HIGHLAND STORIES COLLECTED IN 1859–1860.

ENGLISH.

50.3.1

Dunglass

NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH

1/2 Chapbooks.

Stories of all sorts.

Collected from all parts of Scotland

By all sorts of People

between January 1859 and November 1860

The Gaelic collection is kept separate –

See Popular Tales of the West Highlanders
Vols IV. Edinburgh. Blackwood & Douglas
1860.. 1862.

My circular notes 1876. Max Muller
and many writings on this subject
between these dates:

A facsimile of Miss Charlotte Dempster's gatherings in Sutherland was made and given to her. She printed a paper called Scripents & Serpent Slayers in one of the Magazines. I think the Edinburgh Review

J. F. Campbell. 13th January 1876–

These brown drawings are done with peat soot and Whisky and pen and ink. The brown wash goes through and does not obscure the ink.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

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Number — Sutherland Collection.

1. The Unwelcome Guest — — — — — — — Page. 1.

Heard by J.F.C. about twenty or twenty five years ago in Islay

A man invites a skull to dinner, it comes as an old man and is frightened away by a particular arrangement of Bannocks — I have seen a similar story but cannot name the book — D.D.

2. Donald Duval Mackay.. — — — — — — — — Page. 3.

How he lost his shadow

The Cave of Smoo — Fairy threshing

3 4. ..... *How he lost his power*

4. ..... *The Great Cave of Smoo — (Eastern)*

5. ..... *Donald and the Devil — or whatever else the creature may have been who ate the griddle in the bannock —*

(This is to be found in the manuscript from the Highland Society of Scotland — attributed I think, to Fingal.)

6. The Fairy asking about his chance of salvation — — — — — — Page. 6.

This, or something like it is in "Crokers Irish Stories" and in the "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands" in Grant Stewarts — and seems to shew that the Fairies are the old Pagans probably those who made the Fairy arrow heads

7. The Man who flew with the fairies. — — — — — — — — Page. 6.

8. A Water Spirit "Vougha" — translated Kelpie — Page. 7.

Is this the Irish "Phoca" ?

9. Secondsight — The Road — Page. 7.

This is a good instance and is probably an article of popular belief —

10. The Funeral Procession — — — — — — — — Page. 8.

This is the same as a story in Grant Stewarts and is probably common —

11. A Secondsight warning of Death and the Ghost — — — Page. 8.

This is like some in Grant Stewarts collection

12. Captain W. Ross and his Descendant who wanted to see him and raised whole army. 9.

I know nothing like this — it is good

13. A Morayshire Legend of a Castle that sunk into the earth and is still to be seen at the bottom of a lake — *This has many foreign relations.* 11.

14. The Rotterdam — — — — — — — — — — 11

A large ship sunk with the crew still alive. The Folge Fond in Norway is

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said to cover 7 parishes which were overwhelmed for their wickedness by the snow and ice— The church bells may still be heard ringing under the ice— and the people will some day be restored to the world— From a Norwegian Peasant in the Hardanger. J.F.C. 1857

15. A Legend of Loch Spynie ——— .12.
A Warlock and his Coachman driving over the ice — Two Crows on the carriage— I do not know this one

16. The three Hunters and their Brides ——— .13.
Vide— Lady of the Lake—

17. The Tailor and the Skeleton ——— .14.
Comon in Argyllshire and the Isle of Man.

18. The Wakes of Loch Manaar ——— .15.

19. The Tree Witness— ——— .16.

20. The Jewel of Ben Stack— ——— .17.
Comon in Argyllshire

21. The Erse version of Jack the Giant Killer ——— .17.
It more resembles the Norsk— It is the best of the collection

22. Superstitious— instance of Game keeper .18.

23. The Sea and drowned and murdered people— ——— .18.

24. Wraith choosing boards for a dying man— ——— .19.

25. Death Struggle— ——— .19.

26. Passing and funeral bell— ——— .19.

27. Cathedrals expected to fall— ——— .19.

28. Babes— ——— .19.

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30 }

31. Spirits of friends haunting a house looked on as a reason for remaining in the place— 20

32. The lost Wedding ring — The Witch — The Demon — The Escape— ——— .20.
A Legend which is unlike any I know and good —

33. Honeysuckle — Charm against evil ——— .21.

34. Evil eye and those who suffer from it ——— .21.

35. Cure of Evil eye— by boiling stones in water— Still prevalent ——— .22.

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57.	The Death of Sweno — *This is probably the tradition of a fact in the history of Norse invasions — I know nothing quite like it —*	.34.
58	The Dun Otter	.35.
59	Why the Wolf is stumpy tailed — *Well known in Norway and in central Africa in various shapes*	.35.
60	The Bogie Roschan — *A kind of Brownie well known all over Germany & elsewhere though I know nothing quite like this —*	.36.

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61	The Dragon of Loch Corrie Mohr	36.
62	The Dragons of Loch Merkland	37.
63	The Stupid Boy	37.
	This is known in Ross & in Argyllshire — It is one of the Highland stories & so far as I know has never been published — There is more of it which sh^d not be inquired for	
64	The Unjust Sentence	40.
	Very good — It has a resemblance to a tale in the Arabian Nights — but I do not think it is taken from that source	
65	Lauchlin, Dhumohr & the Witch	40.
	I know nothing quite like this —	
66	The Sleeping Giants	42.
	This is known all over the United kingdom in all manner of shapes — It has come to me from 4 or 5 quarters & ever version differs from the rest	
67	The Giant in Barra	42.
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68	The Vaugh the Poacher and the Dog	43.
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69	The Vaugh of the Laxford	43.
70	Something about a Mermaid	44
	This is comon in Germany, in Ireland, in Islay and elsewhere in all sorts of shapes — Some noble family I forget who, claims to be descended from the Mermaid — Thomas the Rhymer was said to have been the son of the Mermaid —	
71	The Caillach Mhor of Clibreck	44.
	This tale looks very like a recollection of the Lapps	
72	The Mhor Bhain	45
	This is probably a tradition of a Witch trial —	

Paint these numbers
at the end of the
line

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	Gaelic 216 — This is one of the Gaelic legends which seem to have been almost forgotten on the East coast of Scotland and which are well known in the west — It is an extraordinary jumble of everything — King Arthur Thor in Norsk Mythology — Theseus — Hurcules, Circe & the Bible, may all be traced and yet when this tale was told it probably contained traits which proved it to be a native of Sutherland as those which come from the Islands prove themselves to be islanders — There are plenty of these tales in Gaelic MSS their origin is worth searching out —	
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	This is like a published tale found in Ireland Like two versions heard in Uist by J.F.C and one written down in Barra – It is probably founded on the MS of the dialogue of Ossian & Saint Patrick or on something still older – The Birds are generally deer – The word which means Blàk Bird in Gaelic may also mean Black Elk	
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97	Water Horses & Bogles – (*good*)	
98	The Boobrie *From John Campbell Esq of Kilberry*	
99	Boobrie as Waterhorse *Somewhat like the ploughing of the Asa Norse Mythology*	
100	Boobrie as Water Bull	
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103	*Large Skate (Craken)*	
104	*Large Salmon*	
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106	Mr Banks and the Water Horse – *true J.F.C*	
107	Letter from Hector Fraser to Hector Urquhart	
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This is a widely spread tradition all over the Islands – John Rochfort gave it me and said he had got it from a gamekeeper in Harris – I think it is in Grant Stewart's Book and it is clearly the same as the Mermaid stories of which I have many –

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The writer and his brother John claim to be the lineal descendants of Prince Charles and they are acknowledged as Comte d'Albany at Prague by the Authorities – They are both remarkably like old pictures of the race – They used to wear the Highland dress, in Scotland and were well received in many gentlemen's houses there, including Islay House, where I can remember to have seen them – They lived for a long time on an Island in the Beaulay – They ar accomplished Gentlemen – and there are many who think that they are in fact descended from the Royal Family of Scotland – There are many who think otherwise; but their claim has been thought worthy of refutation in influential Journals – and has consequently some foundation, good or bad, on which to rest –

Published

Published

Published.

Incantation very good.

Popular novel

Published

traced to an old English ballad. See Straparola. Very curious Cannot be published

Very good. long

Published

very curious Cannot be published.

Published

good long.

Poem fragment

Popular history

do.

Stanley crest old popular tale.

Published.

Published

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Donald Macintyre
Benbecula

written by Mac Lean & Torrie



Sound of Harris, Sketched in crossing
Berneray
where Maudean got a number of stories.

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No regular Journal was kept after – Walked back to Lochmaddy – drove to the Sound of Harris where I found a Lady from Wapping domiciled with her husband, a sailor, Sailed to Harris – walked in two days to Stornoway – found the people more sophisticated – more used to strangers and Shyer of me –

Sailed to Gairloch – staid there for a few days at the Inn – Notes of the proceedings are in the introduction – Made my way to Dingwall – Visited friends and ~~the Dempsters at Skibo – Dunrobin Castle & Tarbert House – where I was with Lord Stafford at a trial of his Steam plough – Crossed with the Egertons in the Duke of Sutherland's Yacht to Morayshire from Tarbert – Visited Penrose Cumming at Altyre and~~ came South to the work of the Light House Commission

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The most of this is worked into the introduction to West Highland Tales

358 & stories told by William and Soloman Johns, two
367 Gypsy tinkers picked up in London. They came to the office after hours and were treated to beer and tobacco present the author of horse tales. They were rather hard to start but when once set agoing they were fluent. One brother was very proud of the other who plays the fiddle by ear and is commonly sent for to wakes where he entertains the company with stories. He gave us. 1. a ghost which appeared to himself. Finding that he was on the wrong track told him a popular tale which I had got from another tinker in London "The Cutler & Tinker". got (2) The lad and the dancing pigs" This is the same as the "Mouse & bee" and has something of Hacon Grozzlebeard a version of it was told

to me by Donald MacPhie in S Uist. It is one of the few indecent stories which I have heard in the highlands. There are adventures with a horse a lion and a fox which the London tinker had not got. It savours of the wit which is to be found in Straparola

3. a sailor and others by the help of a certain magic Black thorn stick go to three castles underground Copper Silver & Gold and win three princesses same as "the king of Lochlin's daughters" and "the knight of Grianaig" and several stories in horsetales & Grimm

4. "The five hunchbacks". This story was quite new to both of us but ~~it wa~~ a version of it was subsequently found in a book of Cruikshank's. The tinker's version was much better. To be found in Doni's Italian. Capesthorne Library.

5. a long and very well told story of a Jew. in which there figured a magic strap, hat, &c same as Big & little Peter, Coghan Jarrach, a story in Straparola &c.

6. The art of Doctoring. - dirty wit

7 Poor student and black man. travel - dig up dead woman, make fire in church - steal sheep - Clerk - Parson - take black man for fiend & bolt. very well told. see Gorsey Grozzle and several Gaelic Versions.

8. Poor Student Parson & man with Cat which was the fiend in disguise. well told, new to both of us.

The men said that they knew a great many more, that they could neither read nor write, that they picked these up at wakes and other meetings where such tales are commonly told in England

368. a lot of notes collected in September 1860 during a trip to Glenquoich, Skye, Uist, Barra, &c. Many of these are ~~notes~~ preserved as notes in an interleaved copy of West Highland tales. Vol. I. II.) Notes of a dinner given at Inveraray to Dewar, MacNair, Gillies, Mackenzie, The Miller, The Tinker and others; (Mr Robertson present). the whole party told stories, and parted quietly & soberly at midnight exactly, on Saturday night. Under this number are included some 50 or 60 long stories some of which

are not written down.

369. Letter from Mr. Fraser of Mauld. Aug. 2. 61. Mentioning a lad who knows a great many stories. 1 Magnus mac Righ na albain (a long one) 2. An t Uirsgeul Mor (a very long one) of this I have several versions 3 Fiun Mc. Cuile. — Probably a Fenian legend. 4. Caileach Uileam dean suidhe. a short one probably a story which I know well about. William sit down which is in Norse in another shape.

370 Collection sent by the Revd Thomas. Pattieson. letter.

371 1. From a native of Islay who lives in Glasgow a story of a man who is beset by a female, water spirit This is curious because it was told to me by an Irish Carman at Waterford, The locality & some details altered. a stallion overcame the Islay sprite. & a big dog finished her (good)

372 a story of Fairies stealing a man's whiskey, and the man himself. a very good fairy tale.

373. Glenastil water horses. ridden to market. a good instance of this popular belief.

374. a dialogue between a woman & a fairy in Gelic, like the spirit of many popular tales. ~~answers~~ Ready answers.

375. Letter. Decr 24. 1860. about Lachlan MacNeill who told a

~~376.~~ number of capital stories. he is a shoemaker & Fiddler &

~~376.~~ lives in Paisley

376 a Fairy changeling, very well told, traced back for three generations.

377. Ardna how loch. Water horses. — dun coloured — ridden to market — torn to peices by the rest on his return. Water bulls. said to be now extinct. but to have existed long ago. — The

378. See 371.

379. Iain Ciar. Dan Iobn of Dunolly. Popular history a very good legend, of a very old date. The hero is outlawed & gains his pardon by bringing the head of a robber, from Ireland to London to the King. The narrator added that in there days the king's lived a good deal at York. & he was not sure if the head went to London or to York.

9. The man & dog in the subterranean passage and many others were alluded to. It was evident that the Irish peasantry had the very same legends as the Scotch and these were told in a different, and very characteristic way.

It is to be hoped that some Irishman will collect & publish the Irish popular tales. If ~~he will~~ it be honestly & faithfully done it will be the most amusing collection of all, but if any one polishes the language of Irish peasants he will most certainly spoil it.

I have a lot of notes scattered in note books which would ~~raise~~ increase this number considerably and I have heard stories told in Devonshire, near London, in Cheshire, in Iceland, in Norway, Sweden & France. But nowhere have I found popular tales so well preserved, or in such great abundance as in the western coasts & Islands of Scotland.

I have ~~also~~ a great many notes of stories scattered through some hundreds of letters, which are not included in this list

Stories written in Gaelic, by various collectors: ~~all~~ filed and arranged.

Stories written in Gaelic by various collectors were filed and arranged and were finally bound and are at this date July 10 1877. at Niddry Lodge Kensington London W. J. F. Campbell

Go on with the Gaelic as directed on the proof

380 Sgeul alastair Arranach. a bit of popular history wild and well told.

381. a Legend of the Island in the Rhinns of Islay.

382. Supernatural history. water balls. &c as described by the people

383. ~~Water~~ Ball fights water horses. nearly the same as a story got from Kilberry.

384. The origin of the name enoc Angil, (in Islay) The Feinne appear in this and an old woman who runs off with their arms.

385 appearance of a mysterious personage on Laggansand.

386 a legend of a stream near Bowmore. a Goblin appears to some wrecked sailors, as a pig, a wolf, an old woman, and a ball of fire. (letter. January 28th 61.).

387 Collection sent Decr. 3/60. 1. Taoghairm. a man raises the fiend and challenges all that are dead or alive in the sea to fight. he is saved by women who are making Tein'eigin forced fire.

388. The legend which is told of ~~Calder~~ Cawdor Castle. a man builds his house where an asses. withy breaks, and prospers. he goes to a bridge and is there told that where the peg of the asses ~~tether~~ is fixed there is a pot of gold. The old thorn tree where the man stopped is in a cellar at Cawdor Castle. In this the man's name is Caonneach. bráth na bráthain and the place is not named.

389. a shoemaker. flies to London from Colvaine (I dont know this legend)

390 The. Doideag. Mhuileach's daughter Mogan Dubh & her son. a legend of witchcraft & flying through the air to steal. (very popular)

391. a Woman and a frog. There is something like this in the Mabinogion. told of a mouse but the welsh story is very long. —

392. a smuggler sees a lot of little people about as big as a bottle with teeth as long as his finger. Fairies? or Lusbirdean.

393. a lot of stories got from a Carman in Waterford in 1861.

402. included, 1 The Watercow & her ~~fam~~ progeny. 2 The Bansithe, which the narrator "had seen and heard" 3 a Version of the Man who travelled to learn shivering 4 a haunted tower 5 Treasure finding 6 a spirit haunting a road & asking for a ride 7 a lake spirit



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Gifted Servants	2
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Poetry.	20
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Very Highland.	23
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like 3 Soldiers (Grimm) & arabian nights good	29
Widely spread	30
Very highland.	31
Novel tragic.	32
Novel. good.	33
Handless Maiden.	34
arabian Nights.	35
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Story.	Narrator	Place.	Collector	Reference
Sgeulachd na Daoil	John Mackenzie. fisherman	Inveraray.	H Urquhart.	
Bolgum mor	"	"	"	
Procession & death.	nurse maid.	Islay	Miss Ord Campbell	
Righ Breaton } Ballads	John MacLean	"	H MacLean	
Leannan Sith } Ballads	"	"	"	
Proverbs metrical	?	Lochawe side	Revd D McLean	
ditto. 135 in number.	Mrs Macdonald & Mrs Mac Eachany	Inveraray	Mr Robertson.	
Mac na Baintraich.	John Campbell June 27. 59.	Gearrloch.	H Urquhart.	no I. abstract
Sgire mo Chealaig	" (known also to Dewar).	"	"	no XLVIII
Sgeulachd choise Leun	"	"	"	
Fuathan.	"	"	"	} no XXX note
Fuathan	"	"	"	} no XXX note
Ridire Ghrianaig	Donald Macniven lame Carter	Islay (Bowmore)	H MacLean.	no LVIII
Nighean Righ na Frainge.	Hugh Macindeor	" "	"	
na tri Comhairlean	"	" "	"	
Mac an Tuathanach Ilach	"	" "	"	
The Widow	"	" "	"	no XLI
Mac Cuan.	"	" "	"	
Sgriob liath an Earraich	" (known to Urquhart)	" "	"	
Fraoch.	ann Darroch. June 30/59	" (Ballygrant)	"	
Conal.		Barra.	"	no XXXV
Magach Colgar	alexander Macneill	"	"	no XXXVI
Conal Gulban	" (known to Dewar)	"	"	no LXXVI
Bilidh.	Roderick. Macneill.	"	"	
Iosbadaidh	"	"	"	
An Nighean briagh leisg	"	"	"	
Nighean Righ fo thuinn	Roderick Mac Lean	"	"	
Alasdair Mac an Impire	"	"	"	
Gruan an Eoin's an sporran oir	"	"	"	
Gille Bhudsair	" known to MacPhie 348 English.	"	"	
Iain Mac Righ na Frainge	Roderick. Macneill	"	"	
An da chraobh Ghaoil	Roderick. Mac Lean (Tailor)	"	"	
an Nighean a chreichdadh	"	"	"	
An leancabh gun Bhaisteadh	" (see 343. English.)	"	"	
An duine bochd. Bearteach	Hector Boyd. (fisherman)	"	"	
Three Widows sons.	" "	"	"	no XXXIX

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12 Wild ducks.	37
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Story.	Narrator.	Place.	Collector.	Reference
na tri Leintean Cannach	Hector Boyd fisherman.	Barra.	H. MacLean	
na tri Saighdeiran.	" (known to Dewar)	"	"	no X. note.
Gruagach. Ban.	alexander MacNeill (fisherman).	"	"	no LI
an da Sgiobair	" "	"	"	
an Gadaiche Dubh.	"	"	"	no V.
an t' iasgair.	" "	"	"	no IV note
an Gille Glas	John Smith (Polchar)	S Vist	"	no IV note
Mac a bhreabadair	Patrick Smith. ditto.	"	"	
Nighean Dubh Gheal Dhearg	Roderick Mackenzie (sawyer).	Gearrloch	H Urquhart.	no II. note
an. Siunnach	John MacDonald. (tinker)	Inveraray	"	no XLVI. note
Smeuran dubh's an fhaoilteachd.	"	"	"	
Ossianic. Poem.	Charles Macintyre.	Benbecula.	D. Torrie.	
Edinburgh. beggar.	"	"	"	
Robber.	"	"	"	
Provost of London.	"	"	"	XVII b note
an Ceabhearnach.	(?)	Gearrloch.	Thomas Cameron.	no XXX. 2d Version
Ilis dean Mor.	This lot got from various	"	"	no VII. abstract.
Mac ille Whore na cruit.	sources by different Schoolmast	"	"	
Donachadh. eillan Tubh.	through Osgood Hanbury Mac-	"	"	
Oran don Ghille dhubh.	-kenzie, but the collectors	"	"	
Gille dubh loch a dring	after a time struck work.	"	"	
Jacobite Song.	one saying that he would write	"	"	
Riddles.	no more lies for the whole	"	?	no L
Historical Traditions	estate	"	?	
The Soldier —		"	?	no X. note
Historical pretty good.		"	?	
Poor Wit about a Laird of Islay		"	?	
Each Uisge.		"	?	
Domhnul. duileag (a fairy)		"	?	
Stupid boy.	(several versions).	"	?	
Gabhar Maol. buidhe	Tunneas. 53. 11. 12.	"	?	no XXX.
Loircean na luaithe	John Tinker	Inveraray.	H Urquhart.	no LII
Figheadair Mor.	alexander. Mac allister.	Islay.	H MacLean	no XLVIII
Diarmaid. agus Graidhne	~~Mrs Mac Parish.~~ "	"	~~Mrs Mac P.~~ "	no LX
a lot of Riddles.	"	"	"	no. L
a Fingalian Riddle.		Tarbert.		
How Cats went to Spain	(known to H Urquhart)	London.		

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Story	Narrator.	Place	Collector.	Reference
The Black pipe.		Beaulay		
Ossianic. Part of Bas Osgair		Islay. Port Wemyss.		
Murachel agus Merachel.	known to Dewar. MacNair Urquhart.	Islay.		no VIII note.
Proverbs.		"	Hector MacLean.	
The Cat & Mouse.	Hector MacLean.	Islay.	"	XLIX
An Ceathearnach.	James Wilson blind fiddler.	"	"	~~no~~ XVIIe
Murachadh MacBrian.		"		XXXVIII
Gaisgeach na sgiath deirge		"		~~LIV~~ LII
Nighean Righ fo thainne	John MacKenzie	Inveraray	H. Urquhart.	LII
Nighean gun bhaisteadh	?	Islay	H. MacLean.	
Fear a chota libesteach liath ghlas	Mrs MacTavish. (H Urquhart)	Islay.	Mrs McT.	
Domhnul dona.	"	"	"	
Domhnul nach robh glic	"	"	"	
Dan an deirg.	"	"	"	LX
The sheep's tail.	J.F.C. H Urquhart. J. MacNair &c.	" &c. &c.	~~J.F.C.~~	LVII
The Widows son.		Islay.	MacLean.	no II. abstract
Gille Carrach.	Stable boy. John MacGibbon	Inveraray.	J.F.C.	no II. abstract
ditto Mothers blessing	Mac Craw drover.	S Uist.	J.F.C.	no II. abstract
MacRigh Lochlainn	a traveller Inn Inveraray.	Loch Awe side.	~~J.F.C.~~	no II. note
No Name. Cath Nan Eun.	John Dewar.	Glendaruail.	J. Dewar.	no II. abstract
An Leodach.	a Minister's wife.	Skye	Miss MacLeod.	
Each Uisge	"	"	"	
Morachan' us Mionachan	a Minister	Inverness.		note no VIII
Fear a bhratain Uaine.	John Dewar. labourer.	Glendaruail	Dewar.	
Toad Prince	Mrs MacTavish.	Islay	Mrs McT	no XXXIII
a chaora bhiorach ghlas	John Dewar.	Glendaruail	J. Dewar.	no XLIII
Iullar og Armailteach.	" Jany 7. 60	"	"	no LIV note
an t' Uirsgeul aig na Righre	" Aug. 59	"	"	no III.
a Maighdean Mhara.	"	"	"	
Colla mo run.	song. heard long ago.	Islay.	J.F.C.	
The sailor's son	Patrick Smith.	S Uist.	~~J.F.C.~~ H MacLean.	
The Merchant.	"	"	"	
An t' Uirisgeul Mor.	Donald MacPhie.	"	H. MacLean.	see No I.
Fiachaire gobha.	Malcolm MacLean.	N. Uist.	"	
Bearner aidh.	"	"	"	no XXVIII
Ribin 'us Robain &c.	Donald MacLean.	Edinburgh.	Mrs McLauchlan	no XXXIX
Mac an Tuath anaich.	"	"	"	XL

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113

A man rouses the sleeping Fiantaichean with a whistle which he gets from the oldest of 9 old men. Fathers & sons. 114

X 115.

March 1861. A version told by a Tinker in London Gold, silver, copper, Castles. Curious adventures Under ground. 116

Compare. Gaelic Messenger. 117

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Hacon Grizzlebeard. Short shanks 120

Magic care. swords &c 121

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A woman who has no fear 123

See Smeuran dubh. A very good version. 124

A mystical old man found in a vast tree: let out by kings son: adventures: Horse. Boar. Unicorn. 125

Version of Cannach shirts. Wild ducks. good. 126.

127

A Munchausen story very good. Servant clever. They do all sorts of wonders. E.g. reap a field by throwing a sickle (at a hare) 128

Classical. good. 129.

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Buttercup. good 150

Dr. MacLeod. Mr. MacTavish. Witch &c. to be referred to. 151

Good. A king's daughter amongst Black Carlins (?) Muns. Carried off by a young man. like Hacon Grizzlebeard. 152

Very good. Like Grimm's peasants daughter. I have heard it myself in Barra. 153

154 A man & a Lion in a desert Island & a dead man who helps them out. Strange 154.

Ghosts & Robbers. Goat. 155

A little dog which gets inside a giant and a kings sister leagued with the Giant. See 159. 156

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Compare. 125. & Valiant Tailor Grimm. (certainly old.) 158



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Pigs & dogs 159

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See No 23. 163

A very good version of the Guid Man o Ballengich" Sir W Scott's. also King & Miller 164.

	Story	Narrator	Place	Collector	Reference
111.	Loch. Alsh. (Jany 19. 60)	Mary Morrison (Pauper Bedridden)	Benbecula.	D. Torrie.	
112.	Skye	"	"	"	
113	Robber Story	"	"	"	
114	Na Fiantaichean.	Donald MacLean.	Edinburgh.	Revd Mr MacLauchlan	Returned
115.	Mac na Baintreach (Bee)	Kenneth Mackenzie. Jany 20/60	Ross.	H. Urquhart.	
116	Na tri Saighdearan.	" "	Glasgow &	"	no X. note.
117	Sgeulachd mu thaolachd Righ.	Mrs MacTavish Jany 19/60	Islay	Mrs McT.	
118	Mac a chiobair.	Kenneth Boyd. Carnish Lochmaddy	N Vist.	H. MacLean	no II.
119	Cu ban an't sleibhe.	Marian gillies Portanlong	N. Vist	"	no II.
120	Na tri Rathaidean Mora	Margaret Mackenzie.	Berneray	"	no IV
121	an Cat glas.	B. MacAskill	"	"	
122	Mac a ghobha	"	"	"	no IV. abstract
123	Fios an Anraidh.	"	"	"	
124	Morag an Righ 's Morag a Bhanrighin	"	"	"	no XLIII
125	Bodach Na craoibhe Moire.	Donald MacLean.	Edinburgh.	Mr MacLauchlan.	Returned.
126.	Clann an Righ fo Gheasaibh.	Glend	Glendaruail	J. Dewar.	
127	Maol a bhoibean.		arrochar.	"	no XVII
128	An Greusaiche 's a ghille	Donald MacLean.	Edinburgh	Mr McLauchlan	Returned
129.	an Gasgaich. Mor	"	"	"	"

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150	Sgeul Bhloineagain bhig	John Dewars Mother 1810	arrochar.	J. Dewar.	
151	Mic a Mhuillear Lonanaich	John Crawford. (fisherman)	Loch Long	"	
152	Nighean an Righ 's a chailleachas Dubh.	Donald MacLean.	Edinburgh	Mr MacLauchlan	Returned
153	an Righ. a phos Nighean an Thanaich.	"	"	"	Returned.
154.	an da Mharsanda.	Johanna. MacCrimmon aug 59	Berneray.	H MacLean.	
155	an t aireach	"	"	"	no XXX note
156	An Eaglais Namhalt	Margaret Mackinnon.	"	"	
157	Brian Briagach	"	"	"	no XXXIX abstract
158	Eoghan agus Alasdair	Donald Mackillop aug 59	"	"	
159	Tri choin nan sreang Vaine.		Clachaig.	J Dewar.	Introduction
160	Mac a Rusgaich	J. Dewar.	"	"	XLIV
161	Maol a Chliobain	Flora Macintyre	Islay	H. MacLean.	XVII note
162	Sgeulachd. Eoghan Turach.	J. Dewar.	Clachaig.	J. Dewar.	XXXVII note
163	Conall Guilbeanach.	John MacNair May 1860	"	"	LXXVI
164	an Righ. us am Muillear.	Donald MacLean	Edinburgh	Mr MacLauchlan.	Returned

Popular history 165.

166

a Farmer finds a bag of money, wife sends him to school – owners come – says he found it when he went to school – Wife says: now you see my husband is a fool. – 167.

Robber story. 168

– Fairy lady. common. Lady of lake 169

170

Diamonds & Toads. 171

Compare. Grimm Robber Bridegroom. Mr. Greenwood. Widow & daughters. Bluebeard. &c. 172

Versions of. 107. Fiachaire Gobha. 30 Gille Bhudsair. Mac Phie. 173

one of. Peter Buchans. Mrs. MacTavish. Righ Lillan a Mhachtaidh. 174

Compare. Straparola. 175.

Better than published Version. 176

Mouse & Bee. X. 177

Dasent's goat. fiend. X 178

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(Good) Popular history. 180

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Mrs. MacTavish. heard at Oban. Wind & Meal. 183.

Tradition. True. – 184

Lady in Golden coracle with silver oars who comes from Lochlann. 185

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Semi historical. Romance. Rhymes included 191.

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Connal Guilbarnach. 193

Shakespearean. Known to Mac Phie. 194.

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Tom Caten by a Bull says Rhyme X. Bull killed Old Wife. X. fox. hounds. Tom escapes. 197

La Collier's Son. – 198

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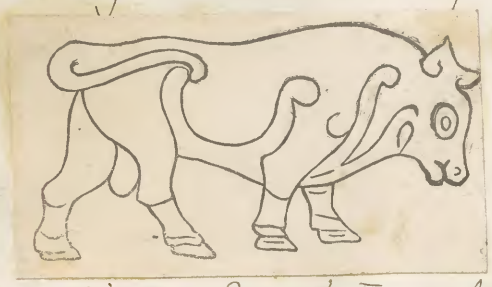
Story.	narrator	Place	Collector.	Reference.
a Fight between brothers	a student	Glasgow.	D. Forrie.	
Ian Dubh. Mor	"	"	"	no XXX. —
An Tuathanach O Draodh.	Donald Mac Kellop. aug 59.	Berneray	H. MacLean.	
Brathair agus Leannan.	" "	"	"	
Cailleach na riobaig	"	"	"	
Fuamhair han coig ceann	B Mac Askil	"	"	no IV. quoted in introduction
Ciotaidh 'as Uilleam	Christian Mac Donald	N. Vist.	"	
An Robair abha Posadh.	Marian Gillies aug. 59	N Vist	"	
an t Amadan. Mor.	Donald Mackellop	Berneray	"	
Biataiche ha boine.	Christian MacDonald	N. Vist.	"	
an darna Mac aigh Eirinn.	John Machair.	Clachaig.	J. Dewar.	no IV
am brathair bochd. &c	Angus. Campbell.	Rosneath.	"	no XV. good.
Domhnul. Dona.	Deoban.	?	"	
Welch Story same as ana black dogs.	Duncan Mac Cell Sanspka	Glenorchay	Peter Robertson.	
do Galloway Story. Lady of Assynt.	old dog Gille Breudalbane	"	"	
Cameron Story	"	"	"	
The people who flew with the fairies	"	"	"	
An gille Carrach.	John Macnair d. J. Dewar.	Clachaig.	J. Dewar.	no XVII d.
Domhnull beag Macha beantrad	"	"	"	
Callum Garbh Mc. Eathain	"	"	"	
Mogan dearg Mac Joachain	James Leitch. Shoemaker.	Glendarnel.	"	
Caol Reidheinn.	?	Islay.	Mr Carmichael	no LXVI. b
Fionns Sword.	?	"	"	LXVII
Dan Fer. Tharlochain	Mrs MacTavish.	"	Mrs MacTavish.	
Brathair bochd.	R. MacNeill Laborer in Isly.	Barra.	H. Maclean.	XV.
a version Wife of Laggan	Peter Robertson June 1860.	Black Mount	?	
Calum grin &c.	Alexander Fraser.	Mauld.		
Islay Mermaid.	John MacLean.	London.	J. F. C.	
Duan Cholain.	Hector Urquhart.	Ross.	H. Urquhart.	
Nighean Iarla Gliocas.	Alexander MacNeill fisherman.	Ken Tangval. Tiree.	MacLean	no XX
Conal Gulbairneach.	John MacGilvray labourer.	Colonsay	"	no. LXXVI
Conall Gheibhinich.	an Nistead.	Mauld.	Mr Fraser.	no. LXXVI
Tom Thumb.	Catherine MacFarlane 1809.	glenfalloch	J. Dewar.	LXIX
Righ Mhic Ceis d.	Mary MacCallum 1812.	"	"	no XXII
Mac an Fhucadair.	James Leitch Shoemaker.	Glendarnail.	"	
Mor-charachd. Agus Beagcharachd.	Mary MacFarlane. 1812.	arrochar.	"	no VIII

This is evidently a very old version but much broken.

a long version with many variations traced to a sailor (Cupid & Phoyche. the lady being the Mysterious



Good

Shifty lad. Scottish. Yeoman.

Popular. Novel.

Good. original

a combination. Popular history of a Norse battle No 44 Vol II end of Sea maiden. belongs to 44 Vol. II.

Curious as containing a monster. Same as in Lane's Arabian Nights.

translated March 61 Nursery Ossianic.

Prose & Poetry. Ossianic

Prose Ossianic.



Fiorin &c. go to Rome. Prose. Ossianic.

See English. Index 73; Gaelic 223.

Poetry. Ossianic

Poetry. Ossianic

" "

Eng. 73. Gaelic 216 Ossianic

~~The narrator wears neither shoes nor bonnet~~ Munchausen story very original long

Norse tales &c old man as house wife

I have heard this Sth Sequel to Coral. Gulban?

Story	Narrator	Place	Collector	Reference
Gilchrist Mac Dougall & Frog	Hector MacLean.	Oban.	~~H.~~	No XVII.a 275.
The opening of a story.	a small boy told to his Father.	Oban.	"	
An t Arruisgeal Mor.	Donald Mac Phie 1860	Skist	H. MacLean	No I.
Nighean Righ. Chaiste al an oir.	Mac Nair	Clachaig.	J. Dewar	No IV
Bull story.	"	"	"	LXX
Donacha na sgoil	"	"	"	No XIII
Muillear Charlungainn.	" heavily H.C.	"	"	
Shifty lade	Roderick. Mac Neill 1860.	Minglay	H MacLean	XVII
Nighean Righ an Tullaich Ghairm.	Mac Nair	Clachaig	J. Dewar	XLIV
Direach Ghlinn Eitidh	Donald Mac Phie.	Skist.	H. MacLean	XXXVIII
Guaigean làdhrach.	Mac Nair.	Clachaig	Dewar.	LXXVI
Bàs Chonlavich.	an old man. 1860	Islay	Mr. Carmichael	LXXV
Conal.	John MacNeill 1860	Barra	H. MacLean	XXXV
A Bhruighin Chaorain	John MacNeill. Nov 1860	"	"	XXXVI
Riddles.	? 1860.	Benbecula.	D. Torrie.	I
Gille nan cochail Craichion	Angus Campbell quarryman	Rossneath.	J. Dewar.	
Righ nan Ceisd.	R Mac Neill. 1860	Barra	H. MacLean.	XXII
Nighean Tarla Gliocas	Alander Mac Neill "	"	"	XVIII
Fionns Questions.	Donald Mac Phie Smith.	" Breubhaig	"	LIX
Fraoch.	Mrs MacTavish. &c &c.			
Fraoch	Ceite Laomidh.	Lios more	Carmichael.	
Conn Mac an deirg.	Padruig Buidhe.	Islay	"	
An Cu glas.	Donnacha Laomidh.	Lios more	"	
Gille nan spleadh.	John Mac Neill.	Barra.	H. MacLean.	
The fox and the Cake.	Hector Boyd	"	"	LXVI
The butter barrel.	"	"	"	LXV
A Bhràth	R. Mac Neill	"	"	XXVIII
An sitheachan s. an Taillear	A. Mac Neill. Ken Tang Val.	"	"	XXVIII
An tuanach mar bheantaighe.	Allen Mc Donald.	S Uist	"	
A Gobhar glas.	Hector Boyd.	Barra	"	LXII
Fox & Cock.	"	"	"	LXIII
The Hen.	"	"	"	LXIV
Cod Cawdy	Roderick. MacNeill.	"	"	XVII
Am Faine oir.	H Boyd.	"	"	XLVIII
Manus.	Donald MacPhie.	S Uist.	"	LXXXIV
Brian Briagach.	R Mac Neill	Minglay 1860	"	XXXIX





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Fionn's questions	Donald MacPhie Smith	Barra.	"	No LX
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Laoidh Chaoilte.	Janet Currie. Stoughe Breach	S. Hist.	H. MacLean	
Laoidh a chaindaibh.	Allan MacPhie.	"	"	
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Reverend Donald Mackenzie to

Add to this list

Print

The number of stories collected and arranged since January 1859 exceeds 330 (counting Versions as separate stories) and there are which the Gaels of the Highlands which have not yet been committed to writing. There are also several classes of Popular stories, such as Historical traditions, and Local Poetry, Proverbs and Nursery Rhymes which would not be

Legends

The Unwelcome Guest

(Told on a New Year's Eve, 36 years ago, to D M, in Gaelic)

(This Story is a very rare one, now seldom told)

In the good old times the New Year's festivities were kept up for eleven days together — A long time ago, a funeral took place in the churchyard of Dornoch on a New Year's Day — In the Churchyard it was therefore, that on this occasion, invitations were given and received; it hapened that they were so, by all the men attending the funeral, with the exception of one, who was left, when the others moved off, standing alone and crest fallen, among the green graves of his forbears — His attention was attracted to a human skull, lying blackening on the surface of "the Strangers burying ground" — He went up to it, and hitting it with his staff, addreped it, thus — "Thou seemest "to be forsaken and uncared for, like myself — I have been bidden by none, neither "have I invited any; I now invite thee" — The poor man then walked home, where he arrived as the long mid-winter's night closed in — and found his wife on the look out for him, and for any guests he might have brought with him — Soon after they had sat down to dinner, a venerable old man, drepsed in greyish clothes entered the room; and in the most perfect silence, took his seat at the table; and his share of the viands under which it groaned — indeed it was amply spread with the food used in the good old times, mutton, venison, kip-pered salmon, and oat bannocks which had been baked on a red hot flagstone, and mixed with eggs, carraway seeds &c — the drink was brown ale made from barley malt — After the meal, the old man, rising, departed without having spoken a word — In the same way he repeated his visit for 6 nights — At last his host became uneasy and alarmed — as he had indeed been from the beginning convinced that the stranger belonged to the other world — He accordingly asked the Priests advice, as to how he was to get rid of the Un-welcome Guest — The revd father bade him in laying the bannocks in the basket for the 7th day's supper <u>reverse</u> the last baked one — <u>this</u> he assured him would induce the old man to speak — That night the old greyman perceived it on entering; he did not sit down as usual, but said as follows — "I now see, 6h "friend, that you are tired of me, before the end of the new years festival — I "now invite you, to spend the remainder of it with me in the Kirkyard — I go before you, and will await your coming — on your peril do not fail" — Mine host

AFRCA

no. April 12. 1867 note of a story told by Miss Campbell an old Lady who learned it at school from girls who learned it in the West Indies from a Black nurse. Niddry Lodge Kensington.

1. 3 Boys lost in a wood. - youngest cleverest. - meet old woman with uratic go to bed hear her sharpening a knife and say. "Mammy what a go so? Mammy wharagoso?" "Shickety shack, shickety shack, shickety shack shoo. - never you mind you go to sleep. Then they get up cut throat of old womans daughter, boil half roast half & run away. First they speak to the "water for the feet" which speaks in them stead (as in Battle of the Birds). Then they find a Pumkin as big as three giants heads. and they run away and climb up a Guava tree. The old woman followed & when she came to the Guava tree she said. "Buckra man you sar" Why you not come down sar". The tree shook down leaves and she went away. Then she came back and the tree shook down Branches when she said her rhyme Buckra man you sar why you not come down sar. Then they got a plank and put it over a stream balanced when the old woman came after them the third time one ran over when she came the plank tipped up "one tip up and in she goes". —

This manifestly is on the same platform as the rest of popular tales Every single incident separately can be found in Gaelic and in Norse. It is Maol a Bhoibin. and Buttercup. The Mastermaid. Kate ilsprats. Little Thumb. and lots more. If it came from Africa then popular tales are common to whites and to Blacks. But the question is whether a "Nurse" did not learn the story in the West Indies from whites & make it fit the scenery the Botany the architecture & the language which she knew in the West Indies. — J.F.C. Feby 15.70. extended from an almost obliterated pencil note found in a pigeon hole. The old Lady is dead Long Ago. —

went again, and craved the priests advice, whose counsel was to proceed – This he did with a trembling step, while from every pore, a cold sweat distilled – On reaching the Churchyard, he there saw a great house, illuminated in its many windows; while sounds of music and dancing met his ears – the savoury odours ipsuing from the kitchen soon reminded him that he had had no dinner that day; his fears vanished, and he felt hungry – The Grey old man received him at the door, led him into a large room beautifully decorated, where a numerous company were assembled – the old man disappearing, then left him to enjoy himself for the evening, which he did, eating, drinking, piping, and dancing – After a short time the Grey Master of the house entered, and said to him, that the entertainment was at an end; and that he must make the best of his way back – "Surely not yet; I have been but a few hours – and I kept you for days" – The other replied – "Hasten home or your wife will be married to another! In parting, "let me give you this advice – Never take liberties, using disrespectful words or actions "to the remains of the Dead" – having said so, the grey old man, the house, the guests, and all that it contained, vanished, leaving our hero, standing alone in the Churchyard grass – and so fatigued that he could hardly crawl back in the moonshine – When he neared his own house he again heard the sound of music and dancing – and on opening the door, the first thing that met his sight was his wife, in a bride's dress – She swooned away immediately; the piper flung down his pipes, and bolted thro' the window, the would-be bridegroom scrambled up the chimney, the wedding guests made for the door, or hid under the bed, and the husband and life called back from her faint, were left alone to make their mutual explanations – It seemed he had been away a year and a day – and that is the time, within which widows are restricted from making a second marriage –

It was some time before the man recovered from the fatigue of a year spent in dancing; or the wife wholly got over her fright; but I am apaired they lived happily ever after – saw their Great great Grandchildren, and that their descendants, are scattered thro the country to this day ——

(Note I heard this long ago in Islay J.F.C.)

March. 5. 1870 Lady Caroline Charteris used to hear from a Swiss nurse at Gosford when she was a child. a story about a man who at the end of the story went to a place where he would find two serpents on guard. He was to say to them Que Voulez Vous? Que Regardez Vous? Que Chercez Vous? Then they tell him that under a stone he would find a treasure which the serpents were guarding. —

2. Note of address to Snail by french boys. from the same.
Escorbeau. escorbeau Montre moi tes cornes.
Ton père et ta Mère sont sur les jets
et font de la soupe aux pois.
ils en garderont pour toi.

Nurses. address to a childs foot from.
G. W. R. Campbell april 4 1849.
Head of police in Ceylon & a Grandson of Duke George of Argyll
" Wagfoot wagfoot
" when wilt thou gang?
" Beltane days when days are lang.
" When Cowics shall calve
" and Gewics shall lamb
" Beltane days when days are lang." —
This contributor is to gather the popular tales of Ceylon. He has contributed one or two from memory and they are a trifle wordy.
Jany 31 1872. The contribution has come. made by a certain Mac Ready who has lately died in Ceylon.

From G. W. R. Campbell

Wigtonshire "wut".

Talking with my sister over all the old friends and acquaintances we had 15 years ago in Cairn Ryan, Wigtonshire, poor old Jenny Hannay came up. Poor Jenny has been dead for more than 12 years. She must have been Seventy when we knew her. She then used to go out to a few houses to assist the servants on any occasion when they needed assistance, such as the occurrence of a death or birth in the house, or the giving of a larger "party" than usual. She used often to come to our house, & she was a great friend of us children. She was one of those decent, simple, characterless, persons, who by the sole fact of long living acquire a consideration & respect they never possessed in the maturity of their powers. She was a sandy-haired smiling-pied old woman, always simply dressed in a white "mutch" & print gown, & always very clean-looking. She had a decided limp from an accident wh. befell her many years before. She had never been married & had lived many years with an old lady who had left her a few hundred pounds. This legacy probably conduced much to the respect in wh. Jenny was held in the village. She had never been 10 miles out of it in her life, yet one gude wife wd. often remark to another "Ay, woman, Jenny's a fine wice-like body an' haes seen a dale o' life an' o' the woarld!

We, little folk, decidedly thought so too, and moreover we considered her a very learned person with a stock of beautiful riddles and funny stories perfectly marvellous. We rarely found out the riddles, or "guesses" as she called them, & we did not laugh much at the funny stories but we were never tired of them, & we were deeply impressed with the extent of the learning and knowledge they showed. How often, sitting round the nursery fire has Jenny begun with

"Noo, All ax ye a guess maistre Joarge. An' try if ye can fin't oot?

"Come-a-reetle, Come-a-rottle, Come-a-rot-tot-tot

"A wee wee man, in a red red coat,

"Tara" by Captain Meadows Taylor.

"A staff in his han', an' ~~&~~ a stone in his throt,
"Come-a-reetle, Come-a-rottle, Come-a-rot-tot-tot"

"Noo, whut's that?" Jenny would triumphantly ask.

"A cherry! a cherry!" we would all cry out, if we had penetrated the "guess" for the first time.

But the following was one of Jenny's first class riddles

"As A stud on ma Timple-tallis
An' lookit oot ma wimple wallis
There A saw the ~~big tigtag~~ big bag
Chasin' the wee tig-tag
Thro' a bed o' green Callies

A snore by my feedle-faddle,
If A had my dreedle-draddle,
A wad shoot the big bag,
Chasin' the wee tig-tag,
Thro' a bed o green ~~laf~~ lallies!

I forget what the interpretation of this deep and Craftz "guess" was, except that the "big bag" was a dog, & the "wee tig-tag" a hare, & the "dreedle-draddle" a gun.

Another riddle of Jenny's was "Maister Goary there was a man in Kirkholme" (a village near Cairn Ryan) "An' he had a cheese, & he Cuttit it - An' whoot he cuttit wi?"

When I first heard this I had answered after some thought "A knife?"

"Lord!" said Jenny, but ye're the cluver shairpe. Some'll say "a hatchet", & some'll say "a each", (adze), & some'll say ae thing & some ane but there's no' ane in twenty'll say a knife!"

[illegible] 16.5.09.

No 2

Of Donald Duval Mackay
Or the Wizard of Lord Reay's Country

Now Donald Duval Mackay was a Member of Lord Reay's house, and a famous Wizard, who had learnt his art in Italy—

How he lost his shadow

At the end of each term of Sefsion of the School of Black Art, the Devil, who sat in the Professors Chair, was wont to claim as his own, the last scholar, who left the school— On one occasion, as they broke up, there was a regular scramble among the Students, as it was Donald Duval's fate to be the last, (and the Devil would take the hindmost) just as Satanas made a snatch at him, Donald had the presence of mind to cry, "Take thou the hindmost"— and his shadow being seized, he escaped; but he was never afterwards seen with a shadow—

Donald used to meet the Devil and his accomplices in the Cave of Smoo— they once had a violent quarrel, when Donald thinking discretion the better part of valor, fled— the prints left by his horse's hoofs in his flight, may be seen in the hard rocks to this day—

Like his Master, he was cruel, and a ring may still be seen, at low water mark, by which he chained his victims to a rock— leaving them to be drowned by the tide— He would at any time send his mynmidons into Italy and further, in one night— they rode on the traditionary broom sticks; and were always very tired after these errands; in which they had great hardships to endure— Sometimes they alighted covered with the snow, and frost, which prevailed in the high regions they had traversed—

Donald could oblige the little men to work for him— Once, being short of straw for littering his cattle, he begged some of a farmer; who, goodnaturedly said that provided he threshed it himself, he might take as much as he liked— Donald repaired to the barn: flung himself down, and went to sleep— the hinds made a joke of this: saying Donald Duval's threshing would be a light one— repeating this, they left him, and went to breakfast— On their return, they heard an alarming thumping, and beating, while straw was being toped out of the windows in enormous quantities— Donald's voice was heard repeating— "Sheves s'meish! meish's sheves", viz, "You and me,

Jany 26 1871. Inverness Courier.

ISLE OF HARRIS—OLD NEW-YEAR CUSTOMS.

Were it not mentioned in the almanacs, we in this quarter would scarcely discern the demise of the old year, or the ushering in of the new, so thoroughly have all the ancient customs died out. Time was, however, and that not much more than half-a-century ago, when the advent of the Christmas and New-Year was observed with great ceremony. It was customary in this island, like most other places in the Highlands in olden times, to welcome and celebrate the "Nollaig Mhor" (the Christmas), and *oidhchi na bannag*, or the *Challuinn* (Hogmanay), with the greatest amount of mirth and jovialty possible. On Christmas morning all the inhabitants of a township, and sometimes several townships united together, male and female, small and great, and assembled, according to previous arrangement, in some house in the locality. To this place, the house of feasting for the time being, every goodwife carried a lump of newly made butter, weighing from four to six pounds Highland weight, as also cheese and bread. The heads of families took with them a *searrag* (bottle) a-piece, full of the best smuggled whisky that Lews or Pabby, as the case might be, could produce. These were all placed upon the table—a table that might well groan under such an immense load of good things. Eating and drinking continued till night set in, when the pipers and fiddlers' services were called into requisition. Dancing, singing songs relating to the mighty deeds of their ancestors, and telling stories connected with their families, occupied the whole night. The company dispersed about noon the following day.

Precisely a week after *oidhchi a nollaig* was *latha na bannag* or the *Challuinn*, which in this island was always the 11th of January, New-Year's day being the 12th of that month. The correct day was ascertained as follows:—"Aon latha daig gun a h-aon dhiubh fein a chuantais," that is, eleven days without counting any of them. On the 11th the guidwives were busily engaged in preparing large bannocks for *muintair a challuinn*, for they were aware that very heavy drafts would be made upon their stock of provisions. In the evening all the youths and many of the grown-up men in a township gathered at a given point. A cow or bull hide, which had lain for months in the smoke and soot, upon one of the rafters of one of the houses close by, was speedily procured. This hide was placed upon the back of the strongest man present. The next strongest followed him with a large bag for carrying the bread, cheese, and any other article that might be offered to them on their rounds. Then to the number of from thirty to forty, each provided with a club or staff, they proceeded to the furthest off house, which they intended to visit, and went twice round it, as the sun goes. This ceremony completed, they approached the door, when the leader, the man carrying the hide, gave it a thump with his club, and then began a "Duan," which being finished, the guidman invited them in. Their leader, with the hide, then goes thrice round the fire, which is on the centre of the floor, in exactly the same way as was done outside. In his rounds, each man of his company strikes the hide with his club. The first who does so shouts *Chulain;* the next man cries *Chalain;* and the third roars *Chullanoig*. This sort of thing is continued till the poor fellow's back is aching with the blows. The host next takes a small strip out of the hide, the end of which he places in the fire, and then raises it to his nose, and inhales the odour as a token of long life and prosperity. The wife then "deals" her cakes, while the guidman refreshes them with the contents of his black bottle. Visiting all the cottages in their district they repair to the house appointed for the Bacchanalian consummation. Here they feast upon the proceeds of their stroll, and the carouse does not terminate till the New-Year is ushered in. Now commences the proper festivities, to which all that formerly took place was but a prelude. At early dawn the whole township gather to this last-mentioned house, and after breakfast all those inclined so to do go down to the sands, where shinty is commenced in earnest. Many grey-headed men take part in games. Near the stake is a cask of mountain-dew, of which each and all may partake without restriction. After enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, they return to the banqueting house, when a most substantial dinner, with as much drink as they can swallow, is prepared for them. Dinner over, dancing, songs, and tales follow, and the entertainment is kept up without intermission the whole night. The dinner table is left covered, and is amply replenished, so that any one requiring can help himself as he pleases. In the evening of the following day the company broke up, but before doing so they repaired to a small knoll close by, and made a hole with a spade on the top. In this hole a cheese was placed, and a bottle of whisky poured upon it. It was then buried and left there till next *Chaluinn*, when it was raised, and the feasting commenced as before. But no trace of these old customs is now visible.

Jany 27. 1871. – Sir Kenneth Mackenzie told me that at Xmas time boys about Conon on the East coast come round dressed in some odd fashion and repeat a lot of rhymes of which he never could catch the sense. He only heard something about "William Wallace". He had never taken any notice of the boys or their customs. It further appeared that he had never heard the names which are in the article opposite. Quotes to him the article in Notes & Queries for this week by Cuthbert Bede which I had just read at Brooks's The alderley play which is in this book. (I think). and Chambers Nursery Rhymes. of Scotland. also my own recollections of first footing in Islay, of all of which Sir K was not aware & did not seem to care. In the morning Lady Mackenzie gave me the paper from which this is cut. I suspect that my recent correspondence with Murdoch at Inverness, and Carmichael in hist about Clerks Ossian, has set the Inverness literary society to work upon popular tales & Folk lore. See my paper in Sept printed in the same journal. Pasted into my journal for the year 1870 – "The note" no traces" &c may or may not be true. I know that the Ministers have done their best to extirpate all such customs but I am not sure that they have succeeded even in Harris. J. F. Campbell. Jany 28 1871

"me and you" (Donald had not learnt grammar in Italy) – When the Wizard opened the door, they found all the shaw in the barn threshed out –

(No 3)

– How he lost his power –

There was a book of magic, or black art, much consulted by Donald – He once lod this book to a Wizard gentleman, a friend, and relative of his own – This person duly returned it by his servant; charging the man not, at his peril, to open the work by the way – But the curiosity of the vulgar mind, prevailed over its prudence – the churl opened the leaves, and was immediately surrounded by hundreds of "little men", who cried – "ha fear beg" & demanded "Wak!", "Wak!" ——— The servant was greatly frightened – but bid them twist thumb ropes of the heather; as quick as light all the heather within sight, was coiled into ropes, and then rolled up into <u>claws</u>, or <u>balls</u>, Again they swarmed round the servant – every one calling "work! work!" – He despatched them to the sands of the Bay of Tongue, and bade them turn <u>that</u> into ropes – The sand defied fairy ingenuity, and with an angry scream they all plunged into the sea – So Donald Duval lost his servitors among the "little Folk" –

Another of his secrets, was that of drawing rain and snow from the clouds at any moment, by a wave of his hat –

((Note) There are many more tales of Donald Duval Mackay – and I may hear them at Stack Lodge from the Gillies – Much of his history resembles that of Michael Scott – but they must not be confounded, as Michael is known, & has as respectable an individuality here, as on the Tweed –)

No 4

The Cave of Smoo

(Note – This reminds me of some Eastern Tale of a Genii in a kettle or Lamp ——— Opinions differ as to whether D.D. was a Lord Reay or only one of the family) –

Donald Duval explored the cave of Smoo, to a greater extent than any one else has ever done – Having once penetrated very far he heard a voice cry – "Donald, Donald Duval, return" Undaunted, he proceeded, till he found a large cask, into which he bored a hole, and out of which, to his surprize jumped a little man about an inch and a half long – Surprise turned to horror, as the creature gradually assumed colossal dimensions;

From the Edinburgh Evening Courant.
Wednesday March 7 1866.
a Highland name

DEATH OF A CHARACTER.—On the 23d of February, there died at Mill of Ribrae, parish of Forglen, Margaret Grant, at the advanced age of 69 years. And as she represented a class which is regarded as becoming very few in number in the present day, two or three remarks on the chief features of her character may not be unacceptable. Margaret was superstitious, and fully and firmly believed, up to her dying day, that she possessed power to remove or avert the ills and ailments of both man and beast, especially of the latter; and this by means of various incantations, ceremonies, and appliances—such as fresh cuttings of "ra'ntree," some of which she always carried about with her. She would carefully place so many of them before and so many behind the particular beast she meant to benefit. Another potent charm was what she called "holy water," taken, no doubt, from some "old and fabulous well." This she also generally carried along with her, and used partly in sprinkling the pathway of the individuals she designed to bless—the rest to be mixed in common water to wash the hands and face. In the case of such as she was desirous should prosper, and be defended from evil, she would go round and round their dwellings, carrying along a rod of her wonder-working "ra'n-tree'—and this was usually done at a very early hour in the morning. She also believed herself to be transmutable, and that she was at times actually changed by evil-disposed persons into a pony or hare, and rode for great distances, or was hunted by dogs as the case might be. We have heard of several other strange enchantments which Margeret practised when she had opportunity and was allowed. But in all her foibles there was ever conspicuous the design of doing good. Except those, and they were not many, who twitted her about her supernatural pretensions, she was disposed to befriend everybody, and took a sincere interest in the prosperity of all she knew. And besides, in her humble sphere, she was open hearted and generous, sometimes to a fault, both to old and young. She was a native of Forglen, and has no relations that survive her except a nephew. In early life she was much in service, generally as a cook, in good families, remaining sometimes five and six years, and in one instance thirteen years, in one place. She had an instinctive abhorrence of parochial relief; yet she never wanted for the necessaries of life. Her wants were never forgotten at Forglen House.—*Banffshire Journal.*

a white witch. Compare notes sent by Mrs MacTavish and notes of "Gios vachan" or charms & cantrips Wrights my journals & correspondence since 1860

compare Martin Western Isles as to the Custom of circling sunwise for luck. Which custom is not quite ended in 1871. In the Vicle round the church

Characteristic of her class of old.
J. F. Campbell
Jany 31. 1872.—

From the Edinburgh Courant—Monday 31st July 1871.

This is a very common Popular tale of which versions are in My book. I one is printed in my Popular Tales under the heading Waterhorses.
Jany 31. 1872. J.F.C.

THE KELPIE OF LOCH PYTOULISH.—This beautiful lake, like most others in the Highlands, has its legends. One of them is about the "water kelpie." Long, long ago, on a fine summer day, some of the children of the barony were playing on the banks of the loch. In the midst of their merry gambols one cried out, "Look, look at the bonny pony!" And sure enough there was a lovely creature, with sleek skin, long flowing mane, and bright silver ornaments, browsing beside them. They could not but look at it. There was some witchery that drew them nearer and nearer; and as they followed, it edged closer to the loch. It seemed so gentle that at last they took courage to stroke its neck, and then to touch its beautiful ornaments. Alas! this was just what the wicked kelpie wanted. The moment their fingers touched the bridal they were glued fast. It defied them to draw them back. Then, with a terrible cry, the kelpie plunged into the waters with his prey. But there was one brave boy that did not lose heart. He drew his dirk, and cut and cut at his dear flesh till he was free. The others perished, but he was saved. Such is the story. Whether true or not, it bears a noble lesson, which may be given in the words of that old Book which all men call divine—"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, for it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having [illegible] hands, to be cast into hell."—*Elgin Courant.*

and addressed him thus—"Donald, did you ever see so great a wonder?"—
"Never—by my huth, but should thou turn again small, as at the first,
"it would be the biggest wonder in the world!—The Giant grinned apent,
and diminishing to a span, jumped into the cask, which D.D. spiked
immediately; and left the cave much quicker than he had entered it.—

No. 5
Donald Duvals Dairy

Donald was a rich man with herds and retainers to match—One day
his (Dey) a dairy woman, and her husband were churning, when a man
appeared at the door of the milk-house—followed by a large white and yellow collie—
He asked for a drink of milk, and while he drank, the dairy-man's cupidity
was much excited by the dog, an animal of unusual strength and beauty—
He did not like to make overtures to the stranger, but was astonished to hear
him say, as he passed out—"Though I will not give my dog to a man that does
"not ask me for it, I <u>might</u> give it to one who asked for it"—All this was repeat-
-ed to D.D. in the evening—"Is this it?" he said—"It is likely the man will
"be back to-morrow—Back ye a bannock for him, to night, but put the girdle
"into it (inside), and give it him with a stoup of milk when he comes
"ben"—The stranger <u>did</u> come, eat the bannock through; without perceiv-
-ing the indegestible iron plate, and again went out saying—"Though
"the man does not ask my dog, I might give it him, if he said the
"word"—By this time, the dairyman and his wife, knew the visitor
was "no canny", and answered—"If we did not seek it yesterday, we will
"not take a gift of it to-day"—The following morning the man appeared
without the dog, but as he had not the offer of the milk, and oatcake—
D.D, who was on the watch for him, saw him quietly walk off with the
best cow—He pursued him; the cow was torn to pieces in the struggle, which
took place near the Cave of Smoo, but the Enemy of mankind did not again
visit Donald Duval's Dairy—

An evil Proverb

"Math air seann duine, math air fall duine, is math air leanaibh beag
"tri mathan cailte"—Viz
"Good done to an old man, a bad man & a little enfant—are 3 goods cast away"—

With my love
Cas
28 Buxton Street
9th Feb 72

A CONTEMPORARY quotes "Le Clerc's History of Medicine" to show that the first mineral medicine ever used was oxide of iron. Legend has it that Melampus (who lived about two centuries before the fall of Troy), holding an augury to discover a cure, was directed to seek for a certain knife which had lain for a long time in a tree, where it had been stuck after it was used for sacrifice. The rust scraped off this, and given to his patient for ten days in wine, was warranted to effect a cure.

1872 —

A Contribution from Lady Caroline Charteris.

a Further Contribution from Lady Caroline being a composition by Lady John Scott.

Hearin ye've a Paper written by folk o a ages I humbly offer a sang for ane o' its pages. Wi Mony thanks frae my Fiddle an' sel to ye a' ye've keepit us gaun, an' made us baith fou' an' bra' That Spettiswoode may n'er want Roset an' Whiskey is the earnest wish

O' ye'r auld Drunken Fiddler an' Servant

George McLish.

The auld Fiddlers Farewell.

1.

Snawy an dreary
an' blawy an' eerie
The nicht it had fa'n an my
haps they were few.
When tremblin an' blinken'
To the door I cam shrinkin
O' Marget an' Eleanor Alice & Hugh ⊗

2.

A lodgin' an' dinner
They gied the auld Sinner
The fire an' the Whiskey sune
warmed me a thro'
Then me an' my Fiddle
Were set in the Middle
O Marget an Eleanor Alice & Hugh.

3

Mad wi the Houlaihan
Glad till they cool again
The sows tail to Geordie I
play them sae true
Then reelin' an' skreighin'
To the Castle o' Breechin
Are Marget an' Eleanor Alice & Hugh.

4

Faster an Dafter
The Fiddlin' an' laughter
Leddy Warrender's loupin'
an' flingin' for two
Miss Rose an Augusta
Bang round in a cluster
Wi Marget an' Eleanor Alice & Hugh

⊗ The children of Sir George Warrender who keep a MS. newspaper or magazine

Jay 17. 60

John Mac Phie a Fisherman in South Uist, told me in August last year, that once when in a boat many miles from land, one of his comrades was struck on the side of the head ~~with~~ by a bleeder dart, which stuck into his bonnet and penetrated the skin.. The man pulled it out & Mac Phie kept the ivory arrow for many years as a charm but he lost it. A man told him that they had made him throw the arrow at the man in the boat - That man (as was well known) used to go with them from Island to Island - he would be

in Barra one day. & Tyree the next &
Nist the third. he went with them and
with the dedd men in the church yard.
~~but~~ He did not throw the arrow so
hard as to hurt the man in the boat
though they made him throw it & shew
him how to do it. — I am quite
satisfied that Mac Phie believed he was
speaking truth and equally satisfied that
some trick was played on him —
founded on the popular creed as to fairies. —
J. H.

No 6

A very pretty Story

An old man sat in the gloaming by a dyke in Shath Oikel – It was Sunday evening; he read in a gaelic psalm book, and was alone, Suddenly he perceived that the mist had rolled up close to him, and he felt a cold sough or swirl of wind on his face, so strong, that it made him look up – A voice called "Geordie! are you seeing anything there for us?" – "No" – he said, when there was a loud and exceedingly loud and sharp cry, as of one in dishes, which wailed away among the echoes of the rocks, till it died up the balley –

(Though some men like Donald Duval had power over the fairies, the fairies, on the other hand, had control over some persons –)

The man who went with them

Five Generations ago, two men were walking on a Thursday morning, to attend the Sacramental preachings in the Parish of Dornoch to which one of them now belonged – The other was a native of Laing. G, (the Dornoch man) asked the other of his welfare who replied that his health, under Providence, was but middling – "Nay", said G, "I would like to hear of yourself, concerning "a point that troubles me" – "And what is that?" They say that you are now taken up with creatures we are little acquent with" – Rory could not deny the impeachment but confessed that he was in the power of the "little people", that they called him away at any time; carrying him off, when he flew like a bird, having once been as high as the Steeple of Dornoch Cathedral, spending some-times weeks, sometimes days and nights in their society – G. enquired anxiously, what they gave him to eat, when he said that the food, was much the same as what he had at home, but that everything beef, bread, or fish had the same taste, and was like so much cork –

(This is all of their conversation that has been recovered – My informant, an old woman, had it from her Grandfather, whose Grandfather is the G. of the tale)

(No 7)

Donald Gow and the Fairy Hunt

Three conical hills all much of the same shape and size, and of which two have the same name (Torberachan) are the principal haunts of the Fairies

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the maids in the kitchen the charwoman spoke,
As the nut brown went down, and the silence was broke;
"Let each of you here who loves freedom and spree
Come out like the lasses of bonnie Dundee!"

Then down with the flag, and as quick as you can
Give warning to missus and call your young man,
Unlock the back door, and go out on the spree,
For it's up with the wages in bonnie Dundee.

On, on with your chignon, and walk up the street,
The bells may ring loudly, the gong it may beat,
But the missus, puir thing, must e'en let it be,
For it's up with the warnings of master and she.

There are places in England, and mills in the south,
Fine clothes for the back, and good meat for the mouth;
There are sweethearts in waiting three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey, for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."

Then awa to the music, the dance, and the play,
Ere I'll taste of that tin meat I'll starve for the day;
And tremble, ye masters, while I'm on the spree,
Lest ye hae seen the last of my bonnet and me!
Then down with the flag, &c.

—*Yorkshire Post.*

Cut out of the Courier. and sent May 18. 1872 by Lady Caroline Charteris from 16 Bruton Street. The subject of this parody is a strike of Servant Girls at Dundee. In their slang "The flag" means a cap which the girls look on as a badge of servitude.

modern poetasters.

Supplementary to our last paper on the spells and incantations of the Highlands, the following has been sent to us by our kind correspondent, Mr Carmichael, of the Inland Revenue, Island of Uist, a gentleman of whom highly honourable mention is made in Mr Campbell's "West Highland Tales," and in some of the notes to the Rev. Dr Clerk's "Ossian." Mr Carmichael is more conversant, perhaps, than anybody else with the antiquities and folklore of the Outer Hebrides. The incantation that follows was taken down by Mr Carmichael from the recitation of "an konest, unsophisticated, old *Banarach* or dairymaid in North Uist, who is even yet occasionally consulted about sickly cows"—

RANN LEIGHEAS GALAR CRUIDH.

Crìosd' 'us Ostail 'us Eoin
An triuir sin is binne gloir
A dh-èirich a dheanada na h-òra,
Roimh dhorus na Cathrach,
No air glún deas De Mhic.
Air na mnathan múr-shuileach,
Air na feara geur-shuileach,
'Sair na saighdean sitheadach;
Dithis a lasachadh alt agus ga 'na adhachadh
Agus triuir a chuireas mi 'an urra rin sin,
An t-Athair, 'sar Mac 'san Sprorad Naomh,
Ceithir ghalara fichead 'an aoraibh duine 's beathaich,
Dia ga sgriobanh, Dia ga sguabadh,
As t-fhail, as t-fheoil, 'sad 'chnàimh, 'sad 'smuais;
'Smar a thog Crìosd' meas air bharra gach crann,
Gum b'anu a thogas Edhiotsa
Gach sùil, gach gnù 'sgach farmad,
On 'là u dingh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail. Amen.

In English—

A HEALING INCANTATION FOR DISEASES IN CATTLE.

Christ and his Apostle and John,
These three of most excellent glory,
That ascended to make supplication
Through the gateway of the city,
Fast by the right knee of God's own Son.
As regards evil-eyed women;
As regards blighting-eyed men;
As regards swift-speeding elf-arrows;
Two to strengthen and renovate the joints,
And three to back (these two) as sureties—
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
To four-and-twenty diseases are the reins of man and beast (subject);
God utterly extirpate, sweep away, and eradicate them
From out thy blood and flesh, thy bones and marrow,
And as Christ uplifted its proper foliage
To the extremities of the branches on each tree top,
So may He uplift from off and out of thee
Each (evil) eye, each frowning look, malice and envy—
From this day forth to the world's last day. Amen.

"It is not always an easy task," writes our correspondent, "to write from the dictation of partially deaf and toothless old women," and we perfectly agree with him. "Ostail," in the first line of the above spell, we take to be an insular form of *Abstol*, voc.—*Abstoil* or *Abstail*—*the* Apostle *par excellence*, namely, Paul.* Mr Carmichael appends the following elucidatory note:—"This *òra* or spell can be used for either man or beast, and is guaranteed to effect a cure in any case! In the case of a four-footed animal a worsted thread is tied round the tail, and the *òra* or incantation repeated. The 'snàthaile' (*snàthainn*, a thread), as this charm is called, undergoes much mysterious spitting, handling, and incantation by the woman from whom it is got. The *rann* or spell is muttered over it at the time of 'consecration.' Usually two threads (*dà shuàthaile*) are given, and if the first is not quite successful, the second is sure to be effectual!" More of this curious subject in our next.

July 1, 1872.

* Was it not Peter who went up through the gate of the city along with Christ and John? A.A.C.

Cut from the Inverness Courier sent by Carmichael July 19 1872. The English is all wrong. I.F.S. and Hector Mac Lean agree.

in Sutherland – They are of the kind called "dreped Fairies" affecting green clothes, horns, bagpipes, reel tunes, and hounds – They hunt 3 or 4 days in the week, and have their meets and "mots" like their betters – Donald Gow, as he sat resting after ploughing, heard the hunt and all the "horns of Elfland faintly blowing" – Two strange looking hounds, with hanging tongues and forbidding aspects bounded up to him, and sniffed at his knee – He was horribly frightened, when a voice cried "Down! It's only old Donald Gow! Let him be" –

(No 8)

Vougha

The Highlanders distinguish between these fairies and the Water Kelpies, who are more unmitigatedly mischievous in their tendencies – The Kelpies preside over mills and fords where they do a great deal of harm. One William Monro and the Grandfather of the person from whom we have this story, were one night leading half a dozen Packhorses across a ford in the Oikel, on their way to a mill. When they neared the river bank, a horrid scream from the water, struck their ears "It is the Vougha", cried the lad who was leading the first horse, and picking up some stones, he sent a shower of them into the deep pool at his feet. She must have been repeatedly hit, as she emitted a series of the most piercing shrieks – "I am afraid," said Monroe," that you have not "done that right, and that she will play us an ugly trick at the ford" – "Never "mind, we will take stones," he answered, arming himself with a few. But the Kelpie had had enough of stones for one night –

(No 9)

Secondsight

A Carpenter assures us, that when he was a boy in Assynt, he was one day herding sheep on the limestone cliffs of Stronchrubee (which commands the head of Loch Assynt) when he beheld a four wheeled carriage (a thing he had never seen in his life) with a pair of horses, and harness that shone in the sun, coming down, at a quick pace, a spur of one of the most rugged hills in Sutherland (Glashrien) – He thought no more of the apparition, though it was sufficiently wonderful, considering that on that side of the loch there was not a yard of road – He left Assynt, nor did he return there till a very few years ago when the road that now runs from Assynt to Glen Dhu was made – One day lying again above the Inn, he saw a real open carriage and pair of horses

1673. April March 1. Note from Lady Caroline Charteris

original returned.

The true story of Jack Horner.

Jack Horner was the Son of the Sacristan of Glastonbury abbey. It
being decided upon by the Abbot and monks of Glastonbury to send
all the title deeds of their property to Henry VIII in order to
protect him & ensure good terms for the Monastery Jack
Horner was selected to take the title deeds & ensure in order
to escape observation a large X mas pie was made but
instead of any fruit the parchment deeds were put into the
dish with the crust over them. Jack Horner proceeded on
his way to London but thinking the pie contained something
good to eat he raised the crust and put his hand
inside when to his astonishment he brought out as he
supposed thought nothing but a dirty piece of parchment
However he continued his journey to London and the pie
in due time was placed before the King who having an
accurate knowledge of all the property belonging to the
great Monastery of Glastonbury Abbey soon discovered that
one of best properties was missing & believing that it
had been kept back on purpose by the Abbot the King
sent down a party of Soldiers to arrest the Abbot. They
they met him as he was returning from Wales in his coach
drawn by Eight white mules. he was dragged out of the
Carriage and up to the top of Tor hill near Glastonbury where
he was either burnt or beheaded. But Jack Horner lived
to find that the parchment he had taken out of the pie
was worth having for it was the title deed of Wells Park
near Wells which his descendants still possess.

II "Hush a bye baby on the tree top" was said to be
composed at the time of James II abdication. It is little
Jon was the baby on the Tree top & the bough bending
was the King's abdication which brought down the
whole family.

N.B. These variants explanations of Popular Songs &c
are in some book or other. I dont believe them. J. R. S.

come quickly along the new road, at the very spot where his prophetical vehicle had 30 years before crossed the steep incline, from Glasvein, to the Lake –

(No 10)

On an Autumn evening, one of our tenants was standing at his own door, when he saw a funeral coming along the road – So common are such warnings in this Country, that he paid it comparatively little attention, till a man, distinguished from the others, by wearing whitish trousers, stepped out of the ranks, and ran across the grass in front of the house as if to speak to him – Then the figure vanished and my friend went to beg – Next day at 12 o'clock a funeral did pass Mr H's door. This was not strange; but it is a fact and a curious one, that a man in whitish trousers, a friend of H's, from a distant part of the country, did leave the procession, and walking quickly across the grass – shook hands with H. and asked after his health and family –

(No 11)

A sad Story

Mr X also gave me the following –

A Miller of the name of Munro, (a tenant and Clansman of Mr Munro of Novar) added to his calling, the lawful one of carpenter, and the unlawful one of distiller of whisky – One Saturday evening, late, he was drying and preparing some malt in the Mill; his wife had gone to bed – but had left, as he found when his work was finished, a good fire in the room, (not the kitchen) – from which, their bed closet opened – To his horror he found a corpse, or its similitude, lying as X says, in linens, below the window – he looked at it for some time, feeling very sad, (for he had often had board-rattlings and warnings of coffins required in the neighbourhood) he did not like to pass it: but going by the other side of the fire, slipped into the little room where his wife slept – he undressed but looked out again, to see if the horrid occupant of his house was still there, which it was stiff and white and still – In the morning of course it had vanished – but it made a great effect on Munro: and when X met him 8 days after, he thought him looking grave and unwell – 6 days later word came to X, to come quickly to Mrs Munro, for the Millstone had broken suddenly, and her husband and a lad who worked with him, had both been killed by the fragments –

Place, was fined £2, and ordained to find £1 caution, with the alternative of 40 days' imprisonment, for having, on the 11th inst., in premises in High Street, occupied as a shooting saloon, assaulted the owner and two constables.

Edinburgh Courant Sept 13 1793

DONALD "DUAGHAIL" AND THE EARL OF CAITHNESS.

An occasional correspondent sends us the following—

On one occasion in the spring time, Donald happened to be at Thurso, when he met the Earl. Being very scarce in fodder (provender for cattle) at the time, he told the Earl the circumstance, and requested he would oblige him with less or more. His Lordship said he was not wholly at such a low ebb, but was much afraid he could spare none. Donald, however, was urgent, and the Earl yielded so far as to promise as much as a man could thrash in a day, Donald to provide the man, and on these terms they parted. Not many days after, in the evening, a man called at the Earl's house, said he had been sent there by Mackay of Tongue for a day's thrashing. Word was sent to the Earl who gave directions that the man was to go into the kitchen where he would get his supper, and a bed somewhere in or about the house. Having supped, he requested to be shown to bed, as he was tired. Next morning the servants were astir at their usual hour, but Mackay's man did not put in an appearance. Indeed he remained in bed so long that some of the servants began to whisper that *Gille dubh Ic Aoih* (Mackay's dark-haired lad) would be rather unprofitable to his master *that* day. When the morning was pretty far advanced, he found his way to the kitchen again, where he got breakfast. That over, a man was sent with him to the barn. But on arriving there, he showed no signs of making up for lost time; in short, he stood idle while the man remained there. Being left alone, he cautiously took up the flail, looked at it, and said :—

"Thus us mis a t-shūisd thróm,
Thig gu tric 's būail gu trom."

It was now evident that he was up to his trade, for before mid-day he ordered a *cruach* (stack) to be put into the barn. His order was complied with, not without a little curiosity on the part of those that so did. It was then that the *gille dubh* really did show his true colours, for during the time he was at work, none could get near the barn, for at the back door the straw was being thrown out as thick and fast as that aperture would permit, while at the front the chaff and its attendant dust issued in such a dense cloud that the beholders momentarily expected to see the barn in flames. Voices, somewhat indistinctly were heard, saying—*Sin dhuits, so dhomhs'* (That to thee, this to me), and the afternoon was not far advanced when he ordered a second *cruach* in to the barn. But ere this was to be done, word was sent to the Earl to the effect "that evidently enough the devil was in company with Mackay's man, for if allowed to go on at his former rate, not a sheaf on the estate would be left unthrashed ere night." The Earl, who at once knew who he had in his barn, went there himself, told Donald he had done *enough* for one day, and that he had better accompany him to dinner.

Edinburgh, 8th September.

X made what arrangements he could, but being a Contractor and Master Mason, it was impossible for him to get up to the Mill that day— Next day, however, he went to the Lyewake— and started painfully on going into the room, to see poor Munro's mangled body, rolled in fair linen cloths, and lying under the window, to the right of the fire, in the same spot, where the dead man, had seen the warning vapour— X was the only person to whom the Miller had told the vision (which he had concealed from his wife) And he has never forgotten the fate of his poor friend—

(No 12)

Capt. W. Ross of Invercarron, Senr.
and
Mr. W. Ross of Invercarron, Junr.
A true Story

Soon after the disastrous battle of Killie Crankie, and the ruin of the Stuart cause in Scotland, for the time being— Capt W. Ross, in common with "Sir Randal" and many more, went to seek their fortunes, in "the wars of the high Germaine"— He was a very tall man, immensely strong and muscular— and legends of his feats abound in Strathcarron, where they thought it pity so pretty a fellow should shed his blood on a foreign soil— Capt Ross died in action, for ought I know, in defence of the "Isle of the Scotts" which Mr. Aytoun has sung— but his fame did not die with him— and the rumour of his beauty, size, and strength, excited the envy and vanity of a young kinsman, many many generations later— who boasted to be the fairest and strongest Ross that was, or ever had been— The old people in the Strath snubbed him, and told him he would not reach to Capt. William's shoulder— he got angry, and swore fair means or foul, he would convince himself and others, that he had in all things the pre-ference— At Langwell, near Invercarron, there then, lived a wizard, and to him Mr. Ross applied, for the means of verifying his statements— The Wiseman promised to show that night, the soldier of fortune to his inquisitive descendant— Accordingly they repaired to a flat, in a bend of the Cikel— where the enchanter drawing a large circle (·) in the turf, bid our hero take his stand in the centre of it— This spot under peril of his life he was not to leave; neither was

July 19, 1881. The Tailor & the Mouse Susan Johnstone

There was a tailor and a mouse
Lived together in one house.
The Tailor owed the mouse a spite
And sewed him up in button tight.
This mouse was stout and he got out
And ranged the country all about.
This mouse was seen upon St Paul's
Playing with three farthing balls;
This mouse was seen upon a post
Drinking tea and eating toast;
This mouse fell sick and he did die
And all the neighbours round did cry;
They carried him to the Church stile
And there they stayed a little while;
They carried him to the Church gate
And there they did a little wait;
They carried him to the Church porch
And —— left the Parson in the lurch!

Bat Song.

Bat! Bat! Come into my hat!
And I'll give you a slice of bacon.
When I bake I'll give you a cake,
When I brew I'll give you two,
So, Bat! Bat! Come into my hat!
And I'll give you a slice of bacon.

Of all my Mothers children
I love myself the best
And when that I'm provided for
The Devil may take the rest.

was he to touch anything, or person he might see — "and", quoth the wizard, "there are many that will pass before you, ere cockcrow; ask each lot, as it passes, "if Capt W. Ross is in the Company" — So saying he returned to his hut — The harvest moon was at the full and its mellow light never fell on a stranger scene than that valley presented, after midnight — A large army, seemed to young Ross, seemed to be drawn up to the right, and band after band, regiment after regiment defiled before him, of this spectral host, all silent as the grave, their martial head falling noiselessly on the sod — He had ample time to repent his rash wager, and rasher wish; his hair stood on end, as the whole ghostly Corps d'armée unrolled on the plain — Of each Company he demanded, now ever — "Is Capt W. Ross here?" — "No, but he is coming" answered the Officer at the head of each — hours seemed to elapse, still the foreign legions, with new colours and strange eagles, succeeded each other — Men of fierce aspects — swarthy and savage as the hordes of Tilly a Hérodée — unbroken in their ranks, and slow in their pace, till each brigade vanished in the waters of the Vikel (lapsing slowly by wood and hill to the North Sea), while fresh troops and ever fresh troops, seemed gathering together; huge uncouth field pieces were lumbered up, and dragged across the verge of that magic circle — Ross still asking the same question and receiving the same answer — At last, a regiment, more strange looking than any, marched up, and towering over the others, like Saul among the people, an officer walked conspicuous — "Is Captain W. Ross here?" said our hero — "He is" replied a corporal; making a military salute — and the tall man, (up to whose shoulder this young Laird of Invercarron hardly reached) stepped out of rank and coming up to him, greeted him kindly, and by name, said he was glad to make his acquaintance, and offered to shake hands — This our friend had been instructed to refrain from — The late Soldier next prayed his kinsman to march a little way with him; this, too, he excused his inability to do — "Then," said Capt Ross, "I must not linger with you", and bidding him good evening, the Officer strode on, till he rejoined the regiment with which he vanished into the swift running river — There the vision ended — The boaster, crestfallen, weary, and terrified, stood at his charmed post till the sun rose in the Eastern sky — till kine began to low in the meadows, and faint cock-crows came from the distant Grange — He sought the wizard, and threatened to have him prosecuted, and burnt, for his unholy practices; but as the joke of this story went against himself, he did not, I believe, carry his threat into execution —

1882 June 8th Middry Lodge.

Miss Johnson read by desire of Mrs Campbell and Campbell gave to me, a letter sent to her by Miss Nelly of Saddel, by desire of her aunt Miss MacLeod of MacLeod who was at Dunvegan looking after the poor crofters of the Chief of MacLeod in Skye — Stuck in the document here.

The story is one of a class familiar to me but I never heard this particular story before. It is a sample of Popular History which always is devoid of dates. Rob Roy may be anybody from the days of the Arians. I dont think that the Real Rob ever took purses on the region. It does not appear how this fool contrived to get the horse over the sound. As history it is like the whole manuscript of John Dewar which now is at Inveraray. It may be true; or it may not be true; or it may be ill dated, and true of anybody. Calain Jongatach is the personage usually made the hero of such tales in Argyll shire. "George Buchanan" used to be the hero of funny stories when I was young so throughout popular lore known to me from one side of Eurasia to the other a story is a thing like a germ, which grows to be a version of the parent story, when it happens upon a mind fit for the story to stick in.

Iain Jongatach, mac mhic Iain Riabhach mac mhic Calain Jongatach, mac mhic Calain mor.

Dunnegan Cath called down to Macleod that he saw a [illegible] on horseback coming – "How many are there" says Macleod "Only one" answered the watcher "then let him come in, one won't hurt us" – the rider came up and who was it but the fool and the money – "How's this" asked Macleod and Ruari told him all about it – then they opened the saddle bags, and found such a heap of gold Ruari had never seen so much "You have done very well Ruari." said Macleod

"You must" says Rob Roy and presented a pistol at him – "Och" says Ruari "its very hard but I am an unarmed man and my life is dear to me. Here then I'll give it you" and he threw the parcel at the man and it rolled far down the hill. Off the horse got Rob Roy and ran after it, and the fool jumped down on the horse, and rode away as fast as he could with the money in his breast, for it was a pair of stockings that was in the parcel he threw down the hill —

The watcher on the top of

than 200 years ago. Macleod wanted some money from Inverness and told one of his men to go for it – Now Ruari the fool was a great friend of this man's and he knew that he was most dreadfully afraid of going to Inverness, for fear he should meet Rob Roy on the way – but he did not dare tell Macleod that, for he knew he would hang him on Beallach na Croiche in a minute – So the fool went to Macleod

and said he wanted very much to go to Inverness himself, and hoped he would let him go, instead of the other man. and Macleod said he might - Ruari was himself a little afraid of Rob Roy, but he said nothing, and went off - When well on towards Inverness on the 3d day he met a pleasant looking man, who asked him who he was, and what was his errand to Inverness, which Ruari told him - "How much money will you have" says the man - "I dont know, but I should think £1000 at least" - "You'll be coming back this way, I dare say" - "Oh yes! and

I hope to see you good morning" - The fool got the money, and on his return was resting himself on a rock above the path, near where he met the man, but who does he see riding on a beautiful horse, but the man himself again - "Very glad to see you Sir" says Ruari very respectfully this time, for the horse was a fine one - "The same to you. Have you got the money" says the man - "Oh Yes" - "Then you must give it to me I'm Rob Roy" "Och" says the fool to himself - But he says out loud, calling down from the rock

"no one could have done better but you must ride back to Rob Roy, and give him his money and his horse" - The fool did not like this at all, but he went, and Rob Roy was pleased with him, and Macleod and the fool and Rob Roy were the greatest friends ever after —

Gaelic Proverbs

"Cha'n'eil ach rabha gun fhuasgail am bruadar na n-ordhche"— viz —
The dream of the night, is but a warning unsolved—
"Ludh an spioraid dol tunchiol na drochaid"— viz—
Go about the bridge, as the Ghost did —

(No 13)

A Morayshire Legend

In the olden time (lang syne) there was a strong castle in Morayshire inhabited by a very bad man — and in its court yard was a draw well which supplied the garrison with water when besieged — On one occasion a great ball was given, and the dancing kept up till far into Sunday — On Sunday evening, and while music and dancing were still going on, one of the Sewant girls came and told the Master that the well was overflowing. He told her to emply it out, but she soon returned and said that it still overflowed in spite of all her efforts, whereupon the Master called her a "lazy limmer" — and other bad names, and sent her back to her work — The water, however, gushed up with increased force, till the castle and its inmates sunk down into the earth, leaving in the place where it had been a deep loch, covering 2 or 3 acres — My informant, a Morayshire man, was born near the Loch, and remembers perfectly, that a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, had a boat on the Loch, which he used for fishing, and from which, on clear days, the chimneys and gables could be distinctly seen under the water — After the boat had got old and rotten, the gentleman began to angle from the shore — The first day he got 3 dozen trout, as long as his arm, but the second day, after he had landed two dozen, a little mannikin, about 3 feet high, rose out of the Loch on the opposite side, and addressed him thus — "Ye mauna come back to "fish here nae mair; as their is mair mooes here, than the fish in the loch "can fill —" The mannikin then disappeared in the water — The gentleman was a gay bold child, and went back again, but every time he heard a reed moving in the wind, his hair bristled on end, so afraid was he that the mannikin would appear a second time —

(No 14)

The Rotterdam

Once upon a time, a wicked Sea Captain built a Mammoth Ship, in which

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he expected to sail the high seas, and conquer all the navies of the world – When he saw her manned and launched, he said – "I now fear neither God nor man".

