Habituated to the free use of their limbs, they could ill brook the restraint and confinement of the Lowland dress, and many were the little devices adopted to retain their ancient garb without incurring the penalty of the law, devices, says General Stewart, which were more calculated to excite a smile than rouse the vengeance of persecution. Instead of the prohibited tartan kilt, some wore pieces of blue, green, or thin red cloth, wrapped round the waist and reaching to the knee like the Feildeag. Some who, fearful of offending, or wishing to give obedience to the law, which had not specified on what part of the body the breeches were to be worn, satisfied themselves with having in their possession this article of legal or loyal dress, which, either as a signal of submission or probably to suit their own convenience when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon their sticks. Others who were more wary, or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches which gave it something of the form of the trousers worn by Dutch skippers.

We have to this day an instance of the contempt in which the breeches were held, in the dance *Seann Triubhas*, which is a burlesque on the awkward restraint of the Lowland garb in comparison with their own free and handy dress.

The Dress Act remained in force for thirty-

five years, and it was not till the year 1772 that this act, so ungenerous in itself, so unnecessary, and so galling, was repealed. In the session of that year the Duke of Montrose, then a Member of the House of Commons, brought in a bill to repeal all the penalties on the Celtic garb—it passed without a dissenting voice. We may well imagine the jubilation with which this was received in the Highlands, particularly among the older people, who had witnessed the disgrace of their cherished costume. The garb was now, however, so long forbidden, and the habits and circumstances of the people so much changed, that even after the repeal of the act, the dress was not universally resumed. The younger generation had by force of habit, become reconciled to the change, while the older portion could hardly be expected to resume the costume after thirty-five years of proscription. "The prohibitory laws," says General Stewart, "were so long in force that more than two-thirds of the generation who saw them enacted, had passed away before they were repealed. The youth of the latter period knew it only as an illegal garb to be worn only by stealth, under the fear of imprisonment and transportation. Breeches had become so common that it is remarkable how the plaid and kilt were resumed at all."

I must now, at this stage, correct a mistake made by mostly all our historians in writing of the Jacobite risings, in representing this as a war between Celt and Saxon or Highland and Lowland. Many maintain that on the field of Culloden the Celt made the last attempt to regain the supremacy in Scotland; others on the other hand, place this last race struggle on the field of Harlaw.

I am sorry that time or space will not permit of my entering into this discussion, but to any one who has made a study of the history of Scotland, it will be very difficult to realise how, whence or when this difference of race has arisen. I can only refer those of you who may be interested in this matter to what is known as the "Aberbrothoc Manifesto," which is a combined pleading and remonstrance to Pope John XXI, in the year 1320, in consequence of the manner in which the Holy See had been aiding and abetting Edward II in his attempt at the subjugation of Scotland. The manifesto is signed by all the Lowland barons, Highland chiefs and free tenants, in their own name, and in that of all the people of the kingdom of the Scots. They claim to be of the ancient nation of the Scots, and they claim that though often assailed by the Norwegians, Danes and English, that they had always kept themselves free from all servitude, as the histories of the ancients testify. Let, therefore, no Lowland Scot think,

that because he has lost his language, that he has changed his race.

But to come to the Jacobite Wars. At no time was there one half of the Highland Clans engaged on the Jacobite side. From the very beginning many of them were Covenanters and Whigs—Campbells, Grants of Strathspey, Colquhouns, Forbeses, MacFarlans, MacKays, MacNaughtons, Munros, Rosses, Sinclairs and Sutherlands. These were always on the Hanoverian side, and in the 1745 rising, there falls to be added the MacDonalds, and MacLeods of Skye, and the Mackenzies of Seaforth and Kintail, who were influenced by President Forbes.

Let us put it into figures and we can see how the matter stood.

The Campbells could put into the field say, 2000; Colquhouns, 500; Forbeses, 500; Grants of Strathspey, 600; MacKays, 1000; MacFarlans, 300; MacNaughtons, 300; Munros, Rosses, 600; Sinclairs, 1000; The Earl of Sutherland, 1500. To which we add, MacDonalds of Skye and North Uist, 1000; MacLeods of Skye and Harris, 1000; MacKenzies, 1500; Total, 12,300.

But where, ah where the Campbells' martial crest?
Where MacKenzie, Munro and all the rest?
Have Forbes, MacKay and Sutherland no place
Among the chivalry of Albyn's race?
Where Ross, Sinclair? Where Gunn and bold MacRae?
Where the MacNaughton and the MacLeod array?
Colquhoun, Buchanan, and MacFarlan too—
Why were their blades lost to the bonnets blue?

(To be continued.)

TO WHAT CLAN DID LORD CLYDE BELONG?

I HAVE seen it asserted over and over, that Lord Clyde was a Campbell both by his father and mother. I have never seen, however, a particle of evidence in support of this view. Strong assertions without valid reasons for making them, prove nothing.

I have also seen it asserted that Lord Clyde was a Macgregor. This view is supported by the following tradition:—When the Macgregors were under proscription, two of the clan came to Islay. On a certain Saturday night they came to the house of the great-grandfather of Neil Mactaggart. One of them carried a cruit or harp; the other carried stones for sharpening edge tools. The descendants of the former, came to be known as Clann a' Chruteir and the descendants of the latter as Clann an Lìomhair.

John Murdoch was born in 1818 and died in 1903. He paid me a visit in 1869 and spent two days with me. He was an intelligent man and was intimately acquainted with the state of

matters in the Highlands and with the traditions of Islay. I do not know when Neil Mactaggart was born. I suspect however, that he was older than John Murdoch. It is probable then, that he was born about 1800, at all events between 1790 and 1810.

By an act of the Privy Council in 1603 the Maegregors were commanded to adopt some other name. Such of them as would disobey this order were to be put to death. In 1784 the barbarous act of 1603 was repealed.

Traditions are not history; neither are they fictions of the imagination. They contain germs of truth, but these germs are covered up with so much ornamental drapery that it is not very easy to draw a line of separation between the two. I attach no importance to the assertion that the two wanderers came to the residence of Neil Mactaggart's great-grandfather on a Saturday night. Neither do I attach any importance to the assertion that one of them had a cruit or harp, and the other stones for sharpening and polishing tools. I am not prepared however, to dismiss the tradition as utterly worthless. It aims to teach two things; first, that the Maclivers and Clann a' Chruiteir were late arrivals in Islay, and, secondly, that it was believed at least by some persons in Islay, that they were both of Maegregor origin. I know nothing about Clann a' Chruiteir. They would probably be known in English as MacCrotters, or MacCrutters, or Harpers.

The transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for 1897-98 contains a valuable article by the late Dr. MacBain, on early Highland personal names. The following is an extract from it:—"Macliver is possibly from Gille Ibhair; the *i* of the former however, is long. It is an Islay name; Lord Clyde was really a Macliver, not a Campbell."

As the MacLivers were by no means a numerous clan, we have no ground for assuming that their progenitor was born earlier than the year 1500. But all the names derived from Saints were in existence hundreds of years before that date. Among these names we do not find Gillibar, or servant of St. Ibar. Gillibar would in course of time become Gillibhar or Gillivar.

As leughair or leughadair means reader so liomhair or liomhadair means polisher. It is probable then, that the name MacGilliomhair was originally MacGille an Liomhair, son of the servant or apprentice of the polisher. Gill' an Liomhair would become first, Gilliomhair, and next Liomhair. The Liomhair or polisher may have been a very important man. He may indeed have been a polisher or maker of swords, daggers and axes. The Islay blades—not the Islay blends—were famous in the fight-

ing days of old. They are frequently referred to, by the Gaelic bards.

Gille an Liomhair, or servant of the polisher, may have been equal to his master in skill. He was certainly a man of a good deal of prominence in Islay. Gille an Liomhair used as a surname would become first, Gill' a' Liomhair and next, Gilliomhair, which would become in English Gilliver. The surname Maegilliver would in a comparatively short time become in English Macliver. As *mh* in Gaelic represents the same sound as *v* in English, Liomhair is pronounced almost like leaver in English. It is probable that Macliver is pronounced to-day Maelyver, but the old and correct pronunciation of the name was Macleever. The father of Lord Clyde is described in the Register House Edinburgh, as John Macleever—a fact which shows that he was known, not as John Maelyver, but as John Macleever.

Gilliver, the progenitor of the Maclivers of Islay, must have been born between 1500 and 1530. He was succeeded in the line of descent by his son Finlay. Ewen, son of Finlay was living at Kilehoan, Islay in 1618. He appears in record in that year as Ewen MacFinlay Vic Gillevir, N. Ewen son of Finlay son of Gillevir. John Roy MacGilliver appears on record in Islay in 1686. He was probably a grandson of Ewen and was undoubtedly chief of the Maclivers. John, grandson of John Roy and chief of the Maclivers, possessed some property, at Ardnave in Islay. He fought for Prince Charles in 1745 and for his loyalty to the old Stewarts was deprived of his possessions whatever they may have been. He became a brewer and was known as an Grudaire or the Brewer. He had two sons, John and David.

Colin Campbell of Ardnahow married Agnes, daughter of Duncan Campbell of Sunderland, and had by her John, Colin and Agnes. John was a colonel in the army and was appointed governor of Portsmouth. Colin was killed in the American war.

John, son of the John Macliver who had fought for Prince Charles, was born in 1765 and was a carpenter by trade. He was not rich, but he was probably chief of the Maclivers. He married Agnes, daughter of John Campbell of Ardnahow and had by her three children, Colin, John, and Alice. He left Islay and went to live in Glasgow, where he could earn, by his useful and honourable trade, a living for himself and his family. Colin was born in Glasgow on the 28th of October 1792. John died at the early age of twenty-four.

Colin Macliver received a good education in Glasgow. Through the influence of his maternal uncle Col. John Campbell in Portsmouth, he obtained an ensigncy in the 9th Foot when o

sixteen years of age. He received his commission at the war office as Colin Campbell, not as Colin Macliver, the name by which he had been known until then. So far as known to me it is generally admitted that it was through the influence of his uncle his name was changed from Colin Macliver to Colin Campbell. But it is a matter of no consequence how the change of name was brought about. It is a fact that Colin was the son of John Macliver; it is also a fact that he received his commission in the army as Colin Campbell.

John Macliver died in Edinburgh in 1858 in the 93rd year of his age. Lord Clyde his son died in 1863. On February 25th 1867 Peter Stewart Macliver was served heir to Colin Macliver, otherwise Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Peter Stewart Macliver is described as the son of the late David Macliver, Ardnave, Islay, younger brother of John Macliver, father of Lord Clyde.

There is no ground for believing or even supposing, that the Maclivers were Campbells. The men who changed their name or had it changed for them and in spite of them, were almost invariably members of small and weak clans. But the Campbells were a large and strong clan. It is utterly improbable then, that any of them would have changed his name.

The early Macliver names were not Campbell names. We do not know what the name of their progenitor, Gilliver was. We know, however, that he called his son Finlay. It is possible then, that his father's name was Finlay. But Finlay was not a Campbell name. Malcolm son of Dugall Ciar Macgregor, appears on record in 1533. He called his fourth son Finlay. So far then, as dates are concerned, Gilliver may have been a son of Finlay, son of Dugall Ciar.

Ewen, the name of Finlay MacGilliver's son was not a Campbell name. It was a favourite name with the Camerons. We meet with it also among the Macgregors of Glenstrae, the Macnabs, the Maclarens, the MacEwens of Otter, and other clans or branches of clans.

I have never seen any reason, strong or weak, for believing or supposing for a moment, that the Maclivers were descended in the male line from Dougall Campbell of Lochow, or even from Duibhne. The traditions related by Neil Mactaggart and such early Macliver names as Finlay and Ewen favour the belief of those who maintain that the Maclivers were a branch of the Macgregors.

Whilst I consider it certain that the Maclivers were not Campbells, I am far from considering it certain that they were Macgregors; they may or may not have been, the probability being that they were.

Hopewell, Nova-Scotia.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

THE FERNAIG MS.

THE following poem is from The Fernaig MS. as revealed in "Reliquiæ Celticæ," Vol. II., page 127. The verses with odd numbers are in the original spelling; those in the even numbers are the writer's interpretation of them in the standard orthography. Much of the versification which has its origin in the far north of Scotland requires one to be properly conversant with the subjects treated of before it is possible to penetrate its obscurities; and this poem being thoroughly characteristic in that respect, and referring to a period in history, the details of which are lost, or buried in the national archives and rare books, offers little help from the context to the solution of its puzzling lines and words. The truth is, nothing is so well adapted to cause those who long after a simplified spelling, to pause and consider where they are going, than an exercise or two in transliterating the Fernaig MS. and that of the Dean of Lismore. It is positively irritating to find scholarly men calling this class of stuff "phonetic." Surely there is in Greek or Latin material from which to coin an appropriate name for it without having recourse to "phonetic"—a name which means that which this is not. Would not "pseudo-phonetic" meet the case?

The heading of the poem, which is inconsistently in English—like the signatures to many modern Gaelic articles!—is rather quaint, and may be rendered thus:—["A Song made by a certain harper about some officers who, for fear, resigned their commissions in King William's service. It is pretended by the author to be composed by one Gilmichael MacDonald, a tinker."] Hence the references to bellows, anvil, and hammer.

Doubtful words are rendered in italics.

An Song made be an certain Harper on the accmpt of some officers go for fear quat their Commissions in K: W: service & pretended to be compond be be on Gillimichell mcDonald tinkler as follows:—

1. Shejd nj büilg shin oollg ghom
Ri noonone . fajr i tort
Beg ojuj ghüne vi ajtirich
Sdeuh najighk go breh oirn
No vaillj nj nj lejn
Vo shi eidigh ha ra meoile
Mir yajnt i leum gair cvjne
Ach Rj Shemis hjighk go choire
2. Seid na builg sin nile dhomh :
Ri 'n innean fair an t-òrd ;
Beag iongnadh dhuinn bhi aighearach,
'S deagh naidheaidh gu breith òirn.
Na mhealladh mi mo léine,
Bho 's i'n éideadh tha ri m' fheòil,
Mur deanteadh leam gair éibhinn,
Ach Rìgh Seumas theachd g'a chòir.
3. Gad herr ead rish nj Kairdinin
Gir gna leo vi ri oile

- Cha noll misk no merran orm
Gairrish deù mj skoile
Ach shuid mir ha mj varroils
Ga yeammidigh mi gloir
Ris hainig ghanose orn
Gir failles ea na koih
4. Ged their iad ris na ceardanan
Gur gnàth leò bhì ri òl,
Cha 'n eil misg no mearan orm
Ag aithris duibh no sgeòil ;
Ach sud mar tha mo bharail-s',
Ge h-amaideach mo ghlòir :
An Rìgh-s' a thàinig dh' annas oirnn,
Gur fallsa e na ceo.
5. Sgìr eùmb naigh va ajirjgh
Ra eyhin as i hoise
Cha chredidg ead nach baingle ea
Hug flahis daj da yoine
Ach noùhre hig i sulje daj
Sì ghùiskis ead er choir
Cha vegg i tevir tuirse leo
Noùle rejn ead do
6. 'S gur iomadh neach bha aighearach
Ri fhaighinn as a thòs ;
Cha chreideadh iad nach b' aingeal e
Thug flaitheas daibh da dheòin ;
Ach nuair a thig an suilean daibh,
'S a dhùisgeas iad air chòir,
Cha bheag an t-aobhar tuirse leò
An ùmhail rinn iad dò.
7. Zerich ead gi bastjligh
Lea brattichin fa hoile
Is hreig ead i Rj dlessinigh
Shea Prùise bajtt i leo
Deuh nach moir i deùm-boy goj
Ra chùnttig er i hoise
Noùhre yisrich ead i coùndordiz
Mir henita quid deu cloicik
8. Dh' éirich iad gu bastalach
Le 'm brataichean fo sheòl ;
Is thréig iad an Rìgh dleasanach :
'S e 'm Prionns a b' aite leò.
An diugh nach mòr an diombaidh dhoibh,
R'a ehumtadh air a thòs,
Nuair dh' fhiosraich iad an eunnartan,
Mar thionnaldh euid an cleòe.
9. Noùyr gairhrich ead ea failigig
Cha tavig ead da doime
Va geilt is groym da sarichig
Vo groyh go sajle i broig
Ord Gouh nj cairdigh
Gad harlig ea no doirn
Cha sparrig ead j trahid leish
Natigin go ero
10. Nuair dh' fhairich iad e fàilingeach,
Cha tàmhadh iad d'an deòin ;
Bha geilt is gruaim d' an sàrachadh
Blo 'n gruaidh gu sàil an bròg.
Ord gobha na ceàrdaich,
Ged thàrladh e 'nan dòrn,
Cha sparradh iad an t-snàthad leis
An àrteigin gu erò.
11. Ach fàjr fàjr lastolighk
Va shin ga bea onyre
Vo chapuinn go majorin
Ha draist er dull a foymb
Hijlt leo gi bjig skeyhin
Er da hrjn snj va stiv touh
sGi sheulig ead mir ryllig ead
Nj heyrmaidlin er loise
12. Ach faire, faire ! làstalachd—
Bha sin 'gam bàthadh uair,
Bho chaipteanan gu màidsearan
Tha 'n dràsdl air dol á fuaim ;
Shaoilt' leo gu 'm bitheadh sgiathan air
Dà thrian 's na bha 's taobh tuath,
'S gu 'n siùbhladh iad mar riaghladh iad
Na h-iarmailtean air luaths.
13. Ach ha quyle nortùne avirdigh
Dar hig i straghk na conhrt
Vail j rears mir charrj leat
No barroile mjltive sloyh
Sno dùgt geir i najrh yi
Ha trejn dea carrighk croy
Cha no e,me strj no arlanì daj
Go lave hoird er i boylh
14. Ach tha cuibhl' an fhòrtain àghartach
Dar thig an stràic mu 'n cuairt ;
A' bhail a réir 's mar charadh leath'
'Nam barail miltbhi sluaigh ;
'S na'n d' thugteadh geur an aire dhith,
Tha trian de 'carachd eruaidh ;
Cha 'n fhoghaim stri no àrdan daibh
Gu làmh thoirt air a buaidh.
15. Sleir j vla ra eackshin
Er nj Captinins va noùh
Zindrig gi trein achkinnigh
Glei hattarigh j foyme
Ga bi voir j tarànigh
Nouyhe hair ead ajt er sloùh
Chuir clagh ghon nardorrish
Büyn si salj voyh
16. 'S léir a bhlàth r'a fhaiesinn air
Na Caipteanan-s bha nuadh,
Dh' inntrig gu treun, aefhuinneach,
Glé thartarach am fuaim ;
Gu'm bu mhór an tairneanach
Nuair thàrl iad àit' air sluaigh ;
Chuir clach dhon an àrdorus
Am buinn 's an sàilean bhuath'.
17. Va na duile i nùrri
Dar i squirrig ead nj gleise
Gi gelig gigh eullj naigh
Go vrrim hoird daj pèin
Dùbird Vaim gin chùnnolis
Cha shain aghkles i feimb
Na bougg go quir ù nuimn ea
Gad veymin ù di leimb
18. Bha 'nan dùil an uradh,
Dar a sguireadh iad na gleus',
Gu 'n géilleadh gach uile neach
Gu urram thoirt daibh pèin ;
Dubhairt *Vaughan* gun chumhalas :
"Chaidh 'n seanfhaical-s' am feum :
Na *buay* gu 'n cuir thu *umum* e
Ged mhuonnam thu do leum."
(*To be continued.*)

THE MACNEILLS OF COLONSAV, as such, only go back to 1780, when Donald MacNeill of Crearer, acquired from Archibald, Duke of Argyll, the island of Colonsay and Oronsay in exchange for the lands of Crearer, in South Knapdale, Druim-dorishaig, and others.

THE CAMPBELLS.—The original origin of the Campbells, who are called in Gaelic "Clann Diarmaid," descendants of Diarmid, is that they are descended from the famous Fingalian hero, "Diarmid of Duibhne," who slew the wild boar, hence the boar's head as the crest of the Campbells.

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

By FIONN.

(Continued from page 178.)

OCTOBER.

THIS month takes its English name from the Latin *octus* eight, and was at one time the eighth month of the year. It is called in Gaelic *Deireadh an fhoghair*—end of autumn or harvest, Manx *Mee's jerree yn ouyr*—the last month of autumn.

The eleventh of the month is known as *an t-scann fhéill Micheil*—Michaelmas O.S. The eighteenth is recognised by the church as *An fhéill Luceis*—the Festival of St. Luke.

The eve of the thirty-first is known as *Hallow-e'en*—*Oidhehe Shamhna*. *Samhuinn* formed one of the divisions of the Gaelic year. We have referred to the meaning of the term *Samhuinn*—summer end, when dealing with the great divisions of the year. The observances of *Hallowe'en* must be more or less familiar to our readers for they have not died out in the Highlands yet. As the notes usually appended to Burns poem on "*Hallowe'en*" give a good account of the leading observances, we shall only refer to a few of them.

Pulling the Kail Stock.—The company concerned must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with, and its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all the spells—the husband or wife, as the case may be. If any *yird* or earth sticks to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, *i.e.*, heart of the stem,—is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems—or, to give them their ordinary appellations, the *ruints*—are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of the people whom chance directs into the house are, according to the priority of placing the "*ruints*," the names in question. Mr. Pennant makes allusion to this quaint custom in his "*Tour in Scotland*," saying that, "the young women there determine the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold on All Hallow Even."

The Blue Clue is another curious West of Scotland spell on this great night, and whoever would try it successfully must, according to Burns, "steal out all alone to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one, and towards the latter end something will hold the thread. Demand, 'Wha hands?'—*i.e.*, who holds? (*C'o so shios air ceann mo ròpain!*) An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot by

naming the christian and surname of your future spouse."

To eat the apple at the glass—which is another of these quaint observances—you must take a candle, and again go along to a looking-glass and eat an apple before it—and some traditions say you should comb your hair the while—and the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass as if peeping over your shoulders.

Sowing the hempseed, a custom performed somewhat after the same manner as the foregoing, is, however, by no means confined to Scotland. The observer of it must steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with anything he can conveniently draw after him. He must then repeat the words, "Hempseed I saw thee, hempseed I saw thee; and her that is to be my true love come after thee and pu' thee," when on looking over his shoulder, the appearance of the person invoked will be seen in the attitude of pulling hemp.

Dipping your left shirt-sleeve in the burn where the laird's lands meet is a ceremony of a much more social character than most of the others mentioned, as, to perform it, you must go out with one or more to a south-running spring or rivulet where three lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt-sleeve; you must then go to bed in sight of a fire at which you are required to hang your wet shirt-sleeve to dry, and lying awake, some time near midnight an apparition having the exact figure of the grand object in question will come, according to the tradition, and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side.

About the end of this month, unless the season had been unusually backward, the work of the reapers was done. There are many interesting customs, some of them peculiar to the Highlands, associated with harvest operations. Of late years, however, the scythe, and later still the reaping-machine, has silenced the merry laugh and hearty song of the reapers, and in a large measure put an end to many customs connected with harvesting. In days gone by when the corn was cut with the sickle or hook, as it is still to a limited extent in some parts of the Highlands, bands of reapers made their way from their native isles and glens to the then distant Lowlands, returning in good time to overtake their own harvest. Who, who can read Gaelic, has not read the vivid description given by the late Dr Norman Macleod—*Caraid nan Guidheal*, in one of those inimitable letters which he makes *Fionnlaidh Piobaire* write, of a band of reapers leaving the Highlands to engage in harvest operations in the Lowlands.

When cut the sheaves were set up on the field in rows to dry—twelve sheaves making a shock—(Scotch stook) Gaelic, “*aday*.” On the last day of harvesting it was common to have a friendly contention as to superiority and speed. Each ridge was taken by two or three, and the various bands strove as to which of them would reach the end first. Probably it was this rivalry that gave rise to the saying—“*Is fearr leum-iochd a’s t-Fhoghar na squab a bharrachd.*” A balk (Scotch bank) in autumn is better than a sheaf more. The reaper who was fortunate enough to come on a “*leum-iochd*” or “*baile*” would be glad to have so much the less to cut. In the Lowlands this competition was called a *kemping*, which simply means a striving. In the North of England it was called a *mell*, probably from the French *mêlée*. As the reapers went on during the last day they took care to leave a good handful of the grain uncut, but laid down flat and covered over, and when the field was done the bonniest lass was allowed to cut this handful, which was presently dressed up and called *Maighdean bhana* (harvest maiden) and preserved in the farmer’s parlour till the spring, when it was given as a handful to the horses on the first day of spring ploughing. It may be noted that in some districts the final handful of corn was tied up and erected, and the reapers, one after another, threw their sickles at it to cut it down. When cut down it was called in England a *Mare*, and in the Highlands (Skye particularly) a *Ghobhar bhacach*, the cripple goat and was sent to the next farmer or crofter who was still at work with his crops, it being necessary for the bearer of this handful to take some care that on delivery he should be able instantly to take to his heels and escape the punishment otherwise sure to befall him. In some places this last handful was called *A’ Chailleach*, the carlin—and was passed on from one neighbour to another, till it landed with him who was latest. That man’s penalty was to provide for the dearth of the township—*gort a’ bhaite*—in the ensuing season. That it was customary to have music on the harvest field is beyond doubt. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Highlands in 1773, writes:—“The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the Harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany in the Highlands every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness.” In the “Statistical Account of Scotland” (1797) reference is made to a certain farm in Perthshire where a piper was kept to play to the shearers all the time of harvest, who gave him his harvest fee. In Wordsworth’s poem to “The Solitary Reaper”

—probably a Highland lassie reaping her father’s croft—we have further confirmation of the custom referred to—

“Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne’er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the furthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago
Or is it some more humble lay
Familiar matter of to day,
From natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been and may be again?

Whate’r the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o’er the sickle bending;
I listened motionless and still,
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.”

On the evening of the day on which the “maiden” was caught it was customary to have what was called “the maiden feast,” or *Deire-bhanna*. This was called in the Lowlands “The Kirn”—supposed to be from the kirn or churn of cream presented to the reapers on the occasion—made into what is known as *fuarag*, Scotch “crowdie.” In olden times, when the quern was in common use in the Highlands, the meal for the *fuarag* was of that season’s crop.

(To be continued.)

THE KENNEDYS.—The Gaelic of Kennedy is “Mac Ualraig,” or “Mac Uaraig,” at least in Lochaber and vicinity. It is derived from one Ulrick Kennedy, a son of the family of Dunure who fled divers ages ago to Lochaber, his progeny from the proper name of their ancestor deriving the surname of Mac Ualraigs, the principal person of whom, in 1723, was Mac-Walrick of Lianachan, Lochaber.

THE GLENGARRY WAR-CRY.—When Glengarry of 1822 sold the estate to the Marquis of Huntly, he stipulated that in no time should the Marquis of Huntly or his successors assume the name or title of Glengarry or of Invergarry. The present Glengarry is Eneas Ronald Westrop MacDonell. The badge is common heath, and the war-cry, “Creagan an Fhithich”—the raven’s rock.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

We have to thank Miss MacNair, Library of Congress, Washington, for her Bibliography of the Clan MacFarlane.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY CELTIC LECTURER.—Rev. George Calder, M.A., B.D., Strathfillan, has been appointed Celtic Lecturer at Glasgow University in succession to the late Rev. Dr. George Henderson. He delivers his inaugural address about the end of this month.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, BULAWAYO.—The "Rodesia Journal" gives a long account of the Highland games at Bulawayo lately:—"The Caledonian Society of Bulawayo is a very live body, managed by enthusiastic officers, and supported with whole-hearted zeal by the Scotsmen of Matabeleland. They proved their mettle last year when they revived the annual Scottish festival with great success, but this year they surpassed themselves and established a record they themselves will find it hard to beat in the future." *"Gun robbh buidh leis na seoid!"*

THE MACKINNON CLAN is a branch of the Clan Alpine, and their traditionary descent is from Fingon, grandson of Gregor, son of Kenneth MacAlpine, King of the Scots. A family of MacKinnons held for many generations the post of hereditary standard-bearers to the MacDonalds of Sleat, and had the township of Duisdale-beg, near Isle Ormsay, Sleat, as the reward for their services.

CLAN ALPINE'S VOW.

THE following reference is given by Miss Murray MacGregor, Perth, the Clan Gregor historian, and explains what is known as "Clan Alpine's Vow." John Drummond of Drummond-ernoch, forester in Glenartney, was murdered in 1589. The Clan Gregor was accused of perpetrating the deed, and, for some reason, not evident, they piqued themselves on taking the blame on their own sorely-harrassed shoulders. The murderers cut off Drummond-ernoch's head and carried the same to the Laird of Macgregor. It is recorded that he convened the whole surname to meet the following Sunday at the Church of Balquhider, and there the clan took the whole blame upon themselves, and swore to defend the authors of the crime. This appears to have been the origin of "Clan Alpine's Vow." There are various strong refutations of the story.

CLAN ALPINE'S VOW.

