Bound July 25 1877.

J. F. Campbell
Niddry Lodge
Kensington.

See note within 343 -

1883 - 28th October after seven
1876 years took out this volume
7 The chief interest now is in
the appearance of "the Clock" before
the Crofter Commission of late.
Because no Gentlefolk would help
he took to agitation, went
ahead of the Commission stirred
up strife and did all the evil
he could in that way. John
Murdoch did likewise &
was examined at Glasgow. Vide
Scotsman of last week. —
Blackie was mixed up with
the Gaelic & gave his evidence last week
I kept out of the fray, at first

ten years ago I helped the
Celtic revival. When I formed
publications tending to political
moves. I dropped them.
In Scotland Wales Ireland &
France the Celtic move was
used, "No Rent" "Tenants"
"Invincibles", and riots
in Hyde Park followed.
Skye Crofters a small
revolt and a large
Royal Commission resulted
and so far as I can see
"Crofters" will be sent over
the sea by Landlords for the
good of American landowners
who want men to work.

J. F. Campbell

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE

No. XI.—SEPT. 1876.

CONTENTS.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XI. SEPTEMBER 1876.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(Continued.)

By Alastair Og.

—o—

Malcolm, whose vocation accustomed him more to the effective use of the flail than to the recitation of poetry, did fair justice to the piece, and by the time he had arrived at the point where Fingal and Manus engaged in single combat he had grown quite enthusiastic over his self-imposed task, and gave clear enough indication, by voice and manner, that he entered fully into the spirit of the poem; reciting which he exerted himself so much that he was quite out of breath when he finished.

"That's all I remember of it," says Callum, but it is by no means all I knew of it at one time. When quite a youth I learnt it from Roderick Fraser, who lived at the time at Inverkerry. You remember him well *Alastair?*"

"Indeed that I do, and a fine old fellow he was. I never knew any one who possessed such a large amount of old Ossianic poetry and other Highl and songsand stories. He repeated the poem to myself at greater length on more than one occasion. Poor Roderick! he has, like all my other early friends and contemporaries, gone to his reckoning these twenty years and more; *agus dh' fhag iad mi nise mar dh'fhagadh Ossian, leam fhein a cumha na Feinne* (and they have now left me as Ossian had been left, alone lamenting the Fingallians). Roderick was 105 years of age when he died, and to the very last he used to relate with evident signs of, what was for a man in his circumstances, pardonable pride, that in his youth he was for many years in the service of 'Old Badachro,' a scion of the Gairloch family; that it was from him he learnt the Ossianic poems he knew, as well as all his other Highland lore; that the grandfather of this 'Old Badachro' fought '*Latha na luinge*' at Raasay in the year 1611—the last battle fought between the Mackenzies and the Macleods of Raasay for the possession of the lands of Gairloch, and in which *Mac Gille Challum Oig*, laird of Raasay, and Murdo Mackenzie, a younger son of the laird of Gairloch were slain. By the by, Kenneth," addressing Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid* who is an excellent story teller, and who we are happy to say is still hale and hearty, "you could tell us all about '*Latha na luinge*,' and the many other

battles and skirmishes so incessantly fought in the past between the Macleods and the Mackenzies."

"Yes, I could," answered Kenneth, "but if I am to tell you all about these clan legends and battle stories it would be better that I should begin at the beginning and inform you—First, how the Macbeaths were driven out of Gairloch by *Iau Mac Iau Uidhir*, Carr of Kintail, and *Dondgall Mor Mac'ic Raonail 'ic Ruth* from Inverinate; and how after them the Macleods were driven out by *Eachain Ruadh*, the second son of Mackenzie of Brahan and Kintail. This is a long story or rather stories, and it would take me more than a whole evening to relate them from the beginning to the end. I therefore prefer to begin them on some future evening, when I shall give you the story of '*Latha aau Luinge*' in its proper order."

This was agreed to, and the bard called on *Uilleam Beag* to give a story, a proverb, or a riddle. William, who was never absent from the *Ceilidh* house without serious cause, was an indifferent story-teller, but was never at a loss for a proverb or a riddle. "*Ge beag an t-ubh thig eun as*" (Small though the egg be a bird will come out of it) said William. "*Tha thusa mar'b, abhaist,*" answered the bard, "*cha mho t'eun no t'ubh*" (You're as usual; your bird is not larger than your egg). "*Gach eun gu 'nead'sa shrabh na ghoh*" (Every bird to his own nest with his own straw in his bill) retorted William. "You're quite right my friend," answered *Ruairidh Mor*. "*Is minic a bheathaich sradag bheag teine mor*" (A small spark often kindled a large fire). "*Ceart ga leor a Ruairidh*" *ars' Uilleam* "*'S fearr iomall a phailteis no meadhon na gainne*" (Right enough Rory, it is better to be on the borders of plenty than in the middle of poverty). "*Cuma leibh dha*" *ars' am bard*, "*chan fhiach e bhi faireach ris, 's mairg a dh' iarradh rud air a chat 's e fo'n a miobhail*" (Never mind him, he is not worth the waiting for, who would beg from the cat when she is mewing with hunger). "Come on, Rory, give us something yourself." "Well I'll give the boys half-a-dozen riddles and they can give us the answers tomorrow night:—1st, *Ceithir air chrith, ceithir air nan raith, dithis a coimhead an aghaidh 'n athair, 's fear eile ag eigheachd.* 2d, *A dol a null faidh thalamh, air darach a bha mi, air muin each nach d'rugadh riamh, as sriun a leathar a mhathar ann.* 3d, *Chunnaic fear gun suilean mhlan air a chraobh, cha d'thug e mhlan di, 's cha d'fhag e mhlan oirr.* 4th, *Togaidh 'n leanabh beag na dhoru e 's cha thog da dhuine dheug le rop e.* 5th, *Chaidh mi na choille 's fhuair mi e, 's far an d'fhuair mi e chaill mi e, na'm faighinn e dh'fhagainn e, 's mo nach d'fhuair mi e thug mi dhachaidh e.* 6th, *Rugadh e mu'n d'rugadh athair, 's bha e air tiochlaiceadh a sheanmhair.* We give the following translations:—1st, Four shaking, four running, two looking up to the sky, and another bawling. 2d, I was crossing underground upon oak, riding a horse which was never born, but which had a bridle of his mother's hide. 3d, A man without eyes saw apples on a tree, he took no apples off, nor left he apples on. 4th, A little child will lift it in his hand, but twelve men cannot lift it with a rope. 5th, I went to the wood and found it, and where I found it I lost it, if I had found it I would have left it, but as I did not find it I brought it home with me. 6th, He was born before his father, and was at his grandmother's funeral.

Several of the youngsters offered to solve most of them there and then, but it was decided to have the answers when next they met.

Shortly before this *Fear a Gharbha*, an extensive drover from the neighbourhood of the Grampians, dropped in among the worthies, almost unobserved. He regularly attended the local cattle markets and was indeed the principal buyer of cattle in the district, but for a few years back, through some cause or another, he did not put in an appearance, and the people were hard pressed to provide the wherewithal for paying their small yearly rental; for they had no resources other than their small Highland cattle and the local fishing to depend upon. The fishing had been bad for some years, and the absence of *Fear a Gharbha* and his drover friends for such a time had brought matters to an unenviable position among the small tenants of the district. It is unnecessary, in these circumstances, to say that the long lost friend was heartily welcomed by the circle. He was offered food, and other "refreshments" which, by the laws of hospitality in the bard's house, had become a standing institution. These were indeed distilled on the premises; for in those days the "gauger" formed no part of the official arrangements of the district. After partaking of the good things at the goodwife's disposal, the *drobhair* detailed the causes of his long absence from the place—bad prices at the southern markets, family bereavements which necessitated his presence at home, and other causes. *Fear a Gharbha* had always been a great attraction in the circle, and could tell any number of stories connected with the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. *Ian Taillear*, who had been delighted with the *drobhair's* legends during previous visits, begged, now that our friend had provided for the inner man and was comfortable for the night, that he would give them a good Badenoch or Lochaber story. He readily consented to relate one about "the Cummings (a most deceitful, cunning, and wild set of people in Badenoch), and the Shaws."

The Cummings, he said, were always a turbulent and haughty race, who for many generations inhabited the wilds of Strathspey and Badenoch. One of them upon a time claimed the throne of Scotland; and the deceitful wretch, who after having entered into a mutual bond with Robert the Bruce (the great deliverer of Scotland from English oppression and tyranny, and who, for ever, established the independence of his country) for the deliverance of their common country, betrayed him to Edward. Bruce, however, managed to get away from the English court, and meeting the deceitful Cumming in the Church of the Grey Friars in Dumfries, on the 10th of February 1305, a warm altercation took place, in the course of which Bruce charged the *Comyn*, as he was called, with treachery to himself and his country. The Comyn returned an insulting answer, when Bruce instantly stabbed him with his dagger on the steps of the high altar. The Cummings and the Shaws were always at feud with each other, the latter, being the weaker, at least in point of numbers, always getting the worst of it; and on one occasion their chief was murdered by their inveterate enemies and oppressors, the Cummings. A general slaughter took place at this particular period; but Shaw's only child, a boy of only a few months old escaped, he having fallen into the hands of a devoted female dependent of the family, who to secure him from danger and to avoid the general carnage, made off across hills and mountains, through moors

and forests, to the residence of the laird of Strathardale in the Highlands of Perthshire, whom she knew as an old and trusted friend of her late chief. She arrived after much fatigue and many hardships at the "Bare" residence; informed him of the cruel fate of her late master, and the flower of his clan; how she escaped with her precious charge, and recommended Strathardale for the love he bore the late Rothiemurchus, and the long and intimate friendship which had existed between them to take charge of his youthful son and save him from the savage clutches of the Cummings. Matters were soon arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and the faithful woman went away home quite satisfied that the youth would be well attended to and brought up among Strathardale's own children, as befitted the rightful and youthful heir of Rothiemurchus.

She returned to her own country in due time and found all her old acquaintances and friends slaughtered or trampled upon, and scourged by the bloodthirsty and cruel Cummings; all the ancient possessions of the Shaws ruled by, and, apparently in the everlasting possession of, the inveterate enemies of her kith and kin. Years and days passed away, and those days and years added growth and vigour to the young heir, who, until he attained the years of discretion, was carefully kept in the dark as to the real and true nature of his birthright. When at last it was revealed to him, his whole soul seemed to have been roused, and he determined to spend his whole time and all the energies of his body and mind to prepare and carry out a scheme for the recovery of his ancient patrimony; and contest his claim with the proud and haughty house of Cumming, and avenge the cruel murder of his father and kinsmen.

In due time young Shaw decided upon paying a visit to his native district to ascertain the real state of matters, and if possible to wrench from his enemies the heritage which they so long and so unjustly possessed. On arriving at Rothiemurchus, after a most perilous journey and escorted by a strong body of followers, he lost no time in calling upon his benefactor, Janet Shaw, whose history, antecedents, and devoted conduct to himself in his early days he had learnt from his Perthshire protector. He was directed to her lonely cottage, the door of which he found strongly bolted from the inside. He at once announced himself and begged to be admitted, but his voice was quite strange to Janet's ear. No amount of entreaty or persuasion would induce her to unbolt the door until she had satisfactory proof that she was not being deceived; for poor Janet had good reason to have little faith in her surroundings. She could not bring herself to believe that her old *protege* could be so foolhardy as to appear in the district among the sworn enemies of his race. Shaw, however, continued to insist upon his individuality, and at last Janet told him to exhale his breath through the keyhole and she would thus soon satisfy herself as to his identity. Doubting this singular and delicate mode of recognition on the part of Janet, Shaw requested one of his attendants to supply his place in the first experiment. This done Janet at once firmly and sternly resented the attempt made to deceive her by one, who she said, must be an enemy trying to secure an entrance to her place of abode with no good intention, and told him "*Bi falbh, bi falbh a chealgaire chd'n eil gaoth t'ainealach ach fuaraidh an aite amail*

mhilis, bhlasda leanabau no ghaoil" (Be off, be off, deceitful wretch, the odour of your breath is but cold in comparison with the sweet and savoury breath of my own beloved child). Shaw could no longer trifle with the feelings of one whom he discovered had still continued to take such an interest in him, and he felt vexed that he had acted in what might be construed by Janet, such a heartless manner. He asked her to give him another chance to meet her in her own way, explained the hoax to her, breathed through the keyhole himself, satisfied the devoted Janet that he was really "her own beloved child," when with an exclamation of joy she unbolted and threw open the door, warmly saluted and received him in her arms, and bedewed him with tears of affection. For the moment his manhood failed him, and the two wept—it is difficult to decide whether most in consequence of the vivid recollections brought up of misfortune and misery in the past, or from a spontaneous outburst of joy in meeting one another in such peculiar circumstances, after such a long, and as Janet believed, permanent separation.

Young Shaw, however, soon recovered himself, and after mutual congratulations and various references and enquiries as to the past lives and adventures of each other, he learnt from Janet that all the male Cummings were away on a foraging expedition in the south, and that they were expected to arrive with the *Creach* on the following day. This was considered a most favourable and opportune circumstance, and one which must be taken advantage of without hesitation or delay. Shaw at once decided to intercept them on their way home and extinguish them root and branch or perish in the attempt. He and his trusted followers passed a sleepless night in Janet's cottage. To satisfy their hunger she insisted upon having her only cow slaughtered at once. This was done, and it was soon roasted before a blazing fire of peat and moss fir. No effort was spared on Janet's part to make them as comfortable as possible, no doubt naturally feeling that if her favourite was successful in his desperate enterprise she would be well provided for during the remainder of her days.

The rest of the night was spent by Shaw and his plucky companions sorting their arms and arranging their dispositions for the following morning. Before the break of day they started and took up a secluded position on the Callort Hill, at the eastern extremity of Rothiemurchus, situated been two roads leading from Strathspey. They exultingly felt that they had the Cummings in the immediate grasp of their inveterate vengeance, and sure of their ability to complete their utter destruction and annihilation. Old Janet, who accompanied Shaw and his friends, recommended this as the best and most convenient spot from which to attack the enemy, as they were sure to return by that route, and she was determined to take a part in the fortunes of war herself; for, she said, if the day went against them it was certain death for her, whether she followed them and shared their danger, or stopped at home in her lonely cottage. She agreed to ascend a neighbouring hill which commanded a good view of the two roads by one of which the Cummings must return. Janet was soon on the top, and after a period of watchful suspense she descried the enemy slowly advancing straight upon the very spot where Shaw and his followers lay in ambush. She immediately gave the alarm by a pre-arranged signal, the watchword being—*Tha na gobhair anns a Challort*

(The goats are in the Callort). Shaw and his companions immediately prepared for the mortal combat in which he was to secure the patrimony of his race or die in the attempt. Like a horde of hungry wolves falling on their innocent and defenceless prey, Shaw and his companions fell on the first batch of their astonished and unprepared victims and felled them to the ground like mown grass. They were travelling in detached companies, each party driving a separate lot of cattle lifted from the Southron, and as each party came up, ignorant of the fate of the preceding one, they were soon despatched by the infuriated and successful Shaw, and not a Cumming was allowed to escape. They were all buried on the spot which is to this day called *Lag nan Cuimeanach*, or the Hollow of the Cummings. "The green grassy mounds which, after the lapse of centuries, overtop the heather at this scene of blood-thirsty vengeance, mark the resting place and commemorate the overthrow of one of the most savage races that ever existed in the Highlands of Scotland."

After this desperate and successful encounter with the Cummings no serious difficulties presented themselves against Shaw taking possession of the estate and property of his predecessors. His kinsmen and friends, who so long writhed under the oppressive yoke of the hated enemy, now rallied round their young and rightful chief with alacrity and unmistakeable signs of delight. It was not long, however, before matters took another and an ugly turn. Shaw's mother survived the general massacre and ruin of the clan when the Cummings took possession, and matters had so far prospered with her, still residing in the district, that during the minority and absence of her son she again entered the matrimonial state with a "Southron," whose name was Dallas. Young Shaw had so far condoned this step on his mother's part, considering the straitened circumstances in which she was left, that he not only forgave her, but invited herself and her husband to reside with him in his mansion of Doune. Matters continued pleasantly and smoothly for a considerable time, but, as usual in such cases, after a time some disagreeable and discordant elements began to manifest themselves, and the youth was too proud and haughty in spirit to conceal his increasing ill-will and animosity towards his stepfather. On a certain occasion, among a large company of their friends, this disagreeable feeling found vent, when unpleasant remarks were given expression to on both sides. Shaw looked daggers, but held his hand until on his way home, at a lonely and secluded spot, he suddenly drew forth his dagger, and with little or no preliminary ceremonial dispatched his stepfather by stabbing him in the heart. The place is known to this day as *Lag an Daluisich*. Not satisfied with this brutal and murderous deed, he severed the head from the body, and carrying the bloody trophy to his mother, stuck on the point of his dagger, on arriving at home, he threw it at her, tauntingly exclaiming, "There it is for you, take it, the head of your blackguard and detested husband."

The state of the poor woman's feelings at the sight of such a horrid spectacle, brought about by the hand of her own offspring, cannot be described. She cursed him loudly for the unnatural part he had acted. The keenest resentment was aroused in her breast, and she determined to use every means in her power to have him punished for his cruel and destestable conduct. She urged upon every one whom she could in-

fluence, and who had any influence in the district, to stir up and rouse the vigilance of the law, feeble as it then was in such an out-of-the-way place. She unceasingly impressed upon every one the detestable nature and enormity of the crime her son had been guilty of, and the great injustice he had inflicted upon herself. The result was that young Shaw was soon proclaimed an outlaw, and his whole property, rights, and possessions reverted to the Crown. He soon after died broken-hearted, despised by friends and foes alike; and his heritage has continued since to be the property of the "Lairds of Grant," who, for a mere nominal sum, bought the forfeiture from the Crown.

"Well, well," said the bard as soon as *Fear a Gharbha* had finished his story, "we had more reasons than one to miss you from our circle for the last few years. In addition to our difficulty to dispose of our cattle at fair prices we have lost many a good story, such as you used to recite with such effect to us. I have strung together a few verses to yourself, whisky, and your south country drover friends, which I shall attempt to recite before we part." And the bard recited as follows:—

Luinneag—Horo bi stop againn,
An urra ris drobhaircan,
B' iad fhein na daoine eoire,
Bheireadh oirnn gum bi'dh sinn faoilteach.

Thoir soiridh gu 'n am Baideanach,
Gur fhada leam an tamh a th'orr',
Tha 'n ceannach air mo sharachadh,
'S tha 'm mal air dol an daoirid.
Horo, &c.

'S iomadh curaidh calma dhiubh,
Ni bunaig dha na h-Albannaich,
'S ann diubh tha Fear a Gharbha,
'S cha 'n eil seanchas air a chaochla.
Horo, &c.

Dh-innsinn cuid deth shuaicheantas,
Bhiodh long 'us leomhan naibhreach air,
Lamh-dhearg 'us bradan stuaidh-bhuinneach,
'S an lann bu chruaidhe faobhar.
Horo, &c.

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,
Tha buaidh air nach coir a chleth,
Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,
Bu mhath la teth 'us fuar e,
Bu math la reota 'us gallionn e,
Gu cuir air chul na greannaige,
Gu traoghadh an lus analaich,
'S gu t-fhagail, falain, fuasgailt.
Horo, &c.

Oh! 's iomadh fear a dh'oladh e,
Na ceannaichean 's na h-ostairean,
Luchd fhearainn shaoir 'us drobhairean,
'S cha toireadh seoltair fuath dha.
Horo, &c.

Am fear a bhios na thuraban,
A cuimhneachdainn a chunnartan,
B, fhearrd e lan a ghuraich dheth,
Gu cuir a mhulaid uaithe.
Horo, &c.

B, fhearrda 'fear bhiodh euslan e,
Gu fhagail sunntach speirideach,
'S bu leigheas dha'n fhear dheididh e,
'S ni e feum a dh, fhear na cuairtich.
Horo, &c.

Tha cuid a their le anabharra,
Nach math a chaithe-aimsir e,
Na'm faigheadh iad gun airgiod e,
Cha 'n fhalbhadh iad as aonais.
Horo, &c.

Bi' stop againn, 's bi' botal ann,
Olaidh sinn gu socrach e,
'Fear aig am bi na topachan,
'S ann da bhi's brol na prise.
Horo bi' stop againn,
An urra ris na drobhairean,
B' iad fhein na daoine coire,
Bheireadh oirn gu 'm bi'dh sinn faoilteach.

(To be Continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Wild Irishman."—(1st), The "Prophecies" enquired after by "R. M'L." and "P. M'K." in the March number are the same which appeared in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." A new and (very much) enlarged edition is in preparation, which, after passing through the pages of the *Celtic Magazine*, will be published in small book form by Mr Noble, bookseller, Inverness. (2d), At present we have no intention of giving an English translation of the Gaelic poem "Muirthralach," which appeared in our last, of the Gaelic paper on "Iona," or of the other Gaelic papers and poems. We are of opinion that, generally, it is impossible to do justice to Gaelic poetry in a translation. (3d), The "Title Page" and "Table of Contents" *will* be issued with No. 12 of the *Celtic Magazine*, which is to conclude volume I. (4th), Macpherson's Ossian, edited by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, and advertised on our back page at 3s, *is* the Gaelic edition.—(Ed. *C.M.*).

THE FAIRIES AND DOMHNULL DUAGHAL.

—o—

Mankind in all ages have been prone to superstitious beliefs, and hero-worship. The most enlightened nations of ancient or modern times have not been more exempt from them than the most ignorant. The ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Egyptians were grossly superstitious, believing in magic, omens, and dreams. The Jews possessing intimate knowledge of a Supreme Being, universally ruling, were not free from similar practices acquired during their four hundred years contact with the Egyptians while sojourning on the banks of the Nile. The Greeks and Romans were not a whit better; they deified their heroes, put faith in oracles, divinations, and dreams. They imagined that bees, ants, and various birds, beasts, and reptiles had the power of giving omens of good or bad fortune. They had gods celestial and gods terrestrial, and subterranean gods. The appearance of eclipses and comets were to them ominous of public disasters. The Scandinavians had their own fanciful mythology, their Odins, their Thors, their Balders, their Niords, their Triggas, and their Treyas, and a vast dread of the Elfin, Dwarf, and Great tribes. The Anglo-Saxons, in common with the Scandinavian, believed in these deities, and in others peculiar to the Goths. They had idols emblematical of the sun, moon, earth, and the various seasons. The Easter festivals of the Christian Church is supposed to have been derived from the name of the Anglo-Saxon goddess Eastre, to which they made sacrifices in the month of April. The burning of the log of wood in December was a sacrifice to the sun, as an emblem of returning light, the days then beginning to lengthen; and from this ancient practice may be traced the custom of burning the yule log at Christmas, a practice still common, I believe, in parts of England. They had also their beliefs in giants, elfs, and dwarfs, which haunted the fields, woods, mountains, rivers, and lakes, alike in character to the demi-gods and other imaginary spirits of the Grecian and Roman superstitions; but worse still, to the Anglo-Saxon is ascribed the introduction to England and Scotland of the more dangerous doctrine of witchcraft and divinations, before which the reasoning power of the people quailed, and all intellectual advancement was impeded.

The Celts are credited with originating the fairy superstition, though it is unknown from what cause. In Scotland and other countries in which Celtic traditions predominate, the fairies were regarded on the whole as little given to malevolence; on the contrary, ready to help mankind at times, though when offended they exhibited an admixture of the malignant spirit of the elf and the dwarf of the Scandinavian who introduced the belief in them to the Celts. Most spirits were supposed to have the attribute of enlarging or contracting their bulk at will; the fairy alone was regarded as essentially diminutive in size, the miniature of a human being, perfect in form, clad in pure green brilliant and rich beyond conception, inhabiting subterranean palaces of indescribable splendour, and in innumerable numbers. They were represented as continually feasting,

dancing, and making merry, or moving in procession amongst the shady green grass and verdant lawns of earth, entertained with the most harmonious and melodious music that mortal ear ever listened to, observant of the doings of mankind, and not unwilling to help them to overcome such unusual or extraordinary difficulties, if called upon, as my story tells.

Donald Duaghal having returned from the wars in Germany to his own country, where his fame preceded him, was a great hero, in the estimation of his retainers. His extraordinary valour, his feats of daring, his fearless conduct, his escaping comparatively scathless of wounds out of all the skirmishes, sieges, and battles in which he took a leading share; all this magnified by the stories related of him by the few retainers who survived and returned home with him into the Reay country, threw around the man a halo of romance that gave rise to the belief that he must have had a charmed life, and it might be, some occult relations with the "Droch Spioraid," and acquired the "Black art" in his travels abroad. "*Nach robh e san Eòdailt far an d'iunnsaich e an sgoil dubh?*"—Italy being the country above all others in which the "Black art" was to be acquired. But Donald was never in Italy. It did not matter to *Clann Mhic Aoidh*. They did not trouble themselves much about correct geography; their chief was abroad; he might have been in Italy; and that was sufficient for the unsophisticated and unlettered people surrounding their beloved chief who had seen much in his travels and campaigns in Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Poland. He had crossed rivers and estuaries, and transported his soldiers over them by bridges of boats constructed by Swedish and Danish military engineers in very little time, even while his soldiers were taking a hasty meal, Donald himself urging on the work and lending a hand—all this was related in Tongue much to the astonishment of the natives around who could not believe it. They could not understand how an estuary like the Kyle of Tongue could be bridged in half an hour. The feat was too marvellous to be true, and if true there must have been some supernatural assistance. But could he not do anything? Did he not learn the "Black art" in Italy? Rumour went and was magnified, till in the long run it was believed that nothing was impossible to Donald. It was rumoured that he intended to throw a bridge over the estuary from Tongue to Melness. This report got wings and was believed. The knowing ones were incredulous, but the credulous had no doubt he could and would do it. Has he not the "Black art?" besides, can he not send to the "Cailleach Mhor" in Dornoch? get her to send him the fairies, and the bridge will be built before morning. This was so much talked about that it became a received opinion that Donald Duaghal was supposed to have actually attempted the feat. He sent his *Gille* to Dornoch to the *Cailleach* requesting her as a special favour to send him fairies to construct a bridge across the Kyle of Tongue. The *Cailleach Mhor* consulted the fairy queen, and she was willing to do anything for so brave a man as Donald Duaghal, and gave the *Cailleach* a box to be conveyed to Donald. The *Cailleach* gave the box to the *Gille* with strict and peremptory injunctions not to open it till he had delivered it into his master's hands. Alas! for weak humanity, always prying into secrets, always doing the forbidden—the greater the restriction the greater

the temptation to disobey. In an unlucky moment, going over the Crask, he opened the box, when lo ! in an instant, around him and about him on all sides were myriads of tiny creatures, hammer in hand, shrilly clamouring "*Obair, obair, obair*" (Work, work, work). Non-plussed with the extraordinary sight, confounded for a moment with the effect of his disobedience of orders, Mackay's man was equal to the occasion. Rapidly recovering his presence of mind and appreciating his position, he ordered his importunate companions to set to work and pluck up the heather off the whole hillside upon which they were. No sooner ordered than it was done, and the same clamour was resumed of "*Obair, obair, obair.*" Driven by this almost to desperation he ordered his little companions to fly away to Dornoch Firth opposite Tain, and there build a bridge for the accommodation of the lieges of Dornoch and *Baile Dhuthaich*. Instantly they went, and commenced operations, throwing up the sand in clouds to form an embankment, but as ill-luck would have it, some person passing the way about cock-crowing time, hearing the noise and uproar exclaimed "*Dhia beannaich mis, ciod e an obair tha 'n so*" (God bless me, what work is this). Work was instantly suspended never to be resumed, in consequence of God's name being mentioned, and a blessing asked on the work; and well would it have been, had it never been commenced, for the sand accumulated by the fairies in that night's work form the dangerous shoals between Dornoch and Tain to this day, the sea roaring over them at every tide, and the noise of the waves heard at the distance of many a mile, portends to the natives the advent of foul weather. To this day the place is called *Drochaid na h'Aogh*, or the Elfin Bridge.

It is lamentable to contemplate how such vain imaginations as these should have so long weighed upon the intelligence and perception of the people; but it may be asked, were they not fostered in a great measure after the introduction of Christianity? when, through persecution, religion assumed the garb of gloom and fanaticism, when belief in the personal appearance of the Devil was universal, and continued till within recent years in the vulgar mind? Volumes could be filled with tales such as these, and with narratives of Satan's pranks in assaulting "ministers and men," waylaying lone travellers, and disturbing families when engaged in family worship.

Ignorance is justly termed the mother of superstition; want of knowledge and appreciation the mother of prejudice. Wherever mankind are least accustomed to trace events to natural causes superstitious notions most luxuriantly flourish, and prejudice abounds. When the mind once allows that matters of ordinary and natural occurrence may take place by the interference of the supernatural, there is obviously no limit to the actions they are supposed to perform. In the present age of comparative intelligence it is difficult to comprehend how human beings could be so deplorably ignorant of natural causes and effects as to entertain for a moment such gross notions of the supernatural, and yet, in this nineteenth century, we can observe similar forces at work even in the most respectable ranks of society—Mormonism, Southcottism, spirit rapping, table turning. The Saxon of modern days has more superstitious notions in

his composition than the Celt, notwithstanding his boastful superiority and pride in being more enlightened and freer from prejudice than any other. He calls his superstitious "customs," and so reconciles himself to them. Does he not turn to the east when repeating the Creed? Does he like to sit down the thirteenth person at the table or festive board? Does he believe in lucky and unlucky days? Does he believe in the appearance, as a good or evil omen, of two or three magpies when setting out upon a journey? Does he like a hare to cross his path? or the upsetting of salt on the table? the howling of dogs, the cracking of furniture, the tickling noise of an insect in old furniture, the putting on the left shoe first? and many other vagaries that could be mentioned. When he relinquishes these he may hurl his stone of scorn at the Celt for his belief in the *Sithichean*.

ALEX. MACKAY.

EDINBURGH.

"THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS."—A Poem in Seven Cantos, by Principal Shairp of St Andrews University, will be commenced in our November number—the first number of Vol. II.—and continued from month to month until it is concluded. It is an historical poem; the scene of the first canto is in Lochaber, and Lochiel of the '45 is the principal character. The state of feeling in the clan during the 40 years the chiefs were in exile; and the Restoration of the Chief, in the person of Donald, grandson of the "Gentle Lochiel," is graphically described.

TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

—o—

AIR—"*The Standard on the Braes o' Mar.*"

The standard of the Celtic clans
Is up and streaming rarely,
And held aloft by gallant hands
Of one we lo'e sae dearly.
The Highland men frae hill and glen,
Ayont the braes, where Cluny stays;
The southron too, they a' do lo'e
Professor Stuart Blackie.

He lo'es the Scottish Highland hill,
The men sae braw and hardy,
Whose noble hearts he kens fu' weel
Are sometimes mourning sadly:
With cheerful voice to them he says,
Go bravely on, your time will come,
There's one who shares your joys and cares,
Professor Stuart Blackie.

Our noble hearted Southern friend
Has pled their cause most nobly,
And got both North and South to lend
Their aid to raise so boldly
The Celtic Chair, which will compare
With any one in Oxford town,
We all will cheer whene'er we hear
Professor Stuart Blackie.

The Gaelic tongue shall be upheld,
And ancient lore of Scotia,
And olden customs be unveiled
With all their vast minutiæ:
On hill and loch, our grand pibroch,
With lively airs, shall banish cares,
Both Inverness and all shall bless
Professor Stuart Blackie.

Hail! noble chief of clansmen all,
Thou'rt loved through all the country,
In future days men shall recall
Thy words and deeds so worthy:
Thy name shall long in verse and song,
With joyful glee remembered be,
And Scotland's boast shall be the toast
"Professor Stuart Blackie."

July 20 1877.— Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

The Editor of this is the old proprietor of "Clach na Cudain House", a drapery establishment at Inverness which failed. He set up this Magazine on the no pay principle and he keeps it going as best he can, by reprinting

from other publications and by getting people to write gratis. I refused to write for "Clock" for I was sure ~~that~~ he could make nothing of it. John Murdoch of the "Highlander" did not take up the "Clock" for the same reason, & so the

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wrote Cloch abuses him
I met him at the
Centenary of the Gaelic
Society of ~~Dublin~~ London
where he told me
~~that~~ his magazine was
on a firm foundation.
Curious to know
what he had made
of the Celevaine
chronicle controversy
I wrote to Murdoch

to buy me the numbers
which contains it.
Three came. The
clerk converted the lot into
a duel between Hector &
Twaddle, & left out
the rest. —
From his Index he seems
to have gone in for Authenticity
of Ossians Poems &
Twaddle in general.

J. F. Campbell

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

Part First.

—o—

The first volume of the *Celtic Magazine* is destined to be distinctively Ossianic in the character of its contents. We have already published the views of George Gilfillan, J. F. Campbell of Islay, Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, Dr Hately Waddell, Professor Blackie; and in order to complete the Ossianic character of the volume we now lay before our readers, with the consent of all concerned, the following able and learned correspondence between Hector Maclean of Islay and Dr Hately Waddell of Glasgow, which recently appeared in the *Coleraine Chronicle*. The first letter is a review of Dr Waddell's now famous book—"Ossian and the Clyde"—by Hector Maclean, in the form of a "Letter to the Editor." The second part of the correspondence will be given in our next—the concluding number of Vol. I.—and we venture to think that within the compass of this small volume, when completed, will be found an amount of information and learned disquisition, by the greatest living authorities, on the subject of the authenticity of Ossian's Poems to be got nowhere else. Almost all that can be said on the question, for and against, by those most competent to judge, may be seen in these and in the preceding pages. Mr Maclean writes:—

When so much light has been, of late years, thrown on matters regarding the poems of Ossian, such as the old poems and tales which Macpherson used as a substratum for his fictions, it is truly surprising that a man of learning should, in this age, write a book maintaining that those romances are genuine translations of original Gaelic poems, as well as authentic historical narratives. "Ossian and the Clyde," however, is such a book. And now, Mr Editor, as I know that, as a Highlander, you take a deep interest in the subject, though, I daresay, you may differ from my views, I will, with your permission, make a few remarks on this work.