The Rotterdam was so large that he had on the decks, a flower and kitchen garden – besides provisions, sheep and milch cows – with many more comforts and appliances – Being ignorant of the navigation of the Dornoch Frith and hoping if able to press through to find some N. W. passage, he ran his ship upon the quicksands of "the Gipsen brigs" – where she sank – the sand closing over everything but the topmast where the Embo fishermen lately saw her flag, flying, and fluttering, in the tide – The crew are still alive, and in calm weather can be heard praying and singing psalms – It is believed they are kept there, till the Last Day; when the impious Captain and his ship's company will be punished –

(No. 15)

A Legend of Loch Spynie

There was a Gentleman in Morayshire at one time who had learnt witchcraft in the School of Black Art in Italy, On one occasion he ordered his coachman to drive him, in his carriage and 4 horses, across Loch Spynie on the ice of one night's frost – Loch Spynee was very deep at that time – The Wizard charged a pair of pistols in the coachman's presence, telling him that he would be shot dead, if he looked back, when on the ice – On they went, on the thin ice, and as soon as the leaders, had their fore feet on dry land, the coachman looked back, and saw "twa black craws" on the front of the coach; the ice immediately gave way, and down went the carriage and two wheelers, but the leaders being very powerful animals dragged them all to land – The powder in the pistols had got wet and would not burn, which saved the coachman's life – The Crows were 2 familiar imps or devils –

Part - 2

Tales from the People of Sutherland
Skibo Castle June 1859

Introduction

"From the contemplation of Death, and of the pangs which follow in his footsteps, arise in mens hearts, "the troop of strange & irresistible superstitions, which, more or less melancholy, or majestic, are "never without a certain grotesquesness, following on the paralysis of the reason, and the over "excitement of the fancy— Thus first born, from the dusty and dreadful whiteness of the charnel "house, but softened in their forms by the holiest of human affections, went forth the troop, of wild "and wonderful images, seen thro' tears, that had the mastery over our Nothern hearts for so many "ages — The powers of sudden destruction lurking in the woods & waters, in the rocks and clouds — "Kelpie — and Gnome, Lurlie, and Hartz Spirit: Wraith and foreboding phantom, the spectra "of second sight ..... — these, partly degrading us, by the instinctive and paralyzing terror with "which they are attended, and partly ennobling us, by leading our thoughts to dwell in the "eternal world, till the last and most important circle in that great kingdom of dark and "distorted power, of which we must all be in some sort the subjects, until mortality shall be swal= "=lowed up of life; until the waters of the vast fordless river cease to roll their untransparent — "volume between us and the light of Heaven — and neither Death shall stand between us & "our brethren, nor Symbols, between us and our God" —

— J. Ruskin —

(№ 16)
The three Hunters and their Brides
(a tale of Assynt)

Once upon a time there lived at the foot of the Ben More of Assynt, three young men, sons of one man, who were famous hunters — All three were handsome as Kings sons — fleet of foot — and one of them skilled in music — he always carried a "chaunter" in his quiver — They were betrothed to 3 sisters — great beauties — but all unlike — One had golden locks, the other, had lint white hair, and the youngest had eyes like sloes, and her curls were raven black — Their necks & breasts were white as the swan, the canna, (cotton grass) the seagul, & the foam on the pool, and the shore —

It came to pass on a certain day, that the 3 young men went deer -

stalking in the corries and "bealachs" of Ben More – till Ben More put her cap on, and the hunters lost their way in the mist – The hours went on while they grooped about – at last they espied a light, and making for it, they found to their joy, a bothy, with a blazing fire, at which they warmed themselves and cooked some venison – When they had refreshed themselves, the piper (brother) played some piobrachs, laments, and reels – then said the eldest "if we had our sweethearts here, we might have a dance" – Immediately there entered three beautiful maidens, all in green, who holding out their hands to them, soon began to dance – They led off the reel merrily, but the piper was the first to see that the green ladies were all webfooted – he was alarmed, and begged his partner to excuse him and allow him to go to the door, for the fresh air – as his wind, he said, was exhausted – The beautiful girl said he might, if he would not let go the green ribbon which was tied round her slender waist – He took the girdle in his hand, and walked to the door, she following mutely – quick as light he drove his Sgiandhu through the piece he held, and calling on his own love's name – he bounded out into the night – Swift as the wind came the weird damsel, and always gaining ground upon his steps – He saw graying a few yards off a herd of cattle and horses – but they scenting the evil thing from afar, fled in terror – with manes erect, & streaming tails, they urged a maddened flight – The leader of the horses alone remained, who neighed and advanced to the hunter – the fugitive threw himself on the ground, under the horse's belly – The noble animal defending him with head and hoofs, and resisting every attempt of the web-footed lady to possess herself of him – being itself badly hurt by the fairy darts she hurled at them – At last the dawn broke, the sun rose, and the sprite vanished – Our hunter sought his way back to the bothy; which he found reduced to ashes – bones and fragments enough remained to prove, that the house had been set on fire, and that the brothers had perished in the embrace of their fairy visitors –

(No 14)

The Tailor & the Skeleton

A Tale

There lived in Dornoch in the olden time, a Tailor, who did not believe in witches and said there were no ghosts. Now, St Gilbert his church was the place were many were buried in those days; that were not of the manor of the people,

and this Tailor boasted that he would sew a pair of hose, alone, in the Cathedral, in one night— Accordingly he took his seat, cross legged, before the high altar— and plied his penetrating needle with wonderful apiduity— When lo! a human skull began to roll towards him— and spoke at last, as follows—
"Mo cheanna mhoir gun fiah, gun fail, aig arry suil a'hailair"— viz— "My "large head, having neither flesh nor blood, rises, Tailor, to you"— "I will see "that presently, when this is finished"— answered the undaunted Tailor sewing away as fast as possible—
The skull next said— "My great head, and breast, without flesh or blood, rises, "Tailor, to thee."
"I will see all that when this is done" was the reply— and so it went on; the skeleton rising from the floor, higher and higher, repeating its observation, and the tailor, sewing with clammy hands, and giving the same answer— At last the task was completed, and not till then did the Tailor venture to look— lo! The ghastly stood upright its full length— the damp clay covering only its white and flesh-less feet— He darted off— the ghost followed— but did not overtake him till he reached the church porch: when it slammed the door after his retreating feet, with such horrid violence, that it caught and lacerated his heels, leaving him a cripple for life— The spectre had, in closing the door, grasped the posts, his fingers left a mark there, which might be seen any day, till the restoration of the Cathedral 183.... —

(A Story much the same is current in Rossshire, & about Inverness, of a tailor and the Abbey of Beauly— only he had candles, which the ghost blew out, and he did not finish the hose, like the Sutherland man)

(No 18)

The Wakes of Loch Manaar

or Manair

Once upon a time in Strathnavar, there lived a woman, poor and old— She was not a witch, but able to do many wonderful works, in the shength of a white stone, which had come to her, I do not know how. One of the (then) Gordons of Strathnaver wished to get it from her, and when he saw she would not give it up, determined to seize it, and drown the owner in the little Loch, now known as Loch Manaar, or the Loch of Shame— They struggled and he took up a heavy stone with which to kill her, but she plunged into the water, flinging the magic stone in before her— "May it do good", she cried," to all created things, saving to a Gordon of Strathnava"—

Gordon stoned her to death, and she died screaming "Mhanaar! Shame, shame "upon you" – Since then the waters of the loch have been a cure for deafness and blindness, the dumb, the aged, and the imbecile all receiving help and health from contact with them –

It is necessary to be at the loch's side after sunset, and out of sight of it before sunrise – 7 times must the sick man dip, when the water (calm as he entered it) is troubled by a light breeze – Every first Monday of the Moon – and the first Sunday of summer (June) are the proper days – it is less frequented now, than when people flocked to it, from 7 counties –

(№ 19)

The Tree taken to witness

(A Shepherd boy's tale)

(Note – I have seen this story in print – quere – Hugh Miller's "Scenes & Legends"? D.D)

Once upon a time there were two men travelling together on foot, by Spey side – The elder of the two grew weary, and they sat down to rest under a tree, having drunk of a little sheam, that ran below them – The wearied man soon fell asleep, and his companion sat watching the larks singing above the furze bushes, and the dimpling and purling of the burn – He heard his fellow traveller groaning and muttering in a restless sleep, and soon saw creep out of his mouth, an insect like a bee only "wanting" wings – This bee crawled along the mans clothes, and down on the sod, till it came to the brook, which it could neither fly over nor swim – It aye turned back and back; and aye tried it again – till the waking man, letting it creep on his sword, helped it across – It then went on 200 yards or more, and disappeared in a small cairn – Presently the sleeper came to himself; and told his friend, that he had had a strange dream – a "wee wee craykrie" no bigger nor a bee, had told him of a hidden treasure, and had promised to show it him – it had seemed to him as if the creature came out of his mouth, had croped the burn by his comrade's help, and gone out of sight in a cairn – The watcher, who had had time to follow the bee to the cairn which was just hid by a rising ground, and was not more than 200 yds off, laughed at the story, but the elder man said it must be true, and declared his mind, to seek the cairn, and it's contents – High words followed, and the younger, drawing his sword, slew the man who had dreamt the dream of gold – The victim with his last breath upbraided the

ther with treachery, and took the tree under which he had slept and now lay, to witness that he had been foully murdered— The murderer dug out the cairn, and found the treasure, gold and silver, and silver armour pieces, and became a gay rich man— but aye where he went, men saw a tree above him and behind him, Aye walking when he walked, and staying where he stayed— An', for all his gear, he never got a friend to bide wi' him, nor a lass to marry him— At last he was ower weary of it all, and went to the priest— and telled him the way of it— and made a restitution to the dead mans folk— and that was good to him— but he did na live lang, syne—

Morayshire— and only one person here knows this tale, viz, our parish Clergyman, I have no other story of treasure, but one of my brothers foresters believes in

(№ 20)

The tripel jewel of Ben Stack

(Info— Jewels in mountain sides are not uncommon— Criffel in Dumfries has one visible from the)

At midnight in a stormy season, and on a "fearsome" night, Donald Murray, saw blaying on the north side of Ben Stack, where 3 streams fall straight down from the brows of the hill, a triple light, one above another, the highest being brightest— it has been seen before— and he says, it is a diamond— and sacred— probably to some powers of storm and darkness— Jewels in general figure but little in Highland lore, but the Jewel of Giamshid pales before the three-fold diamond of Ben Stack—

(№ 21)

The Erse version of Jack the Giant Killer called "The Giant and the little Herd"

The opening of the tale and the deaths of Connoran, and Blunderbore, as told in our childrens books, are all unknown here— and the whole thing as found in Sutherland, more nearly resembles the Scandinavian story of "The Giant and the Herd boy" given in "Thorpe's Yule Tide Stories" (Bohns: Lib: Edit^n), but as will be seen, incorporates with that, some of the features of our Jack— I cannd get it in gaelic— but am told that it fell on this wise—

The Giant appeared to the little Herd boy— and threatened to kill him— but the boy gave him to understand he had better not, as he was very strong, tho' small, and an enchanter, and that if the Giant ate him, he would make him very ill— The Giant did not quite believe him— and taking up a stone which he ground to powder by closing his hand over it, bid the Herd

do the same, or he would make short work with him— Our little friend had a lump of curds in his pocket, which, he contrived to roll in dust, till it looked like a stone, prepping it between his fingers, a stream of whey ran thro' them— The next trial was with the heavy hammer, which the Giant threw to an immense distance, telling the would be enchanter, that unless he could match that, he would blow his brains out— "I suppose", said the boy, "you have "no regard for the hammer, and don't care whether you ever see it again or "not"— "What do you mean?" growled the Giant— "I mean that if I take "up the hammer, it goes out of sight in the twinkling of an eye, and into "the sea"— "I beg you will let the hammer alone, then, for it was my Great "Grandfather's hammer" replied the Giant— and they were both well pleased with the bargain— Then followed the hasty pudding feat (called brose or brochen here) and the experiment with the black pudding, which the boy had inside his jacket, and which ran blood when he pierced it— The Giant, trying to imitate him, plundged a knife into himself and died— as may be seen in all carefully compiled books for the use of young persons—

I am trying to get hold of a tale, current in Upper "The Lady and the Great White Serpent"— The Gentleman who told me of its existence, says it is the counterpart of one of Grimm's Märchen—

Superstitions

(№ 22)

A number of people were drowned at the Meikle Ferry, (between Ross & Sutherland) owing to overloading the boat— on the anniversary of this accident, nothing could have induced our old Gamekeeper to draw his net in a little arm of the sea below the house of Skibo, and near the said ferry— I do not know what he was afraid of— perhaps of some misfortunes for himself— certainly of bad luck in his fishery— and he may have had some lingering fear of drawing a dead body—

(№ 23)

The sea, they say, does not always cast up those who have been drowned either by accident, (as falling from a rock a pier) or by steps of weather, but the corpse of one murdered and thrown into it, is sure to float ashore— "The sea will not keep, what it did not seek"— —(Said to my Brother last Autumn—)

(№ 24)

Before a death, the Wraith is often heard at night in the Carpenter's shops selecting boards for the Coffin- Linen for the shroud is said to be chosen with equal care by the provident spirit- but the rattling of boards and tools may be considered as a sign of rapidly approaching dipolution—

(№ 25)

They open the door during the death struggle, to facilitate the departure of the Spirit- A plate of salt is often laid on the dead body, which it is the custom to watch, with candles—

(№ 26)

Old people remember when it was the custom, for a man to walk alongside a funeral ringing a bell (to drive away evil spirits)- And when the earth began to be shovelled into the grave, the church bells, which had been slowly tolling- rang out a loud violent peal- I believe, with a view to warning the Devil more effectually off the premises—

(№ 27)

Some days before the death of Dr Bethune, sometime Minister of the Parish of Dornoch- (1816) a large Cormorant was observed sitting on the steeple of the Cathedral Church- the whole town took this as a sign that the incumbent was not long for this world- One of the same birds was seen flying and lighting on parts of the building in 185... the vulgar predicted from this a similar result- and the event justified the saying, for the then Clergyman sickened and died, after a short illness—

(№ 28)

Babes

A new born infant must be washed, with a piece of silver in the water- the larger the sum, the better the luck- it is customary for those, who can afford it, to put in 5^{s}- this is the Midwife's fee- She often wears a silver ring; for the sake of the children she handles—

(№ 29)

The 7th Son in a family where there are no daughters, if washed with a piece of gold in each hand, acquires the power of touching for the King's Evil—

(№ 30)

It is not thought adviseable to leave very young babies alone in a cottage — at the gloaming, because the "little people" are more apt to carry them off at that hour—

(№ 31)

Spirits

There lived on our property, some twenty years ago, an old woman named Christy Rofs— the last of her family, who had all lived and died on the Croft, and so very infirm that Mrs Dempster was very anxious to persuade her to change her house, and go to another, where there were neighbours, able and willing to be of use to her in case of sickness, or death — but she steadfastly refused — saying, the kindness was well meant, but that she could not abandon what had been her home and her people's home — At night she said she heard a man's voice praying — praying by her bedside, and sweet music as of singing — She had no doubt it was her father and her brethren — and no less doubt that in a strange house she should miss this happings, which she valued above neighbours or help—

(№ 32)

Demons

It fell out, once, that in a little farm house one day, the Mistress and her maid were sifting meal in the morning, and that in the evening, at supper, the former perceived that her wedding ring was missing — After due and unavailing search she accused the lass of having stolen it; upbraiding her with the theft, before their other domestic, a lad who had long been courting her, and with whom she was, as my authority expresses it "on terms of marriage" — The ring could not be found — appearances were against the girl — she lost her place, and well nigh her lover, "for the word was that hard against her", that he felt unwilling to have his banns proclaimed with a thief — Perplexed and unhappy, he went for counsel to a wise, or spa woman — She bid him be of good cheer and go to bed in her house and to sleep "till she got word of the ring" — To bed he went, but not to

sleep— an hour afterwards, when she supposed him to be sound, the wisewoman rose from her chair by the hearth, and began turning over the clothes he had taken off— After searching the pockets, which were empty, she took up the brace, or band, for supporting his hose— and left the hut— quick as thought, and unseen, the young man followed her to a flat beside the River, where, "with words I cannot say, she fetched him I dare not name"— "Well, Crow, what is it now?" said he (It was the Muscheef/mischief/ my dear) "Well— Master"— she said, and told how the lad was ill at ease after the ring, and the poor lapie set by as a thief— "an' what do you say about the ring?" "I say, Crow, the ring is just in the meal girnel, it fell in while they were sifting "in the morning— let them sift it again"— So far, so good, thought the lover— but the crow and her friend had not finished their say— Au! what will I get for "this, Crow?" said the Mischief— "You will get him that is the fill of this"— (a that this holds) shewing him the waist band— * * * * The ring was found, as predicted and the girls character cleared, but the last sentences rang in her betrothed's ears, and this time he selected for his adviser a wise man— "An' what can I do to be rid of the ill thing?" he said eyeing the band askance— "Take you the brace", quoth the Wizard, "and go back to the river's side— tie it round "a tree, and cut a cross in the tree, and at it's foot, then kneel you down, and say "'May the Lord God Almighty bless me, and make me free of the ill word, and the "ill thing"— He did as he was bid, and next morning the tree, all split open, lay by the water side— the curse had passed on to it— and the couple, who were— married the next week, lived long and happily all their lives—

(№33)

Witchcraft

Honeysuckle has great power against witchcraft and should be worn by women with child— our Gamekeepers wife tells me, she has often seen a piece of it sticked inside the body of a gown—

(№ 34)

The evil eye is very common— children, cattle— (milchcows) and poultry, suffer most from it— but the evil wishes it is remarked often fall back on the utterer— because to "the Mischief" it is a matter of indifference on which of the two the spell or the wish falls—

(№ 35)

A woman, Anne Macrae, on this estate, cures cows &c, by incantations – she has a box of stones as a "medicine" – and a large practice – being sent for from place to place – but seems rather feared than loved – Water in which one of these stones is boiled cures the effect of the evil eye – They are hereditary in her family—
A man, also our tenant, cures pains in persons at a distance by magic – The patients send him their name, sealed up – he requires no diagnosis, but from the moment he receives the paper, the pain or fever begins to mend – This was tried by a girl weeding in the garden here, last Autumn – but without succes – I must say that the failure did not shake her faith – at which as she had been for half a year, a Bible Class pupil of mine, I was not a little scandalized –

(№ 36)

Of Verses of Scripture

I remember an old woman, now dead, who never went an hour from home, without making one of her neighbours open the Bible, and see what the first verse said – If the Sortes Virgiliana was to her mind, she then said – "I will go in Gods name." (The Book of Psalms is the one most used for this purpose) – She was very superstitious – assembled the whole Kirk Sepion of Elders once to hear of a revelation she had had from heaven – and frequently told us that she "seed the Mischief sitting up in a tree, and grinning at her" – She prayed a great deal – but was so cross as to be almost mad – her neighbours said "very thro' other at the full of the moon –"
If a young woman wishes to know who is to be her husband, let her read the third Chapter of Ruth – and put the Bible under her head at night, on Hallow-éen – The intended will appear to her in a dream –

(№ 37)

Of Banshees, or Vrow or Weird Woman –

A Weird Woman magnificently adorned, with gold and silken gear, was once seen by our old keeper, running violently down a steep brae on the East side of the River Shin – she disappeared in one of its deepest pools – but not before she had been seen by half a dozen trustworthy witnesses –

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(№ 38)

A Boddach a weird man lives in a rock called the ravens – in one of our woods – he frightens people exhomely in the evenings, (the rock commands a long hill on the road) but there is no proof that he has killed any one as yet –

(№ 39)

Further on there is a hill covered with birch and oak copse thro' which the High Road to Bonar Bridge also papes – one morning, in winter, and in deep snow, a man proceeding slowly Westward – saw a-head of him another man in a long hooded cloak of blue home spun – He recognised him, tho' the figure had it's back to him, to be the father of one of our small tenants – a man of the name of Murray – Eager to overtake him, the traveller quickened his pace, but it was not easy to make much way in the snow, which was a good deal drifted – but in which he now saw to his horror, the man in front of him had left no footmarks – He then ran – getting nearly alongside the supposed Murray: and called to him, when the apparition vanished –

(№ 40)

Part of the Estate of Embo, recently bought by the Duke of Sutherland, consists of an open Moor, sloping almost to the sea – On this piece of ground spectral hosts have been repeatedly seen, charging and repulsing each other – and people croping the Moor have been noticed by others to be surrounded by these armies – of which they themselves saw nothing – It is most common before sunrise; and may be supposed (tho' the country people think it uncanny) to resemble the figures seen by travellers in the Erzgebirge –

(№ 41)

Alt na Heiring – or Eiring –

(or the Burn of the Maiden)

One of the March-burns here has this name – because tradition says a girl was once murdered beside it – under what circumstances I do not know – she haunts it now – and this spring a spectral dog and man were observed near it – All parties agree, that on the spot on which her blood was spilt, the snow never lies, it is exposed summer and winter, night and day, to the angry eye of Heaven –

(No 42)

The Lord's Prayer

Kerstie, the Witch of Port Mahomack killed both the wives of the Minister of the Parish in succession within a year after their marriage — Dr B was told that she was to blame for it — nor did she deny the accusation — "Then Kerstie", said the Doctor sadly — "If you had been to take anybody — I wish you had taken me first —" "But I had no power over you", said the Witch, "for when you close your eyes at "night, it is aye with the Lord's prayer, and when you open them again it is with "the same prayer" —

(No 43.)

A herdwoman in the Parish of Creich had "that coming to see her which we dare not name" — One Saturday morning, she was observed to dress herself with great care, as if for church — Her daughter said, "Why Mother it is not Sabbath to day" — "No," she said — but I am going out to meet a man I am acquaint with" — The neighbours thinking this suspicious, followed her, but when she came to the Alt na brach, a rough rapid burn, she went out of sight, and never seen again — nor were her clothes recovered, which her family seemed to consider as the greatest misfortune of the two —

(No 44)

The Legend of the Holy Virgin & the Black Beetle

When the Holy Family were leaving Bethlehem in their flight to Egypt, they passed some people busy sowing corn in a field — The Virgin begged to them that if they were asked any questions about the fugitives, they would answer that "they had passed when they were sowing that field" — In the night, the corn sprang up, and ripened — and next day the reapers began to reap it — Whilst thus employed, a party of Herod's soldiers came up and enquired if they had seen anything of the fugitives — The reapers replied as they had been directed, and the party were about to turn back, when a wicked black beetle lifted up it's head and called out — "Yesterday! Yesterday! "the Son of God passed this way" — (Gaelic — "Au de! au de! cha Mac Dhé seachad") This legend still lingers in some parts of the Highlands, (Sutherland Invernesshire &c) and boys at play, if they fall in with a black beetle, crush it with their heel, saying "a Dhuolag, Dhuolag, chan fhaci thu awlà màireach" i.e. Beetle, Beetle, you won't

"see to-morrow— You wont live to tell tales"— But the Gaelic rhymes are repeated, and the poor beetle put to death by many who know nothing of the story from which the custom originated—

(No 45)

A Rhyme

Na falbh diluan,
Lua gluais di mairt
Tha di craobach,
Is tha dirdaone dilach
Di'h, aone cha'n 'eil e beag hail
'Scha dual dhuit falbh a mairach

(Say this to any one leaving on Saturday)

(No 46)

Saint Gilbert and the Dragon

(Note Some say that this was not a dragon but the Witch from Lochlin— See Lochlin Dhunhor)

There lived once upon a time in Sutherland, a great dragon, very fierce and strong— It was this dragon that burnt all the fir woods in Ross, Sutherland, and the Reay, of which the remains, charred, blackened and half decayed may be found in every Moss— Magnificent forests they must have been, but the dragon set fire to them with his fiery breath, and rolled over the whole land— men fled from before his face, and women fainted when his shadow crossed the Sky line— He made the whole land desert— And it came to pass that this evil spirit whom the people call "the Beast" and "Dhu guisch" (of the black firs) came nigh to Dornoch, as near as Lochfinn, and when he could see the Town and Spire of St Gilbert, his Church—*
"Pity of you Dornoch!" roared the Dragon—
Pity of you Dornoch" said St Gilbert, and taking with him five long and sharp

---

*(Note) This Church built between 1235-45, burnt 1570, and rebuilt 1614, was in 1835— repaired by the Duchess, Countess of Sutherland— while the work was going forward, the tomb of the founder, Gilbert Bishop of Caithness, called Saint Gilbert, was discovered— The saying went in Sutherland that when this happened, the Cathedral would fall, at midday the following Sunday— and Mrs Dempster well remembers seeing a 3d of the congregation— (gaelic) camped out on the hill above the town, expecting to see the fall of the roof— nor did many of the oldest inhabitants go to Church for several following Sundays—

arrows, and a little lad to carry them, he went out to meet the "Beast"— When he came over against it he said "Pity of you"— and drew his bow— the first arrow, shot the beast— thro' the heart— He was buried by the Townspeople— Men are alive now who reckoned distance by so or so far from the "Stone of the Beast" on the Moor between Skibo and Dornoch— The Moor is planted, and a wood called Cammore waves over the ashes of the fire destroying dragon—

(No 47)

The Boar of Ben Laighal

(Pronounced Loyal)

There lived once upon a time, a King in Sutherland, whose land was ravaged by a boar of great size and ferocity— This boar had a den or cave, in Ben Laighal— full of the bones of men and cattle—

It came to pass that the King swore a great oath, saying he would give his only daughter to the man who should rid the country of this monster— Then came Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, and I know not who besides, and tried in vain to kill the boar, whose bristles were a foot long, his tusks great and white, and whose eyes glowed like beltain fires— But when Diarmid saw the King's daughter, whose robes were white, and beheld her blue eyes, and her long yellow hair; as she stood in the gateway; he said to himself, that come what would, he would win her— So he went out ere it was yet dawn, and when he came to the boar's lair, he saw the Monster, lying, as large and black as a boat, when it's keel is turned up on the shore— drawing a shot from his bow, he killed it on the spot— All the king's men turned out— and pulled the carcase home with shouts to the palace, and the King's daughter stood in the gate, beautiful as the may moon— But the King's heart was evil when he saw that the boar was dead— he went back from his word— secretly— saying to Diarmid, that he should not have his daughter, till he had measured (by paces) the body of his fallen foe— once from the head to the tail, and once again, backward, from tail to snout— That, would Diarmid gladly do, and the wedding should be the morrows morning— He paced the beast from tip to tail, without harm or hindrance, but in measuring it backwards, the long poisonous bristles pierced his feet— and in the night Diarmid sickened and died— His grave, and the den of the boar, may be seen in Ben Loyal to this day—

Ide— (This seems different, and a sadder legend, than the one which gives the Campbells their boar's head crest— (nearly as tragical as the fate of Adonis & but It is common in the West of this County to call the Campbells Mac Diarmid)

(№48)
Lucky and Unlucky

Unlucky

To dream of raw meat -

To meet a hare, as you go out - (turn back and make a fresh start)

To stumble as you pass the threshold in setting out

To call a child by name before it has recieved it in baptism

To hear the cuckoo, fasting -

To see the first lamb, calf, or foal of the year, unless they face you -

To begin a journey on Monday -

To go to service for the first time, or to a new place on that day -

To dream of waves -

To dream of water coming close to you or youre house - this fortells a death -

To hear furniture crack or start suddenly - meaning a removal, probably death -

To dream of the tearing ("screeding") of cotton - A shop-keeper hearing this, knows a shroud will soon be ordered -

To dream of red or yellow (red refers to madness)

To dream of copper money - or of anything brown -

Lucky

To be the 7th son of a family (if you have no sister)

To dream of blue and of white -

Unlucky

To dream of a serpent or its sting (an ill wisher)

To dream of black - (trouble)

Or of green - (this is the worst of all - and means death)

To see a snail on a bare stone -

Car tuathal t'aimh leas - or - The left about turn is unlucky -

A bad wish

Deine nan seachad satharn ort! - or - The fag end of 7 Saturdays befall you -

You must not wish evil to the faries, or indeed say any harm of them except on Friday - on that day they are "at home" and not anywhere in man's society - (Witches Sabbath) then say -

"Beannachd nan suibhal a's nan imeachd! 's é 'n aingh di n'aoin, chachlimn rád Linne" - or -

Blessed (Ironical) be their travelling and their departing! this day is Friday, and they do not hear us,

"Bithedh di h-aoin an aghaidh na seachain" - or - Friday is contrary to the week -

Of the Weather

If February is mild, the winter is past
A gloomy Friday makes a wet Saturday.
A fair Sabbath a fair week—
When the sun shines in the evening of a very rainy day, they say
"Am fear a mharbhadh a mhathar a chianamh vheireadh a veò'nois" i — or—
"The man who killed his mother, is now trying to bring her alive again—"
Of the winds they say—"Gaoth a deas, teas, ajus, toradh— Gaoth au iar rasg is bainne— gaoth a tuath— fuachd is gaillshion— gaoth au ear, meas air chrannaibhe"— or—
"The South wind brings warmth and fertility— the West, fish and milk— the North, cold and storm— the East, fruitfulness of trees"—

(№ 49)
The Golden Horse of Loch na Gillie

A loch on this estate— now small, and muddy— once much larger— at the time it received its name from the following sad event—
A dozen lads were playing by its bank— riding and chasing the ponies which grazed among the reeds and rushes— They all quarrelled who should mount a beautiful horse, which grazed among the others, but was finer than any that had ever seen— its skin was smooth, bay coloured, and shining like gold— Two boys jumped up "There is room for 3" said the next, and got on— "There is room for 4" said the 4th lad And so there was, for the more boys mounted him, the more the golden horse lengthened— At last all the boys sat on him, but two— who were brothers— "Come! let me up", said the youngest touching the horse with his forefinger— but lo!, the finger stuck there, it had grown to the golden skin— "Take your knif, Jan, and cut it off." he cried— his brother did so, and the 2 ran home together, too much frightened to look behind them, and see the fate of the rest— That— no one saw— but by an hour after, the hair and entrails of the boys, were scattered all over the water— the golden horse had plunged with all his victims— and the loch is called by their name to this day— (Widow M Calder)

(Note) Loch Laggan, also on this property boasts of a water horse— and at night— a bright light is seen to swim up and down the middle of the Lake— then they say— "the water horse moves"— (W.M. Sheriffs Officer)

(Note)- A Golden horse was once seen born of the waters of the Kleet- It tempted a woman to follow and try to drive it- but she was warned in time- and so it was failed of its aim to lure her to a watery grave-

(No 50)

The Otter King

The mythical zoology of Sutherland contains also a white Otter- These animals have a king- sometimes all white- sometimes dun, with a white star- He had a jewel in his forehead- and is only vulnerable in one spot on the breast- I do not know if it is an elective or hereditary sovereignity-

A Local Rhyme

There is a caillach in Skibo
There is two in Ardalie
There is three in Kirkton
And four in Culmaibie

Chorus

And they long live,
They long live,
They long live, the Carlins!-

(No 51)

Mr Alexander Fraser's Pilgrimage

(This Story was told me by a field labourer- it had been repeated to her by another woman, who said that it had never been written- but that she had heard it repeated by 4 generations)

Mr Alexander Fraser was the priest of a hill parish in Inverness shire- a tall grave man- feared, and not much loved- but he had become moodier than ever and men ceased to speak well of him in the last year of his residence among his flock- He had broken his vow of celibacy, and had implicated in his guilt one of his humblest parishioners- The evil tale got wind- but it was in an agony of remorse that this man bid his love farewell- and fell on his knees on the hill side- where they had parted for the last time- vowing he would neither shave his beard, nor wear shoes, till he had expatiated his guilt, and obtained remission of sins at the Sepulchre of our Blessed Lord- He took leave

of his sister and of his aged mother, who was blind, bidding her blep him, as he went on a needful errand – "Is it an errand of mercy, my son?" said the aged woman – "It is an errand of necessity, Mother, and may God have mercy upon it – So, Alexr Fraser went out barefoot, across the Invernesshire hills – The Mother did not long survive, the shock, and the obliquy cast on her sons name, and they laid her head under the shadow of his deserted church – The penitent kept his vow – and reached the Sepulchre – where he fell down on his face, praying for pardon and forgiveness – Suddenly a light filled the place – and he lifted his face, streaming with tears, to hear a voice say, "I am Mary – and thy sins are forgiven of God, because thou hast humbled thyself go hence in peace – And Alexr Fraser arose, and rested not, till his foot trod again the hills of Lochaber – He was a sore altered man, when he came by the old place again – grey was his beard – and his clothes hanging in rents, as he slouched and stooped in his gait – The house where his mother had lived he entered last – he had begged a trifling alms first in many others – aye asking who was the priest of this parish – "Their Minister," they said, had fallen in with the evil one – and for 5 years had not been seen – A glance at his old home showed him that it was in a state of commotion – he entered it by the kitchen door – an eldritch looking beggar – whom the sewing maids ordered out – They were preparing a wedding feast – Their old mistress was dead and their young one would wed, the morrows morn, a certain Patrick Morrison – "Tell your mistress, that there is a wanderer that wants word of her" – he said, and the maid went ben to Miss Betty's Chamber, where she was sewing the wedding clothes – "Tell the Gaberlungie, that I canna come for any but one, I am that busy in the house" – "but give him", she added," a glass of wine to drink our health and luck" – The wine was served to the beggar, who when he had drunk it, slipped off a ring he wore into the glass, and returned that to Miss Betty's Messenger – At the sight of the ring, Miss Betty fainted, when she came to herself, she ran to the kitchen where the ragged stranger man sat – "The Mischief! the Mischief!" She cried, "that took off my brother! put him out –" "Keep quiet, and ye will maybe, see your brother yet" – he said – and he told her what his errand had been, and was now – Then he went upstairs and washed and shaved himself – and came down and sat with her – and put it all before her, that he had forgiveness given him – at Our Lord's Grave – and syne he made the marriage, between Miss Betty Fraser and Patrick Morrison – and they lived happily all their days —

(№ 52)

The Salamander

The Dragon killed by Saint Gilbert (before mentioned) must have been a Salamander for it was born from a fire which had lasted 7 years— It lived in fire— and its breath burnt all the forests of the highlands— only a man who should see it before it saw him, had power to slay it— St Gilbert dug a hole and hid himself in it, so as to get the first sight of it— Gilbert finished his Cathedral by witchcraft— he worked at it himself— and used to fling up the nail to the spot he meant it to occupy— and the enchanted hammer after it— They both did their duty— and the hammer then returned to the hands of this "Master Mason"— He is called "Holy Gilbert" and sometimes "Gilbert Nine"—

(№ 53)

The Hour and the Man

Some workmen, trenching, by the side of a dyke in Sutherland, long, long ago, heard, one day, an unearthly voice, cry, "The hour is come, but not the man"— Half an hour later, they descried a man running at full speed, as if with the intention of croping the stream— One of them started off to try and intercept him, because the river was then in "speate" or "spate", and he was very likely from his haste to plunge in without noticing how heavily it was running— The man, a stranger, seemed eager and breathless, and indeed what is called "Key" for he refused to listen to the workmen, and shook them off— They, familiar with the pools and shallows of the river, used force to prevent his running so great a risk, and finding he would not listen to reason, they carried him off and locked him up in our Lady's Chapel— not far off— Thither they returned to seek him, when work hours were over— and to their horror found he had drowned himself in the font— The "Man" could not pass his "Hour"—

(№ 54)

Poetical Sayings (older than 1750)

"Tha è nios air sligh na firinn"— or— "He is now on the journey of truth"— viz dying

"Tha è nios air ford na-firinn"— or— "He is now under the turf of truth"

"Uigh air uigh thig an t-slaint, 's na torma mor an ea-slainte"— or—

"Health comes gradually, but in huge billows cometh ailment"—

"Thig an fhirin a maith le tu baist"— or— "Truth will come out with misfortune"

Sutherland

"Thig math a mulad" – or – "Good comes out of sadness" –

"Apres moi le deluge" in Gaelic – "Nuair bhios thall, gearr an drochaid" – or –

"Break the bridge when I have got over it" –

Yesterday a woman said to me of a poor girl slowly dying of consumption – "Oh! poor lassie – I am thinking she is just passing her time" –

"An indifferent matter is like the Sunday plucked herb – it does neither good nor harm" – or –

"Mar lus an 'dounaich gun math na dolaidh ann" –

Of a far off good day, say – "Green are the hillocks that are far distant" – (I can't find the Gaelic of this)

Part. 3.

Tales from the People of Sutherland_ Loch Stack Lodge_

(№55)

The Demon Angler

Once upon a time_ there was a man who lived on Loch Shin side_ He had flocks and herds, plenty_ and he was gone with his two sons to the sheeling in the hill_ for the beasts were in the upland pastures_ Well, that was good to him_ and there was none left in house, by the loch side_ but the little lassie, and a neighbour's son_ a bit laddie, that was playing with her all the day and the week long_ And the lassie had a wild dove's nest in an old tree_ and first she would not shew it, and syne she would_ and they two went the'gither_ till they would see the bonny eggs, that were in't_ They were coming home, then lone, when they see a man, sitting fishing off a stone_ and a yellow dog aside him_ The mans back was to them_ and the girl was keen to know who it was_ and the lad to know if he had fish_ "Call ye to him," said the lassock_ "and ask him if he has trout, and if he will give us one to our supper"_ her father is in the hill_ They thought the man, from his look would be a stranger, and so the boy was afraid to ask of him_ but aye he sat there_ and at last he said "have ye got fish?" and the girl, she said_ "Will ye give us a trout to our suppers?" Up got the man, but it was not a man but a fire, that blazed up to the sky_ The heather took fire, and rolled burning up to the bairns feet_ and they were crying with the fright and the heat, before they could win home_ an' what was it? just the Mischief_

(№56)

The 7 Herds of Sallachie and the Water Horse_

(Note) This is nearly the same as the Legend of Loch na Gillie_ and a 3d story is current of Loch Baddadarroch a the loch of the oak branches_ where two girls were the victims and no one remained to tell the tale_ Any one collecting these traditions, will see that a story lives in the heart of the people, and every man identifies it with himself, his family, and the 10 miles square, with which he is familiar) _____

Lang syne when men and flocks and herds was plenty in Sutherland, There were 7 herds watching their flocks by Loch Shin_ and it was evening_ They all quarrelled who should mount a beautiful horse which grazed among the others_ Said one herd to the other_ "That is my Fathers horse"_ "No_ it is my fathers horse"_ and they fell to

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fighting (for the horse looked different to each of them)- till the 1st jumped up- "There is room for two"- said the second, and jumped up- The others were angry- "It is a bonny horse, too", said a girl that came by, when they were all up but one- And she patted its shining skin- but her hand had stuck to it- "Oh! Annach", cried her brother, "will ye die with the others- or want your hand"- "Oh! take off the hand and let us run"- So he took the hand off- and they two to run home- and the 7 heads of Sallachie were never seen again- (eachnisge)

(№57)
The Death of Sweno

Once upon a time there was a king in Sweden, and his son sailed on the sea- and he took ship upon a certain day, with many men on board, and red gold in heaps- and when he went away, his step-mother bid him beware of Cape Wrath (Paraff) and Pulghik, Paul Dhu, and Farrach-gaun -(he might have known these places, but I can't spell them)- It fell out that as he sailed he came to Rhoastan St Maniaig (Port of Sweno) now so called)- and did know what land he had made- And the men of the place armed themselves, and blackened their faces with soot and black from their pots, and came out in boats- and they told him that the place was Polgaun- Then said the King's son- "God forbid "that I should bide in these waters- and the Lord take my soul if this be "Pol nachgaun"- and he weighed anchor, and spread sails- and made to stand out to sea- but the men of Alpynt and the Isles, were too strong for him- and they came on board the ship, and cried to the Swedes, that they should yield- But they were stout men, and they fought on decks and below- Then the King's son was wounded- and they put him below- and aye the fighting went on- till a man of Glendhu, he looking thro' a hole in door, saw the King's son- and shot him- Then the Swedes were out of heart- and gave up the gold- and all that was in the ship- if they might get away with the bepel and their lives- So the people began to work with the gold- and to put it out with plaids- one man holding the plaid on the ship's side- another in the boat making it fast- but the gold was that weighty; that the plaid tore, and but a few pieces got into the boat- and all the treasure lies still in Glendhu- It was a year later, and the man that shot the King's son, said "I go fishing in the port of Sweno"- and while he fished, there came over the water, a little boat with two oars, rowed by one

man – a man with gold and a sword · and when the little boat came alongside – the strange man, that had the face of Sweno, the King's son, shot the fisherman of Glendhu dead – he crying out as he died – "If I gave it before I have got it now" (Mos me hai, es me fhur) It was the shade of Sweno that came back to be revenged, and the harbour is called by his name to this day – (I Mac Leod fisherman)

(Port au Stwainaig)

(Note) – The Prince's body was embalmed and taken back to Sweden – his heart & buried at Polgawn –

(№ 58)

More about the Dun Otter (Onarchoo)

Such an animal was killed in Applecross, by the man who told me the story – It had a white spot on the forehead, and one on each side of the muzzle, with one under each shoulder, and a large white place on the breast – It is always the ♀ in the hole – and said to be the King – and that the others cater for it – The skin is much larger than that of the other otters – and is a profitable thing to have – for owing to some superstition on the part of Ship Captains here, they are afraid to let the skin go out of their ship – if it has once been in it – and so anyone taking a skin to a ship to sell it, may name his own price – It is very fierce and called in Gaelic Onar choo – supposed to be invul=nerable except in the breast – but my friend shot it in the hind quarter –

(№ 59)

Why the Wolf is stumpy tailed

One day the Wolf and the Fox were out together and they stole a dish of crowdie – Now the Wolf was the bigest beast of the two – and he had a long tail like a Greyhound, and great teeth – The Fox was afraid of him, and did not dare to say a word when the wolf ate the most of the Crowdie, and left only a little in the bottom of the dish for him – but he determined to punish him for it – So the next night when they were out together, the Fox said "I smell a very nice cheese and", pointing to the Moonshine on the ice, "there it is too!" – "And how will you get it?" said the Wolf – "Well, stop you here, till I see if the farmer is asleep – and if you keep "your tail on it, or put it thro' the ice – nobody will see you, or know that it is there – keep it "steady, tho' I may be some time of getting back"

So, the Wolf lay down, and laid his tail on the Moonshine, in the ice, and there he kept it; for an hour till it was fast – Then the Fox, who had been – –

watching him, ran in to the farmer, and said – "The Wolf is there – he will eat "up the children – the Wolf! the Wolf!" – Then the farmer and his wife came out with sticks to kill the Wolf – but the Wolf ran off, leaving his tail behind him –

(No 60)

The Bogieroschan – or Robin Goodfellow

(Some pronounce it like Baderroschan)

This is a sprite, and very easy and goodtempered to those that are civil to him – Once upon a time in the middle of winter, a man was walking from Tain to Aspynt, with a basket on his back – which was full of bottles of wine – at a bridge he meets the Sprite – who offers to carry the basket for him – Well, they walked on together till they came to Loch Aspynt, where the Sprite said they had better set down at the side of the Loch – This they did – but the Bogie began to take out the bottles of wine, and roll them one after the other over the ice; for mischief – because the ice was only of two nights frost – and tho' it carried the bottles, would not bear a man's weight – Says the man then, to the Hobgoblin, "since you have sent out the bottles, you will have to get "them back, or I shall be in trouble."

"Since you are so good natured about it, I will do that same" – said the Sprite, and he gathered all the bottles into the creel again – and the two men went on their way – The man soon asked the Hobgoblin if he ever did any harm, saying that he seemed very obliging – "Well," said the other, "since you have asked me, I will tell you "all the harm that ever I did – At Sallachie there was a servant lass, that angered "me with aye saying she had seen me, and telling lies on me – and she never saw me "but once, and that once I broke her leg for her pains" –

"And did you ever do any more tricks?"

"I thrashed a thief once, that had stolen a pack saddle, and whipt him all "the way back with it –"

"And anything more?"

"There was a dog at a bothie, that I killed, for he barked at me; and would "not let me sleep in the peat stack – but that is the truth, (sheirinn) and all the ill I have done since I came to the place –"

(No 61)

The Dragon of Loch Corrie Mohr

At Loch Corrie Mohr, there lived for many years, a flying serpent, so terrible

and wild, that nobody could fish in the Loch, nor come within a mile of it— At last one summer, when there was a drought and a dearth, a man said to his son "Let us go and fish in Loch Corrie Mhor— and maybe the Serpent will not heed us—" So they went— but they had not made two casts, when they see her coming, swimming across the Loch— The man said— "It is time we should be out of this"— and they ran together— but the Serpent outran them— and they could feel her hot breath— "Run "you, my son, for my hour is come"— said the man— So, the lad fled, and his father went up into a tree, having put his cap upon his sword, and stuck that into the tree's foot, hoping to frighten the beast— But she snuffed at the cap and knocked down the sword, and began to wind round the tree— Then he began to shoot arrows at her— but she pulled them out with her teeth, as fast as he put them into her— The last arrow had an iron head and two barbs, and was of the kind men called (saidth aisch) or the death arrow, which they do not part with till the last struggle— Just as the Serpent reached him and opened her jaws to seize his feet, he shot at her open jaws, with the two barbed dart, and it fastened there and could not be pulled out— So after a struggle, the terrible beast died— and the man got home to tell the tale—

(N.B.— A whole kid was taken out of the serpent at her death)

(No 62)

Two Dragons on Loch Corrie Mhor

This was a pair of Dragons— one of them had wings and another had not— They lived one on each side of the Loch— they were in girth about twice that of a man— the flying one roared so as to be heard a mile off— a carrier killed the one, and a soldier the other and made the place safe for travellers—

(No 63)

The Stupid Boy— Part 1st—
The 9 Yards

There lived once on a time in Sutherland, a widow who had one son, and he was a very stupid boy; so stupid that he could not be trusted out of sight, and that he had no idea how to buy or sell— One day his Mother had 9 yards of homespun to sell, and there was a market within a few miles of her, at which she wished to shew it for sale— but she could not go herself, and had no one but her son to send she thought a great deal how she was to prevent him doing something stupid

with it - and being cheated - At last she thought, that as the fair lasted three days, she might send him every day, with 3 yards, and that he could not go far wrong, in getting a price for so small a quantity - So she sent him off with the first three yards - and charged him to bring it home, if he did not get plenty of bidders - and a long price for it - No body at the fair noticed the Stupid boy, and his little bundle - and he was turning to go home, when a butcher met him - and asked him if he would sell the 3 yards of cloth - The boy said - it was for sale if he could get anything for it - "I will give you the two best things "you ever saw in your life," said the butcher, and pulled out of his pocket a mouse and a bee - presently the bee began to fiddle, and the mouse to dance - and they were the strangest pair you ever saw - "Done" cried the stupid boy, and hastened home to his Mother, with the mouse and the bee - When she saw what he had sold her stuff for, she was so angry, that she flogged him soundly - Next day, however, she told him to take the next 3 yards and sell them better than the first, or that she would give him a terrible thrashing, and bread and water for a week -

Our Stupid boy came to the fair, and began looking about for the butcher, again, like a Goose as he was - very soon, he saw him coming - "Have you "any more homespun to sell today, my little friend?" said he - Then the boy let him have the three yards more - for what do you think? - for a long leather string that would tie of it's own accord - and a stick (plochan used for stirring brose) that beat of its own accord - "They will do to serve my Mother out", said the stupid boy - When he got home she began to be very angry at being cheated for the second time - but the tie soon held her, and the stick gave her such a thrashing; that she was too ill and frightened to say another word -

Part 2nd

The Stupid Boy and the 3 Laughs

Now there lived in those days, a rich man, who had an only daughter, and she was a very stupid girl - so stupid that she sat like a lump and thought - and never had laughed in her life - And the father said he would not give her in marriage to anyone - unless the bridegroom could make her laugh 3 times - And it came to pass when the stupid boy, (who was grown to be a man) heard that, he asked his Mothers leave, to go and try, if he could not make the stupid girl laugh - She said he might try, for the girl was to be rich, and he was

stupid enough to make the cat laugh in the fire corner— "Well we will see that" and he went to the house, where the girl lived— Soon after he came in, he put the Mouse and the bee on the table— and whistled to them— till the one began to pipe and the other to dance— and when the grave girl, (who was very pretty, with snow white skin and eyes like sloes) saw them, she clapped her hands and laughed for a quarter of an hour— Her father clapped his hands— and cried "well done", and "do it again"—

Now, you must know, that though her father was vexed all her life to see her sit like a stone, her Mother, who was rather a dull woman too, did not mind it, was very anxious that she should marry a rich fat old man— whom her father thought as stupid as the boy and girl put together—

So it was that next night, when the Boy came to the house, he found the other lover, sitting at the table— and the Mother filling him with bread and cheese, and fine words, and the girl sitting by like a stone— When our stupid boy saw him, he pulled the leather string and the "Mochan" out of his pocket— and the string hid the fat man, and the porridge stick beat him, till he roared for Mercy— Then the girl clapped her hands, and laughed till her sides ached— Next Morning the Mother sent for both the Lovers— She told the boy that he was a rogue, and would come to be hung, as he deserved, and that he should never have her daughter— but she said to the old man, that he might have the girl, and that the wedding should be that very evening—

But the stupid boy was determined not to be beat— so he came to the window quietly, and put the bee in— the bee stung the man in the face, so that he ran about holding his hands to his head— and the girl sat opposite him, and laughed, till the tears ran down her face— and every time she looked at the fat old man's swelled nose and eyes, she began again— Her father heard the noise, and came in, When he saw her, not able to speak for laughing, he was so delighted, that he said no one should have her but the stupid boy, that had made her laugh 3 times— So, they were married next day, and lived happily all their lives after— (Dll Foresta Loch Stack Lodge)

(Of this Story I have seen a very similar version in Argyllshire. J.G.)

(No 64)

The Unjust Sentence

Once upon a time two men went Salmon fishing in the Shin and one of them happened to fall into the Linn pool – a very deep place indeed – the other pulled him out with the gaff, but in doing so blinded him of one eye –

Well, what did this man do, but sue his friend at the law, for the loss of the eye – they went before the Magishate – and the Magishate was so foolish as to decide, that the one must pay the other, damages, for the loss of his sight – All the country talked about the sentence, and said that the man had "had a bad justice" and that the next man who fell into the falls of Shin, must be left to drown, at this rate – as no man could afford to save another's life, at the risk of his own, and to pay a fine into the bargain –

A few days after the Magishate was out walking – and at his right hand side was a green mound, on which some little girls were playing – They were ranged in rows – one sat at the top and two stood before her – "how," said the little girl, "I am the unjust judge, and you are to be the man that lost his eye" – And so, on they went, and the Magishate stood to listen to them – they talked for a long time, and at last the judge got up and said – "My sentence is, let the man go into the pool again, and give him "his choice there – to drown if he can't help himself out – or to lose his eye in "being lifted – if he chooses the last, he is never to say another word, but go home, "and be thankful" –

The Magistrate was so much struck, that he went home – summoned the men – revoked the sentence. and ordered the grumbler a beating for his pains –

(No 65)

Lauchlin, Dhumohr, & the Witch

It came to pas that at a feast, when Shionn (Fin Macoul) or Fingal, sat at meat with his giants, that were his companions, he paped round to each the cup from which he drank – to all but to Dhumohr – the darkest man of all, the third for shength, and of great courage – So Dhumohr's anger rose in his breast, and he left the place and the service of Fihon, and took ship to Denmark to the Lauchlin, enemy of Fhion, lived –

Wild was the shore in the land of Lauchlin, and great the waves, but the ship of Dhumohr came safe to land – and he pulled her up with his right

hand, till she was high on the beach—

"Who is this," said the men of Lanchlin—"This is one of the heroes of Ithon—"when he comes we shall know him by his face"—and they found it was Dhumohr, 3d. in strength of the men of Morven—

Then Lanchlin made a feast of heroes—and Dhumohr sat by the Queen—(for he had made his head and his arm ever to the foes of Fingal—) "Let the feast" be served, said the king—and the table creaked with the weight of the venison, and the hall was filled with music—

"Did you ever see such feasting, or hear such music with Fingal, tell us Dhumohr" said Lanchlin—

"Lower not the hand, tho' we left it," said Dhumohr aside to his servant—and then to the king—In Morven, O Lanchlin! every servant of Ithon could eat such "a feast, & carry it all unassisted"—"Bring more", said the king astonished—and the table was served more largely—

Did you ever feast then so largely with Fingal", said the Queen, with a smile at Lanchlin—

Every night at the supper of Fingal, the dogs eat remainder—and their portion is greater than this—"Then bring more", said Lanchlin in anger—and the table was still served more largely—till the room would not hold all the dishes—

"Tell us Dhumohr" said the King, "if so great is the supper of Fingal"—

"A greater portion than this eat daily 3 servants of Fingal"—Then the Queen said to Lanchlin—"Never will I speak with you more, till you fetch me, "bound, (for my servants), from Morven the 3 Servants of Fingal"—But in Denmark there was no man would venture—nor Dhumohr would serve against Fingal—At last the Witch in the kitchen, that lived on the floor, in the ashes, rose up and said to Lanchlin, that if he would feed her and keep her—she would bring the Queen Captive from Scotland, the 3 great Servants of Fingal—"The sea is rough and the men are strong", said Dhumohr, "that fight with Fingal "in Morven—and you will lose the old gray hare, if she ventures"—

The breath of the Witch in Scotland killed 300,000 men—but at Nigg in Rossshire she was taken—and on this wise—

20 men with sharp spears, lay in wait, in a cave, and 20 Giants with spears drove her into it—and she died on the points of 20 spears—So the old gray hare did not return to Lanchlin—and for Dhumohr he died in Denmark—

(N.B. The Witch ate before starting 9 bolls of oats, and 9 stone of butter—)

(c 1866)

The Sleeping Giants

The Giants, it is hoped, are not all dead but sleeping (in Iceland) as it is reported (my informant calls the place Iemor na hallava, but he can neither read or write) A man once entered a cave and found many huge men asleep on the floor- in the centre was a stone table, and on that a bugle-

He put the bugle to his lips and blew three times- one of the giants rubbed his eyes, and said "Do not do that again, or you will wake us," and they all began to stir in their sleep, as if half awake- The intruder fled in terror & never could find again the mouth of the cave-

(I have another version of this from Islay and a similar story is told in Cheshire)

(1867)

The Giant in Barra-

Once upon a time, a sea captain, who had a cargo of horses on board, landed on Barra, to buy and get some hay and clover, of which he had run short- The only habitation he could see was a large and splendid castle, which he entered- He found it tenanted by a Giant, an immense man, old and grey- His Giant had been one of Fingals, in Morven, and said he "if I "could fill my hand once more with Highland earth, I know that I should be a "King there again" The Captain said he thought he could help him, for among the ballast there was a sack full of earth dug in Sutherland-! He returned to the ship, and having secured it; eagerly proceeded to fill the fist of the giant with it- But the old man's hand was so enormous that the sackful did not fill it, and it was as if you had tried to do so, with a single pea- They were both much vexed, and the skipper promised to return with such a load of earth, as should do the business- but when he returned the castle had vanished, and the old man was nowhere to be seen-

-Note-(Giants, like the Trolls of Scandinavian Mythology are rare here- and Gigantic tales become Ossianic in Highland mouths)

(There is a book by Mr W. Grant Stewart, full of Highland Superstitions but I think few tales – principally records of manners luckily out of date – and a few legends of Strathspey)

I have heard here the derivation of the word Foua, Fouha, or Vougha – it is of partial use – and taken from the word in Gaelic "I hate" – it is to be pronounced also in the same way – and means the weird woman or "hateful thing" at the ford or bridge, or mill, as the case may be – here follow two well more authenticated legends of her deeds

(No 68)

The Vaugh the Poacher and the Dog –

Once upon a time two men at Inveran were in the habit of poaching in the Shin, and they carried on their depredations in this way – When they had reason to belive that there was a fish in any pool, they dragged it with a small net – one man holding it on one side, till his companion caught the rope tied to a stone, which was flung to him – They repaired to the place singly so as to avoid suspicion – One night, John – threw the rope across the pool, and called to his friend as he did so – he received the usual whistle in reply – and dragging the pool, pulled a fine salmon ashore – Again he drew the net and again his prize was a beautiful fish – the third time the result was the same – and then it dawned on John's guilty mind, that his accom=plice on the present occasion, could be no less than the Vaugh of the Lhin – He caught up net and salmon, and calling his dog to follow him, ran off as hard as he could – "Halais, Ian" cried a voice – and lo, the Vaugh was at his side – revolting in face, and dressed in green – A struggle began, for Ian was not inclined to part with the wages of iniquity – The dog at last disposed of the vaugh – but lost all his hair in the struggle the Poacher became grey from terror in a single night, and we have reason to believe did not again visit the pools of Lhin after dusk, for any illicit purposes –

(No 69)

The Vaugh of the Laxford

She seems to have been rather migratory in her habits, for it was by a Loch on the S side of Ben Stack, that a man met her – Now this man, had a large white and yellow dog, which his neighbours had often advised him to kill, as it had the "bad name" which is fatal to one of his species – However it proved useful on this occasion – for he attacked the Vaugh, whether from his size or courage, or from being as was supposed, himself a devil, he prevailed – Both woman and dog, fell over the steep

terraces of the north side of the hill, where they disappeared — Some ascribe this feat to Donald Duval Mackay — (W. Rofs. Forester)

(No 70)
Something about a Mermaid

A Mermaid in Sutherland, fell in love, as tradition says they sometimes did, with a fisherman — how the fisherman reflected that if he went to her he should be in her power, and run great risk of drowning — it became necessary before a union could be arranged that he should stipulate his own terms, and have the upper hand of his bride — With the Mermaid there is but one way of doing so — and that is by popsping yourself of the pouch or sporran, which they wear, and which helps them to swim, besides containing the looking glass and comb, so indispensable to the lady's comfort — By fair means, or foul, the careful lover got hold of the Sporran — and the Mermaid became at once his wife and his slave —

There was little happiness on shore for our poor little bride — and she soon wearied of the husband, who thought more of his boat and nets, his house and croft, than of his silky haired lady — and she led for 9 months a very wretched life, from which she had no escape — as her secret of swiming and of resistance were alike lost to her with the belt — But one day, when the labourers were undoing a stack of corn in the yard, and her husband was from home — she espied her beloved sporran, which had been hid among the corn — She caught at it, and leaped into the sea, to enjoy again a delicious freedom —

(No 71)
The Callaich Mohr of Clibreck

This celebrated Witch was accused of having enchanted the deer of the Reay Forest, so that they avoided pursuit and were bullet proof — Lord Reay was exceedingly angry — but at a loss how to remedy the evil — His man William, (the same who afterwards braved the witch and sat down in her hut) promised to find out if this was the case — He watched her for a whole night, and by some counter enchantments, managed to be present when in the early morning, she was busy milking the hinds — They were standing all about the door of the hut, till one of them ate a hank of blue worsted hanging from a nail in it — The witch shuck the animal, and said — "The spell is off you, and Lord Reay's bullet will be your death today —" William repeated this to his master — to confirm the tale (which no one would believe) of his having paped the night in the

hut of the Callach Mohr, and the event justified it, for a fine yellow hind was killed that evening, and the hank of blue yarn was found in its stomach—

(W Ross Stather)

(№ 72)

The Mhor Bhain.

An Apynt Witch— but the stories of her are disjointed and half forgotten — excepting the circumstances of her death by strangulation— Some boys attached her one Sunday, and fastened a rope to her neck, she struggled, and managed to get them outside the door, but the knot in the rope would not yield, and as they continued dragging it, the unfortunate creature died— predicting for them and their descendants violent & self inflicted deaths— The story is well known, and the last inheritor of the curse was drowned not many years ago— the rest having, in the interim— all perished— one hung himself—, another fell over a precipice— another was lost at sea— and so on— The memory of the Mhor Bhain lives— but her manes are appeased—

(I am happy to be able to add to all this "bald disjointed chat", a real Romance— transcribed and translated from the gaelic for me by a schoolmaster— who understands the language well enough to take a story down, and translate it as he goes along, but cannot write the language)

(№ 73)

Fach-mor-mac Righ na Lirriach— or— Gillie na, cochlen crackenach — A Romance—

It happened to the Righ na Lirriach, after his marriage, to lose his way in the hills, while on a hunting expedition— He wandered long, at last discovered a hut, and entered it— to be hospitably received by the Ben-ee (An enchantress and fairy of the Mountains) its only occupant— Here, under spell, he lived for 12 months and not till the Ben-ee had given birth to a son, did she set him free, to return to the palace— There he found, that in the first months of his absence his queen had also given birth to a son— over which he rejoiced— while the people rejoiced to see again the Righ na Lirriach—

Not long after he went again to hunt on the hills— Now, the Henwife was one skilled in enchantment— and she came to the Queen—, and declared to her that the

king had another son, and that son's Mother was the great Ben-ee—
In order to get the king to return, the Queen feigned herself sick- and sent to tell him that she lay a dying- and that to see her alive, he must come instantly— On receiving the message the King hastened home, and to his Wife's chamber- where he asked her if nothing would do her good— "One thing" she said, "might- but he would have to vow to give it her, before she revealed what it was— So he swore that he would do it— Then she said— "Bring me here the son of the Ben-ee!" To this he replied- the thing grieved him, and had he not vowed, he would not perform it however, now he must, and would—

He started for the hut of the Ben-ee- and had to remain long with her before he could obtain her consent— But at last he brought the boy to the palace, and the Queen receiving him kindly, ordered him to be brought up with her own son—

The boys grew up together— One day, as they were amusing themselves together, there passed by them a man, grey headed, and old; who said thus to them- "You "seem to be very happy together, but one of you shall yet kill the other"— They both answered- "That shall never happen"— and in order to falsify the prediction of the old man, Jach-mohr-mac Righ Innis (the son of the Ben-ee, so called at his father's palace) took his departure- and went from his father's house, to push his fortunes in some other land— Wandering about as he was in search of some employ-ment, and being weary of the way, he sat down, and fell asleep, under a tree— When he awoke, and looked up, he observed a man standing over him- who spoke kindly to him- enquiring whither he was going— to which Jach Mohr replied, that he sought a master, to give him work— The stranger asked his name— "Gillie na cochlin Crakenach said the lad- but said not that he was a king's son— "Since I have given you my name" said the young man, "tell me now yours- Then said the stranger. "I am Ossian Righ na Faen"- (King of the Picts). So Gillie na cochlen Crackenach, agreed to enter the service of the King— and went home with him, to be introduced to the other servants in the castle— But that very night, the son of the Ben-ee quarrelled with them, and killed half of their number— So the Kings counsellors advised the King to turn out Gillie— or else he would destroy all his subjects in Faen— "Where shall we send him to?" said the King— "To Eillein- Phir-Mohr" (Isle of the Giants) they said, "and let him bring from thence the Corn Chearach (Drinking Cup)—
Gillie set out for the Island- There he found a great and enchanted castle— round it stood a guard, armed with iron flails— He took hold, by the legs, of the man

with the bigest head, and with this flail- killed the whole of the guard- He then walked into the Castle- there sat the King and the Giants, his companions- and the Cow-Chearath was before them on the table- he took it up drank it out- the king heeding it not, for he thought that the robber would be slain by the guard in going out of the Castle- With the cup, Gillie na Cochlen crackenach returned to the High na Faen- men were much surprised- and now, said the Kings counsellor, now that this man has returned from Eillean-Mhi-Mohr- your subjects are all dead men- "What now will we do with him?" cried the High na Faen- "Let us order him", said the Counsellor to leap 12 times backwards, and "forwards over the ditch, 12 feet broad, which surrounds the castle- and cause "him to be shot at with arrows, from both banks"- and the Gillie leaped but leaping caught the arrows with his hands before they touched him-
What now?" said the king to the Counsellor- "Make him by a race with Cuillie" (swift as the wind) and brother to the king- And the Gillie ran- but before starting he bid Cuillie start, saying he should himself wait for a little to rest- this set the whole court laughing— When Cuillie was half way over the course, and scarce half way up the hill, the gillie set off- overlook him, and striking him with the hand on the shoulder, changed him into a white deer- After this he left the Country of the Faen and went to visit the Ben-ee- he remained with her for a year, till, one day he told her, that he wished to return to the Counky of the Faen to free Cuillie from the enchantment— He did so, and he returned with Cuillie to the castle, where the King joyfully received him- but shortly after informed Ghillie na Cochlen Crackenach, that he had had, that day, a letter from the Queen of Eillean na Muik- but could not go to her, nor to her counky, unless Ghillie went with him- "Thro' the world", said he, "I will go with the King, but not to one place, and that place is Eillean na Muik"- The King would take no refusal, upon which Ghillie na cochlen crackenach said, that if the King could get the consent of the Ben-ee, his mother, he would then gladly go—
The King asked where the Ben-ee was to be found— "On the hill, by the sea, combing her hair, you will find my mother"- The King went and found the Ben-ee, as her son had said- he caught her by the hair, winding the long locks round his hand, he swore to her, that he would not let her go, till she gave leave for her son to go with him to Eillean na Muik— "Let him go then", she said- "but if you bring home my son alive, let the sails you hoist up as you sail in the bay, be red- if not let them be black in your vessels"- The King swore it to her, and they sailed

for Eilean na Muik –

They came at last into the bay below the castle – And the Queen stood with her 12 maidens, and looked from the windows, and seeing a vessel in the bay She laid the whole crew under a spell – except Ghillie na Cochlan Crakenach – Upon this, Ghillie laid one on the Queen, and on her 12 maids – and they changed into 12 white stags – that could not draw their heads back into the windows, because of the width of their branching cabers (horns) – The Queen cried, "Fach Mohr mac Righ na Liriach, remove the enchantment"! "Nay," he replied, "remove yours first, because it was the first laid on. She did so, and Ossian Righ na Faen, knew now, for the first time, that his strong servant, was the son of the Righ na Liriach – Now the Queen called a second time, "remove the enchantment" – said Fach Mohr to the Queen – "I like well that you should look at us so – but "where am I, and my Master, and his servants to find a lodging to night?" – "Hae is a big barn here", she said, "it is close by and will hold the whole of you" – When they saw the barn, to it consisted of 7 couples, and 7 miles between each – full of giants. So, Fach Mohr looked round and took by the legs, the one who had the biggest head – and with him he slew the whole of them – He then bade the servants to go in and clean out the barn – They began, but every spade full they threw flew back into their faces – "Be off! Be off!" he said, and setting to, cleaned the whole out in a few minutes – He then went to the Queen, and said they needed fuel and fire – "There is a large stack of peats hard by" said the Queen – "take from it as much as you please" – So the man went – but every peat they took flew back and hit them in the face – They went and told this to Fach Mohr, who came out, lifted the stack in his arms, and carried it into the barn –

Then Fach Mohr went again to the Queen and said – "Where are provisions "for me, my Master, and his men?" Said the Queen – "There is a bull in the Park below – take him and kill him for your use" – The men went out to take the Bull, but dared not come near it, for the flames of fire, it vomited forth of its mouth – This they told to Fach Mohr – "I do not know" cried Fach Mohr, "what to think of a crew like this, that can do nothing" and catching the bull by the horns, with one wrench tore him in half – the carcase was hauled up to the barn, and they feasted there that night – When darkness came on, Fach Mohr said to them all, "we must watch, choose you the first part of the night or the last" – They said they were ready to take the first watch – But Fach Mohr replied – he now thought he would take the first, and they should have the latter watch – and so they might now go to bed –

About midnight, the Mother of all the Giants he had slain in the barn, came home, with provisions for her sons, and seeing Fach Mohr, a battle began between them— He got the Great Mother down— when she cried, "spare my life, and I will "give you what will bring the dead to life and cure all manner of diseases"— "Where is it?"— "Under the flag of the hearthstone", she said— "And how do you call it?" Haggan Fiacallach"— As soon as she had said this, he put her to death— In the morning they all went down to the bay, and got on board their boat— "Now", cried the Queen, "Fach Mohr, remove all your enchantments?"— "I like well, "Oh! Queen, that you should look at us so, till we go out of sight"— They had now got some way from Eilean-na-muic, when Fach Mohr said to his master, and to the crew, "I will now make war in the sky— and you will not see me, for 6 days and 6 nights, except as a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire"— At the end of that time, he said, they would see him coming down, when they must hold up the blunt end of a spear, on which he might alight— They were overjoyed when the storm was over, and they saw him coming down— but they had held up the points of their spears, and on these, Fach Mohr Righ na Lirriach, falling, was slain—

They were sorry for the death of their champion, and as ordered by the King, they hoisted black sails, that the Ben-ee might see that her son was dead— Soon after they landed; and the Ben-ee met them— To the King of the Faon, she said— "I knew how it would be— and how it is— My son is dead— it is not willingly that you slew him, else none of you had ever reached the land"— And she, taking her son in her arms, carried him to the hills— She found on his body the Haggan Fiacallach and rubbing some of the oil into the corpse brought him to life again— She then brought him to her hut, and there he lived— till he heard that his brother, the son of the King of the Lirriach, was ill, and dying— All the physicians of the land had been called, but they could not cure him, when they failed, their heads were cut off, and nailed round the castle— At last came Fach Mohr, and brought with him the Haggan Fiacallach— With the oil he annointed the body of his brother— and restored him to health— great was the joy of the Righ na Lirriach, and he commanded that when he died, his kingdom should be equally divided between his two sons—

(No 74)

The Caillaich Mhor of Clebrick–

This was a very rich and wicked old woman, who, though she had plenty of the good things of this world, never gave anything away, and never asked the traveller to sit down in her house – A bold man once laid a wager that he would circumvent her – He accordingly walked into her kitchen, where she craved to know whence the stranger came, and what was his destination– "I came from the South and am going to the North" he answered, curtly– "And what is your name?" "My name is William Sitdaun"– "William Sitdown"– she repeated, whereupon he flung himself into a chair, and making her a bow said– "That will I, when the Mistress bids me" She was very angry, and taking out an enormous bannock, as round as the moon, began to eat without taking any more notice of him– "Your piece seems a dry one Mistress" "The fat is to me" said the Witch, and indeed, she had her side spread with butter about an inch thick– "The side that is to you shall be to me" he retorted, and caught at the cake– He called her a Satanic old Caillach, and left the hut, carrying his piece away as a trophy – The old woman was left cursing, and praying that the cake might kill him, but he had too much good sense to touch it, and his ill-wisher foolishly finishing the remainder, died of its unhallowed effects, to the great relief of her neighbours–

(No 75)

A Badenoch Fairy

Duncan, surnamed More, a respectable farmer in Badenoch– states as follows– "A matter of 30 summers ago, when I was cutting peats on the hill, my old mother "that was, was keeping the house– It was sowens she had in her hand for our supper, when "a little old woman walked in, and begged a lippie of meal of her– My mother, "not knowing her face, said "and where do you come from?"– "I come from our own place, and "am short of meal" My mother, who had plenty by her in the house, spake her civil, "and bound her the meal on her back, following her for a few steps from the door– She "noticed that a little kiln on the hill side was smoking. The lippie saw this too, and "said "take back your meal, we shall soon have meal of our own" My mother prized "ours on her, but she left the poke lying, and when she came to the running burn, "went out of sight, and my mother just judged it was a fairy–"

(No 76)

The Assyindach's Mistakes
or
Simple Simon in Sutherland.

Assynt is looked on in Sutherland and Ross, as being in a state of Barbarism, resembling that which the people South of Stirling, supposed to prevail North of it— and the mistakes of the Assyindach or Assynt man, are the ground work of half the children's stories - I have seen nearly all those and more ascribed in a German Kinder Marchen to two children "Hördel und Michel"— whose stupidity has become proverbial in their own land—

(I am told that Schoolboys are conversant with a Greek version— and that they construe a tale of the man who when asked if his house was a a good one, brought one of its stones as a sample— clearly an ancestor of the Assyindach.)—

The Assyindach was once sent by his wife, to take her spinning wheel to the turners, to have it mended— In coming back the wind set the wheel in motion, so he threw the whole thing down saying, "Go, and welcome"— he then struck across the hills, and reaching home asked his wife, if she had got her wheel yet— "No", said she— "Well, I thought not", he said, "for I took the short cut"—

A traveller stopped at his house one day to ask the hour— the Assyindach lifted a large sundial from its stand, and put it into his cap that he might see for himself—

Seeing a 4 wheeled carriage, he exclaimed well done the little wheels, the big ones cant overtake them to day—

He once took his child to be baptized, the Minister said he doubted if he were fit to hold the child for baptism— "Oh to be sure, I can, tho' it were as heavy as a stick"— His answer showing little wit, the Minister asked him how many commandments there were— "20"— he said boldly— "Oh that will never do— go back and learn your questions (shorter catechism) — Half way home he met a man— "How many "commandments will there be," There must be 30, for the Minister was not "content with 20"— He was set right on this point, and turning back (it was winter) he thought the Clergyman would not refuse him this time — the child he had slipped into his great coat sleeve— and tied up the cuff with a string— but the string got loose, and the bairn fell out, and the clever father never heard it as it slipped into a snow wreath— In the church he discovered his loss, and said to the Clergyman— "I am very sorry, but not a bit of Kenneth

"have I"- (no man will name an unchristened child) The unlucky infant nearly died in the snow, and I do not know if the Sacrament was ever administered to it—

The Afsyndach had been to Tain to beg meal outside the Town, a man coming up to him, asked if he knew what o'clock it was- Last time it was 12- if it is striking still it must be at 50—

(His Wife, like the "Mûller" in the story of Michael, and Cordelia, had all the wit of the family, and was much distressed at his stupidity and simplicity)

He was carrying two bags full of cheeses to market for her one day- one bag burst and he saw all the cheeses rolling fast down hill- gratified at this newly discovered power of locomotion- he undid the second bag- and sent it's contents after the 1st- walking on himself to the Market, where he asked if ha <u>dairy stuff</u> had not turned up yet- "No" said his neighbours- so he waited all day- and then returned to tell his wife- who guessing his mistake, bid him look at the bottom of the hill- where he was enchanted to find the mising cheeses—

Seeing a hare for the first time, he backed from it repeating the Lord's Prayer- till he fell into a duckpond from which his wife with difficulty drew him—

(N° 77)

The Fox and the Wrens

A fox had noticed for some days a family of Wrens- off wich he much wished to dine- He might have been satisfied with one, but he was determined to have the whole brood Father and 18 sons- and all so like he could not tell the one from the other, or the father from his children- "It is no use to kill one son," he said to himself" because the old cock will take warning, and fly away with 17- I wish I knew which was the old Gentleman- He set his wits to work to find out- and one day seeing them all threshing in a barn, he sat down to watch them- Still he could not be sure- "Now, I have it" he said- "Well done the old man's stroke, he hits true" he cried- "Ah", replied the one he had often suspected of being the head of the family- "if you had seen my Grandfathers stroke you might have said so"- The sly old Fox pounced on the cock, ate him up in a trice, and then soon caught and disposed of the 18 sons, all flying, in terror about the barn-

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(N° 78)

The Fox and the Foxhunter-

Once upon a time a Sod hunter had been very anxious to catch our friend the

Fox and had stopped all the earths in cold weather, one evening fell asleep in his hut – and saw when he opened his eyes, the Fox sitting very demurely, at the other side of the fire, it had entered by the hole under the door, provided for the convenience of the cat, the dog, the pig and the hen – "Oh! ho!", said the Foxhunter – "now I have you I shall keep you" – and he went and sat down at the hole to prevent Reynards escape – "Oh! oh!" said the Fox, "I will soon make "that stupid fellow get up" – So he found the man's shoes, and putting them into the fire, wondered if that would make the enemy move – "I shan't get up "for that" my fine Gentleman," cried the Tod hunter – Stockings followed the shoes, coat and trowsers shared the same ~~the~~ fate – but still the man sat over the hole – at last the Fox, having set the bed and bedding on fire, put a light to the straw on which his gaiter lay, it blazed up to the ceiling – "ho, that I cannot "stand," shouted the man, jumping up – and the Fox, taking advantage of the smoke and confusion – made good his exit –

(№ 79)

The Great White Snake

Is not uncommon in Sutherland, and has sometimes, but not often killed – It never rests by day a by night – and beside running along the ground, had a revolving motion peculiar to itself – turning over and over through an ivory ring which is loose on its body – This is formed from its own slime – and sometimes slips off – in which case the snake makes another, and the finder of the ring is safe against all diseases and enchantments – Another great serpent has been seen by the natives – the last was 9 feet long, and covered with hair – it had a mane, and was a bodily manifestation of the evil one –

à propos of manes – a family of Munroes, having many generations ago, intermarried with the Coughs of Beam na Caulding (or the Hazel Ravine) were said to have manes and tails – till within the last 4 generations

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(№ 80)

In Beam na Caulding one day the Cough called to D. Macrobb "Will you eat any charcoal, Donald" – "ho", he said, "my wife will give me supper when I get home"

(Great Nonsense I know, but popular Mythology is not always rational)

(No 81)

Wells

A well in the Black Isle of Cromarty (near Rosehaugh) has miraculous healing powers— A countrywoman tells me that about 40 years ago, she remembers it being surrounded by a crowd of people, every first Sunday in June, who bathed & drank of it before sunrise— Each patient tied a string or rag to one of the trees that overhung it, before leaving— It was sovereign for headaches—

(No 82)

A well here, called "Mary's well"— Mr Dempster remembers having seen hung round with votive rags—

(No 83)

Of Banshees or Vrow

Four or five miles from Skibo there is a lake, called Migdale— with a great granite rock of the same name to the North of it— at one end a burn runs out past Mout on na Tougha or the Kelpie's Mill— It is also haunted by a Banshee, which the Miller's wife saw about 3 years ago— She was sitting on a stone— quiet— and beautifully dressed in green silk— the sleeves of which were curiously puffed from the wrist to the shoulder— her long hair was yellow— like ripe corn— but on a nearer view, she turned out to have no nose—

(No 84)

A very old, coarse, and dirty Banshee belongs to a small sheep farm of Mr Dempsters A shepherd found her lying apparently crippled at the edge of a Moss— and compassionately offered her a lift on his back— which she accepted— In doing he espied her feet, which were dragling down his back— and seeing she was webfooted he threw her off— flung away the plaid on which she had lain— and ran as if for his life—

(No 85)

The Vaugh of Moulin na Tougha

Note— Vaugh or Baugh is a water fairy, attached to this Mill— spelling uncertain— Nature more uncertain still— probably the same as "Tuagha" or "Teuha" the word is spell "Touah"— in the maps and survey of the estate made when it was bought by Capt J Hamilton Dempster— His story was told June 1859 by Widow Mary Calder— a pauper— in Gaelic to D.M. Gamekeeper— and translated by him for C.M.D.

One of John Roy Bethune's forbears, who lived at Inverian laid a bet that he would seize the Kelpie of Moulin na Fouah or Moulin na Glannan – and bring her bound to the Inn at Inveran – He procured a "brown right-sided-maned horse" and a brown black muzzled dog, and by the help of the latter, having secured the Vaugh, he tied her on the horse behind him, and galloped away – She was very fierce, but he kept her quiet, by pinning her down with an awl and a needle – croping the burn at the further side of Loch Migdall she became so restless, that he stuck the shoemaker's and the tailor's weapons into her with great violence – she cried out "Ech! Ech!" (can't make it out)

"which is, being interpreted – Pierce me with the crooked awl – but keep that small sharp needle out of me –

When he reached the clachan of Inveran, where his companions were anxiously waiting for him – he called to them to come out and see the Vaugh – When they came out with lights, but as the light fell upon her, she dropt off and fell to earth, like the remains of a fallen star – a small lump of Jelly – (Those jellies are often seen on the Moors, dropt star., resembling the Medusæ of the shore –)

(No 86)

The Brolachan Mac Vaugh

In the Moulin na Gleannan, lived long ago a cripple of the name of Murray – better known as Ally na Moulin – He was maintained by the charity of the Miller & his neighbours, who when they removed their meal, put each a handful, into the Lamiter's bag – This lad slept usually in the Mill, and it came to pass that one night, who should enter but the Brolichan, the son of the Fouah – Now the Brolachan has eyes and a mouth, and can say two words only "myself" and "yourself" beside that he has no speech – and also no shape – He lay all his "lubber length" by the dying fire – and Murray threw a fesh peat on the embers which made them fly about, red hot, and Brolachan was severely burnt – So he screamed in an awful way – and soon comes the Vaugh – very fierce – crying "Ech! My Brolachan who has burnt you?" But all he could say was "me" and then he said "you" – and she replied "were it any other, would not I be revenged." — Murray slipped the peck measure over himself, and hid among the machinery, so as to look as like a sack as possible – ejaculating at times, "May the Lord preserve me" So he escaped unhurt – and the Vaugh and her Brolachan left the Mill — That same night, a woman going by the place, was chased by the still infuriated parent – & could not have been saved had she not been nimble enough to reach her own door, in time to leave nothing for the Vaugh to catch but her heel – This heel was torn off and the woman went

lame all the rest of her days — (Widow M. Calder)

(Brolachan is a Gaelic expression for any shapeless deformed creature)

(No. 87)

The Herds of Glen Onar

A wild and romantic Glen in Strath Carron is called "Glen Graig" — and it was thro' this that a woman was once passing carrying an infant wrapped in her plaid — Below the path, overhung with weeping birches, and nearly opposite — ran a very deep ravine known as Glen Onar, or the Dun Glen — The child, not yet a year old, & which had not spoken or attempted speech, suddenly addressed her, thus —

one man could not write & the other could not read, & either could translate Gaelic. J.F.C. March 70

"Fleanvar vo mhool onar,	S' lionair bo mhaol odhar.
(Le laoidh na ghoul)	le laogh na ghöal.
Hunig meish a Vhe bloan	chunaig mis a bhi bleoghan
An's a gleana onar ad halla,	ans a gleann odhar ad. thalla
Gun chu, gun duinie	gun chu gun duine
Gun bhain, gun gillie,	gun bhean gun ghille
Ach aon Duinie	ach aon duine
Ajus è lea" — — or —	S' e liath.
Many is the du hummel cow	many a dun polled cow
(Each having a calf)	with a calf in her fork
Have I seen milked	saw I to be milked
In the opposite dun glen	in yonder dusky glen
Without the aid of dog,	Dogless manless
or man, or woman, or gillie	wife less lad less
One man excepted,	all but one man.
And he grey."	and he hoary.

The good woman terrified and grieved, flung down child and plaid — and ran home, where to her great joy, her baby lay smiling in it's cradle — Some frolicsome spirit had played her the trick, and returned the infant to the cottage —

(No. 88)

Farquhar the Physician

Now Farquhar was one time a drover in the Reay Country — and he went from Glen Gollach (Gleann Gollich — opposite goheaneischaig) to England (Some say Falkirk)

to sell a drove of black cattle and the staff that he had in his hand as he walked was hazel ("Caulting")

One day a doctor met him – "Whats that", says he, "that you have in your hand?" – "It is a staff of hazel" – "And where did ye cut that?" "In Gleann Gollich – North in Lord Reay's country" – "Do you mind the place and the tree?" "That I do" – "Could you get the tree?" – "Easy" – "Well, I will give you gold, more than you can lift, if ye will go back there, and "bring me a wand off that hazel tree – and take this bottle and bring me something "more – and I will give ye gold as much again – watch at the hole at the foot and "put the bottle to it – Let the 6 serpents go that come out first, but put the 7th into the "bottle, and tell no man, but come back straight with it here" – So Farquhar went back to the hazel glen alone, and when he had cut some boughs off the tree – he looked about for the hole the doctor had spoke of – A hole there was – and Farquhar sat to watch it – and what should come out of it but 6 serpents – brown and barred like adders – these he let go and clapped the bottle to the hole's mouth to see would anything more come out – By and bye, a white snake came rolling thro' – Farquhar had him in the bottle in a minute – tied him down, and hurried back to England with him.

The Dr. gave him siller enough to buy the Reay Country – but asked him to stay and help him with the white snake – They lit a fire with the hazel sticks – and put the snake into a pot to boil – The doctor then bid Farquhar watch it, and not let any one touch it, and not to let the steam escape (for fear", he said, "that folk might know what they were at) he wapped paper round the pot lid – But he had not made all straight, for when the water began to boil, the steam began to come out at one place – Well, Farquhar saw this and thought he would push the paper down round the thing – so he put his finger to the bit that was wet, and then his finger to his mouth, for it was wet with the bree – Lo! he knew everything – and the eyes of his mind were opened – "I will keep it quiet tho'" he said to himself – Presently the Doctor came back – and took the pot from the fire – he lifted the lid and dipping his finger in the steam drops, sucked it – But the virtue had gone out of it – and it was no more than water to him – "Who has done this?" he cried, and saw in Farquhar's face that it was he – "Since you have taken the bree of it, take the flesh too" he said, in a rage – and threw the pot at him (ma dohl us a'sugh ith n'fheol)

Now Farquhar had become all wise, and he set up as a Physician, and there was no secret hid from him, and nothing that he could not cure – He went from place to place, and healed men, so that they called him Farquhar the Physician – (Farquhar Luchcich) – Now he heard that the king (Righ) was sick – so he went to

to the City of the King – to know what would ail him – It was his knee said all the Folk – and he has many Doctors, and pays them all greatly – and whiles they can give him relief, but not for long – and then it is worse than ever with him, and you may hear him roar and cry with the pain, that is in his knee, and in the bone of it – One day Farquhar walked up and down before the King's house* "The black beetle to the white bone" he cried out – and the people looked at him, and said that the strange man of the Reay was thro' mhor (mad) – The next day Farquhar stood at the gate, and cried ("The black beetle to the white bone")

And the king sent to know, who it was that cried outside, and what was his business – The man, they said, was a stranger, and men called him the physician – So the King, who was wild with pain, sent to call him in – and Farquhar stood before the King, and aye "The black beetle to the white bone," said he – And so it was proved – The doctors, to keep the King ill, and get their money, put at whiles a black beetle into the wound which the king had on his knee – and the beast was eating his bone and his flesh, and made him to cry day and night – Then the doctors took it out again, for fear he should die, and when he was better, they put it back again, that it might eat him more – This Farquhar knew by the serpent's wisdom that he had whenever he laid his finger under his teeth! And the King was cured, and had all his doctors hung – Then he said to Farquhar that he would give him lands or gold, or whatever he asked – Then Farquhar asked to have the King's daughter, and all the Isles that the Sea runs round, from Point o Storr to Stronness in the Orkneys – So the King gave him a grant of all the Isles – but Farquhar the Physician never came to be (Farquhar Righ) Farquhar the King, for he had an ill wisher, that poisoned him – and he died –

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* n'daoul dubh, nis a' chnamh gheal

Note – (I have taken this story as it was told me, bad grammar and all, and have tried to get the chief sentences put into gaelic – It was by "serpents bree" that Michael Scott got his knowledge – and the wisdom of the mouth is said to have belonged to Fingal – who began life as a herd-boy on the Shin – Some Giants came to him, one day, and bade him roast a fish for them. Threatening him to kill him, if he burnt it – He did so on one small spot – on this spot he quickly put his finger – and as quickly transferred the hot finger to his mouth (putting it under his teeth) A gift of Omnicience was the result – and this quality became the foundation of his future greatness –)

(№ 89)

The Fox and the Cock and Hen-

One day the Fox chanced to see a fine Cock and a fat hen, off which he would much have liked to dine, but at his approach they flew up into a tree- He did not lose heart however and soon began to make talk with them- inviting them, at last to go a little way with him- there was no danger, he said- no fear of his hurting them, for there was peace now between man and beasts, and among all animals- At last after much parleying the cock said to the hen- "My dear, do you not see a couple of hounds coming acros the field?"- "Yes", said the hen, "and they will soon be here"— "If that is the case it is time I should be off"- said sly Fox, "for I am afraid these stupid hounds may not have heard of "the peace"- and with that he took to his heels, and never drew breath till he reached his den— (D M & I MacLeod)

(№ 90)

The Fox and the Goose

One day the Fox succeeded in catching a fine fat goose, asleep by the side of a loch- He held her by the wing- and making a joke of her cackling, hissing, and fears, he said, "how if you had me in your mouth, as I have you, tell me what you "would do?" "Why", said the goose, "that is an easy question- I would fold my hands, "shut my eyes, say a grace, and then eat you"- "Just what I mean to do" said Roy- and folding his hands, and looking very demure, he said a pious grace with his eyes shut— But- alack! while he did this, the goose had spread her wings, and was now half way over the loch- so the Fox was left to lick his lips for supper—

"I will make a rule of this," he exclaimed in disgust, "never, in all my life, to say a grace again, till after I feel the meat, warm in my belly"

(J. MacLeod- fisherman on the Laxford)

(№ 91)

The last Giant and he blind

The last Giant lived among the Foarn hills (Rosshire- and within sight of the windows of Shilo) He had an only daughter, married not to a giant, but to a common man- His son in law did not always treat him well- for he was sometimes very hungry, and had to wear a hunger belt— One day at dinner his son in law said to him, "Did you ever among the Giants see so good beef or

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so large an ox"— "Among us", said the last of the Giants, the legs of the birds were heavier than the hind quarters of your ox"— They laughed him to scorn— and said it was because he was blind, that he made such mistakes— So he called to a servant, and bid him bring him his bow and three arrows, and lead him by the hand to a corrie that he named (in the Balnagowan Forest) "Now", he said, "do you see such and such a rock?"— "Yes", said the servant— "Are there rushes at the foot of it?" "Yes"- said the servant— "And is there a step in the face of it?"— "Yes"— "Then take me to the steps and put me on the first of them" The servant did so- "Look now, and tell me what comes"— "I see birds", said the fellow— "Are they bigger than common"— "No— no bigger than in Scarn" said the servant— A little after— "What do you see now?"— "Birds still", said the Servant— "And are they no bigger than usual?"— "They are three times bigger than eagles"— A little later— "Do you see any more birds?" said the Giant— "Yes, birds that the air is black with them, and the biggest is three times as big as an ox"— "Then guide my hand on the bow"- said the blind Giant- and the lad guided him so well, that the biggest bird fell, at the foot of the rocks, among the rushes—

"Take home a hindquarter", said the Giant- "and they carried home between them— When they came to the house of his son in law, he walked in with it, and aimed a tremendous blow, at the place where his son in law usually sat- being blind he did not see that the chair was empty- it was broken to atoms, but the son in law lived to repent, and to treat the blind giant better——

(I have heard two versions of this in Uist— The Giant was Ossian and he said that the bone of the ox would go round on end in the bone of the black birds he had seen)

Stories
from Donald Munro
Chamberlain of Lewis – May 1860

(№ 92) I have copied the bad spelling

There was once at Knockdale, a champion of the MacLeod race, called Normand– At a certain time the lady in whose possession the Lewis was then visited each district receiving lambs as gifts from her tenants according to the custom of those times– Said Lady being a daughter of– MacLean of Castle Dalhort, on her tour she called on the farm where Normand resided but no proper accomadations happened to be in the house where she lodged, so her servant lad was sent to Normand's house for straw to make up a clean bed for the lady– MacLeod said to the lad– If the Lady had come to my house she would get a good bed, but in the event I shall allow the people of whom she made choice to provide for her Ladyship– The young chap who came on the errand said to Normand– who will be humbuged by you ruining away with a bundle of straw he saw in the house– Normand jumped out– overtook the man a few yards from the door and their seperated the head from his body– The Lady took a fearful start– bundled of at once to Stornaway through the night resolved she would not enjoy one hour's rest till Normand was killed– consequently 12 men and a Monster dog sent off at once to do away with Normand– But Normand, who was on the aleart and quite ready to receive the gang, met them, killed the Dog asked the party whither they now choose to retire home in safty or be laid side by side where they stood, that he had an arrow for each and some to spare if they wish to try– The men beg'd for life and went back trembling– Normand ordered them to tell her Ladyship on their arrival that she must not send parties of such discription for she canot muster of men on her estate what would bring him from home against his grain but if she has the politeness to send a single person with a letter for him he shall at once answer her— Her Ladyship was more and more provoked went of posthaste to Castleduart– Laid the circumstance before her father and the rest of her friends—

MacLean immediately set sail with a squadron towards Normand's residence in Lewis and to be revenged– and in a few days arrived at Loch Ragg– and at once landed below MacLeod's house who with his two sons was ready under arms to receive the new guests— MacLean sent the crew of his ship round the back of the farm to take up all the cattle and sheep as spoil– Normand's two sons met them engaged in battle defeated the crew driving them towards the shore of Lamenignasaid where they found

Mac Lean of Castle duard killed by Normand after a severe battle – Mac Lean's son remained on board – the few that got of alive went on board of whom some were mortally wounded – immediately set sail homeward – Normand set out by land and was before them in the Sound of Haris – On seeing a man ashore opposite where they dropped anchor hailed him and asked was there a burial place near hand – Normand asked who was desirous to know, they answered on board it was a son of Mac Lean of Castle Duard – Is that young Gentleman on board – Yes down the Cabin – the answer was – Please tell him to come on deck, says Normand, which was done, so as soon as he appeared on deck Normand joined him to the Mast with an arrow – Now my lads, says Normand, you need the few hands left to sail your craft back otherwise I would pick up more of you – but you can inform your friends at home that Normand Mac Leod met you here and there – Normand returned home that day and near Gilnatrunge the eachnisge or water horse met him – which he killed carried his tail home which weighed 7 stones –

Story – 2 –

Beg Malm Mac Arthur at Carishader was mostly ruined by these monsters – Eichnisge or water horses – destructive both on cattle and human beings – with other evils attached to them – would form in so many shapes, and often in the shape of young women conversing to folk till nigh enough to atack them
Mac Arthur had the Island of Flota in partnership with a man at Reef to winter cattle – The latter miped a number of his cattle from said Islands charged Mac Arthur for the same – On hearing said charge Mac Arthur was most keen to take the Reef man's life if in his power privately – On hearing the Reef man had left him to the Faire Isles – Mac Arthur, with his three sons, left in pursuit of him to kill him, but his third son got sick and died before he passed the Galan head – then landed his corpse till ____ after killing the Reef fellow – beheld on arriving at the ____ Isles the Reef man had returned – miped each ther in a fog – So Mac Arthur turned back buried his son on the Galen head – and the spot where they landed is to this day called Leac Eaine or John's point –

Story 3

There was in the Island of Paby gruagichen to be seen in every age particularly when Donald Mac Alamuadh was there during his residence on the Island – These or gruagichen use to take cogs of milk from

the dairymaide through windows on barns to—— In his day 3 men of the abave description used to sleep in the Kiln all summer but never seen in daytime, unless very early in the morning In Little one of these gruagichen fought with a man called Fachanua who had enough to do before he got him down- but after doing so behold he found nothing below him though nearly exhausted with perspiration wrestling while standin'- Gruagichen were also seen very often at—— They were invisible but at their own option, they would not bear offence from any body- in certain places pales and cogs of milk were left for them which the took and drank at pleasure- but unfortunately a merry young damsel left a cog full of wine where the milk use to be left which cost her dear for so soon as he the Gruagach came to the cog the girl died that moment-

Story 4

There came to one of the Lewis's summer shielings a poor pale, thin, woman in the dush of the evening who remained six weeks- The few peats that happened to be in the fire lasted during the above period- She did not sleep anywhere, the dairy milked the cows- she used to give some warm milk to the pale woman who as quick as possible the milk to all the flowers and grass singing out- Tha pathadh air cuideachd mo dha a rochd- or My beloved party are thursty to night- she was sure to be at this every friday night- It was this woman who gave the proper name to those great men the Gruagachen- She was intimately acquainted with them- She left a deal of information and that she was a permanent residenter of Tom-na-hiuniel-

Story. 5.