Quotation from a poem by Sir Alexander Boswell, printed in 1811, but not published:—

And, pausing on the banner, gazed,
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,
"This was the boon of Scotland's King,"
And with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away,
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved, he scann'd the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsions grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk and dim.
But unappalled, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved, he stood,
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasped his brand:
Then, kneeling, he cried—"To Heaven I swear
This deed of death I own, and share;
As truly, fully mine as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow:
Come, then, on, our foemen, one come all;
To revenge this caiff's fall
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn
To claim from them or claim from him,
In retribution limb for limb,
In sudden fray or open strife
This steel shall render life for life."
He ceased, and at his beckoning nod
The clansmen to the altar trod;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And nought was heard of mortal sound,
Save for the clanking arms they bore
That rattled on the marble floor,
And each, as he approached in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed:
With livid lips and gathered brow
Each uttered in turn the vow.
Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing scene,
And searched them through with glances keen,
Then dashed a tear-drop from his eye—
Unbid it came, he knew not why—
Exulting high he towering stood:
"Kinsmen," he cried, "of Alpin's blood
And worthy of Clan Alpin's name,
Unstained by cowardice or shame,
E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill
Shall be Clan Alpin's legend still."

BEAULY PRIORY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

By J. A. MACKEGGIE.

NEARLY seven eventful centuries have rolled by since Beauly Priory was founded by John Bisset of Lovat on the North bank of the River Beauly, by the side of the great north road, and near to the present boundary line, between Ross and Inverness. The site was well chosen, amid rich alluvial soil and by a well stocked river, with the grand hills of Strathglass and Ross in the back ground.

added to, the latest addition having been made by Prior Reid about 1544. He then lengthened the chapel considerably, making it for its breadth one of the longest in Scotland. He also about this time erected for himself "a spacious and handsome house with six vaulted rooms on the ground floor." No trace of this house now remains.

The Priory, when completed, was not large, if we compare it with the religious houses of the South, but for the Highlands at that time, it was undoubtedly of imposing proportions. Even today as the traveller walks up the venerable avenue of lofty and aged elms, he cannot but



BEAULY PRIORY.

The building was begun about the year 1230 in what may truly be called the golden age of stone and lime, when every workman was a master of his craft and took a pardonable pride in the work of his hands. The sign of the workman can still be seen on many of the stones, and time's effacing fingers have made little impression on what is left of the masonry, though roofless now for over two hundred and fifty years, for

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

Though begun about 1230 the buildings, as is usual with such structures, were always being

be struck by the high gable that meets him, towering amid the topmost branches of the trees. It lacks the copestone but is otherwise entire. Above the great door can be seen a shield carved in stone with the Initials R. R. and below a stag's head with a Bishop's crozier issuing in front of the antlers. These are the initials and coat of arms of Bishop Robert Reid who extended the church and erected this gable. As we enter, the great length as compared with the breadth of the chapel, at once attracts attention. Roughly I should say it runs about 150 feet long by 24 feet broad. The four walls of the chapel are almost entire, and give us a good idea of the whole design with its varied architectural

features. The eastern and older part is of the early English style and with its fine windows give character and beauty to the whole. The western portion erected by Bishop Reid, is a poor and late imitation of the early period. I need not go into wearisome detail and minute description, but may just add that it is recorded that the wife of Hugh, first Fraser of Lovat, repaired the great east window with "baken glass."

Opening off the church, below the altar, we have the chapel of St. Catherine to the North, and a smaller chapel just opposite to the South, these two with the church forming a cross. In St. Catherine's chapel there is a hexagonal turret at the north west corner, up which there was formerly a stone stair, and it is the scene of the legend of the tailor which I shall relate later. All the rest of the Priory buildings are gone, but traces on the south side of the church indicate that they extended in that direction towards the river, and probably formed a square and covered a considerable area.

Of the monks for whom the Priory was built, there is not much to relate. They were called Valliscaulians and were of French origin. The order is now merged in the Cistercians. Only three houses of Valliscaulians were ever established in the British Isles, and curiously enough they are all in the Highlands, the other two being at Pluscardine in Moray and Ardehatten in Argyle. The three were founded in the same year and were intended to "influence for good by precept and example the people of the country and to introduce continental learning and piety."

The good monks remained true to this ideal right through their history. In this quiet retreat, in addition to their religious duties, two good and gentle tastes were cultivated—the love of gardens and the love of books. Their house was not only the retreat of pious men, but it was also a house of learning and an excellent school, and further, in those far away days when the land was full of violence, it may also be said, that it stood as an example and reminder of self restraint, peace, and order: of a life of industry and such works as the most ignorant must acknowledge to be good, for there the poor and the sick were received and cared for, the young taught, and the old sheltered. The rules of the order were very strict. Here are some of them:—

"From the feast of the Lord's resurrection down to the exaltation of the Holy Cross (14 Sept.) you shall eat twice in the day, being content on Fridays with bread and water and one relish to it."

"You shall observe silence."

"Women shall not enter the inner bounds,

nor shall you pass the outer bounds, except the Prior on business of the order."

"You shall wear hair shirts next your skin: those, however, who cannot endure these are not compelled to do so."

"You are on no account to put on linen or hempen garments, but to cloathe yourselves in white dresses of coarse wool and fur."

"You shall all lie down in your tunics with your girdles on and your shoes on."

These are very drastic rules and are probably more the aim of the order than the attained standard. Still, with all allowances the life was one of rigour and confinement, and exercise for both body and mind must be found to maintain the monks in good health. The necessary exercise for the body was found in daily cultivating and dressing the garden of fruits and herbs within the bounds of the Priory. The monks paid great attention to their garden and orchard and got good results. It is reported that "one tree in that orchard carried ten bolls of pears which were shaken and measured in pecks and firlots, good ripe fruit." An apple and a pear tree of the orchard still survived and bore fruit in my young days and many an apple and pear have I gathered from them. The trunk of the apple tree was six feet in circumference and the pear tree eight feet four inches. No trace of the orchard now remains, save that the site is still known as the Orchard Park, and the spade work of the monks is still very evident in the exceeding richness and fertility of the soil.

For the exercise of their minds they collected a large library. The only book that I know of, that still survives, is in the possession of Mr. William Mackay, Inverness.

The Monks also found a very useful outlet for their surplus energy in acting as Teachers to the sons of the northern chiefs and their relatives. In fact they developed their House into an eminent educational seminary. In 1507 Lord Lovat had four sons who were "well educated in the Priory," and we are told of Prior Dawson, "a man of authority, ripe wit and gravity, whose hospitality was generally known," that he was "most obliging in educating gentlemen's children in the Priory which was the only school in our north." Bishop Reid, when Prior, so extended and improved this monastic school that it became "a lamp of learning to the north." These educational facilities seem to have been maintained right up to the Reformation and must have been a great boon to the northern Highlands.

To turn now to the name of the Priory—Beaulieu. It is one of the few French place names in the Highlands and we are indebted to the Monks for it. Many fanciful but futile

attempts have been made to find a Gaelic derivation for this name, such as "Beul-ath" or mouth of the ford, as it stands by the famous Stockford of Ross as the ford of the Beaully was called of old; and "Bealaidh" from broom which grows luxuriantly in the district.

Tradition has it, too, that the name was given by Mary Queen of Scots when she stayed for a night in the "spacious house" of Bishop Reid on her way to Ross. The local tale is that when the Queen awoke in the morning and looked out upon her beautiful surroundings she exclaimed "C'est un beau lieu"—"It is a beautiful place." Queen Mary may indeed have said so, but if she did, it was in confirmation of the name brought by the Monks from France more than three hundred years before. There are not less than eight places with the name "Beaulieu" in France and one at least in England in the new forest in Hampshire. The one in England is pronounced "Beaully" as in the Highlands, though still written in the French form Beaulieu. Not many years ago a friend of mine, a native of our northern Beaully, had rather a strange experience in this connection. He was on a tramping tour in the New Forest, and had wandered somewhat out of his way. Accosting a passer by for direction, he was rather startled to be told "to keep straight on and he would reach Beaully." He looked rather sharply at the man expecting to see a kent face, but no, he was a perfect stranger. So he said "He reckoned that would be rather a long tramp," only to be told "just a couple of miles." The darkness deepened with this information, but further inquiry made matters clear when he discovered that it was "Beaulieu," as he called it, that was meant, and not his native village.

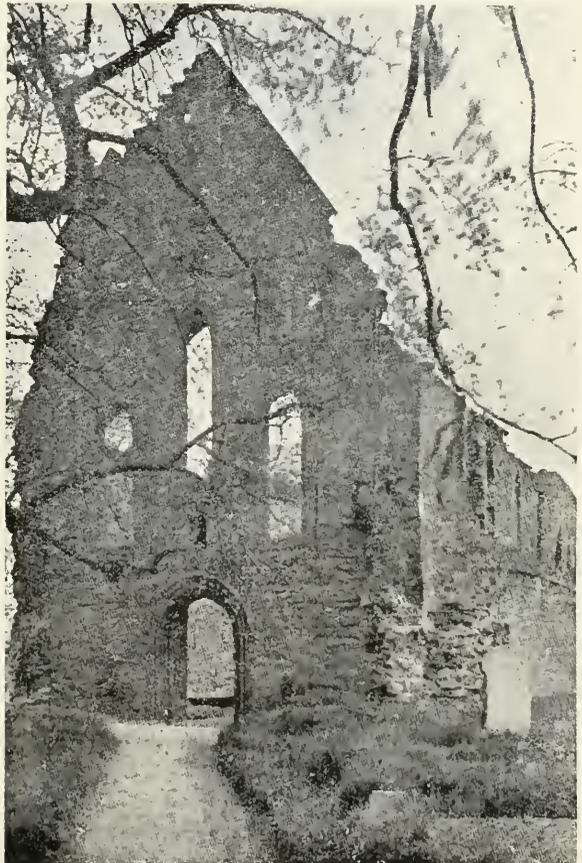
The veneration with which the Priory was regarded in the surrounding country is significantly shewn by the fact that the chiefs and principal families of the neighbouring clans of Mackenzie, Fraser, and Chisholm sought and obtained burial within the sacred edifice.

I doubt not that the founder, John Bisset of Lovat, was also buried there, but if so there is no trace of his tomb. The family of Bisset, for a short time all-powerful in the district, have left the Priory as their only memorial. It still helps to keep their memory green. They appear somewhat mysteriously in the Aird only to disappear as mysteriously. The one local tradition regarding them is embodied in the old

saying "Friscalich am boll a miné," "Fraser of the boll of meal," indicating that the Frasers had changed their name from Bisset to Fraser for that very substantial reason.

The Bissets and others who followed them liberally endowed the Priory. In addition to the fishings of the River Beaully, of which the Monks were strict keepers—"nay, so ehurlish and near, that they would not permit any to angle with hook or line upon either side,"—they owned the land from Breackachy to Tarradale, a distance of six miles. They were not so ehurlish with their land, but proved good and generous landlords, letting their lands to kindly tenants on such easy terms, that a perpetual feu at the rent they received, was worth about forty years purchase.

Our Priory passed through the stirring wars of Bruce and Wallace, leaving no record of them behind. It was too far removed from the seat of conflict, and the quiet retreat of the monks was unmolested. *(To be continued.)*



BEAULY PRIORY (Inside View).

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 179.)

Am fear a's math le 'mhnaoi a bhi diombuan,
chaoidh cha dual dha 'bhi fallain.

He whose wife wishes him short life can't be
in good health.

This proverb is often prefixed by the saying—“Aran is uibhean tioram, culaidh 'mharbhaidh Mhic Samhain”—“Dry bread and eggs would be the death of a savage.”

Aon nighean caillich, aon eun teallaich.

The old wife's only daughter, the one hearth-chicken.

Aon mhac an truaighe is dualach gu'n téid e 'dhollaidh.

The unfortunate little only son, 'tis natural he should go wrong.

Aon mhac caillich 's aon mhart muilleir.

An old woman's only son, and a miller's one cow—generally well provided for.

Ann an coilleach an t-sruth.

In the eddy of the stream.

Ann am mullach nam meall.

At the top of the heights.

An rud nach gabh nighe cha ghabh e fásadh.

What will not wash will not wring.

An ni a gheall Dia, cha mheall duine.

What God has promised man cannot baulk.

An ni a tha 'n dàn tachraidh e.

What is fated will happen.

An ni 'chi 'na big 's e ni na big,

Na 'chluinneas iad 'se chanas iad.

What the little ones see the little ones do ;

And what they hear is what they say.

Aineach a ghéilleas do ghiseagan géilleadh giseagan dha.

He that yields to spells, let spells yield to.

An lámh a bheir 's i a gheibh.

The hand that gives is the hand that gets.

An là 'chi 's nach fhaic.

The day I see you and the day I see you not.

[This means that you will think of the person addressed whether present or absent.]

An inisg 'g a cur 's a lynn aige a bhaile.

The reproach getting spread, and its root at home.

An gad air an robh an t-iasg.

The withe on which the fish was.

An cron a bhios 's an aodann cha 'n fhaodar a chleith.

The fault that's in the face cannot be hid.

An cleachdadh a bh' aig Niall bha e riamh ris.

The habit Neill had he always stuck to.

Am fear a gheallas 'se' dh' iocas.

He that promises must pay.

Am fear a gheibh ainm na moch-éirigh, faodaidh e laidhe anmoch.

He that gets the name of early rising may lie late in bed.

Am fear a dh'itheas a sheanmhair, faodaidh e 'h-eanraich òl.

He that eats his grandmother may sup her juice.

Am fear a bhuaileadh mo chù bhuaileadh e mi fhéin na 'm faodadh e.

He that would strike my dog would strike me if he dared.

Am fear a bhios modhail bidh e modhail ris a h-uile duine.

He that is courteous will be courteous to all.

Am fear a bhios gun mhodh, saoilidh e gur modh am mi-mhodh.

He that is rude thinks his rudeness good manners.

Am fear a bhios fada gun éirigh bidh e 'na leum fad an latha.

He who is late of rising has to leap about all day.

Am fear a bhios earach 's a bhàile so bidh e carach 's a bhàil' ud thall.

He who is tricky in this town will be tricky elsewhere.

Am fear a bhios an diugh 'an uachdar, car mu char a nuas e 'maireach.

He that's uppermost to-day turn by turn is down to-morrow.

Am fear a bhios air dheireadh beiridh a bhiast air.

Him that's last the beast will catch.

Am fear a bhios a' riarachadh na maraig' bidh an ceann reamhar aige fhéin.

The man that divides the pudding will have the thick end to himself.

An car a bhios 'sa mhathair is gnath leis a bhi 's an nighinn.

The twist that's in the mother is generally found in the daughter.

Am fear a ghleidheas a theanga, gleidhidh e 'charaid.

He who holds his tongue will hold his friend.

Am fear a ghoideadh an t-ugh-eiree, ghoiidheadh e 'n t-ugh-geòidh.

He who would steal the hen egg would steal the goose egg.

Am fear a ni diorras, is iomadh a ni diorras ris.

He that is obstinate will often meet his match.

Am fear a phòsas bean pòsaidh e dragh.

He that marries a wife marries trouble.

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACFARLANE.

(FACTS AND FANCIES.)

THE following brief account is not intended as an historic sketch. That will doubtless appear when the recently formed Clan Society gets thoroughly established. Meantime there are a number of odds and ends—Facts and Fancies—connected with the clan that may prove interesting to the members and may prove valuable to the future historian whoever he may be.

HISTORIC FACTS.

This is an ancient clan belonging to the Lennox district, Arrochar being regarded as its cradle. The clan occupied the land forming the western shore from Loch Lomond from Tarbet upwards. From Loch Sloy, a small sheet of water near the foot of Ben Voirlich, they took their war cry "Loch Slòigh." The ancestor of the clan was Gilchrist, brother of Maldowen the third Earl of Lennox. Gilchrist's grandson was Bartholomew, which in Gaelic is "Parlan," from whom the clan are designed, the letters "Ph" in "MacPhàrlain" sounding like F in Gaelic.

In 1373, the death of Donald, the sixth and last of the old Earls of Lennox, without male issue, left the Chief of the Clan MacFarlane the male representative of the old Lennox family. The claim was disputed, and ultimately the Earldom of Lennox was conferred on Sir John Stewart of Darnley, who married Elizabeth, one of the daughters of the last Earl of Lennox of the old line. The resistance of the MacFarlanes to the *Stewart* Earl of Lennox would appear to have been the beginning of the end of their destruction as a clan. That the MacFarlanes were not entirely deprived of their territory was in consequence of the marriage of Andrew, head of one of the cadet branches, to the daughter of John Stewart, Earl of Lennox. By this marriage Andrew MacFarlane obtained possession of the clan territory of Arrochar. His son, Sir John MacFarlane, assumed in 1493, the designation of Captain of the Clan MacFarlane, the clan refusing him the higher title of Chief, seeing that he was not the representative of the ancient Chiefs of the clan, which family had become extinct in the male line some time previously to this.

The Clan MacFarlane became a "broken clan" towards the end of the sixteenth century. The last descendant of the Chiefs is said to have gone to America at the end of the eighteenth century, and there does not seem to be any trace of his descendants, so that the clan is virtually landless and chiefless.

The badge of the clan is cloudberry, Gaelic, "Oireag" or Foighreag, and "Muileag"—cranberry. This clan like a few others had an unenviable reputation for "cattle lifting"—the moon being called in the district of Lennox MacFarlane's lantern, it being so serviceable to the clan on these predatory excursions. The gathering of the clan is "Thogail nam bò"—"Lifting the cattle"—and it was doubtless this tune which Sir Walter Scott had before his mind when he wrote regarding the clan—

We are bound to drive the bullocks
All by hollows, hirsts and hillocks,
Through the sleet and through the rain ;
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake or hill of snow,
Boldly and heartily we go,
And all for little gain.

The pipe tune—the Gathering of the Clan—"Thogail nam bò," was rescued from oblivion by Provost MacFarlan, Dumbarton, who has had it published.

The MacFarlanes appear to have been as turbulent as their neighbours, the Clan Gregor, and, like them, were proscribed and deprived of lands and name. By the Act of the Estates of 1587, the MacFarlanes were declared one of the clans for whom the Chief was held responsible, by another Act, passed in 1594, they were denounced as being in the habit of committing theft, robbery and oppression; and in 1624, many of the clan were tried and convicted of theft and robbery. Thereafter there was a general deportation of the members of the clan to different parts of the kingdom, where they assumed various surnames. Many settled under different names, in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire.

Buchanan of Auchmar (1820) writing about

THE SEPTS OF THE CLAN

tells us that "There is a vast number of descendants from the dependants of the surname of MacFarlane, of which those of most account are a sept termed Allans or MacAllans, who are so called from Allan MacFarlane their predecessor, a younger son of one of the lairds of MacFarlane, who went north and settled there. They reside mostly in Mar, Strathdon and other northern countries." Buchanan goes on to give a list of the MacFarlane dependants, viz:—MacCause or Thomassons, MacWalter, MacNair, MacEoin, MacErracher, MacWilliams or Williamsons, MacAindra, MacNiter, MacInstalker, MacJock, Parlan, Farlan, Gruamack, Kinnieson, MacNuyer, MacKinlay, MacRobb, MacGreusaich, Smith, Miller, Monach, etc.

Some of these sept names have their origin in trades and professions. MacNiter is a phonetic representation of "Mac-an-fhigheadair"—son of the weaver—while MacGreusach is son of the "greusaich" or shoemaker—from

which we have the Lowland Souter. "Mac-Instalker" is the son of the stalker—which is now represented by Stalker only. "MacJock" is our modern Jackson or Jockson. The Mac-Nuyers of the Lennox now go by the name of Weir.

The legend which gave origin to the "Mac-an-Oigres" or MacNairs of Lennox is as follows:—In the reign of James III. of Scotland the Laird of MacFarlane was slain at the battle of Sauchieburn, Stirling, in the year 1488, leaving a widow, who was an English lady, the mother of one son: he also left a son by his first wife, who was his heir: but this son and heir had the misfortune to be proud, vain, silly, and a little weak minded. His half-brother was possessed of a beautiful grey horse, which had been given to him by some of his mother's relatives. The elder brother was about to set out for Stirling, and was very desirous of riding this horse, wishing, as the young chief, to make a good appearance. The step-mother refused the loan of the animal, alleging, as her reason for so doing, her fear that it would not be safely brought back. Her denial only made the young man more persistent. Finally a written agreement was drawn up and signed by the heir, in which he promised to forfeit to his half-brother his lands of Arrochar, in case the horse was not safely returned. The step-mother bribed the groom in attendance to poison the horse on the second day from home, and the estate accordingly went to the younger brother. The clan refused to receive the latter as their chief, but combined to acknowledge the elder brother as such, though not possessed of the lands of Arrochar. Some years later, by special Act of Parliament, these lands were restored to the rightful heir. Old people in Lennox still refer to certain MacFarlanes as "Sliochd an eich bhàin," descendants of the white horse, being those who followed the half-brother in contradistinction to those who followed the heir, or "Clann an Oighre," as they called themselves.

THE MACFARLANE SWANS.

The chief of the Macfarlanes had a famous flock of swans. They were long located on Loch Lomond, and their presence was regarded as a good omen to the Macfarlane family. In the time of the last chief, however, a certain Robert MacPharic, gifted with second sight, surprised the clansmen by the assertion that Macfarlane's days at Arrochar were numbered, and proceeded:—"The person who comes in his place will be a stranger to us, and will make parlour and kitchen a pig-sty, and shortly before that happens a black swan will come and settle among Macfarlane's swans, and Mac-

farlane's swans, will shortly thereafter leave Arrochar, and his clan will lose all trace of him." Shortly after this the black stranger duly appeared amongst the other birds as they were feeding. No one cared to interfere with it, and so it remained for about three months, and then disappeared. It was not long afterwards, in 1784, that the barony of Arrochar, which for six centuries had been in the possession of the Macfarlanes, passed into the hands of strangers, the Fergusons of Raith purchasing it for £28,000. Thirty-seven years afterwards Sir James Colquhoun bought it for £78,000. The chief died in 1787, and his son emigrated to America, and so well has the old prediction been fulfilled that it is now a disputed question who is chief.

FIONN.

THE ADVENTURES OF FIONN IN CONNAUGHT.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

[Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."]

(Continued from page 177.)

MANY of the early Fenian traditions, be they Gaelic or Irish, are supposed to have undergone a certain degree of metamorphosis during the period of Norse occupation and Norse influence in Scotland. Such a contention appears reasonable enough when we consider what changes, social and political, the coming of the Danes and Northmen effected in this country: but to prove that Fenian history of the third century blends so readily with the history of the Vikings in the tenth century calls for something more than the flimsy evidence usually brought forth to support an untenable theory. Especially is this true in the case of the so-called "Norway" of Fenian traditions—an historical name which conjures up all the ancient associations of the Gael with the fierce rovers of the sea; and if imbued with the vein of romance, one can easily be persuaded to read into the obscurities of Fenian lore much that is not really there, and to believe, as Campbell of Islay and his numerous band of followers believed, that a great many Fenian legends had for theme the adventures and exploits of the Fenian Gaels with their inveterate Norse foes, whose celebrated chief was known to Fenian ballad and tradition as the "King of Norway."

This erroneous view of the Norse associations of Fionn and the Feinne was undoubtedly made popular by Macpherson in his "Ossian": but to this man of genius an historical anachronism was of little moment, and we need not imitate his example, his methods or principles. Apart

from those who accepted "*Ossian*" as an authoritative guide to ancient Gaelic history, there were many others who localised the "Norway" of Fenian legends without regard to the age or character of the tales in which the name had been embedded for centuries, or to the possibility that the supposed Norwegian place-name was just as Gaelic as the language of the tales, and like them, of pre-Norse date and of Gaelic origin.

To judge from the arguments of Celtic mythologists and folk-lorists who uphold the Norse origin of the name, we are made to believe that (*na h-*) *Iorruaidhe* or (*na h-*) *Ioruidhe* means "Norway" when it is used with the feminine article, but *Ioruidhe* when used without it—the latter being a "place of unknown identification," as it is called. Now, excluding any question of history or ethnology, one should imagine that, for grammatical reasons, the true form of the name is *Iorruaidhe*, the gender of the article before it indicating that *Iorruaidhe* was a feminine word, the signification of which was quite unknown to the simple peasants who preserved it from oblivion. Phonetically, this identification of *na h-Iorruaidhe* with *Norway* cannot be upheld, and the mere running together of the article and noun, while it may produce a faint resemblance in sound, will not prove their identity or common origin. Strictly speaking, therefore, this old Gaelic place-name should be read as *Iriot* or *Heriot* without regard to the presence or absence of the article, and in this form it lends itself to an easy identification.

Of the various attempts made to locate the "Norway" of Celtic tradition, little need be said. In his edition of the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," Dr. M'Lauchlan remarks that "Morvern was called *Iorruaidh*, to which frequent reference is made in Scottish and Irish Celtic tradition"; but in this identification of *Heriot* with *Morvern*, he seems to have been the only faithful believer. Professor Zimmer compares the name with the Anglo-Saxon *Hwæðhland* mentioned in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, the connection of the two names being based on a phonetic impossibility. Dr. Whitley Stokes conjectured that it was, perhaps, a mythological term derived from old Irish *írur* (Gaelic *íolair*), and this gratuitous piece of etymology was just as happy as that of Campbell of Islay, who connected it with Gaelic *íorran*, and then translated it to mean "Boat-Songsters!" But when conjectures and etymologies are so numerous as to suit all temperaments, why add to their number? The meaning or etymology of this ancient place-name is a matter of indifference, and the least said about either, the better will it be in the cause of truth and righteousness.

In the Irish story of *Euchtra Cloinne na Rígh h-Iorruaidhe*—"The Adventures of the Children

of the King of Norway," according to Dr. Hyde's translation,—we have a long rambling narrative of the exploits of Cead, Cód, and Michead, the sons of the king of the "fair-clean, cluster-fruited regions of Norway"—

Ar chriochaibh glan-áille cruas thoracha na h-Iorruaidhe.

These three princes went out one day to hunt on the Island of Birds (*Oilean na n-éan*), situated on the "north side of Norway," and we gather from the thread of the story that they were not long in picking a quarrel with the people of Domnann in county Mayo. But everything ends happily as it should. The story would not be fiction if the sequel were otherwise. The Domnann yield to the superior valour of the princes, and accept Cód as their lord and king. Cead is subsequently made "king of Norway," while Michead, the youngest of the brothers, receives no portion, and is left to rejoice in his brothers' good fortune.

In his Preface to this Connaught legend, Dr. Hyde remarks that the story is one peculiar of its kind. "It does not deal with Ireland at all, nor with the Irish people." I suppose we are to understand from this statement that it deals principally with Norway and the Norse; yet, had this learned Irish *surant* only read the Colonsay version of the same story, as recorded by Campbell in his "West Highland Tales" (Vol. III., p. 260), he would have seen that the exact opposite is true. The three princes, Cead, Cód, and Michead, whose father was *Rígh na Iorramhuirich* ("King of the Boat-Songsters!") appear in the company of other Irishmen, such as Conall Gulban, son of the King of Erin, and the King of Leinster; and at the end of the story, we are told that "the descendants of these people are still in Erin,"—from which we may well believe that their progenitors, Cead, Cód, and Michead had never moved out of it. The reference, also, to the Domnann further helps to localise the tale, for, since this powerful tribe was settled in county Mayo, their neighbours in county Galway may be said to have been the men of "Norway" described in this Irish legend.

As already mentioned, the fact that *Heriot* was an out-of-the-way corner of the world accounts for the comparative infrequency of this place-name in Gaelic legends, and shows that, except to those more or less acquainted with the western sea-board of Connaught, it was known to few. It was, originally, the name of a district in ancient Galway, ruled over by a chief whose Irish title invariably appears as *Rígh na h-Iorruaidhe*. In the Colonsay version, the same title is slightly modified in form to *Rígh na Iorramhuirich*, while in an Inverness version referred to by Campbell, the name

is spelled *Iribhí*—as in the prince's name *Iombair Ogha mac Rígh na h-Iribhí* (*Tales*, Vol. III., p. 230.) Such variations in the Scottish spelling of this ancient name are, no doubt, due to errors of oral transmission on the part of the peasant-narrators of the tale, but they may also have arisen from the still more numerous variations of its spelling in early Irish.

That *Heriot* was a place-name associated in the Irish mind with the ancient history of Ireland, particularly with the province of Connaught, is made clear from all the traditions of the Gael. Fable has it that in the battle of Moytura, king Nuada lost his right arm by the sword-stroke of Sreng, a Fir Bolg warrior, who was thereupon attacked by *uengabha* of *Ioruaidhe* and a host of the Tuatha dé Danann. As this battle was fought in the year of the world 3303, i.e. B. C. 1890, according to the *Four Masters*, or B. C. 1272, according to the chronology of O'Flaherty, the place-name *Heriot* can boast an antiquity second to none.