According to Dr Waddell, those so-called translations of Macpherson's are genuine; Fingal, Ossian, Gaul, and Oscar are as truly historical as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Tiberius; the kingdom of Morven and the Fingalians had an existence as real as Canaan and the Israelites; and King Fingal, in the third century, obtained glorious victories over the Roman legions! Dr Waddell imagines that his cultivated instinct had guided him surely to the truth of these matters; but however much a cultivated instinct may be relied on, so far as the merit of literary composition is concerned, it is, assuredly, a very uncertain and unsafe guide, when the antiquity, genuineness, and authenticity of poems ascribed to an author who is supposed to have flourished more than fifteen centuries ago, are to be taken into consideration.

To bear out his views Dr Waddell has recourse to geology and archæology, believing that these poems allude to geological conditions, in Ireland, Scotland, and Iceland, that bring us back to the third century; and that, certain passages in them have enabled him to identify the tombs of the heroes and heroines in Arran and various other localities. On comparing "Ossian and the Clyde," however, with Macpherson's Ossian, the cool and unbiassed inquirer can find nothing but vague expressions in the latter to confirm the opinions and inferences that are in the former based on such an unsubstantial foundation. That passages should be found in Macpherson's Ossian, dimly

alluding to localities in the North of Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland, of which Macpherson knew nothing, is not at all surprising, as his material for the groundwork of his romances consisted of stories and ballads which abounded in the obsolete names of places in various parts of Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland. Being ignorant of the topography of the places mentioned in the various tales and ballads that came in his way, and blundering with regard to them in his notes, is no argument in favour of the genuineness of his so-called translations, for the topographical descriptions in the stories might be left intact as they were interwoven into a new narrative.

The intercourse between Ireland and the Scottish Highlands was so close that Highland story usually celebrated everything that was interesting, beautiful, wonderful, or romantic in the topography of the former; the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands might be expected to find a place in North Highland Tales; while Iceland was known to the Irish before it was discovered by the Norsemen; and subsequent to its being colonised by these there was uninterrupted intercourse between it and the Hebrides during the time the latter were under Norwegian sway; as a matter of course, therefore, its wonders could hardly escape finding their way into Highland story. Were it, therefore, certain that Dr Waddell has identified several of the places mentioned in Ossian's poems, with places in Iceland, the Orkneys, and Ireland, it would be no evidence in support of the historical existence of Fingal, Ossian, Gaul, Oscar, and Malvina.

The Ballads which Macpherson used as material for his romances are well known from independent sources, and the manner in which he has worked them up into his stories may be fully ascertained by comparison. Inquirers have failed to discover, in the Gaelic language, any original for Macpherson's English Ossian among the numerous poems that are to be found in manuscript, or that have been transmitted from past ages by oral tradition. The Fionn, Oisein, Goll, and Osgar of the latter bear but a faint, shadowy, and superficial resemblance to the Fingal, Ossian, Gall, and Oscar of Macpherson. The former are mythical beings performing superhuman deeds, and having much to do with magic, enchantment, and metamorphoses; the latter are, at best, nothing but echoes of eighteenth century sentiment.

Collections of poems and tales, relating to the exploits of a race of giants called the Fianna or Feinn, have been made at various periods, in the Scottish Highlands, from the year 1512 to the present day. Between all these there is a strong family resemblance; but they differ materially and essentially from Macpherson's Ossian.

The sky residence of the ghosts of the heroes and heroines is evidently Macpherson's own invention; for there is no allusion to it in any Scottish, or Irish, Fenian poem or story that can be proved to be genuine. Some of these poems and stories mention an "Island of Youth," to which, if any of the old heroes found their way, they became young again. Accordingly, Fionn and several of his heroes are said to live there still. The Dean of Lismore's collection of Gaelic poems was made in the year 1512. It has been transcribed and translated into English by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan of Edinburgh. It was published, with an introduction by Mr W. F. Skene, by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, in 1862. The orthography is assimilated to that of the English; in which respect it differs from the most of old Gaelic manuscripts written in the Highlands, in which the Irish orthography and character are more generally used. In this collection there are nine poems, treating of the Fianna, ascribed to Ossan, Ossin, Osseane M'Fynn, Ossin M'Fynn, Ossein, Ossane M'Finn, for in so many various ways is this name spelt in Dean M'Gregor's Book; two, the death of "Dermit M'O'Zwne" and "cath Zawryth," to "Allan M'Royre"; two, the praise of "Goole," or "Gowlie," and "gath Zawrych," to "Farris Filli"; one, "Conleich M'Nocon," to "Gil-

callum M'Ynnolliag"; one, "No Kinn," "The Heads," to Connil Carnych M'Eddirschol; one, "A Chorymryth Keilta," "Caoiltes," "Rabble," to "Keilt M'Ronane"; and there are ten without name of author. According to tradition, Farris Filli and Ossin were the sons of Finn, Keilt M'Ronane was his nephew, and Connil Carnych M'Eddirschol was contemporary with Cuchullin. Nothing is known of Allan M'Royre. Gilcallum M'Ynnolliag or Gillecolum M'Ynnollew is the author of two other poems in the book,—one in praise of the Clan Donald, and the other an Elegy to one of the Lords of the Isles. As this Elegy refers to the son of the Lord of the Isles, Angus, who fell in the battle of the bloody bay, fought in 1489, the age in which this poet flourished is correctly ascertained. The compositions of this bard and of Allan M'Royre are, in collections made subsequent to the Dean's, ascribed to Ossian; and had the Dean's Book been lost no other author would be found for them. From this fact it may be inferred that had we records sufficiently old, all the poems ascribed to Ossian in the Dean's Book might be traced to other authors, as is the case with Cath Ghabhra, Bas Dhiarmaid, and Bas Chonlaich.

These poems handed down, both in Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, by tradition, are said by Dr Waddell to be the compositions of lying priests and monks; but this assumption is altogether untenable, as they are, for the most part, abridged and versified tales to which the bards that versified them have added but extremely little—tales which are, in fact, older than Christianity, and which are identified by Mr Cox, in his Aryan Mythology, with ancient Greek, Hindoo, Norse, and other Aryan myths. One poem in the Dean of Lismore's Book goes even contrary to the invention of priests and monks; for it ascribes to Finn what these have ascribed to St Patrick, the extirpation of noxious animals in Erin:—"Neir nik pest in locht na arrych in noef, neryn nyn neve ner varve in ser soyve." (Nor left monster in lake, nor venomous serpents in Erin of the saints, that the wise craftsman did not kill.)

In support of his views, Dr Waddell quotes a passage from a letter by a Dr Mackinnon, dated January 1815, in reply to Dr Johnson's objection that there was not a book in the Gaelic language one hundred years old. The following are Dr Mackinnon's remarks:—

"The good Doctor should have been better informed before he ventured to make such an assertion, for in the Duke of Argyll's library at Inveraray there is a book, elegantly printed in the Gaelic language, as early as the year 1567; and, in the 19th page of that book, the author, Mr John Carsuel, superintendent of the clergy in Argyllshire, laments, with pious sorrow, that the generality of the people under his pastoral care were so much occupied in singing and repeating the songs of their old bards, particularly those that celebrated the valorous deeds of Fingal and his heroes, that they entirely neglected the Scriptures and everything relating to religion. The whole of this is composed in very pure Gaelic; but particularly, the dedication to the Earl of Argyll is written with more classical purity and elegance than any composition I ever saw, either written or printed in that language. This is not hearsay evidence, my friend, for the last time I was at Inveraray I read the book from beginning to end, and in the course of the evening repeated to the Duke a summary of its contents, for which his Grace thanked me in his usual mild and polite manner, observing that he never before met with any person who could give him any information with regard to the subject matter of that book, though he had showed it to many whom he thought good Gaelic scholars."

The book to which reference is here made is a translation of John Knox's Liturgy by John Carsuel, Bishop of the Isles, made in the year 1567. It is written in the cultivated Irish of the period; for one cultivated dialect was common at that time, as well as previous and subsequent to it, both to Ire-

land and the Scottish Highlands. It differs widely from the Gaelic of Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian, but bears a considerable resemblance to the language of the Dean of Lismore's book, which was compiled more than half a century before it was published. That peculiar mutation of initial consonants, which Irish scholars call eclipse, nearly absent in Scotch Gaelic, is more frequent than in the Dean's book. The Gaelic of the Dean's book, however, abounds in more obsolete morals and phrases. In that passage in the book to which Dr Mackinnon alludes there is no mention of Fingal (Fionnghal) any more than there is in Dean Macgregor's book, or in any Fenian poem that is ascertained to be genuine. Find, not Fionnghal, is the name there found. Here are Bishop Carswell's own words :—

"Agas is mor an doille agas an dorchadas peacaidh agas aineolais agas intleachta do lucht deachtaidh agas sgriobhtha agas chumhdaigh na gaoidheilge, gurab mó is mian léo agas gurab mo ghnathuidheas siad eachtradha dimhaoineacha buairdheartha bregacha saoghalta do cumadh ar thuathaibh dedhanond agas ar mhacaibh mileadh agas arna curadhaibh agas fhind mhaccumhaill gona fhianaibh agas ar mhor an eile nach airbhim agas nach indisim and so do chumhdach agas do choimleasughadh, do chiond luadhuidheachta dimhaionigh an tsaoghail dfhaghail doibhfein, sna briathra disle De agas slighthe foirfe na firinde do sgriobhadh, agas do dheachtach, agas do chumdhach."

The following is Dr M'Lauchlan's translation :—

"And great is the blindness and darkness of sin and ignorance and of understanding among composers and writers and supporters of the Gaelic, in that they prefer and practise the framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories about the Tuath de Dhanond, and about the sons of Milesius, and about the heroes, and Fionn MacCumhail with his giants, and about many others whom I shall not number or tell of here in detail, in order to maintain and advance these, with a view to obtaining for themselves passing worldly gain, rather than to write and to compose and to support the faithful words of God and the perfect way of truth."

A new edition of this work by the Rev. T. M'Lauchlan, LL.D., was published by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh, in the year 1873.

Tales about the Fenes and the Tuatha de Danann are not yet extinct in the Highlands. In Mr J. F. Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, vol. 2d, p. 73, is a story collected in Barra relating a battle fought between these two peoples. Of this story Mr Campbell says that "it is similar to tales in manuscripts about one hundred years, and to tales now told in Ireland."

In Mr Campbell's "Heroic Gaelic Ballads" (London, 1872), are to be found the most of the Fenish or Ossianic ballads, known to be extant, which have been collected in the Scottish Highlands from 1512 to 1871. Of these he has himself collected a considerable number, orally, among the Highland peasantry. Having carefully collated these with the English and Gaelic Ossian of Macpherson, he has arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the former is Macpherson's own composition, and that the latter is chiefly translations from the former. Of the few fragments that he has found resembling Macpherson's Ossian he remarks :—"These fragments of Macpherson's Ossian, when traced back, converge upon the author, his friends, his district, and the date of his early publications. I have placed them last, because I believe them to be later growths, sprung from the older series of traditional, heroic Gaelic ballads, of which I have printed samples. I have arranged these according to their story. That corresponds to romantic Irish history, as written by Keating and others. It does not correspond to the story told by Macpherson."

A careful examination of Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian shows clearly that it has been evolved from his English work. It consists, in fact, of free translation and paraphrase, with here and there something added or left out. It is disfigurged with English idiom, impropriety, and grammatical error. The versification is extremely rugged and irregular; while contrary to the rules of Gaelic verse, ancient and modern, sentences frequently end in the middle of lines. The language is very unlike that of original Gaelic poetry, but resembles considerably that of Gaelic translations from English. Archaisms are comparatively few; but an effort to make the language appear old is suggested by the mannerism, obscurity, and ambiguity that so frequently abound. Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian never existed before his own day—never existed before his English Ossian. It amounts to a moral impossibility that it could exist, and escape all the collectors that collected Ossianic poetry for three centuries in the Highlands, except Macpherson.

In an age in which philological science has made such remarkable progress, it is really amazing to find Dr Waddell deal in such forced and fanciful etymologies as he does. Such names as Finard, Finglen, Finlarig, Glenfin, Finnich, Dumfin, and Tomfin, he imagines are so called from Fingal. These places, however, have received their names from their physical aspect. Fionn means "white," and those names respectively signify, "white height," "white glen," "white pass," "white glen," white field," "white hill fort," and "white bush." "Tom" is not a mound, as Dr Waddell asserts, but a bush on a place abounding in bushes. It would appear that he has confounded "tom" with "twaim," an obsolete Gaelic word that means a mound. But what can be more ridiculous than calling Loch Fyne Fingal's loch, when an illiterate Highlander could explain the name. Because Dr Waddell finds it spelt "Loch Fynn" in some books, he fancies that the Gaelic name is Loch Fhinn or Fingal's loch; the Gaelic name, however, is Loch Fiòna, which signifies "Wine Loch." Knoc Oishen or Knoc-Usshon is not so called from Ossian, but from its position at the mouth of the Girvan. This name is derived from "cnoc," a hill, and "oiseann," a corner, so it means Corner Hill. There is no reason to believe that either Comal or Kyle is so named from Cumhal, Fionn's father. Comhal is a corruption of Cumhal, and the quantity of the first syllable is short, while the first syllable of Còmhal, the Gaelic form of the name Comal, is long. Comhal is pronounced nearly like Comhdhail, a "meeting," and this peninsula is evidently called so from the converging of Loch Fyne and Loch Goil towards each other at its north end. Kyle is more likely to be derived from coille, "wood," than to be so named from the Fenian Cumhal, or the Pictish King Coil. "Dunipace" is not a mixture of Latin and Gaelic signifying "hill of peace," but is entirely Gaelic, derived from Dun, a hill fort, and bes, an obsolete Gaelic word meaning tribute or rent. Dunipace then denotes the rent or tribute fort. These are a few philological blunders out of many to be found in this book, and brought forward as substitutes for facts to support Dr Waddell's hallucinations and untenable theory. Scientific knowledge is in our day far enough advanced to prevent Ossianic fictions from being received as historical truths by an enlightened public. Archæology and anthropology have given us sufficient light to see that Macpherson's Fingalians are not the Caledonians of the third century, any more than Voltaire's Hurons are Canadian red Indians of the eighteenth.—I am, &c.,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Portaskaig, Islay.

Dr Waddell replies:—

In these days of philology and unbelief, it is satisfactory to know the worst that can be said by a critic like Mr Hector Maclean against an authority like Ossian; and with your permission I shall take the liberty of reply-

ing to what he has recently advanced in your own columns of the 13th inst., on that subject, from the philological point of view alone. But before doing so, I must be allowed to remark with due deference that Celtic philologists above all others are provokingly unreliable. You cannot quote—being yourself a simple Lowlander you cannot quote—Celtic authority for a single word or syllable any day out of the 365, but you will have a dozen or more contradictions of it immediately, all differing from one another, and all claiming to be alike infallible. M'Kinnon contradicts M'Lauchlan, or M'Lauchlan contradicts M'Kinnon, or M'Lean, or M'Kay, or somebody else contradicts them both ; and so on, *ad infinitum*. The only thing the majority can now agree about, in their wisdom, is to contradict or calumniate Macpherson, although not one of them seems to understand in reality a word of what Macpherson has written. For the credit of their own science, if not of their mother-tongue, these learned Celts should really endeavour to agree among themselves about vowels and consonants, roots and derivatives, &c., before criticising their neighbours too severely ; and their neighbours then—too tolerant hitherto by half—might be a little more disposed, perhaps, or at least better able, to follow their bewildering arguments.

In my own case, for example, to come to the point, Mr Maclean, in the first place, is much surprised that I should have been satisfied with so many false and foolish etymolological derivations in support of my theory about Ossian, when "any illiterate Highlander" could have informed me more correctly on the subject. Such assistance would, no doubt, have been quite invaluable, and it may be duly appreciated at Edinburgh by-and-bye, where a new Professor will soon be wanted. But, in the meantime, would your readers believe that, with one or two solitary exceptions, the whole mass of my derivations had been obtained either from the very best Gaelic lexicons and vocabularies extant, or from Gaelic scholars quite as accomplished as Mr Maclean himself, or from traditions among people living on the spot, handed down to them without variation long before Macpherson was born, and interpreted by them precisely as they have been interpreted by me—in literal conformity with the text of Ossian—although such people never read a line of that text in their lives? Such, nevertheless, is the case. Take the long list of names, for instance, still adhering to the soil, and quoted from my work by Mr Maclean, beginning with Finglen and ending with Tomfin, and which he translates by "white" in the characteristic syllable throughout. Such interpretation may be all according to his system of philology, but it is not according to fact.

1. There is nothing white in any one of these cases to justify such an appellation—quite the reverse ; it is all dark moorland or gloomy wood, or dismal whinstone.

2. Where anything white is remarkable in the object or landscape so described, a different word is used for that purpose, at least in the region referred to—from the Tay to the Clyde. In such a case it is "bàn," and not "fin," as Mr Maclean may learn on inquiry.

3. The people in the district, time immemorial, have translated "Fin" in these very words by the substitution of "giant," not understanding the original language, but understanding very well the origin of the term as applied by their forefathers to the fair-haired Celtic raiders who came down long ago upon the lowlands of Stirlingshire, through the identical passes by which the track of Fingal may yet be traced in Macpherson's translation ; and

4. In three instances, at least, Mr Maclean himself is seriously mistaken —for what he translates a "field" is a ford or a lake ; what he translates a "hill-fort" is not a fort but a mountain ; and what he translates a "bush"

is not a bush but a mound ; and to the best of my recollection, the people do actually pronounce the word more like "Tamfin" than "Tomfin," as he himself unconsciously suggests. The only white fort in the neighbourhood is Bankier, so called originally on the principal of designation already referred to, and as Mr Maclean will find explained by me, if he chooses again to consult my work. In like manner he either mistakes the facts or contradicts himself amusingly about Loch Fyne, which he translates the "Wine Loch." Suppose I had so explained it, would I not have been laughed at for my ingennity by all sober persons? Why does he not honestly prefer "White Loch" at once, in the case as in the others, and be done with it? For, according to Mr Maclean, the greater part of Scotland has been a chalk-pit, and the very trees have been whitewashed every spring. But, besides Loch Fyne, there is also a Fyn-loch, where wine probably was never seen, certainly never imported; and only a philologist like Mr Maclean could imagine such a derivation there. But both these lochs—the salt water and the fresh—were on Fingal's route, as I have shown, still traceable in the text ; and in the case of Loch Fyne, the traditions of the people are explicit to the effect, that Fingal used that very passage from Morven to Arran, and that its name was so derived in consequence.

There are many other instances of the same sort which I might easily quote, to refute Mr Maclean's assumptions on this point ; but why should I occupy your space? Mr Maclean has evidently never studied my work or he would have known all this beforehand.

As for my own humble contributions to Gaelic philology, I remember only two worth speaking of ; and they are both mere suggestions of mine, for want of anything better elsewhere. The one is with respect to Knoc-Usshion, for which I suggest Knoc-Ossian ; the other is Kyle or Cowal, which I associate on very reasonable grounds with the name of Fingal's father. Mr Maclean asserts, on the other hand, that Knoc-Usshion is a corruption of Knoc-Oisean, the Hill of the Corner. Possibly ; but what does Ossian's own name mean? I should like very much to know, for I never heard an explanation of it. Mr Maclean says it has been spelt by Gaelic authors in seven different ways—one of these being Ossein, which has a suspicious resemblance to Oisean. Was Ossian then the man of the Corner, like the hill at Girvan? If so, I may be right after all ; and if not, will Mr Maclean tell me which of these seven different styles of Gaelic orthography is the true one ; or whether any more outrageous system of spelling was ever heard of among educated men? As for Kyle or Cowal, I maintain it, although it is by no means at all essential to my argument on Ossian ; and can give as good reasons in favour of my derivation as any Mr Maclean will ever give against it.

Again, as regards the use of "obsolete names in various parts of Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland," in old Norse or Irish ballads, and the possible mixing up of these with topographical descriptions from the same ballads in his alleged forgeries by Macpherson, and hence the identification of such localities by me, I might content myself with remarking that it is an assumption like all the rest, utterly without foundation, and therefore utterly inadmissible. I may state further, however—1, that not a single name made use of in Ossian is now to be found either in Arran, in Iceland, in the Shetlands, or in the Faroes, and only two in the Orkneys—which neither Macpherson himself, nor his great antagonist Laing, although a native of the neighbourhood, could recognise ; 2, that the identification of localities in all these regions by me was due solely to the geographical descriptions, which no liar could have invented, and not to the use of names which occur in Ossian ; and 3, that I am the first and only writer on the subject who has achieved these important identifications. As for Ireland, the identifications there were all made and verified on the same principle of geographical correspondence with the letter of the text ; and it was only after such identifications

were made that numerous local designations, still abounding on the soil, and being manifest corruptions of similar designations in Ossian, were discovered, which confirmed beyond doubt the identifications alluded to ; all which were absolutely unknown not only to Macpherson, but to every antagonist of his who has yet written on the subject. And now, once for all, if Mr Maclean knows any ballad or ballads—Irish, Norse, or Icelandic—containing similar descriptions and similar names, I call upon him without delay to produce these, and to prove beyond doubt that Macpherson knew them. Nothing less will satisfy me ; and if Mr Maclean is the honourable and learned controversialist he is reputed to be, he will set about that little piece of business for my satisfaction immediately.

In conclusion, I have only farther to observe, that although my work on Ossian contains more than 420 quarto pages, and although not more than five pages in the hundred have been devoted to mere derivation of names, Mr Maclean coolly writes of it as if it were nothing but derivation from beginning to end. In point of fact, the substance of the work is geological, geographical, historical, scientific, and antiquarian ; and the fundamental argument, in one-half of it, is that the level of the sea, in the Frith of Clyde, must have been 60 or 70 feet higher at the commencement of the Christian era than it now is. This fact, unperceived by Macpherson himself, is taken for granted in his own translation from first to last, and this fact I have demonstrated beyond the possibility of disproof by philologist, geologist, or antiquarian ; but this fact, and all that is connected with it, Mr Maclean ignores as if there was really no Frith of Clyde at all, although the very title of the book is founded on it. To believe in this Frith of Clyde as described by Ossian, and to believe in Ossian who described and must have seen it, are my grand "hallucinations"—in which, of course, I rejoice ; whilst Mr Maclean sits at home among his books in Islay, to lament or ridicule such faith, without bestowing a single glance either on the Clyde, or the Cart, or the Kelvin, or anything else whatever connected with the subject—a position not altogether creditable for an honest man. In the meantime, it is said, the erection of a Gaelic Chair goes on with much zeal and money. But a Gaelic Chair without Ossian would be like a Hebrew Chair without Moses and the Prophets ; yet the very man who has demonstrated the authenticity of Ossian beyond all rational doubt is pooh-poohed or pitied by Gaelic critics like Mr Maclean, as the victim of "hallucination." Alas for Gaelic literature and for Gaelic Chairs, in the grand philological era !—I am, &c.,

P. Hately Waddell.

Glasgow.

P.S.—On the same column of your paper in which Mr Maclean's review of my work appears, I find some beautiful lines, entitled "Lament of the Celt," by Miss Mary Wilson, of Ballymoney. May God bless Miss Mary Wilson ! But where did all the sweet pathos of her poetry come from, if Macpherson was but a practised prodigious liar, and Ossian, son of Fingal, a prodigious myth ? Let Mr Maclean inform us.

P. H. W.

Note.—Letter on "The Cymry in the North of Scotland," by A. C. Cameron, Fettercairn, crushed out for want of space. It will appear in our next, as will also Dr Maclauchlan's article on "Teaching Gaelic in the Schools," and Dr Stratton's article "On the Scotch Word *Law*."

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Chapter XXIII.

Colonel Philips Cameron was held in the highest esteem as an officer of superior professional talent. So highly was he valued by Wellington that himself and staff, and all the general officers within reach attended the funeral, which was conducted with military honours; and this at a most critical period of the campaign when they were urgently required elsewhere.* Notwithstanding the pressure of important matter that must have occupied Wellington, he was so considerate towards the feelings of General Cameron (father of the deceased) that he took time to write him *two* letters—the first to intimate the Colonel's having been wounded, and the other announcing his death. The latter is worth quoting and is as follows:—

Villa Formosa, May 15th, 1811.

My Dear General,—When I wrote you last week (7th inst.) I felt that I conveyed to you information which would give you great pain, but I hoped that I made you acquainted with the fullest extent of the misfortune which had befallen you. Unfortunately, however, those upon whose judgment I relied were deceived. Your son's wound was worse than it was supposed to be—it was mortal; and he died the day before yesterday at two in the morning.

I am convinced that you will credit the assurance that I condole with you most sincerely upon this misfortune, of the extent of which no man is more capable than myself of forming an estimate from the knowledge which I had, and the just estimate which I had formed in my own opinion of the merits of your son. You will, I am convinced, always regret and lament his loss; but I hope you will derive some consolation from the reflection that he fell in the performance of his duty, at the head of your brave regiment, loved and respected by all that knew him, in an action in which if possible the British troops surpassed anything they had ever done before, and of which the result was most honourable to His Majesty's arms.

At all events, if Providence had decreed to deprive you of your son I cannot conceive a string of circumstances more honourable and glorious than those under which he lost his life in the cause of his country.

Believe me, however, that although I am fully alive to all the honourable circumstances attending his death, I most sincerely condole with you upon your loss, and that I am yours most truly,

(Signed) Wellington.

To Major-General Allan Cameron, &c., &c., London.†

Comment on this letter would be superfluous. No one will doubt the sincerity of its expressions of sympathy when they remember the character of the man who wrote it. And while it is beyond question, most honourable to the writer, we cannot withhold our admiration for one of whom Wellington could write in such terms of unqualified praise ‡ also our

* Historical Records by Captain Jamieson, p. 29.

† Letter in possession of General Cameron's family. It is also in Gurwood's Select Despatches, No. 539, page 478.

‡ Colonel Gurwood in his compilation of Wellington's select despatches records only five letters of condolence—viz., on the deaths of the Hon. G. Lake, 29th Regiment; Philips Cameron, 79th; Hon. S. Cocks, 79th; Hon. H. Cadogan, 71st; and Hon. A. Gordon (Staff); all of which bear unmistakable proofs of his sympathies, yet the reader would agree with us, that the one quoted surpassed the rest in its tone of sorrow.

regret that his brilliant career, and the distinction he must evidently have attained, was cut off at the early age of thirty!

Besides the grief expressed for his loss by the Man of War, his lament was not forgotten by the Man of Letters—the Colonel's own illustrious countryman Sir Walter Scott—both in prose and poetry. In the vision of Don Roderick, stanza x., the death is bewailed thus:—

> What avails thee* that for Cameron slain?
> Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given,
> Vengeance and grief gave mountain rage the rein,
> And, at the bloody spear point headlong driven,
> Thy despot's† giant guards, flell the rack of heaven.‡

Chapter XXIV.

Although the stern discipline of Wellington would not permit him to *mention* the daring feat of gallantry performed by Norman Ramsay and his artillerymen, yet the same writer commemorates him in one of the notes to the same poem:—"In the severe action of Fuentes D'Onoro, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position. Captain Norman Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who, putting himself at the head of his mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall on the French sabre in hand. This unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy." Napoleon was so disappointed with Messena's defeat that he superseded him by Marshal Marmont.

General Cameron was but slowly recovering from the effects of the injuries received at Talavera, and the accident at Busaco, when news of the death of his son reached him. This laid the afflicted veteran completely prostrate—the cup of sorrows was overflowing. Two of his sons had already fallen during the war, and he had also been previously deprived of his wife, who fell a sacrifice to the climate of Martinique. His third son, Nathaniel, was in command of the 2d battalion of the regiment, and his household now consisted of his two daughters. He must have found much comfort in the amount of consideration that was extended to him by the authorities on this occasion. Wellington's letter to him came with other official communications from the seat of war to Lord Bathurst (the Minister for War) and which his lordship forwarded, accompanied by a note expressive of sympathy with the melancholy nature of its intelligence. He also had numerous letters of condolence from other distinguished personages. But the burden of sorrow now uppermost with him was regret that he had survived Talavera, and so have not escaped this domestic and trying calamity.

Almeida having fallen to Wellington, the possession of Badajoz was the next object of that sagacious commander. To effect its capture Marshal Beresford was sent with a proportion of troops, and had com-

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* Messena. † Napoleon.

‡ Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the village of Fuentes D'Onoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, who raised a shriek of grief and rage; they charged with irrestible fury the French grenadiers, being a part of Napoleon's selected guard. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at the Colonel was bayoneted and pierced with wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders.—*Note to Don Roderick.*

menced operations in the usual way. On the 15th May a desperate engagement took place on the ridge of *Albuera* between Soult and himself. On the 19th Wellington arrived with fresh divisions, and the siege of Badajoz was resumed, but the French being reinforced to a disproportionate extent, it was abandoned after two unsuccessful attempts. The following months of the year were not distinguished by any action of much importance.

Chapter XXV.

Wellington opened the campaign this year (1812) with the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, after a fortnight's siege, and Badajoz shared the same fate shortly afterwards (April); but both victories were won only at the expense of thousands of lives.* General Hill had contributed much towards the fall of these fortresses by his operations on Almaraz.†

The next object of Wellington was to attack Marshal Marmont who was at Salamanca, but which he evacuated on the approach of the British. Wellington followed him, and both were desirous to occupy a certain position on the banks of the river Tormes, during which a series of manœuvres occured, wherein the commanders displayed great skill. Both arrived at the same time. The French Marshal commenced the battle by a display of military tactics to enable him to turn the right of the allied army, through which his own ranks became extended and thus so weakened, that Wellington detecting the false movement ordered his divisions forward, and commenced the battle known as *Salamanca*. The French army was speedily broken, overpowered, and chased from the field. Wellington in his despatch calculated that their loss was not far short of 20,000 men, and adds that the whole of the French army would have been taken had there been an hour more of daylight.‡ The French were pursued to Valladolid, and hence Wellington advanced and took possession of Madrid, which, however, he abandoned for further conquests. He laid siege to the Castle of Burgos. The operations against it were delegated to the light companies of several regiments, including those of the 42d and 79th Highlanders, the whole being under the command of Major the Honourable Edward Cocks of the latter corps, by whom the attack on the advanced *fleches* was carried in a most gallant manner. Notwithstanding that a succession of assaults were continued against the Castle with the intrepidity of British soldiers, they were of no avail, principally through the absence of ordnance and a battering ram. The 79th lost Majors E. Cocks,§ Andrew Lawrie, and Lieut. Hugh Grant, and had five officers wounded, while the party of the 42d had three subalterns killed

* Among the many who distinguished themselves pre-eminently were two Inverness-shire gentlemen—viz., Colonel Elder (Skye) and Colonel Alexander Cameron (Lochaber), both of the Rifle Brigade.

† Colonel Cameron of Fassifern is mentioned in handsome terms by the General for his conduct in the affair.

‡ Colonel Robert Dick (of Tullymet, Perthshire), and the 42d Highlanders were among the distinguished at Salamanca. Sir Robert Dick was killed at the battle of Sobraon (India), 1846.

§ Wellington's letter of condolence to Lord Somers on the fall of his son (Major Cocks) in Gurwoods, No. 691.

and one volunteer officer wounded.* This heavy list of sufferers from *storming* will demonstrate that the failure was in no wise attributable to their exertions.

The British army, after withdrawing from before Burgos, fell back towards the frontiers of Portugal and went into winter quarters. In May (1813) Wellington entered Spain in three divisions, the centre being led by himself, the right by Sir Rowland Hill, and the left by Sir Thomas Graham. The advance was made in the direction of Valladolid, the French retreating till they took up a strong position in front of the town of *Vittoria*. On the 21st June a general action took place named after this place. Joseph (Napoleon's brother) commanded the French, having Marshal Jourdan as chief of his staff. Wellington also had his chiefs (Hill and Graham) with him. The battle was severe and lasted the whole of the day. The French ultimately gave way, were driven and pursued through the town, and for a considerable distance towards Pampluna. The whole of their artillery, baggage, ammunition, together with property valued at a million sterling was taken, and King Joseph himself was nearly seized by a squadron of the 10th Hussars. The Spanish and Portuguese troops, in company with their British allies, are reported to have engaged themselves with great enthusiasm in this battle. In Wellington's despatch only two regiments are mentioned (71st and 87th).† The rest are specified under their respective divisions. The victory of *Vittoria* brought Wellington the rank of Field Marshal.

Chapter XXVI.

Following the outline of the war from Vittoria, Wellington, taking advantage of that victory to effect his mission of expelling the invaders from the Peninsula, directed part of his army to force them through the defiles of the Pyrennees. For the defence of these passes Soult, equally determined for resistance, made extensive preparations. On a day in the last week of July, the opposing forces came in sight of each other, near the *Pass of Maza*, and the first British corps to come in contact with the enemy were the 71st and 92d Highlanders, both under the lead of the colonel of the latter. The French, to the number of four to one, advanced with their natural impetuosity against the pursuers, who were scarcely able to check such formidable columns. Notwithstanding the intrepidity with which the attacks were met, and the obstinate bravery with which every inch of ground was disputed, they were like to be borne down by the overwhelming power of the enemy; but being reinforced, the Highlanders eventu-

* In a novel entitled "Annals of the Black Watch," recently published, its writer attempts to produce a somewhat sensational but unworthy point by alleging that "while a volunteer officer of the 42d lay wounded two soldiers of the 79th were detected ransacking his pockets for their contents." The writer of the present memoir wrote remonstrating with the writer of the novel for the introduction of such a charge against the honour of brave men, and more especially so, when it was detailed with apparent circumstantial evidence, and particularising the No. of the corps. His reply was as unsatisfactory as it was laconic. Its extent was—"Be pleased to remember that my book is a novel!—J. G."

