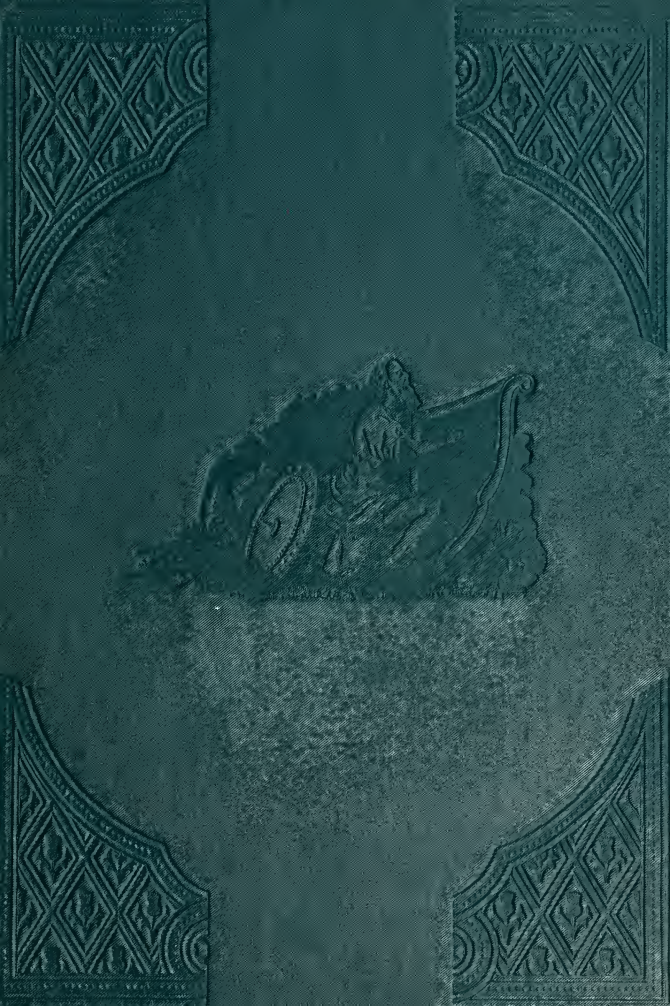

Blair. 54.

NEIL MACLEOD.

THE

Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, Kingston, Glasgow.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW: ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Celtic Press, 10 Bothwell Street,
JOHN MENZIES & CO., and WILLIAM LOVE.
EDINBURGH: NORMAN MACLEOD, and JOHN GRANT.
INVERNESS: WILLIAM MACKAY, and JOHN NOBLE.
OBAN: THOMAS BOYD, and HUGH MACDONALD

1893.

Printed for the Proprietor by Archibald Sinclair, Celtic Press, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 1. Vol. I. OCTOBER, 1892. Price, Twopence.

NEIL MACLEOD, The Skye Bard.

NEIL MACLEOD is not only a poet himself but is the son of a poet, his father being *Dòmhnull nan Oran*, (Donald of the Songs) who published a collection of his own poems in 1811. Neil, the subject of our sketch, was born in Glendale, Skye, and is without doubt chief among the living Gaelic Bards, some of his songs being at present the most popular at Celtic concerts. Purity of style and idiom, grace of diction and freshness of thought, may be said to be the characteristics of his poetry. Some years ago he published a collection of his poems—"*Clàrsach an Doire*," and the variety of popular songs, all sweet and singable, which it contains is seldom met with in the works of any single Bard. No better proof can be given of the popularity of the *Clàrsach* than that the first edition has been exhausted some time ago, and that a new and enlarged one is now in the press. He is at present Bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, a post to which he was appointed on the death of Mary MacKellar, while he is also an active member of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and has read several valuable papers at its meetings. Obliging and affable in his manner he is a general favourite among the sons of the Gael, and *Eilean-a'-cheò* has every reason to be proud of her son. May he long live to wear his laurels and tune his *Clàrsach* to delight his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad with new songs of *Tìr nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach.*

DUTHAICH NAN LAOCH.

Air Fonn:—"*Fair a nall dhuinn am botul.*"

Tha m' inntinn le dùrachd 'an dùthaich nan laoch,
Nan coireachan ùdlaidh, 'us stùcan an fhraoich;
Nan cluaineagan cùbhraidh, 's nan srùlagan caoin,
'S nan cruinneagan cliùiteach a dhùisgeadh mo ghaol.

'N uair 'dh' éireas a' ghrian ann an sgiamhachd a glòir,
A' deàrrsadh mar sheudan air sléibhtean a' cheò;
Na blàthan fodh 'n driùchd air an crùnadh le òr,
'S feadh ghleann agus chrann cha bhi ganntar air ceòl.

'S i dùthaich nan treun leis an éireadh gach buaidh,
'S nam fiùranach gleusda nach géilleadh 's an ruaig;
'N uair a thàirneadh iad geur-lannan beumnach á truaill,
Bhiodh euchdan 'us creuchdan 'g an reubadh roimh 'n
cruaidh.

Gu curanta làidir cha 'n fhàsadh iad trom,
A' sgiùrsadh gach nàmhaid 's an càbhlach bho 'n fhonn,
'S ge gruamach 's na blàir iad mar bhàrcadh nan tonn,
Bha càirdeas 'us bàigh ann an nàdur nan sonn.

Chaidh an àlach a' ruagadh gun truas ás na glinn,
'S am fuadach thar chuantan mar uallach gun bhrigh;
Ach deargaidh am buadhan 's an suairceas 's gach tìr,
'S an dualchas a fhuair iad cha 'n fhuaraich e chaoidh.

Ach tillidh na fiùrain gu dùthaich nan laoch,
'Us dùisgidh ar rùn dhi as ùr ann an gaol;
Bidh ceathairnich lùghmhor a' tionndadh gach raoin,
Gun eagal, gun chùram, roimh mhùiseag nam maor.

'S ri cogadh no tagradh a bhagras ar crùn,
Ma thogar a' bhratach ri caismeachd a' chiùil;
Théid gillean nam breacan mar 'chleachd iad bho thùs,
Air toiseach nan gaisgeach gun taise 'n an gnùis.

Niall MacLeoid.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

By Annie MacKay.

I.—THE ENSIGN'S COMMISSION.

STRATHNAVER is a beautiful glen on the north coast of Sutherland. It is sheltered on either side by a range of hills, and is about twenty-five miles long. At the south end of the glen lies Loch Naver—a fine sheet of water about eight miles long, and from the loch flows the river Naver, and for nearly twenty miles, it meanders through the fertile valley, until it flows into the sea at Inver-Naver. The cultivated land consisted of the sunny slopes of loch and river. The houses were built at the top of the slopes, so that they commanded an extensive view: the hills around afforded good grazing to the sheep, horses, and cattle. The houses were built of stone, and thatched with straw or rushes; some of them had only a "butt" and a "ben," but others were large and commodious.

At the door of one of the large houses, a middle-aged beautiful woman stood and gazed anxiously at the opposite hills. She was tall and graceful, very plainly dressed in a dark home-spun, but a cambric handkerchief round her neck relieved its sombreness, and her snowy mutch surmounted a mass of dark wavy hair with innumerable threads of silver. There was a dreamy sadness in her eyes, and her lips moved as if in prayer.

Suddenly she caught sight of a young man who bounded down the hill and across the river like a deer. She saw by his buoyant manner that his quest had been successful, and her heart sank. Catching sight of his mother, the young man threw his blue bonnet in the air, and waved some thing over his head. In a few minutes he was by her side, laughing, panting, a son to gladden any mother's heart, full of life and manly beauty. "Mother, I've got my commission," he cried, "are you not glad? and I am going away next week." This had been the one dream of his life, and in its realization, he forgot the pain he was giving his mother. She put her hands on his shoulders, and looking mournfully in his bright young face, said, "No, boy, I am not glad; forgive me, if I vex you, but I had so hoped this would not happen; however, I will try to make the best of it now, and put no further obstacles in your way." Hugh kissed her gratefully, and said, "Mother, that is good of you: I hope you will be proud of your son yet."

"I am proud of him now," she said, regretfully, "and that makes me so loth to part with him."

Hugh laughed. "He is not much to be proud of, and a few years will soon pass. I am going to Langdale, now, to tell the Gordons. Donald is going to enlist, and I should have to do the same, if father had not been so good."

"What will Margery say to it?"

Hugh's face flushed. "She won't mind, mother. She says every man should be a soldier, —at least every MacKay should, and I quite agree with her."

But though he answered his mother, lightly, the question would recur to him again and again, What would Margery think? Would she be sorry? Who would take her to the peat cutting, the harvest homes, and the dances at the New-Year; who would ride with her to church on the Sundays? Hugh knew that many young men of his acquaintance would be very glad to do these kindly offices for Margery Gordon, but somehow, he could not reconcile himself to the thought of anyone doing what he had done for so long a time; then all at once it flashed upon his mind that Margery might be married before he returned: that thought was overwhelming. He sat down by a grey boulder, and then he knew that he loved Margery, and that to part with her would be the hardest wrench of all. He would tell her at once; there was no time to lose. Then, all at once, an overpowering shyness took possession of him, and a reluctance to see Margery; he would go home and tell her next day. He stood for a few minutes, irresolute, when all at once, Margery stood beside him. She was daintily dressed in the tartan of her clan, and a scarf of the same was thrown over her shoulders. Very quiet, she looked, but Hugh thought that surely Margery had been transfigured. She had never looked so beautiful before, and certainly, in spite of her plain tartan dress, her home-made shoes, and her bare head, a duchess might have envied her; envied her the glint of gold in her rippling hair, the peach bloom on her rounded cheeks, the clear light in her soft brown eyes, and the gracefulness of every movement.

"So you have come back, Hugh. What news?" she said, in a soft musical voice.

"I have got my commission," stammered Hugh, "I am now an Ensign in the 93rd."

Margery clapped her hands. "Well, that is good news, but I suppose your mother is not glad," for she had seen the seriousness in the lad's face.

"No she is'nt, and I don't think I am either," he said, shortly, for he thought Margery did not care, and they had been such old friends.

Margery asked, "When do you go away?"

and when he answered "next week," she was startled. She thought it might be a year hence, it might be any time, but, next week! Hugh had been so good to her, and she began to wonder what she would do without him, her life would be so lonely.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "I am so sorry." He looked up, and saw there were tears in the sweet, brown eyes. He never knew how it happened, but the next moment he was holding her in his arms, and pouring out the old, old, story, old as the hills around them, and yet new, and strange, and full of magic to them.

Margery was clinging to him, and he kissed the sweet, tearful face, and said, "Love of my heart, thank God, come weal, come woe, I am ready!"

Then a great silence fell on these two souls. A silence more eloquent than words. They looked in each other's eyes, they held each other's hands. The past, the future, everything was forgotten except the revelation that came to him in that supreme moment.

The sun set in a blaze of glory, the deep red of the heather became invisible, the purple hills standing clear against the blue sky, became black, the stars came out one by one, the moon rose, the river murmured its sweet song on its way to the sea, but they knew it not.

At the door, shy Margery slipped away, and Hugh had to prefer his request, and make his confession by himself, but John Gordon, who had known him ever since he was a child, received him kindly, and genial, large-hearted Mrs. Gordon made his task easy. The two brothers, Donald and Evan, said they had known it long ago, and were much more interested in his "commission." Donald declared he was going without a commission: he would fight for promotion. "We'll go off," he said, "with Rory Ban, next week; that will be jolly!"

After a time, they went to fetch Margery, who was made much of, then Hugh left for home, being accompanied by the two brothers, and, before parting, they arranged a hunting expedition to Ben Hee on the morrow.

Some time after Hugh's departure to Langdale, his father returned from the hills where he had been inspecting his stock, and having a quiet shot as well. Ian MacKay,—commonly called "Rhifail," after his place, and because there were so many MacKays in the district, they had to have distinctive names,—came into the house in his usual genial manner.

"Well, Margaret!" he called out heartily, "has Hugh returned, and what news?"

"He has got his commission, and has to leave next week," Margaret answered sadly.

"Is't he very pleased? Where is he now?"

"He is pleased, poor boy, and has gone to Langdale to tell the Gordons. I fear Donald will go off with him, and I think Hugh will find it hard to part with Margery."

"Is that so?" said Rhifail, delightedly. "She is the bonniest lassie in the Strath, and the best. I'll just go and meet him, and see if he has succeeded." and singing a snatch of a Gaelic song, he went out. He turned back to say something, but the song died on his lips, as he saw the pathetic sadness, almost despair, in his wife's eyes.

"Poor Margaret!" he muttered to himself, "She is so fond of that boy, and the parting will be terribly hard. I must try to make it up to her, and, please God, he will come back to gladden her heart some day."

Margaret stood in the door, till her husband was out of sight: he was older than herself by twenty years. The lover of her youth had been a soldier, and she shuddered when she thought of his fate. When Ian of Rhifail's mother died, to whom he had been devoted, he made up his mind that the old house was very lonely without a mistress, and went courting the "fair, pale Margaret" of Syre. She refused him again and again; she told him that her heart was in her lover's nameless grave, but Rhifail persevered, and would not take "no" for an answer. His kindness of heart, his tenderness, and his unfailing cheerfulness, at last won her consent, and all that was left of her love. She devoted herself to her husband, and he, as all the neighbours said, "worshipped the ground she trod." He strove in every way to make her happy, and when her child was born, she blest God, and was happy in very truth. This child became the very apple of her eye, the very core of her being. In the year 1800, when he was only six years of age, the "Fiery Cross" sped through the glen, the clan "gathering" sounded, and in a few days, 800 men joined the newly formed 93rd or Sutherland Highlanders, and marched away. It made a deep impression on the child's mind, and from that day he determined to be a soldier. He was sent to school to Inverness, and it was hoped that in time he might change his mind; but no, it grew stronger as he grew older, and his father, at last, seeing that his mind was irrevocably fixed on a military career, gave his consent, and promised that when twenty years of age, he would buy him a commission. The mother opposed it as long as possible, but the boy was determined, and at last, she too, had to give her consent.

Hugh's love for sweet Margery Gordon, which his mother foresaw, long before the boy even thought of it himself, made it still harder. She

shuddered to think that a fate similar to her own might befall the young girl. She knew that her married life had been very placid and quietly happy, but had young Willie, of Achool, come home and claimed her, how different that life would have been! The wild thrill that passed through her at the bare thought, warned her to pursue it no further. She felt it was a disloyalty to the dear, good man, that so far as he could, made her life so happy. Her regrets, she thought, were sinful, and her intense love for her boy, at times, made her feel unhappy.

(To be continued.)

LETTER TO LORD MACDONELL AND AROS, 1665.

It is not often that a letter so full of general interest as the one now given, is found of such an early date. In those times, letters were few, and only written as a rule in connection with some single pressing matter. The writer, a clansman, and apparently Edinburgh "Doer" for Lord Macdonell contrives to give a good deal in small space. Lord Macdonell was a great favourite with Charles the Second, who not only ennobled, but befriended him in many ways, yet he seems to have been constantly in pecuniary difficulties, and his estates adjudged for debt over and over again. Lord Macdonell frequently resided at Kingsmilns, near Inverness, and though a vassal of the Burgh as heritor of Drakies, acted most arbitrarily in his dealings with Inverness. So far as concerned Parliament, MacKintosh was decreed rightful owner of Glen Lui, and Loch Arkaig, yet it did not in the end avail. Loch Arkaig it is understood does not freeze. The ancient enmity between the Frasers and MacKenzies is referred to; the tradition being that it will not be quenched, until the rivers of Beauly and Conan run deep in blood. The old spelling is not observed.

"My Lord,

"I have received your Lordship's letter of the 10th of this instant, whereby I conceive that your Lordship has not fully taken up what was in my last, but I hope your Lordship will excuse my ill penning; also as to be over free, at such a distance I have no will of it, being uncertain or no whether it will come to your hands. As for your Lordship's neighbours in the north, they are so doubtful among themselves, that they are always preparing for the worst, especially in providing arms. It is as well known to the name of MacKenzie and as commonly reported among them, that your Lordship looks after them, as it is to your agent here, and they boast much that they will be in readiness expecting it. It is not enough for them to have the profit, but they must brag of it. The Laird of Balnagown has charged Seaforth, Tarbet, and several of the name of MacKenzie, but none of them did compear as yet. Seaforth is gone to the Lewis, which I would not believe, were not Sir James' post tells me that he was three days with them in Trotternish; for they use to give out still that he will be there whenever he is called for here. He dare not come here for the Horning and Caption that my Lord Crawford has obtained against him for His Majesty's feu duties. The MacKenzies fail not to do their best endeavour to put your Lordship and the name of Fraser by the ear. If they can get it done by their instigation it will not be wanting. The Stewart of Appin, and Macdougall was at Inveraray, when Maclean was there, but made no settlement with Argyll as yet. When the Oath of Supremacy and Allegience was offered them, they sought continuation of days which was granted, and is so still as yet; Glenco remains at home constantly. This place is very throng with the Session now, and those that has been fined, is still coming in to know their fine. Several came here of the gentlemen about Inverness that is fined; that is, four or five of the name of MacKintosh. They left the Laird by the way coming on. Locheil is not come as yet, he is but weak after a fever. In my last I wrote that there were three of Macnartin's men killed—there was but one killed and two wounded. Sir James' post informed me of bad news from Glengarrie that there was five of them drowned upon Loch Arkaig that was crossing over upon the ice. Angus Vic-Ian was one of them; Donald Vic-Coil-Roy's son, and Murchie MacKinnon, but the other two he could not remember their names. I neglected formerly to acquaint your Lordship that Corrimony longs much for your Lordship's answer concerning his particulars. I spoke several times to James Peter anent the answer of your Lordship's letter, but I am afraid he is not so diligent in this; he doubts much that it be done after the way your Lordship desires it. He shows me that he was at the man oft times, but that he put it off from time to time till he considers it. I do not know what the loaket (sic) money comes to, but I heard that it will not be so much as I expected. I suppose that MacKintosh is come to the town, but he has not been abroad yet. The council intends to settle him in Locheil ere he goes home if possible. Mr. Clinton is at the point of death. I can say nothing as to the Coach, nor what rightly belongs to it; when he was in condition to speak his reason was for fear of inconvenience, but the keeping of it will draw deep. I hope to write to your Lordship next week, but fear I must go without a direction. This being all at present but that I am your Lordship's most obedient servant, (signed) Alexander Mackdonell, Edinburgh, January 15th, 1665. For The Right Honble The Lord Mackdonell, at Captnine Anthony Tayler's, near Charing Crosse, London, These."

C. Fraser-MacKintosh.

The Paisley Gaelic Club have their opening concert on Saturday evening, *30th October*, Mr. John MacKay, Kingston, in the chair.

The Clan MacLean Society celebrate their first annual Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, on *28th October*, under the chairmanship of the chief—Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., of Duart and Morven.

THE OLDEST GAELIC CHARTER.

THE following is a copy of the earliest Gaelic charter extant. It was granted by Donald, Lord of the Isles, to Brian Vicar MacKay, in 1408. This vicar, known in Islay as *Mac Aoidh na Rinna*, (MacKay of Rhinns), was gifted with prophetic vision, and quite a number of his predictions are firmly believed in by the natives of that island. Brian Vicar MacKay has no lineal descendant in Islay. In the churchyard, on Isle Oarsay, rest his mortal remains. It is said that the Vicar's prophecies were written down by his son-in-law, Marmaduke Mackay, and the MS. was believed to be at one time in Inniswen, in the north of Ireland. I have also seen it stated that it was deposited in Scots' College, Paris, but although search was made there recently, no trace of the MS. could be found. It is said that the MS. ended with the words, probably addressed to the reader,—"*Cuillear thusa ach cha chuillear mise*:" (You will be lost, but I won't be lost,) and if he was a true prophet, the MS. should yet be recoverable.

The charter was written by Fergus M'Beth, or Beaton, "Fercos" being the only one of the four witnesses able to write his name, the others signing with a mark. He evidently belonged to the famous family of physicians of that name, and was probably, at the time, physician to the Lord of the Isles. King Robert II. granted to Ferchard Liche, or "The Leich," all the islands on the Sutherland shore, from Stoer Head to the Point of Armadale, in Melness and Hope, in the Parish of Tongue. (See Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, Vol. II.) The late Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan, LL.D., who deciphered the MS. says "The style of the charter is that of the usual feudal charters written in Latin, but the remarkable thing is to find a document of the kind written in Gaelic, at a time when such a thing was almost unknown in the Saxon dialects of either England or Scotland." In that interesting and valuable work, "The Literature of the Highlanders," by Rev. Nigel MacNeill, London, reference is made to this MS. the author remarking that "the Gaelic of the charter, written 484 years ago, is the same as that spoken in Islay at the present day. One word *bràth*, "ever," is spelt phonetically, just as it is pronounced now in the dialect of the island."

AN AINIM DE, AMEN.

"ATAIMSE MAC DOMHNAILL ag bronnagh agus tabhairt en mhairg deg go leith dhearann uainn phein agas om oighribh do Bhrian Bhicaire Mhagaodh agus do oighribh na dhiaigh go siorthuighe suthain ar son a sheirbhise . . . . . dauh phein agus dom athair romham agus so air chumrag agus air chonghioll go tteobhraidh se fein agus idsan dhamsa agus dom oighribh an dhiaigh gu bliadhnamhail ceithre ba ionmharbhtha chum mo thighe agus a cas nach biadh na bath soin a faghail bhearadh an Brian huas agas oighriogh dhomhsa agus dom oighribh am dhiaigh da mharg agus da fhichit marg ar son na mbo ceeadna huas. Agas ar na habharuibh ceeadna ataimse dom cheanghal fein fein agus ag ceangal moighriogh um diaigh gu deiriogh an bheatha na fearaimn soin moille re na dthornibh mara agus tire do sheasamh agas do chonghbhail don mbhriain bhiocaire Mhagaodh huas agus do oighribh go siorthuighe na dhiaigh mar an ceudna. Agus as iad go na fearainn thugas dho fein agus da oighribh go brach iadhon Baile bhiocaire Machaire Learga riabhoige. Ciontragha, Graftol, Tocamol, Wgasgog, Da ghleann astol, Cracobus, Cornabus, agas Baile Neaghtoin. Agus ionmas go mbiadh brigh, neart, agus laidireacht ag an mbrontanas so bheirim uaim, ceanglam aris me fein agus moighriogh go siorthuighe fo ceunrag so do sheasaibh agus chonghbhail don mbrian reimhraite, agus do oighribh na dhiaigh go deiriogh an beatha, le cuir mo laimhe agus mo sheala sios an so a lathair na bfhioghain so so sios agas an seiseamh la do mis na bealtuine agas an bhliadhan so do bhreith Chriosta Mile. ceithre ced. agus a hocht.

McDOMHNAILL.

EOIN MAC DOMHAILL.
PAT: MC ABRIUIN.
FERCOS MAC BETHA.
AODH MC CEI.

[TRANSLATION.]

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I, MACDONALD, am granting and giving eleven mark and a half of land from myself and from my heirs, to Brian Vicar MacKay and to his heirs, after him for ever and ever, for his services . . . . . to myself and to my father before me; and this on covenant and on condition that he, himself, and they shall give to me and my heirs after me, yearly, four cows fit for killing for my house. And in case these cows shall not be found, the above Brian and his heirs shall give to me and my heirs after me, two marks and forty for the same above cows. And for the same cause I am binding myself and binding my heirs after me, to the end of the world, these lands, together with their fruit of sea and land, to defend and maintain to the above Brian Vicar MacKay, and to his heirs for ever after him in like manner. And these are the lands I have given to him and his heirs for ever, namely,—Baile-Vicar,

Machaire, Leargariabhoighe, Ciontragha, Graftol, Tocamol, Ugasgoe, the two Glennastol, Cracobus, Cornabus, and Baile-Neaghtoin. And in order that there may be meaning, force, and effect, in this grant I give from me, I again bind myself and my heirs for ever under covenant, this to uphold and fulfil to the aforesaid Brian and his heirs after him to the end of the world, by putting my hand and my seal down here, in presence of these witnesses here below, and the sixth day of the month of the Beltane, and this year of the birth of Christ, one thousand, four hundred, and eight.

McDONALD.

JOHN MAC DONALD.
PAT: MAC ABRIAN.
FERGUS MAC BETH.
HUGH MC CEI.

It may be stated that the lands granted to the Vicar have passed through the hands of more than one family since, and now, neither a MacKay nor a MacDonald owns any land in Islay.

FIONN.

THE HOOPED BOULDER.

On the beach, near the glebe of Farr, there might have been seen about the year 1759, an object not unlike a piece of rock overgrown with seaweed. It was only at very low tides that it was wholly visible.

One afternoon, Betty—the minister's niece, went with two or three other women from the manse to the shore to gather sea-ware for manure; a part of the farm drudgery which the lords of the croft rarely assisted at.

It was neap-tide, and Betty was enabled to go further out than usual, and was in the act of pulling the seaweed off the supposed rock, when she thought she saw something like hoops, similar to those she had seen around casks at the village store, only much blacker; the tide was, however, rapidly rising, and a closer examination could not be made.

That evening, when the household were gathered round the peat-fire in the roomy kitchen, she told what she had seen on the little rock; how it had "girrs" or "hoops" on it; but she was only laughed at.

The minister—the Rev. George Munro, who was sitting quietly in a great arm-chair in the corner, overheard her queer story, and remarked that the boulder stone was there before he was born, and would be there long after they were all away, so Betty was silenced.

The goodman, however, continued to think about it till his curiosity was aroused, and he secretly resolved that he would make a thorough examination of the boulder. Next day, at the ebb of the tide, he proceeded to the shore, where he found Betty and her women again busy gathering the harvest of sea-ware. Calling her to accompany him, they went to the rock, and set to work to strip off the luxuriant growth of seaweed by which it was thickly covered and securely anchored. To their surprise, hoop after hoop began to appear, then it yielded to a vigorous push, and when completely stripped of its marine coating, the supposed "everlasting boulder" was seen to be a real well-hooped cask of about fifty gallons capacity. It only remained now to get it up to the manse, which the other women soon accomplished, rolling it with the greatest care.

It was quite an event in the evening to watch the cask being tapped, when out flowed a rich amber-coloured liquid, the very smell of which made their teeth water. A jug-full was handed to the minister, who reverently offered up a blessing, and cautiously tasting it, pronounced it to be "small beer." The jug then went the round, and no one dared to dispute his dictum, nor his imperative order that it was only to be drawn with his permission; but all pronounced it the best "small beer" they had ever tasted.

Soon afterwards, a distinguished visitor who had seen a great deal of the world, called at the manse, and was given a cup-full of the beer as a special mark of hospitality, at the same time being told the story of the find. Judge of his surprise, when, on putting it to his lips, he discovered that he was being treated in that remote district of the far north, to a delicate Malaga wine of the finest vintage. As might be supposed, special supervision was henceforth exercised over the cask while its contents lasted.

Dr. Richard Pococke,* bishop of Ossory, tells in his "*Tours in Scotland*," that when in Sutherland, in 1760, he was on more than one occasion presented with Malaga wine, and as he also records that he was entertained to dinner by the Rev. Mr. Munro, the inference is tolerably strong that *he* must have been the distinguished visitor referred to, who first discovered the real nature of the contents of the "hooped boulder." It is very probable that the wine formed part of the cargo of some vessel lost on the north coast.

The venerable Free Church minister of Creich—the Rev. Gustavus Aird, D.D., a grand-nephew of the Farr minister, corroborated the facts of this story to me, thus linking a curious tradition of nearly a century-and-a-half ago, with the present day.

D. W. KEMP.

* Dr. Pococke's "*Tours in Scotland*" were recently published for the first time, from the original MS. in the British Museum, by the Scottish History Society, under the editorship of Mr. Kemp (*Ed.*)

Poetry.

MY JENNIE.

They're spoiling my darling, my Jennie !
Those grand folks who took her away—
The bonniest lass among many,
She made our dull village-home gay.
Her face was the fairest of any,
Her smile like a midsummer day ;
But now she's no longer my Jennie
Since the grand ladies took her away.

When last she came west, to the Highlands,
She told me our manners were rough !
The oat-cakes I sent her were vile ones,
She wanted no more of such stuff !
I answered her only by silence,
My looks might have told her enough ;
Warm hearts can be pierced in the Highlands,
Though accent and ways may be rough !

She said I was dowdy beside her,
And no one would take us for kin ;
The lace on my frills should be wider,
To suit the new fashion just in.
Our changeless white lilies belied her,
That need not to sew nor to spin ;
My own loving heart when beside her,
Forgets about laces just in.

Her lady has said, when she marries,
Our Jen shall go with her abroad—
She'll take her to London and Paris,
No wonder her old home looks odd !
For the newest Spring fashions she tarries—
(World-bound by a measuring rod !)
True hearts must be hungry in Paris :
If Fashion is worshipped as God !

When Sandie and Jen ran together,
He called her " wee wifie," in play ;
They waded knee-deep in the heather,
And bare-footed ran on the brae.
In storm or in sunshiny weather,
As pretty as pictures were they—
So happy if only together,
True lovers, though only in play.

But now though his love would enfold her
From all of life's bitter and drear,
She says he's grown coarser and older :
She mimics his speech with a sneer !
Far dearer than life would he hold her,
Though he lack the town gloss and veneer ;
His passion, thrown back so, will smoulder,
Till it burns into hatred, I fear.

Come back, O my darling my Jennie !
Let the past drop forever away !
Let Sandie still love you as when he
Called you his wee wifie in play :
Make the mother heart gladdest of any,
Oh, fill it with Heaven for aye !
We'll welcome you dearly, our Jennie,
And never again let you stray !

CAROL KING.

AN IDEAL.

Long years ago, when worn to death,
And crushed till I could hardly stand ;
I felt the comfort of thy hand,
I felt the fragrance of thy breath.

The pitying light of thy dear eyes
Shone through the darkness of my pain,
As stars shine after summer rain,
Glimm'ring so softly in the skies.

I felt the sweetness of thy lips
One moment on my fevered brow ;
That touch remains—I feel it now,
It thrills me to the finger tips.

My cottage walls became illumed,
My toil became as light as day,
I went rejoicing on my way,
My heart to prayer and praise attuned.

A lady, with an angel's hand
Had touched my frozen heart, and lo!
A stream of light, a warmth, a glow,
Transforming sea, and sky, and land !

Flowers sprung upon my path, and I,
No more felt anguish or despair,
But gladness that a star so fair
Arose upon my cold, gray sky.

Made me forget myself, and feel
A wish to wipe away the tears
Of lives, so full of woes and fears,
Hardened with sin, and toil, and ill.

O love ! God's greatest gift and best,
Here and hereafter. Be it mine
To teach thy wonders—great, divine,
And glory of our future rest.

ANNIE MACKAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1892.

OUR AIMS AND OBJECTS.

IN placing the first number of the CELTIC MONTHLY before the public, it behoves us to indicate briefly our aims and objects. The Magazine will deal in the main with subjects and interests of Celtic importance, but matters of general interest, although not peculiarly Celtic, will receive due recognition. While, therefore, we appeal to those who are Celts, or of Celtic extraction, we trust also that the variety of interesting matter in our columns will be sufficient to secure the support of all who desire a readable literary journal. We are fully alive to the responsibility of the position we desire to occupy, while the riskiness of the undertaking has been more than once set before us. Despite the unfortunate fate of some of our predecessors we are not discouraged, believing as we do that given a sufficiently varied and interesting Magazine our countrymen will rally round us and crown our undertaking with success.

At present we shall content ourselves with indicating a few of our intentions for the future.

Interesting articles from the pens of able and popular writers will appear each month, dealing with such subjects as the History, Folk-lore, Archæology, Poetry, Biography, Antiquities, Art, etc., of the Highlands; while short, racy stories will always find a prominent place in our pages. As all the contributions will be short, and none exceed two pages, the Magazine will always contain a great variety of interesting and instructive matter.

We shall do all that is in our power to foster and encourage the use of the Gaelic language. As we number among our most valued contributors several gentlemen of high repute as Gaelic scholars, our readers may depend upon this feature of our Magazine receiving every attention

We present our readers with a Portrait of Mr. NEIL MACLEOD, the Skye Bard, and those who know him will admit that it is life-like. Each month we hope to present our readers with the likeness of some well-known Highlander, who, by his services in the Celtic cause, has earned for himself a place in our Gallery of "Celtic Celebrities." Articles, illustrated with woodcuts, etc., will also form a feature of the CELTIC MONTHLY.

The promises of literary support which we have already received from men of "light and leading" in the Celtic field inspired us with confidence, and ensures the fact that the programme which we have indicated will be more than sustained. The rest remains with the Celtic public, and to this large section of the community we appeal with the utmost confidence.

We should like to take advantage of this opportunity to tender our thanks to the many ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly offered us their valuable assistance as contributors.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.—We have much pleasure in announcing that a complete story will appear in our next number, entitled "Marjory Cameron's Tryst," from the Celtic pen of Carrol King, whose reputation as a fascinating writer has been long established.

It may also interest our readers to learn that, through the courtesy of Miss Annie Mackay, the posthumous writings of the late bardess of the Clan Cameron, Mrs. Mary Mackeller, have been placed at our disposal, and we shall publish interesting selections from time to time.

Our readers in all parts of the country will be pleased to learn that we intend to present them with a Portrait of that popular and genial Celt, Mr. HENRY WHYTE (Fionn), in Highland costume. A short biographical sketch will also be given. As the portrait is to take the form of a presentation plate, similar to that of Mr. Neil MacLeod, which we give this month, we have no doubt but that Fionn's innumerable admirers will provide themselves with copies.

A fine Portrait of Mr. DONALD CAMPBELL, Hon. Captain of the Kingussie Shinty Club, will also appear in our next issue.

PORTRAIT OF MR. NEIL MACLEOD, THE SKYE BARD.—As many of Mr. MacLeod's friends and admirers may wish to possess a copy of the life-like portrait which we give this month, suitable for framing, we may mention that we have had a limited number of copies printed on fine glazed, specially prepared paper, of a larger size, suitable for this purpose. As only a few copies are for sale, those who desire prints of this handsome plate should apply, at once, to the Editor. *Price*, 9*d*; post free.—We also intend printing a few copies of Mr. WHYTE'S portrait in the same style as the above.

"CASTLE GIRNIGO."—We regret that Mr. George M. Sutherland's interesting article on "Castle Girnigo" reached us too late for this number. It will duly appear in our next.

THE HUMOUR OF THE GAEL.

By Malcolm Mac Farlane,
Author of "Phonetics of the Gaelic Language."

Is the Gael devoid of humour? The question is not less absurd than the assertion, which has been made on high authority, that the Scot is deficient in humour. Could anything be more ridiculous? Nothing could be more easily confuted—indeed, few things have been so frequently confuted—yet the statement continues to be repeated. It is like the name, MacCallum More; like calling Glencoe the vale of weeping; or, like the sadness of the Ray mode in music and, in consequence, of Gaelic music in general: all senseless fallacies which neither rhyme, reason, nor ridicule can stamp out. The Scot is full of humour: but it is a kind of his own; and that is the reason why English people do not find it out. They measure things foreign by their own native standard. For a similar reason the Gael is also frequently credited with a want of humour. I do not maintain that he is so strongly imbued with it as his Lowland brother; but he has a considerable fund of it in his composition, which under favourable circumstances, might be developed to larger dimensions. His humour is less aggressive, less vulgar—perhaps I should say, contains less of the grotesque—than that of the Lowlands; but it is born of as keen powers of observation, has a more delicate edge, and is quite as artistically expressed. As Burns puts it, Lowland wit "slaps"; but that expressive word could hardly be applied to Gaelic wit, and I cannot undertake to find an appropriate one to designate it.

The Gael has not developed an extensive literature—in fact his is, comparatively speaking, very limited, and is composed principally of poetry. But in Gaelic poetry there is not much humour; and what there is is not of a kind to hold the fancy of all times. There are few such songs as "Tak' yer auld cloak aboot ye," "John Grumlie," "Duncan Gray," "Jenny's Bawbee," "Andra and his cutty gun," "Tam o' the Ballloch," "The dainty bit plan," and others. But that must not be taken as an evidence of a want of humour in the race. The attitude of the Gael towards song must be taken into account. He did not so much look upon poetry as an art whereby he might exhibit his powers and confer pleasure upon others as he found it a vent for letting the steam off, so to speak, from his pent up feelings. When the Gael felt merry he danced, and any kind of words served to carry the music: when he felt sad he sung the cause of his sadness. There are, without doubt, Gaelic poetical compositions whose purposes are purely artistic; but they have rarely taken the direction of humour, except in recent times which have given birth to quite a large number; but they were inspired by Lowland ideas. In prose literature, on the other hand, there is a considerable amount of humour to be found, sufficiently indicating the prevailing types. This humorous literature is mostly in the writings of Norman MacLeod, Fionn, I. B. O., John MacFadyen, and others. But these facts are not the most conclusive evidences on which to found a proof that the race is possessed of humour. The best evidences which can be put forward in support of that contention is the humorous proverbs, produced and favoured by many generations.

Punning is the lowest form of wit; and, to his credit be it said, the Lowland Scot is not addicted to it like the Englishman: far less is the Gael. It would not take up much space for the collection of all the Gaelic puns one might hear in a life time; and, among the proverbs, they are conspicuous by their absence. Punning is a playing upon words which have a double meaning, as in the following proverbs:—"Everything has an end, but a puddin' has twa," "Ca' me what you like, but dinna ca' me owre." On the other hand, Gaelic wit takes its lowest form in rhyme, which is well exemplified in the following. "Mar a théid an t-ian o dhuilleag gu duilleag, theid am mianan o dhuine gu duine." (As the bird goes from leaf to leaf, the yawn goes from man to man,) while Lowland Scotch proverbs have very little of this characteristic.

The principal types of Scottish proverbial humour consist in taking the gravity out of the situation by the suggestion of an incongruous or ludicrous parallel—insinuating a doubt by the use of an unlikely parallel—conveying an opinion by a pawky contrast, whose meaning is not immediately apparent, but which, when it dawns on the mind, does so with striking effect, and many owe their point to their quaint or grotesque style of expression. I append a number of examples from the Lowland Scotch with which it will be interesting to compare the Gaelic selection which follows them.

Haud yer han'! yer faither slew a whaup.
Deil stick pride: my dog died o't.
Pigs may whistle, but they hae an ill mou' for't.
Fry stanes wi' butter, and the broo 'ill be gude.
He's out and in like a dog at a fair.
Gude folks are scarce; hae a care o' me.
Pretty man, I maun say! tak' a peat and sit doon.
A lion beagan 'us beagan mar a dh'ith an cat an sgadan.
(Little by little as the cat ate the herring.)
Fuil air iasg! mharbh mi sgiollag.
(Blood on fish? I have killed a minnow.)

Cha truagh leam cù 'us marag mu amhaich.
(I pity not the dog with a pudding about its neck.)

Fuirich thusa an sin gus an tig feum ort, mar a thuirt am fear a thiodhlaic a bhean.
(Stay you there till you're required, as the man said who had buried his wife.)

Cho fada 's a' cheann 'sa bha Fionn 's na casan.
(As long in the head as Finn was in the legs.)

Am miosad 's an donad mar a bha cuilean a mhadaidh ruaidh.
(The older the worse like the fox's whelp.)

B' e sin a bhi tàladh seangain air crìos.
(That were hushing an ant to sleep on a girdle.)

Bu mhath an teachdair thu a shireadh an Aoig.
(You were a good messenger to send for Death.)

'S iomadh dòigh a th' air cù a mharbhadh gun a thacadh le im.
(There are many ways of killing a dog other than choking him with butter.)

Sròn ri monadh.
(Nose to mountain.)

Tha deargann 'na osan.
(There's a flea in his hose.)

It would increase the interest if a similar contrast could be made with the proverbs of England and Ireland, which display humour; but I am sorry it is not in my power, at present, to treat of this aspect of the subject.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

My story is a long one, and has never been told consecutively before. I am free, therefore, to choose my own method in telling the tale; and I intend, above all, that my method will be simple.

Like everything else in this world, the beginning is surrounded with darkness, and the end is not yet; and the value of all attempts of this kind is measured by the success with which the clouds of antiquity are removed, and the past is made to yield its hidden story. Whether we have, or have not, as yet entered upon the latter days, I know not; but certain it is, that in no period of our world's history were such attempts made to become acquainted with the early days as in ours. In almost every branch of scientific inquiry, there are two sets of workers—one eagerly surveying the future in quest of new discoveries, another laboriously sifting the past for the sake of eliminating the golden grains of truth which lie buried in the rubbish. The early history of our native land is being subjected to the most thorough and minute analysis; the geologist is busy with pick and hammer in giving our rocks and mountain-chains a tongue; the topographist, with a livlier imagination and a more sanguine hope of success, learns the history of the past in the place-names of the present; while the archæologist furnishes his quota from the archives of Universities and the charter-chests of kings. Surely, when all the sciences are thus in travail, it is not too much to expect that the product of the future will be something marvellous; that we are on the eve of some great discovery which will change our ways of life, and raise us yet another stage in the scale of being.

I.—THE ABORIGINES.

As yet, indeed, the past history of our land is made to tell its tale but stubbornly; for a dense cloud hangs over the movements of man everywhere. Far back as we can go with any degree of certainty, we find a race in our island-home anterior to our Celtic forefathers; a small-boned, black-haired, puny race of men who lived in the winter months in caves, and in wattled huts in summer. These were not our ancestors, though I should hesitate to say that we are altogether free from all traces of this pigmy race. They are made to speak a language which philologists in the main identify as Iberian; and the student of place-names finds this language often a convenience by relegating to this unknown tongue any word which he cannot otherwise decipher. The part they played in our early history is hidden from our view by the mists of antiquity: for they possessed the land at a time when the lion and tiger prowled in jungles over spots where stately domes now rear their heads. Their ways of life were rude and primitive; without flocks or herds, without skill or union, theirs was the pure barbaric life which is content with the present fare, and is careless of the future. They made little impression upon the wildness of nature around them; for they knew not how to "subdue the earth and make it fruitful," and by the working of that inexorable law, *the survival of the fittest*, they were destined to give way to a healthier, braver, stouter race. But have they left any traces behind them—any footprints to show the way by which they have travelled? Traces of their occupation indeed are few; besides one or two idioms in the Celtic language which are not of Aryan origin, and some half-dozen words which may find their explanation in this old tongue, we have no literary remains of this pre-historic race. There are, however, other monuments of antiquity in our midst which may, very possibly, be the work of this early tribe. These are the underground dwellings scattered over the land, from the southernmost county in Scotland, to Maeshow, in Orkney. These abodes are sometimes large and roomy; and the probable theory is that they were made to accommodate, during the storms of winter or the dangers of war, the leading families of

these wandering savages. It is interesting to note that one of the largest in the land is in this Parish—on the western shore of Loch Eriboll, the dimensions of which, as given in the Old Statistical Account, are 40 feet long, 6 feet high by 6 feet wide.

But there is another witness which may be cited in discussing questions of antiquity, to whose evidence the greatest weight is due—I mean *superstition*. Highland superstition is, in itself, a subject of profound interest; and a thorough examination of its contents is being made to yield astonishing results. Now of all the superstitions which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, none holds its ground so firmly as our belief in the existance of *fairies;* and I feel sure that our conceptions regarding them are due in a great measure to the character of the race we are now discussing. Take for example the leading characteristics of Highland fairies. We find them, all in all, a rather harmless race of beings—small men, dwelling in cavities of the earth, much inclined to music and feasting, and taking very little interest in what passes above ground. How and why have our ancestors come to believe in the existence of such beings? There must have been some reason for it; beliefs of this kind do not rise spontaneously in the human mind. Now, it is something to know, in view of this belief, that once upon a time there were actually little men prowling in our forests who neither toiled nor spun; who lived upon roots of the earth, fish of the stream, and product of the chase. When the large-limbed, warrior Celts poured across the Channel, centuries before the Christian era, these insignificant tribes retreated before them into the denser parts of the forests, hiding themselves by day in their underground dwellings, and appearing only at night to secure the necessaries of life. It is no wonder that our heathen ancestors should look upon them as supernatural beings. Their movements were of the most uncertain kind; their ways of life mysterious. When the ancient Caledonian had chased the prey too far into the forest, and found himself unable to retrace his steps, we may suppose him looking out for a resting-place for the night, on some green knoll where he might stretch his limbs in safety till the break of day. But no sooner has he laid his head on the green-sward pillow, than he is startled to hear the sounds of music, issuing he knows not whence. He strains both eyes and ears to ascertain the source; and, at last, pressing his head closer to the ground, he finds to his dismay that it proceeds from the bowels of the earth. For him there is no more rest that night. In the early morning he narrates his tale to a group of awe-struck listeners, and it loses none of its weirdness in the telling. In some such scene as this may we find the little stream arising, which during the roll of centuries has expanded into a broad majestic river.

We are not, however, to suppose that our ancient Caledonian escaped on all occasions so happily. There is a wide-spread belief in the deadly efficacy of the *saighead-sithich* (fairy arrow), which seems to point to an opposite conclusion. Numbers of these are to be found embedded in our Highland moors; and in quarters where the fairies yet hold a precarious footing, they prove as deadly as ever. Thus it is that when a cow or horse drops dead suddenly, it is the work of some envious fairy, bent upon destruction. There can be no doubt that once upon a time human life was far from safe in the heart of a Caledonian forest, and to ascribe the work of death to beings of another order was only natural, when the hand that drew the bow was invisible.

(To be continued.)

OLD HIGHLAND CURES.

An Infallible Highland Cough Cure.—In our young and impressionable days, we used to think that it would be impossible to improve upon the nauseous nature of the medicines which our family doctor prescribed for our benefit. We are beginning to think now, that after all, the doctors of the present day are far more merciful than those who dozed our long-suffering ancestors. Here is a delicious prescription of last century, and after reading it, we daresay our gentle readers will, in future, swallow their pills, powders, and tonics, without a murmur, thankful that medical science has progressed to something less terrifying than the old fashioned cough cure. Sir Robert Gordon's son was suffering from a severe cold, and the family physician was consulted. This is the wonderful remedy he prescribed.—"*May, 20th, 1739.* Give him, twice a day, the juice of twenty sletters, squeezed through a muslin rag, in whey: to be continued while he has any remains of the cough." It need only be explained that "sletters" are a species of the wood-louse family, and are usually to be found under stones and decayed bark. They are certainly not pretty creatures to look at. With the prospect of such an ordeal before him, we may well presume that young Gordon would hasten to get rid of the last "remains of his cough!"

Simple Cure for the Gout.—It was this same Sir Robert Gordon, who, in 1740, incarcerated in the dungeon of Gordonston Castle, Mrs. Grant, of the Muir of Drainy, for taking the head of a ling out of a refuse heap, which she thought was good for curing the gout! I daresay there would be many who would have been pleased had the baronet put the Dr. there as well!

CAMANACHD.

In order to fully enjoy life one must have good health; and nothing is more conducive to soundness of constitution than vigorous out-door exercise in games of skill, requiring a sharp eye, steady hand, cool judgment, and, I may add, good temper. Cricket, Tennis, Bowls, Golf, &c., all have their votaries; but the game which has taken the most wonderful hold upon the British public within recent times is Football—so much so that it has elbowed at least one other competitor almost entirely out of the field, viz:—Shinty—which some people who ought to know are old-fashioned and out-spoken enough to maintain is the better game of the two; and certainly, to my taste, a match at Camanachd between two teams of picked players, is, as a spectacular display, far more entertaining than a game at Football—be it Rugby or Association.

In the past, say up till the "forties," no game was more generally played throughout Scotland—from Solway to Pentland Firth—than Shinty. In the Southern districts, where it was usually called "Knotty" or "Hummy," it has almost disappeared. The Highlands are now considered the nursery of the game; and although many of our large schools (notably Glenalmond and Loretto) play the game under the name of "Hockey," and the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen have each got their Camanachd Club, yet it is to the Northern Counties we must look for any extensive fostering of this pastime. Argyllshire is doing well, and Inverness-shire too; but I fear that further north other forms of recreation have usurped the place which rightfully belongs to this characteristically Scottish game. In Sutherland and Caithness it is not kept up as it might be. At one time Durness was famous for its great Shinty Gatherings, which eclipsed even the "Orduighean"; and in every village and district the New-Year's day Shinty match was an annual institution. Have Caithness-men forgotten the good old times on Dunnett Sands, when they waged earnest warfare at "Knotty," headed by their lairds—Traill of Ratter and Sinclair of Freswick? Why is this grand old national game allowed to die out in such places as Helmsdale, Brora, Golspie, Dornoch, Lairg, Bonar, not to speak of Tongue, Farr, Assynt, &c.?

To the cities of the South is due the credit of reviving the interest in Camanachd which we have at the present day. The Edinburgh Club is, we believe the Premier Shinty Club of the World, for at the time it was formed—in 1869—there was no other Association of the kind in existence. From time immemorial, however, the game had been kept up there on New Year's day by patriotic Highlanders, who stoutly adhered to the customs of their fathers; and many a tough and hearty tussle we have witnessed in the Queen's Park, where they used to play. The new idea of founding regular Clubs was gradually followed in other places. Glasgow, London, Manchester, Alexandria, Greenock, Inveraray, each set the ball a-rolling, and the contagion spread far and wide, till now there are upwards of two dozen bands of good men and true enrolled in Clubs duly constituted for the perpetuation of the old game. Many will be glad to hear that the Inveraray Club is coming up again; and some day we may look for another keen contest between them and their old rivals, the Glasgow Cowal, than which there is probably not a club in existence to-day that can put a better team in the field.

A pressing want of the day seems to be an assimilation of rules of play. The Shinty Association which was formed in Glasgow about 13 years ago, if not quite dead is at anyrate in abeyance; and many interested people think it or a similar institution should be revived, with the object of establishing uniformity of practice and rules, and of stimulating and popularising the game. There is no reason why such an institution could not be brought to bear the fruit expected from it if properly managed, and if a healthy, fair-spirited rivalry existed among the Clubs constituting it. This is a matter calling for immediate reformation; and I hope to see a conference held ere long between representatives of existing Clubs with a view to bringing about a clear understanding on various points of difference.

The presently existing Clubs are, so far as I can remember, as follows:—London and Northern Counties, London Scottish, Edinburgh Camanachd, Edinburgh University, Aberdeen University, Glasgow Cowal, Inveraray, Furnace, Strachur, Bunawe, Dalmally, Lochgoilhead, Ardkinglas, Dunolly, Glencoe, Vale of Larroch, Brae-Lochaber, Glenurquhart, Strathglass, Kiltarlity, Inverness, Strathpeffer, Alvie, Insch, Kingussie, Newtonmore.

As it is intended to make this magazine a medium for imparting information interesting to all Camanachd players, it would be well if secretaries of the above Clubs, and of any other Club which I may have overlooked, should put themselves in communication with the Editor, who is anxious to give the game a "back."

A. MacKay Robson.

Mr. WILLIAM MURRAY,

Our Shinty readers will, no doubt, be glad to possess a portrait of Mr. William Murray, chieftain of the Edinburgh Camanachd Club. He has been for upward of 17 years, a prominent member of that body, and on Mr. A. N. Macaulay leaving Edinburgh, last year, our friend was elected his successor as chieftain. He first saw the light in 1853, in the parish of Latheron, in Caithness, where his father was a schoolmaster. He is a wine merchant in Stockbridge, and is as well known and as popular in football as in shinty circles. There are few games which he does not play well, and he always feels at home with a "caman" in his hand. He has played a golf match at Musselburgh with a shinty club—and won. His friends call him a jolly good fellow; and his "Stockbrigand" familiars call him "Skye."

NOTES AT THE MOD.

The first *Mod* or Annual Gathering of the recently instituted *Comunn Gaidhealach*, held at Oban under the presidency of Lord Archibald Campbell, on Tuesday, 13th September, was a decided success. The *Comunn* was established for the cultivation of Gaelic literature and music, and all present at the *Mod* must have pleasant recollections of the genuine manner in which the aims were realized.

The *Mod* was well attended throughout the day and a keen interest was evinced in the various competitions by a most intelligent audience, which embraced quite a large number of learned and patriotic Celts, who have, for many years, taken a warm and practical interest in the Scottish Highlands and its interesting people.

The first competition, which was decided before the audience, was that of Gaelic Reading or Recitation, and the first prize was easily carried away by Mr Neil Ross, Glendale, who, appearing in a neat Highland dress, recited with captivating power and grace that patriotic poem by Mr Neil MacLeod, the Skye bard, "*Am faigh a' Ghaidhlig bas?*" Even those who did not understand the language had no difficulty in realizing the dramatic power of the reader. The burden of this poem is that the Gaelic shall not die—and when we recollect that there are over 250,000 people in Scotland who speak the language, we need not be surprised at the hopeful tones in which Mr. Ross declaimed the poem.

The competition for Solo Singing did not bring forward so many competitors as we would have liked. While the first prize taker sang a sweet taking melody with considerable taste and culture, there is no doubt that the song rendered by Mr. Angus Macdonald, Glencoe, who was adjudged second, was the more characteristic of the two. The song, which is more of the nature of a recitative, was the graphic description of a boat called "*An dubh ghleannach*," as she weathered a terrific storm. The reciter was thoroughly familiar with his subject and did the composition every justice.

The solo singing for female voices was one of the most interesting events on the programme, but the judges could have but little difficulty in deciding who the first prize taker should be, as Miss A. M'Kechnie, Oban, by her sweet and sympathetic rendering of the late D. MacPhail's beautiful song "*An t-Eilean Muileach*," carried all before her. Miss M'Kechnie has a sweet voice and every word was enunciated with remarkable clearness and without the least taint of *Blas na Beurla* or affectedness. The second prize was won by Miss Mary MacDonald, a member of St. Columba Gaelic Choir—a native of Tiree, for an excellent rendering of "*Fear-a'-bhata*."

The President of the *Mod*, Lord Archibald Campbell, being anxious to revive the playing of the Highland harp, or *clarsach*, offered a valuable prize for the best Gaelic song, with accompaniment on the *clarsach*, by the singer. Two only competed—Miss Kate MacDonald and Miss Lizzie B. Mackay, both members of St. Columba Choir, Glasgow, and, being equal, the prize was divided.

The Choir competition was, without doubt, the leading feature of the *Mod*. Four choirs entered the lists—two being connected with Oban, one from Glasgow, and one from Ballachulish. The honours were easily carried away by the St. Columba Choir, Glasgow, Mr. Archibald Ferguson, conductor. The second prize was divided between the Oban choir (Mr. Clements, conductor), and the Ballachulish choir, conducted by Mr. D. Ferguson, the judges being unable to decide which of them excelled. For clear enunciation and a firm grip of the words, the Ballachulish choir outstripped the others.

The Gaelic Concert, held in the evening, was an unqualified success, being attended by Royalty itself—the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorne being present, as well as the aristocracy of the county. The programme was sustained by Miss Jessie N. MacLachlan, the ever popular Gaelic vocalist, and the successful choirs and soloists.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE RESURRECTIONIST SCARE AT CAMPBELTOWN.—A correspondent writes After an absence of many years, I paid a visit, recently, to my native place—Campbeltown. What a wonderful change has taken place there! I hardly knew it. It seems as if an entirely new town had arisen, and almost blotted out all traces of the old one. I walked along to see the old burying ground of Kilkerran, where my ancestors are interred. Many a time, in my younger days, have I wandered among its ancient tombstones, but it, also, has seen changes. It is not the venerable "God's acre" which I knew so well in my early youth. I stood by my father's grave, and somehow, I could not help thinking of events of long ago, in some of which my father acted a part. Some one has said that in the grave all things meet and end there. From where I stood, I saw the last resting place of a daughter of a certain worthy doctor, who was well known in Kintyre in his day. I recollect well the time of her death, just when the "Resurrectionist Scare" was at its height in Campbeltown. It was considered unsafe to leave a newly interred body unwatched in the grave, in case that during the night the body would be lifted. When the lady was buried in Kilkerran, my father and a relative spent every night for a week in that lonely place, guarding the grave against the body snatchers. In those days, no one cared to pass the churchyard after dark, so that it must have been a test of true courage for two men to sit by the grave for seven nights, not so much fearing a visitation from the spirit world, as an encounter with the more substantial denizens of the material one. No attempt was made to disturb the grave, as, no doubt, the "night ghouls" knew that they would have to reckon first with two powerful men.

Now, the sleeper and the watcher of long ago lie near each other, sleeping that long, last sleep which shall only know one waking. I left Campbeltown, 'feeling like a stranger in a strange town.'

MACKAYS OF CARNACHY, STRATHNAVER.—Mr. John MacKay ("Ben Reay,") Villa Moesta, Marburg, a/ Lahn, Germany, is engaged, at present, preparing a new history of the Clan MacKay. A number of the genealogical tables are incomplete, and he invites the assistance of our readers in filling up these blanks. There are, no doubt, a number of old people in the parish of Farr who could supply Mr. MacKay with a great deal of valuable information relating to these clan families.

I.—Information regarding Hugh MacKay, of Carnachy.

Supposed to be the same Hugh MacKay, who, as representing the Strathy family, in 1730, appointed Mr. Skeldock to the Parish Church of Farr. This led to a great deal of ill feeling, which culminated in what is known as "Tuitean Dalmadery." When did this Hugh marry, and what was his relationship to the Laird of Strathy?

II. John MacKay who had Carnachy—say in 1730, and "farmed and held sheep lands as did his fathers before him." He married a Barbara MacKay, and had, among other children, Colin, born October, 1787, who enlisted in the 42nd Highlanders, got his discharge in Ireland, where he married and settled. His eldest son was the late Rev. Dr. Joseph MacKay, President of the Methodist College, Belfast, and Moderator of the Methodist General Assembly.

Perhaps some tradition may help us to identify this family.

MARSHAL MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM.—Mr. Alex. MacDonald, Town Clerk, Govan, is collecting material for a biography of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, who figured so prominently in the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte. The accounts which have been published regarding the Marshal and his family are vague and unsatisfactory, and Mr. MacDonald hopes to be able to gather together sufficient facts on the subject to publish a biography worthy of this distinguished Highlander, who, although born in France, was a Highlander in sympathy and spirit. He is especially anxious to receive reliable information regarding the Marshal's father, Neil Mac Eachainn, or MacDonald, a native of Uist, who is believed to have accompanied Prince Charlie in his flight to France, after the Rebellion of 1745. Many in the Island of Uist, should be able to supply answers to the following list of questions which Mr. MacDonald has prepared.

I.—Who were the Marshal's ancestors?

II.—In the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, it is stated that the Marshal's father "came of an old Jacobite family which had followed James II. to France. What evidence is there of this statement?

III.—How did Neil MacDonald get to France?

IV.—As to Neil's descendants in France, accurate information will be a matter of great interest to Scotsmen.

V.—The Marshal was married three times. Can any one give information regarding these marriages?

VI.—The things wanted are as many accurate anecdotes and references as possible, with regard to the Marshal, both in France and Scotland, as are not to be found in general history, or in special works or encyclopedias. There must be still living, in both countries, people who knew the Marshall, or heard of him from others who knew him.

MR. JOHN MACKAY, C.E, J.P., Hereford, with his characteristic generosity, has sent a number of valuable prizes for competition among the scholars attending the public schools at Embo, Strathy, Armadale, Durness, and Culkein, in Sutherland. No one, in this generation at all events, has done more to encourage education in his native county than Mr. MacKay has done. His munificence simply knows no limits.

IN THE YEAR 1616, an order was issued requiring the English language to be universally planted in the Highlands, and the use of Gaelic to be abolished in schools, as one of the chief causes of the continued "barbaritie and incivilitie" of the Highland people. Yet, notwithstanding acts of parliament and other restrictions, Gaelic seems as healthy and vigorous as ever. We have Gaelic societies and other institutions formed specially to foster and encourage that very language which the law of the land attempted hard to eradicate.

LADIES' PAGE.

I DO not feel that my merits are at all worthy of the flattering introduction given me by the Editor of the "*Celtic Monthly*," yet I hope, from time to time, I may be enabled to give a few words of council and advice, that may be of use to my sisters in the Highlands.

In my young days, magazines of this or any other kind were "few, and far between." How I myself loved reading! the weekly "*Ensign*" had a charm for me. Through the kindness of Mr. Paterson, late of Melness, I had full access to the library at Tongue, and before I was twelve years of age, performed a feat that very few children—even in this enlightened age—can boast of,—I read the whole of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Ah! the charm of this mighty wizard of the north. Can I ever forget it?

Books and magazines are now cheap, plentiful, and accessible, but this particular one is a magazine for the Highlands, it will therefore have a "local habitation, and a name," and an interest for Highlanders at home and abroad.

"Catch your hare before you cook it" is a good old adage. To cook vegetables (a subject on which I meant to give a few hints) we *must have vegetables*, so that, practically, we have now, first of all, to "catch our hare."

It is a matter of serious regret that the good old fashion of having a garden in connection with every house, has gone very much out of fashion in Sutherlandshire, more particularly in the parishes of Farr, Tongue, and Durness. In Caithness, with a cold climate, and a less pliable soil, every cottage has its garden, and not only do they raise a creditable amount of vegetables, but a very fair show of flowers as well. To keep us in good health, to carry impurities out of the blood, to provide chemical ingredients, absolutely necessary for our well-being, we ought to eat a certain amount of green food. Potatoes are excellent, and I never saw a Highlander yet, that did not appreciate their excellence, but very few, I believe, realize the fact that they must eat ten pounds of potatoes to get one pound of nourishment, and this solitary pound neither produces bones, brains, or sinews, but is inclined to run to fat with the strong and healthy, and to the old and feeble causes breathlessness.

There are a great number of different cabbages, all excellent,—turnips, too, in great variety; turnip-tops make a good vegetable, though, I daresay, my Highland friends will be sceptical on this point,—not more so than I was myself at one time, but it is a truth nevertheless. Carrots, simply boiled, are good: for flavoring soups and stews, they are invaluable. Onions give a relish to everything they touch. A dish of green pease, with a little bit of butter, and a dash of mint and pepper, is a "dish for a king." Beans and bacon is a great dish among the poor in England, but beans, without the bacon, are good and wholesome. The graceful parsley, for garnishing purposes is inimitable, and beautifies everything it touches, from the sweet, golden pat of butter that we love to see lying in its cool depths, to the big, solemn round of beef that looks as if it would feed a nation!

Cottage gardening is an art among the poor in England, and their rich neighbours encourage it in every way, and give away valuable prizes to encourage this industry, or rather love of the beautiful. Shows are held in every district, and this encourages and stimulates the people to put forth their best efforts and produce the best results. Even in Whitechapel, the windows are a marvel! In connection with this, might I suggest that the Sutherland Association in Edinburgh, who have done so much for the county of Sutherland, and the Clan MacKay, whose ardent efforts we so much appreciate, might be induced to offer prizes for the best kept and most productive gardens. I, myself, a humble member of both associations, will give a prize of one guinea in my native parish of Tongue. Some practical gentleman in the neighbourhood will, I hope, be good enough to judge and report. Land is plentiful in the Highlands: seed is cheap. Choose a sunny corner and begin. Women as well as men can compete in this work, which is light and interesting. While men are haggling about an "eight hours day," their mothers, their wives, and their sisters, work sixteen or more. Women have a wonderful capacity for hard work, a patience that is endless, and hope that "springs eternal." With these qualities, gardening with them should be a success. A course of digging and delving to the younger generation might be a good tonic, a wholesome variety that would brace them up, morally and mentally, as much as the mathematics and classics that are so much encouraged. In my next paper, I hope to give a few hints as to the laying out of our future gardens, the best soil and the quantity of manure so required, and where to procure the best and most reliable seed. This is an important item, and deserves consideration, and when we have raised our vegetables, I will tell you how to cook them, and what these chemical properties are; but, first of all, we have to "catch our hare."

WHITE HEATHER.

REVIEWS.

The Literature of the Highlanders.

Such is the title of a most interesting volume by the Rev. Nigel MacNeill, London, which has just been published by Mr. John Noble, Inverness. It consists of a history of Gaelic literature, from the earliest times to the present day. This is really the first attempt to arrange and classify the Literature of the Highlanders, and bearing this in mind, great praise is due to Mr. MacNeill for the manner in which he has executed his, by no means easy, task. Of course, we are not forgetful of the good work done by Reid, in his "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," John MacKenzie, in "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*," and Professor Blackie's, in "*Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*." In the volume now before us, the names of close upon two hundred composers of Gaelic poetry alone appear, while not more than a third of that number will be found in any of the works to which we referred. The volume is divided into some seventeen chapters, bearing such attractive headings as "Early Celtic Literature," "Ancient Ballads," "Prose Romances," "Jacobite Bards," "General Literature," "Popular Songs," "Bards of the Celtic Renaissance," "The Gaelic Revival." In addition to the very valuable information regarding our Gaelic Literature and its authors, we have many excellent translations of choice poems from the facile pen of Mr. MacNeill, as well as from the work of that other gifted son of Islay, Thomas Pattison, who may be called the pioneer of Gaelic translators. In the chapter, entitled "Latin Hymns of the Celtic Church," which is one of the most fascinating in the work, Mr. MacNeill favours us with beautiful translations of seven of these delightful hymns. Here is a Latin Hymn ascribed to Columba, which is connected with the lighting of fires on St. John's Eve. In some prefatory remarks, its virtues are thus described: "It is sung against every fire and every thunderstorm, and whoever sings it at bedtime, and at rising, it protects him against lightning."

NOLI PATER.