In these earliest non-Fenian traditions, *Heriot* is always coupled with the Fir Bolgs of Connaught, of whom the Clann Umoir of counties Clare and Galway were reckoned the most famous from the remarkable skill they showed in building the great stone fortresses, such as are to be seen in the Aran Islands. Further, as it would seem from the early records, the district of *Heriot* grew in importance only after the first battle of Moytura, since the Fir Bolgs, defeated by the Tuatha dé Danann and expelled from Leinster, fled westwards to Connaught till their progress was checked by the Atlantic barrier. And from the circumstance of its remoteness from Tara, there originated the old Leinster proverb, as quoted in the *Book of Leinster* (LL. 192, b. 56):—

O Ath Cliath in Herut uill cosin n-Ath Cliath i Cualaind, that is, "from Ath Cliath in Heriot to Ath Cliath in Cualu" (Dublin)—a popular saying which expresses the ancients' idea of Ireland's extreme breadth.

As regards the differences in the spelling of the name, the following are noteworthy, the name in most of the recorded examples being found in the genitive singular along with the feminine article. In the "Book of Leinster," we get the forms (*na h*) *Iriúde*, (*na h*) *Iruale*, (*na h*) *Iruathe*, *Herut*, *Herot*; in the "Book of Armagh," *Hirot* and *Erot*; in the "Remes Diudsenechas," *Erot*, genitive singular, *Erota*; and in the "Tripartite Life," *Iruate*. An uncommon form, given in "Cormac's Glossary," is *Irfuate*, and the story goes in connection with this name that, in the first century of our era, a certain Glass MacCais, swineherd to Lugar, King of Irfuate, was cruelly done to death by the champions (*Fionn*) of MacCon, and subse-

quently raised to life again by St. Patrick. The primitive form of the name thus seems to have been *Erfátia, or rather *Erfuátia, the disappearance of the f sound in the other examples being due to its aspiration and final quiescence.

However much our modern folk-lorists and historians may agree together in identifying (*na h*-) *Ioruaidhe* with "Norway," there can at least be no doubt that the old Irish manuscripts identify it with a place in Connaught. The *Book of Leinster*, evidently, holds a decided view on the matter, for it mentions the fact that *Ioruaidhe*, or *Hirot*, was formerly a part of what is now county Galway, and sometimes called *Medraíde* or *Medraíge*. "Medraíge is for Herot" (LL. 192, a. 54), says this ancient authority, and because of this identification of these two names, we find the place *Ath Cliath in Herut* named also *Ath Cliath Medraíge*, the latter giving its name to an old *diudsenechas*, or topographical tract, relating to the district.

As this *Medraíge* is none other than the place known to-day as *Mauree* in county Galway, it follows that *Heriot*, or *Ioruaidhe*, probably the more ancient name, was situated in county Galway, and this circumstance explains why the place-names *Mauree* and the so-called "Norway" of Celtic legend and tradition could be so readily interchanged. For this reason, it will be obvious that Fionn and the Feinne could fight their battles in "Norway" and in Ireland at one and the same moment, and that without needing to annihilate time and space as our modern folk-lorists affirm. The distance between Fionn's home in Kildare and Heriot was not very great—(what is now King's County alone separating Galway from Kildare), and because of this proximity to Connaught, the Feinne had excellent opportunities of making sudden raids to the west when a-hunting they would go.

(To be concluded.)

ISLAY OWNERS.—In 1612 the King compelled Angus MacDonald, of Islay, to renounce that island. The Campbells of Cawdor had possession from 1612 to 1726, when it was bought by the Campbells of Shawfield, who held it till 1847.

CLAN MACNAB.—The last chief of the Clan MacNab died in France in 1860, aged 83. He was survived by a widow and one daughter. The daughter, Sophia Francis, died in Florence in 1894. The clan is now landless and chieftless.

THE MACBEANS.—As a clan the MacBeans formed a branch of the Clan Chattan under MacKintosh, but the name, especially as M'Vean, is found in Breadalbane and Glenorechy, both now and for four centuries back. The original habitat of the MacBeans appears to have been near Inverness, the valley of the Nairn and Strathdearn, and latterly Upper Strathspey and Badenoch.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

HOSSACK.—What is the origin and meaning of this surname? I understand they are numerous about Ross-shire. NEMO.

PLACE-NAMES.—What is the meaning of “da” in such place-names “Achadh-da-seanag,” Achadh-da-nàduir? ALLTAN.

Ogilvie.—Is MacGille-bhuidhe the Gaelic form of this surname? OGILVIE.

ANSWERS.

“THE RED BOOK OF APPIN.”—“Dearc” will get information regarding this wonderful Book in Campbell’s “West Highland Tales,” Vol. II. page 99. A.

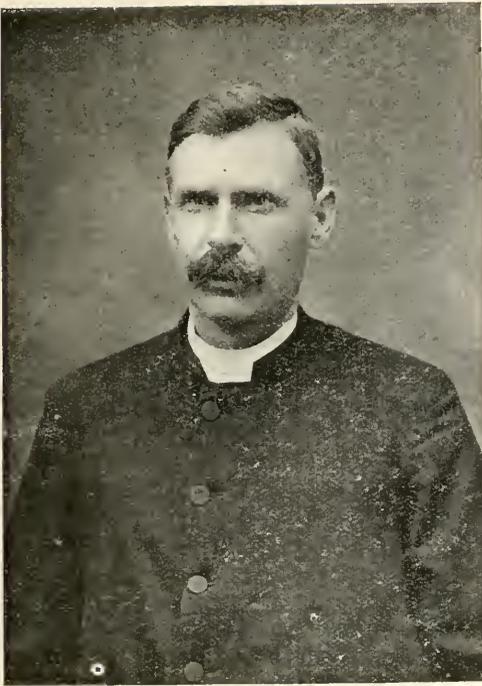
THE 42ND REGIMENT.—This regiment was raised in 1725-1729 and was called “Am Freiceadan Dubh,” or the Black Watch owing to the appearance of their dark tartan which contrasted strikingly with the scarlet uniforms of the “Saighdearan Dearg,” or Red Soldiers. (see Frank Adam’s *Clan Septs and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands.*)

CLAN GREGOR.—After the name of MacGregor was suppressed by Act of Parliament in 1622, individuals of the clan assumed the names of the chiefs or landlords on whose estate they lived, or adopted the names of such men of rank and power as could afford them protection. Thus, Rob Roy took the name of his friend and protector the Duke of Argyll. This cruel and degrading Act was repealed in 1775. Now the Clan MacGregor may assume and sign their own names to bonds and deeds; formerly no document signed by a MacGregor was legal.

TERRITORIAL NAMES.—Lairds or landholders were often named after their estates, as Stewart of Grandtully, Stewart of Garth, &c., all others being distinguished by some personal mark which might be either an accidental defect, any natural advantage, or any singularity of colour, figure, or features. The second Marquis of Atholl was known by the name of “Iain a’ bheil mhoir”—John with the large mouth; John, the first Duke of Atholl, being blind of an eye, “Iain Cam”; the first Earl of Breadalbane having a pale countenance, “Iain Glas”; the second earl, “Iain Baeach,” from his being lame. If a man had no personal mark, or patrimonial distinction, he was known by adding the name of his father, as the son of John.

MACINTYRES.—There was a strong colony of MacIntyres resident for many generations at the village of Cladhich, Loch Awe, where they carried on an extensive weaving industry. A speciality with them was the production of very finely woven hose and garters, which were made in the various clan tartans. No Highland costume, however expensive, was complete at that period without a pair of Cladhich garters.

THE MACHARDYS are a sept of the famous “Sìol Toreul,” who early in the dawn of Scottish history are found, hardy Norsemen as they were, holding by their swords large portions of lands in the North and West and the islands of Scotland; and long ere the entry of their sept of MacGille-chalum to Raasay, others of their kith had held that isle and other lands pertaining to it.



REV. MURDO LAMONT, for some time assistant at St. Columba Parish, Glasgow, now ordained to Oa, Islay, is a fluent Gaelic speaker though born and brought up in Canada. He comes of a literary family. His father, one of the pioneer educators of Prince Edward Island, was the author of works in prose and verse in Gaelic and English. His brother (also a born Canadian) the minister of Strath, Skye—called by the late Dr. McKinnon, “The Sebastopol of the Highlands”—has published a graphic history of his parish. Mr. Lamont himself, besides contributing to several magazines, has published a “Life of Rev. D. McDonald,” a noted missionary of Prince Edward Island. He has also won a prize for a historical essay open to competition from the four Universities of Scotland.

The following occurs in the St. Columba Parish Church Magazine for the present month:—“We are pleased to report that Mr. Murdo Lamont, who has acted for some time as Maclean Missionary with us, has now been elected to the Parish of Oa, Islay. Rev. Mr. Lamont ministered with much acceptance among those who were privileged to attend the services conducted by him. Mr. Lamont was a Canadian who brought with him to Scotland a fine knowledge of Gaelic learned and still used amid the prairie lands of Canada by those who emigrated from the Highlands. The best wishes of the congregation are extended to Mr. Lamont.”

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Cha 'n eil feum anns a' mhadal.

THE words of this song are from "The Maclean Bards," Vol. I., where they are given as the composition of Archibald Maclean, Fear an Lagain, who died in 1800. They are said to

have been composed on his death-bed.

The tune was taken down from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley, a native of Ballachulish.

Gleus A. *Seis.*

{ : l, t, | d : t, d | r, l, - : l, l, | f : m, r | m, d. - }

Cha'n eil feum anns a' mhadal; Cha'n eil treun ris nach cuirear ;

{ : l, t, | d : t, d | r, l, - || *Rum.* | l, l, | l, d : r, r | d, d }

Cha'n eil feum anns a' mhadal. Ailis dhonn gur mòr mo ghràdh ort ;

{ : f, r | m, m : r, r | m, d. - ||

Gruaidh na nàire 's beul an fhuairin.

Tha mi 'n dòchas dhìot nach taobh thu
Giullan faoin nach dean do chumail.

'Iain, bi gu math do dh'Ailis,
Thoir do ghràdh dhì mar a bhuineas.

Tha mi 'n so an seombar clàraidh,
'S ge fad an dàil thig an cuireadh.

Tha mo dhotair ann am Bròlas,
'S cha tig e g'am chòir-sa tuilleadh.

Na'm biodh fios aige mar tha mi,
Mharaicheadh e 'm màin gu h-ullamh.

'S nìthich dhòmhsa sgar de m' òran,
Bho'n tha 'n crònan-s' ann am mhuineal.

'S mòr mo pheacaidhean r' an leughadh,
'S lionnhor iad seach fear is duilleach.

'S lionnhoire na ghaineamh ghlas iad—
Och, mo chreach, cha 'n fhaodar fuireach.

Tha mo dhòchas uil' an tròcair
An Ti ghlòirnhoir sin a dh' fhuiling.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK IN GAELIC.

IN some notes I made several years ago regarding the names in Gaelic of the days of the week, and comparing them with same in the Indian languages, I was struck by the fact that our names in the Western Nations corresponded with those of India which I knew.

Dr. Macbean's definition seems absolutely correct so far as the days Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday are concerned, but I cannot help thinking that his definitions for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, are looked for in the wrong direction. If he looked to the Scandinavian language it strikes me that for

Dicendain he would find Oden's Day, and for Dirdaoin, Great Thor, the Scandinavian name for Jupiter, seems the natural reading, and for Dì-h'Aoin we have Venus, with very little alteration. While taking no credit for any great knowledge of the Gaelic language, and giving all due respect to Dr. Macbean, I should be glad to have the opinion of other Celtic Scholars on this point, and as I think that perhaps your interesting magazine is a likely medium in which to obtain this, I now take the liberty to write to you.

Wishing your journal all success.

India.
Lieut.-Col. JOHN LOGAN.



MR. JOHN MACLEOD, I.S.O.

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**Mr. JOHN MACLEOD, I.S.O.,
Retired H.M. Inspector of Schools.**

THE career of Mr. JOHN MACLEOD, I.S.O., retired Inspector of Schools, has been no less creditable to himself than it is stimulating to all aspiring young men.

He was born in Sutherlandshire some 73 years ago, and in early years attended the parish schools of Kincardine in Ross-shire and Creich in Sutherlandshire. He soon exhibited such a remarkable genius for mathematical study that when he entered the University of Glasgow he went direct to the highest class and took the first prize in it. In the following year in the Natural Philosophy Class taught by Professor Thomson (Lord Kelvin) he was unanimously voted first prizeman by his fellow-students, an award which agreed so thoroughly with Lord Kelvin's estimate that he remarked, amid applause, "if I had a vote, it would also be given to Mr. Macleod." In virtue of his distinction he had the honour of presiding at the dinner held by the Scientific Classes of the University to celebrate the change of home from the historic site in High Street to Gilmore-hill. While he drank from the old *Senatus* cup Mr. Macleod's "protectors" were, on the right, Lord Kelvin, and on the left, Professor Blackburn.

Next year Mr. Macleod became Professor of Mathematics in King's College, Nova Scotia, where he had among his students grandsons of "Sam Slick" and of the founder of the Cunard line of steamships, David Nickerson, the author of "The Origin of Thought," and Rev. J. L. Keating, Brighton.

From this post he returned to Glasgow to become Assistant to Professor Blackburn, and at the request of the Institution of Civil Engineers and Shipbuilders he was chosen by the *Senatus* to deliver a course of lectures to ship captains on the deviation of the compass on iron vessels, a subject then little understood. Mr. Macleod's lectures were very favourably

commented on by the London journal "Engineering," the highest authority on such matters. He has always been keenly interested in Navigation, and would have been quite capable of working out a ship's course round the world.

Shortly afterwards he had the unexpected honour of being recommended by the famous mathematician, Professor Sylvester, for the post of mathematical instructor to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Here one of his pupils was the late Prince Imperial of France, of whose character and ability Mr. Macleod formed a high opinion.

In 1873 Mr. Macleod entered upon what was to be his real life's work when he was appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, with his headquarters in Elgin. From that time until his retirement some eight years ago he performed all his important and often delicate duties in such a way as to enhance the dignity of his office, and to bring the highest distinction upon himself. He was the representative of the Department, certainly, and he served it faithfully and conscientiously, but he was much more than that, for he became the trusted friend and adviser of all who were concerned in the administration of educational affairs in his district. It is safe to say, too, that no one could have been more respected or more affectionately regarded among the teachers. They recognised his unswerving loyalty to duty, the pain that it always gave him to find fault, and the delight which he had in giving the full meed of praise for work well done. He took an ardent interest in the children, seeming never to forget a face, and hardly ever a name. Indeed, it was often a marvel to teachers how he would recognise a strange pupil and say where he had last examined him. Nothing pleased him more than to hear of the after-success of boys or girls whom he knew.

In 1902, on the occasion of his semi-jubilee, he was presented by the teachers of his district with a magnificent illuminated address, in token

of their esteem and affection for him, and in the same year his name was included in the first list of recipients of the Imperial Service Order, and he had the unique honour of being communicated with by Lord Knollys in the following terms:—"I am commanded to inform you that His Majesty was very happy to recommend you to the Imperial Service Order."

At his retiral in 1904 Sir Henry Craik wrote him a special letter, in which he said:—"I cannot let this occasion pass marked only by a formal letter. Our long association has been a very pleasant one for me, and our retirement is apparently to synchronise so closely as to join us not only in long official experience, but in the laying off of our harness. I am sure your interest in education, like my own, will continue, and I trust we may have opportunities in the future of keeping our ties of friendship in full vigour."

Mr. Macleod was married first, in 1876, to Jane, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel William Myers of the 71st H.L.I., who belonged to an old military family. A very distinguished member of his family was his uncle, who, when 25 years of age, commanded the Fusilier Brigade at the battle of Talavera with such skill as to be placed by the Duke of Wellington above all the other generals to whom he owed the victory. Two years later this distinguished soldier was killed at the battle of Albuera, and a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, which possesses the distinction of commemorating the youngest person honoured in the sacred edifice. Through her mother Mrs. Macleod belonged to the family of Sir Archibald Dunbar of Duffus. By her Mr. Macleod had two sons and one daughter. The younger son, brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb, was universally beloved, but in 1899 he was washed overboard in a storm in the Indian Ocean. His mother never recovered from the shock produced by his sad end. The elder son is Captain in the 31st D.C.O. Lancers, and recently completed 5 years as Adjutant of that Corps, the duties of which he discharged with such marked efficiency as to win the commendation of the general commanding the Cavalry Division in addition to that of the Colonel of the regiment. The daughter was married in 1907 to Lieut. Hext of the same regiment, and this year published her first venture in literature, "Peggy and the Subaltern."

Mr. Macleod was next married in 1908 to Katherine, daughter of the late Wadham Locke Sutton of Rossway, Herts, by whom he has one daughter, Sheila. Through her maternal grandfather, the Rev. William Ludlow, Rector of Kirton, Mrs. Macleod is descended from Sir Henry Ludlow, who represented the County of

Wilts in the Long Parliament, and whose eldest son, William, was the ablest of Cromwell's generals. Through his having signed the death warrant of Charles I., the extensive family estates were forfeited at the Restoration. Mrs. Macleod's paternal grandfather, Robert Sutton, was High Sheriff of Buckingham and President of the London Royal Exchange. It was he who first brought the correct news of the victory at Waterloo to the Exchange, and thus restored the confidence lost through the panic created by the well-known swindler who enriched himself by rushing in with the deliberately-planned fiction of British defeat.

Since his retiral Mr. Macleod has made his home in Nairn, and has enjoyed his "otium cum dignitate" in characteristic fashion. His interest in education has never flagged. He has written a most interesting volume of reminiscences which was widely and most favourably commented upon by the Press; he has lectured upon many and varied subjects; and has now and again engaged in spirited controversy on religious, political, and philosophic matters in so effective a fashion as to make "his adversary beware of him." Mr. Macleod has also discovered and published numerous theorems in Pure Geometry. His favourite recreation is golf, and even yet he is no mean antagonist on the links. Surely he has and well deserves

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

AFTER CULLODEN.

By J. G. MACKAY.

(Continued from page 184.)

WE have seen that a great many Lowland barons and gentlemen were on the side of the Prince, but owing to the decay of feudalism, they could not induce their tenants to follow them, but between Highland, Lowland, and English, and a few French, the Prince's army never mustered more than 6,500, and at Culloden, owing to the absence of several clans, they did not number 3,000.

"Five stainless ensigns with their warriors high,
Who ne'er from battle lost were known to fly,
Were absent, when the Gael, starved, outworn, cold,
Were led by traitors to a battle sold.
The Earl of Cromarty, with his brave race—
Clanranald, that was wont the van to grace—
Young Barisdale, who the men of Moidart led—
Clan Gregor, who from danger never fled—
Clan Pherson, with their loyal, high-souled Chief—
All these were absent, to our loss and grief."

John Roy Stewart.

Cumberland, on the other hand, had over 10,000 well-armed, well-fed, disciplined troops,

with ample artillery, and well found with all conveniences and requirements, a heterogeneous mass of English, Scotch, Irish and Dutch, so that by no manner of calculation can it be said to have been a trial of strength between Highland and Lowland, or Celt and Saxon.

The following regiments, still on the army list, were present at the battle:—Humphrey Bland's Dragoons, 3d Hussars; Cobham's Dragoons, 10th Hussars; Lord Mark Ker's Dragoons, 11th Hussars; St. Clair's Royal Regiment, 1st Royal Scots, Midlothian; Howard's Regiment, 3d, the Buffs, East Kent; Barrell's, 4th, Royal Lancaster; Wolfe's, 8th, Liverpool; Pulteney's, 13th, Somersetshire; Price's, 14th, West Yorkshire; Bligh's, 20th, Lancashire; Campbell's, 21st, Scots Fusiliers, Ayr; Sempill's, 25th, Scottish Borderers; Blakeney's, 27th, Inniskilling Fusiliers; Cholmondeley's, 34th, Border, Carlisle; Fleming's, 36th, Worcestershire; Monro's, 37th, Hampshire; and Ligonier's, 48th, Northamptonshire.

I think we may safely say that if the whole fighting strength of the Highlands had risen with the Prince, and been well equipped and generalised, that we would not to-day be sitting under a Hanoverian monarchy. It is not my province to discuss whether it would have been for the better or worse, for happily, as our country is constituted, it would only have been a case of "Bo mhaol odhar, no bo odhar mhaol," a humble brown cow or a brown humble cow.

I will now briefly refer to the breaking up of the clan system.

Besides the Acts of Parliament mentioned already for suppressing the Rebellion, quite a number of other Acts were passed in the years 1746-7-8, for the purpose of bringing the Highlands into line with the rest of the kingdom, and making such a rising again impossible.

Among these were the Hereditary Jurisdiction Act, which took from the Highland Chiefs and Lowland Barons the powers they exercised as hereditary judges of the people. I discussed this Act at length in a previous paper, and need not refer further to it now. Another important Act was the abolition of Ward-holding, which took away the position of Chief as leader of his clan.

This Act was aimed both at Feudal Lord and Highland Chief, but in the case of the former it was only a case of whipping a dead horse, for we have seen how impotent the feudal lord had already become—his power was gone nearly a century before, for by mutual consent the military services were commuted into a rent, but the power and influence of the patriarchal Chief was in full swing.

The Disarming Act took away the claymore

and targe, the Dress Act, the military uniform, the insignia by which one clan was known from another, and enabled to combine for military purposes,—these other Acts, like Samson's hair-cutting of old, took away the power of the Chief, and "left him weak like another man," converted him from being the leader, judge, and father of his people, to be a mere modern land grabbing, rent-collecting landlord.

And so, before the Highlander knew what was taking place, the clan system, which meant the whole social system of his country, came about his ears like a house of cards. There was no preparation, no gradual introduction of the change, no calculation of the consequences to the people, and no opportunity given them to fit themselves for such a complete alteration in their social life; the whole social fabric was tumbled heels over head at one stroke.

We can fancy what such a state of matters meant to a primitive people like the Highlanders of those days.

It was very hard for them to bring themselves to look upon their Chief, whom they honoured and revered with an attachment that even their offspring of to-day can with difficulty realise, merely as a landlord, and harder still for many of them to experience the heartlessness of some of those Chiefs under altered circumstances, when faithful hearts and strong arms ceased to be counted as an asset in the factor's books.

Looking at it in the light of the present day, if only a wise and beneficent Government had seen that under the changes which were sure to follow, proper consideration was given to the undeniable rights of the clansmen, I don't know that any Highlander, however patriotic, would wish that the clan system would have continued very much longer. I should not like to have seen it degraded in a lingering and painful struggle with the commercialism of our time, for which it was so ill-suited. While I believe it had sufficient vitality to survive even Cumberland's "blood letting," the opening up of the country by roads, the introduction of railways and steamboats were sure to bring about such a change that the system would have died a natural death. Better a thousand times that it should have expired on the field of Culloden in a blaze of glory and romance, an example of gallantry, loyalty and devotion, of which the history of the world can produce no parallel, than to have gradually dwindled into contempt in the struggle for existence, a shadow without the substance.

As it is, it can be said of it as of Lochiel:—
"And leaving in battle no blot on its name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the deathbed of fame."

(Concluded.)

BEAULY PRIORY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

By J. A. MACKEGGIE.

(Continued from page 193.)

WITH the rise of the Lords of the Isles, and especially on their accession to the Earldom of Ross, the Priory was more intimately associated. The Macdonalds and their allied clans often passed and repassed its gates in revengeful forays. Under an arch in St. Catherine's chapel rests the doughty "Coinneach a' Bhlair," chief of the Mackenzies, who by his notable victory over the Lord of the Isles at Blar na Peare, near Strathpeffer, was the chief instrument in the final overthrow of that illustrious house. The tomb of this great chief of the Mackenzies consists of a recumbent stone figure carved to represent a knight in full armour with his favourite dog at his feet. It is the oldest monument in the Priory and is well preserved. The inscription indicates that Kenneth died in 1491. The date of the battle of Park that gives him his well known Gaelic name is uncertain. It was probably fought after 1480 and before 1490.

Kenneth must have been a man of considerable ability and seems to have been the first to consolidate the power of the Clan Mackenzie in Easter Ross. He was a bold, stout man, impatient of an affront and resentive of injuries. His proud temper led him into the quarrel with the Macdonalds. The story is largely traditional and though it has features that are evidently apocryphal, it may be of interest to relate it here.

It is said, then, that Kenneth, who was married to a daughter of the Lord of the Isles, went on one occasion to a Christmas feast given by his brother-in-law at Baleony in Easter Ross. For some reason not specified he did not take his wife with him. Macdonald seems to have regarded this as a slight to his sister, and to mark his resentment, sent word to Kenneth that there was no room for him in the house and he and his retinue could find shelter in the barn. Kenneth at once took up what he regarded as a challenge. To one of his choleric temper the insult was deadly. The barn forsooth for him! He soon set that right by wheeling to the right about for home, pondering on his way, how best to revenge himself upon his brother-in-law. The plan he hit upon was subtle in its brutality, in that it made his innocent wife at once his instrument of vengeance, and his victim. She was the mother of his son and heir, yet he determined to send her back to her brother. She is said to have been blind of one eye, and to make the insult more provocative he sent her to Baleony riding on a

one-eyed horse, accompanied by a one-eyed servant, and followed by a one-eyed dog. To shew that this separation was final he determined to take unto himself another spouse. The matter brooked no delay. Selecting the daughter of Lord Lovat for this honour he went a-wooing in characteristic fashion. Taking with him a couple of hundred fully armed men, he appeared one day before Lovat's castle, and sent him word that unless he gave him his daughter to wife, he would destroy his country and burn his house. Lovat had no love for the Macdonalds, and desiring to be friends with his powerful neighbour, asks his daughter if "she is content, finds her most willing, and lets her firth to Kenneth."

As may well be imagined, this contemptuous treatment of their chief's daughter roused the fury of the Macdonalds. They hastily mustered their followers to the number of 1500 and set out to punish the Mackenzies. Plundering and destroying as they went, they directed their march past the Priory to Kenellan in Strathpeffer, where the chief of the Mackenzies was then residing. They reached Contin, in the Mackenzie country, on Sunday morning, and are said to have burned the church and a large congregation of old men, women, and young children, who had fled to it for sanctuary.

Kenneth could only muster 600 men to meet the Macdonalds, but he chose his own ground and made up by strategy what he lacked in numbers. So well did he dispose his men that the Macdonalds were utterly routed. It was a hard fought fight, skilfully planned and vigorously executed. This victory put Kenneth in great repute throughout the north, and some time after he was knighted by King James IV. "for being highly instrumental in reducing his fierce countrymen to the blessings of civilized life."

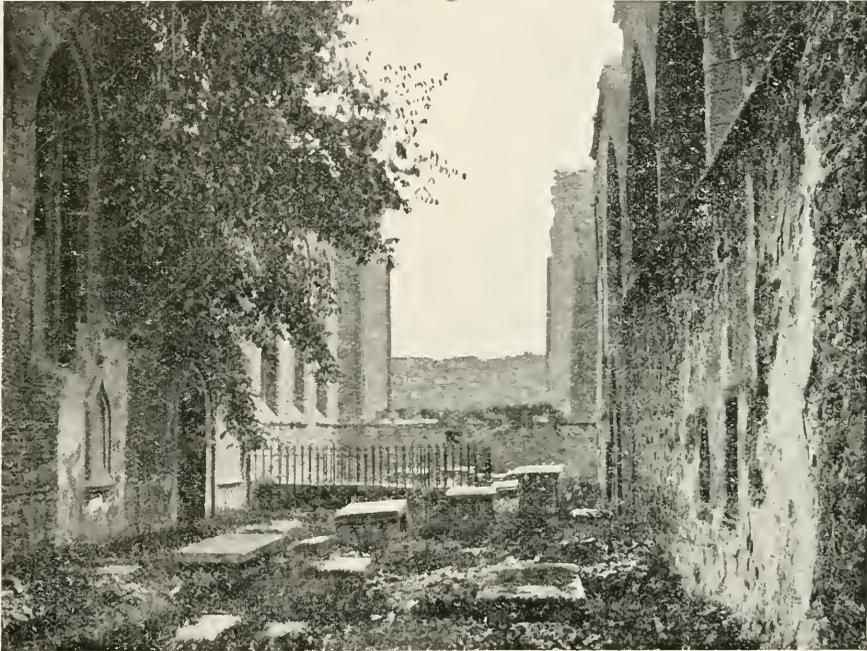
The Macdonalds never recovered from this defeat, and in 1493 the Lordship of the Isles was irrevocably taken from them and vested in the crown.

It may be of interest to add that Kenneth, before his death, is said to have got his irregular marriage with Lovat's daughter legitimised by the Pope. In any case the eldest son of that irregular marriage succeeded to the chiefship and lands, on the death of his half brother, the son of the unfortunate Margaret of the Isles.