† Colonel Cadogan of the 71st was killed. Letter of condolence No. 784. The 87th Regiment secured the baton of King Joseph, which was sent to England with the despatch, and its captor, Major Gough, was promoted. He was afterwards commander-in-chief of the Battle of Chillianwallach in India, for which victory he was created a peer as Viscount Gough.

ally maintained the position. The action now became general along the heights, nearly every regiment having had to charge with the bayonet. The 79th stationed in the valley of the *Lanz*, was also attacked by masses of the French, which they resisted with a stubbornness that defied defeat. The series of engagements which took place along these ranges are termed the "Battles of the Pyrennees," and their result was the repulse of the French at all points. These were the first meetings of the 79th with the French under its new colonel (Neil Douglas), who commanded them in every subsequent action, including Waterloo, and whose gallantry throughout proved him worthy of the martial name he bore. Soult now retired behind the *Biddassoa* and afterwards to *Nivelle*. In the course of the following months (September and October) the two strong fortresses of St Sebastian and Pampluna were carried by assault. Wellington, now on the confines of French territory, after a halt of some few weeks, pushed on in pursuit of Soult, whom he overtook and fought at *Nivelle*. The firm line formed by the Cameron Highlanders when ascending a hill to meet the enemy at this battle excited the admiration of Sir Rowland Hill, who complimented Colonel Douglas on the steady advance of the regiment under fire.*

The whole Continent was again in arms against Napoleon. During his disastrous retreat from Moscow, a sentiment of national degradation impelled the people of Prussia to join in the coalition, to which succeeded the crowning battle (for Germany) of Leipsic. The British, under Sir John Hope, invested Bayonne, and Beresford was directed to occupy Bordeaux. Soult closely pressed, retired across the *Gave D'Oleron*, and subsequently retreated to *Toulouse*. Wellington following, found him posted on the right bank of the broad river Garonne which runs through it. Some days were occupied before the British army could be conveyed to the other side, and which was not finally accomplished till early on the 10th April (Easter Sunday), and on which day was fought the bloody battle that takes its name from that town, and resulted in the termination of the Peninsular War.† Out of the regiments of the Sixth Division Sir Denis Pack formed a Highland Brigade, which consisted of the 42d, 79th, and 91st Highlanders. That being so, and their deeds of that eventful day also having mainly contributed to its successful issue, it may be allowable that they should be recorded in this narrative.

(To be Continued).

* Captain Jamieson's Historical Records, page 41.

† In Mr Carter's "Curiosities of War" (1859), are enumerated the many important battles which have been fought on Sundays.

REMNANTS OF GAELIC POETRY.
No. II.

—o—

JOHN MACKENZIE, in his large and interesting compilation—"The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," has scarcely done justice to Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, in assigning so small a space to his poems. Altogether Mackenzie has only published four which he attributes to Mr Macpherson. The first of these, an elegy on Cluny Macpherson, the faithful friend and companion of Prince Charles Edward, he errs, we believe, in ascribing to Strathmashie. The reputed author of it was *Mac Dhonnchaidh*, a native of Badenoch, who composed several pieces of some poetical merit, one of them an elegy on Strathmashie himself. The style of the composition favours the traditional report as regards the authorship.

Besides the poems published in Mackenzie's collection, and three or four to which he refers in a foot-note, but which he has not published, there are several others of Mr Macpherson's compositions which have come down to us by oral recitation, some of them of considerable length, and all of them bearing the impress of genuine poetry. Among these is the one we now subjoin.

Loch Laggan was within a few miles of the poet's residence. That fine inland fresh-water lake had then, as it still has, abundance of natural wood growing on the adjacent hills along its sides, both north and south. Desirous to have a quantity of timber conveyed along the lake Macpherson employed men to construct a raft or float for the purpose. An untoward accident, connected with the preparation of the raft, gave occasion to the humorous poem, the contents of which are substantially as follows:—

The raft in course of being constructed, is suddenly driven away from the shore by a gust of wind, having one of Strathmashie's men upon it at the time. The poet, taken by surprise, endeavours to reach the raft, but is held back by Malcolm, one of his men, who dissuades him from the dangerous attempt, declaring that the loss of one man by drowning is quite enough. Another man asks for a horse that he may go out on the loch, having hold of the horse's tail, in pursuit of the mariner who is afloat. Malcolm, to whom application is made, refuses the loan of his horse, a piebald animal, for the proposed enterprise. The people residing in the neighbourhood having been apprised of the occurrence, some of them express their concern for him who is afloat; others imagining that a trading vessel had found its way to the lake, hope to be supplied with certain commodities of which they are in need. Towards the evening tradesmen, with a variety of tools in their possession, are employed to construct a sailing craft. On board of this vessel, which is not long in being finished, Murdoch and Allan Macdonald, two dauntless heroes, embark, who in a short space of time succeed in bringing to land in safety the mariner who was in danger. The poet, at a late hour of the night, repairs along with his men to a place of refreshment, in which he remains with his con-

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J. F. Campbell

Niddry Lodge
Kensington.

gratulating company until the morning light puts him in mind of its being time for him to depart :—

O na 'n tilleadh
Mo robairneach gaolach,
Le 'bhirlinn bhig laghaich
A' dol air aghart 'n a aonar,
'G imeachd na linne
Gun iomairt gun aodach,
B' aighearach sinne
Na 'n tilleadh a' ghaoth e.

Dh' fhabh e uam, 's gu'm bu nar,
Ged bu teann air mo thaobh e,
Thainig Calum 's an am
'S an robh chlambraich 's a' ghaoir ann,
'S thuirt e, "Fhir tha dol dana
Teann a nall 's duine faoin thu,
Cha deic na tha baite,
Fag thall air a' chaol e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thuirt an sgiobair, "Faigh each,
'S theid mi mach ann a ghaoisid,"
Dh' falbh an t-aon fhear bu tapaidh',
O na chaismeachd g' a fhaotainn,
Thubhairt Calum, "A bhraidein,
Tamh air d' ais cha teid taod ris,
Cha leig mis' an t-each breac ann,
Ged nach faicteadh a chaoidh e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Bhuail suas air Loch Lagain,
Gu baganta cuanta,
Sgiobair og le luing chabar,
Taobhain fhad' agus cuaille,
A' reubadh luim fhairge nam bradan,
Gus am b' fhada leam uam e,
'S bu mhor m' eagal nach stadadh,
Aon ghad gun bhi tuainig.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Rainig mise 's an am,
Sgiobair ceann-dearg Aird Mheirgidh,
'S dh' fheuch mi 'n geur-fhoclaibh cainnt',
A bhrathair ceird' bhi 'n a eigin,
Thuirt e, "'M maraich a th' ann,
Cinnteach 's aimeart d' an geill e,
Bidh mo bhean-sa 'n a bantraich,
Mu'n caillear leis fhein e.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

"Mo chreach," arsa Muireach,
"An sgiobair bhi 'n cruadal,
B' eolach mise mu 'n duin' ud,
B' e 'n curaidh beag ruadh e,
Lamh stiùiridh a' bhàta,
Ann an gàirich nan stuadh e,
'Us mur faigh sinn a thearnadh,
'S mòr an call do 'n taobh tuath e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thainig uachdaran chàich,
Thun a' gheaird fo 'n cuid aitreibh,
Phill e 's thuirt e, "Fhìor ghràisg,
Faigheam gàir agus tlachd uaibh,
Tha long mhòr air an t-sàl,
'S i lom-làn do thombaca,
Thàinig cabhair an tràth,
O mo nàbaidh-se Lachlain."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

"Tha 'n tuath a tha thall ud,
Aig Alastair, seachduin,
Roimh an àm s' air an sgaradh,
Le gainne tombaca,
O nach faiceadh iad cailleach,
No ceannaiche paca,
'S ann a dh' fheumadh fear falamh,
Bhi 'g a fhalach 'g an seachnadh."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Ghlaodh iad uile gu h-àrd,
"Manadh bà agus capuill,
Air an fhear thug á càs sinn,
'N uair a bha sinn air acras,
Ciunteach gheibh sinn 's a' bhàta,
A bhàrr air tombaca,
Alm 'us biorsal 'us màdar,
Thun an t-snàth tha gun tachras."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Bhuail iad sìos mar luchd cogaidh,
Le sogan gun mhi-ghean.
Gu 'm bu dlùith' iad na 'm bradan,
Thun a chladaich 'n an duibh-rith,
"C' uin' a chaidh tu air sàl?"
Arsa ceannard na buidhne,
Labhair Somhairle Bàn,
"Greas a nall 'us thoir dhuinn rud."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Chuir mi nise gun dàil,
Croisean-tàraidh mu' n cuairt dhomh,
Dh' iarraidh shaor 'us luchd-céird',
A dheanamh birlinn g' a fhuasgladh,
Thainig m' athair, mo mhàthair,
Mo bhean, mo chlann, 's mo chuid tuatha,
Agus coimhearsnaich chàirdeil,
O sud thall le 'n cuid thuagh oirnn.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Fear le tuagh, fear le tàl,
Fear le sabh, fear le locair,
Fear 'us tora 'n a làimh,
Fear 'us tearr ann am poit aig,
Fear 'us òrd ann a dhorn,
Fear ri còrdaibh gu snasail,
Chaidh sinn uile 'n deadh òrdugh,
'S iomadh sèol tha air fortan.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thòisich sinne gu h-ealamh,
Ro bharantach dìleas,
Chuala mìltean am farum,
Eadar Garaidh 's Loch Lìbhinn,
Chuir sinn crith air a' bhaile,
'S dona 's aithne dhomh 'innseadh,
'S ann a shaoil na bha 's talamh,
Gur canain a dh' inntrig.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Ge do thòisich sinn anmoch,
Cha bu chearbach ar gnothuch,
Rinn sinn ball a bhios ainmeil,
Ann an Albainn air feabhas,
Ged bu tolltach a h-earball,
'S ro mhaith dh' fhalbhadh i fodhainn,
'S fhiach i seachd ceud deug marg,
A dh' aon airgiod air domhain.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

An uair thàinig an oidhch'
Dh' fhalbh clainn 's mnathan tighe,
Dh' fhalbh am muillear gu h-oillteil,
B' fhearr nach cluinnteadh sud roimhe,
Theich Calum le sraonadh,
A chur na taoise dheth lamhaibh,
'S cha d'fhuirich de m' dhaoinibh,
Ach aon fhear 'g am fheitheamh.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Muireach 's Ailein Mac Dhòmhnuill,
Sud na scòid a bha tapaidh,
Leum iadsan air bòrd,
Sud am pòr nach robh gealtach,
Chuir iad aghaidh nan seòl,
Ri luing mhòir an tombaca,
'Us mu 'n cuagadh tu cnò,
Gu'n robh seòladair glacta.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thainig ormsa gu tìr,
'S cha bu dìblidh r' am faicinn,
Triùir mharaichean mine,
Bheireadh sìth as an aisith,
Dh' fhàg sinn cabhlach na strì,
Ann an sineadh ri acair,
'S bhuail sinn thairis caol dìreach,
Thun an spìsearnaich bhlasda.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Mu mharbh mheadhan oidhch',
An uair shoillsich sinn solus,
Thàinig botul 'us truinnsear,
Caise cruinn agus bonnaich,
Theann sinn cridheil ri *dringim*,
'S fhada chluinnt' an comh-mholadh,
'S bhuail a' ghrian anns an druim mi,
Mu 'n do chuimhnich mi 'n dorus.
O na 'n tilleadh," &c.

"Aird Mheirgidh," above mentioned, is a small promontory in a most romantic locality on the south side of Loch Laggan. Her Majesty the Queen, and the late Prince Consort, resided in Ardverikie House upwards of twenty years ago, in the autumn season. Great social changes have taken place in the Badenoch district, as well as throughout the Highlands in general, within the present century. In Mr Macpherson's time a considerable population must have lived in the neighbourhood of Loch Laggan, as the ruins of the old church, and the contiguous burying-ground near the north-east end of the lake, still testify.

SEANACHAIDH.

LOCH SLOY!!

—o—

It is the pibroch's strain,
Loud-rolling up the glen,
It sounds! It sounds amain,
Up! up Macfarlane men!

Come buckle your claymores and let us away,
Up! Up! 'tis the summons for fight,
No cowards are we, let us haste to the fray,
Wild-rushing with conquering might:
Ben Voirlich shall echo our slogan afar,
Ben Lomond shall trembling reply—
Macfarlanes are ever the children of war
Determined to conquer or die:
Hark! sounding aloud in the silence of night,
Our slogan rolls on in its terrible might,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Up! Up! ev'ry man, 'tis the music of death,
Our chieftain hath called, we must over the heath:

It is the pibroch's call,
Its war notes wildly stream,
See clansmen marching all!
See claymores flashing gleam!

As dark as the night clouds that sleep on Ben More,
As swift as the bound of a deer,
As fierce as the blast on Loch Lomond's lone shore,
Away through Glenfalloch we steer:
Our chieftain leads on o'er the moon-lighted path,
We follow his warrior tread,
Come foemen a thousand we reck not their wrath
While swung is his death-gleaming blade:
Hark! deep as the thunder that startles the earth,
Our voices as one the dread slogan give forth,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
On! On! ev'ry man while the echoes peal far,
Our cry is to vanquish wherever we are:

It is the battle crash!
It is the shout of death!
It is one steely flash!
And then, a silent heath!

As shivered the crag 'neath the blue lightning's leap,
As withered the flow'r of the field,
As broken the reed 'neath the torrent's wild sweep,
The foe to the terror-shout yield:
Joy lights up the glance of our chieftain's dark eye,
As hushed is the clash of the fray,
Far over the heather the foemen swift fly,
And proudly he marks their dismay:
Hark! low booming still in each corrie and glen,
The slogan rolls on of victorious men;
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Long, long may each heart ever beat to its charms,
Then, who can o'erthrow the Macfarlanes in arms?

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

OURSELVES.—Generally we are indisposed to publish anything laudatory of ourselves in our own columns. We had ample opportunities of doing so had our inclination been in that direction, for we have received such friendly, appreciative, and commendatory notices from the great majority of the home and foreign press as, we believe, no other such an humble venture ever secured. We begin, in consequence, to think that we actually deserve some, at least, of the laudations so lavishly heaped upon us, and beg to give the following as a fair specimen, from an independent source, and from a paper which cannot, as far as we know, be supposed to have any special sympathy for the *Celtic Magazine*, its promoters, or the views it advocates. The notice is from the *Glasgow Herald* of the 5th ult. :—"*The Celtic Magazine.*—Gaelic students—at least those of them who believe in the authenticity of Ossian—will be glad to have the concluding portion of Professor Blackie's paper—'Is the Gaelic "Ossian" a Translation from the English?' which opens the present number of *this excellent little magazine*. Originally read in a restricted form before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in the early part of this year, the article is the outcome of a 'continuous series of original observations' made by the Professor from his position as a philologer. The principal force of the article lies in the fact that the subject is treated 'systematically as a matter of business' from a philological point of view. Of the five practical tests by which the claim to originality is proved to belong to the Gaelic version, the concluding three are here treated with a lucid cogency from which we can see no escape. Alastair Og continues his 'Highland Ceilidh,' and gives a lengthy Ossianic poem from a MS. in the possession of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. The instalment of 'General Sir Alan Cameron' is full of interesting matter, which, however, appears to have been too severely compressed by the exigencies of space. Mr Allan is as indefatigably poetic as ever, and his 'Macleod's March' rings with genuine lyric enthusiasm. The other articles are short, characteristic, and interesting." We take the following from the *Bateman* of 29th July :—"*The Celtic Magazine* for August.—We are glad to see that the expectations formed regarding this magazine at its commencement are being fully realised. Besides containing many of the legendary and traditional tales concerning the Celts, which are of untold interest to all true Highlanders, the *Celtic Magazine* accomplishes a double and important purpose in ably advocating the claims of the Highlands and the Highland people, educationally and socially, as well as giving a valuable service to history in rescuing from oblivion many of the gallant and daring deeds performed by Highlanders, individually and collectively, as for instance in the European wars which marked the beginning of the present century, and in which they figured so conspicuously. We have repeatedly recommended this magazine to our Celtic readers, and we trust that those of them who have not yet seen it will make a point of doing so, as they will find in it matter which cannot fail to interest them."

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From the Court Journal of October 2, 1875.

ROYAL PURCHASES OF INVERNESS JEWELLERY.—For the tenth year in succession, Mr P. G. Wilson, jeweller, Inverness, had the honour to receive the Queen's commands the other day to wait upon Her Majesty at Balmoral Castle with a selection of his jewellery. This he did last week, when he was favoured with large orders from Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Princess Christian, and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. By special appointment, Mr Wilson had also to visit Abergeldie Castle, where their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured him with large orders. The very superior workmanship displayed in the articles of jewellery made by Mr Wilson is doubtless the cause of his receiving the Royal patronage.

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CONTENTS.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XII. OCTOBER 1876.

TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot.

It is remarkable how much opposition there is raised to people in the Highlands who speak the Gaelic language being taught to read it in the national schools. Were this opposition associated as in Russian Poland with ideas of disloyalty among the population speaking the national tongue, there would not be so much to surprise us in its existence. But seeing that in the Highlands the use of the Gaelic language is associated with the truest and warmest loyalty on the part of the people who speak it, it is difficult to account for the existence and, especially, for the intensity, of the feeling in many quarters. The existence of this feeling is, however, not confined to the Gaelic, but extends to all the Celtic tongues. There are still nearly one million of the Irish who speak the native tongue. There is no provision, so far as we have been able to discover, for teaching these people to read that tongue, in the schools supported by the State, and it is a rare thing to find a native Irishman who can read the Irish language with ease and accuracy. The same is true of the Welsh. No doubt the Welsh people can read the Welsh. The knowledge of it is universal—hence the number of newspapers, magazines, and books in the Welsh language. But no thanks are due for this to the national schools. It is all done, and done most efficiently, in the Sabbath schools of several denominations. In the national weekday schools the use of the Welsh is proscribed, and thus their influence is directed to its suppression. With what effect, let the universal prevalence of the language in North Wales testify. In France the same spirit of opposition is shewn towards the ancient language of Brittany, spoken by about one million people. In the public schools the teaching of it is forbidden, and few of those who speak it can read it. Under the government of the late Emperor, the proscription was most resolute. And yet the language lives, and flourishes. The priests favour it. The people themselves love it and cling to it as a relic of their nationality. Men cannot kill a language except by killing the people who use it. They may suffer it to die, but so long as they adhere to it no other earthly power can suppress it.

So is it with the Gaelic. There has been for long a prejudice on the part of other portions of the population against its use. They would put it down if they could. They are not satisfied with not teaching it, they would eradicate it. And yet how does the matter stand? It is still to

this day the language of 300,000 men, women, and children in the Highlands. And not only so, but it seems to be acquiring new life. A Highland woman said to the writer of this paper, not long ago, that she was teaching all her children to speak the Gaelic well, because the language was now looked upon with great respect.

But putting aside altogether the question of sentiment, the question arises, and must be settled one way or other, ought the people of the Highlands to be taught to read their own language? It is strange that there should be any difficulty in answering it. How would Englishmen look if the same question were put about them and their tongue?

For generations past the Gaelic language has been taught in the Highlands, in a large proportion of the schools. There were few sections of the country where the body of the people had not learned to read the Bible and the Psalm book in Gaelic, and even to repeat the questions of the Shorter Catechism. There was one society which directed its whole efforts to the teaching of Gaelic reading—the Edinburgh Gaelic School Society. It would be difficult to overestimate the service that Society has done to the people of the Highlands, especially the Western Highlands, and the day the Highlanders forget its services will be a day of declension among them. We cannot suppose that such a day has already appeared. The experience of the Gaelic School Society is of immense value, as furnishing sixty-five years evidence of the results of their teaching. That experience has impelled them, under a deep sense of duty, to bring the question of Gaelic teaching from their own standpoint before the Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council on Education. They have represented thoroughly to the Committee that it is essential to give the teaching of the vernacular a place in the Education Code, and that without this the education of the Highlands must necessarily be defective. The Committee have already made it lawful for the teachers to use Gaelic as a means of explaining English words. They have also appointed, in some cases, inspectors having the Gaelic language, but they have not given a place to the teaching of Gaelic as a branch of education, and do not in consequence pay the teacher for it. But they have issued a series of queries to School Boards throughout the Highlands with the view of eliciting their opinion on the desireableness of having Gaelic taught. This is an important step, and renders the present moment a critical one in connection with the whole question. Let Highland Boards give an unfavourable reply, as some of them have done already, and there will be no likelihood of the question being ever hopefully raised again before the Committee of the Privy Council. But let them give a favourable reply and there is a prospect of a satisfactory settlement of it being made. The whole matter then is at present, to a large extent, in the hands of Highland School Boards, and it is the duty of all interested in the subject to watch the proceedings of the Boards, and to bring all legitimate influence to bear on them in behalf of the object desired. It is impossible to secure this object without securing the sympathy and support of the Boards. Even were money furnished from private sources it would be impossible to apply it without their concurrence.

It is well that it should be distinctly understood what the friends of

this movement really desire. It is not that so much of the time of the pupil in the national school should be taken up with the teaching of Gaelic as to hinder his instruction in the other branches of a good elementary education. It is quite possible to raise a prejudice on that point, and the prejudice has been raised. Men are heard to say that the friends of Gaelic teaching are simply, for the sake of gratifying a mere foolish Highland sentiment, wanting to present a hindrance to the progress of the pupils in Highland schools. It is very probable that the parties who support the teaching of Gaelic have done tenfold more for the real education of Highland children than their opponents. But prejudice, however, must be nurtured, and the charge must consequently be made. But that is not the desire of the friends of Gaelic teaching. They speak and write in the interest of education so far as their knowledge and judgment guide them; and in that view what they desiderate is that a place be given to the teaching of Gaelic so long as it is the language of the people, and that no Gaelic-speaking child be suffered to leave school without being taught to read it. This could be secured without interfering, except in a beneficial way, with the teaching of English. It may be asserted, as proved by experience, that in the large majority of cases, the child which leaves a Highland school with the power to read Gaelic as well as English, will have a mind more thoroughly educated than that of the child which can read English alone. We demand, and we demand no more, of Highland School Boards, than that Highland children be taught to read the language which they speak. And we think that the demand is a reasonable one, and one that should not be resisted. It is pitiable to see worshippers in Highland congregations, who have no adequate knowledge of English, unable to read the text in the language which they understand.

It is an important question how the object is to be accomplished. For one thing it is clear, that nothing will be done efficiently in this or in any other branch of instruction, that is not paid for. If it is not to count for the teacher it is no cause of surprise if he, unless in the case of some enthusiast, refuse to undertake it. Nor is the teacher to be blamed. Why should he undertake what the nation has pronounced to be needless? In some form or other, Gaelic teaching, if it is to be, must be paid for. The Gaelic School Society have devised a scheme which they have brought under the notice of the Government; but they shall rejoice if a better plan for accomplishing the same object can be devised.

But in addition to that other payment arises the question of the teacher. Must Highland School Boards choose in every case Gaelic-speaking teachers? In the proposal submitted by the Gaelic School Society to Government, the difficulty arising here was attempted to be avoided. It was proposed that the teaching should be effected by means of a pupil teacher, or any other effective assistant where the master was unacquainted with the language himself, and that the necessary examinations might be secured by the inspector knowing Gaelic. The only thing of consequence is that the work should be done. No friend of Gaelic teaching will contend about the manner of doing it. At the same time it is just as well to say that every thing demands that Gaelic-speaking teachers should have the preference in Highland schools. Nor is there any reason

why they should not be equally qualified with teachers from the Lowlands. Far fowls are said to have fine feathers, and we do not know that the Highlands have gained in more things than one by the tendency to disparage what is their own, and to magnify what is imported. Some of the best pupils in our Normal Schools are drawn from the Highlands. And why should not the services of these be secured for Highland schools? They have immense advantages in dealing both with the Highland people and with Highland pupils. Not that an inferior man is to be employed, who will endanger the whole interests of education by his incapacity, but that taking all things together, the Gaelic-speaking man should be preferred among a Gaelic-speaking people.

It will be deeply interesting to observe how Highland School Boards will deal with the Government queries. It is useless to deny that the whole question is in their hands, and that thus Highlanders themselves are called upon to decide it, and it is to secure that all the School Boards give a ready, a favourable, and an emphatic answer that the friends of Gaelic teaching in National schools should direct their energies. Let it be borne in mind, in connection with the whole question, that no man is entitled to be called an educated man who cannot read the language which he speaks.

JAMES MACPHERSON, THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN AND FREEBOOTER.

—o—

The story of James Macpherson is one which has induced much curiosity and inquiry, and short as the time is since he was done to death, shows how soon facts may become garbled and altered in complexion. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, makes Inverness the closing scene of the proceedings. That he was wrong is clearly shown by the the records of the Sheriff Court of Banff.

James Macpherson was the illegitimate son of Macpherson of Inverieshie, by a beautiful gipsy girl who attracted his notice at a wedding.

He acknowledged the child and reared him in his own house until he lost his life in pursuing a hostile clan to recover a *spreach* of cattle taken from Badenoch.

Macpherson, who had grown in beauty, strength, and stature rarely equalled, then took his place in the clan, with the chief's blood flowing in his veins, as a young Highland freebooter, who in descending from the mountains

with his followers, believed he was only asserting the independence of his tribe, and when they harried the Lowlands was only taking a lawful prey. Such acts were not in the opinion of the "pretty men" of those times to be confounded with pitiful thieving and stealing, but considered as deeds of spirit and boldness calculated to make a man famous in his country side and among his fellows.

Macpherson excelled in love as in war, and was the best fiddle player and the best swordsman of his name. Tradition asserts that, if it must be owned that his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or the distressed, and no murder were ever perpetrated under his command or by his knowledge.

His sword and shield are still preserved at Duff House, a residence of the Earl of Fife. The sword is one which none but a man of uncommon strength could wield. It is two-handed, six feet in length, and the blade nearly as broad as a common scythe. The shield is of wood covered with bull's hide and studded with brass nails, and is both hacked and perforated in many places, telling a tale of many a hard fought fight. Tradition also asserts that he often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor, and that his followers were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by the awe of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with a foiled and savage member of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his first being betrayed within the power of the law. From this toil he escaped, to the vexation of the magistrates of Aberdeen, who bribed a girl of that city, of whom Macpherson was very fond, to allure and deliver him again into their hands under pretence of hearing his wonderful performances on the violin. No sooner did the frantic girl understand the true state of the case than she made known, through a tribe of gipsies, the chief of whom was Peter Brown, a notorious vagrant, the capture of Macpherson to his comrades, when his cousin, Donald Macpherson, a gentleman of herculean powers, came from Badenoch in order to join the gipsy, Brown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market day they brought several assistants, and swift horses were stationed at convenient distances. There was a platform before the jail covering the door below. Donald Macpherson and Peter Brown forced the jail, and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily fettered prisoner, James Macpherson, in moving away, Donald Macpherson guarded the jail door with a drawn sword. Many persons assembled at the market had experienced James Macpherson's humanity or had shared his bounty in the past, and they crowded round the jail as if in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities in their attempt to prevent a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompense from the Magistrates. He sprung up the stairs and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald soon resolved to make a desperate resistance, and the combatants in their struggle tore off each other's clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform and called him to his aid, but Macpherson with admirable presence of mind snatched up his

own plaid, which lay near, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of his canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the meantime James Macpherson had been carried out by Peter Brown and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson who was quickly covered by some friendly spectators with a bonnet and greatcoat. The Magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate, but Donald cut them with his sword, and James, the late prisoner, got off on horse back. Some time after he was brought into fatal companionship with gipsies, by the same power which laid the old Grecian hero to change his club for a distaff. The Highlander fell in love with a gipsy girl, and with one companion, James Gordon, who eventually paid the penalty with him, he entered for a time into the roving company of the gipsy band. The Banffshire gentlemen, whom Macpherson had plundered of old, heard with delight that the most dreaded of their enemies had come almost unprotected into their boundaries. According to the evidence on the trial he seems to have joined the Gipsies on a rioting rather than on a plundering excursion in Keith market, when he fell into the hands of his watchful foes, the chief of whom was Duff of Braco. He was immediately thrown into prison and brought to trial with three persons, Peter Brown, Donald Brown, and James Gordon, his companions, indited by the Procurator Fiscal as "Egyptians or Gipsies, and vagabonds; and sorners, and robbers, and known habit and repute guilty of theft, masterful bangstree, riot, and oppression." When brought into Court at Banff the Laird of Grant attempted to rescue them from the claims of the law by asserting his right to try them as being dwellers within the regality of Grant, over which he had the power of pit and gallows. The Sheriff, Nicholas Dunbar of Castlefield, however overruled the claim, and sustaining himself as judge ordered a jury to try the prisoners on the next day. This was accordingly done, when they were found guilty and condemned, more apparently from a bad name, than from any immediate crimes of which they had been guilty. The Sheriff passing over the two Browns, the captain of the gipsy band and his brother, sentenced Macpherson and Gordon to death, causing them to be taken from the Court to the Tolbooth of Banff, from which eight days afterwards they were to be conveyed to the gallows hill of Banff, and hanged by the neck to the death on gibbets erected there. This hurried sentence shows the influence which the fear of Macpherson, or private enmity exercised over the minds of Dunbar, the Sheriff, and the jury, and hints at the influence exercised by Braco Duff upon Sheriff, Jury, and Magistrates, especially as the Browns, his companions, were not sentenced; in fact they lay in jail for a year, and afterwards made their escape from prison. Macpherson was an admirable performer on the violin, and the ardent love for music was a fit ingredient in the character of one who could so idly risk his life in the pursuit of romantic love. His musical talent was evinced long before his capture in the composition of a pibroch that goes by his name; and he is said also to have composed the words and music, which, in his last moments, he gave to the world under the name of "Macpherson's Farewell"—

My father was a gentleman
Of fame and lineage high,
Oh ! mother, would you ne'er had born
A wretch so doomed to die !
But dantonly and wantonly
And rantonly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune and dance it roun'
Below the gallows tree.

The Laird o' Grant with power aboou
The royal majesty,
He pled fu' well for Peter Brown
But let Macpherson die.
But dantonly, &c.

But Brace Duff in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
If death did not arrest my course,
Avenged I should be.
But dantonly, &c.

I've led a life o' meikle strife,
Sweet peace ne'er smiled on me,
It grieves me sair that I maun gae
An' na avenged be.
But dantonly, &c.

The verses of the song above given represent him as a musician, and as determined to display, which he certainly did, a mood of recklessness such as the boldest felon seldom evinces when below the fatal tree. Burns on his tour through the Highlands, it is very probable learned both the air and the tradition connected with it, and it may be that while composing, what Lockhart calls a grand lyric, he had Macpherson's words in his mind. Burns has written :—

Sae rantonly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He played a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows tree.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife
I die by treacherie,
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky,
May coward shame disdain his name
The wretch that dares not die.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows tree.

On the eighth day after his trial he was brought with his companion, Gordon, to the foot of the fatal tree, several hours before the time specified in the sentence for his execution.

It is said that his death was hurried on by the Magistrates, and that they also caused the messenger intrusted with a reprieve to be stopped by the way, in consequence of which acts of injustice it is alleged the town of Banff was deprived of the power of trying and executing malefactors. When the freebooter came to the foot of the gallows tree in

presence of the spectators who had come to witness his untimely end, he played with the utmost pathos the fine tune, "Macpherson's Farewell,' which he had previously composed. When he had finished he asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his violin would be acceptable on condition of his playing the same tune over his body at his lyke wake. No one had the hardihood to claim friendship with one in whose crimes the acknowledgement might imply a participation, and the freebooter saying that the instrument had been his solace in many a gloomy hour, and that it should now perish with him, broke it over his knee and scattering the fragments among the crowd, immediately flung himself off the ladder. Thus died James Macpherson, who, if he was a freebooter, possessed the heart of an errant knight. Donald Macpherson, his relative and friend, picked up the neck of the violin which is still preserved in the family of Cluny, Chief of the Macphersons. One thing is certain amid all the traditions which have come down regarding this bold and singular robber; his strength and stature far exceeded common men; and this was proved, when his grave was opened some years ago, by the examination of his bones.

TORQUIL.

Correspondence.

THE CYMRY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

FETTERCAIRN, July 1876.

SIR,—In the June number of your Magazine, Dr Stratton endeavours to prove that the Picts were Celts; and in this month's number Mr Brockie tries to shew that they were Cymric or Welsh. That they were pure Gaelic Celts I am fully convinced, as three-fourths at least of the names of places, from the Frith of Forth to the Moray Firth are of Gaelic origin. To prove this let me give the etymology of a few of the names selected by Mr Brockie and traced by him to the Welsh. I shall confine myself to such as I have observed personally, knowing well that, without a topographical knowledge of places, it is impossible in many cases to do more than guess at the meaning of the names; and besides that, by far the greater majority of Celtic proper names are strikingly descriptive of the natural scenery and surroundings, and are by no means to be explained by incidental and unnatural connections and associations.