Father, restrain Thy thunder,
Thy lightning from our frame,
Lest in our trembling wonder
They smite us with their flame!
Thou Awful One! we fear Thee,
For there is none like Thee;
In Thy dread steps we hear Thee;
And to Thy shelter flee.

* * * *

O King of Kings! Thou reignest
In righteousness and love;
And righteous rule maintainest
From Thy pure throne above.
God's love—a blessed fuel—
Burns in my heart a flame:
Like to a golden jewel
Preserved in silver frame.

It is pleasing to observe that several of the contributors to the *Celtic Monthly* have done good honest work in the Celtic field, and receive appreciative notice and commendation from Mr. MacNeill.

We cordially recommend the work now before us to our readers. It is replete with interest, and is a most valuable addition to our literature; indeed, without it, no Celtic library can be said to be complete.

The Shipwreck of the "Juno."

The Clan MacKay Society deserve to be congratulated on the good work they are accomplishing by the publication of valuable works relating to the clan. This handsome little volume is the second of the series, and should appeal to a very large circle of readers. It is a reprint, with notes, and an appendix never before published, of a work first issued in 1798, and which for many years created a great deal of interest, and was translated into more than one foreign language. It has been described as one of the finest compositions in the English language, and it was from its pages that Lord Byron conceived the shipwreck scene which is so graphically described in "Don Juan." Mr. Moore, in his biography of Lord Byron, observes in connection with the two narratives, that "It will be felt, I think, by every reader, that this is one of the instances in which poetry must be content to yield the palm to prose." The author was Mr. William MacKay, son of the Rev. Thomas MacKay, of Lairg, Sutherland, and a brother of the gallant Captain Hugh MacKay who fell at the very cannon's mouth, in the moment of victory, when leading his regiment to the charge at the decisive battle of Assaye. The volume is handsomely got up, the printing excellent, and the covers are artistically embellished with designs of the MacKay tartan, while the clan crest is emblazoned in gold in the centre. It is published at a popular price, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. The proceeds, we understand, are to be devoted to the Clan Bursary Fund, Mr. John MacKay, C.E., J.P., having defrayed the entire cost of publication.

Publications Received (which will be noticed in our next issue)—"An Eccentric Sutherland Dominie," by Mr. D. W. Kemp; "The National Choir" (Part V.), J. & R. Parlane, Paisley; "The St. Andrews L.L.A. Guide," by Mr. Murdo MacLeod, M.A., Edinburgh; and the "Sunbeam Magazine," one of the brightest and raciest monthlies associated with the cause of "truth, temperance, and righteousness."

HENRY WHYTE.
'FIONN."

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 2. Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1892. Price, Twopence.

HENRY WHYTE.

HENRY WHYTE—better known by his *nom de plume*,—"Fionn"—was born at Easdale, Argyleshire, and came early in life to Glasgow where he has been, ever since, in close fellowship with his countrymen in every movement having for its object the advancement of the interests of Highlanders. He is patriotic in the best sense of the word, having long advocated the cause of the Highland people; and he enjoys their confidence in a marked degree. From long association and frequent contact with all classes of his countrymen, he knows thoroughly the temper of their mind and character; and his command of the Gaelic language, which he uses fluently and idiomatically, has caused his services to be in great demand. In the bestowal of these he is extremely obliging. Indeed, in that connection, it may be said his sympathies are truly catholic, as he never shows himself to be influenced in the smallest degree by prejudices begotten of class, creed or clan. He is Ex-president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and an active member of quite a number of Highland district Associations having their head quarters in that city. Mr Whyte comes of a literary family whose contributions to Gaelic literature are neither few nor unimportant. His father, the late John Whyte, who wrote for *The Gael;* his uncle, the late Robert Whyte, whose poem *An t-Earrach* appeared in the *Teachdaire Gàidhealach* over the initials, *O. T.*, and his brother John, who writes over *I.B.O.* and *Mac Mharcuis*, are all familiar to readers of Gaelic. But the subject of this sketch, is without doubt, best known of them all. Part of his literary work is to be found in "The Celtic Garland," which has gone through two editions—a fact rare in the annals of similar Gaelic literature—and consists of racy, humorous Gaelic letters and sketches; a number of fine Gaelic songs, most of which have attained popularity, designed to rescue good airs from being lost; adaptations into Gaelic of humorous Lowland Scotch stories; and translations of Gaelic songs and poems into English, as well as of Lowland songs into Gaelic. These last may be regarded as masterpieces in the art of translating, conveying, as they do, the entire meaning and spirit of the original, without, in the least, violating Gaelic idiom. That Mr Whyte is an adept at the work of translating English into Gaelic may be inferred from the fact that he successfully accomplished one of the most difficult tasks that could be put before a translator, namely, the rendering of the Crofters' Act into Gaelic. It may be fairly contended that the revival in Gaelic Music which is now in full swing, is largely due to his publication of "The Celtic Lyre," a collection of over 50 popular Gaelic songs, with music in both notations, along with translations into English by himself and others. Mr. Whyte is, besides, the author of a series of interesting articles on "Gaelic Songs of Love and Labour" which appeared recently in the *People's Friend*. It is difficult to assess at their full value Mr. Whyte's services to the Gaelic cause—indeed, there is less danger of over-estimating than of under-estimating them—and our hope is that the future will enable him to lay his countrymen under still greater obligations by services enhanced by the experience of riper years.

C. M. P.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

By Annie MacKay.

II.—FESTIVITIES AT RHIFAIL.

VERY soon father and son returned, the father saying, "Margaret, rejoice; this boy has got the desire of his heart," and Hugh kissed her with a new accession of tenderness, and whispered,

"Mother, Margery has promised to be mine. You will take care of her when I am away?"

Margaret said solemnly, "She will be to me even as thou art; God deal with me, as I will with Margery!"

Then Rhifail read a chapter, they joined in singing a psalm, and he prayed earnestly for God's protection over them all, but particularly for the son of their hearts, who was about to leave the home of his youth for unknown countries and unknown dangers. He prayed earnestly that he might be enabled to do his duty as a man and a Christian, under all circumstances and in every condition; that the fear of the Lord and "the fame of his fathers" might be ever before him; and, finally, that God might bring him back to gladden their hearts and home, as he had done for a score of years! The mother's tears fell fast; only God knew what her boy had been to her in all those years! Jane MacDonald, the only hand-maid of the family, sobbed aloud. Hugh hurried out of the house to hide his feelings; and Ian himself had a huskiness in his throat, that he vainly tried to hide. He went, however, to ask a blessing on his sheep and his cattle, his byres and his barns; the good wife invoked a blessing as she smoored the fire, and they all retired to rest.

This was not a solitary act of worship, for we have it on good authority that every house in Strathnaver was a "house of prayer." They were, emphatically, a religious people; not a gloomy or narrow-minded religion, but a religion of faith, good works, and simple trust. They believed that every good thing came from God, and their trust in His providence was unbounded. This religion sweetened their lives, and made them conform, in all things, to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" and so this large community, of nearly two thousand souls, lived like one family; sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and "bearing one another's burdens."

The next day Rhifail and his wife rode to Langdale to see their future daughter, and to talk matters over with her father and mother. Margery was moved to tears by the heartiness of Rhifail's greeting, and the pathetic tenderness of Margaret's welcome sunk deep into her heart. Hugh was there also. He, Donald, and Evan Gordon were making active preparations for their deer raid. Donald said it would be their last for a long time, as he and Hugh were going away, but Evan would keep them in venison; and very soon they rode away on three shaggy ponies, that scampered about in a most erratic manner. Their elders, in the meantime, were discussing a feast, to which they would invite all the people of the district, before their sons went away. "We will kill the fatted calf now," laughed Rhifail, "so that they will be sure of a share."

"But *we* must have *our* people here," said John Gordon.

"No, no, man; my house is big enough for you and your friends, and our own friends and everybody's, bring them all, the more the merrier. And, good wife," he said to Mrs. Gordon, "perhaps you and Margery would come for a day or two to help Margaret. Good-bye, and God be with you all." And so they left as they had come, sitting on their horses as to the manner born, for the people were so dependant on their ponies that they learnt to ride almost as soon as they could walk.

After they left, Ian Gordon, who did not wish to be behind in hospitality, said to his wife, "I'll send a sheep or two to Rhifail, and a keg of my father's old whisky. You must send a jar of butter and a caibag of your best cheese. It is not fair that Rhifail should do it all;" and his wife heartily assented.

The lads returned at midnight with three huge stags that they had shot on Ben Hee. They employed the morning in cutting these up and sending portions to people in the neighbourhood who had no one to hunt for them. A part they reserved for the forthcoming gathering, on the following Tuesday; and messengers were sent hither and thither inviting the people to come, which they were not slow to accept.

On the Sunday all the people went to church at Achness. From far and near they came—the well-to-do on horseback, but many on foot—some coming twenty miles to be present at that simple, Sunday service. There was a great deal of hand-shaking, bright looks, and even subdued laughter, as they met outside after service was over. Rory Ban, the genial drover from Muadale, was there; and his kindly, hospitable wife, who sat on her horse in her well-fitting riding habit, as straight as a dart, dispensing smiles and kind words all round. In answer to Rhifail's invitation, which he gave, she said, "I am getting too

old, and cannot go far from home. My old man goes away the next morning, and I must be there, but the two lads will stay with us on Wednesday, and I will try to be a mother to them.'

On the Tuesday morning Rory's horse market was held at Dal-Harold. He was on the ground early, and as each group arrived with their horses, Rory put the same question, "Will you sell now, or chance the market?" If the former, Rory offered a price, which was generally accepted; if the latter, he entered the number of animals into his note-book, and such was his character for honesty and rectitude, that not even a voucher was necessary. They knew that on his return, after deducting a certain sum to cover expenses, he would hand them every penny of the price, and they were quite satisfied. Some had more than a dozen horses to sell, some only one little pony or foal, but Rory treated them all the same. The sheep and cattle of the Strath had been sent away two or three weeks before, in charge of his son, they took such a long time to travel, whereas the ponies could cover thirty or forty miles a day, and arrive at Falkirk in the best of condition.

After giving the horses in charge to several young men, who were on the ground for that purpose, Rory rode off to Rhifail, where he found a great gathering of young and old. He had a hearty welcome from the master of the house, who led him to his wife. She received him with all the grace and courtesy of a Highland lady, and leading the way they adjourned to the barn, where tables had been laid out for five hundred people.

There was no question of precedence; except that the young, in all cases, made way for the old. Grey hair was the patent of nobility in that large clan assemblage.

By the side of the lady of the house sat an old man with a beautiful, benevolent face. Twenty years before his two young sons joined the British army; fought, and were taken prisoners by the French, and were starved to death. The news killed their mother, and broke their father's heart, bleached his hair, and he wept for his boys till he became blind. Then he took to playing the violin, and would give vent to his sorrows in the most plaintive strains. Sometimes, in the stillness of the night, his own voice and that of his violin would echo through the empty house, and ever the burden of his song, like the psalmist of old, was the heart-breaking cry:

"My sons, my sons, would God I had died for them!"

Now, however, he was as gentle and cheerful as any one there. He raised his sightless eyes to heaven, and asked a blessing on the good things set before them in a voice full of sweetness and pathos, and every eye turned to the gentle, noble face, and every heart was touched with sympathy. Perhaps no one felt his presence and his sorrows as much as the good wife of Rhifail, for the youngest son of William of Achool had been the lover of her youth, and after twenty years of separation and death, her heart turned to him still. The tables laid out in the barn actually groaned under the burden of good things—huge salmon, venison, game of every description, curds and cream, oat cake, butter, cheese, rich, brown home-brewed ale, and mellow old whisky that made their hearts glad. After they had eaten and drank, Rory Ban rose in his place and said "I ask you to drink to the health and success of our young friends who are about to leave us. May their career be good and glorious, worthy of the promise of their youth, and the fame of their fathers!" This toast was drunk with Highland honours, cheer followed cheer, till the rafters rung. Then the pipers struck up the clan gathering, while the tables were cleared, when dancing commenced, and was carried on with truly Highland spirit until the day dawned.

William Achool retired to rest at midnight, and Rory Ban, after drinking "deoch an doruis," mounted his horse and started on his journey homewards. Twenty miles of rough riding lay before him, but he was quite accustomed to the saddle, and did not care.

It was a lovely night, a full moon was shining overhead and made everything light as day, except where the hills threw deep long shadows across the path. Suddenly, on emerging from one of these shadows, Rory was aware that a single horseman was riding about fifty yards in front of him. He could see that the stranger was an officer, for his helmet, buttons, and gold lace glittered in the moonlight, and his sword dangled by his side. Rory came to the conclusion that the rider was a Highland officer returning from foreign service, that he probably knew him, so he quickened his pace, but the stranger, without any apparent effort, kept at the same distance. Rory knew that his horse was the best in the country, so he gave him his head, and went along at the top of his speed, but with the same result, and thus they careered on for miles. Suddenly they came to the graveyard of Achness, which the strange horseman entered, went straight to the burying place of the Abrachs, and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him! Rory's horse swerved, trembled, and then fled. For a mile or two Rory could only think of his own safety, as he completely

lost control over his usually reliable horse. When he arrived at home in the grey dawn, his wife was surprised to see him so quiet and pale, but she asked no questions, and he gave no explanation. A long time after, the news came that Captain Mackay, of Syre, was killed in Spain, and, strange to say, the date of his death corresponded exactly with the night that Rory, in pursuit of the weird horseman, rode up the glen.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.*

Translated by "FIONN."

My thoughts ever seek to the land of the brave,
Where the cataracts foam and the heather blooms wave,
Where meadows are fragrant and crystal streams flow,
And comely young maidens my heart set aglow.

There the sun in its glory enlivens the morn,
And jewels the mist which the mountains adorn,
It streams on the flowers bedecking the plain,
And wakens the woodlands with music's sweet strain.

The land that gave birth to the gallant and true,
The home of the brave that defeat never knew,
When the sword they unsheathed in stern battle's array,
The wounded were many at close of the fray.

'Twas their's not to blench when the foe was at hand,
Unflagging they pressed him by sea or by land,
Yet though in the onset untamed as the wave,
Full tender and true are the hearts of the brave.

Their sons have been driven from house and from home,
And forced o'er the ocean in exile to roam,
But their prowess shines ever as clear as the day,
Like the fame of their fathers, 'twill never decay.

But they yet shall return to their dear fatherland,
And we'll welcome, as brothers, that long exiled band.
To people the hamlet, the valley and glen,
Nor landlord, nor bailiff disturb them again.

If foes shout defiance or ravage our shore,
We'll loyally muster and fight as of yore,
The lads with the tartan still leading the van,
Shall show deeds of valour as Highlanders can.

* The original, "*Dùthaich nan Laoch*," by Neil MacLeod, appeared in No. 1, Vol. I

TO "KIRSTIE" AT THE HAUGH.

Dear friend, 'tis good for me to know
That 'tho I wander to and fro
Thy heart goes with me as I go.

I hear its throbbing in the night,
I see thy face so full of light,
I take thy hand and hold it tight.

And in the morning when I wake
I put new strength, my cross to take
And do my best for thy dear sake.

A. C. M.

THE AWAKENING OF THE GAEL.

APROPOS to the unmistakable revival of Celticism within the last few years, will be an echo of the general wail that was raised over its all too evident decay in Ireland, about the beginning of the Irish struggle for freedom. It is worthy of note that the first signs of the awakening of the national life of that "distressful country," was, when its patriots seemed all at once to have become conscious of the fact that their mother tongue was fading away "like the leaves upon the trees"; but, unlike them, in as much as that it had no clear prospect of a spring-time. It was this awakened consciousness that awoke the long dormant muse of Erin's bards, and how much Erin owes to these bards is plain and evident from the sturdy spirit of patriotism to which their songs gave birth. No better illustration could be had of the clearness of perception of our own Scottish patriot,—Fletcher of Saltoun—when he said, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I care not who may make its laws" But what a wail of despondency ran through the first chords that were struck on the awakened harp of Tara's halls! Take a verse, as an instance, from Father Michael Mullen's poem, "The Celtic Tongue":—

"'Tis fading, O, 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
And ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to its breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and her name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and through gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb;
The time-wrought shell where murmured, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom, in annal and in song—
Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the past."

What a different ring—what a ring of hope—of confident, if not triumphant, aspirations—there is in the voice of the bards of Erin to day! Yet it must be admitted that this new dawn in the national life of Erin was not permitted to illumine for long a way for the salvation and preservation of the mother tongue. Decay had been allowed to take its course far too long, and what their mother tongue might have braced Irishmen to keep, had they given it the justice it deserved, it could not recover for them at a time when it was itself in its death throes. The cause that gave birth to their new-born, and all

but realised aspirations, had to take a back place, and Father Mullen's lines are even more applicable to-day to the "language of old Erin," than they were when they were first penned by that ardent Irish patriot. It is to be hoped that the new "Irish Literary Society," which was inaugurated in London, last month, under the chairmanship of Ireland's "Grand Old Man," Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, may be able to do something to avert the utter extinction of "the language of old Erin,—of her history and name, —her monarchs and her heroes,—her glory and her fame." If I may presume to advise, and if they are willing to take advice from a brother Gael, I would unhesitatingly advise them to separate their language from the Irish character. Let the latter die—it is already doomed—but do not let it drag the language with it to a premature grave. The "Gaelic Journal," a monthly periodical published in Dublin, and printed mostly in Irish Gaelic, is conducted on lines somewhat similar to what the promoters of the "Celtic Monthly" have in view, but its usefulness must be practically *nil*, owing to the Gaelic being printed entirely in the Irish character.

Never at any time quite so low, there is to-day a hopeful, prophetic ring in the Celticism of their brother Gaels in the Highlands. The "Comunn Gaidhealach" has instituted the Highland Mod, held in Oban last month, which has a sphere of labour all to itself, in which it has unlimited scope. The Gaelic Societies of Glasgow and Inverness are doing practical work in a similar direction, in the yearly publication of their interesting and instructive transactions; and while these are catering for the adults, the Gaelic Society of London—by a long way the oldest of them all—it being now in its 115th year—is doing excellent work among the young in the elementary schools of the Highlands. It is doing a two-fold work in this respect. It is taking a practical way to encourage the teaching of Gaelic by providing book prizes for the Gaelic scholars in these schools, and in making it a point that these prizes shall be for the most part Gaelic books, and that they shall be altogether relating to the Highlands, whether Gaelic or English. In this way it is doing something to encourage the Gaelic publisher, an encouragement as richly deserved by him as it has been shamefully denied to him in the past. This year, alone, it has given no less than 200 book prizes to as many Gaelic scholars all over the Highlands. A future constituency is thus being formed for the "Celtic Monthly." These, then, are signs as hopeful as they are encouraging, and to adopt the rhythm of Father Mullen's lament, let me turn it into a song of triumph:—

'Tis waking, yes, 'tis waking! its voice is in the breeze
That waves the heather on the hills, and sweeps the western seas;
In mainland cot and island home the *Celtic Monthly's* read—
'Twill tell in Gaelic tale and song what at the *Mod* was said.
The piper, bard, and seneschal, are rising to renew
The noble deeds of "other days," when hearts were brave and true—
They'll sing of heroes yet to come, of laurels to be won
In peaceful paths of glory, as in battles erst were done.
'Tis waking, yes, 'tis waking! I hear the stranger say:—
"There's danger in the Celtic Tongue were it to have its way;
'Twill wake the ancient Celtic fire, and break the Saxon bands,
By which we hold, with grip secure, the choice of Gaeldom's lands."
'Tis waking, yes, 'tis waking! in ancient Selma's halls
The voice of Cona seems to rise, and Fingal's footstep falls;
O'er woody Morven's slopes again is heard the hunter's hail,
And sounds of mirth and chivalry in stormy Innisghael.
The Gael upon his native heath, the Gaelic on his tongue,
The tartan plaid in folds across his manly bosom flung;
The spirit of his fathers in his every word and move,
And where the stranger foe will dare his birthright to disprove?

The advent of the "Celtic Monthly," then, is most opportune. It is coming on the crest of a Celtic wave of enthusiasm; and, providing it fulfils its functions, and that it comes up to expectations in its quantity, as well as in its quality of Gaelic matter, its success ought to be assured. Cuireadhmaid, gach fear agus té againn, fhòid fhéin, agus a fòid fhéin, air an teinne, agus cha téid e a chaoidh às.

T. D. MacDonald.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The sudden demise of this "Prince among men," in his 64th year, took the British public by surprise. No nobleman in Great Britain since the time of the "Iron Duke," was so widely and so well known as this "democratic Duke," frequently so called. Descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, who first settled in Sutherland in the 12th century, on the expulsion of the Norsemen by William the Lion from that district, the late Duke was the 21st Earl of Sutherland, premier Earl, and Lord Strathnaver in the peerage of Scotland, Marquis of Stafford, Viscount Trentham, Earl, and Baron Gower of Stittenham in the peerage of England, and Duke of Sutherland in the British peerage.

Born heir to a princely inheritance, he used his resources in a princely manner, to develop the capabilities of his estates and to promote various schemes for the general progress of the country in trade, commerce, and the extension of com-

munication by land and sea. He was a true and real nationalist, a true patriot, practical, unostentatious, affable, approachable, devoid of aristocratic haughtiness, more ready to listen than to speak, gentlemanly in reply and general conversation, though he could occasionally be caustic and sarcastic; yet in the pungency of such remarks it could readily be seen that he grasped at the pith of the subject much more clearly than those more glib of tongue.

To the public spirit of this noble chief the Highlands of Scotland are especially indebted for the rapid development of their resources. Without his fostering influence, personal encouragement, and pecuniary aid, the Highland railways could not have so quickly extended to the far North. It has been calculated that in the promotion and construction of these railways he expended or invested nearly £400,000, besides £254,000 in the reclamation works, and £48,000 in the Coal and Brick works at Brora. In a statement submitted to the Crofters' Commission in 1883, the total expenditure in Sutherland alone, for thirty years, was nearly £1,300,000, while the total revenue in the same period was only £1,050,000, leaving a balance of £250,000 against the estate,or provided for otherwise—an average outlay of nearly£44,000 a-year. This lavish expenditure must have been beneficial to many in the county and out of it.

It was not only in Sutherland that this nobleman put forth his active energies. His other estates were not neglected, and he instituted many large enterprises to develop their resources. He was a hereditary director of the London and North-Western Railway Company, a Director of the Highland and other railways and public companies. His magnificent reception and entertainment of foreign potentates—Garibaldi, Shah of Persia, and Khedive of Egypt, as well as philosophers, and other eminent men at one or other of his castles, made him famous throughout the whole civilized world. Welcomed every where he went, he was always ready to welcome Prince and peasant to his lordly halls.

CELTIC PLACE-NAMES IN AYRSHIRE.

By Hector MacLean, Islay.

Dalmellington, Brythonic, Dâl, the same as Welsh *Dôl*; *Dal-melin* equivalent to Dale of mill. Pennyvenie, equal to Gaelic *Peighinn bheinne*, Mountain pennyland. Craigengillan, Gaelic, *Creag-nan-gilleun*, Rock of the youths, or servant men. Dalry Parish, District of Cunningham.—Dalry, equivalent to Gaelic *Dail-righ*, King's field. Munnock, Gaelic, *Muineach*, bushy. Barkip, Gaelic, *Barr*, top, and *cip*, a rank of soldiers; Barkip equal then to top of rank of soldiers. Barcosh, Gaelic, *Barr-cóise*, Top of fissure; *cós*, a fissure. Blair, Gaelic, *Blàr*, a level piece of ground. Auchinskeith, Gaelic, *Achadh-an-sgithich*, Field of the hawthorn. Cockenzie, Gaelic, *Coiche Choinnich*, Kenneth's mountain or way—*Coiche*, mountain or way. Galston Parish, District of Kyle-Stewart.—Blairkip, Gaelic, *Blàr-cip*, Level ground's rank of soldiers. Auchencloich, Gaelic, *Achadh-na-cloiche*, Field of the stone, or Stonefield. Aird, Gaelic, *Aird*, Height. Drumdorch, Gaelic, *Druim-dorcha*, Dark ridge. Auchmannock, Gaelic, *Achadh-manach*, Field of monks.

Girvan Parish.—Girvan, Gaelic, *Gearr-abhainn*, Short river; Daldowie, Gaelic, *Dail-dubh*, Black field. Shalloch park, Gaelic, *seileach*, willow.

Pinmerry.—Brythonic, from pin equal to Head, and *meryw*, juniper. Enoch, Gaelic, *Aenach*, marsh. Drumramy, Gaelic, *Druim-rainich*, Ridge of fern or fern ridge. Dupin, Gaelic, *Dubh-pheighinn*, Black pennyland Kilpatrick, Gaelic, *Cille-phadraig*, Patrick's church. Letterpin, Gaelic, *Leitir-pheighinn*, Slope pennyland. Knock-Shennoch, Gaelic, *Cnoc-sionnach*, Hill of foxes.

Parish of New Cumnock.—Corsanoon, Gaelic, *Cors an-uain*, Carse of the lamb.

DO CHLANNA NAN GAIDHEAL.

Air Fonn.—"*Air failliriun, illiriun,, uilliriun, o.*"

A Chlanna mo shluaighsa nach aoibhneach an sgeul,
A' Ghàilig a rithist 'bhi gleusadh a teud!
A rithist a sgaoileadh a sgiathan an àird,
A dh' aindeoin gach oidheirp gu 'leagail gu làr.

An dràsda 's an Oban tha Comunn tha grinn,
Cha 'n fhacas a leithid ré làithean ar linn—
Bha nasal is losal a measgadh le chéil'
Toirt urram do 'n chànain a labhair an Fhéinn.

Thàinig ribhinnean àillidh feadh mhilltean air chuairt,
A's gillean treun, neartmhor, sheas catharra suas,
Seann daoine 's clann òg, is gach aon dìubh ag radh,
"A suas leis a' Ghàilig!—mo chiadh ris a' chàrn."

'Nèill 'Ic Leòid, a dheagh charaid, 's fìor thubhairt thu 'd dhàn,
A Ghàilig gu bràth nach faigheadh am bàs,
Tha latha 'n dèigh latha a dearbhadh na cùis,
A chaoidh nach teid às dhi 's nach cuirt' i air chùl.

Bheir sinn fùilte do'n leabhran tha nis tighinn air bonn,
A sgaoileadh ar n-eachdraidh 's gach ceàrna do'n fhonn;
Air aghart na h-uile tha 'cumail a suas
An dùthaich tha naisgte ri 'r cridhe gach uair.

'S gach mios mar thèid seachad bithidh fìughar a ghnàth.
Ris a' Mhìosachan Ghàidhlach bheir naigheachdan 's dàin
Mu thimchioll ar sinnsear, ar cànain, 's ar tìr,
'S le dochas gu 'n soirbhich e nis is gu sìor.

Iain Caimbeul, Ledaig.

An Fheòlar, 1892.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

THE Editor has kindly invited us to conduct a Musical Column in connection with the *Celtic Monthly*, and we have much pleasure in acceding to his request, and trust that we shall be able to make this column certainly not the least important department of a Magazine which already possesses so many features of special interest. In this endeavour we shall rely upon the hearty support of our readers. Our aim will be to give the airs, with words, of popular Gaelic songs that either have never been noted down before, or are only to be found in books of extreme rarity, mostly unobtainable by the general public; and also to give other settings of songs than those in use at the present time. There are a large number of beautiful Gaelic Melodies still floating about, which have never been noted down; and, if those of our readers who possess the faculty of noting down a simple air, upon hearing it sung—and we are convinced there must be many such throughout the Highlands and elsewhere—will forward their contributions they shall be duly acknowledged by finding a place in this column. Those desirous of obtaining the words of any particular song can ask our readers to supply them through the columns of this Magazine.

As our first song we give "*Thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair.*" It is very popular throughout the Highlands, and so far as we are aware, the music of it has not hitherto appeared in print.

THUG MI GAOL DO 'N T-SEOLADAIR.

(*I love the Sailor Lad.*)

KEY G. *Slowly.*

d	m ,,d	:t, ,,l,	r ,,d	:t, ,,l,	s, ,,l,	:d ,,r	d :.
Air	feas-gar	Samhraidh	Sàbaid	dhomh, 's mi	gabh-ail	sràid leam	fhèin,
One	love-ly	Summer	even	- ing, as	in the	fields I	strayed,
m	s ,,m	:r ,,m	l ,,l	:s ,,s,	d ,,r	:d ,,l,	s, :-.
Na	smeoraich bha	gu	ceil - ear - ach,	's iad	àrd air	bhàrr nan	geug,
The	mavis all	me -	lod - i - ous	among	the	branches	played,
s,	m ,,m	:r ,,m	l ,,l	:s ,,s,	d ,,r	:m ,,d	l, :-.
Mi	cuimhneach' air	an	àr -	munn a 's	àill - idh	tha fo 'n	ghrèin—
My	thoughts	were on	the fairest	one on	whom the	sun e'er	shone,
d ,,r	m ,,d	:t, ,,l,	r ,,d	:t, ,,l,	s, ,,l,	:d ,,r	d :-.
Nach	truagh nach robh mi		còmhla	riut a'	còmhradh	greis leinn	fhèin.
Oh,	could	I now	but roam	with thee	among	the woods	alone.

Bho 'n thàinig mi an dùthaich so
Gur beag mo shunnd ri ceòl,
Bho 'n dh' fhàg mi tir nan àrd-bheann,
Far 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach òg,
Far am biodh feidh 's na fireachan,
'Us bric air linne lòin,
Far 'm biodh na h òighean uaibhreach
'Dol do 'n bhuaile le 'n laoigh òg.

Tha m' athair 'us mo mhàthair,
'S mo chàirdean rium an gruaim;
'S ann tha gach h-aon dhiubh 'g ràdhtainn
"Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh!
An dì-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraich
Bho d' òige 'thog thu suas?"
'S ann thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
'Tha seòladh thar a' chuain!

Oh, sad my lot and dreary is,
In silence oft I mourn!
E'er since I left that lovely strath,
And glen where I was born;
The deer roam o'er its mountains steep,
The fish swim in its rills,
And pretty maidens tend the calves
That gambol by the hills.

My friends are with me angry;
My parents me despise,—
They say unto me constantly,
"Oh, wilt thou ne'er be wise?
Forget for aye the thoughtlessness
From youth that clung to thee,"—
Because I love that sailor boy
Who sails the stormy sea.

The Gaelic words will be found complete in Sinclair's *Orannaiche.*

The translation is by "FIONN," and will be found in the "CELTIC GARLAND."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.
NOVEMBER, 1892.

TO OUR READERS.

In our former issue we expressed the opinion that, given a sufficiently varied magazine, our countrymen would rally round us and make the *Celtic Monthly* a success. We are pleased to say that the very large circulation which our first number attained has amply confirmed the confidence which we placed in the Celtic public. The magazine was sold out a day or two after publication, and the second large edition which was immediately printed, is also already exhausted. This is certainly a new departure in the annals of Highland magazine literature, and we confess that the hearty reception which our Celtic friends have extended to the new venture is very gratifying to us. We were confident of success, but were not prepared for the large measure which was so generously bestowed upon us. We must also express our indebtedness to the public press, both Highland and Lowland, for the kind and encouraging reviews which they gave to our magazine, and which helped materially to bring it before the notice of our countrymen at home and abroad.

We have now much pleasure in presenting our readers with the second number, which we trust they will find at least as interesting and varied as our first. Perfection in such matters can only be obtained by experience, and we hope before long to improve considerably on our earlier issues.

Our programme for the December number promises to be an especially attractive one. We have already on hand quite a number of interesting and valuable contributions, dealing with a variety of subjects. Two of the articles which we purpose giving next month will be illustrated. We regret that the limited space at our disposal is quite inadequate for the number of papers which we would like to insert in each number, and we trust that the ladies and gentlemen whose contributions have not yet appeared will bear with us for a little while, and we will give them publicity as soon as possible. If our readers would continue to assist us by recommending the *Celtic Monthly* to their friends, and so continue to increase the circulation, we would on our part endeavour to add a few extra pages, and in this way find room for a greater variety of contributions.

CANADIAN HIGHLAND NEWS.—In our December number will appear a short letter giving particulars regarding Highland matters in the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Alex. Fraser, Editor of the *Scottish Canadian*, and Secretary, Gaelic Society of Toronto, has kindly consented to act as correspondent, and contribute a short article each month relating to Celtic matters in the greater Scotland across the seas. We feel sure that Mr. Fraser's letters will be read with interest by Highlanders in the old country.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Those of our readers who have the pleasure of Mr. Whyte's acquaintance (and we know they are many), will admit that the very fine portrait which we present this month is life-like. Next month, we intend to give an equally good portrait of Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, ex-president of the Clan Mackay Society, and perhaps the best known member of the ancient clan now living. The portrait will be cabinet size, and taken from a recent photograph.

We also intend in the same issue giving a portrait of Mr. Archibald Campbell, captain of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club.

PORTRAIT OF MR. HENRY WHYTE (FIONN). As many of Mr. Whyte's friends and admirers may wish to possess a copy of the life-like portrait which we give this month, suitable for framing, we may mention that we have had a limited number of copies printed on fine glazed, specially prepared paper, of a larger size, suitable for this purpose. As only a few copies are for sale, those who desire prints of this handsome plate should apply at once to the Editor. *Price, 9d*; post free.—We also intend printing a few copies of Mr. John MacKay, Hereford's, portrait, in the same style, and at the same price as the above. There are still a few copies of Mr. Neil MacLeod, the Skye bard's, portrait left.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. MARY MACKELLAR.—Highlanders in all parts of the world will be pleased to learn that the Clan Cameron have taken practical steps to erect a memorial in honour of their late talented bardess, Mrs. MacKellar, (*née* Cameron). A committee has been formed to collect funds, and we trust that their appeal will meet with a ready and hearty response. A public notice will be found in our next issue, and we trust that the Clan Cameron will soon be in receipt of sufficient funds to enable them to erect a suitable memorial over the remains of the poetess of Lochaber.

MARJORY CAMERON'S TRYST.

By Carrol King.

CHAPTER I.

"And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"—Hood.

IN the clean, cool kitchen, at the open window, under which was placed a snow-white table, stood bonnie, wilful Marjory, making up the butter that had resulted from the week's churning. A squat-looking round, low, wooden tub stood on the table, half-filled with pure, clean water, and in the midst of *that*, a huge, shapeless lump of golden butter, *very* lop-sided, was being slapped, and stroked, and patted by Marjory's firm, white hands. It was both pleasant and amusing to watch the earnest energy with which Marjory went at her work, making it at once a pastime and a duty. She would stroke, and slecken, and pat the golden mass, until it lay prone all over and round the bottom of the tub, the water forming small milky puddles wherever the hands had left dent or dimple; then, with a rather fearful-looking curved and sharp-pointed knife, she would score it deeply, along and across, until its milky essence was shed from every pore; suddenly, she would deluge it with fresh, clear water, dash off all the liquid into a great trough that stood ready beside the table, and attack the butter with overwhelming vigour, slapping it up again, to undergo the whole process once more! A pretty wooden "print," representing a very decided Scotch thistle, lay with the butter-spades, alongside the tub, waiting to give the ornamental finishing touches to the butter, when its more violent discipline would be overpast! Presently, she had arrived at the gentler stage of dipping the butter-spoons into cold water after having cruelly scalded them first in boiling water, and then daintily persuading morsels of butter into graceful shapes of shells, and balls, and teetotums, and thistles; then she drew a long breath of relief that her work was so nearly over. A clang of the yard gate, and a manly footstep approaching, made her brown eyes open wide, while her cheeks assumed their richest rose-colour.

"That's Sandie!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "At this time of day! How has he got away?"

"Well, *a luaidh, a Mharsalie!*" said the new comer, depositing a small, solid-looking parcel, about six inches square, on the table beside the butter-tub, while he took possession of Marjory's wet right hand, butter-spoon and all!

"Well, Sandie!" was her laconic response, "How did you get away from the pier at this time, when the luggage steamer will be up in half-an-hour!"

"She's passed, he replied, flinging his smart sailor cap off his curly head. "She came in early to-day, for she had both wind and tide with her, and I am here, on my way to the big house, because Mr. Clyde expected a package of money from the bank, and the steamer clerk was to hand it to me, and *I* was to deliver it into Mr. Clyde's own hands! Is it a satisfactory explanation?"

She laughed, and tossed her head coquettishly.

"I don't know why you're putting off your time here, then!" she said, lightly.—Of course they both spoke in their native Gaelic.

"Don't you?" he asked, merrily, trying to make her look at *him*, instead of the thistle prints. "I had better go on then, and call in at Broomhill instead—Jenny will be glad to see me, although Charlie Clyde is there to-day."

She looked at him now, with a spark of fire in her eye.

"*Go* to Broomhill, and welcome," she said, promptly. "Jenny *will* be glad to see you, no doubt! More so that I am! What sends Charley Clyde back so soon? Is he in another scrape at the College? He's a wild fellow."

"Like enough, it may be another scrape," replied Sandie, shortly. "I know his father is beginning to be tired of paying debts for him every now and then. Marsalie, you didn't mean that now, did you? You wouldn't like to see me hang up my hat at Broomhill, really now—would you?"

"Yes, I would—fine!" she responded, with light carelessness. "Jenny is quite welcome to—my cast-off shoon, if she is silly enough to fancy them!"

In a huge, clumsy huff, poor Sandie picked up his gold-laced cap, and walked off, banging the yard gate hard after him.

"Oh, the great donkey!" said Marjory, merrily to herself, "he has left his parcel! A nice figure he'll cut before Mr. Clyde without it! I'll hide it! I'll pretend I have never seen it after he left it here! It will serve him right, and give him a good fright too! He'll be back directly!"

She opened a little wall-cupboard between the window and the fire, in an angle of the wall, and tossed the heavy little packet up on the top shelf. How little she guessed what would be the consequences of her thoughtless act! Then she ran about, singing as she put up her butter out of the dust's way, washed and scalded tub, knife, prints, and wooden spoons, and finally she carried them all out to the cool, wire-fronted press in the milk-house across the yard. Her mother was busy at the barn-door, plucking the wool off a great evil-smelling sheep-skin, hung upon a clothes line.

"Is the churning all finished?" she called out, as Marjory came out of the milk-house, on the

other side. "Was there as much butter as last time?"

"Yes, three-quarters more," replied Marjory, approaching her mother and the unsavoury skin, very daintily. "Are you almost done with that, mother?"

"Yes, it will be finished by the time you have dinner ready. Where is Robbie? I want him to get me another creel from the stable-loft."

"I haven't seen him since breakfast, mother. I daresay he's down at the pier as usual. It's time he was sent to Glasgow to earn his bread, for he won't be of much use here."

"Time enough," said her mother, sharply. "Go and get the potatoes washed, Marjory,—it's time they were on to boil."

Robbie, the only son that survived of three, was the mother's idol. Two boys that had come between him and Marjory were dead, and now, Robert, the youngest, a merry, fun-loving hobbledehoy of fourteen, could do no wrong at all in his mother's eyes, and was the frequent cause of decided differences of opinion between her and her husband, and between herself and her only daughter. Marjory turned away and caught up a coarse splint-basket, filled it with potatoes, and carried them to the burn, to wash them under the spout, singing softly—

"'S ged tha e dubh, gur boidheach dubh,
Mo ghille dubh na treig mi!"

An hour later, as the family sat at dinner, the yard gate clanged again, and Marjory sprang to the door to prevent or anticipate Sandie's entrance

"Well," she said, with a mischievious and most bewitching smile, "Was Jenny awfully glad to see you."

"Yes," he said readily, "She was just charming! I stayed so long with her that when I reached the Big House I found Mr. Clyde had gone out, and left word that I was to keep the package till he would call down at the pier for it to-morrow morning,—he's going away with the 'Plover,'—and it was then I found I had left the parcel with you, Marsalie."

"You left no package with me," she answered, with a toss of her head. "Very likely Jenny has it! Go back to Broomhill and ask her!"

A shade of anxiety clouded Sandie's dark, handsome face—his manner changed, and he caught Marjory's hands in his own with fervour—

"I never went near Jenny at all, *a buaidh*," he whispered. "*You* know fine I never would, you saucy witch! Come over to the pine-tree at the foot of the Well Brae this evening 'when the kye come hame,' and we'll have a walk. *Do* come, Marsalie!"

"Well, maybe I will," she said, relenting a little. "But what an awful story-teller you are, Sandie! What about the parcel?"

"You have it!" he said with decision. "I left it beside your butter-tub, I know. I had only just turned out at your gate, when I met Iain Ruadh returning from the ferry in Mr. Clyde's dog cart, and he said the laird had been called away on some sudden business to Fort-William, and if I had received a parcel for him I was to keep it carefully till to-morrow morning, and he would come down to the pier for it then. That's really the whole truth now, Marsalie, darling, so run and fetch me the parcel, and I'll take good care of it this time."

"Well—but—" she began, with a bright, roguish smile, "I meant to have given you a good fright over it first, and you deserve it, Sandie, but—its safe enough"—lowering her voice to a whisper, "I flung it up on the top shelf of the wall-cupboard, and I can't get it just now, when father and all of us are at dinner—I'll bring it to the pine-tree, to-night. I will, Sandie, at the gloamin'."

He was quite satisfied, and went away back to his duties whistling cheerily as he thought of the rustling, swaying pine-tree, the white, ghost-like waterfall, the mysterious spell of the "gloamin' gray," and—Marjory. She too, sang blithely as she gathered up and washed her great pile of dinner-dishes, and as she thought of the lonely trysting tree, and the still, witching spell of the twilight. Robbie and her father had gone out after dinner, but her mother was busily darning socks at the table, drawn up in front of the fire. By-and-bye the darning-wool had to be changed from heather to steel-grey, and the mother rose and went "ben" to the parlour to fetch the desired colour. Instantly Marjory jumped up on a chair, and reached up for the heavy little parcel, where she had thrown it, but it was not there! "Bother!" she muttered, "and mother will be back this minute!"

She sprang lightly down and placed a wooden stool on the chair, mounting quickly again; from this raised position she could see and search the whole shelf. Impatiently she tossed receipts and old letters aside, and rummaged for what she sought—it was no use—the square, solid, little parcel was completely gone—vanished utterly! Poor Marjory! How *could* she keep her tryst with empty hands? *What* was this awful thing that had happened to her? And how could that heavy package have vanished as completely and mysteriously as if the earth had swallowed it up? She only knew it was gone! Poor Marjory!

(To be concluded in our next.)

In the Fraser Fencibles of 1794, there were 300 men of the clan Fraser.

GIRNIGOE CASTLE.

SITUATED on the rugged coast of Sinclair Bay, in the County of Caithness, is the Old Keep, Girnigoe Castle—the impregnable abode, some centuries ago, of the fierce Earls of Caithness. In historic associations, it is one of the outstanding landmarks of the district, and the tourist to the North of Scotland is almost certain to find his way to behold its deserted walls, while natives now living in the South, in revisiting the scenes of their early days, are almost equally certain to visit the enormous pile, around whose massive ruins many youthful hours were spent.

The Castle evidently derives its name of Girnigoe from the ever-moaning and restless sea that breaks and splashes on the rocks on which it is built, and also from a neighbouring "goe." There is, however, considerable misapprehension as to the name of the Castle—the tradition of the locality being that there were two Castles on the same spot, namely Castle Sinclair and Castle Girnigoe. Bishop Pococke, in his Tours in Scotland, writes as follows, on a visit which he made in 1760:—"I went to see the Castles of Carnigo and Sinclair—the first situated on a rock over the sea, and separated from the land by a deep fossee, over which there was a drawbridge. The other is close to it, built for an elder son; in both of them are several apartments, and beyond the first are several little courts on the rocks. Sinclair was built in the time of King Charles the Second. This Sinclair was the last Earl of the line." Girnigoe is referred to in the Macfarlane MSS., and likewise in many other works relating to the North of Scotland.

The combination of Girnigoe and Sinclair is mentioned by Mr. J. T. Calder, in his History of Caithness This is a mistake, however, as the historical fact is that the Castle was officially and popularly known as Castle Girnigoe up until the year 1606, and, afterwards, by the name of Castle Sinclair. In the year 1606, the Earl of Caithness got an Act of Parliament passed in the old Scottish Parliament, declaring that thereafter Girnigoe Castle, with its fortalices and structures, should be known by the name of Castle Sinclair. Indeed, the reason for the change of the name is well enough known. At the time it became the fashion for noblemen to call their Castles after their own surnames—generally the name of the clan which they ruled.

The older portion of the Castle is still standing. The date of its erection is scarcely known, while the more recent addition is popularly known as Castle Sinclair, and supposed to have been built by a French architect. It has fallen on account of some defects in the masonry.

There were other "keeps" in the County of Caithness of more ancient date than Girnigoe Castle, but none probably so well placed for offensive and, more particularly, defensive purposes. Its masters, too, were powerful chiefs on account of their almost unlimited jurisdiction and powers, the Earls of Caithness having been for a time Heritable Justiciars of Sutherland and Caithness, and they were ever ready as a rule to plot against their enemies, while not over scrupulous on behalf of their friends.

The first Earl was Chancellor of Scotland, and the Earldom in the Sinclair line dates from 1455. William, the second Earl, left Girnigoe Castle with 300 men, and these, with one exception, were all killed on the fatal field of Flodden, in 1513. The mournful tale was communicated to the County by a solitary survivor. The County poet, Calder, endeavoured to give expression to the general grief in lines of sorrow, and he bewailed Lady Caithness' condition, as she sat pensively in Girnigoe Castle, brooding over her absent lord, in the following lines:

> "'Twas a gloomy eve in autumn—
> Clouds o'er heaven lay dense and still;
> And the sun no smile shed round him
> As he sank behind the hill.
> In her tapestried, princely chamber
> Lonely, uttering not a word;
> Pensive, sat the Lady Caithness,
> Brooding o'er her absent lord.
> For of him she'd heard no tidings
> Since the hour he marched away
> With his sprightly band to England,
> Firmly clad in green array:
> All the flower of Caithness with him—
> Fife and drum and banner bright—
> To assist King James of Scotland
> In the anticipated fight."

There is a tradition that the only survivor conveyed to Lady Caithness what was known as the Drumhead Charter. The possessions of the Earl had been confiscated by the Crown, but, as the Earl appeared with so many men at Flodden, his sins of omission and commission were forgiven by the King, who, it is alleged, granted the Charter to the Earl, restoring to him all his rights and heritages. It is said that this Charter was written hurriedly on a drumhead before the battle commenced. No trace, however, has been discovered of the existence of such a Charter.

The third Earl, John, met the fate of his father, for he was killed in the battle of Summerdale, in Orkney, in the year 1529. He left Girnigoe Castle with about 500 men. He enjoyed the Earldom for about 16 years.

A history of Girnigoe Castle cannot be written in a brief article like the present. One of the principle incidents connected with the Castle

was the alleged starvation of John, Master of Caithness, in the dungeon of the Castle, in the year 1576, by his father, Earl George. All writers take the part of the son, and are exceedingly severe on the father for his so-called cruelty. But, notwithstanding all testimony to the contrary, it is apparent that the son was a long way more blameworthy than the parent. The great aim of the Earl was to increase his wealth, and his ambition also lay in extending the influence of his house, to which inheritance the son would one day succeed. But the son gave no assistance to the father to advance his patrimonial interests, or to add to the lustre of the family name. On the contrary, he plotted against the father. The father, in 1566, had procured a Charter of the Earldom in favour of "John, Master of Caithness," but reserving his own liferent. The Master, however, was tarnishing the family prestige. The wife of the Master, Jean Hepburn, had to procure a divorce against him on account of his adulterous connection with several women. His mother, Lady Caithness, was compelled to raise an action against him in the Sheriff Court at Inverness, for rents belonging to her, with which he intromitted, and for which he failed to give her satisfaction. He further disobeyed the orders of his father at the military proceedings which took place at Dornoch. He schemed against his father, and became the associate of his father's greatest enemy. In such an age, and in such circumstances, what was the father to do with such a son? Was he to allow himself to be injured, if not destroyed, through the machinations of his son? No! The natural instinct for his own self-preservation induced him to consign the son—in whose filial affection he could place no reliance—to the Castle dungeon. The son was even troublesome there, for he succeeded in killing his brother William. What was the father to do with him? If he set him at liberty, he would naturally resume his old devices, and encompass the father's ruin. Death, through some agency, relieved the Master from the fetters of this world. He was buried in the Sinclair aisle, in the old churchyard of Wick, and his tombstone bears the following inscription: "Here lies entombed ane noble and worthie man, John, Master of Caithness, who departed this life the 15th day of March, 1576."

The duration of the Master's confinement in the dungeon, as given by historians (and especially Sir Robert Gordon), is incorrect. The time given by Calder is about six years, while Sir Robert Gordon puts the number at seven. The correct period, however, is from the month of September, 1573, till the month of March, 1575—or about one and a half years. This is certified in some arbitration proceedings, which took place in regard to certain property between George Sinclair, of Mey, and Mary Sinclair, daughter of John, the Master of Caithness, and wife of John Home, of Cowdenknowe—the original documents of which were seen by the writer hereof. Sir Robert Gordon, in his own jaundiced way, writes of the Earl as follows: "Earle George was a worldlie, wyse man, politique, craftie, and provident, whereby he heaped together a great quantity of treasure."

But, on the death of this Earl, the influence of Girnigoe gradually waned. The Earl's successor was the wicked Earl George, and it was through the instrumentality of this wicked nobleman that Wick was created a Royal Burgh in 1589. His motive in getting this done was to diminish the influence of Thurso, the inhabitants of which generally sided with the Murkle family in neighbouring quarrels, and the Earl knew that the erection of Wick into a Royal Burgh would neutralise to a great extent the prestige of Thurso and of its inhabitants.

In 1588 the Earl of Sutherland obtained a commission against the Earl of Caithness for the murder of George Gordon, and he advanced with his forces to Girnigoe Castle to apprehend the Earl of Caithness. The latter, however, simply shut himself in Girnigoe, which was impregnable, and the brothers of Sutherland could do nothing but look on. On the expiry of twelve days, he abandoned the siege, and the matters in dispute were left to the decision of Lord Huntly. A few incidents, however, cannot trace the history of the Castle, any more than they can describe those who figured therein. But Girnigoe has now been tenantless for about two centuries, and is only looked upon as a landmark of a past age, illustrative of conditions of life essentially different from those of the present day.

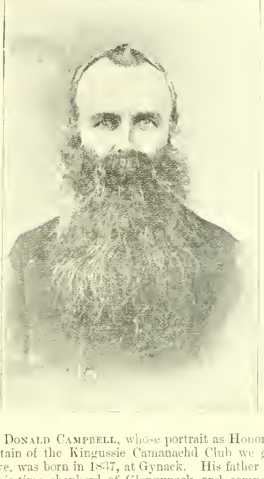
GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND.

IN AUTUMN STARLIGHT!

Mars lay beneath the moon one Autumn night,—
Yet far above the dark hills, dim and grand,
Where lay the first white favours from the hand
Of coming Winter. In the chilly light
The tall firs stood like sentinels by the way;
The unchallenged moonbeams on the chequer'd ground
Fell weirdly, amid absence of all sound,
Save the cold whisper of the leaves that lay
In way of lowly airs—too weak to bend
The frailest twig, yet—bitter airs—they came
However faintly,—blowing out the flame
Which we call heat:—yet, saying so, we lend
To weakest words great thoughts—all words above;
A warmth supreme was there, and that was—love!

JOHN HOGBEN.

MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.



Mr. Donald Campbell, whose portrait as Honorary Captain of the Kingussie Camanachd Club we give above, was born in 1837, at Gynack. His father was at this time shepherd of Glengynack, and composed many of the Gaelic songs which from time to time enriched the Gaelic pages of the Highland magazines of his day, and made for him a place amongst the Gaelic Bards of our age. The spirit of poesy so remarkable in the father, has in a certain degree taken possession of the son, and when occasion suits he is not slow to break into rhyme. In early life Mr. Campbell, like his father, carried the "Shepherd's Crook." In 1867 he started business as a general merchant at Kingussie. In all matters relating to the Burgh and Parish of Kingussie, Mr. Campbell has always taken a keen interest. He has occupied the position of Police Commissioner for 18 years, during 12 of which he was Junior Magistrate. He is a member of the School Board; vice-president of the Liberal Association; and a member of the Parochial Board. In Mr. Campbell, the game of Shinty has one of its most ardent admirers, and the Kingussie Camanachd Club one of its warmest supporters.

On the formation of the club he was elected Honorary Captain, and although 55 winters have gone over his head he is still to be seen (Caman in hand) taking part in its practices and encouraging its members.

The London Scots' Shinty Club.—This Club will hold its Annual General Meeting in the "Edinburgh Tartan Room," Melford Lane, Strand, W.C., on *4th November*, at 8·30 p.m.

CHRISTIAN CELTICISM.

By Rev. John George MacNeill, Cawdor,
Editor of the "Gaelic Record."

Columba of Iona (563—597) is the greatest of our early Gaelic missionaries. He was a man of princely descent. This prince of missionaries has received about one hundred and twenty commemorations in Scottish and Irish place-names. Columba spoke Gaelic and Latin well. He was the first Celtic missionary who crossed the Grampians. He and his noble band of evangelists extended their spiritual conquests to Morayland, and to the whole of the north-west Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Columba was possessed of great musical ability. He had a splendid voice, capable of being heard at a vast distance. On one occasion, when opposed by enemies, he intoned a psalm with such charming effect that they were reduced to silence, and the onlookers trembled before him. The ministry of the Columban church was a living, aggressive ministry of the Word, interwoven with psalm and song. The late eminent Dr. John Mac-Donald, Ferintosh, with his popular gift of poetry and song, was a genuine type of the early Celtic missionary. It never occurred to the early Gaelic clergy to eliminate hymns from public worship. This modern, short-sighted policy has divorced from religion one of its most winsome and powerful elements. Columba's visit to the court of King Brude, near the banks of the Ness, quivers with interest. He is said to have baptized this brave, Pictish King, and to have converted his people to the Faith of the Cross. Under the friendly shield of this ruler of Morayland, the Columban missionaries were enabled to propagate the Christian religion in these northern parts, and to teach the people the Gaelic language.

In Britain, traces of Christianity are discoverable from almost its earliest dawn. The date of the introduction of the religion of Jesus into Albin is a vexed question. From the presence of British names in the Pauline Epistles, we incline to the opinion, that the bearer of the message of Life to our sea-girt island was Paul himself, the indefatigable Apostle of the Gentiles. This is highly probable. For during some years of his ministerial life, nothing is known of his movements. What is liklier than that he had spent some of these years spreading the joyous news among the British Celts. Celtic theology is of a deeply Pauline type.

Caractacus, a British king, was apparently a fellow-prisoner with Paul in Rome. Caractacus and his Queen, Claudia—their daughter, and Pudens—her husband, and Linus—their son,

became members of the household of Claudius, the Roman Emperor. On a memorable occasion, the Royal family of ancient Britain was brought to the foot of the Emperor's throne All the military patricians of the land gazed on the unconquerable Briton, who for nine years had set at defiance the conquerors of the world. In the presence of Claudius, Caractacus alone showed superiority to misfortune. His eloquent speech, his manly countenance, his military bearing, and his kingly dignity, made a great impression on the Emperor and his friends. His chains, and those of his family, were immediately struck off. Tacitus does not give us the subsequent history of this noble Briton and his family. Would not the British monarch and his friends at the close of their exile return to Britain, and reside in their castle of Caer-Caradoc? It is very likely that Pudens and Claudia helped to bring the Gospel of Christ to the British Isles. Paul, after his visit to Celtic Spain, could extend his tour to Albin, visit his royal acquaintances, plant churches in our dominions, and preach in the Gaelic tongue the Gospel he had preached when, on his second missionary journey, he had planted churches in the Gaelic speaking regions of Galatia. Dr. Ebrard, Erlangan, said in 1873, that Celtic missionaries "in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, evangelized the largest part of Great Britain, Rhineland, part of south Germany, and Switzerland."

A Celt, born in 551, became the founder of the religious house of Bobbio, in the north of Italy, and was its president for a considerable time. His name was Columbanus. He was aptly designated the *Apostle of the Allemanni*, that is, of the mixed races in the heart of Germany.

The long history of the Celtic Church is written on the stones and on the monuments, in the glens and on the bens of Western Europe. The Celtic Church of Columba has lived longer in Scotland than the Roman and the Protestant Churches combined.

Pelagius, whose real name was Morgan or Marigena, was a Celt of distinguished genius, learning, and piety. He visited Rome about the year 400, and, being the Dr. Briggs of those days, he published, in 405, his views of Sin and of Salvation.

The Gael, Palladius, was another famous author of the fifth century. He was born in Galatia in the year 368. In 400, Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople, ordained him Bishop of Helenopolis, in Bithynia, which he afterwards exchanged for Aspona, in Galatia. Palladius was an erudite and perspicuous writer. He was the Plutarch of the Church of his own age. He, in 421, wrote the biographies of thirty of the principal Clerics of his own time. He came to Scotland in 430, and settled in Fordoun, where he gathered a group of admiring scholars. Paldy's Well, and Paldy's Fair, commemorate his name. The work begun by Ninian was resumed by Palladius, and revived and extended by Columba.

In the eighth and ninth centuries there appeared a brilliant band of Celts, who were men of marked genius, scholarship, and individuality, such as Bedan, Alcuin, Egbert, Archbishop of York, Dungal of Paris, Acca, Bishop of Hexham, and others.

But the brightest star in the ecclesiastical firmament of the ninth century was the renowned Celt, John Scotus Erigena. He was the most remarkable person in the history of the middle ages. None of his contemporaries could approach him in the depth of his learning, or in the acuteness of his philosophical ability.

This profound scholar was a master of languages, which he acquired by travels. He was a dissenter from the doctrine of transubstantiation taught in the Church of Rome. He published a tractate on the Lord's Supper. This learned Gael, on whose works volumes have been written, was a notable reformer in his day and generation. His influence on the literature and philosophy of the west was largely for good.

John Duns Scotus was another cultured Celt, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was a professor of theology at Oxford in 1301. His lectures fill six folio volumes. He was called the Subtle Doctor, to distinguish him from his opponent, Thomas Aquinas, who was styled the Angelic Doctor.

Space will not allow us, meanwhile, to prosecute this subject further.

MACKAYS OF CARNACHY, see page. 14.—William Mackay appears to have held the lands of Carnachy till 1778, when he died at the age of 66.

In Robert Mackay's *House and Clan of Mackay* 1829, there are very few dates given of the births, marriages and deaths. Would it not be desirable to give them, as far as they can be ascertained, in any new account? D. W. KEMP.

THE anglers on the lochs in the north have had some grand sport recently. Large takes have been the order of the day. The following catches by Captain Murchison, of Arbroath, on the Overscaig Hotel fishing grounds are surely phenomenal? His biggest take in six days was 272 brown trout weighing 103 lbs.; again to one rod in one day, 87 brown trout, 34 lbs.; Sea-trout, 21–32½ lbs. We had never any great fancy for the angler's craft, our patience being a somewhat limited quantity, but we fancy we would enjoy even a portion of the good fortune which has attended the gallant Captain's exertions on Loch Shin and Loch More.

LADIES' COLUMN.

OUR CLOTHES.—

Thomas Carlyle, our rugged sage and cynical philosopher, gives to this subject very great prominence in his "Sartor Resartus." One would suppose that his tired and half-closed eyes could see but little, and care less, for the trappings and adornments of the outer man—but not so, for he gives to these their due importance.

To dress well and tastefully is an art and study. To follow the fashions in the letter as well as the spirit is a grand mistake. Only vulgar-minded people do this, with more "cash than caution," for exaggerated fashions of all kinds die almost in their birth. So did the crinoline balloon, and later on, the umbrella skirt, and one cannot help hoping that they will have no resurrection. Although dress at the present time, with its simple skirt and untrimmed body, the variety of material and the beauty of colouring, is nearer one's ideal of perfection than anything worn in the last century, there are a few modifications that one would like to suggest. Ladies, young and old, are inclined to dress in a somewhat "mannish" style, that, in the young, might be pardonable, but in the old, is most objectionable, and a mistake altogether. The dainty skirts in vogue, the sailor tie, the loose, open coats, with "pockets handy," give an air of aping, that is not pretty, and ought to be avoided. Simplicity in dress, a quiet colour, and a good fit are most desirable. Avoid everything "loud" in colour and material.

The hats are the most senseless part of the present-day fashions; they are neither pretty nor useful, and how they are made to stick on the head passes my comprehension. Like all exaggerated fashions, they must soon die a natural death, and let us hope, they, too, will have no resurrection.

Young ladies in the Highlands will be glad to hear that "Homespun" for winter dresses is the most fashionable of all materials; indeed the demand for Harris tweed is so great that it is being manufactured in several large towns south of the Tweed, and is so like the genuine article that it would take a native of Harris to know the difference. It is even "peat reeked" in the most spicy and pungent manner, though where the peats come from is hard to say; probably they are manufactured as well!

In the olden time the women of the Highlands were famous for their industry, ingenuity, and wonderful resources. The ladies of each clan setting a noble example, and not disdaining the distaff and spinning wheel. They excelled in every kind of work from tapestry to tartan. The tartans alone were a simple marvel, and the women who could invent such precision of lines and such blending of colours, to my mind, were not only wise and industrious, they were artists, for, be it remembered, these colours were the product of the simplest material,—heather from the hills, lichen from the rocks, sea-weed from the shore, and bark from the trees.

Spinning, weaving, knitting, and dying, were doubtless an art in those days—unfortunately they are becoming a lost art in our's. Our spinning wheels are now "on view" in English drawing rooms, relics of a past industry, and objects of curiosity!

I hope, however, that the time is not far distant when its pleasant musical whirr will be heard in every cottage in the Highlands—and its products sent far and wide. In connection with this I wish my young friends to read the XXXI chapter of Proverbs, from the 10th verse to the end. They will there see a wise woman's estimate of a virtuous wife. ("Tuigidh bean, bean eile.") And high though this standard of excellence may appear, I can safely assert that it might be met fifty years ago in every home in the Highlands!

WHITE HEATHER.

IN JUNE WEATHER.

To-day is a day to dream and dose,
With never a thought how the great world goes;
And here, with an olive beech o'erhead,
And woodruff sweet for a fragrant bed,
I lie 'neath a sky of lavender
Breathing the scent of the resinous fir,
Feeling at one with the flowers and birds,
Dreaming a dream too subtle for words.

A gold-finch sings in the bloomy whins
A treble as pure as the violin's,
The red bees hum with a cadenced swell
Round the scarlet cups of the pimpernel;
The river twists with majestic ease
Through the glimmering dusk of the forest trees,
Where the love-sick ring-doves sigh and croon,
Through the golden glow of the afternoon.

Like fairies come from their hiding place,
The sunbeams dance on my hands and face;
The western wind as it wanders past
Leaves me the sweets that it gathered last.
So here I lie in a dreamful trance,
With winged words yearning for utterance,
Till forth like a bird from its parent nest
A song takes flight from my heart's unrest.

DAVID GAIR BRAIDWOOD.

A SUAS LEIS A' GHAIDHLIG.

Fhir mo Chridhe,

Léugh mi le tlachd, a' chend àireamh de 'n leabhran mhìosail, a chaidh chuir a mach air a mhìos a tha seachad, fo 'ur riaghladh ; agus faodaidh mi 'radh gur deagh luach na dà sgillinn e.

Ma 's math leibh greim Thaotainn, agus a chunail air luchd-leughaidh Gaidhealach, chuirinn eagar 'n 'ur cluais, gu 'n cuir sibh air leth duilcag, no taobh duilcig, gach mìos airson na Gàidhlig. Thug sibh an gealladh sin seachad, agus tha mi an dòchas gu 'm bi e air a choimhlionadh. Tha sgrìobhadairean mar tha 'm Bard Macleoid, Fionn, Calum Macpharlain, agus muinntir eile, gle chomasach air eachdraidh, litrichean, agus sgeulachdan a' sgrìobhadh anns an dà chanain a tha air an cleachdadh ann ar dùthaich. Tuillidh 's trie, mo thruaighe ! tha an t-àite-cùil air a thoirt do 'n Ghàidhlig, agus mur am bitheadh i "cho righinn ris an fhraoch, agus cho eruaidh ris an darach," is fhada bho 'n a fhuair i bàs. Nis, tha mi ann an dòchas nach dean sibh dearmad air a' Ghàidhlig ; agus nach bàsaich an leabhran mìosail, leis a' ghort, mar a thachair do aon no dhà de 'n t-seorsa roimhe. Ma gheibh sibh min, feumaidh sibh siol a chur anns an treabhailt. Thòisich sibh gu math, leanaibh air dol am feobhas, agus ni sibh feum.

Soirbheachadh math do gach oidhcirp de 'n t-seòrsa.

Is mi, daonnan,

Donnuadh.

An dechcamh mìos, 1892.

Royal Patronage of Gaelic Song.—Miss J. N. MacLachlan has had the honour of rendering several of our beautiful Gaelic melodies before the Queen and Court at Balmoral. Now that royalty has patronised Highland music, it is to be hoped that these songs will appear more frequently in concert programmes than has been the custom hitherto.

It was during the reign of Malcolm III., who ascended the throne of Scotland in 1057, that Gaelic ceased to be the language spoken at court. It was this sovereign also, who removed the seat of government from the Highlands to Edinburgh. Gaelic, at this period, was universally spoken in all parts of Scotland.