Though bereft of the Lordship of the Isles, the Macdonalds were still a force to be reckoned with, and we find from our Priory records that in 1504 the Prior of Beauly was summoned to Parliament to consider measures for dealing with a rising of Donald Dhu, grandson of the last Lord of the Isles. So dangerous to the Prior did the position appear, that he actually

obtained from Pope Julius II. on 4th July 1506 a Bull of excommunication against any plunderers of the Priory. It is probable the Prior feared resentment on the part of the Macdonalds because Kenneth had been buried in great state in the Priory. An old MS. says that Kenneth, after his "marriage" with Lovat's daughter, "keipt frequent devotions with the Convent of Bewlie, and at his own desyre was buried ther in the ille on the north syd of the alter, which wes built by himselfe in his lyf tyme or he died; after that he done penance for his irregular marieing of Lovit's daughter." The Bull seems to have saved the Priory from the marauders.

we find him Ambassador to the Court of Henry VIII. in England, and in 1535 he was sent to France to negotiate the marriage of King James V. to Mary of Guise. Later he was appointed a curator for the young Mary, Queen of Scots, and was again in France in 1557 to negotiate her marriage with the Dauphin. He died at Dieppe in 1558 on his way home from France. He was undoubtedly the most distinguished of the Priors of Beaulieu—a broad, liberal-minded man who worked hard for both church and state. By his will he left 8,000 merks to found a University in Edinburgh, and we may fairly claim this Prior of Beaulieu as the father, if not the founder, of the



BEAULIEU PRIORY (Inside View).

In 1530 Robert Reid, Abbot of Kinloss and Bishop of Orkney, was appointed Prior of Beaulieu. He made the house he built at Beaulieu one of his chief residences, and was zealous in improving the educational facilities afforded by the Priory, and "daily did things worthy to be remembered by posterity." He was indeed one of the foremost statesmen of his day, and through him our Priory was brought more into the larger life of the nation. In 1532 King James V. instituted "ane college of cunning and wise men," which afterwards was developed into our modern Court of Session. Robert Reid was one of the first Senators, and ultimately became Lord President. In 1533

greatest, if the youngest, of our Universities.

While Bishop Reid was busy in 1544 with his extensions and additions to the Priory, its gates had to be opened to a very sad and mournful funeral procession. The Frasers were burying their dead chief, his son and heir, and his nephew, all killed at the battle of Blar-na-leine.

This was a battle fought and won to establish the right of a clan to elect its own chief, and is therefore full of interest to students of the Land Question in the Highlands. The story may be briefly told.

Allan Macruari of Moydert, Chief of the Clan Ranald from 1481 to 1509, was twice

married, first to a daughter of Maclan of Ardnamurchan, and second, to a daughter of Lord Lovat. By his first wife he had two sons, Ranald Bane and Alexander, and by his second wife, one son, also called Ranald, and known to the clan as Ranald Gallda, from the fact that he was brought up by his mother's people away from Moydert. Ranald Bane, the eldest son, succeeded to the chiefship on the death of his mother, and was executed in 1513, the records being silent as to his crime. He was succeeded by his son Dougal, who made himself so obnoxious to the clan that they assassinated him. Dougal's son was next heir, but was passed over, and the command of the clan, by their own consent, fell on Allan's second son, Alexander. He died in 1530, leaving only an illegitimate son known as John of Moydertach, a man of uncommon talent and ability. Passing over the legal heirs, this John of Moydertach was acknowledged by the whole Clan as Chief. Later he even obtained charters for the estates in his own favour, and seemed firmly established. In 1540 he was arrested by the King, along with a number of other Chiefs. This changed the whole aspect of affairs, and gave the Frasers their chance to push the claims of Ranald Gallda, Allan Macruari's third son. The legal heir was the son of the assassinated Chief, but no one took up his cause, and the Frasers kept a judicious silence regarding him. They so bestirred themselves, however, in the interests of their kinsman, Ronald Gallda, and made such effective representations in the right quarter, that the charters granted to John of Moydertach were revoked, and Ranald Gallda was served heir to his father, Allan Macruari. With the assistance of the Frasers he was placed in possession of the estates, but he was never in possession of the Chiefship, as he was thoroughly disliked by the Clan for his parsimonious spirit and his East Coast upbringing. When therefore John of Moydertach was released from prison the Clan, like one man, rallied to his side, and ejected Ranald, who had again to seek refuge with the Frasers. Lord Lovat took steps at once to assist his nephew, but the Macdonalds did not wait to be attacked. Boldly taking the offensive, they carried war into the enemy's country, and such was their audacity and daring that the Earl of Huntly, then Governor of the northern Highlands, had to take the field against them. He was joined by the Frasers with Ranald Gallda, and the Grants. The Clan Ranald retreated before him into the mountains, and Huntly, reaching Inverlochy, put Ranald Gallda once more into possession of Moydert, as he supposed, without opposition. Satisfied with this, Huntly turned his men home, and at Glenspean, in spite of

remonstrances, Lovat separated from him, taking the straight road home through the great glen, while Huntly and the Grants went by Badenoch. The Clan Ranald, who had followed Huntly unseen at a safe distance, were delighted at this division of forces, and determined to fall on Lovat. At the head of Loch Lochy, with 500 men, they intercepted him, and Lovat had no alternative but to fight. Just before the battle he was joined by his son, the Master of Lovat. This was a matter of great grief to Lovat, as he had purposely left his son behind, but the young man was goaded into action by his step-mother, who desired the succession for her own son, and went with twelve men to join his father. It was July, and the day was exceptionally hot. The battle raged so fiercely that the combatants are said to have cast their clothing and fought in their shirts, hence the name *Blar-na-leine*, Battle of Shirts. It was a deadly battle, for it is said only five of the Frasers and eight of the Macdonalds escaped unhurt. This is an evident exaggeration, but both sides lost heavily, the Frasers especially, as they counted among their dead Lord Lovat, his son, the Master of Lovat, and his nephew, Ranald Gallda. They all fought bravely, and fell to superior numbers. A few days after the battle, their bodies were removed by a train of mourning relatives and clansmen, and interred, as I have said, in Beaulieu Priory. Their tomb is on the north side of the altar, in the main church, and is marked by a flat stone on which is carved a mail-clad figure with a ponderous sword by his side. Exposure for centuries has played havoc with the figure, and its outline can only now be dimly discerned.

John Moydertach was thus left in possession, and it is not unworthy of notice that, as an elected Chief, he was able shortly afterwards, without difficulty, to transmit to his descendants, the possessions that had been so hardly won.

While our monks were thus busy building homes for the living and the dead, events were ripening that portended no good for them in their quiet retreat. The Reformation was at hand, and the greedy eyes of the neighbouring Chiefs were eagerly fastened upon the rich lands of the Priory. These lands now extended over nine parishes, and out of their revenues religious ordinances were provided for these parishes.

The first to endeavour to lay hands upon the lands of the Priory were the Munros of Foulis. They were put out of the running through a bitter Gaelic satire made by a Munro bard upon the Prior, who was said to have invented the "*Deoch an doruis*," and on that account

lent himself to such a production. The real struggle lay between the Frasers and the Mackenzies.

Lord Lovat ultimately obtained from the Prior for a small payment, a charter of all the lands and fishings, largely, it was said, through his wife, who was a kinswoman of the Prior. This charter, to be valid, required the confirmation of Parliament. Mackenzie of Kintail, hearing of this initial success of Lovat, posted in haste to Edinburgh to see the Regent, who was his relative, and prevent, if at all possible, the charter being confirmed. Lovat and his wife were equally eager, but just as they were ready to start for Edinburgh, Lady Lovat took ill. Lovat proposed to stay with her, but this she would not consent to. "She much feared Mackenzie's cunning, and urged her husband to haste." On getting to Inverness, Lovat heard Mackenzie had the start of him, and had gone away south, and now we witness a race from Inverness to Edinburgh between these two Chiefs, with the Priory lands as prize. Lovat had the distinct advantage, as he knew Mackenzie was in front of him, while Mackenzie was in ignorance of Lovat's pursuit. The minister of Wardlaw tells the result in his own picturesque way. "Kintail," he says, "like Cushi, cunningly ran apace, but Lovat, like Abinaaz, came first to the king, because he ran by way of the plain, and overran Cushi." Lovat, in fact, took all the quick cuts, and, hardly resting, arrived in Edinburgh a good day before Mackenzie. He got his rights of Beaul through the seals ere Mackenzie arrived, and the latter got to Edinburgh only to find himself outwitted. The lands and fishings thus passed to Lovat in 1572. The Mackenzies were sullen and dissatisfied, and as the marches between their lands and those of the Priory were not definitely fixed, it looked as if there would be trouble. Both sides at one time gathered their followers together, and war seemed imminent. It ended more happily, however, by Lovat, who was then only 17 years of age, taking the daughter of Kintail to wife. The Laird of Strichen, ancestor of the present Lord Lovat, who was then tutor of Lovat, carried out this satisfactory settlement, the result of which is now enjoyed by his own descendant.

(To be continued.)

ROB ROY'S CLAYMORE.—In 1833, it is said, Rob Roy's favourite claymore was presented by Mr. Ryder, of the Aberdeen Theatre, to Mr. Alexander Fraser, the young laird of Torbreck. The present was accompanied by the following certificate of its authenticity:—"This was the favourite claymore of Rob Roy. It was presented by him to his particular friend and near relative, Mr. Campbell of Glenlyon, and remained in that family until Francis Gordon Campbell of Troup succeeded to the title and estate of Glenlyon."

"CLANN AN SGEULAICHE."

A FAMOUS FAMILY OF PIPERS.

By FIONN.

ALTHOUGH the Clan MacGregor never can be said to have hereditary pipers, yet there was a famous family of MacGregor pipers connected with Glenlyon for many generations. They belonged to the Ruaro branch, and were known as "Clann-an-Sgeulaiche." They had an institution in which pipers were instructed in the music of the "piob-mhor," and it was their habit to send their best pupil for a year to the college of music conducted by the MacCrimmons at Boreraig, Skye, to acquire a knowledge of the best production of that school of music. As early as 1706 we find "Patrick Mac-an-Segeulaiche" piper to Menzies of Garth. At the time of the '45 John MacGregor, of the same family, was a follower of Atholl, and lived at Nether Blarish. James Stewart of Nether Blarish was an officer in the Atholl Highlanders, and was killed at Culloden. It was in the service of his master, James Stewart, that John MacGregor—"Mac an Sgeulaiche"—played the pipes at Culloden. A descendant of that John MacGregor—also called John—was piper to John, fourth Duke of Atholl. The late Sir John MacGregor, third Baronet, who died in 1851, put a silver plate on John MacGregor's pipes with an inscription to the effect that they had been played at Culloden, and that the plate was added by John MacGregor's Chief. I have the following interesting note from Miss Murray MacGregor of MacGregor, the Clan historian, regarding this family of pipers and the pipes now under review:—

"In 1706 the Laird of Weem apprehended the Duke of Atholl's piper, Patrick Mac an Sgeulaiche MacGregor, at the public market, and got him imprisoned to oblige him to engage in Weem's service. The piper appears to have been speedily released, but Menzies of Weem excused himself on the score that "Mac-an-Sgeulaiche" had been his piper ever since the Duke gave him a pass. This is the only mention I know of the "Mac-an-Sgeulaiche" pipers, and I am not aware how they got the name, but a descendant played the pipes at Culloden in 1746. It is those pipes which are now in the Palace of History at Glasgow,* and if you examine them you will find a silver plate relating that they were played at Culloden.

* The following is the reference to the pipes in the Catalogue.—Set of Highland Bagpipes mounted with horn, which belongs to John MacGregor, piper to the late Duke of Atholl, said to have been played by his grandfather, John Mac-an-Sgeulaiche, in the battles of the campaign 1745-6. Lent by the Duke of Atholl.

The representative of the family, John MacGregor, was piper to John, 4th Duke of Atholl. I saw the old man many years ago, and if I remember right he lived in a house somewhere about Appin of Dull, opposite Tirinie, and he was wont to play sometimes to the late Mr. Fletcher Menzies across the river. My eldest brother—the late Sir John MacGregor of MacGregor—put the silver plate on the pipes. John MacGregor, the old piper, gave the pipes to George, 6th Duke of Atholl (about 1853), and in return received from him an annual pension till John's death, which must have been about 1863. John was piper to the 4th Duke of Atholl, but his ancestor was not in the Atholl service at the time of the '45, but in the service of an Atholl vassal."

When the Highland Society of London in 1781 sought to encourage bagpipe playing by holding annual competitions at Falkirk, at which prizes were awarded for proficiency in handling the national instrument, the "piob-mhor," the first prize was awarded to "Patrik MacGregor, piper to Henry Balnaves, Esq., of Ardvour, in the parish of Mullin and county of Perth." We are told that although this piper wanted almost the whole third finger of the "upper" hand, yet he managed his pipes with the greatest dexterity; he used his little finger instead, and was known by the appellation of "Padruig na Corraig." Among the prize winners for that year (1791) we find "John MacGregor, senior, age 73, piper to Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell of Glenlyon." Next year we find the same John MacGregor and his son—also John—among the prize winners. In 1783 we find "Archibald MacGregor, fourth son of John MacGregor, piper to Colonel Campbell, Glenlyon," carrying the second prize. It would appear that on that occasion the pipers visited Edinburgh, where they gave an exhibition of their skill. The report of that performance, as given by Angus Mackay in his collection of Pipe Music proceeds—"John MacGregor, piper to Col. Campbell of Glenlyon, was desired to begin by playing "Clanranald's March." With respect to this performer, it is remarkable that at the age of 75 he braved the fatigue of a long journey to attend the Falkirk competition in obedience to a minute of the Highland Society of London, appointing him their piper: that he was the father of four sons, all pipers, one of them eminent in that profession, who was for some time at Dunvegan; and a grandson not above 12 years old, who was then able to play the pipes." The following year we find among the competitors John MacGregor, and his sons Archibald and John, and his grandson John, 11 years of age, and for several years thereafter the prize lists of these

annual competitions contain the names of one or more of these MacGregor pipers. It is stated that John MacGregor, sen., Fortingall, had taught forty pupils. His four brothers were pipers, and it was their father who had taught them all as well as other ninety pipers. We believe Robert MacGregor, who was piper to the late Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., was a descendant of the famous pipers, "Clann an Sgeulaiche."

The following extract from the "Edinburgh Magazine" of March 1822, bearing on the death of one of this famous family of pipers, will doubtless be read with interest:—

1822, January 1.—In London there has passed away Mr. John MacGregor, the celebrated Scottish piper, in consequence of having fallen down a stair in the residence of Mr. John Wedderburn, in the Albany, where he had been exercising his professional talents for the entertainment of a party. Mr. MacGregor was a native of the Highlands of Perthshire, and one of the "Clann an Sgeulaiche" pipers, distinguished from time immemorial as pipers. His father, Peter MacGregor, who is still (1822) living at Fortingall, gained the first prize ever given by the Highland Society of London when the competition of pipers was held at Falkirk. The deceased, while but very young, accompanied his father to London, and such was his proficiency in his profession that he was soon after appointed piper to the Highland Society of London and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. In passing through Perth last season on his return from the Highlands for London, he was prevailed on to give a concert under patronage of the Perth Gaelic Society in the Salutation Hall. Although the entertainment had scarcely been twenty-four hours advertised, Mr. MacGregor had a pretty good house; and all who heard him were delighted at his superior execution upon the great Highland bagpipe, Union pipe, flageolet, and German flute.

We have a recollection of hearing that the late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, Inverness, himself a player on the "piob-mhor," wrote a sketch of this family of pipers in some newspaper, probably about the time of the death of John MacGregor in 1863. I wonder if any of our readers can say in what paper the sketch appeared, and when. Mr. MacGregor was a native of the parish of Dull, where his father was schoolmaster, and must have known the "Clann-an-Sgeulaiche" pipers. He often contributed to current periodicals over such names as "Alasdair Ruadh" and "Sgiathanach."

GAELIC matters are on the upgrade in Bail, Ionaraora. They have a Gaelic class in connection with their continuation classes.

OUR HIGHLAND DANCES.

THE dances which are to-day considered exclusively Highland are the Sword Dance, the Reel, or "Hulachan," the Strathspey, and the Highland Fling. The "Foursome Reel" is not exclusively Highland, for it is practised generally throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and, moreover, resembles an ancient dance of the North American Indians. Of all these dances the "Gille Calum," or Sword Dance, somewhat Pyrrhic in character, takes undoubted precedence both for grace and agility, being accompanied in the old times by a song recounting warlike deeds and heroic exploits, rousing thereby the children of the Gael to excellence in arms.

THE SWORD DANCE

The Sword Dance can be performed in three ways. The first is the "grand dance," used only on specially solemn occasions; the second is a test of skill and agility between two or more dancers; and the third or present day method is an exhibition of dancing by one person alone. The form of the dance is divided into nine distinct "figures," there being several "sets" or varieties of the modern Sword Dance. First of all the claymores, or Highland broadswords, are laid cross-wise on the ground and the dancer stands between the points facing the centre and in the first position, namely, the right heel against the ball of the left toe; he holds himself erect and perfectly free so that he can always look down with ease at the centre of the crossed swords. In the first "figure" there are four bars, equal to eight beats; in the first bar you advance the right foot about six inches to the right in two beats of the music next place the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe in one beat, slightly bending the right knee, then raise the right foot; now place the right foot down again in the same position in one beat, and half a bar is completed, to be followed by the left foot advancing instead of the right. In the second bar the same steps are repeated, first with the right foot leading. The second: the dancer having completed this in twenty-four beats is ready for the fourth and final bar; the next eight beats are for the "setting" step, which is done by springing up from the first position, placing the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe; then by springing up and placing the right against the left, the time being repeated twice for this step.

THE HIGHLAND FLING.

Perhaps the most graceful dance after the sword dance is the Highland Fling which must never be confounded with the skips and sprawls

of the so-called Highland Scottische or Fling in the society ball-room. The Highland Fling should be executed very "neatly," the dancer keeping to one spot all through, never raising one foot higher than the lower edge of the knee cap of the opposite leg, as a rule letting the one foot mark time for the other. In this dance there are eight figures, each having a "back step," and another important point in the performance of this dance is the use of the arms in balancing the body while the time of the dance should average sixteen bars in from twenty-four to twenty-eight seconds.

THE STRATHSPEY.

Not unlike the Highland Fling in time and measure is The Strathspey, so called from the district where it originated. In the beginning of this century it was called a "twasome" dance, because it was first danced by two persons. Now-a-days it is a "foursome" usually two ladies and two gentlemen taking part. It is divided into two sections, the first or "reel" consisting of eight bars, and the second or "setting" step, of eight bars. The ladies standing on the right lead off the dance after the introductory bowing to partners. In doing the reel part, in moving to the right the right foot is advanced, followed closely by the left, then the left foot is brought down behind, and the right raised, then two hops, concluding with the same "setting step" as the Highland Fling. Lastly we have the Reel proper, world-famed, brisk, and lively dance, and allied to it is the "chief of Highland dances."

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

Both are danced in conjunction with, but after the Strathspey. The tune of the Reel is quicker, however, and in the Reel pure and simple the same number of bars are danced, both in the "reel" and "setting" parts. In the Reel of Tulloch, after the first "reel" part, a series of "setting" to partners takes place as follows: The couple "set" four bars, then, each grasping the other by the rear part of the arm with the right hand, turn to the left in two bars, then change hands, dancing two bars in the reverse way, the gentlemen meet in the centre and set as before, the partners resting, and thus alternately to the end. The Strathspey and the Reel are the most popular of the Highland Dances, and in a quaint volume entitled *Sketches Relative to the History and Theory more especially to the Practice of Dancing*, published at Aberdeen in 1805, we find the principal steps of each dance plainly and clearly described.—Dr. Norman Hay Forbes, in "The Caledonian."

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY,

NOVEMBER, 1912.

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BOUND VOLUMES.

The early Volumes of the Magazine are most interesting, and can be had from Volume VIII. to XIX. for 6s. each Volume, post free.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of the Clan Mackay Society was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, on Thursday evening 26th October—Rev. Patrick Mackay, Edinburgh, presiding—when Mr. John Stewart Bannatyne, solicitor, Glasgow, lectured on “Our Highland Regiments.”

Mr. Bannatyne stated that the Highlands had contributed to the British Army during four wars 50 battalions of regulars, 3 of reserves, and 7 of militia, in addition to 26 regiments of fencibles for home service. The Island of Skye alone had furnished in forty years one adjutant-general, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 400 majors, captains, and subalterns, 10,000 private soldiers and 120 pipers, and during the same period had given the Civil Service one Governor-General of India, 4 Governors of British Colonies, one Chief Baron, of England, and one Judge of the Court

of Session. In sketching the Most Notable Achievements of the various Highland regiments, the lecturer pointed out that the Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow Regiment) had 29 battle honours, giving it in this respect the second place in the British Army, and that detachments of that regiment, of the Black Watch, and of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, were amongst the band of heroes who perished on the transport “Birkenhead.”

Mr. Bannatyne also related how the Black Watch had won the privilege of wearing the red heckle on their bonnets by recapturing the guns at Guildermalsen, and the artillery horses having been shot down, dragging the guns back into camp themselves, and how the kilted regiments wore white spats to commemorate the fact that when their boots had worn done during the disastrous retreat to Corunna under Sir John Moore, they had torn their shirts from their backs and wrapped them round their feet. He further explained that, after the battle of Alma, Sir Colin Campbell, on being asked by Lord Raglan what distinction he wished in recognition of the bravery of the Highland Brigade, asked and obtained permission to wear to the end of the campaign a Highland feather bonnet in place of a general's cocked hat!

CLAN MACFARLANE.—The first Social evening of the present winter's programme of the Society of The Clan MacFarlane was held in the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Tuesday, 29th October, when the president, Mr. James MacFarlane of Watford, presided over an enthusiastic assembly of clansmen and clanswomen and their friends.

A varied programme was submitted which appeared to find much acceptance. This remark is particularly applicable to the pipe music of Pipe Major G. D. Taylor and Piper Henry MacFarlane and the dancing of the former. The promotion of the event was in the capable hands of clansmen Peter Neil MacFarlane and the Vice-President, Matthew MacFarlane, both of whom also contributed.

The President, in a brief speech, showed conclusively that the Society was already an assured success, and was on the high road towards becoming a world wide organisation. The committee have adopted a system of distribution of labour by which two members assume the responsibility of carrying out each social event—a different pair on each occasion.

This lightens the work and diffuses interest. The next fixture takes place towards the end of November. Particulars regarding the Society may be obtained on request from the Hon. Secy., Mr. James MacFarlane, Southfield Park, Pinner, Middlesex.

NEW CELTIC LECTURER FOR GLASGOW.

Appointment of the Rev. George Calder.

THE Rev. George Calder, M.A., B.D., minister of the parish of Strathfillan, has been selected by Glasgow University Court for the post of Celtic Lecturer rendered vacant by the lamented death of Rev. Dr. George Henderson.

Mr. Calder, who was born in 1859, was educated at the Public School, Stonehaven, and

ity of perfecting himself in Gaelic presented itself. Before leaving the district in 1893, he preached in Gaelic in the Parish Church, Blair Atholl. Removing to Ardgour, he preached in Gaelic regularly every Sunday for a year. Before being admitted to his present charge, he had, in accordance with the law of the Church, to preach in Gaelic to the satisfaction of the Presbytery. But apart from living for the last 18 years in a Gaelic atmosphere, all his leisure has been devoted to the serious study of the philology of Irish and Highland Gaelic, and he



the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen. He took the M.A. degree at the University of Aberdeen in 1881 with honours in classics, gaining the first prize in the advanced Latin class. After acting for a short time as assistant master in classics at Rothesay Academy, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he held a Grierson Bursary for two years, and obtained the degree of B.D. in 1884. Previously, in 1878, he had spent a semester at Bonn, and he also taught for two summers at English schools.

On being appointed Royal Bounty missionary at Struan in 1886, a long-looked-for opportu-

has found time to work as an occasional student under the Faculty of Arts of the University of Edinburgh under Professors Mackinnon and Eggeling. In Sanskrit he reached the honours standard of examination, and was made an honorary research student of the University.

Mr. Calder was further able to prosecute his Irish studies under the late Professor Strachan at the School of Irish Learning, Dublin, in 1905, and again under Professor Thrueneysen in 1911. By these scholars and by Professor Kuno Meyer he was encouraged to embark on a course of research in Celtic. In 1907 the Irish Texts

Society published his edition of the Irish "Æneid" with the English version, Introduction, and Glossary. The language of the text is late Middle Irish (14th or 15th century). This work received unqualified praise from Celtic experts. For several years he has been engaged upon an edition of an important medieval Irish grammatical text (*Anraicept na n-Eces*) which is shortly to be published. The Irish Text Society has further undertaken to publish for him a medieval prose version of the "Thebaid" of Statius from MSS. in Edinburgh and London. His published work has not by any means been confined to Irish. A volume of "Folk Tales and Fairy Lore" in Gaelic and English, edited by him, appeared in 1910, and he published a Gaelic grammatical text in the "Celtic Review" for 1911. Living for so many years in the home of the well-known Highland poet, Duncan Ban MacIntyre, he was attracted to his works, and has sought to obtain light upon the numerous difficulties which his longer poems present by securing the co-operation of all the intelligent shepherds and keepers in the neighbourhood of Ben Doran. His edition of MacIntyre's poems, with accompanying English poetic version, has just been published. It might be stated that for the last four years the Carnegie University Trust have given Mr. Calder a grant in aid of his Celtic studies.

Mr. Calder's application for the lectureship was supported by testimonials of the highest order. Professor Thurneysen, of Freiburg, Baden, stated that Mr. Calder "has made a good name in Celtology," and spoke of him as "an able and earnest investigator in the domain of Celtic."

Professor Kuno Meyer, of Berlin University, considered Mr. Calder to be eminently qualified for the lectureship, combining in a happy degree the two chief conditions which naturally attach to the post—"an intimate familiarity with the spoken language and modern literature on the one hand, and a scholarly knowledge of the history and philology of the language and of the older literature on the other."

"I am familiar with most of Mr. Calder's work," wrote Principal Sir John Rhys, of Oxford, "and I am most favourably impressed by his scholarship, clear-headedness, and care."

Others who cordially endorsed Mr. Calder's qualifications were Dr. E. C. Quiggan, Lecturer in Celtic, Cambridge; Professor Macalister, of the Celtic Archaeology Chair at University College, Dublin; Mr. Edward Gwynn, Trinity College, Dublin; Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh University; the Rev. J. M. MacGregor, Kilmore; and the Rev. Farquhar Maerae, Glenorechy.

Mr. Calder's friends rejoice that his scholarly

attainments have received recognition, and they anticipate for him a successful tenure of the lectureship.

On Monday evening, 28th October, the opening meeting of the Gaelic Society was held in the Charing Cross Halls, and took the form of a Ceilidh. Mr. Archibald Stewart, president, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. The chairman referred to the fact that the society was celebrating its semi-jubilee. The Rev. George Calder, the newly-appointed Celtic Lecturer at the University, was present, and addressed the meeting. He hoped that in his new position he would ever have the support and co-operation of the members of that society. The Gaelic language was an ancient and interesting language that would amply repay keen study and deep research. A concert followed, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

ROYAL STEWART TARTAN.

Prince Charles Edward Stewart Tartan is ever associated with "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and is nowise different from the Royal Stewart, except that the broad red stripe in the latter is very much contracted. The achievements and adventures of the unfortunate Prince in the ever-memorable campaign of 1745-46 are too well known to be referred to at length. He was born at Rome, 31st December 1720; he landed in Scotland, 23rd July 1745, and on 19th August, raised his father's standard in Glenfinnan, but was defeated at Culloden, 16th April 1746. He died at Rome, 31st January 1788. His funeral obsequies were celebrated on the 3rd February, 1789, in the cathedral of Fresecati, of which See his brother, the Cardinal Duke of York, was Bishop. The church was draped with black and gold lace and silver tissue, which, with the many wax lights, gave it a very solemn aspect. A large catafalque was erected on steps in the nave of the edifice, on which lay the Prince's coffin, covered by a superb pall, whereon lay the Garter, St. George and St. Andrew, which are now in the Castle of Edinburgh. It was embroidered with the Arms of Britain. At 10 a.m. the old Cardinal came to the church in a sedan, and, seating himself at the altar, began in a broken voice to sing the office for the dead. "The first verse was scarcely finished when it was observed his voice faltered, and tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, so that it was feared he would not have been able to proceed. However, he soon recollected himself, and went through the function in a very affecting manner, in which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity were happily blended."

THE FERNAIG MS.

(Continued from page 187.)