First, those in Angus:—Monikie (monadh an uige), the moor or hill of the hollow; Carmylie (caithir a mhaoilinn), the fort on the barehill. In its vicinity there is Carnegie, another British fort, so named from a neighbouring hollow. Lochlee (loch lithe), loch of the tinged water.

Tha lithe 'san t 'sruth (there is a freshet in the stream). We have Leith on the Forth and many other Leiths, as well as Drumlithie, Craigleith, &c. Also the rivers Lee in Ayrshire and in Cork, the Lea in Hertford, the Leven in Kinross and in Dumbarton, the Lyon (liobhainn) in Perthshire, and the French town of Lyons on the Rhone, with many others. Arbirlot (aber-elliot), Arb for Aber, as Arbroath for Aberbrothock; Elliot (eilach), confined stream as of a mill race. Pittandriech (pit an druidhnich), the Druids' hole or sheltered hollow. This locality, in the Parish of Brechin, has furnished Druidical and other ancient remains.

Those in Kincardineshire:—Durris (doire ais), wooded height, or (doire easan) the wood by the waterfalls; Cairnmonearn (carn monadh Bheirinn), the high pile of the Mearns moor or hills. This etymon, which has just occurred to me may be incorrect, but being struck with its significance and probable historical connection, I should like in a future paper to return to the subject. Banchory-Ternan and Banchory-Devenick (bun or ban choire, &c), the foot of, or the fair retreats of St Ternan and St Devenick. The latter flourished about 887 A.D. Fettercairn (leitir or leth tir a chuirn), the side of the valley (How of the Mearns) under the cairn or mouth over which there is a pass to Deeside; Leitir meaning a sheltered side or spot, is used as a common term, and in conjunction with proper names, as Letterfinlay, Coilletter, &c. In this north-eastern district we have also by the change of the initial letter, Fetteresso, Fetterangus, Fetternear, &c. Gannochy (ganraich dhu), dark place of noisy waters, as descriptive of the deep and narrow gorge of the North Esk. Fordoun (farr dhun), the prominent or detached hill, at the end of which the village stands; Drumtochty (druim an t 'slochd dhuibh), the ridge of the dark ravine. The "Slack of Birnie" and other deep ravines are contiguous. Balmakewan (bail-na-cumhainn), the home on the narrow ground, or point at the confluence of the Luther and North Esk.

In Aberdeenshire:—Kintore (ceann-torr), the end of the hill; Ballater (bail-leitir), the town of the country side; or (beul-leitir), the mouth of the narrow pass leading upward from the same; Mormond (mor-mhonadh), the high hill, which though comparatively low, forms the chief landmark of Buchan; Rosehearty (ros-aird-dhuibh), the promontory of the black height.

By making room for the above in your esteemed publication, you will much oblige.—Yours, &c.

A. C. CAMERON.

[NOTE.—Another Letter to the Editor will be found on page 394.]

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

Part Second.

—o—

To Dr Waddell's letter in Part I. of this correspondence which appeared in our last issue, Mr Hector Maclean replies :—

As Celtic philologists, by which, I presume, Dr Waddell means Highland philologists are "provokingly unreliable," the best thing he can do is to go to the Celtic philologists of Ireland and Germany, and to view the Highland ones from the standpoint of the latter. I am not aware that M'Kinnon contradicts M'Lauchlan, but he contradicts Dr Johnson indirectly, affirming what the latter does not deny ; who admits, as may be seen from Boswell's account of his tour in the Hebrides, that there are old songs handed down traditionally in the Highlands ; and old stories, such as those of Robin Hood, and Jack-the-Giant-killer. Dr Johnson denied that there were any originals to be found for Macpherson's English Ossian ; and the passage to which Dr M'Kinnon refers I have quoted, I believe, correctly from the book along with Dr M'Lauchlan's translation, which no one, so far as I know, has disputed. The passage, as Dr Waddell can see, does not in the least support Macpherson, but rather confirms the views entertained by Dr Johnson. As the book is now before the public, it can be easily understood what Dr M'Kinnon meant by good Gaelic—viz., that good Gaelic and good Irish were identical ; and, assuredly, Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian is not good Irish.

I have shown conclusively that there is no positive evidence to prove that any originals for Macpherson's English ever existed in the Highlands, and that there is none to prove that the traditional poems now extant, and collected at various periods, are spurious variants of more ancient poems, of which Macpherson's English Ossianic poems are translations. There is a reference in Dr Waddell's book to the Rev. William Shaw, native of Arran, who wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Gaelic language. He wrote also a pamphlet on the genuineness of the poem ascribed to Ossian, in which he denies the genuineness, and asserts that whatever poems Ossian wrote died with himself. This pamphlet* is become very scarce now, and Dr Waddell ought to read it, if it is anywhere to be found. I read it upwards of forty years ago, and thought it very able.

I beg to tell Dr Waddell that I have not said that any illiterate Highlander could have informed him on the subject of so many "false and foolish etymological derivations in support of his theory of Ossian," but that any illiterate Highlander could explain to him the name of Loch Fyne. I translate *Loch-fiona*, not the English modification of it, Loch Fyne, the Wine Loch, and I do so because I have always heard Highlanders call it *Loch-fiona* (Loch of Wine) ; but I could not honestly prefer "White Loch," because I heard it called *Loch Fionn*, the corresponding Gaelic name. In a Gaelic song, older than the Battle of Flodden, composed to Colin, Earl of Argyll, the O'Duibhne Chief is called "*Righ Loch fiona*," King of Wine Loch. Dr Waddell says that had he so explained it, he would be laughed at for his ingenuity by all sober persons. Perhaps he would ; and by those who were not inclined to be sober a great deal more ! I must say, however, that I believe that it was called *Loch-fiona*, because the quantity of wine imported to Inverara was on a larger scale than was the case with other places farther on the Highland coast, just because the Earls of Argyll were wealthier and more powerful than the neighbouring chiefs ; for probably some of them were

* We have this Pamphlet now before us, along with John Clark's (Translator of the Caledonian Bards) masterly and crushing reply.—[Ed. *C. M.*]

not so abstemious as the *Mac Cailein Mor* of our day. If Dr Waddell can prove from facts that *Loch-fiona* is a corruption of *Loch-fionn*, and that we have got Wine Loch from White Loch, he will, certainly, both amuse and enlighten the public, for then *Loch-fiona*, or Loch Fyne, may be classed with such names as Gracechurch Street, Deadman's Place, Cannon Street, Tripe Court, and Leadenhall, which are corruptions of Grasschurch Street, Desmond Place, Candlewick Street, Strype's Court, and Leather Hall.

With regard to the three words Dumfin, Tomfin, and Finnich, I deny that I am wrong. Dr Waddell speaks of our lexicons and vocabularies. These were good in their day, but so much light has been thrown upon the Celtic languages of late years that the most of them are not reliable. So far as primary principles are concerned, O'Reilly's dictionary is now rejected by the best Irish scholars ; and the best Welsh scholars treat Pugh's in the same manner. I refer Dr Waddell to the Irish-English dictionary in Lhuyd's *Archeologia Britannica*, an authority which still holds its ground. There he will find "dun and dunna, a fort ;" "dunam, to shut ;" more literally, "I shut ;" "dunadh, an house an habitation ;" "dunadh, a camp." A comparison of these words show clearly that the radical part, *dun*, means to "shut" or enclose ;" so when *dun*, or its modification *dum*, happens to be the first part of the name of a hill or mountain, it implies there is, or that there was an encampment or fortification on it. Dr Waddell informs us that the people of the place pronounce "Tomfin" more like "Tamfin." Tamfin as a contraction *Tuaim-fionn*, "fair mound," is perfectly transparent. In this case Dr Waddell's ear is better than the Gaelic authorities which he has consulted, and that define "Tom" a round hillock, an artificial mound. According to the authority quoted already, "Tuaim" is *a dyke, a moat*, and "Tom" is *a place full of Bushes*. With regard to Finnich, it cannot be resolved into any Gaelic words meaning ford or lake. *Nigh*, is to wash ; from which *nigheadh*, washing. *Aite nighidh*, means washing-place ; but *Fionn nigheadh* denotes white washing. *Ath* is a ford ; but there is an obsolete word, *oiche*, which means water. Were we to suppose that the suffix *ich* is from this word, then Finnich would signify water ; since *fionn* means "clear" when applied to streams or lakes. It appears to me, however, more probable that it is applied to the plain described by Dr Waddell in the following passage :—"To Finnich and to Finnich haugh, a grassy plain among the moors, on the very banks of the Carron, but across the stream." *Fionnachadh*, "fair field," would be applicable to such a field from contrast.

Dr Waddell remarks, in regard to the names quoted by me from "Ossian and the Clyde," in which the syllable *Fin* is to be found, and which he believes to mean "Fingal," in reference to the places named, that it is all dark moorland, or gloomy wood, or dismal whinstone. Now, I rather doubt that Dr Waddell has minutely examined the landscape, for *fionn* is applied to places where the amount af white, greyish white, or whitish grey is inconsiderable, and even to places where green grassy plots appear among black heather. *Bàn* is used in a less extended sense, and requires that the white should preponderate. So far as I examined localities, I have found this to be the case. At the Sound of Islay, about a couple of miles from me, *Traigh bhàn*, "White Strand," a beautiful white beach and near it is Fionnphort, white or fair port, so called from the greyish white rocks that peer up, here and there, through a dark surface ; about a quarter of a mile from me is *Creagh Bhàn*, white rock, covered over with white lichens, and on the north-west of Islay is Fionn-traigh, fair strand, which has a piebald appearance from the masses of black seaweed that are scattered through the white sand. Finlagan, "fair hollow," about a mile off, is so named from the patches of faded white meadow grass that abound there. Killin, of which Dr Waddell speaks so much, is simply white church, *Cill-fhionn* ; the silent *fh* represented

by *in*, points to the gender of *Cill*, which is feminine. The heap of meadow grass and the grey headstone may, perhaps, explain why it is so called.

I have not said that Dr Waddell has identified any place mentioned in Macpherson's Ossian. I am convinced that no one has, or can identify them; for like all men of genius Macpherson created but did not copy. It is as an artist that he is true to nature. Macpherson's places and characters may bear a resemblance to characters or places that he knew from observation or from hearsay, but his characters had never any real individual existence, and all his places belong to his own ideal world. He modified or invented names to suit his purpose, and whatever poems or stories came in his way he used as material. With regard to Norse ballads or stories, that is by no means essential to the present argument. It is enough to know that such material was to be had. A smuggling trade was carried on between the Highlands and the Faroes in Macpherson's own time, to which reference is made by a Highland comic poet, who was nearly cantempory with Macpherson, in a satirical song called "John Roy's Resurrection." The use that was made of the timber and nails that were to make John's coffin is told in the following lines:—

> As we have got timber sawn,
> And that the blacksmith has made nails,
> We'll build a boat, and off we'll sail
> To Faroe for good brandy.

In the southern Highlands a similar trade was carried on with the Isle of Man. The following is a translation of a couplet of a song composed to Port-na-haven, a fishing village in the south-west of Islay, some eighty years ago:—

> Port-na-haven goes on grandly
> With fine rum and Manks brandy.

These Highland seafaring smugglers no doubt spun long yarns about the wonders they had seen; and that was quite sufficient for any resemblance, that any descriptions in Macpherson's English Ossian bears to anything Norse, Manks, or Gallowegian. Can Dr Waddell prove that Macpherson never met with any of them or never listened to their tales?

Dr Waddell speaks of the romance of "Dermont and Grania" as very incoherent, incredible, outrageous and often indecent rubbish; and remarks —"Fingal, in the meantime, however, being transformed into a blood-thirsty besotted monster, Roscrana into a shameless trolloping queen, and Ossian into a fool." This description that Dr Waddell gives of the romance of Dermont and Grania is rather evidence in favour of the antiquity of the romance. What accounts have we of Indian, Greek, and Roman gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines? Is not the same description applicable to them? According to Julius Cæsar, in the fifth book of his commentaries, fathers, sons, and brothers had wives in common in Britain. Aelian tells us that the Caledonians had women in common, some classical authors state that there were cannibal tribes in North Britain; bloodthirsty Fingals and rollicking Roscranas were, therefore, according to classical writers, numerous in those days! Gaelic tradition, classical history, and ethnological researches converge to one point as regards the morals and manners of ancient Britons; and the sum of this cumulative evidence justifies us in inferring that those were diametrically opposite to the morals and manners of Macpherson's heroes and heroines.

According to Dr Waddell, Ossian of the third century is not a myth, and Macpherson of 1762 was not a deceiver, because Miss Mary Wilson, of Ballymoney, has written some beautiful English lines, which do not resemble the poems of Ossian at all, and which were reprinted from the *Dublin Uni-*

versity Magazine by the *Coleraine Chronicle*, of May 13, 1876. Geologically, Ossian is authentic because of various beaches; philologically he is so, because all things "fair" take their names from *Fionn*, who was so named because he was "fair." Ossian may mean "corner," therefore all corners prove the authenticity of Ossian's poems.

I should be extremely sorry were it to be thought that I had an entirely unfavourable opinion of Dr Waddell's book. Quite the contrary. His book abounds in much valuable information, and his criticism of Macpherson's Ossianic poems is truly good. I deeply regret that a gentleman of so much superior learning and ability should be carried off by such a dreamy and untenable theory. It is much to be deplored that shallow and erroneous criticism has helped, to a great extent, to consign such noble prose poems almost to oblivion. Dr Waddell, certainly, shows that he thoroughly feels the beauty and sublimity that abound in these works of genius. Those who have not yet read them, but have taken it for granted, from the unfavourable opinions of prejdiced critics, that they contain nothing but bombast and morbid sentiment, should do well to look through the pages of Dr Waddell's "Ossian and the Clyde," where they will find such able exposition of those poems, and such elucidation of their superior merits as are sure to divest them of the false impressions received from the denunciation of writers of great repute, whose peculiar mental constitution hindered them from perceiving or appreciating the merit of these writings. Like the alchemists of old, Dr Waddell has not succeeded in making those discoveries at which he aimed, for the same reasons that the former did not succeed, because such discoveries were impossible; but as those enthusiasts helped greatly to advance physical science, although they discovered neither the philosopher's stone nor the *elixir vitæ*, so, it is to be hoped, Dr Waddell, although he has failed to prove that a Highland Ossian of the third century composed poems, which were the originals of Macpherson's Ossian, has helped materially to make the latter more read than it is at present, as it truly deserves to be.—I am, yours truly,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay.

Dr Waddell replies in the following letter:—

If I had not heard of Mr Maclean as an honourable and accomplished controversialist, his letter of the 5th inst. would have given me a very different idea of him. Having read it carefully twice over—which is, perhaps, a greater amount of attention than it deserves—the result of that perusal has been to satisfy me that what is not altogether irrelevant in it is either self-contradictory or evasive; I might use a stronger word, and say disingenuous, but for the present I restrict myself to the mildest form of condemnation in that respect consistent with the interests of truth. Ignoring in the meantime what is purely irrelevant, which is nearly one-third of the entire communication, I must trespass on your space so far as to give a specimen or two of the self-contradictions and evasions which characterise the remainder. Thus, for example:—

1. In my former reply to Mr Maclean I complained with reason of the incessant contradictions among Celtic philologists in their own science, which Mr Maclean says he is not aware of; yet, in the same breath, with almost incredible simplicity, he informs your readers that there is not a single authority in Gaelic now worth looking at but Lhuyd's Irish-English dictionary in the *Archæologia Britannica*; ignoring thus, as coolly as if they never had been written, not only Pugh's and O'Reilly's, but such other works as the Highland Society's magnificent Dictionary—edited successively, I believe, by Dr Mackay, Dr Macleod, Dr Dewar, and others, and confessedly

one of the finest works of its sort in modern lexicography. All these have disappeared, swallowed up by one another, and Lhuyd alone survives; yet, in all this there is no contradiction! But Lhuyd's own day is coming. In due time Mackinnon, or Maclauchlan, or the "illiterate Highlander," or the new Professor will get hold of him, and then— Indeed, some sanitary provision of this sort seems to be already in Mr Maclean's mind, for he seriously suggests that I should consult the Rev. Mr Shaw's remains, who was a native of Arran, and who wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Gaelic language; whose name also happens to be incidentally mentioned in my own work, and who, if Lhuyd goes down, will likely be triumphant. Of Lhuyd I know little, although I have once quoted from his text; but of Shaw and his literary performances I know rather more, perhaps, than Mr Maclean will relish; and it is unfortunate for Lhuyd that their names should be thus associated together, but the fault is not mine. Shaw, then, who was a native of Arran —born, indeed, on the very spot where Ossian died—pretended to have some infinite discriminating knowledge of Gaelic, both Scotch and Irish, and wrote a grammar on the subject, which proved, however, to be principally a theft, for which he was deservedly exposed as an impostor. Shaw espoused the cause of Ossian when it was popular, and wrote enthusiastically in favour of its authenticity; but Shaw projected also a Gaelic dictionary, for which he required the patronage of Dr Johnson; Shaw therefore abandoned the cause of Ossian, and with multiplied falsehoods denounced its authenticity. Shaw in the meantime adopted the clerical profession, and got himself foisted into some charge, for which he had neither moral nor intellectual qualifications; and finally, Shaw, having possessed himself, on false pretences, of certain valuable literary documents touching the Ossianic controversy, made dishonourable use of them, and when detected in the act swore himself out of the scandal. In short, Shaw seems to have been one of the most superficial, shameless, time-serving, lying scoundrels that ever put pen to paper; but he served Dr Johnson's purpose all the more effectually by such qualifications, as against Macpherson; and if his authority, after this exposure, is of the slightest use to Mr Maclean, I make him welcome to it a thousand times with the profoundest congratulations.

2. As to the list of local designations in dispute between us—what I say, for instance, is that *nich* or *nigh* is washing or a washing-place, not a field, and must therefore imply a lake or the ford of a river—which, in point of fact, it does; what the Highland Society's dictionary says is the same, and Mr Maclean himself now says the same—with an if. Again, what I say is that *Tom* or *taim* is a mount or mound, and not a bush; what the Highland Society's dictionary says is the same, and Mr Maclean himself now says the same—with another if, because he dared not say otherwise; and so on. What the "illiterate Highlander" would say I do not know, but the point on which we are chiefly at issue is the sense of the prefix or affix *Fin* in such words, which Mr Maclean persists in translating by white, in direct contradiction both of fact and tradition; and which I translate by Fingal, in manifest harmony with both. Mr Maclean, of course, is determined to maintain this translation of his at all hazards, although he should be under the literal necessity of maintaining that black was white, in so doing. But to put this matter, as I hope, beyond further controversy with reasonable readers, I shall specify another fact which I think should be conclusive. In the region to which I refer, and where these words are found, that is from the Campsie range south-eastward to the Clyde, we have consecutively—

Finglen, Torfin, Tomfin, Carfin,
Torban, Banton, Bankier, and Bantaskine.

Why, then, should these two distinctive syllables—*fin* on the one hand and *ban* on the other—be interchanged after this unquestionable fashion, at the same

time and in the same place, if they both signified the same thing? The only rational explanation of their interchange in such circumstances is, that they do *not* signify the same thing; and the people of this region, learned and unlearned, from time immemorial—long before Mr Maclean was born, or Macpherson either—maintain that view of it. *Fin* with them was a giant, and *ban* with them, and *ban* alone, was white. As for Lochfyne, I have the same sort of authority, both in fact and in tradition, to support me, and decline to attach any such ridiculous signification to the name as Mr Maclean and his "illiterate" think proper to suggest.

And now, as to what I am under the painful necessity of calling deliberate evasions—

1. In respect to Iceland and the Orkneys, which I have identified with Inisthona and Carricthura, I called on Mr Maclean, if he knew anything corresponding in Icelandic, Norse, or Irish, to produce it. In reply, Mr Maclean rehearses a line or two of some drunken doggerel about smuggled cargoes of rum and brandy, and asks whether Macpherson had never read these or the like? Whether he had or not, is not the question. The question is whether such stuff could by human possibility be converted into the *War of Inisthona* or the *Siege of Carricthura*—above all, by a man who did not know where to locate them? Nobody, in his conscience, knows better than Mr Maclean the impossibility of this; and if there was a single line in such rubbish to justify the supposition, he would be the first to quote it.

2. He chooses, with rather questionable taste, I think, to represent my faith in Ossian as founded partly on the fact that a lady in Ireland* "has written some beautiful English lines which do not"—he says—"resemble the poems of Ossian at all." As the lines in question appeared in your columns, where I first saw them, only a few weeks ago, and as my own work was published more than a twelvemonth before, any such conclusion, he must be well aware, is absurd; and his own good taste might have prevented such an allusion. I do not believe in Ossian because a modern lyrist writes a pathetic Irish lament; but I believe in the writer's poetic gift, because the lament she has written *does* resemble Ossian, whatever Mr Maclean may say to the contrary; and I hope the young lady will accept this acknowledgment at my hands, as some apology for the re-introduction of the subject.

3. He asserts, as if I had said it, that because Ossian may mean the corner, therefore I hold philologically that every corner in the Island will prove the authenticity of Ossian! I never said or suggested such a thing, except in ridicule. What I did say was that, as Mr Maclean gives us no fewer than seven different styles of spelling for Ossian's name, he should both specify the proper one and explain the meaning of the name itself; which Mr Maclean, however, sagaciously declines to do.

4. And finally, for present quotation, he represents me as maintaining "geologically, that Ossian is authentic because of various beaches"—by which he means various levels of the beaches, or rather of the sea upon the beaches.—Certainly, I do; because it is only from Ossian that the date of such levels can be ascertained. But Mr Maclean forgets to state what such levels on the coast imply, and that I am the only writer hitherto who has ascertained them. These levels imply that the Clyde was a fiord to Rutherglen or Bothwell, and that all confluents of the Clyde were corresponding fiords; that the Rhinns of Galloway in Scotland, and that Isle Maghee in your own neighbourhood, were literally islands; and that Loch Fyne was a navigable arm of the sea from Arran to Morveni—in the third century of the Christian era. Macpherson, who is alleged to have fabricated all this, did not even understand it; Johnson, Pinkerton, and Laing did not see it;

* Miss Mary Wilson of Ballymoncy,

Smith of Jordan Hill, Hugh Miller, Murchison, and Lyell did not recognise it; yet all this, and much more of the same sort, has been proved by me to demonstration from the text of Ossian alone within the last twelvemonth, and proof to this effect is every day accumulating. No wonder, therefore, that I should believe in Ossian both geologically and philologically, and should claim, in some degree at least, to understand his poems.

In conclusion, I should have to thank Mr Maclean for the compliment he addresses to me at the end of his letter, for having afforded "such an able exposition of these poems, and such elucidation of their superior merits," &c.,—but as that compliment is founded on the supposition that the poems themselves are a series of prodigious falsehoods, I have some scruples of conscience as an honest man about accepting it. I shall accept, however, the will for the deed, and shall not trouble Mr Maclean any further on the subject. But I am not quite done with the subject itself; and with your permission, Mr Editor, shall forward you one other communication in connection with it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

P. Hately Waddell.

Glasgow.

BALCLUTHA'S DOOM.

"All is Desolate!"

—o—

Balclutha's dark-haired daughters danced by Clutha's peaceful stream,
Far rose their merry shout of joy and mirthful maiden scream,
Reuthamir's grey-haired harper swept his chords with youth's delight,
While round him stalwart warriors sat and crooned their songs of fight:

On sped the dance of innocence and evening's pleasures sweet,
Flow'rs laughed beneath the tender kiss of nimble maiden feet;
Dark Clutha ceased awhile its lay, and slowly swept along,
Nor rose the evening chant of bird to mar the jocund throng:

Reuthamir lonely, heard their shouts, and sadness dimmed his eye,
As darkling rose the sorrow clouds of distant years of joy,
Why trembles he as ring their cries? Why fall his burning tears?
The echo of a dead love's voice he weirdly sounding hears:

Why sinks the sun so red to-night? blood streaks his western path,
Why lour the clouds with angry brows of fire-descending wrath?
Wolves yell not in the forest on their hungry trails of death,
Nor hunter's shout is heard to break the wind's portentous breath:

The dance and song had ceased as crept night's shadows down the vales,
Grim warriors sat around the hearth, but hummed no battle tales!
Strange silence reigned amid them when, loud pealing through the hall,
Reuthamir's studded shield and sword fell from the trophied wall:

With frenzied eye and pallid cheek the startled warriors leapt,
While o'er each heart a deep'ning chill of sudden terror crept,
Nor dared they e'en to lift again the deedful weapons bright,
That dimly flung with scornful gleam the embers' waning light

No battle shock or bloody strife Reuthamir's warriors quailed,
Smart conquerors they backward hurled Italia's legions mailed,
Some mighty deed by sword or spear each could rejoicing tell,
Yet sunk their valour and their strength beneath the omen's spell:

Ere died the baleful sound away with tremor burdened breast,
Each sought his heather-covered couch and laid him down to rest,
Some slumbered with their sword in hand, some fearful visions saw,
And half arose in haggard fear and agony of awe:

Why start the stag hounds at the sound? why rise their fitful growls?
Why gaze they to the oaken roof and pour their piteous howls?
Dim-gliding near they see descend a form of times of old,
Then wildly high their ling'ring yells in shudd'ring echoes rolled:

Fair Moina's voice spake gently from the heroes' cloudy land,
Reuthamir's clammy brow e'en felt the softness of her hand,
One icy kiss fell on his cheek, then rose a hollow sigh,
As passed her dim mysterious form in solemn sadness bye:

"Reuthamir Come!" wailed from a voice in tearful tones of love,
Fond uttered by a thousand tongues in airy realms above,
In agony he quiv'ring knelt and marked amid the gloom
Pale hands of warriors outstretched to ward a coming doom:

As fade the valley'd mists of night before the eye of day,
Back to their spheres unknown, the Shades in whispers passed away,
With stricken heart Reuthamir rose, then feebly tott'ring reeled,
And fell, to wildly clasp his sword and kiss his dented shield:

His grey hair swept his doughty blade, his tears bedewed the shield,
The battle deeds of fifty years before him were revealed;
His days of old renown and love, in hallowed shadows crept,
Till 'neath the rush of memories the anguished warrior slept:

Night from her darkest cave stalked on, strange sounds hung in the air,
Dark Clutha's song seemed rolling from the bosom of despair,
As stood a haughty warrior, or wave-defying rock,
Balcutha's towers loomed heedless to the dire-impending shock:

As when a chieftain's shout is heard ere rolls the battle fray,
Or as the sound of rising waves in some rock-girded bay.
So pealed the distant sullen tones of heaven's vast gath'ring breath,
And lower drooped the lab'ring clouds o'er forest and o'er heath:

Stars fled into the womb of space! the moon untimely died,
Heaven's deep unutterable gloom low hung on every side;
Weird whisperings of wrath arose on every fitful blast,
Oaks quivering bowed their leafy heads in terror as they passed:

Lo! from the clouds, dark thunder-throned the monarch of the storm,
Came forth and o'er the trembling hills his red terrific form [sprung,
Far stretched, while from his angry hands heaven's living lightnings
That swept in awful majesty the startled earth along:

Pale sat the spirits of the brave on every ridgy cloud,
And shrieked with dread, yea wept with fear, when burst his voice aloud;

Green Crathmo's hills shook at the shout, and Clutha hissing fled,
Then backward rushed in surges wild along its rocky bed:

Far o'er its bosom tongues of fire illumed each foamy crest,
And lit with an unearthly glow the mountains of the west,
That loomed afar as giants grim in lurid armour garbed,
Scorning the battle wrath of heaven, or arrows thunder-barbed:

Swifter and brighter flew each flash till all the vault of Heav'n
Seethed with the tempest anarchy of rolling clouds fire-riv'n;
Deeper and louder burst each tone, reverberating far
Destruction's awe-inspiring sounds of god-directed war:

Fierce as an army's battle rush 'neath vict'ry's smiling face,
So rushed the angry thunder king athwart the shivered space,
So furious flew his darts of rage, so rung his baffled wrath,
That loudly, distant, hovered round his all infinite path:

Far o'er the mountains rose his shouts, fainter each flash he threw,
Evanishing in haughty ire to battlefields anew,
As when a heart unfettered is from woe's encircling fears,
So burst the o'erfraught clouds amain in joy's relieving tears:

Balclutha's maidens trembling clung to startled warriors pale,
Nor slept they while the thunder dance of terror did prevail,
Wild throbbed each heart elate as died the voice of Heav'n away,
And silently all slumber sought as dawned the coming day:

Reuthamir dreamful, slumbered on, while pealed the mighty blast,
Childhood and days of youth's renown before him brightly pass'd,
Love's happy hours again he saw, he saw a blushing bride,
A fair-haired daughter he beheld in all her virgin pride:

He saw the grey stones reared above a daughter's lonely grave!
He saw the Clutha rolling on, he heard the low winds rave!
He saw war's lurid fields again, he led his warriors on!
He heard the ringing clash of steel! he heard the wounded groan:

He heard a voice, "Reuthamir Come!" then burst the vision's bands!
Up! up he sprang and grasped his sword and shield with deedful hands;
On to the ramparts swift he rushed and through the dawn's dim grey,
Morven's mailed warriors he saw in panoplied array:

"Ho! meteors of the forest dark! sons of the western heath,
Come ye to quaff the shell of peace! Come ye on wings of death!"
Swift sped a feathered messenger which war's dread answer flung,
And struck Reuthamir's forward shield that long and shrilly rung:

"Ho! Children Ho! Ho! Warriors Ho! up from your slumbers deep,
Arouse! behold around our towers night's wand'ring warriors leap,
Up! Up! the conquering Comhal comes! Grasp now your swords and spears,
Their vengeful shouts of blood arise, Death on their path careers:"

"Arouse! Balclutha's sons arouse! Arm! Arm!" Reuthamir cries,
"The faggot's flame around our halls leaps to the morning skies, [fire!
Hark! Hark! our gates yield to their brands, They come! Their wrath is
We'll drive them back or gloriously as warriors expire."

Steel crashed on steel, man fell on man, fierce raged the battle din,
Matrons' and maidens' shrieks arose the lordless halls within,
Nor ceased the bloody strife nor failed Reuthamir's warriors' blows,
Whose flashing swords victorious cleft their still increasing foes:

Firm-footed on the foemen dead they valorously stood,
Nor quailed in eye or arm that swung the deadly blade of blood,
Reuthamir like a hoary king, his grey hair streaming red,
Undauntedly repelled each shock, unconquerable led:

Why falls his erst resistless sword? Why reels Reuthamir now?
Lo! quivering stands an arrow sheathed deep in his furrowed brow,
Then from his warriors arose fate's agonising yell,
Then sunk their swords to clasp their Chief, who foremost fighting fell;

Then rose a shout of victory from Comhal's ruthless hordes!
Then murder's shrieks resounded far beneath their cruel swords!
Then higher rose their flaming brands in every hall elate!
Then fell Balclutha's ancient towers, *and all was desolate.*

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

ON THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW* AS APPLIED TO HILLS; AND ON THE NATION OF THE PICTS.

By THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. Edin.; R.N.

—o—

PART SECOND.

IN the *Celtic Magazine* for July, 1876, is an instructive paper by Mr Brockie on this subject. It is to be wished that he would give a more extended list of places in Pictland or Eastern Scotland, whose names are perhaps to be explained by referring to Welsh. I should like to have time to attend to Welsh, and also to visit all the localities, to compare the natural features with the descriptive meaning of the name. A reader who agrees with Mr Brockie will be willing to allow that the Picts were Celts; further, I fancy, he (the reader) would agree that *law* was Celtic.

In the *Celtic Magazine* for August, is an able paper by Mr Jerram, on the same subject. I admit that, by an oversight, I did not observe that *sliabh* is masculine. It would only happen if the word was feminine, that in the nominative case the definite article followed by euphonic *t* might lead to the inaccuracy of leaving out the article, and also the eclipsed *s*—this would only occur when persons were speaking English; but along a border-line where two languages meet, such mistakes would be likely. In the *Grammar* prefixed to his *Dictionary*, Armstrong says —"Gaelic is very anamolous in its distinction of nouns by gender, and perhaps no set of rules can be devised to ascertain the gender of every noun in the language. The gender is not determined by termination, or

any circumstance, but by sex, and by custom." In the *Dictionary* edited by Macleod and Dewar, speaking of *capull* (a mare), it is said that this word "though naturally feminine is construed as a masculine noun." (Perhaps at first it meant a horse generally, and afterwards the general meaning became obsolete, and the word was applied to mares only.) In sound and meaning, *sliabh* is like Gaelic *lub* (to bend) and English *slope*. *Lub* (a bend) is feminine. Was *sliabh* at one time both masculine and feminine, and did the first become obsolete? There is no harm in looking at all the possibilities of the case. Speaking of foreigners not understanding about the definite article, makes one remember that at one time the Koran was called the Alcoran, from its not being known that *al* was the definite article. Of the hills called *law*, there are two kinds: one, where the names are incorporated, as Sidlaw; the other, where they are separate, as Dundee Law. The former plan is much to be preferred, as with the latter there is great risk of some persons exercising their bad taste by modernising *law* to *hill*.

Gaelic has a great many words meaning *hill;* these describe its appearance as fully as three or four English words would do. Diminutives ending in *an* are masculine; diminutives ending in *ag* are feminine; after separating these, of what gender are these words for hill? Would it not be likely that one idea would rule the matter? that the first word invented for *hill* being of a certain gender, all the others would be the same. On examination it is found that this is not the case. Of words meaning *hill* there are in Gaelic no fewer than eighty; of these fifty-seven are masculine, and twenty-three are feminine.