Four or five centuries back in the time of young Mr Kenneth Mac Quin's great grandfather a sea or waterhorse- alias Eachnisge came in the form of a poor woman to one of the Shielings beyond Garlaway- Three young girls were asleep when she arrived and said cait an cadil-eachchag- or where shall the old woman sleep- one of the girls said the old woman may sleep next the wall- she answered

so she was allowed to sleep in the middle but soon thereafter went in it's usual form commenced eating the girl next to him- The Mhor lux galloped off home towards the houses, but he devoured the second one ere they reached- and the 3d and the only survivor arrived and gave the alarm—— Mac Quin, the Jacksman went out with a large Musket that would hit a clam shell in ten hundred yards, fired at the monster, but though within 100 yards the ball which struck opposite the peat, near went through the pile- re loaded- put a

piece of silver below the ball fired and finished the monster

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Story. 6.

The last Eachnisge or water-horse seen in this country was at a cave called Uadhbhegidle near the centre or march between Lewis and Haris – Three men were in said cave roasting a deer they had killed during the day – When the supper was near done a very handsome tall young woman entered the mouth of the cave, whose robustness surprised the men who asked her where she had come from at that late hour of the night – said she I came little ashore at Dellnock, or Sheindhal which is 5 miles west of the Butt of Lewis – This answer surprised the men as such could not be the case, the distance being more than a days journey for any woman – During their conversation she snatch hold of all their roasted venison – snatched it between her teeth got up instantly in the shape of a water horse – attempted to be at one of the men – They had two dogs one called fast – The other called haste – so the men called to the dogs by name who went and engaged in the monster outside, the men escaping in the upper corner of the cave all night 3 nails The monster would appear in the interior of the cave to eat them up – However at dawn the noise outside ceased to obsure silence waited with anguish and fear till the sun got up, when to their great consolation the monster was dead, with one of the dogs dead under his tail, after going through him – the other in his mouth with the tail in sight and the head down his throat ——

The narator of the above is John Smith pauper now residing at Breaclate in the Island of Bernera, parish of Uig – upwards of 80 years of age – Was a first rate poet and one of the best Gaelic speakers of his day –

He says that he has still in his posepion a tooth brought out of one of these fairy dogs or cu seth by accident, that changes coulour at certain seasons of the year – That he will be happy to show this wonder on meeting with a person worthy of such novelty –

He has plenty to narate of similar details which is worthy of circulation but to continue such depends intirely on the reception the forgoing receives at head quarters –

(No 93)

The Boobie

This species of animal which within the last century was by no means rare in the districts of Upper Lochaber, and Argyll, has for many years been totally extinct— The assigned cause being the extent to which heather burning has been practised in those districts for so many years past, very long heather was the natural resting place & shelter of the Boobie; according to the most authentic repots, the animal was endowed with the power of assuming at pleasure the forms of three different animals viz those of a most enormous and ferocious water bird, (when he was designated the Boobie) of a water horse or Eichnisk, (in Gaelic) and of a water Bull or Tarasnisk— The first of these was the one which he preferred assuming, I intend giving a short description of him in these three various forms— first as the Boobie, from the repot of an eye witness— who not only saw him, but waded up to his shoulders into a very large muir loch on a very cold morning in Febry, in the hope of getting a shot at him— but when he had reached within 85 yards of him, the animal dived, and my informant after waiting for three quarters of an hour where he was, returned on shore to watch for his re-appearance, which though my informant remained in his uncomfortable position for more than <u>five hours</u> and a <u>half</u>, on the bank, did not take place,— Although this man was not so fortunate as to get a shot at him, he was near enough to have enabled to furnish me with a most satisfactory account of the animal's appearance and dimensions — In form and colour the Boobie strongly resembles the Great Nothern Diver, with the exception of the white on the neck and breast— The wings of both bearing about the same proportion to the size of their bodies, appear to have been given them by nature more for the purpose of assisting them in swimming under water, than that flying— In size of body he is larger than seventeen of the biggest eagles, put together His neck is two feet eleven inches long, and twenty three inches in circumference, his bill is about 17 inches long, black in colour, measuring round the root about 11 inches, for the first 12 inches the bill is straight, but after that, assumes the shape of an Eagle's, and of proportinate strength— His legs are remarkably short for his size, black in colour, but tremendously powerful, the feet are webbed till within five inches of the toes, which then terminate in immense claws of most destructive nature— The print of his foot on the mud at the East end of the lake, (as accurately measured by our authority) covers the space generally contained within the span of a large, wide spreading pair, of red deer's horns— The sound he utters resembles that of a large

bull, in his most angry humours, but much superior in strength— The favorite food of the Boobrie is the flesh of calves, failing them, he feeds upon sheep or lambs, as suits him, on seizing his prey he carries it off to the largest neighbouring muir loch, swims out to the deepest part, where he dives, carrying his victim along with him, and there feeds, returning on shore at pleasure— He is also particu=
=larly fond of otters, which he swallows in great numbers, and with considerable avidity—

It is a notorious fact that about sixty years ago, a Boobrie frequented a loch named Loch Leëan—(Anglice the Broad Loch) in the West of Argyllshire, and caused great consternation in the district—

The Clergyman of this parish was a remarkable man, not only for the assiduity with which he followed his calling, but for his talents & accomplish=
=ments— Whenever it was known that he was to preach— a large congregation was certain— On one occasion the Parson had agreed to preach for a neighbouring clergyman who was absent on duty— and all the neighbouring gentry made a point of— attending— As distances were great, the Heritors ordered dinner to be ready at the Inn on their return from church, and prayed the Parson to join them at table, an invitation he at once accepted, and as usual was the life of the society— The Company being good, were unwilling to part till a late hour, when the Clergyman, hearing that his horse was at the door, parted from his entertainers, mounted, and proceeded on his journey homeward, followed by his servant, Sandy Mc Farlane, who was riding a lame pony, that had been hired for his use on the occasion— They had a ride of 11 miles before them, and on nearing the Lake, Sandy (who was a privileged servant) rode up to the Minister and begged him to ride canny, as since he had sat so long with the gentry, they might have a bad chance of falling in with the Boobrie, before reaching home— The Parson with great indignation turned round and said— "How can you be such a fool, Sandy, as to believe in such old wives Banlich? If you cannot follow me— I must find a man who will"— Sandy, amongst whose accomplishments a proficiency in the English language was not prominent, replied in a dry under tone, "may be aye— and may be yesh"— and without further remark followed his master as closely as he could— They had not ridden far before an unearthly sound broke the silence of the night, which caused the parson to slacken his pace— After a minute of time the sound was repeated much more audibly than before, when the Minister pulled up to a dead stop and called out, "Sandy, what on earth sound is that?" Sandy's dry

reply was— "Is just the Boobrie and didn't I told ye so?" The Lord hae a care o' me if he gets a grip of us— I'll no be in the Manse we'll sleep this night"— The words were scarcely past his lips when a third, and much nearer roar, made the rocks on each side echo— "By God", said the Minister, "it is the Broobie no doubt", and clapping spurs to his horse, cut for his life— while poor Sandy, vainly calling to the Minister to take patience, and bide for him, followed on his lame pony at his best pace, but was distanced much, his terror becoming the greater the more ground he lost— About 4 miles from the Manse, a deep burn copes the road— The Minister's horse taking a fancy to drink there, suddenly stooped his head for the purpose, which movement landed the Minister on his back in the middle of the burn, then considerably swollen— As the Parson was recovering from the effects of his fall, Sandy reached the stream, and his horse equally thirsty, landed him on the top of his Master— To hold on to the first thing that offered was the impulse of both, and so the Minister and Sandy gripped each other— Each thought he was the victim of the Boobrie, and each struggled to overcome his supposed opponent, their mutual cries for help leading each of them to believe that the Boobrie had got hold of them both, and that if they could manage to tire him, they might have some chance of escape— Many was the roll each gave the other in their frantic efforts to obtain the Mastery— until their own exertions obliging them to desist, brought them at last to their senses— The horses had disappeared, and on the Minister's and Sandy's having made the best of their way home, were found at the stable door— The Minister was never heard to talk again so authoritatively on the subject of the Boobrie— but Sandy always declared they had been glamoured by him—

Here ends our notice of the Boobrie as a bird— in our next he appears as the "Echnisk" or water horse—

The next authentic record of the Boobrie is his appearance as the Echuisk or Water horse

On the banks of Loch Treisa, a fresh water-lake on the property of Achadashenaig, in the Island of Mull, the tenant was ploughing some land which was so hard and stony, that he was compelled to use 4 horses— Early one day, one of the horses cast a shoe, they were nine miles from a smithy— and the nature of the ground prevented any possibility of the horse ploughing without one— "Here is the best part of our "days work gone" said the tenant to his son, who was leading the foremost horses— "I am not sure", replied the son, "I see a horse feeding beside the Loch, we'll take a lend of

"him, as we don't know who he belongs to"— The father approved of the proposal— The son went down and fetched up the horse, which appeared to have been quite used to ploughing, drawing first up hill, then down, perfectly steadily, until they reached the end of the furrow, close to the Loch— On an attempt to turn the horses, this borrowed one became rather restive, which brought the whip into use, tho' lightly, no sooner had the thong touched him, than he instantly assumed, the form of a most enormous Boobrie, and uttering a rout, which appeared to shake the earth; plunged into the Loch, carrying with him the three horses and plough— The tenant and his son had both the sense to let go their respective holds— The Boobrie swam out with his victims to the middle of the Loch, where he dived, carrying them along with him to the bottom, where he apparently took his pleasure of them— The Tenant and his son got a most awful fright (as well may be imagined) but remained hid behind a large stone for seven hours, in the earnest hope of perhaps even one of their horses coming ashore— but no——

In case, by any chance, this narrative should appear to the sceptical, to savour in the least of romance, it must be remembered, that in those days ploughs were almost entirely made of wood— One of our modern Iron ploughs, would in my opinion, give even a Boobrie a sweat to drag, along with three horses to the middle of a Loch—

The next and last form, in which we intend describing the Boobrie is in the appearance of the Taranish (the water bull)— In the two preceeding anecdotes, we have described the Boobrie, merely as a rapacious and predatory animal, causing general dismay— from his frightful appearance, and voracious appetite— but the following anecdote seems to give a colour to the now generally received belief, that this form in its different shapes was the abode of a spirit, condemned to such penance, by way of expiation for the violation of certain ordinances of the superior spirits, and was in many instances friendly, if not beneficial to mankind—

It was a dreadful winter— the weather so severe, and snow storms so frequent, that everything in the shape of vegetation, were under snow— All the cattle in the district were either obliged to be sold, at any loss— or— where the more fortunate were better off for provender, they were kept on, about the doors— Callum Galbraith was the tenant of a farm paying £40 of yearly rent, in a district on the West coast of Argyllshire— and was compelled to send off by his eldest son Echan,— (Anglice Hector) a portion of his stock to be sold for whatever they would fetch— in the low country markets— reserving only the portion he thought he could well winter—

Echan accomplished the object of his mission, having his face turned towards home, and anxious to see his sweetheart and betrothed (Phemie Mc Millan) the daughter of a neighbouring tenant, took a short cut across the mountains in the dusk of the evening— A heavy blinding storm of snow overtook Echan, in his walk along the West bank of Loch na Doran, where he suddenly came upon a large black bull, who was lying down, apparently dying, and groaning piteously— Echan's first idea was to run, remembering the Taranish— and knowing that no other animal could be there, besides his great size and neighbourhood to the loch proved it— The groans however redoubled and Echan turned saying— "For weal or for woe I can't leave the poor beast— till I see what ails him"— So saying, he approached the Bull— the animals eyes were half closed and glazed looking, and from all appearances he seemed to be dying for want of sustenance— "Poor brute", said Echan, "you "shall have food, tho' it cost me the sight of Phemie till to-morrow— they're saying "that you're no canny, but I'm no feared for you"— so saying he sped home, and without entering the house— repaired to the hayyard, and thence abstracted a small tuft of hay— and two sheaves of corn, and so loaded, retraced his steps of more than five miles to the place where he left the Taranish lying— Having deposited his burden within reach of the animals mouth, he returned home both cold and weary— Phemie alone was made acquainted with his adventure, when, as may be easily supposed, he paid her an early visit on the morrow, and tho' she felt the risk she thought he had run, she could not help loving him the more for the kind heart that would not even see the Taranish suffer— Phemie encouraged Echan to leave a small supply occasionally at the same spot— an offering which she hoped migh propitiate one who was generally looked upon with dread— We may as well here describe this pair, who were soon to be wedded, for at last— Echan's father had consented, that the work of the coming year over, the wedding should take place— Phemie was the handsomest lassie in the country side— In height— above the average size of women, she was slight, tho' rather inclined to fulness of figure— Her complexion had the brown healthiness natural to one so exposed to the influence of the weather, regular features, large brown eyes, teeth, no where to be surpased in evenness and whiteness, hair of the darkest brown, and a step as elastic as a mountain roe— made her an object of very general attraction, and she had frequently been wooed by better conditioned men than Echan, but had remained unshaken in her attachment to him— With one exception— rejection of their offers— had only changed lovers into well-wishers, so much did she command respect— while the modesty

with which Phemie carried her superiority of appearance over her companions, secured to her their warm affection—

Echan, was in no respect unworthy of her preference— He was the most perse=vering and hard working man in the district— His father, an old man, placed implicit confidence in him— and never found himself disappointed— As to appearance tho' not the tallest, he was by far the best knit, and powerful man in the parish— an excellent dancer, and the best hammer thrower, within a distance of 30 miles round— In affability of temper and kindness of heart, Echan was unsurpassed, and these qualities combined with his acknowledged superiority at the hammer, gained him early in life the distinctive appelation of "Kind hearted Hector of the hammer"— a— "Echan, cor, nawrd"— he had an open countenance, frank light blue intelligent eyes, and light hair, so that his appearance and manners were prepossessing, which with his good qualities made him everywhere welcome, and both being favorites the marriage of the pair was anticipated with great satisfaction— The winter did not seem long, for Phemie and her Mother were busy with their female servants spinning the wool for blankets, and the yarn for sheets to make up the usual plenishing that a young wife should contribute to the house furnishing— As the season advanced, the time came for the general adjournment to the sheiling— In those days it was the custom for farmers to send their milk cows, up to lands which were then considered waste— to graze in summer— Young men were sent with them to herd them, and young women to milk them, and shealings were erected for their accommodation— This summer as usual, Phemie accompanied her father's maid servants there— She was an excellent dairy woman, and for the last time was to look after the butter making—

The first few days passed in the usual uninterrupted quietness of this monotonous life— In the morning, after being milked, the cows were herded here and there, by the lads, while Phemie and her companions busied themselves with the produce, and then plied the distaff or knit stockings— Sometimes Phemie took her work to the neighbouring lake— for her father's stock was hefted around the cairie, of Loch nan Doran— Other farmers had theirs to the West side— Once or twice Phemie had been startled by the momentary vision of a shadow on the lake, one which made her shudder, for the fleeting outline reminded her of the rejected suitor above alluded to, Murdoc Mc Pherson— a farmer himself, and rich, but a coarse-minded— unprincipled, dissipated man, who, when she had rejected his offer of marriage, had sworn to be avenged, and told her she should live to repent having made a fool of him— Phemie lost no time in returning to the shealing and for days did not again leave it's neighbourhood— but as Murdoch's name was never mentioned by the herds, as she felt sure it would have been, had he been in the

neighbourhood - she tried to think it was only her fancy, and by degrees resumed her usual habits - One evening as she sat at some distance from the Shieling, and thought of Echan; the shadow again crossed her, but this time when she looked around, Murdoch himself was there - Before she could scream he threw his plaid over her head, bound down her hands, and raising her in his arms - hoarsely whispered - "You are mine now, I have taken my measures so well that no earthly power can save you" - Phemee was indeed powerless - and as her persecutor hurried along with his almost insensible burthen, she determined not to exhaust herself by fruitless struggles, which only excited his laughter, but to reserve her strength for one last effort, when he should release her from the plaid - She could run well - and if once free she might yet escape - or at all events she could call for aid - At last he stopped, having reached the place he had prepared - He placed her on her feet, but one look around was enough to show her she had no chance in a race - All she could do was to scream - but he told her that no one within miles could hear her - Again she screamed, and just as he laid hold of her with an oath, help came in a most unexpected form - The Taranisk came tearing along, and rushing at Murdoch, seemed to crush him to the earth before he had any time to make any resistance, leaving him in a senseless condition, the Taranisk approached Phemie, and kneeled down, as if to invite her to mount upon his back, which she did - He immediately sped off, and with the quickness of thought she found herself safely deposited at her Mother's door - The Taranisk was gone in a moment - but a voice was heard in the air calling out loudly

"Chaidh conadh rium le ogair caomh
"Sri oigh rinn mise baigh -
"Deigh tri chend bliana do dhaosa chruaidh
"Thoir fuasgladh dhomh gun dail -"

Which may be thus translated -

I was assisted by a young man
And I aided a maid in distress
Then after three hundred years of bondage
Relieve me quickly -

Since then the Saranack has not been seen ——

Tarbh Uisg ?

My dear Eam

Tell me if this will do - I have got two Banchkin stories cut

and dried – This Lochaber man has plenty of stories, but they are all too short, I am afraid –

God bless you all, Ever your friend (signed) J Campbell –

Kilberry, April 30th 1860 –

(№ 94)

Donald Mc Crae & the Witch

In the district of Kintail, honest Donald Mc Crae was a farmer in tolerable circumstances, but unluckily, (as is the case with many) he failed in his rent, so that he was three years in arrears – His Landlords son Mackenzie of Kintail, was at his education in London, and being expected home, accompanied by several young gentlemen, his father (desirous that the party should have good sport among the Highland hills) – applied to Donald Mc Crae for information regarding the best part of the County for such – He asked Donald if there were hares upon the ground, as his farm was the most likely place on the estate for them – Donald told him he was not aware of a single hare being on his farm – The Landlord told Donald, that if he could even start one hare on a day he named, he would cancel the arrears, and renew the lease – Poor Donald longed for the benefit offered as a reward, but knowing that there were no hares, he was at a loss how to act – In this dilemma, he thought of Eppie, the Witch, and at once adjourned to her dwelling – (for she was a cotter on his farm) He told Eppie how he was circumstanced – "I know your capabilities as a witch, and will you transform yourself into a hare, on "such a day, for an hour, and give the Gentlemen some sport, and I will give you "half a boll of barley" – Eppie knowing the value of half a boll of barley, being able to convert it to several purposes, such as a wee drop dram, or a sneeshen, immediately agreed to Donald's proposal –

The day arrived when poor Eppie's prowes was to be put to the test – The Gentlemen arrived at an appointed hour, and while they sought in vain for game on other parts of the farm – Eppie hid herself in a favorable spot, known only to herself and the farmer – The party began to despair of having any sport whatever, when Donald said " Gentlemen, we shall beat one cover more, and then if we don't succeed, I can't help it – They directed their course to the bush mentioned by the farmer, and after making the usual – Hollo's – Hurra's, and what not – up started Eppie in the shape of a hare, to the great joy of the party, who lost no time in pursuing her – Off went dogs, off galloped horses, and after a few Highland oaths to begin with, off went Donald to look after Eppie ——.

Eppie took care to keep to the fields, and avoided the cover, lest her clothes should be torn—
At last Donald perceived that the dogs were gaining ground on. Eppie—
He drew near the course he perceived Eppie was taking, to make the Gentlemen believe that he intended to retard her progress — instead of which Donald, like a skilful trumpeter blew through both his fists, and whispered in Eppies ear— "Eppie! Eppie! Another half "boll of barley"— Off started Eppie with renewed energy, quite aware that the two half bolls of barley would supply her with 5 gallons of whiskey, as much as would pass the Christmas holidays—(a prize too good to lose) In a few minutes the dogs were exhausted and unable to pursue her any further, while Eppie quickly conveyed herself out of sight— and no further effort could start a hare that day— When the party separated, pleased with the run, though disappointed in the game— Donald went home, and almost as soon as himself Eppie appeared, bathed in perspiration, and demanded a quach of Toreutosh to settle her nerves, and Donald was no niggard in bestowing her beverage on the old woman, and too glad to be rid of the arrears, willingly paid the boll of barley—

All blarney, my dear Eam— but it does not hurt me to forward it— My eyes are with this writing— I have not done with it, nor shall I in a hurry— he must have a close time— the ould wife is away at Edinburgh looking after girls, for maid servants— I told her she had better have sent me— she said it was well enough as it was— I think she was wrong— I hope you are all well Eam— My kindest regards to your Lady Mother, and the bonnie yellow haired lapies—

always your old friend

Kilberry— May 20th 1860 (signed) J. Campbell—

Write me a line like an old fellow

To John Campbell Esq Islay — Riddrie Lodge — Campden Hill— Kensington— London—

(No 95)

Ardkinglas 4th May 1860

J. F. Campbell Esq

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 29th Inst— I also beg to let you know that I observed that the Queen has cast a glance at you, and made you one of her officers— I just saw at the time that her Majesty could not make beter selection— I am proud of it myself— If I understand the purport of your letter you

want to know if I heard of big fishes &c &c— Well, the old shoemaker who used to tell us so many stories, often told us the following one,

I was one day fishing on Pool rock—(The rock immediately below the bridge) on the Ewe and I hooked a fish— I had no pirn on the rod, and the fish would have either broke my line a rod had I not threw myself into the watter and followed the fish, and behold, says John, it was then that I observed that a large Eel got hold of the fish I had on the rod and when I observed the hudge beast— I puts about— leaves him my good rod and line— How large was the eel John— Well, says John, as far as I could judge the Master would be 24 feet long and as round in the body as a Carters horse, with mane on it's back just like a horse.

Next is another of John's—

Sometime ago some men from the Isle of Sky came to Gairloch for timber and barks, and on their way home, half channel, on a beautiful calm day— they obsewed an Island (small) where they never saw one before— The men was tired and hungry, and they went ashore and on the island to boil potatoes and herrings— And when they were pouring the hot water off the Pot, the island began to sink— they made fast for the boat, and with great difficulty they managed to jump into their boat, though they lost the pot with it's contents— What Island could that be— What, but one of those large Thornback Skates, who inhabits the great Atlan—says John—

Another large salmon that was seen on the River Shin for 200 years, he would not allow any other fish to lye in the same pool with him— he could not be taken— no line a hook would hold him, and then nets was to him as a thread of two is broken when it toucheth the fire— his shength was not known, and fog grew on his back with age —

Another large Cormorant— Came out from Storpoint as we were sailing by it, with the swiftest boat I ever had— well the Cormorant thought he would try us a race— and at Green Storpoint when he saw that he could not go before the boat, he brained himself against the mast, and we had Cormorant's flesh for a fortnight for dinner—

This is a true story and make your best of it—

In Loch Udrigh on your left as you enter Loch Erne Mr Banks bought that property a few years before I left , well on loch Udrigh, a fresh water lake on the hill— people used to see a something like a small whale, which the natives called

called Mac Sheilch but those that knew better were sure it was the Eachnisge or Kelpie— Mr Banks heard of this Monster being in one of his lakes, like all the rest of the English people would not believe it, but to make himself certain sure, he sent some of his confidential Englishmen to watch the loch— and behold the Mac Sheilch showed itself as much as to give defiance to the English also— Well, Mr Banks got all the men he had collected with pickaxes and spades, crowbars &c, to drain the loch— and when they drained as much of the loch as they could, and when fairly beaten, he took lots of lime shell and was sure to kill the beast— But no, after all his lime and draining the Mhuc Sheilach, are to this day in Loch Idrigh—

If the above are not supernatural I do not know what more to say on the subject— I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant

(signed) H. Urquhart—

To J.F. Campbell Esq

Strath of Gairloch

Janry 18th 1860

107.

Dear Hector,

In reply to your letter of the 12th Inst I called on Roderick the Lawyer to see could he answer your queries, you enquired first in your letter were the Gruagache & the Brownie the same beings— Rory says that he does'nt think they were the same, he says that Gruagache is a living being, we generally call a girl gruagache, but the Amandan= =more had a brother that was called the grugache, But the Brownie is a kind of Spirit resembling a man, but taller than a man, and stouter in comparison, he says that Kenneth Fraser that was at Strath, was telling him that he oftentimes saw the Brownie at the Gairloch Manse, and that he would be thinking sometimes that it would be Mr. Rupel, but that he was much taller and stouter than him— every man that ever saw a Brownie say that he had clothes on and well dressed, with a white cravat on, they were commonly seen about big houses, such as Manses and proprietors houses— to give you truth for the matter— It is said that Catharine Mc Phorson (Kit Carchie) and Roderick Fraser, that was at Flowerdale— would go up the road to Flowerdale House, the Brownie standing on the one side of the road, and them passing by on the other— without any fear, they were so accustomed to it that they were not the least afraid— As for the Brownie's feeding no account can be given, and no account can be given of their being

mischievous to any person, it seems they were harmless, for the Brownie's hair we cannot give any account, but he always wore a hat, and would be always seen on a light moonlight night—

For the Echnisge he say he never heard any other Gaelic name for it— It is said the Eachnisge sometimes changes itself to the likeness of a man, they live in lakes, and they generally walk on dry land, and it is said that those that would be seeing them said that they were much uglier than other horses— Roy says that he never heard of an Eachnisge being killed, but he says that the Eachneg was killed by the Big Smith at Raasay— He says that he do not think that Eachnisg and Fuath the same beings— We call a Fuath a being that changes itself to different likenesses, to give you a short account of a Fuath, as Roy tells me in the following narrative—

Bha gilli aigi Uachdran Ghearloch ris canite Dourhull Peoperac, agus bhaiad nair tighin dheth na mhaehair agus chuir an t nachdiran Dornhunl piopire air adhaiit roimhe dhinse gu robh efein agus daoine uailse tighen na bhalamhor dhabh Dornhunlath ghearr air a mhonadh cadir Lochmarie agus an balamore, chum ajus gun biodh e trath aus a bhalamhore dho inse gun robh an t-Uachdran agus daoine uaelse tighin, ajus dar a bha i tigher seachad aege Allt-an-tor leith choenich mar thair sonn Fuath ris, thachair aus an am gu robh a chlaedhe na laemh (marbie ghuath aus na laibh cha bheoadh duine sann bigun Chlaedhe) agus thosaich a fein agus a Fuath, air a chaille agus sann cosmhalri nine a bha a Fuath, agus bha a beul a fosgladh bho mulach a ceun gu seoin agus cha robh sathadh a chiradh Dourhunl dhana bheist lus a chlaidhe nach beoradhi aira chlaidhe na bent agus cheadh an time cheeiradh an claidhe as na feolanaige a bheist agus bhae niarsin ag obair orre carien fhada sa gabhal leis a bhruthaich, ach thare ma dhiradh le fath fhuaire sathadh don chlainailie chuir int, agus sann a shamhlaiche iris a chlamhi re poca cathin, ach cha deoin sud an quothaich ris a bheist, ach fhaair eanath shathadh dheth na cllaedhe chuir int agus leig i seriad namhasach aisde air chor agus gun ghoir na criagan dhan a seiad, ach gorid bho thaigh a Clipten aig aite an canair le th dhunalion thare marbadh, agus char e dhaci na bhalamhor, agus dar a chaidh e bah an t-Uacdran agus na daoine uailac roimhe, agus dar a chaidh e ghun an t-solms chaidh e bho chaint, ach chaidh bean an ceann tistadh, agus an uair thanig a mhadain chaidh na daoine— Ualac dhueriaidh an aite aus aundo mharbh Dornhunt a bheist, agus chunaigiad ann a sin rud coslochri salachair rouaig na thuatam lan da chliabh—

As for the Eachnisg Roy recollects of hearing of it being killed by the Big Smith that was at Raasay and when it was dead it was like a Salchair rouaig—

As for the Fairies Rory says they were as tall as earthly people, and clothed with green, they lived in hillocks, and would be seen out on certain days or nights, such as Hallowéen night, Christmas night, and New years night, they would be drinking and dancing very cheerful, he says he did not hear of them killing any person— but they would be stealing babies— and they had dogs too, am sure you heard of the dog called Brann, it is said that it was a dog that the fairies had—

For the Sushe and Ghost Rory cannot say anything about them but what you said yourself—

As for the Spunkie, a light seen as a candle, he did not hear any gaelick for it, but light, and it would be seen on sea and land—

He says the Faries had green caps on their heads, but as for their hair he cannot give any description for it—

He says that no shoulder blade would be so sure as the shoulder blade of a Black Sheep for Shinneanachd—

When we were done of the above I told Rory what you said in the latter part of your letter that if he would not answer you in your queries that you would not send him any more papers, and he said that although, though you would come with hard questions the same as the queen of Sheba did, that he would answer you—

Yours respectfully—

(signed) Hector Fraser—

P.S. I will write you soon again— wishing to hear from you soon with more queries to Rory—

Sir,

You will see by the above what my friends in Gairloch says about them beings, when you sent me the book on fairies &c— I wrote to this man— but since I thought you were near and close I did not send you my budget— Though I have some bits written from memory—

The fairies were between 4 feet and 4½ high, with green clothes and green caps made of Fog— and they lived on the concealed— such as if any person concealed anything that he had, that of course went to the fairies— at least the best and good of it, so the black shoemaker used to tell us— (signed) H. Urquhart—

Compare No. 308. Gaelic. Ms. Vol. XI. and. The Fortnightly review. May 1 1870. The dress of feathers.

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The following tales are translated by Thomas Pattieson now at Laggan in Islay at the request of his cousin Mrs Hunter 4 Westbourn Park Quadrant - Daughter of Mac Lean of Laggan

(No 96)

The Flying Ladies from the Isle of Youth

There lived a large and prosperous farmer somewhere or other, once upon a time, now, long ago - This man was rich in the possesion of large herds of cattle, flocks of beautiful sheep - and goats, that wandered almost wild amongst the rocks and grassy mountains - He was regarded with much respect by all his neighbours - and his prosperity, although unequalled throughout a wide district - was looked upon without the least envy - so much was he beloved for his kindly and generous disposition - He was, in fact, a sort of Patriarch among the people - on all sides of him - and so he continued to live and be prosperous for a considerable time - But at last hard times began to try him - and a succession of dry and barren seasons left him hardly a shadow of means, to support his numerous flocks and herds - He was now up early and down late, racking his brains for some way to escape from impending disasters - He who used to live a life of stately ease and dignified repose - like another Job - as if he were a comforter among mourners! - was now himself - full of anxieties and sad forebodings -

Day after day - he walked about his farms - which were every day getting drier, and more withered - day after day pacing beneath the clear bright sky that had not - a cloud in it the size of a man's hand - and crumpling under foot the dry pasturage, that wasted away under his head like snuff - until at length it fell upon a day, that he turned his steps to shelter himself - from the heat, which was very intense, into an outhouse - built in a lonely Glen - and used for storing hay in winter

There then, he lay down in a dark corner, meditating sorrowfully on the unfortunate state of his affairs, and looking vacantly through a chink in the wooden casement beside him - into the deep blue sky, all trembling with the cloudless heat - When, all of a sudden he observed a dark object, growing upon him from the distance, and evidently approaching the place where he lay - very fast - He had not looked long - when he discovered that this object which attracted his attention consisted of three beautiful white swans - which coming near - and hovering a moment over his resting place - and wheeling three times round it, on sounding wings, and with a peculiarly sweet and pleasant cry - which he had never heard from the bird before - presently alighted at the door, of -

this lonely outhouse – and all three, without further ceremony walked in – Then, each of them throwing off a "cochal" — some sort of enchanted garment – which had the power of transforming the shape of the wearer – The astonished farmer saw three beautiful and graceful ladies standing before him – They having laid their "Cochals" by in a safe place – walked away without observing him – and he, immediately rising up possessed himself quietly of the largest of these enchanted garments, and then lay down where he was before – to see what would take place on the return of the ladies – The farmer lay thus for a long time, and was just beginning to despair of the return of his forenoon agreeable visitants — when towards evening he heard the sound of cheerful conversation and merry laughter approaching – and in the ladies stepped again, looking, after their long walk – even more lovely than when they had left him, some hours before – Imagine their consternation when only two "cochals" were to be found where they had left them — After a hasty consultation – it was arranged that two of the ladies should fly off immediately and see if anything could be devised in "Eilean au oige" a Island of Youth — for the release of their unfortunate companion – Hastily donning their "Cochals" then they flew out of the door in a very different fashion from the composed and orderly entry they had made in the forenoon together – and were soon carried far out of sight –

The farmer upon this presented himself respectfully to her who was left behind, and who, he was glad to observe, was the noblest and handsomest looking of the three – and bidding her dry her tears, and assure herself that he would always treat her with the greatest kindness and deference – he induced her to accompany him home – and soon after, although he was already married – and the father of a family, to become his wife – For our Farmer was patriarchal, it seems – as much in his notions of Matrimony as in his regal tenements of flocks and herds — It seems his first wife accommodated herself to this arrangement of her husbands household with great self denial – The ladies lived happily – or at least peaceably together — and their two families growing up side by side together filled their common home with glee –

The farmer, by the advice of his new wife and by a change in the weather not only soon got out of all his difficulties – but prospered even more than ever he had been before in his most fortunate enterprises – and thus years passed by – Until at last happening one day to be from home on a journey, or looking after his affairs his second wife sitting by herself –, and thinking of the change which had come over her circumstances – was surprised to hear the whole troop of children rushing in a body towards her – and all beginning to tell a tale at once, to her — The

meaning of their excitement was this – In their wanderings, the children had reached the lonely glen and the outhouse where their father had seen the three white swans – some years ago – Then as they were pottering about in every corner – one of them had discovered a small parcel carefully concealed and wrapped up in two or three coverings – This they immediately proceeded to open – and then found a most beautiful thing – which they could not describe otherwise than by saying, it was the most lovely object they had ever looked upon –

The lady no sooner heard than a longing desire seizing hold of her again to visit the blissful "Eilean au Oige" – She asked the children at once to show her where the thing was – for she knew at once it could be nothing else than the "Cochal" which her husband had deprived her of, so many years before – that the children had found –

So away she went – found her "Cochal", as she expected as perfect as when she had lost it – and immediately putting it on – she soared away from among the terrified children, in the likeness of a fair white swan – into the blue sky –

The farmer was nearly unconsolable when he returned home and discovered the loss he had sustained – But there was no help for it, and no remedy – and being of a somewhat philosophic temper by this time – he endeavoured to put up with the change that had taken place in his household as well as he possibly could –

From time to time the fair white swan that had parted with the children so suddenly on the day they had discovered the "Cochal" might be seen flying about the farmer's homestead – Sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by others – but could never be got hold of – notwithstanding all the efforts that were used to secure her – At last, she found ways and means to wile her children away – and investing them in a "cochal" – carried them off with her to the Island of youth – And the farmer himself – induced by a wish to see his children again – was transported in the same manner, through the liquid fields of air to this "Eilean au Oige" – No sooner descending from his aerial heights – had he touched that happy shore – than he – a man past the prime of life – as young looking, active and vigorous, as ever he had been in his earliest manhood –

Here therefore, in society of his wife and children and in the rare enjoyment of a renewed youth, he passed a happy season, in a serene and charming climate, in a rich and variegated country – where noble woodlands, cultivated fields, and upland slopes of pasture were charmingly mingled with healthy tracts and rocky mountains – and wild sweet valleys – affording all the appliances and means to boot! to charm the

the eye – and please and soothe and interest the mind – At last one day while sitting under a shady rock, with his wife, beside the sea shore – our farmer suddenly conceived a wish to visit his other family whom he had left behind him in the workday world – and as he hesitated to give expression to his very natural feelings before his wife Nº 2 – she asked him what was troubling him – "Do not conceal anything from me," she said: "for I have no wish but to make you happy."

"Then," said the farmer, "I want very much to pay a short visit to the "friends I left behind me – when I came with you here – I should like much to know "how they are getting on – and I am sure they will also like to be assured of my safety – "for I daresay they are very anxious about me by this time"

"O, certainly," replied the lady – "I even thought of proposing such a "thing to you – but I am glad that you thought of it yourself – We will go at once "then –"

Provided instantly with "Cochals", and transformed thereby into swans – Away, and away, the pair of them flew – whether East, West, North, or South, no one can tell – but at last they reached the well known land – The farmer knew the rocks and hills at once – but the fields seemed sadly changed to him – They were no longer wrought by his men, he observed as he slowly floated over them – nor were they any longer grazed on by the flocks and herds, he had left behind – All impatient to know the meaning of this he hastily alighted – and throwing off his "Cochal" – at once felt himself becoming an old old man – so old, so shrunk, so small, that the people working in the fields around him – came wondering to look on him –

The wife had retired by this time with his "Cochal" and left him to make his enquiries by himself – promising to return for him however in an hour or two –

The farmer was so perplexed with all those extraordinary changes he saw and felt about him and within him – and also at the sight of the new faces that came crowding about him – all there tongues going busily and twanging every one of them with an accent – that seemed unaccountably strange to him, that not knowing otherwise how to begin his inquiries, he asked if they knew anything about such a person – who was a great farmer in these districts – mentioning himself – None of them knew anything of such a person, but one young man – who answered him that he had heard his grandfather tell – how his own father, and the young man's great grandfather – had lived a prosperous Gentleman in those regions – until, all of a sudden – now nearly a hundred years ago – he had disappeared – no one knew how – and never more been heard of – Upon this, taking the young man aside, and

young man aside – and one or two more of those who were then present with him, the seeming old man told all the circumstances of this story, in their hearing – and as he concluded he presented to the young man – his descendant – some rare and beautiful jewels, and also gold – which he had carried with him for his family – and which enriched the young man for life –

Then, soon after his lady returning he donned his "Cochal" joyfully, and giving his blessing to his descendant, and many good advices, he rose up on wing into the blue heavens – and was never after seen or heard of – in this world below –

(№ 97)

Myself

There is a small Island off the point of the Rhynn – on the South West coast of Islay – On which the Nothern Lights Company have now erected a handsome lighthouse but which was formerly used for grazing cattle only – This Island is separated from the Mainland, by a narrow channel thro' which the tide runs very strong – and the waves in anything like stormy weather roll so high that a passage from the one side to the other is quite impossible –

Here, once upon a time, was a large herd of cattle kept, by a neighbouring farmer which were tended by a man and woman who were the only human beings on the Island – On one occasion it happened that the man was obliged to cross over to the mainland – for some reason or other – and a violent storm coming on before his return – he was obliged to remain all night as he was, and leave the woman alone on the Island – She, however, busy, and attending to her charge, protected from the storm in a snug little cabin, which she kept warm and lighted by a blazing peat fire – felt not the least lonely – and indeed forgot that she was alone altogether – until she suddenly heard a sound as of living creatures all round about the hut – She knew that her fellow servant could not have returned – and that no one else could have come in such a storm to the Island and as she stood and wondered if it were possible that the cows could have been attracted by the light, and shelter to the hut, she glanced at the little window which she had left open – she saw a pair of large, round, gleaming eyes, fastened upon her – the like of which she had never seen in a human head – the light of them was so livid and malignant – and then a low whinnying laugh grated upon her ears – and immediately after, the door opening, a most unearthly looking creature walked in – He was very tall and large, rough and hairy – with no skin upon his face – but a dark, livid covering, like leather – His creature, advancing to the fire,

asked the girl in a loud mocking voice what her name was— She answered as confidently as she could— Misi — mi — he — that is — I myself — "You will Dear be lonely here "my sweet creature" — he continued in the same tone — rolling his eyes about wickedly and winking — "I am not alone," said the girl, "for without a protector, stronger than "any that can wish to do me injury" —

The creature again gave his low winnying laugh — and without any more conversation began to behave in a most improper fashion — upon which the girl incensed at his conduct, flung a large ladlefull of water, which was just boiling on the fire — about him — With a hideous yell the goblin bounded out of the cabin — and at once a great hub-bub rose without — and a Babble of wild unearthly tongues fell to question-ing their yelling companion as to what was the matter with him — and who had hurt — "Misi mi — he! Misi — mi — he — did it" shouted the savage — Whereupon a roar of discordant laughter was raised by his fellows at his expense — No sooner had this sound been carried to a distance than the woman rushed in fearful agitation out of the hut — She immediately turned one of the cows that was lying outside out of its resting place and having made a consecrated circle about her lay down herself there —

The storm roared above her all night — and every now and then on the raging gusts of the tempest, came screams, shouts, and a rushing sound as of many footsteps — sweeping past through the air overhead — and then loud laughter or angry sounds of — strife — Morning at last dawned, and these sounds, and the wild tempest died altogether away — The woman was safe and unhurt, protected by the consecrated circle she formed around her — but the cow she had disturbed was dead —

— Note — (This story is interesting from a coincidence between it and a passage in the Odyssey — Ulysses when in the Cave of Polyphemus makes the same use of — "ΟΥΤΙΣ" or "no man" that is here made of "Mee — mi — he" — and when the giant there is deprived of his eye and roaring out — brings his brethren about him — he unconsciously sends them on a wrong scent — just as is done here — by answering their inquiries with "no man wounded "me" —)

(№ 98) 118

The Mermaid Bride

There was an enterprising Gentleman connected with Scotland in the olden times — who, getting tired of a life of indolent repose at home — only varied by an occasional raid on a hostile clan — or a talk of an invasion from England — resolved to set out and seek her fortune through the wide wide world — He had heard tales of perilous adventure

of wondrous sights, and of boundless riches to be met with at sea— And partly for the sake of gratifying his curiosity, and partly with the hope of improving his worldly condition— for his family was not wealthy— he fitted out a vessel at his own expense, investing all his capital in one hazard— so determined was he in his purpose, and sailed away, with some chosen companions, upon whom he could rely in any emergency— far away over the sea— Many a port he visited— Many a varied clime he experienced— many a change of fickle fortune fell in his way— when at the end of ten years of perilous enterprise— he found himself one day— lying becalmed— on the bosom of the broad waters, far out of sight of land and not a bit wealthier than when he had left his native country so long before—

The sea was at the moment smooth as glass, and glittering in the sunbeams— the sails were hanging idle on the masts, and the vessel without motion— the crew lying idle, basking in the sunor sleeping— when suddenly there rose from the sea, a song so sweet, so soft, and thrilling— that everyeye was strained to listen to it's faintest note— and that the hearers themselves seemed hushed into the deepest stillness— in case one dulled breath might— fall in vain—

The Captain of the Scottish vessel— looking cautiously over the ship's side— saw not far off from whom the song proceeded— a beautiful woman floating half out the waters— her long bright tresses falling down on her fair and polished shoulders that glanced in the sunbeams— He instantly told all the crew to be out of sight— and to make neither sound nor motion, while this fair creature kept— floating about the vessel—

His command the sailors found no difficulty in obeying— for they were all lulled into a charming state of pleasure— half between sleeping and waking by the sweet songstress's strains— and thus accordingly they lay all that day and the following night, during which, however, they heard no sound— Morning at last coming, there was no appearance of the Mermaid— and so they lay expecting and disappointed— until towards —when the same rich, sweet voice, they had heard the day before— came breathing around them again it's divine enchanting ravishment—

It was evident this day that the lady was much bolder in her advances— drawing much nearer the vessel than she had hitherto allowed herself to do— apparently thinking it deserted, until, at length, having wheeled round it slowly three times, still singing her song— she was observed climbing up the side— having come on board, and not being able to walk in her Mermaid shape— she divested herself immediately of a girdle she wore, and which it seems had the power of transforming her shape—

for all at once, when she had taken it off, she became perfect woman —

She began forthwith to examine every thing which lay in her way — and at last, stepping down into the cabin, the Captain immediately locked the door upon her, and possessed himself of the enchanted girdle which she wore, while swimming about the sea — Without this it was impossible for her to return to her own climate — however much she might wish it — and so the Captain, being a Gentleman — very brave — handsome — and agreeable — she became his wife — With the use of the girdle he had got hold of — and with the help of some direction from his lady, the Captain soon enriched himself with pearls and precious stones and gold — which lay scattered in rich confusion, in certain localities at the bottom of the sea — He visited there caves and grottoes, and ever buried rocks, and sought his wildered way though many a tangled grove of sea growth — He there saw mermaids in abundance playing in the waters, and heard them often tune their honeyed voice to sing — But at last, wealthy as he could desire, and satiated with adventure, he steered his course homeward with his wife and child —

Soon after reaching Scotland he had another child born to him — A son — who afterwards became very celebrated, and of whome more anon — These children were very carefully nursed by their Mother — She took particular care of their education and taught them much more than any of their coevals had any notion of — —

Thus many years passed away, until one day, the children brought to their Mother a curious sort of girdle they had happened to find in their father's room — asking her what the use of it was — The lady started at the sight of it — hesitated for a moment, then taking the girdle from her children's hands, she blessed and embraced them both passionately and led them down with her at once to the sea shore — There again she embraced for a long time — weeping over them, as they stood with her on a beetling rock that overhung the rolling waves — and bidding them both return home, and tell their father all that they should see — she tied the girdle about her — was changed at once into a Mermaid as of old — and sailed away over the deep singing a wild and melancholy song — of which the children could only recollect the following words — "Farewell — farewell "my children, my husband, and my home" —

She was, however, often seen after this by her children, when they stood alone on some unfrequented part of the shore, but never if they had anyone else along with them — and many a rare fish, and smooth lipped shell — and pretty stone, she brought them when they were children — But when they grew up she was seldom seen by them, and at last disappeared altogether, after giving to her son a book, con=taining much abstruse information regarding things past, present, and to come —

Thus equipped, and furnished with such rare knowledge — her son became the most distinguished man in Scotland of his day — the celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, still very well remembered in song and tradition — He is still in life — At a certain period of his existence he was obliged to enter a place prepared for him in Dumbarton Rock — There to remain until he provided himself with three horses of a peculiar nature — They were to be males of a dun colour with the exception of a stripe of black straight down the back, and they were all to make their entrance into the world after the fashion of Mac Duff — the Thane of Fife —

(There is something left out here)

One of these horses it may be mentioned, in the Parish of the Mull of Oe — Island of Islay — not more than fifty years ago — for the small sum of five pounds — by a man of a very remarkable appearance, who was a perfect stranger in the district —

The man from whom the horse was bought, was told to be at the rock of Dumbarton on a certain night — punctually at 12 o'clock — Thither he accordingly repaired, as directed, and there he found as if cut in the rock — a smath part of the stone of the size and shape of a door — "Open and shut not", said the man, using the words given to him by his customers — The rock immediately opened — and the man saw, stretching far before him, an immense stable — spacious, clean, and polished — Jingling bridles, stamping hoofs — the ring of hammers on the anvil and the glow of forges filled the whole place with a sound of life — a stir and bustle — Suddenly a voice called aloud from the dim distance — "Is this the time?" — "Not yet" — answered a deep tone beside the stranger — and the man starting round — saw his customer standing beside him — He was immediately paid his Money and dismissed —

There is a Rhyme in Gaelic which runs thus — "When Thomas the Rhymer "and his horses come — Then will be the day of spoil on Clyde" — And it is believed that he is to lay waste Glasgow and all the parts adjacent — He is also to fight a dreadful battle at a place called Kille-Choly in Islay — with what enemies does not appear — but so fearful is it to be — that after it is over — there will not be the crow of a cock — nor the cry of an infant to be heard from one end of the Island to the other by a horsman riding through it during a whole summer's day —

(№ III.)

The Glasgow Merchants.

There lived about two hundred years ago in Glasgow two merchants — who carried on a very successful business, in company, for a great number of years — They were both supposed to be very wealthy — but one of them dying suddenly — before his share in the common business could be estimated — or the money he had invested in the transactions carried on by the firm — the surviving partner found ways and means of defrauding his old friends family — and almost all the money they were entitled to, as his partners heirs —

This dishonest artifice practiced upon them, in a quarter they could little expect it from — brought about a great change in the deceased Merchants family, and also in the relation, they were in future to hold to their former friends —

Instead of being now wealthy and living in the greatest comfort and luxury ever — they were obliged to leave their large and fashionably situated house — for a mean, poor, dwelling place — where they could with difficulty scrape together the necessaries of life — Instead of now being on familiar and friendly terms with the surviving partners family — they were completely cut by them, and even reviled and slandered —

Thus time passed on, and both families were growing — The successful merchant had a very handsome and much admired daughter, who had in former days, been betrothed to the eldest son of the other partner in the firm as it then stood — This circumstance the children had not known anything of at the time — of course — But somehow or other this an old nurse, or her mother, or thro' prying among papers that were not intended to be seen by her — the young lady managed to make herself acquainted with the fact — and seeing that her betrothed was a very proper young man, though exceedingly poor, and also ascertaining that his family had not been very well used by her father — She determined to give him a chance of making his way in the world, and showing whether or not he was worthy of her hand — Not but she had plenty of suitors — but none of them was so tall and handsome as this young man, & indeed pleased her fancy nearly so much —

So she sent for him, one day, and regretting to him, that his father's son should have no employment, and should be so ill off in the world — she gave the small sum of 10^{s} to begin life with — With this she advised him to buy pins, needles, and other little necessaries of the sort and going to the country round about to sell them — as well as he could — and return and let her know how he had succeeded —

He went accordingly — was successful beyond his expectations and brought her back £1 — To this she added another £1 — advising him if people asked him for anything he had not got — to say he would be sure to bring it the next time he came

round – He brought her back 4 pounds on this occasion, and to this she added as before other four – and so on – till he was obliged to buy a horse to carry his merchandise about – and he became at last so popular all over the country that the shops themselves became jealous of him – Then she told him this would not do – good as it was – He must get on even faster than this – He must fit out a vessel with a cargo of coals, and going to Spain where coals were very scarce and of immense value – bring back with him from thence a cargo of indigo – so if he could manage to get a barrel of indigo for every barrel he gave out to Spaniards, and return safe to this country, his fortune was made – One cargo of indigo was enough at that time to make any mans fortune –

She bought him a vessel – fitted it out herself – got the coals &c, and away he went – and stopped not – till he cast anchor before the King of Spain's Palace The King instantly ordered a boat out – to see who he was – what he wanted, and what he brought with him – He told all – Would only give his coal on condition of getting weight for weight of indigo for it – At last this was agreed to – He was invited to dinner with the King – went – a stout stick laid along with every plate – soon saw the reason of this – for no sooner sat down – than a host of rats poured over the table, and in spite of every exertion of the sticks – King and all laying on with all their might – The rats ate up everything – This would never do – must have his dinner – Recollected then a present which the young lady his provident patroness had given him on starting from Scotland – a pair of large and handsome cats – Off to his vessel – brought them with him back again – Ordered another dinner to be prepared immediately – and bade the King keep up his royal heart, the rats would soon be given a good account of – Dinner prepared – Rats again – Cats let loose sticks and cats beat the rats back to their holes and killed them all – The King himself particularly active, and in high spirits at the victory – took a huge dinner in peace and comfort – the first time for many a day – Then asked about, those creatures, the rat killers, the Captain had with him – for he had never seen cats before – offered immense prices for them – Captain affected not parting with them – Still bargaining, when after dinner they took a walk together to the stables – Magnificent – Dun horse there – Captain admired her – with sparkling eyes – "I will give you the horse and a vessel full of good indigo for the Cats" said the King – "Done!" said Captain –

Soon after he returned to Scotland immensely wealthy – Rode along the streets of Glasgow on his magnificent, prancing dun horse – All the people thought him a duke – a field Marshal – a ____ at least – King William the third, himself, who

was living in Glasgow at that time – After having conquered Ireland, for fear of the Papists who would make his life not worth sixpence anywhere else – looked out of a window near the cross – at the corner of High Street – and the Irongate – "Who in my dominions", he asked, rides such a horse as that?"

Inquiries made, who it was found out – "What would he take for his horse?" Nothing – Would not part with him on any account – He had earned it hard himself – "Is there any in my realm who can refuse me so small a favor" – asked the King, displeased, and surprised – "Ye'll get me such a young lady for my wife" – naming his kind patroness – "Who in my realm", replied the King, again using his favorite expression when he was very earnest – "Who in my realm could refuse to marry such a man as you – when I ask her for you"

The lady gladly or at least willingly consented to the proposal made to her by the King himself – She and her betrothed married, and lived long and happily together – very wealthy – The old Merchant – the lady's father – disbursed – on his daughter's marriage day, the money he had deprived his old friends and partners family – in the shape of a large dowry to his daughter – Her husband however handed it all over to his Mother, and brothers & sisters – The descendants of this marriage are yet to be found in Glasgow and the west of Scotland –

King William mounted the splendid dun horse – and he rides him to this day – in the Iron gate of Glasgow – a fact which can be testified to by hundreds of thousands of individuals – who have seen him there – and which any one sceptical of the truth of this story can easily satisfy himself of – by ocular demonstration – any day of the year –

(№ 100)

Kilchamaig by Whitehouse
Tarbert Lochfinn 17th August 1859

Dear Sir,

I duly received your letter of the 8th Inst. – You wish me to give the legends in the original – This I am not able to do correctly, for two reasons – Firstly, although I understand and can speak the Gaelic language pretty well, I am very deficient in its orthography, and I fear you would not be able to make out what I would wish to be at –

Secondly – I was very young when I heard these legends related, and I could not then appreciate the beauty of the words in which they were clothed, and therefore, these words did not make, excepting in rare instances, any great impression on my mind – What principally attracted my notice was, the story, which, of course, did make an impression, which I have in a good many cases retained to this moment – It is singular, however, that the whole of these legends come to my recollection much more vividly in English than they do in Gaelic, perhaps from the fact of their being often explained to me in English – The party who told me most of the old legends I heard, was my Mother – She was very enthusiastic, in anything relating to her country, and instilled the same spirit into me – She even believed in the truth of many of her legends, however absurd they were, and I, of course believed in them also, which has served no doubt to cause me to remember something of them now – I am far from satisfied however, with the attempts I have already made in defining them – Dunbuhllaig I am conscious is a wretched imitation of what Dunbhullaig ought to be, and the tale I now enclose is I believe even more defective, for in the original it Rhymed smoothly and sweetly, and although I have essayed to follow as well as I can the style, and the thread of the narrative – I am aware that anyone who knows the original, must consider it a very lame version. There is another circumstance also which I must mention – No person in this locality can be got to relate a wisgeul – I could not get one among half a dozen that even heard of Dunbhullaig, until I told them the story, and when I did they remembered it, but it was to them merely as a dream – The story of the maighdeann mhara (the one now enclosed) no one knew anything of till I related it, and even then there was only one person who recollected anything of it – and another – now dead – of whom I have something to say by and bye – Thus, you will perceive it is hopeless for me to get any aid here – The imagination and fancy characteristic of the Highlanders is undergoing the process of being thoroughly ground out of them by work, and they treat wisgeuls, legends of brownies, sac baans &c &c, as so much nonsense not worthy of a moments serious attention.

The "Maighdeen Mhara" begins in the Gaelic thus –

Aogh mac Righ Locherua–
Laoch treun au geur calte–

and it then goes on to say that his "lann" was "basmor", and his "sleigh" dreadful (dobhi)

Bha nighean ailean na mara–
Ersan gu lathal ri fara–
Sbhan sòlas aroain–
Ana aimhuichean gaol–

Then "Bha i swidith air tona 'sa tuithin (falling) linn – The spray also kissed her moist lips, and her breasts were washed with the dancing waves – The picture is in my mind, but I cannot follow with the appropriate words – This is the case with the whole story — "Aogh na gardenn treun" – is frequently repeated – The colloquy between the pair is from a dim recollection of the thread of the hymn as I should call it – The particular words "thick webs" where Aogh addresses the Mhadheen Mhara are perhaps scarcely intelligible but I remember nothing more distinctly than "lintain na daman cala" the nets or webs of the spiders, which he accused her in a figurative way of placing before his eyes. The curragh is a term of my own, for I do not remember it in the Gaelic – * * *

"Bu dubhra coslais an laoch" – "Grim was the aspect of the warrior" * * *
"Bha ceur codhail na shuil" "The wax of sleep was in his eye" –

There is nothing peculiar in that expresion – except its likeness to reality – It sounds much more beautiful in Gaelic, and seems more expresive than in English –

"Fearc a ghularis cudrom a lann" – a words to that effect – "Few can bear the weight of his sword" –

There is an unlikely part in the story that Diarmid should send his daughter to unbind his fierce enemy; unless he meant thereby to sting him the more by hinting that he considered him not worthy to be untied by a stronger hand

"Sheoil shia gealach mun guairt" – "Six moons sailed Round"
"Smearan is luain" – "Berries and herbs" – I fear his fare was indifferent –

At this part of the story (for I presume you will have read the story before you come this length) I got what may be another version of it, or what may be an addition to it – or what may be, for that matter, another story altogether – I got it from a person particularly well versed in Highland lore, who if he were now alive would be of very great service to you – I will mention his name as he was known to Ardpatrick – John Thompson – He met his death very suddenly; and among the last times I was with him – I asked him for a copy of the part he repeated, but I could never get him to give it – I remember the

following-

Aogh mac righ Lochlin
Laoch treun an a calte
Shuildh mi gleudir nagleann
Hechin mi beanntir na beann
Laith mi air colum gun cheann
Bharbh mi righ an trend mor
Sbruick mi a cheann li ceann iderachin-
S Bbe aeiol na oidhich sa mhadain
Sqiamhail mac righ Goucha-

The interpretation of the above is difficult- I would say it should run as follows-
Aogh son of the King of Lochlin, a hero powerful in combat- (Here there is evidently something wanting) I traversed the most retired of the glens- I avoided the hills- I lay upon a headless body (startling) I killed the king of the great tribe, and I boiled his head, with the heads of two that were connected together- and the music that sounded in my ears was the shrieking of the son of King Goucha- I confess the translation looks very appalling and must give an idea to most Cockneys that the Scandinavian King's son was a shocking cannibal who could do impossibilities- Hamson, however, said that the above was a message which Aogh sent to the Thorn's daughter to let her know that he was nigh at hand & in distress- the headless body was stubble- the king of the great tribe was the best salmon in the stream- the head of the two connected together was the rafter that joins two paling stobs- but the wailing of the son of King Goucha he could not explain- The Thorn's daughter if she understood all this, must have perceived that he was afraid of her people, that he was handy, that he was a most expert sportsman, that he knew near about the best part of a salmon- and that he was not over scrupulous in his choice of firewood, and showed some ingenuity in his method of wording his message

The rest of the tale is but plain and has rather a tragic winding up- I am very sorry it is in so imperfect a state, and that I cannot give the gaelic of it- I am quite sure it is useless for your purpose, but if it amuses you, or if the picture at the end of the combat between the wolf and the mermaid, would suggest matter for a more substantial picture on canvas to any of the artists of your acquaintance, for you must undoubtedly know many, I will be quite pleased with myself- The subject is a rare one for a painting- What a mixture of pain, spite, and jealousy, could be cast into the mermaid's countenance — Would it not be a masterpiece of art that could show these and preserve the lineaments of beauty. The twisting, and contortion, and writhing- the starting eyes- indeed it is all

too horrible to think of—

If you feel inclined for more of these stray legends, I can send you one or two fairish ones, but none so good as this present one.

I must apologize for my tardiness in replying to your letter, but it was impossible for me to do so sooner than I have done—

I wrote Mr James Mc Dougall, Schoolmaster, Kildalton, Islay, to try and get some legends, and I am pretty sure he can give them in Gaelic, and that he has a good stock of them, or knows where to get them— I am sure he will do so, for I had a letter from him lately asking what were the nature of the legends you wanted— This I think it would be better for you to explain personally— I shall however write him to-morrow—

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly

(signed) Hugh Mc Lean

J. F. Campbell Esq—

(№ 101)

The Maighdeann Mhara—

Aogh, son of the King of Lochlin, a youth powerful in fight, whose spear never failed to cause the hearts of his foemen to quail, whose sword in the hour of danger thinned the ranks of his enemies, was deeply beloved by a Maighdeen Mhara, a beautiful daughter of the sea— He visited her daily at an appointed place— They exchanged the delights of their hearts in the mutual outpouring of love— Her favorite attitude, when she conversed with her lover was to recline half seated on the rising and sinking surge, leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow resting on the heaving waves— Her large black eyes lit up her beautiful face with animation — and revealed from their glance a depth of passionate fire— Massive black locks descended round her plump well rounded shoulders, and her lips, which were red as scarlet were moist with the wanton spray— Her beautiful bosom was laved with the billows which alternately covered her up to her milk-white neck, or receding from her revealed in part the formation of her fishy body. She rose and fell on her gentle couch as the great wave rose and fell, and thence she bent her dark eyes on her lover. He from his currach told her of an intended absence; of his being bound on a far voyage to meet the enemies of Lochlin, the race of Fingal— Her eyes sparkled with delight as she thought of the long voyage, as she thought of his constant presence on the bosom of the foamy deep, but they fell again and were sad when she remembered her fate that she could not leave the ocean— and that the race of the Finn were daring & fierce

and their damsels beautiful, and lovely, as gentle sunbeams glancing on a silvery sea— "Why art thou sad," said Aogh, of the powerful arm," Shall I not be faithful to thee in the far West— Is it not easy to be true in a distand land, as it is at home?" "I never doubted thy truth", said the Maighdenn Mhara— "I believe Aogh is faithful and "true; but I remember what I am. I may have the love of the men of the sea— I may "choose for myself dominions down in the dark blue waters, and be Mistress of the "mightiest of my own race, but my affections are bent on thee— What seems the greatest "qualification in the eyes of the Mermen is, in thy eyes, O son of Lochlin, a manshaw "formation— And thou art to me formed most beautiful above, but thou canst not sink "under the surface of the deep, and would'st die where I roam free— We are of different "races with the same hearts and affections— but we are not by nature suited for each other— "This is why I am sad, Aogh of the powerful arm— Besides the daughters of the Fion "are beautiful, they are as lovely to the view as the tender flowers that grow on the dry land— "and thou mayest be tempted— son of Lochlin to forget thy first love And Mermen "tell me that of all the inhabitants of land none excel in vigour, or in skill the sons "of Fionn— How mayest be slain by them, Aogh of the powerful arm"—

"Maiden, daughter of the wide ocean, why dost thou spread thick veils before "my eyes— How can I love the daughters of foemen, after mine eyes have feasted on thee— "I may fall by the hand of the Fionn, for fickle and uncertain is the course of war, "and the heroes of that distant Isle are renowned for the prowess of their arms, but "I can never prove faithless to thee, daughter of the bottomless deep"— The sound of a horn disturbed the pair— It was the horn of the friends of Aogh, calling him back from the sea— The Maighdenn Mhara started and embraced her lover, then with tears in her eyes dived under the waves— He rowed the curragh to land—

* * * *

They have sailed o'er the heaving billows, they have landed on the shores of the Fionn. The Lochlin champion urges his warriors forward, but they need not much the impulse of his ardour, for their bosoms glow for the fight— The fierce Diarmid opposes the hosts of the sons of the sea— Aogh advances in his might and singles out the warrior for combat— Grim was the aspect of Aogh— His sinewy arms were swollen with strength— as he shook his spear in anger against the foe— Knit were the brows of— Diarmid. They met— Feeble was the arm of Aogh in the grasp of the Fingalian hero— He was bound with thongs and left on the plain. His friends forsook him and hurried away for safety— for direful in battle was Diarmid— Senseless and bleeding the son of Lochlin lay bound— At length he opened his waxen eyes— Before him stood a maiden, most beautiful—

Her eyes were beaming with pity— Her look was compapsionate and kind— "Rise," son of Lochlin," she said— "I am the daughter of diarmid— Few can conquer my Fathers might"— The warrior answered not— "Rise son of Lochlin and fly— My thongs are removed, thou art no longer bound"— Still Aogh replied not— but drank her sweet words into his heart— "Be not cast down," she said, "though thou art overcome by Diarmid— Few there be who can resist the shock of his steel"— "I am not cast down for my defeat", said Aogh, "for such is the course of battle— but art thou "indeed the daughter of my foe, and wherefore dost thou unbind his enemy?" — "The warrior "foemen", said she, "when the strife of contest is over, forget the thirst for revenge— My father commended me hither and told me to free thee— But beware of thy steps for safety— There "are many amongst the race of the Fionn whose bosoms will not unfold like Diarmids"—

* * * *

Six moons passed over his head— He wandered midst rocks and crags. He fed on berries and roots— His arm was feeble and his sword was rusty and blunt— A passion gnawed his vitals— He thought not now of the Maighdeen Mhara— His thoughts were of the daughter of Diarmid— He shunned the towering hills, he sought the deepest glens— he followed the course of the streams. Wandering he knew not where he reached the sea— Pensive and sad he looked from a crag upon it's quiet boom— She rose in his view and approached the shore— Beautiful she was but fierce— Jealous and savage was her look— Fear seized the heart of Aogh— She tore her black locks in despair, and her crimsoned lips became livid with rage— She charged her false love with his deceit— His conscience smote him and he could not defend himself— She cursed him with bitter spite, and warned him to beware of her fury should he dare again trust himself to the deep

* * * *

A hugh cave yawned below a high mountain of rock— Aogh wandered beneath it's shelter— The snarling of young wolves made him look sharper around him— Three of them contested a bone— He snatched them up and hurried away— Scarcely had he left the cave when the infuriated dam followed his footsteps— Encumbered with his burthen he dropped one of the whelps and hurried on— The wolf snatching the whelp, returned with it to the cave, and again resumed the chace— Aogh dropped another— she brought it back and followed him afresh— This time he stood firm with the last remaining whelp in his hand— With a furious howl and a dreadful bound, the wolf leaped on the man— He with agile step bounded clear, and drawing the full sweep of his sword struck off her head— He reared the young wolf as he would a dog— He made it love him, but it's savage ferocity he could not tame. The wolf dog, Ferg, was his constant companion— To him he told his love for the daughter of Diarmid, his conduct towards the

Maighdeen Mhara –

* * * * *

Twelve moons had paped – Aogh was now one of the Fionn – They were bending their course for the sea – He was not forgetful of the threats of the Maighdenn Mhara, but he was fearless of death, since his love was returned by the daughter of Diarmid – Their Biorlan ploughed the main, but a calm gradually crept over the surface of the deep – Afar off, a small speck was seen on the bosom of ocean – It speedily increased, and travelled towards them in terrific haste – It became more and more distinct – It was the Maighdenn Mhara – Aogh became pale – fear for the Father of his love – fear for the anger of Diarmid – fear for the dishes of his wife, was deeply rooted in his bosom – He told his story to his comrades, besought them not to molest her – She with hair dripping from the briny foam, and skin glittering with liquid spray, with eyes flashing, throat swollen, and tongue almost refusing to speak, pointed her finger at Aogh, and laughed in scornful mood – At length she commanded them to throw him to her, or they must all perish – The Fionn stared in amazement – Aogh leaped out from the Biorlan towards her, wishing thereby to save his companions for the fate which he knew was meant for himself – With a cruel ironical laugh she stretched forth her arms to grasp him, and sink with him beneath the waves, but in place of Aogh she seized the shaggy hair of the wolf dog Ferg, which leapt after his Master upon her – Then a fearful struggle ensued – The wolf with merciless teeth, seized her milk white neck, and the purple gore dyed the water around, she clenched her hands into his throat and broke his ribs with the spiral windings of her powerful tail – Then cast one glance at Aogh – He called to Ferg to relax his hold, but the fierce creature held his horrid mouthful – She sank with her foe beneath the blue waves – His comrades rescued Aogh, but save a few solitary air bubbles that ascended like silver bells from the deep deep bottom, nothing more was seen of the Maighdenn Mhara or the Wolf dog, Ferg –

* * * * *

The graves of Aogh and the daughter of Diarmid are green to this day – They are side by side in Rintyre, in a place called the Parks, and are of great size –

(N° 114)

The Blind Giant –

Blind old Ossian resided with his son-in-law – Paul-na-nor-clerach, who went out one day in search of a deer, and having killed one, brought it home, and asked Ossian, his father-in-law, if they ever killed such a deer in the Faen – He old man replied "Oh! Let me feel the weight of it, put it on my hand – I have seen in the Faen, the leg of a black bird heavier than this" When Paul heard him say so, he thought the man was mad, and did not believe him – The old man was quite displeased at this, and next morning desired his lad who led him, to come with him to a certain hill to which he would direct him; so they came to the place, when the old man asked his lad what he saw – The lad replied – "Large tufts of rushes" – the old man desired him to pull one of them, which he did, and then asked him what he saw – He replied "a yellow dog" – the old man said, "the worst dog that ever was in the Faen, but he'll do to day, take him out; do you see anything else there?" – He said he saw a number of firelocks and spades, he desired him to take one of each, which he did – From thence they removed to a large hill covered with wood, and went to the top of it, there he desired the lad to take the spade and dig a hole large enough to take in his head, he then ordered him to put his head into the hole, upon which the old man gave a loud whistle, ordered him to take up his head, which he thought was rent in two by the sound, and asked him what he saw, the lad replied herds of deer as large as Peat Stacks – That won't do, put in your head again, so he did, the old man whistled a second time, and desired him to take up his head, he said he could not, he was so much stunned with the sound – The old man said you must try, so he did, and he asked him, "what do you now see?" "I see deer as large as houses" – "That won't do," said the old man, and whistled a third time – Now raise your head, the lad replied I cannot, for it is rent in peices, you must try, and tell me what you see" – The lad after some attempts, got up his head and said I now see deer as large as the hills – They will do, let (cuc-buie-mac-kill-e buiach) the yellow dog after them, so he did, and soon brought down one of them, when he ordered his lad to kindle a fire and roast it for him, but not to taste any of it himself. Having done so, he brought it to the old man who ate it, and at the same time questioned his lad if he tasted any of it – the lad said, no, although he had tasted a small bit – thinking that the blind man would not know – The old man said – "you did not give me the whole of it, but you won't be the better of it, and I am much the worse, for if I had got the whole – I would have received all my sight – "how" – says he to the lad, "come along with me &

I will get some food for you, so they went to the wood, and found the black bird sitting on her nest, which he ordered the lad to shoot, to divide it, and prepare a leg for himself, and the other leg to bring home for Paul-na-naoi-clerach. On their way home they came to the place where he got the gun, spade, and dog, which they closed in again as they found them and carried the leg of the black bird home with them. When they went in, they threw the leg on the table, the great weight of which broke the standards of the table; "now," said the old man to Paul, "was it a lie that I told you about the Ifaen." He said, "no, and I would not believe it, if I did not see it with my eyes, but tell us something more about the Ifaen." The old man refused, and said, because you doubted me at first, and if I did not prove it to you would say it was all false. Next Morning the old man and the lad went out to a well, and on their return, he took him by the neck and killed him saying, what you saw about the Ifaen you would tell to another, and the old man died at the same time.

(No 115)

A traveller was on his way to a place when he saw an old man cutting "Divots," he said "Bless you old man!" The old man replied "Bless you, young man, but if you saw my father then you would see an old man." The young man said — "Where is he?" — "He is leading home the divots." Upon seeing him, the young man says "Bless you old man." The old man said the same to him, but if you saw my father, then you would see the old man." "Where is he?" said the young man. "He is throwing up the divots to the man thatching." he came to him, and says "Bless you old man." the old man says the same to him, "but if you would see my father then you would see an old man." "Where is he?" "In the house rocking the cradle." On going in he said "Bless you old man." "Bless yourself," said the old man, "but if you would see my father, then you would see an old man." "Where is he?" "He is here in the cradle, it is he that I am rocking." The man rocking the cradle knew the nature of his father, and what he would ask, told the traveller the questions that his father would likely put to him, and prepared him for his answers — So the man in the cradle asked the traveller where was he from, and what country he belonged to. he replied that he was a Highlander. "Then give me your finger." the man rocking the cradle, gave the traveller a small bone, about the size of his finger — and desired him to give the man in the cradle that, he did so, which the old man put in his mouth, thinking it was the travellers finger, cracked the bone with his teeth and said he was a true Highlander as he did not cry out when he broke the bone. The old man said to the traveller, where do you wish to be to night. I wish to be a good

distance from this, in Bal-na-my in Ireland— Well replied the old man (in the Cradle) here is a whistle for you, and as you go on, you will find a place called Cue-hallven into which you will go— So the traveller came to this place, went in, whistled with the whistle, when he saw nine bodies lying under enchantment (being the nine of the Faen) who all moved on hearing the sound of the whistle— He whistled a second time, when they all rose to their elbows, the travellor got frightened when he saw them get up, and ran off, when the nine called after him, saying, "You leave us now worse than you found us, that is lying on our elbows".—

(No 104)

The Dogs of Fuine

A person hearing of the celebrated dogs of Fuine Righ-na-Faen came with a famous dog in order to try them— Fuine had a black dog named Bran, and a brown bitch named Ysolt, the bitch was very sagacious, and when the match took place between Bran, and the shangers dog, Ysolt helped her companion. The stranger desired Fuine to take in the Brown and leave the two to try. Fuine replied, however will conquer his Brown, bet him neither have a Brown or Black— So Fuine allowed his dog to despatch the strangers dog

(No 105)

How Fuine chose his Dogs—

The way in which Fuine, King of the Faen picked out his dogs— Tail to the joint, joint sharp as a hook, the eye shaped like a kidney, breast as a horse, the ear as a leaf-, and the tongue as a blade, that is the way in which Fuine-na-Faen would pick out the only dog among the pups—

(No 118)

The Packman and the Laird—

In old times a Packman who was famed for all news and stories in those days when there was no Newspapers came one evening to a Highland Laird's House in the West of Scotland— After showing the contents of his pack, and some sales being made the Laird asked the Packman to sit down and give him all his news, which the packman readily did, telling the Laird the most wonderful stories of enchantment and magical bewitchments &c not knowing that the Laird had been long travelling abroad, and had gained a complete knowledge of what was then called "Black art"— So the time went on till it was too late for the Packman to leave the house— so he made bold to ask the Laird if he would give him lodging for the night which was at once granted— After supper the Laird told the Packman

that he wanted him to sleep in the same room with himself in a different bed – so they went to bed – the Laird keen to get all the news possible – but by this time the Packman as keen to get some rest, and when the laird would ask if he had anything else to tell him he would say no, no. At length the Laird asked him if he had nothing wonderful to tell about himself – He said No! No! and fell asleep – But no sooner than he felt himself suffering under the most painful sensation of thirst – so that he left his bed in search of drink but found none – got two water stoups, but not a drop in them, took one of the stoups in his hand ran out of the house searching everywhere for water, at length when his thirst became intollerable he came to a river, took up a stoupfull and drank it as if it had been nothing, and after one stoupfull, another till he thought that all the water in the river was not sufficient to quench his thirst – but as his thirst began to go away a dreadful cold came on so that he felt as if turned into a pillar of ice – but on looking round him he saw a light at some distance – but, not able to walk he got on his hands and his feet and crawled towards the light, and when he came to it it was a large cave with a large fire in the far end, and a witch roasting on a spit, and Auld Nick himself carefully turning the spit – No sooner did Auld Nick see the Packman than he made a sign for him to take his place – Nothing could be more desirable to the shivering packman than to get to the fire, but no sooner had he sat down than the heat became insufferable, and the witch said – Now lad if ye allow a brown or black spot to appear on me – I'll come off the spit and put you on the next moment – The packman observing the witches hurdies begin to fizz took to his heels, and the witch making the most fearful scream after him till he came to the lip of a rock that overhung the sea, but so very high that he could see the sea below – but there was no help for it – he took the dreadful leap – but instead of a splash in the sea – he found a splash in the bed, and awoke from his magic sleep – The Laird then asked him if he had any story to tell about himself now – O yes – says the Packman, but got on his cloaths as soon as possible – got his pack, and baid the Laird farewell never to come back again — (H.M.C. Craigforth)

(№ 119)

The Cairn Dearg

Traditional story regarding the Cairn Dearg or Red Cairn which stands on the hills between Loch Tay and Loch Earn –

It is said that two families had a quarrel, a family of Mc Gregors and a family of Mc Gibbons, and the members of both families met in a field near Killin

to decide the matter with the broad sword — in about the middle of this field there is a very large stone which is still to be seen — where a horrid and bloody battle took place killing one another till only the two chiefs were left — when Mc Gibbon got his back to the said large stone, and was bravely defending himself from the powerful blows of Mc Gregor, who was the stronger man — A boy of Mc Gregor's came out to see after his father, got hold of a sword and scrambled up to the top of the stone, and gave Mc Gibbon a stroke on the head that laid him dead — Mc Gregor was so much blinded with blood that he did not observe Mc Gregor fall till the boy cryed out father! father! he is dead, I have killed him — This put an end to their quarrelling and the Mc Gregors were conquerors, but it was generally considered that Mc Gibbon had not got fair play, and the boy was so much hated, even by his own clan, that he left home and betook himself to gentle service, and got to be butler in the house of Law rs that is between the bottom or down end of Loch Earn and Comery — Lord Balgrays — A poor woman belonging to the Mc Gibbon family went through the country asking alms happened to come to the house of Lawers when the Butler asked her where she came from — She said that she came from Killin — What is your name he said — She said Mary Mc Gibbon — Well, said he, it was me that killed your last chief, and it may happen that I may kill your present — on saying so the poor woman's blood was up, and Mary left him in a great rage — some short time after Mary came home — She met her chief who was only a child when his father was killed, but now a very powerful young man, asked poor mary how she did — She said that she was well in her health but hurt in her mind — What is the matter with your mind, poor body? he says — She says — I was down at the House of Lawers and that Scoundrel Mc Gregor, that killed your father is butler there, he told me that it might happen that he may kill you too yet — and I cannot get any rest about it — Well Mary keep you quiet and I will very soon settle that so Mc Gibbon lost no time in getting a trusty companion, and set out over the hills to the house of Lawers — when he arrived he asked for Mc Gregor — the butler who came Mc Gibbon asked him if he was such and such a man, he said he was — then Mc Gibbon asked him if he said such and such things to a poor woman, Mary Mc Gibbon, he said he did, and what have you to say about that — Mc Gibbon said I did not come here to say but to do — drawing his dirk and stabbed him through the heart, then cut off his head and put it in the corna of his plaid, and he and his companion walked off keeping the road up Loch Earn side till they came to a house called Tyne-na-caltha — a Gate house where they sold spirits, and before going in Mc Gibbon took the butlers head and threw it down at the side of a peat stack — The woman of

the house, on going out for some peats, seeing a mans head, ran into the house screaming, but Mr. Gibbon told her not to be alarmed – but to make haste and get something for them to eat – when they got their refreshment Mr. Gibbon took the head, and they set off to go through the hills – By this time some of the Butlers family had formed a party, and set out after Mr. Gibbon to have the butlers death revenged, but kept more up the hills and got before Mr. Gibbon and his companion – when Mr. Gregors party made a halt it now being night and dark and a fire being made they sat down round it, and held a consultation what would be the best way to take Mr. Gibbons life in revenge – Mr. Gibbon and his companion seeing the fire, came so near in the dark as to be able to hear all that was said, and when they could not stand it any longer they drew their swords Mr. Gibbon taking the butlers head saying – men you have got a fire but nothing to roast, throwing the head into the fire – then a bloody slaughter took place – Mr. Gibbon & his companion slashing them to death before they got to their feet so that spot is called to this day the Cairn Dearg or red Cairn – where there is a large heap of stones –

H. M. C. Craigfath – 27th May 1859

(Nº 120)

The Brownie & the Letter

Some long time ago a Laird of Loch Aw or Au went on his seven years travel as it was called – at that time and when going on through Italy he came to an Inn or Hotel where he intended to sleep for that night – So after getting some refreshment the Landlord came to him and said – Sir – I hope you feel comfortable with us here – Yes, said the Laird – I would be all right now if I knew how my wife and family are, and have been since I left home – Well, says the Landlord – Sir you need not give yourself much concern about that – if you please to write a letter to your Lady just now I will have an answer back for you to morrow morning – So the Laird wrote a letter and gave it to the Landlord, and went to bed early – In the morning the Landlord made his appearance with a letter in his hand, gave it to the Laird saying – Sir, that is the reply from your lady to the letter that you wrote to her last night – The Laird took the letter and it was just his wifes hand writing and therwise had no doubt but the letter was from his wife, as a correct answer to the letter sent by him – Then the Laird said to the Landlord, You must be well up to black art – But the Landlord said no that it was his brownie that did all these things for him – The Laird said he would like very much to see him – Then, said the Landlord, I will send him up – so in two or three minutes an unearthly like creature appears before the Laird – The Laird asked him if he was at Loch Aw last night

with his letter he said that he was, and by what means could you go so far in so short a time — The Brownie said that is only to be known to myself — then was you in my house there? I was — What were they doing? — they were killing their meat — And did you get anything to eat — nothing but a black pudding — did you get anything to bring to me but the letter — I got a ring, and here it is as a proof that I was there — And can you tell me what has been done with all my rents since I came away — They have made a great heap of stones in an island in a lake with the rents — and he then set off — Its said that when the lady began to write her answer to the Laird that her finger, on which was the ring, got so very itchy that she had to pull off the ring and lay it aside when it disappeared — and that one of the servants had stolen one of the black puddings that they were making, and when blamed she said that the Devil a bit of it she had taken, and the heap of stones was a new castle they had built in an Island —

(From the Gaelic)

(No 121)

It is said that in old times it was customary to burn women that was generally thought to be witches — or in profession of witchcraft and a place called the Valley near Stirling Castle was the place chosen for that purpose — It is said on the last occasion of the kind a witch that was condemned to be burnt was got hold of and bound very securely, and taken in a cart to the valley, the fire was made ready, and a great number of people had gathered to see the last of the witch — but she requested a particular favor before she was put to death, and that was, to be allowed to show one act of her wonderful power in the way of witchcraft — Her request was granted — then she asked to bring her a hairy tether, or a rope that is made of Horsehair, which was soon got — She took the tether and coiled it into a circle, and took her stand in the centre, and said some magic words, when the tether began to move and rise up, and become erect and as stiff as a pole of wood — then the witch began to ascend and soon gained the top, and set one foot on the top of the tether standing and looking down on the crowd who were cheering her and clapping their hands, then she gave two or three whirls on one foot in the way of display, then cried - fare ye weel Lads — Down came the tether and off went the witch and was never more seen nor heard tell of — H.M.C. Craigforth —

(N° 122)

Highlanders generally get the credit of being a very superstitious and excitable race of people, but whether they are entitled to all the credit they get on this point is a question which does not lie within our province at present to decide – As we do not hold by the doctrine of infallability we will at once admit that that they may have their weak points just like other men – That man has not travelled far from the place of his birth nor mixed much with his fellow men, who has not noticed in every new district into which he has entered some feature in the character of the people – peculiar to that district alone – This remark has as much reference to the Highlands as it has to the Lowlands – However divided in opinion highlanders may be among themselves regarding the many new things which are being brought to light in these days of steam-=boats, and railways, and Electric Telegraphs, one thing seems pretty certain, that they are of a mind as to their admiration of the bagpipes – The peculiar temperament of the highlander perhaps predispose him in favor of anything that may be wild or grand, and hence the wonderful power which the sound of the Piobrach . has upon his mind – The bagpipes have a charm for the ears of the highlander which they can have for no other person, and they stir up in his mind a spirit of such resolute determination as enables him to perform deeds of valour which none but he would venture upon – Who, for example, can forget the gallant conduct of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, under that stern old highlander, Sir Colin Campbell, and still more recently in India – Who but highlanders inspired by the soul stirring shains of the bagpipe could have undertaken that deed of valour so nobly accomplished by the gallant 78th Highlanders at Lucknow? It is no wonder then that highlanders generally are so fond of that instrument of music which is peculiarly their own, namely, the Bagpipes – The wild but sublime shains of the bagpipes is the music which to this day is most popular in our highland glens, and it will continue to be so in all likelihood long after the present generation has passed away, and when the place which knows them now, shall know them no more for ever – If every parish in the highlands is blessed with its minister and its schoolmaster, it has also got its piper, and it is counted a tame wedding indeed at which the sound of the pipes is not heard –

There lived once upon a time, as we are told, in a highland glen a man named Cumming who was famed for the manner in which he could blow and finger the pipes – When Sandy went to a wedding or a market he found no difficulty in sending all the

lads and lapes a dancing – At one of these meetings, a young man – Duncan Black, was so entranced with the strains of the pipes, and wisely thinking within himself that as Sandy Cumming was getting up in years, it would be a good speculation for him to bind himself to the piper of the glen as an apprentice with the view of stepping into Sandy's shoes when he should be called the way of all living — Duncan took the first opportunity which offered to call on the piper and before his visit was ended the terms of his apprenticeship were all arranged, and he returned home that night with a light and joyous heart, and greatly pleased with himself he went to bed to dream over the bright prospects which lay before him in the future –

With the crowing of the cock Duncan was on foot next morning, and the busines uppermoste in his mind was the navduties in which he was about to enter — The only difficulty which presented itself to his view was the manner in which he could pay the fee usually paid at that time for making a man a piper – Necessity has often proved to be the mother of inventions, and it did not fail Duncan in his hour of need – His father, who was himself a knight of the needle, agreed to do all Sandy Cummings work that year without any charge, and Duncan was only too glad to give a helping hand to his teacher in cutting his peats, planting his potatoes, and other necessary work in his little bit of ground – A new coat from the needle of his father was soon provided for Duncan, and with his staff in hand and his favorite Colley dog at his foot he set out lightheartedly to get his first lesson at the bagpipes. The first lesson was got over, and Duncan felt no small pride at having made a beginning – Days and weeks passed, and though the teacher was diligent, and the pupil earnest, yet no satisfactory progress was to be observed. Still Duncan persevered. Discouraged though he was, yet he was resolved by hook or by crook to master the profession he had set his heart upon – Feeling annoyed at his inability to take up and profit by the lessons he received from day to day, and that he might have an opportunity of practising where he would not be seen by his master, he would often take the bagpipes under his arm, and go by himself behind a dyke in some lonely place, and there all the powers of his mind would be summoned to his aid in order to overcome, if possible, the difficulties he felt in mastering the pipes — On one occasion he went alone to the side of the hill and after many a long and vain attempt to overcome his difficulties, he bethought himself of returning home, but before leaving he resolved to make one other effort, and while doing so there appeared to him all of a sudden, a little gentleman (sithcach) of the fairy tribe dressed in red garments and calling him by name said – "Well, Duncan, you are busy – How do "you get on with this lady?" – O!" says Duncan, "I'm blawing, an blawing, an blawing at her till I near blaw the guts 'ut her, but no a tune will she let at her whistle but that". In

answer to the inquiries of his new friend Duncan faithfully related all his difficulties, expreping his great disappointment and sorrow at his want of succes in his new undertaking — The little red coated gentleman shetching out his hand took hold of the pipes out of Duncan's hands and having played a few tunes handed them back to him requesting him to try them now — when, lo, to his unutterable surpriye, and inconceivable delight he could play all the tunes which Cumming himself could play — Cumming had two favorite tunes which he would teach to no one, but Duncan could pipe them now as well as himself — The red coated gentleman took his way to the hill and Duncan, having expreped his gratitude to him in the purest gaelic he could command, directed his steps homewards — On arriving at home he found his master was absent, and he at once commenced to play his pipes — While thus engaged Cumming approached, and when he heard at a distance the notes of his own two favorite tunes he said within himself "Ciod is ciall do na nithibh so?" (What do these things mean) He at once began to suspect that Duncan had been in the company of a once particular friend of his, but whom he had lately offended by letting drop some remarks as to who was the cause of his neighbours cow having no milk after coming home from the hill in the evening — In great perplexity he entered the house, and his first enquiry addreped to Duncan was — "Have you been in the company of any stranger to day?" Duncan shook his head, looked him in the face, and with a very sarcastic smile said "Tha mi suas mint a nis" (I am up to you now) Duncan laughed, but Cumming shook his head and turned away — He felt that his craft was in danger for Duncan had now got his own greatest secret, and he knew, without being told, how he had come into pofsepion of it —

(№ 123)

In highland parishes generally the manse is situated near to the church, and the grave yard is near to both — An important and indespensable personage in every parish is the village tailor, who is as regular in his rounds as the tax gatherer himself — A village tailor with a large family to feed cloth and educate is seldom a man of much substance — Instead of being in easy circumstances as many of their neighbours suppose, this clap of persons generally find it a hard pull to manage matters in such a way as to make both ends meet — The subject of our present remarks was a pretty fair example of this rule — Whether he counted it a blesing, or a misfortune in his particular circumstances we stop not to enquire; but true it is he had been blesed by providence with a numerous family. He had many backs to clothe and many mouths to satisfy, and for this he depended on the fruit of his needle — His family, though great in numbers, were young in years and unable to do anything yet to help themselves, and however diligently he plied the

needle he found that to make a comfortable provision for them was a burden which was too heavy for him— With the view of doing more work, and bettering his circumstances he engaged an apprentice— The young aspirant to the knightship of the needle was a good natured easy going sort of lad, anxious to become master of his trade, and easily satisfied with what provision was made for him at the meal hour. He was lodged and boarded with his master, and as he got the run of the house, that is, sat and eat at the same table with his master and family, and was treated in all respects as one of themselves, he did not feel that he had any good reason to complain— Time wore on, but matters did not appear to be making any improvement in the circumstances of the tailor's family— When taking his evening walk after finishing his days labour many an eye did the tailors apprentice give at the well clad, well fed, merry and light-hearted children of the manse, which stood close by, as they went romping about the glebe— There ruby cheeks contrasted favourably with the appearance of the poor tailors children— To be content with his present lot and hope for better was however the ground he stood upon— Close to the tailors dwelling lived an aged woman whose snow white locks gave evidence that the days of her pilgrimage were drawing to an end— The day of sickness came and the old woman in the way of putting her house in order, gave strict orders that the little bag of nuts which hung by the side of the house should be placed under her head in the coffin so that she might have them to crack and keep her company when she would be alone in the narrow house. The old woman died and was buried, and according to her desire the little bag of nuts was placed as a pillow under her head— The tailor and his apprentice were at the funeral, and the old womans bag of nuts having become the subject of conversation, the apprentice came to know about it— Matters were not improving any, in the tailors family— His children were but half fed, and half clad, and no prospect of bettering their condition— The apprentice got impatient and resolved that something should be done to relieve his Master and family in their straitened circumstances. He remonstrated with his master and threatened to strike work if measures were not immediately adopted to provide for their present wants— But what", said the tailor," can we do to help ourselves?" "I will tell "you" said the apprentice," what we can do, and before I put a needle in cloth again "you must agree to the one of them— There are some fat sheep in the Ministers park over "the way, and there is a good deal of linen about the body of the old woman who was "buried the other day— Now one of us must go to night and take away one of the Ministers "sheep, and the other must go and take the linen that is about the old womans body— "and then we will have something to eat, and something to put on the backs of the

"children— The thing must be done— Which of the two will you take in hand, I am ready "to do either!" The tailor thought the scheme a wild one, setting aside altogether the honesty of it, but seeing that the apprentice was resolved that his plan of providing a temporary supply of food and raiment should be put in execution, and having no wish to disturb the old woman, he agreed that he would go and take the sheep— Both departed together, and as the graveyard lay between the tailors house and the Manse, the apprentice said he would wait until the Master returned, and then with spade in hand set to work— The coffin was soon reached and opened, and the linen and bag of nuts removed, and having covered up the grave again the apprentice sat down to wait for his master— employing himself meantime in cracking the old womans nuts— The night was quiet, and as the Manse stood close by, Donald, the Ministers man, having gone out after his Masters business, heard crack, crack, crack, in the grave yard— Donald's heart failed him, and he ran into the Manse to tell the Minister what he had heard— The Minister laughed at him, and sent him out to listen if he heard anything more— Donald had not reached the wall which separated between the Glebe and the Graveyard when his ears were arrested with crack, crack, among the graves again, which sent him trembling and pale with fear into the presence of his Master— The Minister had for some time been ill with pains in his feet and legs, and could not go out to satisfy himself and explain to Donald and the other inmates of the Manse, who had now heard the story, the mystery of the strange noise among the graves, an no consideration would induce Donald to go alone into the graveyard that night, but he offered to carry the Minister on his back, and go with him— Resolved to know the root of the matter the Minister agreed to the proposal of Donald, and forthwith they set out to inspect the Graveyard— They had not proceeded far on their way, when the ears of both were arrested with crack, crack, crack among the tombs— When they drew near to the spot from which the noise proceeded, the tailors apprentice who was all this time sitting on the old womans grave cracking her nuts, hearing the approach of some person and thinking that it was his Master returning from the glebe with a fat sheep called out— "is she fat?" Donalds courage could not stand that and giving a hasty fling to the Minister off his back among the graves took to flight as speedily as possible, calling out as he threw the Minister off his shoulders "fat or poor she's, there she's to you"— The Master felt as much frightened as the Servant, and such was the effect which it produced on his lame legs that he was at the Manse door as soon as Donald himself. From that night his legs gave him no trouble, and for a time the Mystery of the noise among the graves was interpreted as being the way which a kind providence had taken to cure the

Ministers legs— In the meantime the tailor was detained in his endeavours to get hold of the fat sheep, but having at last succeeded, he came with his burden to the appointed place where he found the apprentice waiting for him— They proceeded at once homewards each bearing his own burden, and for a season the tailor's family ate and were merry— The apparently miraculous manner in which the Minister's lame legs had been cured soon became the talk of the Parish, and in due course reached the ears of the tailor who feeling uneasy at the thought of what he had done, went to the manse and gave a full explanation of what had up to that time been a mystery. The Minister listened attentively to the account he gave of his bold adventure, freely forgave him for stealing his sheep, expressed his thankfulness to him as being the means in the hand of Providence of relieving him of the pains which had for long afflicted him, and rendered him incapable of performing his duties, ordered his wife to gather together all the cast off clothes that might be in the manse and send them for the use of the family of him, whom he now counted his greatest benefactor, took a lively interest in their domestic comfort, and from that day the sun of prosperity began to shine on the tailor and his family. The Apprentice did not fail to appropriate to himself a due share of credit for his part in the scheme, and all united in thanking the old woman and her nuts as being the means by which their good luck had been brought about—

No (124)

A Mermaid at a Ferry

For many long years the name of Paterson was very common among the Ferrymen of Kessock—

It is said that one of these (Patersons) was fortunate enough to capture a Mermaid which he took home and kept for some time in his house— But being anxious to regain her native element, she promised, if he would release her, to grant him any three requests he might make— He agreed to this, and one of the three was "that no Paterson should ever be drowned in Kessock ferry.