19. Ach noibre hig Ri Shemis
Si yevir ea na choire
Cajt i bi nj hegorich
Hreig ea da cajrtr dojne
Si va gi seyvir fedoligh
Geri er i stoire
Noubre hair ead sais is egin er
Ead fein hovird i loine
20. Ach nuair a thig Rìgh Seumas,
'S a dh' éibhear e 'na chóir,
C' àit' am bi na h-eucoirich
A thréig e d' an ceart deòin ?
'S a bha gu saibhir, feudalach
Ag éirigh air an stòr ;
Nuair thàr iad sàs is éiginn air
Iad féin a thoirt an lòn.
21. Ha tjh vo düyre eod barrondis
Ra carrig mjltive slouyh
Ni di vis lame vaillight
Hair lajman da hire louyh
Ga moir i chljek si chailgarighk
Sea shailgarigk ma coÿyrtt
Smairg da cullie hairmjle ea
Najmb amin hovird souhse
22. Tha'n ti bho'n d' fluair iad barantas
Ri caradh mlitibh sluaigh ;
Ni do bhios làn mhalluichte
Thar lannan d'a thir luaidh ;
Ge mór a chle 's a chealgairiachd,
'S a shealgairiachd mu'n cuairt,
Is maigr d'an eulaidh fharmaid e
'N am annan thobhairt suas.
23. Nach more i coih si breaghlims
Haghir si charjt ouyhre
Dan chommin chailigigh vaskiligh
Voyle bas er vair nj hoyshl
Rejni i teennis adda
Gi noi-aghkire go fouhgk
Ga trick i squirse cha va ead ea
Gin spairn mir cha ea souhse
24. Nach mór an ceò 's am breachlam-sa
A thachair 'sa cheart uair,
Do 'n chomunn chealgach, mhasgullach
Bhuail bas air bhàr na h-nails'.
Rim an tinneas fhada
Gu neo-acaire gu fuaehd ;
Ge tric a sgiùrs, cha mhatl iad e
Gu'n spairn mar chaidh e suas.
25. Hugg ead straihkh cho maillicht
Sgir ainni ea ri louyh
Graj hoird di Ri ainmossigh
Si kaimose i churr voih
Sga bi hajst i daillis shjn
Go earrose nagh mair bouyn
Bihi lain deu teih nj hairrichis
Noubre haillis ead ma couyrtt
26. Thug iad stràie cho malluichte
'S gur annamb e ri luadh,
Gradh thoirt do Rìgh annasach,
'S an ceannas a chur bhualh' ;
'S gu'm bi fhathast an dallas sin
Gu carras nach mair buan ;
Bithidh làn diubh 'n teach na h-aithreachais
Nuair sheallas iad mu'n cuairt.
27. Darr i hig i Ri lea statolighk
Go ajt mir is cojre
Is cündort nagh bi Davj doÿyn
Gairri raive fo hoine
Aghki bramman feile gha
Shi vesin da vouh hoise
Doñis boidd yeris err
No ye shid is ea beo
28. Dar a thig an Rìgh le stáitealachd
Gu áite mar is cóir,
Is cunnart nach bi Daibhidh donn
A' garadh fhreunh fo thòin ;
Aca braman féile dha—
'S bu bheusan dà bho thòs ;
Donas bod a dh' éireas air
No dheth sud is e beò.
29. Ach bilis ea na chuisse ghaire
Da ni Gaj-allū is glan beise
Zindrig gi trein croyddalligh
Lea Noughtarain si neimb
Sga dugg ejsi coní orh
Tor-leimb hoird no gleise
Noubre yeyuh ead mjne i njntine
Snoi-chjnttigh gaise reit
30. Ach bitheas e na chúis ghaire
Do na Gaidhealajbh 's glan beus,
A dh' imtrig gu treun, cruadalach,
Le 'n uachdarain 'san fheum ;
'S gu'n d' thug esan coime orra,
Tòr-leum thoirt no gleus ;
Nuair gheibheadh iad miam an imtinn
'S neo-chimteach dh' fhàs an réit.
31. Ach Vairister Cellin sdū fair
Barroile er i treids
Shin i tijh nagh maillich ead
Chaj nahlls gha kein
Hesse ea müh gi tavighkigh
Dar i livir caigh i geil
Sgad ghaig gigh naigh no jnir ea,
Va ea gleaghk lea om toill fein
32. Ach a Mhaighstir Cailin, 's tu
Fear barail air an treud-s' ;
Sin an ti nach mealladh iad—
Chaidh an alladh s' dhà an céin.
Sheas e muigh gu tabhachdach
Dar a liubhair eàch an géill ;
'S ged dh' fhàg gach neach 'na aonar e,
Bha e gleac le aon toil féin.
33. Ha mi gheuh nagh airrigh shin
Snaah i varrondis Maghk Dhe
Naigh shin lug gailligh gha
Gi shaillich ea er eymb
Tijh von glaghk i chūmpajst
Gin deūmboyh as i yeive
Si hessis feimb nj foorindigh
Noubre vinichir i trejpe
34. Tha mi guidh nach aithreach sin ;
'S math a bharantas Mac Dhé ;
Neach sin a thug gealladh dha
Gu'n sealladh e air fheum ;
Ti bha 'n glac a' chumpaist
Gin diombaidh as a dhéidh.
'S a sheasas feum nam fireantach
Nuair mhinichear an t-sreup.
35. Sgir Dheoile Dūmoile colligh ea
Gin doivaint dūine is leire
Foyhtt ri moir-Riolighk
Nagh djbhair ea go eig
Ga more i dūh ha nairrichis
Di ni harrjne ead go rejtt
Cha neyhtt i teih nj faimbichis
Saire lainaū i noosc-heid

36. 'S gur dh' Fheòil Dun-olaigh colaich e,
Gu'n dò-bheart duinn is léir,
Fuaight' ri mòr-rioghalachd
Nach dìobair e gu eug.
Ge mòr an duigh tha 'n aithreachas
De na tharruinn iad gu réit,
Cha 'n fhaight' an tigh na *feamachais*,
'S fhearr lannaibh a nìos théid.
37. Sgìr ro-vah lave nj hiskin ea
Lea kjnttichis gin vreig
Squìri ea mir yindrig ea
Cha njmbirlich ea ceambs
Is bouhhigh doysc nj dorine
Hig solas as i deve
Sma ha bri mi harkirrih
Bihì faimid rj yea-cheile
38. 'S gur ro-mhath làmh na h-innsinn e,
Le cinnteachas gun bhreug;
Sguir e mar a dh' inntig e;
Cha 'n iomarlach e'n ceum-s';
Is buadhach an tós na dòruinn e,
Thig solas as a déidh;
'S ma tha brìgh a'm thairngearachd
Bithidh farmad rj dheagh chéill.
39. Sminkigh rah er feihidne
No ghehig naigh i chore
Ha marriskell ni ceises
Na vdìr er na sloire
Ga bea oùhre henttas ea
Tive da cùir ea toire
Ni ea Rì cairtt cùpaistigh
Ma teñtta dñ dì ghoirn
Shejd ni bùyj &
40. 'S mioneach rath air foighidim,
Na'n gleidheadh neach a chòir;
Tha marasgul na chùise-sa
'Na ùghdar air na 's leòr;
Ge b' e uair a thionndas e
An taobh d'an cuir e tòir,
Ni e Rìgh ceart cùpaisteach
Mu'n tionndadh tu do dhòrn.

HOO CAN I LEAVE?

Hoo can I leave this rock-bound strand,
Whaur Nature wi' her perfect hand
Has shaped ilk scene o' this fair land—
Her masterpiece?

Hoo can I leave this Hieland hame
'Mid bens and glens of Ossian's claim,
An' countless ties I winna name,
Tae cross yon sea?

Hoo can I leave what's dearer far
Than worldly gains to hearts that daur
Be Scottish still, an' leal to her —
Ar tir nam beann?

Hoo can I leave this sweet brown maid,
Wha oft has sheltered 'neath my plaid
When winter's blast, fu' bleak, has laid
A' bare an' cheerless?

Hoo can I leave mo chaileag's smiles,
Whaur truth reposes, free frae guiles,
An' her bricht e'e that glints at whites
Wi' vows unspoken?

Hoo can I leave this heart o' mine,
Tae seek a hame 'yont wastes o' brine?
Words canna tell—pens can't divine—
Gràdh-dùthcha's fire.

Arbroath.

SEUMAS MACGARADH.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

WEATHER-WISDOM.—What is the best Gaelic for "weather-wisdom"?
SIÂN.

CLANS.—Where is the most complete list of Highland Clans to be found?
CLANSMAN.

GAELIC CHURCH MUSIC.—What music was in use in the Churches in the Highlands before the Psalms were translated into Gaelic?
CEOL.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.—Did Sir William speak Gaelic?
CLAIDHEAMH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Has any of his novels been translated into Gaelic?
ROB ROY.

ANSWERS.

"CLACH NA BRATAICH."—Clan Donnachaidh, or the Robertsons, is enriched by the possession of a famous charm called "Clach na Brataich"—or Stone of the Standard. In joining the muster at St. Ninians, under King Robert the Bruce, previous to the battle of Bannockburn, "Donnachadh Reamhar" encamped with his men on their march towards the rendezvous. On pulling up the standard pole out of the ground one morning before the marching off, the chief observed something glittering in a clod of earth which adhered to the end of the staff. He immediately plucked it out, and there being something apparently fateful in such an incident occurring under such circumstances, he retained it in his own possession, after holding it up to his followers, as a happy omen of success in the fortunes of their expedition. It became associated with the glorious victory of Bannockburn, and henceforth was accepted by the clan as its Stone of Destiny or Palladium.

"MASSACRE OF GLENCOE."—Iain Breac Mac Eanraig (John Breac MacKendrick or Henderson) is said to have composed the well-known pibroch "The Massacre of Glencoe," as well as the music and the traditional words of the excellent quick-step, "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor"—"We will take the highway." This Iain Breac was also a noted swordsman.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.—On the raising of the Gordon Highlanders in 1794, a yellow stripe was introduced into the Black Watch pattern for their regimental use, and since then the Gordons have discontinued the use of the Huntly tartan, except on full dress occasions.

JACOBITE TARTAN.—The tartan known as "The Jacobite Tartan" was worn as one of the emblems of the Jacobites. Many secret signs and emblems were adopted by the Jacobites prior to the Rising of 1715, and this Jacobite tartan was one of them.

NATURALLY, colour forms an important role in Gaelic names. The words "fionn"—white, "dubh"—black and "donn"—brown, are the leading colour elements in names, coming either before or after the chief element, preferably before. The "gille" names in Gaelic divide themselves into two classes, those with adjective and those with saint names. The adjectives nearly all denote colours.

MACNABS.—A family of Macnabs were, for a period of four hundred years, hereditary armourers and jewellers to the Campbells, Knights of Lochawe, whose seat was at Kilchurn Castle, Lochawe. The last of the race died about the beginning of the last century, at Baran, near Dalmally.

THE ADVENTURES OF FIONN IN CONNAUGHT.

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

[Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."]

(Continued from page 198.)

FROM their warlike habits and the truculence of their disposition, the men of Galway, in particular the brigands of the district of *Ioruaithe* or *Heriot*, seem to have very early gained unenviable notoriety. Their success in the cattle-lifting profession which they followed, brought them into disfavour with their neighbours in Connaught as well as with Leinster princes like Fionn and King Cormac. The Highland story of "Conall Gulban" further avers that this Leinster warrior also had occasion to chastise them for their robberies; but if this be historical fact, there survive no records to authenticate its truth. Most probably, the real hero referred to in the story is not the Conall Gulban of post-Fenian days, but rather a certain Conall Cruachu who lived in the second century. An ancient legend runs that this Leinster nobleman, the foster-father of Conn Cetchathach and a distinguished warrior, invaded Galway several times between the years 123-157 A.D., and during one of his visits there, fought a pitched battle with the men of Heriot, and put a host of these robbers to flight. In the heat of the fray, his son Fraech received a mortal wound, and when he fell, says the *Rennes Dindsenchas*, the Tuatha Taiden, the Fir Domnann, and his own people the Picts of Cruachu, closed round him to prevent the robbers stripping the body of its armour.

This discomfiture the men of Galway must have taken to heart, for we hear little more about them until the reign of Cormac. Not unlikely, they may have confined their cattle-lifting operations to smaller proportions than they had been accustomed, but the frequent invasions of Galway by king Cormac forcibly suggest that they had recovered their former spirits, and renewed their strength. It is quite obvious, therefore, that Fionn's visits to Galway were punitive raids against the robber bands of *Ioruaithe*, and that the duties of the Fenian militia included the punishment of such border-thieves as well as the defence of the frontiers.

In these expeditions to Galway, the men of Leinster were frequently aided by the *Fir Domnann* of county Mayo, who, by reason of their proximity to Galway, knew enough of their neighbours' character and habits to fear and hate them. As a people the Domnann ranked among the most ancient and celebrated of Ireland's tribes and clans, and the conspicuous part

they play in the *Táin bó Chúailnge* shows the estimation in which they were held. Their fame was noised abroad far and wide, and excited the jealousy of other tribes and monarchs. Tradition has it that when Tuathal Techtmar came to the throne of Tara in A.D. 79, his envious nature inspired him to undertake the extermination of the Domnann. Tuathal began the war of extermination, and was the first to be exterminated.

Ancient writers have put forward various etymologies to explain the origin and meaning of their distinctive clan-name. The *Historia Britonum* says that it is connected with the Latin word *Dominus*, "Lord, Master," whilst the *Cóir Anmann* derives it from *fir domhain-fhonn*, "men of deep pits" (or ground), this truly Celtic piece of etymology being explained by a tradition that the Domnann used to dig deep pits or wells, whence they could draw the necessary water supplies for the purpose of irrigation. Against these findings of the learned monks has to be placed the popular and correct derivation of the name from *domhan*, "world." Popular etymologies are, I know, always wrong, but in this instance, exception proves the rule. Allied to these Fir Domnann by name, if not also by the ties of blood and language, were the *Dumnonii* of Devonshire, and *Domnonii* of Scotland, the clan-name being common to ancient Scotland, Ireland, England and Gaul, and evidently very wide-spread among the Celts. In all these cases, the old root of the name is **domno*, or **dumno*, "world," with a suffix attached denoting the person or agent, the clan-name thus signifying "world-men," i.e. inhabitants of what they called the "world," an indefinite term which applied strictly to the clan-territory.

Being a general name for a clan and not a person, the kings and chiefs styled themselves differently according to their rank and importance. A monarch would be entitled to call himself "world-king" (*Dumno-rix*) and a chieftain, "world chief" (*Dumno-ruos*), but owing to the meticulous regard which both of these had for their persons and dignities, the common clansman would only be allowed the surname "world-men." By exception, we have in the case of the Macdonalds an ancient clan bearing the title of a chief, the personal name *Dumno-ruos* or *Donald* ("World chief") having ousted the true clan-name *Domnann*. Mediæval Scottish traditions say that the Macdonalds are directly descended from Donald, grandson of Somerled of the Isles, who died in 1164; but in this Donald we again discover that irrepressible ghost known as the "eponymous ancestor," and need scarcely wait to ask if the clan did not rather give birth to the ghost. There

seems to be no doubt that the Macdonalds of the Isles originally hailed from Connaught where their ancestors were known as *Fir Donnann*, and there is also no doubt that the well-known tradition regarding the origin of the Scottish clan-name is in accordance with historical fact, with this proviso, that the Scottish branch of the *Donnann* was allowed to change its name to *Donald* or *MacDonald* out of compliment to a twelfth century leader of that rank and title, but could not, on that slender ground, claim him to be their common ancestor and progenitor.

In Connaught, the king of the *Donnann* was generally known among his own people as *Rí Donnainn*, and in Leinster as "king of the western world" (*Rí iarthair domain*),—a lordly-sounding title which is not so grandiose as it looks. Indeed, very often it signified only the royal demesnes situated at a place called *Erris* on the coast of the present county of Mayo, and for this reason, we find him sometimes referred to as the "Emperor of Erris,"—*Imper Irrais i leabúil*, "the Emperor of Erris his designation," as the *Glennasan Manuscript* speaks of him. In the Colonsay version of "The Story of Conall Gulban," he is simply called the "Emperor" (Campbell's "*Tales*," Vol. III. p. 211), and when his enemies prove too numerous, powerful and fierce for him (*lionmhor, neartmhor us borb*), it is the king of "Erin," or rather of Leinster, who comes to his rescue. One of these "Emperors" went by the name of *Domnail Dail*, but so far as the *Fir Donnann* were concerned, the use of the aristocratic title *Domnail* was a privilege not extended to them as it was later to the Macdonald clan in the north.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

(Continued from page 178.)

NOVEMBER—AM MÍOS DUBH.

THIS month takes its English name from its place in the Roman Calendar—the ninth month—from *novem*—nine. It is called in Gaelic *Am míos dubh*—the black month—also *Toiseach a' Gheamhruaidh*—the beginning of winter. Manx, *Sauin*.

The first of the month is *An-t-Samhuinn*, being the day after *Oidhche Shamhna*, which we have already described. The first is also known ecclesiastically as *All Saints' Day*—*Lá nan Naomh uile*. The second is also an ecclesiastical holiday—All Souls' Day—*Lá nan Marbh*.

The eleventh is known as *An fhéill Mairtáin*—Martinmas. St. Martin, the son of a Roman military tribune, was born at Sabaria, in Hungary, about 316. He was elected bishop of Tours in the year 374. In Scotland and the

North of England a fat ox is called a *mart*, evidently from Martinmas, the usual time when beeves are killed for winter use. It may be pointed out, however, that *mart* in Irish and Gaelic means a fat cow, or a cow for killing.

The twenty-third is *An t-seann fhéill Mairtáin*, Martinmas O.S. while the twenty-ninth is *Oidhche fhéill Anndrais*—St. Andrew's eve, followed by *An fhéill Anndrais*—St. Andrew's day. St. Andrew is regarded as the patron saint of Scotland, and his festival is much honoured by Scotsmen at home and abroad. The commencement of the ecclesiastical year is regulated by the feast of St. Andrew, the nearest Sunday to which, whether before or after, constitutes the first Sunday in Advent, or the period of four weeks which heralds the approach of Christmas. St. Andrew's Day is thus sometimes the first and sometimes the last festival in the Christian year. That the Gaels regarded it as a definite period for reckoning from is evident from the saying—*Cha tig an fhéill Anndrais gu ceann bliadhna tailleadh oirnn*—St. Andrew's Day won't come for another year.

THE CLAN MACLEAN GATHERING AT DUART CASTLE.

THE great gathering of MacLeans on the Island of Mull, on August 24th, 1912, when the Chief, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., K.C.B., took formal possession of Duart Castle, forms an unique and important phase in Scottish history, and one that will never be repeated. The occasion was of such a nature that it was considered advisable to have a full and complete narrative recorded in permanent form. Many of those present at the gathering requested the undersigned to assume the labour and place the same in book form. The task has been accepted, and every effort is being put forth to give a full account of The Great Gathering on August 24, 1912, with Portraits of distinguished MacLeans present; Pictures of Scenes during the Gathering; History of Duart Castle, with various illustrations and drawings.

It is also designed to add to the volume the papers of General Allan MacLean, commander of the 84th or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, who saved Canada to the British Crown during the American Revolution, 1775-1783. There will be other important MacLean history added. The volume will be an 8vo. bound in cloth.

In order to cover expenses there must be a guarantee of 500 copies, at 5s. each. Subscriptions should be sent at once to J. P. MacLean, Franklin, Ohio, or John MacLean, 70 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 194.)

- Amhaire romhad mu 'n toir thu do leum.
Look before you leap.
- Is léir do'n dall a bheul.
The blind can see his mouth.
- Am fear nach teagaisg Dia cha teagaisg duine.
Whom God teaches not man cannot.
- Am fear nach seall roimhe seallaidh e 'na dhéigh.
He that won't look before him must look behind him.
- Am fear nach guth a ghuth cha rath a rath.
Whose word is no word, his luck is no luck.
- Am fear nach gabh 'n uair a gheibh cha 'n fhaigh 'n uair is àill.
He that won't take when he may, won't get when he wills.
- Am fear nach fosgail a sporan fosglaidh e 'bheul.
He that won't open his purse will open his mouth.
- Am fear nach do chleachd claidheamh, fagaidh e air a thom e.
He that is not used to the sword will leave it behind him.
- Am fear nach dean toil a' Phàpa fàgadh e an Ròimh.
He that won't obey the Pope, let him leave Rome.
- Am fear nach dean Nollaig le 'dheòin, ni e Chàisg a dh' aindeoin.
He who won't keep Christmas must keep Easter.
- Am fear nach cluinn gu ceart cha toir e ach droch fhreagairt.
He that hears but badly, answers badly.
- Am fear nach bi ole 'na aire, cha smaoinich e ole fir eile.
He who means no evil thinks no evil.
- Cha 'n fhaigh a' chroich dàn na mara.
The water will never waur the widdie.—Scot.
- Am fear aig am bi maighstir bidh fhios aig air.
He that has a master will know it.
- Am fear aig am bi an Ròimh, tha 'n Ròimh aige ri eumail suas.
He who has Rome has Rome to keep up.
- Am fear aig a bheil, eumadh e, am fear o 'm bi tarroingeadh e.
He who has, let him hold; he who wants, let him pull.
- Am fear a thig gun chuireadh suithidh e gun iarraidh.
He who comes unbidden, sits unasked.
- Am fear a théid 's an droigheann dhomh rachainn 's an dris dha.
Who goes through the thorns for me, I would go through briars for him.
- Am fear a théid do 'n tigh-mhór gun ghnóthach bheir e ghnóthach as.
He that goes to the big house without business may bring business home.
- Am fear a chumas a dhubhan fliuch gheibh e iasg uair-eigin.
He that keeps his hook wet (goes a-fishing) will get fish sometime.
- Am fear a th' anns a chùil biodh a shùil air an teine.
He that is in the corner let him keep an eye on the fire.
- Am fear a's treas an uachdar, 's am fear a's luath' air thoiseach.
The strongest above, and the swiftest in front.
- Am fear a's mò a gheallas, 's e a's lugha 'choimh-gheallas.
He that promises most performs least.
- Am fear a's luaithe làmh 's e 's fheàrr euid.
He of fleetest hand gets fullest share.
- Am fear a's fhaide saoghal 's e 's mò a chì.
He that lives longest sees most.
- Am fear a's fhaidhe bha beò riamh, fhuair e bàs.
He that lived longest, died at last.
- A' pheic air an sgillinn, 's gun an sgillinn ann.
The peck at a penny, and no penny to buy it.
- Aithnichidh na leth-chiallaich a chèile.
The half-wits recognise each other.
- Aithnichear leanabh air a bheusaibh.
A child is known by its manners.
- Aithnichear am balach 's a' mhaduinn—bristidh e barr-iall a bhròige.
The clown is known in the morning—he breaks his shoe-thong.
- Aisling eaillich mar a dùrachd.
An old wife's dream as her desire.
- Air glainead an tobair, bidh salachar ann.
However clean the well may be, some dirt in it you'll ever see.
- Air fhad 's ge 'n téid thu 'mach, na toir droch sgeul dhachaidh ort fhéin.
However far you may go, bring home no ill tale of yourself.
- Aicheadh na eaillich air an sgillinn—nach e sgillinn idir a bh'ann ach dà bhonn-a-sè.
The old wife's denial of the penny—it was not a penny, but two half-pence.
- Ag itheadh na cruaiche fo'n t-sìoman.
Eating the staek under the rope.

(To be continued.)

ORAN,

Do Ailis NicDhomhnuill Na Ceapach,

BANA BHARD CILANN DHOMHNUILL.

Thog Nì'vic Raomull na Ceapach am fonn
Ceòl mireanach, pongant' 'Sìol Chuinn,
Rì 'n rùisgeadh iad colg a bhiodh gear,
'S rì 'n togadh iad bréid a bhiodh grunn,
'S rì 'n tairneadh iad taifeid gu'n cluais,
'Chuireabh nìdhir le fuaim na still
B'e'n ceòl thar gach ciùil 'thug an òigh 's fhearr'
beus.

Caoimh annir an teud-ghnith tha binn.

B'e'n t-àros ud talla nan teud,
'S Ailis nam beus togail fuinn,
Bha tannasg nan triath bhuainn a thréig
Ag itealaidh glensd thun an tuim,
'S iad dealrach 's aitmhor nan gnùis
Le coroin 's le crùn air an cinn,
'S an ciabhagan glas air a' ghaoith,
'S an cluasan ag aomadh 's gu' n cluinn.

Sar chliù do bhean-nasal na'm buadh,
A cluicheas farmach, nallach, 's dhlùth,
Am meur a's grinne 's an Tuath
'S a's binne ni fuaim anns a' chùirt
'N tra sheinn i fileanta, euraidh
A' phìobaireachd 'chualas mu 'n dùn
Bha lasgairan flatbail mu 'n chàirt
Le n' cuislean a bualadh 's làn smùis.

Seadh piobaireachd Dhòmhnuill mhòr threim
Dhòmhnuill Duibh nan euchd nach gabh luaidh
Bu mhaiseachd a còmhlan fo 'n sgéith,
Le 'm breacain 's le 'm feile-beag cuaich,
'S bu lainnreach deàrrsach a bréid
Le caisteal, 's laimh threim bheireadh buaidh
Le leomhann, long, 's braclan air sàil'
'S fraoch dosrach fo àrd bheinn n' cruach.

Mo bheannaichd do'n rìbhinn dheis réidh,
Fo 'n tigh a rinn euchd, 's a bheil uaisl',
Na' n athraishean smachdail is treun
Ach ceanalta, 's eudmhor mu 'n sluagh;
Tha 'n eachdraidh sgrìobhte gle réidh
'S tha 'n sgeul ud orra ri luaidh,
Nach fhacas am Breutan gu leir
Bu ghaisgeal, 's bu treine nam cruas.

Ach O! mo ereach uile 's mo theim,
A Cheapach bhì dhi nam fear mòr,
Cha chluinntear mu fheasgar am piob,
A seinn "Fàilte an Rìgh" mar bu nòs,
'S cha 'n fhaicear ann deàrrsa am pic,
Nam brataichean sìoda le 'n sròil,
Dream àrdanach, fhùileach 'san strì,
Cuilodair nì innse mu 'n phòr.

Cha chluinntear ann binneas nan teud
Mar cleachd bhì le trein a bheir glòir
Nam fìlìdh ag aithris nan sgeul,
Mar thuit naith an de sa' Mhàin Mhòr
'S fuaim an fhion chaudiha cha 'n eisd
No gliongrach nan send asd' gu òl
Tha samhchair mu thalla nan teud,
'S an giubhas, e fhein tha ri bròn.

B' àimheil sud Cheapach nam peur,
'S ceann-cinnidh nan gear-lann bheir stròic,
Le a phrasgan gun domhaich san treubh
Ach uaislean lan feil 's iad gun spors
Na thalla bhìodh aoidheachd na Feinn,
'Sa bhean chaomh eumail reir aig a' bhòrd,
'S na h' òighean le cruth nan ban-dé,
A cluich air tailisg ri cèir 's i n' òr.

'Tha samhchair mu ghuala Loch-treig
'S tha 'n t' cìlean gun speis, far 'm biodh mòd
Cha taghail Gleann-Garaidh nan euchd
'S ann tharruing e 'ceum o'n fhòid
No Mac Iain mor, fearalach, gleusd
Le còmhlan na dhéide de fhir òg,
Nì mo thig Iain Muideartach sauire'
Le a chòmhlan o'n Tuath a bheir ceòl.

D. MACDHUGHAILL,
Bàrd Comunn Chloinn Dùghail.

A' Bhrnach Sheillich,
Srath Churra.

NOTE.—At the last Ceilidh of the Summer School of Gaelic at Spean Bridge, among those present was Miss MacDonell of Keppoch. Miss Juliet MacDonald, who presided, in asking Miss Alice MacDonell to play, said:—"Tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil duine ann am Braigh Lochabar nach 'eil toilichte fhaicinn leinn an nochd Ailis Nic Dhòmhnuill na Ceapach Bana Bhard Clann Dhòmhnuill. Cuir i cliù Lochabair is Clann Dhòmhnuill thar 's thar tìr, le briathran binn a bàrdachd. Tha sinn a' guidhe oirre dha 'm math an airidh ceòl a thort dhuinn."

Miss MacDonell gave a fine rendering of an old pipe set of "Piobaireachd Dhòmhnuill Duibh," the gathering of Donald of the Isles at the Battle of Inverlochy, with other airs. She received a very hearty greeting from the large assemblage of friends and neighbours present.

GAELIC MUSIC.

Last week, before the Gaelic Society of London, Dr. Alasdair Gibson gave a lecture on Gaelic Music. Dr. Farquhar Macrae, the president of the society, occupied the chair. Among the Celts, remarked Dr. Gibson, poetry and music walked hand in hand. Bards were musicians, musicians were bards. We do not know one single piece of Gaelic poetry which was intended mainly for recitation, except among a certain recent class of composition, English in everything but the language. The Lowland Scottish music has been derived from the Gaelic, the music having changed since the Southern Gaels discarded their own language, but even in the changes the Gaelic foundations are plainly to be discovered. Gaelic music is based on the five-note or pentatonic scale, in this resembling Persian, Arabian, Egyptian, and much other Eastern music. Being pentatonic, it cannot be written down accurately in tonic sol-fa or the old system of notation, neither can it be played accurately on the heptatonic instrument, the piano, but a very general Gaelic scale can be obtained on the piano by playing only the black notes. Many Gaelic airs have been made to lose all their beauty and rhythm by giving them a stereotyped heptatonic form in

printed collections, and also adapting them to English words. When leopards can change their spots then will Gaelic music be adaptable to English words. Celtic music may be divided into four groups—(1) the “*laoidh*,” which originally signified a stately, solemn composition, such as *Laoidh Dhiarmaid*; (2) the “*marbhrann*,” or elegy; (3) the “*lunneag*,” under which heading come love-songs, croon-songs, and songs of occupation, the airs being generally short and plaintive; (4) the “*iorrum*,” or rowing song. Dr. Gibson remarked that he could find no Gaelic tunes to the psalms. In the Gaelic metrical psalms the Synod of Argyll had adapted the poetry to English tunes. As to Celtic musical instruments, the harp was the favourite. In the struggle for national independence—the struggle which is not yet over—the harp gave place to the Eastern instrument, the bagpipe, the scale of which probably belongs to an old seven-note system, which has exercised but little influence on Gaelic folk-music. Dr. Gibson made reference to the recent Mod at Inverness, severely criticising the extent to which English was spoken there. The chairman of the concerts knew about as much Gaelic as the London street urchins. The Comunn *Gaedhealach* he described as the “encourage-but-will-not-speak Gaelic society”; the society should be made to feel thoroughly ashamed of itself. In illustration of the lecture, Gaelic songs were given at intervals during the evening by Miss Mairi Matheson, by Dr. Macrae, and by Dr. Gibson himself, also by the London Gaelic Choir, which is conducted under the auspices of Clann na h-Alba. The subsequent speakers expressed their appreciation of Dr. Gibson’s able and eloquent lecture.