MASCULINE.—*Ard, aoineach, aonach, at, ardan, ais* (obs.); *barr, barran, beannan, binncin, biod, biorran* (obs.); *bot, brugh, bruighinn, cnap, cnoc, cnocan, creagan, calbh, ceann, cabar, ceap, crogairneach, dun, dunan, druim, droman, duc, fireach, gnob, gnoban, meall, meallan, maol, mam, monadh, mur, maoilean, ord, ros, ruigh, tom, toman, tula, tulach, torr, torran, sith, sithean, sgor, sliabh, sturr, stor, stac, stacan, uchd, uchdan.*

FEMININE.—*Alp,* aill (obs.), *aisgeir, aird, bruach, bruachag, creag, carraig, clithach, croit, cruaidh, cruach, cruachan, dronn, gailbheinn, learg, lurg, leitir, maoile, stuadh, stuaichd, stuc, stuchdan.*

In Macleod and Dewar's *Dictionary, ard* and *aird* are called masculine in one place, and feminine in another; this may be a misprint.

Sliabh means a hill, a sloping hill; looking at it from below, the ground bends upward; it is akin to *lub* (to bend). Although there is proof enough that there was or is such a word as *liabh*, from the Gaelic way of dropping initial *s*, or of prefixing *s*, and from the existence of *lub*, still there is no harm in calling in the help of our Irish cousins. In his *Irish Names of Places* (1871), page 377, Joyce says that *lagh* is an Irish word meaning a hill; he observes, "it is not given in the dictionaries, but it undoubtedly exists in the Irish language." Perhaps it would be better spelt *labh*, and the pronunciation given as *lā*, or *lua*, or *law*. The letters *bh* sound like English *v*; this was softened into English *w*; to spell it with *g* is misleading.

If Mr Jerram will refer to my paper he will see that *scriob* is not paired with *gearr* but with *garbh*; it is *sgor* which is paired with *gearr*. Mr

Jerram asks what is the connection between *spairn* and *obair; p* and *b* are nearly the same, the final *n* may be formative or emphatic.

Mr Jerram incidentally refers to an etymology that has been offered for *Rome;* instead of that, what I have to suggest is this. In Gaelic *ramhar* and *reamhar* mean fat, big, great, projecting, prominent; *reamhar* points to a probable ancestor in such a word as *ram* or *rame*, meaning high. I have looked in Pryce's *Cornish Vocabulary*, and Prices's *Welsh Dictionary* (1867), but *ram* is not there. However, I am certain that there is such a word in Cornish and Welsh. Rame Head in Cornwall (near Plymouth), and Ramsey an island off the Welsh coast, and which has high cliffs, have their name from *rame;* no doubt, at one time, our Scotch Gaelic also had such a word which is now represented by its descendant *reamhar;* in future lexicons why not insert *ream* and *reamh* as meaning *high?* mark them as obsolete, and if the reader wish it, as ideal forms. Akin to our Celtic *rame* (high) are the following Hebrew words:—*rom*, high: *room*, high; *romoh*, high; *room*, to lift up; *roam*, to elevate; *Rimmon*, the Rock of Rimmon (Judges xx., 47).

With regard to the word *aber*, I humbly think that in the lexicons, it ought to be given as meaning, first, a mouth; secondly, the mouth of a river; say that the first meaning became obsolete, and afterwards the second also, and that the word is now found in Scotland only in composition with the name of the river. (The town of Havre is thought to be *Aber).* Some one may say, if *aber* at one time meant mouth, how was it that the name of such a useful part of the body passed out of use? The answer is that *beul* meaning the same thing came into more general use, and at last drove out the opposition-word. From *aber* comes *abair* (to speak), and *labhair* (to speak).

In drawing up a paper for the *Celtic Magazine*, the plan I go on is to do my best, and having done that to do nothing further. If it has the compliment of being alluded to by others, and if they correct any errors, the reader will be satisfied and will take his choice of the views offered for his consideration. The readers are the jury.

I have alluded to nearly all the remarks in Mr Jerram's communication. In my former paper (*Celtic Magazine* for June) I intended not to go outside our Gaelic area. In the Highlands, when we put up a cairn we do so with stones taken from the surface of the adjacent ground; we do not require to import stones from the southern parts of Britain, or from the Emerald Isle, or boulders from Scandinavia. I do not know if Mr Jerram is English, but I fancy he is; if he be, we Scotch are gratified that one of his country has given his attention to Gaelic, and we wish that there were more like him.

Postcript.—To the above eighty Gaelic words for *hill*, let me add other eight, of which five are masculine:—*A (obs.), aoi (obs.), bruthach, innean, leathad, tulachan;* and three feminine:—*Diong (dun: beag*, small), *mala, sgoirn.* Perhaps the list might be made longer.

The Island of Rum, one of the Hebrides, has lofty pyramidal mountains; it is named from our long-lost Gaelic *ream* or *reamh* (high), and matches the Welsh *Ramsey*, or the Cornish *Rame.*

Stoke, Devonport.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

Chapter XXVII.

The following letter from General Cameron to his son, and found in the pocket of the latter when he fell at Fuentes D'Onoro, not received in time for its place in the Memoir, is, however, considered entitled to precedence in this chapter :—

London, February 20th, 1811.

I arrived at home some few days ago after rather a rough passage to Falmouth. Captain Stanhope favoured me with his best cabin, for which I was thankful.

I am glad to say that I found your sister quite well ; and now my own health has so much improved, I begin to regret having resigned my command in the army. Let me, however, charge you to appreciate your own position at the head of a fine regiment : be careful of the lives of the gallant fellows, at the same time that you will also hold sacred their honour, for I am sure they would not hesitate to sacrifice the one in helping you to maintain the other. I will not trouble you with more at present, but write when you can.

Soult, having arrived at Toulouse several days before Wellington, was able to make choice of his own ground, which he selected to be on a height running parallel with the Canal of *Longuedoc*—having in the interval fortified the position with lines of intrenchments and several redoubts. It is admitted that, as an exception, the contending parties were nearly equal on this occasion, but in artillery the French were much stronger. Of these redoubts, two, named respectively *Colombette* and *Augustine*, were raised in the centre, both heavily armed with men and guns. On the order being given to proceed the Sixth Division moved towards the position of the enemy, its Highland Brigade in the van. Sir Denis Pack assigned the attack of the redoubt *Colombette* to the 42d, and that on the other to the Cameron Highlanders. Both redoubts were carried at a run in the most gallant style, in the face of a terrific fire of round-shot, grape, and musketry, by which both regiments suffered severely. Two companies of the 79th advanced from the captured work to encounter another force of the enemy on the ridge of plateau ; but fell back again on the redoubt on perceiving that the 42d had been attacked in its own redoubt by an overwhelming force. Alarm communicated itself from one regiment to the other, and both for a moment quitted the works. At this critical juncture Colonel Douglas having rallied the 79th, it again advanced, and shortly succeeded in retaking, not only its own former position, but also the redoubt which the 42d had left. For this service Colonel Douglas received, on the field, the thanks of his Brigadier (Sir Denis Pack) and of General Clinton, the commander of the division. The 91st in conjunction with some Spanish regiments (hitherto in reserve) now moved up and drove the enemy from the smaller redoubts, thus leaving the British army in possession of the plateau and its works. The 79th occupied the redoubt *Colombette* during the night of that day (Sun-

day)* Wellington, in his dispatch alluding to the gallantry of General Pack and his brigade in driving the French out of their redoubts, adds, "But we did not gain this advantage without severe loss, particularly in the Sixth division. The 36th, 42d, 79th, and 61st regiments lost considerable numbers, and were highly distinguished throughout the day.†

The 42d had four officers and eighty men killed, twenty officers and three hundred and ten wounded. Their Colonel (Macara) was honoured with K.C.B., having commanded the regiment in three general engagements. The 79th had five officers and thirty men killed; fourteen officers and two hundred men wounded (official returns).

The Colonel (Douglas) and Brevet-Colonel Duncan Cameron of the 79th received marks of distinction for the conduct of the regiment at this decisive engagement. In the course of the forenoon of 12th (Tuesday), intelligence was received of the abdication of Napoleon; and had not the express been delayed on the journey by the French police, the sacrifice of many valuable lives would have been prevented. A disbelief in its truth occasioned much unnecessary bloodshed at Bayonne, the garrison of which made a desperate sortie on the 14th. This was the last action of the Peninsular War, and in the course of a couple of months afterwards the British army embarked for home (some of its regiments having previously been ordered to augment our forces in America).

Before parting with them, Wellington issued a general order, part of which is quoted, viz., "The share which the British army have had in restoring peace, and the high character with which it will quit this country, is most satisfactory to the commander of the forces, and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last. Once more, he requests the army to accept his thanks"

General Cameron received the following letter from Lieut. Colonel Duncan Cameron, giving him information about the battle.

Toulouse (France), 13th April 1814.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I take the very first opportunity I could command since our coming to this place on the 10th to write you. We fought a heavy battle with Soult that day (Sunday) which we fervently trust will finish this interminable contest. I am sorely grieved at the loss of so many dear relatives and comrades in this action—in which I know you will join—your two nephews (John and Ewan), my cousin (Duncan), and Captain Purves were killed, and Lieut. Macbarnet is not likely to outlive his wounds. Adjutant Kenneth Cameron‡ is also severely wounded, indeed I think Colonel Douglas and myself are the only two among the officers that escaped. We buried Captain Purves, John, Ewan, and Duncan in the one grave in the Citadel of Toulouse, and I have ordered a memorial slab to mark their resting place. News is about that Napoleon has abdicated, but not confirmed. I will, however, write again and acquaint you of anything. I hope your own health is improved. My best regards.—I am yours, ever sincerely,

DUNCAN CAMERON, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel.

To Major General Cameron, Gloucester Place, London.

* This account is that in the Historical Records, p. 45. It is substantially the same which Captain Ford gives of the battle in the *United Service Magazine*, 1843, and the accuracy of which he was particular to get certified by officers of the other regiments of the brigade. His correspondence with Sir William Napier respecting these *redoubts* is included by Lord Aberdare in his life of that General. He states his reason for recurring to a subject so long past, was that Lieut. Malcolm, of the 42d, suppressed the fact that the 79th held possession of the *Colombette* all night. Captain Ford was for many years secretary to the United Service Institution.

† Wellington's dispatches, No. 894.

‡ This gentleman is referred to by the Rev. Dr Masson, as Colonel Cameron of Thora, in his address before the Gaelic Society of Inverness (Transactions, page 37). He is also referred to in chapter xxii. of this memoir.

At a congress of nations held in Paris, Napoleon was ordered to be sent to the Island of Elba as a prisoner, and in charge of Colonel Neil Campbell.* King Louis the XVIII., who had been exiled in England during the previous twenty-one years (1793 to 1814), was restored to his throne, and Wellington was created a Duke with a grant of £400,000! These were a few of the advantages to nations and individuals, resulting from a cessation of hostilities. Notwithstanding the rejoicings consequent on the victory at Toulouse, the grief which the loss of so many lives brought to the homes of families was great indeed, and to no quarter of the dominions more than to the straths and glens of the Highlands. Among the general officers on whom the Prince Regent (George IV.) conferred the honour of knighthood, and to whom the Houses of Parliament accorded their thanks, General Cameron was included, "in acknowledgement of long and meritorious services."†

Chapter XXVIII.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here Napoleon's imprisonment in Elba, his escape in spite of the vigilance of his guardians, his arrival at Cannes on the 1st of March, his entry into Paris on the 20th, at the head of an army, and the consternation among the representatives of the allied Powers assembled at Vienna to regulate the dismembered state of Europe, when the astounding intelligence reached them that their imperial captive had escaped, and was already in possession of the Tuilleries. Nor is it necessary to refer in detail to the arrangements made by the Powers to meet their enemy again in the field, and the events which led to the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June. The history of the ball to which the Duchess of Richmond (sister of the Duke of Gordon) invited Wellington, his generals, and other officers on the evening of the 15th, is already well known to the reader. At midnight, in the midst of revelry and mirth, from which, however, the generals and other officers had quietly and secretly retired, the bugles were sounded throughout the city of Brussels, summoning the troops to assemble for further orders. Sir Thomas Picton's division was the first to march. It was composed of Kempt's Brigade (28th, 32d, and 79th), and Pack's (42d, 44th, and 92d). The Colonels of the Highland regiments were Neil Douglas, Sir Robert Macara, and John Cameron (Fassifern). At two o'clock A.M., the generals were informed that the troops were assembled and ready under arms. Perhaps no portion of British history has engaged so many writers, as Wellington's campaign in Flanders. Three of our poets—Southey, Scott, and Byron have devoted several stanzas to Waterloo. One stanza celebrates the gathering of the troops on that eventful morning. And its first line would appear to have been intended for the "Cameron Highlanders." We include it notwithstanding that it is so well known:—

* Of the Campbells of Duntroon.

† Two officers, not included among the order of K.C.B., were disappointed, and one of them (Colonel John Cameron of the 92d) wrote Wellington to that effect. The Duke's reply is in Gurwood's (page 833, No. 922), which states, "the regulations for that distinction were restricted to those officers who commanded at not fewer than *three general* engagements."

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too, have their Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Ewan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Friday the 16th June, Kempt's Brigade was the first to start—its two senior regiments, 28th and 32d, leading, and after them the 79th. To these succeeded Pack's Brigade and the Hanoverians, taking the road to Waterloo by the Forest of Soignes, where they rested at mid-day and refreshed. The Duke appeared among them at this hour, upon which he issued orders to proceed direct to Quartre Bras (twenty-one miles from Brussels).

Soigne waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrop as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave, &c., &c.

Picton and his division, with the Hanoverians and a corps of Brunswickers, arrived there at two o'clock, every man of which became immediately engaged with more than double their number, and continued so until six o'clock, when Sir Colin Halkett's Brigade most opportunely came to their aid; still it was an unequal conquest. The British had no cavalry present, except a few Brunswick and Belgians, but which were soon scattered like chaff before the veteran French Cuirassiers. We read how a regiment of Lancers galloped into the midst of the 42d, and how the latter stood back to back, every man fighting on his own ground, till they repulsed them, but with the loss of their intrepid Colonel (Macara) who fell pierced and mortally wounded with lances. And when the Duke ordered the 92d to "charge these fellows," how they sprung over the ditch and cleared them out of their position. It was in this charge their colonel fell also mortally wounded.* Leaving Pack's brigade, the Duke rode off to Kempt's position, where he directed the 79th "to cover the guns and drive these fellows from their places." The regiment accordingly "cleared the bank in front at a bound and charged with the bayonets, drove the French with precipitation to a hedge, where the latter attempted to reform, but were driven from that with great alacrity, and a third time scattered them in total confusion upon their main column." Their comrades of the 32d and 28th were at the same time performing heroic feats of gallantry, the latter sustaining the reputation won in Egypt. The enemy failed in every attack, and at nightfall withdrew to a considerable distance. The action of Quartre Bras would have been sufficient of itself to be sounded by the trumpet of fame, but it was overshadowed by the subsequent and greater victory of Waterloo.

Wellington, in a paragraph of his dispatch, pays his tribute of praise to Picton's men for their valour at Quartre Bras:—"The troops of the

* It is singular that Colonel Cameron received his mortal wound in a manner similar to that which his namesake fell at Fuentes D'Onoro, by the deliberate aim of a French soldier.

Fifth Division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of the Hanoverians." Napoleon in person was at Ligny from which he compelled Blucher and the Prussians to retire on Wavre. This retrograde movement necessitated a similar one on the part of Wellington, in order to keep up the communication of the allied armies. On Saturday (17th) the Duke made a leisurely retreat, undisturbed except by a few cavalry skirmishes, to the plains of Waterloo, which he had previously selected for a battlefield.

On the same day Napoleon formed a junction with Ney, when their united forces amounted to 78,000—Wellington's effective strength on the morning of the 18th was 68,000. The two portions of the field which appear to have claimed the greatest desire on the part of Wellington to preserve were the house and gardens of Hougoumont (an advanced post situated on the right), and the other was the village Planchenoit, on the left. The importance to hold the latter position will be understood when it is stated that it held his line of communication with Marshal Blucher. The first of these posts was occupied by the brigade of guards among the commanding officers of which were, Colonels James Macdonell (Glengarry), D. Mackinnon and Lord Saltoun. The defence of the second *(Planchenoit)* was entrusted to Picton's division, but more immediately to Kempt's brigade, a wing of the Rifles under Major Alexander Cameron, the 28th under Colonel Belcher, the 79th under Colonel Douglas, and Royal Scots, under Colonel Campbell. Although during the Peninsular War, Wellington had met and fought almost all Napoleon's Marshals, yet the two principals had not hitherto contended. Napoleon is said to have been confident, and to have expressed his gratification that he was "to have an opportunity of measuring himself against Wellington." At about ten o'clock the respective combatants were marshalled ready for action, and near enough to see each other. The scene must have been imposing —Napoleon the Great at the head of the chosen troops of France, against those of Britain* and her allies, under the renowned British hero! The Emperor was observed with his staff to be passing along the lines, the troops hailing him with enthusiasm, and loud shouts of *Vive l'Empereur;* the infantry raising their caps upon their bayonets, and the cavalry their *casques* upon their swords and lances! "The force of the two armies," said the Emperor, "cannot be estimated by a mere comparison of numbers; because one Britisher might be counted for one Frenchman; but two of their allies were not equal to one Frenchman." The first attack was made by Prince Jerome with a strong force upon Hougoumont, which continued more or less persistently throughout that day,† but the gallant guards defended it successfully till the last, even when the whole place was in flames!

The enemy's next move was to wreak its vengeance on the British

* The majority of the British regiments were composed of young men drafted from their reserve battalions. The Peninsular regiments had not returned from America.

† This day of terrible strife was Sunday, and it was on the same sacred day, fourteen months before, that the battle of Toulouse was fought.

left position (Picton's). Ney with four massive columns made towards it, and meeting with some Netherland troops, which he dispersed easily, was descending upon a portion of Kempt's Brigade (28th and 79th). The artillery on both sides were blazing away at each other, regardless almost of friends or foes. There was a hedge between the combatants, and Picton, seeing the impetuosity of Ney's columns, ordered these regiments to give them a meeting, which was obeyed with a volley that stemmed their further progress, and then with a cheer rushed through the hedge, receiving a murderous encounter in return. This caused but a momentary delay as the leading regiment (79th) quickly rallied, and, levelling their bayonets, charged Ney's columns back to their position. It was during this repulse of the enemy that Picton fell—he was struck in the right temple and died almost immediately. His life had been spent in the rough service of his country; and no officer on the field that day was held in more admiration than this immortal son of Wales. His last words were, "Thornton (his *aide-de-camp)* rally the Highlanders" (the Camerons).* During the battle of Waterloo, Pack's Brigade was not so hotly assailed as that of Kempt's. The 92d was, however, an exception, but that occasion alone was sufficient to immortalize their bravery. It was when some one of the foreign corps gave way,† before a column of several thousand French, who, in consequence, came directly in front of the 92d, whose strength did not then exceed three hundred. Sir Denis Pack rode up calling out, "Ninety-second, you must charge that body." The regiment formed four deep, and in that compact order advanced until within twenty paces, when it fired a volley, and instantly darted into the heart of the French column, in which it became almost invisible. The Scots Greys seeing the desperate situation of their countrymen, galloped up to the rescue, shouting loudly, "*Scotland for ever.*" The impetuosity of the Greys broke up the column, and in pursuing it Sergeant-Major Ewart captured two of their standards. After this brilliant affair Sir Denis, complimenting Colonel D. Macdonald, added, "Highlanders, you have saved the position, retire and rest yourselves." Neither the 92d nor 42d, from the nature of the ground they occupied, were molested to any extent at Waterloo; but not so with Kempt's Brigade, inasmuch that Ney did not relax his utmost efforts to annihilate the devoted band that composed it, in hopes of interposing the co-operation of the Prussians expected from that quarter. The desperate trials they were exposed to will be understood when it is stated that the 79th lost all the superior officers, and their command, for the last three hours of the day, was conducted by a lieutenant (Alexander Cameron),‡ and that of the 28th and Rifles to captains. While Ney directed his energies towards this part of the field, Napoleon and his generals ordered their resources on the whole line of

* Captain Seborne's detailed account of Waterloo.

† Some writers say they were Belgians, others that they were Germans.

‡ Lieutenant Cameron was another nephew of Alan Cameron by his sister. His father was Cameron of Scamadale in Lochaber, who died in Inverness 1833. When the gallant conduct of this junior officer was reported to Wellington, he recommended him for promotion, in obedience to which his name appeared in the *Gazette* of June 30 as Captain, and in that of September as Brevet-Major. Reports describe him as a picture of one of Ossian's heroes.

the allies, but more directly on their centre. This demonstration brought the contending forces into general conflict — more especially so the cavalries. It would be superfluous to record the brilliant charges of Ponsonby, Vivian, Anglesey, and Somerset with their respective brigades. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the Prussians made their appearance, after which they attacked the French right (Planchenoit). Napoleon's chances were growing desperate, and as a last effort he ordered the advance of his magnificent old guard against the British position at La Haye Sainte, Napoleon himself and his Lieutenant Ney at their head. They went up a gently sloping ridge, at the top of which the British Guards were lying down (to avoid the fire of the artillery), but, as the columns approached, Wellington give the word, "*Up Guards*," which was instantly obeyed, and at the distance of about 50 yards delivered a terrible volley into the French ranks. This was followed by a charge which hurled the Old Guard down the hill in one mingled mass with their conquerors. The result of that repulse threw the whole French line into confusion. Napoleon galloped to the rear, and Wellington availing himself of their dismay ordered a general advance. The French was now in complete rout; Blucher followed and overtook Wellington at La Belle Alliance, by whom it was agreed to leave the pursuit to the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh.

Many prisoners were made, and Napoleon himself narrowly escaped. It was computed that during the two days' engagement the French lost 30,000 men, while it was also estimated that nearly one-half of the allies were either killed or wounded. Among the killed, besides Picton, were Sir William Ponsonby and the Duke of Brunswick.

Chapter XXIX.

The battles of the 16th and 18th may be well described as having been a succession of assaults of unabated fury, which put the steadiness of the British to severe tests. Every attack diminished their numbers, and still their survivors yielded not an inch of ground. No other troops would have endured for so long a period so terrible a struggle with an enemy of undaunted courage, and hitherto much accustomed to victories. It is a fact well authenticated, that Napoleon repeatedly expressed admiration of the incomparable firmness of his opponents.

The wounded were in most instances conveyed to Brussels and Antwerp, while the remnant of the survivors bivouacked that night (Sunday) on the ground which had been the French position. Thus closed that eventful day, in a conflict, the first of which had commenced upwards of twenty years before its date, and which has resulted in peace between the British and French for now more than half a century. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the three previous days, the allied army marched off the field at an early hour the following morning to *Nivelles*, and where they remained till joined by Wellington on the 21st, who had been to Brussels to see to the care of the wounded. After some inconsiderable interruption they entered Paris on the 7th July. Napoleon had, meanwhile (22d June), abdicated in favour of his son under proclamation with the title of "Napoleon the Second;" but the submission was of no

avail—the terms of the conquerors being the unconditional removal of the Bonapartes and the restoration of the Bourbons.

For many years the field of Waterloo continued to be visited by men most eminent in the arts and sciences, civil and military, and of every nationality. Among the earliest visitors to it were Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, and both have commemorated their pilgrimages in verses that will co-exist with the memory of the battle itself.* Therefore as the commencement of this sketch of the campaign was prefaced by a stanza from Byron, it is fitting that the closing scene be graced with a few lines of Scott's, of which the following (slightly altered) is selected—viz. :—

> Well has my country stood the fight,
> In a just cause and in its native might;
> Period of honour, as of woes,
> What bright careers 'twas Wellington's to close?
> Saw'st Miller's failing eye
> Still bent where Albyn's banners fly,
> And Cameron in the shock of steel
> Die like an offspring of Lochiel.†

After the wounded reached Brussels, and were recovering somewhat, General Cameron received the following communication from Major (Brevet-Colonel) Duncan Cameron of the 79th Regiment :—

Brussels, June 26th, 1815.

My Dear General,—You will have heard of our great battles and our losses at them. I am here under the doctors, suffering rather severely from two wounds, and it is only with difficulty I can write these few lines. Our division was desperately engaged on both days, in fact I believe we suffered more than any of them. The colonels of the 42d and 92d were killed, besides heavy losses among their officers. I understand that our own regiment exceeded even them, in fact all our superior officers are either killed or wounded, and Colonel Douglas among the latter. You will understand *that* when I mention a Lieutenant (your nephew Alexander) commanded it for the last two or three

* Sir Walter and Byron met each other for the second and last time on this occasion. The former was on his way back, and the other was leaving the following day (15th September 1815) for Waterloo and Paris. And this was Byron's *last* in England as he never returned.

† "Colonel Cameron, 92d Regiment, so often distinguished in Wellington's dispatches from Spain."—*Note to Waterloo (a Poem by Sir Walter Scott*, 1816). This note must be accepted as more or less figurative, inasmuch that, as a matter of prosaic fact, Colonel Cameron is not mentioned twice in the Duke's dispatches. The poet must have mistaken him for other general officers of the same name. Half the Peninsular War had been through before the Colonel arrived, and during the remainder, he was only present at one of its great battles (Vittoria). *Arroyo, Molinos, and Maya*, gallant actions as they were, and so written of by Napier, yet these are ranked only as *desultory affairs*. Absence from its principal engagements was the cause ascribed for not including the Colonel of the 92d among those who received K.C.B. (Gurwood, page 833). No officer of the army was more ambitious respecting his reputation than Colonel Cameron, and the same might be said of his family. After his death at *Quatre Bras* the father applied for a baronetcy, which the Government did not think it gracious to refuse ; on receipt of which he erected a monument. The brother afterwards engaged the parish minister to write a memoir of him (1858), and Professor Blackie volunteered a poem, wherein he innocently places him as head of the "Cameron Men" (79th Regiment); therefore the gallant Colonel has had no lack of posthumous fame. The reverend compiler of the memoir filled it with needless hyperbole. At page 83 he says, "The author of 'Romance of War' knew the Colonel well." Mr Grant (the author) was *not* in the flesh till seven years *after* the Colonel was in his grave! Page 81—"The funeral at Kilmalie was attended by three thousand persons;" and at page 110 he adds, "There lives in our vicinity one of the soldiers who joined the 92d at its embodiment in 1794, and down to 1815 he has been present with her at no fewer than *forty four* engagements." If one-half the numbers in these quotations are relegated to fiction and the other to fact, the statement will be nearer truth.

hours. Both himself and your other nephew (Archibald) escaped being seriously wounded, as they have continued with the regiment and are off with it to *Nivelles*. This will be gratifying to you, and also that I can add, they conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry and coolness throughout the terrible attacks made on us, notwithstanding that it was the first time either had faced the enemy. This town is quite an hospital, and what between prisoners and invalids, it is crowded. Medical gentlemen both from London and Edinburgh have generously come to our aid, and I have been fortunate enough to have had the attentions of Mr George Bell of the latter, who gives me hope of recovery, after which it is my intention to follow the regiment.—Meanwhile, believe me, yours, very sincerely, DUNCAN CAMERON.

To Major-General Cameron, 28 Gloucester Place, London.

On receipt of this letter General Cameron, accompanied by one of his daughters, started for Brussels to see his suffering countrymen, where he remained a fortnight, and shortly after his return to London received letters from his two nephews from Paris (one of which we transcribe)—

Head Quarters, Clinchy, near Paris, July 15th 1815.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have to ask your indulgence for not writing sooner, but I was so closely on duty ever since we left Brussels on the 15th ult. that I really had not a moment to think of anything but to attend to it. I had a note from Colonel Duncan to say that you had been to see them there, and that he told you about Archie and myself. We both escaped getting badly hurt, which was a miracle, and we are thankful for it. In consequence of all my superior officers being either killed or wounded, the honour of taking the 79th out of the field devolved on me. We got frightfully attacked in getting through a hedge, the only time we got somewhat disordered. Our brave Colonel was seriously wounded on the 16th; but during the day he was always reminding us of *Tondouse*, and General Kempt rode up saying, "Well done, Douglas," and then added, "79th keep together and be firm;" and *we did*. Archie and myself are very anxious to have a look at Paris, but cannot get leave. Our strength is reduced very much—we do not number over 220 effectives out of 700 the night we left Brussels. We lost on the 16th (Quatre Bras) 304 men, and on the 18th (Waterloo) 175. (I don't know *how many e killed*). I am sure your visit to Brussels was welcome to the poor fellows, and that it more good to them than the doctors. I beg now to conclude with my dutiful affection to our cousins and yourself, and believe me to be your faithful nephew,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

General Cameron, London.

On Napoleon leaving Paris he meditated proceeding to the United States, but finding all hope of escape cut off by the numerous cruisers, he surrendered himself to the Captain of a British frigate, and was afterwards conveyed, for better security, to the Island of St Helena, where he died after an exile of six years. He has been esteemed the greatest General of modern times; and during his military career of twenty years is said to have occupied every capital of importance in Europe, except that of Great Britain.

One of the conditions of the Treaty of Paris (negotiated at the end of the war) was that an "army of occupation" should remain in France for a period to be afterwards determined. Of the portion of British troops selected were the 71st and the 79th Highland Regiments. The rest of the British army had evacuated French territory, and arrived in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland before Christmas, where enthusiastic ovations awaited their attenuated ranks, the 42d receiving the greater share from their luck in being ordered to the capital of their native land. The "occupation" continued for three years (1818), by which time the British *occupants* acquired a considerable acquaintance with the French language, and of which the men of the regiments named were not at all loath to exhibit on their return among their rustic countrymen by whom they got in consequence the nickname of *Na Gaidheil Fhrangach* (the

French Highlanders). During their stay in France they became so enamoured with the charms of its females that many of them married, and after getting their discharges and pensions returned to that, henceforward their adopted, country.

We will now bring our memoir to a close, and as a fitting conclusion give (abridged) the notice by a writer on the occasion of his death :—*

"Died at Fulham on the 9th ult., at an advanced age, General Sir Alan Cameron, Colonel 79th Regiment. By birth a Highlander; in heart and soul a true one ; in form and frame the bold and manly mountaineer. His adventurous career in early life, and subsequent distinguished gallantry in the field, gained him considerable celebrity, together with the unbounded admiration of his countrymen. The son of a private gentleman, but ardent and determined in accomplishing whatever he undertook, he brought to the ranks of the British army more men, and in less time than any other, who, like himself, were commissioned to raise regiments in 1793-4. During the American war he had the misforture of being taken prisoner, but from which he escaped after two years' confinement, by an act of desperate daring. Fate, however, brought him, in the course of his life, the rare distinction of being successively Commandant of the Capitals of two Countries (Denmark and Portugal, 1807-8). Although of late years he was not able to go among his friends, yet they were always, and to the last, found at his house, and around his hospitable table. The number of this man's acts of friendship to his countrymen cannot be estimated, therefore the blank his death has created, will be understood, better than described."

* Colonel (Sir William) Napier in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1828.

AN T-ORANAICHE ; OR, THE GAELIC SONGSTER.

A Collection of Gaelic Songs, most of which have not hitherto appeared in print, is to be issued in a few days in five monthly parts, by Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic publisher, Glasgow. Few have any idea of the quantity of really good Gaelic Poetry which is floating about the country, and we trust—indeed we have no doubt—Mr Sinclair has been successful in procuring a really excellent collection of unpublished Gaelic Songs. We wish him and all others engaged in the Celtic field a rich harvest. Patriotism which does not pay its own expenses can hardly be expected to last long.

OTAGO is sacred to Scotchmen. Here is a story which, besides being good, is true, in illustration of the fact. The other day tenders were called for some public work in Otago. One Macpherson was successful. Mr Macpherson was accordingly invited to attend and complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a full-blooded Chinaman with a noble pigtail put in an appearance. "Where's Mr Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody get nothing in Otago if he is not a Mac," answered the unabashed Celestial.

THE TRANSLATOR OF OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

14th September 1876.

DEAR SIR,—The just pride which all Highlanders take in the work performed by Macpherson will, I trust, be sufficient apology for my sending the *Celtic Magazine* the enclosed obituary, which I copy from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1796, where it appears under the heading—"Obituary of Remarkable Persons, with Biographical Anecdotes."—Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

DENIS A. O'LEARY.

Kilbolane Cottage, Charleville, Co. Cork.

"17th Feb. 1796.—At Balville, in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, in his 59th year, James Macpherson, Esq., M.P. for Camelford. His remains were brought to Highgate, Middlesex, and were eighteen days on the road. At that place the hearse was met by eight gentlemens' coaches and six mourning coaches, and with this attendance the corpse was on Tuesday the 15th March, brought to Westminster Abbey, and interred in the Poet's Corner, near the monument of John, Duke of Argyll, and not far from the bust and tablet to the memory of the late Dr Goldsmith, which, we believe, was erected at the expense of Mr M., who wrote the epitaph inscribed on the marble. Mr M. made some noise in his day in the literary as well as in the political world. The first publication by which he was distinguished, he called a translation of the poems of Ossian the son of Fingal, which appeared in the year 1762. This performance excited a long and acrimonious controversy, in which Dr Hugh Blair early distinguished himself. It produced some severe animadversions from Dr Johnson, which the author resented, and added to his resentment some menacing expressions, which produced from the Doctor that very spirited and intrepid letter which Boswell has published in his memoirs. In 1773 he published a translation of the Iliad of Homer, in the same heroic prose with which he had dignified the son of Fingal; to this work the late Sir John Eliot was so extremely partial that he preferred it to Pope's, carried copies of the book round to all his patients. Not satisfied with the laurels he gathered in poetry, Mr M. next embarked in the character of an historian, and in 1771 published an 'Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland;' and in 1773 a 'History of Great Britain from the Restoration in 1660, to the Accession of the House of Hanover,' in two volumes quarto; the chief merit of this collection lies in original extracts from the private memoirs of King James the Second, and their

leading error is partly prejudice. In 1775 he published a pamphlet, intituled, 'The Rights of Great Britain over her Colonies asserted,' which divided the approbation of the Royalists with Dr Johnson's 'Taxation no Tyranny.' It has been said (with what truth we know not), that he obtained a pension of £700 per annum from Lord North. He was first elected to Parliament in 1780, and was appointed to the lucrative office of agent to the Nabob of Arcot, which he held to his death."