Calendar of Highland Societies' Meetings for November. A very useful and interesting list, giving particulars regarding the meetings to be held in connection with the various Highland societies during November, will be found in our advertising pages As it is our intention to give a similar, and more complete, list each month, we shall feel greatly obliged if the Secretaries of the societies interested would kindly send us a copy of their syllabus for the session, or particulars regarding the meetings arranged, and also the Annual Social Gatherings. We need hardly point out how useful such a list will be for the members of the societies concerned.

REVIEWS.

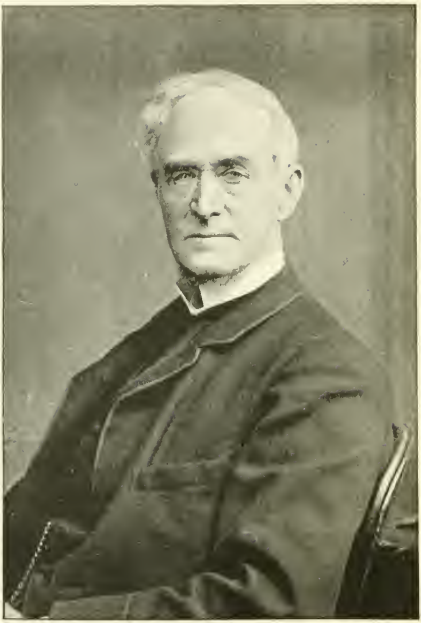
The National Choir.—The fifth yearly part of this valuable collection of national songs has just been issued, and the publishers deserve to be congratulated on the continued excellence of the work. It contains a selection of nearly a hundred of the choicest Scotch, English and Irish songs, arranged for part singing. We are pleased to note that attention is also paid to the Highlands, and Tannahill's verses, "The Harper of Mull," remind us of the quaint old story of the Harper and his fair but fickle spouse, which gave rise to well a known Gaelic proverb. A number of beautiful songs are given which we regret are not more often found in such collections, and the publishers have shown by including these songs, that they possess a keen appreciation of what is sweetest and best in our Scottish lyrics. A few of Hew Ainslie's charming songs are given. We heartily recommend the "National Choir" to our readers. It is published at a popular price, and can be had from Messrs. J. & R. Parlane, Paisley.

The Sunbeam.—The *Sunbeam* continues to shine as brightly as ever. Its mission is to combat the evils of intemperance, and to promote the cause of truth and righteousness. Its pages are not characterised by any degree of dulness, but are given up to light and racy articles and sketches which cannot fail to interest everyone. Indeed, in this respect it is a depaiture from the ordinary style of temperance literature. The *Sunbeam* is brimful of interesting and instructive matter, and good value for one penny. It is printed at the *Northern News* office, Wick.

St. Andrews L.L.A. Guide.—Ladies who desire to possess the much coveted L.L.A. degree could not do better than consult this handy guide, the third yearly edition of which has just been published by Mr. Murdo MacLeod, M.A., Principal, University Preparatory Institute, Edinburgh, where copies can be had.

An Eccentric Sutherland Dominie—Mr. D. W. Kemp, who has already made several contributions to the literature of Sutherland, has published another interesting little volume, under the above title. It is a short biographical sketch of John Laurie, the eccentric schoolmaster of Inversbin, but it also contains a great deal of information on a variety of subjects relating to the county. The volume is neatly got up, and is published by Mr. Norman MacLeod, Edinburgh.

"Duniss from the Earlifst Times."—We regret that owing to the extra pressure on our space this month we have been compelled to keep over the second part of the Rev. Adam Gunn's interesting paper till next number.



JOHN MACKAY,
(HEREFORD.)

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 3. Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1892. Price, Twopence.

JOHN MACKAY.

THERE could be no better plea for the preservation of a Highland peasantry than the existence of such families as the one to which the subject of this sketch belongs

Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, is a native of Rogart, Sutherland, and is the third member of a family of seven sons and two daughters, eight of whom still survive, and are in good positions. His father and grandfather were both Johns, and locally known as the "M'Neills," pointing to their honourable Abrach descent. His mother, Margaret Sutherland, was an ideal housewife; "she was not afraid of the snow for her household," as they were all clad, if not in "scarlet," at anyrate in beautifully-made Mackay tartan, she being an expert in spinning and dyeing wool. His father was a quiet, shrewd man, who at the age of 17 enlisted into the 42nd Highlanders in 1810, and retired from that noble regiment upon its return from France in 1818; at the Disruption he became an elder of the Free Church. He was the proud possessor of the first "white house" in the upper part of the parish of Rogart.

Under such home influences "Johnny Achailleach"—for so he was distinguished, from the name of the croft—developed into a bright, generous boy, and very early gave promise of those kindly traits of character so well known in the "Hereford" of to-day. He was educated entirely in his native parish—first under Mr. Gunn, who dared to encourage the *banned* Gaelic even in school hours, and afterwards under Mr. Fraser, whose scholars were specially noted for excellent penmanship, a striking feature of Mr Mackay's correspondence still. Being naturally clever, he received a fair share of his teacher's attention (for Mr. Fraser had no inclination to waste time over dunces), and in addition to English and mathematics, was taught Latin and Greek.

Prompted by those natural impulses which are so essential to success in the emigrant, he resolved at the age of nineteen to try his fortunes in the south, knowing that by improving his own position he would be the better able to benefit others. That period, now nearly fifty years ago, was the time of the great railway "boom," and the young Highlander sought work in their construction. Tall, strong, and athletic, with quite a military bearing, had he not found at once congenial employment in the industrial army, he would probably have become a soldier, so fond was he of the heroic and martial achievements of his countrymen as his forefathers were. Familiar with manual labour, and accustomed to handle horses, he was offered and accepted employment as the driver of a team, but was soon advanced to timekeeper, and then, coming more immediately under the notice of his employer, his abilities were recognised, and promotion was rapid. At twenty-four years of age he was made superintendent of a section of the Dieppe line, and remained in France during part of the trying time of the Revolution of '48. During this period he acquired great proficiency in the French language, his thorough knowledge of Gaelic being very helpful to him. Returning to England in 1848, he found work on the Great Northern Railway, and the famous railway king—Mr. Brassey—gave him, young as he was, a portion of the line to construct as a contractor. Then followed the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway, the Sambre and Meuse Railway, and other extensive engineering works at home and abroad, in all of which he earned a well-merited reputation for skill in carrying out arduous undertakings and in dealing with men.

Arrived at middle life, his warm heart yearned to be more helpful to his fellows in the Highlands and elsewhere, and amidst the toil and cares incident to a large business he still found time to consider carefully any patriotic scheme submitted to him. None

know this better than the people of his native county, where his munificence has been princely.

His intelligent sympathy with the Highland land movement is well known, and many a long journey he made to take part in meetings on the subject, some of his addresses being afterwards printed. In 1883 he gave valuable evidence before the Napier Crofters' Commission on the land question; in subsequent years he communicated interesting papers to the Gaelic Society of Inverness on the "Place-names of Sutherland" (*vide* "Transactions"); and he also rendered into English many of Rob Donn's poems. Recently he published a neat little volume on the "Reay Fencibles;" reprinted the thrilling story, "The Wreck of the Juno," by Captain William Mackay; and also reprinted the "History of the Highland Society of London." He is a Justice of the Peace for Herefordshire, an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, ex-president of the Clan Mackay Society (the formation of which was largely due to his enthusiasm), and a member of a host of other patriotic associations in Scotland, England, and Wales.

Mr. Mackay has been appropriately styled a true Highlander, and one of Nature's noblemen. Long may we have him in our midst as a bright incentive for others to follow his lofty example.

D. W. Kemp.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

By Annie MacKay.

III.—THE DEPARTURE.

HIGHLANDERS love dancing, and enjoy it in a way peculiarly their own. The sound of the bagpipes stirs them up to a pitch of enthusiasm truly marvellous. It is nothing unusual for the same couples to dance every dance for hours at a stretch.

Young Donald Gordon was the life and soul of the gathering. His high spirits knew no bounds, and were quite infectious. He dreaded the parting on the morrow, and had a vague fear of "the future in the distance," but he was determined that nothing would interfere with this last glorious night's enjoyment; for was he not going away, as so many of his kith and kin had done, to win honour, glory, and perhaps riches? His cousins, the Gordons of Griamachdarry, were all in the army, officers certainly, but he would be an officer by and bye. His mother's eyes followed him wistfully as his bright, handsome, laughing face flitted hither and thither among the dancers, and one old lady whispered to another—

"That boy is quite 'fay,'" and shook her head sorrowfully. And the other answered in the same tone—

"Yes; I fear me he is dancing his last dance in Strathnaver!"

Hugh and Margery had stolen out about midnight to plight their troth and have a few parting words. They walked about for an hour under the soft light of the moon and stars. The air was laden with the sweet smell of heather, birch, and bracken. The familiar murmur of the river came to them like a strain of old music. It was truly a night to be remembered—a night whose marvellous beauty and glory sunk deep into their hearts. It would stand apart, and have an interest all its own while they lived. And yet they were too excited, and the glamour of their new found love was still so strong upon their spirits, that they did not realise the sorrow of parting—at least not yet. The world around them was so intensely beautiful, life was so full of promise and possibilities, that they could not be sad. They had no doubts and no misgivings—and so they talked as lovers will talk, dreamt dreams, built castles, and painted earth, sea, and sky with the roseate hue of love and imagination!

Hugh took Margery to his mother, then returned to the barn, where he, as well as his father, remained dispensing Highland hospitality till the last of the dancers left. As many as possible were accommodated on the premises, the rest dispersed among the neighbours, to snatch a few hours' sleep, and be ready to gather together for breakfast, to bid farewell to the two young men, and possibly accompany them a good part of the day's journey.

At nine o'clock four pipers stood on an eminence above Rhifail and played the clan gathering. This brought the guests to the big barn, which, once again, became the banquetting hall. After a hearty breakfast the two young travellers were started on their journey. The pipers led, and all the young people in the company formed a procession and followed. Hugh and young Gordon stayed for a few minutes to say good-bye. Their Spartan mothers parted with them almost cheerfully.

"We will have plenty time to weep," they whispered to each other.

> "Meet mothers of a noble clan,
> A brave and stalwart race."

Rhifail and John Gordon had gone with the others. Very soon their two sons joined them. Hugh was very pale, and there were traces of tears on his young comrade's cheeks.

William Achool went with them a part of the way, a boy leading his pony. William was a bard as well as a musician, and recited many

heroic ballads as they went along. At Achness they all stopped for a little time, and, standing on a knoll, leaning on his staff, William sang the following verses to a weird old Highland melody. I fear they lose much in translation, but with the Gaelic language that is inevitable :—

"O God of might, O God of right!
Go with Thy children where they go;
Be Thou their guide, their beacon-light,
And keep them safe from every foe.

In times of danger or of dread
Be Thou their buckler and their shield;
Within the hollow of Thy hand
O, hide them on the battlefield.

Give Thou them strength, and when at length
The battle's o'er, the work is done,
Then in Thy loving, shelt'ring arms,
O, gracious Father, bring them home!"

After this there was a general and subdued farewell; the younger portion of the audience did, indeed, try to cheer, but it degenerated into a wail, and so everyone hurried off to hide his feelings. The pipers played "*Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor*," and the four travellers parted from the rest and went off at a gallop.

They were met, however, at every clachan and hamlet by kind-hearted people, who wished them "God speed" on their way, and sent loving messages to husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts, who were already in the famous 93rd. Many insisted on their dismounting, and took them in to their houses to have some refreshment; but some brought the "loving-cup" out, and passed it round by the roadside.

Among a community famous for their hospitality, Rory Ban held a prominent place. Lords and lairds had sat at his hospitable board, and the beggar in rags got a welcome as warm as they. It goes without saying that every preparation had been made for the comfort of the expected guests, and on their arrival they found Rory and his good wife anxiously expecting them. After a sumptuous supper, the two young men retired to rest. It had been a long, trying day, and though they had carried a brave front, and entered heartily into the excitement around them, now that they were left to themselves, the reaction came, and a wave of sorrow, weariness, and loneliness, swept over them. Their kind hostess went to see that they were comfortable and had all they required. The woe-begone expression of the young faces quite startled her. She sat with them for some time and comforted them, as only a large-hearted, noble, motherly woman could do. By and bye she had the satisfaction of seeing them go quietly to sleep. She slipped out noiselessly, with an earnest prayer in her heart for their safety and protection.

On the following morning everybody about Mudale was early astir. It required no little exertion to get the "drove" ready for the road. Two or three hundred hill ponies, unkempt and untamed, were a good handful; Rory and his assistants had a hard morning's work before they got them into subjection. Some of the older horses were tied together to act as guides or "decoys" to the younger and more spirited animals. These tore about wildly, and several times broke away and scampered over hill and dale. There was much shouting and hard riding, for these erratic creatures had to be caught and brought back to the fold. This work was highly congenial to Hugh and Donald Gordon, who forgot everything in the wild excitement of hunting down and catching these ponies. Rory's strong black horse galloped about with his rider like a well-trained dog, and drove them back at every corner. After two or three hours they were all safely secured, and shut up in an enclosure ready for starting, which they did at noon.

Rhifail and John Gordon said "Good-bye" to their sons, admonished them to be good, true, and brave; to fear God, and never "forget the fame of their forefathers"—then the two old men turned their faces homeward with heavy hearts. Everything around them was peaceful and beautiful. Loch Naver shimmered and glowed beneath the autumn sunshine. The cornfields were ripening, and here and there showed patches of a golden glory that the sickle would soon lay low; the heather in full bloom made the hills look dark-red and purple to their very summits; and the river flashed and sang as it quietly took its way, among corn and hay fields, through the level valley. Every now and again a great gleam of silver rose above its surface as a big salmon disported itself in the quiet waters, for the river Naver was then, as it is now, one of the best salmon rivers in the Highlands.

The beautiful, homely scenery, the quiet and peaceful surroundings, had a soothing effect on the two men. Every inch of the country was classic ground to them; every stone and cairn had its own associations, its own traditions. They were now passing a deep, dark pool, where many years ago a clansman was drowned under extraordinary circumstances. Donald Mor was a stalwart young man, as his name implied. He was about to marry a neighbour's daughter, whom he had courted for many years, when he was suddenly called upon to join the "Reay Fencibles." This regiment was sent to Ireland. Here Donald forgot his Highland love, became enamoured of the charms of a

daughter of Erin, and married her. The news travelled home, as bad news will, and Donald's old sweetheart died of a broken heart. Some years after, Donald revisited his native land. He and a comrade were passing the Black Pool at midnight when they heard a woman singing, such a sweet, low, subtle melody. Donald's comrade, in a frightened whisper, said it was a water-kelpie, but Donald could never resist a woman's voice or a woman's face, and so he sprung down the bank to see who it was A pale flash of light illumined the water for a few moments, and by this light his comrade saw the outlines of a woman's form rise out of the water, her long hair floating behind her. She came sailing to the bank of the river and clasped Donald in her arms. There was no sound after this, and the light died out. Next morning Donald's dead body was found in the pool. The people said it was a righteous punishment for his faithlessness: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!" The Black Pool got an evil name, and wayfarers carefully avoided going near it after sunset.

About a mile farther on they came to a pretty green, round knoll; this, too, had its legend. Many years before our story commences, a young man was wending his way homeward, with a good-sized cask of whisky strapped upon his back. He had not been long married, and as this was New Year's Eve he had invited all the neighbours to a supper and dance at his house, on New Year's Night. When nearing home he had to pass the little green knoll already referred to, and from its side he heard a sound of dance music. Suddenly, while wondering where the sound came from, an aperture opened beside him, and he could see a number of people dressed in green, merrily dancing a Highland reel. Andrew M'Phail loved a dance, as all good Highlanders do, so he went in among these strange revellers and danced for a little while, the cask of whisky still on his back. By and bye the music ceased, and Andrew came away. He peeped in at the window when he came to his own house, and was surprised to see his wife dressed in black, with a widow's cap on her head. She was nursing a baby—her face was pale and sad—and her tears were falling fast. Andrew was amazed, and more so when he entered, for his wife, immediately she saw him, gave a wild, piercing scream, and fled. He followed, and saw her enter a neighbour's house. So did he, but to his horror he saw that they were all huddled up together, in a wild state of terror. At last the master of the house, an old man, seized a Bible and came trembling toward him, and in a voice hardly above a whisper, said—"Andrew, son of Paul, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what do you want here?" Poor Andrew was amazed, and thought they had all gone mad, but managed to say—

"I want my wife; I want to know what is the matter; tell me, for God's sake!"

It was a long time before they could believe that Andrew was not a visitant from the other world, and longer still before he realised that he had spent a year and a day dancing with the green-attired maidens underground!!

(To be continued.)

TENNYSON'S ATTITUDE TO CELTS.

"He despised Frenchmen and Celts—as Thackeray did—and said so very roundly."—THE DAILY NEWS, *Oct. 7th, 1892.*

THE greatest English poet of the present century, after a truly beautiful life in this chequered sphere, has "joined the choir invisible whose music makes the gladness of the world." Despite our powers of observation and research, of the life beyond the veil it must be confessed—"behold, we know not anything." Yet, in Tennyson's own words,

> "Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

We trust that the Celts despised by Tennyson here may be of equal value yonder in the house of many mansions, where, we have been taught to believe, there is no respect of persons.

In common with many of my race. I have found the writings of Tennyson a source of helpfulness and joy. I would not like to write one discordant word regarding a writer of a spirit so exalted, a heart so tender, a genius so rare, who, in his own person, tried to live the pure and noble life of the heroes of whom he wrote. But I have to own that his contempt for Celts has often galled me sore. If we only had had a reason given us for the scorn in which we were held, possibly some Celtic stripling, some David from a remote glen, might have sufficed to lay the mighty Anglo-Saxon's reason, if not his scorn, low in the dust. Did he hold that we possessed "a double dose of original sin"? One would think that the very qualities which differentiate the Celt from the Anglo-Saxon would have recommended the Celt to the taste and judgment of a poet. It is idle to speculate; let us possess our souls in patience for the inevitable "Life." We may then learn why this poet despised Celts.

How did the Anglo-Saxon genius show his contempt for our race? Both by what he said

and by what he left unsaid. His exquisite *In Memoriam* is marred by the ineffable conceit and narrowness of one verse at least:

"A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the school-boy heat,
The blind hysteries of the Celt."

Not Britain, observe, but England is the regal seat of freedom. It was an insult to a large minority of the Queen's subjects. Yet a love of freedom permeates the heart of the Celt as much as that of the Anglo-Saxon. The latter certainly likes freedom for himself, but he is not as ready as the Celt is to extend it to others.

Turn to the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and Tennyson's scorn for Celts is as significantly expressed by what remains unacknowledged:

"And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low."

Now, Wellington was an Irishman! But I have noted that English people have a faculty for claiming as Englishmen all noble Britons. The fact that Livingstone was Scottish born and bred did not come out very prominently in the English press. To such a pass, indeed, has the *be-Englishing* of every notable man come that even Messrs Macmillan & Co.—a firm of Highland origin—have included Burns among "English Men of Letters," and Montrose among "English Men of Action"! Against this Anglo-Saxon greed of absorbing our great Scotsmen and their achievements we must continuously and vigorously protest. Seeley's "Expansion of England" involves the contraction of Scotland, if England is to be the word for Britain.

We Highlanders are justly proud of the martial valour and physical endurance of our kith and kin in the Peninsular wars. Perhaps *our* weakness is to dwell too much upon the heroism displayed by our countrymen in war. Yet, speaking with all due modesty, the roll of what they did and dared is blazoned with splendour. "When shall their glory fade?" Not alone in Spain, but at Waterloo, and again in the Crimea, and on the burning plains of India, the Highland soldier bore the burden and heat of the day. When courage and dash were needed, the general knew on what regiments he could call, nor find them in any other temper than "'Ready, aye ready.' Search Tennyson's war-pieces through, but you will find no recognition of the prominent part taken by Celts for the safety of Britain (I should almost beg pardon, and write *England!*). What does the *Ode* say of the long struggle which culminated in the driving of France back home "beyond the Pyrenean pines"?—Her eagles flew:

"Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And *England* pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close."

How much fairer and truer to write:

"And Britain pouring on her foes."

What a noise had some Scot written "Scotland," claiming for her sons all the glory! Once, only once, in the *Ode* does the word "Briton" appear:

"Thank him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in rough seas and storming showers."

Except for these two lines one might conclude that England, all by herself, had saved Britain from the "banded swarms" of France. To that task, unaided, with all her self-assurance, England was unequal. It was the "despised" Celts that made the difference, and qualities of some higher order than "blind hysterics" nerved their hearts for the work.

Professor Morley, in *English Writers*, says:—"We shall find as this narrative advances that the main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for early, frequent, and various contact with the race that in its half-barbarous day invented Oisin's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northman's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." Tennyson was very fond of Shakespeare, and did much to restore poetry to the lofty simplicity and love of natural things so bounteously diffused through the works of the great Master-Singer. Tennyson, we are told, "died clasping the Shakespeare he had asked for but recently." If Professor Morley's conclusion is right, how singular that to one with a strain of Celtic blood in his veins, or a touch of Celtic fire in his song, Tennyson should have been indebted for instruction, inspiration, and consolation! Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

Why a people so poetic in temperament, "so faithful in love and so dauntless in war," so independent in spirit—a people who in remote ages developed a style of beautiful art distinctly their own—a people whose love of music and song is proverbial, and whose appetites are not gross—why a people like we Celts should have been despised by a poet of Tennyson's calibre is unintelligible and astonishing. We need not wonder, however, if it is found by-and-bye that this scorn for us was anything more than racial

prejudice. For Tennyson was essentially English. He did not seem to take cognisance of the treaties of Union binding England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland into one kingdom. A study of Tennyson is good for the soul; but undoubtedly his attitude to Celts emphasises the words of the Venetian who wrote the "Relation of England" in 1500:—"The English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them. They think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England."

R. MACKENZIE COUPER.

Newbury.

THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

HAST thou e'er heard it,
Heard it and understood—
The sough of the low winds warning,
Sweeping across a wood;
The tension of nerve in the silence,
The hush e'er the coming storm,
Riving the pine from the mountains
A helpless and quivering form;
The voice of the wild hills calling
In the roar of the cataract's foam
Dashing against your heart-strings,
Pursuing wherever you roam?

Hast thou e'er watched the dawning
As her touch thro' nature thrills,
The pulse of new life awaking
In the hush of the slumbering hills;
The whirring noise of the wild duck,
Skimming the mountain tarn;
The gentle lowing of cattle,
Warm-housed below in the barn;
God's dumb creation arising
At the call of that mystic hour,
Dividing the day from the darkness,
To praise His infinite power:
Sinking again into slumber,
To await the new-born day,
Whose trumpeting herald proclaimeth
The night is passing away?

Far out on the plains of Iceland,
White with untrodden snow,
The rein-deer are racing in thousands,
Jingling their bells as they go;
The weak, the fallen, the luckless,
Wild hearts with fever afire:
Who fall in the race are trampled—
The race for a life's desire.
Once in a life, if once only,
Rein deer and doe must fly,
To drink of the brackish waters
Of the wild North Sea—or die.

In the silence of virginal forests,
In the heat of the tropical grove,
Wherever man's restless ambition
His brother to exile drove;
In the marble halls of a palace,
By the tottering steps of a throne,
Be that man a son of the mountains,
The mountains will claim their own.
Once in a life, if once only,
With heart and brain afire,
Thro' the ranks of love or friendship,
Comes the thirst of a life's desire:
To hear the falls of the Spean,*
In their tumbling vehemence roar,
Or watch the salt spray dashing
In a storm on the "Dorus Mor." †
When the spell of the mountain calling
Rends the soul with her plaintive cry,
Back to the heather-clad mountains
Her sons must return—or die.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.

London.

* A river in Lochaber. † Near Corryvrechan.

FACAL MISNEACHAIDH.

Duneideann, Mios deireannach an Fhoghair, 1892.

A CHARAID,—Tha mi 'cur fàilt' oirbh agus a' guidhe soirbheachadh leibh agus leis an leabhran ùr tha 'nis air an t-solus fhaicinn airson an dara b'uair. Tha mi 'cuir mo làn aonta ris na sgriobh "Fonnradh" 's an àireamh mu dheireadh, nach dean sibh dearmad air a' Chainnt, ach na smuainichibh gu'n bheil mi airson 'ur comhairleachadh no airson ceap-tuisleidh 'chuir na 'r rathad, is mi nach 'eil, bithidh mi taingeil toilichte le na bheir sibh dhuinn agus cha bhi mi talach air na Gaill gur urrainn daibhsan na bhios ann a leughadh cho math ruinn fhéin, cha mhiste sinne agus is fheàrrde iadsan e. Tha mi a' deanamh mo dhichioll air an leabhran a dheanamh aithnichte do mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-eòlais. Is fhiach e sin. Fhuair mi na tha mi 'cuir le so mu na Biobuill Eirionnach, bho àite sònruichte 'n so air nach 'eil na h'uile a taghal. Buaidh leibh, LOSNACH.

EXTRACT FROM *Treasury Sederunt Book No. 7.*

Edinburgh, 9th August, 1692.

UPON a representation made by John Blair, agent for the Church, anent 3000 Irish Bibles which were coming from England for the use of the Highlanders here, and that there was £1000 Scots as a part of the expense of the printing thereof yet due. Precept drawn on Sir Patrick Murray for payment to the said John Blair of the said £1000 Scots for the use above specified, which is to be reimbursed to him out of the vacant stipends, in regard the precepts drawn formerly on Cassingray, as general collector of the vacant stipends, proved ineffectual. Inde . . . . . £83 6s. 6d.

23 Dec., 1692.—"2500 Irish Bibles from England to John Blair allowed pass duty free."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

THE song which we give this month is selected more on account of its quaint melody, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was composed, than for any poetical merit which it may possess.

Duncan Campbell, who was laird of Glenlyon towards the end of the sixteenth century, had a daughter whom he intended to bestow in marriage upon the Baron of Dall, Lochtayside. Miss Campbell, however, had already become the betrothed of Gregor MacGregor, and she refused to become the bride of any other. She decided the matter by leaving her father's house, and the marriage with MacGregor immediately took place. This union gave offence not only to her father, but also to the whole of the Breadalbane Campbells, who had no special love for the MacGregors. The result was that the unfortunate couple were persecuted in every possible way, until at last they became fugitives, and had to seek shelter in the hills and glens. For some time they eluded their persecutors, but one day, after partaking of a scanty meal, they were surprised by their enemies, and Gregor was taken prisoner to Taymouth, where he was tried, and afterwards beheaded, it is said, at Kenmore. The heart broken wife was cruelly forced to witness the execution of her beloved husband. She was ruthlessly driven from house and home, and it was while an outcast, when crooning over her fatherless babe, that she composed the lullaby, which we give below.

Pattison, in his "Gaelic Bards," maintains that this unfortunate lady was a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenorchy, and that Black Duncan, or as he was called "Donnachadh Dubh a' Churraichd" (Duncan of the Cowl), was her brother.

Note.—We shall be pleased if any of our readers will kindly favour us with the words of the following song—

"Mo rùn 's gach latha do 'n nigh'n bhàin,
D'a bheil mo ghràdhsa meudachadh."

CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MHIC GRIOGAIR.

(Lament for Gregor McGregor.)

KEY **F.** *Slowly, with feeling.*

CHORUS.

: s_1 ,, l_1	d ,, r	: f ,, m	m, r.–	: f ,, s	l ,, f	: s ,, m	r
Ochain,	Ochain,	Ochain,	uiridh,	Gur a	goirt mo	chridhe	laoigh,
Ochan,	Ochan,	Ochan,	uiri,	Though I	cry my	child with	thee,

: m ,, s	d^1 ,, t	: l ,, s	s, m.–	: s_1 ,, s_1	d ,, m	: r ,, d	d
Ochain,	Ochain,	Ochain,	uiridh,	Cha chluinn	m' athair	air	caoidh !
Ochan,	Ochan,	Ochan,	uiri,	Now he	hears not	thee nor	me !

VERSE.

: s_1 ,, s_1	d ,, r	: m ,, m	m ,, r.	: m ,, f	s ,, l	: s ,, m	r
Moch	maduinn	air là	Lunasd',	Bha mi	sug-radh	mair ri'm	ghràdh,
Early	on a	Lammas	morning,	With my	husband	I was	gay,

: m ,, m	f ,, s	: l ,, t	d^1 ,, l	: s_1 ,, s	d ,, m	: r ,, d	d
Ach mu'n	d'thainig	meadhon	latha	Bha mo	chridhe	air a	chràdh.
But my	heart got	sorely	wounded,	Ere the	middle	of the	day.

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig càirdean,
Rinn mo chràdh air an dòigh;
Thàinig gun fhios air mo ghràdhsa,
'S a thug fo smachd e le fòill.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uiseig,
'Spionnadh Ghriogair ann am làmh,
'S i chlach a' b' àirde anns a' chaisteal,
'Chlach a b' fhaisge do 'n bhlàr.

'S ged tha mnaithibh chàich aig baile,
Na 'n luidhe 's na 'n cadal sèimh,
'S ann bhios mis' aig bruaich mo leapa
A' bualadh mo dhà làmh.

Malison on judge and kindred,
They have wrought me mickle woe;
With deceit they came about us—
Through deceit they laid him low.

O ! could I fly up with the skylark;
Had I Gregor's strength in hand;
The highest stone that's in yon castle
Should lie lowest on the land.

While all other wives the night time
Pass in slumber's balmy bands,
I, upon my bedside weary,
Never cease to wring my hands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.
DECEMBER, 1892.

TO OUR READERS.

As our space is already so fully occupied, we shall content ourselves with a few brief remarks to our readers. It is a great satisfaction to us to be able to state that our Magazine is now an assured success. The circulation of last number exceeded our highest expectations, and we feel assured that with the excellent literary matter which we have always at our command, and a judicious variety of contributions, no limit can be put upon the extent of the circulation. That the *Celtic Monthly* has hit the taste of our readers is amply borne out by the large number of encouraging letters which we have received from readers both at home and abroad, all of whom expressed themselves as delighted with the contents of the magazine. On our part, we shall promise to do our utmost to make the future numbers still more interesting, and we trust that our readers will do their part, by recommending the magazine to their friends, and in this way render us the best possible assistance. We regret that we have been again compelled to hold over several most valuable articles, including the "Ladies' Page," which reached us too late for this issue, and several other contributions which were set up ready for insertion.

The Clan Campbell hold their annual social gathering in January, and, appropriate for the occasion, we intend presenting our readers with portraits of Mr. Malcolm Campbell, president of the society, and Mr. John Campbell, the genial poet of Ledaig, who is also bard to the clan. Other illustrations will appear in the same number; and we expect to publish a complete Highland story from the pen of Miss Hannah B. Mackenzie, the popular novelist.

With this issue we present our readers with a really excellent portrait of Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, one of the noblest of Sutherland's sons. What he has done privately for the benefit of his native county only a few know; but his ready assistance to all patriotic Highland objects has endeared him in the hearts of all true Highlanders. He is an enthusiastic member of the Clan Mackay, and perhaps the most typical of the clan now living. We trust that he may be long spared to benefit his countrymen by his wise counsel and noble example.

Our advertising pages will be found particularly interesting reading this month. We would recommend those of our readers who are in search of Highland books to consult the various lists, which contain many valuable works.

"OLD AND RARE SCOTTISH TARTANS."—Mr. George P. Johnston, of Edinburgh, is just about to publish what promises to be perhaps the most valuable and interesting work yet published on the subject of our Scottish tartans. Several books have been produced of late dealing with the tartans, that of Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, being especially a remarkably cheap and handsome volume—a perfect marvel at the money—but this splendid work opens up quite a new field of its own, and does not compete with other books of a similar nature. It may be briefly described as a supplement to all other works on the subject, presenting as it does, not the well-known patterns, but specimens obtained from private sources, all of which are of undoubted antiquity. The mode of illustration is in itself a novelty, and the silk specimens cannot fail to give a correct duplicate of the ancient patterns which they are intended to represent. The editor, Mr. Donald William Stewart, in his introduction, discusses at length the question of the antiquity of the tartans, and examines the claims made for their use as clan distinctions. Books of this nature are urgently required. Such a valuable work is deserving of every support, and we very heartily recommend it to those of our readers who are interested in all that pertains to their northern land; and certainly our picturesque tartans have ever been considered a distinctive feature of the Highlands. Full particulars will be found in another part of the magazine.

CLAN MACKAY GATHERING.—The annual social gathering of this clan, which is to take place in the Queen's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, 20th December, promises to be the most successful which this flourishing society has yet held. Mr. William Mackay, chief magistrate of Thurso, occupies the chair. Lord Reay, the chief of the clan, who has just accepted office as chairman of the Royal Commission on Deer Forests in the Highlands, and was recently appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, is also to be present, and will be supported by prominent clansmen and kinsmen from all parts of the United Kingdom. The programme arranged is a specially attractive one, and we trust that as many as possible of our readers will attend. Tickets (1s. 6d. each) can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

MARJORY CAMERON'S TRYST.

By Carrol King.

CHAPTER II.

"But spring will come again, Annie,
And drive the winter showers;
And you and I shall walk, Annie,
Among the summer flowers.
Oh! bonnie are the braes, Willie,
When a' the drifts are gane,
But my heart misgives me sair, Willie,
Ye'll wander there alone!"

—*Old Ballad.*

WAS there ever such a lovely, lonely spot for a tryst with a bonnie lassie? thought Sandy M'Callum, as he stood in the twilight under the old pine tree waiting for bright, bonnie Marjory.

Swiftly sped the minutes at first, for the place had a rich, slumbrous charm of its own, that seemed to breathe of calm and restfulness. Under the shadow of the swaying boughs, a white, spirit like waterfall leaped in foam over a black rock, and cast its spray over the velvet mosses on the banks of the mountain stream. Above and around stretched wide slopes of heather, with here and there bright oases of green, and patches of gorse and broom; higher still, on the mountain side, great colonies of bracken, tall ferns, and stunted sloe bushes, rallied around a cluster of grey rocks, and hid their barrenness. But when the dusk deepened, and the stars rose and sparkled over the eastward hills, Sandie began to weary and wonder. What *could* be keeping Marjory? The milking was over long ago. Not for one moment did his thoughts glance towards the package—the laird's valuable bit of "real estate;" to that he never cast a thought—he knew it was safe in Marjory's hands, but—what *could* be keeping her? More than an hour he waited, and then with a sore and angry heart he walked resolutely to the Cameron's house.

Mrs Cameron herself answered his knock.

"Is it you, Sandie? Come away."

"I am not coming in, thank you, but—can I see Marjory for a minute?"

"No, not to-night," said Marjory's mother sharply. "You make me lose all patience, the pair of you! Quarrelling and disagreeing in the morning, kiss and make up in the evening—there's no sense in it! She's been greeting her eyes out, and had such a headache that I made her go to her bed, and I had all the milking and everything to do!"

"Did Marjory say we had quarrelled?" asked Sandie in a low tone, when the irate lady paused for breath.

"No, but anybody can tell the signs of it! Good night if you'll no' come in—I'm too busy to stand here clavering!"

She calmly shut the door in his face, and retreated, leaving Sandie wrathful and bewildered, outside the back door! But, as he was sullenly withdrawing from the yard, a window above was very gently pushed up, and Marjory's voice, choked and broken with tears, exclaimed—

"Sandie! *dear* Sandie! Do forgive me, I couldn't come! I couldn't indeed!"

"Oh! Marsalie," he said, the tone of rapture returning to his voice, "I don't mind at all the disappointment, if you *wanted* to come! Did you, Marsalie?"

"I'll—I'll tell you all to-morrow, Sandie."

How he would have liked to take a flying leap to that window, and hung on there! He was all right now, and the night was beautiful once more!

"To-morrow evening," he whispered joyously. "You won't disappoint me to-morrow evening? Well! And will you throw me down Mr. Clyde's parcel, dear; he'll be coming after it in the morning."

"Oh, Sandie!" came the frightened, tearful tones, "please don't mind it to-night! Come up to the byre at milking time in the morning—do, Sandie!"

"All right," he responded blithely. "Of course I'll come. Good night!"

The casement was gently closed, but I think Sandie would have been frightened in turn could he have seen the agony of bitter tears into which Marjory subsided on his departure. It was such an awful, unexpected horror this, to have fallen upon her so suddenly. It would have to be made public, she would be lightly spoken of—nay, who knows?—she might be branded as a thief! It is impossible for those who live always amid the strife of tongues and parties, to imagine a tithe of the torture to an innocent maiden, in the thought of being "clashed about," suspected, believed capable of guilt. And, above all this, brooded the gloomy terror of the *amount;* if the sum lost was a large one, how might it not affect her poor father? Never had saucy, wilful Marjory been brought face to face with such trouble as this!

The hours wore on; she heard the clock strike ten, and then followed the sounds of reading and prayer; then she heard the mother's chair set back to its niche between the table and fireplace, and, presently all sound ceased, and the house was wrapt in profound stillness.

"I *must* go out for a mouthful of fresh air—I have not been out to-day at all, and I feel half suffocated," muttered Marjory to herself. She pressed her hands to her aching temples to still their throbbing. She threw a shawl of dark grey wool, almost black, over her head and shoulders, and glided down stairs in her slippers. None of the family slept near the kitchen, so she was safe enough from discovery. With

light, firm hand she drew the iron bolts of the back door, shut it softly behind her, and wandered out to the hill, where she could wail out her fear and sorrow to the hill and stream without being heard by unsympathetic ears. Almost unconsciously her feet followed the rough cattle track that led to the pine tree and its babbling music of moors and mosses. She wept a whole heart full of tears, leaning her brow on the rough bark of the old friendly tree, and the sweet influences and associations of the place insensibly soothed and calmed her forlorn spirit.

"Poor Sandie! I never quite failed him before, although I have provoked him many a time!" she whispered to the tree, as she roused herself from a long reverie, and prepared to go.

Suddenly a stealthy footfall smote upon her ear, and a shadowy figure, blacker than the surrounding blackness, approached noiselessly. Marjory's heart almost stopped its beating! She had been out on the hills before, alone, but never so late as this, and never without her faithful canine friend Fido, her father's collie. She had eluded him to-night, never dreaming of meeting any human presence at such an hour. She crouched into the shadow, as the new comer drew near. Fortunately he did not enter the circle of dense blackness thrown around and under the tree. He uttered a low whistle, which was responded to by another, and a man leaped the low, dwarf hedge of a field below, and strode across the burn by the cattle ford where the stream brawled among shallows and stepping-stones. Marjory felt as if they *must* hear the loud, irregular throbs of her heart! What wild tryst was this, and what was she going to hear? She dared not move till they would be gone, no matter what she might hear!

"That you, Gray?" asked a suppressed voice, with a pleasant cultured accent; Marjory knew it for that of Charlie Clyde, the laird's ne'er-do-weel scamp of a son.

"Yes," growled another voice, that had certainly never spoken Gaelic. "And I'll thank you, Clyde, not to bring me on such a break-neck scamper again! Why can't you pay up like a man, instead of sneaking about among bogs and morasses?"

"I have told you why," said Clyde's voice, with a good touch of anger in it. "Just you mention a debt of honour—a gambling debt—to the old man, and you'll soon find out why! He would kick you right across the loch!"

"And how did you get the needful then, without letting him know what for?" asked the other quickly.

"Never you mind," said Clyde with a low laugh. "Ah!—well, I think I'll tell you Gray—it's a good joke, and quite after your own style. I heard the old man tell M'Callum, the pier-master, that he expected a package of money from the —— bank by steamer. To day, before the steamer arrived he had to go to Fort-William, so I knew the pier-master would have charge of it, and I promised a small loafer, Robbie Cameron, who hangs about the pier, half-a-crown to himself, if he would manage to get me a parcel addressed to my father! I told him it was only for fun, to play a trick on Sandie M'Callum, and he got it safe enough, and his half-crown too!"

They laughed, both the villains, with evident enjoyment.

"Too bad," said the strange voice. "The pier-master will get the sack over it, and the old man will lose the money."

"Bah! He could bleed to fifty times the amount," said Clyde carelessly. "The old man knows how to take care of his money-bags! That pier alone was a paying investment I tell you! Don't you know he charges threepence per head for every soul that goes on to it, natives and all! Besides, it was meant to pay my debts, this same tied and sealed up package! Have you a match, Gray? I can't tell it out in the dark."

The "blue spurt of a lighted match" illumined the blackness just long enough to reveal to Marjory her precious parcel intact, in Charlie Clyde's hands.

Next moment a densely black figure, with shapeless flapping wings, bore down with a wild swoop on the two men, and snatched the packet from their grasp, vanishing instantly into utter darkness. With an awful yell of terror they fled wildly in different directions! It was the very old devil himself! It was certainly Old Satan, Hornie, Nick, or Clootie that had possessed himself of their unlawfully gotten spoil, and had flown away with it!

Gray registered deep, angry vows under his breath, as he plunged and floundered in the morasses, with deeper curses, that Clootie might fly away with *him* too, if he ever trusted himself alone in those hideous Highland bogs and dells after nightfall again!

And Charlie Clyde, crestfallen, had to begin all over again plotting and planning how to get his father to advance more money, and yet more, to pay his debts, for he had not dared to tell half their amount!

But Marjory! What words can tell her rapture! She sped home panting and breathless, locked and double bolted the kitchen door, fled to her own room, and with the precious packet under her pillow, she went off, for the first time in her sensible little life, into shrill

hysterics! In vain did she gag herself with mighty mouthfuls of counterpane—the shrill bursts of laughter would have their way, varied by fits of sobbing, but oh! Marjory *was* happy and thankful for all that.

Mrs. Cameron was more relieved than she would have cared to say, when, in the early morning, a bonnie, joy-dimpled face bent over her bed—

"You needn't get up, mother dear, till after breakfast—the fire is on, and the porridge-water nearly boiling. I am just going out to the milking."

"Is your head all better, Marsalie?"

"Quite—all right to-day, mother."

What a merry voice was lilting—

"'S ged tha e dubh, gur b'oidheach dubh,
Mo ghille dubh, na tréig mi!"—

when Sandie came up to the singer and stopped her song with abrupt fervour! She laid the precious package in his hands, and told him all its history. Serious though the whole occurrence might have been for all of them, he roared with laughter over the black-winged angel or fiend that had so terrified the two ruffians.

"But what to do about Robbie I do not know?" concluded Marjory. "He must be taught that he is not to dare to take the wages of iniquity again!"

"Tell your father!" suggested Sandie.

"No," said Marjory, with a shake of her head. "Father is too hard with him, and mother is too soft! And he does not heed me at all."

"Let me talk to him," said Sandie; "I'll let him know what serious mischief might have resulted from his thoughtless prank to his father and you, as well as to me. I think if I put the boy on honour, he will never reveal that the discomfiture of these wretches, as well as our safety and happiness, were brought about by Marjory Cameron's Tryst!"

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

II.—THE CULDEE MISSIONARIES.

How long the aborigines managed to preserve their separate existence in the presence of the ever-increasing Celt, history does not record. It is the way with all such early tribes to die a natural death; and if we were to cast about for a stage of civilisation representing them in the zenith of their power, we should find it in the pigmies of Central Africa, while the Australian Maori would furnish us with a parallel of their gradual decay. It is very probable that not a trace of them could be found when our northern shores began to be threatened by the Norse invaders.

But before the Norse invasion took place, strangers of a gentler mien found their way to far Cape Wrath. These were the Culdee missionaries from the monastery of Iona. Fired with apostolic zeal, they carried the truths of christianity far and wide, and effected settlements among the islands, and on the western sea board at a very early date. Nor did they rest content here. Some of these early pioneers sailed in their wattle-curraghs to the Orkney Isles; while others, crossing the mainland, found their way to the continent, and became the scribes of the continental monasteries. In this way it happens that for the literary remains of the Culdee missionaries we must look rather to the records of the religious houses on the continent than to those of our land. Their chief work there was transcribing the Gospels in the Latin tongue; but a gloss here, and a marginal entry there, in the Gaelic language, reveal the nationality of the scribe. There is every reason to believe that each monastery in our own land took care to possess a written record of its history, although hardly a trace of these can now be found. The Norsemen made it a special part of their mission to desecrate and destroy the religious houses.

But there was one record which it defied them to deface. This is the topographical; and by means of it we can form a good idea of the movements of these christian pioneers. About two years after landing in Iona, Columba found himself face to face with King Brude on the banks of the Ness. The object of his visit was political—to secure leave to preach the Gospel among the northern Picts. This was granted; and under royal auspices the work of propaganda was fairly begun. Their method seems to have been as follows:—They first of all selected a suitable spot for an establishment, on which they built their bee-hive cells. They next turned their attention to agriculture for the monastery must be self-supporting; and judging from the sites still discernible it is clear that in the work of selection they manifested considerable skill. They were in this way a colonising as well as a christianizing power. Some years would thus be spent in settling themselves in their new quarters—gradually gaining a knowledge of the surrounding country, and, in the extreme north, at anyrate, a knowledge of the language. With regard to the south-western part of Scotland, where the Dalriadic colony had previously settled, it is likely that the Culdees would not require an interpreter. But in the north it was

different; and Columba required the services of an interpreter both in his negotiations with King Brude, and in the conversion of the Skye chieftain, Art-brannan. The chief opposition they had to encounter came from the Druid, whose power waned in exact proportion to their success. The chieftain would soon discover that he had nothing to fear, but a good deal to gain from the residence and influence of those holy men of God (Ceile-De); and as a rule he left them unmolested. Not so, however, the Druid. It was to him a matter of life or death; and there can be no doubt that in the struggle between the new faith and the old, ancient Caledonia was once the scene of such cruelty, treachery, and bloodshed, as we find described in the graphic pages of Paton, Hannington, and MacKay of Uganda. In the parish of Durness, Balnacille was selected as the site of the monastery, and thence derives its name. It is a beautiful, land-locked bay, with Farrid Head stretching out to the north-east, and the bold cliffs of Cape Wrath sheltering it from the gales of the Atlantic. For purposes of agriculture no spot in the parish can compete with it—a fact that is sufficiently vouched for when it is stated that in modern times it has been converted into a sheep farm. No small part of its beauty is due to a long stretch of pearly-white sands, which, in the glow of sunset combine with the blue and green on either side to make a lovely landscape.

This of Balnacille was one of the earliest Culdee settlements in Sutherland. No place was better adapted as a centre from which to evangelize the surrounding country. In their light skiffs of wattle and cow-hide, they could visit in a few hours their brethern on Eilean-nan-naomh, to the east, or penetrate for miles into the interior, along the banks of Loch Eriboll. The tribes they came to christianize paid little attention to the arts of peace. Their hands were more accustomed to the use of the bow and spear than to that of the plough and mattock. But a change soon began to make itself evident. In the course of time the young became educated, the old christianized. A reign of peace ensued, and the face of the country showed signs of civilization. For two hundred years Balnacille was the centre of light and learning; hamlets grew and multiplied in the vicinity of the monastery, and the cultivation of the soil took the place of the excitement of the chase. Hoary-headed warriors laid by the spear and battle-axe, and took up the spelling-book; while the village maidens forbore to sing the war-like odes of Ossian when they were introduced to the gentler productions of the christian muse in the hymns of St. Patrick and the Amra of Columcille.

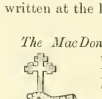
THE CLANS AND THEIR CRESTS.

I.—The MacDonalds.

The Clan Donald, or MacDonald, traces its descent from Somerled, Thane of Argyle, a powerful Chief, who flourished in the beginning of the 12th century. From his day, until the time of John, the last Lord of the Isles, whose titles were forfeited in the year 1498, the Clan Donald were led by, and fought under one Chief, who was also the recognised superior of several other clans not of his own name. After the forfeiture of this ancient Lordship, in the year already mentioned, the Clan Donald proper became divided into several branches, each of which maintained a separate existence as a distinct and independent Clan. Of the distinguishing features of the most prominent of those branches, the following brief summary is written at the kind invitation of the editor:—

MacDonald.

The MacDonald Crest. It is not, however, the crest of the old Lords of the Isles, for which see that of "Glengarry," described below. The above, "an arm in armour, holding a cross crosslet fitchés, gules," has the following legend attached to it:—A dispute arose between the three sons of Somerled — Dugald, Reginald, and Duncan—as to which of them should possess the lands of Sleat, in Skye. They ultimately agreed that each of them should man his own galley, and have a race as to which should first touch the Skye soil with his hand, and that the successful competitor should be acknowledged the rightful owner of the disputed territory. The race began, Dugald's galley fell early out of the running. Duncan's began to leak through the plug hole, whereupon he withdrew the wooden peg and made the hole water-tight with his finger, and then encouraged his men to pull for the shore. His boat was on the point of winning, when Reginald, not to be out-beaten, drew his claymore, cut off his left hand at the wrist and threw it ashore, and consequently became the winner. The Dugald here mentioned was the ancestor of the MacDongalls. Duncan, from his having plugged the boat with his finger, was nick-named "An saor" (the carpenter), and off him are "Clann-an-t-saoir" (the MacIntyres). Reginald became the progenitor of the MacDonalds, and with the manner in which he won the land of Sleat, originated the "red hand of the Clan Donald" ("Lámh Dhearg Chlann Domhnuill"). Hence the hand in the crest. There are doubtless other versions of the legend. I give the

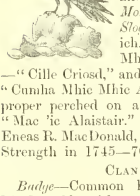


foregoing for what it is worth. The MacDonald tartan is composed of:—2½ green, ½ red, 1 green, 1½ red, 8 green, 8 black, ½ red, 8 blue, 1½ red, ¾ blue, ½ red, 5 blue, ½ red, ⅜ blue, 1½ red, 8 blue, ½ red, 8 black, 8 green, 1½ red, 1 green, ½ red, 5 green. Lord MacDonald claims a special pattern, of a scarlet-fever appearance, for his own use. *Badge*—Common heath. *Motto*—"Per Mare per Terras." ("Air muir 's air tir"). *Salute*—"Fàilte Chlann Dòmhnuill," and "Fàilte Ridire Seumas nan Eilean." *Piobaireachds*—"Piobaireachd Dhomhnuill Duibh," "Piobaireachd Dhunaomhaig," and "An Lành Dhearg." *Lament*—"Cumha Bhan-Tighearna Nic Dhòmhnuill." *Slogan*—"Fraoch Eilean." Strength in 1745—700. Present representative—Lord MacDonald, of the Isles.

KEPPOCH.

Crest and *Motto* the same as MacDonald. *Tartan*—A red ground, large green check, bordered with dark blue stripes, and a thread of light blue edging it. The red check crossed in the centre with a green line, at each side of which is a dark blue line. *Badge*—White heather. *Piobaireachds*—"Mac Mhic Raonuill," and "An Tarbh breac dearg." *Salute*—"Blar Mhaol Ruaidh." *Lament*—"Cumha na Peathar." *Slogan*—"Dia 'us Naomh Andrea." *Gaelic designation of Clan*—"Clann 'ic Raonnill na Ceapaich." *Chief's Patronymic*—"Mac Mhic Raonuill." *Present representative*—Cuthbert MacDonald, Esq., India. Strength in 1745—300.

GLENGARRY.



Badge—Bell heath. *Tartan*—Same as MacDonald, with a narrow white stripe in the middle of the broad green. *Motto*—Same as MacDonald. *Slogan*—"Creagan an Fhithich." *Salute*—"Failte Mhic Mhic Alaistair.' *Piobaireachds*—"Cille Criosd," and "Blar Sron." *Lament*—"Cumha Mhic Mhic Alaisdair." *Crest*—A raven proper perched on a rock, az. *Patronymic*—"Mac 'ic Alaistair." *Present representative*—Eneas R. MacDonald, Esq., Kensington, London. Strength in 1745—700.

CLAN RANALD.

Badge—Common heath. *Tartan*—Same as MacDonald, with a narrow white stripe on each side of the broad green. *Slogan*—"Dh' aindeoin co theireadh e." *Motto*—"My hope is constant in thee." These words are said to have been addressed by Bruce to the Lord of the Isles at the battle of Bannockburn, when giving him his order to charge. They have been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in his poem, "The Lord of the Isles," thus, when he puts into the king's mouth the words—

"Lord of the Isles, my trust's in thee,
As firm as Ailsa rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I with my Carrick spearmen charge,
Go forward to the shock."

Crest—On a castle triple-towered, an arm holding a sword, proper. *Salute*—"Failte Chlann Raonuill." *Piobaireachds*—"Blar Dhruim Fhalasgair," "Blar nan Léine," and "Spaisdearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein." *Laments*—"Cumha Mhic Mhic Ailein," "A' Ghlas mheur," and "Cruinneachadh Chlann Raonuill" (after the death of their chief at the battle of Sheriffmuir, 1715). To this branch belonged the famous family bards, the MacMhurichs. *Chief's patronymic*—"Mac 'ic Ailein." Strength in 1745—700. *Present representative*—Admiral Sir Reginald MacDonald, K.C.S.I., London. He is at present the elected Chief of the Clan MacDonald Society.

GLENCOE.

Crest, Motto, and *Badge*—Same as MacDonald. The branch has, I believe, a distinctive tartan, but I regret that I am unable to describe it. *Lament*—"Mhort Ghlinne Comhann," (and this event brings its history to a sad end). Present representative (in the female line only)—Burns MacDonald, Esq., of Glencoe Strength in 1745—130.

T. D. MACDONALD.

London.

RANOLD'S DREAM.

IT is a well-known fact that the majority of the male population of the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland are practically fishermen, and that a large number of both men and women proceed annually to the East Coast herring fishing, which generally commences about the beginning of July. Some years ago comparatively few of these men possessed boats, etc., of their own with which to prosecute this great industry with any measure of success. The bulk of them, therefore, engaged as "hired men" on East Coast boats, while the females engaged with curers as "gutters" and "packers." When there was a successful fishing, both men and women returned home at the end of the season—which continued from six to eight weeks—with well filled purses as the reward of their precarious and diligent toil.

As might be expected, South Uist, like other places, sent, and still sends, its annual contingent of men and women to the East Coast herring fishing. Among those who went from that

island, in the summer of 1873, was a young man named Ranold ——, then a widower, his young wife, a most amiable woman, having died some time previously. Ranold engaged as a "hired man" with the skipper of a boat belonging to Fraserburgh, and the bank over which that boat usually "shot" its nets lay at a point about sixty miles to seaward from that town.

We have frequently been assured by intelligent and highly respectable people that dreams proceed either from the disturbed state of the mind, or disorders prevailing in one or other of the internal organs of the body, and that the most, if not the whole of such dreams, are wholly devoid of any meaning or significance whatever. But another class of people, of equal intelligence and learning, as stoutly maintain that every dream has an interpretation, and is as important and true as were the dreams of former ages. But without adopting either the *pro* or *con* of those assertions, we shall now notice briefly another matter, which, though entirely different, is closely allied to our subject, after which we shall give "Ranold's Dream."

It was extensively believed, from time immemorial, through all parts of Scotland, and possibly in England too, that the spirits of departed Christian friends or relatives, continuously hovered near, and kept guard over the loved ones they left behind; that by their (the spirits) unseen and unknown guidance and influence, they (the living) are directed as to what course to pursue in life—that they protect them in times of danger, and show them how to get out of the embarrassments and difficulties in which they may be placed. What grounds there are for this belief it is not in our province to inquire; and, without any further digression, we shall now proceed to chronicle "Ranold's Dream," which he related as follows:—

"One night about the end of the season, while the boat was 'riding at its drift' on the fishing bank, it was my turn to keep watch on deck, while the rest of the crew 'turned in' to rest and take a snooze till daybreak. My duty on deck was to keep a strict look-out that our nets would not be tampered with, and that our lantern burned properly, so as to warn passing vessels of the boat's position, and thus prevent a collision with her. The night in question was pretty dark, and a fresh breeze of wind was blowing. After the crew went to their berths, all being quiet, I sat down with my back to the main-mast (for it had not been lowered that night, as was customary, as there were no signs of any considerable wind springing up before morning), lighted my pipe, and vacantly looked over the vast waste of water, as far as my eyes could penetrate through the darkness. I did not long occupy this position (I confess it with shame) when I imperceptibly fell asleep. As to how long I slept I cannot say, but while sleeping I dreamed that my deceased wife came to me, and, oh! what joy I had in seeing her, and, in her usual sweet and pleasant manner, in an audible voice, said—'Ranold, Ranold, my dear Ranold! get up quickly and kindle your light. If you do not do so immediately, you will be all lost.' She spoke with such authority and seriousness that I instantly awoke, and, on looking around me, I saw a large ship bearing swiftly down upon the boat. I at once lighted a candle (for the light of our lantern had somehow been extinguished) and exhibited it. Fortunately, my light was observed by the huge ship, which at once changed her course and bore past us. Had I been one minute later in putting up a light, every soul in the boat would have perished. Myself, and the rest of the boat's crew, were thus providentially saved from a watery grave by the interposition of my deceased wife."

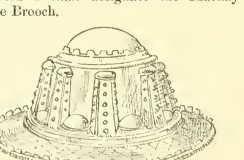
Ranold declares that his dream did not arise from any infirmity in either his body or mind; nor was he unduly thinking for some time previously about his deceased wife. He had no doubt but her spirit guarded, and still guards, him.

A. B. M'LENNAN.

Lochboisdale.

THE MACKAY OF UGADALE BROOCH.

ALMOST every one has read of the celebrated Brooch of Lorne, which has been so long preserved as a precious heir-loom by the Macdougalls of Dunolly, but there is another brooch which also belonged to King Robert the Bruce, and likewise preserved in Argyllshire, about which comparatively few people have heard, and which I shall designate the Mackay of Ugadale Brooch.



Nearly forty years ago I read in a volume, entitled "Tales of the Century," by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, an account of a brooch, said by tradition to have been given by King Robert the Bruce to a man of the name of Mackay. I naturally felt inter-

ested, and did not forget what I had read. A strong desire clung to me to get, if possible, at the truth of the story, and many years afterwards (in 1871) I took the liberty of writing to the possessor of the brooch, asking him if he would tell me if the tradition given in the Stuarts' book was correct, or if he would kindly give me the history of the brooch. I got a very courteous reply to my letter, accompanied by a photograph of the brooch; and I now transcribe the greater part of what he wrote to me, giving the story almost word for word as I received it, in the belief that it will be interesting to many of the readers of the new Magazine.

"The history of the brooch given by the King to Mackay is a curious page in the remarkable annals of royal fugitives. The tradition is that Bruce was in sore straits and alone—a fugitive with a price set on his head—and that he had passed the night suffering from hunger and fatigue upon the bleak mountain, *Shubhgheil*, in the northern part of Argyll. The next day, walking southwards to Kintyre, he met a beggar, who gave him a little meal, which the King mixed with water in the heel of his shoe and ate heartily, saying, "Hunger is a good cook; it is bad to slight food; barley-meal brose out of my shoe is as good food as any that ever I used." Then he walked on to *Beinn-an-tuirc*, "the wild boar's mountain," so called because Diarmid had there slain the dreaded boar, and lost his own life through the jealousy of Fingal. He wandered in the forest of Beinlaradh, where he met a man, who proved to be his friend and supporter, Douglas, who was also a fugitive. They remained together until they came to Ugadale, where they gained admittance to the house of a farmer named Mackay, who was entertaining his friends at a merrymaking. The strangers received a hospitable welcome, and the King was offered a seat at the supper table. This he declined; whereupon Mackay, who had no idea who his guests were, said that he must be seated. "Must," replied Bruce, "is a word for kings to use to their subjects." Mackay, still insisting, said, "Every man is a king in his own house." After supper they were given beds, and in the morning had their breakfasts. In the course of conversation Mackay spoke strongly against Bruce. When it was time to leave, the King asked his host if he would direct him to the ferry for Arran. Mackay said he would willingly do that, and offered at the same time to escort him on his way. They started accordingly, and after a while sat down to rest on a stone, still known as *Clach mhic Aoidh*, on the hill of Arnakill. From this spot Mackay pointed out the lands of Arnakill and Ugadale, which he explained were Crown lands of which he was the tenant. At last they came to the ferry, where the King sat down, and after thanking Mackay for his hospitality and giving him his brooch as a farewell token, declared to him who he was. This put Mackay in a great fright, for he remembered how strongly he had spoken against the King; but he was soon relieved by Bruce telling him that he need not fear, for he had entertained him hospitably as a stranger, and that if he should succeed in obtaining his rights he would give him the Crown lands of Ugadale and Arnakill. The King afterwards carried his promise into effect, and the lands are held on the obligation of entertaining the Sovereign on coming to Kintyre. The tradition further states that Bruce told Mackay he was to come to Edinburgh whenever he should see a bonfire blazing on a certain hill in Galloway. Mackay did so, and it was then he received from the King the title-deed of the two farms. The King, when Mackay was brought in, desired him to be seated, and on Mackay's hesitating reminded him that "every man is a king in his own house!" The original grant is still preserved. It is a piece of sheepskin only three inches square, bearing the words, "I, Robert the First, give the lands of Ugadale and Arnakill to Mackay and his heirs for ever." On this grant the family held the lands till the reign of King James the Fourth, when it was formally confirmed by a Crown charter."

The Mackays retained possession of Ugadale and Arnakill till the end of the seventeenth century, when the estate passed into the hands of the Macneals of Tirfergus and Lossit, by the marriage of Barbara Mackay, only child of Donald Mackay of Arnakill and Ugadale, with Torquil, younger son of Lachlan Macneal of Tirfergus, from whom the present Laird of Ugadale and Lossit, and possessor of the Mackay Brooch—Captain Hector Macneal—is lineally descended.

This interesting relic is of silver, and very like the Brooch of Lorn, but, as Captain Macneal wrote to me, it is even "larger and handsomer." The central stone is a fine Cairngorm, surrounded with Scottish pebbles also set in silver. On its inner part the letters F. M·K. have been rudely cut, being the initials of Farquhar Mackay, to whom it was given by the King. The illustration, which is copied from the photograph mentioned above, gives a very good idea of the form and beauty of the brooch. Farquhar (or Ferracher) Mackay's grave is said to be in the old burial-ground of Saddell Monastery, where a stone is pointed out as that which covers his remains.

It is said (see *History of the House and Clan of Mackay*, p. 40) that "there were twelve lairds of the Mackays in Kintyre at one period." It

would be interesting to get a history of these Mackays, and of their connection, if any, with those bearing the same name in Islay, in Galloway, and in Strathnaver.

* * * * *

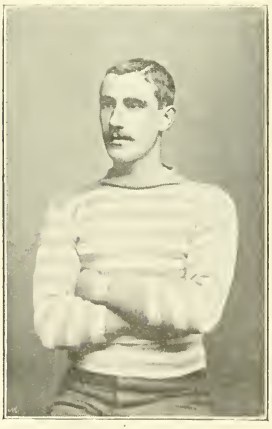
There is also a tradition in Kintyre that it was while the King was in bed in Mackay's barn that he watched the spider. Lord Archibald Campbell, in his *Records of Argyle*, p. 374, states that "he was taken to the barn and put to bed, and before he rose in the morning the spider climbed the baulks on the barn roof six times (which was the same number of times that Bruce was unsuccessful in battle), and at last succeeded. This is a token from Heaven, thought the King to himself, and I will attempt another time." The result of that attempt we all know, for it secured the independence of Scotland at Bannockburn.

JOHN MACKAY (*Ben Reay*).

Marburg, a/Lahn, Germany.

CAMANACHD.

MR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.



MR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL captain of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club, was born at Brenchollie, Furnace, Loch-Fyne, on 5th February, 1871, his father being Dr. Archibald Campbell, who has been medical practitioner in that district during the past 24 years. Camanachd has been for many years the popular pastime among the young men of Loch-Fyne Side, and the Furnace club, of which Mr Arch. Campbell's brother, John, was captain for some time, was considered one of the best exponents of the game in Scotland. Mr. Campbell frequently took part in the club's practices, but it was not till he came to Glasgow, in 1888, and joined the Cowal Club, that he took any prominent part in important matches. Since that time Mr. Campbell has been looked upon as one of the best players in the Glasgow Cowal, and has done his club good service in the famous match against Furnace in '90, and in the contests with Strachur, Edinburgh, and Oban. At the last general meeting of the club he was unanimously appointed to the position of captain, in succession to Mr. John Rae. Mr Campbell took part in the recent tournament for silver badges, and his splendid play was greatly admired. He is at present studying medicine at Glasgow University. Our sincerest wish is that he may be long spared to render the Glasgow Cowal Club his valuable assistance, and that under his captainship the Cowal may this season add increased lustre to their laurels.

THE LONDON SCOTS' SHINTY CLUB have arranged to play their Christmas match on Wimbledon Common, on Monday, 26th December, at 2.30 P.M.

OBAN CAMANACHD CLUB.—This club is now practicing every Saturday afternoon, and expect to arrange several matches during the season. They appear to be in first-class form, and ready to meet any of their former opponents.