THE CAMPBELLS.

THE Campbells, it is now generally admitted, take their surname from a facial deformity—Cam, wry; beul, mouth—Cam-beul, wry mouth. The name Campbell appears first in 1216, when Gillespie Cambell is returned in the Exchequer Rolls as holding lands of Menstrie and Sauchie, in Stirling; and he also witnesses the charter of the burgh of Newburgh, in Fife, 1266. Dugald Cambell is connected with Dumbarton Castle about the year 1289; and in 1292 Colin Cambel supports the claim of Bruce, and is entered on a document as connected with Argyll. In 1296 Arthur and Thomas Cambell are mentioned severally as King’s tenants in Perthshire; and a Duncan Campbell, “of the Isles,” swears fealty to Edward I. in that year. At the same time Neil Campbell is made King Edward’s bailie over the lands from Lochfyne to Kilmartin, in Argyll. This Neil Cambell is

practically the founder of the Argyll family. He married Bruce’s sister, and his son Colin succeeded him. “Cailean Mor,” from whom the chief of the house of Argyll gets his patronymic of MacCailean Mor, was the real founder of the family of Argyll, and was sixth in descent from Gillespie, already mentioned. He was knighted by King Alexander III. in 1280. He had a quarrel with the MacDugalls of Lorn, and the two forces met at a place called “Ath Dearg” (Red Ford), in Lorn, where he was slain (1294). He was buried in Kilchrenan, Loch Awe. Sir Colin Campbell (“Cailean Ion-gantach”) succeeded his father, Sir Archibald, who died in 1372. Sir Colin was in great favour with King Robert II., and employed by him to restrain the Highlanders, for which task he received grants of lands. He died in 1413, and was succeeded by his son, “Sir Duncan,” “Donnachadh an Aidh” (Duncan the Fortunate). He was a man of great abilities, equally marked for his valour and wisdom. He was created Lord Campbell by James II. in 1445, and was the first of the family that took the title of Argyll. He died in 1453, and was buried in the church of Kilmun, where there is a monument erected over him, with a statue of himself as large as life, and round the verge of the tomb this inscription: “*Hic Jacet. Dominus Duncanus, Dominus le Campbell, Miles de Lochow, 1453.*” Archibald Roy succeeded his father. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Somerville, by whom he had one son, Colin, who succeeded him. He was created Earl of Argyll in 1457; in 1470 he was created Baron of Lorn; and in 1481 he received a grant of many lands in Knapdale. He died in 1493, and was succeeded by his son Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, who had the honour to command the van of the Royal army at Flodden, and there fell with his Royal Master King James IV. in 1513. By his wife, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Lennox, he had four sons and five daughters. His eldest son, Colin, was third Earl of Argyll; his second son, Archibald, had a charter of the lands of Skipness, 1511. Sir John Campbell, the third son, married Muriel, daughter and heiress of Sir John Calder of Calder (now Cawdor), and was ancestor of the Campbells of Cawdor, of whom the Campbells of Ardehattan, Airds, and Clunies, etc., are descended.

THE CLAN MACNEILL has for long been divided into two branches, virtually independent of each other, viz. :—the MacNeills of Barra and the MacNeills of Gigha. These two branches are said to be descended from two brothers, but there is little evidence to prove this, and the armorial bearings of the two branches are quite different from each other. The consensus of opinion assigns the senior place to the Barra family, as Niall, their ancestor, is the first name to appear in a charter.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

A' MHALDAG CHIUIN.

LAST year *An Comunn Gaidhealach* offered and bestowed prizes for transliteration of Irish Gaelic songs into Scots Gaelic; but like many other cases of a like kind that could be mentioned, it was money thrown away. One of the songs was "Am Pàisidin Fionn." It is a common folk-song of so-so merit, but having a pretty air. The Scots Gaelic prize version, although passable as a transliteration, is of no interest, and does not lend itself readily to the music. The air is of a class that invites much rhyme, and it is out of the ordinary course to find so little of it in the Irish song.

Our fellow-Gaels on the other side of Sruth na Maoile having of late years taken a fancy for some of our songs, have Irished them, and

do often sing them. And wherefore not? They give a variety to their song and music which they seem to feel the need of. Similarly our song and music require variety, and what more natural than to seek to introduce it from the song and music of Ireland, the latter of which is less mechanically measured than much of ours, and has beauties of a kind which is rare in ours.

The words given below are a free rendering of the original song, and have a full complement of rhyme. The cadence syllables of the first three lines of the verses, it will be noticed, have double rhymes, common in Irish verse, but not so in ours.—C.M.P.

Gleus C. *Rann.*

{	: s		s	:-	ḋ: ḋ		ḋ.t:	-	: ḋ		ṁ: -	: ṙ. ḋ		ṙ: -	}
	'S	i	gràdh		mo		chridhe		a'		mhàld		-	ag	chiùin;

{	: ṁ. ṙ		ḋ: -	: ṙ. ḋ		ḋ.s:	-	: l		t: -	: ḋ		s: -	}
	Tha	sàilean		's	a	bilean		a'		gàir		-	e	riun;

{	: ṁ. ṁ		s	:-	ḋ: ḋ		ḋ.t:	-	: ḋ		ṁ: -	: ṙ. ḋ		ṙ: -	}
	Tha	deud		na's		gile		na'm		blàth		bhàim'		ùr;	

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	Is	tha	fuaim		a	guth		-	eibh		mar		chlàr	-	saich.

Seis.

{	: d		ṁ: -	f: s		ḋ.s:	-	: s		l. f: -	: f		s. ṁ: -	}
	Is	tusa		mo		rùn,		mo		rùn,		mo	rùn;	

{	: d		ṁ: -	f: s		t: -	ḋ: ṙ		ḋ: -	: -		ḋ: -	}
	Is	tusa		mo		rùn		is	mo		ghràdh		geal;

{	: d		ṁ: -	f: s		t: -	s: f		s: ḋ: ṙ		ṁ: -	}	
	Is	tusa		mo		rùn		is	mo		chomunn	gu	buair,

{	: f. ṙ		ḋ: -	t: s		f: -	r: s		d: -	: -		d: -			
	'S	gura		cuspair		mo		snuain	thu		's	gach	àit	-	e.

'S i m' eudaill is m' ulaidh a' ghruagach bhàn;
Oir ghéill mi gu buileach d'a' buadhan àrd;
'S b'ìdh mo chré-sa an cumart bhì fuar 'sa bhàs
Mur a faigh mi gu luath air làmh i.

Na'm bithinn air faighir ri sùgradh 's gream,
'S mi fileant a'm aighe le sùgh nam beann,

Gu'n tigeadh mo chailin as ùr a'm cheann,
'S gu'n òlainn le rann a' deoch-slàinte.

Gu'n tréiginn mo dhaehaidh 's mo chàirdean gaoil;
'S na'm b' fheudar e, m' athair 's mo mhàthair aosd';
Ach cha tréig mi mo leannan, a' mhàldag ehaomh,
Gus an càraich na saoir fo chlàr mi,



PROVOST H. D. B. MAC TAGGART
OF CAMPBELTOWN

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THE LATE PROVOST OF CAMPBELTOWN.

Mr. H. D. B. MACTAGGART.

WHEN on Friday, 8th November, Mr. H. D. B. Mactaggart was, with remarkable cordiality and unanimity elected by his fellow-councillors Provost of his native town, few imagined that the honour would be so shortly worn, or that the hand that so eagerly and willingly grasped the plough of public service would be still in death ere the first furrow was begun. Few events in the long history of the royal and ancient burgh of Campbeltown have been so poignantly tragic or so intensely sad, and the painful happening cannot fail to have made a deep impression on the mind and heart of the community.

The end came suddenly. On Friday night the patient was not so well. He revived somewhat on the Saturday forenoon, 16th November, but about two o'clock in the day there was a sudden collapse, and when the news quickly spread abroad in the afternoon that the Provost was dead, deep sorrow and regret were heard expressed on every hand, and a feeling of gloom and of almost irreparable loss overspread the district.

Mr. Henry Dundas Beatson Mactaggart was the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Mactaggart, Procurator Fiscal for Kintyre and Town Clerk of Campbeltown, and was born in Dalintober in the year 1853, so that he had completed his 59th year. He was educated at Dollar Academy and Glasgow University, and, choosing a business career, he entered the Glasgow office of the British India Steam Navigation Company, Ltd. Subsequently he was transferred to the London office, and later on, in the year 1879, he went to India, where he spent some time in the Bombay office of the Company. When the agency of the Company at Negapatam and Tuticorin, in the Presidency of Madras, became vacant Mr. Mactaggart received the appointment, and for many years in that capacity and as an East India merchant on his own account, he successfully carried on business there. His

residence in India extended over a period of about thirty-seven years. During that time, however, he visited his native place frequently, coming home every three years, and he was thus able to keep in intimate touch with all the affairs of this town. An intense love for the home of his birth and his boyhood was, indeed, one of his strongest passions. His family had, of course, been intimately associated with the public life of the town for several generations, but beyond the sentimental attachment to the place where so many family interests and memories were centred, there was in him a deep personal love for the home of his youth and an interest beyond the common in its people.

His first appointment was to the County Council of Argyll, in which he succeeded the late Captain Hector Macneal of Ugadale as representative of Campbeltown South Division. His business ability at once brought him into prominence in this body, and he received appointments to several of its most important committees, on which he did good service in the two years that have elapsed since. He was



a member of the Kintyre District Committee, of the County Road Board, of the Standing Joint Committee, of the Finance Committee, of the Secondary Education Committee, of the Old Age Pension Committee for Kintyre, of the Kintyre District Licensing Committee, of the County Licensing Court of Appeal, and Chairman of the Campbeltown Police Cells and County Buildings Committee. In discharging the duties of these appointments he grudged neither time nor trouble, and his place in county work will be difficult to fill.

Mr. H. B. Mactaggart's death creates a blank in the public life of the district which will perhaps only be fully realised by those most closely associated with him in the various boards and associations with which he was identified, and in the town itself his figure will be greatly missed. It may be truthfully said that he made everybody his friend. There was a charm about his manner which few could resist. He had nothing artificial about him, and the impression he gave of forcefulness of character and outstanding business acumen was very strong. There was an attractive naturalness and frankness about all his ways. He exhibited a real pleasure and enthusiasm, which he did not seek to hide, in all the work to which he put his hand. He was frankly proud of the honours which were conferred upon him, and in return he did not spare himself in his efforts to justify the confidence and the trust placed in him. He treated all men alike, no matter what their station in life might be, and the deep regret which his passing has occasioned over a wide area is shared in by every class and every interest in town and country.

Deceased is survived by his widow and three daughters. The eldest daughter is married and is resident in India, and the youngest recently left for the East on a visit to her sister. The other—Miss Alice Mactaggart—shortly since proceeded to Glasgow to enter on training as an hospital nurse, and none of the family were at home when the blow fell save Mrs. MacTaggart.

For the bereaved the deepest sympathy is felt in the community.

THREE was always famed for its fertility, its yield of barley at one time being unequalled in Scotland, and so it is known in Gaelic poetry as "Tir iosal an eorna" (the low-lying land of barley). Its fertility has given rise to the Gaelic proverb, "Mur b'e eagal an da mhaib bheireadh Tiriodh an da bharr" (But for fear of double rent Three would yield a double crop.) It was in ancient times the granary of Iona, providing the latter island with all its cereal food. Three is so low-lying that it is called in ancient Gaelic "Tir fo thonn" (The land under the waves,) and when approaching the island one imagines that it is under the level of the sea. Gaelic is still the language of the island. The size of the island is roughly estimated at about thirty-four square miles.

BEAULY PRIORY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

By J. A. MACKEGGIE.

(Continued from page 207.)

THE effect of Lovat's acquisition of the Priory lands was disastrous to the religious and educational life of all the parishes concerned. For, note the consequences.

In 1581 an Act of Parliament was passed, ordaining that every parish should have its own minister. This was very essential in view of the break-up of the religious houses and the alienation of their lands. But it was largely inoperative, and in 1617 an Act was passed appointing certain commissioners with powers of a very large kind. Among other things, they had power to unite parishes where deemed necessary, and this power they so exercised in the interests of the lairds, that later, it was summarily withdrawn from them. Among the parishes, however, that came under their review, were those connected with our Priory, and the result shows the gross injustice perpetrated by their decisions. The two parishes of Boleskine and Abertarff were united into one, though a hill seven miles long intervened between the inhabited parts of the two parishes, and the greater part of the intervening space, from its height, was impassable in winter. Fernua and Wardlaw were united into one, and, worst of all, Kiltarlity, Conventh, and Comar were made one. Comar was the upper part of Strathglass, stretching away up to Guisachan, and was twenty miles from Kiltarlity Church. Comar and Conventh were separated by high hills. By these unions, the number of stipends to be provided was reduced from seven to three, a very good bargain for the lairds, who had to provide these stipends. But what about the people of these remote parts? For one thing, the reformed faith never reached them, and the people of Strathglass and Abertarff continued to adhere to the old Catholic faith, as they do, indeed, to this day. But it did not end here, for in 1696 an Act was passed establishing schools in Scotland, which took for its unit the parish, and enacted that there should be one school in each parish, supported by the heritors. You can see what a farce such a provision meant for the old parishes, now absorbed, of Abertarff, Comar, Conventh, and Fernua, and how deadly a blow was struck at the welfare of the people of these remote glens by their extinction as parishes.

Through the good offices of Strichen, the monks were allowed to remain on in the Priory after the alienation of their lands, but they must have been all dead and the buildings fall-

ing into decay when next our Priory emerges into history.

The great Civil War was over, King Charles was beheaded, and Cromwell with his iron hand ruled the country. To overawe the Highlanders and keep them in subjection, he determined to erect a citadel at Inverness capable of holding about 1,000 men. It was quite a strong fort, and great quantities of stone were used in its erection. The quarries were found ready at hand in the Cathedral of Fortrose, the Abbey of Kinloss, and the Priory of Beaulieu. The minister of Wardlaw says the citadel was a sacrilegious structure, and therefore could not stand. He tells with delight, for he was an Episcopalian, how it was razed to the ground on the accession of Charles II. It stood but seven years. As it was being demolished, a rare thing happened, he tells us. Over the great gate was set the Commonwealth Arms, and out of it grew a thistle and covered the whole carved work and arms, so as not a bit of it could be seen, to the admiration of all beholders. "This was a presage," he adds, "that the Scots therefore should eclipse." A truly patriotic Scot!

The example set by the Commonwealth soldiers was later followed by the people of Beaulieu, and the Priory buildings became their common quarry, no man seemingly caring for them. They fell more and more into decay, and in their room arose the famous legend of the Tailor and his encounter with the Great Paw.

The tale is one of the most widely known throughout the Northern Highlands and has been told in more or less complete form at many a winter *ceilidh* with eerie effect. I call this rather full version, with slight variations, from Campbell's "Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands":—

In the big church of Beaulieu (Eaglais mhor na Manachain) mysterious and unearthly sights and sounds were seen and heard at night, and the people were filled with great fear and awe. A courageous tailor made light of the matter, and laid a wager that he would go any night and sew a pair of hose in the haunted church. He went, and began his task. The light of the full moon streamed in through the windows, and at first all was silent and natural. At the dead hour of midnight, however, a big, ghostly head emerged from a tomb, and said:—

"Look at the old grey cow that is without food, tailor." ("Fhaic thu 'n t-sean bho liath, 'si gun bhiaidh, à thàillear.")

The tailor answered:—"I see that, and I sew this." ("Chi-sa sid 's fuaigheam so.")

He soon found, however, that while he spoke, the ghost was stationary, but when he drew breath it rose higher. The neck emerged and

said:—"A long grizzled weasand that is without food, tailor." ("Sgornan fada riabhach, 'se gun bhiaidh a thàillear.")

The tailor went on with his work in fear, but answered as before:—"I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that, and I sew this just now." ("Chi-sa mhic, chi-sa mhic, chi-sa sid 's fuaigheam so an drasda.")

This he said, drawing out his words to their utmost length. At last his voice failed, and he inhaled a large breath. The ghost rose higher, and said:—"A long grey arm that is without flesh or food, tailor." ("Gairdean fada riabhach 'se gun fheoil gun bhiaidh a thàillear.")

The trembling tailor went on with his work, and answered with the old answer:—"I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that, and I sew this just now."

Next breath the thigh came up, and the ghostly apparition said:—"A long crooked shank that is without meat, tailor."

"I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that, and I sew this just now."

The long foodless and fleshless arm was now stretched in the direction of the tailor.

"A long grey paw without blood or flesh or muscles or meat, tailor." ("Spog mhòr liath gun fhuil, gun fheoil, gun fheithean, 's gun bhiaidh a thàillear.")

The tailor was nearly done with his work, and answered as before:—"I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that, and I sew this just now," while with a trembling heart he proceeded with his work. At last he had to draw breath, and the ghost, spreading out its long and bony fingers, and clutching the air in front of it, said:—"A big grey claw that is without meat, tailor." ("Spog mhor liath 's è gun bhiaidh a thàillear.")

At that moment the last stitch was put in the hose, and the tailor gave one spring of horror to the door. The ghost pursued him right down the church to the main entrance. The grey paw there struck at him, but just missed him, and caught against the door-post, taking a piece away with it. The tailor just escaped. The impression of the hand, still showing the thumb mark, remains on the door-post to this day, and is one of the great sights regularly shown to incredulous visitors. The mark shows that the ghost was left-handed.

In 1815 the ruins seem to have been in a disgraceful state, and public subscriptions were invited to repair the breaches in the walls. The families interested at that time, through the right of interment in the church, were the families of Lovat, Gairloch (who succeeded to the Kintail rights), the Chisholms, Maclean of Craigscorrie, and the Frasers of Newton, Aigas, and Eskdale.

In 1845 Lord Lovat, grandfather of the present Peer, attempted to establish a right to the old church, with a view to restore it for public worship. To that end he determined to close the church against all interments. He sought in vain for someone to make public intimation by bell to the villagers, who regarded the project with much resentment, not a few of them having the right of interment within the church. At last a well-known wag undertook the task for a consideration, trusting to his wit to save his skin from the ire of the people. He loudly rang his bell in front of the Inn (Tigh Geal), and made this intimation:—"I give you notice that the Beaulry Priory is to be closed for burials on Monday first, and anyone desirous of being buried within its walls had better get buried there before Monday, or they won't get buried there at all, at all."

This intimation was received with great laughter, but yet served its purpose.

Lord Lovat duly started operations on Monday, and closed the Priory. The wrath of the people was great, and it was decided to stop what was regarded as Lovat's sacrilegious work. A stranger from Kintail dying in the village gave the needed occasion. Arthur Paterson, who led in this matter, and had a right of interment within the church, went to the relatives of the Kintail stranger, and offered them a grave for their dead in his plot in the church. The offer was accepted. The word was speedily passed round, and the villagers gathered in great numbers to the funeral, to assert their rights. With Arthur Paterson at their head, they broke down all barriers, and buried the dead within the church.

The case was ultimately taken to the Court of Session, where it was held "that the right of interment may have had its origin long anterior to Lord Lovat's right," and the fabric and grounds were declared Crown property. Lord Lovat had to retire beaten, and his project of restoration had to be given up. The right of interment within the church, then confirmed, has been maintained to the present day.

After his defeat Lord Lovat approached the Crown, and without dissent from anyone, obtained a lease of the Priory buildings and grounds, in which he was held bound to keep the fabric in repair. A few years ago this lease expired, and the Crown have now taken over the buildings into their own keeping. I am glad to say that they have now so far realized their responsibility that when I was there this summer, I found they had workmen cementing the fabric to preserve it as one of the old historic buildings of Scotland.

(Concluded.)

REMINISCENCES OF THE BAGPIPES IN MANY LANDS.

WHEREVER the exiled Scot may find himself, be he Highland or be he Lowland, the Highland bagpipe is to him an outward and visible sign of his Scottish nationality, and its strains stir his feelings to their inmost depths. It is no infrequent experience to see a hard-headed Scot, whom one could not easily worst in a bargain, moved to pathos when he hears (it may be for the first time in many years) the skirl of the piobmhòr once more.

I well remember, though it is now nearly four decades ago, returning to the old country, which I had left as a laddie, after some fourteen years spent in a foreign colony (during which time, of course, I had not heard a pipe band). I arrived in the Metropolis but a few days before the annual Scottish sports at Stamford Bridge. I was only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity of attending these sports. The first item on the programme was a march round by the bagpipe band of the boys of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. I am not ashamed to confess that, when I saw the waving tartans and heard the skirl of the pipes, a tremor ran down my spine, a lump rose in my throat, and I was as nearly on the point of breaking down as I have ever been in my life.

Years passed. I was, once more, in a foreign colony (a Dutch one) during the dark days of the South African war. These days were made all the darker for us, exiles, by the hard words against their own nation and their own army, which were uttered by responsible politicians in Great Britain—words which were quoted against us by our Dutch neighbours. The fate of Ladysmith trembled in the balance, and our nerves were almost at breaking strain. Your readers, therefore, can well imagine with what feelings of immense relief the news was received by us of the Relief of Ladysmith. Well! How was that news received by our British community, albeit English, Scottish, and Irish were represented in it? On the afternoon of the receipt of the telegram advising the Relief of Ladysmith I received a note reading:—"My dear A., Please come round to-night to B's Mess, and bring your pipes with you, as we intend to hold a thanksgiving service, and to let the Dutchmen hear us!" It must be confessed that the thanksgiving service in question was not one adapted to the inside of a church, but it was none the less sincere for all that.

Subsequently to then I have carried my pipes with me to remote districts of our Indian Dependencies, and also in the North-West of Canada. Wherever and whenever exiled Scots learned of the piobmhòr being within reach, it

did not take much pressure to bring them within the sound of it. To the natives of the tropics the bagpipes have a great attraction, and they all flock to hear the pipes of a Highland regiment, whereas they will not trouble themselves about the music of the finest brass band in the British Army. So fond are natives of the pipes that, in our Indian Army at the present time there are quite a number of pipe bands, whose bagpipes are played by natives. Among these bands are some mounted ones!

It fell to my lot, some years ago, to be resident in an outlying Siamese province. There I made, through the pipes, a firm friend in the person of the Chief Judge of the Province, who took a tremendous fancy to the pipes. One day the old gentleman asked me if I thought he could learn the pipes, and—"Might he try mine?" I had serious misgivings as to the safety of my pipes if entrusted to my Siamese friend's care. I, however, handed over the pipes to him, taking care, however, to keep hold of the bass drone while the old man was endeavouring to blow up the pipes. After a series of fruitless endeavours to emit any music from the pipes, my Siamese friend, greatly blown, handed the pipes most sadly to me, saying, as he did so:—"It is of no use, sir, all the wind is going into my stomach!"

The scene changes once more. It is during "the sma'ooors" in the Town Hall of one of our large Indian stations after a very successful St. Andrew's Night Ball. The last of the ladies had left, and not a few of the men had adjourned to the supper-room to have a final "bite and taste" ere they went home. With them were the pipers of the Scottish regiment, who were in garrison, and who had done the piping at our ball. At an adjoining table to the pipers, who were having their supper, was a table occupied by a group of jovial Irishmen, who were not long seated ere they began to chaff the pipers. "Well, pipers," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle, "we have all enjoyed your playing, and you have well deserved your supper. There is, however, but one thing we can say against your pipes, and that is, that they can play nothing but Scotch tunes. "Play nothing but Scotch tunes, do you say, sir?" rejoined one of the pipers, laying down at the same time his knife and fork. "I'll show you, gentlemen, what the pipes can play." The piper left the supper-table and took from the sideboard his pipes, tuned up, and then started to march round the room to the strains of "The Wearin' o' the Green." With one wild whoop, every Irishman in the room got up, flourishing knives and forks, and joined in the march-round. After the tune was finished, the piper laid down his pipes, resumed his knife and

fork, and, before he sat down to resume his interrupted meal, bowed to the Irishmen, saying at the same time, "Gentlemen! never say again that the pipes cannot play any but Scotch tunes."

My recollections again bring me to the scene of another St. Andrew's Ball, also in a large colony in the Far East, though distant far from the one to which I have previously alluded. On this occasion we had no Scottish regiment in garrison, so a young colleague and myself had been doing the piping. We had piped out the Governor and the ladies at an advanced hour in the morning, when we heard from the bar the "sounds of revelry by night," for, in that quarter, were assembled some 200 brither Scots, evidently intending to make a night of it. My colleague and I put our heads together as to ways and means of dispersing this assembly, while there was still time, and thus preserving the good name of the Scottish community. We proceeded thereafter to the bar, where what first greeted our eyes was a sign-board, loaned for the nonce, from one of the Chinese "dhobies," or washermen. This sign-board read:—"Foo Ah Foo, Washerman from Shanghai." The entry of the two pipers into the bar was hailed with enthusiasm. We were pressed to have a drink, and to give a tune afterwards. To this my colleague and myself readily assented, volunteering, at the same time, to march the company afterwards round the ball-room, which was still lighted up. This was considered a brilliant idea, so, after having had our drink, and having tuned up, we led off the procession, two and two, took them twice round the ball-room, then down the grand staircase into the road, and on to the esplanade, where our Scottish brithers afterwards dispersed in great good humour. As soon as the last man was out of the hall, two of the stewards put out the lights, locked the doors, and so ended the feast, to the great relief of those who were responsible for order. On the following day the local "rag" had a humorous account of the above occurrence under the heading of "The Scottish Orpheus and his lyre!"

Just one more anecdote ere I close my somewhat discursive remarks. What I have already narrated will, I hope, have given your readers an idea of the power of the pipes, *when played*. Permit me now to tell you what the pipes have power to do, *when they are not played*. Some years ago I had crossed from Japan to the American Continent, had been landed with my goods and chattels from the steamer, and stood ready, at the Customs Shed, behind my pile of luggage, to undergo the usual Customs examination. When my turn for examination came, the custom-house officer (whom, following Mark

Twain's example, I shall call "Fergusson") examined the contents of my cabin portmanteau. He then pointed to a long, thin box among my belongings, and asked, "What is in that box?" "These are my bagpipes," I replied. "Oh!" said my friend, the Customs officer, "Are you Scotch, and a piper? My cousin in Scotland is a pipe maker. Pass all your luggage, as I do not require to examine it further!" This, therefore, will shew the power exercised by the pipes, even when they are *not* played.

In order to give your readers an idea of the enthusiasm excited by the pipes in the part of the world in which my sphere of life is laid—a part of the world in which holidays are very few and far between—I may say that, for the past two years, young pipers have gathered together once a year (at great personal inconvenience in many cases) from all parts of the Malay Peninsula, to form a pipe band, and to keep alive in those parts the love for the pipes. In 1910 we commenced with a band of eight performers. Last year we had eleven, while this Xmas we are hopeful of getting over a dozen together. If you can imagine performers being drawn from such distances as from Ireland, Scotland, France, Holland, and Belgium and Germany to London, then you can picture what distances our pipers in Malaya have to travel in order to give a practical illustration of "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig!"

FRANK ADAM.

EXILED.

Lonely I am, and my soul aches with longing,
For dim, far blue hills and the white of the spray
Dashing like snow on the cave-fretted islands—
But here I am exiled, and home far away.

O the green hills and the scent of the heather!
O the blue lochs with their white shingled shores;
O for the warmth of the peat-fire's bright glowing,
For the sweet welcome of wide-open doors.

There, where the mountains rise, cleaving the sky-line,
Land of the patriot—land of the free;
There through the day and night my thoughts go
roaming,

Dear land, whose beauty in dream hours I see.

There hearts brimful of love wait for my coming.

There for my footfall they listen and long;
Hark, now! I hear it—the wild, minor cadence—
The lilting, soft strain of an old Gaelic song.

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

CLAN MACMILLAN.—A branch of the Clan MacMillan is found at Loch Askaig, in Lochaber, at an early period. They had possessions on both sides of the loch, and reigned supreme as "Clann Ghillehmaoil Abrach." They were among the most loyal retainers of Lochiel. The Knapdale branch of the clan attained to considerable power and influence. They owned the larger half of the southern part of the district.

Celtic Notes and Queries.

In this Column we hope to answer, with the assistance of our readers, Celtic queries forwarded to us from time to time. We ask that the queries be as brief and pointed as possible.

CLAN IVER.—Can you give us a few historic facts about Clan Iver? Where was their chief residence?