To the Reader.—This number of the Magazine concludes Vol. I., and we trust our efforts to provide healthy and instructive Celtic Literature has quite come up to the expectations of the large number who, at the outset, placed so much confidence in us, by becoming subscribers, and paying their annual subscriptions in advance. We would rather refer our friends to the "Opinions of the Press," printed on another page, and would only say for ourselves that we are quite satisfied in having secured such a gratifying and favourable reception for a magazine, conducted and printed, in the Capital of the Highlands—*the only monthly magazine published in Scotland*. We feel that we have now established some slight claim to the support of our patriotic countrymen at home and abroad; and, thanks to contributors, subscribers, and critics in the press, the *Celtic Magazine* has already in every respect become a complete success; so much so, that, beginning with the November number, we are enabled to enlarge it permanently, by the addition of eight pages, without any extra charge, beyond the necessary additional postage. This will enable us to devote a little more attention to the mother tongue than we have been doing in the past. Let our friends kindly continue their support by bringing the Magazine under the notice of their acquaintances, and we assure them that our second volume will contain matter quite equal, if not superior, to the first. The Subscriptions must still continue to be paid in advance to enable us to do greater justice to the Magazine and give additional satisfaction to the reader. A Table of Contents for Vol. I. is issued with this number.

In consequence of the *additional* postage the price will now be:—In Great Britain, 7s; in Canada, 9s; Australia, India, and the other British Colonies, 10s; United States, 8s; *in advance*. Credit price by post in Great Britain, 8s 6d. *All Foreign Subscribers must pay in advance*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

—o—

" . . . This excellent little Magazine. . . . The articles are short, characteristic and interesting."—*Glasgow Herald*, Aug. 5, 1876.

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

(Late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness),

AND

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A.

VOL. I.

INVERNESS: A. & W. MACKENZIE, 2 HAMILTON PLACE.
EDINBURGH: J. MENZIES & CO., AND MACLAUCHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: WILLIAM LOVE.

1876.

CONTENTS.

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"The *Celtic Magazine* continues to improve."—*Ibid.*, Jan., 1876.

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"The Rev. Alex. Macgregor treats of the 'Present Position of the Highlanders' in a trenchant article.—*Ibid.*, July 7, 1876,

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"In our opinion a Magazine dealing with such subjects can hardly fail to be interesting to the inhabitants of the North of Scotland, and to Highlanders in all parts of the world. That it will be conducted in a way to reflect credit on all connected with it we cannot doubt, when we find the names of such well-known writers on Celtic subjects in the list of contributors."—*Invergordon Times.*

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"The December number fully sustains the expectations formed by a perusal of the first number."—*Ibid.*, Nov. 26, 1875.

"This number (III.) far outstrips the former two in the interesting nature of its contents."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 31, 1875.

"The interest is fully sustained in this number (9)."—*Ibid.*, July 7, 1876.

"This month's number of the *Celtic* is replete with interesting matter regarding Highland affairs, and it must be gratifying to all the Highlanders to see the interests of their race so ably and so vigorously defended as it is by the many talented gentlemen who contribute to this Magaziue. . . . There can only be one opinion as to the desirability of having such a periodical devoted to the interests of the Celt at home and abroad.—*Ibid.*, Aug. 4, 1876.

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*** Surely we have strong reasons to be specially gratified and pleased. The only exception to the general rule of encouragement and commendation came from that great entity who, in his own peripatetic manner, exhibiting his borrowed plumes for the admiration of the world, would have us all believe that he, and he only, is a mighty prophet who, mainly by the mere change of his outward habiliments, is to turn the Highlands into a "land flowing with milk and honey." He would also, in his own humble way, be considered *the* very embodiment of Highland opinion; and, as a matter of course, he *preaches* that *everything Celtic* should be encouraged. Here is his *practice* as regards our humble but apparently pretty successful efforts. His encouragement, of course not from personal motives, consisted of *a deliberate attempt to crush us at the very outset*, but finding himself unequal to the task, he has since, with a dignity which only a great man could assume, left us unmercifully to our fate. We survive it !!!

"Oh ! would some power the giftie gie us," &c.

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CONTENTS.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XIII. NOVEMBER 1876. Vol. II.

ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH IN INDIA OF COLONEL WILLIAM BAILLIE OF DUNAIN, 1780–1782.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.

Amongst the many distinguished soldiers the County of Inverness has produced, few held a better position, or had higher prospects than Colonel William Baillie of Dunain, who died in 1782.

The family of Baillie is of long standing, and traces its descent from the Balliol, who founded the College of that name at Oxford. A branch settled at Dunain about the year 1452, and besides Dunain as it existed until lately, the possessions of the family formerly included Dochcairns, Easter Dochgarroch, Torbreck, Balrobert, and Knocknagail.

At the middle of last century, when Alexander Baillie was proprietor, the fortunes of the family were at a low ebb. Alexander Baillie had two sons, William and John, and two daughters, one Anna, married to George Baillie of Leys, the other Helen, married to Dr Alves of Shipland. William Baillie was intended for the law, but disliking the profession, procured without difficulty, in a stormy period, a Commission as Lieutenant in the old 89th Regiment in 1759, and afterwards entered the service of the East India Company.

His brother, John, afterwards Colonel of the Inverness Fencibles, his cousin, Lieut. Francis Baillie, and several men from the Parish of Inverness, were in the year 1780 serving in India. Thirty years ago, the story of Colonel Baillie's defeat and capture by Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Saib, through the alleged default of Sir Hector Munro, and his confinement and death in Seringapatam, were often related about Inverness. It is now known but to few, and as we are in possession of several documents bearing upon it, and as an Inverness man was the principal figure, an authentic account may not prove out of place in a Magazine printed in the Highland Capital.

In the year 1780 Hyder Ali made a determined attempt to crush the Company, having some European corps in his service, with several French officers. He crossed the Ghauts, and as a first step, on 9th July, invaded the Carnatic with an army of 100,000 men, plundered and burnt the country to within 50 miles of Madras, and laid siege to Arcot, the capital of the Nabob of the Carnatic, with whom we were at friendship. A force of about 5000 assembled at Madras, in the month of July, to resist this

invasion, under command of General, afterwards Sir Hector Munro of Novar. The detachment, consisting of about 3000 men, commanded by Colonel Baillie, had been stationed at Gintoir Circar, and at the urgent request of the Nabob, was ordered to join Munro. Colonel Baillie's progress had been, from the 25th of August to the 3d of September, impeded by the rise of the river Arblir, which however he crossed on the 3d, in the afternoon, without opposition, and resumed his march to Conjeveram, where he was to join Munro.

Upon the 4th, the following letter was sent to Colonel Baillie, probably by the Nabob's Secretary. It has some hieroglyphic attached :—

SIR,

The great attention which you have on all occasions shown to the interests of his Highness the Nabob, together with the regard which I have at all times expressed towards you, now induce me to write you a letter of congratulation on your having passed the River which impeded your progress, and on your being on the road to join General Sir Hector Munro, whose victorious arm will, with the blessing of God, chastise the unprovoked insolence of Hyder Ali Cawn. The sense which both the Nabob and I have of your services are not unknown to Governor Whiteside and General Munro. It is a pleasure to call one's self the friend of a gallant officer. What can I say more?

Given at Chepauk, 4th September 1780.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baillie.

Colonel Baillie, by the 6th, having got as far as the village of Perampauken, where he encamped, was attacked by Tippoo, at the head of 10,000 horse and 5000 infantry, with 14 pieces of cannon. The engagement lasted six hours, when the enemy had to retire with great loss. In August 1781, when the army under Sir Eyre Coote encamped at this place, great heaps of bones still remained. Col. Baillie had 300 native troops killed, his ammunition was almost exhausted, and on the morning of the 7th he wrote a note to Munro, stating that he had but the shirt on his back, that on review he found a like deficiency in ammunition and provision, in short, he added—"I must plainly tell you, Sir, that you must come to me for I see it impossible for my party to get to Conjeveram." Munro received this letter and instantly despatched Colonel Fletcher to Baillie's assistance, but it was at the time strongly felt that Munro did not act with sufficient promptness afterwards. Lord Macleod left India and resigned command of the 73d, it is said, "from having differed with Munro on the subject of his movements, particularly those preceding Colonel Baillie's disaster."

We now proceed to quote from a faded MS. which is entitled—"An account of the overthrow of Lieut.-Colonel Baillie's detachment by Hyder Ali's army on the 10th Sept. 1780. N.B.—The account was taken on the field of battle on the 28th August 1781, from black officers and several others who were in the action, and the correctness of it was afterwards confirmed in conversations on the subject by several of the surviving officers on their releasement from captivity." It is in the hand-writing, to the best of our belief, of General Macleod of the respected family of Geanies in Ross :—

"On the evening of the 7th September, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher with the Grenadiers of the army, was detached to join Lieut.-Colonel Baillie, with some ammunition for his field-pieces, in doolies and on camels. As it was probable that this party should be obliged to take

a round-about way to avoid the enemy, and meet with obstacles that would make it impossible for it to join Baillie before the night of the 8th Sept., the General concerted that Baillie was not to move, at any rate, before the night of the 9th, when he himself with the army was to march towards him from Conjeveram; upon which account, the General had likewise fixed upon the route by which Baillie was to move, as well as his own army; so that, in case of any attempt by the enemy, the army, and Baillie's detachment, should act to the same point. Fletcher had the good fortune of joining Baillie on the morning of the 8th without meeting with any obstruction. Colonel Baillie's force now consisted of the following troops, viz. :—

The Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the 73d	125
Two Companies of the Company's Grenadiers	160
Two Battalions collected from the northward	80
Artillery	85
Europeans—rank and file	450
Twelve Companies of Grenadier Sepoys	800
The Company of Marksmen	75
1st Battalion	500
Grant's Foot	325
Good Sepoys	1700

"A great many of the two Circar battalions deserted during the march from the northward; the battalion (Capt. Powel's) behaved remarkably ill in the action of the 6th. On the night between the 9th and 10th Sept., many of the Sepoys threw away their arms and clothing, and crept off. It may be concluded that not above 500 of the two battalions marched in the line on the morning of the 10th.

"It is well known that Colonel Fletcher and the greater number of his party were men of such mettle, as to imagine that they themselves could cut their way through Hyder's army. Nor was Fletcher's bravery and ambition tempered by much experience, or any reverse of fortune. Baillie was not less brave, or ambitious of military glory, but he had much more experience, and he knew the strength and weakness of the enemy's troops, as well as his own, thoroughly; he saw into the grand game that was begun on the theatre of the Carnatic; he was well acquainted with the character of the bold invader, and he had a just sense of the extraordinary turn our politics and manners had taken of late.

"In the present case the whole charge rested upon him. He was sensible of its weight, and how necessary it was for him to be extremely considerate and circumspect. The warm Fletcher rather exulted over this anxiety and seeming diffidence, and his grenadier officers readily gave into his way of thinking. By many reports Fletcher often repeated his wish of meeting with Hyder's whole force in broad day, and he looked on marching under the cover of night as a measure rather disgraceful."*

* The following memorandum is folded up within the manuscript:—"Lieut.-Col. Baillie ranked in the army next above Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, both men esteemed as officers of the first merit, none could exceed either in ambition for military fame; their minds—though they were always upon a footing of intimate friendship—were evidently tinged with no small degree of jealousy of each other. The patronage of the Commander-in-chief was particularly engaged to Baillie, who, as soon as the war appeared inevitable, requested to have the command of the Grenadiers of the army, as he had at the

"The detachment marched from Perampaukin at seven at night on the 9th Sept., Fletcher's party in front, followed by Capt. Grant's companies, Powel's battalion, the two European battalion companies, Nixon's battalion, and Lucas' battalion in the rear. The whole marched by sub divisions. The doolies and baggage guarded by two companies from each battalion marched on the left flank.

"The detachment had not proceeded above two miles, when the enemy began to annoy it with rockets and musketry. A mile further the enemy were discovered in force in the rear, and opened some guns there, which raked our line. Upon this Colonel Baillie made some change in his disposition, and discovering the situation of the enemy in the rear, fired a few rounds among them from two field-pieces, which dispersing them, he resumed his march. Soon after they again opened their guns upon his left at no great distance, and he ordered a corps of Grenadier Sepoys to move out to take them. But they were interrupted by a deep watercourse. Their guns were, however, soon silenced by the fire of ours. At the same time the fire of small arms and rockets on all sides was incessant, and the baggage people and followers became very troublesome, many of them being wounded. Some of the Sepoy corps became uneasy, many deserted, and it was found difficult to maintain strict order and regularity on the march. 'Tis said that Colonel Fletcher and some of his gentlemen now again spoke to Baillie to halt until daylight, to which he agreed. It was about eleven at night when he halted at a top about 4½ miles from Perampaukin, and 3 from Polelore.

"There are causes to believe that Baillie here, and General Munro at Conjeveram, were both deceived and betrayed, much about the same time by their hircarrahs. A Sepoy of the guides and a Brahmin hircarrah, that were with Colonel Baillie upon this occasion, attended me on the 28th August 1781 over the melancholy field of slaughter, the Sepoy, giving an account of the fatal affair, told me, that immediately as the detachment halted, Colonel Baillie despatched his head hircarrah, with the strongest injunctions, and promises of great reward, for bringing certain intelligence to him, with all possible expedition, whether or not Hyder's army was near him, or moving towards him; and that the hircarrah returned betwen two and three in the morning, and most confidently assured the Colonel that Hyder with his army still lay near Conjeveram to oppose the General's army, that he had sent more horse to assist Tippoo Saib, but that no considerable force or artillery was arrived or expected. The Brahmin hircarrah checked the Sepoy while he was informing me of this circumstance, but the latter firmly insisted that it was true, adding, that

late siege of Pondicherry. The General assured him that he would have that command. Colonel Fletcher returned from Europe a short time before the army took the field, was extremely desirous to have the command of the Grenadiers; but as the General would on no account withdraw his promise to Baillie, Fletcher requested to command the Grenadiers until Baillie joined the army. This was granted, and his frank, popular, and convivial manners were particularly ingratiating with the corps. A just consideration of the above circumstances evinces the great imprudence of sending Fletcher with the Grenadiers to reinforce Baillie. This was the Commander-in-chief's (Munro) first error, which, like all his errors, arose from an indistinctness of judgment, and a facility to be misled by designing men. Of that mischievous class, too many edged themselves into his councils, and the rest of his advisers, weak men, were total novices in Indian intrigue and warfare."

if Colonel Baillie had not been betrayed by his hircarrah, he would have gone to the little fort of Tuckollim, then possessed by our people, and not above a mile from his right; and most evident it is, that Baillie would have done this in the night without any loss.

"Between four and five in the morning Colonel Baillie put the detachment again in motion. His order of march now was, Rumley's Sepoy Grenadiers, First Battalion, Powel's Battalion, all the Europeans, Nixon's Battalion, Grant's Foot, and Gowdie's Grenadier Sepoys,—the doolies and baggage covered by companies from the different corps marched upon his right flank.

"At daylight, being in the avenue running west on the great road to Arcot (Conjeveram being nearly south), the head of the detachment turned to the left into the plain between it and the small village of Polelore. This was the field on which the enemy had planned their inevitable destruction, and as soon as the front appeared turning out of the avenue, the enemy began to play most furiously upon it, from the tops on the left, and divers stations all along in front, from so many guns, that our people say, they could not guess at their number. Many fell before they had proceeded 300 yards over the plain. The ground was somewhat hollow here. Baillie halted and immediately sent out Captain Rumley with six companies of Sepoy Grenadiers to take five guns stationed behind a water-course. About 400 yards yards on the left of the detachment, he likewise sent the company of Marksmen as a reinforcement after the Grenadiers. Rumley took these guns, but by some fatality, they were neither used against the enemy nor spiked. The enemy immediately turned several pieces of cannon upon this party, and large bodies of horse advanced furiously. The Colonel made the First Battalion move out a little, but the Grenadiers flew back broken and confused. About the time that Baillie had arranged the Grenadiers, a cannon ball grazed one of his legs, and not long thereafter two of his tumbrels were blown up by the enemy's shot, the detachment, notwithstanding, maintained its steadiness, and repeatedly beat back the horse that attempted to cut in among them. The enemy's cannon were so heavy and numerous that even had we ammunition our small field-pieces could do very little against them. Some people think it unaccountable that the detachment stood the unremitting destruction by the enemy's artillery, for at least an hour and a-half, without making any attempt to extricate themselves. But what could be done? All ranks of the shattered party were now most sensible of their very critical situation. The commanding officer saw that the black troops particularly were quite disheartened. The enemy's guns were judiciously placed in divers stations behind trenches, and great bodies of their best horse drawn up on both flanks in readiness to charge. Hyder overlooked the whole scene; this was his first essay in the war. From what had already happened, as well as what finally, in a moment decided the affair, it is evident, that any movement they could possibly attempt, would but accelerate their ruin. In short, it appears plain that no measure could be devised or attempted to overcome such superior force. The least disorder when on the move, would probably determine the affair in a moment; besides, they were fixed by the assured arrival—by the certain assistance—of their

friends. Had not they every reason to hope that their General, with the army was by this time at hand, to relieve them? What would be said of Colonel Baillie had he, in a desperate attempt, lost his detachment at 7 or 8 o'clock,—in case General Munro with the army had arrived at Polelore at 10 o'clock. But to return to these brave men, Colonel Fletcher near the rear of the detachment, having something in view which is not, known, called aloud, 'Come this way, Grenadiers."*

"Instantly the Sepoys, and, in short, the whole detachment broke and flew back in the utmost disorder and confusion. The horse cut in among them as quick as thought, but Colonel Baillie rallied a body of the intrepid Europeans upon a small spot of ground that rose a little above the plain, at the distance of 300 yards from the ground on which they broke. This handful faced every way, and drove off the horse. Colonel Fletcher and many others were cut down upon this occasion, and but a few of even the European officers now appeared. There was not one black man to face the enemy. Such as fled beyond the spot on which the Europeans rallied were all put to the sword, as appeared by their bones, which covered the plain for about three-quarters of a mile, when we went over it in August last.

"All hopes of succour and relief being now exhausted, Colonel Baillie made a signal for surrendering, and a party of horse advanced, upon whom some of the Europeans fired, having no other idea than to sell their lives as dear as possible.

"As the men's ammunition was now mostly expended, the horse rushed frequently on their bayonets. In one of these attempts, two horsemen seized upon Colonel Baillie, but his life was saved by his Brigade-Major, Mr Fraser, declaring to them who he was, and beseeching them not to kill him. This was instantly reported to Hyder, and he immediately ordered the slaughter to cease.

"By all accounts, it was half-an-hour past 9 o'clock before this melancholy and most unfortunate affair was finally concluded, before the slaughter ceased and the few remaining brave men threw away their useless arms. Much about the same time the advanced guard of our army was within three miles of Polelore—that is, about four miles from their distressed friends; but alas! here they turned their backs upon this most hardy and resolute band, who, to the last moment, looked for their assistance.

"The ground on which the Europeans made the last desperate stand rises a little above the plain. Their bones remained upon it, with a great quantity of their braided hair; and all round and close by this spot, lay the bones of many horses, which they had killed."

(To be Continued.)

* The ground on which Colonel Baillie halted the detachment was somewhat a hollow, and he made the men to couch or sit down to avoid, as much as possible, the destruction by the enemy's heavy artillery. In this situation they were very much galled by musketry from the avenue—distant about 180 yards; and it is supposed that when Colonel Fletcher called out, "Grenadiers, come this way," his view was to drive the enemy's infantry from the avenue.

THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

—o—

The following poem attempts to reproduce facts heard, and impressions received, during the wanderings of several successive summers among the scenes which are here described. Whatever view political economists may take of these events, it can hardly be denied that the form of human society, and the phase of human suffering, here attempted to be described, deserve at least some record. If the lesser incidents of the poem are not all literally exact, of the main outlines and leading events of the simple story it may well be said, "It's an ower true tale." The story is supposed to be told by a grandson of the Ewan Cameron, and a nephew of the Angus Cameron of the poem—one who, as a boy, had seen and shared in the removal of the people from his native glen.

CANTO FIRST.

—o—

THE CHIEF RESTORED.

I.

Eighty years have come and gone
Since on the dark December night,
East and west Glen Dessaray shone
With fires illumining holm and height—
A sudden and a marvellous sight!
Never since dread Culloden days
The Bens had seen such beacons blaze;
But those were lurid, boding bale
And vengeance on the prostrate Gael,
These on the tranquil night benign,
As with a festal gladness, shine.
One from the knoll that shuts the glen
Flings down the loch a beard of fire;
Up on the braesides, homes of men
Answer each other, high and higher,
Across the valley with a voice
Of light that shouts, rejoice, rejoice.
Nor less within the red torch-pine
And peat-fires piled on hearth combine
To brighten rafters glossy-clear
With lustre strange for many a year.
And blithe sounds since the Forty-five
Unheard within these homes revive,
Now with the pibroch, now with song,
Driving the night in joy along.
What means it all? how can it be
Such sights and sounds of revelry

From a secluded silent race
Break on the solitary place?
That music sounds, these beacons burn
In honour of the Chief's return.

II.

Long had our people sat in gloom
Within their own Glen Dessaray,
O'er-shadowed by the cloud of doom
That gathered on that doleful day,
When ruin from Culloden moor
The hills of Albyn darkened o'er,
From east to west, from shore to shore.
No loyal home in glen or strath
But felt the red-coats' vengeful wrath;
Yet most on these our glens it fell,
They that had loved the Prince so well;
To Moidart when he friendless came,
Had hailed him first with welcome brave,
When bloodhound bayed, and beacon flame
For him was blazing, shelter gave.

III.

No home in all this glen but mourned
Some loved one laid in battle low;
Who from the headlong rout returned
Were kept for heavier woe.
From their own hills with helpless gaze
To watch their flocks by spoilers driven,
Their roofs with ruthless fires ablaze,
Reddening the dark night heaven.
Some on the mountains hunted down
With their blood stained the heather brown,
And many more were driven forth
Lorn exiles from their native earth;
While he, the gentle and the brave,
Lochiel, who led them, doomed to bide
A life-long exile, found a grave
Far from his own Loch Arkaig side.
And when at last war guns were hushed,
And back to wasted farms they fared,
With bitter memories, spirits crushed,
The remnant, sword and famine spared,
Saw the old order banished, saw
The old clan-ties asunder torn,
For their chief's care a factor's scorn,
And iron rule of Saxon law,
One rent to him, constrained to bring
'The German lairdie,' called a king;

They o'er the sea in secret sent
To their own Chief another rent
In his far place of banishment.

IV.

When forty years had come and gone,
At length on lone Glen Dessary shone
A day like sudden spring new-born
From the womb of winter dark and lorn,
The day for which all hearts had yearned,
With tidings of their Chief returned.
Yea, spring-like on that wintry time,
The tidings came from southron clime,
That he their leal long-exiled lord
Ere long would meet their hearts' desires,
Their chieftain to his own restored
Another home would re-instate
Beside the place long desolate—
The ruined home where dwelt his sires:
Not he who led the fatal war,
No! nor his son—they sleep afar,
But sprung from the old heroic tree
An offshoot in the third degree.

V.

It wakened mountain, loch, and glen,
That cry—'Lochiel comes back again;'
Loch Leven and Loch Linnhe's shore
Shout to the head of Nevis Ben,
The crags and corries of Màmore
Rang to that word, "He comes again."
High up along Lochaber Braes
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped,
The Great Glen heard with glad amaze
And rolled it on to Loch Askaig-head.
From loch to hill the tidings spread,
It smote with joy each dwelling place
Of Camerons—clachan, farm, and shiel,
And the long glens that interlace
The mountains piled benorth Lochiel.
Glen Malie, Glen Camagorie,
Resounded to the joyful cry,
Westward with the sunset fleeing,
It roused the homes of green Glen Pean;
Glen Kinzie tossed it on—unburn'd
It swept o'er rugged Màm-Clach-Ard,
Start at these sounds the rugged bounds
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart,
Down to the ocean's misty bourn
By dark Loch Nevish and Lochourn,

VI.

Many a heart that news made glad,
Hearts that for years scant gladness had,
But him it gladdened more than all,
The Patriarch of Glen Dessaray,
Dwelling where sunny Sheneval
From the green braeside fronts noon-day,
My grandsire, Ewan Cameron, then
Numbering three score years and ten.
Of all our clansmen still alive,
None in the gallant Forty-five
Had borne a larger, nobler part,
Had seen or suffered more;
Thenceforward on no living heart
Was graven richer store
Of mournful memories and sublime
Gleaned from that wild adventurous time.

VII.

For when the Prince's summons called,
Answered to that brave appeal
No nobler heart than Archibald,
Brother worthy of Lochiel.
Him following fain, my grandsire flew
To the gathering by Loch Shiel,
Thence a foster-brother true
Followed him through woe and weal.
Nothing could these two divide,
Marching forward side by side,
Two friends, each of the other sure,—
Through Prestonpans and Falkirk Muir.
But when on dark Culloden day
A wounded man Gillespie lay,
My grandsire bore him to the shore
And helped him over seas away.
Seven years went by; less fiercely burned
The conqueror's vengeance 'gainst the Gael—
Gillespie Cameron fain returned
To see his native vale.
Waylaid and captured on his road
By the basest souls alive,
His blood upon the scaffold flowed,
Last victim of the Forty-five.
Thenceforth wrapt in speechless gloom
Ewan mourned that lovely head;
His heart become a living tomb
Haunted by memory of the dead.
Never more from his lips fell
Name of him he loved so well,

But the less he spake, the more his heart
'Mid these sad memories dwelt apart.

VIII.

But when on lone Glen Dessaray broke
The first flash of that joyous cry,
From his long dream old Ewan woke—
I wot his heart leapt high.
No news like that had fallen on him,
Within his cabin smoky dim
For forty summers long and more.
Straightway beyond his cottage door
He sprang and gazed, the white hair o'er
His shoulders streaming, and the last
Wild sunset gleam on his worn cheek cast :
He looked and saw his Marion turn
Home from the well beside the burn,
And cried, 'Good tidings! Thou and I
Will see our Chief before we die.'
That night they talked, how many a year
Had gone, since the last Lochiel was here,
How gentle hearts and brave had been
The old Lochiels their youth had seen ;
And aye as they spake, more hotly burned
The fire within them—back returned
Old days seemed ready to revive
That perished in the Forty-five.
That night ere Ewan laid his head
On pillow, to his wife he said :
"Yule-time is near, for many a year
Mirth-making through the glens hath ceased,
But the clan once more, as in days of yore,
This Yule shall hold with game and feast."

IX.

Next morning, long ere screech o' day,
Old Ewan roused hath ta'en the brae
With gun on shoulder, and the boy,
Companion of his toils and joy,
The dark-haired Angus by his side—
O'er the black braes o' Glen Kinzie, on
Among the mists with slinging stride
They fare, nor stayed till they had won
Corrie-na-Gaul, the cauldron deep
Which the Lochiels were used to keep
A sanctuary where the deer might hide,
And undisturbed all year abide.
Not a cranny, rock, or stone
In that corrie but was known

To my grandsire's weird grey eye;
All the lairs where large stags lie
Well he knew, but passed them by,
For stags were lean ere yule-time grown.
Crawling on, he saw appear
O'er withered fern one twinkling ear—
His gun is up—the crags resound—
Startled, a hundred antlers bound
Up the passes fast away;
Lifeless stretched along the ground,
Large and sleek, one old hind lay.
Straight they laid her on their backs,
And o'er the hills between them bore,
Up and down by rugged tracks,
Sore-wearied, ere beside their door
They laid her down—'A bonny beast
To crown our coming yule-time feast'—
As night came down on scour and glen,
From rough Scour-hoshi-brachealen.

X.

That night they slept the slumber sound
That waits on labour long and sore;
Next day he sent the message round
The glen from door to door,
On to the neighbouring glens—Glen Pean
The summons hears, and all that be in
Glen Kinzie's bounds—Loch Arkaig, stirred
From shore to shore the call has heard;
To Clunes it passed, from toun to toun,
That all the people make them boun
Against the coming New-Year's-Day,
To gather for a shinty fray
Within the long Glen Dessaray,
And meet at night round Ewan's board,
In honour of Lochiel restored.

XI.

Blue, frosty, bright, the morning rose
That New Year's day above the snows,
Veiling the range of Scour and Ben,
That either side wall in the glen.
But down on the Strath the night frost keen
Had only crisped the long grass green,
When the men of Loch Arkaig, boat and oar
At Kinloch leaving, sprang to shore.
Crisp was the sward beneath their tread
As they westward marched, and at their head

The Piper of Achnacarry blew
The thrilling pibroch of Donald Dhu.
That challenge the Piper of the Glen
As proudly sounded back again
From his biggest pipe, till far off rang
The tingling crags to the wild war-clang
Of the pibroch that loud to battle blown
The Cameron clan had for ages known.
To-day, as other, yet the same,
It summons to the peaceful game,
From the braeside homes down trooping come
The champions of Glen Dessaray, some
In tartan philabegs arrayed—
The garb which tyrant laws forbade,
But still they clung to, unafraid;
Some in home-woven tartan trews,
Rough spun, and dyed with various hues,
By mother's hands or maiden's wrought,
In hues by native fancy taught;
But all with hazel camags* slung
Their shoulders o'er, men old and young,
With mountaineer's long slinging pace,
Move cheerily down to the trysting-place.

XII.

It was a level space of ground—
Two miles and more from west to east,
Where from rough Màm-Clach-Ard released
In loop† on loop the river wound,
Through many a slow and lazy round,
Ere plunging downward to the lake.
On that long flat of green they take
Their stations; on the west the men
Of Dessaray, Kinzie, Pean Glen,
Ranged 'gainst the stalwart lads who bide
Down long Loch Arkaig, either side.
The ground was tae'n, and the clock struck ten,
As Ewan, patriarch of the glen,
Struck off, and sent the foremost ball
Down the Strath flying, with a cry:
'Fye, lads, set on,' and one and all
To work they fell right heartily.

XIII.

Now fast and furious on they drive,—
Here youngsters scud with feet of wind,

* The Gaelic for a club.

† The English word "loop" is used as, perhaps, the best to represent the far more expressive Gaelic word *luib*, which is applied to windings or bends of rivers.

There in a melee dunch and strive ;
The veterans outlook keep behind.
Now up, now down, the ball they toss ;
Now this, now that side of the Strath ;
And many a leaper, brave to cross
The river, finds a chilling bath ;
And many a fearless driver bold,
To win renown, was sudden rolled
Headlong in hid quagmire ;
And many a stroke of stinging pain
In the close press was given and ta'en
Without or guile or ire.
So all the day the clansmen played,
And to and fro their tulzie swayed,
Untired, along the hollow vale,
And neither side could win the hail ;
But high the clamour, upward flung,
Along the precipices rung,
And smote the snowy peaks, and went
Far up the azure firmament.
All day, too, watching from the knowes,
Stood maidens fair, with snooded brows,
And bonny blithe wee bairns ;
Those watching whom I need na' say,
These eyeing now their daddies play,
Now jinking round the cairns.

XIV.

The loud game fell with sunset still,
And echo died on strath and hill,
As gloamin' deepened, each side the glen,
High above the homes of men,
Blinks of kindling fires were seen,
Such as shine out upon Hallowe'en ;
Single fires on rocky shelf,
Each several farm-house for itself
Has lighted—there in wavering line
Either side the vale they shine
From dusk to dawn, to blaze and burn
In welcome of their Chief's return.
But broader, brighter than the rest,
Down beside Loch-Arkaig-head,
From a knoll's commanding crest
One great beacon flaring red,
As with a wedge of splendour clove
The blackness of the vault above.
And far down the quivering waters flung
Forward its steady pillar of light,
To tell, more clear than trumpet tongue,
Glen Dessaray hails her Chief to-night.

XV.

The while the bonfires blazed without,
With logs and peats by keen hands fed—
Children and men—a merry rout;
In every home the board was spread.
On ev'ry hearth the fires burned clear,
And round and round abundant cheer
Passed freely for the men who came
From distant glens to join the game.
Freely that feast flowed—most of all
In the old home at Sheneval;
There Ewan Cameron, seated high,
Welcomed a various company.
Flower of the glens—old men, his peers,
White with the snows of seventy years;
And clansmen, strong in middle age,
And sprightly youths in life's first stage—
Down to his own bright dark-haired boy,
Who, seated in a chimney nook,
To his inmost bosom took
The impress of that night of joy.

XVI.

He feasted them with the venison fine
Himself had brought from Corri-na-Gaul,
And sent around the ruddy wine,
High spiced, in antique bowl—
Rare wine, which to the Western Isles
Ships of France in secret bore,
Thence through Skye and o'er the Kyles,
Brought to the mainland shore.
Far back that night their converse ran
To the old glories of the clan;
The battles, where in mortal feud
Clan Cameron 'gainst Clan Chattan stood;
And great Sir Ewan, huge of frame,
'Mid loyal hearts the foremost name,
How, yet a boy, he gave his heart
To the King's cause and great Montrose;
How hand to hand, in tangled den
He closed with Cromwell's staunchest men,
And conqueror from the death-grips rose:
How the war-summons of Dundee
In hoary age he sprang to meet—
Dashed with his clan in headlong charge
Down Killiecrankie's cloven gorge
To victory deadlier than defeat.
At these old histories inly burned
The heart of Ewan—back returned

The vigour of long-vanished years,
A youth he stood 'mid hoary peers.
Even as in autumn you have seen
Some ancient pine alone look green
'Mid all the wasted wood's decay;
Some pine, that having summer long
Repaired its verdure, fresh and strong
Waits the bleak winter day.