INVERARAY SHINTY CLUB.—Many lovers of the national game will rejoice to hear that this famous club has been revived, and that there is every probability of a match being arranged between them and their old and doughty opponents, the Glasgow Cowal. It is proposed to play the match on New Year's Day, at Inveraray, and that the return be played at Glasgow later on in the season. If the clubs come to an agreement, one of the finest displays of shinty which has been witnessed for a number of years is sure to result.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—This club was never stronger, both numerically and financially, than it is at the present time. The match team also is one that it would be very difficult to beat, as it contains several members who are reckoned among the best players of the game in this country. From 30 to 40 members usually attend the practices every Saturday afternoon at Strathbungo, and spectators are always treated to a dashing display of camanachd.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 4. Vol. I. JANUARY, 1893. Price, Twopence.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

MOST kindly and genial of men is ex-Bailie Campbell, the respected president of the Clan Campbell Society; or "Malcolm," as he has come to be called by many of the clan It will be readily admitted that the success or the failure of such an organisation as that over which he presides will largely depend upon the wisdom and the energy of the man who is most representative of it; and it is not to be doubted that much of the success which has attended the Clan Campbell Society since its commencement has been due to his clearness of head, to his geniality, and to the vigour which he has thrown into the management of its affairs. A man of weight, in more senses than one, is Malcolm Campbell; and when arrayed in the "garb of old Gaul," as we saw him lately, when a guest of the Grants at their annual festival in the Waterloo Rooms —massive, strong, clearly not to be trifled with, but gentle, as big men usually are—he seemed the fitting representative of a great clan.

In business his enterprise is well known. He has the courage to dare, and fortune has smiled upon his efforts. What he has is not his through some happy accident, which brings a man into a position which he does not merit, but he has manfully won it by his sword and his bow; and long may he be spared to fight life's battle, and be on the side that wins. His ancestors hail from the land of the Campbells, Argyleshire, and we have been told from the neighbourhood of Kilmartin. He himself first saw the light in the town of Kilwinning, in Ayrshire. At nine years of age he had the misfortune to lose his father, and from that early period in life he fought his own battle, beginning at the bottom of the ladder in that very trade in which he now occupies a leading place. His education he got for himself in his spare hours, in the Mechanics' Institution, and in making books yield their secrets in the quietude of his own room. His example is surely one that is well fitted to stimulate many a youth in adverse circumstances.

With all his attention to business, Mr. Campbell is not so much absorbed in the quest of the almighty dollar, that he cannot give hours of his precious time to the affairs of some of the most important of our city institutions, or in hearing what a friend who has called in at his place of business has to say. Is it some suffering Campbell—some old clansman whom the "*thievish years*" have robbed and reduced to penury? With what patience does he wait to hear the story! And yet the ex-Bailie is not the man to be imposed upon. Before the applicant will receive aid he must make good his claim for help from the organisation. His power of discerning character is derived from constant contact with all classes of men, and clever indeed is he who can impose upon Malcolm.

No man can be at the head of a friendly and charitable organisation without giving to it much more than he gets. You honour a man when you place him in the president's chair, but his honour has usually to be paid for, and the presidentship of the Clan Campbell Society has been no exception to the rule. It is well known that the ex-Bailie grudges neither time, nor effort, nor money in the interests of an organisation that he has taken to his heart.

The motto of the society, "Gang Forward," is typical of the spirit of the man who is the president of the Clan Campbell Society, and who took an active share in its organisation.

Mr. Campbell's Highland sympathies are well known. He has been for a number of years a member of the Celtic Society of Glasgow, and is also connected with various county and district associations. And this is quite natural, as he can claim to be a Campbell on either side, Argyllshire in both cases, being the land of their forefathers. Apart from this, one thing is certain, that under his presidency the society is

quite safe. It will not be allowed to dwindle into the position of a mere local and convivial festive club; nor will it be allowed to dwindle, as is sometimes the case, from lack of interest on the part of those who are ready to take honours, but who are not prepared to render service. Slowly it may be, but surely, we feel certain, will he guide the affairs of the young institution, until it becomes a power for good among those who bear the name of Campbell.

R. C.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

By Annie MacKay.

IV.—"BEAUTIFUL STRATHNAVER!"

HIGHLANDERS love their country with a passion that, in its intensity, becomes almost a pain. The lowlander scoffs at the barren soil, the Englishman wonders how the people live without their daily quota of beef and mutton, and why they don t emigrate, but neither of them can comprehend how the Highlanders are influenced by their surroundings, more particularly by the wild, weird northern mountains. These sometimes stand out clear and defined, bathed in sunshine, sometimes shrouded in mist or snow, and more often still, torn by hurricanes of wind and torrents of rain, yet beautiful under all circumstances, awe-inspiring at times, and always grand. The Highlander feels they belong to him and he to them; there is a sense of protection in their presence—a sense also of strength and freedom. It is a glorious privilege to be born among the mountains. So thought our two young soldiers as they travelled southward, through the neighbouring county of Ross, then Inverness and Perthshire.

We cannot follow their journey to Stirling, though it was full of interest and adventure.

Rory was so well known on the road that he had little difficulty in finding accommodation for himself, his men, and his "drove" at every stage. The latter gave them a great deal of trouble; it was most difficult to keep them together. Sometimes there was a general stampede, and it took them hours to get them together again; however, they arrived at Falkirk in time for the great annual market in September. Here Rory found his cattle and sheep awaiting him, safe and in good condition. They all found a ready market. The consignment of ponies was expected, and found willing purchasers. Some of them were bought by gentlemen in the neighbourhood for driving and riding purposes, some by tradesmen from neighbouring towns, but the greatest number were sold to coal-owners, who used them in their pits, the work now done by steam being then done by horses; these ponies from the north were preferred to others, as they were so handy and required very little feeding.

After Rory had sold the cattle, sheep, and horses, and received his money, he went with his charge to Stirling, where they spent two days together at an inn kept by a clansman. The lads were much impressed by all they saw—the shipping in the Forth, the beautiful winding river, but more than all were they impressed by the grim old castle, where Rory took them on the morning of his departure, and introduced them to the officer in charge, who received them kindly, he himself being an old Highlander. Rory had rather a long interview with this gentleman, leaving the young men to find their way about. After it was over he bade them farewell, at the same time putting a sealed paper into young Gordon's hand.

"Don't open it until I am gone; it will help you, I think; at anyrate you will be more with Hugh than you otherwise could be. Good-bye, lads. Do your duty, and God in heaven bless you."

The last words were said in a very husky voice; and when the two lads saw him ride away on his black horse their hearts sunk within them. They went to the quarters assigned to them, and talked of Rory's journey homeward, his arrival in Strathnaver; and Hugh thought of an interview he would have with his golden-haired, brown-eyed Margery, of a little pearl and gold brooch that he had sent to his beloved, and his heart went out to her as it had never done before!

After a time they bethought them of Rory's sealed packet, and on opening it found that the generous old man had bought Gordon his commission, and that he as well as Hugh was now an ensign in the famous 93rd, and that, along with a few more recruits stationed at Stirling, they were under orders to join the regiment at Plymouth, and there embark for North America.

We cannot touch on the every-day life of these two lads—a life full of toil, trials, and hardships, which they bore cheerfully; nor can we recount any of the deeds of the famous regiment with which they were connected. That is national history, and a history that redounds to their credit and glory.

After a tedious voyage they landed in North America, and shortly after took part in the disastrous battle of New Orleans. The Highlanders fought like lions, and left the half of their number, about four hundred officers and men, on the field of battle, and among these was young Donald Gordon.

Though mortally wounded, he had little pain, and he lived for a few days. Hugh was with him night and day, and did all that was possible, but nothing could save the poor young fellow. He was in a dreamy, half-unconscious state a great part of the time. He spoke of his mother constantly, and of his home. He fancied he was there. Sometimes he was fishing in the river, sometimes he was on Ben Hee, watching for the march of the deer through the old pass.

On the last day of his life he was quite conscious, and in a faint voice Hugh heard him say—

"I wonder what heaven is like; do you think it is like Strathnaver?"

Hugh took his Bible, and read that beautiful chapter in Revelations describing the New Jerusalem, with its river of life, its streets of gold, its walls of precious stones, and its gates of pearls.

After a pause, Donald murmured—

"No, Hugh, it is not like Strathnaver. I don't like streets of gold. I like the springy turf; I don't like walls and gates. The river and the trees are more home-like. Is there no heather? I wish, Hugh," he whispered, "that I could have been buried at Achness; then I could hear the splash of the river, and hear our people singing on Sunday. I am glad it isn't you, Hugh; that would break dear little Margery's heart. Tell them at home that I love them, and hope to meet them in heaven; by the river. Good-bye, brother of my heart. Beautiful, beautiful Strathnaver!"

With these words on his lips the pure soul of the young soldier went to God.

Hugh's grief was terrible, but he had little time to indulge in it, for the regiment immediately after was ordered home, and for some time was stationed in Cork, to keep an eye on the Irish. They were afterwards sent to Durham to quell a commotion among the colliers; from there they were sent back to Ireland. Then Hugh was gazetted captain. Seven years had passed since he left his native land, and in all those years he never got a single letter. There was no penny postage then, no telegraph, and few newspapers, so that he had heard nothing at all about his people. Now, however, with his promotion, he got six months' leave, and he hurried home as quickly as he could; but even a journey from Ireland to the North of Scotland was a formidable undertaking in those days. He sailed from Belfast to Glasgow, and from there to Stirling, where he had to report himself. At Stirling he took coach to Inverness, travelling night and day. At Inverness he bought a horse for himself and a packhorse for his luggage, and after a night's rest started again for the north. He arrived at the little inn of Lairg late on a night in October. After supper he went out to look at the scenery, to revel once more in the gloom of his native hills. A full moon was shining gloriously, Loch Shin reflecting its light like a polished mirror. A spirit of restlessness took possession of him, and he felt that he could not stay that night. He was only twenty-five miles from home—he would arrive there early in the morning—he must go! And so he arranged with the landlord to keep his horses, as they were too tired to proceed. He changed his riding suit for the homespun in which he had left years ago, and, taking his gun, he sallied forth into the night.

He knew every inch of the way, and once on the springy moor, he bounded over it joyously. When within a few miles of Langdale (he determined to go there first), he saw a light in a small bothy that he knew well. It was occupied in the summer and early autumn by those in charge of the cows when at the sheiling, but he and the Gordon lads often used it when away on their hunting expeditions. He thought perhaps Evan might be there now. He went quietly up to a hole in the wall and looked in. Here, to his great surprise, he saw Jane MacDonald, his mother's old servant, rocking herself to and fro, as if in extreme sorrow or pain. Entering, he spoke kindly to her, and asked how they were at Rhifail.

"Rhifail!" she shrieked, "there is no Rhifail now, nothing but sheep! sheep! sheep! The crow has built her nest in the steeple of your church, and Mr. Sage's pulpit is a kennel to Sellar's dogs!"

With another wild yell she sprung past him, and was lost in the darkness.

"Poor, demented creature," Hugh said to himself, "she was always very queer." And he, too, went on his way. He was standing on a high ridge above the Strath when the sun rose, and threw a flood of glorious light over land and sea. Late though it was, the heather was still in bloom, and the cotton grass, like crested billows, waved in the morning breeze. Far away he could see the great North Sea, with here and there a ship sailing on its bosom. The valley was still hidden in a thick white mist, but he could see a glint of the river here and there as it flashed in the sunlight.

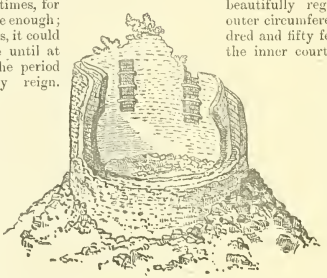
The young man's heart was very full, so were his eyes. He knelt down and kissed his native soil, and thought a man could die a thousand deaths for such a home: and his comrade's last words rose to his lips—"Beautiful, beautiful Strathnaver!"

(To be continued.)

AN ANCIENT CELTIC STRONGHOLD.

By the Rev. R. Munro, B.D., F.R.S.E, F.S.A. Scot.

THE ruined structure of Dun Dornadilla, situated in the heart of Sutherlandshire, in the wild and picturesque Strathmore, with its towering rampart of Ben Hope to the north, and its mile upon mile of sheer rock-wall on each side, is of more than local interest. Solitarily it occupies its place by the river, as it has done for generations, exciting the curiosity of the traveller who finds his way into that lonely region, but, in the main, keeping to itself the story of its origin, its use, and its fortunes. Legend points to it as one of the hunting homes of Dornadilla, a Scottish king supposed to have reigned two hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. That the building may have been used, in more recent times, for sporting purposes, is probable enough; yet, ancient as it evidently is, it could not have been in existence until at least six centuries after the period of Dornadilla's imaginary reign. Even with such an antiquity as that it would still claim to be one of the oldest human habitations in Britain—a landmark that has survived from the pre-historic times, and that is of interest, not only on its own account, but on account of the life and the civilisation which it represents.



Dun Dornadilla belongs to the class of erections known as Scottish brochs, or Pictish towers. These, though in some points resembling the nuraghes of Sardinia, are exclusively confined to Scotland. Within this area nearly four hundred examples are known to exist. They are met with in greatest abundance in Orkney and Shetland, in Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness. The most southerly, and also the most extensive in dimensions, is Eden's Hall, on Cockburn's Law, Berwickshire. The broch erected on the little, uninhabited island of Mousa, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of this singular kind of architecture. It is forty-five feet in height, and its chambers and structural peculiarities are still in a good state of preservation.

All these buildings are constructed on the same typical plan. They are circular in form, and are built of rude stones without mortar or cement. The walls vary in thickness from eight feet and a half to twenty feet. In the centre of the wall is a series of chambers not unlike the narrow, dismal rooms in a Feudal castle. On the outside there are no windows; and there is but one doorway, which leads through the breadth of the wall to an inner court, or open space, exposed to the sky. From this court there are entrances to the cells on the ground floor, and from these again are steps leading to another gallery of chambers, separated from those below by a flooring of flags, or smooth stones, fitting into the wall. Above these there may be three or four similar galleries each reached by a rough stairway from the round of chambers immediately beneath. The different rows of apartments—which occupy the heart of the wall and really divide it into two concentric walls—are lighted by slits or apertures looking into the anterior area.

Dun Dornadilla is twenty-four feet high, and the segment of it still standing is built in a beautifully regular manner. The outer circumference measures a hundred and fifty feet; the diameter of the inner court is twenty-nine feet, and that of the wall eight feet six inches. Above the doorway there is a triangular stone lintel, four feet ten inches at base, and three feet four from apex to baseline. Cordiner, who visited the spot in 1780, mentions that three distinct rows of galleries could be traced within the walls, and that he walked up and down different stairs from the first to the second storey, but that the third storey was partially filled up owing to the displacement of the stones. Now, as the result of the depredations of time, and the still more destructive influence of human hands, only the remains of the first and second galleries can be discerned. Of late years the upper part of the dun has been propped up on the inside by a support of stone and mortar, which, though it helps to preserve this notable ruin of the past, destroys the distinctive individuality of its construction.

These singular erections have been carefully investigated by archæologists, and have yielded a number of curious and interesting articles. Querns, stone lamps, whetstones, and pounders; combs, cups, pins, and buttons of bone; several bronze instruments; oxidised fragments of iron; and ornaments of silver and gold, are among the objects that have been found. Besides

these manufactured articles there have also been discovered parts of the human skeleton, and bones of the lower animals, such as the ox, the sheep, the goat, the pig, and even the whale. In some of the brochs the horns of the rein-deer—an animal common in the north of Scotland during the early historic times—have been dug up. Traces of charred grain have likewise been detected, indicating that the occupiers of the buildings were not ignorant of agriculture.

It is inferred from the character of the relics discovered that the brochs were erected by the native inhabitants of the soil. That these were Celts, and not invaders, such as the Scandinavians, is almost conclusively proved by the architectural structure of the buildings, which is analogous to the Round Towers of Ireland, the bee-hive huts of Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall. Evidence in the same direction is found in the fact that Scandinavia—rich in almost every other kind of archæological remains—cannot point to a single example of the broch.

That these ancient towers were designed to be centres of defence is now universally admitted. Their situation and their great strength can only be explained on the supposition that they were intended to resist a hostile attack in time of war. They may have been—it is almost certain they were—built in the Viking period. They are generally placed near each other, along the side of fertile straths that are open to the sea; and there need be little doubt that their original purpose was to act as checks on the incursions of the old sea-rovers. If this was the use which they first served, a date may be assigned to them ranging from the fourth to the tenth century of our era—a wide enough margin certainly, yet as near a period as can presently be fixed upon.

Some of the brochs, particularly that of Mousa, have historic incidents of a romantic nature connected with them. The Saga of Egill Skalagrimson relates that when Bjorn Brynulfson fled from Norway with the beautiful daughter of Thora Roald he was shipwrecked on the island of Mousa, and that he and his fair companion had to live through the winter in the lonely broch. A similar incident is recorded in the Orkneyinga Saga, where it is mentioned that Earl Erlend Ungi, who wooed the widow of the Earl of Athold had, on finding that her son, Earl Harald, refused to sanction the marriage, forcibly carried her away to Mousa. Here he was besieged by the enraged Harald; but as the stronghold could not readily be taken, and as the besieger was at the time in need of such a brave ally as Erlend, the siege was speedily raised, and the two became reconciled.

Dornadilla is one of the most interesting of our historical monuments. For more than a thousand years it has stood in the stream of time, when much else that was strong and solid has long since passed away. It brings the far past ages near, and gives us glimpses into the life and the habits of a people separated from us by fifty generations. We have gone far, we have done much since; yet we cannot but cherish admiration for the old Celtic builders who have left a memorial of their skill and workmanship that is almost as enduring as the mountains by which it is surrounded.

"A CAMERON NEVER CAN YIELD."

THERE is a rumour afloat, with a good foundation in fact, that the War Office contemplates converting the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders into a battalion of the Scots Guards. The Queen and all the royal family are opposed to this intended change. No reasons have been vouchsafed for the alteration, yet it is imminent, and will be carried into effect unless public feeling in Scotland is aroused against being deprived of one of its most distinctive and distinguished regiments.

If this change be permitted to take place, where then will be heard

> "The war-note of Lochiel, the 'Camerons' Gathering rise
> The stirring memories of a thousand years—or
> Evan's, Donald's fame ringing in clansmen's ears?"

The fate of the 79th is impending in the balance. It is only the voice of the people of Scotland that can avert it. Surely that voice will give no uncertain sound when one of its most distinguished regiments is to be obliterated from the roll of the country's fighting ones, and turned into an unnecessary corps of Guards. The officers and soldiers of the regiment are against the proposal, though they dare not give utterance to their desire to be left as they are. They depend upon the people of Scotland to preserve the regiment as it is. Crowned with honours from every field of battle since 1794 to the end of the Indian Mutiny, will the martial people of Scotland submit to see this regiment, one of its favourites, one which has conferred so much credit and honour upon the country, deprived of the honourable place it now occupies in the ranks of the British army, and be relegated to do garrison duty in London. I hope not.

JOHN MACKAY.

Hereford.

HIGHLAND NURSERY RHYMES.

By "Fionn."

GENTLE reader, may I presume that you were, like myself, brought up in ignorance of the luxuries of the modern nursery? Lulled to sleep on your mother's knee by the kitchen fireside, you still love to think of the Gaelic lullabies that were poured in your ear, and you never hear one of those sweet and simple melodies but you could exclaim—

"O! siod am fonn a chuala mi
An uair a bha mi óg,
Mi chuain ri uchd mo mhàthar,
'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'na ceòl."

(Oh! that's the air I heard long since
In childhood's happy day,
When folded to my mother's breast,
My soul drank in her lay.)

You often sit down, do you not, and try to recollect those captivating songs of caressing, and hum them quietly to yourself, while you think with fondness of a mother's love, and long

"For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Would it not be well if those Gaelic lullabies and juvenile rhymes, with their sunny memories, were collected and preserved as valuable remembrances of the past? How many a "steerin'" Highland child has been lulled to sleep to the strains of "*Crodh Chailein*" (Colin's cattle), or "*Mac Neachdain an Dìon*" (MacNaughton of Dun), or soothed by the captivating measures of "*Buain na rainich*" (Cutting ferns), or other fairy melody. Here is one that will come home to many. The air has been utilised for the now popular "*Cruachan Beann*," a song of the Clan MacIntyre in praise of Ben Cruachan. For the benefit of my non-Gaelic readers I will endeavour to supply free translations of this and other rhymes, but such as know Gaelic must not be too exacting, as many of these canty verses are untranslatable:—

BROCHAN BUIRN.

Key C. *Moderato.*

: d .fl	s : l .,s	l
Brochan	buirn, brochan	buirn,
Water	brose, water	brose,
: s .,l	d' : d' .,l	s .fl,—
Brochan	buirn gheibh mo	leanabh,
Water	brose for my	lammie,
: fl .s	fl'.fl' : r' .,d'	d'
'N uair a	bheireas am mart	maol
But gin	Crummie gets a	calf
: fl .,f	s .s : s .,fl	r .d,—
Gheibh mo	ghaol brochan	bainne.
Ye'se get	milk brose frae yer	mammie.

Who has not heard a fond mother sing this canty rhyme as she hobbled her baby boy?—

Dance to yer daddie O.
My bonnie laddie O,
Dance to yer daddie O,
My wee lamb.

The air to which these lines are invariably sung is the street cry of some vendor of pins, the words of the rhyme being—

Three rows a penny O, isn't that a many O?
Three rows a penny O, long strong pins!

It is not likely this street cry found its way to the Highlands as such, but many a child was lulled to sleep to the same air, sung slowly, the words being as follows:—

O, CAIDIL 'EOGHNACHAIN.

Key A.

s : s .,f	fl . d : d.	
O, caidil	'Eógnach-ain,	
O, sleep my	Hughie O,	
r .fl: r . d	t_1 . s_1 : s_1.	
Caidil, caidil	'Eóghnach-ain	
Sleep, O, sleep my	Hughie O.	
s : s .,f	fl . d : d.	
O, caidil	'Eóghnach-ain,	
O, sleep my	Hughie O,	
s_1 : $t_1.t_1$	d :—.	
Eóghan agam	fhéin.	
My wee	Hugh.	

When the little eyelids closed in sleep the words were slightly changed as follows:—

O, chaidil Eóghnachan,
Chaidil, chaidil Eóghnachan,
O, chaidil Eóghnachan,
Eóghan agam fhéin.

(Hughie now is sleepin' O,
Sleepin', soundly sleepin' O,
Hughie now is sleepin' O,
My wee Hugh.)

As the children grew a little older and delighted in a ride on one's knee, then the following rhyme regulated the pace. Beginning slowly and cautiously, as if the horses were disinclined to go to the mill, the following line was repeated three times:—

So mar chaidh na h-eich do'n mhuileann.
(This way the horses went to the mill.)

Then the pace quickened as we were thrice told—

So mar thig iad dhachaidh.
(This way they come home.)

Then the pace was increased, and the sound of a horse galloping imitated, as the following was chanted:—

Trid-trad, trid-trad, thig thu dhachaidh 'laochain,
Trid-trad, trid-trad, thig thu dhachaidh 'laochain,
Trid-trad, trid-trad, so mar thig thu 'laochain!

(Trid-trot, trid-trot, you'll come home my hero,
Trid-trot, trid-trot, you'll come home my hero,
Trid-trot, trid-trot, this way comes my hero!)

The above may be taken as the Gaelic version of the well-known Lowland rhyme—"This is the way the ladies ride, jimp and sma'," &c (See Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland.")

Here is one more nursery rhyme which, I fear, I cannot translate. The babe sits on the knees, facing the nurse, and, held by both hands, is rocked gently up and down until the last line is recited, when the little hands are clapped many times over—

Giusan, geusan ! mir 'us deuran,
Cuid a' chait bhàin na luidhe air mèisean,
Bhig ! bhig ! bhig ! bhig ! bhig !

Do you recollect how we were taught to name our fingers in Gaelic, beginning with the thumb? —Ordag, colgag, Fionnladh-fada, Mac-an-Aba, gilceag. In some places the little finger is called *cuiteag*, or *cuibhteag*. It may be that some of my readers may have forgotten how to count their fingers in Gaelic, and, therefore, I give them their proper names—Ordag, corrag, meur-mheadhoin, meur-na-lùdaig, lùdag.

I shall conclude, for the present, with a quaint rhyme which nice old women sing to little children, imitating as best they can the welcoming notes of the cuckoo—

KEY E♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

:d'	s :—:m.m	m : r : d	r:—:—
"Cuc-	ùig," thuirt a'	chuthag air	gòig !
"Cuck-	oo," said the gowk on the		tree,
: l	s : m : m	m : r : d	r:- :—
"Cha'n	fhaca- mi'n dìugh thu na'n		dé ! "
"Yes-	treen, and the day, whaur was		ye?"
: d'	s :—:m.m	m : r : d	r:—:—
"Cuc-	ùig," thuirt a' chuthag 's i		falbh !
"Cuck-	oo," said the gowk. "I mun		flee,"
: f	m : r : d	r : m : r	d:—:—
"Tha	sealgair an	doire so	searbh ! "
"The	huntsman's owre sair upon		me."

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

THE *Celtic Monthly* has many friends on this side of the Atlantic, as is natural it should. No European race has done more in the United States, nor as much in Canada, towards the upbuilding and development of these respective countries than the Highlanders, the pioneers of colonisation and civilisation, it is believed, in many lands. The men who hewed down the mighty giants of the forests, who cleared the backwoods, who directed trade and commerce, who made laws and administered them in days long gone by were very frequently Highlanders from the Trans-Grampian glens, and from the same stock many Canadian townships and American villages are still peopled. To them the memories or traditions of childhood are strong, and an organ of their own on such a popular basis as the *Celtic Monthly* has been placed, is an object of genuine welcome. Long may its life run on, and as age lays its venerable mark upon its pages may it turn more kindly to the old tongue of the Gael, the music of whose accents linger long on the native ear. *Gu'n robh buaidh 'us piseach leibh !*

The 48th Highlanders are making a record for themselves. Formed as a regular regiment of the Canadian Militia Force, less than a year ago, by the arduous exertions of two or three Highlanders of this city, they have developed into a fine corps already, fully and ably officered, and with a rank and file which leaves nothing to be desired. The garrison dinner given by the officers' mess of the Highlanders was a great success, it being the first social event in the regiment since the mess was organised. Besides the officers of the district, which number several hundred, only four civilians were invited, viz.: —His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who is a son-in-law of the grand old Highlander, Sir David MacPherson: his aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Col. Grassett (retired); and Alex. Fraser (your correspondent), editor of the *Scottish Canadian*, the father of the regiment.

Highlanders will be glad to hear that the venerable bard, Evan MacColl, is still hale and hearty, and as sprightly as he was twenty years ago, although he has entered on his eighty-fifth year. His hearing is becoming much impaired. He is regular in attendance at the meetings of the Gaelic Society of Toronto, although he finds it difficult to follow the proceedings on account of deafness. The other evening, while a vote of thanks was being passed to Mr. Archd. Sinclair, Glasgow, and other Scotch publishers, for their donations of books to the society's library, he got up and bore testimony to Mr. Sinclair's generosity, through which he had been the recipient of a copy of Hector M'Lean's recent book on the "Ultonian Hero Ballads." The Gaelic Society has a large membership, and holds meetings in Gaelic and English alternately twice a month. The chief pillars are Messrs. David Spence, W. Innes Mackenzie, John Campbell, and John C. Macmillan, all Highlanders of the good old type.

Rev. Dr. MacNish, of Cornwall, Ontario, one of our leading Canadian Gaelic scholars, is preparing a learned paper on the Ossianic ballads, for the journal of the Canadian Institute, and Mr. David Spence, a learned Islay man, has a paper in progress for the Celtic Society of Montreal, the title of which is, "Gleanings in the Field of Celtic Etymology."

SGIAN DUBH.

Toronto, December 3rd, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1893.

TO OUR READERS.

By the time this number of the magazine reaches our readers, they will be busy preparing for the holiday festivities. In the Highlands our younger friends will be getting ready their best *camans* for the shinty match on New Year's Day, and young and old will be looking forward to the entertainments and other means of enjoyment which are usually so plentiful at this festive season. We wish our readers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and we trust that the coming year will be a prosperous one to all of them.

A glance at our pages this month will satisfy our readers that we have not forgotten our promise to improve the magazine. The handsome plate which we present with this issue was prepared by the finest process known in this country, and as a work of art will compare favourably with those contained in the best London magazines. A perusal of our pages will satisfy our readers that the quality of the contents of our New-Year number is all that could be wished. Our desire is to establish a magazine in connection with the Highlands, and giving prominence to the Gaelic language, which will be a credit to Highlanders, and bear comparison with its English contemporaries. The present issue is a step in the realisation of our ideal, and we hope next month to introduce some new features which will increase the interest and value of the magazine.

Having done our part conscientiously, we trust that our friends will recommend the *Celtic Monthly* to their acquaintances, and by increasing the circulation, permit us the sooner to make the magazine what we would like it to be.

Next month we intend to present our readers with the portraits of several of our valued contributors, and hope in the succeeding issues to be able to further develop this attractive feature. We are all a little curious to know the appearance of an author whose works we enjoy reading, and we feel sure that good portraits of our contributors will add a special interest to the articles which appear in our pages from their pens. Our "Celtic Celebrity" next month will be Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, the talented author of "Rambles in Breadalbane," and other popular Highland works, who will be given in the Highland costume. We also intend giving portraits of the late Mrs. Mary Mackellar, with a sympathetic sketch by her friend, Miss Annie MacKay; and Mr. Alister Macdonald, the winner of the second prize for Gaelic poetry at the Oban Mòd, who contributes a Gaelic poem; as well as one of Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., the author of "A History of the Clan Gunn," a gentleman well known in Caithness and the north. Many lovers of the ancient game of shinty will, no doubt, be glad to hear that our next issue will contain a portrait of Captain A. M. Chisholm, of Glassburn, chief of the Strathglass Club, who is favourably known to Highlanders everywhere as a patriotic Celt. He appears, appropriately, in the Highland garb.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.—We publish in another place an interesting communication from Mr. MacKay, Hereford, regarding the proposal to obliterate the 79th Cameron Highlanders from the army list as a distinct regiment. There is no doubt that the War Office officials seriously meditate this step, and it is the "duty" of every Highland association to protest. This continual "tinkering" with our Highland regiments has been allowed to go on too long, and Highlanders should now make a determined stand against the denationalising process that is being attempted. What Highland societies are willing to help?

HIGHLAND PUBLICATIONS.—There is at present quite a pleasing activity among our Celtic literati. Mr. Archd. Sinclair has just published a second and enlarged edition of Mr. Neil MacLeod's "Clarsach an Doire," which should meet with a ready sale; Mr. William MacKay, Inverness, is engaged upon a large and valuable work, entitled "Urquhart and Glenmoriston: Olden Times in a Highland Parish;" Col. Charles Stewart ("Righ 'n dùin") is preparing two interesting volumes on Highland topics; and Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., is completing a new volume on the Clan Gunn.

CLAN CAMPBELL GATHERING.—This clan celebrate their annual re-union in the City Hall on Thursday, 19th January—Campbell of Dunstaffnage occupying the chair. An attractive programme has been arranged, and the gathering promises to be a great success. His Grace the Duke of Argyll, chief of the clan, is to receive the freedom of Paisley on the forenoon of that day, and the clan have strong hopes of his being able to come to Glasgow in the evening, and be present at the gathering. Appropriate for the occasion, we present our readers this month with portraits of Mr. Malcolm Campbell, president of the society, and Mr. John Campbell, of Ledaig, the clan bard. Both are life-like portraits, and will no doubt be valued by members of the clan.

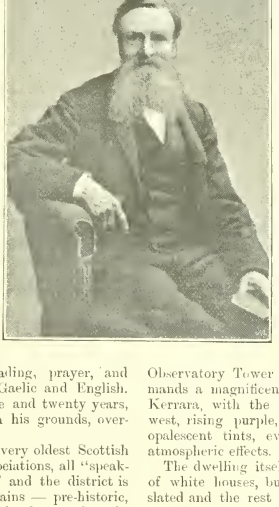
JOHN CAMPBELL, OF LEDAIG,

THE GAELIC BARD, AND HIS HOME.

By Andrew James Symington, F.R.S.N.A.

JOHN CAMPBELL was born at Oban, on the 22nd day of September, 1823, but taken to Ledaig, in Benderloch, a distance of eight miles, by his parents, when he was only two years of age. Benderloch is beautifully situated between Loch Etive and Loch Creran, and is bounded by Loch Lhinne on the south. His father was the parish schoolmaster at Ledaig for thirty-five years

John, from his own strong desire, with the assent of his parents, was being educated for the Church, but had reluctantly to abandon his studies on account of failing health He then for a few years took to commercial pursuits in Glasgow, but he again broke down, and returned to the purer air of Ledaig, where he recovered, and wisely decided to remain and make it his home.



For a time, he opened a store, but losing by it he took to gardening. Now he is Postmaster of the district; and is known far and wide, not only as a poet, but also as a learned botanist, naturalist, and antiquarian. He cultivates flowers and grows fruit; is an elder of Barcaldine Free Church; and has taught a Sunday school for well on to half a century, with services of Bible-reading, prayer, and praise, conducted both in Gaelic and English. The class, for the last three and twenty years, has met in a rock cave, in his grounds, overlooking the sea.

Benderloch is full of the very oldest Scottish legendary and historical associations, all "speaking of sorrow and of love;" and the district is rich in antiquarian remains — pre-historic, heathen, early Christian, Columban, and mediæval—cromlechs, tings, vitrified forts, ancient domed places of sepulture, stone kists, urns, querns, lake-dwellings, and church sites, or cells used by early Christian missionaries. These have been explored and learnedly written about by the late Dr. Robert Angus Smith, in his painstaking and charming book called "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach."

Mr. Campbell loves his land and his language. His songs, sung over the world wherever there are Gaels, are brimful of pathos and power, genius, and Celtic fire. He has been called the "Laureate of the Land of Lorn;" he *is* the bard of the Clan Campbell; and many regard him as the worthy successor of Duncan Ban Macintyre He has many honours, having been elected a Fellow of numerous Celtic, scientific, and literary societies, both at home and abroad.

There is no lovelier or more romantic spot in the British Islands than John Campbell's cottage-dwelling and grounds at Ledaig, under the Great Rock; and I wish I could only convey to my readers some faint idea of the beauty of his home by the sea, amid the rocks and roses. In truth it is the very ideal of a poet's home. It is situated about two miles from Connel Ferry, where are Ossian's "Falls of Lora," and it stands immediately under Dun Valanree, near Dun Uisnach, and not far beyond the moss where I accompanied the late Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., when exploring the Lake-dwelling there, and the Cairn of Achnacree.

The house, standing above the road which skirts the shore of Ardnamucknish Bay, with the finely-wooded promontory of Loch Nell, crowned with the Lady Margaret's Observatory Tower on the opposite side, commands a magnificent view down the Sound of Kerrara, with the mountains of Mull, to the west, rising purple, pale green, blue, and of opalescent tints, ever varying with changing atmospheric effects.

The dwelling itself consists of a little range of white houses, built at different times, one slated and the rest thatched. All of them are trailed over with climbing plants, and embossomed in greenery, while the windows are well nigh smothered up with roses—red, white, tea, or damask—honeysuckles too, clematis, and luxuriant masses of the *escalonia macrantha* abound, with its leaves of glossy green relieved

by numerous clusters of scarlet, wax like flowers. It is admitted to be one of the most picturesque post-offices in great Britain.

The poet of Ledaig, a born naturalist, is a skilful, practical florist, so that one is delighted to come on rare tropical plants growing in the open air, plants that thrive elsewhere in this country only in conservatories. A rude stone wall pillar in front of the house is covered with ivy, and even the various door entrances and garden divisions are gracefully spanned with rustic arches of climbing roses, japonicas, and lush trails—bright with lilac, scarlet, white, and golden bloom—rendering the air no less fragrant than the rose gardens of Gulistan or Shiraz.

Opposite the cottage, between the road and the sea, is the rock cave, approached through an arch of roses, in which nature has been helped by a wall on one side, a window, a door, and a fire-place. The window looks out on Loch Nell, Dunstaffnage Castle, Loch Etive, and the entrance to Loch Linnne. In the cave are seats, a book-case, and a swinging oil lamp, while a pane of glass in the roof admits a patch of sunlight, or shows the stars

The table in the cave is made of that tree-stump on which King Robert Bruce lunched after encountering Macdougall of Lorn, at the battle of Dal Righ (the King's Field).

The cave can accommodate fifty children, and, for the last three and twenty years, has been usually crowded, Sunday after Sunday. Fathers and mothers, who in their youth attended the class, still like to come, in all weathers, and fetch their own little ones with them. Many young men, formerly Mr. Campbell's scholars, are now scattered over the earth, and those of them who come back on a visit to the dear old country of their birth, from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, or the States, always find their way to Ledaig, sure to get a cordial welcome and a firm grip of the hand from their much-loved and respected teacher. Thus Mr. Campbell, apart from his poetry, or rather in addition to it, for long, by his genuine, unselfish goodness, commanding gifts, kindly, genial manner, warm and wide Christian sympathy, diffident, unobtrusive ways, and earnest, sanctified endeavour, has really been "a man of light and leading."

He has always been active and busy, his every effort having been nobly seconded by his devoted wife, who has been a true hearted help mate, and also by their intelligent and cultured family. Their aid has been effectively given him, both in the hard battle of daily life, and in his unwearied efforts for the welfare of others. Thus the whole household, loving and beloved, is a blessing to the immediate neighbourhood, and to many distant lands.

Combining gardening with his duties as postmaster, the bard is a busy man; yet, frank, courteous, and hospitable, he has found time effectively to aid scientific men, especially in their botanical and antiquarian researches.

It is interesting to see wild birds, especially robins, that he has tamed, come at call, perch on his hand, and, there, confidingly eat the crumbs he has brought for them. By his gentle, kindly ways, the birds soon learn to trust him, as they did Thoreau, in New England, and Thomas Aird, in his garden at Dumfries.

Around a home—with sweet humanities within; greenery and floral wealth without; and romantic surroundings of sea and mountain-scenery grand and fair—he has made the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Dun Valanree, the rock under which the cottage stands, was the site of Queen Hynd's Palace Fort, and forms the subject of one of Hogg's fanciful poems. Dun Uisnach, which is half a mile beyond the cottage, was once the seat of Government in Scotland. There, the Coronation Stone of Destiny was kept before Dunstaffnage was built. From Dunstaffnage the stone was taken to Scone, and thence removed by Edward to Westminster. Dun Uisnach is also called Beregonium, a name which, although resembling Latin in sound, is derived from two Gaelic words—*Beurraidh* and *Gainemh* —signifying a high rocky eminence on a rocky beach. Built, or rather rebuilt, by the Sons of Uisnach, its interesting and tragic story is the very oldest record in connection with Scottish history.

The grounds, as already stated, are entirely of his own creation: several times, high tides and stormy seas have remorselessly devastated his fair paradise, the waves sweeping away the very soil itself from the laboriously-formed rock garden. On one occasion the sea broke down the wall of the cave, and swept everything out of it. The Bruce table was fortunately afterwards washed ashore and recovered. But, with pluck and praiseworthy perseverance, he each time succeeded in restoring the garden to its former loveliness, and also rebuilt the wall of the cave; thus evolving cosmos from chaos—a function which is notably characteristic of all high art, and also of the indomitable spirit of Scottish independence.

In 1884, a volume of John Campbell's admirable and thoughtful Gaelic Poems was published by Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, and a few of them are accompanied with English translations by Professor Blackie.

Gaelic is Mr. Campbell's native tongue, so that one would require to know that language in order to enjoy the natural rythmic grace, and that particular, delicate, subtle aroma which all

poetry loses in translation. But the English reader of the Professor's renderings of the "Song Addressed to Mrs. Hossack," "The Gael in a Foreign Land," "The Gael to his Country and his Countrymen," will find these stirring verses full of genius, patriotism, and sweet humanity—spirited, musical, and elevating. So, too, with his thrilling poem on "General Gordon," a translation of which, by Miss G. E. Johnstone, appeared in *The Leisure Hour*.

The following are some of his best-known Gaelic songs:—"Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhealtachd," "An Gàidheal an tir chèin," "Taobh mo theine fèin," "Mo roghainn Companach," "An Gàidheal a' fàgail a dhùthcha," "Tuireadh seann fhleasgach," "Na làithean a dh' fhalbh."

John Campbell, in many respects a very remarkable man, is highly appreciated and frequently visited by many specialists, warm-hearted men of eminence distinguished in science, literature, art, or in antiquarian lore, who testify that they gain from him as much, and sometimes more, than they give. Speaking of the delights of such friendly intercourse, he says, in four Gaelic lines thus rendered:—

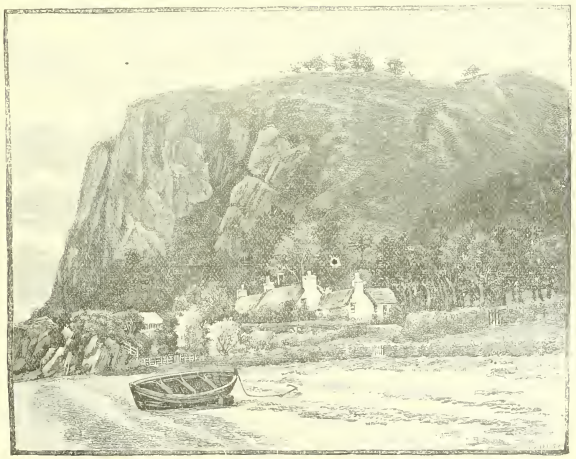
> "When glowing hearts together meet,
> A little while for converse sweet—
> On earth, than such pure friendly bliss,
> There is no greater happiness."

The Bard of Ledaig seldom ventures to express himself in English verse, but here are eight original lines, which he sent me on New-Year's Day, in a box of beautiful winter flowers, culled in his romantic rock garden; and with these I close this article, gratefully bidding my old friend, the poet, adieu, and wishing him A Happy New Year!—

Ledaig, 31st December.

"We come from the land of the far off West
Where the heaving billows roar;
Where the sea birds sit on the waves' white crest
As they dash on the rock-bound shore.
We come from the land of mountains grand,
Where their peaks are capped with snow;
But hearts are warm, and love's sweet charm
Makes friendly feelings glow.—J. C."

Langside, Glasgow



THE BARD'S HOME.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

III.—THE NORSE INVASION.

BUT a change was at hand. That scourge of early Celtic Christianity—the Norse invaders—broke loose upon our Scottish shores, and for three centuries enveloped the land in heathen darkness. At first they came in quest of booty and plunder, and seized upon the treasures of the religious establishments with avidity. Nothing escaped their ravages; three times in succession was the lamp of Iona extinguished, and the lesser monasteries of the sea-coast shared the same fate.

The shores of Caithness and Sutherland, from their proximity to the Orkney Isles, were early infested with these ruthless pirates. Pagans themselves, they had no scruples in making the monasteries their prey, and what they could not carry away with them they subjected to the fire and sword. In this way the labour of years was undone, and the history of the early Celtic Church abruptly closed.

At first these raids were only occasional and of short duration, but after a time they became more frequent, until at last permanent settlements were effected in convenient situations. The place-names of our parish show the completeness of its subjugation to the foreign power; and the traditional tales so common about a century ago about the "fleets of Lochlin" preserved almost to our own time the records of their invasions. With the single exception of Balnacille, all the principal place-names in the parish are Scandinavian, such as Eriboll (township of pebble), Sangoe (sandgoe), Keoldale (kyle and dale), Smoo, Kerwick, Cape Wrath, (Hvraf), and the latter part at any rate of the parish name, Dur-ness.* In connection with the nomenclature, it is a noticeable and significant fact that the most fertile places generally bear a Scandinavian name, while the more rugged and least accessible preserve the old Celtic.

We may rest assured that settlements were not effected without a struggle with the native population. The many *tumuli* which are met with so frequently on the north coast are ascribed by tradition to this period, and point out the battlefields of the contending parties. If we look upon the ninth century as the *incubating* period of the Norse invasion, we are left with the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries as the period of occupation. During this period active hostilities would cease, and a certain fusion of the hostile races would take place. We read that on one occasion a peace was concluded at Carn righ, an eminence overlooking Durness, between Sweyn, King of Norway, and Malcolm II. of Scotland.

The effects of this occupation are traceable in the place-names, in the language, and in the moral and physical characteristics of the people. I have on a former occasion tried to estimate the influence of the Norse language upon the Gaelic of Sutherland, and already referred to its effect on the topographical record. What we owe to the Norse in the physical and moral spheres can never be ascertained with certainty; but that a blending of the races took place is absolutely certain. To them are due the light, sandy hair, the blue eye, the powerful imagination which characterise the native population of the North Coast; and judging from the adventurous spirit, ready tact, and sanguine temperament of the people of this parish it would seem as if they could lay claim to a more than average share of the blood of the Vikings.

It would be interesting to know the conditions of life which obtained in Sutherlahdshire under Norse rule. We may gather a few facts bearing on this from the pages of Torfæus, but they are exceedingly meagre Reference has already been made to the peace established in Ard-Durness—which is by mistake located in Strathnaver; and we further learn from the same source that Alexander, King of Scotland, took Sutherland from Magnus II., Earl of Orkney, in 1231, which until then was reckoned part of the Orkney Earldom. It is likely that along the sea coast a bi-lingual race would spring up; but it does not appear that a complete fusion ever took place. The dominant Norseman imposed tribute upon the vanquished population; and claimed for himself the richest parts of the soil. But in everything save military power, the conquered were superior to their conquerors. They were superior in point of numbers and civilisation; and the presence of the Norwegian fleet alone accounts for the

* Various etymologies have been given of the name of the parish:—

(*a*) Deer-ness—Promontory of the deer. Lord Reay's deer forest is here. This would make it Norse.

(*b*) Dorruin-ness; G. and N.—Point of storms.

(*c*) Dobar-ness; G. and N.—Point of the water; peninsula.

(*d*) We are not satisfied with any of the above, and we venture another, with reasons:—

1. The principal township in the vicinity of the Monastery is *Dùrine*; Gaelic *an dùrlh rinn*, with the accent sunk on the first syllable; we have also a similar village named Lerin; Gaelic, *an lethrium*.
2. Both terms describe well the physical characteristics of the places so called—the black point; the half-point. Durine soil is black; the rest of the parish light and sandy; the article shows we ought to look for the origin in the
3. Gaelic. The Norsemen took the name of the principal township, and not knowing the force of *rinn-point*, sharpened it still more in their own way, and made it *Durivess*.

quiet submission of the Celt to the foreign power. When this received a check at Largs, and the storms of the North Coast completed the destruction of the fleet, Norwegian rule may be said to have ceased in Scotland. Thereafter a process of evacuation set in; and the more determined and adventurous spirits, who would not submit to the new order of things, looked about for new lands and eventually settled in Iceland. They carried with them there the principles of civilisation and the truths of Christianity.

DO N' MHIOSAIL GHAIDHEALACH.

FAILT' 'us furan air a *Mhiosail*,
Thàinig thun an t-saoghail an bliadhna,
Gu ma fallain, leatham, lionta,
A bhios brònag;
'S gu ma h-ioma' taobh bun-griosaich
'S am bi 'h-eòlas.

Bha 'n t-àm gu'm freumhaicheadh 'n ar gàradh
Craobh a ghealladh meas a dh'fhàs oirr'—
Meas trom, torrach, tarbhach, làidir,
Brìoghmhor, taitneach;
'S fhada bho n' bha dùil nan Gàidheal
Ri sid fhaicinn.

'S bha 'n t-àm air tighinn mar an ceudna
Gu'm faicte ronnag air ar speuraibh—
'S air cho beag 's dha 'm biodh a h-èibheachd
An tùs a dèarsaidh—
A dh' fheuchadh gu'm bheil latha 'g èiridh
Air a Ghàilig.

Latha 'bhios soilleir, fonnor, briagha,
Mar ghàire Sàmhraidh 'n dèigh sianntan,
Na mar mhaduinn bhòidheach, ghrianach,
An dèigh oidhche,
A' boisgeadh air na sléibhtibh fiarach,
'S air na coilltibh.

'Se Soisgeul-theachdaireachd na *Miosail*
Bràithrean dhe na Gàidheal a dheanamh,
Agus eachdaireachd n'am bliadhna'
A chaidh seachad,
A chur ri chéile dhuinn am briathraibh
Tiugseach, farasd'.

C'arson nach fhaigh gach linn tha'g èiridh
Eòlas air na laoich a dh'eug bhuainn,
'S air na maithibh calma, tréunda,
A bh'ann romh'inn;
'S air nach'eil ri inns' droch sgéula,
Na cunntas coimheach?

Ged is glic sinn 's ged is pròiseil,
Cha 'n 'eil fhios nach b' fheàirrd' ar dòighean
A bheag air choireigin do dh' eòlas
A bhi againn,
Air caitheadh-beatha laochraidh Chòna
'O chionn fhada.

MACDHOMHNUILL.

INBHIRNIS.

A HIGHLAND SACRAMENT.

SOME years ago I happened to see in an illustrated periodical a sketch which I now know must have been intended for a mere caricature. It gave, in a series of pictures, a representation of a Communion Service as celebrated in the Highlands of Scotland, and was a truly uninviting specimen of the character and habits of the men and women it professed to represent.

Though not now a resident in the Highlands, I have many pleasing associations connected with it; but my childish memories were too vague too enable me to shake off the disagreeable effects caused by the sketch I have referred to. Accordingly I was glad to have an opportunity of witnessing the administration of the Holy Communion in a manner different, but to the full as devout and reverent, as is seen in the Church of England, when, Sunday by Sunday, "the kneeling hamlet drains the chalice of the grapes of God."

I will try to describe what I saw. You must imagine yourself seated on the terraced side of a heathery hill, which slopes gently down to the broad, green margin of an inland loch. On your way hither you have passed the Church, where the smaller portion of the inhabitants, and of the numerous visitors from far and near, are joining in the English service. You see the hillside covered with human beings—men, women, and children. There is no absence of cheerful colouring, though the dark clothes of the men make a sombre background. The women wear head-dresses of snowy white, and here and there are to be seen patches of colour in the form of shawls and scarfs of the various clan tartans. The old women are loosening the white handkerchiefs they have tied round their Gaelic Bibles, for the service is about to begin. You look down to the foot of the hill and see the shed-like structure which does duty as pulpit. It is an unlovely object, but the face of the minister officiating during the first part of the day attracts your gaze. Eighty winters have passed over his head, but as he begins the service his voice, sweet and yet penetrating to the outskirts of the congregation, show how marvellously little of his natural strength is yet abated. His companion, the minister of the congregation, is young in comparison, more robust, and with a voice of thunder, which you will hear later in the day.

The psalm has been given out; and all around you hear a gentle rustling as the two thousand listeners find their places. Presently the singing begins. It is one of the "long tunes" learnt, say the Highlanders, from the angels.

The origin matters little; one thing you are sure of, before many lines in their weird and plaintive simplicity have floated up the hill to you, unbidden tears are very near your eyes. The singing is over without an "Amen," and the people stand up while the minister delivers an earnest prayer, spoken extempore, without the slightest hesitation.

Soon the sermon begins, and though the rapt attention of the listeners is as a rebuke, you cannot help looking around, for you do not understand the "other language," as the English-speaking inhabitants call the Gaelic, and you have never seen a spot more lovely than this same hillside. The blue and almost cloudless sky is reflected in the lake with deeper blue; you hear the cry of waterfowl, and see them dart in and out on silvery wing amongst the birches on the one island of the lake; on its other side a thick wood of fir trees stretches far upward on the gently rising slope, while beyond lies the long line of the Ross-shire hills. A large rock rears itself on the one remaining side of the three-cornered loch, and involuntarily you ask yourself if an earthquake caused its sudden upheaval, or if it is an age-long work of some quieter of nature's forces. You next notice the carts and old-world conveyances dotting the field around, and quiet horses lazily cropping the short, sweet grass which grows amongst the heather. They deserve a rest, some of them have been on the road all night, and all of them have been heavily laden. Sitting near you, a mother quiets her fretful baby by giving it for a plaything a tuft of purple heather. While you have been watching the blue-eyed baby and wondering that you see so many blue eyes amongst this Celtic race, the vast assemblage have once more risen to their feet, and the venerable minister is again engaged in prayer. If you could understand the Gaelic you would know that he is speaking of the breaches made in the Church, and you would know that he referred to the death of a well-known minister, who, for thirty years, was wont to be amongst them in this their yearly Sacrament of the Holy Communion. And now the people sit down, and another short psalm is sung, after which the minister explains the nature of the solemn rite, and "fences" the table by reading from the Epistles who are worthy to partake, and who by coming unworthily are eating and drinking judgment to themselves. It is a solemn moment, and one does not wonder that the communicants do not take their places at the table in front of the pulpit until many verses of a psalm have been sung, and frequent invitations have come from the minister—this time their own—in the intervals between the verses. But now the tables are filled, and the heads bow low while thanks are being given, as it is commanded, and while the sun lights up the white hair of clergy and elders standing together, and is reflected in the silver vessels of the holy office, you notice how old are all the men and women seated there, widows in harsh crape, bent old women in soft white large caps,; venerable men, with snowy hair, rising to the breeze. In deep silence the ceremony proceeds, and soon these rise from their tables and go to their seats with bent heads and slow footsteps, giving place to others, who seem equally reluctant to come forward. The communicants are few in number, and in a short time the ministers return to their pulpit, and words of edification and comfort are spoken to those who have made this public profession.

We rise and walk slowly over the brow of the hill, and on towards the quiet village, with full hearts and a deep feeling of sympathy with this faithful and reverent race.

REBECCA F. FORBES, LL.A.

A SPECTRE ARBITER:

A NEW YEAR SHINTY STORY.

FROM time immemorial the game of *camanachd*, or shinty, has been observed in the Highlands on Christmas and New-Year's Day, and it is a sport which is usually keenly contested and greatly enjoyed by rich and poor, young and old, on these days still. Those annual days, too, were, and are still, observed as days of feasting and general joviality. The advent of the Christmas and New Year were, therefore, eagerly longed for by all classes of the people. In olden times the laird and his vassal, the tenant, tradesman, and cottar joined issue in this annual sport. These were the "good old times." The people met one another on New-Year's Day with the salutation—"*Bliadhna mhath ur dhiubh*" (a good New Year to you), and was answered—"*Mar sin dhiubh-se 's pailteas dhuibh*" (I wish you the same, and plenty of them). Every district or township—sometimes several townships joined together—sent its contingent to the place appointed for the shinty match. Two men of equal calibre were chosen as captains, or leaders, and they made up their respective teams thus. Each of them, time about in succession, called his favourite player to his side from the crowd till the teams were formed. After a few other characteristic preliminaries they entered the lists with the *camans* (clubs). The games, which were begun with Highland spirit, were continued with the same enthusiasm till nightfall. As numerous kegs of whisky, rum, or

gin were on the ground, many a hearty shake of the hand was given throughout the day, and many a big glass was emptied—with, "*Air do shlainte charaid, 's do dheagh bhliadhna ùr*" (Your good health, friend, and a good New Year)—at those invigorating gatherings. But much of this is now, alas! a thing of the past.

In no part of the Highlands, perhaps, was the sport of shinty more heartily enjoyed and keenly contested than in South Uist. Every township sent its contingent (from the beardless youth to the grey-haired sage) to the several machairs on Christmas and New-Year's Day. The machairs of Benbecula, Iochdar, Howmore, Milton, Dalibrog, Kilpheder, and Smerclate, were peculiarly adapted for this famous recreation. On these machairs the skill and capacities of the contending parties could be, and were, displayed to full advantage.

At one of those *camanachds*, on the machair of Dalibrog, on a New-Year's Day some years ago, a dispute arose as to the team which gained the most hails. The contention at length assumed such proportions that the captains were about to decide the point by an appeal to strength. This would of course involve both teams, which in the end might prove very serious. Several of the more peaceful-disposed persons on both sides did their utmost to pacify and persuade the captains to cease the contention, and part, as usual, on friendly terms; but all to no purpose. One of the captains, whom we shall call John, a strong, powerful man, was about to strike his opponent with his club, when he chanced to cast a glance along the strand, which the elevated spot on which they stood overlooked, and was surprised to see a tall, well-built man, in dark attire, coming towards them at a quick walking pace. Immediately the man saw that John noticed him he beckoned on him to go to him to the strand. John at once drew his companions' attention to the approaching person, and also told them that he had beckoned on him to go to him. But as they all failed to see any object whatever at the spot indicated by John, they were seized with terror, and left for their respective homes, believing that the person seen by John was none other than the Evil Spirit, who appeared on the scene on account of the disturbance. Some remarkable impulse seems to have been conveyed to John by the stranger's beckoning, for he immediately felt an irresistible desire to obey the call—to go to the man, and he did so. On approaching the stranger, John noticed that he glided towards him—that his feet did not even touch or move any of the small pebbles over which he came. Though he was as brave and courageous as he was powerful, John now began to tremble with fear, for he never saw the man before. He had a military bearing, and a bold, unearthly aspect. If John entertained any rambling thoughts as to who the stranger was, they were soon set at rest by being informed by that person that he was so and so; that he had come from the world of spirits to prevent him (John) from ending the New-Year's Day in the unseemly manner which he was so determined upon. The man, when in life, whom the spectre represented, was, it is said, closely related to John's family. The spectre then told John that as he had to act as arbiter in his quarrel, he (John) must meet him in such a place the following evening, and every evening afterwards which he (the spectre) might appoint, on pain of some dire evil befalling him (John), if he disobeyed.

What passed between John and the spectre at the many conferences they afterwards had no one ever heard, for John kept it strictly secret. Their meetings, however, were so numerous and unpleasant that John was heartily sick of them, and yet he was constrained by some mysterious influence to attend them. To escape, if possible, those disagreeable conferences, and thus get some measure of peace, John at length removed to another part of the island, but that, alas, made no difference—the spectre discovered him the very next evening, and exercised the same control over him as he had done in the place he had left.

The only thing John revealed that the spectre told him in all his intercourse with him after the first evening was, that he would die in a house in a place which was then a mossy waste, without house or hut from end to end. Some years after the ghost told him this, John, without any reference to what the spectre said—indeed he had no recollection of it at the time—went to the place mentioned, built a house there, and died in it at a ripe age. We are assured that the same ghost has spoken to different people on various occasions in South Uist.

We have suppressed the names of persons and places for certain reasons; but have no doubt our South Uist readers will readily recognise them.

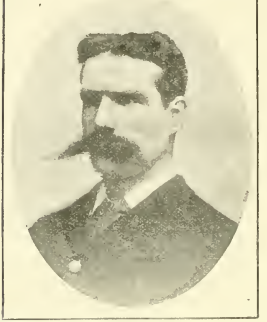
We now conclude our story by wishing the *Celtic Monthly* a long and prosperous career, and our readers a happy New Year, with many of them.

A. B. M'LENNAN.

Lochboisdale.

CAMANACHD.

INSPECTOR DUNCAN MACINTYRE.



MR. DUNCAN MACINTYRE, captain of the London Scots Shinty Club, belongs to a family who are MacIntyres entirely. His father, his grandfather, and two of his great grandfathers were all of them married to members of their own clan. He had two grand-uncles who followed suit. Nor were the female members of the family less clannish, two grand-aunts having chosen husbands on the same principle. Born in Bunessan, Mull, and reared in Bowmore, Islay, Mr. MacIntyre, the subject of our sketch, has resided for the last eleven years in the Cosmopolitan Metropolis. He is an inspector at New Scotland Yard, a centre around which evolves the semi-civil government of the "Kingdom of London." He is a councillor of the Gaelic Society of London, and of the London Argyllshire Association. As captain of the London Scots Shinty Club, he is held in the highest esteem by his fellow-members, by whom he is regarded as a model officer, and by his brother Gaels of London in general he is thought a jolly good fellow.

ON Saturday, 3rd December, a very exciting match took place at Aberdeen, between teams representing the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Till half-time the game was pretty evenly contested, but in the latter half the Aberdeen men overmatched their opponents, and won by 5 hails to their opponents 3.

THE Oban Club are trying to arrange a match with the Glasgow Cowal, at Oban, on New Year's Day, but the latter are doubtful about being able to accept the invitation, although many of the members have very pleasant recollections of their enjoyable visit to the capital of the West last year. The Edinburgh Camanachd hope to meet the Cowal in Edinburgh early in the year. We are glad to learn that the Aberdeen University Club is very successful this season, a large number of players turning out each Saturday for the practices.

REVIEWS.

A' CHOISIR-CHIUIL.—The second part of the "Saint Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs" has now been issued (publishers, J. & R. Parlane, Paisley), and, if anything, surpasses the first part in interest. Among the songs given, while we find many well-known favourites, there are several which are new to the ordinary run of Gaelic songsters. Our valued contributor "Fionn" is represented by three songs; and we recognise the following, for the singing of which prizes were awarded at the Oban Mòd, namely:—"Fuadach nan Gaidheal" and "An t-Eilean Muileach," as well as "Mo mhaili bheag òg," the harmony of which received second prize on the same occasion. "Faill-ill-o agus ho-ro eile" and "Caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain," which Miss J. N. MacLachlan so frequently sings with great spirit and taste, are also in this part. The quality of the harmony is guaranteed by the names of Mr. John Bell, Mus. Bac.; Mr. Wm. Moodie, S.T.S.C.; Mr. W. H. Murray, S.T.S.C.; the late Mr. Jas. Merrylees, S.T.S.C.; Mr. John Campbell, and Mr. Archd. Ferguson, to the latter of whom we are indebted not only for most of the harmonies, but for the careful editing of the work. In fact those who are interested in Gaelic music owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Ferguson for all that he is so unassumingly doing in that cause through our own columns, in such publications as those under review, and otherwise. We heartily recommend "A' Choisir-chiùil" to our readers as worthy of their support, whether they know music or not, as it is bound to do more in advancing Gaelic musical culture than anything which has hitherto been done in that direction; and we wish the venture the success it deserves.

PORTRAIT OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.—We are indebted to Messrs. MacLeod Bros., of Edinburgh, the well-known fine art publishers, for a copy of the exceedingly artistic portrait of the Chief of the Clan MacLeod, which they have just published. He is represented in full Highland costume. Those who have seen the chief say that the likeness is an excellent one. We would suggest that those members of the clan who have not already provided themselves with copies should do so at once.

"THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARY" contains a very interesting article, by Mr. D. W. Stewart, on his recent examination of collections of family portraits in Highland dress. In preparing material for his valuable work on "Old and Rare Scottish Tartans," Mr. Stewart visited a number of collections in the Highlands. The *Antiquary* is published quarterly, and can be had from Mr. G. P. Johnston, 33 George Street, Edinburgh.

Do charaid dìleas
Calum MacFhearghas

MALCOLM FERGUSON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 5. Vol. I. FEBRUARY, 1893. Price, Twopence.

MALCOLM FERGUSON.

THE subject of our sketch this month is one of the most widely known and respected sons of the Gael, whose career may be held up as a model for imitation by young Highlanders who feel within them the stirrings of an ambition to widen their horizon, and improve their position in life by migrating to the large centres of population.

Mr. Ferguson was born at Morenish, near the village of Killin, Perthshire. His parents occupied a comparatively humble position, and were highly respected and esteemed for their consistent and exemplary lives. Although compelled, through no fault on their part, to remove to a distant part of the country, they ever clung to Breadalbane as their native home, and exacted from their children a promise that when they closed their eyes in death their mortal remains should be taken to Breadalbane, and there laid beside their departed kith and kindred of many generations, in the Killin Churchyard. This promise was faithfully carried out, and several years ago Mr Ferguson erected one of the finest tombstones to be seen in Breadalbane "in fond remembrance of his dear Father and Mother."

Young Malcolm received his education first at Morenish, and afterwards at the Parish School of Killin. After leaving school Malcolm acted for some time as tutor to the young family of the late Mr. Ferachar MacKerachar, at Benmore, Glendochart. He afterwards spent a short time at Fintry, after which he came to Glasgow, and entered the service of Messrs. John Brown & Co., then the largest public storekeepers in the city. Having faithfully served that firm for a number of years as head storekeeper, he left this situation, and started business on his own account. In 1855 he formed the still well known and respected firm of Messrs. Malcolm Ferguson & Co., Glasgow.

In 1868 Mr. Ferguson, accompanied by two friends, enjoyed a holiday Tour through Orkney and the North of Scotland. The result was his first attempt at authorship, "A Tour through Oreadia and the North of Scotland," (1868). In 1869 he again entered the field of literature with "A Tour through the Highlands of Perthshire." His next volume "Rambles in Skye," was issued in 1883, followed in 1885 by the "Tourist Guide to Killin, Loch Tay, and The Land of famed Breadalbane." In the following year appeared "Rambles in North Knapdale." In 1890 Mr. Ferguson published his well known "Tourist Guide to Callander, the Trossachs, and classic scenery of 'The Lady of the Lake.'" This work has had a deservedly large sale, a third edition being nearly exhausted, and the demand still continues. In 1891 he published "Rambles in Breadalbane," a volume got up with great taste. Many of his readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Ferguson has in preparation a work which will likely be the largest he has yet written, and which will prove of special interest to Anglers, under the title "Fishing Incidents and Adventures, with brief descriptive sketches of all the principal lochs and rivers of Perthshire."

All Mr. Ferguson's books possess the not too common quality of being thoroughly readable, and are besides full of quaint, pawky humour. The Author possesses not only an observant eye for the beauties of nature, and the ability to convey his impressions to his readers, but he has also the faculty of being able to seize and depict the peculiarities of characters with whom he comes in contact in his wanderings. He can tell a capital story, and what is not common, can narrate it with the greatest gusto when it tells against himself.