IMHAIR.

CLAN LANDS.—Can any of your readers explain how the Clan Lands which belonged to the respective clans became the property of the chiefs after the '45?

CONA.

SMIBERT.—Can anyone give me a sketch of this clan historian?

CLANSMAN.

CALEDONIA.—What is the origin and meaning of this name?

NEMO.

MACNISH.—How is this Clan connected with the MacGregors? Is there anything known of the early History of the Clan, before it was dispersed by the MacNabs.

READER.

ANSWERS.

WEATHER AND WISDOM.—"Eolas side" or "aimsir" is employed. In some of the islands they use the word "mairneulachd."

EOLAS.

CLANS.—You will find complete list of Clans in W. & A. K. Johnston's work called "The Geography of the Clans." There were no Clans formed since the '45, but there have been Clan Societies.

CHIEFTAIN.

M'KIRDY OR M'CURDIE.—An ancient surname in Bute, Arran or others of the Western Isles and derived from their original inhabitants. At a very early period the larger portion of the island of Bute belonged to the MacKurerdys, which was leased to them by James IV. in 1489 and in 1506 feued as crown lands in one general Charter of the 30th Parliament. This in reply to a correspondent in Halifax, N.S.

THE CLAN MACFARLANE became a "broken clan" towards the end of the sixteenth century. The last descendant of the chiefs is said to have gone to America at the end of the eighteenth century, and there does not seem to be any trace of his descendants.

FORBES.—The present tartan was designed for the Pitsligo family in 1822. It was done by merely adding a white line to the Forty-second. Prior to this date it is understood the Forbeses wore the Huntly tartan.

THE LINDSAYS, known as the "Light Lindsays" are about the only Lowland clan who have formed themselves into a society. This they did in October 1896, under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford, K.T., chief of the clan.

WHEN George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, he was met by several of our Highland chiefs with a contingent of their respective clansmen in Highland costume. I am informed that on that occasion the then chief of the MacDougalls disputed with Glengarry the right of receiving the King on his arrival as the senior direct lineal descendant of Somerled, Lord of the Isles—and of Conn of the hundred battles—or, as it was put in Gaelic, "Ard-ghlath Siol Cuinn." So hot did the dispute become that the night before King's arrival Glengarry challenged MacDougall to fight a duel, which challenge was accepted, but powerful influence was brought to bear on both, and matters were smoothed over before the King's arrival.

THE BIRTH OF SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT OF THE '45.

THERE is much of mystery in the life of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat of the '45. The place of his birth has been a matter of discussion: some have maintained that it is Tomich, Parish of Urray, County of Ross; others have said that it is Beaufort, where Beaufort Castle now stands. The settlement of the date will settle the place; for his father resided at Beaufort, at least from the time of his marriage in 1665, until 1674, when he went to live at Tomich, upon the removal of Sibella Mackenzie, widow of Alexander Fraser, tutor to Lovat.

All biographers of Lord Lovat, and historians of his family, agree that he was born in 1668, with the exceptions of Lord Lovat himself in writing his "Memoirs," and also W. C. Mackenzie, in his work "Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, His Life and His Times," who hold to the date of 1676. Never can great credence be placed in the statements of Lord Lovat, when it was to his interest to falsify. The "Memoirs" written by himself were doubtlessly penned when he was expecting an early success of the Jacobite cause and for him a subsequent reward; and it was to his interest to appear as a man sufficiently young to meet the expectations of the supposedly coming Jacobite Government, hence very little credence can be given to his statement of the date of his birth, when contemporary statements of others and lack of corroboration are against it: when he was before his peers on trial for his life, and was upon the scaffold about to suffer death, and was then seeking sympathy, he did not hesitate to represent himself to be an old man. It was commonly accepted then, at the time of his execution in 1747, that he was in his eightieth year.

The author of "Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. His Life and His Times," bases his argument upon the statement of the "Memoirs" and also on a statement of Simon's graduation from King's College, Aberdeen, in 1695, supposing that he entered in 1691, at the age of fifteen. He does not hesitate to consider the "Memoirs" unreliable authority in many other matters. Why should he not in this? Now the records of King's College state that Simon Fraser received the degree of "Lauream Magisteriatem" 4 July 1695, and Alexander Fraser received the same degree 13 July 1693, but the records do not state that they were the sons of Thomas of Beaufort, though it would not be improper to conjecture this regarding the former at least. The above mentioned degree was conferred for post-graduate work. In 1695, Simon was pursuing studies in Civil Law in King's College, when he accepted the commission of Captain in

Lord John Murray's regiment. But the records of King's College do state that 10 July 1683, Alexander Fraser and Simon Fraser, sons of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, each received the degree of "Magister Artium." It was not uncommon at that date for young men to receive that degree at the age of fifteen. Hence it is probable that the date of Simon's birth is 1668, and the place is Beaufort.

MARCELLUS DE FRISEL.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY, INVERNESS.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY, a Crimean and Indian Mutiny veteran, has just died at Inverness, at the age of 85 years. He had been laid aside for a year, but up till the time of his death took a keen interest in military affairs. Captain Wimberley's father was chaplain to the Governor-General of India, and he was born in 1828. When 27 years of age he obtained a commission in the 20th Regiment and volunteered for the Crimea. In October 1855 he arrived at the seat of war. He got a medal for the campaign, but three weeks after receiving it an order was issued that all those who had not landed by the day of the fall of the south side of Sevastopol were to return their medals. Captain Wimberley reluctantly gave the medal up, for he had been under fire on several occasions, and considered he had a grievance, as he was some weeks on the field before the armistice.

After returning home he transferred to the 79th Highlanders in time to embark with them for the Indian Mutiny Campaign. There he saw a great deal of fighting. At the Relief of Lucknow he was under Sir Colin Campbell. A bullet cut a piece off the feather of his bonnet just above his forehead. He had the piece in his possession till the time of his death. During part of the campaign he was appointed acting adjutant of the 79th. Captain Wimberley was ultimately invalided home, and lived in Aberdeenshire for 16 years, and for the rest of his life in Inverness. He was known locally as the old soldiers' friend, and did much for their comfort. He was a member of the old Parochial Board, and interested himself in the poor of the town. On his mother's side Captain Wimberley was descended from the Irvines of Drumin, Aberdeenshire. He is survived by a widow and grown-up family.

THERE has been an ancient league between the families of MacDonald and Raasay. Whenever the head of either family dies his sword is given to the head of the other.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

AT the Annual Business Meeting of this Society held on this occasion in Edinburgh, an encouraging report was submitted by the Council, dealing with the Society's benevolent and educational work. The following were elected Office-Bearers for the current year:—President, William Mackay, writer, 35 Bath Street, Glasgow; Vice-Presidents—W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., Edinburgh; L. M. Mackay, Commercial Bank, Edinburgh; James Mackay, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh; Donald Mackay, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; George Mackay, Strathmore Gardens, Glasgow; and John Mackay, Golfhill Drive, Glasgow. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., 219 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, was re-elected as Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. William Mackay, 7 Roseburn Place, Edinburgh, as Edinburgh Treasurer. Mr. David N. Mackay, solicitor, 93 West Regent Street, Glasgow, was elected Hon. Secretary, and Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., 37 York Place, Edinburgh, Secretary.

It was agreed to widen the Society's Bursary Rules, so that girls might be eligible to compete.

The new President, Mr. William Mackay, is a well-known Glasgow lawyer. He was born in Ayr, and educated in that town and at Edinburgh University. He was qualified as a Law Agent in 1893, and has for many years been a partner of the well-known firm of Nelson & Mackay, 35 Bath Street, Glasgow. His appointment has given great satisfaction to clansmen in both Edinburgh and Glasgow. His first appearance in the Presidential Chair will be made on 19th December, when a Mackay Reunion will be held in Glasgow.

THE CLAN MACFARLANE IN GLASGOW.

A meeting for the purpose of forming a branch of the Clan Macfarlane Society for Glasgow and the West of Scotland was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, last month. There was a large attendance. Mr. James Macfarlane presided. After an expression of views it was unanimously decided to form a branch, and the following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Mr. James Macfarlane, 22 Galiowgate; vice-presidents, Captain Macfarlane and Mr. David Macfarlane; secretary, Mr. James Macfarlane, of Messrs Macfarlane & Thomson, 51 Bath Street; treasurer, Mr. Livingstone Macfarlane, Bellshill. A committee was appointed, and it was remitted to them to draw up rules for the consideration of the members at a future meeting.

The newly-formed Clan MacFarlane Society must depend more upon its septs than upon the clan itself for an accession of members. The

clan was scattered at an early period. After 1624 there was a general deportation of the members of the clan to different parts of the kingdom, where they assumed various surnames. Many settled under different names in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire. It is hoped the Clan Society will compile a complete list of the septs of the clan, and how they assumed their sept names. A history of Clan Macfarlane is also wanted. There was a short history written in New York in 1893 by Mrs. C. M. Little. In 1784 the barony of Arrochar, which for six centuries had been in the possession of the Macfarlanes, passed into the hands of strangers, the Fergusons of Raith purchasing it for £28,000. Thirty-seven years afterwards Sir James Colquhoun bought it for £78,000.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN.

The twentieth annual gathering of the Clan Macmillan Society was held last month. Ex-Bailie Donald MacMillan, Partick, chief of the Clan Society, who presided, said the land question was one which all Highlanders ought to study, because on its settlement depended the material welfare of their kith and kin. It was being forced on their attention more and more by the fact that emigration was draining the country of the flower of their peasantry. He spoke of the various measures passed in the last 30 years to deal with the land in the Highlands. Now they had got the Scottish Land Act, so long delayed that it was proving abortive, the best of their rural population having left their shores. What was wanted was a Land Purchase Act similar to what had been given to Ireland and was proving so satisfactory there.

Bailie D. MacMillan, who is chief of the Clan MacMillan Society, belongs to the Lochaber branch of the clan. This branch resided at Loch Arkaig at an early period. They had possessions on both sides of the loch, and reigned supreme as "Clann Ghille Mhaoil Abrach." They were among the most loyal retainers of Lochiel. From Loch Arkaig the clan, as tradition says, was removed by Malcolm IV. (1153-65) and placed on the Crown lands of Loch Tay, in Perthshire. The estate of Lawers belonged to them, and they were to be found there long before the Campbells held possession in that district. From Lawers they were driven by Chalmers in the reign of David II. Some of the dispossessed MacMillans emigrated southwards to Knapdale, on the Argyllshire coast, and others to Galloway. The Knapdale branch soon attained considerable power and influence.

AN OLD PIPE TUNE.

THE Wardlaw MS., as might be expected, throws a flood of light on many events connected with Highland history. For instance, there is a historic pipe tune called "I got a Kiss of the King's hand," which is generally attributed to Patrick Mor Mac Crimmon, piper to MacLeod of MacLeod, and is associated with Roderick MacLeod ("Rorie Mor") and his piper, Patrick Mor Mac Crimmon, before Charles II. about 1660, when, tradition says, the King conferred the honour of knighthood on Rorie Mor. There seems to be no historic proof of the alleged incident. The Wardlaw MS. refers to the origin of this tune as follows:— In the camp at Torwood, 1651, never was the Prince more taken up with an army as our King was, especially with the Scots Highlanders, whom he teamed the flour of his forces. . . . There was great competition betwixt the trumpets in the army. Ane, Axell, the Earl of Hoome's trumpeter, carried it by the King's own decision! The next was anent the pipers; but the Earle of Sutherland's domestic carried it of all the camp, for none contended with him. All the pipers in the army gave John Macgurmen (MacCrimmon) the van, and acknowledged them for their patron in chiefe. It was pretty in a morning (the King) in parad viewing the regiments and brigads. He saw no less than 80 pipers in a crowd bareheaded, and John M'Gurmen in the middle covered. He asked what society that was? It was told his Majesty, "Sir, you are our King, and yonder old man in the middle is the Prince of Pipers." He called him by name, and coming to the King, kneeling, his Majesty reacht him his hand to kiss; and instantly played an extemporanian part, "Fouris Pooge i spoge i Rhi—I got a Kiss of the King's Hand, of which he and they all were vain."

Rev. James Fraser, the writer of this MS., was alive at the date of this incident. It seems to be quite clear now that the composer of the pibroch, "I Gave a Kiss to My King's Hand," was a John MacCrimmon, who was piper to the Earl of Sutherland.

Some of the words associated with the tune are as follows:—

Thug mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg,
Thug mi pòg do laimh an Rìgh;
Cha do chuir gaoth an craicinn caorach,
Fear a fhuair an fhaoilte ach mi.

Which may be rendered—

I gave a kiss, a kiss, a kiss,
A kiss I gave tho Royal hand;
Who got such honour save myself,
There is not piper in the land.

This MS. throws some light on the combat-

ants in the historic duel on the North Inch, Perth, in 1411:—

The Wardlaw Manuscript, *Polichronicon sen Polieratica Temporum*, being the history of the Frasers by Master James Fraser, minister of Wardlaw, incorporating a fairly complete history of Scotland from the earliest times down to 1674. The volume (which has recently been edited for the Scottish History Society by Mr. Wm. Mackay) refers to the clan duel at Perth in 1396 and the battle of Harlaw in 1411.

A strange act fell out anno 1396 twixt the two clans of Cahoun and Clanchattan who of a long time exercised rage and cruelty one against another refusing to end their feuds by course of law and referr them to indifferent arbitrators at last the King orders them to deceed it before him by a duel. So upon the North Inch of Perth they fought 30 for 30 with sharp swords without armour. All the Cahouns were killed except one man who swam over Tay and so escaped—xij of the Clan Chattan escaped with life but sore wounded—the rarest decision recorded in history.

[1411 July 24] At Harlaw in Gairloch a crue and bloody day quhairn fell so many emiuent and Noble personages as scarec ever perished in one battle against a forrein enemy for many years before and got an uncertan victory.

HIGHLAND SNOBS.

A CLASS sometimes found in society, we would especially beseech to depart: we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. Cockneys are bad enough, but they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the Great Babylon. Young Oxonians or young barristers, even when they become slashing London critics, are more harmless than they themselves imagine, and after all inspire less awe than Ben Nevis, or than the celebrated agriculturist who proposed to decompose that mountain with acids, and to scatter the debris as a fertilizer over the Lochaber moss. But a Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes: who in his youth wore home-spun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and to despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peat-reek is frankincense in comparison with him; leave us, we beseech of thee!

THE LATE REV. DR. N. McLEOD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1912.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This issue completes our Twentieth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" seven years older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XXI. (4s. post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to A. M. Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

EDITORIAL.

WE have now reached the end of another Volume. The new Volume will be the Twenty-first, and it behoves us to thank the various friends who have helped us during the year. We thank our subscribers at home and abroad, and especially those who have not only renewed their subscriptions, but have got their friends to take an interest in the Magazine. We thank the contributors who have stood by us during the year, and enabled us to place a variety of instructive matter before our readers. We have their assurance that they will continue with us, and help us to make the *Celtic* more and more varied and interesting. Along with the usual variety of interesting matter, we intend to devote special space to Clan matters. Each month we will give a historic sketch of a Highland Clan, with special illustrations bearing on the Clan.

CLAN MACFARLANE, LONDON.—The second event of the London social programme of the Society of the Clan Macfarlane took the form of a Cinderella Dance in the Inns of Court Hotel on Saturday, 23rd November.

The special conveners on this occasion were Mr. James Macfarlane, W. Ealing, and Mr. C. B. Macfarlane, the well-known amateur golfer. These two gentlemen earned the hearty congratulations of the guests for their assiduity and energy, which largely contributed to making the affair a most enjoyable function.

A true Highland character was imparted by many of the clansmen being dressed in full regalia.

The next event takes the form of a Cèilidh on 21st December in the Large Hall of the Reform Restaurant, for which a very exceptional musical programme has been arranged.

Tickets (including interval refreshments) are 1/ each, and these can be obtained by members and kindred spirits from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Jas. MacFarlane, Southfield Park, Pinner, Middlesex.

MACFARLANE.—This surname is evidently derived from a colour—*ruadh*, red (Gillroy), and such names are difficult to connect with any Clan, as there may be a "gillroy" connected with any Clan. In full your name would be *Mac-gille-ruaidh*, son of the red. A red-haired boy is invariably *Gille ruadh* in Gaelic.

WE have to thank Captain Ramsay of the "79th News" for the illustrations of the Alan Cameron Relics and the letterpress which accompanies them.

PETER MACDONALD, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.—Thanks for remittance, which covers subscription till end of Volume XXI. We are pleased to hear that the *Celtic* is "always welcome."

MACNAUGHTAN.—The name Nechtan is Pictish, and it seems clear that the MacNaughtans are intruders in Argyll from Pictland, where we find them as early as the 13th century. The clan was also to be found in considerable strength in Strathgait. Alexander III. (1249-1285) granted the clan the custody of the island and castle of "Fraoch Eilean," Lochawe, and they afterwards adopted the name of the island as their war-cry—"Fraoch Eilean"—Heather Isle. As custodiers of the castle, they were bound to provide the King with a snowball in whatever season of the year he should come the way. As Fraoch Eilean is situated near the base of Ben Cruachan this condition was not unattainable.

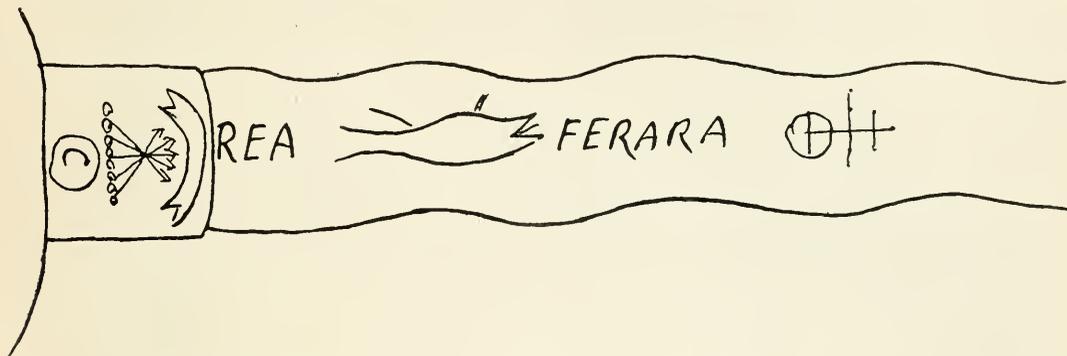
WAR CRIES.—Each clan, Highland and Lowland had its own war-cry or slogan, to which every clansman responded. It served as a watchword in cases of sudden alarm, in the confusion of battle, or in the darkness of the night. The clans were also distinguished by badges, usually an evergreen plant, easily procurable in the clan country, worn in their bonnets. The whole question of clan badges is at present in a state of considerable confusion. Where "authorities" give two badges to a clan, one of them being indigenous and the other exotic, the presumption is strong in favour of the native plant being the correct one.

THE ALAN CAMERON RELICS.

COLONEL J. M. HUNT of Logie, Dunfermline, late Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, has recently presented to the Regiment a most valuable and interesting collection of medals and arms originally owned and worn by Alan Cameron, who

is "inlaid" in gold, viz. :—a bunch of 5 arrows with a scroll above and the letter C in a circle below.

On both sides of the blade at the forte is a rough etching of a whale, or fish, which divides the words "Andrea" and "Ferara." Only the last three letters of Andrea are visible, the "And" being, presumably, obscured by the



raised the Regiment in 1793, and medals worn by his son, Philips Cameron, who was killed at Fuentes d'Onor when commanding the 79th.

It is Colonel Hunt's intention that the relics should always be with whichever Battalion happens to be stationed in Great Britain. In the event of both Battalions being abroad, the collection would then be placed temporarily at the Depot at Inverness. Should it happen in the course of future history that the Regiment should be disbanded or lose its identity in any way, such as being deprived of its present tartan or being linked to another battalion, the collection would then pass to some Scottish museum for all time.

At present the collection, arranged in two wall-cases, is in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion.

The following description of the various articles included in the collection has been compiled by Colonel Hunt and Captain E. Craig-Brown :—

DESCRIPTION OF SIR ALAN CAMERON'S RELICS.

Broadsword.

Weight, $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Length of blade.....33 inches.

Length of hilt..... 6 inches.

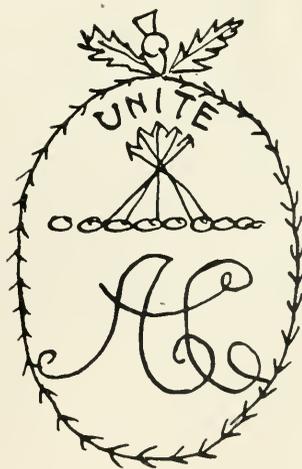
Total.....39 inches.

Blade, 2 inches broad at hilt, has wavy edges. The waves appear to have been cut on a blade which had been originally straight-edged and a little longer than the present one. The blade is overlapped at the hilt by a sort of steel socket, on both sides of which Sir Alan's crest

steel socket mentioned above. After the Ferrara comes a mark like a double cross growing out of a circle.

Hilt, brass, half-basket, with short green tassel on pommel. On the basketwork is a space with the Clan Cameron arms with motto, "Unione fortior," and with Miss Philips' arms superimposed (impaled). Sir Alan's own crest is on the pommel, with same motto, "Unione fortior."

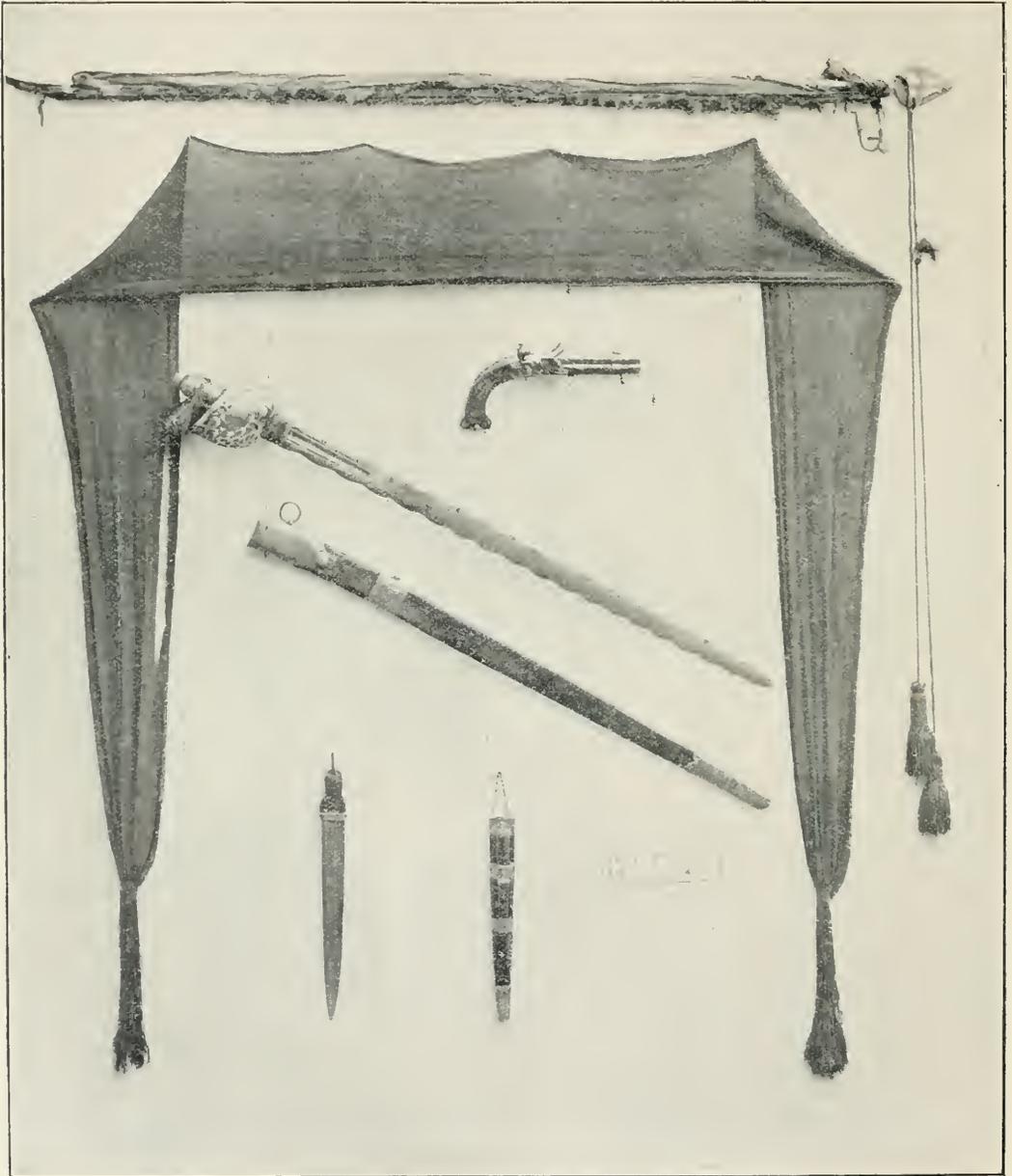
Scabbard, black leather with brass mountings, with stud for carrying sword in frog shoulder-belt. Weight 1 lb., length 34 inches. On the brass at the top of the scabbard is engraved, on



one side "79 or Cameron Volunteers," on the other side, "Walker, Sword-cutler, Angel Court, Strand." The scabbard has at a later date been fitted with rings for carrying the sword on

slings. These rings and the extra piece of mounting which they entailed are of a paler coloured brass than the original. The rings are much worn, as if the sword had been carried often by them.

Blade, plain, with Sir Alan's crest inlaid in gold, near the hilt, on both sides, viz.:—the monogram A.C. under a bunch of 5 arrows surmounted by the word "Unite." The whole within an oval surmounted by a thistle.



Alan Cameron Relics.

DIRK.

Weight, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
 Length of blade.....12 inches.
 Length of handle..... 4 inches.
 Total.....16 inches.

Handle, of brown carved wood, top part missing, no studs.

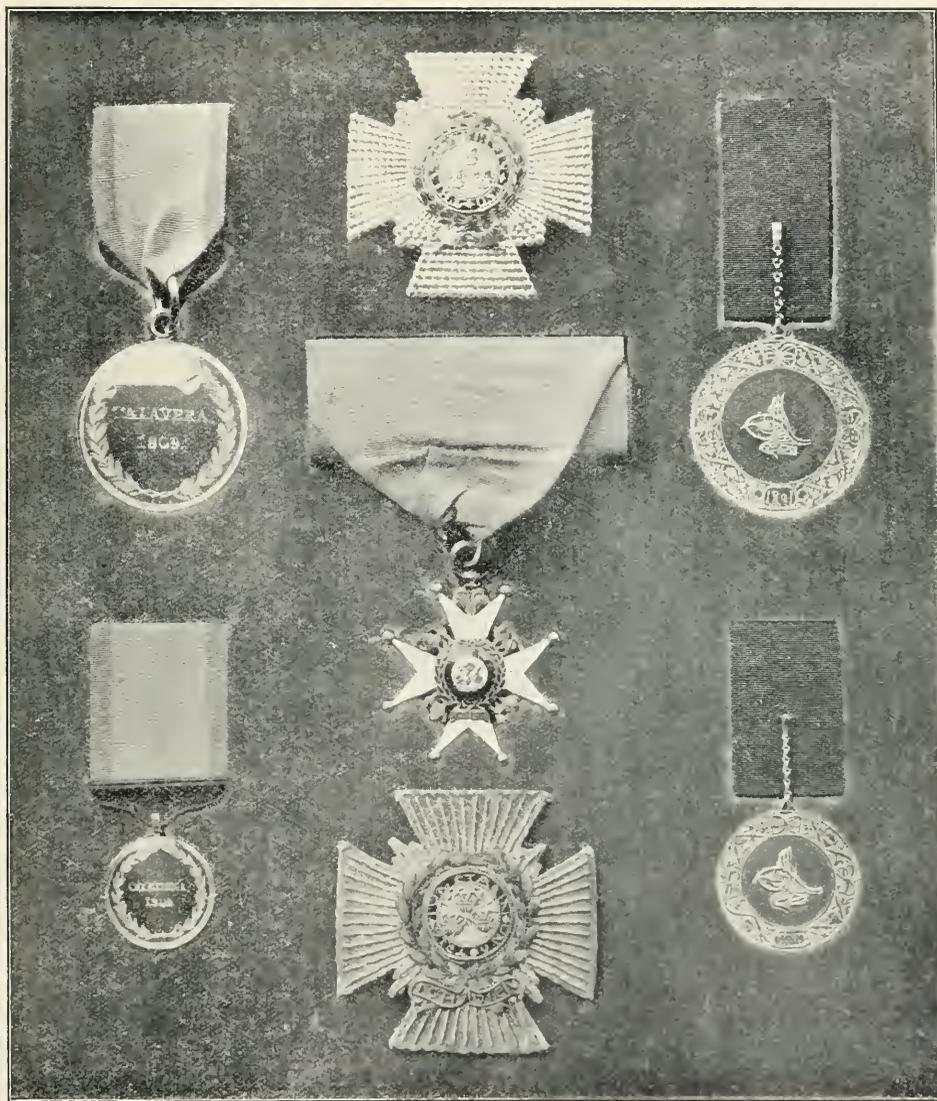
Scabbard, of black leather with silver gilt mountings, suspended by a weak chain behind. Handles of knife and fork to match dirk handle.