XVII.

As Ewan's spirit caught the glow
Cast from the heights of long ago,
His own old memories became
Within his heart a living flame;
And, bursting the reserve that long
Had kept them down, broke forth in song:

1.

"What an August morn that was!
Think na' ye our hearts were fain,
Branking down the Cuernan Pass,
As we eyed the trysting-plain;

2.

"Where Glenfinnan opens, where
Spread the blue waves of Loch Shiel—
Lealest hearts alone were there,
Keppoch, Moidart, brave Lochiel;

3.

"There was young Clanranald true—
Crowding all round Scotland's Heir—
Him, the Lad with bonnet blue
Over his long yellow hair.

4.

"Kingly look that morn he wore
In our Highland garb arrayed,
By his side the broad claymore,
O'er his brow the white cockade,

5.

"Well I ween, he looked with pride
On that gathering by Loch Shiel,
As the veteran, old and tried,
Tullibardine, true as steel.

6.

"On the winds with dauntless hand
Broad the crimson flag unfurled,
Pledge that we to death would stand
For the Stuarts 'gainst the world.

7.

"Jeanie Cameron there apart,
Where our people crowned the brae,
Gazed with proud exulting heart
On the sight of that brave day.

8.

"Loud the shouting shakes the earth,
Far away the mountains boom,
As the Chiefs and Clansmen forth
March to victory and to doom."

The while he sang, in fervent dream
The old man's eye beheld the gleam
Of yet another Forty-five
Along those western shores revive,
And Moidart mountains re-illume
The glory, but no more the gloom.

(To be Continued.)

THE CLAN ROTHAICH, OR MUNROS.—We are glad to notice various indications that Inverness is progressing in the direction of taking its proper place in the publishing world. Mr Mackenzie has issued some valuable works within the last few years, and we are glad now to find that Mr John Noble has in the press the History of the Munros, and ancient family of Foulis, from 1031 to the present time, with notices of the junior branches of the Clan. The author of this work is Major-General Stewart-Allan, F.S.A., Scot., who wrote the New Statistical Account of the Parishes of Edderton and Kincardine, in Ross-shire. He is a grandson of the well-known author of the Gaelic Grammar, recently re-published by Maclachlan & Stewart, and nephew of the late Mr Stewart of Cromarty, Hugh Miller's intimate and valued friend. The Munros are a very ancient family. We have several accounts of their origin, but it has been maintained that they came originally from Ireland, in accordance with the foolish and unpatriotic craze of almost all our Highland families for claiming a foreign origin. We prefer the account which traces them from the Siol O'Cain, and which Skene says has been converted into O'Cathan, thus forming Clan Chattan. Sir George Mackenzie says the name of the Clan was originally Bunroe. The eighth baron married a grand-niece of King Robert II. of Scotland. In the charters by which the Munros hold their lands, they are declared to hold them by the peculiar tenure of furnishing the King with a ball of snow off Ben Wyvis in mid-summer, if called upon to do so; and when the Duke of Cumberland was in the North in 1746, the Munros actually supplied him with snow to cool his wines. The Clan produced some very distinguished military officers, especially the "Black Baron," who so distinguished himself in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. In this service there were at one time not less than three Generals, eight Colonels, five Lieutenant-Colonels, eleven Majors, and about thirty Captains, all of the name of Munro, besides a great number of Subalterns. These officers, in addition to the use of rich buttons, were allowed by Adolphus the peculiar and distinguished privilege of wearing a gold chain round their necks, to secure the wearer, in case of being wounded or taken prisoner, good treatment, or payment of future ransom. Indeed the history of the Munros is of such a nature that not only will it prove interesting to members of the Clan, but to the general reader who takes any interest in questions of family history connected with the Highlands.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

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The gift of prophecy, second-sight, or *Taibhsearachd*, claimed for and believed by many to have been possessed, in an eminent degree, by *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer, is one, the belief in which scientific men and others of the present day accept as unmistakable signs of looming, if not of actual, insanity. We are all, or would be considered, scientific in these days, and, therefore, it will scarcely appear prudent for any one who would wish to lay claim to the slightest modicum of common sense, to say nothing of an acquaintance with the elementary principles of science, to commit to paper his ideas on the subject, unless he is prepared, in doing so, to follow the common horde in their all but universal scepticism.

Without committing ourselves to any specific faith on the subject, however difficult it may be to explain away what follows on strictly scientific grounds, we shall place before the reader the extraordinary predictions of the Brahan Seer. We have had slight experiences of our own, which we would hesitate to dignify by the name of second-sight, but would rather leave the reader to explain them away, and to designate them by whatever name he pleases, after he has carefully examined and considered them. It is not, however, with our own experiences that we have at present to do, but with the "Prophecies" of *Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche*. He is beyond comparison the most distinguished of all our Highland Seers, and his prophecies have been known throughout the whole country for more than two centuries. The popular faith in them has been, and still continues to be, strong and wide-spread. Even Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr Morrit, Lockhart, and many other eminent contemporaries of the "Last of the Seaforths" firmly believed in the predictions. Many of them were known, and were recited from one generation to another, centuries before they were fulfilled. Some of them have been fulfilled in our own day, and many are still unfulfilled.

Not so much with the view of protecting ourselves from the charge of a belief in such superstitious folly (for we would hesitate to acknowledge any such belief), but as a kind of slight palliation for obtruding such nonsense on the public, we might point out, by the way, that the sacred writers, who are now considered by many of the would-be considered wise to have been behind the age, and not near so wise and far-seeing as we are, believed in second-sight, witchcraft, and other visions of a supernatural kind. But then we shall be told by our scientific friends that the Bible itself is becoming obsolete, and that it has already served its turn; being only suited for an unenlightened age in which such men as Shakspere, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and such unscien-

tific men could be considered distinguished. The truth is that on more important topics than the one we are now considering, the Bible is laid aside by many of our would-be-scientific lights, whenever it treats of anything beyond the puny comprehension of the minds and intellectual vision of these *enquirers after truth*. We have all grown so scientific that the mere idea of supposing anything possible, which is beyond the intellectual grasp of the scientific enquirer, cannot be entertained, although even he must admit, that in many cases, the greatest men in science, and the mightiest intellects, find it impossible to understand or explain away many things as to the existence of which they can have no possible doubt. We even find the clergy slightly inconsistent in questions of this kind. They solemnly desire to impress us with the fact that ministering spirits hover about the couches and the apartments in which the dying Christian is drawing near the close of his existence, and preparing to throw off his mortal coil; but were we to suggest the possibility of any human being, in any way, feeling the presence of these ghostly visitors, or discovering any signs, or indications, of the early departure of a relative or of an intimate friend, our heathen ideas and devious wanderings, from the safe channel of clerical orthodoxy and consistent inconsistency, would be howled against, and paraded before the faithful as the grossest superstition, with an enthusiasm and relish possible only in a strait-laced ecclesiastic.

Many able men have written on the second-sight, and to some of them we shall probably refer as we proceed, but meanwhile our purpose is to place before the reader the Prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* as far as we have been able to procure them, with the aid of those who have so kindly assisted us in their collection. Among others, we are specially indebted to Mr Donald Macintyre, teacher, Arpafeelie, and Mr A. B. Maclennan, police constable, Croy. We understand that a considerable collection of the Seer's predictions has been made by the late Alexander Cameron of Lochmaddy, author of the "History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye," but we were unable to discover into whose possession the manuscript found its way; we hope, however, that this reference may bring it to light, and that the possessor will favour us with its perusal, that we may give as good an account of the Ross-shire Prophet as it is possible to give at this time of day.

The Seer was a dependant of the great Seaforths, and lived on the Brahan estate, in the neighbourhood of Loch Ussie. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, a few years before the Commonwealth. He was distinguished far and wide for his prophetic powers, and was also very shrewd and clear-headed, considering his menial position. Kenneth was always ready with a smart answer, and if any attempted to raise the laugh at his expense, seldom or ever did he fail to turn it against his tormentors. His position in society was only that of a common farm servant. His mistress, the farmer's wife, was unusually exacting with him, and he, in return, continually teased and expended, on many occasions, much of his natural wit upon her, much to her annoyance and chagrin. Latterly his conduct became so unbearable that she decided upon getting him disposed of in a manner which would save

her any future annoyance. On one occasion, his master having sent him away to cut peats, which in those days was, as it is now in more remote districts, the common article of fuel, even in such comparatively civilised regions, it was necessary to send him his dinner, he being too far from the house to come home to his meals, and the farmer's wife so far carried out her intention of destroying Kenneth, by putting poison in his dinner. It was somewhat late in arriving, and the future prophet feeling exhausted from his honest exertions in his master's interest and want of food, laid himself down on the heath and fell into a heavy slumber. In this position he was suddenly awakened by feeling something very cold in his breast, which on examination he found to be a small white stone, with a hole through the centre. He looked through, when a vision appeared to him which disclosed the treachery and diabolical intention of his mistress. To test the truth of this vision, he gave the dinner intended for himself to his faithful collie; the poor brute writhed, and soon after died in the greatest agony.

We have received the following version from Mr Macintyre:—Although the various accounts as to the manner in which *Coinneach Odhar* became gifted with second-sight differ in some respects, yet they all agree in this, that it was acquired while he was engaged in the humble occupation of cutting peats or divots, which were in his day generally, and still are in many places, used as fuel throughout the Highlands of Scotland. On the occasion referred to, being somewhat tired, he laid himself down, resting his head upon a little knoll, and waited the arrival of his wife with his dinner, whereupon he fell fast asleep. On awakening, he felt something hard under his head, and, on examining the cause of the uneasiness, discovered a small round stone with a hole through the middle of it. He picked it up, and looking through it, saw by the aid of this prophetic stone that his wife was coming to him with a dinner consisting of sowans and milk, polluted, though unknown to her, in a manner which, as well as several other particulars connected with it, we forbear to mention. But *Coinneach* found that though this stone was the means by which a supernatural power had been conferred upon him, it had, on its very first application, deprived him of the sight of that eye with which he looked through it, and he continued ever afterwards *cam*, or blind of an eye. It would appear from this account that the intended murderer made use of the Seer's own wife to convey the poison to her own husband, thus adding to her diabolical and murderous intention by making her who would feel the loss the keenest, the means by which her husband was to lose his life.

We quote the following from Hugh Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland":—When serving as a field labourer with a wealthy clansman who resided somewhere near Brahan Castle, he made himself so formidable to the clansman's wife by his shrewd, sarcastic humour, that she resolved on destroying him by poison. With this design, she mixed a preparation of noxious herbs with his food, when he was one day employed in digging turf in a solitary morass, and brought it to him in a pitcher. She found him lying asleep on one of those conical fairy hillocks which abound in some parts of the Highlands, and her

courage failing her, instead of awakening him, she set down the pitcher by his side and returned home. He woke shortly after, and, seeing the food, would have begun his repast, but feeling something press heavily against his heart, he opened his waistcoat and found a beautiful smooth stone, resembling a pearl, but much larger, which had apparently been dropped into his breast while he slept. He gazed at it in admiration, and became conscious as he gazed that a strange faculty of seeing the future as distinctly as the present, and men's real designs and motives as clearly as their actions, was miraculously imparted to him; and it is well for him that he should become so knowing at such a crisis, for the first secret he became acquainted with was that of the treachery practised against him by his mistress.

We have already indicated that many of the prophecies are still unfulfilled, and it may be well to place some of them on record, and so give an opportunity to those who come after us, which they would not otherwise have, to test their belief, or scepticism, in Kenneth's supernatural powers, by comparing what may come to pass in their day with the unfulfilled predictions to be here recorded. He no doubt predicted many things which the unbeliever in his prophetic gifts may ascribe to great natural shrewdness. Among these may be placed his prophecy, 150 years before the Caledonian Canal was built, that ships would some day sail round the back of Tomnahurich Hill. Mr Maclennan gives the following translation of this prediction:—"Strange as it may seem to you this day, the time will come, and it is not far off, when full-rigged ships will be seen sailing eastward and westward by Muirtown and Tomnahiurich, near Inverness." Mr Macintyre supplies us with a version in the Seer's vernacular Gaelic:—"*Thig an latha 's am faicear laraichean Sasunnach air an tarruing le srianan corcaich seachad air cul Tom-na-hiuraich.*" (The day will come when English mares, with hempen bridles, shall be led round the back of Tomnahurich.) It is quite possible that a man of penetration and great natural shrewdness might, from the appearance of the country, with its chain of great inland lakes, foresee the future Caledonian Canal. Another, which might safely be predicted without the aid of any supernatural gifts, is, "that the day would come when there would be a road through the hills of Ross-shire from sea to sea, and a bridge upon every stream." "That the people would degenerate as their country improved." "That the clans would become so effeminate as to flee from their native country before an army of sheep." Mr Macintyre supplies the following version of the latter:—Alluding possibly to the depopulation of the Highlands, *Coinneach* said "that the day will come when the Big Sheep will overrun the country until they strike (meet) the northern sea." Big sheep is commonly understood to mean deer, but whether the words signify sheep or deer, the prophecy has been very strikingly fulfilled. The other two have been only too literally fulfilled.

Mr Macintyre gives another version of them, as follows:—He predicted "that the day would come when the hills of Ross would be strewed with ribbons." It is generally accepted that this finds its fulfilment in the many good roads that now intersect the various districts of the country. Other versions are given, such as 'a ribbon on every hill, and a bridge on

every stream' (*'Raoban air gach cnoc agus drochaid air gach alltan'*); 'a mill on every river and a white house on every hillock' (*'Muillinn air gach abhainn agus tigh geal air gach cnocan'*); and 'that the hills of the country would be crossed with shoulder-halts' (*criosan guaille*). It is well known that mills were formerly very common, and among the most useful industrial institutions of the country, as may be evidenced by the fact that, even to this day, the proprietors of lands, where such establishments were once located, pay Crown and Bishop's rents for them. And may we not discover the fulfilment of "a white house on every hillock" in the many elegant shooting lodges, hotels, and school-houses found in every corner of the Highlands.

Other predictions of this class will no doubt occur as we proceed, but we have no hesitation in saying that, however much natural penetration and shrewdness might aid Kenneth in predicting such as the above, it would assist him little in prophecying "that the day would come when Tomnahiurich." or, as he called it, *Tom-na-Sithichean*, or the Fairy Hill, "would be under lock and key, and the Fairies secured within." It would hardly assist him in foreseeing the beautiful and unique cemetery on the top of the hill, and the spirits (of the dead) chained within, as we now see it.

Regarding the evictions which would take place in the Parish of Petty, he said, "The day will come, and it is not far off, when farm-steadings will be so few and far between, that the crow of a cock will not be heard from the one steading to the other." This prediction has certainly been fulfilled, for, in the days of the Seer there were no fewer than sixteen tenants on the farm of Morayston alone.

On the south of the bay, at Petty, is an immense stone of at least eight tons weight, which formerly marked the boundary between the estates of Culloden and Moray. On the 20th of February 1799, it was mysteriously removed from its former position and carried about 260 yards into the sea. It is supposed by some that this was brought about by an earthquake; others think that the stone was carried off by the action of ice, combined with the influence of a tremendous hurricane, which blew from the land, during that fearful and stormy night. It happened the same night on which the frightful catastrophe occurred in the Forest of Gaick, when the "Black Captain" and his four attendants were overwhelmed and suffocated by the storm. It was currently reported, and pretty generally believed at the time, that his Satanic Majesty had a finger in this tragic work. Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that the Brahan Seer predicted "that the day will come when the Stone of Petty, large though it is, and high and dry upon the land as it appears to people this day, will be suddenly found as far advanced into the sea as it now lies away from it inland, and no one will see it removed, or be able to account for its sudden and marvellous transportation."

He was at one time in the Culloden district on some important business. While passing over what is now so well known as the Battle-field of Culloden, the Seer exclaimed, "Oh! Drummossie, thy bleak moor will, ere many generations pass away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see that day, for it will be a fearful period; heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy will

be shown or quarter given on either side." It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how literally this prophecy has been fulfilled on the occasion of the last battle fought on British soil. We have received several other versions of this one from different parts of the country, almost all in identical terms.

"The time will come when whisky or dram shops will be so plentiful that one may be met with at the head of almost every plough furrow."—"*Thig an latha 's am bi tighean-oil cho lionmhor 's nach mor nach fhaicear tigh-osda aig ceann gach claise.*" "Policemen will become so numerous in every town that they may be met with at the corner of every street." "Travelling merchants" [pedlars and hawkers we presume] "will be so plentiful that a person can scarcely walk a mile on the public high-way without meeting one of them."

We take the following from "A Summer in Skye," by the late Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama." Describing Dunvegan Castle and its surroundings, he says:—"Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass—'In the days of Norman, son of the third Norman, there will be a noise in the doors of the people, and wailing in the house of the widow; and Macleod will not have so many gentlemen of his name as will row a five-oared boat round the Maidens.' If the last trumpet had been sounded at the end of the French war, no one but a Macleod would have risen out of the church-yard of Dunvegan. If you want to see a chief (of the Macleods) now-a-days you must go to London for him." There can be no question as to these having been fulfilled to the letter.

Mr Maclennan supplies us with the following:—There is opposite the shore at Findon, Ferrintosh, two sand banks, which were in the time of the Seer entirely covered over with the sea, even at the very lowest spring ebbs. Regarding these, *Coinneach* said, "that the day will come, however distant, when these banks will form the coast line; and when that happens, know for a certainty that troublesome times are at hand." "These banks," our correspondent continues, "have been visibly approaching for many years back, nearer and nearer to the shore." This is another of the class of predictions which might be attributed to natural shrewdness. It is being gradually fulfilled, and it may be well to watch for the "troublesome times," to test the powers of the Seer. He foretold, "that, however distant it may now appear, the Island of Lews will be laid waste by a destructive war, which will continue till the contending armies, slaughtering each other as they proceed, reach Tarbart in Harris. In the Caws of Tarbert, the retreating host will suddenly halt; an onslaught, led by a left-handed Macleod, called Donald, son of Donald, son of Donald, will then be made upon the pursuers. The only weapon in this champion's hands will be a black sooty *cabar*, taken off a neighbouring hut; but his intrepidity and courage will so inspirit the fugitives that they will fight like mighty men and overpower their pursuers. The Lews will then enjoy a long period of repose." It has not hitherto been even suggested that this prophecy has been fulfilled, and we here stake the reputation of our prophet upon the fulfilment of this, and the following unfulfilled predictions, which are still current throughout the Northern Counties of Scotland.

Another, by which the faith of future generations may be tested,

is the one in which he predicted "that a Loch above Beauly will burst through its banks and destroy in its rush a village in its vicinity." We are not aware that such a calamity as is here foretold has yet occurred, nor are we aware of the locality of the loch or of the village.

We have received various versions of the, as yet, unfulfilled prediction regarding *Clach an t-Seasaidh*, near the Muir of Ord. This is an angular stone, sharp at the top, which at one time stood upright, and was of considerable height. It is now partly broken and lying on the ground. "The day will come when the ravens will, from the top of it, drink their three fulls, for three successive days, of the blood of the Mackenzies."

Mr Maclennan's version is:—"The day will come when the ravens will drink their full of the Mackenzies' blood three times off the top of the *Clach Mhor*, and glad am I (continues the Seer) that I will not live to see that day, for a bloody and destructive battle will be fought on the Muir of Ord. A squint-eyed *(cam)*, pox-pitted tailor will originate the battle; for men will become so scarce in those days that each of seven women will strive hard for the squint-eyed tailor's heart and hand, and out of this strife the conflict will originate."

Mr Macintyre writes regarding these:—"The prophecies that 'the raven would drink from the top of *Clach-an-t'-seasaidh*, its full of the blood of the Mackenzies for three successive days,' and 'that the Mackenzies would be so reduced in numbers, that they would be all taken in an open fishing-boat *(scuta dubh)* back to Ireland from whence they originally came,' remain still unfulfilled." At present, we are happy to say, that there does not appear much probability of the Clan Mackenzie being reduced to such small dimensions as would justify us in expecting the fulfilment of the *scuta dubh* part of the prophecy on a very early date. If the prediction, however, be confined in its application to the Mackenzies of Seaforth, it may be said to have been already almost fulfilled. We have, indeed, been told that this is a fragment of the unfulfilled prophecy uttered by *Coinneach* regarding the ultimate doom and total extinction of the Seaforths, and which we have been as yet unable to procure. It was, however, know to Bernard Burke, who makes the following reference to it:—"He (the Seer) uttered it (the prophecy) in all its horrible length; but I at present suppress the last portion of it, which is as yet unfulfilled." Every other part of the prediction has most literally and most accurately come to pass, but let us earnestly hope that the course of future events may at length give the lie to the avenging curse of the Seer. The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition, and I trust that it may remain unfulfilled. We presume (continues our correspondent) that the mention here of *Clach-an-t'seasaidh* refers to the remains of a Druidical circle to be seen still on the right and left of the turnpike road at Windhill, near Beauly. As a sign whereby to know when the latter prophecy would be accomplished, *Coinneach* said 'that a mountain-ash tree would grow out of the walls of Fairburn Tower, and when it became large enough to form a cart axle, these things would come to pass.' Not long ago, a party informed us that a mountain-ash, or rowan tree, was actually growing out of the tower walls, and was about the thickness of a man's thumb."

Another connected with this locality, and supposed to be fulfilled by the annual visits of the militia for their annual drill, is, "That when a wood on the Muir of Ord grew to a man's height, regiments of soldiers will be there seen drawn up in battle order."

(To be Continued).

THE COT IN THE DELL.

Howl on ye rude winds from the mountains swift-sweeping ;
Shrill is your voice in its tempest of wrath :
Shriek on ! know my soul in its glory is leaping,
As ye in your majesty circle my path :
I heed not your revels, I reck not your wailing,
I fear not the whispers that float in your swell ;
Blow on in your revelries ! love is prevailing,
My footsteps are winged for the Cot in the Dell.
There in her beauty lone,
Blooms life's endearing one,
There in yon shieling I fondly will woo
All that my heart contains,
All that for ever reigns,
Queen of my bosom, leal-hearted and true.

Rise on ye dark waves ! o'er the breast of the ocean,
Break your white crests on the rocks of Bowmore ;
Roll on in your grandeur ! ye sing of devotion,
And kiss as fond lovers the foam crested shore :
I list to your music of deep-rolling voices,
I eerily hear the sad tale they aye tell ;
Awe-fettered my heart in their numbers rejoices,
But dearer by far is yon Cot in the Dell :
There in her peerless worth,
Shines my lone star of earth,
There my love's morning aye dawns in her smile ;
All that can mould my joys,
All that bids Hope arise,
Lives in the breast of my Light of the Isle.

What tho' the shrill blasts of the gloaming are roaring ?
What tho' the night clouds darkly gather and lour ?
What tho' the hoarse throat of the ocean is pouring
Its deep sullen tones on the surf-lighted shore ?
Tho' thunders a thousand in glory were pealing !
Tho' trembled the earth 'neath their terrible spell !
Undaunted, defiant, love's pure, Highland feeling
Would triumph, and seek the Wee Cot in the Dell ;
There in her loneliness
Beams all my happiness,
There is life's fountain unsullied with shade ;
Ever enfiring me,
Ever inspiring me,
Ever, love's soul is my own Isla's maid.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(Continued.)

By Alastair Og.

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Immediately after the bard had concluded the recitation of his song to *Fear a Gharbha*, the company dispersed to their respective homes, all well pleased with the night's entertainment. The reader will notice that all which has yet appeared of the *Ceilidh* is only what took place during one evening.

When the house was cleared and the family left to themselves, one of the female members of the household set about preparing the supper, which was, as usual, of the most healthy, though of the most primitive and simple description. It was soon ready, on the table, and the interesting household gathered round it. The family consisted of the old patriarch himself; his three sons, whose ages ranged, as we already stated, from 75 to 68, and one of whom, the eldest, was now stone-blind; the eldest son's wife; his three sons and two daughters, and their young offspring, presenting the very unusual spectacle of four generations supping together, as one family, at the same table, and, as they always did, in loving and affectionate sympathy with one another. Two of the bard's sons who lived in the house were unmarried, and continued to live under the old rafters until their dying day, cared for and attended by the elder brother's wife with a devoted solicitude and tenderness worthy of all praise, and which was not, and could not be, surpassed by her devotion to her own husband. She still, aged and frail, like Ossian, left alone by all her contemporaries, but surrounded by her own family and grandchildren, survives them all, a peculiar and standing example of devoted affection to her husband's talented though humble relatives, and a centre of tender and affectionate regard in the district. Such virtues as these in the higher circles of society would not fail, and deserved, to be recorded by some able and graphic pen. But we delight in having an opportunity of recording an instance of real disinterested and loving solicitude for aged relatives in a rude Highland cottage, and among the humblest class of our Highland peasantry, which would do honour to, and which indeed is seldom met with in, the upper and more favoured ranks.

The simple meal was soon over, and grace said, as it invariably was, before and after all meals. His Gaelic Testament*—the only one in the district—was handed to the old and venerable bard, who gave out and read a chapter, explaining some of the passages as he went along. He then read a psalm in the metrical version, and with his tremulous, but still

* This Testament was brought home from Edinburgh by the laird, Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart., and by him presented to the bard, who made such good use of it that Sir Hector took it back to Edinburgh to be re-bound, some years after. On a more recent occasion, John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," took it to the same place for a third binding. It is now sorely requiring a fourth, but still in fair preservation, and is at present in the possession of the writer of these pages.

sweet voice, led the song of praise, reading each line,* that the whole family might join and follow him in the song, the sweet and natural melody of which, on a calm night, could be heard with a pleasing and soul-inspiring effect, throughout the greater portion of the village. These exercises of praise over, the frail old man, with his long snow-white locks and patriarchal beard, rose, by the support of the table and the chair upon which he sat, bent his knees on the earthern floor, leaning on his straw-covered chair—the whole household, young and old, following his example—when he poured forth his spirit in his native and expressive Gaelic vernacular, before his Maker, with an eloquence and earnestness of soul which visibly affected his fellow-worshippers. We are perhaps prejudiced on this point; but we believe that it is impossible, through the medium of any other language, to give expression to such soul-stirring appeals and to produce such an effect on the hearer, as the venerable old man used to do on these occasions. He was quite a stranger to that narrow sectarian spirit now so common amongst us, when almost every section of the Church, indeed almost every member of each section, would have a Heaven all to themselves, if they could find one. He prayed for all, and he would have all possess that open-hearted, genial, catholic, and beneficent belief in the love of his Maker, which afforded him so much comfort and blessedness.

The contrast between the proceedings during the earlier part of the evening and what we have now described as the final scene, may appear somewhat strong and inconsistent to the straight-laced and more formal Christian of the present day, but to us the kind of life led by the bard and his family has a beautiful simplicity and innocence, which we must look for in vain among his successors, who have, by the clergy, been frightened and scolded into giving up their innocent and entertaining recitation of song and story, and who, instead, have been in many cases driven to the public-house and other questionable places of resort.

The following night the members of the Ceilidh circle again met as usual. Matters were soon arranged in the usual order, and the bard welcomed back his friends. Some of them—particularly Norman, who had put in an appearance, and *Fear a Gharbha*—were specially honoured with a hearty shake of the hand from the bard and his sons. The youngsters were called upon to give the solutions of the riddles (see page 332) propounded the previous evening, which Alastair Eachainn gave at once correctly and without hesitation, as follows:—

Answer to No. 1—A cow—her four feet running, her four teats shaking, her two horns looking up to the skies, and her mouth balling. (2) Riding across a bridge, underground, upon a horse which, as a foal, was cut out of his dead mother's side, of whose hide the bridle was made. (3) A man with only one eye saw *two* apples on a tree, he took *one* off, so that he neither left apples on, nor did he take apples off. (4) An egg. (5) A thorn in his foot, which he found in the wood, but did not find in his foot, and so he brought it home with him. If he had found it he would have left it in the wood where he first found it. (6) Abel. All these solutions were well known to the elder members of the circle, but the young-

* The scarcity of books in those days accounts for the system, which is still continued, throughout the Highlands.

sters were complimented for their ability, and encouraged to persevere and dig deeper into the same mine.

Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid*, was now called upon to give his promised story, or rather series of stories, tracing how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch, and how the Macbeaths were first driven out of the country, and afterwards their successors, the Macleods—*Clann 'ic Ille Challum*—of Raasay. These legends have been so well told in the pure dialect of the district, before it became corrupted by an admixture of English phrases, that, in order to preserve it, we shall give them here word for word as they were recited on the occasion. Certain very expressive words peculiar to the district will be noticed, and it will be remarked that the words *beul*, *meur*, *feuch*, and such like, are pronounced *bial*, *miar*, *fiach*, and so on. Such words as these may easily be altered in prose writings, without any injury to the text, but it is impossible to do so in poetry, the sound being so very different, without altering the harmony and consonance of the piece. This will account for our giving the Gaelic Songs throughout the *Ceilidh* in the dialect of the district in which they were composed, and our answer to any who may consider the orthography faulty and not in accordance with the now almost universally received standards. A literal translation of these legends, which will be found a wonderfully fair and close account of the historical facts to which they refer, will be given with each for the benefit of the English reader. Kenneth proceeded with the story of the Macbeaths, premising that it was related to him by an old man, Roderick Fraser, Inverkerry, who died some few years before, aged 105 years, as follows :—

HOW THE MACBEATHS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR STRONGHOLD IN THE ISLAND OF LOCH TOLLY.

"Bha uair-eigin duine tapaidh—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—a fuireach ann an Carra Chinntaile, agus an uair a chual e gu'n robh a leithid so do dh-fhogaraich dhaoine (Clann 'ic Bheathain) a gabhail comhnuidh ann an Eilean Loch Thollaidh, smuainich e ann fhein, air oidhche na bliadhn' uire, gu'm bu bhochd an leithid a choigrich mhilltich a bhi anns an aite, a togail cis air an fhearann, nach bunadh dhoibh, agus sliochd dhaoin' uaisle do Chlann Choinnich, ged da bha cuid dhiubh aig an robh fearann, gu'n robh cuid eile dhiubh as aonais.

"Beagan aimsir an deigh sin, dar a thraogh an sneachda dheth na monaidhnean, thog e 'bhalg saighid air a mhuin. Chuir e fios air Domhnull Mor Mac Mhic Raonail 'ic Rath a Inbhir-Innait, agus choisich iad, mar aon le cheile, a null air Cill-fhaolainn. Choisich iad troimh mhonaidhnean Loch-Carron. Thainig iad a steach air monaidhnean Cheann-lochiugh (Cha be Ceann-loch-iugh a b-ainm dha aig an am so ach Ceann-loch-ma-righ). Thainig iad trath anmoch am fradharc Loch Thollaidh, agus bheachdaich iad air Caisteal Mhic-Bheathain anns an Eilean, agus air aite o'm biodh e furasda dhoibh an cuid saighid a chur air ionnsuidh a chaisteal. Bha craobh chaorainn ri taobh a chaisteal a bha anns an rathad orra, ach dar a thainig plumanaich na h-oidhche, theann iad a bhan ris a chladach, air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun d' fhuair na h-o'laich

faisg air bruach an Loch, ach gum biodh iad, ann am briseadh na h-arrunn, (an latha) comhrard ri Mac Bheathain dar a thigeadh e mach.

"An am dha thighinn a mach anns a mhaduinn, thubhairt am fear eile ri fear Inbhir-Innait, "Fiach gu de cho math sa tha da lamh a nise mar a h-eil crith innte an deighe na h-oidhche, Fiach an amaisg thu air siol na miole-moighe, ach an cuir thu as an ait e, air neadh gun dean thu carcois deth chon am beil e, do bhrigh 's nach eil e dligheach dha bhi ann." Thilg fear Inbhir-Innait an t-saighid air tuaims', ach cha d-rinn i ach sgliuncan ri te dheth na scorsachan uinneag a bh'aca anns an t-seorsa chaisteal a bh' ann.

"Dar a chunnaic fear a Charra gur e sud diol a rinneadh air saighid fear Inbhir-Innait shaoil leis nach robh ann an saighid a chompanaich ach monar. Fhuair fear a Charra failmse air fear dheth na seirbhisich aig Mac Bheathain, a toir leis ballan burn gu bruich laos-boc a thug e a creag Thollaidh an oidhche roimhe so, ach broinean! cha be e fhein a cheallaich an laos-boc. Thilg seann Alastair Liath a Charra an t-saighid, 's char i troimh na h-airnean aig fear a bhallain uisge.

"Chuir Mac Bheathain an umhail gun robh gne da rud-eigin air a chulthaobh, air nach robh fios aige. Smuainich e ann fhein gun fhuireach ris an laos-boc ithe', gu'm bu cho math dha bhi dol air tir—beo na bas da—fhad sa bhiodh an t-aiseag aige. Thog e na h-uile rian a bh-aige, 's rinn e tir dheth. A mheud 's nach leanadh e dh-fhag e iad; choisich e cho luath sa bha na uilt, ach air cho luath 's dha robh Mac Bheathain char saighid Mhic Dhomnuill Mhoir an sas annu, an tiuighe na feola, na mhas. Ruith e 's an t-saighid an greim, 'sa lamh chli 'san t-saighid, an dochas, an comhnuidh, gun tugadh e air a h-ais i. Ruith e leis a bhruthaich gu aite ris an canair gus an latha 'n diugh Bura, agus se as aobhar da 'n ainm sin, dar a thug Mac Bheathain an t-saighid as a mhas gun d' thainig buradh fola aiste.