Though Mr. Ferguson left his native place in early life he has never ceased to take a deep and practical interest in everything relating to the dear land of his birth, and many a struggling

Highlander has received from him a friendly "lift." He was instrumental also in securing for the Glasgow Perthshire Charitable Society a donation of £500 from the estate of a cousin, a native of Breadalbane, who had left a considerable amount for charitable purposes, and upon which he was a trustee. For many years he has presented either a silver jug or teapot as an extra prize for the best Highland cow, belonging to small farmers or crofters, at the annual cattle show at Killin. To Mr. Ferguson belongs the credit of erecting the splendid Cairn on the summit of Ben Lawers, and in 1887 he was the moving spirit in crowning Ben Ledi by the erection of the Queen's Jubilee Cairn on the crest of the mountain, which attracts the attention of the tourist, whether viewed from Callander, the Trossachs, or Loch Katrine. On the morning after the completion of the Cairn Mr. Ferguson received a telegram from the Queen, dated Balmoral, 8-55 a.m., "thanking her loyal Highlanders of Loch Lubnaig, Loch Katrine side, and Glenfinlas," for drinking her health on the top of Ben Ledi, beside the Cairn erected in her honour.

Mr. Ferguson, as will be seen from his portrait, is a splendid specimen of a Highlander. Although now approaching the allotted span his handsome and stately figure is still as straight as ever, and as a pedestrian or a mountain climber he will put to shame the mass of younger men. Some weeks ago he climbed Ben Ledi to survey the Cairn. Mr. Ferguson is well known as a keen fisher, and many a lordly salmon has fallen a victim to his skill on his favourite lake, "the widely famed Loch Tay." Whatever Mr. Ferguson puts his hand to he likes to do it well, whether in business or in any pursuit that may take his fancy.

It is almost superfluous to add that the subject of our sketch has troops of friends, not only in the charming Highland village of Callander, where he now chiefly resides, but also scattered over all the country, who esteem and honour him, both on account of his attractive personality, and also for his many excellent qualities of head and heart, and who will cordially join in the hope that he may have a long and happy eventide, in which to enjoy the repose he has so worthily earned.

ALEXANDER BANKS.

THE CELTIC CHAIR, EDINBURGH.—An appeal has been issued by Prof. MacKinnon and other prominent Highlanders, for the purpose of raising a sum of £2000 to establish a permanent scholarship in connection with the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. Sir Wm. MacKinnon, Bart., of Balmakill, has given £100, and other handsome sums have been subscribed. We heartily recommend this appeal to the favourable consideration of our readers, and Prof. MacKinnon will be glad to acknowledge all subscriptions.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

BY ANNIE MACKAY.

V.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Hugh's heart was so full of love, gratitude, and a joy unspeakable, that for some time he stood perfectly still, then went slowly onwards. The house was still hidden in the mist and Hugh laughed to himself, and thought, "They will never see me till I am there, a few minutes more and I will hold my love to my heart."

He was quite near now and could see the house looming dark in the white mist—he went nearer. The light went out of his eyes, his heart stood still, for the house of Langdale was a mass of blackened ruins!

The garden lay desolate and fallow, its walls broken down, but of this he took no note. "Good God! there has been a fire; perhaps I will find them all at Rhifail," and there he hurried. His way lay past Skail and Ravigill, and to his horror he found these little homesteads also in ruins, and not a living soul to be seen. Puzzled and bewildered as to the cause of this devastation he kept on his way. At last a memory of the old times came back to him, and he thought there must have been a foray.

"I wonder who has done this" he said bitterly. "The Sinclairs or the Sutherlands—our old enemies?" He clenched his teeth, and there was a wild gleam of vengeance in his eye.

The mist had lifted now, and he could see even at a distance that his old home had shared the same fate. He went in and lay by the cold hearthstone, trying in vain to collect his thoughts.

Something cold was suddenly thrust in his face, and looking up he saw a strange looking dog standing over him, and a tall lanky man in grey clothes coming through the doorway, who asked him angrily—

"What the d—l are you doing here?"

Hugh tried to explain that he had just returned home after being away for some years—Could he tell him where the people had gone, and who burnt their houses? He was pale as death, and his teeth chattered, but there was no pity in the border man's face.

He answered savagely "The people are down by the sea, some in the sea, some have gaen to Amerikay, you're ane of them I can see, and up to no good, poaching nae doot. Look here my man, you better gie me that gun, and no get yourself in trouble. My maister's got the land noo, and he's nae merciful. Aye mon, you should see him burn the bits of hoosies, it was grau! Aye, it was a braw bleeze!"

The young soldier turned away, sick and dazed, and tho' the rough border shepherd called "Gie me that gun" repeatedly, and "Hi

Cheviot, seize him!" he took no notice, but taking the path by the river made for the sea, but ever as he went the same sickening sight met his eyes—grim, black, roofless houses, looking up to Heaven under a cloudless sky, deserted gardens, trampled and neglected! He remembered his comrade's last words, remembered his peaceful smile as he uttered them, and envied the death that spared him from seeing the sights that he now saw. The hundreds of times that he had pictured this return, beautiful Margery's quiet joy, the light in his mother's eye, his dear father's genial welcome, the rejoicing of the kindly neighbours—and now!!

He groaned as he thought that worse still might be in store for him; the pain and uncertainty were almost unbearable.

Sick and dizzy through sorrow, want of sleep, and want of food, he stumbled on till he came to Inver-Naver. Here the river joined the sea, and he could see by a curl of smoke here and there, that the place was inhabited. He sat down by the wayside, hoping some one would pass, some kent face that would give him tidings of his parents, of his sweetheart. He had not long to wait when he saw a woman coming along; he spoke to her in Gaelic, and she looking at him earnestly, cried—

"Ah, its young Rhifail! my dear, my dear!" she seized both his hands. "Come in," she said "and welcome, its a poor roof for your father's son." Hugh remembered her as the wife of a near neighbour—comely, pleasant, hospitable; now her pale and sunken eyes told an unmistakable tale of grief and suffering which he was not slow to perceive, and it made his heart ache still more. Hugh followed her to a house near; he was still in the dark as to the cause of all this trouble, for he but half comprehended what the surly shepherd had told him. Now, however, that he could hear all about it, he feared to ask. At last he faltered—

"Where are my parents! where are the Gordons! what has happened!"

She did not answer him immediately, but led him in and set food and drink before him, and busied herself pressing him to take it; then she said—

"Your mother is in Torrisdale The Gordons have gone somewhere—perhaps to Caithness or Ross-shire; but your mother will tell you."

The tender-hearted woman knew that his father was dead, his mother dying; that the Gordons had sailed for Canada, along with a hundred more emigrants from the Strath, and a dreadful rumour had reached her ears that this ship never reached a shore, but she could not heap this woe on the already bowed head, so she sat down, and in a wailing voice told him of the "Dark days of Strathmaver."

The chief of the clan, Eric, Lord Reay, a kind-hearted young man of promise and ability, went to London, and in that great city of vice and temptation made shipwreck of his life. He got hopelessly in debt, and at last had to part with his heritage and good name. His wealthy neighbour of Sutherland bought the estate, under a clause of redemption, and soon after, through the misrepresentation of a worthless factor, was prevailed upon to evict the clan. The people got short notice, which came upon them as a "bolt from the blue." When the torch was laid to their thatch they did nothing in self-defence.

"Where are we to go?" they asked, in their bewilderment.

"To h—, or anywhere else!" said the heartless ruffian who, as factor for the Sutherland family, superintended this work of horror and devastation. Five hundred happy homes were burnt in a few days, five hundred families dispersed. They went their way, hopelessly and aimlessly, some to far and foreign lands and merciless coasts, and many to their deaths. Among the latter number were the once genial, large-hearted John of Rhifail, and our old friend, Rory Ban.

After a time Hugh raised his haggard face, "But, Janet," he asked, "why did not the men resist! Why did they not fight to the death!"

"O, my dear! my dear!" Janet answered, in an awed whisper, "it is no use fighting against God. Our minister said it was a judgment on us—we were too well off and too happy—and we forgot Him."

If it was a judgment, it was a sore, sore one, and, for the first time since they met, the once happy wife of Ravigill lifted up her voice and wept aloud. It was no shame to Hugh's manhood that he did likewise. Sobs shook his strong frame, for the simple narration, joined to what he had seen, had brought the whole lurid scene before him so vividly that he could almost imagine himself an actor in the tragic drama. Then he rose to depart, and accompanied by Eachan Og, Janet's youngest son, he left for Torrisdale.

Their way lay over a high hill composed of loose rocks and looser sand, for here, by the sea, the character of the country had completely changed, and instead of the fertile valleys and heather-covered hills, were arid plains of sand and huge shapeless rocks, without a sign of vegetation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CULTURE OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH GAELS.

By Colonel Charles Stewart (Tigh 'n duin),
Author of "The Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland and its Celtic Church;" "Killin Collection of Poetry and Music," &c.

WHEN I was a youth at the University, we were taught that all nations starting from barbarism rose up gradually to the culture that many now enjoy. Modern research, however, and its discoveries has dissipated this theory, and shown that culture, like the tides of the ocean, has its advances and recessions. So has it been in the history of our Scottish Gaeldom, and also in that of Ireland, whose association, both in peace and war (especially during the third century) is so unmistakably given in the records of these countries.

I speak, however, of the Scottish Gaels; but it is impossible not to bear the Irish in mind, as there are so many points of oneness and contact, as to make continual illustrations and confirmations of real historical facts.

First, I will take as points of comparison the third century and the fifteenth. The former was distinguished for its glorious freedom, national and personal, under Fingal, in the Scottish, and Cuchullin and Cormac MacAirt in the Irish Gaeldom. Mark well, however, that that freedom was not license, but restrained both for high and low by the legal and traditional bounds which Cormac MacAirt has formulated in his celebrated "Book of Acaill" (circa A.D. 267). It was also the century of the highest bardic literature, which Goethe and many others place above Homer. Its greatest exponents were Ossian, Ullin, and Carrill; but not them only. Few will now dispute the genuineness of Homer since the discoveries at His-ar-lik, and few the genuineness of Ossian since the discovery of the oneness in facts, as related by the Irish and Scottish historians of this early era, and their indisputable concurrence in the great events common to both—all which was unknown to MacPherson, whose explanations (called by him "arguments") are superbly ridiculous and ignorant. The history given by these bards is continually shown more and more to be truthful; their tales are not fables, but genuine incidents, clothed in wholesome imagination; their biographies were real; and their ethics, culminating in the immortality of our *spirits*, was such, that, though in some respects imperfect, in others it points back to the "law of God," written on man's heart at the beginning. Turning from this to the fifteenth century, we find the rulers autocrats, and the people thralls, without national freedom, or personal freedom either, in body, soul, or spirit. Since the days of Adamnan their biographies were essentially falsified, and so, too often, was their history. Some of the upper classes got some education at the monasteries, but the lower orders were in pitiful ignorance. The tales which they delighted in were egregiously childish and ridiculous, whilst the literature of these later centuries will no more compare to that of the third century than Samuel Johnson's poetry will with Shakespeare's.

Fully to realise the culture of the early centuries, we must realise the position of the bards. They were a great order, consisting of several classes seven it is said. Both males and females were eligible for even the highest orders. The children of those in high rank were taught in their colleges, whilst the people were effectually taught by their chanted poetry, especially in history, which was an indispensable adjunct to their continual feasts and assemblies. The curriculum extended to twelve years, in order to take the lowest degree; and for some degrees it is said to have been twenty. History, music, law, poetry, literature, and philosophy formed part of the subjects taught by them. We find that at Tuam Dreeain, in the sixth century, there were three professorships of different subjects. We have also proof of the existence of these colleges at earlier dates. Thus we know that Cormac MacAirt called the bardic leaders to him at Acaill (circa A.D. 267), to help him in composing his celebrated code of laws, called the "Book of Acaill." The same is true of Celts elsewhere. Thus Ammianus, writing in the fourth century, tells us that amongst the Celts of Gaul three classes of professors existed, who taught history, the system of nature, and a philosophy which pronounced the spirits of men to be immortal (Book xv., c. 10). Strabo (Book iv.) also refers in part to the same facts.

I have said that woman attained to a high rank amongst the bards, and perhaps I can in no other way show the high culture of the third century Gaels than by comparing the position bestowed on her to that given by the Fathers of the Church in the third and fourth centuries. To realise this, just compare Ossian's pictures, in his poetry, of Evirallan, Covaila, and Malvina, with Tertullian's "Devil's Gateway," Chrysostom's "Desirable Calamity," and others too revolting for my reproduction in your pages. (See *Contemporary Review* of September, 1889, article by Dr. Donaldson). When we come to music the same high culture meets us, and

1*st*. The ancient Gaelic music was characterised by the nature of the chant. It still, in its modern song form, bears the same analogy.

2*nd*. It was harmonical, as we read of its being constantly accompanied by the harp. We

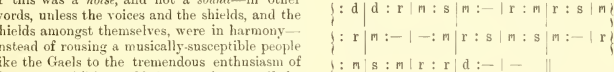
are told of one hundred harpists being present at the same exercise of bardship. The numbers of modes on which it was composed, and the variety of cadences, resulting from the Gaelic having no uncompounded word of more than one syllable that has not the accent on the first, seems to me, in Gaelic music, to necessitate something far higher than a mere knowledge of octaves only. This also appears from the fact that when the Gaels were marching into battle, with the bards in front, a thousand and more in number, chanting their march, occasionally the whole army broke in with all their might, striking their shields with their sword-hilts. Now, if this was a *noise*, and not a *sound*—in other words, unless the voices and the shields, and the shields amongst themselves, were in harmony—instead of rousing a musically-susceptible people like the Gaels to the tremendous enthusiasm of the "*mir-cath*," it would depress them to all the depths of poltrooney that it is possible for a Gael to feel, and which history declares to be unappreciable to others

Ammianus, in the passage already referred to, states that amongst the Celtic Gauls their bards celebrated the achievements of their heroes in epic verse, accompanied with sweet airs on the lyre.

3rd. The words and music were alike rhythmical, the words dominating the music, and not the music the words. They were in perfect accord with each other in time, accent, and expression. But, beyond this, both bore in them the poetic inspiration, which the bards, especially Ossian, claim in such rapturous terms. The effect upon the spirits of the Gaels was such as to incent them to the loftiest heights of valour, termed by them the "*mir-cath*." This was in war; but in peace also this bardship led the Gael to practice all that in their ethical code made them and their nation great and honourable. Turn from this to the prevailing prose chant so characteristic of this age, where the music dominates the words, whilst the latter have no correct, if any, time, accent, measure or expression, and which, in their agony to catch the music, frequently become a babble. Where, then, is the culture, in century three or century nineteen? I must add, however, to prevent mistake, that our Gaelic rhythmical chant has not, like the dismal and doleful Gregorian tones, one note to one syllable, because they may have two or even three syllables to one note of the music, but only that the words and music are related, and clink into each other with such perfect adaptation, as to give the powers and inherences of both. The merely æsthetic music of the Gael I do not at present refer to. Some of the singing was undoubtedly antiphonal. At New York I was informed by the best authority that at an unreformed synagogue there I would hear the psalms sung as in David's time. I had the pleasure of going there, and finding that they were sung rhythmically, and in such fashion as to delight a Gaelic bard's spirit.

The subject is a very wide one, and your space only allows me to point out a few prominent characteristics. I close, then, with a few stanzas of Ossian's, showing, first, the place given to woman, and, second, the rhythmic chant.

CONN'S CHANT OF THE SECOND CENTURY.
(Fingal, Duan iv., verse 1).
Ossian Soliloquises.



Who is this that with song from the ben comes,
Like to Lena's arch, seen midst of showers?
'Tis the youthful, whose accents are music—
Toscar's white-handed daughter, the pure.
Ossian addresses Malvina.

Oft, indeed, to my song hast thou hearkened.
And oft have thy tear-drops down flowed;

Now, then, list we to feats done by heroes,
And to blue-mailed Oscar's bright fame.

When depart will the shadow from Cona,
That Cona whose streams aloud sound;
As for me, my arm is now helpless,
And my age steeped in darkening gloom.

O! my daughter, the fair and the lovely,
Whose hand is as white as the snow.
My days midst of battle have spent been,
When no blindness nor gloom laid me low.

Nor yet was I thus sad and waesome,
When her love Evirallan me gave,
Evirallin, my brown-haired, sweet maiden,
Bravo's daughter of bosom the fair.

The translation is my own, and however defective otherwise, it gives the rhythm.

Note.—I don't suppose that many, if any, will now dispute Ossian's era and genuine bardship after the perfect proof given that Fingal reigned

over the Scottish Gaeldom contemporaneously with Cuchullin, as regent in Ireland, during Cormac MacAirt's minority and disability, and the reigns of Cormac, and of Cairbre, his son. I have marked the accented words in the five verses given, to guide any who may not be acquainted with the Gaelic rhythmic chants. Bengus' "Felire," of the 8th century, was composed in one of these rhythms, *Rinnard*, for a description of which see Whitley Stokes' edition, p. 4; and "Cormac's Glossary" (9th century) preface, pp 67-69, edited by Stokes, 1862.

MR. THOMAS SINCLAIR.

THE author of a clan history, "The Gunns," published in 1890 by Rae, Wick, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., was born in Reay parish, Caithness, 12th March, 1843. He entered Edinburgh University in 1859, passed the New College curriculum 1864-8, and attended lectures at the University of Paris in 1872, shortly after the fires of the Communists had put that city in a state of ruin. Of Edinburgh student societies he was secretary of the Dialectic, and president of the Philomathie; while the John o' Groat and Caithness Students' Associations had also his fellowship. In 1887 he was elected the honorary president of the Glasgow Caithness Literary Association. His literary and journalistic work began with residence in London from 1873. He accepted, in 1881, an editorial appointment on the *Northern Whig*, Belfast, and next year joined the *Glasgow Herald* and *Evening Times*, returning to London, November, 1883, where he was leader-writer on the staff of the *Standard*, and contributor to the *Athenæum* and many other journals in and out of the Metropolis. He was one of the founders of the Press Club, Fleet Street, and of the Institute of Journalists, now a strong corporation under royal charter. Overwork broke down his health in 1886, and the following two years were spent in North Africa, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, when he returned to the mild climate of Devon and Cornwall with good result. Besides the clan history, he has written ten works in general literature, edited several others, shared in such undertakings as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and "The National Dictionary of Biography," contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, *Contemporary Review*, &c.; but his numerous papers on local history and genealogy to the *Celtic Magazine* the *Highland Monthly*, and the *Northern Ensign* are what gives him best claim to the attention of our readers. The second volume of his "History of the Clan Gunn" is nearly ready for press; a work which, when completed, will hold an important permanent position in Highland literature. Mr. Sinclair's mother is Helen Swanson, aunt of the late Thomas Swanson, Intendant General of Cuba, Spain's greatest colony; and his father was George Dunbar Sinclair, son of Hon. John, the brother of Alexander, Earl of Caithness.

THE GIRNIGOE "TRAGEDIES."

IN the article, "Girnigoe Castle," in the November number of the *Celtic Monthly*, a reasonable view is taken of the gloomy "story" of John, the Master of Caithness, who died in 1576. It is not, however, the case that all writers have taken the part of John, the son, against his father, George, the fourth Sinclair Earl of Caithness. Misfortune or fate, not fault or crime, describes the real state of affairs. Confinement was the easiest form of punishment or restraint which the Earl, as justiciary, could use, to bring his wilful and troublesome, rather than conspiring or specially unfilial eldest, to a sense of duty. Sir Robert Gordon's seven years have become a very much shorter term of imprisonment of the Master, namely, a year and a half; a fact which discounts the whole of his mendacious narrative. From the Ulbster family writings, it was known that Earl George was immersed in parliamentary business at Edinburgh when his son died at Girnigoe Castle, through the plot of the steward of the household, who with the servants embezzled the funds of the mansion and fled. During the disorder which reigned till the Earl's arrival, the Master died, either of a natural death or from distress of body caused by the absence of service. The revenge, or rather the justice, which fell upon the embezzler during the earldom of George, the son of the Master, shows where the real blame lay. He was killed in a brawl, created for the purpose of giving him his due, as he had escaped the law by some pretext or accident. The so-called murder by the Master of his own brother William, ancestor of the Sinclairs, Thurso Castle, is Gordon's hostile perversion of an ordinary enough fact at all times, namely, that a personal struggle *may* have taken place, though his statement of even this is no proof of it. William died days after the supposed encounter, on the historian's own showing, and death comes in all ways to young and old. The gruesome story is lying insinuation. THOMAS SINCLAIR.

Falmouth.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

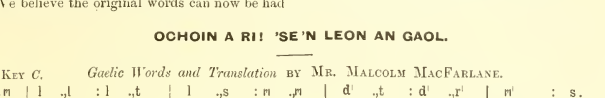
Conducted by MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

THE words of our song for this month are by our esteemed friend, Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Elderslie. They are adapted to an old Gaelic air which was given in *Harper's Monthly* some time ago, as a specimen of the Gaelic songs sung by Canadian Highlanders.

We believe the original words can now be had in a collection of Gaelic songs by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Prince Edward Island. The first portion has a striking resemblance to "Gloomy Winter's noo Awa," and suggests a common origin, as the latter is said to be an adaptation of a Strathspey by Tannahill.

OCHOIN A RI! 'SE 'N LEON AN GAOL.

KEY *C.* *Gaelic Words and Translation* BY MR. MALCOLM MACFARLANE.



Ge loineil beusach òigh mo rùin,
'S nach dùraigionn te eile,
'Nuair their mo chridh rium nochd do ghràdh,
Bidh onoir 'g ràdh rium "ceil e."

An ciomach bochd a théid an sàs,
Air sgàth a' shliochd 's a dhùthcha.
Bidh dùrachd 's eud 'g a chumail suas
'S a chàirdean luaidh air 'chliù-san.

Ach esan dh' fhuilingeas an gaol
Nach faod gu 'm fàs an uaigneas,
Cò ris a leigeas e a thaic?
Cò iad a ghabhas truas dheth?

Ach thig mi beò an dochas treun
Gu 'n èirich fòs dhomh saorsa,
'S gu 'm faigh mi còir air làimh 'us cridh'
Na rìbhinn fhuair mo ghaol-sa.

Fu' kind and winsome is my jo.
And I'd ne'er seek anither;
But when my heart says "tell her so,"
Then honour gars me swither.

The patriot who to prison goes,
His zeal his spirits raises;
Admiring friends around him close
And warmly sings his praises.

But he who tholes the pangs o' love
And still and on mann hide it;
Where can he go for sympathy?
True lover canna bide it.

But I'll live on in humble faith,
My chances are-na gaen yet;
And when I'm free, I'll no be laith
To ask her for mine ain yet.

GAELIC PRIZE COMPETITION.

THROUGH the characteristic generosity of Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, we are enabled to offer prizes for two Gaelic Competitions, in the hope that in this practical way we may induce our readers to devote some attention to Gaelic composition. We offer the following prizes:—

I.—One Guinea for the Best Original Gaelic Song or Poem, not to exceed forty lines, which has not hitherto been published.

II.—One Guinea for the Best Original Humorous Gaelic Story or Reading (hitherto unpublished), not to exceed 1000 words.

Rules.—Any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* may compete. All compositions must be signed by a *nom-de-plume* only, each MS. being accompanied by a sealed envelope with the *nom-de-plume* written on the outside, and enclosing a slip bearing the competitor's name and address. The competition papers will be examined by an impartial and competent Gaelic scholar, whose award will be final. Competitors may choose any subject they like, but are not eligible to send more than one paper for each competition, and all manuscripts must reach the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow, not later than Tuesday, 28th February, 1893.

The prize papers will be published in the *Monthly*, as well as any of the unsuccessful compositions which may be deemed worthy of insertion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.
FEBRUARY, 1893.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR last issue seems to have given universal satisfaction, if we are to judge from the large number of congratulatory letters which we have received from our readers in all parts of the country. Our proposal to give the portraits of two or more "Highland Celebrities" each month meets with general approval. One enthusiastic correspondent goes so far as to assert that, if we give as many likenesses of ladies and gentlemen well known in the Celtic world as *he* would like, the volumes of our *Monthly* will be preserved by our countrymen, at home and abroad, as "treasures beyond all price!" We quite understand and appreciate this feeling, and it will, no doubt, be a satisfaction to our readers to know that we intend to give the matter our best attention. Each month we shall endeavour to give two or three portraits, but we are resolved not to present our friends with mere "caricatures," as very frequently magazine portraits are. All the likenesses which appear in our *Monthly* are taken from actual photographs by the finest process of engraving known in this country, so that they may be accepted as "life-like," and therefore worthy of preservation. When possible, we would prefer to give our "Celebrities" in the Highland costume. A glance at the fine portraits in this issue will explain our reasons for this—no dress is more picturesque and artistic than that of our own mountain land.

OUR MARCH ISSUE.—We are arranging for a series of portraits, but, meantime, we might mention that we intend in our March number to give a large and finely engraved plate portrait of Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, late M.P. for Inverness-shire, the value of whose contributions to Celtic literature, and his interest in the Highland cause, cannot be over-estimated. In our pages will also be found excellent likenesses of Mr. T. D. Macdonald, the energetic and popular secretary of the Gaelic Society of London; Mr. Archibald Ferguson, leader of the St. Columba Gaelic Choir, whose services to the cause of Gaelic music are appreciated wherever the Gaidheal are found; and Miss Alice C. MacDonell, of Keppoch, bardess to the Clan MacDonald Society, and a descendant of the gallant Keppoch who fell on the disastrous field of Culloden. These have all rendered valuable assistance to our youthful venture, contributions from their pens having frequently graced our pages. We intended this month to give a portrait of the late Mrs. Mary Mackellar, with a biographical sketch from the pen of her intimate friend, Miss Annie Mackay, but we have been compelled to hold these over owing to the pressure on our space. So much for our "Portrait Gallery." Our literary columns will also receive due attention, and we have on hand quite a number of excellent articles, poems and stories, from the pens of talented authors, for our next issue. Indeed, our difficulty is to find space for only a part of the splendid literary material which we have on hand. We will have to set ourselves to the task of finding a solution for this difficulty before long.

THE LATE SHERIFF NICOLSON.—Just on the eve of going to press we are grieved to learn of the sudden death of the genial and learned Sheriff Nicolson. His loss will be lamented wherever the Gaelic language is spoken, for his "Heart was in the Highlands," and he loved everything associated with the land of his nativity. His large and valuable volume of "Gaelic Proverbs," will be a lasting monument to his memory. We regret that, meantime, we cannot do more than express our deep sorrow at the loss of this noble Highlander, but we will do his memory full justice in our next, and, if possible, present our readers with his portrait. He was a native of the Isle of Skye, and those who have read his beautiful lines on "An t-Eilean Sgiathanach" will know that his heart was in the right place.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.—The voice of the people of Scotland is likely to have greater effect with the Secretary for War than the insulting and tinkering proposals of a War Office official. Who is this nuisance, and why should he be vested with power to become a constant menace to the very existence of our splendid Highland regiments? It is well that we should know the individual to whom we are indebted for all this trouble. We would prefer to deal with a definite personality rather than a shadow hidden behind the Secretary for War. War Secretaries may come and go, but this official meddling goes on for ever. The time has come when Highlanders, nay, Scotsmen generally, should make an end to these attempts to denationalise our kilted regiments. We are glad that the voice of the country has gone unanimously in favour of the retention of the 79th as a distinct regiment, and we feel assured that the great public meeting which is to be held in Glasgow will emphatically settle the matter, and stop the tinkering efforts of this War Office, red tape nuisance. We hope that the members of all the Highland county and clan societies in the district will attend the great meeting on the 24th inst., and do honour to the name and fame of our gallant Cameron Highlanders.

ARCHIBALD MACRA CHISHOLM OF GLASSBURN.

(LATE CAPTAIN, 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS).

CAPTAIN CHISHOLM was born on the 6th July, 1825, on the banks of the wild and romantic river Glass, Strathglass, Inverness-shire, being the eldest son of the late Dr. Stewart Chisholm, Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. About ten years of Captain Chisholm's boyhood were spent with the MacRas of Ardintoul, Kintail, his maternal grandparents, during which time his father was on foreign service, in Canada, &c. After studying for some time in the French College of St. Sulpice, Montreal, Archibald, when only sixteen years of age, was gazetted to an ensigncy in "Scotia's darling corps," the "Black Watch." Shortly thereafter he was presented at Court—the Queen's Levee—by his colonel, General Sir George Murray.

In the following year the young ensign attended the annual dinner of the Highland Society of London, and during the course of the evening it was discovered that he could play on the pipes. He was requested to play, and, nothing loth, Ensign Chisholm struck up, and quite electrified the assembly by his excellent performance. Before many minutes had elapsed the audience were on their feet, dancing Highland reels with the greatest enthusiasm! That evening Archibald Chisholm was elected a member of the Highland Society of London "by acclamation."

In July, 1843, Ensign Chisholm joined his regiment at Malta, and being now the tallest officer in the regiment (6 feet 2 inches) he was appointed to the grenadier company. Captain Chisholm is fond of telling an amusing story about an incident which happened while he was stationed at Malta, and which, in view of the interest which is being evinced in the nationality of the Highland regiments at the present time, may prove worthy of being repeated. At this period the officers and men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders were all Scotsmen, without exception, and many of them Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. Before leaving Malta, unfortunately, an English ensign was appointed to the "Black Watch." His reception was by no means effusive, several of the younger officers especially resenting his presence. However, the difficulty was eventually overcome in the following humorous manner. The Englishman was compelled to swallow a Scotch thistle, *prickles and all*, and to wash it down with a glass of "mountain dew." All then shook hands with him as a brother Scotsman!

In 1846 Ensign Chisholm obtained his lieutenancy.

In the following year he got twelve months' leave of absence, during which he visited Greece, Sicily, &c., and spent some time, with great pleasure, amid the scenes of his boyhood—Ardintoul, Raasay, Harris, Uist, and other romantic spots. In 1848 the Highland Society of London presented Lieut. Chisholm with an old and "celebrated pipe chanter," he being, in their estimation, "the best amateur performer on the Highland bagpipes. In August of that year he joined his regiment at Bermuda, which was shortly afterwards ordered to Nova Scotia. Lieut. Chisholm was sent in charge of a detachment to Montreal, and attended the great festival at Boston to celebrate the completion of the railway connecting Boston and Montreal. As one of the military invited, he appeared in full uniform, kilt and feather bonnet, and received a tremendous ovation from the Bostonian Scotsmen present, the streets being crammed with thousands of spectators. In the evening, however, Lieut. Chisholm found that even the handsome dress of the Gael is not without its drawbacks. He was present at the grand ball in the Mayor's House, but he could not get any of the Boston young ladies to dance with him—they felt so shy and nervous of the kilt!

In 1852 the regiment was ordered home, and landed at Greenock in June. The grenadier company was ordered to Ballater, as a guard of

honour to the Queen, while she was at Balmoral. A torch-light ball was given at Corrymulie, Braemar, Her Majesty being present on a throne prepared for her, a Highlander, with drawn claymore, standing on each side of the throne. After the Queen had left, Sir Charles Forbes, Donside, requested Lieut. Chisholm to play from the throne, which he did. The torch-light dance was thereafter grand and furious!

On the 14th October, 1853, Captain Arch. Macra Chisholm was married to Maria Frances, only daughter of William Dominic Lynch, and grand-daughter of the late Lewis Farquharson Innes, of Balmoral and Ballogie. Captain Chisholm first met this handsome and noble young lady at the Perth Hunt Ball in the previous year, and was much struck and touched with her beauty and elegance. They were married at St. Andrew's Catholic Cathedral, Glasgow. In the December following they paid a visit to the Marchioness of Bute, at Mount Stuart. It may be here mentioned that, maternally, Captain Chisholm is descended from the MacLeod chiefs of Raasay, his mother, the Marchioness of Bute, the Marchioness of Hastings, and the Countess of Loudon, being cousins, all of whom were descended from John, the ninth chief (see Mackenzie's "History of the MacLeods of Raasay," pp. 383-85). In 1854 Captain Chisholm was anxious to retire from the service, and was about to do so, when the war with Russia broke out. He immediately determined to remain, and to accompany his regiment to the seat of war. The Black Watch, 850 strong, landed at Scutari, in Asiatic Turkey. From there the army was suddenly sent to Varna, to check the Russian advance at Silistria. Shortly afterwards Captain Chisholm was ordered home to the depot on promotion.

In 1855 he sold out and retired from the service, and he and his wife went to reside in the Highlands, which they have made their home ever since. He is a J.P. for the counties of Inverness and Ross.

Captain Chisholm—or, as he is more popularly known in the north, "Glassburn"—is a Highlander who has long ago earned the entire confidence of his countrymen. He is proud of being Highland, and loves everything connected with his native land—its song and music, its Gaelic speech, its picturesque dress, and its sports and pastimes. In a word, he is a "representative Highlander," and one who has done credit to his country. The gallant captain, however, appears in our columns as an enthusiastic upholder of our national game of shinty. The progress of the game in the north owes much to his encouragement. In 1879 the famous "Strathglass Shinty Club" was formed, and "Glassburn" was elected chief, and still occupies that position. He published a booklet of rules, regulations, and diagrams for the game of shinty, and issued a revised edition in 1888. With such a worthy chief, the Strathglass Club should continue to flourish.

He has acted as judge of pipe music at the Northern Meeting Games for thirty years without intermission, and has earned the entire confidence of both committee and competitors.

Captain Chisholm was one of the first members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and was chairman at the annual dinner of the society in 1878. This was one of the most enjoyable meetings ever held under the auspices of that learned body. The chairman delivered a stirring Gaelic address, and in addition played on the bagpipes with such spirit that every kilted Highlander in the hall was soon in the mazes of the "Reel of Tulloch!" I have heard those who had the good fortune to be present describe the entertainment as one of the most delightful they ever attended. The late Mrs. Mary Mackellar composed a Gaelic song in honour of Captain Chisholm, and I cannot do better than conclude this short sketch by quoting a verse or two of a translation, and expressing a hope that the gallant captain may be long spared to serve as a noble example to the rising generation of what a good and patriotic Highlander should be:—

"Hurrah to the chieftain—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold mountaineer;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set, with his chanter, a-dancing the Gael.

The Captain of Glassburn, in tartan array,
He rescues the tongue of the Celt from decay—
With his sporan and dirk, who can with him compare
In courage and splendour, at kirk or at fair?

In the field, while commanding, the chieftian is bold,
A soldier as brave as his sires were of old;
His ancestors' valour hath won them their fame,
And well he preserves both their mettle and name!

Then high be his banner, and welcome the strain
Of his war-pipe when sounding aloud in the glen;
Let clansmen their chieftain with cheering all hail—
And long may he cherish the tongue of the Gael."

I. C. M.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE BARD OF LEDAIG.—Many of our readers, and everyone who has the good fortune to know Mr. John Campbell, of Ledaig, will be delighted to learn that there is a proposal on foot to present the poet with a testimonial. John Campbell has done much to foster a love for the Gaelic language, and has in other ways rendered valuable services to his countrymen. He is now 70 years of age, and his friends and admirers feel that the time has now come when some suitable provision should be made for his old age, so that in his declining years he may be free from the more sordid cares and worries of this life. We understand that the matter is in the able hands of Mr. Wm. Jolly, H.M.I.S., and Mr. A. J. Symington, Langside. Next month we hope to be able to lay before our readers full particulars of their appeal, and we heartily wish their good efforts every success.

ADDRESS TO "SIOL CHUINN."*

Mid the turmoil of the city,
High above its noisy din,
To the piper's stirring marches,
Are our clansmen gathered in.
In their bright and varied tartan,
In each noble manly form,
Steadfast, high, and truthful faces,
Speak the kind hearts, true and warm.
From the far-off sea-girt islands,
From the beauteous mountain glen,
Come the merry-hearted maidens—
Come Clandonald's loyal men.
Never such a day of meeting,
Since that dark and fatal day,
When ye met and fought together,
In that last disastrous fray.
When thy best blood stained the heather,
With a deeper purple tinge—
Pledge of the undying spirit,
Made to conquer—not to cringe.

Not in vain our clansmen gathered,
'Neath the banners of our name,
Till the English strongholds shuddered,
To the echoes of their fame.
For their own sweet Highland homesteads,
'Gainst our foes they took the field;
Shall we see them pass to strangers,
Or our rights more tamely yield?
Glens of birch and tangled hazel,
Now their children also claim,
Is there one refuse to aid ye?
Let us not partake his shame—
Outcast from his clan for ever,
As an alien let him be,
Or a withered branch that's severed
From a green and living tree.

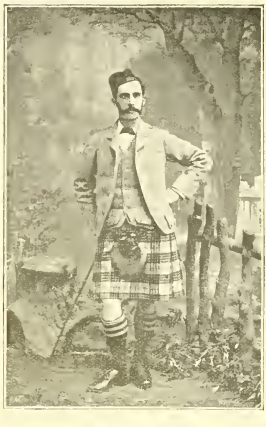
And they, the true and brave descendants†
Of the men who, side by side,
Fought and helped us win our battles,
Sharing in our conquests wide.
Were their broadswords slack or feeble,
Had we cause their deeds to hide,
When we charged the English archers,
In the flush of conscious pride?
Sons of Donald, Ranald, Hector,
To our clansmen best were known,
E'er our language was forgotten,
And our names more English grown.
Can the peerless race of Donald
So forget the claims of those
Who drew the claymore from its scabbord
'Gainst our clan and country's foes?
Fighting 'neath the same broad banner,
Scions of one kingly race,
In the name of kin and clanship,
Let them take their ancient place.

Clansmen, may no distant future
See our meeting—if God wills—
Not within a crowded city,
But upon our heather hills.
Thro' the glens once more re-peopled,
On the land once more our own,
Wake the sleeping pulse of nature
With the pipes' melodious tone.
It is coming—just as surely
As the mist must surely rise,
Disclosing old familiar places
With a new and glad surprise.
Golden fields of ripe corn waving,
Maidens singing at the wheel,
Silent forest echoes waking
To the childrens' merry peal;
Highland customs, Highland faces
Reigning both in cot and hall,
And the claims of kin and clanship
One great bond uniting all.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.

* "The children of Conn"—designation of the Clan Mac Donald.
† Mac Eachans and minor branches of the clan.

MR. ALLISTER MACDONALD, INVERNESS.



MR. ALLISTER MACDONALD was born of crofter parents at Achnaconeran, Glenmoriston, Inverness-shire. To his mother was due the credit of publishing the songs of Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard. When eighteen years of age Mr. Macdonald removed to Inverness, where he entered the audit office of the Highland Railway, where he has since served. Having taken prizes at some of the competitions held under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, he had only been a short time in town when he became an active member of that learned body, to the "Transactions" of which he has from time to time contributed interesting papers. Articles on Highland subjects from his pen have also appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and he contributes largely to current newspaper literature. Mr. Macdonald is a master of shorthand (Pitman's system), being the possessor of the National Phonographic Society's teaching diploma, and consequently a Fellow of that association. But, above all things, he is best known to his countrymen as an ardent admirer of Highland music and song. For years past he has cultivated Gaelic poetry with some success, and his compositions frequently appear in the Gaelic column of the *Northern Chronicle* and other Highland publications. Last year his song entitled, "*Am Fear Fuadain*" (The Emigrant), took the second prize at the great Highland Mòd in Oban.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

IV.—THE CLAN PERIOD.

THE last encounter between the Norsemen and the native population took place towards the close of the thirteenth century. In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, made vast preparations to go to the rescue of his countrymen in the Hebrides. Three of his captains, Erling, Ivarson, and Andrew Nicolson got the start of the main fleet, and resolved to while away the time by making a descent upon Durness. They sailed their galleys up the Eriboll Loch, and then disembarked, probably on the Eriboll side. Thence "they went up the country, burnt twenty hamlets, and destroyed a castle." From the description given, it is clear that this descent was made upon the villages lying to the south-east of Loch Eriboll, and that the castle referred to is the far-famed Dornadilla. But the fortunes of war are variable. When Haco returned from the West, and his fleet lay becalmed in the Gia fiord (Loch Eriboll) after rounding Cape Wrath, some of his men, in ignorance of what had taken place, landed to secure a supply of water. They were immediately surrounded "by the Scots" and slain, and their graves are pointed out to this day.

In order to provide against such inroads as the preceding, a certain amount of organisation became necessary, and in this way a beginning was made of what is known as the Clan system. The Kings of Scotland were willing to recognise the services of the most successful leaders against those invaders, and portions of land were freely granted in return for such services. There can be no doubt that this was the origin of the two leading clans in Sutherlandshire—the Sutherlands and Mackays. And not only were lands given for military services, but for other purposes as well. Sir Alexander Stewart granted to Farchard, the King's physician, certain portions of Durness, and we find under the date 1379 this charter duly confirmed by King Robert II., giving the lands of Melness and two parts of Hope to the same Farquar, and nine years subsequently giving, in addition, a large number of islands on the North Coast, including Eilean Hoan and Eilean Choery, in Loch Eriboll.*

What is now embraced in the parish of Durness frequently changed hands during the clan period. At one time it would seem to have formed part of the possessions of the House of Sutherland; at another time we find it in possession of the Mackays, while the Macleods of Assynt, who gradually developed into the leading power in the west of Sutherland, also claimed a connection. From about the year 1500 till its recent absorption into the Sutherland estates, it remained in possession of the Lords of Reay. The following notes serve to show the uncertain character of its tenure about this period:—

In 1499, for the good service of Odo Mackay, James IV. granted him in heritage certain lands, including Davoch Eriboll, which had been forfeited by Alexander Sutherland for treason.

In 1511, by a deed at Inverawe, Donald MacCorrachie resigned the lands of Melness, Mussel, and Hope, in favour of Y Mackay, and his son, John.

In 1530, James V. gave Hope, Huinleam, Arnaboll, Eriboll, Mussel, Kintail, and Westmoine, in heritage to William Sutherland of Duffus—the dues of said lands.

In 1539, the same King gave to Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, in heritage, the free barony of Farr created anew, including Davoch Eriboll, Hoan, and the lands of Hope.

This last gift brought about a dispute between the Sutherlands and Mackays, in the settlement of which we find the Earl of Moray arbiter in 1542.

During this period, a formidable chieftain obtained considerable power in Durness. This was Donald MacMurrach-mac-Ian-mhor. He was a Macleod, and originally hailed from Lewis. It is likely that owing to some misdeeds he had to flee his native island, and he was harboured for some time by Macleod of Assynt. We next find him as chief of the Macleods of Durness, and holding in life-rent the lands of Westmoine. This was conferred upon him by Hugh Mackay of Farr, father of Donald, first Lord of Reay. At this period what is now known as the Reay country was held as follows:—From Cape Wrath to Assynt, by Donald, brother of said Hugh, or as he is better known in history, "Huistean Dubh nan tuagh" (Black Hugh of axes); Durness by Donald MacMurchow in life-rent; Strathhalladale, by Neil Mackay, a near

* In this connection it is curious to observe how traditions come down through the generations. There recently died in Durness an old man who was thoroughly convinced he could make good his claim to all these islands, on the ground of direct descent from the famous physician. According to his version, his renowned ancestor effected the cure of the King by the timely discovery of a white serpent, and the words of the charter ran:—

"Na h-uile h-eilean tha 's a' mhuir
Eador Storr is Stroma 'n t-sruth."

"Every island in the sea
Between Storr and Stroma."

which substantially agrees with the islands named in the charter of 1386.

kinsman of the Chief; and the remainder of the Mackay country by Hugh himself. When Donald, first Lord Reay, succeeded to the property and title, he succeeded in gaining possession and charter rights to the whole of the Reay country; and ever since, the Master of Reay always resided in Balnakil, Durness, in the present Mansion House, which up to that date was the Bishop's residence.

BRUADAR OISEIN

Chì mi sliochd an dream tha làmh rium
'Dol a gnaths na còmhstri dheirg,
Chì mi iad a' cur air dòigh.
'S an acuinn-còmhraig maol le meirg.

Chì mi smùdan ceò na sìthe
Luidhe mìn air maol nam beann,
Sochachadh 's a' dol 's an iosal,
Pleòcadh air srath slim nan gleann.

Chì mi sliochd nan laoch bu chalma
An gleachd arm air tir no muir,—
Chì mi 'n sliochd a cinneach fann
'S a call an eòlas-lann gu tur.

Na cogannan a chur sinn fhèin
Ri Lochlann chèin am mùlc cath,
Cha chuimhneach leo 'sge b'chuimhneach annu
Cha loinnear leo le taing no rath.

'S truagh an airtneul tha toirt prais orr'
'S truagh an taise tha 'n an cridh',
An dean sonas somalt creud
An eufachd bhiodh an cleachdadh strì

Thig an sin an nànnh a' taomadh
'N ceum a' chinne-daoin' o 'n ear,
Reubadh, spùinneadh, creachadh, rùsgadh,
Lomadh, laomadh, saodach fhear.

Sliochd na Féinne air an leuradh,
'G eubhach ris a' chuan an iar.
Air an tàladh leis a' bhròn
Aig crònan ailt a's caoineadh shliabh.

Chì mi rithis fad air fàireadh
('S goirt an spàirn air sùil gun soills')
Sealladh taitneach, saoibhneas siorruidh,
Cabhanaich air cian na h-oidhch',

Fonn an ainm th' aig treubh nan garbhlach,
Falbh air doimonn àrd thar cuan,
Tréine pearsa, luaths an coise,
Meudachd, mais', 'g an cur an duan.

Buaidh 'g a thoirt air feachd nan Dùbh-ghall,
Ruaig 'g an smùideadh fo na glinn,
Sliochd nan sporan, fir nam féileadh
Cuimiseachadh air cùl an cinn.

'Sin an déigh ioma tulgadh
Ann an iomlaid mìr' 'us bròin,
Seall a rithis siol nan sonn
A dol thar thonn do 'n chòmhrag chòr.

Cosnadh cliù air feadh na h-Eòrpa,
Buinnig glòir nan ciadan cath,
Fuil na Féinne 'goil le stoirm
Ri stararaich airm 's ri crith nan dath.

Seall mar sguabas iad an nàmhaid
Trumach, thearrach, far nam meall,
Car ma char 'g a chur le bruthach
Stùr a chas 'g a dheanamh dall.

Ach sguireamsa dheth m' aithris fhaoin,
Air neart, a's baothaltachd na brùid
Loinneamsa—'s mo chiabhag liath—
Beartan sìor nach tèid 's an ùir.

'S ioma buaidh th' air tir nam beann,
Gun taing air gaisgeachd lann no neart—
Tha ceòl am brunndail chùùin nan tonn,
'S na 'm bùirich throm tighinn donn le sgairt.

Tir a dhùisgeas sùil a' bhàird,
Gu faicinn àilleachd saoghal Dhè
'N a fhàs, 'n a mhais, 'n a dhéis, 'n a shearg,
'N a chorruich fheirg, 'n a shineadh sèimh.

Mar theudan clàrsaich crith fo laimh
A' chlàrsair, 'se 'g a cur air ghleus,
Bidh séideadh, 's traoghadh ann an cridh'
Ag innseadh caochladh iomrais speur.

Bidh builL 'anma treubh an fhraoich
A' freagradh caomh ri gnùis nan sgò,
A' plapadaich ri glieg an uilit,
'S a' ciùineachadh ri geumnaich chrò.

Truime-chur na fòmeig bhàin,
Gu sàmhach dlùth, air feasgar sèimh,
Seasamh stòld' na spréidh an gleann
'S an sneachd a' tearnadh lorg an fhéidh—

'S àrach sin do spiorad bàrdachd,
Airde smaointean, maomhachd beus,
Comas greimeachadh gu fìor
Air riaghailtean a' chruinne-ché.

An sgail chiar nan ciadan bliadhna
'S cianail, dùdaidh, cruth nan nì,
Ach tuigear leam gidheadh 's an àm,
Gur h-e bhi Gàidhealach rùn gach tìr.

Casairt, còmhdach-cinn a' Ghàidheil,
Féileadh, breacan, biodag, sgian,
Eideadh eagaidh, thrusgan sìth',
Bidh orra gaol a's tòir a's miann.

Eiridh ionnsachadh air Gàidhlig,
Fasaidh meangan feadh an t-saoghail,
'H-eòlas dearbhadh uaisl' a 's foghlum,
'S aonachd trian a' chinne-daoin.*

Portrigh. MAOLCALUM MACAONGHAIS.

* Its philological importance.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

THE Gaelic societies of Canada are in the full swing of their winter's work. The season for camanachd, a Highland sport not altogether lost to us over here, is about over, and attention is turned to the evening *ceilidh* indoors. The bent for organisation which characterises the Gael as a clansman, or as a member of the *Commun* in the old land, has followed him to the new home beyond the sea, and clubs and societies abound. Among the more important are those of Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Alexandria, and Hamilton. In the latter city, old Sheriff MacKellar is honorary president, and a better specimen of a Highlander could not be desired. He speaks Gaelic with a purity and ease to be envied. He was born near Inveraray, but while still an infant his parents emigrated to Canada, and settled in the unbroken forest of Western Ontario. The hardships of pioneer life were all familiar to the Sheriff, as a young man, and no better a authority on the struggles of the early settlers can be appealed to for information on these matters. He entered the political arena long, long ago, and soon after became a member of the Government of Upper Canada, being probably the strongest man in the constituencies, of all his colleagues. He had the honour of introducing Hon. Edward Blake, now M.P. for South Longford, to public life, providing him with a constituency among the Highlanders of Bruce County. Besides being hon. president of the Gaelic Society of Hamilton, he is patron of that of Toronto, where he always receives an enthusiastic welcome. Passing over Toronto at present, where Mr. David Spence sits enthroned in the esteem and affection of his fellow countrymen, their guide, philosopher, and friend, Kingston claims attention. The Society here is named after Ossian, and they do much to uphold the fair fame of Gaelic song and literature. Professor Carr-Harris is one of their most learned and enthusiastic Gaels, and alongside of him is Rev. Professor MacNaughton, who came to us from Lairg, Sutherlandshire, with an enviable reputation for Gaelic, as well as for classical scholarship. To the eastward is the Celtic Society of Montreal, with such stalwarts as Professor John Campbell, the learned author of an elaborate work on "The Hittites," and of other ingenious books; and Rev. Dr. MacNish, a distinguished Gaelic scholar; and Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College. Down by the sea, in Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, where there are so many Gaelic-speaking people, descendants of Highlanders, the desire for organisation as a people is taking hold. There are many splendid Highlanders on the maritime territory, and there is every reason why the old language, and the old customs, and the old character, should live and flourish there. The newly-formed society at Guelph is forging ahead, and is likely to accomplish much good in the district of which it will form the centre for Highlanders. To-day there came to hand, written in clear, well-put Gaelic sentences, the report of the first monthly meeting of the newly-formed Gaelic Society of New York. The leading spirit is Mr. Donald Macdonald, a native of Tiree, and for a number of years one of the most enthusiastic and useful members of the Gaelic Society of Toronto—the "hub" of organised Gaelic effort on this side of the Atlantic. The New Yorkers are not to allow the grass to grow beneath their feet. They have prepared a programme of winter work which will be found of especial interest by the members, and the formation of the society may be regarded as a real accession of strength to those already in the field.

SGIAN DUBH.

Toronto, January 5th, 1893.

THE CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

By the Venerable William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D.,

Archdeacon of London, Canon of St. Paul's, Honorary Chaplain to H.M. the Queen, to the Highland Society of London, to the Royal Scottish Corporation, to the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and President of the London Caithness Association.

IN addition to the thirty-four Highland regiments raised during the latter half of the eighteenth century for foreign service, the great war with Napoleon evoked a national enthusiasm for soldiering which in the present days of peace we can with difficulty realise. Fencible regiments to the number of between thirty and forty were embodied throughout the North of Scotland, to supply within the limits of the United Kingdom the place of the regular troops, which were almost all employed abroad. Some account of the "Caithness Fencibles" and the "Caithness Highlanders," raised by Sir John Sinclair, will probably illustrate the history of most of these fine and distinguished battalions. When the proposal was first made to my grandfather by Mr. Pitt, in consequence of the great pressure of the struggle with the foreign tyrant, he replied that he had never thought of becoming a soldier, but that since the public services seemed to demand it, he would not hesitate for a moment; and farther, that instead of restricting, as had hitherto been the rule, the service of the corps to Scotland, he would raise a fencible battalion for the service of Great Britain. Letters of service were issued, and such was the energy exerted in enlisting and training the men, that only

seven months from the date of their colonel's commission the regiment passed a favourable inspection at Inverness before Lieut.-General Hector Munro, and were pronounced an excellent and efficient corps. This was the more remarkable, as only a bounty of three or four guineas was allowed to each man. The battalion was 600 strong.

My grandfather made, I think, two mistakes in starting his first regiment. Out of compliment to his friend the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV., he mixed up their name with the Scottish title of the Heir Apparent. They ought to have been simply Caithness Highlanders; he called them Rothesay and Caithness, after the Duke of Rothesay, though they had absolutely no connection with the south of Scotland.

The other mistake he made was in adopting for his regiment the trews instead of the kilt. He believed the trews to be the more ancient dress of the two. He even composed a song for his men in defence of this garb. One verse of it ran—

> "Let others boast of philibeg,
> Of kilt, and belted plaid,
> Whilst we the ancient trews will wear,
> In which our fathers bled."

This song was a great favourite with the soldiers, and often produced quarrels between them and the Duke of York's Highlanders, when the two regiments were quartered at Dublin, each maintaining the superior antiquity of its own dress. My grandfather was afterwards converted to the kilt.

The trews were of dark green tartan, with a stripe of yellow along the seams, a fringe of tartan on the outside of the thigh, and the same round the ankle. Besides the trews, the Caithness Fencibles wore a bonnet or feather-hat, with a white and red heckle, and a plaid across the shoulders. On the belt-plate were inscribed the words—"Caithness—Flodden"—that disastrous battle having been the last occasion on which the men of Caithness had been embodied for regular military service. A specimen of this was exhibited at the Military Exhibition in Edinburgh, but nobody except myself knew its history.

Nineteen of the officers averaged six feet; and from the circumstance of their great stature received from the people of Inverness the Gaelic designation, "*Tighearnan mor*," or the "great chiefs." A little coloured drawing was painted of my grandfather in his costume as colonel, of which I have a copy here, and with which an interesting story is connected. My grandfather was once dining in company with the celebrated painter, Sir David Wilkie, and in the course of conversation asked him how he came to adopt that profession. Had his father or mother, or any of his relatives a turn for painting, or what led him to follow that line? Upon which Wilkie said, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter." Sir John was very much astonished, saying he had never met him before. To which Wilkie replied, "When you were drawing up the 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' my father, who was a clergyman in Fife had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland fencible regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and that made me a painter."

From Inverness the regiment, in 1795, marched to Aberdeen, where it was encamped to defend the city against an apprehended attack from the French armies in Holland. Here my grandfather resided about six months with his regiment, being under orders from the Commander-in-Chief to take charge of the camp. At that time encampments were a novelty in Scotland; nothing of the kind had occured for half a century—since the '45. My grandfather turned his active and ingenious mind to the subject, and issued a pamphlet full of useful hints respecting the diet, clothing, camp equipage and personal habits of the troops.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKYE SONGS AND MELODIES.

SIR,—I have been pleased to see that you are having a Musical Column conducted by Mr. Ferguson, and that the first song selected is one composed by John MacLean, a native of Waternish, Skye. His mother was a St. Kilda woman, and was known as Mor Hirteach, even after she married his father, Norman MacLean, Waternish. John was a sailor. He died in Liverpool in 1878. He composed many excellent songs: but, as I am writing a paper on "Skye Bards," for the Gaelic Society, I shall not take up your space by referring to them just now.

Regarding the note inserted by Mr. Ferguson about Gaelic melodies still floating about, I may quote from a letter I received some time ago from Mr. John MacNab, teacher, Kilmuir, Skye:—"There are in Kilmuir several lively strathspey tunes on a peculiar musical mode, some of which were composed by the subject of MacNab's Lament: and others by a young woman who was dairymaid in the Duntulm family. These tunes, I think, have not hitherto been published. They are known here as *Puirt Bealtaig* (Bealtaig was the name of the dairymaid): and our local fiddlers always raise the third and fourth strings of the fiddle a whole tone before commencing to play them. I am sorry I cannot take down music, else I would 'fix' them, and send them to some competent authority to see if they are really original."

Would any of the numerous musical readers of this magazine arrange to spend their holidays in Kilmuir next summer, and so have an opportunity of taking down these tunes?—Yours, &c.,

Glasgow University. MAGNUS MACLEAN.

CELTIC PLACE-NAMES IN AYRSHIRE.

Clonbeith, Kilwinning Parish.—Clonbeith, equal to Gaelic *Cluain-beithe*, Birch-meadow.

Dalrymple Parish.—Dalrymple, Gaelic, *Dail-a'-chruinn-puill*, Field of the crooked pool. Cloncaird, Gaelic, *Cluaia ceaird*, Smith's meadow. Knockshinnoch, equal to Gaelic *Cnoc sionnach*, Hill of foxes. Kirkmichael Parish, District of Carrick.—Barneil, equal to Gaelic *Aarr-Neill*, Neill's upland. Drumbowie, Gaelic, *Druim-buidhe*, Yellow ridge. Auchinairny, equal to Gaelic *Achadh-nan-airne*,, Field of the sloes. Blarbowie, equal to Gaelic *Blàr buidhe*, Yellow plain. Barbrethan, equal to *Bàrr breathamh*, Judge's upland. Cairnhill, equal to Gaelic *Cnoc-a'-chairn*, Cairnhill. Balsaggart, equal to Gaelic *Baile sagairt*, Priest's town. Dunree, equal to Gaelic *Dùn rìgh*, King's fort. Balgreggan, equal to Gaelic *Baile creagain*, Town of the rocky ground.

Kirkoswald Parish, District of Carrick.—Craigdow, equal to Gaelic *Creag dubh*, Black rock. Drumdow, equal to Gaelic *Druim dubh*, Black ridge. Shanter, equal to Gaelic *Sean tir*, Old land. Baltersan, equal to Gaelic *Baile tarsuinn*, Crossing townland. Glenbuie, equal to Gaelic *Gleann buidhe*, Yellow glen. Drumdon, equal to Gaelic *Druim donn*, Brown ridge.

Parish of Largs and Fairlie.—Skelmorlie, equal to Welsh *ysgil* morlo *ysgil*, a nook, and *molo* a seal.

Maybole Parish, District of Carrick. Pinmore, equal to Gaelic *Peighinn mhòr*, Large pennyland. Ballony, equal to Gaelic *Baile Adhamhnain*, Adamnan's townland. Dalduff, equal to Gaelic *Dail dubh*, Black field.

Murkirk Parish, District of Kyle.—Glenbuck, equal to Gaelic *Gleann buic*, Buck's vale.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay.

CAMANACHD NOTES.

ON Boxing Day two popular London clubs had a friendly game on their respective grounds. The Northern Counties Club played an exciting match, twenty men aside, on the Lambeth Palace Grounds, after which a social evening was spent in the Horse Shoe Hotel, where dancing, music, and sentiment formed part of an attractive programme. The London Scots Club had their annual contest for the silver cup on Wimbledon Common, and after two hours excellent play on both sides, the captain's team came off victorious by three hails to *nil*.

IN Scotland, most of the clubs arranged a match for New-Year's Day. The Edinburgh Camanachd had a picturesque display of the old pastime, all the players being attired in the Highland costume. Sides were chosen by the captain and vice-captain, and after a stout contest Mr. W. G. Cumming's team proved the winners by three hails to Mr. D. Campbell's one. There was, as usual, a large turnout of spectators, among them being the genial Sheriff Nicolson, whose sudden death we all deplore, and whose cheery countenance will be sadly missed at the shinty matches in Edinburgh.

AT Dalmally the local team played the Oban Club. The game was pretty evenly contested all through, and ended in a draw—one hail each.

THE Glasgow Cowal had no special match arranged, most of the members leaving town for a few days. From these we learn of a number of matches which were played on the west coast on New-Year's Day—at Furnace, Colintraive, and other places. There was also a good game at Glenforsa, Mull. We ourselves had the pleasure of taking part in a match at Kilmun, old men and young boys ranging themselves on opposing sides, eager for the exciting contest. Some of the *camans* used were most fearful and wonderful weapons, enough to make even the boldest pause before risking himself within reach of the huge scythe-like pieces of timber! One or two played with thick sticks, while one enthusiastic youngster, having broken his *caman*, used a fragment of board like a cricket bat!

SHINTY ON THURSO SANDS.—We were present the other evening at the Glasgow Caithness Gathering, and were delighted to hear the chairman, Rev. Dr. Walter Ross Taylor, refer in regretful tones to the decay of "Knotty" in his native county. On New-Year's Day, when he was young, a hundred lads would take part in a shinty match on Thurso Sands. This year the Sands were deserted. "Knotty" was a manly game, and developed healthy bodies and strong muscles, and he thought it was a matter for serious consideration if the young men of Thurso who did not now engage in this splendid pastime were physically as strong as the past generation who benefited by this exercise. He feared they were not, and hoped that the youth of Caithness would waken up and revive this old and delightful game. The Dr.'s remarks were loudly applauded, and we trust they will have due effect in the proper quarter.

"THE GAELIC JOURNAL" (Dollard, Printing-House, Dublin) for the present quarter has just come to hand, and maintains its high standard of excellence. A good part of the number is devoted to Gaelic, in the Irish character, but the English reader will also find much to interest him. Mr. William O'Brien's lecture on the "National Language" is full of patriotic fire, and should incite Irishmen to strive to keep alive their mother tongue. The *Celtic Monthly* receives two flattering notices. Prof. O'Growney, Maynooth College, edits the *Journal* with scholarly ability.

CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 6. Vol. I. MARCH, 1893. Price, Twopence.

CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., Scot.

AMONG the many Highlanders who have, during the present generation, taken an enthusiastic and practical interest in every movement, social and political, with which the welfare of their native Highlands was bound, none is better known or more highly esteemed than the subject of this sketch—Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh. The oldest veteran of our Parliamentary stage, and one of the most zealous and disinterested of our social reformers, he is looked up to by friend and foe alike as a genuine type of the Highland gentleman. Although politics are outside our sphere, we cannot omit making reference to the valuable services rendered by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh to his country and to his countrymen, during his long and honourable Parliamentary career. Nor will his political opponents deny him the tribute which is his due on this account. But it is not only as a member of Parliament that he has proved himself a friend of the Highlanders. Unostentatious in speech and action, he has in many ways and on many occasions shown himself the "friend in need" of his fellow-countrymen, and has exerted a beneficent influence on all that concerned the welfare of the land and of the people, for whom he has shown such a long and so strong a devotion. This he has done in such a way as to attract the least public notice.

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was born at Dochnalurg, Inverness-shire, on the 5th June, 1828. At the parish school of Dochgarroch, of which Mr. Forbes, an eminent classical scholar, was the teacher, he distinguished himself in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and gained prizes in the former subjects at the great Highland Competition held at Inverness, in 1839. At the age of fourteen, he entered the office of Mr. John Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, and afterwards became an articled apprentice to the then Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire, Mr. Patrick Grant. In June, 1853, he was admitted a procurator, and in a very short time acquired a prominent and honourable position in his profession, from which he retired in 1867. Already one of their prominent Town Councillors, he received, in 1873, a requisition, signed by nearly 600 electors, asking him to become their candidate for the Parliamentary representation of his native town. To this he agreed, and was, in the following year, elected over his opponent, the late Sir Alex. Matheson, by a majority of 255 votes From then until the general election of 1885, he sat for the Inverness Burghs; and from the latter date, until July of last year, he sat for the County of Inverness; having thus an unbroken Parliamentary career of no less than eighteen years. All this time he gave to the best interests of his fellow-contrymen, in whose service he came to be popularly known as "the member for the Highlands." In his 1885 contest he had the honour of beating, by a majority of over 1500 votes, two Highland chieftains—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, and Mr. Reginald MacLeod of MacLeod. To his untiring persistency is chiefly due the acknowledgment of the Gaelic as a language which should be taught in the Highland schools. He was the popular member on the "Royal Commission for the Highlands and Islands" of 1883, and to his sympathetic attention is due many of its most beneficial results. There has been no Highland movement for the last thirty years in which he has not taken a part. Even to-day, notwithstanding his long career, he is Chief of the Gaelic Society of London; Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness; Honorary President of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow; a Vice-President of the London Inverness-shire Association; a Governor of the Scottish Corporation of London, and a leading member of almost every association which has for its main object the social or educational advancement of the Highland people. He is the author of several works of Highland antiquarian lore, on which

subject he is one of the recognised authorities. He is still "member for the Highlands."

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh married, in July, 1876, Eveline May, only child of Mr. R. D. Hollands of Brookville, Surrey, and Kilvean, Inverness, a lady who has proved a sympathetic helpmeet to him in his many and noble efforts on behalf of his fellow-countrymen.

CONA.

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

BY ANNIE MACKAY.

V.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

EACHAN climbed, and scrambled, and jumped from rock to rock like a goat, but Hugh, tired and worn out as he was, made slow progress, and every now and again had to cling to a boulder to save him from tumbling backwards. At last they got to the top of the hill, and stood for a few minutes to look at the wild, weird scene around them. The moon every now and again was obscured by dense black clouds, and threw its light and its shadow on the wild, restless sea that lay before them, now gleaming bright as silver, now black as ink. The wind had risen, and they could hear the sound of the breakers with startling distinctness.

"What is that fearful noise?" said Hugh, in a whisper.