Weight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Maker's name on mounting is "Watson, Strand, London."

SASH.

12 ft. 3 inches long including tassels, crimson web; weight, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Cascabel on butt screws out as pricker, ramrod lies on one side of the barrels, and on the other side is a dagger blade which slides out beyond the muzzles like a bayonet. The trigger folds up flush with the bottom of the



Alan and Philips Cameron Relics.

PISTOL.

Double barrelled flint lock, by D. Egg, London, one barrel above the other. Heavily ornamented with inlaid gold work as described below. Length of barrels, 6 inches; total length from butt to muzzle, 11 inches. Weight, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

lock, and has no guard. All in a wooden, brass-mounted case, on which is engraved "Lt.-Col. Cameron, Commandant 79th Regiment." The case contains also various accessories, *e. g.*, bullet-mould, some balls, spare flints, spare parts, small powder-flask, &c.

The following is a description of the gold

inlaid ornamentations, reading from butt to muzzles :—

Right and left sides of pistols :—

1. A hand holding a spur (?) surrounded by a trophy composed of a broadsword, club, oak-leaves, 2 flags, and 2 Lochaber axes. Underneath a sporran with the motto "Beanachd Nam Boekd" (Blessings on the Poor).

2. Crossed bow, arrow and quiver.

3. Two small trophies.

4. Trophy of sporran, club, flag, broadsword, and 2 Lochaber axes.

Top of pistol :—

1. Thistle, helmet with vizor, bunch of arrows with "Unite."

2. Naked supporters with Lochaber axe.

3. Full dressed Highlander with broadsword in right hand, and in his left a banner carrying bunch of 5 arrows with "Unite."

4. Crossed broadsword, dirk, Lochaber axe, and arrow.

5. Arrow impaling what looks like a pair of gloves.

6. Negro's head.

7. Rising sun, near fore-sight.

Underneath pistol :—

1. Initials A.C. behind the folding trigger.

2. Woman holding up her petticoat, under which appears a naked sword.

3. St. Andrew, with motto of Thistle.

4. Crest of Scotland, with "In defence."

5. Set of bag-pipes.

6. Bunch of thistles.

COLOUR POLE.

Remnant of colour which seems to have been a Union Jack. Brass spearhead, 4 inches long, with 15½ inches of colour pole broken off still fixed to the head. The two crimson and gold cords with tassels, each about 40 inches long, are attached. The whole of the staff-border of the flag is still attached, and is 56 inches long, but scarcely a shred of the silk is left to indicate what the flag originally was.

GOLD-MEDALS, ETC.

Brig-General Alan Cameron's large medal for "Talavera," encased in glass on both sides, also his large Sultan Selim III. medal for Egypt 1801.

Lieut.-Colonel Philips Cameron's small medal for "Corunna," with ribbon attached, encased in glass on both sides, also his small Sultan Selim III. medal for Egypt 1801.

Sir Alan Cameron's K.C.B. cross and neck-ribbon, his K.C.B. star in silver; and also one in bullion (by Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, Ludgate Hill).

THE ADVENTURES OF FIONN IN CONNAUGHT

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT, M.A.

[Author of "Elements of Negro Religion."]

(Continued from page 216).

Now, as it has been shown that the clan-name *Donald* or *Macdonald* is not ancient, and consequently was unknown in the third century, we need not be surprised at discovering that Fenian lore always mentions them, after the traditional manner, as the "men of the world,"—*Fir Domhain* they are called in the story of "Conall Gulban," and *Fir an Domhain* in the ballad of *Laoidh an amadain mhòir*. Their ruler is *Rìgh Domhain*, and his territory *Rìoghachd an Domhain*, as described in the Irish legend of the "Adventures of the children of the king of Heriot." His real title which appears so frequently in the heroic lore and legends of the Highlands is not the heathen Gaelic name for the "king of the universe" or God Almighty, as folk-lorists are in the habit of thinking, but refers only to an ancient prince of Connaught of the name of *Macdonald*. Nor does the Gaelic phrase often used in the same connection, viz., "the four brown boundaries of the world" mean more than the lands and possessions which represented the royal demesnes. Hence the origin of the old Connaught phrase or title, *Rì in Domain Duind*, "king of the brown world." The extent of his possessions was therefore very limited in area, unless we are to believe that the Scottish branch of the *Domnann*, inhabiting the Western Isles, also recognised his authority and came under his jurisdiction.

The *Tàin bó Chùailgne* seems to suggest that to some extent this was the case, for although Connaught and Ulster had her schools of learning, nevertheless, some of her best warriors, like Cuchullin of Ulster and Ferdiad of Connaught were educated in a training college which is supposed to have flourished somewhere in Skye during the first century. The college may have been founded or patronised by these *Domnann* of the Isles, but certain it is that in Cuchullin's time it was presided over by a doughty matron, *Scathach* by name, who taught budding warriors how to fight in the most approved fashion of the day, and to live up to the dignity of their sprouting monstaches. It is also certain that Cuchullin knew a trick or two more than the old lady and her daughter *Aife*, both of whom he dared to "lay out" on his first day at school. So far as one can judge from their habits of life and opinions on mankind in general, both were militant women, college products too, and adepts at "throwing the hammer" (or *gae bolg*). The

secret of this art Scathach confided only to her favourite pupil Cuchullin, who thereby gained an advantage over his equals, and in later days was able to prove his superior knowledge of militant tactics. In Cuchullin's celebrated duel with his former friend and class-mate, we are told that it was this "throwing the hammer" that did for Ferdiad, and crushed his manly valour and his spirit at the same time. By its means, he came to an untimely end, the victim of new-fangled fashions in fighting he but imperfectly understood and never lived to appreciate. Had he been the inventor of the bagpipes, could he have deserved a death more cruel than this?

Tradition frequently steps in where history is at fault, and thus, in spite of the silence of early Irish history regarding Fionn's wars in Connaught, we see from the evidence of Fenian heroic lore and ballad that this Leinster warrior was most certainly familiar with the tribes of counties Galway and Mayo. As king Cormac was several times in Galway about the period 239—240 A.D., Fionn may have then made his first acquaintance with the brigands of the wild west, who were as good as their Scottish kinsmen in keeping the Sabbath and everything else they could lay their hands on. But it is equally probable that Fionn had frequent opportunities, of which he took full advantage, to pay the province his respects between the years 240-280 A.D. His visits were not always complimentary, and we may be sure were seldom appreciated by such robber-bands as the men of *Ioruaithe* whom he sought to punish, if not to extirpate.

On the other hand, as was previously mentioned, he had his friends in Connaught, and among these were, apparently, the Domnann who so often leagued themselves with the Leinstermen in their efforts to keep down the robbers of Galway. The origin of this league was, nevertheless, founded on the ties of blood-relationship rather than on mutual interests or political convenience, the former reason being supported by all the ancient traditions of the Gael. In the first place, the Domnann, or MacDonalds of Connaught, were ranked amongst the oldest of the Gaelic tribes of Ireland, and some traditions go so far as to claim that they had been in occupation of the Province for upwards of a thousand years. I do not know how many years it takes to make up an Irishman's thousand. To judge from the frequent discrepancies in dates given by early Irish chroniclers, I believe that opinions differed widely; but there is no disputing the fact that behind all this fable was the rooted conviction that the Domnann had been in possession of Connaught from time immemorial.

In the second place, the close intimacy existing between them and the ruling race of Tara

suggests, as nothing else can, that there were ethnical affinities between both which they could not but recognise. Alliances between the ancient kings of Tara and of the Domnann were, of course, not unknown before the days of Cormac and Fionn. Crimthann Sciathbel, for instance, who became king of Tara in the year of the world A.M. 3502, according to the *Four Masters*, had been former king of the Domnann; and while we may pass over the date as of little interest or importance, the fact that such an interchange of sovereignty could happen is indirect evidence that these early ancestors of the Macdonalds originally hailed from North Leinster, and were therefore more closely allied by blood to the Feinne and the Gaelic people of Tara in a way they could not claim to be with the tribes and clans of southern Leinster and Connaught. This is further shown by the ancient tradition which describes them as having once suffered under the same bondage in "Greece" as had their brethren the "grey Gael" and their allies. The memory of this servitude from which they revolted, says the *Cóir Anmann*, can be seen in the history of their name, the wrong etymology "men of deep pits" being explained by the old Leinster tradition that they "deepened the earth, for it was deep they went into the earth bringing water thereout to cast upon the rough mountains in Greece." The tradition about them goes no further than this, but if we were in possession of the exact historical details, we should probably learn that the Macdonalds were not the least among the clans of the "grey Gael" to flee from the "land of Greece."

Admitting, therefore, that the kind of history obtained from Fenian heroic lore and legend is often fabulous and unreliable to a degree, we cannot forget that all ancient history, sacred and secular, was similarly traditional until committed to writing, and always remained so, whether its sources claimed to be inspired or not. So far as the Fenian traditions are concerned, they are just like those of other nations, mingling fact with fiction in the freest manner possible, and invariably giving preference to fiction whenever it is convenient. The conservative spirit of the Gaelic people has snatched much of their unrecorded past from oblivion, and if we do not always see through the drift of a genuine Fenian tale, it is very often because we fail to fix the *locale* of the story, or in some cases to know the historical characters of the third century it describes. That love of hyperbole, also, for which the Celtic story-teller and his editor are as distinguished to-day as were their ancient prototypes, accounts in part for a great many disparaging opinions regarding the worth of ancient legends; but if the foregoing arguments of mine have been at all weighed and

considered, the Fenian tales will be seen to be a little more consistent with early Irish history and tradition than most people imagine. It should now be an easier matter for the average reader to discover and locate for himself the "Latin" country, *Greece, Scythia, Bergeu, Norway*, and the "World" itself on any map of Ireland and to understand how Fionn and the Feninne were not such widely-travelled men, globe-trotters in fact, nor such great linguists as many ~~claimers~~ have claimed them to be.

(Concluded.)

NOTES ON THE CELTIC YEAR.

(Continued from page 216.)

DECEMBER—AM MIOS MARBH.

LIKE the three months which precede it, December takes its name from its place in the old Roman Calendar—from the Latin *decem*—ten. It is called in Gaelic *An mios marbh*—the dead month, *dùdhlachd*—depth of winter, and *Mios meadhonach a' Gheumhràidh*—the middle month of winter. Manx—*Mee veanagh y gheuru*, and *Yn vee's jerru y'ehu rlein*—the last month of the year.

The twenty-first of the month is known ecclesiastically as *An fhéil Thonais*, being the shortest day it is known to Highlanders as *An lù 's giorra 's a' bhliadhna*. The twenty-fourth is *Oidhche Nollaig*—Christmas Eve, the following day being *Là Nollaig*—Christmas Day. Irish *nodlag*, early Irish *notlaid*, Welsh *nodolig*, Manx *Yn Ullick*, from Latin *natalicia*, the Nativity. The generally received view is that the end of December does not correspond with the actual date of the nativity of our Saviour, but that the Festival was instituted to supplant a pagan saturnalia held about this period of the year. Christmas as a festival is becoming every year more popular, and the exchange of good wishes for the succeeding year, by means of Christmas cards, is now all but universal. The thirty-first is known in Gaelic as *Oidhche na Calluinne*—Hogmanay. The term *Calluinn*—New Year's Day—Irish *Calluin*, means Calends, or first day of the month. Early Irish *Callaind* the Calends, particularly the first of January, is from the Latin *Calendæ*, the first day of the month.

On New Year's Day—*Oidhche Calluinne*—it was customary in the Highlands to admit no one into the house till he or she had recited a *Rann Calluinne*, or extempore verse, which usually took the form of a blessing on the household. Something similar took place in the Lowlands, one of the verses being—

Get up, goodwife, and shake your feathers,
 Dinna think that we are beggars;
 For we are bairns come out to play,
 Get up and gie's our Hogmanay.

In the Highlands people used to assemble on *Oidhche Calluinne* at the house of some prominent member of the community, and a dried cow's hide having been placed round the shoulders of one of their number, he goes *deiseil* round the house, the rest following and beating the hide with their sticks as they shout—

A Challuinn bhuidhe bhoicinn,
 Buail an craicinn,
 Cailleach 's a' chùil,
 Cailleach 's a' chill,
 Cailleach eil' an ceann an teinne,
 Bior na dà shùil,
 Bior na goille,
 A Challuinn so!

Having encircled the house *deiseil* three times, they are admitted one by one, on reciting the *Rann Calluinne* already referred to. They are hospitably entertained, and before leaving the house someone burns the breast part of the skin of a black sheep (*caisein-uchd caora dhùbh*), and puts it to the nose of everyone, that all may smell it, as a charm against witchcraft and every infection. It was afterwards carried to the byre so that the cattle might smell it and so be preserved from *droch-shùil*, evil eye, during the year. It was generally early morn before this joyous company separated, so that at parting they were able to wish each other **BLIADHNA MHATH UR—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

GAELIC PROVERBS.

(Continued from page 217.)

An toil féin do na h-uile 's an toil uile do na mnathan.

Their will to all, and all their will to the women.

A call nan sguab a' trusadh nan siobhag.

Losing the sheaves and gathering the straws.

A ruith na seiche air a bruaich.

Keeping to the edge of the hide.

A réir do mheas ort fhéin, measidh càch thu.

As thou valuest thyself, others will esteem thee.

A lion beagan is beagan, mar a dh'ith an cat an sgadan.

Little by little, as the cat ate the herring.

A h-uile latha sona dhuit,

Gnn lath' idir dona dhuit!

May every day bring luck to thee,

And ne'er a day of sorrow be!

A snaimeadh nan sop.

Knottng straws—useless work.

A cur an eich 's e 'na fhallus.
Urging on the sweating horse.

A cumntas shlat gun aodach.
Counting yards without cloth.

A chur a ruith na cubhaige.
Sending him on the "gowk's errand."

Buinidh urram do'n aois.
Gold should hae honour.—Scot.

Buille mu seach buille gun dreach.
Stroke about is awkward rowing.

Bu mhò an eall là Chuil-fhodair.
There were greater losses at Culloden.

[Culloden, fought in 1746, was the last battle fought in Scotland.]

Bu cheum air gàig leam a dhol a dh' àite dh' am ain deòin.

'Twere to step on a hack to go to a place against one's will.

["Gàig," painful hack on the side of the foot. "Ceum air ghàig," an unwilling step.]

B'ole an airidh e.—It was ill deserved.

Bu mhath an airidh e.—It was well deserved.

Bogadh nan gad.
Steeping the withes—preparing for a journey.

Biodh gach fear air a ghearran bacach bàn fein.

Let each one ride his own white cripple horse.

Boinne ri do shroin, bidh tu beò am bliadhna.

A drop at your nose, you'll see the end of this year.

Bidh tusa fochaid ormsa airson mo chuid a bhuan glas is bidh mis' a fochaid ortsa 'nuair nach be agad ach a chas.

You will be mocking me for reaping my oats while green, and I will be mocking you when you have nothing left but the stalks.

Bidh rud-éigin aig ceare an sgrìobain ach cha bhi dad idir aig ceare a chrubain.

The scraping hen will have something, but the squatting hen will get nothing.

Bidh gach fann feargach.

A hungry man's an angry man.

Bidh e leis an rìgh a bhios air a'chathair.

He will support the king that is on the throne.

[The sycophant who is always found on the side of the powers that be.]

Bheir tìm teisteanas.—Time will tell.

Bheir sin a bhuil fhathasd.

That will yet have its effect.

Biadh an darna fir puinsion an fhir eile.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

Bi gu math ri cù is leanidh e thu.

Be good to a dog, and he will follow you.

[This saying may carry the innuendo—"Be kind *even* to a dog," etc.]

Bidh eiontach gealtach.

Evil doers are evil dreaders.

Bheir mis' ort gu 'n cluinn thu e air a chluais a's buidhre.

I will show you that you will hear on your dullest ear.

Bheir iad an aire gu 'm bi an t-im air an taobh do 'n bhonnach.

They will see to it that the butter is on their side of the bannock.

Bheir fear beag a chuid as an talamh mu 'n toir fear mòr a chuid as an athair.

The little man will bring his own from the ground before the big man brings his own from the skies.

Bheir aon nì nì eile na lorg.

One thing brings another in its train.

Bheir ceilg duine gu bochdainn, ach soirbh-ichidh an dichìollach.

Deceit brings a man to poverty, but success crowns the diligent.

Bheir bean an arain am b arran far bean na spreidh.

The mistress with the bread will outshine her with the folds.

Bheir an oidhche duine is ainmhìdh gu bàile.

Night brings beast and body home.

Bha riamh rathad cill is elachain ann.

There always was a "right-of-way" to churchyard and village.

[It may also mean to church and churchyard.]

B' fheàrr am meog a bhiodh 's a' Ghaidhealtachd na am bainne blàth a bhiodh am Peairt.

Better the whey of the Highlands than the warm milk of Perth.

Beannaehd leis gach nì a dh' fhalbhas—cha 'n e a dh' fhòghas.

Blessing on all that goes—for it will not suffice.

Beannaehd Aonghais Ghobha leat, is gheibh thu mar a thoil

The blessings of Angus the smith with thee, you'll get as you deserve.

Bean gus an téid i eug, is fear gus am bi e na sheann reud.

A woman till she dies, and a man till senility—will always be learning.

Bean 'gad dhiùltadh, is each 'g ad thilgeadh is bàta 'g ad fhàgail—trì nìthe as nach ruig duine nàire bhi air.

To be refused by a woman, to be thrown by a horse, and to be deserted by a boat—three things of which no man need be ashamed.

[The reference to the boat is when she refuses the helm, and gets away from him.]

THE KILT THREATENED.

Calamitous Outlook for Regiments in Australia.

THERE has been one calamitous result of the new Territorial organisation of the military forces in Australia—the kilt is threatened! Says a home service paper:—Lord Kitchener's mathematical system made small allowance for local desires, and none for "national" sentiment. A network of organisation designed with regard only for tactical defence and rapid mobilisation was the goal for which he dispassionately steered. But there are two kilted regiments of Scottish Rifles in New South Wales and Victoria (the former being affiliated to our own Black Watch), which are pardonably anxious to preserve their "national" distinctiveness, instead of being merged and obliterated in some local spoke of the Australian defence wheel. So they are clamouring with all the enthusiasm of which Scotsmen are capable for the preservation of the kilt. But the unrelenting Minister for Defence has made it plain that either these regiments (with the kilt) must go, or else Lord Kitchener's Territorial system.

What the outcome will be no ordinary prophet dare conceive, but the matter is not without interest for our own kilted regiments. They have survived more than one assault on their national garment, and the enemies of the kilt found much in the South African war to strengthen their assaults. The kilt was too conspicuous on the veldt—and the Boer too good a marksman to miss such a target—hence the high proportion of Highlander casualties in the engagements which culminated in the Magersfontein tragedy. Then the Highlanders donned the khaki apron to hide the kilt, but opposers of the latter still found something to hit with, for did not the apron only add to the burden of the wearers on long marches: The Highlanders put this logic to ignominious flight by forthwith setting up several marching records under "Fighting Mac"! Then the opponents of the kilt pointed out that the apron only covered the wearer's front, the kilt still being an incomparable target when seen from behind. Such an argument was beneath the contempt of the Highlanders, as though any enemy would ever see their backs. There was still one argument left for the haters of national distinctiveness in dress, i.e., the kilt left the poor Highlander's legs to be browned and blistered in South Africa's torrid heat. But the Highlanders could afford to ignore this pretence at maternal solicitude by pointing once again to their marching records! This has been effective

so far, and our present Highlanders' position is now so secure that latterly there have been orders prohibiting all but true-born Scotsmen from enlistment in Highland regiments. Nevertheless, an influential official clique have declared war on esprit de corps and regimental distinctions, and they doubtless hold that when war becomes just a shade more scientific the kilt will go, just as flying colours, brass bands, and scarlet tunic no longer grace the firing line. Time, and the result of the present Australian tussle, will alone prove that.

Patrick MacDonald's Collection, 1784.

WE may be safe in saying that the first collection of Gaelic airs published was that of the Rev. Patrick MacDonald, minister of Kilmore, Argyllshire. It is entitled "A Collection of Highland Vocal Airs never hitherto published, to which are added a few of the most lively Country Dances or Reels of the North Highland and Western Isles, and some specimens of Bagpipe Music. Edinburgh, 1784." The rev. musician was born at Durness, in Sutherlandshire, in 1729, and died at Kilmore, near Oban, in 1824, in the 96th year of his age and 69th of his ministry. He was minister of Kilmore from 1745. In a diary kept by his father, "Maighster Murachadh," of Durness, his son's appointment is quaintly referred to as follows:—"He was appointed to Kilmore and Kilbride by Archibald, Duke of Argyll, 12 Octr., 1756, one of the best livings in this country, the stipend being £70 sterling." It is said that during the whole period of his life he was never a day confined to the house by sickness. He is said to have been a noble player on the violin. He was assisted in preparing the work by his brother Joseph, who compiled a Tutor to the Bagpipe, which was published in 1803, some years after his death, by his brother, the minister of Kilmore. In the MacDonald Collection of Highland Vocal Airs the melody alone is given, with the heading or a catchline of the Gaelic words to which the melody was sung. Unfortunately many of the songs are not recognisable by their catchline, but it contains many tunes that have been wedded to songs other than those indicated by the reverend compiler. The following is an analysis of the work:—North Highland Airs, 86; Perthshire Airs, 28; Argyllshire Airs, 41; Western Isles Airs, 31; Total, 186; North Highland Reels or Country Dances, 32; Examples of Pipe Music, 4. The work is now somewhat rare, and commands a high price in the market.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

A' BHEAN AGAM FHIN.

THIS song, by Neil MacLeod, used to be sung to the tune known as "Cogadh na sith," which has been appropriated by the well-known "Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd." At the present time it is hardly ever sung, and the reason seems to be that it has not had a suitable tune made for it or adapted to it. It is one of the few good humorous songs of the language, and ought not to be allowed to lie dormant. In the

hope of resurrecting it, it is here given to a tune which fits it exactly; and as it was customary in the past to render the song with a chorus it is a tune with a chorus that has been adopted. The chorus words, however, do not belong to the original. The basic note of the melody is *Me*, which places it in a category which is by no means common in or out of a Gaelic connection.—C.M.P.

Gleus D. *Rann.*

{	: m		l : - . t : l		l : s : l		d' : - . r' : d'		t : -	}
A			fhleasgaich	tha	tathaich	air	srathan	is	glinn,	

{	: r'		m' : r' : m'		d' : l : d'		s : - . l : s		m : -	}
A'			mealladh	nan	caileag	's a'	farraid	am	pris,	

{	: m		l : - . t : l		l : s : s		m' : - . r' : d'		t : -	}
Ma			dli' fhanas	tu	tamull,	ged	tha	mu	car	sgith,

{	: r'		d' : l : d'		s : m : m		d : - . r : m		m : -	
Gu'n			toir	mi	dhuib	ealain	mu'n	bhean	agam	fhin.

Seis.

{	: d		m : - : s		m : - . r : d		m : - : s		m : -	}
Hill			ù	hill	ó - h o r o	hù	ill	i ;		

{	: r		m : - : s		r : - . d : d		r : - : s		m : -	}
Hill			ù	hill	ó - h o r o	hillean	i ;			

{	: d		m : - : s		m : r : d		m : - : d'		t : -	}
Hill			ù	hill	ithillean	's hó	ro	i,		

{	: r'		d' : l : d'		s : m : s		d : - . r : m		m : -	
B' i'n			tubaist	mhi	- rathail	thug	Anna	dhomh	fhin.	

An oidhche 'bha 'bhanais
An taigh Choinnich dhuinn,
A chunnaite mi' chaileag
'Bha ceanalta grinn,
A dhannsadh cho loinneil
'S a sheinneadh cho binneil,
'S bha mise mu 'coinneamh
A' togail an fhuinn.

Bha 'gruaidh mar na ròsan
Cho bòidheach 's cho min,
'S a cuaillean cho clannach
'Na charan mu 'n chuir,
'S bha mise fo m' auail
A' cantainn rium fhin :
'S e aingeal air thalamh
Tha 'n Ann e Nìc Cuinn.

'N uair 'fhnair mi a mach i
Ri fasnadh an tuim,
Bha solus na gealaich
Cho glan os ar eum,
Gu'n tug mi dhi gealladh
Mur 'rachainn do'n chill,
Gu 'm biodh i fo Challuinn
'N a bean agam fhin.

'Is eum mi mo ghealladh
Ri Anna Nìc Cuinn.
Mu 'n d' thàinig a' Challuinn
Bha ise 'na mnaoi - -
'S cha 'n 'eil i cho maiseach
No ùir cho binneil,
'S a bha i mu m' choinneamh
An taigh Choinnich dhuinn

'N àm éirigh 'sa mhaduinn
 Tha Anna cho tinn ;
 Cha ghluais i à leabaidh
 Gu 'm faigh i 'cuid tì ;
 'N sin suidhidh i tacan
 A' tachas a cinn,
 'S ma chanas mi faeal
 Tha 'm bat' air mo dhruim.

Bho mhaduinn gu feasgar
 Cha deasaich i ni,
 Bho dhorus gu dorus
 Ri conas 'is strì—
 Ma tha i 'n a h-aingeal
 'S ann air an taobh chli,
 'S tha fios aig a' bhaile
 Nach math leatha sìth.

Ma labhras mi duineil
 'G a cumail fo chis,
 Cha 'n 'eil annam aeh "burraidh,
 'Is duine gun bhrìgh"—

Mu choinneamh gach faeail
 Tha aice-se trì ;
 Cha 'n 'eil fallim 'san teang'
 Aig a' bhean agam fhìn.

An dé bha i 'carraid
 Ri bean lain 'ie Aoidh,
 'S thug Anna dheth 'mullaeh
 An currachd le sgrìob ;
 Tha plàigh na mo thalla—
 Aeh cha'n abair mi bid,
 'S cha chòir dhomh 'bhi 'gearan
 Mu 'n bhean agam fhìn.

Aeh bheirinn mar earail
 Air balaieh na tìr',
 Ma bhios iad aig banais
 'Is drama 'nan eim :
 Na tugadh iad gealladh
 Do chaileig a chaidh,
 Gun fhìos no gun aithne
 Cò as, no cò i.

LUATHADH OR WAULKING.

IN many parts of the Highlands it is still the custom of each family to make its own clothing, or at least contribute considerably to its manufacture by carding and spinning the thread which goes to make it. When the web of "plaidin" comes from the loom it is much too thin for ordinary wear, and so it has to be waulked in, or thickened. This process is called in Gaelic "luathadh," or "fùeadh"—waulking—and has been a prolific source of stirring song and catching melodies. It was always performed by the females, generally in the open air, and the mode of procedure was somewhat as follows:—Some romantic recess by the side of a burn was selected, where a platform of coarse wicker work was erected, on the centre of which the cloth to be weaved was placed. All the free-hearted, gay, and musical young women of the neighbourhood were invited, and came of hearty goodwill. So many of them, bare-armed and bare-legged, seated themselves around the cloth on the platform, and the others, forming a relay of generally an equal number, took their position in attendance, supplying water and home-made chemicals wherewith to drench the cloth, and changing places at intervals with their friends on the platform. The cloth was pulled and pushed, rolled and tossed, backward and forward, and from side to side, in magical gyrations, but all the time under well-known principles of manipulation, strictly adhered to, however "fast and furious" the mirth grew. In this way the cloth was thoroughly shrunk, and became sufficiently thick to be suitable for clothing. In these operations, not only vigorous but simultaneous action was essential. This could only be secured by song—everyone joining

heartily in a simple chorus, so that all might keep exact time. Waulking songs were generally extemporaneous, and disclaimed all pretensions to poetry. They consisted of one or two lines, sung as a solo, followed by a hearty chorus. The following lines, in imitation of a well-known waulking song, are set to a melody long associated with the interesting process of "luathadh," and may give readers a fair idea of the form and character of these songs. The chorus is repeated after each distich:—

Verse :

Now we've got the web before us,
 And a chorus we must sing.

Chorus :

O, yes, we'll join the chorus,
 While the whole we deftly fling.

Music tends to lighten labour,
 Sing them gaily with good swing.

Sing of ancient bards so famous,
 To their lays we fondly cling.

Tell of gallant deeds of daring,
 That won favours from the King.

Raise your voices, merry maidens,
 Till we make the welkin ring.

F.

MACKISSOCK.—A sept of MacKissocks hail from the shores of the Moray Firth. They are supposed to be descendants of one of the same name who accompanied Colin, Earl of Argyle, who married the widow of the Regent Moray, and who had, therefore, much influence in the district of South Argyle between 1572 and 1583.

MACRAE.—It is generally understood that the name MacRae (Gaelic Mae Rath) means "Son of Grace," and had in all probability an ecclesiastical origin. It occurs as a personal or Christian name in Ireland and Scotland from the fifth to the thirteenth century. It is found both as a personal name and as a surname on the Ragman-roll in 1297.