Many believe in this story, and their belief is confirmed by the singular fact, that no Paterson in the memory of the oldest inhabitant was drowned in Kessock, and from the yet more singular fact, that while the ferry was in their possession, no person was drowned in it.

"Sionadh rud achi am fear a bhios fada veo"—

(Nº 125)

A short story or twoo Men the name of Mc Donald from the Breas of Lochaber a place called Inverlair the twoo man wer comerads since thee wer Byes and when thee got to Be men wanof them took a notion of Dear Stocking and the ther By son greadnes Stol the Irons of o his comareds plough after that he joind Prince Charlie is armie to Culloden and was kild there—

his comerad at Inverlair was tubeld with a gooast comming to his hous after sunset— all the met that the mishes would Bring to the table Be dirted with Either pet Dist or saw Dist— Supos the oot meal that thee woul have woul Be Looked in it would be sporlt. the Mrs of the hous was marred to another man and Left hir a Boy— the Boy was luving with the Rest of the famelie this Boy or aney thing Belonging to him was never titched

this Mc Donald was troubld for a number of years— Popel fron Diffrent countries cam to witnes this I saw myself twoo old men that saw som of this it is a thing that hindreds saw thee wer wan night sitting at the fier sid the River Speon wos verry hegh and the Burning Ground Being sid of the River som of them sade that he could not cros the River the night he cald out from the chimnie that he could can Round it was from the chimnie that he was Doing every thing— But the Last night he ever tubled them he cons to the door and cald in plain Galick ar you in Donald Ban yes said Donald com out to the Door sed he that was outsid the pople of the hous was ord fa Donald to vonter out— Donald went out— him that was out told Donald to leave his Dirk— Donald went back and Let his Dirk the sesond time went out again told him to leave his knief or skeendoo the third went to the door told him to leave the Big nedel he had in his Bonet— Donald went out the fourth time and spock to him But neaver tol what was betwen them pople was thinking that he was not getting Rest after Stelling the irons of the plough

Donald Mc Donald was cald after that Donald Ban avochan—

This is a true storie as I saw myself twoo old me that witsended part of this

I could mak a Little short storey Between the W Rispel and a Big Stag he kid at Glenshathfarrer

Exques Bad Writting & Bad spelling— I am yours &c (Sd) John Rofs— Glenshathfarrer

A Storie of a Kentail man that was at the battle of Culoden a piper — him and Ther twelve men retreated from the field — the piper stopd on the Rod sit Bindling up his pipes and the rest of his comerad went on Before he got in order an Inglish huper overtok him and here a taribel fight began at Last the Piper kild the huper the piper had a pair of curans on as shues and the huper a pair of top boots on the piper Began to tak the Bouts of the dead man But finding them rather stif could not wait tok out his dirk and cit of the huper is Lags at the knee and bundld the Bouts and Lag with his pips in his Plaid an continued his Retreat But Did not overok his comerads untill he com to Glenmorison a place thee cal toregile Inn being verry tierd asked the Sorvant Girl for a bad She told him there was no bed but that she would get him a safe place that he would get plenty of Shaw and lie Before the cow he thought that a verry safe place But before the Girl gd up the piper was away tok the lags out of the Bouts and left them among the shaw when the servant girl gd up she found both lags before the Cow She tirnd in a great hurn telling her master that the red cow had Eaten the whole of the piper Excpting Both Lags the Master gd two or three others with him and kild the cow for Eating the Kentail piper —

If this is worth while you can get it in a better order this is onlie a catch of it —

I would answer you a long time ago But when I got your letter as I was not person to gather old stories I went to a gentleman by the name of Mr Fraser — Mold — Shathglas I shod him your letter and your adres as he is the best in this quarter for what you want

Your ener will Exquse me for not nowing how to answer you or the Lick of you —

I arn yours &c
John Ros
Glenshathfarrer

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(№ 127)

Orcadian Superstitions

It is thought unlucky to get married during the waning of the moon, as by doing so the bride would die childless—

It is also thought unlucky to get married during the ebbing of the tide, as it would prevent the newly married pair from prosperity in the world—

(№ 128)

I remember Mary Reid who was chief "Howdie" in Kirkwall for upwards of sixty years— She was 86 years of age when she officiated at the birth of my sister in 1818— There never was a more superstitious person than old Mary— I perfectly remember her going thro' an operation which she called "Saining" the baby in order to keep it in safety from the fairies &c— The first time the baby was placed in the cradle, she took a bit of clean linen rag, and after setting fire to one corner of it she paped it thrice round the cradle repeating each time as follows— "Christ save the Bairn"— I believe she also "Sained" the Mother of the baby, immediately after her confinement, but of course I did not witness that part of her performance, being only six years of age at the time— Afterwards, whenever the baby was unwell, Mary had recourse to the saining—

If a new cradle was brought to any house, where Mary was, she was used to make the foot of it be taken first in at the door— It was thought very unlucky if the head entered first— My Aunt Gibson's first baby, died, when 10 months old, and Mary always believed that its death was brought on in consequence of the cradle having been brought in head foremost—

Mary was upwards of 90 when she died —

(№ 129)

Crossing the Path

If a young man jilted any young woman, and married another— it was believed that the slighted one could, if she chose, be revenged by croping the path of the newly married pair on their return from the manse, but she required to have her petticoats turned outside in, and sift some silver coins in a meal seive as she walked across the road—

(№ 130)

It is thought to be a very bad omen if crows are seen near any house where there are sick and dying people—

(Nº 131)

It is also thought unlucky for a newly married woman to see a crow, first time she looks out, in the morning after her marriage—

(Nº 132)

It is thought very unlucky if a frog happen to come into a house. There is sure to be a death in the family—

(Nº 133)

I remember a very old woman in the Island of Sandy, named Kitty Pratt who was believed to be a Witch, and who rather wished that her neighbours should continue in that belief, as she no doubt found herself a gainer by supporting that character— None of the fishermen would venture to sea without, first consulting Kitty, and woe be to the man who did not propitiate her with the gift of a cod on his return— If he had neglected this aumont as it was termed, he needed not have gone to sea again, as he would have caught nothing—

(134)

It is believed to be unsafe to give the loan of milk to any person who kept a cow, as there is a danger of giving away the profit of the cow along with it, in which case the person who gets the milk would have all the butter, and the giver might churn in vain.

(135)

If a child has acquired certain ailments the following remedy is resorted to— A fowl is buried alive, and a circle having been made with a bible, round its place of interment, some mysterious words are repealed over spot—

(136)

It is customary to lay an open bible on the breast of a corpse, till such time as the coffin is shut up, in order to keep off all evil spirits

137

There used to be a method of discovering a thief by tying a key into a Bible with the pipe of the key fastened so as to rest on the words "Thou shalt not Steal"— If there were several people present, each had to lift the Bible by taking hold of the handle of the key, and it was believed that whenever the thief touched it, that the Bible would fall to the ground, leaving the key into his hand— It is, however, generally believed to be unlucky to prosecute a thief—

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(№ 138)

Scotch Proverbs

1_ There's aye some water where the Stirkie drowns.
2_ It's time to steek the stable door when the Steeds stown.
3_ A row'en stane never gathers fog
4_ Better be out of the cuits than out o' the fashion_
5_ Keep our ain fish-guts to our ain Sea-Maws
6_ A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush_
7_ A hungry man smells meat far
8_ A Cock craws crouse on his ain Midden Head_
9_ Burnt Bairns dreed the fire
10_ Little wet i' the head makes muckle travel to the feet
11_ An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of care_
12_ He that fishes before the net_ Fishes long or he fish get_
13_ Ca canny and flee laigh
14_ Ye canna mak' a silk Purse frae' a sow's lug_
15_ A gaien foot is aye getting
16_ Frien's 'gree best sundry_
17_ Better flaunch a fool than fecht him
18_ The still Sow eats up the draff
19_ His bark is worse than his bite_
20_ Poortith parts guid company_
21_ A Rainbow in the morning is the Shepherd's warning
A Rainbow at night is the Shepherd's delight
22_ A Lamb in the morning becomes a hog at night
23_ An ounce of Mother Wit is worth a pound of Clergy_
24_ Ye're like the Millers dog_ye lick your lips ere the Poch be opened_
25_ An ill Wife, an' a new kindled candle, should hae their heads hadden down_
26_ A wee bush, is better than nae bield_
27_ Bargains made in a hurry, are often repent'd o' at liesure
28_ Better a toom house, than an ill tenant_
29_ Cauld cools the love that kindles ower het_
30_ Craft maun hae claes_ but truth gaes naked_
31_ Daughters and dead fish, are nae keeping ware_
32_ Friends are like fiddle strings, they mauna be screwed owre tight_

33_ Gentle Paddocks hae lang taes
34_ He that lippens to bodden ploughs, his land lies lee_
35_ Its kittle shooting at Corbies and Clergy_
36_ Provision in season makes a bein house_
37_ Sorrow and ill weather come unsent for_
38_ Set a stout heart to a stay brae_
39_ The slothfu' man is the beggars brither
40_ The worth o'a thing is best kent by the want of it
41_ He that wad eat the kirnal mann crack the nut_
42_ He'll mak a spoon or spoil a horn_
43_ My son's my son till he get a wife_ My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life
44_ An inch of guid fortune is worth a fathom of forecast_
45_ Shallow waters, make maist din_
46_ Giff_gaff maks guid friends_

139

The Laverock and the Linnet green
The Robin and the Wren
Whaever harries thae bird's nests
Can never thrive again_

140

Sea Maw_ Sea Maw sink in your sand_
For it's never guid weather when ye come to land

Can do is easy carried about_ (viz. learn to do everything)

(№ 141)

The borrowing days_

(viz the days which March, a cold Month, borrows from April a warm one)

Quoth March unto April
I spy three Hoggs upon the hill
Gin yee'll lend me days three
I'll find means to gar them dee

The first o' them was wind and weet
The second it was snaw and sleet
And the third o' them was sic a freeze
That it frose the bird's nebs to the trees_

Inverness Courier. Feb 8 1872.

CANDLEMAS.—Friday last, February 2, was Candlemas Day—a fine, bright, clear day in the North. There is an old Latin proverb to the effect that if the sun shines brilliantly on Candlemas Day, hard frost is coming. A Norfolk saying tells us that—

"As far as the sun shines on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in afore May."

Another is couched in very strong language, stronger, we hope, than any countryman would really use—

"When Candlemas Day is fine and clear,
A shepherd would rather see his wife on the bier."

Another goes a little further—

"If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another fight;
But if it be dark, with clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again."

From Judge Williams about 1856. I.F.C.

Si sol splendescat Maria Purificante
Majus erit frigus post festum quam fuit ante.

If Candlemas day be bright & fair
Half o the winter's to come & main.

I dont remember who first told me this I.F.C.
Feb 13. 1872

And when these three days were past and gane
The poor silly Hoggs cam hirplin hame—

Note—(He was told Lady Caroline Charteris by Mr Cuthbertson of a farm of Lord Wemys in East Lothian— Mr C was then about 70 and he died about 1842— soon afterwards — J.F.C. Janry 24th 1859)

(Nº 140)

A Tailor got drunk and fell down a coal pit— he was unconscious for some time but recovered— The first thing he saw when he recovered was a collier who asked what he was doing there, and who he was— He touched the place where his hat should be and said— "Pease yer honor Maister Dark, I was a Tayler in the other world, but "Ill be anything ye like here"—

141

A green yule maks a fat kirkyard—

(Nº 142)

An old woman at Aberlady once told Lady Caroline she would never trust that Dr Cruikshanks— "Why?" because he had told a neighbour to put her husband in a warm bath and they had done as the Dr had told them— They put the man in a tub outside the door and poured hot water on him and he just shreeched out even for ut "Ye've din for me now" till he deed— Dad no!— She'd no trust Dr Cruikshanks in her house—

(Nº 143)

Lady Caroline Charteris Janry 24th 1859

A man had been cruel to a poor woman who lay at his door and asked for charity— The relator insinuated darkly that the woman was a witch— She knew the parties— and ever after the Copping was heard rattlin down frae the head of his bed, and never ceased or he was at his rest— (Told by an old woman at Aberlady)

(Nº 144)

Happy is the corpse that the rain patters on
And merry is bride that the sun shines on—

(Nº 145)

When it snows the people say—

The Folks in the East are picking their geese
And scudin their feathers tous—

(№ 145) Rhymes

Rise up guid wife and shake your feathers
Dinna ye think that we are beggars—
We are bairns come out to play
Rise and gie' us our Hogmenay

146

A poor woman in a chaff bed speaking of her good rest said contentedly—
"There's nothing like farmers feathers"—

(№ 148)

Dr Livingstone at dinner at Wishaw in 1858 said that he found many proverbial sayings amongst the African Nations similar to those in this county For example "There is no taking the horns off a humble cow" The Parish Minister Mr Dunn, looked up and said— "It's taking the breeks off a Highland man" "Never trust to the well that is in front"— A bird in the hand &c— — —

(№ 149)

Kelso. 1st

My dear Lady Caroline—

You must think me not only ungracious, but uncivil! However it is not so— but Lord John has been very ill and I have been in constant attendance on him, and in very great anxiety— Thank God he is getting better again and I hope will gradually recover his strength— I will write out the "Weary Will" with pleasure— and if I can think of anything else I think you will like, you shall have it— Have you "the Black Bull o' Norway"?

Do give my kindest love to Lady Jane— I was so glad to see by her letter, she had not forgotten me, when she was married— I hope to have some more pleasant talks with you both— but where and when are hid in the mists of futurity for I cannd see them—

Oh! how I should like to be once more living in the same house with you both—

You shall have the "Weary Will" without loss of time

Yours very affectionately
(Signed) A.A.— J Scott—

139.a Fished out on the Birth of a Daughter at 16 Bruton St, to Lord and Lady Granville. Sunday 14. April 1867.
Palm Sunday. — See Letter from Lady Caroline Charteris opposite. & Page 100. Sylvan Holts daughter by Holme Lee. Smith Elder & Co London. 1863.

" Monday's bairn is fair o' face.
" Tuesday's bairn is fu o' grace
" Wednesdays bairn's the bairn of woe
" Thursdays bairn has far to go.
" Friday's bairn is loving and giving
" Saturdays bairn works hard for it's living
" But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
" Is {lucky / happy} and bonny & wise & gay.

Fairy Verses repeated by Lady John Scotts Father to her.

" In the parks o' Blythe we mawed our corn
" We thrashed it up in Brunta barn
" We ground our meal in Clachani mill
" We carried our meal up to Boon hill
" We baked our bread in the Fairies glen
" And we eat it up in the jolly Dod Rauchan.

" Spottiswoode Lauder".

139.a

My dearest Ida

I quoted the Birthday Verses to Jane yesterday with great satisfaction — Col. Derrick tells me you have written to me for them — So I send them at once — Please return them when you have quite done

with them — You may
also like to look at the
Fairy Verses which Lady
John Scott's father used
to repeat to her — The plaus
named are all in the
neighbourhood of Shotterwa
The ~~[illegible]~~ the lines are undoubted

very old — Give them back to
me too please —
I send the shot just as it is
with some other things she
transcribed for me because
she liked them — Good
night — GOD bless you
Your Very Affect
Car

286 Upton Street W.
Monday

Dornock Manse, by Annan
Janʸ 4ᵗʰ 1859

Dear Lady Caroline—

I thank you for your very kind letter, which I ought to have answered ere this time— It makes me very happy when you have the goodness to send me a few lines—

This Border land (the Solway intervening) is not nearly so rich in story as the debateable ground of the Dumfries and Roxburg borders— Born in an inland County I used to think the national feeling here, comparatively faint—

About the earliest of my poetical readings was the History of Sir William Wallace, and at this distance of nearly 30 years I can remember thinking the following lines the perfection of poetry

"How did it rack him to the very bone
"Like one demented and from reason rent
"Among the Southron host with fury went
"Enrag'd at the loss of Graeme that day
"He cut down all that came into his way"—

In some Border districts they are "more Scottish than the Scots"— I cannot say it is quite so here— And yet despite the great Newspapers it may be well to cling in a modest way to old National Memories— Had we lost Bannockburn we might not have been the contented prosperous people that we are to day——

Not until I visit my native Perthshire can I do anything regarding the subject of your letter, and even then I question if I may be able to do much— Many of the old people are gone, and of those who remain you must gain their confidence to get at their "sayings"— It takes time, must come out incidentally— for a set purpose it may be on your part, but unconsciously and naturally on theirs— I daresay I could send a few if I had a summers day with my old schoolmaster on the hill above Crieff—

A College acquaintance of mine, collected and published lately 2 vols of old Scottish songs— Many of them translated from the gaelic— He is a queer eccentric being but the volumes have been well spoken of— amongst others— by my friend Thomas Aird, himself a poet of no mean name, and the illustrative remarks may have some bearing on what you want— By the way, if you have not yet done so, you must read Aird's poetical works— He is a man of fine imagination, and great grasp of

 July 1866

He wha tills the fairy ring
Nae luck again shall hae
An' he wha spills the fairy ring
Betide him want and wae
For weirdless days and weary nights
Are his till his deean day

. . . . . .

He wha gaes by the fairy-ring
Nae dule or pine shall dee
An' he wha cleans the fairy ring
An easy death shall dee

. . . . . .

Bior is ám agus dobhar
Tri h-ammann d'uisce an domhain
Lear, aidhbheis, bochna bladhna
Ammanna gach ard mhara

Forus focail. John C Dugan

Bochna, the sea, mouth of a River.

thought – There is a small prose work by him – "The Old Scottish Bachelor in the old Scottish Village" but I do not imagine it would be of any service

Wilson, (not the Professors) Tales of the Border and of Scotland are beautifully written, they are mostly love stories, but if My Memory serves me, several of them describe, not inaptly – many phases of old Scottish Manners –

There is too Bethune's Traits and Stories of the Scottish Peasantry, but whether after the manner of Carleton or of a graver cast I do not now remember –

Hogg's (the Ettrick Shepherd) Winter Evening Tales you must have seen – They are almost all about Brownies, Bogles, Warlocks, and Witches –

I think you should just write your Edinburgh bookseller to speak to James Ballantyne or Robert Chambers – None are better able to name a few of the best books on the subject you refer to –

I was greatly pleased to hear of the welfare of the Misses Forbes and their brother Frank –

William has very seldom written to me, but I do not believe it is from want of heart or that he means to be unkind – May God bless them all – That is my frequent prayer – May the Father of the Orphan watch over them – Please give my very respectful and kind regards to Lady Jane Dundas – I am thankful for the Spectator – It is a pleasant link in a chain of remembrances connected with this present, and with some gone before – Do you remember my telling you of a Dr Linton connected with this Parish, who wished to engage your Brothers Servant after the fatal Balaclava? He found the poor fellow crying for your brother and could not prevail with him to take service for he said he had brought ill luck to two good Masters already, and so home he went to Stamboul – Linton is now in India, but before leaving went to Cheltenham to visit some old friends, and, walking in the suburbs, a carriage passed him, and from the carriage fell a lap dog, and the lap dog broke it's leg, which the Doctor set there and then – I will do him the justice to say that I believe he would have done the same by the dog of a travelling tinman – So they exchanged cards, at least I presume so, that is, not the dog and the D^r^, but the Doctor and the owner of the dog – And as the fairy tales would say, the owner was a lady, and the lady, she was rich – but whether very young and very handsome, deponent saith not, – I merely tell the tale as 'twas told to me –

Meanwhile the D^r^ goes to India, and the lady dies – but not before making a will, one clause of which devises to Dr Linton £2000, and her furnished house at Cheltenham, on the ground that many a one might have passed on, without caring

Lady Car Charteris. Feby 59

If Candlemas day be clear and fair
Half the winters to come and mair
If Candlemas. day be mirk and foul
Half the Winter's past as Yule

Feby 9/59 Judge Coleridge

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante
Magus erit frigus post festum quam fuit ante

See Chambers Book Feb 17/59

for lady or lap dog either—
If all this be true, and of the main facts I suppose there is no doubt, who will say that the days of Romance are quite over— But what will the Cheltenham wags call the house, that is, if there be any wags in that city of the proprieties?—

Lord Mansfield was in this quarter some months ago, and did me the honor to call and spend half an hour at the Manse— A fine Parish in this Presy, and in his Lordship's gift is now vacant— the applicants I believe are very numerous— I am not one of them—

Pray write me soon— Your letters do me good, and should you see, or be writing to Mr. William tell him how I long to hear from him, but that I leave it to himself—

Allow me to be—
Very truly Yours—
John Anderson

(N° 151)

If Candlemas day is clear and fair
The half of Winter's to come and mair
But if Candlemas day is foul.
Half of the Winter's oér at yule—

152

Ae man will tak a horse to the water
But ten'll—no gar him drink

153

The Evening red and the Morning grey
Is the sign of a bonny day

(N° 154)

A scattering Cock would need a scraping hen—

155

Remark of an aged woman to a young girl who told her she was about to emigrate to Australia
"Mind Lapie that there are twa plants grow in ane yard— Thyme and Rue".

156

Dinna cast a clout till the mouth of May is out—

157

Thats steeking the door after the Steed's stown—

158

In reply to a visitor asking an old woman how she liked the sermons she heard preached in her Church the Sunday before by Ministers who were strangers to her —

Oh! said she, the men was bread to my soul — but the ane in the afternoon was bread-and-butter to it —

159

A lady coming out of a country Church heard the following dialogue between two old wives — The day being very hot the Church doors were open, the wind having encreased, the Clergyman in a very pompous manner looking to the Beadle said — "shut the East door and open the West" — the one said to the other — "Heeh Woman! "was na yon an odious quid sermon, the other replied Ou aye! but he was real bonny on the doors —

160

On another occasion a crack brained old man was repermanded by one of the Elders for singing so outrageously loud that he disturbed the Congregation — Sandy replied — "Ye may jest hoel your tongue for I'll praise the Lord in my ain way gin the Kirk should rive"

161

Eppie Spence was asked if the Minister had been visiting her — she replied — "Ou aye — he gied me a e'aa and a prayer — but Diel a bawbee" —

162

Another reply when old Peter was told by the Minister that his very loud Psalm singing was a torment to the congregation he said — "Weel, Sir, that will be the torment in Heaven —

(№163)

A true account

of an interview with, as he believed a real Brownie in Castle M with a boy of

12 years of age

The Parents having gone to visit their relatives at the said castle took their eldest boy with them — As they expected, they met with a very kind reception — the lady of the castle apologised for the rooms being all occupied except one set apart for Mr and Mrs H but who assured them that their boy would be comfortably accommodated in what was called in former days — "Brownies Room", which was in a wing of the castle apart from the rest of the house — The Boy caught the expression Brownie, and was very inquisitive to know what it meant, they did what they could to prevent him taking any alarm,

he retired to his room, and the Servant saw him comfortably laid in bed, which had the appearance of resting against a wall covered with tapestry, he was left in darkness, as it was not the season for fires, and he did not consider it manly to request that a light might be left— Tho' ill at ease he tried to compose himself to sleep— however he had not been long in bed, when from the tapestry covered walls he heard a rumbling and shaking noise, and very soon a ponderous weight jumped above him in the bed, his head was speedily covered with the bed clothes— at length he summoned up courage and put out his hand— when to his horror he laid hold of horns and a long beard— feeling certain that this must really be Brownie— he ran down to his Mother, screaming with terror assuring her that Brownie had really come to sleep in his bed— it was long ere he would believe the explanation which was as follows— A tame goat was in the habit of slipping up the back stair to that remote corner, and pushed open a door at the back of the bed, which communicated with the passage for the convenience of the housemaid, thus the animal had often enjoyed a Siesta on a good bed unchallenged, as the room was generally unoccupied —

(I have applied to some friends hoping to get some Scotch proverbs, if I do I will forward them)

J. F. H.

A curious enumeration of Scottish Tunes &c

Dear "Jockey"

"Johnnie has made a wedding o't". After "the muckin of Geordie's byre", I set out for "the Miller's wedding", with "Rob the Ranter", "Rattling roaring Willie", and half a dozen more of the "braw Lads o' Gala water", and lasses from "all the earths the wind can blaw". At the "bush aboon Traquair" we overtook "The yellow haired Laddie", who had been sent to "caa the ewes to the knowes" with "Sandy owre the lea" and "Simon Brodie" the "Breeches maker", who ran away with "The lassie wi the yellow coatie", "Lord Balgonie's favourite", from the "Banks and Braes of bonny Doune". After walking "over the hills and far away", we came at last to "Polewart on the green", where we saw "Muirland Willie", and the "lads o' Dunse" dancing with the "Lasses of Stewartou", and "auld Rob Morris", from "Delvin side" who had been driving "The ewie wi' the crooked horn" to "Calder fair" playing "Caber Fey" on "Greig's pipes". And vow! "Sic na bean my grannie was". "Lowdown in the broom", was "the bonny Scotman" - flirting with "Mrs Mc Loud of Rasay"; & "Lewis Gordon" preein' the "bonny bit mou" of the "Maid of Isla", among "Willie Winkie's" "Rigs of Barley". "In a cosey wee neuk" "Jessie the flower of Dumblaine" was mending "Johnny's grey breeks" that had been torn by the "Irish washerwoman" in a fray with "Kate Kearnie", one of the "Drunken Wives of Lochabers". We were all gathered in the ale house, except "Johnnie in the nether mains" who went for "The maid that tends the Goats". Come "Let us a' to the bridal", said "Wattie Laing". In came "The Parson in boots" who had come from the "Leas of Luncarty" on "John Paterson's mare". "Hey Jenny come down to Jock", said the Parson - "Jockey said to Jenny" - "Bush ye, Bush ye my bonny bonny bride" - "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad" said Jenny. The Minister began the "Blathrie o't" and after they were "wooed and married and a'", we sat down to dinner - where we had "Bannocks of Barley meal" "Lumps o' Pudding", "Cauld kail frae Aberdeen" and "cheap mutton". "The carle that came owre the croft" wished he had "The Haggis o' Dunbar," and the "miller o' Dron" called for "Drops of Brandy" and drank to "the Lass of Peaties mill" - We did "push about the jorum", till we cleared seven times "the bottom of the punch bowl"; when "Duncan Davidson" and "John o' Badenyon", began to "fight about the fire side". "Hooly and fairly" cried the Parson, "Deil tak the wars" cried "Neil Gow's second wife". "Bung your eye", answered "The Bob of Fettercairn" - "This is no my ain house", said "The auld Wife ayont the fire", as she spun - "the weary pund of tow" "Up an' waur them a' Willie" — "Dunna ye dings sa", cried the "Ranting Highlandman", as he struck his "doited head", against Jennie's blackee", who roared "waes be on your curly pow" - Then, with one blow, "Jennie dang the Weaver", for tearing her "silken snood", and "Tom Tough" "the Pilate who weathered the storm", shook "a hail nut" over one of the "Whigs of Fife" for offering "the sows tail to Geordie." "Johnnie Mc Gill" and "Tam Glen" were quarrelling about "Jenny Nettles" at the "Back of the change house" "Captain o'Kean" was in "fullery" over "the Brig o' Ballater", after the "Shepherd's wife" who stole "The Marquis of Huntley's snuff mull". When the "moon had climbed the highest hills", I thought of "toddlin' hame" with "my ain kind deary". "Tibby Fowler" went "owre bogle" with "daft Robin"; and "Nancy was to the greenwood gane" with "Donald Quaich"; and left "Andrew wi his cutty gun"

"for lack of gold". "My Nannie O", said he, "what can a young lassie do wi' an auld man", but "For a' that, an' a' that". You may "go to the Devil and shake yourself"; But "I'll gang nae mair to yon town". Dear Sandy "sae merry as we have been" yours—

"The pretty little feathered fellow"

P.S. comps. to "my Joe Janet"

(N° 165)

Anecdote sur Madame Geoffrin

Elle avait commandé deux bases de marbre au célèbre Bouchardon. Deux ouvriers les lui apportent. Elle s'aperçait que l'un des cauvercles est cassé. "Helas! "oui, Madame, lui dirent les ouvriers, et notre camarade, à qui ce malheur est "arrivé, en est si fâché qu'il n'a pas osé se présenter devant vous, il est bien à plaindre, "car se le maître le sait, il le renverra et c'est un homme qui a une femme et "quatre enfans". "Mons! Mons!" dit Madame Geoffrin, "voilà qui est bien; je n'en "parlerai pas, et qu'il soit tranquille". Quand les ouvriers sont partis, elle se dit à elle même "le pauvre homme a eu bien de l'inquiétude et du chagrin, il faut "que je l'envoye consoler". Elle appelle un de ses gens. "Allez", lui dit elle, "chez M. "Bouchardon, vous demanderez un tel, vous lui donnerez 12 Livres, et 3 Liv à ses "camarades qui m'ont si bien parlé de lui".

(N° 166)

The Mantle Joe

T'was on a Monday Morning
When the cat crew day
The Mantle Joe, the Mantle Joe
The Hen's did cockle
And the Cock did lay
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O the green Joe

I went through the thick wood
(Thin wood's brother)
The Mantle Joe, the Mantle Joe
Ilka tree was nineteen miles — Frae anither
Wi' a heay jolly mantle
O the green Joe

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Yet the trees were sae thick
That I could na get through
The mantle Joe &c.
And I tore all my breeks
But I dinna ken ho'
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O! the green Joe

I met twenty four tailors
Riding on a snail
The mantle Joe &c.
Says the hindmost to the foremost
Hand him by the tail
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O! the green Joe

The snail shot out her horns
Like an auld cruning coo
The mantle Joe &c
Said the hindmost to the foremost
We're all killed noo
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O! the green Joe

I saw twenty four Weavers
Riding on a Paddock
The mantle Joe &c
Said the hindmost to the foremost
Hand him at the gallop
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O! the green Joe

A hare and a Haddie
Racing owre the lea –
The mantle Joe &c

A hawk took the haddie
And let the hare a'be
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O the green Joe

Sae now my song is ended
Ye may tak it as ye please
The mantle Joe &c &c
Frae beginning tae the end
It's a' big lies
Wi' a heavy jolly mantle
O the green Joe

My dearest Jain &c

The enclosed was sung to me the other night at Balgow by a small cottage boy with a very sweet voice— It is said by his mother to be very old, and Noel Paton, who has just been reading it, thinks so too— he is delighted with it— When you meet the Sutties in London remind them that their housemaid, Isabella, is to sing it to you— The air is very pretty, and she has a beautiful pipe— If the lines please you make one of your bairns transcribe them and return my copy, as I want to learn them by ede— You can't think how pretty and comfortable Dots home is— Please tell Catherine with my grateful love that I have this day locked carefully away into my desk my Riddry Lodge Cards— I would not throw them away for anything— Greatly do I desire an opportunity of using them— God Bless you all— Your very Affect.e (signed) Car

Noel Paton delights in the thoughts of painting the second childhood book and thinks he and his brother can be of use— he agrees with his Grace of Argyll that you ought to illustrate it—

(No 167)

As near as I recollect the old man in a Winter night telling the Scaloch is as follows

Long ago this Land was inhabited by Great Giants – they were men of great strength and stature, they could step from hill to hill, thar chief- occupation was the chase and they lived in caves in the high mountains one of those tribes lived about Loch Leven, Glen Co, and Ben Fan
The names of them were

Nerst (Might) the Leader or King, and he had many wives –
Colg- (Fierce) Confidant to the King –
Plut (Clubfooted) A friend of Colg's
Bach (Halt) hurt his foot when at the chase –
Gaskech (Hero)
Callab (Tall)
Gil mad (Dogman)

Shean (Venison) Daughter of Bach –
Malach- (Black eyebrows) Also daughter to Bach

Creshan (the King's dog)
Grau (Hare on end) Gaskech's dog

Shean, Bach's youngest daughter was to gather fruit Berries and wild fowl Eggs and she was ex'lent at singing war and Cheas songs –
Malach was expert in preparing and spreding feasts,
Gaskech loved Shean, and she loved him – Colg also loved Shean – But she loved him not –
Plut loved Malach – But Malach loved Gaskech more than Plut and envied her sister – Neighter Shean or Gaskech knew this –

King – Gil Mad go to Bach's cave and tell him I want him –
Bach – Did my leader want me?
King – Yes – Bach – tell my People that to morrow and for three days we go a hunting while the Deer is yet fat – Some we will bury in the Bells of Snow

at the top of the mountains anent the Day of Drift and after the three days I hold a feast for 7 days on the third day of the feast my wives shall attend and bring yours your wives and Maidens –

Bach – I will do as the leader has bid me –

King – You shall remain at home to take care of my wives as you are not expert at the chace and Shean shall gather fruits and Malach prepare for the feast –

Bach – I will my Leader –

King – Gil Mad see you and have the Dogs ready by time in the morning and do not over supper them as gralochs await them in the mountains

Gil Mad – I will do as though commands, my Lord, I will be at the Corrie in the morning dawn –

Colg – Me thinks I see Deer at the sky of yonder hill – shall we bid the dogs go?

King – Plut as you are not expert at running go to the top of yonder mount to keep watch, and you Gil Mad to this Mount. Perchance the dogs may follow where we know not – if so go make a whistle and we will come –
Colg and Gasheen you shall come with me
Let the dogs go, Colg –

Colg – See how fast Gresham goes he is far ahead of them all –

King – Ay and he will keep ahead and put more stags to bay than any –

Gasheen – That will be known my Leader at night – towards evening –

King – We have killed a good number of deers and the dogs are come in – except Gran and Gresham – We neighter hear or see them they must have a deer at bay afar Go Colge to yon top – Perchance you may hear or see –

Colg – My Lord see yonder afar I see like a stag pursued it windeth this way –

King – I see and see a dog also Mease is not yon Gresham?

Colg – It is Gresham see yonder Gran coming on behind –

Gasheen – It is Gran first and Gresham that lageth behind –

Colg – It is Gresham first – See they go round the shoulder of the Mount there, they are out of sight –

Gasheen – I am sure Gran was first –

King – We shall know when Gil Mad and Plut return –

Colg – I shall run to the top and see where it is put to Bay –

Gasheen – There cometh a dog, he cometh near hand – I think it is Gran – it is him and blood on his muzzle, ay and there cometh Gresham also –

King – Ay and he is bloody also – it is from Gresham's deer Gran got the blood –

Gil Mad cometh –

King – Gil Mad – Saw you the Stag and the two dogs pursued in the evening?

Gil Mad – I did, My Lord, . They paped by at a distance me thinks they put it to bay towards Mut –

King – Was Gresham first?

Gil Mad – Me thinks Gran was first –

Colg – At the top hast thou seen the Dog and the Stag Mut –

Mut – They put it to bay yonder and I ran him through

Colg – Which Dog was first?

Mut – Gran, and put it to bay too –

Colg – Say you it was Gresham that was first and it will please the King –

King – Are you come Mut? Saw you the dogs put the stag to bay? –

Mut – I saw Gresham put it to bay – Gran was late of coming up – I despatched the deer – he lies in yonder Corry –

King – Did I not tell you Glascoch –

Glascoch – My eyes deceived me, My Lord, but to morrow if my Lord be pleased to single out a stag we will again let them try –

King – I will, Gascoch, to morrow

Gascoch – Yonder a strong Buck –

King – Colg, let the dogs go –

Colg – Grishel is already a head –

Gascoch – Will he keep ahead

King – There they go – their out of sight – Let us to the top that we see which way the wind –

Colg (Aside to Mut) If Gran is first and puts the deer to bay Run thy spear through him – Say in a mistake and I will save you from Gascoch –

(Towards Evening)

King – See yonder I think I see the stag and only one dog following and that dog is Gran –

Colg – It is them, they come to the Corree – Let us draw that way, there they come – Stay, the Stag is come to bay go Mut and run him through Gascich is wearied –

Gascich – I know not the meaning of the word –

Colg – Go Mut and Gascoch will stay with us –

Gascoch – I go too and whosoever is first at the deer dispatches him (They run Gascich is first)

King – There he is at the deer but Colg where will Gresham be – thinkest thou –

Colg – After the same Deer that started and this is some one that Gran broke off after

(Gasech and Plut return)

King – Gasech that is not the deer that started I think Greshan is yet after him and driven him too far –

Gasech – I know not but Gran has a deer – We will see if Greshan has one –

King – Here cometh Gil Mady – Gil Mady have you seen Greshan?

Gil Mady – I saw him on yonder mount slack his pace and turn – See – methinks yon is him coming down the Glen –

King – It is he, and he is lame – he has hurt his leg –

Colg – Poor Greshan (stroking him on the head) if thou had not been hurt thou would not be behind –

Gasteech – I think he is more lazy than lame –

(The third day Gran and Gasteech killed more deer than them all and the king was displeased)

King – Gasteech, Gran may be as swift as Greshan But Greshan is the strongest –

Gasteech – That has to be tried, My Lord –

King – We have now got enough deer Gasteech thou hast done well – If I had a daughter thou shouldst have her – We shall meet at the feast to morrow –

Gasteech – I thank the King I can fish maidens for myself –

(Colg and Plut on their way home)

Colg – Plut, on the second day of the feast through a bone to the dogs and they will fight If Gran is strongest the King will run him through – But see you that no dogs be there but Gran and Greshan –

(Plut & Bach's part)

Mallach – Have you been successful at the chace Plut?

Plut – Very

Mallach – Did you kill many deer?

Plut – Yes –

Mallach – Did Gasteech get many?

Plut – Yes – but he may thank Gran –

Mallach – Is Gran better than Greshan?

Plut – He is swifter – They are to fight at the feast –

Mallach – Plut – Which will win?.

Plut – Greshan – I am sure –

Mallach – Is Gasteech come?

Mut – He lingereth behind –
Shean – (Who was listening) I go for some fruit. I left gathered – (She meets Gaskech)
Gaskech – Shean – so late abroad –
Shean – I am in search of some fruits I gathered – Hast thou killed many deer Gaskech?
Gaskech – One for every finger on my hand, and two on my feet and one more –
Shean – Did Gran put them all to Bay and thou killed them?
Gaskech – He did –
Shean – Then let me adorn poor Grans neck with thong and as thou love me and Gran let no man take it off –
Gaskech – I think the Love, I shall see you at the feast – to sing and dance with – good night (kysing her)

The Feast – First day

This day they ate and drink and sing Songs relatia war and chace deeds –

Second day – Towards Eve

(Mut hamples on the fod of a dog and it howls –)
Mut – Gil Brady take those dogs and tie them up except Gresban and Gran – they are faithful dogs – leave them –
Gil Brady – I will –
King – Bach fetch me my spear –
Bach – I will – my Leader – (handing him a spear)
King – This is the spear that my father bequeathed me – he was a man of great micht he left his country and came to this, not because he had no names, but because he had none worthy to contend with – He once slew a giant with seven heads and seven livers and whomsoever of you shall be most faithful and deserving of you my brethren, shall have the spear and be leaders after me –
(Mut throws a bone on the ground – Gran and Gresban fight)
(First round Gran is under – Second round Gran is under)
King – Gaskech take up Gran a Gresban will make his own of him –
Gaskech – Let Gran take care of himself –
(Third round – Gresban is down – Gran has Gresban by the throat and Gresban has a hold of the thong on Gran's neck)
Cdg – There is a thong on Gran's neck – take it off Gaskech –

Gaskoch –
King –
Gaskoch
King –
Bolg –
Gaskoch –
Bolg –

King –

Bolg –
Bach –
Bolg –

Van Laie

Bolg –
King –

Bolg –
King –
Bolg –

Gaskeech – I put it not on –
King – Take it off Gaskeech –
Gaskeech – I put it not on –
King – Take it off Colg –
Colg – I will, my Lord –
Gaskeech – Whosoever luch Gran luch me – Stand back Colg –
Colg – I will cut the thong over Gaskechs neck –
(They fight and fall on the top of the dogs)
King – Tut, Tut, Bach, Gil Mady, tear them asunder – Gran choiceth Graskan –
Let go Colg till I run through the dog Gaskeech – (They let go – the King with the spear darts at Gaskeech, he jerks and caught the spear – they wrestle – they fall – the hook on the spear caught the King by the haugh, and wounded him – Gaskeech is overpowered and bound with thongs – the dogs is pulled asunder – and the King is carried to a couch of heather)
Colg – Gil Mady fetch me the spear till I kill Gaskeech – go immediately –
Bach – Spare him until we know the King's pleasure –
Colg – Gil Mady run thou for Van Laie Medical woman, to come to the King, and I will know the King's pleasure concerning Gaskeech – How does My Lord feel? there is the Van Laie to heal the wound –
Van Laie – (examines the wound) The wound is a dangerous one – but the King will recover and be heal in three moons – but he will be halt as the spear has touched him – Get a Wite Ptarmagan without a coloured feather. Split it from the head to the tail – Put one half to the wound first and then the ther, and the King will heal –
Colg – What is the King's pleasure that we do with Gaskeech?
King – My pleasure is that he be cast into the nether cave, and in the morning harrow his heart with the hallie and let Cruachan Ban be between his head and feet –
Colg – I will see to that my Lord – If it be the King's pleasure I will claim Gran –
King – Tie him up in the mean time, and we will see to that –
Colg – Bach take thou and Calab Gaskeech to the Nether Cave – Let him be there bound and Gil Mad, tie up Gran – Tie him to a tree and we all pass the Night with the King to comfort him –

The Nether Cave

(Gasheeh in a stooper – Something touch his face)

Gasheeh – Is there anyone there that would give me a drink – of water – How I thirst –
(touches him again and licks his face)
Oh – Gran! Gran! It is you faithful Gran – thou hast found me in my prison thou lick my eyes – but they have steel'd my heart – no tears can flow – there – Gran, Gran! Oh that thou couldst speak! Oh – that thou couldst carry one word to Shean – Shean, poor Shean! one word with her and I should die happy – Poor Shean she knows not what hath befallen her Gasheech –
(Gran fawns him with his paws and bites and chews the thongs)
There Gran thou hast loed one hand, that hand will lose the other – there I am now unbound. Gran thou wilt make myself – the mepenger to carry the one word to Shean (They step out Gran wagging his tail)

Bach's Cave – a Puppie Bark –

Shean – Is there any one there? Are you come, father?
Gasheeh – It is me Shean –
Shean – It is you Gasheeh I thought you would be making merry at the feast –
Gasheeh – Our merriment turned into wath –
Shean Oh Gasheeh, how's that?
Gasheeh – Is Mallach asleep – Shean?
Shean – She sleepeth sound – She is wearied preparing the feast –
Gasheeh – Come a pace with me, Shean –
Shean – What is the matter, Gasheeh? (they leave the Cave)
Gasheeh – I have not time to tell you – Your father will tell you – I fly for my life – Gran saved me –
Shean – Oh Gasheeh – Will you leave me – (throwing her arms around his neck)
Gasheeh – Stay, Shean, See – there is two thongs with the same number of knots on each – take one and loose a knot every day, and when the last knot is loosed that day at eve I will meet you on the hill side – Be ready and you shall go with me – Good bye, Shean, (kiping her) Tell no one you saw me –
Shean – The Deus go with you and speed you – Gasheeh –

King's Cave - The King asleep

Bach (to himself) Poor Gasheen - Did I help to carry you to your prison? and dare not for my life give you a drink of water - Poor Gasheen, thou art a wronged man - Sheen will break her heart after you.

Colg (Aside to Plut) Does it dawn yet Plut - I weary for morning -

Plut - It looks grey as if it dawned - Sheen shall mourn for Gasheen Colg - Will not she?

Colg Out of sight is soon out of mind - We will cause Gil Mady bring his head to her and that will cure her -

King (On the couch) Stat, Stat, Stat - Oh! Oh! Oh!

Bach - The King has lost so much blood he raveth - Go Gil Mady, bring the hollow hide and fetch some spring water that we bathe his head - Perchance it may allay the fever -

Plut - The King awakes and speaks something -

Bach - I will speak to him - How does the King feel?

King - Oh - Bach - it is you Oh - give me a drink of cold water - I am so thirsty - me thought I was falling over rocks - my head is so giddy -

(Gil Mady enters with water)

Gil Mady - Has anyone loosed Gran? he is not at the tree I tied him to -

Colg - Go see that he has not escaped to the Nether Cave to Gasheen - Let us also go and secure him Plut - (They Meet Gil Mady coming back)

Gil Mady - I found the thong that tied Gran cut - and went into the Nether Cave and found thongs but there neither Gran nor Gasheen -

Colg - Thou hast relieved them, Gil Mady, when thou fetched water, thou shalt pay the penalty of Gasheen in thy person - Gather the men Plut, and run to the Ford - Come, Calat, Come, Come - Bach, you tend the King - Run brethren, Some to the ford with Plut, and some with me to Bach's Cave - Perchance we may overtake him -

Bach's Cave - Puppie Barks

Colg - Oh puppie, go aside, Drush - Is there any one here -?

Sheen - Mallach and me are here Colg -

Colg - Is Gasheen here?

Sheen - No, Colg, he is not here -

Mallach - I thought you would be merry at the feast, Colg - Is Gasheen not at the feast?

Colg - Was Gasheen here to night Mallach?

Mallach No, Colg, he was not here -

Colg — Away men Let us to the Ford —

(They leave the Cave)

Colg — This way, see yonder Mut returning from the ford (They meet Mut)
Mut — Gaskech has croped the ford We saw his foot-prints in the sand and the prints of a dog —

King's Cave Colg enters —

Colg — Is the King better, Bach?
Bach — He is better and wishes to speak with you —
Colg — Is it the King's pleasure to speak to me?
King — Yes, Colg — It is now morning — You shall do to Gaskech as I commanded —
Colg — Gaskech has escaped and has croped the ford —
King — Oh Colg, Colg — Did I hust you with one man and you let him go? How could you be husted with many? How did he escape?
Colg — Gil-Mady loosed him when he went for water for the King —
King — Then take Gil Mady and do to him as thou wert to do with Gaskech — Stay bind him till I see — But Gaskech must be taken — I am now better but I am maimed — I cannot follow the chace and Gaskech may join some of his Brethren and come upon us unawares and spil us — Therefore whosoever shall bring forth Gaskech dead or alive, or his head shall have my spear and be leader after me — Hear you all that —
We all hear! — (from all sides near Bach's cave)
Mallach — Gaskech cometh soon, Mut —
Mut — Say you so Mallach —
Mallach — As Shean slept she spoke aloud — Oh when will the last knot be off the thong Oh — Gaskech, when will you come? Every day is a Moon to me till you come to take me —
Mallach — In the morning I saw Shean put something in the heath bed — I looked, and behold a thong with knots on it —
Mut — Was there many knots on it Malach?
Mallach — One for all my fingers save one —

(Mut and Colg meet)

Colg — Did you see the thong, Mut?
Mut — No Colg
Colg — Go thou to Mallach and ask her to shew you the thong — and take another

thong with you, and put the same number of knots on it, and we will know the day Gasheth cometh, and we will take him dead or alive to the King – Nay, Mut, when thou get Shean's thong loose one knot that she mistake the day and we will pass on the hill side as if we came from hunting when she awaits Gasheth –

Mut – I will – Colg – (leaving him)

(Colg and Mut meet)

Colg – Did you see Sheans thong?

Mut – I have, and loosed a knot, and see I have brought a thong –

King's Cave

King – Callab, my sleep leaveth me by night and I am restless –

Callab – If the King had some one to sing Shena and war songs, it would comfort the King –

King – Know you any such, Callab –

Callab – Shean – Bachs daughter, is famed –

King – Tell Bach I want him –

Bach – Did the King want me –

King – Yes – Bach – I wish you would bring Shean here every evening till towards morning to sing that I may the better sleep –

Bach – I will – my Lord –

Colg – How does the King feel?

King – Better, Colg, Better. I thank you –

Colg – See there a thong with knots, a knot loosed every day and when off Gasheth crosses the ford to take Shean –

King – How came you by this thong –?

Colg – Mut got it from Mallach –

King – Then chose seven men and take him dead or alive at the ford –

Colg – He shall not escape, My Lord –

Bach's Cave

Shean – Art thou come, Father? Tell us what went wrong at the feast? –

(Bach tells all)

Shean – Where will Gasheth have gone to?

Bach – Likely to the South mountains – He crossed the ford –

Shean – I am sorry for poor Gil Mady – it was not he that relieved Gasheth – It was Gran –

Bach – Who told thee Shean?

Shean — I know father —
Bach — But who told you Shean?
Shean — Oh! Father, do not prefs questions
Mallach — Where is Gil Mady — Father?
Bach — Bound in the Nether Cave —

King's Cave —

(Shean and Bach enter)

King — Sing, Shean, I weary
(She sings)
King — Bach, Your daughter pleaseth me well — She will come every night till I am well —
Bach — She will, my Lord —
(The King sleepeth — Bach sleepeth)
(Shean slippeth out to the Nether cave — Gil Mady sleepeth — She cuts the thong that binds him to a stake and comes back unobserved)
King — I was drowsing, Bach — Sing a song — Shean —
Bach — I was nodding also —
(Shean Sings — the King sleeps)
Bach — Shean, you may leave, I stay with the King — (She leaves)
(Mut meets Colg early)
Mut — As I came to the Nether Cave to give Gil Mady roots and water I found the thong cut and he gone —
Colg — Tell not the King or he will be wroth till we get Gasteech and then we will see — Where will he have gone?
Mut — Likely after Gasteech —
Colg — To day Shean thinks — Gasteech cometh to meet me at Eve in the Mount —

Bach's Cave

Shean — Father, I am hoarse to day and cannot sing — Have me excused to the King —
Bach — What is the matter, Shean?
Shean — I am not well — Permit me to go and wash in the Lochan —
Bach — I fear the King will be displeased —
Shean — Tell him that I will be to morrow eve — He will excuse me, as I cannot sing —
Bach — I will tell him —

Shean — (on the hill side) I draweth to eve and I see thee not, Gasheen — Oh Gasheen — hast thou forgotten Shean? No — never — Hast thou lost thy thong Gasheen that thou knowest not the time — a has something befallen my Gasheen — I see two coming Is it not Gasheen and Gil Mady — ? Surely it is they — but I see not a dog — Have you lost Gran Gasheen or who could separate you? It is not he, it is Colg and Mut —

(Colg and Mut at the Mount)

Colg — See yonder Shean waiting — Let us go by that way, Mut.

Mut — Let us go — Colg — (They meet Shean)

Colg — We thought you would be singing to the King at this time —

Shean — I went not to day —

Colg — Perhaps you came to meet a lover

Shean — I came not to meet you —

Colg — Shean — Thou hast many Lovers, but one of them — Gasheen, is slain

Shean — If Gasheen is slain, he is not slain alone, a by one man —

Colg — Shean — he is slain by one man, an that man is me — think no more of him — I will be a Gasheen to Shean —

Shean — Did Colg slay him whom the mountains could not weary, and whom the Lochan could not drown. I believe it not —

Colg — You will believe it when the King sends you his head to morrow; but mourn not Shean — I will be as good to thee as seven Gasheens —

Shean — If Gasheen be slain the hole he has made in my heart you can never fill I believe it not —

King's Cave —

King — Have you not brought Shean to sing, Bach?

Bach — Please the King she is hoarse and unwell and cannot sing —

King — She could tell Scalloch —

Bach — She went to wash in the Lochan — Perchance she may be well to morrow —

King — Bring her to morrow, a I will send for her —

Bach — I will my Lord —

King — Colg the knots are off the thong — Hast thou chosen the men to go with you —?

Colg — I have chosen them, and will be in time at the ford —

Bach's Cave

Bach — Shean, the King has sent me to bid you come —

Shean — Oh Father — excuse me today, I cannot sing —

Bach — I dare not — Shean —

Shean — Then I go father, but a broken heart can ill afford to sing —

(Colg and Men at the Ford)

Colg — He has paped already — See there, the prints of his feet, and there of Gran's — We will wait, he will return this way when he finds not Shean —

Mut — See yander some one cometh — Is it not Gasheech? Hide in the bush —

Callab — It is he and Gran — he draweth near —

Colg — Stoop, Callab, that he see not thy head over the bush —

(Gasheech at a narrow point above the ford — Gran barks — Gasheech stands)

Colg — Let us out and fall on him —

Callab — Stop — he is in the pas and only one can come at him at a time —

Mut — Let us at him — our spears will reach him in the pas

Callab — Mut, his spear is as long as thine —

Colg — I will speak to him. Perhaps he may surrender —

(Colg comes from hiding)

Gasheech — Who is there?

Colg — It is me Gleasheech — Crosseth thou the ford? It is the King's pleasure that no one pas the ford — Thou hast rebelled but if thou surrender and come with me, the King is merciful —

Gasheech — The King and Colg is merciful with thongs —

Colg — You come to steel our maidens — Shean is now wife to the King — think you no more of her —

Gasheech — I came to take my own, and what the King taketh by force to be a slave —

(Mut also comethout)

Mut — Gasheech, submit, or you shall be slain —

Gasheech — Mut — were there only you and Colg I should crossover your necks, and make your heads stepping stones in the ford —

Colg — Come on Gasheech — We will give your body to the dogs and your liver to the Eagles — Come men — back me — Let us at him, close to me — Mut — follow men —

(They fight)

Colg — Callab — Mut — help — ! help — ! Oh! I am down — ho! ho!

Callab — Come Mut — Come men — at his back, haste — Oh! I am wounded —

Gaskech – Here, tak that – (to Calab – stabs him) – Well done Gran, thow hast one down – I will help you – (Stabs him)

(Plutruns)

Poor Gran – we have managed two each, and had not Plut run – we had five – his Clubby feet were of use to him this time – I shall wash my spear and pass on – (stobing Gran)

(They pass the Ford)

Plut – (to himself) What shall I say to the King? My brethren are fallen – Shall I tell Iran, ho – no – Here is a man that resembled Gaskech – I will throw the body with the steam and bring the head to the King – Perchance he will not closely examine it – and as Gaskech thinks Shean is one of the King's wives he will not return –

King's Cave – King awaketh –

King – Is Colg and Plut not come yet Back?

Back – Not yet – My Lord –

King – They tarry long, I weary for them, Back – bring me here Gil Mady till I examine him –

Back – Where is he – my Lord? –

King – In the nether Cave –

Back – He is not there – He has escaped? –

King – How did he escape?

Back – I know not – but I think he is innocent –

King – How's that Back –

Back – I examined the thongs and they are as if a dog cut them – Was it not Gran that relieved Gaskech?

King – I thought not on that – It was Gran. Poor Gil Mady – if any one see him tell him he is pardoned –

Back – I will proclaim – My Lord –

King – Back look out – See if Colg and Plut come –

(Back entering the Cave)

I see one man afar – he cometh this way –

King – Is there only one? Look again, see if there is any more

Back – (enters the Cave) I only see one – he draweth near, and carryeth something on his shoulders –

(Mut enters the Cave – carrying a head and four spears – Throws down the head –)

Mut – There –

King – Hast thou brought Gaskech's head – Mut –

Mut – The head is there, and see there the spear – (handing a spear to the King)

King – I thout Gaskech's spear was longer –

Bach – I thought so too –

King – Where is Colg –?

Mut – He is slain –

King – And Callab?

Mut – He is slain –

King – Where is the men?

Mut – One is slain the other ran from the fight –

King – Was there only five of you –?

Mut – Only five –

King – Did I not tell Colg to take seven –

Mut – I know not –

King – Sit down Mut – and tell me all –

Mut – While we lay in ambush Gaskechs Dog barked and he discovered us and stood in the Pass where only two of us could come at him at once – Colg & me were first – Colg stumbled and fell under Gaskechs spear – Gran from behind tumbled Callab – and Gaskech came on him – One man Gran tumbled and Gaskech came upon him also with his spear – the other man ran – I fought with Gaskech till morning when he fell under my spear –

King – What of Gran? Mut –

Mut – As Gaskech fell I saw him run – his tail between his legs –

King – He will yet return to look for his Master – he may yet be found at the body of Gaskech –

Mut – As I cut off the head the body rolled into the stream –

King – Mut, thou hast done nobly, thou art a hero, here, take my spear – Thou shalt have Gaskechs scull for a drinking cup, and his spear for a trophee – At new moon I make a great feast – At the feast I shall proclaim you king after me, and you shall have Mallac for a wife – Dost thou consent Bach?

Bach – I consent, if she consents –

Mut – I thank the King –

King – And Mut – When thou hast refreshed thyself take Gaskechs head and show it to

Mallach
Mut –

Mut –
Mean –

Mut –
Mallach –
Mut –
Mean –
Mut –
Mean –

Mallach –
Mean –

King –

Bach –
King –

Bach –
Mean –

Bach –
Mean –

Shean – and after that bring men with you, and bury your brethren in the Kern –

(Mouth of Bachs Cave – Plut meets Mallach)

Mallach – Plut – what have you got there?

Plut – Is Shean here? Call her. –

(Shean cometh)

Plut – Shean, see here is Gaskech's head – The King desired me to show it to you –

Shean – (lifting her hands to her eyes) Oh me! Oh me! – I cannd look upon it – I am giddy – Gaskech! Gaskech! Oh me!

Plut – Take hold of her Mallach – (She faints)

Mallach – Shean! Oh Shean!

Plut – See, she opens her eyes, she recovers –

Shean – Oh me – Oh me – Did – bolg – slay – Gaskech – single handed –

Plut – I did, Shean –

Shean – No – never – Plut you came behind him – Leave the head that we put it in the Kvin – Mallach – what did Plut say of Gaskech's body –

Mallach – It went with the Stream –

Shean – I shall look for it many days – Oh me, Oh me, Gaskech, Gaskech – Oh me!, Oh me! –

King's Cave

King – Bach, I am now well, although halt – Thy Daughter Shean pleaseth me well – her rival lovers are both dead – At the feast I intend to make her one of my wives – What say you Bach –

Bach – I consent, My Lord, if she consents

King – Speak with her and bring me word what she says –

Bachs Cave –

Bach – Shean – if not for my sake, will thou for Peace's sake consent –

Shean – Father – Had I seven bodies and seven minds – I would rather give them to the Lochan than give one to the King – I cannot consent –

Bach – Shean – he will compel you

Shean – The King can make any one a prisoner – He can only make my Body one but my mind he cannd imprison, altho' he be a King –

King's Cave

King — What says Shean — Bach?

Bach — She consenteth not —

King — I will compel her —

Bach — The King can compel the body — I fear not the mind — If thou bend the top of the sappling oak to the ground the sprods will grow up — If thou hold a torch to the ground the flame will fly up — Can the King compel the flame of the torch to go down then — Can he get Shean to consent and without the mind the body is but the empty shell —

King — She mourns her lovers at present, by and bye she will consent, bring her to the feast —

Southern Mountains

Gasheen — Gil-Mady, see yonder a fine Buck — I shall let Gran after him — Go you to that mount — I go yonder to see which way they wind — If they come to bay near you make a whistle and I come unto you — Ho! Lo! Gran — Ho! Lo! —

(Ld the top to himself) Strange that I do not see them, and that Gil Mady whistle not — They must have gone far off — They must be at bay somewhere — I see them now, yonder they wind, they come this way — The deer maketh for the water — I will run — Perchance I turn him (He runneth) There they come — the deer is nd yet wearied — Thou art far behind, Gran, here they come — hy-ho! hy ho! — They are past in spite of me — Stop — Gran — stop (Maketh a loud Whistle) Gran — Thou will not hear — but take the water — you know not what you do there — Thou hast croped into thy native country, but an enemy's country — If you are taken what will I do without you — how often have you filled my belly with your venison —? and covered my back with thy deer skins? Nay — how often hast thou preserved my life — If I stay here I may lose thee — If I follow you I may lose my life — But Gasheen has no life if he lose his Gran — I will crop the ford to yonder mount — Perchance I may see which way you go — (Cropeth)

Bach's Cave —

Inallach — Shean art thou preparing for a feast?

Shean — I rejoice not at the feast — I feel not well this evening — I will go to the Lochan to bathe — I will return about dusk —

Inallach — Go — Shean —

(Gaskeech at the top)

Although I strain my eyes I cannot see thee, Poor Gran, 'tis late – I must return – (Coming down the mount towards the Lochan) Methinks I see a woman walking alone by the side of the Lochan – I shall draw that way – A woman cannot take Gaskeech – She goeth with her head down as if meditating – I am now near her and yet she observeth not – She is in deep thought –

(She stands and looks round)

Shean – Oh – Huntsman – you will not hurt me –

Gaskeech – No Shean – Your Gaskeech will not hurt you (embracing her) (She faints)

(Gaskeech brings water in the hollow of his hand Sprinkles her face, she recovers)

Shean – Oh – it is not you – Gaskeech – Have the deers given you a new head?

Gaskeech – I lost not my head. Shean –

Shean – Whose head did Mut bring me?

Gaskeech – I know not – I ought to be his own –

Shean – I see not Gran with you

Gaskeech – I lost him after a Buck but I found a Doe – Come Shean – let us go, ere we will be observed –

Shean – Where to Gaskeech?

Gaskeech – Come, you shall see where I stay (lifting her)

Shean – Ah – My poor Father –

Gaskeech – Come, Shean – You shall see your Father – Make haste till we cross the ford, ere we be pursued – (They go)

(Gaskeech and Shean near the ford at dusk)

Shean – Oh – see – Gaskeech – They come after us, take hold of me, Gaskeech –

Gaskeech – Keep by my side – Shean

Shean – There they come – Oh Gaskeech!

Gaskeech – Fear not – Shean – It is the Deer, and Gran chasing at his heels – Poor Gran has turned him and will soon bring him to bay – They make for the ford – (clapping his hands) Ho – Lo Gran – Ho – Lo – We are now over – We are out of danger – Hear Gran bark – Did I not tell you he has brought the deer to bay? Stay till I despatch him –

Shean – I fear – I will go with you –

Gaskeech – What a fine deer – (despatching him) Lie there till morning and Gil Mady will bring you –

Shean – Know you where Gil Mady is – Gaskeech? –

Gaskeech – I know – We go to him –

Shean – The King has pardoned Gil Mady –

Gaskech – He has pardoned him who was not guilty – know you who relieved Gil-Mady Shean –

Shean – It was me, while the King slept (They enter the Cave)

Gil Mady – Are you come Gaskech – I thought some evil had befallen you –

Gaskech – I lost Gran and stayed far after him, and I found Shean – She was your deliverer

Gil Mady – I thought so – long may Shean live –

Shean – I would now be happy if my father knew that I live – He will think evil hath befallen me, and he will mourn –

Gaskech – Gil-Mady Shean has told you that you are pardoned – Will you go to Bach and tell him that Shean is well, and with Gaskech?

Gil Mady – I will – with all my heart – anything for Shean

Gaskech – But thou will return again? –

Gil Mady – I will if it please Gaskech I will stay to the feast to dance with Mallach – I love her –

Gaskech – If thou dance with Mallach – Plut will hample on thy feet

Gil Mady – If he does he must mind his head, Gaskech –

Gaskech – Go then – Gil Mady – We will go a peice with you till I bring the deer from the Corrie –

Bachs Cave

Mallach – Yes, father – I have searched all night all around and can see nothing of her Last eve I saw a deer, and a hound pursuing slowly, and before they could be out of sight they vanished –

Bach – A bad omen, Mallach, I fear the Kelpies have drowned her at the Lochan –

Kings Cave

King – Art thou come, Bach, thou lookest sad –

Bach – I am sad, my Lord, Shean went yesterday to the Lochan to wash, and she has not returned, and cannot be found –

King – She hideth from the feast – Bring men with you and search – She will be found –

Bach's Cave

(The puppie barks)

Mallach – Some one cometh, Father – (Gil Mady enters)

Bach – I am glad to see you, Gil Mady return –

Gil Mady — I heard of the King's pardon — Thou lookest sad, Mallach —
Mallach — I am sad — We lost poor Shean —
Gil Mady — Shean liveth and is well —
Bach — Thou bringest good tidings, Gil Mady — Where liveth She?
Gil Mady — With Gaskech —
Bach — Is not Gaskech slain?
Gil Mady — Gaskech liveth — and Shean liveth with him, and they are well and I came to tell you —
Bach — Will thou come with me to the King Gil-Mady —?
Gil Mady — I will — Bach —

King's Cave

(Bach and Gil Mady)

King — Have you found Gil Mady —, Bach — I pardon you Gil Mady —
Bach — He has tidings to tell the King — Gaskech liveth in the Southern Mountains —
King — Sayest thou so — Gil Mady?
Gil Mady — I say so — and Shean is with him, and Gran —
King — Impossible — Did not Mut bring Gaskech's head and spear? —
Gil Mady — It was not the head of Gaskech
King — Bach — bring the head, and let us see —
Bach — There is the head —
Gil Mady — That is the head of Lua — I know it —
King — Shew him the spear — Bach —
Gil Mady — That is also Lua's spear — Lua's is shorter than Gaskech's by two hands —
King — Where is Mut — the cowardly traitor, the false villain — Where is he Bach —?
Bach — He cometh down the mount-side with venison for the feast —
King — Go, call him in — haste Bach —

(Bach and Mut enter)

King — Mut, this is not the head of Gaskech, or that his spear — Gaskech liveth — Thou hast added falsehood to cowardice —
Mut — Who says so?
King — Gil Mady says so
Mut — Believe you Gil Mady before me? Believe him not —
King — I believe Bach — he says it is the head of Lua (whom thou said'st ran — he now knows it — Give me my spear — traitor!

Plut –
King –
Plut –
King –
Plut –
Col Madg
King –
Bach –
King –
Bach –
Bach –
Il Voice

Plut – I give it not –

King – Give me the spear (coming towards Plut)

Plut – Stand back or I'll thrust it through you –

(They fight and fall – Plut runs out)

King – Gil Mady follow him – Bach follow him – Oh! I'm wounded! –

Outside the Cave

Plut – Stay – Stay – Gil Mady –

Gil Mady – Take that – (Stabbing him) Lie you there – You will no more bind me with thongs –

(Bach and Gil Mady enter the Cave)

King – Oh! I am mortally wounded – Is Plut slain – Bach?

Bach – He is slain

King – Bach – I am dying – Bury me with my father, in the Great Kern – (Dieth)

Bach – Go – Gil Mady call our Brethren – Tell them the King is murdered –

(The People gather)

Bach – Brethren, the King is now dead, we will bury him at new moon as he desired me in the Great Kern and choose you a King –

A voice Send for Gaskech – (All cry for Gaskech)

Gill Mady, go tell Gaskech that the King is dead, that he come to the burial and that the people have chosen him for a King –

Gaskech comes – The King is buried in the Great Kirn – Gil Mady marrieth Mallach, and they live happy and in peace –

Note – (This from John Clark, the Duke's Gamekeeper at Roseneath – I have never heard an old man tell a ~~Squen~~ Sgeulachd in this fashion, but this is probably an old ~~Squentachd~~ Sgeulachd dramatized by a gamekeeper, who has evidently read Ossian and heard ~~Squentachd~~ Sgeulachd – They are very dramatic in their style and this is curious as showing what a ~~Squentachd~~ Tale may become (If John Clark had been Shakespear.) ~~J. F. Campbell~~ he would have made a fine play out of an old story. as it is this is great bosh –

J. F. Campbell

Epics grow out of ballads

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Janvy 23ª 1859

Warfield

(Nº 168)

The Tailor and the Bogle

A travelling Tailor once boasted that he was not feared for bogles, and those that heard him dared him to prove his words— They said he had not heart to sew a vest (A Brigis Breeks) according to Wm Mac Tavish, in the church yard of Kilmuire near Inveraray) in the Church Yard of Kildalton— but the Tailor took his thread and needles and went to sew the Breeks in the Church Yard— and the rest went with him to the gate, and left him there with himself— He had not sat long when he heard a voice which said—

Fāik ōoš̆a
ā heēann vōr Lēe-ăh
'sēe kŭn vēe-ăh
Haillair
Hēe mē sheĕt
ăgŭs
Fōo ăi mĕe shāw
oorš̆ ăn Tāillār

"Seest thou this great, hoar, meatless head— Oh Tailor?"—

"I see that and I sew this"— said the Tailor, and a great head rose up— but the Tailor sewed on— and the voice said—

"Seest thou this great hoar meatless leg oh Tailor?"

"I see that and I sew this" said the Tailor— and he sewed fast, and a great leg rose up and the voice said—

"Seest thou this great hoar meatless side— Oh Tailor?"

"I see that and I sew this." said the Tailor— and he sewed as fast as he could and a great side rose up out of the mould— and the voice said—

Seest thou this great hoar meatless hand— Oh Tailor?

I see that and I've sewed this?" said the Tailor as he put the last stich thro' the last button and finished the breeks— And he rose up and fled and never looked behind him— But the great hand rose up on high and came down on the stone where he had been sitting, and there it's mark is to be seen to the present day —

Note— This story I have heard in my childhood, but I cannot remember where or from

whom— except that it was in Islay— The dialogue is a kind of Mehe — slow for the ghost— quick for the tailor— The Mehe was the first part that I remembered upon trying to remember stories that I had heard— The head is called hoar because the same word applies to hoar frost— It is called Meatlos — because the same word might mean— foodlos, or fleshlos, The great "crag" that so nearly clutched the Tailor may have been urged on by hunger as well as anger —

Mr. Mc. Tavish in Islay to whom I sent this says Feby 21st that it is correct — Lord Stafford's piper to whom I told it remembered to have heard it in his youth in Rossshire — March 16/59 — Sent it with a sketch to Lady Car Charteris — found it in a guide to the Isle of Arran afterwards It seems to be widely spread — (Oct. 29/60)

(No 169)

Mac Arthur's Head — in Islay

Jany 26th 59

This is a high bluff at the entrance of the sound of Islay — There lived a Smith at Macarthurs head so skilful that he could make swords which could be worn as belts the point in the haft and the haft in front for a buckle. There was a Cave at Mac Arthur's head in which was a skull of which of which it was said that it always returned if removed —

It was supposed to be the skull of Mac Arthur a great robber — Mentioned in a list sent to Mr. Mc. Tavish, Feby 7th/59, who gives the following

The skull in the Cave of Proaig is said to have been that of a young man of the name of Mc. Arthur, whose father died leaving him a good sum of money his Mother married a second time, and his step father wanting to get possession of the money enticed the young man to go with him to Proaig brought him to the cave, and murdered him — when he returned home he said the young man had left him, and he thought he had returned home — The remains of the unfortunate youth were, many years afterwards found in the cave, and the skull was placed on a shelf in the rock where it remained till a gentleman, who happened to visit us at the Manse — brought the skull away — which I was so shocked at that I prevailed with him to leave the skull with me — I kept it for two years till I got it sent back to the place it was removed from —

Jany 27th 1859 No 170

The Great Cave at Bolsee — Islay

There is a Cave in the North of Islay of which it is told that a piper once hired how far he

could go into it – he went in with his pipes, followed by a dog, but he never was seen again –

The dog came out long afterwards at Ballygrant, ten miles off – he had not a hair on his skin – he was as if he had been burnt – They say that the pipes are still heard playing underground –

I once went to the cave with Candles, and went in as far as I could crawl, believing that the story must at least be founded on a large cave – I got to the end withait difficulty and found a red mass of wet clay – "the red bog" which formed some part of the wonders said to exist in this Cave –

Told to Lady Caroline Charteris who gave the following – Sent to Mrs Mc Jarsh who returned a similar story –

Lady C – Charteris –

A piper was lost somewhere on the shore in East Lothian – he is constantly heard playing on the rocks, called the Rumble Bumble at Inverney –

Mrs Mc Jarsh says – I never heard of the Piper in the Cave of Bolsee but I suppose it is something similar to what I have heard relative of a piper who went into a Cave at Kilbride in the Island of Sid in Nether Lorn – which it was said extended to Mull – or as another tradition said – terminates in America – A piper however went into it, and when last heard was playing a well known Pibroch – "cha tille. me – tuileadh" – "I'll never return" – Tradition says that a party of men more resolute than their neighbours went to explore it bringing many boxes of candles which they left at certain distances from each other – They went on till they had nearly one half of the supply of candles used – At length they got to a place where they found an old woman winding silver thread on gold windles, who pointed to a red terrier dog, that lay asleep beside the fire – and advised them to retrace their steps as quickly as possible, as if the dog awoke she could not answer for their safety – None visited the cave afterwards for centuries – but two young men of my acquaintance went into it and having returned unharmed – it has been often explored since and very pretty petrifactions taken from it – I have been in it many years ago the petrifactions glitter beautifully with candle light –

(This story is mentioned at page 150 of Martin's Western Isles as told in Skye 1703 – Told to me in Scilly in July 1859 –, of two caves in, neighbouring Islands, A man and a brown dog went into one cave – the man was heard underground, but never seen again – the dog came out in the neighbouring island without a hair on his body)

Janry 1859 (171)

Old Saying

Commonly said to children who will not leave their play at dinner time –

"You are like Mac Pharlan's Geese who liked their play better than their meat"

Asked Mrs Mc Iavish what she knew of the geese in question –

Mrs Mc Iavish – "Mac Phurlane's geese liked their play better than their meat – hence the remark when young people neglect their food for their amusement"

(№ 172)

Holy wells

Holy wells are common all over the Highlands where the people still leave offerings of pins and such like –

There is one in Islay Ardnamhert where I have myself deposited copper caps amongst a lot of pins, buttons, and similar gear placed in the rocks and trees above – Tovar na bubstick – "The Witches Well" –

There is anotha well similarly surrounded with offerings in an island in Loch Maree in Rossshire –

Asked Mrs Mc Iavish for anything she might know of Holy Wells, got in return the following –

Story of a sick woman who wanted a drink of water out of a well –

This woman had three daughters, and she asked the eldest to go to the well and bring her a drink to cure her of her sickness – On reaching the well a toad came up and asked her if she would agree to marry him if he gave her water for her Mother – No – you dirty creature said she – I will not marry you on any account – Then you shall not have the water said the toad – so she went home without the water – And the second daughter was asked by her mother to go thinking she might succeed better – When she arrived at the well the toad came up and she asked for water to heal her mother – "Will you agree to marry me?" said the toad, "and you shall get the water –" "No," said she, indignantly "who do you expect would marry such an odious creature as you are?" "Then you shall not get the water" said the toad – She returned home, and the sick woman asked her youngest daughter to go for water – When she arrived at the well – the toad as usual came up and asked her if she would agree to marry him and she would get the water – "If my mother cannot be cured on any other terms" said she, "I will marry you" –

So she got the water which when her mother drank she was at once restored to health –

As soon as they had retired to rest that night the toad came to the door saying —

ă chāoimbhăg ă chāoimbhăg	
ăn cuimhnĕ teat	My gentle one My gentle one
ăn gealladh beag	do you remember
ă thug thu aig	the little promise
an tovar dhomh	you gave me at the well
a ghaol a ghaol	My love — My love —

Which he continued to repeat till she got up and brought him inside the door — She then went to bed, and was no sooner laid down than began to repeat —

ă chāoimbhăg ă chāoimbhăg
ăn cuimhnĕ teat
ăn gealladh beag
a thug thu aig
ăn tovar dhomh
a ghaol a ghaol

Which he continually repeated till she got up and put him under a noggin in the middle of the floor which quieted him — and she went to bed — but was no sooner in it than he again began "a chaoimbhag a chaoimbhag" as before She then rose and made him a little bed beside her own, and retired to rest — but as soon as she lay down he began to repeat the same words as before —

When she would not hear a attend to his complaint he at length said — "Tha claidheamh meirgich aig cul doleagd s fear dhuit an ceann a chuir dhinn "teis air fud na mi chumael an am pian mar tha mi —"

She accordingly took the sword and cut off his head — By the application of the cold steel, however, the toad was metamorphosed, and became an elegant young man — who most cordially thanked the young woman for agreeing to marry him otherwise he would have remained in the well under enchantment — He told her that he would now be restored to his kingdom, and he would make her the partner of his throne as a reward for her affection and duty to her mother — so they were married —

agus thug iall domhsa criman im air	Brogan paiper — 's rathad mor gloinne
eabhaleg eliarcail n' crealaig	Gubh iedsan an rathad ghuard s' gaou
criman aroain nach roh ann —	mise n' rathad gu iosal agus mar
deoch a copan tioram	d' shubhai iad vho sin ala iad veo thasd

— That is —

They gave me a bit of butter on a coal — a drop of broth in a basket — bread that was not — a drink out of a dry cup — They took the high road and I took the low, and if they have not died since they are living still —

Of this ending Mrs Mc Jarish says — "Almost all the stories I have heard have "the same conclusion — rather nonsensical — but I will give it you as I heard it repeated "I may say 60 years ago" —

The following is acted at Xmas at Alderley Park by a family whose ancestors have been acting it time out of mind – They are farmers on the estate of Lord Stanley — Beelzebub is represented by a horses head with a long flowing mantle worn by a man, who stoops forward, and supports himself with a stick – St George has a sword and a cocked hat —



Grand Theatrical Performance by the
Alderley Corps of Actors –
Janry 4th 1860

– The Mummers –

St George	Daniel Jarman
Slasher (A valiant Soldier)	James Callwood
Doctor	John Dale
Prince Beelzebub or the fool	Victor Navestro
Prince Paladine	William Bradbury

Open the door and let us in – I hope your favor we shall win – whether we stand or whether we fall we'll do our endeavours to please you all –
Now acting time is come and we do here appear – A time for mirth and merriment to all spectators here – A room, a room, a gallant room – a room to let us in
We are not of the ragged sort, but some of the royal train
Newly come over the seas your favour to gain –
If you cannot believe what I do say
Step forth St George and clear the way —

(Enter St George)

St George – I am St George – that noble Champion – bold
And with my glittering sword and spear
I've won five crowns of gold
I fought the fiery dragon –

and brought him to the slaughter
and so won fair Sabia the King of Egypts daughter
Seven years was I in prison left – after that in prison kept –
After that into a rock of stone
Which made me sorrow, grieve, and moan –
But bring me in that man that dares before me stand
I will cut him down with sword in hand –

(Enter Prince Paradine)

Prince P – I am Prince Paradine that black Morocco King
Whose fame and courage into the world do ring
Thro' the world do ring brave boys
And that I will make good
And from thy dearest body George
I will draw thy precious blood –

St George – What is that thou sayest?

Prince P – What I say I mean

St George – Pull out thy purse and pay –

Prince P – Pull out thy sword and fight for satisfaction I will have before I go away –

(They fight – Prince Paradine wounded)

Prince P – (on his knee) Oh pardon me St George for I am wounded sore –

St George – Yes I will pardon thee if thou will go and come no more –

(exit Prince P)

St George – I am St George that valiant Knight
Who shed his blood for England's right
For England's right and England's reason
Therefore I carry this bold weapon

(Enter Slasher)

Slasher I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name
With sword and buckle by my side I hope to win the game
I hope to win this Game brave boys and that I will make good –
And from thy dearest body George I will draw thy precious blood –

St George – Oh Slasher – Slasher do not be so hot –
For in this room thou knowest not who thou hast got
I will hack thee and slash thee as small flies
I will send thee over the seas to make mince pies –

Mince pies hot – mince pies cold –
I'll send thee over the seas before thou art 9 days old

Slasher – How canst thou think of hacking me or chopping me –
My heart is made of Iron my body is of steel –
My legs and arms of beaten brass
No man can make me feel –

St George – If thy head be made of iron
and thy body be of steel
If thy legs and arms are beaten brass
I shall will make the feel

Slasher – What is that thou sayest?

St George – What I say I mean

Slasher – Pull out thy purse and pay

St George – Pull out thy sword and fight for satisfaction I will have before I go away –

(They fight – Slasher kneels)

Slasher – Oh pardon me St George for I am wounded sore

St George – No pardon will I give but wound thee ten times more –

(Slasher is killed)

(Enter Prince Paradine)

Prince P. – Oh St George St George what hast thou done
How hast robbed me of mine only son –
My only son – my only heir
Killed by St George I do declare –

St George – He challenged me to fight
And why should I deny
I cut his coat in ragged holes
And made his buttons fly
Get out – Get out – thou dirty dog
Or else I will the slay

Now Slasher he is dead and gone what will become of me
His body is dead his ghost is fled – no more of him we see
Is there a doctor to be found to cure a dead man of his wounds –

Prince P. – I heard of a doctor the other day who will bring a dead man to life again –

St George – Two pounds for that Doctor

Prince P. – Phoo! Phoo! I dont value twenty –

St George — Bring him in —

(Enter Doctor)

Doctor — In comes I that never came yet —
With my big head and little wit
Altho' my wit it is but small
Ill do my endeavours to please you all —

St George — Are you a Doctor?

Doctor — Yes Master

St George — By what means?

Doctor — By my travels —

St George — Where have you travelled?

Doctor — From the fireside to my Grandmothers corner cupboard, and from the corner cupboard to the fireside again —

St George — No further?

Doctor — Yes, Master, thro' Italy, France, Germany, and Spain
But now I am returned to my own country again
On purpose to cure this man that lies here slain
And if I dont cure him nothing will I charge for my pain —

St George — What diseases can you cure —

Doctor — All diseases, come as many as pleases —
The itch, the stich, the cramp, the gout
The pain within, the pain without
Cocks with broken legs — any man that has got a scolding wife likewise a smoky house
Bring them to me them will I cure
I cured a cock with a broken leg

St George — Cure me this man —

Doctor — I will if I can
Here Jack take a little of my nip nap
Put it into thy lip lap
Rise Flasher and fight again —

St George — Thou silly fool that is no cure

Doctor — I have got another little bottle which is called alleycampane
Which will bring a dead man to life again —
Here Jack take a little of my hip nap

Put it into my lip lap – Rise Slasher and fight again –

Slasher – (Jumping up) Oh – horrible, terrible the like was never seen
Frightened out of seven senses into seventeen
Out of seventeen into seven score
The like of this was never done before
Neither of a Bull or Bear but by St. George I do declare –

St. George – Thou silly ass that by grass
Thou thought I'd been a stranger –
I live in hopes to buy some rope to tie thy nose to a manger –

Slasher – Thou mortal man that lives by bread
What makes thy nose to look so red –

St. George Thou silly fool canst thou not tell
It's the Alderley good ale – I love so well

Slasher Pull out thy sword and fight –

(They fight –)

Prince P Put up your swords and be at peace
For peace and quiet is the best –
The clock strikes one – you must obey
Put up your swords and fight another day –

(Enter Beelzebub)

Beel – In comes old Beelzebub on my shoulders I carry a club – and in my hand
a dripping pan – am not I a jolly young man –

St. George – Odds bobs Jack are you here today?

Beelzebub – Yes master –

St George – Pray what's the news today

Beelzebub – Artful – but bad –

St George – Tell me some of your niggs

Beel – You have not got fourpence in your pocket or else I would
Perhaps I would tell you without – Perhaps you know the private lodging
house between Birmingham and Bristol

St George – Yes Jack – well –

Beel – There I saw a chamber maid peep out of a window –

St George – Is that all Jack?

Beel I rode my horse a little further down the lane – My horse took fright at
the stile leapt over nine hedges, nine ditches, and broke all the necks he had

he had but one –

St George – Pray Jack how many had he?

Beel – 19½ and half two halves is as good as one – (here Belzebub should of himself put in some of the news of the day)

Ladies and Gentlemen being so bold
Eating plum pudding before it is cold
My hat is dumb and cannd speak
Pray put something in it for St George's sake
You Gentlemen of England I'll have you to draw near
And mark these lines which we have penned
And quickly you shall hear
Sweet melody of music this evening fine and clear
And we'll come no more a acting until another year
God bless the Master of this house and Mistress also
And all your little children that around your table go –
Likewise your men and maidens – your cattle and your store
And all that lies within your gates I wish you ten times more –
I wish you ten times more for your halfpence and strong beer
And we'll come no more a acting until another year
Cold Winter it is coming on dark, dirty, wet and cold –
To by your good nature this night we do make bold –
This night we do make bold for your halfpence and strong beer
And we'll come no more a acting until another year
Go down into your cellar and see what you can find
If your barrels be not empty – I hope you will prove kind
I hope you will prove kind for your halfpence and strong beer
And we'll come no more a acting until another year
So now we make an ending of what we have begun
And as for going a acting I think it is no sin
We think it is no sin for your halfpence and strong beer
And we'll come no more a acting until another year –

(N° 174)

1860 Oct^br 29

Note (Versions of this story have since come to me from various sources and the same story in Gaelic.)

Long ago before sheep were so general as they are now, the hills were covered with deer and black cattle. In the summer season the milking cows and their calves were sent far away among the hills, and pretty quiet glens, where the women, who lived in huts called sheilings, attended them. There were four young maidens from Braeadah in a sheiling up in Totarden near Loch Lutag. One night, when they had taken their supper and were going to sleep, a little old woman came in, and sat by the fire. She began to say in a pitiful tone of voice "Where shall the poor old woman sleep to night?" The young ones said. "She will lie at the white soft feet of the maidens". "Where shall the poor little old woman sleep to night?" "At the foot of the bed beside the young maidens." "Where shall the poor little old woman lie to night?" "At the back of the bed beside the young maidens". "Where shall the poor little old woman lie to night?" "In the midst of the young maidens" they all said at once. Then she agreed and they all went to sleep. But the girl who lay in front could not sleep, and she felt disturbed in her mind. At length she sat up, and there were all her companions with their throats cut, and the Eachnisg, a Horse of the water, in the form of an old woman, sucking their blood. Terror stricken, she rushed out of the house, and flew over the moor in the direction of home. The Eachnisg pursued and nearly overtook her, at the burn between Bracadah and Totarden, but the girl leaped over the stream which was wide there, and was soon beyond pursuit. When the Eachnisg came to the same spot he said "Difficult is the streamlet" and returned to his abode. The stream is called "the stream of difficulty" to this day. The young girl barely reached home when she fell down dead from terror and exhaustion. Her home was a little above the Manse garden. and to this day the place is marked by two large peat stacks.

No reason can be given for the Eachnisg's not having crossed the burn after the maidens."

(From Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod)

(January 1859)

(No 175)

Legend repeated by the Minister of Braeadah's Sister

Braeadah Manse –

Some time ago the Mac Leod of the day and Macdonald of Clanronald quarrelled and challenged each other to single combat – they both died shortly after, without having fought the duel, which instead of being forgotten with themselves, was decided in the following manner –

A man who lived at Carbod was killing a sheep one night, at rather a late hour, he went out of the house for something, and stuck his sguian dubh, or black knife in his stocking – In an instant he found himself carried along by some mysterious power till he found himself in the burrying ground at the head of Loch Harport –

Then all the dead rose, and travelled with him, till they reached the Church yard of Bracadale – another assembly of the dead joined them there and all proceeded to the church yard at Dungeven, where a host more joined them – On they went with the man, calling at every burrying ground on their way – till they came to the Point of Husk, in the noth of Skye – opposite to Harris – This immense assembly was then transported to south Uist across the Minch, and came to a certain spot, where there awaited them all the dead of Clanronald, who also conveyed a living man there, and he and the Macleod were to decide the feud between the dead chieftains – they commenced the combat – and the Macdonald, who is described as a powerful red haired man, nearly overcame the other, till he remembered the sgian dubh he had killing the sheep, and which he stuck in the hose of his right leg when he left his house – how he pulled it out, and stabbed the other to the heart and killed him – Upon this the whole host cried with a loud voice three times "The war is against Clanronald" and the man from Carbod soon found himself at the door of his own house again –

Note by the Transcriber (I am very much ashamed of our champion E.M.)

From Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod
Janry 1859

(Nº 176)

Anns na laithibh o shean, bha luchd-aiteachaidh ar ducha dearbh chuinteach gu'n robh seorsa lannaisg d am b'ainm each-nisge a'tathaich nan lochan burnach a tha s'na mouaidhean aouarach; agus chreid iad gu'm b'urrainn da collas duine no creatair eile sam bith a ghabhail air fhein, a reir an min a bhitheadh aige, nithe uamhasach, agus, a chuid a's mò dhuibh, marbhtach a chur au gùiomh

Bha naoinear nighean a'fuireach ann au airidth, a'toirt au aire d'an crodh air a'mhonadh a tha eadar Bracadail Port-Nigh - B'abhaist doibh cadal a chéile air au aon leabaidh mhoir - Heasgar eigin, au nair a bha iad a'dol a lindhe, thainig cailleach theag astigh orra, agus rinn i suidhe air ann faisg dox teme, ach gun bhruidhinn idir. Au deigh sin thuirt i, "c'ait'au coidil a'chailleach bheag au nochd?" Threagair nu nigheanan iule, "lindhidh tha aig casan geala min nau caileag - "Cha lindh, cha lindh" ars'ise, "aor au sin beiridh fiadh-bheathach nau cos orm. C'ait'au coidil a'shailleach bheag? "Lindhidh sin air culaobh nau cailcag boidheach maoth" - Cha luidh, cha luidh, aro'ise oir an sin beiridh fiadh-bheathach a'chulaoibh orm - C'ait'au coidil a'chailleach bheag au nochd?" Threagair iad "luidhidh thu air beulaobh na leapa roimb na nigheanan boidheach tlàth" - Cha luidh, cha luidh" ars'ise, "oir an sin beirhidh fiadh-bheathach a'bheulaoibh orm" - "Luidhidh tu am meadhon nan nigheana boidheach caomh", fhireagair iad - Bha chailleach tarlichte, & luidhiad sios gu gabhail fois le cheile, & choidil iad nile ach a h-aon dhinbh. Bha anshocair mhor oirre, agus cha robh i comasach air a cinineadh fein a chum fois codail a gabhail - Bha i na luidha air beulaobh na leapa. Mu mheadon na h oidhche, air dhi sruth blath fhaireachdainn ag ruith fòipe, dh'éirich i gu grad, agus chunnaic i gu'n robh a'chailleach bheag a'gearradh sgòrnan a companacha gu leir, agus a sughadh am fala, a bah 'cur na leapa air snàmh

C'nt-sealladh arllteil so theich a'chailin amach, & fo eagal mor rinn i cabhag thar nan sleitean colg - Dhireach a dh'connsuidh a tighe fein - Air d'on each-uisge an t-aimh riochd a chur dheth, chaidh e le h-àrd squeadail eagalach air tòir na cailin, & cha mhor nach rug e oirre, & i làmh si allt beag a bha 'na rathad Leum i a-null, a'guidhe air neamh a sabhaldh o'n uile-bheist; & air ball dh'fhas am Allt-n thras-shruth àrd-fhuaunneach farsuinn. Nach b'urraim e dol sharis air "Is duilich, duilich an t'allt", ars'au t'each-uisge; ach, air do'in choilleach a goireinn air a'mhionaid sin, cha-n fhaodadh a fuineach nib'fhaide, & mith e dhuchaidh chun Loch-lulaig, air t ait as an tainige -

Rainig a'mhaighdeen a tigh fein annan Baile-gobhainn, ach gu luath

thug i suas an deò – Gus an là 'n dìngh, sé – Alt-dulich a's ainm dó'n t-sruth thanis air an tug a' glomagach 'an leum mòr ud –

(Nº 177)

O chionn cuid de lintean bha connsachadh mòr eadar au Leodach & au Domnullach de chiol Raoniull – Thug iad dulan au aghaidh a cheele; ach an uine ghoirid an deigh sin, gun an comhstri bhi air a cur gu ceann le'n claidhnean fein, fhuair, an dithis dhiubh bas. Gidheadh thugadh gu crioch an gnothuch air doigh iougautach

Aon oidhahe mharbh duine ann au Carlost caora, & 'ga fagail air a' bhord a bha 'na thigh chuir e f'a ghlun an sgian-dubh aige, & chaidh e' mach. Air ball dh' aithnich e gu'n robh e ams a' chladh, & chunnaie e na mairbh uile ageirigh mu'n cuairt da – Dh' fhalbh iad uile, agus esan comhla sin, troimh an athar a dh' connsuidh cladh Bhracadail, an amis au aite sin maran ceudna dh'eir-ich na mairbh. An deigh sin chaidh na h-uile air an aghardh, a' dol a-steach de gach cladh a thachair iad air, gus an rainig iad Dunbheagan & na dheigh R – ; agus a Usk thugadh air falbh an mor so chun au eilean Uist mu dheas – Thugadh air iad anns au aite sin air mor eile nam marbh, & fear veo nam measg. Bu' mhor, ard & laidir an duine so, & bu suadh an fhalt & na ciobhagan aige Leis au da nam marbh thughadh do'n fhear so & do'n fhear Sguinthaoiach, aithrie comhlann a dheanamh a cheile – Air dhoibh tois cachadh, cha mhor nach d' thugadh buaidh air an Crathanach, oir bu bheag & iseal an duine sin. Ach ames a' cheart mhionaid chuimhnich e air a sgian-dubh f'a ghlun, tharruing e' mach i, & 'ga cur dachaidh do chridhe 'namhaid, dh' fhag e marbh e – Air dhoibh so fhaicinn, unneadh iolach ard leis au da choimhthional mhor nam marbh ag eigheach tri uarein – "Chaidh au cath au aghaidh siol Raonuill"

Au deigh sin sgaoil iad uile as a cheile, & bha 'n duine Sguiathnach na sheasamh aig a dhorus fein – Chaidh e' steigh. Bha 'chaora n luidhe air a bhord a dh' fhag e i, & cha de dh' fhaignich a bhean ach c'arson a dh fhuirich e cho fada muigh – Ged a thriall e astar cho mor, & a chath e au cunnart a' bhetha n namhaid treun, cha robh e' mach as an tigh ach mionaid no dha –

1859 March 8

(No 178)

Note (These are specimens of what I do not want —, but what might sowe Dean Ramsay — Popular wit, and very poor wit too — There is plenty of this kind, and very much better to the westward — this is a mixture of highlands and lowlands and very weak grog it makes — Octr 29 — 1860)

Glengarry was on a shooting excursion with the late Duke of Gordon at Benrara Lodge he always wore the highland dress and on his journey to Gair Forest he saw his old Landlords name on a sign in Kingupie — the house being the head Inn of that village, he stops and in he comes to see if it really was his old friends as he called them — When he found they were the same, he ordered his horses to be put into the stable and have dinner prepared for four Gentlemen — never saying who was coming to have everything in his old way —

In an hour who drives up but the Duke of Gordon — Glen standing in the middle of the street — "Why Glen", cries the Gentlemen," no further yet — have you sent forward to Pitmain to order dinner?" — "No — nor dont intend as long as an honest man and my old landlord can give me shelter and a cog o' brose — I have ordered a mutton collop for you all here" — Into the house comes the party and did not leave until the next day: every one highly pleased with Glengarry's "Cog o' brose" and doch dhruch — vowing that on their return a week would be too short to spend so comfatable —

A young girl from Blair Athol of the name of Betty Gow, a servant at one of the inns on the highland road, being disappointed of a seat on the Caledonian Coach — off with her shoes, tucks up her gown and starts with the Coach and was at her journeys end both at the same time — She is alive now living near Dalnacardoch — on a small farm — the distance nearly 30 miles —

The Late Duke of Gordon (179)

Being at my Father's house in the month of August at the deer and grouse shooting on his arrival at home from the Moors he was in the habit of riding a black pony which he used to say was as wise as any Gentleman of his cloth — for a Minister had a black coat and so had his pony — he would often ride upon his back right up stairs into his bedroom and there tell the beast to go down

stairs and get a slice of bread which I have often given into the ponys mouth Myself
One day on the Dukes arrival at home rather early from the moors he saw several
Gentlemen and my father standing in the yard he entered into conversation with them
Turning to one he said — By the bye have you ever heard how deep Loch Erock is — Yes,
says the party, it is counted to be the depth of those hills at each side of it — Several of
the Dukes servants being near heard the remark and began laughing to think the
lake was so deep — The Duke turning round sharply said — You seem making merry at
anothers expense now to prove it I will tax your labour — get lines and tackle ready
to find the deepest part of the Loch, and away they went and did not return until
between 5 and 6 next morning — quite done up — Now, he said to them "with the
sweat of your body you have tested the depths of Loch Erock —

(180)

The late Chief of Glengarry going North to his Highland estate was in the habit
of stopping at Dalwhinnie for a night or two to refresh his horses — There was no such
a thing as Post horses in those days after you passed Perth — so that any Gentleman was
obliged to travel by easy stages, with his own horses, On his arriving at a bridge a mile
above the Inn — (the road in those days was very steep) a drove of cattle from the North
met him at this place — he told the drover to put the cattle to the side of the road —
The one being hasty and the other rather stubborn they came to words, and down
leaps Glengarry off the box draws his dirk and cries out that Glengarry's dirk would
drink his blood — The poor man, hearing his name, took to his heels — for Glen had
the name of killing several men, down came the poor man and Glen at his heels
with his drawn dirk — Stop him — stop him — hollowed the poor drover and he got
into the hay loft stayed there trembling until things got quiet

(181)

Another time he was travelling North and arrived on a very wet day he went into
the kitchen to have a warm at the fire — he saw a cat there — he drew back his foot and
kicked it clean thro' the window — There goes one of my enemies, he says, for he could
not bear to see a cat

(182)

The old King at a village called Kingussie — This man went by the name of the
old King, and his sons by the name of princes — The old man one morning
early being out walking along the river side saw a badger running under the
bank — he up with his stick and knocks him on the head — but only to stupify
the beast for a time — he takes a piece of string ties his hind legs together, puts

the stick through them and throws it over his shoulder, and begins to walk home — he did not go far before the Badger gets hold of his wrist — for he was in the habit of putting his hat across his back when walking — The Old man in a terrible fright call out what do you call yourself a Gentleman to bite a man when his back is to you but let a be — for let a be — and away he goes home and left the badger tied there where two a three days found him an hour or two after — the old king always declaring that he was no Gentleman to bite a king —

(183)

A guard on the Caledonian Coach when running between Perth and Inverness on several occasions was very queer in his remarks — being a regular Highlander in those days English was not spoken in the North so perfect as you find it now — On arriving at one of the Inns the gentlemen asked Mc Intosh if he was dry — No, he says, but I am very drouthy wi' thune & sweat which wad make her nain sell milk the Cows in the fields to get a dock —

Another question being asked — from what quarter is the wind blowing Mc — Just Saith a Horse and she follows her tail wi —

A man of the name of Angus More — a very queer character was very fond of his drops — he had several friends that was in the habit of playing off tricks upon him — On one occasion two strangers called and said they were desired to call & give Joe Gilchrist & Jim Dow's compliments — , A weel says Angus, you seem to bean two rougs whatever and by my saul as they live near the sea on this side the Glasthull better take care there no send to the other side — Home goes the two strangers and tells what Angus says about them — The next time Gilchrist & Dow meet with Angus they asked him how he dare gwe them such a character to strangers — Angus gets into a rage and says Ye twa rougs if every man had his ain ye wad na be worth a groat the pair on ye — At another time Angus was very unwell, and two Doctors were called in to see him and of course carried on their conversation in Latin — Angus eyed them for some time and at last roared out — What is you twa black Devels gabbing about is there anything wrang wi my pluck — tell me that & be hanged to ye —

A Shopkeeper in Kingussie, a very queer customer, was in the habit when dealing with his shop people to talk half Gaelic and half English for he said he never could please all if he did not do so —

A counky woman came to buy a drops John said it will be two shillings & sixpence in Gaelic — the old lady could not stand that at all — Well, says John in English — two

shillings and sixpence, and not a farthing less – The old lady said – Now you are a reasonable man there's your money – and away she went with her dress –

(164)

The Late Duke of Gordon

Being at Dalchinnie on one occasion he wished to go a fishing to Loch Eroch he would not have anyone to go with him but the Landlords son –

Away they went and into the boat gets the Duke and by the Duke with his fine rod lines, and hooks, the boy had a bit of hazel, line, and hooks of his own make – The Duke was fishing away but never a fish could he get – the lake in fine trim and the boy rowing the boat when the following took place

Duke to the boy – I dont believe there is a fish here in the Loch – this being the boys favourite spot – Weel I dunna ken but this I ken that you canna fish at a'

Duke – Can you fish – Yes, if you row the boat and I can get hauts too – The Duke laughing took the oars and made a bargain with the boy that for every fish he killed he should have sixpence – To work goes the boy with rod and line that would be dear at 6d altogether, At the first cast two fine trout was landed into the boat, and every cast one or two – At last the Duke calls off the bargain – the boy says No Sir – I can make my fortune now, and its no likely I am gaing to gie over – but the Duke said – I will give you a fine highland dress if you will let me fish with your rod – the bargain was struck, the sport was good – the boy got the fine rod and highland dress and never forgot his fishing on Loch Eroch –

On their arrival at home there was a large party to dinner 5 or 6 noblemen besides – altogether 20 – he gets the Landlord aside and hoped there was a good dinner and the drinkables of the best – Now he says you must make the dining room a bed room to night – the landlord said yes by this it was understood that every one was to be made that drunk that when he dropped off his chair there he lay –

On comes the dinner – on comes the tody as they suppose but instead nothing but double strong whiskey made hot in a silver kettle and made very sweet About ten every one was on the floor and quite comfortable – the Duke snug in bed, had a good laugh at all in the morning

(185)

The Marquis of Huntlys well

The Marquis of Huntly stoping at Dalwhinnie at one time with five or six noblemen laid a wager that he could go to a spring of whiskey which was not far from the house — in the mean time a couple of gallons was sent to the said place and put into a place that seemed like a spring — Between the house & spring was a bog or Mos and if the party was not very carefull how they walked they would be up to their middle in the Mos — everyone had on white trowsers and by the time they arrived at the whiskey spring I leave any one to guess what plight they were in — but the whiskey spring was the most wonderful thing they ever heard of —

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A lot of stories noted down from memory by J.F.Campbell. 1859.

(186)

Black kitchen Jack
The Girl and her Sweatheart

There went a lot of Girls one Hallow-een to spey their fortunes — They were to throw down a hank of thread into the kiln and call out "Who's that down at my line end" and he that would answer from below was to be the husband of the one who threw the hank — Now there was in the house a dirty drudge and his name was John and his pays name was "Black Jack of the kitchen" he was so dark and dirty — and he heard the girls and he slipped out to the back of the house, and got into the kiln and when the young Mistreys threw her thread down he caught the ball — and when she pulled he held fast, and when she called out "who's that down at my line end?" he answered — "I am here, Black-kitchen Jack" — and then he ran home and sat down by the fire again in the kitchen — but when the girls came back they were all laughing at the young Mistreys for she was angry that she was to marry Black Jack, so she rose in a rage and gave Black kitchen Jack, who was laughing too, a box on the ear that made it bleed, and went away from them — And many years afterwards she married a rich man who came from the West Indies where he had made a large fortune — and when she was married he told her that he was Black kitchen Jack and she would not believe him, but he pulled up the hair to the side of his face and shewed her a mark, and said "do you remember the box on the ear you gave "me one Halloween — there is the mark — It was I who was in the Kiln and now you have "married me"

This was told told me by John Campbell the Piper about 30 years ago in Gaelic with many sage remarks about its being all nonsense to believe in Halloween and such like stories — The "Black Jack" is remarkably like

(187)

The Man on Laggan Sand

Laggan sand is a broad shelving sea beach of fine white sand on which the whole force of the Atlantic beats — The surf in heavy weather is tremendous and on the finest days heavy rolling breakers thunder in from the Westward — The sand is so hard that it is used for 5 miles as the main road from one side of —

Islay to the other— The traffic of the Island generally papes along Laggan sand but in heavy gales when with high tides the sand is covered, and for a time the road is impapible—

Laggan sand is a wild dreary place on a stormy night and is haunted besides— The last authentic account of the bogle was gwen to my Father by a man who seemed to believe it— it was given in English— I do not remember to have heard it in Gaelic, though the man who told the story was a celt—

Old Mac Dougal of Ardbeg was riding home one night from a funeral which he had followed from his own part of the country to the parish of the dead man— he had dined and the usual toasts and sentiments had probably been drunk, and he was making his way as best he might over Laggan sand when he saw a man without a head carrying something under his arm— riding after him— He kicked his own horses ribs— and rode as hard as he could followed by the bogle— being well mounted he held his own— just where the hack leaves the sand there is a small burn which runs down from the hills, and just before he reached the burn the bogle took his head from under his arm and threw it at him— it struck Mac Dougall fairly on the back and knocked him off his horse, and there he was found senseless on the shand by some more of the party who were following him home from the funeral— They picked him up and took him home and he told them how it happened and the pain in his back hardly ever left him till he died a very old bowed man—

The headless horseman on Laggan Shand was a well known and much dreaded character and there were many stories about him— sometimes he asked the papenger for his head which he had lost

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(188)

Bee Gleek! Bee Gleek— Be wise! Be wise! says the sea Pyet to his young ones

This is a very close imitation of the note of the oyster catcher when alarmed for the nest

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(189)

How Dr. Beaton acquired his knowledge

There was a very wise Doctor at Ballygrant and people came to him to learn how to cure diseases and one young man came to him and was his servant— and he sent him away to a place to catch a white serpent which was in that place— and he went and gripped on the serpent and brought it home to his master— and he was very glad and he told him to cut the serpent in two halves— and he did— and to boil the tail half

in a pot and make broth of it - but not to taste the broth - and he went away and left his servant with himself in the house - and he put the one half of the serpent in the pot to make broth - but the fire was too hot, and fear was on the servant that the broth would be spoiled - with this he took the pot off the fire - and a boiling drop jumped out of the pot and fell on his hand and burnt it, and it was so sore that the servant put his hand to his mouth and sucked it - and then he finished making the broth - and when his master came home he gave it to him to sup - But the master as soon as he put the broth to his mouth said that it had lost all it's strength and began to be angry with the servant for tasting it, but he said he had not tasted it -

Then minded the servant the drop that had jumped on his hand and that he had sucked off when it burnt him, and he told his master - Then said the master - You will be the greatest doctor of the day - and he was that - and he was doctor to King James -

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(This is clearly an old story fastened on some Dr Beaton but this is as nearly as I can remember the form in which I have heard it told in gaelic in Islay by people who lived at the Ballygrant in question - In writing it down I have told myself the story in Gaelic - translated as I went along -) Janry 23d/59

(190)

When the sun shines while rain is falling - It is said in Gaelic
The Faries are taking their dinner - or breakfast - or supper - according to the hour -

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In English, it is said - "The Devil is beating his wife" -
I have also heard it said in Gaelic - "The Devil is thrashing his mother" -

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(191)

A north country man suspected that a certain woman was in the habit of stealing his meal - so he put a live lobster in the bag - The woman came and put her hand into the bag and the lobster gripped a hold of her - "Ho! man said she, "come hither - The Diel is in thy poke" - "In very deed" said the man, "the Diel is in it when thou art" - ——— "tha n Djerul un mar ta oos 'un" —

(I think I heard this from Dugald Mac Tavish -)

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(192)

The Lassie and the Skull

Written from memory Jan^{y}/59 – First heard some 25 years ago in Islay

A number of girls were playing in the church yard – and one of them found a skull which she kicked saying "be thou with me on Christmas day –" The rest ran away and the lassie went home

On Christmas day when all was ready for heating visitors an old man came up to the lassie's house and sat him down in the kitchen – She gave him food and drink and he ate and drank and she gave him more, and he ate on and never seemed satisfied so she baked more bread and ran to her mother, who was a wise woman and told her that there was an old man in the house who seemed as if he would eat up everything she had – so the wise woman told her to go and bake three cakes and put a little one on the top with a hole in it and give them to the old man – So she went and baked three bannocks and put a little bannock on the top with a hole in it as the wise woman had told her and when she gave them to the old man he rose up and said – "It was my skull you invited to visit you on Xmas day – If you had not done what you have I would have eaten up all the meal in the house". and so the old man went away –

(This was told me in Islay & in Gaelic but I have entirely forgotten who told it to me – I think Christmas was the festival but I am not quite certain – The terms for old man & bogle are convertible –)

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(193)

Sgriach na Caillach

(Got from Mrs Mac'Tavish – afterwards printed – Written from memory Jany 1859)

A captain of a ship was once married against his will, to a giantess who lived in Jura and he hated her, so he fled from her and she pursued him – he went over the tops of the Jura hills and got to the sound of Islay and imbarked in a boat and got safe off over the stream but the Caillach followed fast on his heels – When she got to the top of the biggest hill she saw the ship below her and ran so fast that she slipped and slid down the whole way on her back – The marks of her heels may be seen to this day – The marks reach for about 7 miles – nothing grows on the bare grey boulders which were turned up by the heels of the giantess – The stones extend in two lines which may be seen in the brown heather almost as far as the land –

can be distinguished It is not easy to explain why the heather will not grow on these places – some have fancied that the scores may be the track of lightning –

(194)

The fleas in Jura are so big that they come out from under the beds and steal potatoes from the pot at the fireside – they may be seen picking the herring bones when the people throw them on the floor at dinner –

(195)

A Large Eel

(Written from memory. Jan^ry 1859)

(195)

In the Lake at Lossit there is a large eel – John Carrick told me he had seen it – It was as large as a sack and it seemed as if it had lumps upon the back of it – This is clearly the sea serpent in a small fresh water lake – reduced to fit the locality – My informant evidently thought he was speaking the truth & was quite angry at an English visitor who laughed at him –

(I have lots of eel stories since – Dec^br 1860)

(196)

Specimen of old Highland Letters & Poetry

Ballygrant 3^d December 1842

Sir,

I have a great attachment to the Highland Garb but I am sorry I cannot purchase it as I am so scarce of money in the mean time and Ill be greatly oblidged to you for puting me on a plan how to get it, but if your goodness cannot do me this favour I must excuse you – I have but few friends tho' I have some distant relations, and some of these distant ones, are better to me than the nearest – but I do not mean space or distance but far off in connection – I had an Uncle who died in the 42nd Regiment a Captain, he was better to me than all the connections I have now tho there would be more of them It is a long time since he died and that was greatly to add to my grief – and disappointment –

Sir – Yours sincerely and respectfully
(signed) Colin Mac Dougall

(107)

Ballygrant 7th Decr 1842

Honoured Sir—

Taking it for granted from your kind and accessible demeanour that you will excuse my boldness and presumption in now addressing and laying before you my intention particularly fitted to draw forth the feelings of sympathy from a mind such as yours possessed of the rare qualities of benignity tempered with justice and benevolence reflecting honor on your illustrious ancestors— I now begin to reveal my proposal and cannot excuse myself for not applying to your honour first— I wrote to Mr Chiene on Saturday last about the Highland garb but he was off to the office before I arrivd, but at the reading of this, I rely on your honour to order Mr Chiene to give me the abve if he has any of the uniforms yet, so if this will not succeed Ill do myself the pleasure of waiting until your goodness will think fit to cast off your own garb or if Mr Campbell has any half worn I would then have the honour of wearing it if agreeable to him. I hope your honour will excuse my boldness, for I do not insist on your speaking to Mr Chiene or Mr Campbell but as you please— I had the pleasure of seeing your honour lately along with Mr Dugald Mac Iavish coming from shooting, he can inform who I am—

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your mos obedient — (signed) Colin Mac Dougall

A description of the whirlpool betwixt Jura and Scarba

Of all the gulphs that Britain has to boast
The greatest lies upon the western coast,
Near craggy Scarba that rough barren isle
Which lies within the county of Argyle;
This dreadful whirlpool has derived its name
From valiant Breekan nothern Chief of fame
Breekan, who had the raging gulph defyd
In all its horrors at a strong spring tide,
Who plac'd amid the swelling gurge,
Thinking to baffle the impetuous surge;
And as he trusted not to sails or oars,

He fastened cables to the extended shores;
Then on the top of barren Scarba stood,
Viewing his ship's encounter with the flood,
Then having seen them sunk and dashed in air
Leaped in the gulph and drowned him in despair–
That is the story as it now remains
And Breckan's name the whirlpool still retains
Straight west from thence no land is to be found
But on the east a heap of isles abound –
Southward there comes the flux of Moil Kentyre
To gain the South Nothern storms aspire,
They meet, they mix, they furiously contend
And to the skies their sweaty droops ascend
The gurge thus formed appears a dreadful sight
When wind and waves in all their horror fight
Redoubled strokes in every place abound
The spacious rocks return an echoing sound
The ships that pass, it whirls them round and round
Till once they have the dismal bottom found
The frighted dolphins on the bottom creep.
And cunning seals retire into the deep–

This description was not composed by me, I only got it by heart upwards of 30 years ago, I have not brains sufficient to compose – There was a little forgetfulness when I intended to say "to gain the South the Nothern storms aspire" which your goodness will please to excuse –

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient

(signed) Colin Mac Dougall



See Irrines poems copied and bound & placed on Shelf 91.

Pickering Lodge

If the name be thus written, it expresses the sound, and may explain the meaning to those who remember the Old Islay Legend. All over the British Isles, in Iceland, and from the west of Europe eastward through Asia, and down to Ceylon, grips and chasms, and even straits are associated with stories of great leaps. It is natural to men to admire feats of agility. The high jump and the long leap will be contested at the next Inverness meeting. The water jump is contested at horse shows in England and great leaps are remembered in hunting stories, and are recorded in local history. The natural frailty for exaggeration magnifies real feats into impossible acts, done by ancestors promoted to divine honours. In course of time a feat performed on foot or on horseback and turned into a legend gets localised in Ireland and in Islay at two similar promontories. A place in Ireland is named "Cuchullin's jump." A place in Islay is called the "Abyss of Bald Godfrey," and this is the form which the legend had taken about fifty years ago in the mind of the farmer who lived there and told the story:—

A farmer who then (that is to say, at some unknown date) lived in the Oa had a fair daughter who had a sweetheart whom she loved with her father's approval. One day there appeared at the farm a stranger from beyond the seas. He was bald, and he wore a red gold laced coat and a "red cocked up hat," and boots and spurs, and he came riding on a black horse, without a white hair on him, that could do anything. One of the first things the stranger did was to hand over to the care of his host a black leather valise which was very heavy and chinked and rang like coin. That he begged him to lock up. The next thing he began to do was to court the farmer's daughter, and the farmer favoured his suit because of the stranger's riches. So matters went on till at last the girl consented to marry the stranger on condition that Bald Godfrey would leap his horse over the pit or chasm, which now bears his name. To that condition he agreed at once. In a considerable cliff a place has been hollowed by the Atlantic into a long sea cave. Part of the roof of the cave has fallen, and the sea tumbled in through an arch. In the top of the arch is a hole through which the waves can be seen rolling below into a wide chasm towards the end of the cave. When the waves are big they fill the mouth of the inner cave and press in the air. When the waves sink, the air in the cave blows out the sea over the arch with a wild noise. A well-mounted, reckless rider might possibly leap his horse over the hole in the top of the arch, and this possibility probably fixed the legend. But it was said that the leap was to be over the chasm on to the top of the arch, where it is not broad, and where the horse would have to stop dead short at the edge of a high cliff. That being the locality the legend went on to tell that all the country side gathered to see Bald Godfrey leap the chasm on his black horse. The girl and her lover got near together in the throng. The rider saw them, and as he rode past he snatched up the girl, and rode with her at the terrible leap. She said her prayers. But the black steed was a gift from the Fiend, and the prayers vanquished him. He struck the arch, and the girl fell off unhurt. His foot-prints are on the rock but the horse and his rider went through into the sea and they never were seen again. The daughter got the valise for tocher and married her lover, and they lived happily and died rich. So it was that the chasm was called "The Abyss of Godfrey the Bald." A far later version of the legend makes the girl runaway from her father's house and mount a black steed ridden by a demon lover, who rode at the North sea over the chasm. She prayed in her terror, and they were all drowned in the abyss.

An English gentleman versified the first part of the first version of this local tradition, and the manuscript survives. He kept to the incidents, and added, from his own invention, a great many details. So as I suppose long poems have grown in all ages out of traditions of all kinds. Those who know Indian epics may compare the leaping of the Monkey God with Sita the wife of Rama, out of Ceylon over a wide strait to India. The story is in the Ramayana. Like feats are told of Cuchullin and of Fionn, and of Kuroglou a hero of Turkestan.

AN TEACHDAIRE.

Of this slip. 8 sent

1 This one
2. Sir George W. Dasent
3. Editor Highlander
4. With my other slips
5. Lorne.
6. Alice Grant
7. 8. with 4

(198)

The Legend of Slochd Mhaol Dhori

(Written from memory Jan'y 1859)

There was a girl who was to marry a lad in the Oa – but a man from beyond the sea who came into the country fell in love with the girl and persuaded her father to let him have her The man was dressed in a red cocked up hat and boots and a red gold laced coat – he was bald and his name was Godfrey – He had a famous black horse that could do almost anything – So the father promised that bald Godfrey should have his daughter if he would leap his horse over the chasm at the point of Oa – The whole country came to see the leap and in the crowd the lass got near her old lover – Godfrey saw them snached her up as he rode past and placed her behind him, but she said her prayers as they came to the slochd – The black horse was a gift from the Deil, and when he landed on the arch he and his master fell through while the girl was thrown to one side and saved

She married her lover and they got a whole hunk full of gold which was found in the house of her father, where Godfrey had been living –

This story is well known in Islay – The place is a curious natural arch with a hole in the crown – To seaward there is a strange pillar called the red soldier – Towards the land there is a wide chasm in which the sea is continually raging – It looks as if a large cave had fallen in leaving the enthance as an arch and the extreme end as a small cavern – It is a very wild coast with few landing places and exposed to the full force of the atlantic – In stormy weather the advancing waves pen up the air in the little cave and when they retire the water is driven out through the arch with a sound like thunder –

(199)

The fisherman & the Saint

(Written from memory Jan'y 1859)

There is a lake in Islay called Loch Gurm (the Blue Lake) It is very large and very shallow and joins the sea on the west coast by a stream which now flows first through a moss – where it is deep and then over a sandy beach where it spreads itself out and is too shallow for salmon or sea trout to run up – Salmon are constantly seen playing about the mouth of the burn but never even enter the Loch – Tradition says they were once numerous in it, and tells the following story as a reason –

A man was one day fishing in the burn which runs from Loch Gurm – St Kiaran, who was wandering in these parts, but unknown, came to the man and

(200)

The Story of Princess Eila and her Brethren –

Recovered from Mr MacTavish but not all

One of the three brothers was Breacan – he swam the whirlpool thrice – first with a hempen cable, then with one of hair, lastly with an iron chain – but the chain broke and he was drowned in Corrie Bhreacan –

(201) –

Lady Wemyss was once driving a piebald horse along a road, when she was stopped by a sheaver with an anxious face – "Oh mem" said she, "will ye tell me what's "guid for the chin cough (whooping cough) – They tell me that gif I met a body wi' a "horse like yours they wad tell me what to do" – Lady Wemyss prescribed but she said that she was sure the woman would have put the sick child in the sea –

Janry 26th 1859 – Lady C. Charteris –

(202)

It is very bad luck to dream of a sow and green peas – (Lady C.)

(203)

Rousseau's dream was an old Scotch tune – Mr Stein tells me he had often heard his mother sing it to these words –

I dreamt o' red and green
a yesternight
And twa cats fechting fechting fechting
and twa cats fechting
I wankened in a fright

(204)

Go to bed and sleep for siller to buy a cow – (Miss Hay old governess at Gerfad)

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(205)

Sgeulachda Pheata Bhainn

or the

Tale of the White Pet Sheep

(Sent early in 1859 – Gaelic sent November 9th 1859 and translated better for than this J.F.C.)

There was once a white pet sheep who understanding she was to be killed at Christmas thought it best to make her escape and go to seek her fortune – She accordingly set off and on her way a bull saluted her, and asked where are you going today White Pet Sheep? "I am going to seek my fortune", replied the sheep, "having heard that I was to be killed at Christmas, I resolved to make my escape" – "I had better go with you", said the Bull, "for there is some talk of treating me in the same way" – "The larger the party the more fun" said the pet sheep – "So, off we go" – On their travels they met a dog who saluted the pet sheep and asked her where she was going – They pet sheep told him – "They meant to kill "me at Christmas so I made my escape" – "Then I will accompany you", said the dog – So on they went and met a cat who saluted the pet sheep and asked her where she was going, and having got the usual reply, the cat said he would also join the party – so they went on till they met a goose, who accosted the pet sheep in the usual way and got the same reply "Then", said the goose, "I shall go with you being threatened in the same way" – They went onward when they met a cock who said in the usual way "failte dhuit a pheta bhainn?" "Carte am bheil thusa dol n'diugh tha mese a dol "a dhiarridh m'fhortain ars a na peta ban bha mo mhaisir aig dol m mharbadh aig "hollig s'thug mi me fein as" – "They were going to treat me in the same way," said the cock," so I will be of your party – They travelled on and as night approached they began to look out for a resting place – They saw a light at a great distance, but tho far from them they were not long reaching it – They found the light was in a house, and having got near enough they found on looking in at a window, that it was the habitation of thieves who were counting the money they had stolen – The travellers were quite at a stand what to do, when the Pet Sheep proposed that each animal should sound his own note as loud as they could – The thieves hearing such an uncommon noise, thought it was something supernatural and fled precipitately from the house leaving all their treasure behind them – When it was time to rest the Pet sheep asked the Bull where he would sleep – "I will sleep," said the Bull, "behind the door where I usually sleep – Where will you sleep?" "I will sleep", said the sheep, "on the middle of the floor, where I used to sleep" – The pet sheep asked the dog where he would sleep – "By the fireside", said the dog, "is my favorite sleeping place" – The cat being asked said

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asked for a fish – The fisher promised him the next he should get – but it was so large a sea trout that he said he would give the next – The next was larger, and the next larger still, and each time the fisherman broke his promise till the 12th trial produced a toad which he gave to the Saint –
He in a rage exclaimed – "You shall never catch sea trout or salmon here again" – and none have been caught there since – "Kil(Chiaran" – is the name of a neigh=-bouring burying ground – St Kiaran had something to do with the conversion of the Celts –

The story was told me when a child – It seems to be similar to the Norsk story – "Gerhudes Bird" – but the good 11 with a 12th bad at last seems to have some relation to the number of the apostles – J.F.C. Jany 1859

(206)

Bi sandach sugrach

Moch eirach

Be. sound . jolly

early rising

An old saw – metrical

(206a)

The story about the son of the King of Lochlin who went to the King of Ireland and beat all his hounds and hawks with smaller dogs and birds which leaped and flew down the throats of the kings animals and through them – This I think –

This I think was told by blind Jamie Mc Fiddler – It was a very long one but I forget the details –

(207)

Rann colin – to

Repeated by John Campbell – Piper –

There were said on old New Years Eve – by a crowd of boys one of whom was wrapped in a hide – his companions thrashed him and repeated long metrical orations to the mistress of each house they came to – They got food and drink for their pains – I remember but a fragment of one "Ho woman of the house bring up the lump of cheese & take care that "thou cutest not thy thumb – Beat the hide!" Beat the skin! and soon –

she would sleep in the candle preps— on the goose being interrogated he replied the dunghill was his resting place, the Cock on being asked said he would sleep on the roost— After they had all gone to rest— one of the thieves ventured back to reconaitre, and finding all quiet he went to the candle preps for a candle when the cat fixed her claws in his hand and he with difficulty got a candle, which he tried to light— but the dog, who then bestired himself dipped his tail in a pot with water which was at the fireside and shaking his tail extinguished the candle— he having despaired of lighting it tried to leave the house when he came near the pet sheep, who boxed him, and making his way to the door, the bull kicked him— the cock hearing the commotion began to crow loudly which made the thief quicken his pace, on getting outside he, in his haste, stumbled over the goose who flapped her wings furiously against the man's legs which made him fly in a greater hurry— Having joined his companions they enquired what he had seen— he told them that he found all quiet, went to the candle preps for a candle, when he with great difficulty got a candle—but his hand was pierced with ten knives— on attempting to light the candle a large black man at the fireside squirted water on and extinguished it every time he tried to light it— when he attempted to get out of the house a large white sheep boxed him and another huge black man at the door kicked him unmercifully while a wretch on the loft cried send him up here and I will soon despatch him, on getting out of the house a shoemaker attacked and belaboured him with his leather apron— hearing all this the thieves did not venture to return, so the animals had all the treasure which they divided among themselves, and escaped the doom they were threatened with.—

(208)

Proverbs

Leig a shalchat fein leis gach rhutha— Cha weil carrig air nach caochil sruth

(209)

Remark on Weather

Cha bhiran recodhadh an lodain fain. Proverb— Is fhearr an tòlc colach na n'tolc aneolach—

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(210)

Dan an Dearg

A Dan or Song which I heard an old ploughman of my father's sing very near sixty years since, he had a great collection of tales and songs, which he sung well, and often have I stood or sat by him in winter when Kilndrying corn or in summer when building a peat stack listening to what was to me so fascinating in those days— The subject of the song is Diarmid O Duine or Dearg, as he was sometimes called— Diarmid was, as I dare say you know the progenitor of the Clan Campbell, who are called at times Sil Diarmid at other times Clann Duine— I never heard who his wife was but she was esteemed a virtuous and worthy person, yet she had enemies who wished to persuade her husband that she did not love him, and who concerted a plot to prove her fidelity— Diarmid was a great sportsman as all Fingalians were, and hunted wild boars which it would appear were numerous in the Scottish forests at that period— the sport at times proved fatal to those engaged in it— Pretended friends persuaded— Diarmid to pretend that he was killed by one of those animals— they put him on a bier and carried him home to his wife all bloody as if he had really suffered as they said— She conducted herself with becoming fortitude and composure, ordered refreshments for those assembled to watch the remains of their chief—, sat down along with them and commenced singing the song which follows and is very touching in the original, never having been favoured by the muses I cannot do it the justice it deserves, or that I could wish— The translation is as literal as I can make it—

(211)

Song or Dan—

(1)

Dearg, son of Dearg I am thy wife
The man I would not injure (This second line twice repeated in each verse)
There is not a worthy who is not tried
Wretched am I after thee this night

(2)

Dearg son of (Olla) or learned man and of the enlightened heart or mind—
Who played softly on the harp
Who played &c. &c.
Beloved was the hero who never harboured anger or wrath
Tho' laid low by a boar

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Dubliotheek

Dubliotheek

(3)

I see the Hawk I see the Dog
With which my loved one used to hunt—
With which &:
And as he loved us three, let me be laid in the grave with Dearg

(4)

Then let us rejoice this night.
As we sit around the remains of a king
Let us be hospitable and liberal and give thanks to God for all things

(212)

Diarmid, who was never overcome in battle was dismayed by shalagem, some one of his enemies took a bet with him that he could not measure the length of a Boar that he had killed by pacing its back against the bristles with his bare soles which gave rise to the saying (Comhas n' tuirce n' aghaidh n' fhrighin) when any unlikely thing is proposed— he gained the bet but it cost him his life, the boars bristles being so strong that he bled to death— This Legend is said to be the origin of the Boars head being the crest of the principal families of the Campbells—

(212[a])

Fairies were a very important race for good or evil in days gone by, very friendly to some people whom they favoured but equally mischievous where they took a dislike— A hill in the Farm of Dunbhuilg in Craignish was one of their favorite haunts, and on a certain occasion they offered to a pist and honest tenants wife in the neighbourhood, for whom they had a kindness, to manufacture a quantity of wool she had for clothing for her family— She was very glad to have their services, and being always an active race they set to work directly repeating in Gaelic "teazing, carding, mixing the distaff, the weaving loom, hot water for washing— the thrifty housewife herself is the best at sitting up late— In the heat of their operations some envious neighbour came to the door crying "Dunbhuilg is on fire! Dunbhuilg is on fire!" "Dunbhuilg on fire!" was echoed by one and all of the little company— "My hammers and my anvil! My hammers and my anvil! my young children! and my grown men!" when they all scampered off but not until they had nearly finished the honest wife's web—

(213)

There is a field on the farm in which I was born said to have been the scene of fairy operations they were seen at work and heard encouraging each other with "Caol achadh mhaith "cuanadh gu leth" the corn in the field was found in stooks in the morning—
You may perhaps remember an old servant we had at the Manse, Peggy Mac Lean, who

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was much offended if any one doubted these stories – I used to ask her the reason why such wonders did not occur in our days, to which she replied that religious knowledge having encreased people's faith was stronger than it was in olden times – in the Glebe of Kilbrandon in Lorn – in a hill called Crocan Corr, the good or beautiful hill, where the fairies even in my young days were often seen dancing around their fire – I sometimes went out along with others to look but never succeeded in seeing them at their gambols – Are you aware that the Pipers Mother was carried away by the fairies – so convinced were many of this absurdity, which I remember perfectly, that it was with difficulty they got a nurse for his brother, Colin, who being a delicate child was believed to have been conveyed away along with his mother and a fairy left instead of him, during his father's absence, he having gone as Piper with the Nether Lorn Volunteers to Stirling on permanent duty, the child however, when he got a good nurse, throve and grew up to be a man, which, I suppose convinced them of their folly –

(214)

Mr George Campbell, late Minister of Ardchattan had some difficulty in convincing a man whose wife was removed in a similar manner, that his son, a boy 12 years of age, must have been under some hallucination, when he maintained that his mother had come to him saying she was taken by fairies to a certain hill Muckairn, known to be the residence of fairies – If any one is so unfortunate as to go into one of these hills which are open at night, they never get out unless some one goes in quest of them who uses the precaution of leaving a gun or sword across the opening, which the fairies cannot remove – A certain young woman was decoyed into one of these openings who was seen by an acquaintance when dancing with the merry race – He resolved on trying to rescue her and leaving his gun at the entrance went forward and seeing the young woman by the hand dragged her out before they could prevent him – They pursued them but having got her beyond the gun they had no longer power to keep her – she told him she had nearly dropped down with fatigue but she could not cease dancing tho' she felt it would soon kill her – The young man restored her to her friends to their great joy.

(215)

When poor women are confined it is unsafe to leave them alone till their children are baptized – if, through any necessity, they must be left alone the Bible left beside them is sufficient protection –

(215a)

Many were the freaks fairies were guilty of – A family who lived in Gaolin Castle Kerrara near Oban, had as they supposed a child – It was advancing in years, but not

growing a bit— At length a visitor from Ireland came to the Castle and recognized her as the fairy sweetheart of an Irish Gentleman, and addressed her in Gaelic or Irish saying ata thusa n'sinn a shinach bheag leannan Brian Mac Braodh"— So offened was the elf a being exposed that she ran out of the Castle and leaped into the sea from the point called Ruadh na Sianach to this day—

(216)

There was once a King who had three sons and a daughter— the King died leaving no provision for his family, when the eldest son said one day to his Mother— "I will go to seek my fortune"— "very well" said his mother, "but you will not go till I bake a bannock and kill a cock that you may have on your journey"— After preparing them she made two of them and asked whether he would have the large half with her curse or the small half with her blessing— "I care not", said he, "which I get "your curse or your blessing, but I will have the large half of the bannock and the "Cock"— She gave him both and he set out on his journey— He travelled all day and when night was coming on he saw a dark object like a house a great way off— but tho' far from him he was not long in reaching it— he walked in without hesitation and going to the upper end of the house where an old woman sat winding gold thread off silver windles, he sat down uninvited beyond the fire, beside the old woman, who said "you are very bold to come here"— "I am that bold" he said— She did not give him a bed, but he staid all night— In the morning she baked a bannock for him before he left and asked him which he would have the large half of the bannock with her curse, or the small half with her blessing— "Your curse or blessing "are alike to me, but I will have the large half of the bannock". She gave him the large half, and he set off— He travelled all day and when it began to get dark he was looking for some place to pass the night in and espied a cave into which he walked when who should he find but his sister who had been carried off by a giant a year before then— "What on earth has brought you here to night? said his sister— "for my husband will soon come home and will kill you—" "Well", said he "I can die but once and will wait till he comes"— She then put him into a press hoping to conceal him, but as soon as the giant entered he said there is some stranger in the house (Giants' sense of smelling is more acute than that of other beings) saying Chiagich Chiagich' ata boladh n'an farbhallach s'stigh", or the smell of a stranger is in the house— asking his wife who it was, when she said at once it is my eldest brother— "bring him here" said he— She let him out of the press when the giant asked him

if he was a good cow-herd – he replied that he was – "Well" said the Giant to his wife – "make him a bed" – Next morning when he got his breakfast the giant turned three red humble (without horns) cows out of his byre ordering the young man not to part with the cows till he would bring them back at night – He had not gone far with the cows when he saw a tree with one beautiful red apple on the topmost bough – he resolved to get the apple and climbed to the top of the tree – but when he got up he saw the apple on the lowest branch – he descended and when below saw the apple again at the top – he was so determined to get the apple that he climbed to the top of the tree again when he saw the apple below him – So it was that he spent the whole day trying to get it – At sunset the cows paced on their way home lowing, when he followed them, the giant ordered his wife to milk the cows, she got one pint of milk and 3 pints of blood from each of them – "Pretty herding you have made of it to day" said the Giant and sieying his enchanting maul & knocking the young man on the head he became a stone pillar –

The second of the King's sons said one day to his mother – "It is two years to day since my sister was taken away, and one year since my eldest brother went away and I will go and try if I can find them" – "You must not go," said his mother, till I bake a bannock and kill a cock that you may have for your journey" – having prepared both she made two of them, asking him which will you have, the large half with my curse a the small half with my blessing – "I care not," said he," for your curse or blessing but I will have the large half of the bannock and the cock – having got them he set out, and at nightfall saw a small house at a great distance, but tho' far from him he was not long in reaching it and walked in, where he found an old woman with one large front tooth, he walked up boldly where she sat at the upper end of the house – seeing his boldness she said to him – "You will not do yet" – In the morning when he was to proceed on his journey, she baked a bannock and having made two of it asked which he would have the large half with her curse or the small half with her blessing, "I care not which I get your curse or blessing, but I will have the large half of the bannock having got it – he set off and travelled all day – In the dusk he spied a cave from which smoke was issuing – on going into the cave, he found his sister sitting and when she saw him she laughed and wept alternately – "I need not attempt to hide you "from my husband," she said," for he is sure to find you" – When the Giant returned he enquired who the stranger was that she had with her, when she told him that he was her second brother – he put the question to him whether he was a good herd or not – he replied he was, "Give him supper and a bed" said he to his wife –

which she did, and his breakfast, when the Giant sent the three red cows without horns, out of his byre, charging the young man not to part with them till he would bring them home at night— he had not however gone far when he saw the tree with the red apple and was siezed with a desire to get it— He got to the top of the tree but the apple when he got there appeared on the lowest branch— he then descended— but the apple then appeared at the top yet he persevered in the fruitless attempt— to get the apple till sunset— when the cows paped him on their way home lowing He followed them and when they arrived the Giant ordered his wife to milk them and as formerly she got one pint of milk and 3 pints of blood from each cow— which the giant seeing, took his enchanted maul knocked the laid on the head and he became a stone pillar beside his brother—

The third son come to his mother saying It is three years this day since my sister was taken away, and two years since my eldest brother left us, and one year since my second brother went and I am desirous to follow in the hope of learning what has become of them"— "Well," said his Mother, "you must not go till I bake a bannock and kill a cock for your journey" which she did and asked which he would have on dividing them, the large half of each with her curse, a the small half with her bleping— "Forbid", said he," that I should take anything to bring your curse upon me let me have the small half with your bleping" which having got he set out on his journey, and having travelled all day at sunset he saw a house at a great distance— but tho' far from him he was not long getting to it and on entering he saw a huge old woman, sitting at the upper end of the house, he sat down very humbly at the door— "You have taken a very low seat young man", said she" Come up and sit near me— I know the purpose of your journey better than you do" said she' She then prepared water to bathe his feet and a soft bed for his weary body; also a silk pillow for his head and a silk coverlet to put over him desiring him to sleep and she would have a conversation with him in the morning When he was ready to go she baked a bannock and making two of it asked him which he would have the large half with her curse or the small half with her blessing "The small half with your blessing by all means" said he— she then offered him a plaid which he declined saying he did not require it— she said "you may require it" so he took it and went on his journey— the old woman told him before parting— I will give an advice as you go along— keep your eye always on the sky and if you chance to see anything to displease you draw your plaid about you and go straight forward still keeping your eye upwards— He went on till he came to the cave where his sister lived with the giant— She wept— and laughed by turns on seeing him fearing he might share the fate of his brothers

but said it would be vain to conceal him as the Giant would be sure to discover him when he would come home — he came and asked what shanger have you got in the house? to night again — "Oh dear!", said she, "it is my youngest brother — he allowed him to stay all night and in the morning asked him if he was a good herd — he said he was, so he turned the three cows without horns, out of the byre and ordered him not to part with them till he would bring them back at night — He followed the cows passed the tree with the red apple, pulled his plaid tight about him and looked upward and followed the cows who continued to go on without stopping to eat — They passed through a fine park with beautiful grass which he thought they would stop to eat, but they did not, in that park he saw 3 very lean cows pasturing — they then passed through another park where the grass was withered and bare in which there were three cows in good condition (fat as seals) feeding. The red cows were still going on and the young man after them when he saw a very large fire before them on the road they were travelling — he did not know what to do when one of the cows addressed him saying — "Dont be afraid take hold of my tail and I will bring you safe thro' the fire" — He saw a mill before them with the road leading thro' it — When they reached the mill, the cow that spoke said — "When you pass thro' here make no stay" — the cows led the way he followed, when they passed thro' the mill he looked behind and saw the whole side of the mill with glasses full of water suspended by a thread, the water dropped from them continually and every glass as it was empty the thread that held it was cut with a pair of scisors by one of a number of persons who stood watching them — the cows desired him to follow them, and they returned at night to the byre — The giant ordered his wife to milk the cows when she got 4 pints of milk from each — "You are the best herd I ever got", said the giant much pleased "I was destined to remain under enchantment till I should find a Cowherd such as you have proved yourself to be — I am now released and here is water which you will pour on your brothers to restore them to life and on your sister that she along with them, may return with you to your mother — I will give you of gold and silver what will keep you all comfortably during the rest of your days, and now I daresay you would like to know the meaning of all you have seen since you left your home which I will tell you — The tree you saw with the red apple, was the Devil tempting you to neglect the work you had engaged to perform — The park with the rich grass and lean cows signifies that those who are surrounded by the riches of this world dont appreciate their comforts and are lean tho' discontent, the lean cows represent the poor of the world who tho' in apparent poverty are contented and happy — the fire you met with, and dreaded so much, signifies the

trials and troubles of the present life which you got through unscathed by holding steadily on your course— the glasses you saw full of water or paping thro' the mill are the human race who when their glass has run, the thread of life is cut, and they fall to the ground"—

When the giant had finished he gave him the water and great was his joy when he saw his brothers restored to life— and the party returned to their mother where they lived happily together ever after—

(217)

The Sory of the Man with the loose Greyish Coat or Fear a Chota Libestadh Lia Liathghlais

A certain King in Ireland went out to hunt with a number of attendants, they were very successful in the chace, and having sat to rest in a sheltered spot on which the sun was shining they began to examine their game, and found the quantity so great that they could not carry it home— "I wish," said the King, "I had a good carrier to help us to carry our game" he had not time to say more when a tall stout man with a loose greyish coat stepped forward— "Who are you?" said the King— "I am," replied he "a good servant in quest of a master" "What are you best at?" asked the King— "Carry burdens" was the reply— "You are the very person I want" said the king— "Well," said the man," but before I engage with you I must have your promise that you will if I deserve it, send me home to my friends respectably and honourably" The king willingly made these conditions with him promising good wages besides if he perfomed his work well— He asked a rope to tie the game in, which consisted of 50 stags, along with a quantity of small game of various sorts— the first rope they gave him broke as he tightened it, and the second did so also— every rope he got went in the same way, at last he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a rope with which he tied the burden and asked them to put it on his back— but they could not do so— and then with ease flung it over his shoulder and walked away desiring them to hurry after him and said he would go on and prepare dinner for them— Having arrived at the Kings residence he flayed seven stags, and boiled them but as the party did not make their appearance he ate them and flayed seven more which he had boiling when they arrived, and soon served them up— His task was every morning to cut firewood and carry it home to cook food for the Kings retinue— he told his master one day that he had only engaged to carry and would not cut down the timber, the king ordered it to be cut down for him every tree that was cut he put in the rope till none of the people could raise the burden on his back, he raised it without apistance, and carried it to the castle— this work continued for some time, till one day they were all apembled at a feast given by the King— One of the party called Conan, who was reckoned the most ill tempered man among the Fingalians became very impertinent to the man with the greyish coat— Conan before that took every opportunity of Gibeing him at last he said to him my head for thine if I dont get to the top of Ben Edine before you— "I will not risk my head for yours", said the man with the greyish coat, but if any person will bet upon it I am willing to try you

"I will bet," said the King, "that you will gain the race." So the two set off, Conan flying like the march wind— the may with the greyish coat going very deliberately but making good way. The king and his party followed as quickly as they could, at last they came up with the man with the greyish coat who was sitting at the road side— "What is keeping you there?" said Fingal, who was one of the party— "My shoe is torn," said he "and I cannot go on till I get it repaired." and taking a rusty awl out of his pocket— he mended the shoe and went on climbing the hill, he had not gone far when they found him again sitting at the side of a lake— "What in the world are you doing here again?" said the king, "I fear I shall lose my bet"— "Oh" said he— I see a widgeon on this lake and cannot go on till I kill it—" They handed him a gun but he could not kill the Duck, although he tried every gun the party had, at last he took an old piece of rusty shearing hook from his pocket, and threw it at the duck and killed it but not one of their dogs would bring it ashore so he stripped off his clothes and swam for it and brought it ashore— he then walke on, but ere long they found him sitting again "What popopes you now" cried the king, "I shall to a certainty lose the bet"— "This Capock" said he, flaps so on my legs as to be a great hinderance to me so I must have a piece of it before I can get along"— he asked for a pair of scipors or knife to cut it but none of the party had either he then searched his pocket and found a pair of rusty scipors, and cut it, he then went on a short way but had not gone far when they found him sitting— "May ill luck attend you said the king I shall most assuredly have the bet to pay— What detains you now"— "I find", said the man, "I cannot get on till I get the piece I took off the Capock sewed to it can anyone give me a thread and needle— having procured them, he sewed the coat and set out— in earnest, and none of them could keep up with him— he got to the top of Ben Eiden long before Conan and the rest of the party arrived— which provoked Conan so much that he gave him a hearty blow which the man with the loose greyish coat returned so heartily that he turned Conan's face quite round to his back which Fingal was so vexed to see that he begged the man if he could to set his head right on his shoulders "I will do so", said he, "on condition that you go along with my master the King to "see me home"— This Fingall consented to when the man with the long greyish coat gave Conan a blow on the other side of his head and set it all right— he did not cure Conan of his crossness— As for his impertinence some one cropped his ears so that he was ever after known by the name of Conan Mad— The party then descended the hill, and when they got to the foot the man with the greyish coat addressed the King reminded of his promise of sending him back to his friends

respectably and honourably — "Will my boat and good crew satisfy you?" said the King — "It will be more satisfactory that you accompany me yourself and Fingal has already promised to be of the party, and no one else need go but we three — The boat was got ready and they stepped on board — having set sail he became most agreeable and informed the King the reason he wished him and Fingal to accompany him was that his only brother and he never could agree till he and Fingal would visit their residence — "My Father", said he, was also a king, but for some crime that he committed we, his sons were damned after his death to be under enchantment and never to agree together till, as I said before, you and Fingal should visit us — Our Mother and we formed the plan which I adopted to get you both to visit our Island — After sailing a long way and when they almost despared of getting to their destination they came in sight of a beautiful Island — There, said the young man, is our kingdom," and having reached the shore the Queen received them with joy embracing the strangers as those who were to restore peace to her family — Her sons, rough and uncultivated became well bred fine fellows, and along with their mother, who was much delighted at the change that took place, entertained their guests most hospitably and sumptuously and when they proposed going away loaded their vessel or coile with abundance of provisions, and a quantity of gold and silver of which there was no lack in the island, so they departed leaving the queen and the two princes as happy as domestic harmony could make them —

(218)

When the Fairies began their operations at Dunvuilg they said Ciradh, Cardiedh Flammadh Cuigeal, beartjhige gu luath, burn luaidh air teine Corr ionnaraidh mhor mhaith bean'n tigeadh flinn, when the alarme came the cry was Dunvilg ra thienne – Dunvuilg ri theinne m'uird 'is m'innean m'uird is m'innean, mochlann bheag s'modhaoine mora, mochlann bheag s'modhaoine mora –

It is quite a common remark that the fairies are at some meal as the time of day may indicate when there is rain with sunshine but I never heard the reason why, The night following 13th of may or May day, old style, is a particularly busy season with both fairies and witches, when every herd and dairymaid as well as cannie housewife used various arts to ward off the many evils the enemy has the power of inflicting – One device I have seen used was putting a little tar in the right ear of each cow beast in the byre, but all these charms or "giosuragan", as they are called had always some reason – tar has a disinfecting quality as is well known and used to be put on clothing under the arms when a person had to go into a house where there was any infectious disease

(219)

The man without the head or Eoin a chinn bhig that is, as you know John with the little head, was one of the Macleans of Duart whose head was cut off at the battle of Gruinard by an Oa man David by name – John rides a small pony and has been often seen both in Mull and Islay – On one occasion he pulled old John Johnston that lived in Laggavullin off his horse on Laggan sand – He addresses every one he meets with Shabhir dhomh mo chean a Dhabhidh, David having, when he cut off his head, carried it away, and threw it into a well in Oa called Tobar a Chinn to this day – It is said he never can rest till he gets his head restored to him

(220)

Another edition of Eoin a chinn bhig I have heard since I came to Islay is that he used to carry his head for his amusement under his arm – and throw it at every one he met, that David caught it when thrown to him as he sat on horseback, and his horse being fleeter than John's he got off to Oa with it and threw it into Tobar n'ceann –

(221)

Mad Dovir was the name of a young man who loved a young lady in Grastle

Published

her friends being opposed to her marrying him, they agreed that they should elope— On the appointed night, he having got a horse from the foul fiend warranted to carry them wherever they wished she leaped out of a window and mounted behind her lover, which she had scarcely done when they were observed, he made directly for the jut thinking to gain time by leaping across, but just as he had taken the leap the lady exclaimed "God preserve us" which broke the charm, as Satan has no further power when that Name is mentioned, consequently the horses feet struck on the opposite side of the basin and the young couple falling into it were drowned—

(222)

I never heard of the Piper in the Cave at Bolsa— but I suppose it is similar to what I have heard related of a piper who went into a cave in Kilbride in the Island of Lol, in Nether Lorn which it was said extended to Mull— Another tradition said terminated in America— A piper, however, went into it, and when last heard was playing a well known Pibroch called Cha tille mi tuileadh— Tradition says that a party of men more resolute than their neighbours, went to explore it, bringing many boxes of candles which they left at a certain distance from each other— They went on till they had used nearly one half of the supply of candles— at length they got to a place where they found a woman winding gold thread off silver windles, who pointed to a red terrier dog that lay asleep beside the fire, and advised them to retrace their steps as quickly as possible as if the dog awoke she could not answer for their safety—

(223)

St Patrick banished Serpents from Ireland— the last of them he persuaded to go into a chest which he put in Loch Neagh with a promise that he would let it out to morrow and the serpent is often asking "Is it to morrow yet, St Patrick?"— but to morrow never arrives—

(224)

Texa is a portion of Ireland which a Giants wife took a fancy to carry across the channel in her apron— From a rent in her apron Tarskeen fell through, and getting larger Texa fell from her as did by degrees all the other rocks and islets between Texa and the point of Ardmore where she left Eillen a chuan which she did not think worth while bringing any further, being so annoyed at having lost the rest— Certain it is that neither serpents or toads are found in these Islands tho' both are numerous in Islay— It is said that neither can live in any place that St Columba blessed or built chapels and monasteries in such as Eillach a naomh & Iona—

(225)

Some account of Breacan Prince of Norway

Breacan, Prince of Norway, often visited the Western Isles on his voyages to Ireland — It was he who undertook to kill a large snake that was at Conard having brought his ship to Lochindaul, the plan he took was to get a number of barrels stuck all over with iron spikes, and them filled with air and fastened together with ropes and ranged at anchor along a sand bank running along near the West shore of Lochindaul from Traigh Langa to Black Rock, and having brought a boat and good crew landed there, having previously provided three fleet horses, placing them at equal distances— One was left at Killarrow— one at the Red Houses— and the third Breacan rode armed with a spear which he threw at the reptile and wounded it tho' not sufficiently to disable it— for the serpent pursued him but he had time to get to the Red Houses and mount the fresh horse, while the serpent attacked the one he left— When it had devoured the horse it again followed Breacan but not until he had mounted the third horse leaving the second horse to the serpent, which it had no sooner swallowed than it again pursued the Prince, he however got to Black Rock and into his boat rowing alongside the barrels, on which the serpent had by that time got and altho' the iron spikes were tearing and wounding it as it went on it only seemed the more exasperated that after going as far as the barrels extended it went into the water pursuing him to the ship, on board of which the Prince and attendants got before it overtook them— Breacan had taken the precaution of ordering a bar of iron to be in readiness heated in the event of the creature following him— When it approached the bow of the ship Breacan took the red hot iron and thrust it into it's mouth and down it's throat which soon despatched it—

(226)

Breacan during one of his visits to the Hebrides took a bet that he would anchor his ship over the Corlese of the whirlpool in the gulf of Corry Bhreacan or Breacan's cauldron, which the name means, and that he would, during a spring tide, and with a North wind wait the tide of flood, which is the most dangerous period for boats a vessels to be caught in that channel, and has proved fatal to many who had the misfortune to be carried into it— Breacan had his ship supplied with three cables and anchors— one cable was of iron— one of hemp, and another of wool, as soon as the flood tide had gained strength and the sea began to rise the iron

cable snapped, soon after the hemp cable gave way, and last of all the woollen cable, when the ship was dashed to pieces and Breacan with all on board perished except Breacan's dog which, on being thrown out of the whirlpool swam round the North end of Scarba and landed in the Sound called Bealach a choin ghlais, between Scarba and Larga— Breacan is said to have been buried in a cave in Scarba called Uamh Bhreacain—

(227)

Story of Eila.

Eila, a Princess of Norway, or Denmark, remarkable for her great stature, visited Islay, and her ship anchored in Loch Knock— Getting impatient to land she tried to wade ashore, but perished in the attempt, as she stuck in a quicksand or mud and so was drowned— Her attendants tried to get her out so as to have her remains buried, but she had sunk so deep in the mud that they were obliged to cut off her legs by the knees when they buried her at the side of Ben Knock, where the stones marking her grave are still pointed out, and if she was as long as the distance between the stones indicate her height must have been enormous— Islay is said to take its name from this Princess, the stones marking her grave being called da Cloich Ile—

(228)

The Grouse cock inviting his wife to eat says

M'fhaichd thu n'cnoc ud s'n'cnoc ud eile — and she replies

M'fhaichd thu n'latha ud s'n' latha ud eile

(229)

Proverbs

M'fear adhitheas a sheanmhair feudidhe heunuith ol

Na chi na big se ris na big na chluineas na big se chan nas na big

(230)

Remarks on Weather

Dithaoine bagarrach a dhfagus disathuirne salach

Dicaidain craobhach— dirdaoin dalach

Dithaoine cha n'fheil e buhadar

'S'cha dual dhuit imachd a'maireach

Iurich n' sathurna muthnadh

Imrich n'luan mudheas
Ged nach bidh agam ach n'tuan
'S'ann dil nain dhalfhin leis
'Suichair n'sheachduin dil nain
Bidh e fuar na teidh

(231)

Achead cearradh do n't'solus ur coisail ris
n'diordaoin mudheirradh do n't'sean t'solus

(232)

'Se'n ceo geamridh n'ni cathadh earrich

(233)

Uisge n'reulag fhobharridh
Reodadh n'reulag Gheamraidh
Gaoith n'reulag earrich
Agus teas n'reulag shambridh

(234)

From Christmas old style to Candlemas old style was called by old highlanders the dead month, or "mios marbh"- On Candlemas day the cailcach is supposed to observe vegetation beginning when she begins with her maul or slachdan to beat it down which the weather favours her- the first week of February com=
=prehending the days called hi laidhibh Gobaig & hi laidhibh feudaig- then very sharp and cold then succeeds seachdhuin Gearrain & coiglaibhdheug Cailich which brings Patricksmas when the Cailcach in despair throws away her maul repeating

Dh'fhage shios mi dh'fhag e shuas mi
Dh'fhag e cadar mo dha chluais mi
Dh'fhag e thall mi dh'fhag e bhos mi
Dh'fhag e eadar mo chios mi-

(235)

It is considered a bad sign of the season when the winter moon enters far into the spring as it has done this year

(236)

Gaoth tuadh fuachd 's'feannadh-
Gaoth n'iar iasg s'bainna
Gaoth deas teas s'torradh
Gaoth 'near mios bharr chrannabh

(237)

Ged thig a'ghaoth tuadh s'u tshamradh bidh m'fuachdua aorradh

(238)

Fiach fobhair 's feannag earrich tha iad

(239)

Neud air brithia ugh air innide
S'eun air Eāsg
Mur bi sinn aig'n fhiach bidhidh m'bas

(240)

'S'amhradh gach geamradh gu nollig
'S gial lus n'fhaich fhiscan feun

(241)

An extraordinary Eel

An old man in Lane wed to tell that he went one summer morning to fish on a rock, he was not long there when he saw the head of an Eel pap- he continued fishing for an hour, and the eel was still papsing, he went home worked in the field all day, and having returned to the same rock in the evening, the eel was still paping and about dusk he saw her tail disappearing behind the rock on which he stood fishing-

(242)

The same man said he was cutting peats and having cut the hunk of an oak out of the mos set it to dry on a bank, when the peats were braught home the hunk was also put up beside the stack, sometime during winter it was brought into the house and one end of it placed in the fire which was on the floor, after it had been burning for three days a cuckoo came out of a hole in the end of the tree sat upon it for a minute, said Cuckoo three times and then flew out at the hole in the roof of his cottage to let the smoke escape- this man had the nickname of Donul n'ro

(243)

The Olladh Fleach or Dr Beaton

There were three brothers of the name of Beaton natives of Islay famed for their skill in medicine one of the brothers, called John, went to Mull and was known as the Olladh Muileach or Mull Dr- His tomb is to be seen in Iona- Another, called Fergus remained in Islay and was known as the. Olladh Fleach- The third Gilleadha was in the end the most famed of the three- he was the herbalist and employed-

by his brother Fergus to gather herbs and prepare them for use – When boiling a cauldron of herbs in which a white snake had been put, in stirring it it bubbled up and spattered on his hand, this he licked off and at once he got such a view of his profession as to make him unrivalled – He was summoned to attend one of the Scotch Kings, who was cured by him – but through the jealousy of Ther Doctors he never returned to Islay having been poisoned – He was called to see a young lady daughter of Mackay of Kilmahumag near Cronan – When approaching the house, attended by a servant the latter remarked a sweet female voice singing a song

'Sinn n'gutth Cinn sinn ars'n gilleadh
'Sinn ars'n t'olladh air uachdar losguine

The poor young woman had an enormous appetite which could not be satisfied, but she was reduced to a skeleton – The Dr on hearing her voice, knew what her disease was, and ordered a sheep to be killed and roasted – the lady was prevented from getting any food – from which she was in great agony – She was made to sit by the sheep while it was being roasted – and the flavour of the meat tempted a toad she had swallowed to come up her throat and out of her mouth, when she was completely cured – The reptile she had swallowed was called Lon craois. –

(244)

The wife of a man who was suffering from rheumatism consulted the Olladh Muileach he went to see him bringing a birch rod and having got his patient out of bed ordered his wife to lay the birch rod smartly on his back and chase him till the Dr would say it was enough – he would not allow her to cease till the poor man perspired freely and became supple and free from pain –

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Another man went to him for a cure for sore eyes – the Dr examined his eyes but told him he was likely to suffer in a more serious manner from horns that would soon appear on his knees – The man seemed much alarmed and asked if there was any way in which he might prevent such a calamity – "No way", said the Dr "but by "your keeping your hands constantly on your knees for three weeks at the expiration of "that period come to me that I may see how you get on" – The man did as he was advised and went to the Dr – "Well," said the Dr, "have the horns made their appearance? "No" – said the man – "Have you attended to my advice?" said the Dr "Oh yes!" said the patient – "I have kept my hands constantly night and day on my knees" – "How are your eyes?" asked the Dr – "My eyes are quite well", replied the man – "very well," said

the D. "go home and keep your mind easy about the horns which I threatened you with merely to keep your hands off your eyes which you were fretting by constantly touching and rubbing them
The descendants both of Fergus and Gilleadh are still in Islay—

(246)

Story of Caileach Bhenna Bric in Jura-

Caileach Bhenna Bric lived at Largicbrac in Jura and had a ball of thread by which she could draw towards her any person or thing if she could throw the ball beyond them— She got Mac Phie of Colonsay into her toils and would not part with him— every time he attempted to leave her she used to intercept him, and even after he got into his birlin or barge and got off from the shore she would by throwing the ball into the boat get him ashore again— At last he pretended perfect contentment in his bondage and got the secret from her that she had a hatchet which would cut the thread of the enchanted ball— he watched an opportunity and stole the hatchet, having previously ordered his boat to be in readiness at Knockbrac at the foot of Ben a Chaoilis— he set out by the dawn of day and was seated in his boat before the Caileach got to the top of the hill which she had climbed with speed as soon as she missed him— When she saw him in the boat she cried out most pitcously "a Mhic a Phie a ghaoil 's thasgidh n'dh fhag thu air a chadach mi" which she often repeated at the same time throwing the cearsta dhruidheachd into the boat and drawing it towards the shore, but when she saw the thread cut and the boat rowing off beyond her reach she got desperate and slid down what is called Sciob na Cailich crying out "a Mhic a Phie charrich ghranda n'dh'fhag thu air a chadach mi"—
In her time the Island of Jura was under the sway of Macdonald of Islay but this Caileach was so powerful that she would not allow the Islay post to pass thro Jura as she killed him as soon as he passed the Ferry— Macdonald spoke to a Jura man of the name of Brice, who lived at the ferry and promised the farm of Largiebreac where the Caileach lived to him and his heirs for ever if he would kill her— he told his wife the offer that Macdonald had made remarking at the same time that he never would attempt to encounter the Giantess— Their eldest son however overheard his father and set off the next day to offer battle to the Caileach— They had wrestled hard and long when at length

She brought him on his knees and said "Iha Iha a' teagin a mheirleadh Bhuic 's b'ole n' arridh e Iha mo 'sheanna mhathir air taobh cuil n' Iba n'so a thig m' chuideachadh m' seigin ars esan a cur a lamh air a bhidaig"—
They engaged again and after a great struggle she brought him to his knees again saying "Iha Iha a 'Nergin a mheirleadh Bhuic s' b'ole n'arridh e when he drew his dork and stabbed her to the heart—
Macdonald performed his promise of giving the Benee's Largiebrace which they held for centuries after—

(247)

Song

Caileach Bheinna Brec horo
Bhric horo Bhric horo
Caileach Bheinna Brec horo
Caileach Mhor leathun ard
Cha deachidh mo bhuidh eann shiadh
Buidheann shiadh bhuidh eann shiadh
Cha deachidh mo bhuidheann riamh
A dh'iarridh chlabba aū n'traigh

(248)

Proverbs

Duine gun shift gun seol s'coir a chroohadh – 'S duine aig' mbeth tuillidh s'choir s'coir a chroohadh –

Cha tig asa phoite ach n'toit abhitheas iunte

'S fhear mo charrid sabhaite so na mo bhrathir 's bhaile nathall

Cummidh n'geara phoc withir ris a chorra phoc—

(249) Ronaldshay
Thursday evening
1st June 1860

Revd Sir,

I enclose a few pages of stuff such as it is— I have used half the paper, and I shall keep the remainder till the time of hurry and scarcity is over— I rather fear that if you think anything there worth sending (which it is not) that you will have to copy the whole as my handwriting is not fit to be seen—

I find that although plenty of matter occurs to me when I do not want it, still, like Glendower's spirits, they will not come when I call except they are jotted down as they arise—

I am Sir, Your obedient Servant
(signed) Chas R. Thompson

Traditions

(250)

Tradition of the transformation of the Sealchias to the form of human beings on every seventh Spring tide

It is in Orkney, and has been from time immemorial, a custom to give the inhabitants of the different Islands or even Parishes, Soubriquets or Nicknames— The name given to the people of N— is Sealchies E.I. Seals— understanding which the following can be the better understood—

The farm of Westness lies in the North East Corner of N— in a solitary and low situation, looking out N.E. on the ocean— At the distance of two miles, from its door, surrounded by the sea lies in the midst of a roost— the wild rock called the Sealchies Skerry, inhabited by Selkies of every size, from the Orkney of nine feet long to birds of two.

The Gudeman of W— or as he was always called Westness, was a man much looked up to by his neighbours, in fact he acted as a short of justice among them, he was reckoned rich, but W— was a bachelor, and did not appear to think of changing his life, being about fifty years of age— He had made his reputed wealth by the capture of seals from his neighbour, the Skerry, and no man knew half so much as he did of the supernatural and mysterious habits of the hairy fish as he did—

His household consisted of a very old Maid servant, and two stout lads – On a fine summer Sabbath, the wind from the West – W– was standing listlessly at the door, his lads being at the Kirk, when he was surprised to see old Grizzy come with a most earnest look, and saying in a whisper "Eh W–, Guide save us! what can be come owre the neighbours? look doon there, instead o' being at the kirk theyre a padlin an' washin' in the poa o' Stangie ay–faith – lad an' lass naked thegether as gin there was neither sin or shame in't–" On looking round W's practiced eye saw more than Grizzy could tell him – In a secluded pool not more than 50 yards from where he stood, was an astonishing number of men and women, bathing and enjoying themselves, now diving, now pursuing one another, now frishing up and doun the rocks and then jumping in the water with a celerity which no human limbs could have done, and with a perseverance which no human frame could have borne –

W at once knew the meaning of this, he recollected this was a seventh stream, when sealchies assume for a time perforce the forms of humanity – He also knew that although human for the time that they had to carry or keep in sight their sealchie skin, the losing of which entailed on them the miserable lot of continuing in a human shape all their lives –

His plan was soon matured, creeping cautiously among the rocks he succeeded in getting between the bathers and their shelter from the sea – Looking stealthily round, he saw beneath a shelving rock an immense quantity of skins sunk in the water – Stones being laid on them to keep them from floating and drying – He disengaged a fine parcel of them from its protecting stone, and after searching carefully but hastily among them, selected one of a pure white, and otherwise the finest and most beautiful of the lot, saying to himself – "many bonny hides I'm seen, but this dings a' ere cropped my een" – His prize secured he returned by the same path, taking peculiar pains to keep himself concealed –

On reaching the house, and carefully depositing the hide in a safe place he again peeped out – There was a total change the sky began to change, looking wild and thunder like in the S.W, drops of rain began to fall – Flood tide began to make up – Heavy breakers began to roll in from the roost, and the bathers began to appear uneasy – Continuing his watch he saw them one by one, assume their hides, each finding his or her own with marvelous precision, until all appeared in their natural shapes and made off for the Skerry –

All but one, who after hunting apparently in vain, followed the rest with an

almost despairing cry in a human shape, and that shape was that of a fine girl age unknown— W— eyed them with a satisfied laugh— soliloquizing "Weel-weel we sall see— Gin I see nocht at twa the nicht my father's skill was a' but right"—

By this time it was rain, and hard rain, and by this time also W's lads had returned from the Kirk— "Haith Gudeman" said Jammy, the burliest of the two— "Haith Gudeman gin this been anither nicht we wad a had a fine "wailling i' the Skerry— Sae many selkies I never saw as a saw frae Brock "landing on him and creepin' tae the tapmost rocks, Gude gin twal was "ower"—

"Jammy I never kent thou war a fule till noo— and noo I find it" said W— "What's a' this thou are bletherin, weel thou kens we hae only twa "sermints in the year— Wyte and Hants, and this the vera plant— O man "I am affronted o' thee, although my sair head keepit me at hame— Gude fa "thee an' let me never hear the like again— Scalchie, indeed! ha-na, tak "thy dinner an' gang an' flit the Gudes, an' gang awa ta your beds, an' let "me hear nae mair o fegs this sanna be the end o't— gin sic Sabbath breakin' "happens again"—

Having thus secured himself from the prying of his servants, by the pretext of keeping the sabbath— W— retired to his small room, which bachelor like, was solitary and the but farthest from annoyance—

He did not sleep but kept calculating the time, which, as there was neither watch or clock on the island, had of course to be entrusted to the stars, especially at night— "I think I'll gang oot an hae a louk at the Reugh an' Hail doors" (i.e. the Great Bear) said he to himself— "by this time they maun be aver the Landmost bay and Sunday aff the lift"—

Ruminating on all he had seen and done, he was roused by a strange sort of sound partaking of the low of an old bull, mixed with the grunting of an Hog which gradually becoming softer resolved itself into an articulate voice, and that of a young girl "My faith! said W— "I had a tink o' this ith commin' noo"—

It may be mentioned that windows of any size were unknown, but small panes of glass were inserted in many orifices in W— house, which by the bye, was a strong proof of his superior rank and through one of these holes came the voice as follows

"O. W. wheres my skin? O tae the sea I'll never win— On this pause

muddle. I now maun bide, an' wause then a' I maun be W's bride"

W— was a little taken aback by this, but stoutly replied— "Bride— You never said a thuer word; and mair an outowt— its nae sic ill luck as ye may think to live wi me, but come in, for thou maun be unco cauld an' we will see and get bits o' clauds instead o' the skin that all this wark is handen about—"

The courtship thus auspiciously begun, need not be narrated— Suffice it to say that peace was concluded— the Scotchie girl making the best she could of a bad bargain, knowing well that without the fatal skin she could never again resume her native shape—

After a week had paped and the surprise of the Islanders had subsided into a quiet wonderment as to where W— had gotten his "Braw young wife" and directly after 12 o'clock had paped and Sabbath was "aff the lift", W— was again awakened by a particularly strange and loud lowing as of a cow, not being prepared for this, he was a little frightened— when his young wife starting up said, "W— come and tak in my tocher cow puir beast she maun live here as weel's me, an she is a my bairns part 6 year"

Nothing against his will W— turned out in a hurry, and on opening the door saw a fine red cow, which quietly submitted to be put in the Byre by his wife, although shy and mild to him—

We must now pass over a period of ten years, and W is now a hale & stout old man of sixty, his wife a nice and tidy woman, age unknown— and is now the mother of four children, three boys and one girl, she was much liked by all her neighbours, and by the poor, except for one fault, "she never would go to church, the neglect of which, above all other failings, was especially abominable in W—'s eyes— he— except on such occurrences as the adventure before mentioned, was a regular church goer—

One Halloween, it was on Sunday, W— as usual, was at church— The weather was dark and hazy, such as is particularly uncomfortable to sensitive and romantic minds, but from which the Islanders & W— were fortunately proof— The Tangie wife, as she was usually called, was busily engaged in combing and cleaning her children, she appeared uneasy on looking at the sea. Saying "Eh! what a hyte kaiming an washing thae bairns in a luggie, an' the braid "sea and the bonny Skerry at the door, wash as muckle as I like I never can

find the grund o hide, haim what I may, there's still left a sitting o' thae creatures in their heads— O for my ain hide, clean suld I be myself, an clean suld I hy and mak them gin saut water could dót— Jammas!" addreſsing eldest boy, "did thou never see an auld wizened Selkie hide abod the hoose?"

"ha ha— Mam I ken o' nane hale— they were a' cuttit up for Kirlins"

Equally unsatisfactory, was the answer of her two second boys, when girl like, the youngest lassie suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Mam, Ill wad a tatoe, that Dad has an auld crampt ting o' an hide in the corn chaumer, but the doors sneket and Dad has the key, an hes at the Kirk"— "Boys run awa an play you, an tak your time ot," said the Fangie wife, "Tak your sister wi you—" no sooner said than done, away went the children, and out went the Fangie wife— Directing her course to the Chaumer (a place forbidden females) she forced the door in a minute and rummaging among Cazzies— ie straw baskets— old iron, grain &c, found the object of her search in an obscure corner, carefully folded, and tied up— Taking it up she flew rather than ran to the sea edge, and plunging the hide in it was rejoiced to see it regain its former supple and glofy state "Ah ha! this will do "yet"— she exclaimed at the same time hastily denuding herself of her clothes and forcing the half shrunken hide on her, by this time, rather stout person, "Ill do" she again shouted in extacy as she disappeared in the hide.

Immedialely throwing it off again, she rushed up to the Byre, carrying her recovered treasure with her— On reaching the Byre door she exclaimed— "Brak band & bore an' tak wi' thee a' thy store." on hearing which the sea cow, by this time the mother of ten calves, and followed by five of them forcibly snapt her band and followed her Mistreſs to the sea—

For the last time inveloping herself in the fatal hide, and followed by the cow she plunged in the sea, after swimming a few yards the whole party dived and was lost to view— When W— returned from the church he met his children— "Boys" said he what left ye yer mammy and sister at?"

Gude deed," said Jammas. "I left them gaun tue the Chaumer tue look at the auld Selkie hide—

"So! So!" said W, "Then the rest its may be as weel, come awaa hame—

W— 's children obeyed, and little was said more on the subject, W— still continued to thrive, the five calves, who it seems were incapable to taking to the sea, becoming a very payable breed of cattle, but his wife was never seen, except on sundays, and that rarely when W— was at the Kirk— When she would come and comb her daughter's head, all the time anathomizing— "Thae creatures"—

(251)

Sealchie Sang

I heard a Mither baing her bairn
An ay she rockit an she sang
She took sae hard upo' the verse
Till the heart within her body rang

O row cradle an go cradle
An ay sleep thou my bairn within
O little ken I my bairn's faither
Or yet the land that he liggs in

O up then spake a grimly Ghost
A aye sae laigh at her bed's feet
O here am I thy bairns faither
Although I'm nae thy luve sae sweet

Jo Immrannoe it is my name -
Jo Immrannoe they do ca' me,
An' my lands they lie baith braid an' wide
Amang the rocks o' Sule Skerry

An foster weel my young young son
An' for a twalmont an a day
An' when the twalmonts fairly done
I'll come an pay the nourice's fee

But how shall I my young son ken
An' how shall I my young son know
'Mang a the Selkies i' Sule Skerry
He will be midmost amang them a'

My husband is a proud gunner
An aye a proud gunner is he
'An' the first shot that he will fire
Will be at my young son an' thee

I fear nae livin proud gunner
I fear nae mortal man quo he
For pouther winna burn i' saut
Sae I an thy young son'l gae free

O when that weary twalmont gaed
He cam to pay the nourice fee
He had ae coffer fu' o' gowd
An' anither fu' o' white money

Upo' the Skerry is thy young son
Upo' the Skerry lieth he
Sin thou wilt see thy ain young son
Now is the time to speak wi' he

The Gunner lay ahind a rock
Ahind a tangie rock lay he
An' the very first shot the gunner loot
It strack his wife aboon the bree

Jo Immauroe an his young son
Wi heavy hearts took tae the sea
Let a' that live on mortal Lird
Neer mell wi' Selchies o' the sea

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Manse Nr Ronaldshay
25th July 1860

Dear Sir,

The Lady Caroline Charteris, wrote, before her departure to the Continent, requesting, that I should communicate with you in the event of my having succeeded in collecting a few stories for you—

Since then at intervals of duty which are of a very varied character & making daily demands on my time—I have been endeavouring to add by eliciting from the people what I could—Only it is not easy for an "unbeliever" as I am accounted in these matters to be very successful—

You will find Mr Thompson's contribution rather attractive—he has a taste for these and tells them "con amore"—I dare say he has given you the most striking and of which there is no similar account—Mine I am afraid will be of the same character which prevails throughout Scotland—

Mr Thompson, I see, complains of his penmanship and I am certainly not the person to add to your facility in reading—by transcribing it—The mannual labour of writing becomes to most of my profession a matter of little importance and in course of time descends a kind of Hieroglyphic for private use

I have given you names of places and designations of individuals—Those are intended for your private use only—If made public they would instantly be recognised and cause some unpleasantness—Mr Thompson is our present Bailiff and his father was the former one—He was dead before I came here—I understand a very worthy man in his way. I have strong suspicions Mr Thompson is nearly related to some of the parties who are given as illustrations of Jangie freaks

If you publish and think any of these supplied by me suitable to your purpose—remember they will require to be curtailed and recast both in form and diction—They have been written "calamo currenti" and with the single object of putting you in possession of the facts regardless of the clothing

When you write to Lady Caroline, remember me to her Ladyship and express my gratitude for her kindness in sending me so long and so regularly the "Courant"—I am, Dear Sir,

Your obedt Servant—

(signed) John Keillor

John H. Campbell Esq

Niddry Lodge—Kensington

Fairies

The N-R Fairies are much like the good neighbours in other places the traditions much the same—

Their dwellings were in mounds of Burnt stone and ashes, bones, &c, of which there used to be numbers, raising their green heads from six to nine feet above the level of the ground— In these tumuli, the Fairies had their occasional meetings plying their vocation the same as they do in all places, only evincing a very decided preference to feeding on red cod fish, and red potatoes— both of which, fortunately for them are far from scarce here

One stout old man S. was noted for frequent correspondence with them, and in consequence of his startling accounts of his adventures amongst them had acquired for himself the sounding Nickname of Bugle Horn—

Bugle Horn was a little disposed to be convivial, and it was remarked that when anything alcoholic was to be had his adventures multiplied—

St Stephens day was and is noted for Fairy pranks, and also for, time to notice them, as at that season in N. very little outside work was going on— Bugle Horn always carried a gun, and walked by the light of the moon, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting Rabbits

Housemire Knowl, was that particular night in his beat, and on paping it he was surprised to see a bright light ipue from its before green and rather dark sides— While he was looking, he heard the sounds of music, and that not of any known instrument

"Saul to G-d," says Bugle, "how they are at it the night, Sin I could find on the door I suld hae my part o' the fish an' tatoes"— In accordance with his wish, he perceived a door, and as he said "although though the Knool was only the height o' a fork's haft, the door appeared as high as the Eable o' the Kirk— He was not bashful— he walked in, and observed all the good neighbours, in the highth of enjoyment, a band of music, and many parties of dancers, a roaring fire, and a homendous quantity of red cod and "Tatoes", Cooks at work supplying any number of consumers and all appearing to be in the height of enjoyment— Bugle Horn, stood, leaning on his gun, and surveying the scene when he was accosted by an old and astute looking neighbour—

"Come yer ways, BH, an' tak' a share o' what ye see, nae fear, there's plenty "here—" "Faith sall I.' Gudeman," replied BH, and advancing he took what seemed to be a seat, on sitting down he was surprised to find his seat melting

from under him, and on looking up was rather annoyed to find nothing around him but angry looks – "What's the matter wi' the seat, an' what are ye a styming at me like Engearles for?" said he – The only answer was "the gun!" "The gun!"