"Ah! that is *Traidh chliffe*," said Eachan, "you should hear it in winter." The boy shivered, and continued, "The men that went a-fishing were drowned, and the cows from the Strath were so frightened that they ran away. Eh! it is a wicked place. Last winter a ship was wrecked there, and eight big men drowned. Since then, every stormy night, you can see lights flashing among the rocks, and hear the cries of drowning men. Yes, it is an awful place!" Eachan talked incessantly as they descended the hill; they had then to cross a river, which they managed to do by leaping from one boulder to another; and on this wild exposed shore Hugh could see that a few huts had been erected. Eachan led him to one of these, under the shelter of a rock, and said, "Good night. I'll run over to-morrow; maybe you will be wanting something."

Hugh stood till the boy crossed the river, and his young voice came back to him, singing, "Mo rùn geal dìleas, nach till thu leam." He shivered at the sound, so out of keeping with everything he had seen and heard that day!

He lifted the latch of the door gently and went in. There was a cheerful peat fire on the hearth, and a little oil lamp gave a flickering light.

"Who is there?" a feeble voice said; and Hugh saw that there was a bed at the other end.

"Mother! mother!" Hugh cried, and he clasped her in his arms. For some time neither of them spoke; but his mother sobbed gently, and held him very close. Then he heard her say to herself, "Now let Thy servant depart in peace," and she fell back on her pillow, weak and exhausted.

Even in that dim light he could see how thin and worn she had become, how white and wan, and fragile she looked. He felt with a great terror that her days were numbered, and that even the joy of his return might hasten the catastrophe. Her breathing came in short gasps, and though she tried to speak, Hugh could not hear what she said. He sat by her in sorrowful silence. The dear face was radiant with joy, and her lips moved in thanksgiving, though she was too weak to give it expression.

From some part of the long dark room Jean Macdonald advanced, and without a word to Hugh raised his mother's head and gave her something in a glass. It seemed to revive her, for almost immediately she spoke clearly, and said—

"God is good; His name be praised! This was my one wish—just to see you once, my son—and He has brought you to me." And she drew his face down and kissed him on lip and brow.

"Mother," Hugh whispered, "are you all alone? Where is father?"

"He is at rest, my boy, and waiting on the other side. He died in our old home, and was buried among our kindred. His kind heart could not bear the sorrow—and it broke!"

"Mother, where is Margery?"

"She is gone to a far country called Canada. You will go there when I am gone. Margery is good and true; she will make up to you for what you are suffering now. O, my son, love of my heart! what a woeful home-coming this has been to you!"

She was silent for a little while; so was he. His feelings at this stage seemed perfectly benumbed; the only consciousness that remained was that of receiving one blow after another, until he could no longer feel them. His mother, evidently following another train of thought, said—

"Hugh, dearest, will you bury me in Achness, beside your father? I could not rest near this dreadful sea. I hear it always, sleeping and waking; it is full of the cries of drowning men and wailing women. I could sleep so soundly in Achness! Perhaps that wicked

factor will not let me be buried there; but I would like it *so* much."

Hugh promised, and she seemed satisfied.

"Thank you, my son; I have no more to wish for. I feel so well. You must get some food, and then lie down. Where is Jean, my good, faithful Jean? She has been such a help and comfort to me. Do what you can for her—perhaps she will return to her home in the braes of Lochaber. I am going to sleep now. Kiss me, Hughie, and go to bed. May God in heaven bless you!" And with a smile of infinite contentment the weary eyes closed, and Hugh knew very soon by her breathing that she was asleep. Hugh rose and followed Jean into a small inner room, where she had a table laid out for him. He said he could not eat, but Jean whispered, "Yes, and drink for her sake, and then rest. I will watch!" She pointed to a small couch in the corner, and left him.

Hugh lay down, and was soon in a sound sleep—the heavy sleep of sheer exhaustion. It was broad daylight when he awoke, feeling refreshed, and wishing that his experience of the day before might be a baneful dream. Jean came in very quietly, and beckoned him to follow her to the next room.

His mother lay on the bed, just as he had left her the night before, with the look of peace and contentment intensified on her face. All sorrow, all suffering had ceased for her, and her long dawn of joy had begun. Between the night and morning her gentle spirit had fled.

A few days after, all that remained of the once beautiful and sorely-tried Margaret of Syre was laid to rest by her husband's side, in the little graveyard of Achness. Her clansmen, from far and near, came to pay their last tribute of respect to her memory, and of sympathy for the son. Never, surely, was a funeral party so sorrowful as this one, standing by the roofless church where they had met so often, over the graves of their fathers, with the wild wail of "MacCrimmon's Lament" sounding in the lonely glen. No wonder if tears were shed, even by strong men.

"*Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuilleadh,*" was as true of the living as of the dead. By the grave of his mother the young soldier shook hands with them all, and said a few words of farewell and gratitude, then took his lonely way up the hill. On the top he turned round to wave them a melancholy farewell, and the pipers struck up the heart-breaking tune of "Lochaber no more!"

To get to Stirling to throw up his commission and follow his love to Canada, was all that he had to live for now. It took some time, but he got to Montreal, where he knew the Gordons had landed, and there he lost trace of them. He joined himself to a party of emigrants who were going up country, and travelled hundreds, nay, thousands of miles, without finding any tidings of them. He had met many Highlanders, but so isolated and so far apart that they could give him no information regarding anyone, and the country was so huge. Late one summer evening he came to a river; he had heard that on the other side was a Highland colony, and that the place was called Strathnaver. He had been so many times disappointed that he had no hope now, but he shouted for a boat and sat down to wait. Presently he heard the dip of oars, and over the water came a sweet female voice, singing, in Gaelic—

"Listen to me as when you heard your fathers
Sing long ago, the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye dip your oars.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiled from our fatherland.

From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides,
Fair these broad meads, &c.

When the bold kindred, in the days long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold their children should be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.
Fair these broad meads, &c."

"Is that you, Evan?" said a sweet voice, as the boat touched the shore.

Hugh could not answer—for this was Margery Gordon!

THE END.

NOTES ON THE ARMS AND CREST OF THE MACKINTOSHES AND CLAN CHATTAN.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., Scot.

IN the "History of the Mackintoshes," written by Lachlan Mackintosh of Kinrara, uncle of the then chief, about 1678, and through whom the arms were matriculated in 1680, he states that his history is a good deal founded prior to 1550, upon three manuscripts (one written in 1502) unfortunately not now in possession of the Mackintosh family. The Mackintoshes claim to be descended from Shaw, second son of Duncan, third Earl of Fife, and it is certain that for centuries they were known in Gaelic as "*Mac-an-toisich mhic Duibh.*" Shaw Mackintosh is stated in the history to have died in the year 1179, aged 59.

In the time of Farquhar, the third Mackintosh, the history states, lived Gillichattan-vic-Gillespic,

of whom "the Clan Chattan are so called, who came out of Connaught, in Ireland, to Lochaber anno 1215," thereby pointing to an ecclesiastical origin or connection.

Of Angus, the sixth Mackintosh, it is said that "he took to wife Eo, or Eva, the only daughter and child of Gilliphadric-vic-Doull-vic-Gillichattan, captain and Chief of the Clan Chattan, and got with her possession of the 40 merkland of Glenluy and Locharkaig, with the heritable chiefdom of Clan Chattan, who at that time, although in their infancy, was a much-regarded people." This marriage occurred in the month of March, 1291.

The first reference to arms in the history occurs in the time of William, son of Angus, who died in the year 1368, aged 58. It states that William "adjoined to his former cognizance (being a lion rampant and a red hand dexter, with a heart pres on the thurnet in a field, or), a galley or lymphad sable in the field, or, for the Clan Chattan, who had no coat of their own." In the earliest known impression of the Mackintosh seal quite entire, viz., that of Farquhar 12th (writer of the manuscript of 1502, before referred to), attached to a deed of date 1492, it bears 1st and 4th a lion, 2nd and 3rd a galley. The next reference in the history occurs in the time of William, 15th Mackintosh, whose mother was Jean Gordon, heiress of Lochinvar, and for that cause the manuscript states William "did add the boar's head (a part of the Gordon arms) to his cognizance, quartering it with his own arms." This William was murdered in 1550.

Under the Act of 1672, Mackintosh in 1680 received a grant of arms, of which the following is a correct heraldic description: "Quarterly, 1st, or, a lyon rampant gules, armed and langued azure, the paternal bearing as descendant of Macduff, Earl of Fife; 2nd, argent, a dexter hand couped fess-ways, grasping a man's heart pole-ways, gules, for a notable action for the king and country; 3rd, azure, a boar's head couped, or, for Gordon of Lochinvar; 4th, a lymphad, her oars in saltier sable, for marrying the heiress of Clan Chattan, which shield of arms is adorned with helmet and mantling, gules doubled, argent, and on a wreath of this tincture is set for crest a cat salient proper. For supporters two cats of the same, with the motto—'Touch not the cat bot a glove.'"

These arms appear to be an exact copy of those contained in Sir David Lindsay's "Armorial Collections," who, as contemporary, may have assigned the arms to William, 15th Mackintosh, before referred to, with the exception that, as usual *in his time*, save in the case of a few nobles, there are no supporters, motto, or crest. Therefore it is doubtful whether the crest, &c., is authoritatively entitled to be placed earlier than 1680. The old Sutherland crest was a cat, said to have been assumed by one of the early Thanes, who killed numbers of these animals in that county. Following heraldic conceits, the selection of the cat by Mackintosh, probably a mere play on the word "Chattan," was singularly happy, inasmuch as the attributes of the wild cat of the mountains accurately represented the necessary attitude of the clan, hemmed in and surrounded as it was by such powerful hereditary foes as the Earls of Huntly and Moray, the Camerons, and others.

MOONLIGHT.

"Cath Loduinn," Duan III.

Whence gushes the torrent of ages past,
Ah, whither gone?
And when shall be stayed the present, so fast
Now sweeping on?
The source sublime—
The end of time—
Both, both are lost
In folds of dense, slow-moving mist!

On thy sounding river, oh Time, I turn
My backward gaze;
Thy margin is fringèd with deeds, that earn
Men's loudest praise:
Here, lights thy stream
The battle-gleam
Of helm and glaive;—
There, lost in shadow, cowers the slave!

Oh, dim is the light of the past, and pale
As light of dream!
Or moon-ray that, falling athwart the vale,
Reveals the stream!
The glory thrown
From *past* renown,
Doth not illume
For us our future, wrapped in gloom!

Come, chosen companion of shield and sword,
My own loved lyre!
Breathe, soul of joy, from the sounding cord;
New strength inspire!
Too long, too long,
Mute hast thou hung
Those Arms among.
Come, wake anew the voice of Song!

Wake, threefold harmony, sweet and loud,
Prolong thy sound
Till swept from the soul is sorrow's cloud,
Till troop around
Beloved forms,
The brave, whose arms
Fought not in vain,
Till round me glows the *Past* again!

Translated by K. W. G.

Sheriff Nicolson was an ardent volunteer, and one of his best known effusions, and one, moreover, which he delighted to sing at Highland gatherings, was a marching song in praise of the exploits of the Highland regiments, set to the air of "*Agus hó Mhóray.*"

SHERIFF NICOLSON.

THE death of Sheriff Nicolson causes a decided gap in the ranks of Celtic scholars. He died suddenly at his own house in Edinburgh on the 13th January, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. There is little to be said about him beyond what is known to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Alexander Nicolson was born at Husabost, Skye, in 1827. Having been educated in his native parish, he came south and entered the Edinburgh University, with the view of entering the ministry of the Free Church. He changed his mind, however, and left Church for the Law. He was called to the bar in 1860. In 1872 he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbrightshire, and he filled that office till 1885, when he was transferred to Greenock, where he remained for about four years. His health failing, he retired from office in 1889, and went to reside with his sister in Edinburgh, where he died. Some twelve years ago his *Alma Mater* conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Sheriff Nicolson was a man of intellectual power and high literary ability, but his energy was somewhat crippled by a lethargic constitution. He took a deep and intelligent interest in everything relating to the Highlands, while his love for *Eilean-a'-cheò* amounted to a passion. In 1865 he was appointed Assistant Commissioner to visit and report upon the State of Education in the Highlands and Islands. His report has been truly described by the late Lord Ardmillan as "the most readable Blue-Book ever printed." It is full of most valuable and interesting information, and the kindly and sympathetic references to those Parochial schoolmasters who lived in straitened circumstances and did some "deep thinking on a little oatmeal," are characteristic of Sheriff Nicolson's benevolent nature. He was also a member of Lord Napier's Commission, appointed in 1883, to Inquire into the Condition of the Highland Crofters, and his knowledge of the language and habits of the people was of no small service in that inquiry.

He wrote Gaelic and English with equal grace, and was no mean poet in either language. Between 1872 and 1876 he contributed several articles and a number of verses in Gaelic and English to *The Gael*, among the latter was his well-known song on the Hebrides, which was composed in English, and afterwards translated into Gaelic. This song contains one of the most noted features of his character — his passion for his native isle — Skye. His principal contribution to Gaelic literature was a splendid volume of "Gaelic Proverbs," which is a monument of patience and Celtic scholarship, and one of the most valuable collections of the kind in any language. Sheriff Nicolson's reputation as a Gaelic scholar, as well as his literary taste, secured him a place on the Committee appointed in 1881 by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge for the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures, and his services were much appreciated by his learned colleagues.

His kindly and genial nature made Sheriff Nicolson a great favourite in social circles, while his warm-heartedness and urbanity secured him troops of friends, who will ever cherish his memory.

"*A cluid de Phàrras dha.*"

FIONN.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

IV.—THE CLAN PERIOD.

DONALD MACMURRACHADH was the Rob Roy of Sutherland. It was to secure his friendship that Hugh Mackay granted him possession of the lands of Westmoin. In those days it was necessary to carry out many plots which would not bear strict investigation, and for such purposes Donald could always be relied upon by his master. He had a very easy conscience, great personal strength, and was a man of unlimited resource. Fact and legend are so mixed in regard to his career that it is impossible now to sift the false from the true; and innumerable stories circulate round his name. In a recess in the wall of the old church at Balnakil, his stone coffin may yet be seen; the inscription reads as follows:—

"Donald Mac-Murchow
Hier lyis lo:
Vas ill to his freend
Var to his fo:
True to his Maister
In wierd or wo:
1623."

It would appear that he had a presentiment that those whom he had wronged when in life would wreak their vengeance upon his remains, and it was to prevent this that he gave 1000 merks to the Master of Reay, when building the church, for the purpose of securing within it the right of sepulchre.

In the Justiciary Records, under the date of 10th December, 1668, mention is made of another Durness warrior of some note in his day. This was William Mackay or Maccomash, who had his *floruit* in the time of John, Lord Reay. This latter nobleman possessed the lands of Spittal in Caithness, but found it difficult to secure their rents. So he took the law into his own hands; made a raid upon Caithness and carried off a great booty. The Earl of Caithness naturally resented this, and criminal letters were lodged against the raiders, "making mention that the said William M'Comash, in Durness, and others, in the year 1649, under the command of Niel Mackay, kinsman of Lord Reay, robbed and spoiled the said country of Caithness," but the diet was deserted, and the proceedings terminated.

The most important local family at this time was that of Borley, near Balnakil. This family was connected with the Scourie branch of the Mackays, and furnished some of the ablest men that ever bore the name. Donald of Borley was second son of Scourie, and brother of General Mackay who fought against Dundee. He had a son who succeeded him in the lands of Borley, Captain William Mackay; and under date 18th May, 1675, he obtains a charter from Lord Reay, of the Scourie district. He led a company of Mackays at the battle of Worcester, on the side of Charles II. His brothers also were men of note; Donald, who took a leading part in what is known as the Darien Scheme, and which ended in failure; and the Rev. John Mackay, who was educated at St. Andrews and on the Continent, and became minister first of Durness, and afterwards of Lairg. He was succeeded there by his son, Rev. Thomas Mackay, whose family also was distinguished. It was a son of this clergyman of Lairg that wrote the "Shipwreck of the Juno," to whom Byron owes so much in "Don Juan."

All through this period, the eldest son of the chief resided at Balnakil. It was impossible to estimate the value of such an arrangement in civilising a region which until then was so isolated. Owing to this it happened that the natives of the most inaccessible portion in the north were brought into personal contact with men of wealth and culture, and the effect made itself manifest in their general bearing. They became more intelligent and sprightly than their neighbours, and there is a valid foundation in fact, as well as evidence of caustic Celtic humour, for the name by which they are known in a neighbouring parish —*Uaislean Dhurinis* (Durness gentry).

V.—ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

Perhaps in no way was the beneficial effect of the Balnakil Mansion House more apparent than in securing for the natives from time to time the services of the ablest and most cultured clergymen. It may at first sight appear strange that such an outlandish parish as Durness could command such men—men who not only had brilliant careers at our Scotch Universities, but who also drank deeply at the Continental seats of learning. The reason was twofold. In the first place the parish of Durness, until recent times, was a very large one—including the three parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis. In the second place, the Reay family was among the first to adopt the Protestant religion, and took a special pride in securing the services of the ablest men. One of the Lord Reays made it a boast, that for praying, preaching, and singing, "he would back the Presbytery of Tongue against any other Presbytery in Scotland." The clergyman to whom he referred as so proficient in singing was Mr. Murdo Macdonald, A.M., minister of Durness, of whom more in the sequel.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

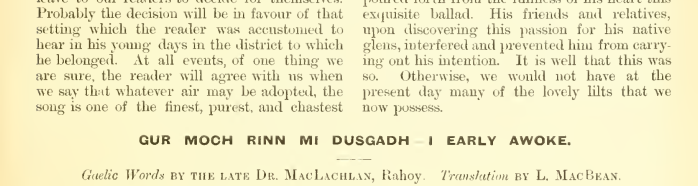
Conducted by MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

OUR excuse, in introducing to our musical readers this most popular, and best known of Dr. Maclachlan of Rahoy's songs, is that we have been accustomed since we can remember anything to hear it sung to the setting now given. From characteristics commonly met with in a large number of old Gaelic, as well as Irish airs, we are forced to the conclusion that this is the oldest, and, in our opinion, a more plaintive setting than that generally sung. Whether this be so or not we leave to our readers to decide for themselves. Probably the decision will be in favour of that setting which the reader was accustomed to hear in his young days in the district to which he belonged. At all events, of one thing we are sure, the reader will agree with us when we say that whatever air may be adopted, the song is one of the finest, purest, and chastest in the Gaelic—or shall we say in any language?

It is said that the occasion which gave rise to this beautiful song was when the bard, through adverse circumstances, found it necessary to leave his native land and seek his fortune on a foreign shore. Before embarking, as the song explains, he ascended a hill in the neighbourhood of his home, and there, taking a last and sorrowful farewell of the surrounding glens and bens, he poured forth from the fullness of his heart this exquisite ballad. His friends and relatives, upon discovering this passion for his native glens, interfered and prevented him from carrying out his intention. It is well that this was so. Otherwise, we would not have at the present day many of the lovely lilts that we now possess.

GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH I EARLY AWOKE.

Gaelic Words BY THE LATE DR. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. *Translation* BY L. MACBEAN.



A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodann a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain a 's aoidheala bùrn,
Le ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
'S e ri dearrsadh na gréine ag èiridh 'n a smùid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra 'seinn ;
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceol os mo chionn ;
Na ba-laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réithlean nd thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S àluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas gu binnean nan stùc ;
'S cùbhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuinneanmar thùis ; [dhrùchd,
Ged 's boidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi,—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur dùilich r' a inns' ;
Nach dìrich mi tuilleadh ri munadh 's an tìr—
Nach dean mi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chridh'.

As I climb up the moor on the face of the hill,
How pleasant the murmur that comes from the rill ;
The dew on the roses which border the stream,
Arises in mist on the sun's morning beam.

O sweet is the song of the birds from the glade,
The thrush sings her carol of joy o'erhead,
The cattle are lowing on yonder green plain,
And echo replies from the craggan again.

How lovely the garment of mountain and field !
How sweet is the fragrance the meadow flowers yield !—
Though beauty and gladness deck forest and lea,
And the groves team with joy, there is no joy for me.

Alone and sad-hearted I sit on the peak,
Of the cause of my sorrow I scarcely can speak—
I never may tread on the moorlands again,
Nor rove with delight on my dearly loved glen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.— The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1893

CONTENTS.

TO OUR READERS.

THIS number of the *Monthly* very nearly realises our ideal of what a Highland magazine should be. The *Celtic Monthly* will now compare favourably with any journal published in the United Kingdom at the price, and we can with confidence assert that even the shilling monthlies cannot give more artistic and life-like portraits than those which find a place in this month's issue. Yet we think it is possible to make the magazine even more attractive, and we intend in the forthcoming numbers giving special attention to a new feature, which, we feel sure, will be of particular interest to our readers.

OUR APRIL ISSUE.—We have already mentioned that we recognise no party politics in the *Celtic Monthly*. Our countrymen may occupy different political camps, but in our pages they meet as Highlanders, members of *Clanna nan Gaidheal*, and on terms of amity and friendship. This month we present our readers with a life-like plate portrait of Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh; next month we shall give an equally good likeness of Dr. Donald MacGregor, M.P. for Inverness-shire, with an interesting biographical sketch. Dr. MacGregor is well known to a large circle of our readers, and many of his friends will doubtless be glad to possess a copy of his portrait. Miss Annie Mackay's sketch of the late Mrs. Mary Mackellar will also appear, with a portrait of the distinguished poetess. Our *Camanachd* celebrity for next month will be our genial friend, Lieut. Neil MacKay, captain, London Northern Counties Shinty Club, one of the finest-looking Highlanders that ever donned the Highland dress. A portrait of Mr. Dugald Cowan, Edinburgh, who has acted for so many years as treasurer of the Highland Land Reform Association, and whose name is favourably known in all parts of the country, will also be given. From these remarks it will be seen that our next issue promises to be of special interest

SERIAL STORY.—Next month we shall give the first instalment of a short thrilling romance by the talented novelist, Miss Hannah B. Mackenzie. The story is entitled, "A Wrong Righted," and the scene is laid at the Black Rock, in Ross-shire.

GAELIC PRIZE COMPETITIONS.—We would remind our readers that these competitions close on the 28th February, and that those who intend competing had better forward their manuscripts as early as possible.

OF INTEREST TO SECRETARIES OF SOCIETIES.—As we are desirous of continuing our series of portraits of representatives of the various shinty clubs throughout the country, we shall be glad to hear from any gentlemen in regard to the same. This also applies to the office-bearers in connection with the various Gaelic, clan, and other Highland societies, as we would like each association to be represented in the magazine.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.—The Secretary for War has officially intimated that the 79th regiment is not to be merged into the Scots Guards, so that the irritating proposal has been once more shelved. We hope the snub administered to these meddlesome War Office officials will be emphatic enough to cause them to abstain from interfering with the dress or regimental designation of the Highland regiments for all time coming.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE BARD OF LEDAIG.—This movement has now taken practical shape, and full particulars of the appeal will be found in another part of the magazine. We sincerely trust that the influential committee appointed will receive sufficient financial support to enable them to give effect to the proposals set forth in the circular.

BACK NUMBERS.—As we are constantly receiving enquiries in regard to back numbers, we may state that all these can yet be had at the published price. Those who intend binding the volume at the end of the year, and require any copies to complete the set, had better apply for these at once, as only a limited number of copies are left of the earlier issues. Large-sized copies of the plates, for framing, can also be had (price 6d, post free) from the Editor, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

MR. T. D. MACDONALD, LONDON.

HIGHLANDERS, when they leave their native glens to push their fortunes in the world, usually seek those centres of population which afford the greatest scope for their energies, and this, no doubt, accounts for so many of the most prominent of our countrymen finding their way to London. Amongst those in the great metropolis whose names are most familiar to us is Mr. T D MacDonald, whose portrait we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers. In the limited space at our disposal it is not possible to do more at present than merely give the briefest outline sketch of Mr. MacDonald's career. The son of Inverness-shire parents, Mr. MacDonald was born in the island of Lewis, but was brought up in Glenelg, Inverness shire. The particular branch of the *Clann Domhnuill* to which he belongs is known as *Clann Iain Uidhir*, who, losing their possessions in Ross-shire, finally settled in Strathglass. At a time when it was considered the mark of a true gentleman to be a good cattle lifter, it may be conceded that the *Clann Iain Uidhir* were the most perfect of gentlemen; but in later times, perhaps to atone for their past wickedness, the clan became eminently pious, and gave to the Catholic Church many able priests, among whom may be mentioned Father Charles MacDonald, the author of "Among the Clan Ranalds." Mr. MacDonald holds office in so many Highland associations that it will suffice at present to state that he is Hon. Secretary to the Gaelic Society of London, Councillor of the London Inverness-shire Association and the London Scots' Shinty Club, a Governor of the Scottish Corporation, Councillor of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, and a member of the London Ross and Cromarty Association, and a number of other Highland societies

His name is also well known in connection with the Highland Land Reform Movement, having been Secretary of the Glenelg Branch of the H.L.L.R.A. for a number of years, and on leaving for the south, in 1886, succeeded Mr. Donald Murray as Hon. Secretary of the General Executive, a position he held till 1889, when the headquarters were removed to Dingwall. He was also, in 1887, Secretary to the Crofters' Aid Committee

Mr. MacDonald is also possessed with the literary gift, and our readers have already read examples of his work in our pages. Some time ago he contributed a most interesting series of translations of the "Auld Scotch Sangs," under the title, "*An Lus-chrun Gaidhlig a Dh' orain Albannach*," to that racy and popular weekly, *The Oban Express*, which included translations of such spirited poems as Aytoun's "Burial March of Dundee," and "Prince Charles Edward at Versailles." He has also read valuable papers before the Gaelic Society of London.

In conclusion, we might just add that the subject of our sketch is assistant manager of the National Liberal Club, he is still on the right side of thirty, and we trust that he may be long spared to do service in the Highland cause—and favour the *Celtic Monthly* with many contributions from his able pen.

JOHN MACKAY.

A BOOK-HUNTER'S GAME-BAG.

By Rev. Donald Masson, M.D.,
Author of "Vestigia Celtica." &c.

THE book-hunter's quiet joy over some lucky "find" at the old bookstalls is not always to be measured by the rarity or intrinsic value of the prize, whose possession fills his soul with chastened delight. The associations of such a volume often count for much more than either its scarceness or the fabulous price which a copy of it may have fetched at the great book sales, made memorable by the names of David Laing and Whitefoorde Mackenzie. A single footnote or reference in a dull and common book may give the hint that opens up to you whole quarries of fresh reading and fertile research. The careless scribbling of old-world owners may also kindle up a halo of living interest round the pages of a book which otherwise were dead and worthless:—

> "When I am dead, and in my grave,
> And all my bones are rotten,
> This little book will plead for me,
> That I be not forgotten."

A remarkable example of this kind of adventitious interest, investing a book of no extraordinary intrinsic value, not many years ago was the reward of an hour's book-hunting in Leith Walk. My "find" was nothing more than a worn and smoky copy of "Durham's Testimony," but its well-thumbed leaves bore the names and handwriting of three generations of the Gladstones. Very soon after its publication this volume came into the possession of a certain Mr. Forsyth, who was the burgh schoolmaster of Biggar. His name, and the date, still grace the fly leaf in clear, regular, scholarly caligraphy. From him the book passed to Gladstone, the maltster at Biggar, who seems to have been the first of the family, ever since the downfall of their house and the loss of their ancestral acres, to turn his steps upwards. After the maltster, two subsequent generations of Gladstones wrote their names in blank spaces of this old volume, to which their idle scribblings have given new life and a new value.

A month or two ago I retrieved another "find," some account of which may interest the reader. It is a fine clean copy, perfect and spotless, of the large paper edition of the "Gaelic Poems of Rob Donn," the Burns of the Highlands, as fondly we love to call Robert Mackay, the bard of "Lord Reay's country." The intrinsic value of this happy addition to my Gaelic collection of books is of itself considerable, for the work has long been out of print, and as one of our Gaelic classics is eagerly songht after.

But in this case, again, it is its adventitious enrichments that give its great value to my prize. These enrichments consist of (1) an inscription and (2) an inserted MS. But before dealing with them I may advert to a point which, though extrinsic to the poems, is pertinently intrinsic to the book. The poems were prepared for the press by a learned Highland clergyman, whose work will ever be his monument, and whose name, though no more among the living, was lately very much on our lips in connection with the lamented death of Dr. Forbes Skene. Rob Donn, the Gaelic poet of the North, was literally illiterate. He did not know his letters. To the late Dr. Mackintosh Mackay, some time of Laggan, afterwards of Dunoon, and latterly exercising some sort of *vagum ministerium* in the Highlands, we owe at once the publication of the poems and the possession of a full and appreciative account of the bard's life. In this fact itself the book opens up to us a well-spring of suggestive memories. The name of Mackintosh Mackay at once connects itself with everything that is memorable in the more recent history both of the Highlands and of Highland literature. It is also a name to conjure with in certain bye-ways of the more recent Highland church history. We all know him as the main and final worker on that truly monumental Gaelic enterprise, the "Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary,' in two portly volumes, quarto. He also played a part, of which some witnesses still survive to testify to its wondrous characteristics of learning, fearless independence and oratorical power, in the great controversy that raged so fiercely more than twenty years ago, about a certain unacceptable revision of our Gaelic Bible. As now I close my eyes over the open page of these Gaelic poems, the editing of which was Mackintosh Mackay's labour of love for his beloved native land, I can see again most vividly the fierce combats of those days of battle which embittered the closing years of his long life. It was a grand sight. Most clearly I can still picture to myself the whole mien and movement of the old man eloquent. Slowly and with solemn sweep, like one of Nelson's old line-of-battle ships, the dignified old warrior manœuvres to the front, and then, with broadside on broadside, I can see him crash into the timbers of the foe. Everything was so deliberate, so calmly self-possessed, so well timed—none of your harum-scarum skirmishing, such as one so often sees nowadays in committee and General Assembly. It was what the old French Guard would call *la bonne guerre*. Where are those fierce, unsparing combatants to-day—Maclauchlan the stately, the subtle Clerk, and the gentle and dignified Colin Smith, of Inveraray; the keen-eyed, persistent

Cameron, the bold Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, and his namesake of Kinlochspelvie, whose dark Gaelic cogitations were ever too deep for intelligible English vociferation? Dr. Mackay came but rarely to our meetings, but when he came he was more than a match for the bravest. Peace to their ashes, and may their memory long be green on the hillsides of the Highlands!

But it is as the tutor and early friend of William Forbes Skene that Mackintosh Mackay is most gratefully remembered by his countrymen to-day. And from this point of view the volume before me bristles over with points of suggestion—clues to new and pregnant side study, each standing out on the pages of my Rob Donn like so many points of interrogation, and labelled, like the Frenchman's door-plate, with *sonnez s. v. p.*—"pull me, if you please." But I must forbear. Men's grief for Skene is yet too fresh, and the grass on his grave too tender. And just at present there is no saying with what trigger of Celtic bomb and deadly dynamite our clue may have some remote entanglement!

I must, therefore, turn to the interesting MS. suggestions of this last trophy of my book-hunting. Of these, as has been said, there are two. One is a letter in Dr. Mackay's handwriting, dated from 74 George Street, June 1, 1829, and addressed to a gentleman, to be named hereafter, who then lived in 18 Young Street, both of Edinburgh. This letter makes highly honourable mention of the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, the great-grandfather of the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed. Who was this ancient worthy, and what was the "honourable action" which, about a century and a half ago, made him the terror of evil-doers in the remote parish of Durness? Few names are better known in the north Highlands even to this day. The people will tell you that he was that holy Mr Murdoch who made the Lord Reay of his day do penance on the cuttie stool, and who, to that end, set at open defiance both Lord Reay and the Sheriff of the county, called up by his lordship all the way from Dornoch to protect him from this terrible minister. Mr. Macdonald was, moreover, a man of parts and learning, and a rare player on the violin. He left behind him a diary, whose publication would throw much light on many aspects of Highland church history, and on our present day perplexing problems of Highland political economy. With the wise and frugal help of "the best of wives," who was a lady of good birth from Fifeshire, he brought up and educated a family of four sons and seven daughters on a stipend of £44 8s 10½d; and his diary testifies that he "did not repine under straitened circumstances." His son, Patrick, was the minister of Kilmore, in Argyll, where he died, the "Father of the Church," in 1824, aged ninety-six. A man of pure and gentle life, a diligent student and pastor, he is now best remembered for the fruits of that rare gift of music which he inherited from his father, and has transmitted to his great-grandchildren. In 1784, he published a "Collection of Highland Vocal Airs," which is now one of the most valued "finds" of the musical book-hunter. It is a handsome folio, containing 43 pages of music, 7 pages of subscribers names—every name a history—7 pages of "Introduction," and 8 pages of an essay on "The Influence of Poetry and Music on the Highlanders." Though a skilful and enthusiastic musician, playing almost every instrument that came his way, the minister of Kilmore is careful to explain that this work is really not his, but the labour of his brother Joseph, whose early death in India abruptly closed what promised to become a very distinguished career. Patrick Macdonald's wife was a daughter of that brave Macdonell of Keppoch who fell at the head of his clan on the fatal field of Culloden. A strict Catholic, she never was known to attend public or private worship, as conducted by her husband in the church and in the manse. But their married life was without jar, and was blessed with a patriarchal family of nine sons and four daughters.

Through the ministers of Durness and Kilmore, great gandfather and grandfather of the gentleman to whom Dr. Mackay addressed the letter inserted in my Rob Donn, we reach his father, who may be now named; for father and son bore the same name; and few names in Scotland have ever been more honoured than the name of Kenneth Macleay. Of these two, Kenneth the elder, that is the father, was a medical practitioner in Oban. He married a daughter of Patrick Macdonald. Like the marriage of Catholic and Protestant in the manse, the doctor's marriage was also a strange union of contrasts. Through her Catholic Jacobite mother the young wife traced up her lineage to the old Royal House of Scotland: the husband's father, as factor for the Hanoverian Government on several of the forfeited estates in the north, came more than once within a hairbreadth of violent death at the hands of the Jacobites. On one occasion, for example, when travelling south with three thousand guineas of Government money, he was waylaid by Mackintosh of Borlum, one of the dispossessed proprietors. The factor and his servant were to have slept at the lonely inn of Dalwhinnie. After supper, however, as it was a clear moonlight night, they resolved to push on to the next resting-place. They had not been an hour gone when Borlum and his men surrounded the little hostelry, thirsting for the factor's life and "*our*

money." So sure were these men of their victim that they had dug a grave near by, in which to bury the evidence of their crime. Dr. Kenneth Macleay, of Oban, was a noteable man in his day. Forty miles on a stretch in the saddle was with him almost an every-day experience. But when he took pen in hand, often way-worn and weary, he wrote with an ease and balanced flow of thought, and with a dignity of diction, which may be called Johnsonian. His "Memoirs of Rob Roy and the Clan MacGregor," first published in 1818, has since been more than once republished, and it is now again out of print. His other works are a "Description of the Spar Cave, in Skye," and "The Mermaid: a Poem."

So much for the editor's letter, whose insertion enriches this, my latest "find" as a book-hunter, and for the crowding thoughts, and the various lines of diverging inquiry which that letter suggests. A word now for the inscription. It is: "To Kenneth MacLeay, Esq., with best respects from the Editor." This Kenneth MacLeay there are many in Scotland who still remember well. For many long years he was known as the first miniature painter of his day. There are few of the leading families of our land who do not hold some of his works as the most prized of their household gods. He has painted several members of the royal family; and in these days of ceaseless change and overthrow there is, perhaps, no work of art more valuable to Scotland as a memorial of its fast vanishing past than that splendid collection of veritable Highland portraits which, by special command of the Queen, Kenneth MacLeay has left us in "The Highland Clans of Scotland," a copy of which was lately sold at Dowell's for 12 guineas. In Scotland these MacLeays, in the male line, are, I fear, extinct. Macneil MacLeay, the eminent landscape painter who died at Stirling in 1883, was the last of the name in this country. But the name survives honourably in Australia, while the daughter and grand-daughters of Kenneth MacLeay are among the brightest ornaments of Edinburgh society. And with them there still survives no small share of the rare æsthetic gifts of an honoured and rarely gifted Highland family.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The newly formed Celtic Society of New York is deservedly receiving much attention from the friendly press on both sides of the Atlantic. It does not differ much from the general run of Gaelic societies at home and abroad, so far as the scope of its work is concerned, but from the peculiar advantages it possesses as to its situation and constituency, more good work, in the way of national effort, is expected of it than from almost any other kindred organisation on this side of the Atlantic. New York is a place of immense wealth, and as the Highlander abroad takes care that he shares well in the good things of this world, he is numbered, in fair proportion, among the men of money. It should be the aim of the new society to get as much of this substance as possible into its treasury, and once there it will be available for the helping along of praiseworthy movements for the benefit of our countrymen.

IRISH CELTIC SOCIETY.

In New York there congregates large numbers of enthusiastic Irish scholars, whose society is doing admirable work in keeping alive a love for, and knowledge of, the good old tongue of Cuchullin and Conchobhar. The influence of these enthusiasts on their brethren from Scotland is becoming felt already; and a spirit of emulation is springing up as the result of the friendly intercourse between the two branches of the race. Might I draw the attention of "Fionn" or some other good Highlander to this fact, with the view of some similar *rapprochement* taking place in Glasgow, where both elements are strong.

On the kind invitation of the New Yorkers, I was guest at their celebration of Calluinn, and the event, which took the form of an old-time *Ceilidh*, was a rare treat. It was a notable gathering of kilted clansmen, many of whom discovered they had been friends of long standing in the old land, but who, for the first time, had been made aware of each other's residence in the great city.

CANADIAN SOCIETIES.

The season, so far, has been a very successful one with the Gaelic societies in Canada. Already arrangements are in progress for the summer excursions and Caledonian Games, and the foreshadowing influence of the Great World's Fair is already felt. Visitors from the Highlands to that exhibition will be well received should they break journey at Montreal and Toronto, as it is hoped many will do.

THE "CELTIC MONTHLY" IN CANADA.

It is cheering to observe the welcome accorded to the *Celtic Monthly* by the Canadian Highlanders. Your most excellent publication deserves it all, and your correspondent's earnest wish is that our people here may do nobly by you in your patriotic endeavours.

Toronto, 14th February, 1893. SGIAN DUBH.

GAELIC AS A SPECIFIC SUBJECT, STAGE I.—We have pleasure in announcing that this publication, undertaken by *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, is now in the printer's hands.

MISS ALICE C. MACDONELL, OF KEPPOCH,
BARDESS TO THE CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY.

THE CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

BY THE VENERABLE WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.

PART II.

TO improve the discipline of the corps, my grandfather adopted a plan well fitted to the character of Highlanders, as appealing to their high sense of honour and self-respect. He ordered every captain to produce, on the first Monday in every month, a muster-roll of his company, specifying the name, birthplace, date of enlistment, discipline, and behaviour of every soldier under his command. This paper, familiarly called by the soldiers "Sir John's Roll," was read on parade before the whole corps; on which monthly occasion the Colonel called up each man in turn before him, and stated publicly the report given of his conduct. In some instances, where the report was highly favourable, the soldier received promotion on the spot. Occasionally Sir John made a short speech, adapted to the men and to the times. An old fencible once said to my uncle, the late Archdeacon Sinclair, "I well remember one of the Colonel's speeches when his roll was read. 'My lads,' says he, 'we shall soon probably have to defend ourselves from the invaders, and every man who distinguishes himself shall be recommended to the Duke of York. Promotion is open to all without partiality. Nothing shall have weight with me but good behaviour.' I still remember," continued the veteran, "Corporals Sutherland and Fisher being made sergeants by our Colonel on the parade ground."

My grandfather considered the allowance made by Government barely sufficient for the clothing and subsistence of his men. Although he attached great importance to their soldier-like appearance, he would allow no stoppage from their pay to provide ornaments to the uniform; but supplied at his own expense such decorations as he thought requisite. "My men," he used to say, "must be kept in a state physically capable of duty."

His kind attentions, however, were sometimes baffled by the characteristic forethought of Scottish troops. They stinted themselves in order to lay up in store for the time when they should be disbanded. Some of them (though the fact applies chiefly to the second battalion, about to be mentioned) during their period of service are said to have amassed, either through parsimony or industry, no less a sum than £100 or £120. There is a story of an old fencible who, on his return to his native country, obtained a piece of ground from his landlord, and began to erect a house upon it for his family. A passenger finding him busied in collecting stones for that purpose, asked him what he was about. "Building a house," said he, "and I am determined to have at least one good room, though it should cost me at least *two pounds*." Hardly any man but a Highlander would consider a room costing £2 a luxury.

But natural affection was oftener carried to excess than personal prudence. My grandfather and his officers frequently interposed their authority to check the romantic exercise of this feeling. Some of the men avoided messing together, and almost starved themselves to raise money for their friends: one man in particular did so, not for his parents, nor for his wife and children (which was a common case), but for his sister.

In dealing with delinquents, my grandfather's custom was, if possible, to make persuasion do the work of fear. "Our Lieutenant-Colonel," said an old sergeant to my uncle, "was a strict disciplinarian. When any of us did wrong, he showed us the 'Articles of War'; but the Colonel himself spoke to us in private. He told us what disgrace we were bringing on him, on our wives and families, and on our country; and threatened to expose us where we should least wish our faults to be known. Many a

man would have chosen the 'black-hole' before a lecture from Sir John."

We left the regiment at Aberdeen. It was afterwards stationed for some months at Berwick. During this period their good conduct so much conciliated the esteem and regard of the inhabitants that a deputation of magistrates, with the mayor at their head, waited on the Colonel to present him with the freedom of the borough.

I may here repeat an anecdote of my grandfather, which places in a very striking light his humanity and kindness of heart. After the first battalion was absorbed at Inverness, they were a short time quartered at Fort George. It happened that one of the soldiers, a young man belonging to Caithness, of respectable parentage, was for some slight disobedience to orders put into confinement. The officer in command, a strict martinet, and a rigid disciplinarian of the old school, had the youth tried by court martial, and he was sentenced to receive 500 lashes! The men of the regiment were shocked at the cruelty of the sentence, and expressed great sympathy for their comrade, whose fault was less owing to deliberate disobedience than to want of knowledge of the rules of the service. Fortunately the sentence could not be carried into effect without the sanction of my grandfather, the Colonel in chief, who was then in London attending to his Parliamentary duties. As soon as the document requiring his signature reached him, my grandfather posted direct for the north, and scarcely halted till he arrived at Campbeltown, about two miles from Fort George. It was close on midnight when he came to the village inn, and being greatly fatigued he went to bed. In the morning it was reported in the garrison that their much-respected Colonel had arrived during the night at Campbeltown. The news spread like wild-fire from one company to another. A simultaneous impulse seized them. The whole regiment, in defiance of officer and martial law, turned out, rushed past the sentries, and marched at a quick step to the village, where, as soon as they saw my grandfather, they rent the air with their exclamations. They then carried him shoulder-high into the fort. Having assembled the fencibles on the usual parade ground, my grandfather warmly censured the officer in command for the barbarity of the sentence, which he ordered to be cancelled from the regimental books. He ordered the prisoner at the same time to be liberated from his confinement. The acting colonel, whose pride was deeply wounded, immediately left the regiment; and my grandfather, after remaining a day or two at Fort George, retraced his steps back to London.

RANNAN CUIMHNEACHAIN AIR MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

'S goirt an sgriob a thugadh òirnne
'N àm do 'n eòrna bhi 'ga ghearradh,
'N uair chaill sinn Banrigh àrd nan òran,
Màiri cheòlmhor, chòir, Nic-Ealair;
Tha ar gàradh air a mhaoladh
O' na thuit gu làr a' chraobh ud,
Air am faighte 'm bàrr gu daonnan
A bha prìseil, maoth-bhlasd', taitneach.

Tha 'n réullt bu shoilleire 'n ar speur
A nochd gun éirigh mar a b' àbhaisd,
'S cia às bhios dùil againn ri té eil'
'Bhios cho léir-gheal is a bha i?
Bithidh ionndrainn air an t-soillse
Ann ar measg a ghnàth a rìneadh
Le a gathan glana boisgeannt',
A dheanadh oidhche mar an là dhuinn.

Tha 'n t-éun bu bhinne séisd 'sa chnò-choill,
'Nise sòmhach is be 'm béud e,
'S gu 'm bu mhilse, 's gu 'm bu bhòidhche
'Ceòl na òrgannan is téudan;
'S iomadh sùil o 'n sil na deòiribh,
Agus cridhe 'bhios ciùirte leòinte,
Nach cluinnear tuilleadh thu ri òrain—
Is aobhar bròin e agus éislein.

Ach thàinig t'àm is dh' fhalbh thu, 'Mhàiri,
Gu bhi 'measg nam bàrd a chaidh;
'S cha mhòr dhe d' leith'd a'd dhéigh 'dh' fhàg thu
Ann an Gàidhealtachd nam beanna';
'S ann a bha thu dhuinn mar mhàthair,
Le do chridhe fialaidh, pàirteach,
Do 'm bu smuain a dh' oidhch' is là
Gach ni a b' fheairrde sinn 's na gleanna.

Mar thachair dha do leith'd an còmhnuidh,
Chuir an saoghal a chleòca fhéin ort,—
Na' n tigeadh grian nan spéur 'na chòir,
Cha b' fhad 's an còmhdaichte le breid i—
Cha deacha 'n ceann 's an cridh' cho còirte
Riamh aig neach sam bith 's bu deònach,
'S gheabhar a ghnàth a measg an òir
Na ceudan seòrsa ni neo-fheumail.

Sìth gu siorruidh dhuit a Mhàiri,
'S iomadh gràs a bha riut ceangailt',
Cha leig sinn á cuimhn' gu bràtha
Sealladh blàth do thlàth-shùil mheallach;
Le do mhaitheas is do bhuaidhean,
Le do chàirdeas agus t'uailse,
Shnaim ar cridhcachan mu 'n cuairt duit,
Mar an eidhionn chruaidh mu 'n mhaide.

Inbhirnis. MACDHOMHUILL.

THE LATE SHERIFF NICOLSON: A DIRGE.

CHANGE is the constant heritage of hapless Adam's race;
This race each new-born day must face some dreaded change anew:
And now again, distress'd, we miss a well-known genial face—
Another chair is vacant, and his home doth wear the rue;
And many hearts with us this day lament a Scotsman true.

Ah, Nicolson! thou noble, kindly soul, hast heard the call;
And at that call hast gone the path we all must tread one day;
Too suddenly we are bereft, and sadly mourn thy fall,
Whilst yet thy social warmth we felt, and laughed Dull Care away
With thee, in cheery intercourse, but on the yestern day.

Thy heart so full of Celtic fire, affectionate, and bold—
That patriot-heart is now at rest for aye within its cell.
The stalwart form, the flashing eye, no more shall we behold—
Nor happy smile, nor witty joke that thou could'st launch so well,—
We loved to trace each social grace that in thee large did dwell.

Thy generation long thou serv'dst—a man of place and mark;
Thy personality had force, and grace, and charm, and glow;
Wherever thou didst enter was no space for discord dark—
There gentle brotherhood must reign, and friendship's tide must flow:
'Tis said thou never lost a friend, nor ever made a foe.

And what of thee, O Skye? thou well mightst don the sombre pall;
A gifted son thou'st lost in him, and one who loved thee well;
Who oftimes sang thy praises loud in cottage and in hall—
Rehearsed thy fame and beauties, and on native worth would dwell:
Of mountains grand and silver strand he never tired to tell.

His "dearest of islands" thou, whilst sorrow laden, fondly
Wilt rear thy crest above the rest, and point to that fair fame;
Another of thy many sons who brought thee honour grandly—
Who strove to prove their worthiness, and added to thy fame.
In righting wrong, in deeds, in song, that thou art proud to claim.

And all ye Gaels, wherever now your mundane lot be cast,—
Ye well may wish, and many rush, to raise aloft his cairn;
He was your faithful kinsman, and devoted to the last;
So, tell his worth around each hearth to matron and to bairn.
And let the tear for him, sincere, bedew his hallowed urn.

A. MACKAY ROBSON.

Edinburgh, 16th January, 1893.

MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON.

MR ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, whose name is so familiar to many of our readers, is a native of Ballachulish, and came to Glasgow some ten years ago. He has during that period acted as conductor of the famous St. Columba Gaelic Choir (which was originally instituted by his brother, Mr. Donald Ferguson), and is leader of Gaelic psalmody in the church. Perhaps Mr. Ferguson's well-known love for music may be explained by the fact that he belongs to a musical family, several of his near relatives having been noted as musicians in their native district. He has harmonised a large number of our finest Gaelic melodies for the use of his choir, and has recently done good service by editing the two parts which have already appeared of *A' Chòisir-chiùil*. Mr. Ferguson, as we know from personal experience, is of an exceedingly obliging disposition, and frequently gives his assistance as vocalist at concerts in connection with the various Highland societies. We might just add, in conclusion, that the above portrait is an excellent likeness of the subject of our sketch.

FACAL AIR SON NA GAIDHLIG.

FHIR-DEASAICHIDH IONMHUINN,—

Bithidh mi fada 'n ur comain ma bheir sibh àite do fhacal no dhà anns an t-seann chainnt, agus ma their mi ni sam bith nach taitinn ribh tha mi 'n dòchas gu 'n gabh sibh e

anns an spiorad 's am bheil e air a thoirt, oir cha 'n 'eil ni 'ga mo ghluasad gu bhi sgriobhadh ach an deidh th 'agam air bhur paipear fhaicinn a' soirbheachadh, agus a' coimhlionadh bhur miann fein mar tha sibh ga chur sios anns an aireamh mu dheireadh, 'se sin " paipear-naigheachd a chur air chois co-cheangailte ris a' Ghaidhealtachd a bheir a *cheud àite* do 'n Ghàidhlig agus ás am faod gach Gaidheal pròis a bhi air." Ach ciamar a tha so comasach fhad 's nach toir sibh dhuinn ach *aon taobh-duilleig* de 'n Ghàidhlig gach mios. Cha bhi i idir air a cumail suas le bhi sgriobhadh *mu 'timchioll;* bithidh e tìm gu leoir an dòigh sin a ghabhail 'n uair a theid i bàs buileach (ma thig an là sin) ach fhad 's a tha i 'na *caimnt bheò* 'se 'n dòigh a 's reusontaiche air a cumail mar sin a bhi ga cleachdadh urrad 's is urraimn duinn.

Tha " Sgian Dubh " a toirt naigheachdan taitneach dhuinn anns an àireamh 'tha romham agus tha e 'guidhe " gu 'm bi sibh a' tiomndadh ni 's caoimhneile ri seann chainnt nan Gaidheal mar bhitheas an aois a cur a comharradh urramach air bhur duilleagan," ach ged nach-eil mi fhein 'na m' fhàidh tha droch eagal orm ma ni sibh dearmad air a' Ghàidhlig *a nis*, nach rnig sibh air an aois, ach gu 'n èirich dhuibh mar dh 'èirich do iomadh oidhirp mhath a chaidh a thoirt roimhe so, 'se sin, gu 'n cuir a' Bheurla às duibh. Na tigeadh an là.

Fhuair mi paipear-naigheachd bho Sidni, Rudha Bhreatuinn, o chionn ghoirid a thaitinn gu ro mhath riuni. 'Se 's ainm da " Mac Talla," agus tha e air a chlò-bhualadh gach seachduin gun fhacal ann ach Gaidhlig. Bu chòir do gach fìor-Ghàidheal misneachadh a thoirt do 'n fhear-deasachaidh le bhi 'cur a dh' iarraidh a phaipeir, ged is nàr an gnothaich e nach ann an Alba 'tha a cheud phaipear Gàidhlig air a chur a mach.

Co-dhùnaidh mi le briathran a Bhàird Mac-Gillean.

'Chlann nan Gàidheal bithidh cuimhneach
Air 'ur cainnt a chur an cleachdadh ;
Cha 'n iarr i iasad air chùnin
'S bheir i fhèin do chàch am pailteas ;
Gur mairg a leigeadh air dìo-chùimhne
A chainnt riòghail, bhriòghail, bhlasda ;
'S mór an onair anns gach àm
Do dh' aon a labhras i le ceartas.

18 1,93. CABAR-FEIDH.

[The above was written for the February number, but reached us too late for insertion. —ED.]

CAMANACHD NOTES.

THERE is little to report this month in the way of matches. After the exertions of the New-Year's Day contests the members of the various clubs are contenting themselves with the usual Saturday practices. The GLASGOW COWAL have not played a match this season, and they are looking forward with keen interest to the friendly game which they hope to have with the EDINBURGH CAMANACHD about the middle of March. We understand the latter club is rather weak at present, the recently formed UNIVERSITY CLUB having drawn away several useful members. The University lads have got together a good team ; and we would throw out the hint to them that if they wish to arrange a match at present the Glasgow Cowal will be pleased to hear from them. We are glad to learn that the old game is steadily reviving in the Highlands. A capital club has been started at BALLACHULISH, which promises to give a good account of itself. The GLENCOE CLUB has also been revived, and if it redeems only a part of the prophecies which were made at its inauguration, it will sustain the reputation achieved by the former combination of that name. A few matches, however, will soon test the merits of the team. The ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY CLUB, after their recent contests, have settled down to their usual practices. There is good grit in this rising club, and we should not be surprised if they turn the tables on their late opponents, the Edinburgh Camanachd, the next time they meet.

The GLASGOW COWAL CLUB are making an effort to raise sufficient funds to enable them to erect a club-house on their practice-ground at Strathbungo. It has been decided to hold a grand concert and dance in the Lesser Waterloo Rooms, on Friday evening, 10th March, and a most attractive programme has been arranged. We trust that those of our readers who desire to see our national game popularised in the city will make it their duty to attend. Rev. Dr. John MacLean, of St. Columba Gaelic Church, has, with his characteristic kindness and courtesy, consented to preside.

REVIEWS.

" THE GAELIC BARDS FROM 1715 TO 1765 " (John Grant, bookseller, Edinburgh).—This latest volume from the pen of Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair, Belfast, Prince Edward Island, is a really valuable addition to our Gaelic literature, and a copy should be in the hands of everyone who loves the poetry of the Gael. It is a work of 260 pages, and contains poems by sixty different authors, together with biographical sketches and explanatory notes. The biographical sketches we have found of exceeding interest, the facts being collected from a great variety of sources.

" THE SCOTTISH CANADIAN "—We know of no paper in the Dominion which we would more heartily recommend to our countrymen across the Atlantic than this ably-conducted, and intensely patriotic, weekly journal. When we mention that the editor is Mr. Alex. Fraser, who was some years ago well known in Celtic circles in the West of Scotland, that fact may be accepted as a guarantee that the journal will be of special interest to Highlanders. If there are any of our readers at home or abroad who do not already subscribe for the *Scottish Canadian,* we would advise them to forward at once $1·50 to Messrs. Imrie & Graham, Toronto, who will send it post free for one year.

Dr D MacGregor, M.P

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 7. Vol. I. APRIL, 1893. Price, Twopence.

DR. DONALD MACGREGOR, M.P.

NOTHING could be more fitting than that following the sketch given last month of Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, we should have that of his successor as Member of Parliament for the county of Inverness—Dr. Donald MacGregor. A native of the district of Rannoch, where his forefathers have been for many generations, Dr. MacGregor is a genuine Highlander, and in full sympathy with all the patriotic and social movements for the improvement of the condition of his countrymen. His father was a general merchant and small farmer, and like most Highland parents endeavoured to give his son the best education at his command. Young Donald early distinguished himself, being one of the brightest scholars of his day in the parish school. After attending private classes in Edinburgh, he entered the Edinburgh Medical College, where he fully justified the early hopes formed of him, winning several valuable prizes and medals, and leaving in the year 1864 with the triple qualification of Physician, Surgeon, and Licentiate of Midwifery.

Immediately after leaving college, out of a large number of candidates, he was appointed Medical Superintendent of a large city hospital and asylum, which position he occupied for four years, thereafter he settled in an extensive and lucrative practice in the North of England, ultimately succeeding to a high-class practice in London, from which he retired owing to a severe illness, in 1886. With the double object of restoring his health and seeing the world, especially life in our Colonies, he made, in company with his wife, a tour of the world, lasting two years, which may hereafter be useful to him as a representative of the people.

That Dr. MacGregor is a man of genuine pluck and ability is seen from his success in life. It is a big climb for a poor Highland boy, without money and without influence, to push his way to the top of the ladder in the medical or any other profession, in such a city as London, and having earned a well-merited competency and leisure, he had too much of the patriotic spirit of the *Griogaitich* to spend his days in useless idleness.

The call from the Radicals of Inverness-shire found him ready and willing to do battle for the cause of reform, and certainly he could hardly have been called upon to select a stiffer field of battle than the county of Inverness. When we look back to the position of matters as they seemed a short year ago, we cannot help admiring the pluck of the man, who, though knowing the heavy odds that were against him, threw himself so patriotically into the contest. His reply to the invitation to stand was most characteristic, and imbued not a few of us with courage for the fight. "If the people wish me to stand I will do so." It was not, "If you think I will succeed."

From the existing circumstances, it required a strong man to carry the seat. Every possible advantage was with the sitting member; he had the benefit of a long and honourable parliamentary career, and an intimate friendship with many of the people, besides all this, there was the old Highland sentiment of regard for past associations and services. Dr. MacGregor lacked such advantage, coming as a stranger to most of the constituents. From first to last his public appearance in the county was a success, and notwithstanding the fact that over 800 voters, nearly every one of whom would have voted for him, were from home at the fishing, he was returned by the handsome majority of 327. Dr. MacGregor has good reason to be proud of the result; he fought well, and deserved the victory. He had a foeman in every respect worthy of his steel, and while the Radicals of the county have reason to be proud of their representative, Dr. MacGregor has equal reason to feel proud of his constituency.

It may be also mentioned that the subject of our sketch takes a very deep interest in the work of the Clan Gregor Society, of which he is an office-bearer.

Dr. MacGregor is comparatively a young man, being only 54 years of age, and we trust he has yet a long and honourable career before him as member for Inverness-shire.

Buaidh leis na Sróid,

J. G. MACKAY.

A WRONG RIGHTED:

A Story of the Black Rock.

By Hannah B. Mackenzie.

Chapter I.

"MAIRI!"

"Yes, uncle."

A tall slip of a girl rose from her seat in the window and walked to the part of the room whence proceeded the sharp, angry voice which made the utterance of her beautiful name like the hiss of an enraged cat.

"Ye idle good-for-nothing, what do ye mean that ye sit there with arms folded, as if I required nothing of ye? It's dependent on me ye are for every bite ye eat, and yet ye never think to show me a service. Go, get me the bottle of cognac I got in on Monday, though it's likely enough it's half done by this time; that thieving vagabond, Macdougall, robs me right and left. It's mad I am not to send him away. . . . What are you staring at, you fool? go and do my bidding, I tell you."

The girl crossed the room, which was one of immense size, with stained floors, oaken walls, and old heavy furniture, to an old sideboard, which stood quite at the opposite side. There, kneeling down, she searched among innumerable bottles for the one her uncle wanted; and finding it at last she held it up towards the light. It was half empty, and Mairi Stuart turned pale as she saw that. She feared with a terrible fear the old man who was laird of all these wide possessions which lie in the north-east corner of Ross-shire. Yet he was her uncle, the only being on earth who was of her own kin, and, as he had said, she was utterly dependent upon him for her living.

"Where's a glass?" thundered Nicol Adam, as the girl approached his sofa. Then his eyes fell upon the half-empty bottle, and a string of angry words burst from his lips, at the hearing of which Mairi shuddered, but dared not protest. "The greedy, thievish, black-hearted villain! I'll hang him—I'll hang him on the highest gallows in the land! It's there he should have been many a year since. . . . Get him to me, girl—get him this minute, I say."

Mairi rang the bell, with a strange, set look about her mouth, and the next moment an evil face was thrust in at the door. An evil face, with peculiar breadth of nostrils and protrusion of lips, high cheek bones, and thick, shaggy brows, intensified into positive ugliness. He approached the couch on which lay his master, still fuming and fretting.

"You rascal—you thief!" began Balmayne, and then stopped, choking with passion. Macdougall said never a word, quietly regarding him, almost a smile on his lips. After a pause, Balmayne began again. "You have robbed me right and left these many years; ye've made me lower than a servant is to his master; ye've lived on the fat of the land at my expense; but ye'll do so no longer. Villain! your head should have been in the hangman's noose lang sin syne. I'll turn ye on the world—ye'll no stay here another day. Begone! If ye're not off as far as Dingwall this night I'll give ye up to justice. Ye miscreant knave! Ye cheating, drunken, stealing, murdering scoundrel!"

Exhausted with his vituperations, the old man lay back on his couch pantingly, glaring at his butler with eyes almost starting from their sockets. Mairi, cowering into a corner, saw the latter steadily meet the glare, with that leer still upon his lips. At last he said slowly—

"It's to go from Balmayne ye wish me, laird?"

"Ay! and may ——" A terrible execration followed, at which Mairi shuddered and shrank away, covering her ears, and uttering a prayer for protection from the powers of evil.

"Ay, indeed! Then it's going there I'll be as soon as ever you like, laird; and you'll no be wondering if I see the Fiscal, and tell him what I know about Allan Roy and his sister Janet? Maybe ye'll remember what it is that I know, Balmayne? Many a day has gone by since I told ye. I'll be going, then, laird—is it the night you want me to leave?"

He was moving towards the door, when Balmayne started from his sofa, with a muttered imprecation and a sudden change on his face.

"Macdougall, ye fool! It's—it's only jesting I am! I forbid ye to leave the house."

The words, pantingly spoken, were like a craven prayer for mercy. Macdougall returned to his master's side, and Mairi, feeling she was no longer required, stole from the room.

She felt frightened and unhappy—as, poor child, she always did when alone with these two evil men, from whom her pure soul instinctively shrank. She knew nothing of Nicol Adam's past life, but that instinct which women possess in such wonderful strength told her it had been a bad one. Wild and wicked as he was, however, it was from the butler, Angus Macdougall, that Mairi shrank most, looking upon him in horror and hate inexpressible. Often she asked herself the unanswerable question, What was the strange influence exercised by this man over her uncle, who, as he said himself, was often treated by Macdougall worse than a servant, and yet retained him in his service?

Mairi left the great silent house and stole out into the warm June sunlight and beauty out-

side. Balmayne House stood in the midst of sweeping fields, in a strath of rare beauty and fertility, not far from the Black Rock, whose legend all lovers of Highland folk-lore may know. In the days of which I write, legends were better known and more widely believed in than in these days of scientific and historical accuracy; and to Mairi Stuart the story of the wicked Lady of Balcony was a very real one. Nevertheless, Mairi was not an infrequent visitor to the Black Rock.

The path from Balmayne House ran for a long way beside the Aultgradh, and it was this road which Mairi took. The river here is smooth and level, unbroken by waterfall or rocky, shelving channel. On either side the larch and fir crown the summits, rearing their stately heads towards blue summer sky or wintry clouds alike. An occasional willow or pollard hangs low over the burn, and the sunshine, as it glints through the branches, throws strange lights and shadows on the water. In the midst of the beauty around, Mairi almost forgot the bitterness and darkness of her lot.

A mavis behind her uttered a cry, loud and clear. Mairi started, and a quick blush rose to her face as she turned her head. Standing beneath the shade of a birch tree, the colour flickering in her face, her dark, sweet eyes shy and downcast, her mouth trembling, the sunlight throwing gleams of gold on her auburn hair, Mairi Stuart looked fair enough: and fair indeed was she in the eyes of the tall, strong young Highlander who came forward to meet her, with love and pleasure glowing in his face.

"Mairi, what kept you so long? Why did my true love tarry frae me? I've been waiting you this last hour."

"O, Ronald, you know what it is that aye keeps me tarrying. It's but the one thing."

"The old heathen scolding you again, my ain lassie? Would to heaven I had the power, as I have the will, to take you from under his roof for ever! It's the one wish of my heart night and day. Mairi, why is Heaven so unkind to us? Oh, my lassie, if I had but a home and enough to live in comfort on, I would take you to myself this very day."

Mairi, creeping into the shelter of these strong arms, lay like a little bird folded to her lover's breast. She thrilled with the passion in his voice, and with the sweet hopes which his words evoked. Then the memory of the present came upon her.

"If Angus Macdougall were only away!" she sighed inconsequently.

"He is a bad man," answered Ronald Roy, quickly. "But we must have patience, sweetheart. My uncle is coming from India next month, and he has written me to say, if I'm not pleased here at the farming, he'll get me into an office in London, where I'll get on."

Mairi clung closer to him.

"O Ronald! What will become of me?"

"You would come with me, my little one," answered her lover, bending to kiss her. "Do you think I would leave you here, Mairi? Never, my ain sweet, wee wife!"

They wandered on by the burn, which presently grew narrower, while their path became steeper. The Black Rock on the opposite side rose higher; and presently the rocks on either side almost meeting, the water plunged down into the narrow gully, and became lost to sight. The narrow path which the lovers followed almost skirted the steep banks, and Mairi clung to Ronald's hand, not daring to look down through the thick growth of trees and bushes. Far below, hidden from human sight, the river rushed on in its cavernous bed; and the roar of the hidden water reached their ears as coming from a far distance.

Presently they reached a spot where, by clinging to a wooden railing erected to protect the passer-by, one could catch a glimpse of the hidden stream. There it was, like a dark thread flecked with white, rushing madly along in its narrow channel, unknown feet below; it looked like a stream leading to the regions unknown, or like some witch-cursed river. Above it the sunlight played on the glancing foliage of beech and alder, and birch and fern; but no gleam reached its dismal waters. Above all was life and sunlight; below, darkness and death.