"Dar a chunnaic na Tailich gun da theich an Ceannas as an t-seorsa dhidean a bh' aige, choisich iad timchioll ceann Loch Thollaidh, spagach sgith mar a bha iad; 's an dearbh aiseag a thug Mac Bheathain air tir thug e Clann 'ic Rath o thir a dh'ionnsuidh 'n eilean, 's chaith iad cuibhrionn dheth an laos-boc a bha gu bhi aig Mac Bheathain gu bhiadh; sheall iad ris an duine dheth an d-rinn iad corp re am dha na chocaire dol gu deasachdainn na madainn. Duilichinn no cas cha robh air na Tailich; chuir na h-o'laich neo-sgathach an oidhche seachad anns a chaisteal; cha robh eagal Mhic-Bheathain orra sa, ach bha eagal gu leor air Mac Bheathain, an corr nach d-fhuair e gum faigheadh e.

"Ge da bha ioma-ruagadh coigrich Duithaich Mhic-Aoidh* air aire nan Taileach smuainich iad gun d're'adh iad a ghabhail beachd ciamar a bha Gearrloch na 'luidhe. Dh-fhalbh iad anns a mhaduinn an latha na mhaireach, an deighe cuaranan a dheanamh da chraicionn an laos-boic, le cur iallan ann, mo na chaith iad an cuid fhein air an t-slighe, a tigh'nn a Ceanntaile; thainig iad troimh Ghearrloch, 's bheachdaich iad air na h-uile gne mar bu mhiann leo fein a thaobh naduir; choisich iad ceum air

* 'S ann a duthaich Mhic-Aoidh thainig Clann 'ic Bheathain roimhe so, na'm fogaraich iad fein.

cheum, mar b-urra dhoibh a dheanamh, gun eagal gun fhiamh corparra. Rainig iad Brathainn ; chuir iad failte air MacCoinnich ; agus thuirt iad gun aiteachas, ma bha tuilleadh mhac aige gu'm faigheadh iadsa tuilleadh talmhainn da. Dh'fhiathaich MacCoinnich a steach iad 's ghabh e 'naigheachd. Dh'innis iad dha mu thir Ghearrloch, 's mu'n doigh a chunnaic iad aig MacBheathain, 's mar chuir iad an teicheadh air, agus an uin' a bha iad beo air feol an laos-boic. "Agus a Choinnich," arsa Domh'ull, "bithidh cuimhne agam-sa air latha cas an laos-boic fhad sa bhitheas Domh'ull orm."

(Ri leantainn.)

We give the following literal translation for the benefit of the English reader :—

"Once upon a time, there lived a powerful man—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—in the Carr of Kintail, and when he heard such aliens (The MacBeaths) resided in the Island of Loch Tolly, he thought within himself on New Year's night that it was a pity that such mischievous aliens should be in the place, raising taxes (rents) on the land which did not of right belong to them, while the offspring of gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie, who, although some of them possessed lands, others were without it.

"Some little time after this, when the snow subsided off the mountains, he lifted his arrow bladder* on his back; sent word for Big Donald, Son of the Son of Ranald Macrae from Inverinate, and they walked as one together across Kilaolainn. They walked through the mountains of Loch-carron. They came in by the mountains of Kenlochewe (Kenlochewe was not the name at this time, but Loch-ma-righ—*Loch of my King*). They came at a late hour in sight of Loch Tolly, and they took notice of MacBeath's Castle in the Island, and of a place from where it would be easy for them to send their arrows to the Castle. There was a rowan-tree alongside the Castle, which was in their way, but when the darkening of night came they moved down to the shore in such a way that the heroes got near the bank of the Loch, so that they might in the breaking of the sky (break of day) be level (opposite) MacBeath when he came out.

"When he (MacBeath) came out in the morning, the other man said to him of Inverinate, 'Try how good (true) your hand is now, if it is not tremulous after the night; try if you can hit the seed of the beast(ly) hare, or that you make a carcase of him where he is, inasmuch as he has no right to be there.' Inverinate threw his arrow by chance, but it only became flattened against one of the kind of windows in the kind of Castle that was in it.

"When the man from Carr saw what happened to the arrow of the man from Inverinate, he thought that his companion's arrow was only a useless one. The man from Carr got a glimpse of one of the servants of MacBeath carrying with him a stoup of water to boil a goat buck,† which he had taken from Craig Tolly the night before, but, poor fellow! it was not him who consumed the goat buck. Old Alastair Liath (grey) of Carr, threw the arrow, and it went through the kidneys of him of the water-stoup.

* Quiver. † Wether goat.

"MacBeath suspected that a kind of something was behind him which he did not know about. He thought within himself not to wait to eat the goat buck, that it would be as well for him to go ashore—life or death to him—as long as he had the chance to cross. He lifted every arrangement he had and he made the shore of it. Those who would not follow him, he left behind him: he walked as fast as was in his joints, but fast as MacBeath was, the arrow of the son of Big Donald fixed in him in the thickness of the flesh, in his buttock He ran with the arrow fixed and his left hand fixed in the arrow, hoping always that he would pull it out. He ran down the brae to a place which is called Boora to this day; and the reason of that name is, that when MacBeath pulled the arrow out of his buttock, a *Buradh* (a bursting forth) of blood came out of it.

"When the Kintail men saw that the superior of the kind of fortress had flown, they walked round the head of Loch Tolly sprawling, tired as they were; and the very ferry-boat which took MacBeath ashore, took the Macraes to the Island. They used part of the goat buck which MacBeath was to have to his meal. They looked at the man of which they had made a corpse while the cook went to the preparation for the morning (meal). Difficulty nor distress was not (apparent) on the Kintail men. The fearless heroes put past the night in the Castle. They feared not MacBeath, but MacBeath was frightened enough that what he did not get he would soon get.

"Although the pursuit of the aliens, from Mackay's country,* was in the thoughts of the Kintail men; they thought they would go and see how (the lands of) Gairloch lay. They went away in the morning of the next day after making *cuaranan* (untanned shoes) of the skin of the goat buck by putting thongs through it, as they had worn out their own on the way coming from Kintail. They came through Gairloch; they took notice of everything as they desired themselves according to their nature. They walked (afterwards) step by step as they could do without fear or bodily dismay. They reached Brahan; they saluted Mackenzie; they said boldly, if he had more sons that they would find more land for him. Mackenzie invited them in, and took their news. They told him about the land of Gairloch, the way in which they saw MacBeath, and the way in which they made him flee, and the time which they lived on the flesh of the goat buck. 'And Kenneth,' says Donald (addressing the chief) 'I shall remember the day of the foot of the goat buck as long as Donald is (my name) on me.'"

(To be Continued.)

* It is said that it was from Mackay's country in Assynt that the MacBeaths came originally.

NOTE.—For the arrangements which we have been able to make, so far, for Vol. II., by the kind aid of an extensive band of distinguished contributors, all well known Celtic scholars, see first page of our advertising sheet.

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

—o—

Part Third.

Mr Hately Waddell replies to Mr Maclean's last letter, as follows :—

Without farther troubling your correspondent, Mr Maclean, with whom I have had an exchange of arguments on the authenticity of Ossian, and who seems really to believe in it a great deal more than his own prejudice will allow, I cannot altogether dismiss the subject without adverting to a certain point which has more than once been touched upon by other antagonists as well as Mr Maclean, but which I have not hitherto, in your columns at least, commented on. It is slightly amusing in itself, and would be altogether unaccountable in the way of argument among dispassionate men, if it were not a fact that the mere name of Ossian is enough to inspire all unbelievers in his authenticity with a sort of chronic craze in contradiction, as blind as it is arrogant, and which on any other subject would be absolutely intolerable. What I refer to is the systematic refusal to allow the equal application of any principle of proof on both sides of the controversy. If some given line of argument has been adopted, which seems to be favourable to themselves, it is insisted on with schoolboy pertinacity ; but if the same line of argument should prove ultimately favourable to their antagonists, it must never be mentioned more. Nothing, in short, must be said or sung, of which they are not to have the exclusive benefit ; and failing all other modes of self-assertion they doggedly decline to move.

In my own case, for example, the exercise of instinct or intuition, on my part and theirs, in the determination of authenticity at large, and of Ossian's in particular, has come repeatedly in question ; and the plea on this point has been urged by those on the opposite side with singular innocence, almost unconsciousness, of its bearings against themselves. When these learned controversialists, including authors and erudite professors, undertake to determine, it may be, whether the English or the Gaelic Ossian was the original product of Macpherson's brain, and which, if either, was the primeval forgery by that father of lies, such a process on their part is far from being the result of anything like mere instinct. God forbid ! It partakes more, in character, of the highest critical discrimination—with this slight drawback apparently, that no two of the erudite who rejoice in the exercise of such faculty among themselves can agree about its application, or define its limits; and the practical effect of the operation hitherto has been to produce only chaos and contradiction. The turn of a sentence in one case has been held conclusive proof that Macpherson was a liar, whilst the turn of the same sentence in another case has been relied on as clear enough evidence, not of actual dishonesty, perhaps, but of utter incapacity on his part for such work, any one among themselves concerned having been able to do all that was

required infinitely better ; both parties in the meantime being hopelessly remorsely ignorant of the translator's own sense, and themselves either fixedly averse, or unblushingly incompetent to arrange any two paragraphs of his work in proper sequence.

On the other hand, when the same faculty of critical discrimination to determine in the first place whether the English version is the work of an honest man, is employed by myself, and when I venture to assert that mere moral instinct, or intellectual intuition, in any unprejudiced mind capable of discerning will return a verdict in his favour, I have the honour to be assailed with shouts of hilarious ridicule on the exercise of what they are pleased to call supernatural gifts ; and if I modestly, but earnestly, retort—that the face of the land and the flow of the sea, the configuration of the earth's surface, and the contents of its various strata, the course of rivers, the site of exhausted lakes, the drift of clouds, the position of rocks, the recesses of caverns, the very stumps of trees, the ordnance survey, the compass and theodolite, the position of graves, the discovery of canoes, the disentombed fragments of calcined human remains in ruined forts, the hammer of the geologist, the microscope of the chemist, the collection of the antiquarian, the traditions of the people, the sense of their local phraseology, the very nomenclature of the ground on which they tread—everything everywhere is in support of my conclusion, a studied silence follows among the erudite, which is symptomatic surely, in some slight degree, of cowardice or conviction ! Or I am told, with sagacious irrelevance, that Hugh Miller and Smith of Jordanhill are of a different opinion from mine about marine formations, &c., &c.—that is, that some distinguished geologist or antiquarian seems to differ from me on a subject which he has never investigated ; therefore I must be wrong, and his testimony is to be accepted implicitly in preference to the witness-bearing of earth and sea ! It may be useless to point out to such reasoners how absurd it seems that Hugh Miller's verdict should silence the surge of the Solway, or Smith's of Jordanhill's speculations outweigh the waters of the Clyde ; therefore, I no longer attempt it. But it is absolutely incumbent, notwithstanding, to expose such absurdity when it is solemnly intruded as an argument in the face of fact. This also has been repeatedly done, both by anticipation in the work itself, and in newspaper correspondence since the controversy began ; but without effect. They still persist in their calumnies, without proof ; in their jaunty assertions, without evidence; in their critical discriminations, without truth ; in their pretended discoveries, without eyesight. Why should I longer seriously discuss a question of importance with such antagonists ? Is it not my privilege rather to ridicule and defy them ; or to lay bare their ignorance to the bone, since no other process can affect them ? I come at last reluctantly to be of that opinion, and hereby give them all due notice, in so far as your columns enable me to do so, that in any future controversy with them I shall act without reserve on that principle. I have no wish to write unpleasantly in the circumstances —far from it. But I have no alternative ; the cause is not my own ; it is identical with the highest interests of European literature—nay, of European history, and can neither be slurred nor surrendered. If they are able to answer, let them gird up their loins now like men and answer me. If not, then let me note every man among them worth noting, as a traitor to the Commonwealth of Letters, who in ignorance or bad faith shall persist in his calumnies. Nothing can be fairer ; and whatever they may have said hitherto in the way of doubt or disparagement on Macpherson's work, I shall avail myself of this opportunity, before waving adieu, to instruct these gentlemen

that his translation of Ossian is a finer work than anything of the sort that will ever be produced by their united most strenuous efforts ; and that no work since the days of Moses to the present hour—not even the most commonplace matter-of-fact schoolboy manual of geography— is capable of clearer verification. All this may be so far due to the fact that the Gaelic from which Macpherson translated was truer and better than that which is now in print ; but this only makes the question in favour of his honesty and capacity the clearer ; and it seems to be one of the strongest proofs of their own incapacity to intermeddle in such an argument at all that an alternative so obvious and natural has never occurred to one of them.—I am, sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow, 1876.

The following is Mr Hector Maclean's reply :—

It appears evident that Dr Waddell is the Don Quixote of the Ossianic controversy, and, armed with his pasteboard shield, which he believes to be made of the trustiest metal, he marches forth to give battle to all and sundries who have a word to say against the veracity of James Macpherson. If the pasteboard shield receives a gash from anyone, that does not prove that it is pasteboard ! No ! No ! but it proves in reality that those who lacerate the pasteboard are disingenuous ! perhaps not "honest !" Dr Waddell could always be very severe if he liked, as may be gathered from his own assertions, but being so very magnanimous, he can spare those whom he holds merely to scratch his good steel armour, and consoles himself with the illusion that the gashes are nothing but innocuous strokes ! The blows by which he is hit are not fairly given ; yet being so very chivalrous he restricts himself "to the mildest form of condemnation !" In these days of analytical inquiry Dr Waddell seems to prefer the Fluellen logic; for it is mostly by this species of logic that he establishes all his points :—"There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth ; it is called Wye at Monmouth ; but it is out of my brains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one ; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both."

Dr Waddell seems to be enveloped in Fingalian mists, which prevent him from perceiving clearly and distinctly the force of evidence calculated to dispel his Ossianic delusions. When he complained of the disagreement of Highland Gaelic scholars, I suggested to him the propriety of viewing the subject from German and Irish standpoints, and I pointed to Lhuyd as an old authority that has hitherto stood the test of the new science of comparative philology which was founded in Germany by Grimm, and which has been applied to the Keltic languages so successfully by J. C. Zeuss in that profound and learned work, the *Grammatica Celtica*. To show that the Highland Society's Dictionary and some other authorities on which Dr Waddell depends for his definitions of names are not reliable for philological purposes, I beg to quote the following passages—one from the *Grammatica Celtica*, and the other from Dr Whitley Stokes' *Goidilica*. I have already, in my former letter, quoted Lhuyd's definition of *Dun*, and I quote now Zeuss's explanation of the meaning of the same name, which completely contradicts the definition given in Dr Waddell's book .—"Praemittitur item, quod postponitur in aliis linguis subst. *dun* (castrum, oppidum), in nominibus urbium vel montium castris munitorum."

With regard to the Highland Society's Dictionary and its compilers, I have to say that it was very good in its day, but that it was compiled at a time when Gaelic Scholarship was in its infancy, and when the place of scientific philology was supplied by an inane and trifling species of whimsical etymology. In confirmation of these views I would beg to call the reader's attention to the following passage from the work of one of the greatest Kel-

tic scholars of the day—from Dr Whitely Stokes' *Goidilica*, which corroborates all that I have said of the Highland Society's Dictionary:—"*Brath* 65, 66 acc. sg. *culbràth*, bràd, bráith 4. gen. sg. bràtha 41, 'judgment' wrongly explained in the Highland Soc. Dic. as 'conflagration,' Gaulish brâtu, W. brawd." I may inform those who have not paid much attention to these matters that sg. is a contraction signifying *Codex Prisciani Sancti Galli*, an ancient Irish continental manuscript, and that the figures refer to the Irish or Gaelic glosses.

Many errors equally glaring and absurd may be pointed out in this "confessedly one of the finest works of its sort in modern lexicography." Thirty years ago I thought highly of this dictionary, but such has been the progress of Keltic philology since, that it has completely outgrown the most of Keltic Dictionaries and Grammars, both Kimric and Gaelic. Old manuscripts lying dormant in libraries in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent have been brought to light by the indefatigable industry of the learned, so that certainty is in a great measure substituted for conjecture.

I deny that there is any irrelevancy in what I have brought forward as evidence in my reply to Dr Waddell, much less is there anything self-contradictory; it appears so only to Dr Waddell in consequence of the distorting influence of his envelope of Ossianic mist. While Dr Waddell is possessed in a high degree of the æsthetic feelings and intellect that can appreciate and discriminate literary excellence, he is evidently too warm and emotional for dealing in a cool, scientific manner with historical evidence, else he could not avoid perceiving that Macpherson's English Ossian—the only Ossian of which, I presume, he knows anything, could not be the production of a North Briton of the third century,—much less could he avoid perceiving that the narratives in Macpherson's English Ossian cannot be the history of any tribe of North Britons in the third century;—nay more, that these prose poems could not have been produced at any other period in the Highlands than at the time when they appeared. The defeat at Culloden ended two Highland insurrections, the object of which was the restoration of a fallen dynasty. A mistaken judgment led noble and generous sentiments astray; but the devotion and heroism of the men that joined in those Jacobite insurrections, must, of necessity, be admired as long as the human heart retains any of its most worthy qualities. Macpherson's boyhood was reared amidst sadness and suffering caused by mistaken but disinterested loyalty. The melancholy that overshadowed his country tutored his genius. Like other men of genius he was the exponent of his age and people. For the construction of his works, he had living heroes and heroines to serve as architypes for his characters; old mythical poems and tales to supply material for his narratives; and the wild mountain scenery of his native country to suggest his grand but gloomy descriptions of external nature. How lightly literary forgery was thought of in his day appears clearly from the following judicious remarks of the *Saturday Review*:—"But in justice to Macpherson it must be borne in mind that literary forgery was a fashion of the day. And to make the deception so complete as to trick the public into believing it was a sign of talent rather than of knavery. Percy himself restored his relics till they were almost past recognition. It was but a bolder flight in the same direction that bore Macpherson to wealth and fame, ending in a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

I am extremely sorry that Dr Waddell endorses all the vile slander that was heaped on Dr Shaw by some of his countrymen, because he had succeeded in divesting himself of a delusion that had spread far and wide, and was fortunate enough to recover from the Ossianic mania by which so many were infected. In an edition of Tacitus's Germania and Agricola, by the Rev. N. S. Smith, of Bristol, honourable mention is made of Dr Shaw, who wrote to Smith from Chelvy, of which place he was Rector, April 30th, 1821. A

translation of the speech of Galgacus to the Caledonians into Gaelic by Dr Shaw is to be found in this work.

To attempt to torture geology out of Macpherson's writings, or accurate history out of traditions, myths, fables, giants, and giantesses, in this enlightened age, is supremely ridiculous. So much, however, is Dr Waddell in love with his Ossianic phantasms that no amount of evidence, as it appears to me, can convince him of their absurdity and baselessness.—I am, sir, &c.,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay, 1876.

LITERATURE.

AN T-ORANAICHE (THE SONGSTER), COMHCHRUINNEACHADH DE ORAIN GHAIDHEALACH. Le Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Ceardch, 62 *Sraid Ar-a-Ghaidhcil, Glaschu.*

We have before us the first Part of this work—The Songster—a new volume of Gaelic Songs, many of them now published for the first time by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow. It is to be completed in five parts, and if the succeeding divisions come up to the one now before us, the work, when completed, will be the handsomest Collection of Gaelic Songs hitherto issued from the press. We have here about seventy songs, making 104 pages of bold, clear, and very readable type; unquestionably the best printed, and the best got up, specimen of Gaelic that has ever yet appeared.

When first told that this work was to be a collection of unpublished Gaelic Songs, we thought Mr Sinclair was making a mistake; for, unpublished Gaelic Songs would, necessarily, only be known in a limited circle, and it requires a good intermixture of well known and popular Gaelic Songs to make any collection attractive to the general reader. The compiler has therefore acted wisely in giving several very well known pieces in the work before us, judiciously arranged among those which have hitherto been almost entirely unknown, even to the majority of Gaelic readers.

Among the best known in this part will be found "Buaidh Leis na Sgoid" (which is, in the Songster, ascribed to Alexander Macgregor, schoolmaster, but which was the *joint* production of himself and brother—the late Rev. Mr Macgregor of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, uncle and father of the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness), "'S i mo Leannan an Te Ur"; "Nighean Bhan an Achadh-Luachrach"; "A Mhaighdean Og nam Meal-shuilean"; "A Mhairi Mhig-shuil, Mheal-shuileach"; "A Ghruagach Dhonn a Bhroillich Bhàin"; "Fleasgach an Fhuilt Chraobhaich Chais"; "An Couinne thu Leannan an Cluinn thu"; "A Mhairi Mhin Mheal-shuileach"; "Moladh na Landaidh"; "Ho ro mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach"; "Olaidh Sinn Deoch Slainte 'n-Oighre"; "Soraidh leis a Mhaighdinn"; "Oganaich an Oir-Fhuilt Bhuidhe"; "Domhnull Cuimeanach"; "Thogainn Fonn air Lorg an Fheidh"; "Cruinneag Bhoidheach A'Chuil Bhuidhe"; "Deoch-Slainte Chamshronaich";

"MacGriogar O Ruadh-Shruth"; "Mo Roghainn 's mo Run"; "Ille Bhuidhe"; "Soraidh Slan Do'n Ailleagan." There are also several excellent songs by the late Dr Maclachlan of Morven, many of which have previously appeared in print, but none of them so well known as they deserve to be. Most of these display real poetic genius; and none of them are without considerable merit. "Dusgadh nan Gaidheil," by Nigel Macneill, is an excellent production, and well deserves a place in the collection. His song to the "Lily" is also good, but he is too fond of contracting his words, a habit which a good poet always avoids as much as possible. The requirements of his metre obliges him far too often to resort to contractions, which indicate poverty of expression and dearth of language: for instance, he writes *teannach'* for *teannachadh; guaill'* for *guaillean*, or *guaillaibh; cheil'* for *cheile* all in one line. In another song—"Boichead," which we think is not worthy of a place in this collection,—he writes *cuimhneach'* for *cuimhneachadh*; "*Tha mais' am fath'st is miannaich'*" in the same piece, and "*Mu righ-chath'r mais' air neamh*," are two lines which are very stiff and ugly. In another, we meet with *dioch'nich* for *di-chuimhnich*. The whole line—"*Cha dioch'nich mi chaoidh ge b'e aite d'an teid*"—indeed the whole song, "An t-Eilean Uain' Ileach" is very stiff. Three of M'Neill's given in this work are highly creditable. "Gearan Gaoil" is very good, but the melody could be improved by making *duinn* in the fourth and sixth lines of the first stanza read *dhuinn*, and *di* in the fourth line of the second stanza *dhi*.

There are many other songs highly meritorious; but especially do we commend the selection from Dr Maclachlan's compositions already referred to, from Dougal Macphail's, and many others; while the part is appropriately brought to a conclusion by "Oran a Phrionnsa," by Alexander Macdonald (Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair).

Another serious drawback to the work, and one which can easily, and should, be remedied in future parts, and in the table of contents as regards the one before us, is, that many of the songs are without the name of the author. This is a grave defect in a collection otherwise so valuable.

These suggestions and criticisms may appear trifling, but they are really not so, for with a little more attention on the part of the editor the "Songster" would be almost perfect.

We would also suggest that the Editor should spell the same words in the same way throughout the work. We do not like to see *bhuadhnaich* in one place and *bhuanaich* in another, for won; *laoghaich* in one place and *laoich* in another, for heroes: *nunn* and *null*, for over; *fhaoileann* and *fhaoilinn*, for gull; *oigear* and *oigeir*, for youth; *faoigheachd* and *foinneachd*, for asking; *siothionn* (which violates an excellent rule) and *sithinn*, for venison; *Gheobhainnse* and *Gheibhinnse*, for I would get; *rudha* and *rughadh*, for a flash or flush; *feigh* and *feilh*, for deer. We do not like such expressions as "*Ca bheil*," for *C'aite 'm beil'*; "*Lion do buadhan*," for *Lion do bhuadhan; Fhiosam*, for *fhios a'm*; *Fuireachd*, for *fuireach*, or more correctly *fuirich; Sgiallaich* for *sgiathail*, flying: *Bataill*, for *batail; Botainn*, for *botan; Am bruthach*, for *a bhruthach; Lionteadh* for *lionte; Mhain* for *bhan* (down); *Catmhach* (Sutherland

man) for *Cat'ach (Cat thaobhach)*; *Seoltan* for *siuil* (sails); *Feile pleate*, for *feile pleata*, or *pleatach* (plaited); *An t-sobhag*, for *an seobhag*; *An tabaid*, for *an t-sabaid*. We find *tighinn* (coming), when contracted, written *tigh'n* and *tigh'nn* alternately.

Why put *tochar* in *italics?* and why write *jacket?* the latter should be *deacaid*, or *peiteig*. These are important matters, and it is quite within the province of the Editor to secure uniformity as far as possible in the spelling—indeed it is a duty which he owes to his readers. He ought not to consider himself bound by the orthography of his authors, many of whom, although they could compose good poetry, could not write a line, and had to depend upon the best Gaelic scholars within reach to commit their compositions to paper. It is expected, in such circumstances, that the orthography should vary, but that is no excuse for the Editor of such an excellent work as this to allow so many unnecessary variations of an objectionable kind.

Mr Sinclair has placed the Celtic literary world under a deep debt of obligation to him for producing a collection of Gaelic poetry, which promises to be the best collection of Gaelic poetry ever issued. It is the best printed we have seen. It is the best value in the language as regards quantity, and the matter is on the whole remarkably well selected. A little more care in the direction we have above indicated will make the forthcoming part of the work perfect.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION. Inverness: The *Highlander* Office. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: William Love.

Of late years the many beauties and elementary properties of the Gaelic language have arrested no ordinary share of public attention. Two great causes have conjointly operated to produce this effect. The one arises from the nature of the lately enacted Government School Bill, in which no provision is made for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland parishes; and the other arises from a directly opposite source, viz., the indefatigable exertions of Professor Blackie and others for the endowment of a Celtic chair in one of our Scottish Universities. It will appear at once obvious to all who take an interest in this important subject, that both these causes, which are in reality negative and positive in their tendency, are still working together for the promotion of a boon which must not eventually be denied to our Gaelic-speaking countrymen in the Highlands and Islands. It is a fact that the New Educational Code, in which no encouragement is given for instructing our Highland youth in their native tongue, has aroused the regret, if not the indignation, of a host of philanthropists of all ranks and classes. It is such a palpable fact, that while the Gospel requires to be preached in the districts just named, through the medium of the only language which the natives understand, and while the rising generation must be instructed in the only language which they speak, ample provision is urgently required for the proper training of pastors and teachers, in order to the effectual performance of

their respective duties. The only alternative is the sad one of leaving the poor Highlanders to their fate, and of allowing the youth to grow up in comparative ignorance of the Word of Life, which to them is otherwise a sealed book; and of allowing, on the other hand, the aged to pine away, and sink into their graves, under the great disadvantage of not having the Gospel expounded to them fluently and eloquently in that language which alone can reach their hearts. Fortunately as yet, however, matters have not actually come to this issue, but they are rapidly drifting into it, when clergymen capable of addressing multitudes in their native tongue will become "few and far between." Many worthies in the land deeply deplore this sad state of things. Many learned gentlemen in all quarters of the kingdom use their utmost endeavours to counteract the evils, which otherwise have a tendency to increase. We have learned men,—we have scientific minds and noble characters,—we have principals and professors of Universities,—doctors of divinity and medicine,—ministers of all churches and denominations,—statesmen and rulers, and all grades of society, throwing their differences to the winds, and firmly uniting together to foster this great and invaluable boon for the temporal and spiritual benefit of our neglected Highlanders!

It is fortunate, however, for the Highland student, that under the many disadvantages already alluded to, he possesses one valuable boon, and that is the great variety of Grammars, Primers, and Lesson-books which are brought within his reach, and which he may make available, to a certain extent, for acquiring a correct knowledge of the Gaelic language. While it is not easy for any student to make great progress in gaining a thorough acquaintance with even his native tongue without a teacher, yet, if diligent and persevering, he may receive an amount of insight into his native language, which will surprise himself, by the proper use of the lesson-books published for his benefit. Of these there is a gradation to suit all capacities, from the student of the highest standard, to the boy lisping his spelling-book. The country has been furnished with excellent grammars by such eminent Celtic scholars as Stewart, Munro, Forbes, Armstrong, Macalpin, and others; and latterly we have the very suitable manual of Mr George Lawson Gordon, of Halifax, N.S., which was some months ago favourably alluded to in these pages. We have now the pleasure of adverting to "The Elementary Lessons in Gaelic Reading, Grammar, and Construction," by our talented young townsman, Mr L. Macbean, to which we call the favourable attention of our Highland countrymen, as well as that of our southern friends, who may desire to acquire even a partial knowledge of the Gaelic language. Mr Macbean is a superior Gaelic scholar. He has displayed his critical knowledge of the language in the little manual before us. The "Lessons" were at first compiled, not with a view to publication, but for the benefit of a Gaelic class conducted by him, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. They are now placed before the public in a neat, cheap, and portable form. Mr Macbean deserves much praise for this unpretentious manual. Its beauty and utility consist in conciseness, while at the same time it is full and comprehensive. It required no ordinary skill and tact to make it plain and simple, yet so full and complete. He has prudently avoided abstruse constructions and critical anomalies. He commences at

the beginning, and conducts his pupils forward by easy steps and stages through the entire routine of the various parts of speech. His exercises are graduated and appropriate, and, in addition to all, the student is supplied with a pleasing variety of phrases, vocables, old sayings, Gaelic poetry and songs, and a detached key to solve the whole. A few slight errors have crept in; these, however, we attribute to the compositors, who, we know from experience, do not claim infallibility when printing Gaelic. All Highlanders, and all who wish the Highlanders well, have cause to welcome this little volume, and cordially to thank its author for furnishing them with such sound and suitable "Elementary Lessons."

LINES WRITTEN NEAR AULTNACRAIG, OBAN.

O'er Morven's peaks bright glowed the golden west,
And I sat down upon a heath-clad hill
To list the brook sing its sweet psalm of rest,
As on it rippled past the silent mill.

So full of glory was the gorgeous scene,
Where seemed the beauties of all lands combined;
The gay heath 'mong a thousand shades of green,
The ivy around tree and rock entwined.

The music of the bee, the bird, the brook
The mirrored sea where mountains gazed with pride,
The hoary crag, the flower bedappled nook,
The stately trees thro' which the zephyrs sighed;

The crystal fountains and the fragrant air
So cool and pure, and as the sun went down
The lingering glory crowning everywhere
The lovely braes beyond sweet Oban town.

The brook was hymning to the old grey mill,
As on it rippled to the silvery sea;
And I beheld another on the hill
Who seemed to listen to its minstrelsy.

Strangely in keeping with the scene sublime,
His flowing locks bathed in the mellow light,
Like some grand chieftain of the olden time
Taking his rest from weary chase or fight.

Friend of our mountain-land, our tongue, our race,
The sunbeams haloing thine hoary head
Are not the noblest crown that doth thee grace—
Learning and virtue round thee lustre shed.

When musing in these bowers at morn or eve,
Tho' fancy with her beauteous wings a-fold
No longer youth's own fairy visions weave,
Be thine, oh! Blackie, countless thoughts of gold.

From the rich chalice of the ancient sage
Get precious draughts for the aspiring youth;
Unseal the beauties of the classic page
To fire his soul with nobleness and truth.

Then bright young reapers to the harvest come,
Led by thine eye will bind their golden sheaves,
And when they sing their joyous harvest-home,
They'll bless the hand that gave their laurel leaves.

MARY MACKELLAR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BENDERLOCH."—We cannot depart from our invariable rule, not to publish any communication unless we are supplied with the writer's name, not necessarily for publication. The question raised is interesting, and we shall be glad to take it up if our correspondent furnishes name and address.

THE FORTHCOMING VOL. OF

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AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Magazine, beginning with the first number of Vol. II. issued on 1st *November, is considerably enlarged.*

IN the November Number will appear the First Canto of the "Clearing of the Glens," a Poem (to be continued) in Seven Cantos, by Principal SHAIRP of St Andrews; "The Career and Death of Colonel Baillie of Dunain in India," by CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P.; the first instalment of "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer *(Coinneach Odhar Fiosaich)*, by the EDITOR; "The Ossianic Controversy," by HECTOR MACLEAN and the Rev. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.; "The Highland Ceilidh" (continued), by ALASTAIR OG; "James Macpherson" *(Seumas an Tuim)*, by the Rev. A. SINCLAIR, Kenmore, &c., &c.

We have also arranged with the following well known Celtic Scholars for a Series of Articles, which will appear in the forthcoming Volume:—"Depopulation and Evictions in the Highlands," by CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P.; the Rev. ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A., Scot., "Nether-Lochaber," on "Highland Folk-Lore"; Mrs MACKELLAR, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on "Highland Superstition," she will also contribute Original Poetry; the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., on "Highland Destitution" within the last 40 years, "Flora Macdonald," "Prince Charlie," and other Interesting Subjects; ALEX. FRASER, Inverness, on "The Fentons," the Predecessors of the Frasers in the Aird, "Prince Charlie in Inverness"; on the "Elegies of Rob Donn, the Reay Bard," by "KINBRACE," &c., &c.: ALASTAIR OG will continue his "Highland Ceilidh," TORQUIL his Interesting Sketches, and WILLIAM ALLAN will continue to contribute Original Poetry.

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