B.H. was no fool – he suddenly recollected that whoever succeeded in introducing tempered steel into the interior of a fairy conclave, became for the time their master, and could make them subservient to their commands – He felt that the steel lock of his gun was the talisman that this time had alarmed his hosts – Taking advantage of his situation and presenting his piece, to give due effect to his words, he began to make them a speech –

"The gun indeed, I let yet weel to wat the gun's mine, an no yours, ill "keisted limmers that ye are, What D-l are ye doing here feasting & burring "ower, Certie your fish an' tatoes might sais better fouk, ye little snivl nosed Boges "that ye are, tell me this minnit whare ye got the God's benefit, I ken right "well ye hae storrnt', for neer a ane o' you ever hauled a bane o' fish or delved "tatoe rigg – Tell me this precious minnit or ye will fare the waur" –

This oration delivered with the strong voice of Bugle horn and enforced with a gun charged and levelled, had at once an effect – The little old man alluded to before tremblingly answered

"O! Bugle Horn kens fu' weel
"That they that canna wark maun steal
"But nane o' this was taeén frae thee
"What ails thee, Bugle Horn, at me!" –

On hearing this Bugle Horn got in a furious rage, fired off his gun, and it appears by that foolish action lost his newly acquired power of the Fairies, for one and all fell a jumping around him, then all began to sting him with nettles; and then soused him in a pool of water which appeared as by magic when needed, he lost all sensation, and when he came to himself was lying in the little Loch of H, half drowned, and in the immediate vicinity of a large bush of nettles –

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Superstitions about Bogles

The prevalent superstition, or rather the most influential Bogle in N.K. is named "Tangie" or "Kelpie" a being similar to Davy Jones, or any of the numerous local spirits, with this distinction. Tangie is exclusively a sea spirit

however, he is frequently met with in the shape of a poney, and woe betide the unlucky wight who mounts him—

It is very tempting to do so as at such times he is a very tame animal until mounted, but then, look sharp, off he goes like a shot for the sea and never stops till he and his buckless rider are "fathoms deep"—

He also assumed other forms, perhaps an old woman, a fat sheep, bearing the ear mark of the observer, a stray dog, or a neighbour— In the latter guise he ap=-peared to an honest blacksmith giving rise to the following true story— It must however be understood that in each and all of his various shapes, he is invariably malevolent except totally mastered when he can be compelled to obey any demands of his conqueror—

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The Smith of Barrigar

a Tangie

The smithy of Barrigar is situated about thirty feet above the high water mark of the South East side of N. The coast is flat and rocky— Making a tremendous breach of sea with a S.E. wind

The house and smithy were small and flat roofed, the gable, or end furthest from the forge being furnished with a small unglazed window or bole, which the writer of this pulled down with his own hands, the Farm being included in a larger one—

Hallowmas is Kelpies holliday, and it was a Hallowtide when the smith one bitter cold and breezy evening from the South East was busily engaged in making a plough coulter—

He had a blazing fire, and being a strong and burly fellow appeared to be rather enjoying his work than otherwise— He had been at the fishing all day, and when at night it blew up, the change was agreeable from the cold boat to a blazing forge— and he looked forward in joyful anticipation to a hot supper of new cuiths and potatoes— Rap— rap— rap, at the window— "Come in thro' the door like a man and no stand tirlin at the door like a fule" said he— The rapping ceased, but instead of the door, the Smith heard a noise as of some one trying to remove the board which shut the window—

Let the buird alane, man, let the buird alane" shouted he in great wrath— No answer was returned, which did not decrease our vulcan's choler—

"My Faith gude fallow, gin thou puts me to the pains tac come oot thou's ken o my coming, that's a'" and still no answer being returned, he began to

think the affair a little strange—

Continuing his work, he was surprised to see the board removed from the inside and the face of his own neighbour M. looking in on him, with a strange expression, which he did not half like—

"M. says he." what D—l are thou standin glowrin there for, like an auld Scarf, can thou no come in?" M. made no reply and our Smith began to smell a rat—

"M—" said he, "either tell thy errand or else gang to the Deuw"

This species of adjuration seemed to suit M exactly — for he almost instantly replied "I only come tue shak hands wi' thee, oot through the bole"—

Gude Faith gin that be a' thou want, it's a pity thou should want for that", and suiting the action to the word, he drew the welding hot coulter from the fire, and showed it through the window, still holding the better end with his tongs—

M, or by this time we may call him Tangie, laid hold, but after a very slight shake, let go his grasp rather hurredly, observing

"Thy Saul, Smith, thou hae baith a hard hand and a het"

The Smith composedly finished his job, eat his supper, and was never more troubled with Tangie

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The following stories are given as true & are evidently examples of Tangie's pranks

A young man had gone to the North end of the Island to see his sweatheart who resided at nether Sinna (a house near the Alt na Sinna)— He was returning at Midnight to his Father's house in Holland's Toun, with two stones of meal in a bag— When he arrived at the Kailyard of annain, he saw a horse standing very quietly by the dyke— The nag allowed the man to mount along with his meal— he was carried to near the sea mill when quite suddenly he wheeled about, made off at a gallop, and in order to save the meal, at that time, eighty years ago, rather a valuable commodity, the rider allowed the bag to slip off as gently as possible, on a grassy mound— The horse never halted until he returned to the side of the Kail yard dyke— The man dismounted and returned to take up his bag of meal, when he reached the mound he found his bag torn in two and the meal scattered over the grass In those days and even yet, horses are accustomed to be ridden without bridles— (It is very likely that his sweatheart had been "unco civil" that night in other words plied her lover with good home brewed ale

and the excuse for the loss of the meal had to be laid to Jangie's account)—

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The same individual on another evening had occasion to be at the Bailiffs house at the South end of the Island— (the Bailiffs house has always been noted for its hospitality) When he left, the night was exceedingly dark, but he saw a bright light towards the East, a direction quite opposite to his own home— he made for the light, but it always kept at the same distance from him— At last he stumbles on to a wall— Beginning to think that this was something "no canny" about the light" he drew his knife and brandished it about him three times— a great flash appeared for an instant, but the light he was following, was no more to be seen at that time— He began to be aware of his whereabouts by hearing the sound of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil— He made his way to the Smithy, talked for a time with him, and then left for home, but to his surprise there was the light straight before him and at the same distance as formerly— He said that he had passed by many a house in his wanderings after leaving the blacksmith and only reached home at 4 o'clock in the morning—

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Another individual had, one evening, been at a convivial meeting, and prolonged his stay until past midnight, and only left when the moon appeared— He had taken his gun along with him straight of going straight home, he made a detour, that he might have a shot at the rabbits on Holland Town warren— When he arrived, instead of rabbits, he found a poney— whose freaks he did not at all relish— He fired at the poney— but it received no harm, went on with its gambols as before— The man saw at once the gentleman he had now to deal with, and was resolved to put an end to his tricks— So he loaded his gun, and instead of common shot, he put in a sixpence— He fired, and the poney fell— It is said he dragged the carcase down to the sea shore and there left it to be washed away by the coming tide—

Jangie obstinate and uncertain disposition has became proverbial— In enquiring lately as to the character of a young person for a servant— the person of whom enquiry was made said "I might as well take Jangie at once—

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The little bodies, or fairies—

These folks were wont to attack the cows of the Island, with some sharp weapons, that made small holes in their flanks— The guidewives had therefore to examine their cows every morning

and carefully fill up the holes with butter_ But when these holes were discovered it was a sure sign that the "profit" was taken away_ It was of no use to churn the milk for a time_

Sometimes the fairies were very kind and attentive_ If a person happened to be late out, they would follow him and have kindly and engaging conversation_ to while away the time_

At other times they were rather a source of annoyance_ One morning in autumn the Bailiff's servants were early at work, leading in the crop_ Three horses were employed and in going along on their way to the barn yard they became very restive & "snored"_ One of the men looked over the sea wall and he saw a band of the fairies dancing_ but when the horses passed this particular spot_ they went on quietly enough_

(260)

The Selkie Sherry lies to the North of the Island and is frequented by various sea animals during winter it is covered with water_ In summer a large space is left high and dry and becomes the breeding place of large numbers of fowls_ especially cormorants_ Nearly opposite on the Island_ is a large space of common, covered with grass of a deep verdant hue It is said that such Marine animals, as sea horses and cows, used to swim from the Sherry and sun themselves upon it_ If any person could, unobserved, get to the shore and throw clods of earth between them and the sea_ they became powerless, and were at the mercy of the Islanders_

It is also said that these marine animals_ at every 9th Stream tide, were transformed into men and women and made this favoured verdant spot_ the place of general merriment

(261)

Superstitious practises & beliefs

An old woman who lived at Hogs in near proximity to the old church of St Brides_ believed that her devotions were of no efficacy, unless performed within its ruined precinb_ Her faith was weak and she sought always on these occasions to be accompanied by a young man, who was rather roguishly disposed_ He knew that the old woman_ while she feared the slightest noise or movement within the sacred place_ yet believed that her prayers were not blessed without these accompaniments and the young man therefore went down to the beach and pelted the old walls with stones and the more active he had been_ she always told people how her supplications had been blessed_

(262)

While the Islanders were engaged in fishing in the bays surrounding the islands they believed that they saw at times, a great fish approaching their boats with a tail above the water as high as their masts, and if the fish, named "flail fish," was so disposed, he would seize their boat and draw it to the bottom of the sea—
(This I received from an old man of 74 years of age, who truly believes that he saw the said fish pass his boat one day)

(263)

It is also believed that it is unfortunate to meet certain persons when you are setting out to engage in any pursuit— Through their envy, you may be assured, you will not succeed—

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Some firmly believe that certain persons are so gifted, that they can tell all your domestic circumstances and how your friends are affected towards you, and if you will be successful in your courtship, although these gifted persons may be entire strangers, and never have heard of you until you came to their Island—

(265)

When the dog belonging to the family remains without the house and betakes itself to howling— This is regarded as a certain omen that one of that family, will soon fall sick and die—

(266)

When persons are engaged in courting if either of the parties, ever feel a "langer" coming over them— It is a sure sign that those will never be united as man and wife—

(267)

No young man will allow his banns of marriage to be given in at the time of the "growing moon"— neither will he go to the fishing after the contract is made— This would be regarded by all interested as very unlucky— The marriage must be consummated before he ventures on the sea to ply his vocation—
Neither are they willing to follow their profession at sea, if there has been an addition to the family until the little stranger has been baptized

(268)

The Farm a house of Westneps was occupied previously to 1851 by a tenant— who neglected its proper cultivation, and diligently devoted his time to any employment which brought an immediate return— He and his family, a pretty numerous one, of grown up young men, consumed its produce, and there was little to meet the rent— arrears accumulated, besides it had a prejudicial influence on the other tenants of

the other tenants of that district – After many warnings he was out –
the farm let to another who had been selected by the factor, for his diligena
and improvement in his little holding in the South of the Island – The new
tenant, however had little confidence in his own activity, and well directed
improvements which would easily enable him to meet the rent were pointed
out, whenever completed – Before taking posession of the dwelling house, situated
on a wild rocky shore – He and his wife set about propitiating the evil spirit,
who was believed by the people to reign supreme in that locality, rendering
all labour unavailing and unremunerative – It is certainly a locality well
fitted to encourage superstitious feelings, being environed by a sea, seldom
smooth with huge black rocks lifting their heads above the fury of the waves –
Husband and wife had been told that this evil spirit, had been seen during
several nights to kindle a fire, within the dwelling, and at one time there
was such a blaze, that every window shone with flame – To drive out, or at
least to propitiate this unwelcome personage – these two, the man and his wife,
had secretly conveyed one of their cats to the house – they then made a sacrifice
of poor pussy or at least three parts of her body over the roof – "This was certain
to insure their prosperity" – What were the attendant ceremonies I could never
learn – the fact I can vouch for – I was very gravely informed by the neighbours
of, what they called, "this sinful proceeding" – The man often consulted me
about his improvements and willingly assisted me with his carts, but on
this point I could illicit nothing – He admitted the repat, but when prosed
as to particulars he became sullen and mute – He regularly paid his rent
and saved money – His manner was most uncouth & abrupt – He died a year
ago – His death was unexpected and was hastened, I think, by neglect of his
personal wants and over exertion – For two years before his death he was able
to pay an advanced rent, where the former tenant was ever complaining
and had a struggle for existence – His family is a true type of the old man
in almost every feature of character – The sin of this mans acting, in the
estimation of his neighbours, we were well aware, consisted in the prospect of his
being able to pay the rent – It had constantly been an excuse for their short-
comings in that respect, on rent day – "Oh! see the best farm, Westness can't pay"

(269)

It is reported that the following practice prevailed in this Island and the last
instance of it's being acted took place about 80 years ago – Previous to that time

and for years subsequent the islanders depended upon their rude modes of fishing for their daily supplies of food – There was then comparatively little cultivation – Wild sheep and small cattle roamed over the length and breadth of the Island – As might be expected, the children were often very weakly when born – If the infant gave evidence of great weakness, and there was little probability of its being able to provide for itself after reaching maturity – A consultation was held among the friends – the helpless child was laid out on the Dung heap in front of the entrance of it's parents dwelling, left to itself, and if by it's own exertions, it happened to turn it's head, in its struggles opposite the door – this was taken as a propitious sign of future ability to make necessary provision for it's own maintenance – It was thereupon taken in and nursed by the mother, instead of being left to perish – The person last subjected to this treatment, was named Peter Swaney – He was twice married and survived the last wife for a number of years – He was a poor specimen of the truthful character of this mode of arriving at future knowledge – His wives had to exert themselves in providing for their own as well as Peter's wants He got a legacy of £80 left by a sea faring relation, and it is said the only activity he ever displayed, was in spending this money – He died a pauper about 3 years ago –

(270)

The former Bailiff was twice married – His first wife after her delivery of a child had a very bad recovery, for as the story is told she never recovered despite all the reputable means adopted to effect it – One recommended shooting over the house – This, as well as many other charms, produced no favourable turn – At last he was recommended to shut himself, and his wife, in their close box bed – To make secure work he nailed himself in – In the morning, when he awoke his wife was missing – The bed was just in the same condition as when he composed himself for slumber – enquiry was immediately made, and after searching about the poor woman was found dead, lying in a "paw of water" not sufficient to cover a child – The burial took place – no person was seen to mourn at the bereavement except the husband's old grey-haired uncle – He shed tears, this was remarked – The old uncle lived at a place called Shonnops, a point on the South side of the island – Ever after he got no repose – At a certain hour of the night unusual noises disturbed and alarmed him – This continued for 6 months – He could endure it no longer – He sent for his son – a youth apparently not easily terrified by supposed unearthly visitors – He also was aroused from his slumbers, nothing daunted, he went out undressed and spoke to the spirit, who never disturbed his aged

parent afterwards—

(271)

There is an old practice observed at burials, which I have long attempted to abolish The inviting great numbers of people to assemble at the dwelling of the family where the death has occurred— The attendant mourners are liberally provided with cake, cheese, and beer or ale. A funeral, besides, the previous days preparations occupies the whole of a day— The free church Minister agreed with me to make the attempt to have these unseemly gatherings modified— The first death took place in one of the families belonging to him— He was a well to do farmer— The family agreed to the request of their minister to invite only relations and a few acquaintances and to give each a glass of Whisky and a small biscuit— The grave digger, was at that time employed in draining on my glebe— In the morning he got permission to go and dig the grave— At that time, what was called religious feeling between the churches, was at the boiling point and those of the Auld Kirk were seldom invited to the funerals of their former brethren— In the afternoon I went out to that part of the Glebe where the gravedigger had his portion of work assigned— I found he had made good progress since my visit in the morning— Thomas, however, was in no good humour and answered my questions rather tartly— At last I asked Thomas if he had got the funeral over— His reply certainly surprised me— "Neer a funeral did I see the day—" "Have ye not buried Kilday?" I said— "O—Ay! he's buried— but a bonny like burial only a sma glass of whisky an a p[illegible] of bake— ye'll see there'll be no muckle luck there— muckle gear as they hae"—

It is evident— by their persisting in this very objectionable practice at funerals, and the observation of the old grave digger, now gone to his rest— that some superstitious notions are connected with it— I am sure there is more than the very laudable desire of paying due respect to the memory of a departed relation— After the service &c. of eating is concluded— their own Minister (how frequently both) is invited to address the assembled mourners upon the subject of their meeting and to say some comforting words as to the dead person's former life and conduct &c &c and to conclude with a prayer— It is needless to express what our feelings are at such times— These can be well conceived by any person possessed of a due regard to fitness of seasons and circumstances— They, however, seem now to consult what they consider our prejudices against their Ancestral customs and only invite our attendance at a time when they expect all evidences of their bodily comforts to be removed— To make sure with me— my people are adopting the practice of inviting me to meet

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the funeral procession and to assemble the attendants in the church for the address & prayer The Church forms one side of the grave yard

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Witchcraft

The following cases of belief in what the people call the "uncanny art" came under my own observation

After I was settled here 13 years ago, and while I lived a bachelor – I was constantly annoyed by the complaints of my servants, insisting that my cows were bewitched – My natural enquiry was – "How do you come to this knowledge?" – "Oh, Sir, look at the milk, and see now then – Besides we cannot get the butter to come" At that period my knowledge of either the qualities of milk, or the proces of butter making, was very limited – It was only theoretical – But I invariably found that on these awful occasions, enquiries were secretly made, as to the stranger, who might have been last seen in the byre and who last got milk from the Manse – If these did not prove satisfactory and fortunate it was for the last persons prospect of continuing to get milk when they were not – Then these enquiries were pursued among the friends and relations of my servants, if they could give any information as to parties who were getting more milk and butter, than they could reasonably have expected to have

One day my housekeeper bangs open the study door, and there she stood in a towering passion, declaring that I would never believe that my cow was witched – but witched to a certainty she was now, as she and the other servant had toiled all the morning, (mentioning the length of time occupied) – and no butter would come in the kirn, and the only remedy was to put silver coin at the head of the animals stall in the wall – After attempting to calm her down – and shewing her the foolishness of entertaining such notions – for which she could assign no proper and satisfactory reasons — she replied – It was of no use to speak to me, as I was an unbeliever in these things which every body else in the place believed and watched against except myself – but she thought she would be after to get the cow relieved from the evil influence of witches, by her own charms – Then I began to think – that if there did exist such an art as this uncanny one that evidently the most powerful of these evil doers lived in my house – After this she disdained to allude to the subject, which was a happy relief –

After I was married – my wife had her annoyances from the same source – A neighbouring farmer had called at the Manse, he was not a hearer of mine – He looked at a young cow, which he had intimated to some of the household, he was

inclined to purchase- The cow had lately her first calf- She got on very quietly until the evening of the day on which the farmer called- The girl came to her mistress, and anxiously enquired if she saw the man touch the cow today, for now she could not get her milked as she kicked so violently, and she was certain he had got some influence over her once quiet and familiar Jessie-

Four years ago a short horn cow- the first of the race ever on the island- was purchased for me- She was speckled- We were at once informed that these "big glandered animals" were no canny to meddle with- The new comer was evidently disliked by the old and wise as an innovation- We had therefore to keep a pretty diligent look out, in order that the cow might get fair treatment- The person in charge of the byre had to be watched, as she embraced every opportunity to steal her food- and even to abstract it from the animal's head when she had no opportunity of stealing it- At the communion season, my attention was otherwise engaged what with preparations and attention to the two aspiring Ministers, who are invited to attend and aid in the services of the church, my cow was entirely forgotten- On the Saturday morning, or perhaps the friday- I was aroused by the information that my favorite cow was mad- It was too true- She had been taken to an adjacent quarry and allowed to drink of its putrid water- It was afterwards found her stomach had become deranged and unable to digest food- She died on the Saturday- On the following tuesday, after all religious duties were ended- I and my two brethren visited the carcase- people had been got to bleed it &c- It appeared to be excellent beef- She was in excellent condition at the time- All the consolation I received was "how could I expect those brutes to prosper here- at the same time, they who disliked her when alive, were ready to purchase the beef, and afterwards declared it was the finest ever they had eaten- The loss of the Minister's cow- was no loss to them- and I found some members of my own household, entertaining the same opinion-

A few weeks afterwards an old woman called and wished to give me and my wife some advice as to my future cows, and intimated she knew the cause of my late cow's death- You gave her calf to the farmer of Holland- and you might have known that he was no friend of yours- (He is a free church man, but now a very obliging neighbour- he was anxious for the calf, a female, to rear for breeding) Did you ever think he would allow your cow to prosper after that "fully" action of yours- Ha- Ha- take my advice neer gie your calf to a known enemy otherwise ye'll hae cause to repent o't"

Last winter a cow recently purchased not accustomed to turnips, had became voraciously fond of them_ A small piece had stuck in the throat and caused the animal some annoyance, but not such as to alarm the household, and no information was given to me_ Indeed the probability is I never would have heard of the accident but for the following incident_ Epie, an old woman, who has now charge of the Byre_ made a vow, that if the Almighty would only relieve the animal, without troubling the master_ that out of her small produce of potatoes_ she would bear a cazzy of them to Mary O Cavan_ (a week minded, and deformed woman)_ The cow got relief without any apistance, and I am told that Epie, true to her vow, was seen bearing from her own humble cot_ the votive offering_ a cazzy full of potatoes_

But Epie it would appear has supernatural powers for evil as well as for good_ She formerly lived with the tenant who was put into possesion of the holding which her father held previously to his death, many years ago_ His property was valued and since my settlement here_ the proceeds were entrusted to my charge for her benefit_ But the tenant's permission to allow Epie to occupy a "benend" of the dwelling_ led her to imbibe certain ideas of self importance not very favorable to the peace of himself and family_ At certain intervals she was a source of unhap=-pines and became quite unreasonable in her language and actions_ This, although endured for many years, at last became intolerable_ Complaint was made to the factor on the occasion of his annual visit_ It was resolved that Epie was to be ejected and sent to a vacant cottage, with half an acre of land attached_ On the day of her removal, she very respectfully told the Factor that he might turn her away from her earthly tabernacle, but neither he nor Willy (the tenant) could keep her frae her Heavenly tabernacle_ It is said that her wishes for Willy's future welfare were not of the most charitable kind_ In the course of the last 15 months Willy has had the misfortune to loose four of his horses, and all from the same disease, inflamation in the bowels, I have my own opinion as to the death of two of them_ It partly arose from ignorance in managing and neglect in observing that there was a derangement in the digestive organs_ The other two were old wrought out animals and were unable to withstand from their leanness, the severity of winter_ all aggravated by sintledness in giving their food_ I was anxious to learn the feeling of Kelly's neighbours as to these frequently succeeding misfortunes_ Every one protested, while they were telling me, that it was Epie's prayers_ that however they did not believe it_ At the same time I was impressed with the belief that they did believe, and the solemn and under

tone of voice in which they spoke clearly told what they thought—

In various parts of Orkney & Shetland I am told that there is still remaining the practice of offering gifts at certain places thought to be more sacred than others, for deliverance from evil and from dangers at Sea—

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The names referred to by the person who wrote the first part of the MS are said to be derived from the various kinds of food either supplied to or brought along with the various parties, who assisted at the building of the Cathedral at Kirkwall These parties, called in from the various Islands and parishes of the mainland could only be employed as labourers and not as skilled workmen— It is only of late that the natives of Orkney have applied themselves to those pursuits and in prosecution of their different professions have gone to Aberdeen and Edinburgh for instruction— It is quite a mistake to speak of Orkney as a kind of semi civilized country— As a rule the natives of Orkney are a very superior race to the same class of people either in the Highlands or Lowlands of Scotland— They are naturally of easy and polished manners, and only require to be placed in those circumstances to develope those natural powers of mind with which they are endowed— It is the remark of all intelligent persons who have travelled through these Islands that they meet with a gentleness and kindness only to be found in a higher class in the South— They are as a people entirely destitute of the roughness and savagery of races I have lived among both in the South of Scotland— I have been often surprised at the acuteness and perceptive powers of the people of this Island— who have so few opportunities of coming in contact with the outer world—

Nicknames

Island of Sanday	—	"Gruddy Belchies"	— (Porridge)
Stronsay	—	"Escupits"	— (Shell Fish)
Eday	—	"Scarples"	— (Cormorants)
Shapenshay	—	"Bas"	(Sheep)
Westray	—	"Auks"	— (Sea Bird)
Rousa	—	"Mares"	— (Horseflesh eaters)
Kirkwall	—	"Starlings"	— (Birds)
Parish of Sandwick	—	"Apapeds"	— (Toes-in-the-ashes)
N. Ronaldshay	—	"Selkies"	— (Seals)

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Fairy Legends

Dumbhullaig

The Wife of a farmer who resided on the Largie side of Kintyre, in Argyllshire, had on a certain occasion a quantity of wool to teaze preparatory to carding, spinning and weaving it into tartan for her husbands apparel – She was of a giddy and unsettled disposition, and anything but assiduous in attending to her work, so that much of her time was uselessly dwindled away on trifles, and very little progress made by her in her task of wool teazing – Although she was rather indolently inclined, the farmer, her husband; was of an opposite turn of mind – He was as industrious as she was thriftless, and being besides displeased with her inactivity, he sometimes rated her not very endearingly on the impropriety of her habits – He pointed out to her that if she expected to become a good housewife, she ought to apply herself unremittingly and vigorously to whatever labour she might have on her hands, until it was completely finished – "For", said he – "Cha dean toin anairde abhras 's cha dean bean luaimhneach maorach" – A restless spinner makes but little progress, and a roving woman gathers no shell fish" which meant in other words, that unless she sat diligently at her work it could not be speedily performed, and that it was her interest to accommodate her habits to the nature of the duty in which she was engaged –

Having on a certain occasion during the progress of the wool teazing, to be absent for a few days, the farmer before leaving home, charged his wife to have the wool completely teazed ere he returned, and then giving her an affectionate embrace, left her to her labour and her meditations. For the first day or so after her husband's absence, the good woman applied herself with unwonted energy to her task of wool teazing but indolence and procrastination recovered their sway, and dissipated all her well meant resolutions, so that the smallest pretext enticed her from her labour, such as the supposed trespass of cows, sheep, or goats on her husband's crops – the squalling and squabbling and screeching of children, and a thousand other annoyances incidental to farmer's wives – Disturbed by the real or supposed recurrence of many such annoyances, she loitered, and lingered, and nearly spent the whole of her precious time, but made little or no progress in her task of wool teazing – The time of her husband's return approached, and she feared his displeasure on finding so little labour performed – It was indeed her desire to be in favour with him, but she wished to acquire such favour with as little trouble to herself as it was convenient for her to avoid – Finding it hopeless to have enough of the wool teased to satisfy her husband's demands, she threw down in despair, on the heap of wool that lay unteazed before her, the last handful

she had picked up, and going to the door heaved a heavy sigh and looked about her— The principal object that attracted her attention was Dumbhullaig, which was a small hillock near her dwelling, and this same Dunbullaig was the habitation of the Daoine Sith— a Daoine beag— These Daoine beag or fairies were not always perceptible to the naked eye, even when surrounding an individual, as they could render themselves invisible at pleasure, and unless a person was gifted with the second sight, it was impossible to know when these beings were, or were not fluttering and skimming about him— Hence it was very imprudent to say anything about them, excepting in their praise, and indeed it was better not to speak of them at all, for in some way or other they were sure to become annoying to the incautious intermeddler— If the farmers wife had not been so full of wool kaying, and the consequence of neglecting her duty, perhaps she might have paused ere she cried out at the top of her voice "Oh Daoine sith thigith is ciradh m'ollan smi sgi— "Come O kindly Daoine shee, come and keaye the wool for me" Had her vision been that of the gifted order, she might have seen that the Daoine Beag were very busy indeed around Dunbullhaig Some were churning milk into butter, some who were joiners, and smiths, were constructing machines of intricate and complicate description— Some were building dykes and houses, some were brewing mountain dew, some grinding corn, and the others as far as an eye gifted with second sight could see were pursuing hundred avocations. It was mid day, and it was the time for work, and the Daoine beag were very intent on their duty They all paused when they heard the farmers wife call out, and in an instant they set about laying past their tools and their implements— She, honest woman, was utterly unconscious of the actual presence of the Daoine beag, utterly unconscious that the chieftain of the fairies rode up to her on a fairy pony and surveyed her, and utterly unconscious, that he rode back again to tell his comrades what she was like— Indeed she was a very pretty dame, and the chieftain told the fairies as much— In the mean time she had returned into her house, thinking no doubt of her husbands displeasure, but not having the smallest apprehension that the Daoine beag were rushing forth from Dunbullaig in a visible shape— She had been sluggishly drawing the white ashy embers of her peat fire together, with a broken stick or tongs which she held in her hands— when something startled her— She straightened her back— glanced at the door, listened, paused, and then resumed the raking of the embers together— It was a singular noise, an unmistakable noise, sometimes it resembled the distant rumbling of thunder, sometimes it was like to the head of a flock of

sheep, at other times to the humming and buzzing of bees, which latter sound predominated, and at last increased to such magnitude till it seemed as if ten thousand bees hives were all round her cottage – The tongs dropped from her fingers and she became ghastly pale – The Daione beag swarmed in by the open door in a vast array, dressed in green – plaids, kilts, bonnets, and hose – there little faces, somewhat resembling those of Mortals, but infinitely more beautiful, and their little eyes twinkling and flashing and as sharp as needles – "Obair, Obair! Obair! shouted their leader – "Work – Work – Work" cried he imperatively – The poor woman of whom he made the demand for work showed him the Ior – or heap of unteazed wool that lay in a corner of the hut beside the beinge or bench that was between the fireplace and the galle – the fire being in the middle of the floor – In a moment the Daoine beag pounced upon the wool, and each having obtained a handful, and it was merely as a handful to each – they set about teasing it as fast as they could – They were, however, so very numerous that there was not proper accom-modation to be got for them in the hut, so that many had to stand outside the door, others more fortunate, were sitting squatting on the floor the beinge was covered with them, the window sill, and every spare corner crammed with them – they even rode cross legged astride the door, while others were hanging on rafters overhead headlong of peat smoke or filth – The chieftain, who was conspicuous among his comrades by being a size smaller than any of them, seemed to superintend the workers – He was a very elegant fairy and wore a golden feather in his bonnet; and his attire in general seemed to be, if such were possible, of a finer texture than that of the others – In a few moments the wool teasing was completed, and the farmer's wife seeing this performed mustered courage enough to thank the fairies for their trouble and to desire them to go away – They, however, had no such intention but demanded more work – Work! Work! Work! Obair! Obair! Obair! was the constant cry – The good woman suggested their oiling and carding the wool for her, and the chieftain suggested their completing the web by doing all that was required whilst they were about it

Isfad abhras n'aon cairnh air dheradh
Criadh, cardadh, 'tlama, cuighel
Feath a bheart fithidh gu luath
'S nisge lua air teine
Obair, obair, obair, obair
Isfad abhras n'aon cairnh air dheradh

Work – Work for a single hand
Can but little work command
Some to teaze, and card, and spin,
Some to sit and weave begin
Some the water for waulking heat
That we may her web complete
Work, work, for a single hand,
Can but little work command –

As if by magic, and no doubt it was, the teazers drew from underneath the folds of their green plaids very neat little wool cards, and rowans of the thickness of twine rolled from their nimble instruments – The sound, emitted by human cards, so grating to the ear in general, was quite different from that emitted by these enchanted instruments – During the operation of Carding the sound resembled the most beautiful and voluptuous music, which sent a thrill of delight through the nerves of the good-woman, and when it varied from these dulcet chains to inticing quick steps she was about to dance to the emminent peril of the Dacine beag, but the cards having ceased, the wool being all carded, she recovered her equanimity, and thinking that they would be satisfied by performing this last labour for her, she again desired them to withdraw He of the golden feather replied by an angry toss of his little head, and a very determined stare from his little black piercing eyes, which so frightened her that she almost dropped off in a faint – She therefore let them alone, and silently looked on – In a short time little enchanted wheels were set a spinning after that the wool had been blanched or preped with oily hands – Some of the Dacine beag began to wind the newly made yarn on pirns preparatory to weaving, others on reels making it into hanks for dyeing – The yarn was in an incredibly short time all span and wound and reeled, and the dyesters who had been busily collecting heather, rats, and seaware had green, red, and blue farmed in an instant – The mechanics on the other hand, were constructing a loom on a novel principle, which admitted of many men to work it at the same time, and the loom was soon, to the astonishment of the farmer's wife, erected and fitted beside her amaray or dreper – She repented heartily of her rash request for the assistance of the Dacine beag, but as she found herself so far in their power she determined to see the whole performance, without further interference with them – The weaving began in downright earnest, yard upon yard of resplendent tartan seemed to grow on the threads, and in a short time the web was woven – Ere, however, it had been completed, three or four fairies were endeavouring to place a heavy pot full

of waulking water on the fire by hanging it to an iron hook or slaavery that was used by the good dame for suspending pots over the fire— By this she perceived that fairies had no great bodily strength as she could, she thought, lift the whole affair with her little finger, so seeing the fairies fail in various attempts, she offered to assist them— All this the whole gang began to laugh heartily, but she was determined not to be outdone and tried the pot— but the material was thorough nothingness, as whon she attempted to catch the bulls or handle of the pot, her fingers passed through it— Her mortification drew another laugh from the little people, but as they had no time for diversion just then, they got additional aid, and the pot was hung to the Slaavery— The water took a few minutes to heat, and during this interval the fairies were becoming impatient for work, but as they had not completed her work they resolved to be contented with a dance— So they despatched a messenger or two to Dunbullaig for the bagpipes and some whisky which arrived instantly— As it was but good manners for the housewife to join in the revel, she danced a reel with the chieftain of the golden feather, to the great amusement of his comrades, who sometimes received a few hearty raps from the heels of the dame in the course of her rotations, but the water for waulking being at length prepared they all began to get the tartan passed through the necessary process, so that it was immediately waulked and hung out to dry— When this was accomplished the chieftain of the golden feather again cried out for work. Obair, obair, obair", said he and he was soon backed by the whole fraternity all persisting in demanding additional employment— They cried so lustily and prosed so closely round the good dame as she sat disconsolate on the beinge that she began to be afraid of them— Obair, obair, obair, work, work, work, they angrily cried— It was in vain for her to tell them she had none to give— it was in vain to thank them for what they had already done, they were alike obstinate and unreasonable in their demands— "Cuiribh amach a cheile" Put out one another" cried she— They were of course supplied with work in the performance of this action, and they began to put it in force by pushing, and bursting and dragging and drawing and tugging each other to the great alarm of their hostess, who saw them equally divided and who saw a prospect of much damage being about to be done to various articles of furniture in the furious efforts the Fairies made to execute her orders— She found her own way to the door of her dwelling and had recourse to another artifice to draw her troublesome and now disagreeable visitors forth from her house "Dunbhullaig na theine" Dunbhullaig na theine"— "Dunbhullaig's on fire— Dunbhullaigs on fire" she shouted as loud as she could— Here ensued a scene that baffles all description, as the fairies rushed to the door in intense agony believing that their habitation was in flames, and bewailing

their several tunes at the top of their voices

Mo mullachan caise, m'ord as m'innean
Mo bheau's mo paisde, s'mo gegan ina
Mo bho, 's mo gobhair, 's mo chiste beag 'm hinne
Och! Och! Ochone! gur hua tha mishe

My wife, my child, alas! with those
My butter pail, and little cheese!
My cow, my goat, my mealchest gone!
My hammers too! Och – Och – Ochone!'

Away they hastened for Dunbhullaig, and during their absence the farmer's wife set about scouring the door and apertures to keep them out, when they might come back, as she was quite convinced they would return when they discovered that her alarm as to the fire was a cheat – Scarcely had she finished her preparations, scarcely had she time to pray that God would be between her and evil, when she heard the buzzing rumbling noise that had formerly attracted her attention, and saw the Daoine beag once more around her cottage, and heard the chieftain crying out in unison with their vigorous bawlers "Obair, obair, obair" – Finding it fruitless to entice the dame to open the door for them even to obtain the cards and tools which they had left behind them in their haste, and having in vain asked the tools to rise and do so for them, the fairies became angry and threatened violence to herself and the house if she did not immediately comply with their request – She, trembling, consented to open the door provided they would go away on receiving their instruments – This they agreed to do – and she forthwith opened the door but saw no person – The Daoine beag had became invisible – The weaving apparatus, cards, and other instruments had disappeared in like manner – No doubt the house was still filled with fairies, although she could not discern them but she felt a comfort even in not seeing them, and particularly in having obtained their promise to go away, and she was quite sure they would keep their word – She began, however to fear lest the tartan also might have disappeared, but on going out she found it all right, and by this time pretty dry – She took it into the house and was brushing & dressing it when who should come to the door, but her husband – He was delighted at finding the web completed; but all his efforts could not elicit from his wife how, or by whom it was so rapidly executed – Indeed she kept her thumb on that subject for many a year thereafter, and did not ever again venture to ask the Daoine beag

to assist her in any other similar undertaking, but applied herself thereto with all her might and became, as people soon discovered, one of the best housewives in all Kintyre—

The tartan was excellent—

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Story of a soldier

Once upon a time a Soldier remarkable for military prowess was discharged from the army, after serving 21 years, without any reward for his services— He one day said to himself I will go and be revenged on the King for not granting me a pension— accordingly the old veteran set off for the Royal Palace— On his way he had to pass a large wood where he observed a man of colosal stature pulling the trees out of their very roots— "What are you about?" says the Soldier "Getting a bundle of sticks for my mother" was the reply— The soldier then told this strong man of his mission to the Royal Palace, and asked whether he would accompany him upon which the giant answered "I will" and without further delay pulled up a tall slender tree of which he made a rope, made up his burthen and off he set to his mother's house, but soon joined the soldier who was on his way to see the King— They had not proceeded far when they observed a man with a gun as if taking an aim at some object— "What are you aiming at?" says the Soldier— "Do you see yon white stone about a mile away" says the marksman, "well, on that stone rests a butterfly, and I am to put off her left wing with the ball" Off went the shot— and off went the butterfly's left wing "Now" says the Soldier, come along with me" "To what place" says he, "shall we go to" "to be revenged on the King" says the soldier— "I will gladly accompany you" was the reply— away went the three— they had not gone far, when they observed seven windmills maing round with great velocity— the day being quite calm and very hot, they could not imagine what kept the windmills in motion, as they approached a little they observed a man stand with his finger on his nostril and blowing wind out of the other nostril with which the windmill were kept a going— This blower of wind followed the Soldier like the rest— A little further on they observed a fourth man, who, when he walked a few steps put up his hand and pulled down over his forehead a large glazed hat he had on his head— on making up with this person the soldier asked why he put down his hat so often, upon this he replied that the hat contained magic, and whenever he knocked it down the ground on which he walked— which was very hot— got as cold as ice After a few words more this fellow made up his number to 4— 1st the Giant— 2nd the Marksman 3d the Swiftman & 4th the Windblower—

N.B. The Swiftman by the bye, was the next whom they observed after the Marksman— and was seen to run faster than any Roe, with a drawn sword in his hand— when called after to stop he had that swiftness about him that he could not stop for a length of time— he was just in the act of wounding himself with the sword when the soldier called out to

do so, upon turning round he fell, and was soon upon his feet again, and followed in company till they arrived at the King's palace—

They did not remain long there when his Majesty made his appearance, the Soldier made known his mission, the King then said he had but one daughter— which was by far the fastest in the Kingdom, and if the Soldier or his servant would go along with the Princess with two buckets each to a certain well and that he should come back with his own buckets full of water and reach the starting place before the Princess, he, (the King) would give him her as his wife, and a handsome dowry— "but" says the King, if the Princess gains the race you both, (the soldier and his servant) will be put to death— However the swiftman prepared and set out with the King's only daughter carrying each of them two buckets— the swift fellow filled his buckets and was halfway back before the Princess got under way— The Soldier and his party looked on at a little distance off, the man with the buckets thought he might— rest a little while and yet be back before the Princess, and fearing he might fall asleep, he placed his head on an old skull of a horse, but notwithstanding the hardness of the pillow the man slept— leaving his buckets full beside him— The Princess came cannily past and tumbled over the poor fellow's buckets, and hastened home with her own— The Soldier, fearing all was lost— turned round and addressing the Marksman said— "You that put the wing off the butterfly at a mile's distance try and give a rattle on the bone under yon man's head— soon did the ball crack on the skull, the man immediately sprung to his buckets, but behold they were empty, he made off to the well, and in spite of all was at the Palace before the Princess

How was the joy— The soldier calling upon his Majesty to fulfil his bargain— As Kings always stand by their promises, he said he would not break it, but invited them all to dinner when and where they would discuss the matter— They were shewn into the apartment in the Royal Palace, where a magnificent dinner was prepared— His Majesty himself partaking for a while, but latterly left, adoring them to keep on and drink well, and that he should be back in a few minutes—

The party did not drink much when they felt great heat below their feet, and on looking round and examining the chamber observed that it was all made up of iron, and that they were actually put there to be roasted. At— last the Soldier remembered of the man with the big hat which he ordered him to pull down immediately— No sooner was this done than the iron flooring got as cold as ice— The party then took another bumper, and whenever the heat came in the rooms the Magician's hat was put down, and all was fresh and airy

The King thinking they were all roasted, came up to see – but lo – to his utter astonishment, they were as jolly as ever, His Majesty never letting on what his intentions were went back and told his servants to heat the furnace seven times more, but the more it was heated, the more the big hat drew of fresh air so that at last the King thought they were all possesed of supernatural power, and on consulting his own safety thought it better to agree with them – Accordingly he said if they consented to leave the Princess he would give them of money what one of them could carry to their homes (There is some use for the Giant now) So they got the strongest canvas, and a number of tailors, who made a large bag for the money – The King thinking he might have about his Palace what would satisfy them – but on putting it into the big bag it appeared as nothing in the Giants eyes – So the King had to impose heavy taxes on the citizens and raise a heavy sum in order to satisfy the soldier – At last the big bag was filled with gold and silver – so away went the soldier and his party with the money – They were only one days journey off when the citizens rebelled against the King for robbing them of their money – and sent 3 regiments of infantry after the Soldier and his party – They overtook them on a large plain, and having surrounded them demanded them to send back the money, upon hearing this the man who kept the windmills going, said they would see the other side of the Moon first, and putting his hand on his nostril blew up regiment – after regiment – over the other side of the moon – except one poor old man who was let down and sent home to tell his story

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Sgeul mu Mhinisteir

Bha Mhinisteir gallda sa Ghaidhealtachd air tums choimhead caraid da

Bha gaun an cuideachd fad an fheasgair, far an gobh t slige chreachdainn a' dol m'un cuairt na bu luaithe na b'abhaist don duine choir a chleachdadh na dhuthaich fein –

Bha a chuideachd a seanachas mu shithichean no daoine-beaga Dhinnis a h-uile fear a sgeul fein, ach am Mhinisteir Galda glaggaire; cha chreidadh e aon fhacall do na chual'e, Nuair a s'gaoil a chuideachd, dh fhalbh esgn dachaidh do thigh an duin-uasail far robh e fuireach – Bha aige ri marchadh troimh gleann dacha agus tronnh chaille choille bhairraich, anns n'robh ioma tolman boidheach uaine duin shith anns an robh, nam b'fhior, na daoine-beaga gabhail taimh –
Bha seorsa do sgath air agus cha robh fios aige carson; ach comaco dhiubh, chuir e roimhe rach labhradh egu brath tuille an aghaidh na daoine beaga – Chuir e spuir an chadhach an eich. Ghead luim an t each air aghart – Am prioba ra suil, chual a gaoir agus bruidhionn, agus torman mi na durrach! Bha s'gaoth do dhaoine bhega luim rhomhe s'a' danusa 'na dheigh. Thugiad bharr an eiche e, ghuilain iad suas ro' na speuran e, a cheann fodha an drasd s'a' chasan fodha a ritheit, an savghal a ruith mu'n cuairt – Mu dhearidh thuit e dhith do thigh au duin-uasail far an robh e fuireach – Dheirich e mar a b fhearr a burrainn da – Bha an teach aig dorus an stabuill, ach bha an n diollaid fo 'bhroinn, an aite bhi air a dhruim – Chreath e dheth mar a b fhearr a burrainn da am poll's m teabar. Chaidh e stigh agus chaidh e a hudhe's cha do labhair e diog tuilleadh fhad's bu bhes-e mu na daoine-beaga; ach cia dhuibh is iadsan no tuaincalaich a dhiog na bha san t-slige chreachainn a thug so uile mu n cuairt cha'on eil fios againn agus cha ruigear a leas fheoruich –

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Story of a Weaver

Gairloch 7th September 1777

My Great Grandfather (peace be to his name!) who was by profession a weaver, and by the bye a very honest man (tho' I should not say it myself) was waked one night from his midnight sleep by a tremendous noise

On looking "out over" the bed to see whence it proceeded, he was not a little astonished to find the house full of operative fairies, who with the greatest familiarity had made free with his manufacturing implements –

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Having provided themselves with a large sack of wool – from whence it came they best knew – they were actively employed in converting it into cloth

While one teathed it – another carded it – while another spun it, another wove it, while another dyed it – another proped it – while the united bustle of their several operations, joined to the exclamations utterd by each, expressive of his avocation created a clamour truly intolerable to the gudeman of the house, with whom they used so unacceptable a freedom So diligent were they that ere long before day they decamped with a web of green cloth consisting of 60 yards, and moreover without thanking my venerable Grandfather for the use of his machinery –

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Seun

Air a thoir sair a sheallbhadh –
An sean chuir Bride mu nighean dhordheal
An senn chuir muire mu mac
Eadar a bhuinn 's a baghad
Eadar a cioch s' a glun
Eadar a suil s'a fall
Claidheamh Mhicheil air a thaobh
Sgiath Mhicheil air a shlinneann
Chan eil eadar sheamh 's bar
Na bheir buaidh air Righ na gras
Cha sgoill uainn thu
Si cha bhath muir thu
Bratach Chriosd umad
Sguil Chriosd tharad
C mhullach do chinn gu bonn do chois
Tha Seun an aigh osds ris,
Falbhaidh tu an ainm an Righ
S'thig thu an ainn do cheannard –
S'le Dia 's ra cumhachdan comhla thu
Cairidh mi an senn Di-luain
An astar cumhan biorach dreighire.
Falbh a mach s'an senn mud ort –

Diudh tu mullach nan stuchachd
Scha leagar Cala chiuin sa bhlar
Seaseudh tusa measg an air
Ruithidh troimh chaig ceud
S'bidh fear t encorach an sas,
Seun dhe umad
Sluagh dol mar ruit—

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Story of the Wife of Laggan

Once upon a time a hero celebrated for his hatred of Witchcraft, was warming himself in his hunting bothy in the forest of Gaig in Badenoch— his faithful hounds, fatigued with the chase, lay on the turf by his side— his gun that would not miss, reclined in the neuk of the bothy— the Skian dubh hung by his side, and these alone constituted his company— As the hunter sat listening to the howling storm as it whistled by— there entered at the door an apparently weather beaten cat, shivering with cold, and drenched to the skin. On observing her the hair of the dogs became erected bristles, and they immediately rose to attack the pitiable cat, which stood trembling at the door— "Great hunter of the hills," exclaimed the poor looking cat, "I claim your protection, I know your hatred to my craft, and perhaps it is just Still spare, o spare a poor jaded wretch, who thus flies to you for protection from the cruelty and oppression of her sisterhood"— Moved to compassion by her eloquent address— he pacified his infuriated dogs, and desired her to come forward to the fire and warm herself— "Nay," says she, "in the first place you will please bind with this long hair those two furious hounds of yours, for I am afraid they will tear my poor hams to pieces, I pray you therefore, my dear Sir, that you would have the goodness to bind them together by the necks with this long hair"

But the curious nature of the hair induced the hunter to dissemble a little— Instead of having bound his dogs with it, as he pretended he threw it across a beam of wood which connected the couple of the bothy— The witch then supposing the dogs securely bound, approached the fire, and squatted herself down as if to warm herself— She had not sat many minutes, when the hunter could easily discover a striking increase in her size— He could not forbear remarking in a jocular manner to himself— "A bad death on you, you nasty beast— you are getting very large"— Aye, Aye, replied the cat, "equally jocosely," as my hairs imbibe the heat, they naturally expand".

The Cat still continuing her growth, had at length a most extraordinary size – when in the twinkling of an eye – she transformed herself into her proper likeness of the "Goodwife of Laggan" and thus addressed him – "Hunter of the hills, your hour of reckoning is arrived – Behold me before you, the avowed champion of my devoted Sisterhood of whom Macgillichallum of Rasay, and you were always the most relentless enemies –

He lies a lifeless corpse in the bottom of the main, and now, Hunter of the Hills, it is your turn" – With these words apuming a most hideous and terrific appearance she made a spring at the hunter – The two dogs which she supposed soundly bound with the infernal hair, sprung at her in turn, and a most furious conflict insued –

The witch thus unexpectedly attacked by the dogs, now began to repent of her temerity "Fasten hair fasten" she perpetually explained, supposing the dogs to have been bound by the hair, and so effectually did the hair fasten, according to her order, that it at last snapped the beam in two – At length finding herself completely overpowered, she attempted a retreat, but so closely were the hounds fastened to her in her breast, that it was with no small difficulty she could get herself disengaged from them – Screaming and shrieking, the wife of Laggan dragged herself out of the house trailing after the dogs, which were fastened in her so closely that they never loosed their holds until she demolished every tooth in their heads – Then metamorphosing herself into the likeness of a Raven, she fled over the Mountains in the direction of Laggan – The two faithfull dogs, bleeding, and exhausted, returned to their Master, and in the act of carsping his hand both fell down & expired at his feet –

Regretting their loss with great sorrow, he buried them and returned home to his family –

His wife was not in the house when he arrived, but she soon made her appearance – "Where have you been my Love?" enquired the husband – Indeed", replies she, "I have been seeing the Goodwife of Laggan, who has been just seized with so severe an illness that she is not expected to live for any time" – Aye, Aye," said he, what is the matter with the worthy woman?" "She was all day absent on the Mos at her peats "replies the wife," and was seized with a sudden colic, in consequence of getting wet feet and now all friends and neighbours are expecting her demise every moment" – "Poor woman", says the husband, "I am sorry for her – get me some dinner it would be right that I should see her also" – Dinner being provided and despatched – the hunter immediately proceeded to the house of Laggan, where he found a great – assemblage of neighbours mourning with great sincerity they approaching decease of a woman they had all hitherto esteemed virtuous – The hunter walking up to the

bed in a rage, stripped the sick woman of all her coverings— A shriek from the now exposed witch brought all the company around her— "Behold", says he," the object of your solicitude, who is nothing less than an infernal witch— To day, she informs me, she was present at the death of the Laird of Nasay, and only a few hours elapsed since she attempted to make me share his fate— This night however, she shall expiate her crimes by the forfeiture of her horrid life"— Relating to the company the whole circumstances of her attack on him which was too well corroborated by the conclusive by the conclusive marks she bore on her person— the whole party was perfectly convinced of her criminality, and the customary punishment was about to be inflicted on her when the miserable wretch addressed them as follows—

"My ill requited friends, spare an old acquaintance, already in the agonies of death, from any further mortal degradation— My crimes and my follies now stare me in the face in their true colours, while my vile and perfidious seducer, the enemy of your temporal and spiritual interests, only laughs at me in my distress, and he is now about to consign my soul to eternal misery, let my example be a warning to all the people of the earth to shun the fatal rock upon which I have split— And as a strong inducement for them to do so, I shall atone for my iniquity to the utmost of my ability by detailing to you the awful history of my life"— Here the Wife of Laggan detailed at full length the way she was seduced into the service of the Evil one—

Meanwhile, a neighbour of the Wife of Laggan was returning home late at night from Strathdearn, where he had been upon some business, and had just entered the dreary forest of Moralia in Badenoch, when he met a woman dressed in black, who ran with great speed, and enquired of the traveller, with great agitation, how far she was distant from the Church yard— Of Delarossie, and if she could be there by 12 o'clock— The traveller told her she might if she continued to go at the same pace she did then— She then fled along the road uttering the most despairing lamentations, and the traveller continued his road to Badenoch He had not however, walked many miles, when he met a large black dog which travelled past him with much velocity, as if upon the scent of a hart, and soon after he met another large dog sweeping along in the same manner— The last dog however, was scarcely past when he met a stout black man, on a stout black horse in the same direction as the dogs— "Pray "says the rider to the traveller, "did you meet a woman as you came along the hill?" The traveller replied in the affirmative "And did you meet a dog soon after?" rejoined the rider— The traveller replied he did— "and" added the rider, "do you think the dog will overtake her ere she reaches the Church

of Delarosh!" "He will at anyrate be close to her heels" answered the traveller— Each then took his own way— But before the traveller had got the length of Glenbanchor the rider overtook him on his return, with the foresaid woman before him across the bow of the saddle, and one of the dogs fixed in her breast, and another in her thigh— "Where did you overtake the woman?" enquired the traveller— "Just as she was entering the Churchyard of Delarosh" was his reply— On the travellers return home he heard of the fate of the unfortunate Wife of Laggan, which soon explained the nature of the company he had met on the road— It was no doubt the Spirit of the Wife of Laggan flying for protection from the infernal spirits, to whom she had sold herself, to the Churchyard of Delarosh, which is so sacred a place that a Witch is immediately dissolved from all her ties with Satan on making a pilgrimage to it either dead or alive—

But it seems the unhappy wife of Laggan was a step too late—

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Fairy Tale

It is currently reported and believed among the credulous even in this the 19th Century, that a man, many years ago, living in Badenoch, had occasion to go from home on some pressing busines, leaving his wife in childbed, and, that on his return, he found where he had left his wife, whose temper he had never seen ruffled, a scolding hag— Thinking that all was not right from the abuse the occupier of the bed was pouring so copiously on him, he determined to put the matter to a test by the ordeal of fire— Having piled all the combustibles at his disposal in the fire (in so far as that could be done without endangering his house) he applied a torch to them, and when all was in a blaze, he advanced boldly to the bed and threatened to throw her who occupied it, into the midst of it unless she would immediately tell him whither his own wife had been brought— Rather than undergo such a roasting as that fire could give— she told him that his wife was carried off by fairies to Cnoc Fraing— a mountain on the borders of Badenoch and Strathdearn, and that the same worthy crew appointed her to succeed his wife as his help mate.

The poor Fellow, being quite incensed at what the Fairies did, hastened, without thinking ever it twice, to Cnoc Fraing, determined to rescue, if possible, his own dear "better half" from their power— Having, as was freely noised among

his neighbours, some touch of the supernatural himself, he had no difficulty in finding the haunt of the Mountain Nymphs in this mountain so celebrated in Fairy tales— but found not his wife, by those whom he met— he was told she was taken to Shiathan Mor— a neighbouring Mountain— Thither he came but found not the object of his search— Here he was informed that as the lady fairies were anxious to let her see their different seats, they very kindly conveyed her in one of their aerial chairs to Tomnahunich near Inverness— To this place the unhappy creature bent his weary steps, and was repaid for all his labours by the recovery of the lost— whom he joyfully brought back, and who became the mother of a numerous family to him—

(The person who related this story pretended to have seen people who knew distant descendants of the Recoverer)

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Pwllycrochon

Conway 28th

My dear Johnny,

My pet Parson has at last produced the enclosed lucubrations he seems to have found the task beyond his ability and writes very humbly fearing they can be of no use— howeve I think the second one is rather good— I hope you are progressing satisfactorily with your entertaining work— You must surely have enough materials by this time—

Lady Erskine, with whom I am staying, says she knows some Aberdeenshire stories and they are to be confided to me ower first tête à tête drive, so if worthy they shall be noted down for you—

Have you heard . success in getting his Coast Guard— it appears true love is to run smooth this time— I cannot be thankful enough he has chosen such a nice good girl as Hattie Vincent— I think their two characters will form an excellent whole— I am enjoying existence thoroughly here because there are hills, and rocks, and the sea and air and all that is beautiful in earth & sky we are near Conway which is an exquisite old place built in the form of a Welsh Harp, and the dear old walls surrounding the town covered with ivy make it look most picturesque— I daresay you know it, and perhaps have got it safe in your sketch book

I congratulate you with all my heart on being an Uncle it seems very strange nevertheless I am going to write to Ela very soon but we are a very large party in the house and are out going expeditions nearly all day.

I have not seen you since before your Lighthouse Cruize I can form no idea where the sole of your foot is resting now

Yours affec^{ly} (signed) Ellinor Campbell

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Whether the Highlanders of Scotland be a more superstitious race than their Lowland brethren, who are placed on an equality with them in reference to educational advantages, or not, is a question which we do not here pretend to answer; but certain it is that every Highland district and glen has it's own particular fairy tale and Ghost story. Many a long winter evening is spent in peace and harmony when the country tailor a shoemaker pays his annual visit to the district, for not an evening papes but he finds himself surrounded by all the neighbours who crowd together either to hear or to tell some new thing. At these nocturnal assemblies the most exciting stories are related in the hearing of the young people of the district who listen with the most profound attention to stories which they receive with far more eagerness and credulity than if it were a chapter read to them from one of the Gospels. Throughout the Highlands generally the house accommodation is of the most limited nature. As a general rule a bal and a ben, the whole of it, and very often the Cow and the Pig occupy one end of the house, while the family occupy the other. This limited accommodation accounts in some measure for the habit which obtains in highland districts of the whole family and their friends sitting up all night on the occasion of a birth or a death in the family. The time of a birth was wont to be a season of much anxiety and care to those who came to watch over and attend to the Mother and her infant. At such a season the Fairies were expected to be on the watch for an opportunity to carry off either the Mother or the child. An instance of this sort happened once in a lonely district. A woman from a distance came to lend her assistance. The byre was at the one end of the house and the kitchen at the other the only partition between them being the Roip Trasda (cross rope) which was believed to possess the singular virtue of preventing the entrance of all unfriendly intruders. This rope was stretched across from one side of the house to

the other, in the centre between the end occupied by the cows and that occupied by the family, and was understood to be a most effectual barrier against all fairies, witches, and all other unfriendly visitors — In this case the whole inmates of the house consisted of the father and mother, and child, and two girls, and the woman who came to pass the night with them — As the night wore on "tired nature's sweet restorer balmy sleep" stole in upon the company so effectually that first the Mother & Child, and then the father, and after him the two girls were soon firmly embraced in the arms of Morpheus leaving the old woman and the rop Isaida, the sole protectors of the household — For a time all went on smoothly, the mother and child were sleeping and all was peace within and without — The faithful dog lay stretched his whole length by the fire side which occupied the centre of the kitchen floor, apparently dead to all feeling of alarm — The hours passed on, the whole household being asleep except the old woman who kept watch and ward rejoicing the while in her security — But alas! how short sighted is man! On turning round her head behold, there stood before her eyes a little gentleman about 24 inches in height dressed in a green kilt, casting a very suspicious glance towards the bed where the Mother and infant lay asleep — The first care of the old woman was to awaken the inmates of the house to the danger which threatened them, and for this purpose she first tried the strength of her lungs and cried lustily to them to awake that the daoine beag (little man) was in the house, but all her cries were in vain — She next tried the strength of her arms in order to shake them out of their slumbers but with no better success — In her extremity she resolved to try what effect pins might have, and for a time she plied the points of them with considerable force against the bodies of the sleepers, but the pricking of the pins had no more effect in rousing the inmates of the house from their slumbers than the force of her lungs or the strength of her arms had — As a last resort she betook herself to some tow which she saw hanging by the side of the house, and having rolled a quantity of it round the toes of the sleepers, she then applied a light to it in the full expectation that if anything on earth would awaken them this was sure to do it — No sooner was the light applied to the tow than it was in blazes, and anon the toes of the sleepers were scorched but no one was awakened from sleep — Her case now became desperate — She found herself alone in the one end of the house and the daoine beag looking at her from the other, the only partition between them being the Rop Isaida, which effectually kept the little green kilted gentleman at bay — The night wore on, though to the old woman every hour seemed as long as a week, and as the morning advanced the little man

moved forwards towards the front of the cave, and gradually disappeared at their heads
At the hour for the cock crowing arrived, the hope of the old woman revived At last the
joyful sound was heard, a sound which raised the sleepers to feel the pain which the pins
had inflicted on their sides, and the scorched toes which the burning tow had caused—
These things apart all were filled with gratitude for their own safety— The father thanked
the old woman for her attention, and expressed his firm belief that were it not for the
watchfulness either his wife or his child or both, would have been carried off on the
shoulders of the little green hilled Gentleman

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In a solitary glen far removed from the dwelling of men, and in the midst
of a wilderness of Moss there stood, once upon a time, as tradition tells us, a
peasant's hut surrounded by a small patch of ground, which yearly produced
its abundant crop of potatoes— well might the potatoe be called the poor man's friend
an article of food on which the peasantry of the Highlands mainly depended
for the support of themselves and their families in years gone by— In this solitary and
humble abode there dwelt a husband and wife all alone in their glory— If in that
glen there should happen at times to be brawls and quarrels they did not arise from
the disputes of neighbours— And if the Collie dog, who scampered about with as much
dignity as if he was "lord of all he surveyed, had occasion sometimes to run & bark
about the doors, when he heard an unusual noise within, it was not in consequence of
the intrusion of an unwelcome visitor— In sd a lonely spot where dwelt only
man and wife it might be supposed that high words would rarely mar the
harmony of their life— But it was sometimes otherwise with them Although the
Mistress of that solitary abode might feel satisfied with the lot which Providence
had appointed for her, and although her efforts might be unceasing in order to
make her companion in life as happy and contented as herself— Yet her efforts in this
respect were not always crowned with the success which her patience and perseverance
so well merited— To her grief she was constrained to confess that no ingenuity of hers
was equal to the task of making her husband, and with her husband herself happy—
The consequence therefore was that, instead of living a happy and contented life in
their solitary abode, happiness was a friend whose visits to their fireside were few and far
between— Everything however, will have its day, and everything will have an end— so
years rolled on, and age with its many infirmities began to press down like a heavy

weight on the sole inhabitants of the lonely glen— At length houble came, and the ever grumbling, never satisfied husband was laid on a bed of sickness, with none to care for him but the wife with whose services he could never show himself contented. It might be thought that in the crowded cities and populous villages death would have more than enough of opportunities to ply his hand without having time to think of the solitary inhabitants of a lonely glen— But no distance and houble count for nothing to him if he can only get an additional customer added to his long list— He paid his uninvited and unwelcome visit to the lonely hut in the solitary glen— The tears, and sighs, and heartbeatings of a disconsolate wife had no power to keep him back. Against every remonstrance and entreaty he advanced until he laid his cold icon hand upon his victim, who having laid with one fell swoop prostrate in the dust he walked away proud as a conqueror. The disconsolate widow now stood alone with nothing to comfort her but the testimony of a good conscience. All the brawls and quarrels in which she had taken an unwilling part had now come to an end— Her husband lay before her eyes a lifeless corpse, and from her lonely & helpless condition she could only roll it in the white sheet and allow it to lie in the place where death had laid it low— But houbles seldom come single handed, nor were the lonely widow's worst houbles yet come to an end— Having done all that she could do to lay out the corpse of her husband decently she then turned for comfort and consolation to the sacred volume— The evening shades approached and the night drew on while she sat solitary and alone by her cheerless hearth. While she thus sat in her solitude perusing attentively the pages of the Holy Book, her faith was put to the test and her fears were raised to the highest pitch by seeing the form of her departed husband wrapped in shroud raised up in its couch and reclining on its elbow, putting forth the most horrible frowns, sneering, and railing at her for reading her bible—, and with the most unearthly and diabolical looks threatening evil against her— In that hour of fearful alarm— The disconsolate widow had no weapon wherewith to defend herself against the threatened attacks of her departed husband which stood before her eyes, but her open Bible which, when she hurled a blow at her— she shut with energy causing a volume of air to fly out in the face of the approaching foe which drove him back to his couch, and by this weapon alone she was enabled to protect herself from the attacks of her enemy until succour came in the hour of need and in an unexpected way—

The Minister of the Parish dreamed that night that this poor woman was in great distress, and so much were his sympathies enlisted in her behalf that he

awoke from his sleep, and such was the impression that remained on his mind that he arose and resolved to go to her to see what her distress might be, and to tender what advise and help he could – His wife however remonstrated with him against leaving his home at such an hour of the night to undertake such a long journey to so remote a place – Her reasoning prevailed, and the Minister retired to rest again – Again he dreamed of the poor widow in distress, and again he awoke and made the attempt to go to her help, and again he was dissuaded from his purpose by the remonstrating of his wife, and again he retired to rest – But the condition of the disconsolate widow was still upon his mind and he had no sooner fallen asleep than he dreamed the third time of her distressed condition, and on awaking he resolved against all remonstrances, and at all hazards that he would make haste and delay not until he reached the solitary hut in the lonely glen – Mounting his pony he made no stop until he found himself entering the Glen through which his path led to the only dwelling of man which it contained – From the little glimmering light which he could see at the window he knew that the inmates could not all be asleep and their having light in the house at such an unseasonable hour was evidence enough to his mind that all was not right within – As he approached the door the pony began snorting, and the collie dog within began barking – The poor widow's heart at this unexpected occurrence failed her – The last spark of hope and courage seemed to have fled from her, and she was about to let go her bible and resign herself to her fate, when in walked the Minister who in holy rapture whipped the ghost from the dwelling and ministered comfort to the awe-struck, and trembling widow – She earnestly wished for help had at last come – All things were put in order – The black chest was procured and the cold clay of her husband was speedily carried away to the place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest" – The Messenger of Death having thus freed the old woman from him to whom she had been unequally yoked, she was allowed to pass the remaining part of her life in peace resting her hopes on the truth and promises of the Book which proved a protection to her in her hour of need –

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At the time when Fairies were in the habit of not only appearing but even conversing with people there lived a man in Badenoch who at certain seasons of the year, as was the custom of the times, resorted to the hill with his cattle where he had a temporary habitation— Upon one of these occasions, one evening after seeing his cattle all right—, he retired to bed, such as it was— to repose for the night— but Ah! in the midst of his contemplations and ere he fell asleep, the dwelling appeared clearly illuminated— Struck with amazement he raised up his head, when lo! the dwelling appeared crowded with people of diminutive size— some of whom had their caps full of wool, while others had those implements called cards, with which they commenced carding the wool, while a well dressed good figure of a female looked over the operatives and minutely inspected their work— This operation continued till near the daun of morn, when they gathered up what they had thus carded, and began to depart, the respectable looking individual who seemed to superintend standing stock still until the rest should be out— one of the party happening to pass nearer the bed than the rest (none of whom appeared to take any notice of the man in it) he, rather timidly enquired who that lady like female was, and was told she was a Miss Emma Mc Pherson of Cluny— The dwelling now cleared of the uncall'd visitors, and the day dauning, the man got up, and in order to be satisfied regarding the information he had got, immediately set off for Cluny, and there making strict inquiry as to whether or not such a lady did exist at any known period within the precincts of Cluny— upon which he heard that nearly a century previous such a lady had been born and brought up there but died in her bloom—

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A married woman in the same locality about to be a mother happening one evening to be in the hill at some distance from the house in quest of a stray sheep— ere she had made her way home it turned particularly dark so that she partly miped her way, and perceiving a light and an open door— she entered a house, of whose occupants (although there were many) she could recognise none as former acquaintances feeling rather surprised and even intimidated— she timidly enquired of one of the party what house she was in— The reply was that she was in a fairy dwelling out of which she

should get only on condition that she should make unto them a solemn promise that she would grant them consent to have the child she bore when she should be delivered—

Unto this under her exigencies, she hesitatingly consented— upon which she was promised permission to visit her child whenever she had a mind to do so— These stipulations being mutually agreed upon, the woman instantly found herself, standing upon the top of a hillock which she (as the night had partly cleared) recognised and very thoughtfully made the best of her way to her own house, but omitted giving any account to her household of the circumstances of what had hanspired, but after which she every day regretted more & more the conditions upon which she had been liberated out of the Fairy habitation she had so unwarily entered— In due time however, she was delivered of a lovely female child, over whom, her very bowels yearned as she gazed upon it's charming innocent face— shortly after which however— the child sickened, and to all appearance, died—

The mother at sometime aware how matters stood as soon as she partially recovered strength, made off for the fatal hillock under shade of night, and was gratified with a sight of her given up child— These secret visits she continued from time to time till such time as the child upon one occasion, looked her steadily in the face, and in a very displeased mood and tone, upbraided her for the manner in which she had acted in giving her (the child) unto those among whom it was now doomed to dwell—

Upon this reproof the Mother expressed herself rather freely as displeased at the stipulations she had previously come to, upon which she instantly found herself standing alone upon the hillock, but was never admitted to visit the fairy habitation again—

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At Leggiait Athol there lived a man whose wife after she had had four of a family died in childbed of the fifth child and was buried decently by her bereaved husband— who in the course of some years afterwards accompanied by his eldest son came over the Dormuachter hill to work at the road when in progress of formation at Badenoch

In getting employment both the Father and son had to look out for a house wherein to lodge and luckily were accommodated in a house near to where they were likely to be employed for some time, and in which there lived a man and his wife with two or three of a family — The youth from Athol, on whose memory still remained distinctly engraved the image of his late Mother— stealthily but steadily gazed upon the features of the hostess which to his imagination so very nearly resembled those of his Mother—

After retiring to bed, in which were placed the father and son, he, after heaving a deep sigh remarked unto his father the close resemblance which he perceived to exist between the landlady and his late Mother, upon which the father, after heaving an equally deep sigh, remarked that he himself had perceived the resemblance—

After these and other mutual remarks, they both fell asleep, but night after night they would resort to the same remarks till after a week or so had elapsed, the feeling, wounded father and widower, after taking a more than ordinary gaze at those features which so keenly awakened his feelings remarked unto the husband with a deep sigh that had he been deprived of his late partner through any other channel than death he would, without hesitation lay claim unto this woman, as the dear partner with whom it had been his misfortune to have been parted by death several years before At this time the woman happened to be out milking the cows, and the husband frankly replied that probably enough his present wife might have been his (the widowers) formerly— that he some years back, being in the hill (on a day which he named) and hearing a particular sound or sounds of voices approaching to where he stood— it at once occurred to him that it must be fairies carrying away some prize, that he at this crisis summoning all his courage took off his bonnet and throwing it to the spot the noise proceeded from he uttered "Whatever you carry as your prize leave with me, and take this of mine"—

The bonnet instantly disappeared and there stood aside him the identical woman in question whom, after she had been taken home by him and properly recovering from late disasters— he made his wife— The Athol man, having his pocket book along with him in the which was marked the day and date of his wife's death and all circumstances perfectly corresponding it was at once concluded that she was the identical self same woman— So after the wife came in and had arranged house affairs, the matter was broached unto her, who taking a keen look at the Athol man at once recognised him as her former husband— and now as both husbands could lay equal claim to her, it was finally resolved that the decision should be referred unto her own choice— to follow which of the two she might choose— and she preferring to follow her first husband the last manfully resigned her, and the former overjoyed received her— The Atholman had her restored with joy without strife— and heartily thanking the Badenochite, left him minus wife—

About the middle of last century— there died in Kincardine one after another, a respectable and far advanced in years husband and wife— whose place now, and for many years has been occupied by other parties— in their life time and now under their successors— there lived an aged female as cotter occupying a humble cot at the side of the road, and immediately ~~and~~ above the farm steadings— This aged woman one calm evening after night fall, returning after visiting a young man laying ill of a disease which shortly terminated in death, finding on kindling up her fire that she had no water in her dwelling, and feeling an inclination for preparing some humble fare for supper she took up her bucket with the view, late as it was, of going down to the river for water— There being a footpath leading to the waterside upon which, when she had proceeded about half way— to her utter surprise several people began to meet and pass her without taking any apparent notice of her Till at last whom did she observe but her former and long since dead landlord and lady walking arm in arm as they were wont to be in their walk in life— both parties made a partial stand still upon which the old woman not in the least intimidated, saluted the respected couple as was her wont in coming in contact in their life time— After which she presumed respectfully to start a query as to who & what those were who had recently passed her— the reply to which was, that they were all fairies— along with whom they themselves were proceeding to fetch to join their society the very individual young man whom she had been visiting a few minuts before, to this statement she presumed to make an objection, upon which the old man raising up his visage and taking a glimpse in the direction the house lay containing the dying youth— remarked that they had him already— Addressing the old woman by name he kindly charged her not to make a practice of being out late in the same locality in future— And immediately proceeded past her, and she fetching her pitcher of water— The moment she laid it down upon the floor, set off to the house of the invalid in order to ascertain how matters might be standing— In accordance with the remark made by the old man— upon which she found the mournful relations laying out the corpse of the late young man— with the truth of which circumstance she was deeply impressed— and during the remainder of her days strictly abstained from going out for water after nightfall.—

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Once upon a time when the Baron of Kincardine lived he had a son a youth of sporting and hunting propensities, who on a particular day accompanied by his valet set off to an adjoining forest for the purpose of deer stalking where the day had been spent without success night setting in in all the shades of gloom. The stalkers groping their rugged way as best they could, at one stage of their proceeding a dazzling light caught their eyes which they perceived to proceed from an open door immediately before their view sensible however, that no human habitation stood there yet under present circumstances they ventured to enter the young Baron foremost upon which they were civily and courteously saluted by one of the many inmates apparently a very old man The young Baron and his valet sat down, soon after which supper was served upon a well furnished table of which the guests were invited kindly to partake, which they did, having keen appetites after their forest ranging. Supper being over and each party sitting around a brik and cheerful fire, the young baron remarked that now none of his desires remained ungratified save a keen propensity for a pinch of Grattan (snuff made from dried tobacco ground into snuff) upon which the old man frankly replied that probably such might be obtained at same time asking the young Baron for his mull in which he usually carried his snuff, on producing which it was immediately filled with Grattan to the brim. Soon after both he and his valet were by the same hospitable old man shown to a comfortable bed, and desired not to stir till the sun should shine on which they should see a stag browsing on a spot named at which the young Baron was directed to aim. They soon fell asleep but awaking in the morning at sunrise they found themselves in a tuft of heather, the young Baron raising up his head, immediately perceived the stag as was told to him in the evening at which he took a deliberate aim and brought down, after sorting which they set of for the Barony and were met by the anxious old Baron midway, who, overjoyed to meet with his son, and him safe returning began to describe the restless impatience in which he had spent the night apprehensive of the safety of his son, and remarking that late in the evening in order to pass over an anxious hour he had cut and laid before the fire to dry some tobacco of which to make grattan, but that a fowl, (which according to the custom of that time rested in the house) flew off the roost, approached the fire, clapped it's wings, and scattered the tobacco he lost all in the ashes, the which account of the disaster left no doubt upon the mind of the young Baron but what this was precisely the same Grattan he had been served with in the fairy habitation in which he had stayed, sup'd, snuffed, and slept—

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The young Baron at another time having stalked and killed a fine stag in Glenmore when cutting up which and laying down his knife aside him could never find it again — At different times expressed a wish that he might get a sight of the Redhand of Glenmore (in Gaelic Lamh dhearg a Ghleannhore) upon one occasion on coming out of the water of Loch Morlich, after being fishing for Pike, whom did he clearly behold aside him but the very being he longed to see, and who accosting him boldly asked him whether he had not been in the practice of wishing to see him. he could not deny the charge, upon which lifting up his cloak he held out the red fleshless hand, produced the long missed knife, with injunctions not to be so repeatedly at deer stalking in future — and likewise enjoined him not to reveal his having appeared to any party — that on keeping it secret he should befriend him, whereas on the contrary, should he make it known, he would cause him to repent it — Unto those conditions the young Baron readily agreed — feeling very willing to be rid of the presence of the Lamh dearg who immediately disappeared on laying these injunctions on the young Baron who now proceeded homeward in possession of his long lost knife, and fully resolved (as he imagined) never to reveal the secret interview with Lamh dearg — But so frail is man's resolution, and so very strong his desire when laid under restraint — to break through the boundaries which confine the range of his propensities within due limits that they actually become stronger under restraint — Such proved to be the case with the young Baron's resolution as on arriving at his own fireside and joining his young lady's company he found he could by no means conceal from her knowledge the interview alluded to and which proved that the apparition with the fleshless arm was sincere in his remarks for on revealing the secret unto his partner (who happened to be in the family way at the time) and retiring to bed, fell asleep as usual, but on awaking in the morning he was quite speechless, in the which state he remained till such time as the child (then not born) came to speak — on the which occasion the young Baron (the father) one day recovered his speech, which faculty he retained during life — but never again saw Lamh dearg nor said he wished for another interview with him —

The old Baron
would be in
on an errand
and spindle
on this occasi
so long as it
up got the da
The daryme
hand, foot,
the piper ce
thing they
they went a
lips – took a
kept the d
charm tha
her life – h
lips than a
before them,
saw the co
thiers – wh

A man,
a solitary
could rec
conversati
of them
Abram
he was

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The old Baron keeping his cattle at certain times in Glenmore on which his dairymaid would be in attendance, and she one evening sending the herd boy down to Kincardine on an errand, being alone in the dairy when the night set in – took her distaff and spindle at which she usually spent the evening – but what was her surprise on this occasion when the dwelling began to fill with people, and actually did fill so long as it would hold – on which a piper entered and commenced a tune, when up got the dancing party – one party after another of which carried on till near the dawn The dairymaid sat motionless all the time as if petrified, so that she could move neither hand, foot, nor lip – At this crisis one of the party remarked that it was time to leave – the piper ceased to play – and one of the party asked another whether there was any-thing they could take on going away – another replied that there was milk – to which they went and dipping their fingers in it, each drawing their dipt finger between their lips – took all the substance of the milk away, and for which, together with having kept the dairymaid all night without rest, they proposed to leave her possessed of a charm that all cattle under her charge should be safe from any mischance during her life – told her that they were going away, and that the herd boy would come in less than a quarter of an hour – which he did – when they left – and the piper playing before them, she (the dairy maid) went to the door where she heard the Pibroch and saw the company till they arrived at a certain high hillock, a long known resat of theirs – when they at once disappeared

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A man, once upon a time, coming up from Inverness late at night coming through a solitary part called Stockmuith was met by crowdes of people none of whom he could recognise – nor did they seem to take any notice of him – they engaged in close conversation not a word of which he could pick up – at length accosting one individual of them he asked who they were on which he was told that they were none of the seed of Abram nor of Adam – But were of that party who lost favour at the court of Grace he was advised not to practice late at night travelling in future –

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2 Seamore Place – May Fair –

March 16th

Dear Campbell,

I called the other day to show you the paper I now enclose containing an account of St Convallus, and the stone which is reported to have conveyed him from Ireland to Scotland – I thought it might interest you hearing you were on the lookout for fairy legends and such like, but what is perhaps of more interest to the Clan Campbell than even the miraculous powers displayed in wafting the Saint across the seas is, that it is the stone on which the 9th Earl of Argyll was taken prisoner when hiding after his defeat on the Clyde; at that time it was on the swampy banks of the river surrounded with rushes &c &c – it is still in the same spot, but from the embankment of the river and other alterations it is now high and dry in a plantation along the side of the high road, and Lockhart mentions in the life, that Scot remarked that the Highlanders broke down Blythswood's hedges to visit the Argyll stone – I do not know if this or the more ancient History is at all adapted to what you are in search of, but I thought I would let you see it to judge for yourself –

Yours very sincerely

(signed) Archd Campbell

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Legend of Saint Convallus from the Breviary of Aberdeen

Sent by Campbell of Blythswood

The stone called Argylls stone, as marking the spot where the 9th Earl of Argyll was taken prisoner, lay formerly at the side of the White Cart but, from alterations connected with the erection of Inchinnan bridge and formation of the canal – it is now within the grounds of Blythswood –

It was of old called St ____ Stone or the Stone of St Convallus and, in less pious times, was the starting point of a horse race for a silver bell, instituted by the Paisley Bailies in the year 1620

In the Brevarium Aberdonensi printed by the Maitland Club in the old character,

There is a notice of the Saint and of the wonderful stone which transported him from Ireland to Scotland – I could not make out all the contractions but the following translation is substantially correct

"St Convallus endowed with miraculous gifts and graces in the early Scottish Church – "was a disciple of St Kentigern – His father was an Irish King, and his mother belonged "to the family of a great Chief – Although heir to a throne yet, following the monitions of "an Angel who appeared to him, he abandoned the paternal home and arrived in "Scotland by a most wonderful navigation (navigio mirabili) Standing on the Hibernian "shore he beheld behind him a world of trouble which he longed to leave, and before "him a troubled sea which he must cross – Then lifting up his eyes to Heaven he ejaculated "this prayer –

"O God whose right hand sustained thy holy Apostle Peter walking on the billows "so that he was saved from sinking in the waters of the deep be pleased to order "that I be carried across the sea in whatever way may seem good unto Thee" "Whereupon, the stone upon which the foot of the Saint stood, becoming as light as a "skiff, whisked him rapidly across the sea and landed him in safety on the banks of "the Clyde where it still remains and is called the Chariot of St Convallus – (curries Sancti Convalli)

"By touching the said stone or by ablutions in the water beside it many "persons, labouring under divers infirmities are cured, as is seen even to this day, "and cattle also, thro' it's virtue, get rid of their distempers – The Saint erected at "the sacred spot cells for monks with cloisters and sought for a fit person who might "instruct him as to the rules to be observed in the establishment – Having been "informed that St Kentigern, the Bishop, was endowed with sanctity above all "others, he became his disciple – but lest the virtues of so distinguished a Saint "should pass away from the memory of the faithful we have been at pains "on this his festival day, to place on record certain things regarding him, and which "are to be received as perfectly authentic

"An Irish Gentleman with a pair of club feet came to the place – The Saint "appearing to him in his sleep touched his feet which, when he awoke in the "morning he found straight and handsome –

"A certain female, who suffered excruciating pains was completely cured by "the interposition of the holy man

"Others who were nearly eaten up by worms, and whom no medicines could alleviate
"were restored to sound health thro' the merits of this Blessed Confessor."
St Cowallus is honoured chiefly at Inchinnan of which he is the Patron Saint."

Breviarium Aberdonense Tom. I. Fol 117

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4th December 1860

Carissima Annica,

Your very interesting letter of the 10th of last month, made a delightful tour through lower Hungary, Transilvania, Croswacden &c &c, and finally came back here on the 26th! So it has seen a good deal of Magya and Sclavonic manners since it left you— this will give one good reason, for its having remained so long unanswered, however there are eight more days to be accounted for in my silence, and those days were consumed in very hard writing, and the evenings to the perusal of Isla's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" for although I have only dipped into the same, I have read with great interest the preface which is by far the most attractive part of the work, and full of interest to me— I only regret that the author, came as he says, too late to gather only the remains of the compositions of the graver & earlier bards, but those had almost disappeared when we first visited the West coast, and Isla's in 1819!!! What remains are only the nursery tales and songs of the latter generations, and those which relate to Fionn Mac Corbal as still erected among the people are chiefly the composition of the Irish itinerant bards, who were very numerous in the West Isles, and coast, in the middle and end of the 17 Century especially after the disasters of 15 & 45— when most of the Highland chiefs were in exile and their Family Bards dispersed in France & America carrying with them many beautiful illuminated M.S.S. filled with the composition of the earlier bards— The destruction of the libraries, also of the Convents &c &c in the highlands was the cause of a sweeping distruction in Celtic literature in the Highlands— When the Monastry of Iona was destroyed it took several days to burn the works piled in heaps for that purpose— two or three boat loads were saved however, by the Kilbride family— one of its members, being a member of the sacred edifice— These M.S.S. were called the Kilbride M.S.S. and the last remains, a few incomplete volumes in velum and parchment—, and written in the old Gaelic character were still in the hands of a man of the law in Glasgow who was the "adviser" of an old lady the last of the Kilbride family— I saw them in 1839 or 40— they were beautifully written, there were many tales, also treatises on Astronomy and Medicine, with a latin translation on the opposite page— some two or three of these M.S.S. were as old as the 8th and 11 centuries— In 1819, as I mentioned before, there were still fragments of the "Dana Oisein" or poems of Ossian, to be

met with among the old men of the West Coast, and Isles as well as in the centre of Grampians. I have no doubt but the person mentioned in Islá's preface, as being an old man of whom he had heard tell, who lived at the head of Loch awe, and knew a number of the old Ossianic Poems, was a man from whom I gathered some beautiful fragments in 1819 – among the rest part of "Bàs Oscair" the death of Oscar – almost identical with that given at length by Mac Pherson also "Bàs Diarmid" – the Ancestor of the Campbells, and who is often mentioned in the old poems – The old man of whom I speak was called "Donacha Brace" being marked with the small pox, he lived at "Barra a' Chaistel" where his fathers had lived for generations – he was a Mac Nab – the house stands a stood on a green knoll with a few scattered old pines near it – a little higher up, and near the embaucheur of the river Ureha into the loch, above the ruins of Castle Cadchurn – and this very Duncan Mac Nab who was 84 years old when I saw him was brother to the old lady of whom I told you the story – her repartee, to the then Campbell of Combie when he proposed the toast of "Honest men and bonnie lasses"!!

I also got many fragments of the old Ossianic poems from another person in the same neighbourhood, the daughter of a man celebrated in "the 45" – "Domhnuel Dubh" Laidee" – "Black strong Donald" – he was a Mac Nicol – and, as tradition says, he killed 14 men in the battle of Culloden, and that the plaits of his kilt behind, were sticking fast together from the blood which dropped from the point of his sword – as he swung it over his head in making his sweeping blows among Cumberlands infantry – I have all these fragments of the past, and some are most interesting as I took them down from an old Gentleman from Canada – a Major Mac Donald, (Major Mac Donald never heard of Mac Pherson and never knew that any of the Poems of Ossian had been published –) who at the age of 84 came to Scotland for the first time as a witness on some Government business I saw him in 1816 or 17, just when I first came over from France – he repeated many tales and fragments to me – among the rest the beautiful address to the Sun by Ossian – almost the same as that given by Mac Pherson – also part of that beautiful poem called "Oigh nam na Sheil" which, however, must have been a much earlier version than that of Mac Pherson's as the first 25 lines of the latter is in alternate rhymes – thus –

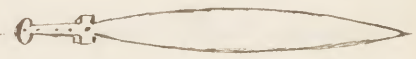
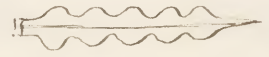
Mar ghluaisras solus speur fo sleò
Air Larmon mòr a's uaine tom

Mar sin thig sgeul nan hath veo
Air m'anam is an Ordhiche born
&c . &c . &c

While the Canadian version is in the same measure as the rest of the poem that is in blank verse – thus –

Mar ghluaisras solus nan speur
Air Larmon á uaine tom
Mar sin thig sgeul nan la à dh'ám
Air m'anam an samhchair na n'oidhche

Rhyme is comparatively a modern invention, and I have no doubt but these 25 lines in the beginning of "aigh nam mór sheol", were turned into rhyme, when that mode of composition came into fashion, at or about the time of the oldest metrical version of the Psalms, and it is very much of the same "clink" in the formation of the alternate rhymes

There is an interesting passage in Ila's introduction that which speaks of the leaf shaped sword – mentioned in the fragment – which he collected from Ian Luidh in Strath Spearlach – There were two kinds of leaf shaped swords – one goes back to the "age of bronze", and is flat and formed a long leaf. thus –  the other dates not older than the 15th century the blade of which was waving and as some highlanders described it to me from tradition, never having seen one, as being like a long oak leaf  This is the one no doubt mentioned in the fragment alluded to as it also corresponds with the long pointed shield, which though of older date than the oak leafed sword, was worn down to its introduction, the "gold helm" also corresponds to this date – The short-bronze, leaf shaped sword is of an age beyond all steel, & gold helms, and carries one back at least 15 centuries, or the 3d Century of the Christian era!

Now I am sure you will be tired of all these "old lies" as our English neighbours used to call them, tho' they are now beginning to see a glimmering of the truth, which their national vanity would not allow them to acknowledge even a few years back – I will therefore conclude by saying that we have a mass of notes bearing on this subject – the establishment, by proof of the authenticity of Ossians poems – and though this work has been postponed for many years, owing to other urgent occupations it still goes slowly but steadily on, and most of last winter was employed by me, in the writing fairly out, digesting, and translating all the original fragments which we gathered from old people; one man a Campbell 106 years old, who was 18

in the battle of Culloden — he died in 1828 at Buckie in Moray or Banfshire, which? — he came to see me at Logie and spent some days there in 1825

I forgot to say that almost all the tales which I have yet read in Isla's collection I have often heard repeated both on the West Coast and Isles, and in Ireland from whence I have got some interesting remains of the genuine Ossianic poems especially that splendid piece when, after the death of Oscar, his father, Ossian, calls to his grandfather "Tremòr" to receive the ghost of his son — and which begins

"Atha nan toiath garbh a Thorinmhor
Ard-chòmhnuidh leat an fhior-ghaoth
Miasg thorun dubh ruadh nan speur
Tein-athair à beaumadh nan nial"

"Father of mighty heroes — Trenmòr!
High dwelling alone, in the whirlwind
Midst the dark red thunder of Heaven
Lightning rending the sky" —

All this I got from an old Irish called Mac Kenner in the mountains of Maghira East of Loch Niagh! I also got from him, a M.S. quarto of Gaelic Tales all written in the old Gaelic character and very plain, to those who were acquainted with all the contractions which from long practice I had been — How very well I remember at Isla House — Beamòr — The piper of whom Ian Isla speaks in his introduction — and I remember so well one day shooting black Cock above the house at the head of the bay with his father and Saddle — poor Saddle who was so terribly in love with Julia then — and when we were returning I remember the Piper "Ian Ian" I think his name was, but Ian something I am sure! carrying the young chief through the young brush wood which was up to, and over Ian Isla's head then — how I can just hear you say — "will you have done" — as our good old Bishop Carruthers said one night to the Priest who was giving an evening lecture which extended till past 11 at night and when he blew his nose and paused, we thought all was over, and that he was going to give us his blessing and dismiss us — when lo! you! he lifted an immense thick volume, in which were placed 7 or 8 paper markers and commenced — "in further illustration of what I was saying — I will just read you a few extracts" — Upon which the good Bishop who had been sitting the very model of profound patience — suddenly exclaimed "O Mr. Mac Donald — will you have done! we cannot stay here all night" — upon which I need not say we got the blessing and departed, leaving the

quoations for next time! So I suppose you think I must "have done" and so I would - but there are important and imperative duties to perform! I have not as yet answered one single line in your letter!! so you see that malgre moi I cannot "have done" just yet - O by the bye, I was delighted with the article in the Times on Isla's book! there you go again you will say - no end to it! I wonder who your friend who knew me and il Fratello, or il Fratello and me! in London it must have been in 1819 before I went first in the spring of that year to the Highlands or in 1823-4 when I payed a visit to that Bable again - I remember Lord Charles Clinton - did he not marry a daughter of Grant of Congleton - Clanronald and Lord Valetort, his brother in law, I mean Clanronald's brother in law, the present Lord Mountedgecum, were great stars then - but I cannot remember the "Tutor" - Alas as for tutors - My tutors - after I joined at 14 and some months the Chapeurs a Cheval, before Dresden - were the drill officers of my squadron! but I used to be much with, at the British Museum Library - two or three tutor-like looking gentlemen, I think one was an O'Connar - we were much together - Our taste for antiquities - "similarities of tastes, produced friendship" - I knew some Bigg's in London but that was in 1822 Miss Biggs - very rich - I met them at Old General Sir John Hamilton's - Irish Hamiltons - and I think at Lord Blessington's and others -

O! yes indeed I was very interested in the inscription of my good kind friend your excellent brother John - it is what he well merited - he was beloved by all who knew him - Requiescat in pace!

A wonderful production roof tree must be after 15 or 18 months of maturity! it puts me "a thinking" of the wonderful barnacled "roof tree" spoken of in Isla's introduction, which forms that necessary stage, in a cottage in Benbecula or some Island coast cabin -

I cannot think who Leslie's friend, or rather acquaintance is who she met at her Father in law in Dublin - but I suppose however, it must be Captain Hussy of the Lancers here, a great friend of 20 years standing of Charles's - and of 15 years of ours - or it may be Mac Kenner - who knows Charles well but not us - or it may be Hickson who we thought had been killed at Solferino! Hussy is a Cousin of Lord Talbot de Malahyde and his Father's estates are near Dublin - but it cannot be him as he entered the service before Charles did, and you say he has been 3 years only! - Enormous the prices of houses in Edinburgh -

Yes - thank you much, I did get the novel you sent me - wonderful it's sale! I have not had time to read it yet - O yes! I remember Miss Edmonstone and the Companion Miss Calmun, arms and all

I am sorry I cannot entertain you as well, as you have done me with the news of old friends, dear old times, and happy days— but alas here! with what can I return you? all is strange, and unknown to you— I may mention however that we shall have a great addition to our society this winter as the Princess Rohan, one of our dearest friends here of 15 years standing is to winter in Vienna and promises to come often to see us, and an additional inducement will be, she says, if I will let Clementina go back to Vienna with her— They formed a very singular affection for each other from their first acquaintance in Prague— I have also received some very interesting letters lately from Prince Salm, in one of which he gave me the details of the departure of the Empress for Madeira, and how very touching the scene was— especially when they both went to the tomb of their eldest child, and after having knelt for some time before it, they embraced most tenderly, and hung some garlands of flowers on the little one's marble breast— he says the separation was very moving and very sad to both— Now good bye, dear Friend— tho' I fear I have kept you "all night"— All join in best loves but none I am sure can be so warm as that of Your affect.ly

(sd) Charles Edward

The Brownie of Bleduoch

There cam a strange wight to our town-en'
And the fient a body did he ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum

His face did glare like the glow o' the west
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercaste,
Or the struggling moon when sair distrest
O sirs! 'twas Aiken drum

I trow the bauldest stood aback
Wi' a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak
Hae ye wark for Aiken drum?

O had ye seen the bairns' fright
As they stared at this wild and unearthly wight
As he stanket in 'tween the dark and the light
And grained out Aiken drum!

Saveus! quo Jock d'ye see sic e'en;
Cries Kate there's a hole where a nose should hae been
And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had riv'n
Wou! keep us frae Aiken drum

The black dog growling cowered his tail
The lassie swarfed. loot fa' her pail,
Rob's lingle brack as he mew't his flail
At the sight o' Aiken drum

His matted head on his breast did rest
A lang blue beard wauer'd down like a vest

NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH

But the glare o' his ee nae bard hath xprest
Nor the skimes o' Aiken drum

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green
And his knotted knees played ay knoit between
What a sight was Aiken drum

On his wanchie arms three claws did meet
As they trailed on the grun by his taeless feet,
E'en the auld gudeman himsel did sweat
To look at Aiken drum

But he drew a score himsel did sain
The auld wife tried but her tongue was gane
While the young ane closer clasped her wean
And turned frae Aiken drum

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath
And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith
Be it bean shee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith
But it fear'd na Aiken drum -

"His presence protectus" quo' the auld gudeman
"What wad ye; whare won ye - by sea or by land?
"I conjure ye speak - by the Beuk in my han"
What a grane gaed Aiken drum

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky
"I dwelt in a spot whar a burn rins na by,
"But I'se dwall noo wi' you if ye like to try
"Hae ye wark for Aiken drum?