"Come away; it is a terrible place," said Mairi, with a shudder. "Ronald, it makes me sick to think of anyone falling into that Aultgradh. It is"—she lowered her voice—"an awful place. Think of one being hurled over the abyss! The waters would swirl him round and round, and his poor body would never reach the sea."

"Hush, you silly lassie!" said Ronald, wishing to change the gruesome subject. And the conversation drifted into a more personal channel.

It was gloaming when Mairi returned to Balmayne House. Her uncle's voice from the library called to her as she entered—

"Where have ye been, ye wandering ne'er-do-weel?"

"I was at the Black Rock," she answered, trembling, but steadily.

"At the Black Rock? And what saw you there? Ye dinna need to tell me ye were there alone. Some wastrel ne'er-do-weel like yourself was with ye. Who was it?"

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by MR. ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

HAVING already given examples of several West Highland songs, it is now our intention to publish one or two of those peculiar to the far North, the music of which, so far as we know, was never before published. It seems strange that while many of these north country melodies are very popular in Sutherland and Ross shire, they are hardly ever sung at a Gaelic concert in the south, the reason no doubt being that the music has never been given to the public in a permanent form. This month we give one of Rob Donn Mackay's songs, which is known to almost every native of Lord Reay's country. The melody was taken down by the late John Munro, a native of Armadale (brother of the Hon. James Munro, late Premier of Victoria), who made a valuable collection of north country airs, few of which have been published. Mr John Mackay, Hereford, adds the following note to his translation:—"The accompanying song was composed by Rob Donn in name of two daughters of Mr. John Mackay, (MacEachainn) tacksman, Strathmore, Sutherland. One of these daughters had been sent to school at Thurso, and on her return home she seems dissatisfied with country life, abuses it roundly, and extols town habitudes. On the other hand her sister, who had no experience of the luxuries of the town, upholds the beauties of the country, and praises home life and habits. The stay-at-home daughter was the celebrated '*Iseabal Nic Aoidh*' of the words to the clan 'piobaireachd.' Her grave may be seen in Balnakil graveyard, Durness, within a few steps of that of the famous bard himself."

With these introductory remarks we present the song to our readers, and trust that with the music within the reach of all, these north country melodies may become more popular in the south.

CIA B'E DHEANADH MAR RINN MIS'.

(Who e'er would do as I have done.)

Gaelic Words BY ROB DONN MACKAY. *Translation* BY JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., Hereford.

KEY B♭

(.s_1)	s_1 .,l_1 : d . m	r .,d : l_1 .,d	s_1 .,m_1 : r_1 . m_1	l_1 :—
	Cia b'e dheanadh	mar rinn mis' Bu	mhisd e e gu	bràth,
Who	e'er would do as	I have done Would	rue it all her	days,
	s_1 .,l_1 : d . d	d .,r : m . s	r . d : d .,r	m :—
	Dhol do'n bheinn an	aghaidh m' inntinn	Mhill e orm mo	shlàint'.
	Treading the hill a -	gainst my will In	wild and weary	ways
	s .,m : m . d	d . t_1 : l_1 .,s_1	l_1 .,t_1 : d .,t_1	l_1 :—.
	Pairt de m' acain.	bràigheach Mheircinn	'S àit' gun mharcaid	e,
	Part of my waes, the	Merkin braes, A	place without a	fair,
.d	s_1 . m_1 : r_1 .,d_1	d . r : m .,s	r . d : l_1 .,t_1	d :—
Ach	spàin 'us copraich	's bà-theach fosgailt'	'S gràine shop ri	làr.
With	spoons and cups and	open huts, And	straw wisps for a	chair.

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Righ Bhreatuinn
'S taitneach leam na 'n Càrn,
Oir tha e uaigneach do ghruagaich
Is ni e fuaim 'n uair 's àill.
Feur is coille, blàth is duille
'S iad fo iomadh neul
'S ise 's *echo*, mar na teudan
Seirm gach tèis a's feàrr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnach
A bhi 'n ròig no'n càrn ;
Oir mur robh strianach ann air bliadhna
Cha robh riamh ni b'fheàrr.
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leinn a' ghàir.
O ! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe
An t-àit' an tighe, 'm feur.

The King on throne has not a dome
More pleasant than the Carn,
It is lonely, but 'tis lovely
Around each loch and tarn ;
Woody, grassy, leafy, glossy,
With every tint and hue
And echo rings, like clarsach strings
With music ever new.

No home for me, such haunt would be
Midst warring deer and cairns,
Fit for badgers and poor cadgers,
No other bed than ferns ;
The gloom of glens, the storms of bens
Hateful to me their din.
O ! my heart's ache, the winds would shake
The huts and all within.

CAMANACHD.

LIEUTENANT NEIL MACKAY, LONDON.

CAPTAIN, NORTHERN COUNTIES SHINTY CLUB.

PERHAPS Mr. Neil Mackay is as widely known a London Scotsman as there is to be found in the great city. There he has passed some twenty years of a life that has but brought him now to robust middle age; and all the time his kindliness of heart and geniality of disposition have been busy making him hosts of friends. He possesses those excellent qualities, perseverance and determination, which have at all times been characteristic of the famous clan to which he belongs. Though born in the parish of Latheron, in Caithness, 2nd March, 1848, the subject of our sketch comes of the Mackays of Strathnaver, the main line of the clan.

In 1866, while quite a young man, Mr. Mackay left his Highland home to seek his fortune in southern climes. On his journey south he made a sojourn of some eighteen months in Edinburgh, but London was the goal he sought, and there we find him in 1868. Obtaining employment with the Commercial General Co-operative Society in Rood Lane, Eastcheap, he remained there until he went into business for himself. His first venture was the Bath Arms, off the Commercial Road, but soon Mr. Mackay established himself in the heart of the city of London, and became landlord of the Queen's Head, in Water Lane—a house better known as the "London Scottish" resort.

In 1885 Mr. Mackay returned to Scotland as proprietor of the Gardenstone Hotel, in Laurencekirk, where he entertained for a period of five years the nobility and gentry of the district. It was from Mr. Mackay's house that the Earl of Kintore took leave of his tenantry when he departed to take the Governorship of South Australia, in 1889.

Between two and three years ago Mr. Mackay returned to London, and became host of the "Barley Mow," in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, a house famed as the home of "Ye Ancient Society of Cogers."

Mr. Mackay has been, and still is, an enthusiastic volunteer. When he went to Edinburgh in 1866 he joined No. 6 Company of the Queen's Edinburgh, who at that time wore the kilt; and on his removal to London he entered "A" Company of the London Scottish. Of the London Scottish Mr. Mackay is still an honorary member, but when he went to Laurencekirk he took a commission in the Deeside Highlanders, and, naturally, it is by the Highlanders Mr. Mackay prefers to stick. When the War Office proposed to abolish the distinctive tartans, about twelve years ago, Mr. Mackay did noble work, obtaining 600 signatures to the petition against the change; and he is now keeping a watchful eye upon the proposal to merge the Cameron Highlanders with the Guards.

Mr. Mackay was instrumental in forming the Inverness-shire Association. He is a life member of the Clan Mackay Society, and there are few members of the clan more popular among his kinsmen than "Neil," as his friends always call him. He is Captain of the London Northern Counties Camanachd Club, which, it may be mentioned, was established in his house in Water Lane, its first captain being Mr. John Macdonald Cameron, late member for the Wick Burghs.

Mr. Mackay has no reason to regret being a London Scotsman, but in his own prosperity he does not forget his less fortunate countrymen. He is a liberal supporter of the Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Asylum, and of the former charity he is a governor. Many a deserving but unfortunate Scotsman has to thank Mr. Mackay's generosity for the means to return to his native home when Fortune had refused to smile upon him in London. Generous, but withal modest, Mr. Mackay is physically and mentally a fine specimen of the true-hearted Highlander.

J. M.

GAELIC PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

WE submitted the various MSS. sent in for these competitions to be adjudicated upon by Messrs. Duncan Reid, teacher of the Gaelic class in the Glasgow High School, and Henry Whyte ("Fionn"). We have just received their report, and on opening the envelopes find that the following are the winners of the prizes offered by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford :—

Gaelic Poem (Prize £1 1s.)—Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Gleniffer View, Elderslie ("Tobar a' Chaibeil"), for his poem entitled, "Mo Dhachaidh."

Gaelic Reading (Prize £1 1s.).—Mr. Neil Ross, Glendale, Skye ("Cuchuilliunn"), for his reading entitled, "Dùghall Cuagach agus an t-apa."

Annexed will be found the examiners' report, as well as the successful papers.

We hope in our next issue to be able to announce another Gaelic Competition.

Gaelic Competitions.

As requested, we have this day examined the various MSS. submitted to us. These consisted of eight poems and four prose articles.

We have awarded the prize for the best poem to "Tobar a' Chaibeil," for his song entitled, "Mo Dhachaidh." There are other three poems that are worthy of mention—"An Samhradh an Eilean a' cheò," by "Cuchuilliunn;" "A' Choinneamh," by "Sith-challion;" and "Oran Dùthcha," by "Coire Shàmhaig."

The prize for the best Gaelic reading we have awarded to "Cuchuilliunn," for his article entitled, "Dùghall Cuagach agus an t-apa."

DUNCAN REID.
HENRY WHYTE.

Glasgow, 13th March, 1893.

MO DHACHAIDH.

An t-seisd—

Sciun hiribh O, hiuraibh O, hùgaibh O hì,
So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh'—
Bhi stiùrcadh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìn
Air criochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.

Rachadh treun-fhir an cein an deigh sonais 'na glòir ;
'Us poitearan gòrach 'nan tòir do 'n tigh-òsd ;
Biodh spiocairean crionda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr,
Gheibh mise lau-shòlas 'nam fhàrdaich.

Scall thall thar an aisig am fasgadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan nil, 'se gealaichd' le aol—
Siod agaibh mo dhachaidh—sì dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 's an t-saoghal a 's feurr leam.

Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luaich ;
Tha sòbhragan 's neòineanan 'còmhdach nam bruach ;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tnaith,
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha chuanagan àillidh.

Tha nàdur 'san àit' nd a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl ;
Mur e smeòrach 'san duilleach, 'se uiscag 'sna neòil ;
No caochan an fhuarain ag gluasad troimh 'n lòn,
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.

O, mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,
Tha fritheal mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach mo chloinn ;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan gun fhoill,
Ach caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuil.

Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar, 's mi seasgair fo dhìon,
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìth ;
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd 's am màthair ri sniomh,
'S mo cridh-s' air a lìonadh le gràdh dhaibh.

Air falbh nam a' mhòr-chuis an t-òr agus clù ;
Cha 'n 'eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghloir nach fhiù ;
Cha 'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin ;
Gu bhì sealbhachadh lùchairt le banrigh'nn.

TOBAR A' CHAIBEIL.

DUGHALL CUAGACH AGUS AN T-APA

Le "Cuchuilliunn."

Ann an gleann iomallach anns a' Ghàidhealtachd bha duine ris an cainte Dùghall Cuagach. Cha rachadh cumadh a phearsa air dìchuimhe, na'm faiceadh neach aon uair e. Bha cnap mòr cinn air, gruag chràsgach dhubh, agus casan cuagach o 'n d' fhuair e pàirt de 'ainm. Bha Dùghall gle ghealtach, agus bha e 'làn-chreidsinn ann an taibhsean agus ann an samhlaidhean ; nan creidte e féin, chunnaic e 'n t-each-uisge agus a' mhaighdean-mhara. Ach ni sinn iomradh air an t-sealladh o 'n do ghabh Dùghall am farbhas cho mòr 's a ghabh e riamh.

Thàinig seòladair dhachaidh às na righeachdan thall, do bhaile 'bha aun a' nàbachd Dhùghaill. Thug an seòladair apa, mar a theirir anns a' Bheurla *monkey*, dhachaidh leis. Cha 'n fhacaidh Dùghall apa riamh ; agus cha mhò a chuala'dh e gu 'n d' thàinig a leithid sin de bheathach misgiamhach do 'n dùthaich. Chaidh teadhair iarruin a cheangal mu amhaich an apa, air eagal mu 'n faodadh e teicheadh agus cron a dheanamh. Ach air oich' àraidh dh' éirich aimhreit eadar an t-apa agus cuilean coin a bh' aig an t-seòladair. Bha 'n t-sabaid cho cruaidh 's gu 'n d' fhuair an t-apa ma sgaoil, a slaodadh na teadhair 'n a dhéigh. Chum e air aghart gus an d' rainig e 'n cladach, agus shuidh e ann an toiseach bàta 'bha air a' phort.

Thachair gu 'n rodh Dùghall agus triùir bhodach ag iasgach sgadain ; agus dh' fheum-

adh iad falbh gu maith tràth 's a' mhaduinn. Air an oiche mhi-fhortanaich so air an do theich an t-apa dh' éirich Dùghall fada romh bheul an latha, agus bha e aig a' chladach mu 'n do ghluais a h-aon de na bodaich. 'Nuair a rànig e 'm port, aig bonn creig' àirde, sheas e aig deireadh a' bhàta, oir bha 'm bàta air a tarruing suas air a' chladach. Bha 'n t-apa 'n a shuidhe air an scruig-thoisich, agus gu dearbh cha robh e tlachdmhor. Cha 'n 'eil duine fodh 'n ghrèin nach cuireadh an sealladh ud tiomadh air, mu'r biodh fios aige gu'r beathach talamhaidh a bh' ann. Bha 'ghealach a' deàrrsadh gu soilleir air aodann an apa, air chor agus gu 'm facaidh Dùghall truagh a chruthachd gun mhaise. Chuir an t-apa drèun uamhasach air, ach ma chuir 's e chuir an dreun air Dùghall. Thug am beathach grad leum a nuas air feadh a' bhàta, agus rinn na h-iarruin fuaim nach rodh taitneach a chluinntin aig an am ud de 'n oiche, ann an àite cho aonranach, agus gu h-àraidh ann an coimhcheangal ri beathach cho grànda 'Nuair a chunnaic Dùghall an iomhaigh a teamadh dlùth air féin, leig e aon ràn sgreamhail as, agus anus an tighinn mu 'n cuairt gu teicheadh thuit e le mènd an fharbhais. Cha 'n 'eil fhios cia mar a dh' amais e air éiridh ; ach co-dhiu, aon uair 's gu 'n d'fhuair e air a chasan, faodair a bhi cinntcach nach robh e fad' a cruinneachadh urad de dh' astar 's a b' urrain e. Fa dheireadh eadar a bhi 'g eubhach 's a tuiteam 's a 'g éiridh, rànig e tigh Alasdair Cheisteir.

Cha do stad Dùghall ris an dorus fhosgladh, ach thilg e thar na lùdanan e 'steach do 'n tigh. Thug e mach braigh'an t-ighe, agus rinn e greim air posta na leaba. Dh' fhàg e pàirt de chraicionn clàr 'aodainn air ursann an doruis, leis a' chabhaig a' dol a stigh. Chuiladh Alasdair a' ghleadhraich eagallach a bh' air feadh an tighe. Dh' éirich e le crith agus fharbhas, agus las e an crùisgean. Chunnaic e coltas duine cuthaich aig ceann na leaba. Labhair iad ri chéile mar so—

ALASDAIR.—O, dhuine uamhasaich ciod e 'tha cearr ort?

DUGHALL.—'S coma sin ; tha 'm bàs orm.

ALAS.—Ciod e a chunnaic no 'rinn thu 'Dhùghaill ! 's i do shùil a tha sgianach!

DUGH.—Chunnaic mi 'n Diabhul.

ALAS —Bha mise dearbhta gu 'faiceadh tu e, leis an ùigh a bh' agad a bhi 'luaidh air ainm. Ach am bheil thu cinnteach gur e 'chunnaic thu!

DUGH.—Tha mi cho cinnteach 's gu bheil e agad air a' phort ann an sin shios, ach 's mise nach iarradh ort a dhol g' a fhaicinn.

ALAS.—Cuist, a chladhaire na bochdainn ; cuimhnich ceart ; 's e chunnaic tu ach cuiseagruadh, nach e?

DUGH.—Cuiseag-ruaidh ! B' fheàrr leam gur tusa bha 'na m' àite ; sin an uair a bhiodh fhios agad ciod a bha ann. Am bheil thu 'smuaineachadh nach aithnichinn féin e seach cuiseagruadh?

ALAS.—Agus cia mar a dh' aithnich thu e?

DUGH.—Dh' aithnich mise leis a cheud sùil a thug mi gur e bh' ann. Cò nach aithnicheadh e? Chunnaic mi 'n t-aodann riabhach aige 'g shuiomh anns a' ghealaich. Thog e 'n sin té de na ladhran toisich, agus thug e sgriob air a pheirceal grànda. Cha 'n fhacas riamh air thalamh sealladh cho uamhasach. Ach O, 's e 'n stairirich a rinn e anns a' bhàta! Tha de shlabhraidhean 'slaodadh ris na lionadh an tigh so. Cha robh ceangal a bha air nach do spion e leis 'n uair o dh' fhalbh e!

ALAS.—An do bheannaich thu thu féin?

DUGH.—Bheannaich, agus dh' eubh mi Mort! trì uairean, ach mar bu mhò a bheannaichinnsa mi féin, sin mar bu dlùithe 'thigeadh esan orm.

ALAS.—Tha do sgeul a cur mòr ioghnadh orm.

DUGH.—Cha chreid mi nach do bhris e mo cheann. Nach 'eil fuil orm?

Chuireadh Dùghal a laidhe, ach cha robh ceistear no eildear a bheireadh a chreidsinn air nach fhacaidh e sealladh nach fhacaidh mòran de 'n chinne-daon.

CELTIC PLACE-NAMES IN AYRSHIRE.

BY THE LATE HECTOR MACLEAN, ISLAY.

Parish of New Cumnock, County of Ayr.—Dalnagles, Gaelic, *Dail na h-eaglais*, Field of the Church ; Knocksheunoch, Gaelic, *Cnoc Sionnach*, Hill of foxes. Corsanoon, Gaelic, *Cors an uain*, Carse of the lamb. Beoch, Gaelic, *Beithech*, Birchwood. Fardenreoch, Gaelic, *Fairdinn riabhach*, Brownish red farthing. Auchincross, Gaelic, *Achadh na Crois*, Field of the cross.

Old Cumnock Parish.—Ochiltree, Welsh, *high homestead*. Knockdow, Gaelic, *Cnoc dubh*, Black hill. Gwelt nether, Welsh, *Gwelt*, grass. Auchingibbers, Gaelic, *Achadh na gibhis*, Field of the valley, Gibhis, a glen, valley,—O'Reilly. Barshare, Gaelic, *Barr searr*, Searr, a colt, a filly, a foal.—O'Reilly.—*Barr searr*, Foal's top. Crosslar, Gaelic, *Croislar*, Crossmiddle. Knockterra, Gaelic, *Cnoc tearra*, Tar hill. Auchingilvie, Gaelic, *Achadh nan Gilme*, Field of the buzzards. Gilm, a buzzard.—O'Reilly. Glaisnock, Gaelic, *Glas chnoc*, green hill.

Auchinleck Parish.—Dalsalloch, Gaelic, *Dail seilich*, Field of common willow. Terreoch, Gaelic, *Tir riabhach*, Brownish grey land. Carbellow, Gaelic. *Carn bealaich*, Pillar stone of pass. Auchtitinch, Gaelic, *Achadh Tit-innis*, Field of earth island ; Tit, the earth.—O'Reilly. Cnockroon, Gaelic, *Cnoc Chnuthan*, hill of nuts.

Dailly Parish, District of Carrick.—Balgarvie, Gaelic, *Baile garbh*, Rough townland. Drumwhirn, Gaelic *Druim chuirn*, Ridge of cairn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 5s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1893

CONTENTS.

TO OUR READERS.

HECTOR MACLEAN, OF ISLAY.

SCARCELY two months have passed since Sheriff Nicolson was suddenly taken from our midst, and now it is our painful duty to record the death of another distinguished Highlander—Hector Maclean, of Islay. One after another the most representative Gaels of the older generation are quickly passing away, and it is hard to say if the rising generation can produce men qualified to take their place. Mr. Maclean's death came upon us as a surprise, for it was only a day or two before he became seriously ill that we received a letter from him, in which he expressed the pleasure with which he had read the current issue of the *Celtic Monthly*, and his satisfaction at the great success which the magazine had already achieved. As a token of his goodwill he enclosed a continuation of his interesting article on "Celtic Place-Names in Ayrshire," probably the last from his pen. The article, which finds a place in this issue, will on this account be read with special interest. The group of portraits which accompanies the biographical sketch from the sympathetic pen of Professor Mackinnon, is of historic interest to Highlanders. It represents the late John F. Campbell, of Islay, and Hector MacLean, in the act of writing down the stories for the "West Highland Tales," as told by the late Mr. L. MacNeill, Shoemaker, Paisley, a native of "green and grassy Islay." All the persons represented in the portrait have now passed away, but their memory will be ever green in the hearts of their fellow Highlanders.

HIGHLAND GATHERINGS—A SUGGESTION.—That busy period of the year which we in the south term the "Highland Season" is almost over, and we do not suppose that many regret that that is so. We have known young Highlanders who used to make it their duty to attend all the Highland Gatherings in Glasgow, but we fear, if they attempted this winter to carry through an unbroken record, their satisfaction by this time will not be unmixed with a feeling of sadness! Only one possessed with an iron constitution, and an unbounded capacity for enjoyment—not to speak of more substantial things—could have successfully carried through such an undertaking and survived! The number of social gatherings, concerts, entertainments, dances, and meetings held in connection with the fifty or sixty Highland societies in this city has been altogether exceptional. If the same programme be carried out next winter, several of the societies are sure to come to grief.

In our opinion, with so many Highland societies working the same field, it seems clear that unless some mutual arrangement is made to reduce the number of these gatherings, several of them are sure to suffer. This much is sufficiently clear from the experiences of several of the older societies this season. There is no insurmountable difficulty in the way to prevent say, two or three of the clan societies organizing a joint gathering, to be held in the largest hall in the city. It could easily be worked by a joint committee representing the societies interested, and we have no hesitation in saying that the St. Andrew's Hall would be crowded. The necessary musical talent could be found among the members of the societies themselves, and a good Highland programme could in this way be provided, and a handsome surplus assured. Unless some arrangement on these lines is come to, we fear that it would be better for several of the societies not to risk holding a gathering on a large scale. At present, with new societies forming, everything points to a "plethora" of social meetings next winter, in which the theory of the "survival of the fittest" will find apt illustration.

We think this a fitting time to throw out these suggestions, so that the members of the various societies could have them thought over before they meet again in October. The fact that three and four Highland social gatherings have been held on the same week, to the disadvantage of all, should be a sufficiently disagreeable experience to induce members to give this matter serious consideration, and devise some means of avoiding a similar difficulty next winter.

To our mind there is far too little social intercourse among the members of the various Highland Societies. Joint meetings, such as we suggest, would soon create a more friendly personal feeling among the members, and when opportunity demanded united action on some matter of general Highland interest, the societies thus united could excreise considerable influence in benefitting their fellow-countrymen in the straths and glens of the Highlands.

HECTOR MACLEAN, M.A.I.,

BY PROFESSOR MACKINNON.

By the death of Mr Hector Maclean, the Scottish Gael have lost a man of remarkable personality,—a genuine Highlander, but differing in many ways from the type of character usually associated with that term. Mr. Maclean was born in January, 1818. His father was of Islay stock; his mother was Janet Carrick, whose people were from the south country,—her forbear, I believe, was one of many skilled workmen the Campbells were in the habit of encouraging to settle in the island. Physically, the son was what he himself would call a good specimen of the Scandinavian crossed by the Gael. He stood six feet,—a man of shapely limbs and expressive features. The healthy and handsome physical frame was animated by a mind and spirit of many brilliant and attractive qualities. He had the dash of the Gael, tempered by the more equable disposition of the Norseman. A marked physical feature, which he used to say he inherited from his mother, was the unusually long fingers with their delicate sense of touch, which was of great value to him in his anthropological investigations.

LACHLAN MACNEILL. J. F. CAMPBELL. HECTOR MACLEAN.

The gifted boy received his education from another remarkable Islay man, big Neil M'Alpine, author of a grammar and dictionary of the Gaelic language. The pupil loved to recall the memory of his talented teacher—the herculean frame, the massive features, the aggressive manner, the varied knowledge, the forcible utterance, a brilliant talker rather than a great orator—altogether a typical Gael in his strength and in his weakness. A student of divinity, as he describes himself, Mr. M'Alpine had no great respect for the cloth as worn in Islay some 70 or 80 years ago. Receiving an appointment to the parish school of the district, he declined to submit himself to examination. The case went to court, and after prolonged and expensive litigation the recalcitrant schoolmaster was removed from office. M'Alpine published only the Gaelic-English part of his dictionary. The preparation of the English-Gaelic portion was entrusted to the late Mr. John Mackenzie, editor of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Mr. Mackenzie's views respecting what constitutes classical Gaelic; and the proper mode of writing that tongue, differed somewhat from Mr. M'Alpine's, and when the complete volume was issued M'Alpine's labours were commended to the world in a preface which reflected to some extent on his Gaelic scholarship—a novel and rather disconcerting arrangement, which helped to embitter the latter years of the impoverished old man.

Mr. Maclean's father spent his early years in the navy. Latterly he owned a small craft, with which he traded about South Argyle and the North of Ireland. As a growing lad, young Hector made frequent voyages with his father, but he never contracted any liking for the sea, nor indeed for physical exertion in any shape. While still a youth, Maclean went to Islay House, partly to assist in teaching the younger children, partly to engage in the many scientific experiments which the then Campbell of Islay used to conduct, with the view to improve the agriculture and develop the resources of his princely estate. This connection, without doubt, largely operated in moulding the tastes and aptitudes of the man. Here he came in contact with many noteable men and women when his mind was at its most impressionable and adaptive stage. Here also he acquired a taste for French literature which ever remained with him and a certain stateliness of speech and manner, which constituted no small part of the charm of the man. As companion and tutor to young Campbell of Islay, he attended the University of

Edinburgh for a couple of sessions. The studies which attracted him most were chemistry and natural history, especially the latter Young Campbell must needs conduct chemical experiments in his own little laboratory, and Maclean nearly got a couple of his long fingers blown off when assisting at one of these. About this time Mr Maclean, at the request of Mr. Campbell, wrote an elaborate report upon the geology, including the mineral resources and the agricultural capabilities, of the Island of Islay.

Meanwhile his father died, and the young man accepted the appointment to Ballygrant School, now vacant, living with his mother and sister who kept a little roadside inn between Bridgend and Portaskaig, until, on the passing of the Act of '72, he retired upon a small pension. I should imagine that Mr. Maclean could be a very attractive lecturer to young men on one of his favourite subjects of study. But the teaching of a group of very small children was uncongenial work In Ballygrant School the clever boys received the lion's share of such attention as was going. The small and listless were left pretty much to shift for themselves. What was characteristic in Mr. Maclean's teaching was an attempt to discover individual tastes and aptitudes One boy was fond of plants and wild flowers; another had an eye for rocks and stones. The teacher encouraged such to bring to the school as many samples and varieties in their favourite pursuits as they could fall in with. Then there was an occasional lesson, with illustrative experiments, in chemistry; and most mysterious of all, an exhibition with the magic lantern. This extraordinary man could of an afternoon bring the sea, over a mile distant, into the schoolroom. Such occult knowledge could only be acquired in one way; and the schoolmaster, it used to be gravely rumoured, must be in communication with the powers of darkness I do not know that Mr. Maclean cared much to deny the soft impeachment. His sense of humour was touched; and as he once told me, his reputation as a wizard enabled him occasionally to get strayed property restored to the rightful owner.

It was in connection with the publication of "The Tales of the West Highlands" that Mr. Maclean's name became known to Gaelic scholars. Thirty-five years ago there was no man in Scotland, I should say, so well fitted to edit such a work as he. Mr. Campbell describes him at this time as a man "who has worked at Gaelic books and traditions, and studied that language, and has taught himself to read half a dozen more, in which he reads poetry, besides acquiring the whole of Euclid and the differential calculus, and a good many 'ologies' to boot—a man who thinks for himself, and is free from national prejudice at all events." I should add that his knowledge of the dialects of Scottish Gaelic was at the time unique; and that his attempt, not very successfully carried out, to reproduce the dialects in print was a truly scientific conception. He was thoroughly alive to the great value of tale, legend, rhyme, and riddle in giving clues, when properly handled, to race relationships and the migrations of peoples in pre-historic times. He was an admirable translator of Gaelic into English. And indeed it may be said that while to Mr Campbell is due the credit of originating, mapping out, and publishing the great work, the preparation of no small portion of the material was the task of his able and willing coadjutor. Phrenology had at one period of his life a great attraction for his penetrating intellect, and even in his latter years Mr. Maclean used to say that if the votaries of this branch of inquiry took the trouble to study anatomy, like Gall and Spurzheim, their readings of character deserved to be received with respect. Maclean's own studies in phrenology had merged in the larger field of anthropology, and in this department of research he had in him the making of a master. His gift of observing, and especially of describing, the face and form and features of a human being was nothing short of genius. I had the privilege of seeing a great deal of Mr. Maclean in his latter years, and I have heard him frequently descant in his own stately and enthusiastic fashion upon Gaelic philology, Gaelic mythology, and the capacities of the race, mental and physical. But the many gifts of the "old man eloquent" showed at their best and brightest when describing the form and features of the various races and peoples whom he had the opportunity of observing. As I have said elsewhere, no one who heard him expatiate on these subjects but must have felt that if Mr. Maclean had entered the Natural History Department of the British Museum, instead of the Ballygrant School, fifty years ago, he would have become, if not a second Richard Owen, a foremost man among British scientists.

Mr. Maclean's contributions to literature are numerous and varied. Several of them, especially the earliest, show the freshness and originality of the man's mind. As a literary critic, he wrote several papers of great merit, among which may be mentioned A Review of the Dean of Lismore's Book, contributed to the *Times* newspaper, and An Essay on Gaelic Poetry, printed in Vol IV. of Campbell's West Highland Tales. Here the genuineness of Macpherson's "Ossian" was for the first

time called in question by a competent Gaelic scholar. Mr. Maclean's philology was his weakest point He was hardly able to keep himself abreast of the most recent developments in that branch of study, and I doubt whether he ever had a good grounding in phonetics And yet in this field also he did good work He read a valuable paper on "Gaelic Personal and Family Names" before the British Association some years ago. And he is in reality the author of an elaborate paper on the "Place Names of Islay," communicated to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries by the late Capt. Thomas, R.N. His most important contribution to anthropology, his favourite subject, is embodied in Dr. Beddoe's great work on the "Races of Britain," where Mr Maclean's valuable descriptions and measurements of the West Highland people are highly praised. He was a member of the Anthropological Institute, and several elaborate papers by him—one *e.g.* on "Gaelic Mythology," in 1879, and another on the "Ancient Peoples of Ireland and Scotland," in 1890—are printed in the journal of that learned body Perhaps a still more remarkable paper is one contributed to the Ethnological Society on the "Kimmerian and Atlantean Races." To our Gaelic and Highland periodicals and newspapers, *The Gael, The Celtic Magazine, The Highland Monthly, The Highlander, The Oban Times,* &c, &c, Mr. Maclean was a frequent and valued contributor His only independent publication "The Ultonian Hero Ballads" was issued last year, and favourably received. A considerable amount of literary work done by the indefatigable student has never seen the light. Many Gaelic tales collected by him are among the Campbell papers in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and he translated a large number of similar tales, collected by John Dewar and others, for the Marquis of Lorne He has left a considerable amount of manuscript which deserves, and will no doubt receive attention

Valuable as this record is, it gives but a very feeble and imperfect picture of the man's real power. Even in his later years, when his mind had lost somewhat of the firmness of texture which characterised it in earlier days, Mr. Maclean's conversation revealed intellectual strength and resource in excess of the most brilliant of his papers. His mental activity and enthusiasm were unbounded. Latterly he was bothered a good deal with rheumatism and failing eyesight. But the mind was as keen and fresh as ever. He heard or propounded a new theory in ethnology with the zest of a man of thirty. In business matters, and indeed in most things that pertained to the work-a-day world, Mr. Maclean was as helpless and unsophisticated as a little child. He loved company. He was a brilliant conversationalist. But "his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away." Mentally, he lived in the far past. Hence nothing petty or ephemeral troubled his calm spirit. A genuine Islay man as he was, the motto of Columba was in his case reversed, for he loved Highlanders beyond Islay men, and Gaels beyond Highlanders. And so with him, a clan was a surname; and though an admirer of the picturesque in dress as well as in speech and scenery, he never wore the kilt. He was an ardent Home Ruler, but his views on this and other social and political questions were influenced more by ethnological considerations than by the party passions of the hour. Altogether a man of many gifts, and of great individuality of character; esteemed and admired by those who knew him best for the solid work he was able to do in the unfavourable circumstances in which his lot was cast; and also because of their abiding belief that with fitting environment, Mr. Maclean would have become no mean force in the literature and science of his generation.

WHAT WAS IT?

A West Highland Mystery.

STANDING alone in the blue Atlantic Ocean, about eight miles south-west of the island of Scarp, in the outer Hebrides, is a little island called Gausker. Its only inhabitants, so far as known to us, are a few blackfaced sheep, belonging to the tacksman of Tarnansay, and an innumerable company of all kinds of winged birds—the gannet and fulmar are there—and numerous families of white, brown, and speckled seals. Many of the seals of Gauskar are not inferior to the famous phoco of Hayskcr (from which a young man belonging to Uist on a memorable occasion selected his bride), on account of the exquisite beauty of their skins, which were formerly eagerly bought up at extravagant prices by tourists and others and carried in triumph to their homes in the South, for the purpose of being utilised for jackets and cloaks for the fair sex—and beautiful garments they made.

Since the lobster fishing assumed the status of a special industry in the Western Isles, Gausker, like all other islands and rocks, began to receive a greater share of the fisherman's attention than it did in long gone by years, and thus the seals became gradually fewer there than they were in former times; and this is perhaps the only reason why the English party who visited Gausker in August, 1870, for the express purpose of securing seals, met with

so little success—they left it without procuring a single animal of the phoco kind.

On a beautiful afternoon in the second week of August, 1870, the island of Gausker was the scene of an extraordinary occurrence. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question, a lobster fishing-boat, containing four men, was passing near the island, when, to their great astonishment, they noticed (they all saw it) a huge scart standing on the highest part of the island, with its head erect on its thin, extended neck. Its gigantic wings were expanded, as if ready to take flight, and carry the terrible monster to some remote island or watery waste, where no human being would trouble it. In this manner and position the mighty scart continued for about the space of fifteen minutes, during which time the fishermen (who stopped their boat) looked at it in amazement. At length it began to vanish out of sight, and immediately it did so there appeared in its stead

A mighty giantess, in modern costume. This female of immense size seemed to look upon them (the fishermen) with a frowning countenance, as if threatening them with dire vengeance. Under her fierce gaze they quaked with fear. This sight continued for about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time they were about to fall down helpless in the boat with terror, when

Suddenly the female arrogated the form of an animal—a pure black cow, whose four legs, head, and long white horns were distinctly seen. This animal, like the other objects noticed, seemed to be looking intently at the fishermen, who noticed that she slashed about continuously with her long bushy tail. This remarkable appearance, like the others, continued for about fifteen minutes, and the fishermen were beginning to ask each other what the thing meant, when it began to vanish gradually out of sight; and, on its disappearing, its place was instantly taken by

A lofty lighthouse of no mean order—the Gausker lighthouse was the grandest and highest they had ever seen. The bright brass rods and well cleaned lamps were distinctly visible to the fishermen's eyes. The lighthouse stood on the most elevated part of the island, where its magnificent buildings were displayed for about the space of fifteen minutes, when all of a sudden it disappeared, and an innumerable

Host of men took its place. This vast multitude of people were of the ordinary size, and dressed as Highlanders usually are. They did not appear to be engaged in any business whatever, and their presence and object were involved in mystery. Unlike the objects that preceded them, they did not seem to see the fishermen at all, and if they did they evidently took no notice of them. This, like the other wonders, lasted for about fifteen minutes, when they all vanished from view, and nothing was to be seen save

The bleak rocks of Gausker, which, under the circumstances, was very fortunate, for poor John M'Leod, the oldest fisherman in the boat, was by this time in no mirthful frame of mind—he shook with fear like an aspen leaf—every hair on his head stood on end and a cold sweat ran in streams down his awe-stricken face, despite the bold front he endeavoured to keep up. He solemnly declared that those sights could only be produced by the Evil One.

We give this extraordinary narrative on the testimony of John M'Leod, who was a respectable middle-aged man, who may probably be still living. He was the skipper of the boat, and saw the whole thing with his own eyes. We shall offer no opinion regarding this phenomenon, especially as we feel certain some of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, skilled in solving such dark mysteries, will, in an early number, give our readers the benefit of their knowledge regarding it. We may state, however, that one of the many present, on hearing the story, exclaimed—"*Cha robh ni ann ach an diabhol*," *i.e.*, there was nothing in it but the devil. By their faces and the significant manner in which the whole audience shook their heads, it was manifest that they agreed with the view the man expressed. It is also as well to state that the whole scene was laid down by the superstitious as the harbinger of some evil calamity which was about to happen in the Long Island.

A. B. M'Lennan.

Lochboisdale.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

A Canadian "Ceilidh."

ONE of the most pleasant events in Gaelic circles here for many a day was, without doubt, the *Ceilidh* held under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of this city, the banner Society of Canada. The announcement of an exceptionally attractive programme brought out a large number of Gaelic speaking people, none else having been invited, the proceedings being exclusively in the vernacular of the Gael. It was at once evident that great preparation had been made to excel, for every effort showed great care on the part of the performers. The leading feature was a series of short humorous readings, songs, and music, a representation of an old time *Ceilidh*, occupying about half-an hour or so of the time of the gathering. It was written by the Secretary for

the occasion, and was a very successfully constructed piece. There were also good renderings of very old songs, selected because of some element of special interest, such as to illustrate the genius of a poet or the sentiments of the period in which it was written. Various superstitious beliefs were explained by stories and pointed anecdotes, and marriage customs, by the narration of curious incidents in connection with the ceremony. The bagpipes were well in evidence, and the playing of the pibrochs and marches was excellent. From this your readers at home will see that the spirit of the Gael is still abroad in Canada. It would indeed, have been difficult to surpass the enthusiasm, or the thorough celticism of the meeting referred to in any part of the Highlands. A meeting of Highlanders in Toronto differs but little from one in Glasgow or Inverness, with the possible exception that here we have more of the well-to-do with us on ordinary occasions, while too frequently the wealthier class at home is content to turn out on special occasions, once or twice a year.

"Clarsach an Doire."

The second edition of Neil MacLeod's *Clarsach an Doire* has reached Canada, and the few copies which have arrived are being eagerly devoured. It is a precious morsel of sweet song, and is a decidedly great addition to our native literature. The songs are so smooth flowing and unctuous that one is almost compelled to sing them, and as long as we have songs that we must sing, there is little fear that the Gaelic shall die.

The Gaelic Society of Toronto are setting about to get up a special fund to build a club house to be used as headquarters for the society. A good beginning has been made, and I expect that before I write you next month's letter, $1,000 or more will have been subscribed. *Gu robh buaidh leo.*

"Gaelic Sketches."

I understand, a small collection of Gaelic sketches, biographical, etc., will shortly be issued from the presses of the "*Scottish Canadian*," which ought to be of some interest to the Highlanders here, dealing as they chiefly do with Canadian subjects

Deer Forest Commission.

The appointment of the Deer Forest Commission has given satisfaction in Canada, where a strong fellow feeling exists for the oppressed wronged Crofters, of whom we hear not only through the newspapers, but from the straggling emigrants which are occasionally sent across the main to find homes on the plains of Manitoba and the great North-West.

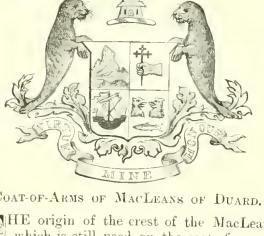
Toronto, March, 1893. Sgian Dubh.

THE CLANS AND THEIR CRESTS.

II.—THE MACLEANS.

By Professor J. P. MacLean.

Author of "A History of the Clan MacLean;" "Fingal's Cave;" "The Norse Discovery of America," &c., &c.



Coat-of-Arms of MacLeans of Duard.

THE origin of the crest of the MacLeans, which is still used on the coat-of-arms of all the various cadets, is associated with Gillean, the founder, or father of the clan, who flourished about the year 1250, and possessed lands in Mull and some of the adjacent islands. He was known as *Gillean na Tuaigh*, or Gillean of the battle-axe, on account of his carrying, as his ordinary weapon and constant companion, that implement. The crest consists of a battle-axe between a laurel and cypress branch.

There is a tradition, which has always been current among, and invariably believed in by the MacLeans, that upon a certain occasion Gillean engaged in a stag hunt with other lovers of the chase. For some special reason the party selected the mountain of Beinn t-sheala, which, it would appear, that Gillean at that time was not familiar with. In the pursuit of game, owing to his eagerness and fleetness of foot, he became separated from his companions. The mountain having become suddenly covered with a mist, he lost his way.

For three days Gillean wandered about, perplexed, discomfited, and unable to recover his route. So incessantly did he labour that on the fourth day he became exhausted through fatigue, when, under a cranberry bush, after fixing the point of the handle of his battle-axe in the ground, he laid himself down.

When his companions discovered he was missing they set out on a search for him On the evening of the fourth day, after the day that he was overcome by exhaustion, his friends discovered the head of a battle-axe above a bush,

and on drawing near found its owner with his arm encircled around the handle, with his body stretched out on the ground, and in a state of insensibility. Being thus happily rescued he soon was sufficiently recovered, when the whole party returned to their homes. As the battle-axe played an important part in saving the life of Gilleain it was appropriately adopted as the principal part of the crest, and to it the laurel and cypress branch were added.

The tartan of all the MacLeans, save that of Lochbuie, is composed of:—½ black, 1½ red, 1 azure, 11 red, 5 green, 1 black, 1½ white, 1 black, ½ yellow, 2 black, 3½ azure, 2 black, ½ yellow, 1 black, 1½ white, 1 black, 5 green, 11 red, 1 azure, 1½ red, 1 black. To this must be added the hunting tartan. On a scale of 5½ inches, given by sixteenths:—3 black, 21 green, 3 black, 3 green, 6 black, 1 white, 6 black, 3 green, 5 black 1 white, 6 black, 3 green, 3 black, 21 green, 3 black. In this description I commence at the centre of one block and run to the centre of the next, counting first and last as one.

The *Badge* of all the MacLeans, save Lochbuie, is the holly. The *Slogan*—"Bas na Beatha" ("Death or Life"). *March*—"Caismeachd Eachuinn mhic Alein nan sop" ("The warning of Hector, son of Allan nan sop." *Clan Gathering*—"Ceann na Drochaidc móire." *Chief's Salute*—

Motto—"Virtue mine honour."

Maclaine of Lochbuie.

LOCHBUIE.

Motto—"Vincere vel Mori." *Badge*—Blaeberry. *Patronymic*—"Mhurchadh Ruaidh."

The *Tartan* is quite modern, being composed of 34 red, 9 green, 4 blue, 1 yellow, 4 blue, 9 green, on a scale of sixteenths. *Present representative*—Capt. M. G. MacLaine of Lochbuie, Mull.

MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH.

DOCHGARROCH.

Motto—"Vincere vel Mori," also "Virtue mine honour." *Present representative*—Allan Maclean, Southsea, England.

Maclean of Ardgour.

ARDGOUR.

Motto—"Altera Merces." *Patronymic*—"Mac Mhic Eóghain. *Present representative*—Alexander John Hew MacLean, Ardgour.

MacLean of Pennycross.

PENNYCROSS.

Motto—"Altera Merces," also "Virtue mine honour." *Present representative*—Archibald John Maclean, Pennyghael, Mull.

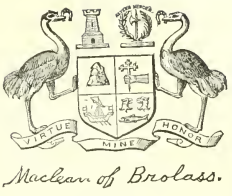
MacLean of Coll.

COLL.

Motto—"Altera Merces," also "Virtus Durissima Terit. *Clan Gathering*—"Biorlinn Tighearna Cholla." *Patronymic*—"MacIan Abrach." *Present representative*—

KINGERLOCH.

Patronymic—"Mac Mhic Eachuinn Kingerloch." *Present representative*—Robert Cutler MacLean, Lynn, Massachusetts, U.S.A.



Maclean of Brolass.

BROLAS.

Motto—"Altera Merces," also "Virtue mine honour." On the death of Sir Hector MacLean Bart., in 1750, the chiefship of the clan descended to the House of Brolass. This house did not assume the coat-of-arms belonging to Mac 'Illeathain, or MacLean of Duart, as it should have done, but retained its own. The present chief of the whole clan is Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., 15 Hyde Park Terrace W., London.

Morrison, Ill., U.S.A.

Crest of the Clan MacLean Association.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON, LL.D.,
ADVOCATE.

(From a fellow-worker and a friend of twenty-eight years' standing).

Farewell thou genial bard of Skye,
Who loved her dale and fell;
Who roamed her hoary peak on high,
And eke her eerie dell;

Who loved her people and her tongue,
Her tongue that Ossian knew,
Thou well beloved of classic song,
To thee my fond adieu!

Gone, the cultured and the true,—
The heart that knew no guile,
The eye that looked through heaven's blue,
The spirit pure, were thine.

I sing no amaranthine lay,
No gorgeous flowers I bring:
Mine but the lily of the vale,
The snow-drop of the spring.

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL.

CAMANACHD NOTES.

We regret that a report of the match between the Oban and Ballachulish Clubs reached us too late for last issue. Our correspondents should always remember that all communications for publication should reach us by the 12th of the month, as we go to press early. The concert in connection with the Glasgow Cowal Club was a splendid success, sufficient funds being raised to defray the expense of erecting a club-house. The Cowal intend finishing the season in grand style. They are arranging to play the famous Kingussie Club, at Kingussie, on the 3rd April, and will complete their programme by journeying to Oban on the 15th, to try conclusions with their old opponents. It is hardly to be expected that they will emerge scathless from both these stiff contests. The Edinburgh Camanachd expect to play the return match with the Aberdeen University some time next month. The match between Newtonmore and Lochaber ended in a victory for the latter club by 4 hails to 1, while in turn Kingussie defeated Lochaber, at Keppoch, by 5 hails to 0. The return match between Oban and Ballachulish is expected to take place about the end of April. We are requested to state that, in regard to a controversy which is taking place in a contemporary, no member of the Glasgow Cowal assisted the Kingussie Club in the recent match with the Edinburgh Camanachd. There is some talk of a shinty club being started in connection with Arthur & Co.'s Warehouse, in Glasgow, and another under the auspices of the Govan Highland Association. We hope the news is true—it will help to put some new life into the game in Glasgow.

Our Next Issue.—Next month we shall present our readers with an excellent plate portrait of Rev. Dr. J. Aberigh Mackay, M.A., Chieftain of the Abrach (Strathnaver) Branch of the Mackay Clan, with a biographical sketch. In the same number will also appear portraits of Mr. D. Mackintosh, Secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness; Mr. Dugald Cowan, whose portrait should have appeared this month; Mr. Hew Morrison, President, Edinburgh Sutherland Association; and Mrs. Mary MacKellar. Each portrait will be accompanied by a biographical sketch. The other contents of our May number will be specially interesting.

Gaelic Teaching.—In reply to "Enquirer," we may say that there is a Gaelic evening class in the High School, conducted by Mr. Duncan Reid, which has just ended a most successful session, several of the students taking full marks in the recent examination. Mr. Duncan Reid, 3 Craignethan Gardens, Partick, Glasgow, will gladly give any information that may be desired regarding the Gaelic class.

TWILIGHT ON LOCH CARRON.

The twilight is slowly dying. O'er the hill
The purple shades of evening come and go.
Dim sounds rise from the village far below,
The yellow corn waves gently to and fro—
All else is weirdly calm and still.

The loch lies dim and dark with shadows deep,
Has tempest ever swept its trauquil breast?
Has thunder ever rolled up from the west?
All seems so strangely still—so much at rest—
As if all life were sunk in death-like sleep.

Sometimes a low, soft note comes from the land;
A fisher's call, an idle jest, a cry;
A mournful Gaelic song floats like a sigh,
Finding among the hills a faint reply—
Dim voices echoing o'er the shining strand.

O calm, dark loch! O strange, mysterious shore!
With sedges low and damp, and tangled ware
Floating upon the tide like maiden's hair!
Near you my soul grows hushed in silent prayer,
Like quiet death, you soothe me evermore.

V. B. Mackenzie.

"Fingal's Cave."—We are indebted to Prof. J. P. MacLean, of Illinois, U.S.A., for a copy of his recently published work on the famous cave of Fingal. The author is a distinguished scientist, and in his handsomely got up work he has collected together all that is known historically, archæologically, and geologically of the Island of Staffa, in addition to which he gives his own impressions, derived from a visit which he personally made to the cave some years ago. The volume is printed on fine glazed paper, and contains a number of beautiful illustrations. Copies can be had from Mr. Norman MacLeod, bookseller, Edinburgh, or from the author.

"Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness."—This flourishing society have just published the volume of their *Transactions*, a copy of which has come to hand. In our opinion this is the most valuable which the society has yet issued. A full notice will appear in our next number.

"Mac-Talla" is a brightly written four-page Gaelic weekly, which is published at Sydney, Cape Breton, and is ably edited by an enthusiastic Celt, Mr. J. G. Mackinnon. It is altogether a quaint little paper, all the advertisements even being in the vernacular. Long may it flourish.

"The North Star" (Dingwall).—Such is the title of a new weekly newspaper which will appear this month. It is edited by Mr. A. M. Ross, and is sure to command public favour.

Several recently formed clan societies held their first social gatherings this winter—the MacLeans, Frasers, MacKinnons, Fergusons, etc.,—and were very successful. The natives of Kintyre had a grand soiree, the first held for a number of years. We understand the natives of Jura resident in Glasgow are forming an association, and will doubtless have a social gathering next winter.

REV. JAMES ABERIGH-MACKAY, M.A., D.D.,
13th Chieftain of Clan Abrach of Strathnaver.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 8. Vol. I. MAY, 1893. Price, Twopence.

REV. JAMES ABERIGH-MACKAY, M.A., D.D.,

Chieftain of Clan Abrach.

BORN at Inverness in 1820, and accustomed from boyhood to hear and read Gaelic, the great-grandson of George of Arichliney, and inheriting the instincts of his military grand-uncles, Mr. MacKay evinced early a strong desire to travel. Accordingly, after taking his degree at Aberdeen, and studying under Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh, he spent seven years in the United States, where he married, became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and explored a great part of the country as far West as Chicago. In 1848, he came on a visit to his native town, and was appointed to St. John's Chapel. In 1850, Dr. David Low nominated him to be his coadjutor and successor as Bishop of Moray and Ross. His youth and Presbyterian associations were regarded as disadvantages by the Episcopal College. Complications arose at the election. Mr. Eden, Vicar of Leigh, was nominated in opposition, and soon afterwards became bishop, and ultimately Primus.

In March, 1857, Mr. MacKay, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Calcutta as a chaplain on the Bengal Establishment, having left three children with the grand-parents at Inverness. The story of the Indian Mutiny, which broke out while he was proceeding to his first station, is told in his "London to Lucknow," two volumes published in 1860. After some months of peril and anxiety at Ghazeepore, the chaplain was ordered to the front. He reached Cawnpore on the disastrous 27th of November, just in time to be shut up in the miserable entrenchment, under a storm of shot, shell, and rifle bullets from the Gwalior rebels, till the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell from the relief of Lucknow. Then followed the battle of Cawnpore on December 6, and a series of engagements. Mr. MacKay was attached to the 9th Lancers, as chaplain of Sir Hope Grant's Cavalry Division. After the siege and capture of Lucknow he was rejoined by Mrs. MacKay at Allahabad, where they were the guests of Sir William and Lady Muir, until habitable quarters could be provided in the midst of the ruins. Lord Canning and his advisers governed the country from Allahabad. About a year afterwards, the chaplain was promoted to the island of Penang, Bishop Cotton having written to him thus:—"I have decided on making you this offer from my strong sense of your eminent services during the Rebellion, and your devotion under most trying circumstances to your duties as a Christian minister." He continued in Penang for nine years. The Straits Settlements having now been transferred to the Colonial Office, the chaplain returned in 1868 to India, and was appointed to Meerut. By the death of his father in 1869, he succeeded as eldest son to the chieftainship of the Abrachs. From that year, the required form having been complied with in London, the family name became Aberigh-Mackay. The new Chieftain continued at Meerut till 1872, taking three months "privilege leave" to the Holy Land after a trying season of cholera and dengué fever in the hospitals. He then became chaplain of Simla for two years, and finally officiated for some months in Calcutta Cathedral, under Bishop Milman, thus completing his term of eighteen years for pension, before returning to Britain. His family were now all in India. His only daughter had become the wife of William Edward Maxwell, Esq., now C.M.G., and Colonial Secretary at Singapore. His two sons had completed their education at Oxford and Cambridge. The elder, James Livingston Aberigh-Mackay, having won his commission at Sandhurst, went out in the 19th Hussars, and is now Lt. Colonel of the 8th Bengal Cavalry. The younger, George Robert Aberigh-Mackay, entered the Education Depart-

ment, officiated for some time as a Professor at Delhi, and married a daughter of General Cherry of the Madras Cavalry. He died suddenly at Indore in 1881, Principal of the Rajkumar College. Though only thirty-two at the time of his death, his writings have made him widely known.

After his return home, the Chieftain visited his relations in the North, and spent some months in journeys through the British Islands, giving special attention to "the Land of the Mackays," the ruins of Achness, in Strathnaver, and the burial-place of the Abrach Chieftains. Since 1876 he has been almost constantly at work as a clergyman: for nearly three years in England, ten years in Paris, two years in America, and occasionally, as opportunity has offered, in Scotland. The degree of D.D., unsolicited, was conferred upon him when Senior British Chaplain of Paris in 1881, by his *Alma Mater*, the University of Aberdeen. Mrs. Aberigh-Mackay died in London in 1887. She was the only daughter of Robert and Mary Livingston, of the New Hampshire branch of the Livingstons, supposed to have been descended from a younger son of the 5th Earl. After her death, Dr. Aberigh-Mackay was persuaded to go on an honorary mission to the American House of Bishops, on behalf of the struggling "Old Catholics" of Paris. The Bishops, assembled in Philadelphia, honoured him with a cordial reception, and appointed three of their number "to render to Dr. Aberigh-Mackay such advice and assistance as may best further his purpose in coming to America." His experiences in the States and Canada, during two years in which he moved about from New York to Vancouver Island, San Francisco, New Orleans, and the Mexician Gulf, and back through Tennessee and Virginia to New York and Montreal, preaching and lecturing, are condensed in his "Report to the House of Bishops," in October, 1889. Before the Bishops had time to take in all the bearings of this exhaustive "Report" (which is now on our table) the writer of it was back in Paris. February found him at Cannes and Nice, preaching as usual. Then, after a tour through Italy and Sicily, he closed the year with his ten grand-children and their mothers in Bedford, and with his relations in Edinburgh.

In April, 1891, the reverend Doctor married his cousin Miss Trotter, at Bridge of Allan, where he has since made his home, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, to which, in his 73rd year, his friends consider him to be fairly entitled.

JOHN MACKAY.

A WRONG RIGHTED:

A STORY OF THE BLACK ROCK.

BY HANNAH B. MACKENZIE.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

AT first Mairi made no answer; but as the angry old man persisted, she thought concealment would render him angrier than the truth, and answered, with a blush, but steadily—

"With no wastrel, uncle. I was with Ronald Roy, whom I have promised to marry."

"With *whom?*" almost shrieked the old man.

"Ronald Roy."

An awful expression crossed Balmayne's face. He rose, in spite of the gout which kept him chained to his couch, and stood regarding Mairi with a look which made her tremble.

"If ye dare to meet Ronald Roy, speak to him, look at him again, I denounce and curse ye, and cast ye out of my house, and leave not a penny of my money to ye! Do you hear, lassie? Swear to me ye'll never see him again."

"I cannot do that. I *will* not do it," said the girl, firmly. Brought to bay, she could be as brave as ever a Stuart or an Adam of them all; nay, she could fight like a young lioness for her rights. "I have given my troth to Ronald, and nought on earth will make me break it; no, not if you should throw me from the Black Rock, uncle."

With a terrible oath, Balmayne raised his hand upwards, as if to strike, then letting it fall, he said, in a hoarse, hollow voice—

"Very well, do as ye list. I'll send for Farquhar Ross, from Dingwall, and he'll be here to-morrow, and change my will; ne'er a penny will ye get. And to-morrow's morn ye'll leave Balmayne forever."

"For your money," answered Mairi, boldly, "I want none of it, uncle, You may drive me from Balmayne, but God above will provide for the orphan; He will not suffer me to want. I shall go when you cast me out, but not till then, uncle."

She walked from the room with unfaltering step. As she ascended the staircase, the evil face of Angus Macdougall peered out from behind a door, and he muttered to himself, "Fool! ye've pitten yersel' in my power this day! The black angels themselves are fighting for me."

. . . . . .

Mairi had gone from Balmayne, and no one knew whither. The cruel-hearted old man who had driven from her only shelter the orphan child of his dead sister, made no enquiry; whether

he thought of her or not, it would be hard to say. Mairi had been an inmate of his home, attending upon him night and day, as no other would have done, bearing with his ill-temper and passion with a patience that was almost angelic, for more than seven years now. So far as was known, she was his only near living relation, and would have probably been his heir had he died intestate. Now that she had disappeared, there was really no relative entitled to the money he had amassed. The lands would pass to the heir-at-law; but the private fortune of the Laird of Balmayne was no inconsiderable one.

Six months had passed since Mairi Stuart's disappearance. It was a wild, wet day in December, and the fierce winds driving in from the Cromarty Firth carried with them a blinding, slashing rain through the valley in which Balmayne lay. Far off the terrible Aultgradh was roaring and hissing in its narrow bed. It was the last day of the old year, which was dying slow and dying hard. In his own chamber alone sat Nicol Adam, brooding over his smouldering fire, and listening to the wild tempest, as it shrieked, like a lost spirit, over the tomb of the year. Balmayne's face was gloomy, and the look in his sunken eyes was a strange, wandering one. Presently he muttered aloud—

"I hear them calling on me—Allan Roy and Janet; they're calling from the Aultgradh, 'Balmayne! Balmayne! come to meet us in the dark cave! Come! come!' I must away; if I stay here much longer they'll come to drag me hence. . . . Allan had a son—ay, a fine boy; Ronald, he called him; and he lives still, they say. . . . Aye, he doesn't know 'twas I killed his father; the fool! . . . Who spoke of him? Was it Mairi? She's gone to him; she'll not get a penny of my money—not a penny! Let her starve . . . and Allan Roy's son with her."

Thus muttering, the old man rose and paced the room with a hasty, uneven step. The madness that had attacked his brain had been coming on for months now—the result of his wild, and sinful, and vicious life; but none knew of it save his constant attendant, Angus Macdougall, and *he* knew it was an aberration which might pass from him at any time.

The old man paused presently, exclaiming

"There it is again! I must go—I must!"

He left the room with hasty strides, and in the hall armed himself with a stout staff, and put on an old hat and overcoat. Then, unnoticed by all but one, he went out into the storm.

It was still the afternoon, but the twilight was coming down quickly. Struggling in the teeth of the storm, the old man gained the low pathways which led upwards by the Aultgradh (the Black River). Here the wind was less felt, and he could pursue his course with less difficulty, still impelled onwards by these mysterious voices of the long-since dead whom he had wronged so foully. But as he began to ascend the sloping pathway, the terrific gusts of wind almost threw him off his feet. He planted his staff more firmly in the ground, and hurried on. Presently he gained the point before alluded to, guarded by a slim barricade of wood. Leaning upon this, one could catch a glimpse of the fearful abyss below—the black thread of deep river, churned now into a white foam, rushing through the rocky gully of smooth black rock; the bare, leafless trees growing above, their naked boughs tossing wildly in the wind like weird gigantic arms, and the moan among them like that of lost spirits from below. It was an awful, and terrifying place. The old man crept toward the wooden fence, a slow horror growing in his eyes, yet his steps sure and cautious. His madness was not that of self-destruction. He little guessed that the destroyer was behind.

Stealthily creeping behind him was the form of a man. It was that of Angus Macdougall who alone had seen him leave the house, and had followed him, with thoughts of evil forming hastily in his brain. He guessed the half-insane promptings of remorse born in that haunted mind, which had driven his master here: and a vague hope, long-cherished, had seemed about to be realised at last. Only three days ago, Balmayne, in a mood of abject terror, had written a codicil to his will, leaving all his private property to Macdougall: but the latter knew well a change of temper would cancel that in a moment. Could Balmayne but die now—not done to death by him, for the knave was too great a coward for that, but by accident—all would be well. And as he saw the old man approach the ricketty wooden fence, a diabolical hope entered Macdougall's heart.

Balmayne was within a few inches of the brink of the precipice unguarded by the fence, when Macdougall stole behind, and, putting his mouth to his master's ear, whispered, in a loud, hissing voice—

"They're on you, Balmayne, Allan and Janet Roy are on you! Run, for your life!"

With a violent shudder and a shriek, Nicol Adam stumbled forward, not glancing behind. His foot touched a treacherous piece of moss which had no holding in the ground; he stumbled, with another cry; the moss gave way. . . .

A shout from behind startled Macdougall: and as Balmayne, with the instinct of self-pre-

servation, clutched wildly at the grass with his fingers, and so kept himself a moment from falling, a young man, with a leap like a panther, sprung from behind a tree, and grasped the old man's foot with his hand. Then, drawing him upwards from his perilous position, he laid him face upwards on the grass. The face was white as death, and from a wound in his head the blood was flowing freely.

"Is he dead?" asked Macdougall, in a shout, for the wind was still as high as ever.

"If he is, 'tis you that has killed him," returned the other. "It is the Laird of Balmayne, I see: and though I never saw you before I guess who you are—his butler, Angus Macdougall, of whom my wife has often told me."

"Who are you?" demanded the guilty man.

"I am Ronald Roy, and my wife is your master's niece, Mairi Stuart."

"And do ye ken," sneeringly asked Macdougall, "that the man there is he who killed your father and ruined your aunt, Janet Roy, so that she went daft and poisoned herself?"

(to be concluded.)

WANTED.

I.

Men of worth and men of mettle,
Men of staunch, heroic hearts;
Not afraid to grasp the nettle,
Not afraid to play their parts
In whate'er the fates decree them,
Wheresoe'er their lines may fall:
Not afraid the world will see them—
Give us such, or none at all.

II.

Women, pure and tender-hearted,
Women, gentle, loving, kind;
Not the prattling, many-parted
Tongues and actions like the wind;
But the meek and modest woman,
Ready, aye, at Pity's call
Brightest gem of all that's human
Give us such, or none at all.

III.

People who will pull together
Through the thick and thin of life,
Whom no chance of fate will sever
Brother, sister, man or wife;
People who will make their story
One alike for great and small,
Treading aye the path of glory—
Give us such, or none at all.

T. D. MacDonald.

TIR NAM BEANN ARD.

Air fonn—"*Buaidh leis na seoid.*

Air dhomhsa bhi sgith anns na h-Innsean an céin,
'Us m' fheòil air a phianadh le dian-theas na gréin',
Gur tric ann am inntinn thig muinntir mo chridh',
'Us Tìr nan Beann àrd anns an d' àraicheadh mi,
Gur i Tìr nam Beann àrd.

Fonn.—
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn a bha calm' agus cruaidh,
Am fonn thar gach fonn feadh an t-saoghail thug buaidh,
'S do dhùthaich nam beann anns gach cruadal 'us càs,
Air cuan no air tìr bidh sinn dìleas gu bàs.
So dhuibh Tìr nam Beann àrd.

Ged shiùbhlainn an saoghal feadh aonach 'us fonn,
Ged sheòlainn gach àite feadh bhàrcaich nan tonn,
Ged thriallainn gach gleann agus beann tha fodh 'n ghréin,
'S e 'n tìr a rinn m' àrach is àillidh leam fhéin,
'S e sin Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

'N uair dh' éireadh na Gàidheil le chéil' ás gach gleann,
'S a thòisicheadh bualadh 'us sguabadh nan lann,
Cha d' fhuaradh na naimhdean bho làithean bho thùs
Nach sgapadh, nach sgàineadh, 's nach fàgadh gun lùs.
Laoich à Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

'S 'nuair shéideadh a phìob ann an cluasaibh nan laoch,
Cuir cuimhne gu deònach air mòinteach an fhraoich,
Gu 'n éireadh gach inntinn ri cluinntinn a 'chiùil
A chuala na beanntan 's gach àm chaidh air chùl,
Ann an Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

Gur prìseil an dìleab a shealbhaich na suinn,
Fuil chraobhach an sinnsear bu riomhaiche loinn,
An cànain cho uasal 's a chualas a riamh,
No trusgan an fhéilidh do 'n éibhinne sgiamh.
Eideadh Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

Bho chian anns gach gàbhadh 's gach àite fo 'n ghréin,
Bu dual do na Gàidheil a riamh a bhi treun,
Oir b' àill leo am bàs na bhi strìochdadh do nàmh,
'Us sìnnte 's an uaigh a bhi suaineach 'n an tàmh.
Gaisgich Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

Mar sin cuiribh fàilte, ceud fàilt' air gach aon
De 'n t-sluagh do 'm bu dual a bhi cruaidh agus caoin,
'S a chaoidh bidh sinn caomh agus caoimhneil ri chéil'
Mar dhream nach robh riamh do na naimhdean fodh ghéill,
Uabhar Tìr nam Beann àrd.
Fonn-ard—Togaibh fonn air an fhonn, etc.