I'll sheil ayer sheep i' the mornin' sune
I'll berry yer crap by the light o' the moon -

And baa the bairns wi' an unken'd tune
If ye'll keep puir Aiken drum

I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade
I'll kirn the kirn and I'll turn the bread
And the wildest filly that ever ran rede
I'se tame't quo' Aiken drum

To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell
To gather the dew frae the heather bell
And look at my face in your clear cristal well
Might gae pleasure to Aiken drum

I'se seek nae guides, gear, bond, nor mark
I use nae bedding, shoon, or sark,
But a cog fu o' brose 'tween the Light and the dark
Is the wage o' Aiken drum

'Quo' the wylie auld wife – the thing speaks weel
Our workers are scant – we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says – be he man be he deil
Wou! we'll try this Aiken drum

But the wenches skirled he's no be here!
His eldritch looks gars us swarf wi' fear
And the fient a ane will the house come near
If they think but o' Aiken drum

For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he
Despair sits brooding aboon his e'e bree
And unchanie to light on a maiden's e'e
Is the grim glower o' Aiken drum

Puir slipmalabors! ye hae little wit,
Ist na hallowmas now, and the crap cut yet

Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit
Sit yer wa's down Aiken drum

Roun a' that side whar wark was dune
By the streamers gleam or the glance o' the moon
A word or a wish – and the Brownie cam sune
Sae helpfu was Aiken drum

But he slade ay awa' or the sun was up
He ne'er could look straught on Mac Millan's cup
They watched – but nane saw him his brose ever sup
Nor a spune sought Aiken drum

On Blednoch banks and on crystal Cree
For mony a day a toiled wight was he
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee
Sae social was Aiken drum

But a new made wife fu o' rippish freaks
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the Brose o' Aiken drum

Let the learned decide when they convene
What spell was him and the breeks between
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen
And sair missed was Aiken drum

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve
Crying lang lang now may I greet and grieve
For alas! I hae gotten baith fee and leave
O luckless Aiken drum

Awa' ye wrangling sceptic tribe
If yer pros and yer con's wad ye decide

Gain the sponsille voice o' a hale countryside
On the facts 'bout Aiken drum

Though the Brownie o' Blednoch lang be gane
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken drum

E'en now light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and all sic gear
At the Glasnoch mill hae swat wi' fear
And looked roun' for Aiken drum

And gudely folks hae gotten a fright
When the moon was set and the stars gaed nae light
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night
Wi' sugs like Aiken drum

By William Nicholson the Galloway Bard

(Sent to Mary Lindsay Mrs Campbell's maid, by her sister who got it from the Poet. Feb. 1859

(296)

Cath nan Eau

Told in very bad gaelic with great hesitation fear and trembling by the ferry boat boy but with some variations

There was a farmer who wanted a servant – he went to look at him and the wren met him – "What are you wanting?" said the wren – "I am wanting a servant" said he – "do you think I would do?" said the wren – He engaged him and the first work he set him to was threshing – He threshed and with the first blow he knocked off one grain – and a mouse came out and ate it up – I will praise you says the wren – and dont do that again – He threshed again and he knocked off two grains and the mouse came out and ate them up – So they arranged a combat to see which was strongest – There was no rat or mouse on the earth – and no bird under heaven that did not come to see the battle – A Gentleman's son heard of it and he came also – but he slept before the fight was over – and when he woke there was neither mouse nor rat to be seen – but a black raven was there who said that he would go with him as his companion –

So they went to an inn – and all the porters, and waiters and people about the Inn were making a noise at the like of a raven coming into such a place – and the Raven said he would sleep in the byre – and he does so but in the morning there was not a cow that had an eye – The raven had picked them all out – so the waiters were very angry and the Gentleman's son had to pay for the cows – and so he said to the raven – Why did thou do that?" The next night he went to another inn and the raven was well scolded and told not to offend in the same way – he said he would not, but he would sleep in the stable – and he slept in the stable and then he picked out all the horse's eyes – and the Gentleman's son had to pay for them too – and he scolded the Raven – and on they went again – but the Raven took out a book and he gave it to the Gentleman's son and told him not to open it till he got to his Father's house, but he was always wishing to look in, and at last he did – and there he was in the house of a great big giant – And the giant made him his servant – And the Giant set him to clean the Byre – so he set to work and the byre had seven doors – and it had not been cleaned for 7 years – and as fast as he put the dung out at one it came in at the other – The Giants' red daughter asked him if he would marry her if she would set him free and help him – and he said he would – So the Giant's daughter set all the grapes that were in the place to work – and they worked of themselves and in a short time the Byre was as clean as it could be –

And the Giant set him to clean a stable and it had seven doors and it had not been cleaned for 7 years and when he put out the dung at the one door it came in at the other – Then came the giants red girl and she said Will you marry me if I will help you and he said he would and he went and laid his head on her knee – (And what did he do that for? "I dont know myself that's what I heard I know nothing more) and she set all the grapes and farles that were in the place to work (how did she do that? did she work with them?" "Oh no! They were working by themselves –) and the stable was soon as clean as the byre –

So the Giant set him to thatch the barn with feathers – and he began – but every feather he put on the wind took away – Then came the Giants Red Girl and she asked if he would marry her if she would help him – and he said he would – and he laid his head in her lap there and she took out a whistle that she had and played upon it – and every bird that was came and they thatched the barn with feathers – Now said she, we'll get the grey horse and we'll be off – So she told him to go to the hills and fetch the Grey horse that was seven years old – and she told him that he would meet two black dogs – and she gave him half a cake of tallow and half a cheese and she said the dogs will kill you unless you give them something – and the horse will kill you too unless you put this band a tether in his mouth – (here my reader got very confused) – "Oh I forget how that was – I must go home – It would be worth your while to go to a carl that is at Loch Gilp head – I have not got them right – It's from him I got them – It's he could tell you stories about the Fingallians – Oh he has them famously") "how go on" – said I – Well – I don't know how it was exactly but when he came to where the dogs were they opened their mouths and he put the cake of tallow into the mouth of one and the cake of cheese into the mouth of the other – and they let him pass – and when he came where the horse was – he came down the hill to kill him with his mouth open – but he threw the tether over his head and the horse followed him home quite quietly – (There was something here about 4 apples which I do not remember – but three of the apples spoke – and the fourth was the one which was her father's heart – and was smashed) – They got up and rode away – And the girl said she was feeling her fathers breath – back said she, in the horse's ear – and see what you can find – So he found a kind of a twig – and she said throw it behind you – and he did and there was the biggest wood that ever was – and then came the Giant running and past that he could not come – Oh! said he if, I had my big axe and my little axe I would not be long making a way through this" – So he went home for them and he

was not long making his road through that— So the red girl said that— she was feeling her fathers breath— Now said she to the King's son (Oh now I remember he was a King's son) see in the filly's ear— So he did and he found a kind of a bit of Stone— and he threw that behind him— and there was the biggest rock that ever was— Oh, said the Giant— if I had my big hammer and my little hammer ih I that would not be long making a way through this— So he went back for them and he got them and he was not long making a road through that— So the red girl said that she was feeling her fathers breath again— and she said see again in the filly's ear king's son— so he looked and there was a ____ of water so he threw that— behind him and there was a lough of fresh water— very large(?) So the Giant came there and he said Oh! if I had my big scoop and my little scoop I should soon get over this— and he went for them— and in a very short time he had baled out the lough— and he was after them again— Now, said the red girl— I fell there is my father coming— I feel his breath on my back— get off the horse King's son— So she got off and she gave him an apple and she said now put that under the filly's foot— and he did so— and when the filly put her foot on it it was broken to pieces and the Giant fell dead for his heart was in the apple—

So they went on to his father's house— and she was made a Housekeeper and they were not married— So in a very short time she became housemaid and kitchenmaid— and at last she was the hemwife— So one day "the King" was going to be married— and the Porter (Who?) the porter— him that would be opening the door to them came— and he wanted to sleep with the hemwife— and she said if he would give her a fine drops and put her into the wedding room she would let him— and when he came to bed she said Put the tops on the pot— So he got up and he took hold of the lid of the pot— and it took hold of his hands— and the floor took hold of his feet— and out of that he could not come— and in the morning he went away and he did not tell what had happened to him— Next night came the Head waiter (Who?) Head waiter the one that would be shewing them their rooms— and he wanted to sleep with the hemwife, and so she said he might if he would give her a finedrops— and if he would let her lie in the wedding room— so he said he would Now when they were going to bed she said I'll see if the window is fast— Oh no dont you do that, he



still Ill shut the window – So he rose and tried to shut the window and the window took hold of his hand – and the floor took hold of his feet – and there he was all night – but in the morning he had to go away – Now they had promised to let her in so they were obliged to do it – So she came in her dirty clothes to the door and the porter gave her a kick – and then he saw who she was and he was obliged to let her in – So she came to the door of the wedding room – and the head waiter said What do you want here you dirty creature and he gave her a kick – And then he saw who she was – and was obliged to let her in – and then she took out a golden hen and a silver hen (for she had brought a golden hen and a silver hen with her) and she set them on the floor and they began to talk to each other – and the one said – do you remember how I cleaned the Byre – and the other said – "do you remember how I thatched the barn with feathers – and the other said – "do you remember how I stole the filly –" and the other "Do you remember how I saved your life at the wood" – and so they were going on till they began how she had been made Housekeeper – and housemaid – but before they got where she was made her wife – the King's son said stop – Ill marry you – and when he said that she shewed the pretty dress she had got from the porter & the head waiter – and they were married – and if they have not died since then they are alive merry and rich" –

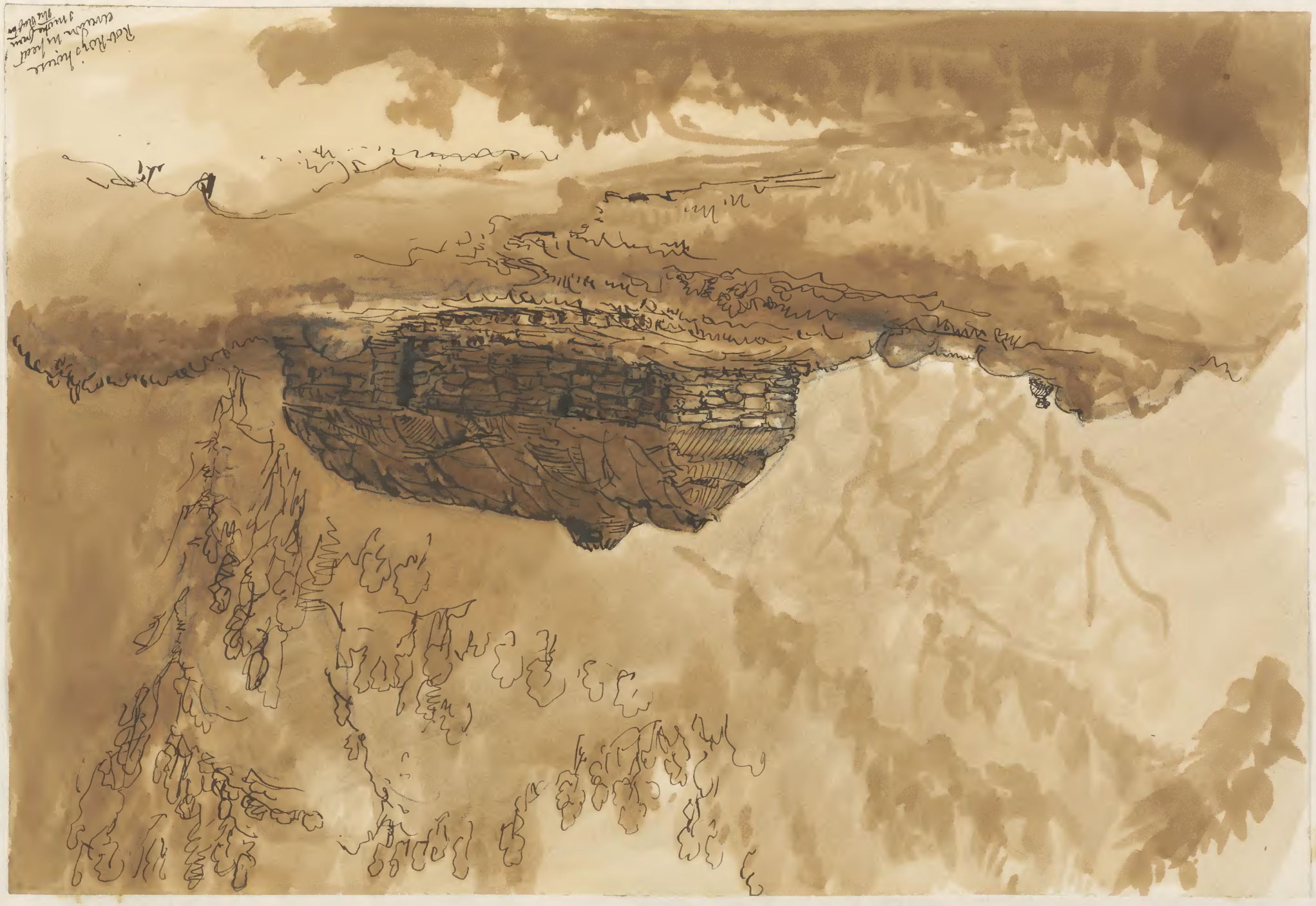
(297)

This was written on monday from notes made at the time – The story was told with hesitation – The lad was in his working dress and impressed with the magnificence of the Inveraray Inn and the grandeur of the waiters – who looked at him as the waiters must have looked at the raven – he could not gather his ideas – The ground work of the story is evidently the ruin of a much better edition of Cath nan Ean – The lad is stable boy at St Katharines –

A Gentleman in the Hotel – name unknown – had heard from an old woman in Generby many years ago a story of the same kind – In that he remembers that the raven was Mac Righ Lochlin – Denmarks Prince The daughter of that woman is now a pauper near the Inn at Dalmally – and very old –

It is curious to remark the degradation of the personages and the change in the scene and in the language –

It is universally said – We used to go about in the Winter's evenings from house to house and tell these stories – We do it yet sometimes – but not so much – It is



is going out every day – The Ministers think we should be working at our
The fashion was when a stranger came to the place – and when he got some food every body in the town would come in to hear the strangers story – and the first story was always the strangers – and the second was the Master's of the house – then all that would be there would tell stories and the Master of the house would have to tell the last – "The last would be on the Master of the house" and we would set that way sometimes till daylight cracking – and that's the way the boys have them now – but they havn't got them right here – Here they speak neither Gaelic nor English but Flip Flap just as it comes –
If I was in the North – I would then – Yet there's an old man there who can repeat Ossian for hours – I'll go there when I can and I'll let you have some stories yet ye'll see" – Hector Urquhart –

John Clark – Master Mason – formerly Miller at Inveray –
"Oh when I was young people had not so much to do they would be telling their stories to each other to pass away the time – Now there is no time for stories – people are working so hard – Always –"

Old Woman in Glenary –
"Oh! it's me would give you the stories but I havn't got them – I have only that I and my forefathers lived in Glen under the Duke and his forefathers for generations – I knew your Father and your Grandfather and Lady Charlotte – and och! but they were a beautiful family and I would give you stories if I had them" – "Did you ever hear Murachil & Merachil?" – "Hiech! – that's only an uisqueul – Och dear! that's only a thing we would be trying who could say it at the schule – but I knew your Father & your Grandfather &c &c &c –

(298) The Tinker

April 25th

John Mackenzie sent for but did not arrive – John Clark the Master Mason went for him – found the tinker in the street who had told Hector the story – told him who I was – what I wanted – and promised him payment – Went with him to fish in the Dhu Well – killed 3 fish small –
The man knows no end of stories – and repeats them right off as if he were saying them by heart – There is a bit of narrative – then a bit of dialogue

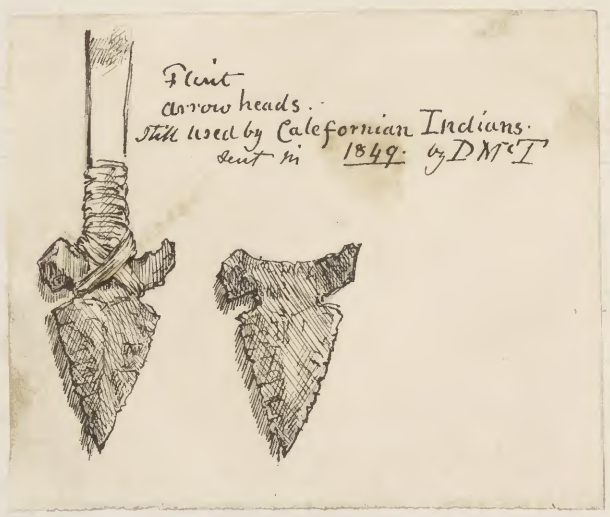


and then a bit of strange jingling talk with. and rhyme throughout—
with meaningless words stuck in that come out with a rush— A kind of chorus
which is repeated at intervals throughout the tale— He can neither read nor write
he has never been at school— he speaks both English and Gaelic— he makes flies—
travels about the world and earns his living by tinkering and poaching and by
going about the country in summer teaching Englishmen to fish— He ties flies
and is a very peculiar character in every way—

Gavid Mac Donald— Sheen billy (299)

Went up to the tinkers camp— sent for some whisky and set the old
father 80 years old agoing— he told a story which lasted more than half
an hour— It was the son of a King of Ireland— who went to France and whose
step Mother put him under enchantment— with a shirt that turned into a
Beir There was a wishing cap— and there was a witches daughter who fell
in love with the King's son— And the mother said he will cost you your right
breast— I care not said she— So her mother told her to go to the mountains
and gather certain herbs and put them in a pot to boil— and she did so— and
she bid her strip herself to the waist— and she did so— and she bid the son of
Ireland's King take off his shirt and all the clothes that were on his neck— but the
cloth about his waist— and he did so— and she put them in the pot, and no
sooner there than the cloth changed into a Beir— a great snake that was
round his neck— and which enchanted him— and it sprung from the pot
and fastened on the girls right breast— and the Mother with a sharp knife
cut off the right breast— and the enchantment was over— And so they were
married and a happy wedding it was— And the Kings son went home
and he met with an old man in a house— who said Oh ro— It's then
many hundred years since I have seen a longship, or a bark, or a boat in
these Islands— how came you here?"— Oh never mind, said he, I am a
doctor and a conjuror— So he staid there— and the old man said to him
Now go on and I will send you to my brother— put your head in this cap— so he put
his head in the Carls cap— and he was in the brothers house in one moment—
Oh ho— said the carl— It's many hundred years I've repeated exactly—
In this story there were some bits unfit for publication— and the kings son laid his
head in the ladies lap to be housed— and when he rose he said thanks you—

"Now, said I, "that's a capital story— will you tell me if you know many?" "Ah!" he


Flint
arrow heads.
Still used by Californian Indians.
Sent in 1849. by D M^c I

said, when I was young I never heard a story but I remembered it – my memory is going now – I never heard a story either, said the son – but I remembered it – I will engage to tell you a different story for every day in the year – Oh, said the old man – when I was young if you were to sit down by the fire side at ten o'clock of a winter's night – I would keep you at it till ten the next day – Indeed you would said the old wife – who with a pipe in her mouth was making a spoon – "And now, I said, will you tell me where you got those stories? – Well, said the old man – I used to get them from old men about the country telling them about the fire – And now will you tell me another thing – Where do you think all those stories came from? – I'll tell you that says the old man decidedly – They came from Ireland – You see there is a place in Ireland that is called Gaul – and that's why the highlanders are called Gael – They came from Gaul in Ireland – You know the Fingallians came from Ireland and Ossian Mac Fin was the last of them – He does not care about them' said the son – "Well, said the wife," I think it's those students that put them about – Here's your spoon – Sir, It's well polished now – (The auld wife had been polishing a horn spoon with charcoal and a bit of rag – and it was now finished) – "Well – said the brother – a practical man who had made the spoon and was now making another – and who does not know a story – "I think the stories came in this way – We would be going about the country at the end of Loch Fine and the end of Loch Long – and at such like places – and when we would come home we would be telling what had happened to us and putting all sorts of lies into it – " You would do that, said I – , "but not these sort of stories" – No – said the whole family – and so we took another pipe and parted –

Now this old chap has no roof to his head – he is a MacDonald a wandering maker of spoons living in a tent and as his son said – he never saw a school – I showed them my fairy dart – "Ah" said the old man "no fairy dart will ever be fired at Mr Campbell since he has that – no house will ever be burned where that is – The wife had seen hundreds but none like that – The son had seen none – The old man seen none quite the same – The brother had seen one in the bark of an ash tree in Ross-shire – The whole family are as wild as the Lapps – The old man's gaelic was very good and very easily understood – but here and there came in an English word – That old man is a perfect mine of stories –
Mackenzie very drunk – Told the following –

(300) The Contradictory Wife

There was a man once went out shooting in the moors – and he went a' stray

shoting – air seachevan scalagach – and he came to a place where a man was ploughing with two fine grey horses – So he asked if he might sleep at his house and the man said he might – but that he must go home and tell his wife that he had said he had refused, for, said he, if you said I say you might – my wife will say he must nd – So he went – but, said he, why are you staying out in this rough windy weather with those two fine grey horses – because, said he, my wife wont let me come home – but do you go and tell her that I want to stay out – So the man went and he told the woman that her husband would not let him sleep there – "But you shall said the wife – Your husband is a queer se man, said the hunter – he wont come home but the horses are good and they wont come to harm – "But he shall come home – and will he hunt – said the wife – so she put out her head and roared out to her husband to come home – and home he came with the horses – Now this man had the most beautiful daughter that ever was seen – and how it happened I dont know – but the Hunter fell in love with her and he said I will marry her – and the man said he might – but that he must just say the other thing

(301)

April 25th Party at John Clerk, Master Mason – Inverary

John Mackenzie very drunk – The Tinker sober but wild – Three clyde builders and Dougall – name unknown – John Clerk – Wife – and some children looking on at the door – Whisky and water – Pipes and bacey –

J.K.C begins by reciting his English interrupted by Mackenzie who is very much fuddled – argumentative, provoking, and obstinate –

Next comes the Tinker who tells the story of Sneuran san Sheultach very well with wild rolling eyes and great change of voice and gesture – without a pause but slowly and solemnly – (302) Conall – from Gillies

Next a mason who tells an endless story about the Son of Englands king who goes to a Robber and afterwards goes to Rob the son of Irelands King – With the two brothers and the said Robber whom they have saved – because he saved them – They are caught in a corn bin in trying to steal the three black Stallions of the Irish King which neigh when they are caught – The old Robber is got up and made to tell stories for a reward and claims as a reward that the eldest daughter of Irelands king shall have the eldest son of Englands

king – and get a black stallion for her Jocker – he always manages so as to introduce his stories at an interesting point – Just when he is shut up in the grave with a dead body – just when he is about to be killed by a giant underground – and in the midst the story is brought to an abrupt conclusion by a dispute between the drunken man and the rest of the party as to how the story should be told whether several should be run together in this way or not – Mason ends – and goes to smoke –

Mackenzie tells a tale –

I was once with a Grey mare on the hill – and two kegs of whisky for I was smuggling – comes to boat – men tarring – Why are you tarring? to make the boat go fast – Will tar make my mare go fast? – So they tar the mare and she runs away – goes to a barn – man & woman looks down – this is the great world – says – "do you see my mare?" Falls on top of them – run away – Tinker caps this (303)

Story of Uruisg and Farmer's Daughter

see (8) Strapavolen.

(304)

Smeuran Dubh –

and the king's son was sent to fetch the thing that was neither crooked nor straight so he went his journey described –

Bha na coin bega buchullan Bachal &c honig e tigh beag solus &c haig e stigh agus thaisg e bodinach

Oh bo said she, it's long since I have been waiting for you Mac Rhigh Erin – and gives him saw dust – with which he goes home – 2nd Journey – same as first reaches another house – sent for –

Smeuvan san Fheultach – brambles in February – finds another woman – says

Oh be &c but the Giants will come home and they will kill you – so he went to lie amongst the bodies – and when the giants came home the one said to the other – go up to the loft and cut me a slice from the freshest corpse that is there I am very hungry – So the giant went up and who should he light upon but the kings son – and he cut a large slice off his thigh but he never stirred – Oh be! but that is fine meat. said the Giant – I never tasted any so sweet before – go up now man – and cut me another slice off the other thigh – off poor John the King's Son – and when they brought it – how put it into the bucket of water and it will be fine and fresh to morrow when we come from the hill – When all was quiet poor John – the Son of Irelands King rose and he took out a bottle and rubbed himself – and he was whole and well as before – and when he looked about he saw the February brambles growing amongst the bodies and he began to fill his pockets with them – and you see it was the heat of the bodies that made them grow – So then he and the giants wife had a conversation and when John was going away who should come but the giants – and they took hold of him – Oh be ill you Irelands King's son – Many a day we have been after your father and now we have got you – So they tied poor John the son of Irelands king to the wild horses and set all the big dogs after them – and when they thought he was dead they threw him over a rock – and what was in the rock but an eagles nest and John fell into it – and there he was for thirty days – And first he ate the young eagles – and then he opened his own mouth when the old eagle came and pretended to be a young eagle – and so he lived but he was getting very light – So one day he tied himself to the eagles legs and when she flew away where should she drop him but at the garden of his own fathers house – Oh, said his Mother in Law – to the hemmips, here's John come back with the February brambles – This will never do –

The next lost – (305)

Tinker Mac Donald again –

begins as before – so far as the first house – In the morning who should see but a fox opposite the door putting on his shoes and stockings – conversation – witty – Fox and man shake hands and offer of service accepted – Fox offers a mount – despises him – mounts and at the first jump off he falls – mounts again – sticks on and off they go to the house of the great big woman – Fox advises him to pretend to be a child and to steal the white sword of light – to let the woman nurse him and do what they like – he cries for the white sword of light and the big woman gives it to him to play with – he gets it into the cradle and when all

are asleep he gets up to go out— before he goes he thinks he may as well see if it is really the sword— he waves it and at the flash that it gives the Queen awakes and catches him— and knows him for the son of Irelands king—
How would you rather go look for the ——— a have your head stuck on that Stake at the door— I would rather go — Goes— begins talking to fox— they get to the place— they are behayed in some way I—
Here breaks in John Mackenzie who is very drunk and who finds a hole in the others story— and that dispute lasts for the best of the evening—
Mackenzie tells a famous one about a (306) big beetle— and the next life — short no contexts — very good— (307)
Tinker begins another about a bee— which never comes to anything from the noise of the drunken man—
Party breaks up—

April 26th /59 Inveraray (308)
Old Mary Macrickar(?) aged 84 a thereabouts called with Mr Roberton— heard 70 years ago from her father— who had many stories Och! Och!
Bat chaorin an eillan loch Luan— ge de Bheig cha Bhuan ach Fraoch— and Fraoch went out in the loch to pull the turg of Rowan and out jumped the beir— great snake
Thanig ise mach e Bhast— she came out the beast— then a fight in the water— then alas that Fraoch had not a knife———
This story is about somewhere—
It is of a girl that sent her lover to an Island to bring a tuft of Rowan— he brought the whole tree— and roused the dragon that guarded it—(Beir— They fought and killed each other in the loch— the lady looking on— Alas that Fraoch had no knife—

"Where did you hear these stories I suppose you heard them about the fire side?"
"Oh yes I have heard them say that one— and many more about the giants—"
"And what do you think were the giants?"
"Oh! I'll tell you that— they were the wild people that would be coming down from the north— from places far from us in the north— and when they would be coming here the lads would wrestle with them and when the Argyllshire people would be going where they were— they would be saying— 'Thu falte— an ian gaelach e sligh'— (The

smell of
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scholar
dogs

smell of the Argyllshire man is here — the Western Gael) "Indeed that is it" —
"Do you say they were big bad men?"
"No I dont say that — they were wild men that were coming to us from the North
indeed that's it just that —"
History says that the Celts came from Ireland to Argyllshire and that they drove out the
inhabitants —

(309)

"My Mother or Grandmother, or Uncephoss was the dairy maid and nurse to — ? —
and one day she caught a Laodh aillodh — calf — beauty — It was in the Byre
and she caught it as it was running out of the hole at the end of the byre —
(Was this the calf of an ancient wild cow — a the leprechaun?) And she threw her
arms round it — and in the morning she threw her arms round her eldest son —
thinking it was her youngest — who had changed places with him, and she
said if there be fatune in it let it be thine my son — so he got all the luck
of the Laodh aillodh — And Macvicker grew up and he was with the Earl of
Argyll in Rathlin — and the Earl was sick and pining and he would take
nothing — he would neither eat nor drink till he would get a drink from Mac
Rivins well — Macvicker said they would not be long getting that — They were in
Rathlin in Ireland — Macvicker came and took the water from the well — it the
well down there (describing it) and the Laddy was up the hill at the cows — a
rich Lady — The Earls mother — and when Mac Vicker came to the well
side what should he get but the ring that the Earl had given his Mother and
she at the cows — That's the way they would be doing of old — and he took the ring
and the water to the Earl — and when he saw the ring that he had given his Mother
he knew that the water must have come from the well of Mac Rivin and he
drank it and he got quite well — and that as true as that you are setting there —
All that would get hold of the calf or even a bit of its skin were sure to be safe from
bullets — The Togers in Lochoil's Regt were trying for bits of the skin — hearing of them —
I remember it well — and they came home — Och yes well — well — I'm from Loch Iuil
and my Mother's name was Mary Mac Gregor —"
"Oh then! Youre of the family of Rob Roy? — (319)
"Oh Yes! Ill tell you about that — There was a great battle at Luss and Rob was
the [illegible] of Mac Gregor — and he was at school and a battle began amongst the
scholars — and he killed one — Macgregor began it — so he ran away — and the black
dogs — the evil spirits — were after him — and he had to fly to the Argylls at Gairarack and

instead of sheltering him in the house they had to send him to a great wood and he was in a cave – but the house keeper was bringing him his food – and he married her and they got a place to themselves at Dunstaffnage – The cave at Dunstaffnage where they would be bringing the meat is very hard to find – he was called Mac Iain Buy –

(311) The Eagle & Child

The reapers were here once – and a farm servant maid had her child with her and when she had nursed it she rolled it up in a plaid and laid it to sleep on the sheaves – She was busy reaping and the Eagle came and lifted the child just as it was in the shawl and flew with it over the water to the rock where the Eagles nest was – and the mother got a fright indeed – and some of the lads that could run best and climb went & when they got to the Eagle's nest they found the child rolled as it was. It was the Lord would not let the beast hurt the child – It is as true as that you are sitting there – It was in my Mother's time –

(312) Macpherson and Ossian

Mr Mac Calmans Minister now at Ardchattan Remembers in 1811 an old man who died soon after upwards of 105 named Mac Nicol at Arinancaild in Glenorchy – He could neither read nor write and when he knew him he was blind – He could then repeat hundreds of lines of Ossian – the whole of Cuchullin – He would repeat a great many lines and then pause and break off into a long prose dessertation explanatory of what had gone before and of what was to follow – He would then begin again – and so on till the poem was finished – It was not a collection of fragments it was a whole story – Could you be persuaded that that man was reciting poems composed by Mac pherson! – I could not –

Dr Smith's book was collected in a great degree by a poor man – (name forgotten) he has often complained to me (J.F.C) that before he could get his collection printed – the Dr, who had got it to arrange took the best of it and published it – The Gaelic in it is hard to read – It is Cantyre Gaelic which is almost Irish – The Island of Lismore is a Colony of Irish They are a people by themselves – They have the low forehead – the large jaw – the cheek bones, black hair, and grey eyes – They are peculiar –

Sep^ty 1st

Landed at ~~Ard~~ Lochmaddy with several drovers and shepherds and walked up to the Inn some breakfast having been procured proceeded to make acquaintance with some rough looking tykes of shepherds who were drinking in the parlour below — took a glass, or rather a sip to please them and engaged a chap to carry my box of papers — walked on and sat on a hill for a long time with three shepherds who afterwards turned out to be the Father and brothers of my first acquaintance — got a long song from one — whose burthen was "Health to King George and my Sweetheart" who seemed to be a young lady of great charms and considerable wealth who would keep him and pay for everything — The father, an old fellow with a bright eye evidently brimfull of all sorts of old stories — but his line seemed to be the old battles and combats gave them some , and soon became good friends — Met Macdonald of Balronnald, who invited me to his house — Promised to go and asked him to get up a party of old tale tellers for me — said that he would — He knew very little about it, and seemed astonished at me, my gaelic, and my pursuit — walked on when the men came up, and got lots of showers — Presently my man turned aside and I went with him to the house of Mr Mac Craw, where I found a shoemaker cutting leather and Mr Mc Craw counting nails and heels which were to be used by the shoemaker in making shoes for him — Got a glass of milk and walked on — The men told me their own history — They came from Kintail and are looked on as strangers in this land — One brother, who was found at Mc Craws with a horse rode, and I walked alongside with the other, and presently and by degrees we began to get into the vein of story telling —

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First told one of Col Kitte and how he screwed off the Bulls legs in the field of corn — My companion capped that with the account of how Glengarry took up his men to Inverness, and how a cow's legs were twisted off — The performer on that occasion was a relation of his own, and was, or is still living in this Island by name Dorn Fuan (Cold fist) — Next tried the Bailie of London and got in return

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The Three Questions

There was once, long ago a scholar, and when he had done learning his Master said that he must now answer three questions, or have his head taken off — The Scholar was to have some time to prepare, and being in a great fright he went

"to a miller who was the Masters brother, and asked his aid— The Miller "disguised himself and went instead of the scholar, and the first question was— "How many ladders would reach to the sky?"— "how", said my narrator can you "answer that?" One if it were long enough" said I— Thats right. The second was "where's the middle of the world? so the miller laid down a rod and he said "how! "how set a hoop about the world and thou will find the centre here— The third "was— What is the world's worth?— Well said the Miller— the Saviour was sold for "30 pieces of silver I am sure the world is worth no more—" "Oh," said the brother ""on the horse," that is not the way I have heard it— The second was— How long will it ""take to go round the world?— and the Miller said— If I were as swift as the sun ?— ""moon I would run in twenty four hours— The third was— What is my thought—? & "The Miller answered I can tell— "Thou thinkest that I am the scholar thou ""taughtest— but I am the Miller, thy brother"—

Next propounded the question— If a man were to start at sunrise and follow the shadow all day where would he be at night North— South— East— or West—? Got the answer— North which is nearly correct— Tried next a little bit of the two thieves at the garden and got—

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The Smith's Apprentice

There was once long ago, a smith in Erin and he had a servant that was exceedingly clever at stealing— he would steal anything— His Master was working with a Macharan upper man— and the Gentleman came to the smithy to have his poney shod, and he and the smith were well with each other— And the Smith began to boast of his prentice, and how he could steal— And he offered to bet that he would steal the Gentleman's horse— and the Gentle=man betted 5 notes that he would not, and the Smith laid down the money and the bet was made and they told the lad— Well— the Gentleman went home and he set four gillies to watch the pony— and the lad went and bought himself three bottles of whiskey— and when the night came he went to the "square" of the ever man and he laid himself down amongst the horse dung and he began to snore and snort— and pretend to be drunk— so out came one of the watching men to see what was the matter— and he began to handle the Drunken man and presently he felt a bottle in his pocket, so he drew it out and he told the others, and they drank it all up, and then they said let's see if there's not a second bottle in the other pocket so they went &

they rolled over the drunken man who snored and snorted on, and they got the second bottle, and then they went into the stable again – and presently the lad heard them getting very wordy within – Then they came out a third time and rolled him about, and when they had hunted about they found the third bottle, and the third bottle finished them off – they fell fast asleep – Then the lad got up and stole the pony and went to the smithy and then he went to sleep himself – In the morning the gentleman came to the Smithy and he had to pay the bet, for the pony was there before him – "Well," said the lad," that is but a small matter – I will bet you now twenty notes that I will steal your daughter –" "I will take the bet" said the Gentleman, and the lad said – Now Master lay down the twenty notes for me – So the Smith laid them down and the Gentleman laid down his and the bet was made

Now no time was fixed so the Gentleman went home and set a watch in his daughters room who were to go in and out all night – And the lad went in the country till he came to a port town on the other side for it was in Erin and there he remained till he made friends with a sea Captain and after much talk this Captain agreed to help him – So the lad disposed himself up as a woman and the Captain said – Now I will say that I have a sister on board, and if we are asked to the house of the Gentleman when the ship arrives thou must do as best thou canst – So the ship sailed and sailed round Erin till she came to the Gentleman's house, and then the Captain went up and told he had been a long voyage to the Indies – Then the Gentleman asked if he had anyone else on board and he said that he had a sister but that she was very unwell – Oh!" said the Gentleman – ask her to come up and she shall sleep in my daughters room – So the Captains sister came and they had a pleasant evening and they all went to bed –

But in the middle of the night the Captains sister said to the Gentleman's daughter – What are those men that are always walking about the room and up and down before the windows – and the girl said – There is a bad man, who has laid a bet that he will steal me – and my Father is afraid that he may come any night – so these are the watch – It is not for the bet, but my father is so angry because the bad man has beat him once already – Oh" – said the Captains sister," I am so nervous after the sea (I have a sort of nerves) that I shall never sleep all night I shall never get a wink of sleep – I would be so much obliged to you if you would but have the kindness to send them away – but the Captains sister could not sleep a bit better and she said – When I was in the Indies I used to be so troubled by the heat that I got a habit of walking out

at night — perhaps I could sleep if I were to take a little walk now — Will you be so very kind as to come out for a little walk with me?" So the Gentleman's daughter got up and out they went for a walk, but when they had walked out a little way the lad carried her off bodily to the Smithy — And in the morning the Gentleman came — and he paid the bet and it is said that he married the Gentleman's daughter —

"And is that all he ever stole?"

"Thats all I ever heard about it at all events"

Now here is the Master Thief with a new theft and an old one in the mouth of a Shepherd, who spends most of his life on the hill side — Arrived at the first Inn — engaged my companion for three shillings a day to carry my box and catch old fellows who have stories, for me — Met a whole party coming from church and every soul stopped to find out who the stranger was — One old chap hearing that it was a gentleman seeking old stories went off at score about the battles pointing out the places where the fights had been and naming the men, and the places where they are all buried — "On that Strand they met and there Mac Leod of Harris fell and he is buried at" — and so on — and so on — Took to the road and met a namesake who cross questioned me considerably — answered everything and parted good friends — shaking hands and hoping to meet again — walked four miles over the sound seeing a great lot of wildgese — and got an old saw — in return for one of mine

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but that's nonsense for my brother killed 5 in one day — (318) (319) - (320) - (321) (322) (323) (324) Shewed nuts to many people, everyone knew them at once — "They are quite common" they said, "They come on shore after gales of West wind they grow on the sea weed — I have seen plenty of them myself" — Told my friend what I knew thereanent and got great thanks — What do the old wives do with them? "Oh they make snuff boxes of them" — "What do they call them?" "Cuthan" — Walked over Benbecula — pulled up at the house of a man who had joined us, and had a smoke under a dyke — An old fellow with a sea rod in his hand joined the party — One proposed that he should recite Ossians poems, they all said he could, but he refused — He said that a Kerry man had found an ancient book in that moss (pointing to the spot) it was wrapped in — something which I did not understand — it contained the poems — That a blind man who was going about the country told the man



opened. Sc/t. 30th Octo 1st 1860 -

Section. - of a fairy hill. Near Gordonstone

that he knew one who would take an interest in it, namely his father— and that his father got it— That his father subsequently gave several volumes to the Minister— and that a poor man got the rest— That he was gone to America— His father went to the Isle of Skye and Lord Mac Donald gave him his land rent free—

And was the book hid in the Mos?

No it was as if the ancestors had dropped it— how this appears to be some mythological account of the famous Red book of Clanronnald and the last of the Bards of the Lord of the Isles— Be that as it may— my guide says there are many who can still repeat the poems— One lad who is described as having a wonderful memory can repeat for hours— "Are the words the same as the printed words?" "No, they are not the same, they are much sharper and deeper, but the meaning is generally about the same— I have the book myself and I have heard him often— I know him well— he lives about 50 miles South of this— he cannot read— he knows no language but Gaelic— It is then certain that all these people know the Story of Ossian— In this day's walk then I have heard of five different men who can repeat poems attributed to Ossian and I have met some Jac 8 who know of the poems and believe in their authenticity— That is to say in the wildest part of the Highlands and the furthest removed from access to English books I have found in one day more men who know about the Gaelic poems than I have ever met in those parts where the English translation was most accessible— Walked to the Inn of Craig Ghorrie and halted for the night after a walk of 25 miles— The country is dreary, wild, and uncultivated— wet— full of lakes— flat with occasional high hills— The saddles are sacks, the stirrups twisted ropes of bent with now and then a wooden stirrup at the end— The bridles are of the same material But with an occasional— bit of the very simplest iron— Had a long talk with the landlady— Got from her The Piper's Story— The Dunwulig story— "The men dancing in the hill for a year"— Got from an old man on the road— Got also from different people— Tradition of the strong miller who was killed at Sperriff Muir— That the Gael came from Ireland— That Clan Donald came from Erin— There were three brothers and the first that got to land was to possess it— One brother cut off his hand and threw it ashore, saying my blood and flesh and bones and sinews are there before you— and he is the ancestor of Lord Mac Donald— Another Brother was the ancestor of Clanronald— Another was ancestor of Glengarry— They were

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Sept 1 Bhimholle Bonbaula Carry Ghori



the bloody hand on their coach – but Glengarry had to take it off – Surely he who had the land was the man who threw his hand, and his descendants had the right to wear it, and he was Mac Donald of Sleat – Also that these Islands belonged of old to the Lochlinnes – Many of the names are said to be Norsk – but I cannot trace the resemblance in many cases thus Benbecula is Beannhaile which is pure Gaelic –

(326) Old Mac Phie &c.

Sept^br 2^d – General air of lounge about the whole establishment – No one up at 7 – Breakfast ordered at 8 – No signs of it till 10 – Walked up to a small Colly afterwards – and poked my head in at the door – Is mem within – Yes said a small independent child of 5 years old, who with a still smaller brother and a big cat were sitting over the fire – Walked in and sat down – and had a talk with the brat promised her sixpence if she would read a large alphabet which was stuck upon the wall – She read the three first and all the numerals in English except 9 which came out in Gaelic – got great friends and learned that her Abbi father had given her sixpence once before – Walked back to the Inn, got a boat, paid 7 shillings, for myself and my man, Donald Mac Craw – The old Landlady seemed to think that I was about to bolt without paying – and was for stopping me at first – laughed at her and went away – Landed and walked up to a small hut where there was a celebrated teller of stories – to whom people flock in winter nights – Found him seated by the fire with a grown man & woman a child, and a baby in arms – a cat and a lot of ducks and chickens running about the floor – The whole human population afflicted with the itch, and the mother engaged in catching lice in the baby's head – which was black in patches – Sat down – asked the old fellow for a story – What sgeulachd will you have Conal Crori – said I on chance – "I have not that one" said he, "but I have Conal Cerlepernach" Well let's have that – What will you give me? "Will you take some bacey –? I don't use bacey and Conal is worth more than that" – "Well I'll give you a shilling" – "Oh that will do" and the old fellow scratched his grey pow vigorously with both hands – I am now going to begin and off he went – I was an hour and a quarter in his hut & he never stopped all the time – His stories were a mixture of plain narrative such as any one else would use in dialogue with bits of measured prose here and there appropriate to the subject – They were given rapidly and with great volubility – the words would have been very difficult to follow if it were not that I am already familiar with many of the passages which with the variation of a few words are the same as those which occur in the Knight of the Red Shield in Islay and in some of the Inverary



tales— but this old man had many more of these papages, and gave them with a peculiar volubility which shewed that he at all events is in the habit of repeating the same thing constantly— He is a professed teller of tales Conal Gulbranach is the Son of a King of Erin— The King goes one day to hunt— and comes to a cottage where he finds an old man, and woman and a young girl— he is already married and has two sons— but he falls in love with the girl and when he goes in the morning the old man calls him back to the [illegible] of the son that has been born to him— he is surprised and learns that he has been there for the best part of a year— The son is named after Ben Geribin in Ireland where the scene is laid—

The Son is left and the King goes home— how at this time there is war between Erin and the Turks— The King wishes to go and after some years he asks his eldest son if he will manage the Kingdom till he comes back— he refuses— The second does likewise— Then he sends a swift runner, whose name is given to the house of the old man— and Conal Gulbranich is fetched— His Grandfather promises to help him at need three times if he will think on him— he goes, consents, and remains with his father— The father goes to the wars— Then one many day Conal sees a goat slaughtered and a black raven comes to drink the blood— Oh says he, that I could marry the girl whose neck is as white as the snow, whose cheeks are red as the blood, and whose hair is as black as the raven— He falls ill with the love of this unknown, and goes to his — She tells him that the daughter of King answers the description— He goes to her father's house and meets a company of young men going to play shinny— After a deal of palaver he gets leave to join the game— wishes for his Grandfather and he appears with an iron shinny saying Bad; bad! Conale thou hast thought on me too soon— he plays first with a hundred on each side— he struck the ball, and he drove the ball and he beat— They made a bargain that he was to be servant to the King if he is beaten— he puts the 200 on one side and he beats them all— he ties up the King of the place place with the binding of the three malls— which the old man explained— to the wrists and ancles and small of the back, and he carries off the young lady— But he is faint and weary and they go to the sea side where he lays his head in her lap, and she watched his head— "What is thy waking" says she— "if thou shouldst sleep?"— "My waking is the tip of my little finger to be cut off"— "If that wont do what's thy waking?" "Cut a halfpenny of skin from my crown— to knock me against that hill— to lift that crag and place it on the ridge of my breast"— Then he falls asleep, and she puts a ring on his finger— Then comes a great ship and in it the King of the Universe, who carries

off the lady, but first, at her request tries to waken her brother— he cannot be wakened though all the plans are tried— for he is faint and weary with hunger and fatigue—

When he awakes the wife is gone— so he wishes for his Grandfather who appears and says Bac Bad! Thou hast wished soon for me— Then he struck the sea with a rod and a ship appears and Conal embarks— He hoists the tall towering sails &c and comes to the Kingdom of the King of the Universe— He strikes a shield blow— out come the soldiers— he has a fight and kills them all— out come the nobles— he takes the one of smallest legs and largest head and kills them all with him— Out comes the Kings son— he binds him with the three snalls— and he promises to serve him, and tells him that some other king has taken his wife— They embark and sail— Their music is the screaming of gulls and the twisting of Eels The biggest whale ealing the least— and least doing as it may, and they sail on to the Kingdom of the son of They drag the boat on dry land— where sea will not drown a wind hurt— and they struck a shield blow— Thou will get fights to morrow at noon, but first thou must get food— so they put him in a hall with some mystic number of doors and locks— where there are 100 heroes— he kills them all— their food he eats and he finds a wounded half starved wight— who turns out to be the son of the King of Lochlin— He feeds him and cures his wounds with white sugar and other condiments— and on the morrow the fight takes place. It is much the same as the last— and he binds the King who tells that the son of the King of Sondia has carried off the lady, and promises to help— They launch the boat, and sail as before— He lands a poor looking man and learns that the daughter of the King of is to be married to the King of Sorcha's daughter— on the morrow he goes up strikes the shield blow, a fight is appointed for noon, and he and his comrades are entertained in a house— On the morrow he hears them coming and says "look out who comes is that himself— There came a company in a (particular drop) There are but the servants— go out now— (to one of his companions) and slay them—" Then come another company the first of the nobles— another of his companions slay these— He come another bd the last of the nobles— Another slays them— Then comes the son of the King of Sorcha— Then he goes out himself— They would make the boggy bog of the rocky rock &c— he binds him and is about to sail back to Erin when an old man in a boat appears— The Knights go on board one by one, and the old man slays them all— Then Conal thinks for the third time on his Grandfather who comes and says— This is bad. That old man was with me a student— of the Black art— but (a bd of queer expropions) There is one thing at

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[facing p. 300].

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which I can beat him— They by and the old man is beat— Then they embark and hear that the king has been bound by the Turks— They go and shike the Shield blow— The King of the Turks comes out on his hands and knees, gives up the captive King to his heroic son and they all sail back to Erin—

Then Conal puts a ring on the finger of the Queen Mother— It tightens and burns and forces her to confess that her sons are not the King's sons but the son's of a great officer— a great sailor— and the cook— The one goes to the army— the other to sea— the third puts an end to himself & Conal marries the beautiful lady & reigns—

This is but a very meagre outline of the best told tale I have yet met with— I feel sure Mac Lean must have it or I would set some one to write it down— The man is old— his name John Mac Faa— he lives at the Sound of Benbecula— He has Ceatheriach caol _____ which I have already got— nearly the same as I have it— The Seamaiden— the heads of which he gave me— It seems a much better version than mine— he named many others which I have not yet heard— and he wound up by saying Heich thou hast not got them at all— From what I heard I am convinced that this old man could repeat even on for 5 or 6 hours— It is common to say that there are men who can and do repeat for a whole winter's night. The groun man repeated some papages from Ossian— It is commonly said that there are men who can repeat— Walked on and got from my guide two stories which he had heard last night from a half witted girl who was at the Sun—

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1st Moray a chota Bhain

A King has 4 daughters— his wife dies— he will marry her whom his wife's clothes will fit— one day the daughters fly— The youngest only can wear them— The King sees her from the window and wishes to marry her— She consults her mothers brother who advises her to send her Father for a gown of birds down woven with silver— next for a gown of the colour of the stars— woven with gold and for glass shoes— He gets them— Then she escapes with all her clothes by the help of her uncle on a filly she on one side and a chest on the other— She goes to a King's palace, hides the chest in a hill— turns loose the filly— and goes to the palace in a white petticoat and a shirt only— She takes service with the Cook and grows dirty— and ugly, and sleeps on a bench by the Kitchen fire— and blows under the great caldron all day— One day the Kings son comes home and is to hold a feast— She goes to the ~~feast~~ Queen— asks leave to go and is refused— because she is so dirty— The Queen has a basin of water

she throws it at her and it breaks – She goes to the hill takes out of drops of down and silver and shakes her magic bridle – The filly comes and she rides to the feast – The Kings son takes her by the hand and takes her as high as any there – and sets her on his lap – and when the feast is over there is no reel that he dances but he gives it to her – He asks her whence she comes – and she says from the Country of boiken basins – Oh said the prince I never heard of that land far as I have voyaged – She escapes and returns to the cook and all are talking of the beautiful lady – She asks about her and is told not to talk of what she does not understand – a dirty little wretch like her – Then the King has another feast and she asks leave again – The Queen refuses and throws a candlestick at her & it breaks – She does as before – The kings son has 6 men on each side of the door to catch her – she comes – She says she comes from the land of Candlesticks and escapes leaving a glass shoe – Then the young King falls sick and will marry none but she whom the shoe will fit – all try in vain – cut their corns heels and toes – Then he asks if there are mae – Then a small creature puts his head in at the door and says – If thou but knew she whom thou seekest is under the cook – Then he gets the history of the boiken basin and candlestick from his mother – The shoe fits and he is to marry – All are in despair and abuse her – but she goes to her chest, shakes her bridle – arrays herself and returns with a pony behind with the chest – Then all who despised her fall on their knees and she is married – and I did not get a at the wedding – said the girl – The man said that this was repeated with much of the queer old measured prose – he could do no more than give their heads – I probably this is imperfect – It is the same as the Islay reciter but longer and nearer the mark –

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2d Mothers Blessing

A good lad who did as he was bid and was named – Mothers Blessing – goes to seek his fortune – he is a poor lad – he soon falls in with a lot of Gentles and they play cards – he wins – Then a stake is laid – so many thousands to seven years service – he takes the bet and a black dog with mirrors on every paw sits down to play with him and wins – he takes him home – and shews him a cave in which are a hundred stakes with a mans head on each save one. Then he sets him three tasks – to cleanse the Byre – to catch the steed – & to rob a nest in a tree in an island in a loch – The black dogs daughter helps When he throws out a spadeful 7 come in – She throws out one and after that 7 go out at each of the 7 doors for every one he puts out – She gives him a little

rusty bridle – She strikes the sea with a rod and makes a way to the Island and she gives him her toes to make a ladder – he leaves the little toe behind – he offers one of his own instead but she says that her father always washes her feet himself – so they must fly – They mount and ride off – Then she hears her father coming with his followers – He finds in the filly's ear first a bit of wood – then a bit of stone – then a drop of water – which last becomes a river in a glen – The black dog gets through the wood and the rock – his company are drowned in the river and he turns back – Then he says that he sees his mother's house – She tells him to speak to no one or he will faget her – She shews him a treasure under a bush of rushes – he goes to his mother's house speaks and fagets her – but he remembers the treasure and builds a palace – Then a neighbouring Gentleman offers him his daughter and they are about to be married but the daughter is so high that she wishes the old Mother's house to be removed from before the grand new house he refuses and the match is broken off – but after a time it is renewed and nothing is said of the house this time – so it is to take place and a priest is to perform the ceremony – Then the door opens – the black dog walks in smoking a pipe and forbids the marriage – He first tells him to be off to his own lower regions – The dog says no but it is many a day since thou art wanted there – The priest says he does not care for all the fiends he will marry the pair – Then the dog takes his pipe from his mouth and says if I tell all I know thou will not then – he whispers to the priest and he is silenced – Then the dog brings in a fine Gentleman and says to the bride – There is thy first lover marry him – and she owns the fact – and they are married then and there – Then the black dog brings in his own daughter and she marries the man she helped in his need – and said my informant there was more which she would not tell me –

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Further on the same Donald Mac Craw told me one which is quite new to me – He said that he learnt it as a child from an old wife whose cottage was the resort of all the children for miles and miles – he has often himself gone 6 or 7 miles in the snow and has sat with dozens of other bairns about her fire mute and motionless all night – They brought offerings of tobacco which they got from older people and for each bit of baccy the old woman gave a tale – This is the outline of it as near as I can remember but it lasted for several miles, and he said that he had forgotten much of it – He had forgotten nearly all the measured phrases with which as he said, the story was garnished – It was called –

The Widow's Son—

He went to seek his fortune, and had the usual choice of a big and little bannock— He was a great sparksman— he went to a house where there was an old man and an old woman— a black rough skinned boy, and a dirty girl— It long since thou were to come said the old man— His service was to shoot some deer that were eating the crop of the old man— He went out and got a shot, but when he aimed he saw over the sight a woman's face and breast while the rest remained a deer— Dont fire at me widows son said the woman, and he did not— Then he went home and did not tell why he did not shoot the deer— On the next day he went out as before— and this time the woman appeared free to the waist, but the rest a deer when he aimed— Dont shoot— said she— and he did not— Next day the same thing happened— but this time the lady was free from spells & she said that it was fated he should come and set her free— and that she was the King of Lochlins daughter enchanted by the old man— and that if he would meet her on such a hill she would marry him— Then the old woman told her black rough skinned son to go with the hunter to the hill— and she gave him a great pin and told him to stick it in the hunters coat— and when he came to the place of meeting he fell asleep— (The thorn of sleep in his cloak) Then came the lady dressed all in white in a chariot drawn by four milkwhite horses and she laid his head in her lap— and watched it— and she tried to waken him but in vain— Then she dragged him down the hill but he slept too soundly and she left him bidding the rough skinned lad tell him to be there on the morrow— When she was gone he awoke— and the lad told him what had passed— Then he went home and on the morrow he went as before— and the Lad stuck the pin in his coat as before— and he slept— Then came the lady with a sorrowful face and she was dressed all in grey and her chariot was drawn by grey horses— and she did as before— but she could never awake him— On the next day he suspected something and would have none of the big pin— but the old wife gave the lad an apple— and when they sat on the hill— Thirst struck him and the lad gave him the apple and he ate it and slept as before— Then came the lady dressed all in black and four black horses to her chariot— and she laid his head in her lap and watched it and she put a ring on his finger— and she wept— and she went away— and she said— he will never see me again for I must go home—

When the widows son awoke he went back to the old man and he went

away – He went till he met an old man herding a cow – he asked him what he was doing and he said that he was herding and that he would rather do anything else but that his wife forced him to do it – He went home with him – and after a deal of chaffering he bought the cow for as much gold as would go from her nose to her tail (It was not said whence the treasure came but probably it came from the old snuff box that he had from his Grandfather which appears later), when the cow was bought – he killed it – flayed it – had the meal cooked – and went to a shoemaker – and had the hide made into a big bag – hairside in – and red side out – he put all that he had within – and he got in himself – he gave part of the meal to the old people – and then with the wind off the shand he had himself thrown into the sea – (This is remarkably like a distorted account of an old skin coracle) he drifted long & far till he felt himself raised from the water – and he was carried to the nest of a great bird – which was called (something which I forget – the word I never heard before) Then he rolled himself over the young birds and killed them and fell over the rock into the sea once mac – and he drifted on and on till he was again lifted into the air – and he was set down on dry land – Then he cut open the bag with his knife and he found himself in a country which he did not know – Then a man met him – and he said whats the news? – (My companion and every one we met – for the last 50 miles had so saluted each other) and the man said – Thou must be a stranger in Lochlin or thou wouldst know that the King of Lochlin's daughter has been under spells for 17 years and now she's come home – and she is to be married to morrow – Ah – said he – will a poor dirty man like me get leave to go there – Yes – said the man – all the poor are to be there and the Kings daughter is to serve them herself – Then he went up to the palace – and he set himself amongst the poor – and the king's daughter came down and she was pouring out the whisky – and he held the glass – but when he did she saw the ring, and she knew him – and she threw her arms round his neck and she kissed him and they were to be married – Then he took out the little snuff box that his grandfather gave him – and he opened it and he that was inside said Good Master – Good Master – what shall we do – and he said build me a palace as fine as ever was seen – and the palace was built in a very short time – But he who was to have married the princess stole the box – and he opened – and the said – Good Master – Good Master – what shall we do – and he said carry me to my sweatheart – and that Palace to the Realm of the Bats – and they did so

When the Widows son saw that the palace was gone he was very sorrowful— Then he met an old man by the sea shore and he offered to help him and he threw a rod in the sea and it became a boat— and he said Heres for thee a tom cat— and he will sail with thee— and they hoisted the tall towering sails &c and a lot of words descriptive of the voyage— When they reached the realm of rats the first rat that the cat saw he caught— and the rat said— Thine is my rising and lieing down— let me go and I will serve thee— So the cat let him go and the man said— do thou steal for me the snuff box that the man in the castle has— That— said the rat— is easy, for it is on the window sill— so the rat stole the box— Then the man opened it and they said— Good Master— Good Master— what shall we do— and he said— Take me to my wife and that castle back to Lochlin— and be knocking each others heads about till we arrive for that you bought it here— So the castle was carried back to Lochlin and then the right wedding was held—

(330) (331) (332) (333)

This is evidently a part of a very good story with several ods and ends of other tales dovetailed into it

The narrator said that he had not heard it for many years— Asked him if he had ever heard of the Arabian nights— Answer— No— did not seem to know anything about the book— as he had previously given me so many versions of stories which I have got elsewhere— I feel inclined to believe that this is new to me but genuine like the rest— My companion is a driver and says that in Kinross and Perthshire— it is the custom for the hinds and farm labourers to assemble and repeat stories in Broad scots which closely resemble these but have not the measured prose of the Gaelic— he thinks that as there are many highland servants in the county they tell the heads of the stories and thus others repeat them in Lowland scots— I think this extremely probable— and I also think it likely that the highland servants may pick up and in like manner carry home and repeat in Gælic scraps of books so well known as the Arabian Nights—

It is quite clear that the landscape of the story is a picture of the narrators own landscape— The manners, and customs and conversation belong to the late or the present time— the incidents appear to belong to all the world and within a certain range to as many tales as they will fit— but anything like measured prose or composition of any kind— any words imitative of natural sounds clearly belong to the language— and where much of this is found in a tale it seems conclusive Those tales which have the composition and the peculiar words in Gaelic and have



the same incidents without the words in Broad Sc are more probably Celtic than Saxon—

(331)

Got from Mac Crae— a long tale about a Giant resembling the Spirit of Age— without the herding of the cattle— or the moral— he had never seen the Leobhan nan cnark— There was a great deal in the tale that was nd to be found in D. Mac Leod tale— The brothers met parties of men with flocks and herds— which belonged to the narrow waisted Giant— and each set of people said a queer kind of rhyme which I could not catch— ending in "pay the road"— They passed by giving a shoe, a stocking, and so on— The two first brothers were turned into black stones— and the Giant when he came home said "Fian Fion Fianachrish" The smell of the shanger is in— The sister said— It is nothing but a little bird that came in & I burned his wing— He also knew "Murachag & Miorachaig" the names alone varied. He also repeated a Raun Colin which I have never heard about the fire— It was hard to understand and impossible to catch— When repeated on the new years eve the reciter got two bannocks and something else—

Took up quarters at Askinish— and my Comrade returned having to attend a Court at Loch Inady on Tuesday— Country pretty— green— flat to the sea— high hills in land

(334) (335) (336) (337) (338) (339) (340) (341)

Sept. 3— Breakfast off to the South End— Walked down the coast with Gordon and D. Mac Gilvray— Inspected an old building in the sand— It was circular— with chambers in the side abaut the size of a man made of dry stones and half buried in the sand— the chambers arched after the fashion of the tomb of Agamemnon in Greece— that is to say long stones projecting over shorter ones till they meet at the top— there seemed to have been many such chambers and in them were found some bone combs and rough pottery— near was a broken of the very rudest description— and a whole shatum of bones shells and ashes was visible in a neighbouring sand bank— It was evidently a dwelling— Left my companions and walked down the shore— Met a man who said he was a relative of Clanronnalds and that he had a great deal of old stories but they were all quasi history about King James and old battles, which were not in my line— Called in at a church yard and ruined chapel— the . still fresh— the floor a bed of nettles— there were no stones to be seen— Called in on an an old man who was famous for stories— Peter Smith. Hector Mac Lean has been at him— he has written three— The first he repeated was

clearly the Arabian nights – The ~~Genius~~ Genii was Faich – another creature was Keogh – but the Story was that of the Merchant who thraws nuts – Three men come and tell stories and save his life – The one was the story of the Fisherman – The ither of the man whose wife and son were turned into a cow and calf – The man can neither read na write – he knows nothing but Gaelic – and he says he learned the story from another like himself – some 35 years ago – in this Island – I cannd understand how this got here but there is no doubt it is the Arabian nights and nothing else – In this there was none of the old language – it was narrative and dialogue – Next a good story romantic enough about a saila and a girl whom he saved but it had nothing particular in it – Next began a long screed of Ossians poems – First there was a bit of prose description – how Fin was at war with some one – and how they fought – and then came a long monotonous chaunt – like the chanting in Catholic churches – of which I did not understand the whole – but the names given were the common names of Ossian's poems – There was Fin and Diarmid – and the King of Greece and the King of Lochlin – There was much about spears and shields – and balls of gold and chains of silver to the ship's masts and kings holding them – In short it was a pagment of about 200 lines of a heroic poem entoned in Gaelic without pause a hesitation by an utterly illitterate man of 63 – He said he could recite very many stories – Those who were there said five a six every winter's night – he could not tell how many he knew – he said that he could not remember them all or count them – but when he began the ithers came into his mind – I feel quite sure the stories of that man's mind would fill a large volume – Walked on and took up my quarters in the very dirtiest hole of an inn it ever was my fortune to enter – worst than the worse in Norway – slatternly drunken people as I ever set eyes on – Southend – Stinking rooms – dirty tables filthy beds – an old iron lamps for light – Truly this is the old fashioned highlands of which Johnstone wrote –

Smith – was seated at the side of his door – making heather ropes – his hair dark – grizzled, and rough – his eye bright and grey – his face brown and somewhat wrinkled – The peat fire on the floor sent a blue mist curling through to our room – and the light streaming in through a single pane fell on two girls busy knitting on low stools – They were good looking lasses with bright grey eyes – and hair as black as a raven – good glancing teeth – and ready to laugh at the old man's tales – and a civil word for the strangers – The manner of all was free from embarrassment – kindly and

polite— with natures own gentility— A man wandered in to see what was going on— and laid himself down on a table— my guide sat on a bench with his feet at the fire smoking his pipe— and several chickens and a duck or two toddled about the floor with several nice looking children— the whole were evidently proud of the old mans talent— and pleased beyond measure at the praise which he got— The house is built of a double wall of dry stone with earth rammed in between— The roof, thatched and black within— rests on the inner wall— The end of the house round—

In the evening at Polaiolith— Walked into the Kitchin of the Inn— and sat down with a whole tribe of black haired girls of all ages— barefooted and bare legged sitting on benches round the fire with their arms twined round each other and their teeth and eyes glancing in the firelight— over each others shoulders An old man on a bench smoking— An oldish woman with black witch like elf locks returning from durance vile for having sold unlawful whisky— the Landlord and the poultry— (342)

Commenced operations with a song— got one from the liberated lady which was a pretty wild monotonous love song set to the tune "for stamping clothes"——

Next got a story— (343)

A king somewhere— I dont know where— but it was long ago— lost his wife and he had by her one daughter— Then he married again— he was always out hunting— The second wife had a child and she was wishing her own to have the Kingdom— So she was hard on her step daughter— The King had a hound which he was very fond of— he gave his wife charge of the dog and it had three pups— and no one was to get leave to touch them— Now there was a Captain of a ship who was always coming to see the Queen— and she let him have one of the pups— but she made her daughter swear that she would not tell or she would kill her— Then the Step Mother said— Thy daughter killed it— There is the knife on the board red with the blood— So the King was very angry— on the next day it was the same— and on the next— Then the Queen broke a candlestick of great price and when the King had come home he was wrath and the Queen said again that his daughter had done it— Then the King took his daughter out to a moss and he said— Whether wouldst thou rather that I killed thee outright or that I should take off thy half hand— and thy half breast, and thy half knee— (here the narrator used action and great emphasis— and a shiver of horror ran round the junior part of the audience who were intently listening——)— Then the daughter said

I would rather that you should do that same to me than kill me outright— and so he cut off her half hand— and her half breast— and her half knee— and he flung her into a peat bog and he left her there bleeding— Then she went staggering and hailing herself along as best she might down the course of a burn and she came to a kind of small bothan of a house— and she went in and there was a table spread with all kinds of meat and no one in— Then she heard people coming and hid herself— and there came in the three finest looking men she ever saw and they put off their cochal, for they were under spells— Then one of them said— Some one has been here since we went out— Then the youngest said— no one has been here— and the eldest said the same— but he who was finest looking of them said— There is here a drop of King's blood— on the board— and I will not rest till I find out what it means— Go out there— said he to the younger brother— go out said he, and look without, said he— and see if thou canst not find some one who is bleeding and wounded— said he— Then the younger went out and found nothing— and he sent out the Eldest in the same way— and he came in— and he said are you not silly— Let us sit down and eat— Then the other brother said— I will go myself— and he found the very spot where the woman was— and he brought her in between his two arms here the narrator sketched out his own) and he washed and dressed her wounds and dried her himself— with a towel— and she told him all that had befallen her— and he gave her food and he said— Whether would you rather sleep in a bed by yourself or would you like better to sleep with me— and she said I would rather sleep with yourself— and so they went into the same bed— and so it was for three quarters and then she had a lad son— and after a time she had another— Then one day as she was stirring a wash there came an old woman on the road and she said (something here I have forgotten) and she made her as she was before— And when the brothers came home— the finest woman that ever they saw was before them— After about one day she heard one of her boys saying (something which I forget) and she asked him where he had learned that and he said he had heard his Uncles saying to his father that he had better go and leave her for that she had lost her arm &c in the Moss and had got them again no one knew how— Indeed said she— they said that— So she left the house herself and came home to the King's palish and came into the kitchen— and she said what is your news here to day? and they said— We are in grief and sorrow— and all about the palace are in grief and rave for the King's leg— Indeed— said she— and what is the matter with the King

and so they told her. That ever since the day when the daughter went away the King had lost the use of his leg and many a doctor — and many a leech — and many a wise woman had been to see him and they could do no good at all — for nothing would do him good but that his daughter should heal him with her two hands — and that she will not do for ever — So she asked leave to go up and try if she could do good and they said Thou, thou dirty poor woman! what couldst thou do where so many Dr.s &c. have done nothing — and so at last she got leave to go up — and she said to the King put out your leg and he did so on the bed side, and it was all swelled — so she asked him how it had happened and he told — and he said and nothing will ever cure me but my daughter with her two hands and that she will never do — Then she laid her two hands on her fathers leg and it was as well as ever it was — and he cut a caper on the floor — Then she told her Father all that the Queen had done — how she had given the pup to the sea captain & how she had broken the candlestick — And the King was very sorry for what he had done to her and he caused the Queen to be seized and they made a great fire and burnt her — and they sent for the three lads and the lad bains and then they made a cheery light wedding — and that's all I have of the Senachas —

This was given without the fluency of the male narrators — and was confused in parts — There was a vast deal of dialogue — and many more details but this is the pith of the story — The worthy woman was amply rewarded with a couple of glasses of raw whisky which she drank with the usual ceremonies — first a small sip — then a wry face — then a larger one — and the glass returned — Oh! take it out — another boon pull — Scop ere! — Scoop it out! — and it goes down — and so at the end of the story — da capo: —

Sunday 4th Sept.r — The Doctor, who was to come at 9 came at 12 and we dawdled about the whole day — Mr. Mac Donald of Kilbride — a Tyra man — asked me to his house and gave me a bed — at dusk the Dr.s boat came and he went over — but fearing that it might be as bad coming as going staid where I was —

(344)

Monday Sept.r 5th — Up at 7 — Off at 8 Drove with Mac Donald to the burn off to Loch Baysdale — walked on with a fool of a boy who did nothing but talk

of how he was to get back — His father was miller — Men come there and wait at times three days for their turn — when they get together they do nothing but tell sgulachd to pas the time — The miller is paid by multure — Walked 23 miles to Craig Ghori — There is a dancing master without arms who is now in Barra and who has hundreds of Sgulach — He knows the history of the Keene — One of his best steps is to leap up and extinguish a lamp with his heel without spilling a drop of the oil — This is the Hallingdance of Norway — The tide being in walked into the house of old Mac Fee and sat for some hours listening to his stories — He says he knows about 80 — He says that he often thinks of them when he goes to bed — Old stories that he has not heard for 60 years come into his mind — He is 80 himself — and certainly no story that I mentioned was unknown to him — he said — I know them all — There is no man in Uist that can recite them as I can — He was as proud of his powers as any other Master of an art — He told me first — of —

The young (345) Scottish Lord

He was very strong and went to France to travel — he remained there some time and when he wanted to come home he found a captain who agreed to take him — He treated the crew to half an anker of Brandy and made them half mad — The Captain before he sailed, asked him to come on shore to see the daughter of the King of France Why? said he — I am in love with her — she is my sweetheart — and I would wish you to see her she is so pretty — So they landed and went where the King's daughter was — But the Guard came on them — Now this young Lord was so strong that he broke the guard — but the Captain was fast and put in prison —

On the morrow he went to the Captain and he said — take the ship and the cargo and the crew to go to Rupia for me — So he sailed to Rupia — When he got there he landed — and met the "Page" of the "Empire" of Rupia and he said — Go tell thy master that a man is here who has busines with him — so the Page said — Will you not come in? — I will not — said he — Let him come out — So the Page went to the Emperor and said — The finest man that he ever had in front of his two eyes was there — and that he wished to see him — Bid him come in — said the Emperor — He will not come — said the Page — So because he was so fine looking a man the Emperor went out — and asked him to come in — and because he was such a fine man he took a great fancy for him and asked him to stay for a week — I can empty your ship and load her in a day said the Emperor — every guard shall be open before you stay with me — So he stayed

One day he saw a man in an iron cage – and the man called out – It's many a long day since I am here and by thy look thou art the man who can set me free – If I am willing – said the Scottish Lord – I will come again – So next time he was with the Emperor he said – Who is the man whom I saw in such a shed in an iron cage? – And the Emperor said – There is no man in the Kingdom to whom I would tell who he is a what he has done – but I will tell thee – He was an Admiral of mine – and there was war with the "States" and he came home with 18 of their ships – and I was so glad that I made him a great ball – and what should he do but make love to my daughter so I put him there – and there he shall stay till the end of his very last day – Indeed! said the Scotch Lord – When the ship was loaded and about – to sail the young Lord was going to the quay and he lost his way – and he saw as it were a picture in the window – so he went to look at it – and what was here but the Emperor's daughter – Are you the man that is about to sail? said she – Will you take me with you to France – to my own Mother's people – I would – said he – but how is it to be done? Then she told him that she would find a way to morrow – and on the morrow when he went to take leave of the Emperor – She came in disguised and asked if she might go away in the ship – The Emperor consented – the ship sailed after the constables had searched her – but before she went the Scotch Lord went to the Iron cage by night – bent the bars and let out the Admiral – There now is a way for thee – said he – After they had sailed for some days the Emperor's daughter asked if they were now nearer to France or Russia – Indeed I think we are about half way said the young Lord – Then – said she – let a great dinner be got ready at my expense – Many a dinner you have given me – So, the dinner was prepared – and in the midst who should appear but the Admiral who had hid himself in the bows of the ship – Great was the joy and wonder – When they reached France they all went on shore – The Emperor had sent letters and he came himself and the young Scotch Lord was to be hid because he had done all this – and the King of Spain came and the King of England, and the King of France, and the Emperor of Russia could not condemn the man and judge him unless the other kings were with him –

Then the King of France asked What hast thou done? and he said – I will not tell thee here – but come out at this gate and I will tell thee –

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When they got out he seized him and with three silk handkerchiefs he bound his wrist, his ancles and the small of his back – and there he left him – Then the King of Spain asked him – and he bound him in like manner – Then the Empero – and he was served the same way – and before he loosed them he got leave for his friend the Captain to marry the daughter of the French King – the Admiral to marry the Emperor's daughter – and the King of Spain offered him his own daughter and the half of Spain because he was so able – No, said he, I would sooner marry the King of Englands daughter – Then said the King of England – I would wish it well for thou art a worthy man and an able – but I have no daughter – Take the daughter of the King of Spain – as he offers her to thee and set him free – So he freed them all – and it Then there were the weddings – "Now is not that a fine story?"

Yes but give me The Mermaid – I'll do that – (346)

There was a poor old fisher in Skye and one day he was out fishing and the sea Maiden rose at the side of his boat and she said – Duncan, thou art not getting fish – and he said – no – So they made a bargain for his first son – but he said I have none – Give this (something) to thy wife – and thy mare – and thy dog – and they will have three sons – three foals – and three dogs – At the end of 3 quarters the wife had three sons – and the eldest was named Iain – When John was 18 he found his Mother weeping – and learned that he belonged to the Mermaid – Oh! said he – I will go where there is not a drop of salt water – so he mounted and went away – He soon came to a place where there was the carcass of an old horse – and at it a lion – a wolf – and a falcon – The Lion spoke and asked him to divide the Carcass – he did so – and each thanked him and said – When thou art in need think and I will be at thy side (or think of me and thou wilt become a Lion – a Wolf, or a falcon) for we were here under spells till some one should divide this Carcass for us – So he went on his way till he came to a house where there dwelt a king who engaged him to be a herd – He went to a Smith who was there and bade him make him a staff – The Smith made one of iron and he bent it – A second and he bent it – a third and that did well enough – He went herding and found a fine grass park – and opened it and put in the cattle – Then came the Fuath

of the seven heads and the seven humps and the seven necks and he took six cows by the tails and went away with them— Stop said the herd— The Fiuath refused so they came to grips— Then the Fishers son thought of the Lion— a became a Lion and he seized the Giant and knocked him down— Then the Giant said— Thine is my lying down and rising up— and he said what is thy ransom— and the Giant said— I have a white filly which can go through the skies— and a white dress take them— Then he cut off all his heads— On the next day it was the same— and there came a Giant and he took 8 cows by the tails and slung them on his back— And the herd became a wolf a thought on the wolf— and got a red horse that would go through the skies and a red dress and there were more carpenters wanted than ever— On the 3d day came a still larger Giant— and he took 9 cows and the lad got a green horse that would go through the skies— and a green dress— and there was more milk than before— Next day came the old woman the wife of the last Giant and mother of the others— and the fishers son went up into a tree— Come down till I eat thee said she— Not I said he— Thou hast killed my husband and my two sons come down till I eat thee— Open thy mouth then till I jump down said the herd— So the old Carlin opened her Gob— and he thrust the iron staff down her throat and it came out at a mole on her breast— and she fell— Then he sprang on her and said as before— He got a basin and when he washed himself in it he would be the most beautiful man that ever was seen on earth— and a fine Silver comb and it would make him the grandest man in the world— and he killed the Carlin and went home— And there was great sorrow in the Kings house— for the Dragon was to come from the sea and every time there was some one to be eaten— and this time the lot had fallen on the Kings daughter— So the herd said that he would go to fight the Draygan— and the King said No! No! I cannot spare my herd— So the Kings daughter had to go alone— Then he came through the air on the white Filly with the Giants white dress— and he tied the filly to the branch of a tree— and he went where the Kings daughter was— and laid his head in her lap— and she watched his head— When the Draygan came she woke him and to work they went— After a hard fight he cut off one head— and the Draygan said— a hard fight— To-morrow— and she went away— and he mounted and disappeared— And in the evening he asked about the fight— and they told him— On the next day he came and was welcomed and treated as before— and when he had cut off the

second head the draygan said – The last fight to morrow – and he rode off on his red filly in his red dress – and disappeared – Next day he came in the Green dress – on the green filly – and fought – and conquered and disappeared – but when his head was in her lap she scratched a mark on his forehead – Each time the Herd asked how it had all happened – and each time he was told of the Grand stranger – and the last time there was great joy for the Draygan was dead – Then the King's daughter had the whole Kingdom gathered – and they took of their head clothes as they passed her and she saw no mark – Then she asked if the whole Kingdom had passed and they bethought them of the dirty herd – and when he came he would not take off his head gear – but she made him and there was the mark – Then she took him by the arm and said well mightest thou have a better dress – Then he used his magic comb and basin and he was the grandest in the company – and they married –

And it fell out that the King's daughter was with child – and she longed for dulse and he went with her to the shore to seek it – Then the Sea Maiden rose up and took him away and she was "deuchach dearach sahalbhronach" and went to the soothsayer and he told her what to do – and she took her harp and sat on the sea shore and played – and the sea maiden came up – for they are fonder of music than anyother creatures – and she stopped when she saw the sea Maiden Then she said – play on – And she said no – not till I see my man again – So the Sea maiden put up his head – and she played again and stopped – And the Sea Maiden put him up to the waist – Then she played again and stopped – And the Sea Maiden placed him on her palm – Then he thought of the Falcon and became one and flew to shore – But the Sea Maiden took the wife – Then he went to the soothsayer – and he said – I know not what to do – But in a Glen there is a Tarabh-her – and in the bull there is a ram – and in the ram there is a goose, and in the goose an egg – and there is the sould of the Sea Maiden – If thou canst get that she will give thy wife back again – So he called on the Lion and "She" caught the bull by the throat – and throttled him – and he split the bull & the ram ran off – Then he called on the wolf – and he came back with the ram by the horn – and he killed the ram and the Goose flew up in the sky – He thought on the Falcon and she struck the goose and in the air she laid the egg in the sea – Then the Lion said "she" did not know what was to be done – and the wolf said the same – Then the falcon said that their dwelt an Ite on yonder Island – and that she would fly thither and seize her two young

ones – and she did so – and the otter to save her young ones got the egg – And when the fisher's son had the egg in his hand the Mermaid rose and said – Save my life and I will give thee back thy wife – Give her here said he – so the wife was given back alive and whole – and he dashed the egg on the stones – and the Mermaid died – and they sent for the fisher and his sons – and the old mother – and the brothers got part of the Kingdom – and they were all happy and lucky after that –

(347)

"Was there nothing about the other brother coming and being mistaken for him?"

"No – That is another story altogether – that is – (I forget the name) and the naked sword – Oh – yes – that is in it –"

This was not given so fluently – The old man was tired and a little confused – I am not clear now whether there were or were nd transformations or whether the beasts always came – he certainly said transformation first – but his son corrected him – He agreed there was certainly one transformation when he escaped from the Mermaid – Next (348)

The Collier's Son

There was a collier working in a coal pit somewhere – and he had a son and there came a man one day and said to him – Thou hast a fine son – hast thou given him school? – and he said no – So the man took him and kept him a year and a day and promised to bring him back – And when he brought him back he said he was coming on fine – and asked for a second year – and then for a third – and then he said he will do now but if he is with me for one more he will beat all the world – So the Collier let him go but he never promised to bring him back – and he did not – So the Collier went to the Conjuror – and he said – Go – and told him what to do – So he went to a loch – and three white swans came sailing to land – and put off their Cochal – and became women and bathed – and he stole one of the Cothals – and when they came back she said – Oh Collier of Alaban give me my Cochal – and he refused till she should tell him what to do – for she was a daughter of the Smith of who had his son – he blew up his cochal and it wafted him over the lake and he went to a small house where he found the Smith working with a red cap on his head – he asked him to lodge in a house which he showed him – but he forewarned refused – and the Smith said – my blessing to thee – and my curse to thy teacher – Then came 13 men home and the Smith struck them with a and they were pigeons – Then the man's son stretching out his wing – and there was a white feather in it – and he put his leg to his wing and he knew him and –

and held him— Loose my pigeon said the Smith— Not I— he is mine own— and he went away— Then the Pigeon said— Thou art tired father— I will be a horse and thou mayest ride me— So he was a horse and they reached the King's house There was a horse race— and the man rode his horse and won— and sold the horse for a hundred pounds— but he took an ___ of the bridle— and kept it— and his son came at night— Next day was a dog race— and the son was a dog and won— and was sold— but the father kept the collar— and he came back— Next day was a Falcon race the son was a falcon— and won— and was sold — but this time with a red hood on— So he could not come back— and he was put in the stable and kept without food a drink— The King's daughter came and saw him through the bars— and he asked for water and she gave him some in her palm— Then he asked to be put to the burn that he might drink his fill— and she took him out— and he put his head in— Then she saw the 12 Scholars coming with the Smith— And she called to him— and he dipped his head so deep in the burn— so she fled— and he dived and was a trout— Then they followed as otters— he gave a spring and was a drake— He followed as falcons He dashed down the chimney and was a diamond ring on the finger of the King's daughter— and he told her what to do— Then they came in and wanted to buy the ring and were refused— and the daughter threw the ring into the fire— Then they became 12 bellows and began to blow— He flew upon a spark and became a grain of corn and fell in the malt bin— They became 12 cocks and began to eat the corn as fast as they could— he cut a caper and was a fox and snapped off all their heads he married the King's daughter and there was joy and merriment— and there I left them and is not that— a nice little story— I think I got that out of a book that a man who is often with me used to read— (2) What book is that— Circulars— and the like of that"— Daughter— "There are none of these stories that he has said in books— These are stories that come down from generation to generation here— None of these stories that he has told you are in books— he has them too about King James and Mac Leod— and Mac Donald and such like—"

"Have you the story of the Widow's son which Mac Rae told me? I have indeed "Let me hear it!"— "Well I will do that— See if the tide has ebbed— Why should I not tell to the man who pays me!" and off he goes—

(349)

Got this twice told— and made notes of it— and here it is—

The Widow's Son—

There was a poor fishers widow in Erin— and she had one son— and one day

he left his Mother with a lump of a horse and a man met him with a gun, a dog and a falcon – and he said "will thou sell me the horse son of the Fisher in Erin?" – and he said – "What will thou give me – Wilt thou give me thy gun, and thy dog, and thy Falcon?" and he said yes – So the bargain was stuck and Iain, the fishers son went home – When his Mother saw him she was enraged and she beat him – and in the night he took the gun and went away to be a hunter – He went and went till he reached the house of a farmer who was sitting there with his old wife – The farmer said – "It was fortune sent thee here with thy gun – There is a deer that comes every night to eat my corn – and she will not leave a straw –" and they engaged Iain the fishes son to stay with them and shoot the deer – So he staid – and on the morrows day he went out – and when he saw the deer – he put his gun to his eye to shoot her – and the lock was up – but when he would have fired, he saw the finest woman he ever saw before him – and he held his hand and let down gun – and let down the lock and there was the deer eating the corn as before – three times he did this – Then he ran after the deer to catch her – The deer ran away – and he followed till he came to a house thatched with heather – The deer leaped on the top of the house – and she said "Go in now – thou fishers son and eat thy fill" – And he went in and there was a table spread with every kind of meat and drink – and no one in – for this was a robbers house – and they were away lifting spoil —— So the fisher's son went in as the deer had told him – and he sat him down and ate and drank – and when he had enough he went under the Fogaid (Hogshead) – He had been long there when the 24 Robbers came home, and they soon saw that some one had been at their food –, and they began to grumble and dispute – Then the leader said – Why will you dispute and quarrel the man who has done this is here under the mouth of this hogshead – take him and let four of you go out and kill him" – So they took out Iain the fishers son and four of them killed him – and then they had their food – and in the morning they went out as usual – When they had gone the deer came where Iain was – and she shook "Sol" from her ear on the dead man – and he was alive and whole as he was before – Now said she – trust me – go in and eat and do as thou did before – So Iain – the fisher's son went in and ate and drank – and when he had enough he went in under the mouth of the hogshead – And when the robbers came home there was more of their food eaten than on the day before – and they had a worse dispute and the Captain said – "The man that did it is there – go out with him now four of you and kill him and let those who went last night be slain – and John was killed

again – and the robbers ate and drank and slept – and on the morrow before dawn they were off again. The deer came and she shook "Sol" from her right-ear on Iain the fisher's son and he was alive and well as before in a burst of sweat –
That day Iain ate and drank and went under the hogshead – and when the Robbers came home the Captain ordered the four who had gone out to be slain – and now there were 8 dead – and four more killed the fisher's son and left him there – On the morrow came the deer as before and Iain was brought alive – and the next day the robbers all killed each other – (I am sure there is some numerical puzzle in this which the old man has forgotten there is one – the Shealing of Duan's men which is on this principle) That day the deer came and Iain followed her to a white house of a widow where there lived an old Hag and a Gille caol dubh (slender black lad) her son – and the deer said – Meet me to morrow at eleven in yonder church – and she left him there – On the morrow he went – but the Carlin stuck a Bior Nir (spike of mint) in the outside of the door post – and he fell asleep – and the black gillie was watching him – Then they heard the sweetest music they ever heard coming – and the finest lady that ever was came and tried to waken him – and when he would not wake she wrote her name under his arm – "Nighean Righ" "Riechdat Bhaille fo Thuin" – (The daughter of the king of the realm of the town under the waves) and she said that she would come to-morrow – and she went away – When she was gone he awoke – and the black lad told him how it had happened – but he did not tell him that her name was written under his arm – On the next day it was the same thing – the sweetest of music came – She laid his head on her knee and when he would not wake – she put a snuff box in his pocket – and cried – and went away – On the third day she said she would never come again – and she went home – When she was gone he awoke – ("Now" said I, "did she not come in a chariot with white horses?" – "Do you put in as I tell you" – "She put the box in his pocket?" "Yes she did" – "Now then goon" – "There is no one in Uist who can tell this story as I can – I have known it for more than 60 years") When the lad awoke he set off in search of her – Bha e falbh gus en robh dhuubh air a bhonan toladh air a chasan neol d hua dhoracha na uiche a Thian – neol nethe neamh an lutha gu f' thakail cus en robh coin bega en t' sheigh a gabhail an am gach press a basge gaire na cheile till he reached the house of a wife who said "Failte son of the great Fisher in Erin I know thy going and thy errand come in and I will do what I can for thee" – So he went in and on the morrow she said – "I have a sister who dwells on the road – it is a walk of a year and a day – but here are a pair of old brown shoes, put them on

and thou wilt be there in an instant – When thou gettest there turn their toes to the known – and their heels to the unknown and they will come back" and so he did – The second sister did the very same but she said – "I have a third sister who is herd to the birds of the air and sets them asleep – perhaps he can help thee" – She gave him shoes of the same kind and he went to the third sister – Then the third sister said she did not know how to help him further – but perhaps her son might when he came home – When he came home he proposed that the cow should be killed – so after some talk it was done and the meat cooked and a bag made of the hide – red side out and Iain the fisher's son was put in with his gun but he left the dog and falcon – and he had not been long there when the Cre Bhemich came for she had arrest in an island – and she raised the red bag – but she had not gone far when she dropped it in the sea – Then the other came and she gripped to it firmly with her claws and at last she left the bag on the island where all the birds of the air were wont to sleep – He came out of the bag and there he was for a day and a year living on what he had – and on the birds which he killed with his gun – But at last there was nothing more to eat – and he thought he would die there – He searched all his pockets for food and he found the box which the lady had put there he opened it and three came out and they said "cetje goo djeetje" – (Master good what shall we do) "do! said he – "take me to the realm of the King of the town under the waves" – and in a moment he was there – He went up to the house of a Brae Betu (Weaver) and after he had been there some time the weaver came home with flesh – and things from the great town – and he gave him meat and lodging – On the Morrow the weaver told him that there was to be a horse race in the town – and he bethought him of the box and he opened it and the three came out and said as before cetje goo deejte – Master good what shall we do? and he said "bring me the finest horse that ever was and the grandest dress and glass shoes – and he had them all in a minute – Then he went to the race and won – and the King's daughter saw him – and he who won the races was to marry her – but he never staid but went back to the weaver and threw three "maur" (handfuls of gold) into his apron and he said it was a great Gentleman who won the race that gave him the money but he broke the weavers loom and tore the cloth – Next day was a dog race – and he got a finer dress and a splendid dog and won – and then the handsful of gold as before – and did more mischief – On the third day was a falcon race and he did the very same – and he was the man who was to marry the princess – but he was nowhere to be found – Then the whole Kingdom was gathered – and the man

who had won the races and the Kings daughter was no where to be found— Then they came to the Weavers house— and they found him— His beard was grown all over his face and he was dirty and navel stained— and he had given all this gold to the weaver— and broken the loom— so he was to be hanged —(could not get out of the old man any other reason for the hanging but because he was so dirty and ugly and good for nothing) But when he was under the gallows he was to make the gallows speech— and he put— up his arm and the Kings daughter saw her name written and knew him— and she called out— hold your hands for every man in the Kingdom shall die if that man is hurt—" and she took him by the hand— and they were to be married— Then she dressed him grandly and asked him how he had found her out— and he told her— and she asked where and how he had found the box— and he said when he was in extremity in the Island— And then she took him before her father and all the Kings— and she said she would marry the fisher's son for it was he who had freed her from spells— "Oh Kings!" said she— if one of you were killed today the rest would fly— but this man put his trust in me and had his head cut off three times— Because he has done so much for me I will marry him rather than any one of the great men who have come to marry me— for many a King has tried to free me from spells and none could do it but this Iain the fishers son"— Then a great war ship was filled up and sent for the old Carlin, who had done all the evil— and for her black slender son— and seven fiery furnaces were set in order and they were burnt and the Luath's ashes were sent with the wind— and a great wedding was made, and I left them in the realm—

(350)

Heard the story repeated— Then took notes of the heads and made the old man go over it and correct me— Wrote this next morning— There is not much left out— and there is nothing at all put in— The only loss is that many of the curious turns of expression are lost as it is quite impossible to remember all the odd words that were dotted about in the tale like plums in a pudding— The old man constantly gave a low chuckle at the interesting bits— and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out solemnly the horrible parts— a small boy with large round glittering eyes and an open mouth was standing mute at his knee— gazing at his wrinkled face and devouring every word— glancing at me now and then to see the effect on the stranger— The Guid wife was mashing potatoes in a corner and a lot of ducklings— a cat and a kitten some hens and a baby were all

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tumbling about and expressing their delight at the savoury prospect — The eldest son a well grown man in a gorgeous pair of tartan trucks was waiting for the ford to ebb to go to a court at Loch Inady and two or three other wayfarers came and joined us and waited for a spell and listened also — The light came streaming down the chimney and through a single pane of glass across the blue mist of the peat reek The dark brown shadows in the beds and corners the old withered face, and the keen eye — and white hair lit up by the dim light all made a picture that I will not easily forget —

Ford very deep after all — gale of wind — Wet up to the middle — dried my clothes on my body — and slept at Craig Ghori. good quarters — pretty girl Miss Kate Cameron —

How whether old Mac Lee can recite 60 a not — he certainly has recited about 9 or 10 to myself and Hector — He did not use the same words in any of those in the measured prose passages — Each tale had its own words which so far as this man is concerned belong to it and to it only, but great part of the tale is simple narrative and may be put in any words — One great phrase always is ach comie leat cho hin — but never thou mind at all events —

(351)

Well off man goes to seek wife — on horse — to rich neighbour — converse — a girl liked — sent to set house in order — goes for peats — they fall — cries — Mother goes — Father goes — all cry — If I were married and had a son — Man goes — fools — sends them in — goes away fool that I am — why not go see the world — I will go till I find 3 as wise as ye were fools — goes up highlands and lowlands finds 3 men in long coats with belts about their middles like each other — caps on their heads — salutes them — they look at him and make no reply bend their heads together and after 10 minutes first says If I had out what I have within I would give the food and lodging — Second says — If I had done what is undone I would give thee a nights — — 3d says I have nothing more to do than usual come with me — so he goes — gets no food offered — wonders — asks for it — woman comes in with man laughs and says — That might be if two were willing — knocks the board — girl comes in man thinks — the other laughs — That might be if three were willing — Girl puts small pot on fire — Man thinks there are few here — the other understands and says it will go about — Man won't eat till all is explained — They are 3 brothers — Father ordered them never to speak above a whisper when on business — The first has a dead Mother in law — 2d a bad wife whom he must whip 3 times — 3d is all right — 1st thought if my wife and thou were willing and I dead that might be 2d If I and my daughter



and thou that might be— 3d My company are out but the pot will serve all here— eats— will not stay in the house— goes to funeral— returns marries the daughter and gets a share of property— Was not that a lucky peat stack for the man?—

(352)

Father dies and leaves goods— there is money in a drawer— 3 sons go— there is none— go to old man who keeps them tendays and then tells a story— A man and a girl were pledged— The girl marries and cries— husband finds out— takes her to former lover who goes for and loses her— and sends her home— She is caught by three robbers— Offers money— two take it and the third yields to her prayers and takes her to her husband— She shews the line and they are happy— Now which of these do you think was the wisest— says the eldest The noblest was the man who went with his wife to her lover— says the second the lover who sent her back— Says the youngest The robber who took the money— Thou art the man— (353)-(354)

These two and Conal Gulbanach (a poem) told by Donald Mac Donald Mac charley Mac Intyre— a cotter at Baile near Gaith — Walked six miles along the Machair to the house— Saw a stranded tree with bark still about the roots— 3 feet girth— 21 long— no mark of tool to be seen anywhere— close to it a stranded log roughly squared— and not far off a carefully finished ship's mast— The ship herself had been there and the Islanders had bought the "flotsam" and "Jetsum" and in a short time tree, log, mast and ship would assume new shapes and become beams— gates— doors roof trees— carts— or chairs— or firewood— or saw dust— So with the stories— The same stream that brought people and language from the East and stranded them on the Western Sea shore has brought and is bringing books and traditions which are jumbled together inseperably as the drift timber which form parts of home— The Wise men came from the East— but they went to the West— Their wisdom has borne some fruit already— it may bear more—



April 1860_ Isle of Man

Now having found one branch of the Celtic Stock so much given to the telling of old stories_ I determined to try whether any trace of similar customs could be found amongst other members of the same family_ accordingly on the 3d of April I landed in the Isle of Man and on the 4th I set off on a walking tour round the Island_

The first thing that struck me was the strong resemblance of the people to the highlanders especially the poorer classes_ the sound of their voices_ the accent, the words used and the turn of the phrases in speaking English, are the same_ The little boys running barefoot about the streets, and talking Celtic English; the rough old fishermen lounging about the pier end; in short the whole appearance of the place savoured strongly of all that is most familiar in the North_

But I soon found that my Gaelic would not pass current without a considerable modification_ I found that to speak Manx I must learn to mispronounce my own language to the proper amount and acquire the art of introducing the proper English words, at the right places, and till I did acquire the art of speaking Manx, I was a stranger in a strange land_ an object of curiosity, but an object of suspicion; and that any mention of old customs, or any inquiry after a story generally produced a sidelong glance, and an immediate change in the demeanour of the old fellows with whom I was forming acquaintance_

The first I tried was a sailor with a wounded hand, who was leaning over a well by the road side at Laxey_ Knowing that this is Norwegian for Salmon isthmus, I asked if they caught many Salmon there_ and was told they did_ Next proceeded to light my pipe with a burning glass which usually extracts a question_ and by degrees struck up a talk from which I gathered_ That there were old men who told stories in Manx and there used to be many more but that the habit was left off_ and my informant did not pay attention to such things_ Did they ever see Seals there? Oh yes they had caught one in a pool there he was stranded by the tide and they killed him_ Did they ever see the Sarrac coosley_ a shy look and silence_ Were there any curious old stories about? Oh yes there were the stories and there was the grave of some great king down there, but a man had made a garden in the place_ and grubbed it all up_ Had he ever seen a fairy arrow? No_ I could shew him one_ He had never seen anything like that before_ Did I think that would do any harm? Tried the reasonable tack and told him what it really was but got nothing out of him beyond

the fact that old men did tell stories – and that he knew the story of the three legs which I knew before. (355)

The first people who landed in Man saw as it were three legs of a man going round like a wheel in the mist and that is on the coins to this day –

The next was an old man who was basking in the sun at the end of a cottage & who shouted some Manx salutation. Sat down on a low wall and lighted another pipe with the burning glaps and got a famous rise – "Come out here James – fast and see this – you never saw this before" and out came Jamie a stalwart miner who was not half astonished – Showed the old fellow the fairy dart but he would not believe – The Fairies have no body – no bones – They are spirits like –" Would he tell me Story? What I got to sell in my bag? Did he know a Skyll? Did I speak Manx? and then off we went at language and found out that as long as we stuck to the names of things we understood each other quite well – Then came a man in a gig driving his wife home to the north end – Ho! here's a man that speaks Manx Gylk –" "Ah! You speak Manx – Sir – "Yes a little – What is your trade – Sir? A very bad one – I'm a lawyer – I wish I had you in our parlour for I have to go to Douglas for that – We live at the north end – Ill come to see you – do Sir – and so we parted –

The next was an old fellow who was going to saw with a boy – sat down to rest and had the usual thing – They knew of James Corlett – So did I – They said they had a breed from them with the cattle in my country – Ah said the boy – so they say here – There was a calf with 4 tails – Acht – said the old man – This looked promising so told the old fellow I wanted stories and told him one – He stared and the boy said – That man if he had two pints would tell you stories by the hour – Ah yes – they used to tell plenty of these stories Skyll – as we call them – "Will you tell me one now?" said I – "Have you any churches in your country?" – "Yes – and chapels – but will you tell me a story?" – Are you going to take the coach to Ramsay?" – you will find plenty of newspapers there – "What a shame now for you an old Manxman not to tell me a story – when I have told you one and filled your pipe and all – "What do you pay for the Tobacco?" "Oh – Will you not tell the man a story? said the boy – "I must go and saw now" So I had to march on to Ramsay –

Next day being in the Northern district where there are fewer visitors and where Manx is more generally spoken – I thought I should succeed better – – The first attempt was in a turf hut which might be a house in North Uist –


Thursday. April 6 /60

There was the fire on the floor – the children seated round it, the black haired Celtic black haired Mother on a low stool in front – The hens quarrelling about a nest under the table in which several of them wanted to lay – Get out Polly – drive her out John and then John the son, drove out Polly the hen with a stick and the hen said gurumma and ran in under the table again – but I could get nothing out of the woman but the fact that she had heard old people telling Manx stories – and when fairies were mentioned she glanced quickly over her shoulder as if she espected to see one at the door –

The next was an old fellow digging in a garden who told me the same but could not remember any stories – and then in despair I marched down to the Lighthouse and became Secretary once more – "I want to see your light – I'm Secretary to the Lighthouse Commission – " "I can't think so" – said the keeper a man from Cantyre – "Bheul gaelic agad ?" – "Tha" – and then the keepers eyes opened and the old work of poking at reflectors began once mare – Will you not say me an urgent ? said I – and then I began about the boat papage – and then the keepers eyes opened still wider and he said I have heard those very words in Cantyre long ago – and then I wrote my name in the book and told the man who I really was and then he gave me a dram and was exceeding civil and respectful – and we shook hands and parted –

The next was an old man working on the road who could hardly speak English and whom I could understand better than anyone I had met – Of the fairies he said Tha neil end ann a nis – They are not in it now – Of stories – that he said his prayers night and morning – that he had a shortness of breath and cold feet – and that he was advised to drink rum and that there was too much water in the rhum at the public – and then I gave him sixpence and he did not know the coin but said it was a great fourpence – and that I was a good man and he was J4 and so we parted –

Next fell in with the Clergyman at Kirk Andrews where there are two Runic crosses, and entered into conversation with him – He asked me to dinner – said he was exceedingly uninformed as to the popular tales of his people – had never seen Grimm's Märchen – always laughed at the people and told them they were superstitious – but an interesting man Borrow had come there and had applied to his clerk and had got a number of ballads and pretended to have found out some superstitions observances which the people keep secret – asked me to dinner – refused – and walked back to Ramsay – Having learned from

the Clergyman that there were secret observances and that nurses are complained of for frightening children with hobgoblin stories — Thats what I want — said I — Ah — said he — young men must be doing something I suppose — and anything intellectual is better than what is generally ~~supposed~~ pursued —

Just at sun down — from various points on the hill side and near the shore — columns of smoke suddenly began to rise — Walked up to a shepherd who was going the same way and after a jaw about the sheep and the pasture and getting some more manx words suddenly pointed to the fires and asked what they were burning — "Gorse — Furze — whins" — and a very startled look — and in a few minutes my companion said — "I must shut this gate" and accordingly he stopped his flock and shook me off unceremoniously —

The party at the Inn on the night before was a curious one — A German Captain who had been wrecked in the harbour — and whose son had been accidentally poisned by arsnic in a pudding . and whose hair had turned quite white within a few days — A Danish ship carpenter — and a Liverpool ship broker came about the wreck — Got very little out of them — but spoke to them in their own languages and was assured that it was quite impossible to ride across Ireland as I said I intend to do —

Friday 6th April — Light house in the morning — Church and walked to Peel — Some men in the road looked promising so stopped and had a jaw — learned that a calf had been killed lately in a neighbouring farm because it was supposed to be something unnatural the offspring of the Jarroo oosley — About sun down the fires began again but I was assured it was only burning gorse — Told the men a story and was well listened to — They said there were plenty of old men yet who could tell stories in Manx — They did not know any themselves, nor anyone who did — but they recognised some of my words such as Sulcanach . Sulcanach — which had puzzled me — They also knaun Manan beg mac y lier — son of the sea — which will explain that papage about the red lion — the blue lion — the red cock — and soon to be nothing but "Lair gorm" — the Blue sea — Also "Ska dhu" — shadow — in clearly the dowation of the English word which never occurred to me till I heared the word so pronounced by them — Also "Ferish", a fairy, is said to be an old Manx word —

Walked in to Peel by the light of the fires which were blazing all about —

asked a bright eyed little girl why they were burning fires – It the boys, Sir, They often does it on Good Friday evening – how the Clergyman said that Barrow had discovered secret observances – The old men all deemed that these fires were anything but burning Furze – There were fires at Sundown on Thursday and on Good Friday – and there were none on Wednesday or on Saturday – but on Saturday I saw freshly burnt patches of whins and men dragging heaps of whins home for fuel – It seems odd to burn fuel for no reason at a particular hour on two days only and I suspect that this is in truth some secret observance –

Saturday 7th – Peel to Pat Erin – Took the mountain road – and a very pretty road it is – found that there was a party at the Calf so left my traps and walked down to the Sound – No boat was to be seen – so walked into a house and sat down to smoke – The first thing that called my attention was a drift log with a bit of broken wreck in a gate – The woman said it had come on shore below –

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Told her two or three stories and at last wormed out a real story –

"Did you ever hear of the Glashan?" No – Tell me about the Glashan –

"Well – You see in the old time they used to be keeping the sheep in the folds and one night an old man forgot to put them in – and he sent out his son and he came back and said they were all folded but that there was ooan owar a dun year old lamb that was playing the very mischief with them – and that was the Glashan –

"You see they were very strong and when they wanted a stack threshed though it were a whole stack the Glasher would have it threshed for them in a single night – And they were terrible for women – And one night the old man sent all the women to bed – and he put on a cap and sat by the fire and began to spin – And the young Glashans came in and they began saying – are you turning the wheel – are you turning the reel – (Manx words forgotten) – and the old Glashan he was outside – and he knew better than the young ones – he knew that it was the old fellow himself, and he was telling them, but they did not mind him – and so the old man threw a lot of hot coals over them – and burnt them and the old one said (something in Manx) You'll not understand that now!" – "Yes I do, pretty near" – "Ah – well! and so the Glashans went away – and never came back any more –

There was one of them once caught a Girl and he had a hould of her

by the dress – and he sat down and fell asleep – and she cut away all the dress and left it in his fist and ran away – and when he awoke he threw what he had over his shoulder and said (some Manx Rhyme which I could not catch)
Ah! said I – we have one of these stories in our country too but it was a Caral oostey that came –
Ah! said she – There are plenty of people that could tell these stories once – When I was a little girl I used to hear them telling them in Manx over the fire at night – but people is so changed with pride now that they care for nothing –

My husband is always ready everything he can lay his hands on – and so on, a whole history of her husbands virtues – Now this is not a book story for the details were rather too close for books –

The result then of a walk of 20 miles in 4 days of constant poking into odd corners is that all the stories in the History of the Isle of Man and in Quiggin's guide book are known to the people and that some more have been got – The mythology known to the people includes – Tarroo oostey – Water horse Water Bull Caral oostey Water horse – I could not find the great Eel – Jerish – Fairies which live in green mounds – which are heard chipping the Mill stones and seem to be identical with the Highland Fairies – The Mermaid – of which there are many stories – though I got none of them – The Merman – dinney Mara – There are stories about giants though I could get no one to tell me any – There is the story of the Joular in the Church – see Guide book – Goddard Groan throws a boulder of many tons at his scolding wife – One man had heard of Fin Mac Coul – every one knows of the Moddey Dhu – The word for a tale "Shyll" – is well known and is the same as Sheall –

On the other hand if foreign stories were introduced – here is the place – The first book I saw on landing was a splendid Blue Beard and near him some other childs book of the same kind – and yet I found no trace of any of these stories anywhere – There are thousands of visitors from the manufacturing districts every year – They run over in boats, and land and run over the Island – and yet to judge by my own reception – They can produce but little effect – All the better educated here as in Scotland laugh stories to scorn – The poorer classes deny all knowledge of them – but evidently know them – for they used to tell them commonly within the memory of people who cannot quite have forgotten them – but the practice seems going out – if it has not already ceased altogether –

I am convinced that any one who can speak Manx fluently – and will

take the trouble may still gather much curious lore— but I am also convinced that a stranger will fail utterly—
The Landlady says that she used to repeat many such stories as Jack the Giant Killer when she was a little girl—
Jack the Giant killer

That's killed a pig in a river — but aun that's a river— "Oh yes— I used to say that—" and then came the story of the 357 Fluke— which will be found in the printed introduction— One of the men who knew it was on board the Steamer going to Liverpool and he was one of those whom I met near Peel— The Landlady also told me that there had been a man lately in that neighbourhood who had a Luinnan Shi— He was once like other people but he had a fairy sweetheart— and noticed her— and they do not like being noticed the fairies— so he lost his mind — Well he was quite quiet like other folk— but at night he slept in the barn and they used to hear him talking to his sweetheart and scolding her sometimes— but if anyone made a noise he would be quiet at once —— Now the truth of this story is clear enough— The man went mad on one subject— but his madness took the form of the popular belief— and the popular belief attributed his madness to his being really haunted by a fairy Mistress— I am convinced that my Landlady believed the man was so haunted— her manner was that of a woman telling something in which she believed but which her auditor might be expected to doubt— All this came out by showing a sheet of the Gaelic Book—

Walked back to Douglas— embarked for Liverpool— returned to London—

Water Bulls

Red Donald the Stalker and Donald Mahlagan

"Did not the Uncle of that man see him?" – Well, what was he "like?"

"Well, my father's brother was a herd and he was herding at the "end of Loch .... and he saw the Water Bull coming out of "the water, he was close to him – He was a little ugly beast, not "much more than the size of a and rough and garraglas – "blue grey . agus beum e. te de. na mairt. cha robh e ach mara "thisthidh an suas rithe – and my Uncle marked down the day, "and the hour and all about it – agus an robh laugh aig a Bhe"?

"Cha fhios agam, air a sii – how my Uncle was not the "man to think he saw a thing when he did not – he was a quiet "steady man, and he told his master all about it."

Red Donald – "I would not give a snuff for what a man sees in the "night – he might go wrong – Many a time have I gone to look at a "thing which I saw in the night and it was but a stone or a tree – "but what a man sees in the bright clear white daylight that is "another thing – My Brother was working one day at the end of that "Loch – I remember the day chosen well – It was a choice fine day – I was "working myself at the end of Loch and it was so calm and still "and quiet – not a breath of wind moving . Well my brother saw that loch "with great waves breaking all round it from the middle on the shores and "that is certain sure a thing that a man sees by the white light of day, "in the light of the sun, is not like what a man sees in the night – Well "do I mind the day"

"First did you ever hear that the Bull did harm to anybody?"

"No never – but it cannot be a good thing or in a small loch like that it would "be seen oftener – it would not keep hid".

Stable Boy – "Oh yes! they see water Bulls often about that Loch – My father "has been herd there for 14 years and he has never seen anything – but there "was a woman one evening coming acrofs loch in a boat and she heard "him blowing and snorting, and she turned back and left the boat, and "fetched out home – but that was the water horse."

Boy with knapsack – "There are no water bulls down here but up at the small loch which is "in that glen there are plenty of water horses. Men have seen him walking about the "shore of the lake – he is just like another horse, but much wilder like – he is grey – There "was an old soldier up at that loch last summer – he was living in a tent with his "wife fishing trout and getting small white things out of shells that he finds there – he "says he gets 18 shillings and a pound for them, they will be selling them in rings – "Well, one night he heard the water horse blowing and splashing in the loch, and he "got such a fright that he stretched out and left the place – and he would not go "there again."

Hector MacLean – "An Islay man has often seen Bulls in Islay feading about "the Loch sides and the farmer often had cahas corcach (short cared) – a cross "between Water Bulls and land cows – A water cow has never been heard of – "Loch Ardna hüa is famous for water horses – they have been ridden to market – "some men who mounted them have been drowned – others had very narrow escapes –"

Post Boy in Skye – Sept.br 4.th 1860 – "There are no Water Bulls here, but in a loch "near Broadford where I come from they are seen very often. I know a man who saw one in that loch, he saw nothing but his back, but the loch was all in waves "though it was a calm day. That has been seen not once or twice – but various "times – caochla uain.

"That Fairies are is certain – I know two sisters one of them is a little deaf – and "they heard a sound in a hill, and they followed it, and did not they sit and "listen to the piping there till they were 7 times tired. There can be no question "about that –"

Dr. Trotter – Antiquary Skye. "That is a fairy dart – A man brought one some "days ago. He heard a whistling and it fell on the road at his feet, and he "picked it up and brought it away"

Boy from Loch Maddy – "That was not the lake where the water horse was seen – "it was down South – it is a large lake where there might be many a thing that – "a man might not know – but the man saw as it were the likeness of a man "rising up out of the water and that must have been a bad spirit."

"And will there be music at the fair?" – "No" – Or dancing? – "no" – Will there be "drinking?" – Oh that there will indeed –"

Landlady – "They will be so wild after the Market that I cannot let you take the "gig unless a big man goes with it – they would kill the boy and the horse –"

Post describing the storm last night – "There were great lumps of rain in it – and darkness in it – "and blackness."

Mauld Beauty 2nd August 1861

Dear Mr Campbell — I have at last discovered a young man from Uist who serves in this neighbourhood that has a store of Sgeulachd that I did not expect to meet with He is the person that gave me Conall Gulbin and by coaxing I got him to repeat the following tales which is at your service

1st Magnus Mac Ri Albin — 2nd Aut Ursguel Mor — 3d Iain Mc Cuile — 4th Cailach Uilleam dean — The lad is a modest quait lad but it is my opinion if encouraged among his own equals he would keep reciting for a whole winter night the finest tales I heard — I lost my clark and there is some difficulty in getting hold of the lad as he has the charge of a widow's farm — but it can be done if you order me to send you the above tales or any of them — please order me some paper through the Post Office I can get none on this side of Inverness to suit —

I have at present some hopes of getting over a frightful distemper that threatened health and life and will take the greatest pleasure in meeting you at Gairloch the first time you come North — I am Your obd Servant — (signed) Alex.r Fraser

Le Tailleur

Un petit Tailleur
Etait assis,
Dans la maison
D'un vieu paysan
Au coin d'un bon feux
Et toute la famille
Grands et petits
Qui etait assis
Acoté de lui
Chacque un dans son tour
Racontaient une vielle histoire
Le petit tailleur
Etait gai et railleur
Et tout ceci
Qui etait assis
On tour de lui
Riaient de son humeur
Mais peu a peu
Comme le bon feu
S'etaignait
Et comme la nuit
S'avancait
Sombre et noire
En dehors,
Les histoires qui d'abord
Etaient si gai devenaient
Bien terribles
Et les enfants
Frissonaient
Et s'en allaient
Se refugier
Dans les lits
Les pauvre petits
Puis le tailleur

Si railleur
Et si gai
Se montrait
Brave et hardi
Aussi et il dit
"Quant a moi
"Je ne crois
"Et je ne crains pas
"Ne fée ni revenant"
Mais le vieux paysan
Maitre du maison
Elevenlait sa vielle tête grise
"Celui qui se raute
"Qu'il n'a pas craint
"Des revenants
"Faut prouver ses mots
"Je vous paris
"Tailleur" il dit -
"Que vous n'ozez pas cette nuit
"Avant le jour
"Me faire une paire
"Des pantalons gris
Etant assis
"Au claire de la lune
"Dans la vielle eglise
"De Ste Marie !"
Puis les enfants
Qui etaient au lit
Mais non pas
Endormis
elevaient leur petites têtes
Pour ecouter
Et la bonne mère
Se dorme et si chère
Restait la
Intendre

Bonne maman
La bouche béante
Et tout ceci
Grand et petit
Qui etait assis
Au pres du feu
Regardaient un peu
A petit tailleur
Si vailleur, et lui
Les regardait de son tour
Mais quoique son corps
Etait petit
Son ame
Etait bien grande
Et le tailleur
Preux chevalier
Se reteraite un peu
De son coin pres du feu
Et s'armait de sondes
Et il prit son fit
Et sa bonne aiguille
Et la bonne terle grise
"Je vais mon bon homme
"faire ton pantalon
"De cette bonne tirle grise
"Dans la vielle eglise
"Et avant le jour
"Je serais de retour"
Ainsi dit
Le tailleur prit
Tout ce que j'ai dit
Il salua
Et il s'en alla
Et comme le feu
Qui peu a peu
S'etaignait

Depuis longtemps
Maintenant etait
Etant tout a fait
Tout ceci
Qui etait assis
Se relevait
Et s'en allait
Au lit
Le petit tailleur
Si vailleur
Dont le bon cœur
Etait si dur
Et si hardi
Quoique petit
Prit le chemin
En chantant
De la vielle eglise
Avec le tuille grise
Sous son bras
Pas a pas

Arme de soudes
Et de son courage
Et il s'assit
A ce qu'on dit
Sur
Excessivement froide
Quant a la tort
Il n'en avait pas la
Et la lune si claire
Donnait bien l'air
D'un endroit
Bien retire
Mais le tailleur
N'avait pas peur
Il prit son fit
Esa bonne aguille
Et se mit a l'ouvrage
Du bon courage

Maintenant mes enfants il faut savoir que quoique le toit de l'eglise de St. Marie n'existait pas l'orlogge de St. Gustage s'entendait de bien loin – et quand le tailleur avait a peu prés fini le pantalon il entendait minuit qui commencait a sonner —— Bom! – et il regardait, et pres de lui, il vayait une grande tête chauve, qui se relevait de la terre – Et ses cheveux se dressait sur sa propre tête quand il entendait ses mots

"Vois tu cette grande tete grise sans chere – tailleur
"cherie?"
"Je vois ça et je couse ceci" dit il

From the Revd Thomas Pattieson – Decbr 1860

My dear Sir, Glasgow 28 Florence Place Decr 24

Mr John Taylor, formerly of Bowmore Islay found out the address of the man who told the three following tales – The name is Lachlan Mac Niel – He is a native of Islay – a shoemaker & also a fiddler – A few years ago he left Islay, and went to live in Paisley – Mr Taylor and I visited him there – at his house, 59 George St – and heard from him the stories which I now send – We had not much time to spare on the occasion I speak of – or else – I dare say – Lachlan Mac Niel could have told us many more and longer tales than those which I now enclose — If you will be good enough to let me know whether such stories as the accompanying ones – are of any use to you – I shall be most happy to visit Paisley again – when I have no doubt I shall be able to gather many things of the same sort and perhaps of more interest than the present – With best wishes – faithfully yours (signed) Thomas Pattieson. –

J. F. Campbell Esq

Since writing the above I have been favoured with your letter of the 24th – I shall therefore – even independent – of hearing from you again – take the earliest opportunity of seeing L Mac Niel – and getting more stories from him – but if you could make it at any time convenient to write me a few lines in approbation of his tales – I know such notice would make Lachlan not only a careful story teller, but would make him and his proud and happy for many a day to come

Bha duine coir ann roimhe so – a bha caomhnuidh ann an Aiskenish

He was a farmer, and he had a good many children – People say that one of these was a shibhreach – the right child having been carried away and kept by the fairies for some years – This shibhreach occupied the place of the Farmer's youngest child – and he was very peculiar – Sometimes cha dheunadh é stadach a caoineadh – always he was very cross and exhemely dificult to please – and he never grew in the least His favorite seat was in a horse collar – and from this he used to throw out his satirical and wonderfully clever remarks on every one that came near him – A Tailor once came the way to make a coat for his Father – when he was cutting the cloth – the child from the horse collar called out to him – "na mill a chuinge" Do not spoil the "Cuinge" (which means I fancy 'make it scrimps) This is told to shew how old fashioned the Farmer's boy was –

It happened on a day of days about this time that the boy's father was going to the Smithy – "Where art thou going" said the child to his father – He always called his father 'thou' – and indeed he had no politeness for any one "I am going to the Smithy" said his father – "Speak to the smith then to make a core for me" – The farmer promised that he would do this – but he forgot all about it that day – When he returned the first thing the boy asked him was "Hast thou got my core?" "My dear" said his father "I forgot it but the Smith was busy to day at all events and could not have made one" – The boy was air bairidh and sobbed furiously on this — The next time the Farmer was going to the Smithy – his son said

"speak to the Smith to day about my core - and be sure to have it home with thee - If "it is not, see what will rise to thee" - (face de dh circas dhuit) This time the Farmer remembered to speak about the Gully - "And what sort of core does he want?" said the Smith - The farmer said he did not know - The Smith had been hearing of the boy and he suspected that all was not right with him - So he asked a good many questions about him of his father - At last the Smith said - "Tell him deanadh e faighdinin an "diugh and bring himself with you the next time you are coming" -

When the Farmer went home the first question asked him was "Hast thou got my "core?" "I have not got it" said he - "The Smith wants to see thyself my dear, and to make "it according to thy own will." (a reir do thoidsa) -

The next after this when the Farmer was preparing to go to the Smithy - the boy said to him "Art thou going to the Smithy?" - "I am" - said the Farmer - "Well, bring "me with thee" - said the boy - "I will do that" said his father - So he took the child and put him on top of a cliabh of gual - made of peals - and carried him to the ceardidh - When they reached - "Is the boy there?" said the Smith - "He is here" - said his father - "Well, "carry him up here and place him on the anvil then" - This was at once done, and the Smith looked sharply on the boy for a while and said - "A core is a want to thee, is it?" "It is" said the boy - "And how dost thou want it made?" said the Smith - "I want it" said the boy (here follows a sentence I do not understand - It is something like 'as sharp as sharpening' "a thoircadh clad driom dadag an falbh") The Smith thought the boy older than he looked when he heard this - He said no more however, but began to make ready a fire - He heaped on coals and more coals, and blew and blew with his bellows till he filled up the whole fire place with one bright blaze - The boy in the meantime sat on the anvil looking this way, and that way, but saying nothing - At last he began to wonder at the fire the Smith was making and he said - What needst thou to make so great a fire as that - "for so small a matter!" "I shall need a good fire for such a Imile as thou wantest" - said the Smith - The boy was not pleased at this - but he gave an eye to the Smith - and the Smith gave an eye to him - till when he thought the fire was at it's greatest heat - he suddenly snatched up the child and threw him right in - The boy leaped up and went out through the roof - (ghabh e mach) giving an eye after him - saying "It "was well your not - if I had got my core I would have plagued you"

On the Father going home he met his own child who told him that he had been with the Daoine Sith who were staying in Dun Caipasi - but that he saw his father every day - although his father could not see him - This boy lived long after with his father, and grew up a handsome man, and there was nothing that ever he turned his hand to but grew with him -

"In this way," concluded my informant, "I heard my Father and my Grandfather tell the Story – and "if it now goes a lie from me – a lie it then came to me" "Slan leith air fad"

There is a Loch near Ardnahoo – a Loch Uisge and report says that Waterhorses used to be seen occasionally on the banks of this Loch whenever they could get time or opportunity to come ashore and feed –

A time before this time the Suathanach of Ardnahoo was a pear of the name of Niel of Ardnahoo – and on a day of days he was going to the Market at Killarron which was then the baile mor sia – He told one of his Servants to go and get the each uaine which was feeding at the side of the Loch – (Uaine is a colour between don and odhar – and it would seem to be uncommon – for the teller of his story here said that, he once saw a horse of this colour) The Servant went as he was told – and near the side of the Loch he saw a horse feeding – and having no doubt it was the very one he was sent for – he brought it home and saddled and bridled it for his Master – Niel mounted as usual and set off for the Market – The horse went gu sunndach – and nothing exhaordinary took place – although before they had gone very far – Niel og could not help wondering at the pieces of withered reed, wet moss, and Cochan bhogan – (which I suppose is slime) that he saw on the horse's mane – But he thought, as he had been feeding on the side of the Loch that – the animal must just have been rolling itself over – as horses sometimes do – and so got the mud and weeds about it –

In this way they reached Killaron – Niel og got his horse stabled – and went – and did his business in the Market – until evening – when he returned to the stable – the sun was near setting – The each uaine was no sooner led out than he began to leap and frisk fearfully – Niel og however mounted and turned homeward – He got as far as Crabus pully quietly – But there again the horse began to leap and frisk fearfully till he shook his rider in the saddle and rushed on madly (air a chaothach) When going up Glen he was so wild that Niel og at times could hardly command him (ceans-ich) and as they passed Pol an Eilan he could hold him in no longer – He let him go – and had only to keep himself from falling – though every leap the horse gave – he was nearly out of the saddle – Niel og was now really frightened – and did not know what to do – He was afraid to throw himself off – he was afraid to keep on – and to stop the horse was altogether out of the question – He remembered there was a

cachladh cuiche before him – and resolved to throw himself off there – So as he approached the place – he took his feet out of the stirrups, and made ready – The Cachlea fortunately was open – the horse rushed through – the great stick that kept the cachla up was quite close – Niel og threw his arms round it, and held on, the horse swept from between his feet – and Niel og slipped safe to the ground – Away went the horse without pause – and away went Niel og after him – The wild creature held right on – but not to the house nor the stables – he took along the side of the Loch, and then leaped in – Niel og stood on the bank looking and listening for a while – In a minute or two he heard such a like sgreadail sgreuch ail miallach – as of horses fighting savagely rising out of the Loch – He went home took supper – went to bed – told nothing of what had happened to any one – and next morning rose early – and went out and called his gille – who asked him why he had not called him up last night when he returned – to look after his horse – Niel og gave no answer but bade the gille follow him to the Loch – When they reached it they found the each uaine feeding there quite quietly – The Servant thought his master had left him there the night before – Niel og passed on and by and bye they came on pieces of sgamhan – other things like sgeith roulle – and fragments of a saddle and bridle torn to pieces lying scattered about – The Servant said nothing – because he saw his Master was very much troubled, as if something was on his mind – They went home and after breakfast Niel og assembled all the people in his house – servants and stragglers together – and told them every word I now tell you –

Ever after this – they neither saw nor felt anything unusual about this Loch – Whether it was that the creatures killed one another or that they left the place – there is no fios – But people knew well enough at that time about Waterhorses and Waterbulls – that the like of them were – and that they lived in frógaen and tuill (holes and crevices) at the sides of the Lochs – and that they were like the beist dubh – able to live in the water or on shore – But people multiplying – and these creatures getting no opportunity for pasture or silleachd, for they were very shy – they went away uidh air n'uidh – till now there is not one of them to be found or anywhere heard of –

Niel of Ardnahoo, who is the hero of this story was perhaps an ancestor of Lord Clyde's – Here was a Niel of Ardnahoo within living memory – But he could not have been the one mentioned in the above adventure since he flourished at a later period than when Killarow was Baile mor sla – The ride on the Waterhorse may be compared with that of the Ettrick Shepherd on the Bonassus – as described by Professor Wilson in the Nodes Ambrosiana – No 23

There is a certain place above Baumore – through which the old road that ran between Killarow and over the hills went – The name of this place used to be Ath na Marcaidh (which may be translated The Riding Ford) The origin of this name was as follows – A small stream ran across the road at the place referred to easily passable by foot passengers in ordinary weather – for there were few or no bridges in the old time and nd as now when there is a solid piece of Mason work over every little burn – Well after a heavy fall of rain – this place used to get completely flooded – and dangerous to cross for foot passengers – who therefore used to stay by the roadside rather than venture into the water – until some rider might come up behind them and help them over the ford – it was therefore called Ath na Marchaid – Riding Ford –

This place was dangerous to foot passengers – It was also dangerous, though on another account – to riders – for here a woman used sometimes to be seen – A woman to all appearance like one who had been a a'peistadh and washing clothes Although in gue choslas she was nd very like other women either – Well, she used sometimes to watch for stray riders – and to ask like any simple body for a culag over the water – Whoever was foolish enough to take her up behind him was sure to suffer for it – The woman laid hold of the rider who was before her and threw him off into the water – and there she gave him leigeadh air leigeadh, till he was either drowned outright – or else just barely able to reach his home – and go to bed and never rise more –

One of the last – or indeed I don't know but he was the very last – to whom this happened – was a man of the name of Mac na Ceardadh – (Sinclair) who lived in Corrarie – He was on his way home one night from the Market at Killarow – and when he reached Ath na Marcachd – who was there before him but a woman – And she asked him for a culag – and as the water was deep he gave it to her – When they had reached the ther side he told her to alight – But the woman instead of obeying – threw himself off – and then she gave him leigeadh air leigeadh in the water and out of the water – and continued at him – till he got near his own house, which he reached at last in a very wretched state – He immediately after went to bed – and never more rose from it – This Story spread through the Country like a fiery Cross (Mar chrois tarieth) for the man was well known – So nd long after this a farmer of the name of Campbell – who lived in Cornibus being obliged to go to the Killarow Market took with him a farmer's eigeach he had – (which sort of horse it seems is not to be

easily frightened by supernatural things) he was coming home at night
who should meet him at Ath na Marcachd – but the Lady of the Ford –
She asked him for a Culag over the water – He said "The way is long before
"us yet – wait till we reach the Muran" on this he set spurs to his horse and
dashed along the road at full speed – But for as fast as he could go – in spite
of him and his oigeach – the woman was before them at the Narren – "Will
you give me a culag now?" said she – "Oh my horse is tired, and the way is long
wait till we reach Cnoc Augil" – said he – and on he went again at – full
speed to Cnoc Augil – But for as fast as he could go the woman was still before
him – "Give me a culag now" – said She – "Wait till we reach the Carra Bana"
said he – "I will wait no longer then" said the woman – "Don't" said he – "you will
surely get a culag then" – "Well the way is long" said she – "but I will wait till then"
Once more leig e mach ant each – thinking to reach the Carra bana before
her but he failed – When fear reached the Carra Bana – the Woman
of the ford was standing on the rock before him – "Give me the culag "now" – said
she – "I will" – said he – "but let me first give three whistles" – "I allow you" said
she – "but don't take long" – He rose in his stirrups and made a fead gleachda
and stopped ——— In those days – it was not customary as it now is – to have glass
in windows – They had wooden boards instead which were kept open or shut
just as was convenient – Campbell of Cornibus had a large dog at this very
moment lying beside the fire in the kitchen of his house – The wooden
casement was open – and the first whistle from the Carra Bana, came with
a clear sound into the Kitchen – The dog started up – shook himself – and
listened – In a little while another piercing whistle – (or agonizing whistle)
fead gleachda was distinctly heard – The dog gave a cry leaped through the open
window and made off eagerly – Fear Chornibus was still at the Carra Bana
waiting before he gave the third whistle to see if a fuasgladh (loosening) would
come to him – At last he heard the dog – and then he saw him rushing towards
him – and he gave the third whistle – Before the sound of it ceased the dog &
the woman were ann bad a cheile
There was a fearful screech (sgread fiadhaich) and down the brae the dog
and the woman rolled over one another – and away towards the Loch –
Loch na Gadliar –

Campbell of Cornibus at once rode home – and went to bed – but he
could not sleep – as he lay awake between that and the mouth of the day – he heard

a whining at the door – he rose and opened it – and who was there but the dog – with scarcely any hide or hair on him – tired and bleeding – He brought him in – The dog lay by the side of the fire – but before morning he was dead –

Next day Iear Chornibus went down to the Loch – and all the way from the Carn Bana he saw pieces of flesh – like no other flesh – lying here and there down to the water's edge

From that day to this no more was ever seen or heard of the Woman of the Horseman Ford –

The narrator concluded thus –

"This story was told to me – long ago – by the son of that very man Sinclair – who was the last man killed at Àlt na Marcachd – and I am now myself married to a Grandaughter of his" i.e. of the man who told the story – A Great Grandaughter of the man who was killed –

Part of this Story reminds one of the White Lady of Avenel – when she crossed the Tweed behind the Sacristan of Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery" – only the woman of the Riding Ford, does not seem to have been by any means of so refined and spiritual a nature as the White Lady of Avenel on the contrary, she was so cruel and malicious and so peculiar in her mode of treating her victims "leigeadh air leigeadh" – and all this too, on market days – when farmers were from home and perhaps enjoying themselves – that I should say the Woman of the Riding Ford – could have been no very distant relative of the Gin Fiends – I think I must have heard something like the three whistles before – but I cannot just now recollect where –

Told by Mrs Hulton a native of Islay who lives in Hill Street. Glasgow.

There was a man before now, and his name was Mac Aulay – And on a time that was there – he went to Killenan – to get 'uisge beatha 'n nollaig' from a smuggling still that was there – When he was returning home he came to the river – and he laid down the 'pige' with the 'uisge beatha' till he should take off his shoes to cross the river – he took up the 'pige' again when he was ready but there was not a drop of the whiskey in it – The man did not know what had come of it – He looked round to by if he could see anyone – He saw no one but he heard much mocking laughter (gaireach daidh mhagaid) – He then returned to the Still for more whisky – But in coming back again he missed his way – and he hardly knew where he was – He then thought he would go straight –

home, and he tried – After a while he saw a light – He thought it might be his own house, so he made straight on it, but when he came to the place what was this but 'Aigh mhor Ic allanta fosgailte' – and there was light there – and music and dancing – So soon as ever they saw him – the Daoine beaga gathered round the man – and they took him in – and there they showed him his own whiskey which they were just then busy drinking – He wished to get home – but they would not hear of it – They would look after his wife and children – and see that they did not want – said the Daoine beaga – and so they kept him –

The man's wife was under much trouble and sorrow about her husband for she did not know for seven years long what had become of him or where he was –

'Nis an uine sin' however a' daoine beag glas' used to keep herself and her children in meal, which he brought them every day on his back – but he never would tell where he was coming from – And if they went to the door to look after him – it seemed as if he disappeared at once – vanished at the door in an instant He always said his meal was good meal – It was all _____ a' ghrainnean mhullach' – every bit of it –

The woman used to take in 'suiomh' to help to bring up her children – And every night while she was in bed – although she might have left much 'snà' unspun – it was always 'suiomhte' in the morning – This made her at least as well off as when her husband was with her – At the end of the seven years people were 'a deanadh' that the man was in a 'digh' somewhere – There was so much 'fiobaraichd' heard about, dancing and 'ceòl' – The man was a fiddler and some of his 'coimhearsnuh' passing by 'digh ndis Thallanta' and hearing the 'ceòl' going on there – knew his fiddling at once – it was so good – he often came to his own house at night too – but he never came alone – and he used to look at his wife and children but he never spoke to any of them.

His wife told this to the neighbours – So once when he was expected – about midnight – they all gathered together to her house to see and bring her husband back to her – And they brought with them a Cock, a bible, and a sword – and when the Fairies and the man were in the house – they got the cock to crow – and then the Fairies were obliged to go away – but they rose and drew a 'riomhal' round the man between him & the door with the sword – So the fairies could not take the man away – but he was left behind – and there was much laughter heard after they were gone – For many days

after this however— the man never opened his mouth to speak a word— At last they thought that he would never speak— but one day he opened his mouth— and he showed them what kept him from speaking— It was two pieces of 'rop comlach' which had been thrust through his tongue— but when these were cut away the man could speak as before— and he spoke so ever after— for the Daöine beaga never troubled him any further—

From Lachlan Mac Aulay— Laggan

Well, this is the way it was—

A man in the Oc was going to the Candlemas or Lammas Market— maybe a hundred and twenty years ago— And he went for his horse and found him as he thought at the side of Glenastle Loch— along with the ither horses— He caught him and put the saddle on him and rode him to Bournore (so the man said but he must have meant Killaron) as quiet as could be— But when he had left the market to go home again— the horse went on as he never went before— and every mile they were going he was getting worse and worse— till at last when they got out of the Inuran into the 'traigh Inhor' the man could not hold him at all-at all— There was great wonder on him, what had come over his horse that used to be so quiet— but at the end his wonder ceased and his fear began— when he looked and saw some of the 'Ciobhragach nan Each' growing in the horse's mane— Then he knew in a minute that it was not his own right horse he had but a Waterhorse—

He tried as well as he could to throw himself off— but this was not easy the horse was going so dreadfully fast— so they stuck together till they came to the March dyke between Inachdal and Glenastle where there was a narrow opening in which there used to be a 'Cachladh'— The place was pretty soft— and into this the man let himself fall— thinking that though he should break his bones— he could not be worse off than he already was at any rate— But fortunately it was so soft that he came to no harm—

Away went the horse with the saddle and the bridle as fast as ever but the man went home— He told how it all was— and next day they went out and at the side of the Loch found the horse and saddle in their bits— torn asunder by the other water-horses— because they felt the smell of the man and saw the saddle on him— The man's own horse which he thought he had going

to market was found in the place he ought to be to be in — Safe and sound —

This Story was told by Lachlan Mac Auley-Laggan — It is very nearly the same as one I sent you before — I heard the following from an old Highland lady —

A Fairy dressed in green went into a house where a woman was sitting alone nursing her child — "I hom a bhean do beanibh" — said the Fairy — "I hom gach taobhach" — said the woman — "I aothom a bhean do beanibh" said the Fairy — "I aothom gach sona" — said the woman — "I glas a bhean do beanibh" — said the Fairy — "I glas a fion 's cridh e" said the woman — and on this the Fairy left her —

When I last wrote to you — I said I expected to see Lachlan Mac Niel again soon — This I have not been able to do — I shall not have it in my power, I fear, to see him for some time to come — I send you these two stories now — the only ones I have got — though I daresay they are neither of them much worth — as I am afraid I cannot manage to get or send any others in the mean time — But whenever I have another opportunity of taking down a tale — I shall be sure to take advantage of it — My dear Sir, Yours very truly — (Sd) Thomas Pattison

28 Florence Place — Glasgow
March 12th 1861

J. F. Campbell Esq —

Told by Lachlan Mac Niel — Paisley

Jan Ciar (of Tunolly)

There were but few in the West of Scotland who were better swordsmen than Jan Ciar — "Ach as nair a' dheridh an iorguill" — when the dispute arose between the King and his subjects — Jan Ciar joined with those who were up against the King — The King was thrown from his crown — At the head of time however ("aig ceann uine") after that — the King came to his crown again — "nuair a bha e suidhichte air a ___ a rist" he began to persecute and seize the Gentlemen who had risen up against him — Part of them he hanged — Part of them he beheaded — Jan Ciar was "air a' amongst the rest — for the King counted him an enemy as great as any he had against him. Soldiers came all through Albyn — They reached were Jan Ciar was and he had to flee — He was driven from place to place — and at last he was followed so closely that there was no safety for him anywhere in Albin longer than that —— So he and his Gille took Erin ova — They had now to be going in the night — and to be hiding in the day — because if they were seen and known they would be seized in Erin

itself – as the King had put out – air giod eann airson Ian Ciar – he was so determined against him – They were going in this way – Ian Ciar and his Gille, the best way they could – until they got pretty deep in Erin – At last they came where there was no man nor place helping to them – and they had no meat – and they had no drink and truly little money had they – For three days and three nights they were without meat and without drink except what they got from Con or Codan – Then said the Gille – "I am given over – I can go no farther –" "Not so" said his Master "Don't be so faint hearted – (meat) keep up for a little longer and perhaps we may reach a house". But the Gille very soon sat down – he could not go another step – "Cuil" said his master "gabh misneach – take courage – come – I will carry thee on my back for a bit myself."

So he lifted him up on his back and carried him for a while – but they had not gone far when the Gille said his master had enough to do to go himself without carrying him any longer – he would now try what he could do for himself again – So they went on both together once more – When Ian Ciar thought he saw a sail of light – like a star far away in the distance – He took beachd on the place and walked on – They lifted another brae and there was with him (bha leis) that he saw it again – "Art thou seeing yon?" said Ian Ciar to the Gille – "I am", said the Gille, "whether it be house light or star" – "It is solus laighi" said Ian Ciar – The Misneach of the Gille was lifted up on this and he walked forward much better with his Master than before they saw the light – again a third time and then they were sure it was the light of a house – "Tha an oud air an-t-solus" – and when they reached it they found it came from a house standing by itself in the middle of a "Monadh mor"

On entering the found no one in the house but a Bodach – "Mor air a' shinadh air beingidh leabidh" – Ian Ciar asked if they might stay there at night – The Boddach surlily (gu daichallach) answered – "You may not for there are no shagglers wanted here – (The word which I have translated Shagglers was pronounced 'shā-all-ich' – I don't know how to spell it – Lachlan Mac Nicl himself said – that it was the Gelic for strangers) Ian Ciar said "we will not go out for thee" – "Well, well" said the Bodach – "they are coming in who will put you out – although I cannot" – Ian Ciar said – "We will stay till then and see" – So they sat down – cois na teanna beside the fire – And Ian Ciar said to his Gille – "Rise and put "on a pot with water – for I want to wash my feet – they are scalded with walking – "and give me a pair of dry osain too" – So the Gille rose and went to the dresser

the Bodach looking fearfully on him all the time – But what did the Gille see on the dresser but a dish with large lumps of boiled meat on it – So he took a piece in his hand and ate it – while he was putting on the pot – the Bodach calling out to him – "Indeed Gille thou art not nice about thy meat – when thou takest the "leavings of the Cat" –

"Cat veo Con" – said the Gille "bithidh so agamsa 'nis co dheabh" – When the water was warm his Master washed his feet – and put dry osain on and then they sat down at the side of the fire both of them again – the Bodach looking fearfully on them from the bed – At last they heard a farum as of something coming near the house – and in a little while a young man came ag romain bo roimbe stigh through the door – He gave an eye round and he saw Ian Ciar and his Gille – "I won't believe, Father – but you have got 'strathalich' in here since I went out" – said he – "I have", said his Father – "and they are so miomhal I could not get them out" – "Well, well – perhaps we can get them out yet for all you could not do it Father" – That was what the young man said – as he took down an axe from the wall and with one blow knocked the cow down on the floor dead – He then skinned it – cut the carcase to pieces – and salted it in the hide – and put it all past in a corner of the house – And when this work was done he went over to the bed where his father was lying – stretched his hand up to the top of the bed and took down a siadaire mòr do chlaidbeamh dubh –

Ian Ciar was sitting between him and the door – the Gille was on the other side – So the young man asked Ian Ciar to rise – and Ian Ciar rose and drew – and the two went at once an dail a 'cheile – When they were working this way for a while Ian Ciar – was a dol na fhallus – for he was weak wanting food for so long a time – So he took a lift at his bonnet with his left hand to rub the sweat from his brow – when "Stop – stop" – roared am bodach to his son – "Stop Stop cam air do lamh" – said he – The young man instantly struck his sword point on the ground – "If thou dost not deceive me" – said the Bodach, "if thou dost not deceive me – thou art Ian Ciar" – said he – Iam" – said Ian Ciar – "Och! Och mo naire" – said the Bodach – "and what would come on me if thou hadst been killed in my house and so many days as I have lain on thy breast" – (The Bodach had been looking without ceasing on the two as they were fighting and he knew Ian Ciar whenever he saw that he had a blue eye and a grey eye – (gorm & glas) for which reason he was called Ian Ciar) – "Rise my son" – said the Bodach – "and get ready food for Ian Ciar and his Gille" – When they had taken that the Bodach said – "Ian Ciar

I will ask thee nothing till to morrow" said he — So they made ready the best bed in the house for Jan Ciar and the Bodach — and the second bed was for the other two — After breakfast time the next day said the Bodach — "A chiall is a ghieadh" Jan Ciar" said he — My sense and love — Jan Ciar and what has brought thee to this side of Erin?" So Jan Ciar told him all — how he had risen up against the King — and how he was obliged to flee from his Country — and how a price was set on his head — Then said the Bodach to his son — "And what then dost thou think — dear son — we are to do with Jan Ciar?" — said he

I don't know what we're to do." said his son — "think you Father — but might he not take the head off the Robair Ruadh?" said he —

"Quite right", said his Father — "Take misneach Jan Ciar dear" said the Bodach — "thou will get out of this yet" — said he — "There is a Robair mor we have got in Erin here" — said the Bodach" and he does much eron and robadh — mort — and marathadh — and many a complaint has gone to the King about him telling how much evil he has done — and the King has put out a proclamation that so much money will be given to him who brings the Robair Ruadh's head to London — Thou Jan Ciar — dear — must go and take this man's head off — and bring it to the King to London — and deliver it into his own hand — and into no other" — This was what the Bodach said — "But I fear" — said Jan Ciar — "that I cannot take the Robair Ruadh's head off — if he is so dreadful — and if many have tried and failed to take him although there is a price on his head" — "Well" — said the young man — the Bodach's son — "Stay for three days — and then go — I will know in 3 days whether you can take him or not" — This was what the young man said — and when the three days were passed — he went to the Bodach's bed and stretched up his hand and he took the great black — sweeping sword down and he told Jan Ciar to rise and show what he could do now when his weariness was left off (agios ligta So Jan Ciar rose and drew and they stood ra cheile — They had not been long working this way when the young man said — "Stop — now I "see that thou canst take the head off the Robair Ruadh chion — I can "keep to the Robair ruadh myself — and no other in Erin can do it "but me — Yet although I can keep to him — I cannot take his head off, but

"you can and in the treas suidh too"—

After this Ian Ciar and his Gille made ready to go — and in the time of their going — said the Bodach — "Sure it is to me Ian Ciar dear, that thou art not plenteous in money — I think thou wilt need to get some" — said he — "Mata a'nis" said Ian Ciar to the Bodach — "cha niel pailties airgiod agam ais a cheart àm so". Well — the Bodach rose and went and took over a casket — and opened it — agus bha i làn i aye — (it was full of gold) Take out of that Ian Ciar dear as much as you wish". said he —

"Indeed" — said Ian Ciar — "I will not do that — But what you please to give I will take — Far be it from me to put my hand amongst your gold" said Ian Ciar — So the Bodach put his hand three times into the Casket — and each time took it out as full as it could hold — and gave to Ian Ciar — "So a'gradh then — said he — "and my blessing with it".

Ian Ciar and his Gille then left — and the young man went with them a bit of the way to shew them where to Robair ruadh was — When they had gone at last a good piece from the house they came to a road that ran straight through the moss — "I will now be leaving my blessing "with you" said the Young man — follow this road straight on and you "will soon meet the Robair ruadh" — said he — On this the young man left his blessing with them and he turned home — They then took straight forward — and they had not gone very far on when they saw a fear mòr with gruag ruadh and feusag fada ruadh coming to meet them — They knew at once this was the Robair ruadh — Tha chair cud air a'cheile and said the Robair ruadh — "Deliver thy purse" — said he to Ian Ciar — "There will be more about it before I do" said Ian Ciar — and on that the Robair ruadh drew his sword — and Ian Ciar drew also — and to it they went — On the very second however — Ian Ciar swept the head off the Robair ruadh (shiab e a ceann dhe) He lifted the head off the ground — rolled it up in a cuib of his breean — threw it over his shoulder and he and his Gille went cheerily on their way to London — to the King — They had gone a good way thus when suibhal do na sin all eachare they came to a change house — and when they entered Ian Ciar asked for the best room in the house — said Fear au lighe — "There is a luchd bainnse here who have got it to night" — Said Ian Ciar — to man of the house

"Ask them if they will welcome more" – So there was word sent up and the wedding guests said they would welcome more if they were good company — San Ciar and his Gille accordingly went up and what was here but a Banais cheardain — and there were 16 cairds there and 16 women – San Ciar however, went in amongst them — but the Gille sat at the back of the door with the head of the Robair ruadh in the Breacan beside him — At last he put the Breacan and the head in a corner behind the door — And they all got on gu cridhcal — The gille sometimes up and among the Cuideachd but every now and then giving a suil round to see if the head and the Cuil Breacan were all right behind the door — But nair do n-h-nairtan at last he gave a look round and not a bit of the head or the Breacan were to be seen in the corner of the door where he had left them — At once he told his master – and in the minute said San Ciar — "Bheil a' chuideachd air fad a's?" said he – They looked and said "Yes, they were all there but fear na bainnse" –

Then San Ciar gave a black leap to the door and out and away and he ran fearfully – and when he had gone a piece from the house he saw some one running fast before him but he soon overtook him – and when he came near him – he saw that he had the breacan and the head under his asgaill – Then San Ciar with one sweep of his sword struck the bridegroom's head off into the ditch and left his body lying there on the road — and he returned himself with the Breacan and the head into the changehouse – And they asked him if he had seen fear na bainnse and he said that he had — and if they wanted him that they would find his body lying on the road – and his head in the ditch beside it – in such and such a place – about so far off — So part of them went and brought the bridegroom's body back – dead as it was — San Ciar then gave the Robair ruadhs head to his Gille – telling him to take better care of it again — But when the Cairds returned – they were looking fearfully on the Gille, and tugging and pulling him – (spiodadh & spionadh) – But he took no notice — At last one of them came round and spat on his finger and threw it "in" the Gille's mouth – ("into" – the narrator said – but I don't see how the Gille's mouth – unless he was yawning should have been open) – The Gille told his master what was done to him – On the spot San Ciar gave a black leap to the

door and no one could pass him till he took 15 heads out—

When the day came he and his Gille went and left the Changehouse and nothing more worth mentioning happened to them till they reached London— They soon found out where the King was—(but whether it was in London or Windsor the story teller could not certify—It may also have been York for "in those days" he said "the King lived a good deal in York".) San Ciar sent word to the King that there was a man who wished to speak to him— The King sent out word to know who it was— San Ciar sent word in to say that the Robair ruadh from Erin was there— "Say to the Dacr robair and Martair then," said the King— "that he may come in— I should like to get one good sight of him alive" said he— before he is hanged—" So Jan Ciar came in with the robair's head in a fold of his tartan— and when he got into the King's presence he made his àmhlachd— as was right he should do— Then said the King what a bold man this was to come before him as he did— "Thou art a bold man" said the King, "that thou art— After all thy robbings— thy harms— thy murders to come unasked into my presence—" Then said San Ciar— "I never did but one thing in my life for which I need fear you"— "No" said the King— "art thou not bold to me— Thou hast done hundred of things for which thou needst fear me"— "No" so please you"— said San Ciar, "I never did but one—" The King took great wonder at this and looked on him and asked "What "crou" that was that he spoke of— "The evil I did in my folly— when I rose up against you till you were put "off your crown" said San Ciar— "Bad rascal" said the King "when thou art the Robair ruadh— who can believe thee now?"— "Oh, with your leave I am not he" said San Ciar— "but here is the Robair ruadh's head"— With that he threw the head at the King's feet— "And who then of famous men art thou?" said the King "since thou hast slain the Robair "ruadh who defied so many"— "I'm sir San Ciar Dhunolly" said he— "Thou shall have airgiod ceann an duine so" said the King— "I will "not take it" said San Ciar— "I wish for only one thing"— Whatever it be thou "askest— thou shall get" what is it?" said the King— "Pardon for myself and "mine" said San Ciar, "and my flocks and herds and baillean as they were "before"— So San Ciar got that and the King gave him letters of protection— (Litreachan dhionadh) with orders to his officials in Alba who had taken his

cro & caoicdh 's air a fad to restore Ian Ciar to his heritage (oighreachd) as he was before — So Ian Ciar went home and he was let into his heritage as at first — and he had everything restored to him without trouble as it was at the beginning —

Ajus se so eachdaidh na bsón do na laoich a bha annsa Ghaetladrd o'chionn fada Gad nach eil moran dhuithe he fhein neo da'n sliochd a'nis va n faodim annsan tir —

I have taken care to give the above story as correctly and completely as possible — for it seems to me a good one — I don't know whether it will suit your purposes or not, but I think there is some real merit in it — The character of the spirited, active, self-reliant, indefatigable Ian Ciar is wonderfully well brought out for so short a tale — He quite stands before one's eye — at full length — like a model of an old Highland Chief — Another Evan Dhu Cameron — as he must have been —

The Bodach Mòr too, if I am not much mistaken — is extremely well drawn — and his roaring out "stop! stop" to his own son — when he saw his opponent in the duel getting faint — is a pretty touch of rude old chivalry — and so is the incident of the Casket — so is the conduct of the young man to Ian Ciar — Indeed everything in this Irish house on the lonely Monadh mòr is as good as need be — So is also the Robair ruadh — the Cairds wedding — and the conduct of the Cairds to the Gille (who is rather a soft fellow throughout) after the slaughter of the Bridegroom — and so is finally the interview with the King —

I hope you will like this tale whether you can make use of it or not — for I must say I like it myself very much — Lachlan Mac Niel was immensely delighted with it — He said it was no Uirsgeul this — it was an eachdraich quite true from beginning to end — Stories like this about the Gaisgich a bhi ann o'shean pleased him so much in his youth, that he professed they would have made a hero of himself if he had only managed to grow big enough — He was right in thinking they must have had their influence —

There are two phrases used more than once in the tale — which I

have perhaps not translated quite correctly one of them is "ag amhara gu "fiadhaich" which I have translated "looking fearfully" perhaps it would have been better to have said "looking wildly – or "looking savagely"

The other phrase is "duibhe beum" which I have translated "black beap" – but I daresay the more correct version of it would be "quick beap" or "lively beap" – I thought the word "duibhe" (I don't know if I spell it correctly) was perhaps connected in some way with dubh – black – and that "duibhe beum" might in that case be translated "black beap" with the sense of "threatening" "meaning mischief" – as the Nancy say – but this would be too far fetched maybe –

Told by Lachlan Mac Niel – Paisley

– Sgeul Alastair Arranach –

Alastair Arranach was born in Sky – to which place his Mother belonged – but his father was a native of Arran – and a great man there – Alastair was an illegitimate son – and brought up by his Mothers relations since he was never acknowledged by his father though he was called Arranach after him – But it came about in a length of time after this – when he came to age – that Alastair turned out a very strong man – and very heisd and he soon became – namely in the country all about – air a' dheireadh thall however smaointich e that he would go and take Arran on him – to sky and see his father and know if he would take to him at all – So he took down his sword and made ready – and away he went –

The ferry (to the mainland) was then kept by Mac
And when Alastair was coming near the ferry who should tachair on him but a Bodach liath – who stood and looked sharply on him – (gu geur) and – "I am of opinion that thou art Alastair Arranach" said the Bodach 'n ta 'sin do rinibh ris alastair – "art thou going to the ferry?" said the other – "It is that I am just thinking of going" said Alastair – "Well" – said the Bodach – "Thou hadst better be tapidh – for I see there is a storm coming on – and if thou dost nd make haste the ferryman will nd cros with thee to night – I myself will tell thee that

"to thee" — This is what the Bodach said and he went on his own way — "We will try at all events what we can do" said Alastair — So he came to the Ferry and he asked over (dh carr e tharis) — The boat was drawn up — it was like a storm — The Ferryman did not wish to go — "But it is must to thee" said Alastair Aranach — "But it is not must to me" — said the other ('s fheudar dhuit cha n'fheuda dhomb) For his people were as strong as any in Albin — and Mac ille challan Baara was a namely man himself —

"If thou dost not go then", said Alastair, "I will take the Biorlinn and go myself" said he — "Thou shalt not take the Biorlin nor go thyself" — said Mac Ille challan Baasa — But Alastair Arranach siezed the bow of the Biorlinn to push out into the sea — Then Mac Ille Challum Baasa grasped the stern to push into the shore — and they rose to pushing against each other — till they struck the toiseach and deireadh of the boat together — Then Mac Ille Challun Raasa looked the other in the face — and he asked him — "Art thou Alastair Arranach?" said he — and Alastair said — "I am the man". "I have heard of thee" said Mac Ille Callum Raasa "and better I like than the price of the Biorlinn that I have seen thee at last — But did anyone tachair on thee when thou wert coming here Alastair" —

Then Alastair told that he had met a Bodach liath a little bit away over there — "And what did he say to thee?" said Mac Callum "He told me," said Alastair "if I was not tapidh — that I would not get over the ferry to night" — "Did he know thee?" said the other — "He asked who I was and I told him" — quoth Alastair — "The red rascal" said Mac Ille Challum Raasa "he only wished to see us try one another" With that he gave a sail round and he saw the Bodach like to split his sides laughing — as he looked on the pair and the Biorlinn — After this Mac Ille Challum Raasa kept Allastair Arranach in his house till the Biorlinn was mended and he gave him a roghainn gach bithidh agus taghadh gach dimhidh — while he was with him — Alastair then went thairis and took away — In those days places were rough without rathadain mora and tighinn osda here and there — So Alastair had to do what best he could while seeking Arran — On a

day of days – That there was a heavy mist – and a mild rain – the evening was coming on Alastair was losing his way – But when night came he did not know any longer where he was at all – There was no house or place of shelter near him – He went wandering altogether till at last he saw a light and made for it – and although it was far from him – he was not far in reaching it – And what had he here but a house standing by itself – He went in – and he saw two young men – sitting one on each side of the fire – keeping faire on a corp that was lying on the eilsina – at the side of the house – They took a suil on Alastair as he went in – and then they bent their heads as before and they spoke nd a word to Alastair – He took a suil too and saw a place to sit on between the eilsenn and the door – He sat there – and put his sword across his two knees thinking nach ba mhoide nes h-aon na bu heise nes e fhein a' chuireadh a' mach e that night – When it was about 12 o'clock one of the Gillean òga rose and went out – Soon after the other rose quickly too and went out – but neither of them said a word to Alastair –

They were scarcely gone when a fuaim eagalach came round about the house that shook it all – The corp on the eilseinn shook too – agus air a dheireadh thug e lamh a chuidh mach as if people were carrying it to the door – But when it was going past – Alastair he laid hold of it and pulled it back again and put it lying as it was before – and Alastair then said to the Corp – "Do not thou stir thence again or see what will rise to thee."

Not long after this again there came a most fearful sound and glaoridh and uileag round the house – as if it was going to shake it all a pieces and throw the stones of it on top of one another – The corp took a dh'iomm suidh an dems pretty quick to be out once more – Leum Alastair and seized it and much spionnadh (pulling) he had before he took it back and kept it and put it lying as it was before – and Alastair said – "Lie thou there – and stir nd again or I will shew thee what will rise to thee" – And then he went and sat for a while where he was at first – But nd long after that – a third time there came fuaim eagalach and a cuidheadh like a dreadful storm – and it left no thatch on the roof but it took away with it – it was so wild – and then the Corp took a lamh air dd a mach as before and this time with it's head first – and not it's feet as formerly – and it went so quick that Alastair had only time with a' duidhe leum' to catch it's two feet as they were siubadh through the door – and he was obliged to fork it's two heels against the posts of the door before he could keep it in – it was carried with such force – He pulled with all his strength and a dh'aginn is dh' aindeoin what they could do – he kept the

corp back and returned it the third time to its own place and left it lying as it was at first — Then Alastair drew his sword and he said — "Lie still now or I will cut thee peacemeal if thou stir again" — But there was no more trouble put on him and the corp was quiet after that — Between that and the of the day Alastair heard an "Och! och! och! och!" in ceann dhios an tighe and he called out, "is there any body down there?" "There is" said he that was down "I am here" — And Alastair said — "What man then art thou — or what is the meaning of all this" "Och" says the other — A poor old man am I — come down where I am whosoever thou art." Then Alastair went down and he saw lying on a bed there an old man fann with age — And he asked him — "Is there any meat or drink in?" and the Bodach said — "There is plenty surely thou must be needful" and Alastair said — "Indeed I am — for I have eaten nothing for the last day and night —" So the Bodach showed him where he could get plenty to eat and drink and Alastair took some of it. Then he asked the Bodach what was the meaning of all yon and who were the Gillean òga that he saw last night — And the Bodach told him that they were his sons — and they were sitting last night keeping a faire on their brothers corp which was lying on the Eilsinn and this was a very strange Gille — He had always plenty of gold and silver about him — though there was no saying how he got it — And men at last and the people gave out that he had sold himself to the Donas — And they said that the Donas would get him surely at his death — for keeping gold and silver to him in plenty while he was alive — and this had likely been so — for it seemed that something strange had certainly been seeking him — and there was need that thou shouldst ame the way last night" said the Bodach —

It was soon daylight and Alastair rose after hearing this story and looked out at the door — and there he saw the first Gille that went out the night before lying dead on the dunan and the second lying dead scarcely over the threshold. So Alastair returned and told the Bodach how it was — And the Bodach said "cha n'eil arach air" and said he — "I hope thou wilt not go and leave me until everything is done about them as it ought to be — But now go round to the neighbours and tell them that the case is so" — So Alastair went and did as the Bodach told him — And he reached the neighbours and gave fhios to them of what had happened — and they all gathered to the house — and Alastair managed as best he could to get all ready for the burial — and when

that was over he left his blessing with the Bodach — and he went his way —

Alastair at once took on him to Arran and nothing remarkable happened further — till it fell out early one morning before breakfast time that he reached the house of his Father — He sent in word that one wanted to speak to him — And his Father came out and asked him what was his will — "I have come here" said to know if thou art my Father or not" — Then the other asked if he was Alastair Arranach — For he had heard about him — And Alastair said — "I am he" — Then said the other — "I am thy Father — I cannot deny that thou art my son — and I am happy to say I need not be ashamed of thee" — Said Alastair "heed was you should say so — For if you had denied me — your head would have been on one side and your body on the other."

His Father then took him in — made cridhealas to him — acknowledged him as his son and gave the place of a son to him —

When I got them together I left them and went and took my own way —

Ach Slàn leis na Laiòch a dh' fhalbh agus iomradh nan dàd fad sa bluos clin oiseau air a' shein — chionn be Gäel oisin —

The above story is given exactly as I heard it except the first sentence or two — which I have abridged from the original — as it entered more into details than I thought at all necessary for the understanding of the sequel — On looking it all over again — I find there is something unexplained in the conduct of the Young men to Alastair while they sat watching their brother's body — The reason of their going out at 12 o'clock one after the other hurriedly — is not stated either — nor the cause of nor manner of their death — Phhaps they were bound to the 'Donas' somehow along with their brother though that was not told to me — I give everything in the meantime as I got it — But when I see Lachlan Mac Niel again — I shall perhaps ask him to explain whatever seems as yet imperfect in his tale —

Told by Lachlin Mac Niel – Paisley

Jan Mac Ruaridh and his Bodach Uasal

These were two aoirean in Gllister one ri linne solistridh a bhi aig Guaridh The name of the one aoirean was Mac Arthur – and the name of the other was Mac Buarich – Bha Eilean mòr Phort na harar aig an àm sin a leantail ri fearan Alistridh till the Lighthouse was raised there –

Well a day that was there these two aoirean were ploughing in the Eilein Mòr – one of them following the plough and the other driving the horses – They were near to the cladh that is there – agus thainig fear a chram as they were going past – so close to the Cladh that he moved a stone that was near the edge of it, out of it's place – The man who was ag iomann the horses turned when he heard the grating sound – and he said – "It is not right for us to be ploughing above the graves here – Will thou not keep from them?" agus chàridh e a clach as it was before –

It was a fashion with people at that time when they stopped work to go and fish at the side of the shore and Jan Mac Ruaridh used to go to a certain carraig of his own – from which nobody ever fished but himself – though it was the very best place on the whole shore – But it was very difficult to get at – There was a geodha between it and the land which had to be stepped over and the geodha was deep and broad, and dangerous – Right above the place where Jan Mac Ruaidh stood as he fished – there was a hanging rock – corrach – steep and not in comas duine talmhain to come at

Well when Jan Mac Ruaidh had been fishing here for a while on the evening of that day – they were ploughing near the churchyard he heard a voice above him on this very rock saying – "Thou art fishing Jan Mac Ruaidh" – Said Jan – "I am" – as he turned round wondering how any one could have got up there above him – For he did not know how it was possible for man to get to the top of that rock – "Thou wast ploughing today in the Eilean mòr Jan Mac Ruaidh?" – said the voice – said Ruaridh – "I was" – "and you placed the stone where it was before in the Cladh Jan Mac Ruaridh" – Said the other – said Jan Mac Ruaridh – "I did" "When thou goest home tell Guaridh to meet me at

such and such a place" said the man that was above on the rock "and he will hear of what will better himself his son his grandson and his great grandson"

So when Ian Mac Ruaridh went home at night he told all this to his master But his Master did not go to the coinneadh notwithstanding Next day Ian Mac Ruaridh went to plough and in the evening when he came home he went to fish as usual He was not long there when a man again stood on the rock above him and called out to him and said "How art fishing Ian Mac Ruaridh" "Iam" said Ian I see thy Master did not do as I asked him last night But go thou and tell him to be sure and come to meet me tonight and I will tell him what will better himself his son his grandson and his great grandson"

So Ruaridh went home and he told his master that the man was not pleased that he had not gone to the Combat 'canal' But that he must be certain to go and meet him that night But now the story went round how Ian Mac Ruaridh was seeing a Bodach every night at the Fishing till at last there was nothing heard up or down the house but "Bodach ich Ian Ruaridh" Still Guaridh did not go to the tryste that night either and still the next evening when Ian Mac Ruaridh went to the fishing as usual he was not long there when a voice called out to him from the top of the rock "How art fishing Ian Mac Ruaridh "and that Iam" said Ian turning about for by this time he had grown quite familiar with the Bodach and was not a bit afraid of him "Thy master did not meet me last night as I wished him" said the Bodach "Well I am sure I told him at anyrate" said Ian "I know thou didst" said the other "and he was foolish not to come But I hear they say of me in the house 'Bodach Ian ich Ruaridh" said the man on the rock "Don't let them say that of me any more but always "Duine uasal Ian id Ruaridh" quoth the Bodach nasal up above

"I will allow them to say nothing else but that" said Ruaridh

Ian Mac Ruaridh went home and told all this and prayed his Master to go to the coinneadh But his Master did not go that night either The next evening at the fishing it was all the same thing over again only the "Duine uasal" this time bade him ask his Master to be at the tryste that night "a dhin dhin dhin"

Ian Mac Ruaridh besought his master to go that night in any case to the meeting "Tut" said Ian Mac Ruaridh "why should fear be on you?" said he to his Master

So Guaridh promised that he would go that night at any rate And when the time came he made himself ready He took a sword and dagger and a pair of pistols with him and away he went to the place appointed by the Bodach But although he went

he saw nothing—

When Ian Mac Ruaridh was at the fishing the next evening after this gain—Whom should he see but the Bodach Nasal in his old place once more—"Thou art fishing Ian Mac Ruaridh?" said he—"And that I am" said Ian Mac Ruaridh—"Thy master went to meet me last night" said the other." But as he went with pistols sword and dagger—he did not see me—though I saw him" said the Bodach Nasal "Yet his pistols sword and dagger would have done me but little harm—But go thou now and tell him that he was foolish not to come to meet me as he ought to have done—For I could have let him see what would befall himself—his son—his grandson—and his great grandson—And now he will never hear of or see me more"—And with that the Gentleman Bodach went away and left Ian Mac Ruaridh for ever after—

The above is the last of Lachlin Mac Neil's stories I have to tell on this occasion—But I expect to see him again very soon—I think next week at Mr. Taylor's house in Glasgow—I don't know whether you have a preference for one kind of story over others or not—So I always allow Lachlin Mac Neil to tell whatever he feels inclined to give himself—He has as yet confined himself to the West of Scotland—but I believe he has tales connected with other localities as well—He never mentioned a word I think, about Giants—monsters, enchantments, or talking animals in my presence—So I don't know whether he has got such things in his head or not—But has an unmistakable taste for Iapachd and the deeds of Heros—I can easily see that—

I asked him when I saw him the other day—if he knew any more stories about Waterhorses or Waterbulls—beside the one he gave me before—He said that he knew none except that—I then wished him to give the appearance of a Waterbull according as he might have heard it described—and he stated the following particulars—

The Waterbull was about the size of a Stirk—a yearold—He had small horns—small and sharp pointed ears—and on his tail he had no tuft like other cattle—He was very shy—very swift—and he always took to the water and disappeared on the least sight or sign of a human being—The last of them that was seen in Islay was in Loch Carabus—A place which is now called Caille Lamban—for the Loch has long been dry—Lachlan Mac Neil's Father was

one of the workmen about the Loch when it was drained— And as it happened it was on a Saturday evening that everything was got ready to let the water off— Mac Niels father was most anxious that they should wait till Monday morning before opening the drains— But as it was necessary to have the place as dry as possible for some other work which was to be begun on Monday they would not listen to him— And the drain was opened— However Mac Niel and two or three others resolved to stay as they were— at any rate until it was dark— for the sake of the chance they thought they might have of getting a sight of the Waterbull as he was leaving the Loch which of course he would very soon be obliged to do— Well they had not waited long when they actually did see something turning slowly round in the middle of the water— like a sack full of corn— And then at once disappearing again under the surface— Night coming on immediately afterwards they were obliged to give up their watch then and go home— And no more was ever seen of the Waterbull in Loch Carabus after that—

That is all that Lachlan Mac Niel could tell about the Waterbull—

Lachlan Mac Aulay— however— one of the herdsmen of Laggan— brings the 'Tarbh uisge' before us— in the following story of his— in a far grander light— than Lachlan Mac Niel— with his 'size of a year old'— was inclined to do—

Lachlan Mac Aulay's story is as follows exactly as he told it—

The Wild Bull and the Water Horse—

Told by Lachlan Mac Aulay Laggan, Islay

In one of the Islands here— on the side of the North (the name forgotten) there lwid a great Farmer before now— and he had a large stock of cattle— It happened one day that a Calf was born amongst them— which an old woman who lived in the place— ordered as soon as ever she saw it, to be put in a house by itself— and kept there for three years and fed on the milk of three cows— And as everything that this old woman said was always done in the Baile so also was this— But a long time after these things a servant girl went with the Farmer's herd of cattle to graze them beside a Loch— and she sat herself down near the bank— Here in a little while what should she see walking towards her but a man— (no description given of him) who asked her to "fasg" his head— She said— she was willing enough to do that— And so he laid his head down on her knee and she began to 'fasg' it for him—

But soon she got a great fright— For growing among the man's hair— she saw a quantity of Liobhragach an Loch— (a certain green weed that grows in Lochs and wells)

However she knew if she screamed there was an end to her — So she kept her terror on herself — and worked away at the fasgadh till the man fell fast asleep — The girl then untied her apron strings and slid her apron quietly to the ground — with it's burden on it — and she took her feet home as fast as ever she could — She was soon getting near the house — when she gave an eye behind her and saw her "earaid" after her in the likeness of a horse — He had nearly reached her when the old woman called out — to open the door of the wild bulls house — and in the minute out leaped the Bull — he about whom she had given such strange orders when he was a calf — but now he was grown very big and strong — He gave an eye round him — and then at once he made off to meet the horse — and when they met they fought — and they never stopped fighting — till they threw each other out into the sea — no one knowing which of them was the best — But the next day — the body of the Bull was found lying on the shore all torn and spoiled — and the horse was never more seen at all —

Lachlan Mac Aulay prefaced the preceeding story by remarking — "It is all perfectly true" — For I heard it myself from a lobster fisher who heard it all from an old man — who saw the whole affair" — A suggestion was made to Lachlan to substitute "old witch" for "old woman" — as being altogether more appropriate — to the circumstances of the case — But no — he would not agree to that — saying — "Well I suppose she was a witch — but I did not hear it" —

The name of the Island in which the occurrence narrated tok place — he said he could easily recover if it was of any consequence —

Unfortunately he was not asked to describe the 'wild bull' either as a calf or a full grown animal — nor the wild horse either in any of his shapes — But the Waterbull by his account — of it — would seem to have been a much more formidable and imposing creature than could ever be guessed from Lachlan Mac Nicls description — unless indeed there was more than one breed of it —

I got another story from Lachlan MacAulay which may be compared with part of one I sent lately about the "Water Witch" for in this too — there figures a woman — Malicious, swift, and strong — though not apparently in any way connected with the water — The catastrophe of the two stories also belongs, as you will see — pretty nearly to the same locality —

The origin of the name "Cnoc Augil"

Told by Lachlin Mac Aulay Laggan

A day that was yonder the Feinne were fighting at Traigh Ghruinard – and when the night came they put past their arms all in one place – and they went themselves to sleep – But next day when they were going to fight again they went for their arms – and there was nd a bit of their arms to be found – They could not think what had become of them – Till at last they saw the "Cailleach shie" and she away with them – about a quarter of a mile off, when they first saw her – There was nd one amongst the Feinne there could catch her unless Caiolte could do it – So Caiolte himself was sent after her – The Cailleach was going in madness – as if she were flying and when they came to Millarow strand she was blinding Caiolte with the sand and the spray she threw back with her feet on his face – and he was a long way behind her when they left the strand But a while after that he began to gain on her – for she was carrying the arms all this time and they were heavy – and that kept her back – till as they were raising the hill at Cnoc Augil he (in the ver end air a dheireadh thall) caught hold of her – and said – "Augil Aingil – is lu chulleadh Angel but thou shalt go no farther than this – till the head comes off thee – and with that he took her head off her – and the place is called 'Cnoc Augil' to this day –

Lachlan Mac Aulay could not tell who the Feinne were fighting with, on the occasion referred to abwe – but he concluded it was among themselves – A kind of Civil war as it were – The Strand where this Cailleach shie was killed by Caiolte seems to be still haunted by a great big woman very swift and apparently very strong –

I had occasion to travel from Port Eilean to Bridgend with a Bowmore Carrier once – And on the way across the hill he told me of the following adventure of his on the Strand one night –

He and a friend of his were croping the Strand from Port Eilean to Bowmore – It was a dark night and rainy and I daresay pretty well on to the early morning by that time – So not a creature was met by the carrier and his friend from the time they left Port Eilean until they reached the sands – But there all at once they became aware – that they had a fellow traveller – in the shape of a very large woman – with something like an immense sack on her back (Perhaps the

ghost of the Kingalian Arms above mentioned) This woman then kept between the Carrier's cart and the sea – and went along sometimes half in half out of the water – but always precisely on a line with the cart – neither before or after it at any time – The carrier I speak of is lame in both his feet – and does not know what walking is himself – so he has no mercy at all on his horses – and generally drives them in a short time to death – So when he observed this hugh woman with the sack on her back so very near him – he got a little alarmed and began to drive his horse faster faster faster – along until at last he had him going at full speed over the hard shand – But no matter whatever pace he went at – there was the woman with her hugh burden – going at the beak of the waves (gob na tuinne) just as he had at first observed her neither before or after his cart for a single moment – Until at some place or another on the way (perhaps Cnoc Angel) she suddenly and unaccountably disappeared –

"But did you not speak to her?" "O no" – said the carrier – "I had "nothing to do with her – nor do I believe that she had anything to do "with me – for all that she appeared to me – I am no minister to meddle "with those matters and to say what they are – or why they are here – or why "they are not there" –

All this was said in the dark night on a lonely road – with a notion perhaps that the words were being heard just then – by other than the mortal ears they were ostensibly addressed to –

The following story I used to hear about Bowmore – It was quite current there at one time – and appears to refer to a being somewhat similar to the Water Witch –

On the rocks that lie on the opposite side of Loch Enclaal to Port Charlotte – one dark and stormy night – there was a vessel wrecked – Three of the crew, the Mate and two sailors left the ship and proceeded for some distance along the shore – At last they landed – and the Mate with one of the sailors walked off to see and find some house or other near at hand – leaving the other Sailor in charge of the boat during their absence –

Close by this very place – where the man and boat were left waiting – there is a small stream runs into the sea – and this stream is haunted –

Well a short time after the Mate and sailor had left – their comrade who had stayed behind – thought he saw something ominous coming towards him along the strand – He jumped into his boat forthwith – and pushed it a little from the shore – A large dark object approached the watermark and stood there for a moment – It was like a pig – (Mar mhuc) – It disappeared however shortly – But only to be very soon succeeded by another animal – this time I think a wolf – but I am not quite sure – which approached in the same way as its predecessor – stood for an instant like the other – but as it too failed of reaching the boat – it disappeared in its turn – But only to come back once more – this time like an old woman. She came slowly along from the little brook like the others – paused before the boat as they did – tried to scramble into it – and had very nearly succeeded – in doing so – when the sailor who was hitherto dumb with terror cried out "God preserve me" or something of that sort –

In an instant the old woman changed into a great bright ball of fire flashed past the sailors eyes – and away over the stormy water – to sink with a roar far out in the bosom of the sea –

I remember very well if I had to pass this place at night long ago – how it used to require a slight effort of childish philosophy to keep at bay the kind of thrill that would come over me – as I prepared in the dark and stillness to step over the haunted stream of "Uisge na Duchallibh" –

I have heard two persons say that they saw or heard something supernatural about the place themselves – But the one of these mistook the wailing of the sea birds for the mournful cries of Spirits or "Sibrich" – and the other, I believe was undoubtedly lying –

I have got one other story yet – but I think I must reserve it – until the next occasion of my writing to you – which I daresay will be very soon – for as I have already stated I expect to meet Lachlan Mac Niel in Mr. John Taylor's house – on some evening of this week – This Mr. Taylor of whom I speak is a son of the late Mr. Colin Taylor's Bowmore – He is now settled in Glasgow in business – He is very intelligent – And like all really intelligent and cultivated Highlanders – I am sure in any part of the world – he is much interested in the success of your undertaking –

I hope you will find something useful to you in the preceeding sheets – but I can assure you – it affords me the very greatest pleasure to be able to gather such things and offer them to you – whether you can make use of them or not –

I am, My dear Sir,

Yours very truly (signed) Thomas Pattison —

J. F. Campbell Esq Jan^ry 28th 1861

Niddry Lodge — London —

Glasgow 28 Florence Place

Dec^br 3rd

My dear Sir,

I am sorry that I had no opportunity of returning you my best thanks for your most welcome present of the 'Popular Tales' earlier than now

But it was only the other day that the volumes were forwarded to me from Mr Hunter's in London — and I had no idea until I got them that you had been so kind as to leave a copy of them for me — I feel extremely gratified with my copy of the Highland tales — and I can assure you most sincerely that I shall ever continue to value so acceptable a gift — exceedingly highly both on its own account and for the sake of the author —

I am very happy to learn from all my reading friends that the 'Popular Tales' are eagerly asked for at all the circulating libraries here — One friend tells me that he has never been able to get a hold of the volumes yet — as they are always out when he happens to call for them —

I do trust they will meet with all the success which I think they deserve — It is quite refreshing to meet with such books and I hope they are only a prelude to further illustrations of what is popular and interesting in the Highlands and in danger of now being soon forgotten —

I should have told you from whom I got my stories — I gathered a good many more besides those I sent — which I would have written out and enclosed to you immediately after the others — but that I was afraid they would be of no use to you — as they would of course be all written in English and not in Gaelic — which I cannot write at all well —

The story of the "Smith and the Fairies" I got from a man named Duncan Mac Ludeor who lives in the "Lots" between Port Ellen & Bowmore — The story was given precisely as he told it to me, with the exception of one or two

slight additions got from other quarters –

The Story of the woman and the wild creature in the Pot Nahavan Island I got from Wm Maclean – Laggan who says he remembers hearing it told more than fifty years ago in the Rhinns –

All the time I got these stories – I took down a great many more – in my notebook – but I find on looking at them now – as they were written in pencil and as fast as I could that they are in some places nearly illegible – I send you a few of the shortest – and more easily deciphered of these along with this letter so that you may see of what sort they are – If they do you any good I shall be very happy but I daresay you are more than supplied already –

The stories which I now send you were got from the same man Duncan Mac Lucas whom I just mentioned – He is a great hand at telling stories And got so much into the humour of seeing his words taken down on paper at last – that he delivered a series of prophetic visions of his own to me – which he made me promise I would send to the Queen – as they concerned the future of this country – the doings of the Prince of Wales – the fate of Russia – China – India – Baalam and the false prophet – the Last Judgment and many more things besides – I have not yet sent them to the Queen however –

I got a great many stories from this man about the origin of the Clans – Alastair Mac Coll – Lachlan Mor – Witches – Superstitions – Fairies and scraps of old Legends of various sorts –

I am sorry that I did not send them all to you long ago when I could have easily read them – Some of them might have been of use to you – though I daresay – a good many of them you must already posess – I hope you will be able to make out those I now send as they have been rather hurriedly written – And once more thanking you most heartily for your charming present – And sincerely wishing so patriotic a publication as the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" every possible success –

I am – My dear Sir,

Ever yours most faithfully

(signed) Thomas Pattison

J. F. Campbell Esq.

The Macarthurs at Glasaridh had a large field which when they all gathered together as they were in the habit of doing in the spring time they used to plough up in one day—

On a certain occasion having finished their work earlier than usual they thought they would make a "Taoghainn"— It seems if you make a "Taoghainn" the "Mac Mollach" will come and tell you anything you ask him— The Mac Arthurs accordingly made their Taoghainn— and they asked to know what was in land or sea— and the "Mac Mollach" was obliged to show it to them—

One of their number at last— a strong man and a champion— got under the mouth of a Corri near the sea shore— and he called on all that was dead or alive within the sea to come and fight with him—

At once the sea began to roar and the waves rolled red and flaming up to the Corri where the Mac Arthur lay— But he got terrified when he saw this— and leaping out of the Corri he rushed along the land to escape— The sea still followed him however roaring and red and flaming— till at last the man reached Colonsay and ran breathless into a house there— where— as his good luck would have it— two women happened to be just then making a "teine eigin"— by rubbing two sticks together— This saved Mac Arthur— The last roll of the sea just reached the gable of the house he entered— and knocked a great hole in it— but immediately before the "teine eigin" the waves again receded and he was safe—

Caonnach (brath na brathinn) lay one night in his bed— and a voice came to him in his sleep to go to —— (I cannot make out the name) and he would there get— na beanta a mhac 'oc is ioroe— Caonnach brath na brathinn gave very little heed although he was poor— to this voice— He did not go to —— but stayed where he was—

Again however a voice came to Caonnach brath na brathinn in his sleep— and it told him to rise and take his axe— and build a house for himself wherever the Ax "Gad" broke— Caonnach was not rich— He could hardly live where he was— and he thought he might do worse than follow this advice— So away he

went with his ass and his white Cow — and all the little property he had left — and he built a house for himself where the Ass's "Gad" broke —

He had not been long in this house when a third time a voice came to Caonneach brath na brathinn in his sleep — bidding him rise and go to a certain bridge — and there he would get what would better his son — his grandson — and his great grandson —

Caonneach was by this time quite ready to obey the voice — So he rose and left his house — and never waited till he reached the bridge mentioned in his dream — And there for a whole fortnight he staid walking backward and forward on the Bridge and seeing nothing that he was the better of — Caonneach was getting tired of this work — when one day — at the end of a fortnight's "spaisdreachd" on the bridge a man spoke to him and said — "I have been on this bridge for the last fortnight — and I have met with you here — For what are you looking?" Caonnach told him his whole story — "Fool" — said the other — "see me — a voice came to me three times — It told me to come to this bridge and wait here until I met with Caonneach brath na brathinn — and I should get what would better myself — my son — and my grandson — for where the 'Cipean' of the ass was left fixed in the ground — when the 'Gad' broke I should get a corri full of gold —"

"You are the fool now," said Conneach — "for to my certain knowledge — such a man as Caonnach brath na Brathinn — is not to be found between earth and sky We had better both go home and give up our search for treasure —" On this they left a blessing with each and parted — Caonnach found the Cairn full of gold as the man had told him — became a rich man — bought much land — and left behind him what bettered his son — his grandson — and his great grandson —

Once upon a time — a shoemaker in Ireland — ran out of leather — There were two prentices worked with this shoemaker — but now he had nothing for them to do — He was in his rest himself (na thámh) and so were they — It happened thus that he was standing one evening as it was growing dark at the end of his own house with his shoulder to the wall and thinking heavily in his own mind — That had been a Market day at Coleraun — and the shoemaker took no wonder when he saw four horses and two riders coming towards him — Said they — "Is this you shoemaker?" "Yes" said he — "I think you have run out of leather" said they to him "I have", said he, "but God will send a loosening —" "Jump up on one of those horses" said they — "and we will

give you work and leather immediately" He jumped up – In a minute the horse rose so high that he touched the tops of the houses – "Where are you going in this way?" said the shoemaker – "It is before us" said they – "to go a spriol do Lunnainn"

To London they came – They stopped in the middle of a sheet – and they leaped off their horses –

"Dont leave that" and hold the horses" said they to the shoemaker – This was the very sheet where a brother of the shoemakers was – and on his looking in at a window – whom should he see but his brother – He knew him at once and on one of the men coming back – said the shoemaker "There's a brother of mine living here" – "We know all about that" said the other man – "Keep this till I speak to him" said the Shoemaker – "It's not long since I gave him a hundred pounds in loan" – The man held the horses – and the shoemaker went into the house – "Where did you come?" said his brother – "Just now" – said he – "Sit down" – said the other – "I will not sit" said the shoemaker – "I am in a hurry – give me the hundred pounds I lent you – I have run out of leather – and have no way of getting on without it –"

His brother counted out to him every sixpence – He put it in his pocket and took himself out (ghabh e mach) and seized the reins – The street by this time was full of wine – clothes – gold and many other things the two men had gathered – They loaded the spare horse – "Jump up" said they – He did that – and they all came home to the Shoemaker's house which was two miles from Colerain – Said they – "Have you any bread to give us?" – "None under the roof tree" – said he – One of the men jumped out – he brought in a cow in a minute and killed it – and they ate enough – They had the hide made into leather before the morning when they went away – leaving a cask of wine and a cask of rum with the shoemaker – and taking with them the rest of the goods – Next day there was a search made for the dun cow – but it could nowhere be found – At last they came to the shoemakers house –

"I know what you want" said he "the dun cow" – "It is" said they "go no farther" – said he – "I am making shoes of her hide" – They laughed at this – "How is that possible" said they – "Possible or nd" – said he – "so is the thing" – They at once sent word for the Laird – The shoemaker told him the whole affair

and was forgiven — and so there my story ends —

The name of the Doideag Mhuileach's daughter was Mogan Dubh — She had nearly as much knowledge of witchcraft as her Mother — and she used to wander about the land with a son who was her only child —

It happened when this boy was about fourteen years of age that he and his Mother ran completely out of food — "You stay at home this time and I will go and provide for both" — said the boy — "I am afraid you are too young," said his Mother and can do no good" — He asked her for her cloak and cap and away he went and never stopped till he reached Glasgow —

Mogan Dubh's son was very fond of money — so he thought he would enter a shop and take away from it what he could get — He went in that minute — The man who kept the shop suspecting Robbers kept a watch — and they were gathered together that very night — The boy came to the door and said ("nak and sneck" The words in the note book almost illegible here) and the door immediately opened — He took with him a great deal from that shop — The watchers still within but not observing him — Unfortunately when he entered it last he left his cloak on the heap of goods he had made outside — and the door would not open and he could not get out —

The Master came in the Morning from his own house — He found the boy in his shop — but no one saw what he had taken outside and left in the street —

Mogan dubh's son was immediately taken before the Baillie and sentenced to be hanged at once — without delay — before the door of the shop he had broken into — When brought there — he asked as a favour that they would let him go for a minute — No sooner was he freed than he snatched the cloak from where he had left it — "Hilloa for Mull" — said he — and away he and the goods went and they saw no more of them —

A woman reaping in a field by herself happened to cut the leg off a frog that was slow of getting out of the way of her reaping hook —

"Don't put that burden off you," said the woman, "till I am about you" — (kinchioll ort)

That very night — a man and horse came to this woman's door and carried her off — and

brought her to a hill in Kelso – and there she saw ban bighanna an' eiream thuidhe air a-h-asaid – She staid with her until she was safely delivered – and afterwards there was nothing that the woman could ask but the Lady of the Yellow Isle was willing to do for her –

A Smuggler at Nairabus – sitting on the ground one day – while waiting for his dinner – near where he had his still – heard all at once a sound of laughter and rapid talking immediately behind him – He thought it was a lot of children coming with his own little girl – who usually brought him his dinner. But on looking over the brow of the hill on which he was sitting – what did he see but a large company of the "Daoine beaga" about the size of bottles each of them – laughing busily to one another and grinning at him – showing as they did so – every one of them – a set of long teeth to the smuggler – about the length of one of his fingers – Within a week after this every drop of whiskey which the smuggler had in his possession was ordered for a funeral –

This Story – says my informant – was told to somebody – I forget whom – by this very Smuggler himself – while sitting on board a Smack on the coast of Ireland – "Agus he duine – "purpose" é-nach innseadh breag –"

November 1863. From Lady Caroline Charteris

Monday's bairn is fair o face
Tuesday's bairn is fu' o grace
Wednesday's bairn 's the bairn of woe
Thursdays bairn has far to go
Friday's bairn is loving and giving
Saturday's bairn works hard for it's living J.F.C born 29 Dec 21
But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
Is happy and bonny, and wise and Gay.

July 11. 1880 Cas L Granville
2d son born.