India, 1893. J. MacGregor, M.D.

Dictionary of Highland Biography.—Rev. Nigel MacNeill intends publishing the first part of the above work early this month.

The Land of the MacPhersons. Mr. Alex. MacPherson, the learned Provost of Kingussie, is engaged at present upon a large and important work on Badenoch and the Clan MacPherson.

MARY MACKELLAR,

POETESS AND NOVELIST.

IT was in the winter of '83, at the annual gathering of the Sutherland Highlanders in Edinburgh, that for the first time I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mackellar. She was always an honoured guest at the north men's gathering, among whom she numbered many of her truest friends. Professor Blackie was present with his "kail runt," hail, hearty, jovial, and the genial Sheriff Nicolson, who sang his battle song, "*Agus o, Mhòrag*," with a spirit and heartiness that fairly electrified the audience.

After this, during the two years I stayed in Edinburgh, I saw a great deal of Mrs. Mary Mackellar, and usually spent every moment I had to spare under her hospitable roof, and there met many of the kindred spirits who rejoiced as I did myself in being a privileged member of the charmed circle. Among others I often met Mr. Carmichael, of the Gaelic Hymnal, and his delightful young wife; Mr. Murdoch, the celebrated Land Leaguer and reformer, who always struck me as being the gentlest of gentlemen, and whose stock of folk-lore and legend was endless; Mr. Neil M'Leod, the Skye bard, who had just published a dainty volume of songs and poems, and was in a fair way of becoming rapidly famous; Alexander Anderson, the "Surfaceman," whose fame was already assured; and last, though not least, Dr. Morrison, who was in himself the embodiment of all that was good, self-denying, and Christ-like, for he spent his life in doing good, and "verily gave his life for his friends."

Many a delightful little gathering we had in Mrs. Mackellar's small top flat in 10 South Clerk Street, which we familiarly called the "Ben Nevis Observatory," where, under the more than genial influence of our hostess, and the rehearsing of old folk-lore, song, and story, the hours melted quickly away. Besides these friends whom I call the "inner circle," one had an opportunity of seeing "all sorts and conditions of men" at this gifted woman's fire-side; grave professors, who knew her wonderful knowledge of the language, literature, and history of our country; struggling young students from the Highlands and Islands, to whom she always extended a hearty welcome and the right hand of fellowship; Highland men and women in difficulties, whom she helped, when that was possible—when otherwise, she gave them largely of her sympathy and goodwill. Lads and lasses from the glens and straths in search of situations applied to her, and she never failed to do her best for them. Mrs. Mackellar possessed in an eminent degree a spirit of motherliness, to the whole Highlands, and the writer of the memorial lines in the March *Celtic Monthly* gives it expression:—

"'S ann a bha thu dhuinn mar mhàthair
Le do chridhe fìdaidh, pùirteach,
Do 'm bu smuain a dh' oidhch' is là
Gach nì a b' fheairrde sinn 's na gleanna."

Mrs. Mackellar's later years were full of work, full of purpose, and might have been comparatively peaceful after the storms and ship-wrecks that preceded them, but the struggle for existence became so severe and the disappointments so numerous. Large hearted as she truly was, generous to a fault, and most unpractical, this struggle was bound to become more severe as the years passed. Highland literature is not a paying profession. For translating the Queen's book, over which Mrs. Mackellar spent two years, she only received a paltry fifty pounds. True, this sum was supplemented later on by two shabby grants from the Treasury, which soon melted away. Had Mrs. Mackellar received the pension for which her countrymen pleaded so hard, a certainty, however small, would have enabled her to live happily, for her wants were few and simple, and her capacity for enjoyment wonderful, and for work equally great. Had this been the case Mrs. Mackellar

might have lived for many more years, and done work for the country that no one living now can do. The space at my disposal prevents my giving many delightful reminiscences of Mrs. Mackellar's life. Nor can I refer to her work—every reader of the *Celtic Monthly* knows as much about that as I do, but I cannot help referring to a little trip that she and I took together. We went from Greenock to Inverness by the great Scottish water way. This was my first introduction to the Lochaber of which I had heard so much—and here, let me say, among her own hills and her own people, Mrs. Mackellar was at her best. Her people loved her, and no wonder, for she possessed in herself all that was great and grand in woman. The two days we travelled together was to her a triumphal march. Sometimes she was found on the saloon deck pointing out the glorious scenery to a batch of admiring tourists; sometimes in the hold, talking to the sailors in her mother tongue. In both situations she seemed equally at home, and I myself did not know which to admire the most, her wonderful genius or her intense graciousness!

Tennyson's last moments have been made poetical by his surroundings, the moonlight shimmering on his dying face, and throwing a halo of glory round his classic head, but I must say that as a few friends and myself stood over our beloved *banabhird* in her last hours our eyes were too blurred by tears to see any effect, and yet effect there was. The hush of a solemn Sabbath was on the most beautiful city in the world, and nothing could be heard but the bells tolling at intervals, and the tread, measured and heavy, of the people going to church. The sun shone into the room, and a look of peace, of greatness, and of grandeur came into the dying face, the sight of which none of us will ever forget.

Three clansmen stood nobly by her, and her funeral is still fresh in everyone's memory. These clansmen are now exerting themselves to have a suitable memorial erected over her last silent resting-place. I hope the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* will help in the good work, and feel it an honour and a privilege to put a "stone on her cairn"—a cairn, I think, raised to the memory of the greatest woman that the Highlands has ever produced.

ANNIE MACKAY.

Eastbourne

CAMANACHD NOTES.

GREAT MATCH AT KINGUSSIE.—Several contests which are likely to become memorable in the annals of shinty were played this month. Foremost of these was the great match which was played at KINGUSSIE on Monday, 3rd April, between the local club and the GLASGOW COWAL. Both teams had a splendid reputation; the Kingussie club having never suffered defeat. The Cowal men arrived at Kingussie at 9 A.M., and when both teams faced each other on the field the sun shone brightly, and there was a large turnout of spectators, many of whom travelled long distances to witness the contest. Old men who saw the game described it as the grandest display of shinty seen in Badenoch during their day. The teams were well matched, and although each exerted itself to the utmost no advantage was gained by either when the whistle blew at half-time. The Kingussie men were superior in running, but the Cowal were quicker in striking the ball. The second half was exciting all through, both sides straining every nerve to gain the mastery, and the ball passing rapidly from one end of the field to the other, but without result. Towards the finish, however, the Cowal men had the best of the game, the ball being oftener at the Kingussie end of the field, and within five minutes of time Archibald Campbell (Leckie), with a beautiful shot, drove the ball through the goal. During the remaining time the excitement was intense, but no further advantage being gained by either side, the game ended in a win for Cowal by one hail to Kingussie's *nil*. The home team suffered a slight reverse, but they gave an exhibition of shinty playing such as few have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The game was characterised by the utmost good humour on both sides, and although it was stubbornly contested to the end there was no rough play. The Kingussie club afterwards entertained the Cowal men to dinner in Pullar's Hotel, Provost MacPherson presiding, and each team toasted the other's health in amity and friendship. Altogether, the match was the finest display of scientific shinty we have ever seen.

SHINTY IN LONDON. THE NORTHERN COUNTIES CAMANACHD CLUB and the LONDON SCOTS SHINTY CLUB, had a splendid match on Good Friday to decide the championship, and possession of a handsome silver cup presented by our friend, Lieut. Neil Mackay, whose portrait graced our pages last month. The teams consisted of 15 men each; and the contest was witnessed by over 2000 spectators. The game was well contested throughout, but the superior training of the *Camanachd*, the result of their weekly practices, had its due effect, and the match ended in a victory for the Northern Counties by 4 hails to *nil*. The London Scots evidently do not intend being caught napping in the return match, as they mean to start practicing at once. Lieut. Neil Mackay and Mr. T. D. MacDonald acted as umpires, and Mr. Donald C. Fraser as referee, all of whom are already familiar to our readers. The proceedings ended with a dinner and a Cinderella dance, which were largely attended. The match between the CABERFEIDH (STRATHPEFFER) and the ROVERS (KINLOCHEWE) ended in a win for the former. The return match between KINGUSSIE and LAGGAN ended again in a victory for Kingussie, who won by 4 hails to *nil*. The match between OBAN and GLASGOW COWAL was played on Saturday, 15th inst., and ended in a draw, 1 hail each. FORT-WILLIAM, in the return match with the SPEAN BRIDGE SHINTY CLUB, defeated the latter by 4 hails to *nil*. Mr. G. A. C. Mackenzie (late of Brizil) entertained the KINGUSSIE match team to supper in Pullar's Hotel on Friday, 7th ult., and a pleasant evening was spent.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

IT is suggested by the foremost students of language, that speech had its origin in the sounds with which primitive man accompanied labour engaged in by bands of individuals. Is it too much to hint that music may have had the same origin? We know that many kinds of labour require a measured action, as hammering, rowing, waulking, marching, &c.; and we know that, in all times, and in all countries, song is the invariable accompaniment of work of a measured kind. This is most common among people of a primitive state of culture. In our own Highlands the custom of singing to work has still a strong hold on the people.

The following song is a well-known and favourable example of a labour song. It is what is called *Orain Luadhaidh*, or a waulking song. The process of waulking cloth after it has been woven into the web is carried on by a band of women in some suitable place out of doors, often on the bank of a stream. The women sit or stand in a circle, and the cloth, after having been wetted, is passed from one to another. All the time it is being strained this way and that way, with a rhythmical motion in strict unison to the music of the song being sung. Labour songs in general, and waulking songs in particular, consist of one or two solo lines and a chorus, which may be long or short. The solo lines are frequently extemporised. Necessarily, they contain little poetical thought. The subjects introduced are of purely local or immediate interest. One striking fact about the rhyme is that the same vowel rhyme is continued through a long string of lines—a very difficult task in English, but comparatively easy in Gaelic.

ORAN LUADHAIDH—WAULKING SONG.

English Words by M. MacFarlane.

Key G. *With great spirit and marked time.*

Solo.						Chorus.					
(d	d .,d : d .,d	|	r .,m : l, .,s,	||	l, .,d : r .,m	|	s .,l : d)
Is	moch an dìugh a		rinn mi èiridh,		Fàill ill é ill		ù ill	o,)
I	arose one		morning early,		Fal eel ay eel		oo eel	o,

(l, .,s : s .,m	|	m,r,d : l, .,s,	|	l, .,d : r .,m	|	s .,l : d	|
) Hìnraibh ò na		ho-ro eile,		Fàill ill é ill		ù ill	o,)
Hewriv o na		ho ro aila,		Fal eel ay eel		oo eel	o.

Ma 's moch an diugh, is muiche 'n dé e;
Rainig mi àiridh na spréidhe;
Is binn a' chòisir rinn mi èisdeachd—
Smeòraichean air bhàrr nan geugan,
Uiseagan os cionn an t-sléibhe;
Is bòidheach 'fhiamh 's a' ghrian ag èiridh,
Air madainn chiùin fo dhriùchd nan speuran;
Bric air linneachan a' leumraich,
Crodh air àiridhean a' geumnaich,
'S cailin donn a' chuaiein cheutaich,
Is binne beul na ceòl nan teudan.

* * * * * * *

Leanaidh slàinte agus èibhneas
Riusan a bhios moch ag èiridh.

When the sun was shining clearly,
Dew on greensward glancing brightly.
Calves on meadows skipping lightly,
Cows on hill-sides loudly lowing,
Maid to milk them gaily going,
Light her footstep, sweet her singing,
Woodlands all with echoes ringing,
On the boughs the mellow thrushes,
Robins jinking 'mong the bushes,
Skylarks soaring o'er the mountain,
Gray trout leaping in the fountain.

* * * * * * *

There be pleasures worth the prizing,
To be had by early rising.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 5s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1893.

CONTENTS.

IS THE GAELIC DYING?

No doubt many of our readers will have noticed the curious paragraph which is going the round of the anti-Celtic press just now, to the effect that the Gaelic language is almost dead, and will soon be an unspoken tongue. This paragraph is a very old acquaintance, and deserves all the reverence due to great age and antiquity. Its appearance at this particular season is as regular, although perhaps not as welcome, as the flowers in May. Never was publicity given to it at a less opportune moment than the present—never were the prospects of the grand old language more hopeful. The Celtic *renaissance* has given new life to the language, and active steps are taken in all directions to foster and encourage its use. High land schoolmasters are now expected to be able to speak Gaelic, and lessons in the language will probably soon be part of the regular school work. A proposal is being seriously entertained in Celtic circles in Glasgow to establish a Gaelic lectureship in connection with the University, and the Gaelic class, under Mr. Duncan Reid, has just ended its most successful session. Why, everything seems to indicate that the language of the Gael is now as robust and healthy as it has been for many years!

We daresay the anti-Highland press will assure us that it is a certain indication of the early extinction of Gaelic that, of the crofters who gave evidence before the Crofters' Commission at Glencoe recently, three-fourths of them could *only speak Gaelic!* There is at least one Highland nobleman who possesses the true spirit of the Gael. His Grace the Duke of Athole has an annual Gaelic competition at the castle, under his own personal supervision, and awards valuable prizes to the children who show the greatest proficiency in the language. We trust that other Highland lairds will take an example from the Duke of Athole. No, it does not really appear as if the Gaelic was soon to die.

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF!"—June 12th, 1893, will be a red letter day in the history of the Clan MacLean. On that date there will be such a gathering of the clan as has not been held since they last marshalled their ranks on the disastrous field of Culloden. Prof. J. P. MacLean, of Morrison, who is the active mover in the matter, sends us a circular, from which we cull the following characteristic paragraphs:—

"The fiery cross has not been sent over the hills of Mull, Morvern, Coll, Tiree, or Islay, summoning the MacLeans to respond to the call of their chief, since 1745, nor has their slogan—*Bas na Beatha*—been heard. The plaided warriors of MacLean sleep in their island graves.

"By these presents all the MacLeans, and those related by direct descent or married into the clan, especially those residing in the United States and Canada, are summoned to assemble in the city of Chicago, during the week commencing June the 12th, 1893, to welcome the hereditary chief of the ancient and great Clan MacLean, Colonel Sir Fitzroy MacLean, Bart, who has positively promised to be present, and will leave on the ss. Majestic, Wednesday, May 31st, and will be the guest of the MacLeans of North America, at the World's Columbian Exposition.

"A reception and banquet will be given during the week—the exact time not yet determined—at which there will be toasts, responses, and songs, bagpipe and other music. The committee suggests that all—ladies and gentlemen—should wear the MacLean dress tartan.

"Let all help make this a great occasion. Remember, this is the only instance of a Highland chief having been invited to this country by his clansmen. Let all unite to renew the ancient ties of clanship. As the committee have not the address of all our clansmen, it is hoped that everyone will feel it to be their duty to invite all they may know to participate on this occasion, which is destined to be historical."

NEXT ISSUE.—With our June number we will present our readers with a life-like plate portrait of Col. Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., chief of the Clan MacLean, who is to be the honoured guest of his clansmen at the World's Fair in Chicago. The portrait appropriately represents him in the Highland dress. We regret that the portraits of Mr. Alex. Mackintosh, secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness, and Mr. Hew Morrison, president, Edinburgh Sutherland Association, reached us too late for this issue, but will duly appear in our next.

DUGALD COWAN, EDINBURGH.

ON this page we give a life-like portrait of one of the most respected Highlanders in Scotland, Mr. Dugald Cowan, secretary and treasurer of the Land Law Reform Association, and general treasurer of the Highland Land League. The respect—we might almost say veneration—for Mr. Cowan among Highlanders all over the globe is fully deserved, for no man in his position has ever done so much in so short a time for the social advancement of his countrymen.

Mr. Cowan was born at Ellenabeich, Kilbrandon, Argyllshire, over sixty years ago, the oldest of a family of nine children. In 1850 he left home, and in the following year entered the service of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh. Here he so far succeeded that he removed his parents and their large family to the Scottish metropolis. In consequence of a severe accident he left his employment and was an invalid for five years. In 1866 he was appointed by the Parochial Board of Edinburgh, out of 100 applicants, inspector of boarded out children. It was in this occupation that Mr. Cowan found scope for the genuine kindliness and firm integrity of his nature. Under Mr. George Greig, the popular chief inspector of the city, he has borne a worthy part in making Edinburgh the foremost among Scottish parishes as regards out-door poor-law administration.

While his daily work has thus been congenial to his own disposition, and eminently satisfactory to his employers, Mr. Cowan has ungrudgingly devoted his spare time and energies, ever since the crofter movement took active shape, twelve years ago, to the benefit of his fellow-countrymen in Edinburgh and the Highlands. In this connection he has done more real practical work in his own sphere than any other man living. For the last ten years Mr. Cowan has acted as treasurer for at least ten special funds for the defence, in the Court of Session and elsewhere, of crofters and their friends. His greatest concern was to secure a fair trial for anyone who had got into trouble in connection with the cause, all of whom were, in Mr. Cowan's estimation, genuine martyrs, and to find the means for administering comfort to themselves and their impoverished families. He has for the last few weeks been actively engaged in making appeal to the public for a special fund to assist the Highland people in preparing evidence for submission to the Royal Commission on Deer Forests, and thus enable them to meet the landlords and sporting tenants on something like equal terms.

To the credit of our countrymen, it should be mentioned that three years ago Mr. Cowan was publicly presented with a handsome testimonial, subscribed to by Highlanders at home and abroad, in every class and condition of life. As an active elder in the Free Gaelic Church, he was one of the right-hand men of the late Dr. M'Lauchlan, in that large and important congregation. For the past twelve years he has been the mainspring of what is known as the Crofter Movement. A Highlander to the core, a man without an enemy, a devout Christian, a thorough patriot.

Gu mar fada beò e.

HIGHLAND MILITARY HISTORY.

By the Editor.

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing.
Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

Agus O, Mhórag
Horo, march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

TIME works curious changes in the history and social condition of a country, and nowhere is this more observable than in the Highlands of Scotland. Our great-grandfathers would remember the time when the Highlanders lived under the patriarchal or clan system, which the genial Professor Blackie described the other day as "the most perfect type of society that ever existed—it consisted in loyal, reverential devotion to the chief, as father of the great family called the clan." In the rebellion of 1745, flushed with the brilliant victory of Prestonpans, the Highland clans had crossed the Border, and were marching upon London. The disastrous field of Culloden ended for ever their feverish dream of conquest, and the hope of restoring the profligate Stuart dynasty.

The punishment which was meted out to the conquered Highlanders, including even those who fought on the side of the Government, was harsh in the extreme. The Highland dress and the wearing of weapons were proscribed, and the following oath was administered: "I do swear, as I shall answer to God at the great Day of Judgment, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do so may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property; may I never see my wife and children, father, or relations; may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred —may all this come across me if I break my oath." This petty act of tyranny aroused a storm of indignation in the Highlands, evidences of which are sufficiently plentiful in the works of the Gaelic bards of this time:

Good is the plaid in the day or the night time.
High on the ben, or low in the glen;
No king was he but a coward who banned it,
Fearing the look of the plaided men.

Even Dr. Johnson, who was no friend of the Highlanders, described the act rather as an ignorant wantonness of power than the proceedings of a wise and beneficent legislature. It was only in 1782 that the Duke of Montrose brought in a bill to repeal all the penalties and restrictions on the Highland dress.

On the suppression of the rebellion the power of the chiefs was broken, and their influence was still further impaired by the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions. From this time a curious change came over the spirit of the people. Trained to the use of arms from their infancy, the sword and targe which they had used with such telling effect against the Government of the country were now assumed in its defence, and before the century came to an end over fifty regiments, consisting of from 1000 to 1200 men each, were raised in the straths and glens for home and foreign service. These brave, stalwart soldiers made Britain's name respected in every quarter of the globe. It was a Highland regiment, the gallant 42nd Black Watch—which was raised prior to the '45 for home service—that, in that memorable year, saved the defeated army of the Duke of Cumberland from utter annihilation at Fontenoy. It was a kilted regiment that scaled the heights of Quebec, and decided the conquest of Canada. In the American War, at Ticonderago, the Black Watch lost half their men outside the walls, and were so infuriated that they twice refused to obey the order to retreat until they had avenged the death of their comrades. Professor Blackie, in his delightful Highland book, "Altavona," translates a verse of a commemorative song thus:

Oh ruddy was the slaughter, and with bloody wounds they bled,
When at Ticonderago more than half lay with the dead;
Like tigers on the foe they rushed, the fearless Highland men,
And did what mortal men could do for Britain's honour then.

For their bravery in this disastrous engagement the king conferred upon the regiment the distinguished title they now hold "The Royal Highlanders." They gave proof of their native daring in the West Indies, and in India under Lake and Wellesley, defeating the opposing armies in a series of bloody battles, ending at Assaye, Delhi, and Laswaree. In the wars with Napoleon everyone who has read the history of these campaigns knows how much they contributed to the fall of the great dictator, whose ambition it was to put Europe under his heel. "On the day of Waterloo the pibroch blew where fire was hottest." In latter times the "Highland bonnets" carried the heights of Alma with the cold steel, and the "thin red line" of Sutherland men at Balaclava showed how a few determined mountaineers could overthrow a vastly superior force of Russian cavalry. The valour of the Highland Brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, during the Indian Mutiny, can never be forgotten so long as Jessie Brown of Lucknow's dream serves to remind us that the war pipes of the clansmen were heard above the din

of battle, as they fought their way to the relief of their countrymen at the residency. In our own day the Highland regiments stand second to none in the British army.

From 1760 to 1814 the number of Highlanders who joined the army has been estimated at from 80,000 to 100,000. Most of these joined the clan regiments, for now that the chiefs no longer required men to defend their lands, they induced their clansmen to enrol in the regiments which they raised on their estates. As a consequence of this the clan name of the district would naturally preponderate over all others in the ranks. In the five regiments raised in the county of Sutherland, which were principally recruited in Lord Reay's country, the Mackays outnumbered every other name. In the Sutherland Fencible Regiment of 1779 there were no fewer than 104 persons of the name of William Mackay, seventeen being in one company. The proportion was even greater in the Reay Fencibles, which were raised in the Mackay country in 1793. Of the 800 men embodied over 700 had the prefix "Mac," most of whom were of the Mackay clan. In the gallant Ross-shire Buffs, now honourably known as the "Seaforth Highlanders," the Mackenzies and MacRaes were the most numerous, the regiment being raised by the chief of the Mackenzies from among his own immediate clansmen. In another regiment there were no fewer than eighteen officers of the name Campbell. The same was true of the regiments raised by other clans—the Camerons, Gordons, Grants, Frasers, Macleods, Macdonalds, etc. In the Fraser Fencibles of 1794 there were 300 men of the clan Fraser. When Cameron, of Fassifern, the hero of Quatre Bras, was buried in his native Lochaber, three thousand Highlanders, most of them Camerons, stood round his grave—

Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground.
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed.
When a Cameron man was wanted.

The military spirit was so strong in the young Highlanders at the time of the Peninsular War, when Britain was in sore need of strong arms and willing hearts, that the difficulty was not so much in getting recruits as in persuading some of them to stay at home. I heard an amusing story told in Sutherland relating to the raising of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders in 1800 in Strathnaver. Only the tallest men were chosen for this fine corps. When the recruits were about to march from the Strath, a Mackay who had been rejected because of his size got in a wild passion at not being allowed to join his clansmen. He went to the officer, and said that if they wanted men who could *fight*, he would undertake to thrash the strongest man in the regiment if he would be allowed to accompany his comrades. The officer was so much pleased with his pluck that he made him a drummer (!), and he afterwards showed that he was made of the material that makes the best soldiers.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

REVIEWS.

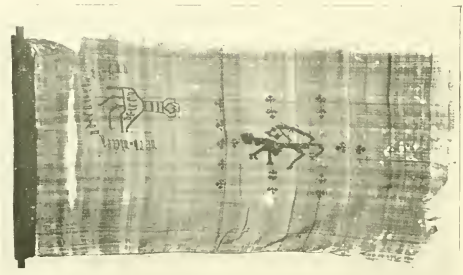
"Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. XVII. (1890-91).—This bulky volume contains a good deal that is interesting to the Celtic student. There are a dozen papers in the volume—several of them in Gaelic—in addition to a full report of the speeches delivered at the annual dinner of the society. The most interesting, as well as readable, Gaelic paper is that on "Mearualachd; or, Weather Wisdom," by Rev. John M'Rury, Snizort. Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh contributes a carefully written paper on "The Camerons of Letterfinlay, styled Macmartins." From the valuable collection of tales made by the late Rev. John G. Campbell, Tiree, we have one, entitled *Sgeul nan eun* ("The School of Birds"), with an English translation. Mr. Alex. Macdonald has a paper on "Highland Ethnology," and the late Hector MacLean writes learnedly on "The Macdonells of Antrim," while Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, has an article on "Sutherland Place-Names." Mr. Paul Cameron, Blair Athole, has done good work in giving to the Celtic public so much that is interesting in his article entitled "The Gaelic Songs of Perthshire and their Composers." "Highland Forests, Ancient and Modern," contains many facts of interest to the general reader. The article on "Gaelic Incantations" is in every way worthy of Mr. Macbain's reputation as a Gaelic scholar, and is without doubt the most valuable paper in the volume. "Durness from the Earliest Times," with which our readers are acquainted, is a valuable contribution to the history of that parish, and we have to congratulate the Rev. Adam Gunn on the manner in which he has performed his self-imposed task. The volume also contains a prize essay by Mr. A. Polson, Dunbeth, on "The Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800." The subject is much too extensive to be treated in a short essay, nor was the prize offered sufficient to induce any one to make the research necessary to produce a paper worthy of the subject. One could write volumes on the Highlands during the past twenty years. K. W. G.'s excellent Gaelic translation of "William Tell," forms an appendix to an interesting volume, which whets one's appetite for its successor. *Soirbheachadh do 'n Chomunn.*

A' BHRATACH BHAN.

(The White Banner).

LITTLE is known regarding the ancient banner of the Mackays. All that the clan history tells us on the subject is that Robert Mackay, son of Neil of Achness (the chieftain who was killed in Thurso in 1649), was the custodier of the colours; that this Robert had a son Neil, to whom the colours descended; that Neil, in his turn, had a son Robert, who had the flag; and that after him his son Hugh had the custody of it.

An old man in Thurso, Hugh Mackay, commonly known as Hugh "Hamar," had the banner in his keeping for many years. It came to him in this way: Hugh Mackay, son of the second Robert above mentioned, had no family. On his death the flag was handed to his brother Angus; and this Angus left it to his son, the Hugh 'Hamar' just referred to. On the death of Hugh, about ten years ago, Alexander Mackay, county assessor, Thurso, got the flag, and in his possession it still remains. Whether Mr. Mackay is of the same family as Hugh I do not know; but it seems only natural that the old banner should be in the keeping of a descendant of Neil the Chieftain, or of the head of the Abrach family for the time being.



It is impossible to tell the history of this flag, though it would be an easy matter to write a romance about it. But whatever its history, we can readily believe it has been in many a hard-fought battle. Is it the veritable banner which Ian Abrach had when he led Mackays to victory at Drumnacoub; or is it a flag that the Strathnaver men carried to Germany when they departed to fight for the Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Elector Palatine, and brought back when Lord Reay's men returned, after doing noble service in the cause of freedom in the thirty years' war? No one can now say.

Accompanied by a friend, I called upon Hugh "Hamar" in 1875, in order to see the flag and hear what he had to say about it. He could not, however, tell us anything of its history—only that it had descended to him in the manner I have already related. The old man maintained that it had been in the family for hundreds of years; and certainly it is a venerable and ancient-looking relic. It seemed to be made of knitted silk, and was quite tattered; but whether it had originally been white I could not tell, as through age and use it had become perfectly grey. A figure in the centre was so faded and worn that it was difficult to guess what it was intended to represent; and the motto was illegible. Hugh said he believed the figure was a stag, though he was not sure; but he was certain as to the motto, which was *Bidh treun, Bidh treun* (be valiant, be valiant), because his father had often told him so. But though we could not decipher the figure, the photograph (of which the engraving is a copy) shows that it is a lion rampant. Was this ever the armorial bearing of the Abrachs? The Mackays of Larg and Palgowan, in Galloway, carried a lion in chief on their shields, and this armorial device on the old *Bratach* would seem to confirm the tradition that the Mackays of the south of Scotland and the Mackays of Strathnaver were of the same stock. In connection with what Hugh said about the figure on the flag being a stag, I may here mention that the oldest Mackay armorial bearing I have been able to trace is dated 1539 "a stag passant," ascribed to "Mackay of Strathnaver."

Hugh related with great glee a story, but I do not recollect whether it referred to himself or to his father, how a certain rich clansman offered a large sum of money for the flag—£50 Hugh said—but, he added, "oceans of money

would not buy it—no, I would rather burn the flag than sell it!" The offer, if it was to Hugh it was made, was a tempting one, for he was in very poor circumstances. But he was true to his colours, "a chip of the old block," and in spirit worthy of his ancestor Ian Abrach.

JOHN MACKAY
Wiesbaden, Germany. ("Ben Reay").

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

STALWART HIGHLANDERS IN THE SENATE.

A day spent in the Canadian Senate before the close of the parliamentary session the other day disclosed the interesting fact that almost all the tall, good-looking solons of the gilded chamber—our senate is a minature House of Lords—are Highlanders. A king among them is the portly

SIR DAVID MACPHERSON,

as fine a specimen of manly proportions as even the Highlands could produce. He is a native of Inverness, and is proud of his birth-place, of which he is generously mindful. Indeed, the Senator is generous to a fault when his countrymen are concerned. He made a fortune in the land of his adoption, chiefly in the execution of large railway contracts. He represented a Highland constituency in Parliament, and became a Minister of the Crown, for services in connection with which office he received the honour of knighthood long ago. His beautiful and palatial residence, Chestnut Park, Toronto, is the hospitable resting-place of many distinguished visitors from the old land. It was here Mr. Chamberlain, when negotiating a *modus vivendi* between Canada and the United States on the fishery question, stayed for a few days, when he expressed his views with such charming candour on

THE CROFTER QUESTION.

At that time Mr Chamberlain posed as a friend of the crofter, and was full of the question. But he thought he was far enough from home to give vent to his real feelings without fear of being repeated in the old land. But as he talked volubly on to his interviewer, who did not jot down a word, he did not observe that the other scribe was "taking him" with all the speed of an expert stenographer. When he read his "views" next morning in two of the Toronto dailies he came to the conclusion that Canadian pressmen were gifted with singularly retentive memories. Then there is

SENATOR MACMILLAN OF GLENGARRY

—six feet, and as straight as a rush. He is a medical man, a good-hearted Highlander, as fond of a good Gaelic song and the bagpipes as he is of his many shining ducats. He is a ready speaker, but would prefer, any day, to face an audience with a Gaelic song than with an English speech. He is a thoroughly representative Canadian Gael, and highly respected.

SENATOR MACINNES, OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,

also attracts attention by his ponderous stature. He it is who introduced a bill to the Senate for the purpose of enacting that all public documents issued by the Canadian Government be printed in Gaelic and in English, instead of in French and English as at present. He did not receive the support his patriotic effort deserved, for very few took him seriously. He speaks Gaelic with full native accent and with a purity to be envied. A "hale fellow well met;" a hearty, big-minded Highlander, not unlike the heavily-built MacRaes of Kintail of two generations ago. Alongside of him is

SENATOR LACHLAN MACCALLUM,

of the Niagara district, a worthy legislator and a parliamentary fighter. In days long gone by he used to try an occasional bout with that "terror of the stump," Hon. Archd. M'Kellar, now Sheriff of Hamilton. Usually he had to confess that the wily M'Kellar proved too much for him. M'Kellar fairly won his *sobriquet*. He had a fertility of resource and an eloquence supported by reasoning power, which made him a very formidable opponent. An anecdote related of a tussle with Senator MacCallum illustrates

SHERIFF M'KELLAR'S INGENUITY

rather than his usual ability in argument. The Senator had put his case well, and had the audience completely with him, the people being almost to a man of the same political stripe as himself. The Sheriff saw it would be a difficult task to turn the tide, but argued that if he could only by some happy hit divert their minds to him at the outset, he could convince them. So he proceeded to tell how he and the Senator were old friends, and at one on the question at issue. "Only," said M'Kellar, "the Senator does not express his opinions altogether correctly. You know he is a Highlander, and thinks in Gaelic; and that language has to be read backwards to translate it into English; therefore you have to read the Senator, not as he expresses himself, but the reverse, and when you do so you will make him unsay what he has been urging." The expedient "took," and when the laughter and applause subsided the audience were ready to listen to the doughty Sheriff, whose speech on the occasion completely turned the meeting from the Senator.

The kindly face and gentlemanly bearing of

SENATOR MACDONALD,

ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, and of the old stock of Morar, invites

the attention of the visitor to the Senate. Gaelic-speaking, Gaelic-feeling, he loves his people, and is proud of the brave race from whence he sprung.

THE CLANS IN THE SENATE.

What would our Senate, our House of Commons be without the Highland element? Without Big Rory of the Hammer, Big Fraser of New Glasgow—the one a Strathglass, the other a Glenelg man by extraction—the Rosses, the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the MacNeill's? why, it would not be recognisable. The Highlander holds the helm on board the ship of State in Canada. SGIAN DUBH.

Toronto, April, 1893.

THE CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

BY THE VENERABLE WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.

PART II.

IN 1799 Government resolved on disbanding all fencible regiments whose services had been limited to Great Britain. The reduction of my grandfather's first battalion in consequence, took place in that year on Bruntsfield Links, near Edinburgh. On this occasion the happy effects of humane attention to the comfort and discipline of the men were manifest. Although the regiment had come by forced marches from Sunderland, in bad weather, not a single soldier was incapacitated for duty. When Major-General Vyse called for a list of the sick, the adjutant replied that his list was a blank; there was not one sick man in the whole battalion. Every individual came forward in person to deliver up his arms.

I will now give some account of the second battalion.

Previously to the reduction of the first, my grandfather, in 1795, received a second time letters of service, and had been empowered to raise a second battalion of fencibles, whose services should extend to Ireland. The corps at first consisted, like the former, of 600 men, but was afterwards increased to 1000. They received the name of "Caithness Highlanders," and served in Ireland during the rebellion.

When the augmentation took place, a large proportion of the first battalion volunteered into the second, although now about to be employed in a country suffering from internal distractions and threatened with invasion; and although, also, in a prudential point of view, they might have been gainers by accepting the large offers made to them by the agents of militia corps. "I entertain," said a military correspondent of my grandfather, "the highest respect for your character, from having been a witness, a few years ago, to your regiment re-enlisting under your banner as soldiers, and that, too, at a period when they were tempted by numberless recruiting officers with higher bounties."

The Caithness Highlanders were first quartered for two years in the province of Ulster. While stationed at Armagh, they received thanks from Viscount Gosford, in the name of the Magistrates, for their uniform steadiness and efficiency. "Divided, from the necessity of the times," said Lord Gosford in his address to the commandant, "into various cantonments, and many of them stationed in a manner most unfavourable to military discipline, they yet preserved the fidelity of soldiers and the manly rectitude of their national character. It is with equal pleasure and satisfaction we declare that the tranquility which this country is now happily beginning to enjoy, must in many respects be ascribed to the ready obedience and proper deportment of the officers and men under your command."

The regiment was afterwards removed to the south of Ireland. In this quarter it exhibited the same steady discipline. Various high testimonials to this effect may be quoted. In a letter to my grandfather, General Sir Charles Ross uses this language:—"I have repeatedly had occasion to express my satisfaction with the Caithness Highlanders, and my opinion of their merit, which was conspicuous on all occasions. At a very critical period they conducted themselves with invariable steadiness and propriety." Captain, afterwards Colonel Williamson, thus wrote to the agent of the regiment:—"The Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Cornwallis) told me he admired the appearance of the men, and that, what he liked better, he heard the best report of their good behaviour on every occasion, and from every general under whom they had served."

An incident, somewhat like what had occurred on the reduction of the first battalion, and proving in the same manner the wholesome effects of judicious management, took place at Cork, where the corps was reviewed by General Viscount Lake. There was scarcely a sick man on the list, and the General declared that although he had often heard before of regiments 1000 strong, he had never seen one till that day. In 1797, at Yonghall, the whole regiment, with the exception of only 50 men, volunteered, with characteristic enthusiasm, an extension of their service to any part of Europe.

In 1798, when, in consequence of the lowness of the Exchequer, contributions were made by private persons for the defence of the nation, these brave men gave further proof of loyalty and public spirit. In a letter from my grand-

father in that year, he acknowledges in terms of commendation the receipt of £200, made up of four days' pay from the private men, and a week's pay from the officers, which he had remitted on their account to the Government.

The Caithness Highlanders were fortunate in being placed under Colonel Williamson, whose judgment and knowledge of the habits and dispositions of his men enabled him to make the necessary distinction between unintentional or slight breaches of discipline, and those proceeding from depraved habits or hardened guilt. Of the latter, indeed, he had none, consequently courts-martials were few and punishments slight. For neglects and trifling offences he generally called on the soldiers of the men's respective companies to bring the offenders to account, to award some slight punishment, and to keep a sharp eye over them afterwards. This mode prevailed in many Highland regiments in the old days, and with the happiest effects.

The Caithness Highlanders enjoyed an extraordinarily good state of health. During seven years, part of which time they were 900 and 1000 strong, the number of deaths was only 2 officers and 37 non-commissioned officers and men, not being $\frac{3}{4}$ of a man out of every hundred each year.

In 1800, Government, anxious to strengthen the standing army, encouraged fencibles to volunteer into the line. Two hundred and twenty of the Caithness Highlanders joined the expedition to Egypt, a greater number than was furnished by any other fencible corps.

At the peace of 1802, the regiment was ordered from the south of Ireland to Glasgow, and after being inspected by General Sir Alexander Don was disbanded.

My grandfather's interest in the men and officers under his command in these battalions did not end with their reduction. There was a pile of letters, not models of style, but breathing the warmest gratitude, from individuals whom he had raised from obscurity and destitution to independence, or whose rise to wealth he had assisted. One or two examples may be given. Sergeant Sinclair, one of the volunteers to Egypt, distinguished himself at the battle of Alexandria by the Capture of a French "Eagle." No sooner was his late colonel made aware of this exploit than he solicited the Commander-in-Chief to bestow an ensigncy on this meritorious soldier. The application was granted; and my grandfather had afterwards the satisfaction of recommending the ensign to a lieutenancy.

Another of the volunteers to Egypt, Sergeant Waters, obtained an ensigncy on his former colonel's recommendation, for having carried off, in the face of the enemy, a wounded officer during the retreat from Cairo.

A third case is still more remarkable. A young man named Fraser one day presented himself to my grandmother, in the absence of my grandfather, requesting her influence to obtain for him an ensigncy in the fencibles. He was an intelligent youth, but appeared in humble circumstances. In answer to my grandmother's application, the colonel stated that if the young man could produce the requisite complement of men he should receive the commission. Fraser was indefatigable in his exertions, and obtained the stipulated number. Not long after, he again presented himself as an ensign to his patroness, offering to raise more recruits, in the prospect of a lieutenancy. This request also was granted, and he became a lieutenant. At Aberdeen he attracted my grandfather's attention by some ingenious sketches of the camp, which showed talent in him as a military draughtsman. On the reduction of the regiment my grandfather applied in his favour to some friends connected with the India House, who obtained for him a cadetship in the company's engineers. As Fraser had no funds, his friendly colonel advanced the sum necessary for his equipment and passage to India. Fraser showed himself worthy of this patronage. He soon remitted the loan. He distinguished himself as one of the ablest officers in the service; amassed a large fortune; returned to England, where he bought three estates in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Caithness; and while he lived acted up to his declaration that "till he ceased to exist he never would forget Sir John Sinclair's generosity to his family and to himself."

[NOTE.—The above account is taken largely from the "Memoir of Sir John Sinclair," by his son, the late Archdeacon John Sinclair.]

GAELIC SPELLING OF HIGHLAND NAMES.—Perhaps some of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* could favour me with the correct Gaelic spelling of the following surnames:—

Mac Kechnie.—Is this from *Eachinn* (Hector?).
Mac Leod.
Mac Crimmon.—Query—Mac Criomthan.
Mac Lure.—Query—Mac Thaller (tailor).
Mac Culloch.—*Culloch*—a boar in Irish Gaelic.
Mac Nair.
Mac Bean.
Mac Vean.
Mac Bain.
Mac Clay (or Clay).
Mac Rae (or Raith).
Mac Eachran.
Mac Auslan.
Mac Craw.
Mac Caw.
Mac Caa.

Barrow-in-Furness MACRUADHRIGH.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

V.—ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

THE story of the ecclesiastical history of Durness would, of itself, form no inconsiderable essay. It begins, as we have seen, with the Culdee Missionaries settling in Balnakil, who underwent the same kind of usage from the warlike sons of Lochlin as their Iona brethren. But they did not give up the struggle in despair, for we find that the Church of Durness, between the years "1223 and 1245, was assigned by Bishop Gilbert to find light and incense for the Cathedral Church at Dornoch." It would be unreasonable to expect a connected history of the fortunes of this monastery, for such does not exist, but, judging from the subsequent history of the north coast, it would appear that while the influence of the Celtic Church waned in proportion to the aggressions of Rome, Balnakil Monastery would have been the last to come under such influence. In England, which had been Christianised mainly by Papal emissaries, it was but natural that they should acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See. But it was quite otherwise in Scotland, and down to the 14th century, the Scottish Kings on the one hand, and the Scottish clergy on the other, resented with all their might the foreign influence. But it was a losing battle in which they were engaged; the Scottish clergy retired gradually before the representatives of Rome, first from England, and latterly from the south of Scotland. But as late as 1320, eight earls and thirty-one barons of Scotland sent a spirited remonstrance to the Pope, asserting their determination to preserve their ancient usages alike in State and Church, declaring at the same time their spiritual obedience to Rome. The Culdees continued until the 14th century, when they were finally superseded by a regular order of clergy owing allegiance in worship and ritual to Rome. But in the more inaccessible districts there is no question that they held out against the innovations of Rome much longer; and the same century which saw the decline of the Scottish Church saw the rise of the Lollards and the Wicklifiites. Considering the slower pace of events in our northern peninsula, it is not too much to say that the influence of the Culdees remained until the 15th century, and this accounts for the almost entire absence of traditions relating to the Roman Catholic priests in the north coast. In no part of Scotland was the Reformation earlier launched and more effectually carried out than in the Reay country, where the soil had been favourable for its reception, through the labours of the Culdees. Roman Catholicism flourished but a short time here, and was looked upon by the people as an exotic plant. The only tradition which the writer heard, which owes its origin to this influence, is that about a priest called the "Sagart Ruadh," and the curious thing in connection with him is that almost every parish in the North Coast preserves very much the same traditions concerning him, and claims his grave. In Durness, a spot is pointed out where he had a chapel; in Strathnaver again, forty miles distant, his grave is to be seen in the valley of the Naver. When the river will have removed his bones (and it is now within a few yards of it) the tradition is that "the Cheviot sheep will give way again to men." In one way the scantiness of materials dating from this period is very natural, when we consider that the chief, Hugh Mackay of Far, and father of 1st Lord Reay, adopted with his clansmen the principles of the Reformation. He flourished between 1571 and 1614. So attached was the family to the cause of religious freedom that his son, Sir Donald, mentioned above, served on the Continent under Gustavus Adolphus, and drew so largely upon the resources of his estate to equip him in this undertaking that it never afterwards recovered financially.

I shall bring the ecclesiastical record of the parish to a close by subjoining a number of notices, gathered from many sources in the Advocates' and Free Library, Edinburgh, adding, where possible, further information from local tradition.

1541.—James V. presented the vicarage of Ard-Durness to Mr. John Jackson, vacant by the death of Sir Gilbert Dynocht. He resided in Balnakil House.

1544.—Mr. John Jackson was still vicar.

1551.—On a letter from Queen Mary to the Bishop Elect of Caithness, the latter received Robert, Bishop of Orkney, as tenant of the lands of Durness and teinds of the parish. In 1559 the same Bishop granted the same lands in heritage to John, Earl of Sutherland.

Between 1561 and 1566, the teinds of the parish continued to be leased with the lands and Barony of Ard-Durness.

In 1567, John Reid is appointed exhorter there. At this time the parish extended for fifty miles from east to west.

1576.—King James VI presented the vicarage to George Mernes.

1580.—(Date of the National Covenant—directed against Popery) the said George Mernes "is placed conform to warrant." He is said to have demitted before 8th March, 1580, when William Mernes was presented to the vicarage by James VI.

COL. SIR FITZROY DONALD MACLEAN, BART.

Chief of the Clan MacLean.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 9. Vol. I. JUNE, 1893. Price, Twopence.

COL. SIR FITZROY DONALD MACLEAN, Bart., Chief of the Clan MacLean.

NOTHING could be more appropriate than that the place of honour in this month's issue of the *Celtic Monthly* should be awarded to Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart, chief of the Clan MacLean. Very many years have passed away since the "fiery-cross" was last carried over hill and dale to summon the MacLeans to arms in support of their chief, and in defence of their homes. Times have changed, and many members of the Clan MacLean have left their native island and scattered to all parts of the earth, but there is still one sentiment cherished in the hearts of all the MacLeans which vicissitude has not changed or distance diminished, and that is a sincere love for their name, their clan, and their chief. The "fiery-cross" has again been sent round, perhaps in a less war-like form than in days of yore, and there is to be such a gathering of the clan at the World's Fair at Chicago, on the 12th June, as will rejoice the hearts of all who bear the honoured name. Chief and clansmen are to meet to cement the ancient ties of kinship, and the occasion is one which is certain to find an important place in the modern history of the clan.

As many of my readers will, doubtless, look forward with feelings of interest and curiosity to this great family re-union, they will be pleased, I daresay, to learn some particulars of the life of the distinguished officer, around whose personality the chief events of that day will revolve.

Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart. of Duart, Brolas, and Morvern, twenty-sixth chief of MacLean, and tenth baronet of Morvern, was born May 18th, 1835. He entered the 13th Light Dragoons as cornet, and in 1852 was promoted a lieutenant; 1854, captain; 1856, major; 1861, lieutenant colonel; 1871, commanding 13th Hussars; colonel commanding West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry in 1880. In 1854-5, he served in Bulgaria and the Crimea and was with his regiment at the landing at Eupatoria; cavalry affair of Bulganak, battle of Alma, and siege of Sebastopol. May 8th, 1855, he received the Crimean medal for his gallant conduct in the Crimea from Her Majesty's own hand. He also received two clasps and the Turkish war medal. In 1859 was *aide-de-camp* to Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, G.C.B., and in 1860 to General Sir George Brown, K.C.B. In 1865 he was selected to report on the French cavalry manœuvres, and was the guest of the French Emperor and Empress during that period at the Quartier Imperial. Among the other celebrities invited to the Court at the Camp of Chalons, and with whom he was frequently in conversation (through an interpreter), was the noble-hearted and brave Abd el Kader, who, it may be remembered, defied the French army in Algeria for nearly fifteen years, and prevented several hundred Christians from being massacred at Damascus.

Besides being a man of soldier-like qualities, a keen sportsman, and an excellent horseman, Sir Fitzroy is a fine linguist and an extensive traveller. He has visited most cities in Europe. While stationed with his regiment in Canada, he spent part of his leave of absence in travelling in the United States, when he visited most of the battlefields of the great civil war. He looks back with the greatest pleasure to the courtesy he received during this visit.

In person, Sir Fitzroy is rather tall and spare; in manners affable and polite, and possesses all the qualities of a cultivated gentleman. He loves Scotland, and visits it every summer. He is proud of his noble line of ancestors, and has a kind word and an affectionate grasp of the hand for every member of the Clan MacLean. There is a little incident in Sir Fitzroy's life which a recent paragraph in a newspaper has brought to my recollection, and which may interest his clansmen. Not long ago a soldier was presented with the Humane Society's medal for saving the life of a

comrade in the reservoir at Aldershot. Curiously, a similar feat was performed by Sir Fitzroy in the same place, only in this case when he brought the body ashore life was, unfortunately, found to be extinct.

It may also be of interest to many of our readers to learn that he has been elected to the office of President of the Glasgow Mull and Iona Association, an honour of which the MacLean Chief is particularly proud. Sir Fitzroy naturally takes an enthusiastic interest in the recently formed Clan MacLean Society, which has already proved so successful, and presided at the large clan gathering which was held in Glasgow during the winter. His address on that occasion was eloquent, and in every respect worthy of a clan which has produced many gifted orators.

Sir Fitzroy married, January 17th, 1872, Constance Marianne, younger daughter of George Holland Ackers, Esq. of Moreton Hall. His eldest son, Hector Fitzroy, is now in the militia, and the second, Charles Lachlan, is a midshipman in the royal navy; third son, John Marsham; daughter, Finovola Marianne Eleanor. Two of Sir Fitzroy's sisters, the Lady Hood of Avalon, and the Lady Llangattock, are married to members of the peerage; another married the Hon. Ralph Nevill, brother to the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G.; one sister unmarried, Emily Frances Harriet.

In conclusion, I may just add that clansmen in the United States and Canada are looking forward with much interest to the great gathering which is to take place in a few days, and my readers may rest assured that our noble chief will receive a welcome as hearty as any extended to his fathers by their clansmen in the brave days of old.

Greenville, Ohio, U.S.A. J. P. MacLean.

A WRONG RIGHTED:

A Story of the Black Rock.

By Hannah B. Mackenzie.

Chapter II.—*Continued.*

RONALD started, and for a moment shrank from the prostrate man, then exclaimed—

"Whether or no, I cannot leave a feeble man, who is the uncle of my wife, to die like a dog here on a day such as this! Help me to carry him to our house on the other side of the bridge yonder."

Macdougall sullenly obeyed, and the two men moved along as best they could in the teeth of the fierce wind and rain with the heavy burden between them. A wooden bridge spans the Aultgradh after it emerges from its darksome passage, and across this the men moved cautiously, for the height at which it is suspended above the stream is very great, and the ricketty woodwork shakes beneath the passing tread. On the opposite side the ascent is steep and long, but once at the top the men soon gained the high road. Beside it stood a small house, hitherto untenanted.

"This is my house," said Ronald Roy, briefly. He opened the door; slim, girlish, beautiful as ever, Mairi ran forward from a doorway to meet him.

"Ronald! oh! what's this?"

"It is your uncle, Mairi; he met with an accident on the Black Rock, and Macdougall and I carried him thither," answered Ronald. "Make ready a bed, and we shall send for a doctor."

Without a word Mairi ran to do his behest, and in a short time the old man, still unconscious, was laid on Mairi's dainty white bed. Then Ronald turned to Macdougall.

"If you wish to save yourself, leave this part of the world at once. I understand now the power you held over that wicked old man; it was the knowledge of his past evil deeds. But bad as he was, he was not so bad as you think; and you tried to kill him. I saw you. I shall give you up to the authorities unless you leave Balmayne at once."

The would-be murderer slunk away before the look of honest scorn in Ronald's eyes; and that very night he left Balmayne and went, no one knew whither, taking with him, however, as many of his master's valuables as he could lay his hands on.

A doctor was in the meantime sent for, who pronounced the old man's case to be an almost hopeless one; but gave them some hope that he might recover consciousness before he died.

And so, at midnight, he did. Mairi, sitting by his bedside, saw his eyes open and fix themselves on her. The madness was gone out of them; they were conscious, though dimming fast.

"Mairi Stuart! how did ye come here?" he whispered, in a tone very unlike his usual one; he could not raise it above a low mutter. "Where am I? What's happened? I'm not at Balmayne."

Mairi bent down, and told him as well as she could what had happened.

"In your house? what house?" asked Balmayne, hoarsely.

"I am married," answered Mairi, who had been warned by Ronald how much to say. At this moment Ronald himself approached. He stooped down, looking at the wasted face and

form with the mingled anger and pity of a noble nature.

"I am Mairi's husband, and the son of one whom you deeply wronged," he said, slowly and distinctly; and the old man looked up with a sudden wild expression, so that Ronald hastened to add—"wronged, but did not murder. Nicol Adam, you did not kill Allan Roy, my father. It may seem strange to you, but it is true. I do not know if you *meant* to kill him—God and your own conscience know—but you thought you did. When you threw him over the Black Rock, he fell, as you supposed, into the bottomless, unseen cauldron below; he did not. A tree which had fallen across the gully broke his fall; he was caught by a sharp spike in it, and hung suspended over the water. When he recovered consciousness, he saw the imminent peril of his position, and, managing to cling to the tree, struggled, arm over arm, across the cauldron. I have often heard him tell it, though I little knew *you* were his attempted murderer. He left the country, full of such shameful and sad associations for him—his family ruined, his sister dishonoured, himself robbed, by you, Nicol Adam—and going to Australia, struggled to keep his family in comfort there. When I was thirteen my mother died, then my sister, then my father. I came to the old country, and, while paying a visit to my father's old home, met Mairi. We loved each other. When you cruelly cast her out, she came to me; we were married with, literally, 'a saxpence atween us,' and went to London, where my uncle found me a Government appointment. Mairi has been ailing lately, and pined to see her old home, so we came here. I am a bit of a painter, and thought the Aultgradh would make a fine scene to-day; and Providence brought me near you when that villain, Angus Macdougall, tried to make you lose your footing, so that you might fall over the rock. I brought you here, to my own house, in safety."

Ronald's voice ceased. Balmayne, lying back on his pillow, stared at his niece and her husband with wild, terrified eyes. They wondered how much of the story he had understood. Presently he said, in a low, hoarse voice—

"Mairi!"

She bent over him.

"Send for Ross, the lawyer, at once. Tell him to bring—the will—with him. Send fast, or it will be too late. Then give me—brandy and water. The end's coming fast."

Mairi turned to her husband.

"Send Kenny Oak, Ronald; don't go yourself. Don't leave me."

When the messenger was despatched, Ronald and Mairi remained together in the room awaiting the end. The old year had but a few grains of the sands of life now. As its end drew nigh, so the end of this old wasted life ebbed, wave by wave, with it.

"Ronald," Mairi whispered, "it is the last night of the old year. There will be no New Year for him on earth. You will forgive him?"

He clasped her hand.

About eleven o'clock the lawyer arrived. The old man, with a great effort, gathered his sinking faculties together, and dictated, in a low, hoarse voice:—

"I, Nicol Adam, of Balmayne, being this day in my right mind, do leave, all and sundry, my properties, &c., to Ronald and Mairi Roy, my nephew-by-law, and niece; also the estate of Balrobie, which belonged by right to Allan Roy, and was wickedly and unjustly stolen from him by me. And I here declare myself to have been a great sinner and evil-doer all the days of my life, and to have done the said Allan Roy and his kinsfolk cruel wrong; for the which I hope God will forgive me. Amen! . . . Have you wrote it, Ross? Be quick, or I cannot see to sign it. My eyes are waxing dim."

It was signed and sealed at last, attested by the signatures of Kenny Oak and the maid-servant employed by Mairi. The old man, like one already dead, lay on his pillows with dim, glazing eyes and ghastly face. Suddenly a murmur shook his lips. Mairi bent to catch it.

"Mairi—forgive!"

"Yes, as God will forgive you, if you ask Him, uncle," Mairi's sweet voice answered, gently.

"Ronald Roy—I wronged his kinsfolk——"

"I have forgiven it," Ronald answered, at a sign from Mairi. "Ask the forgiveness of Heaven, sir—it is more important than mine."

A bell rang loudly across the desolate country; it was that which announced the death of the old year—the birth of his successor. Ere it ceased, the troubled human life had ended, and the soul of Nicol Adam, sinner, floated out on the dark waters of the Beyond.

Glasgow Islay Association.—Hector MacLean Memorial.—At the monthly meeting of this association, held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, on 29th March, 1893, it was unanimously agreed that a suitable monument be erected over the remains of that distinguished son of Islay, the late Hector MacLean, M.A.L., Ballygrant, and a committee was appointed to take the necessary steps toward that object. Subscriptions are invited from friends, classmen, and admirers, and will be received and acknowledged by Archibald Sinclair, president, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow; or by Duncan C. Brock, hon. secy. and treasurer. It is proposed to close the list on 15th June.

MR. HEW MORRISON, F.S.A., Scot.

THERE are few better known men in Edinburgh to-day than Mr. Hew Morrison, the popular chief of the Public Library; for although he has been scarcely six years in the city, his gentlemanly bearing, frank countenance, and genial disposition have made him a universal favorite.

Mr. Morrison was born within sound of the sea in a most picturesque part of Sutherland — Torrisdale, in the parish of Tongue — and there, in one of the happiest of cottage homes, he spent his childhood and youth. He received the best education the parish provided, and at the age of 19 became master of the Free Church School there. About this time he blossomed into the local correspondent of the press; which record justified the Society of Journalists lately in entertaining him as their guest. He early developed a taste for Celtic studies, and his parents can tell delightful Highland stories, especially of the folk-lore relating to the Reay country. When quite a young man he was admitted a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland; and in 1883 published an interesting "Tourists' Guide to Sutherland and Caithness," which is now out of print.

After spending some time at the Edinburgh Free Church Normal Training College, he was appointed to a school at Ardrishaig. In 1875 he was elected to the head-mastership of Smith's Tenements School, Brechin, where he remained for 12 years. His residence in Argyleshire and Forfarshire afforded him many opportunities for continuing his historical and antiquarian studies, resulting in an exhaustive article on the Gaelic place-names of Forfarshire. He was in succession Secretary and Chairman of the Brechin Educational Institute, and a director of the Mechanics Institution, and took a special interest in its library. Indeed he has had always a love for libraries and books, and had made a catalogue of his own books, only 9 in number, when a mere boy. Throughout his whole scholastic life he made a hobby of collecting book lists, and there was scarcely a bookseller's or publisher's catalogue in the kingdom which was not known to him. Thus he was unconsciously fitting himself for the highly responsible position he now occupies.

A man of extraordinary energy, Mr. Morrison threw himself into the work of organising the library so heartily, that now it has become a model institution, and he himself an authority whose advice is sought far and near. Onerous as his duties are, he finds time to act as Chairman of the St. Cuthbert's and Dean School Board, and President of the Edinburgh Sutherland Association (founded 1866). He was a member of this society long before he came to Edinburgh, and took a special interest in its educational work, so now his compatriots regard him as the right man in the right place. He also takes an active interest in the Highland Committee of the Free Church, especially in its bursary schemes, and in the Education Committee.

D. W. KEMP.

HECTOR IS DEAD:
In Memoriam.

("By the death of Mr Hector MacLean, the Scottish Gael have lost a man of remarkable personality—a gennine Highlander."—Professor MacKinnon, in the *Celtic Monthly* for April).

Hector is dead, the brave, heroic Gael,
The mighty thinker, and a king of men;
Whose mem'ry long shall live in every vale,
And praise be sung in every Highland glen.

Hector is dead, just as the early flower
Awoke to beautify his Highland home;
He felt the mystery of some heavenly power,
And soared away beyond God's lovely dome.

Hector is dead, the genial-hearted man,
Who loved the Highlands with a proper pride,
Who prized the history of each Highland clan—
Whose fame has spread to countries far and wide.

Hector is dead, that Highlander so brave,
Whose every pulse beat with a passion true;
Who scorned a coward, and the cringing knave,
Who courted not the crowd, but sought the few.

Hector is dead, no more his sturdy form
With swinging stride, shall tread the heather red;
No more his hand we'll clasp, so true and warm;
We turn aside, and sigh, Hector is dead.

Hector is dead—he who enriched our lore
With brilliant flashes from his fertile brain;
Who loved to muse on happy days of yore,
When hearts were pure as gold, not proud and vain.

Hector is dead, the world is poorer now,
The Highlands, too, have lost a faithful friend,
Who loved each heather tuft and flower-gemmed brow,
Whose noble form to Cant would never bend.

Hector is dead, the busy, gifted soul,
Who all his life basked 'neath sweet Wisdom's smile—
He now has reached that far and mystic pole,
While hundreds weep within his much-loved isle.

Hector is dead, the coronach is heard,
With wailing dirge, deep in each Highland glen,
Till clansmen's hearts with sorrow deep are stirred,
And tears stand in the eyes of war-like men.

Hector is dead, and yet, why should we weep?
He sought the truth, with firm and fearless tread;
Beneath the flowers he's resting now, asleep;
We smile through tears, and say, "Peace to the dead."

Manchester. Duncan MacLean.

THE GLEN RE-VISITED.

I know a stream that twinkles through the ferns
In sunlit flashes;
And from its continuity my spirit learns
Life-lessons, as it dashes
Still onward, onward. Here the solemn gloom
Of rocky walls
Seems like the entrance to a Druid's tomb;
And there, 'neath open sky, blithe madrigals
Are carolled forth by birds that lightly float
O'er long and tasselled grasses,
Where Queen o' Meadow dips—
Amen-ing to the masses
Melodious Nature chants with myriad throat.
Beneath that trembling birch the star-moss sips
The amber waters. Here—the very stone,
Wearing the same dark skirt of silky green,
Where often when the day was all but done,
And o'er the shadowy scene
The spirit of contemplation silent fell,—

When mellow evening sought the dell,
And pressed a rosy kiss upon the leaves [eaves,
That quivered 'neath the warm love of the summer
Have I reclined to hear with Keats
The nightingale soft showering all its sweets
Upon the balmy pine-tree scented air;
Or Parisina's trailing dress to hear
Sweeping with restless haste the myrtle grove,
With eyes that veil themselves in love;
Mayhap to see proud Hamlet come to take
Sad pleasure probing every form of life:
And now 'tis Shelley's lady that I see
Tending her flowers, and living for their sake;
Now, bringing joy to one who lies in wait,
Fair Maud it is that nears the garden gate,
In brilliance clad, with flashing jewels rife,
And eyes that dance with sunbright melody.
Perhaps 'tis lovely Lady Geraldine,
Who won the Poet's love;
And when the sunset hues decline,
And stars come out above;
When all things wear a sombre shade,
I see the dreamer Dante with eyes bent
Full on the ground, come silent through the glade,

As if he were but darker shadow lent
By coming night!
Oft too when Morning's gold
Has over all the fresh moist woodlands rolled
Its new yet old world charm, I've sought the glen—
When all this sweetness lay on sleeping men,—
And wrapped myself atont in songs of birds
And merry waters. Mocking at all words
Come thoughts as tender as the airy web
I severed in meandering through the trees,—
Shy thoughts which from the shore of language ebb
Like a soft sobbing sea. When sudden breeze
Awoke the dews that slept upon the leaves
They, pattering fell;—some to the lowly grass,
Some to the wild convolvulus that weaves
A network round the foxgloves tall that pass
Their days in drowsy fellowship with bees
Which some fond wind has coveted from leas.
Asleep in sunshine, bringing them
Where, 'neath the forest garment's hem,
Flowers breathe full slowly, and rare undergrowths
Pavilion earth with tapestry as rich
As that which eastern monarch's palace clothes,
But wrought in living emeralds, whose hues bewitch
All eyes that look towards earth.
O pregnant scene!
From which my greedy love may glean
That which can ne'er do otherwise than stay, [away.
When Winter's magic breath has chased the spell
Spirit of Beauty, hail! on whose wide rainbow wings
Spirit of man uprises to celestial things!

John Hogben.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

THE author of this song, which never before appeared in print, was the late Mr. Donald Campbell, a native of Mull, who was for over thirty years one of the masters of the City of London School. After being thirty years thus engaged, during which he lived a quiet and retired life, alike unknowing and unknown to his many fellow-countrymen in the busy Metropolis, quite by accident he met a brother Gael, who took him to a meeting of the Gaelic Society of London. The Gaelic fire, which until then had but smouldered in his breast, was immediately lit, and from then until his death, in August of last year, his enthusiasm for all that appertained to his native land was unbounded. He shortly afterwards took his first trip, after the period already mentioned, to the "Hilly Isle of Mull," where he received the inspiration which gave us this song. On his return to London he was appointed Gaelic Secretary to the Gaelic Society of London, a post which he filled until his retirement in 1889. But notwithstanding that he was then over eighty years of age, he continued a regular attendant at the meetings of the society. He has made many excellent translations to the Gaelic of the most popular of our Scoto English and Irish songs. All these translations and musical settings, together with other tokens of friendship and esteem, in the shape of books, he left to his successor in the secretaryship of the Gaelic Society, Mr. T. D. MacDonald, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of presenting to our readers the song now given, and also for some of the translations with which we propose to treat our readers as opportunities occur. Mr. Campbell was a vice-president of the Gaelic Society at the time of his death.

The air to which the words are set is of a type prevalent in Irish music. In its simplest form it consists of only two strains, which are reversed for the third and fourth lines of the stanza. A number of airs of the same kind, though they cannot be said to prevail, are found in the Highlands, and some of them rank among our sweetest. In the Scottish type the third line is rarely an exact reproduction of the second, but is varied more or less. Two airs of this kind have already appeared in our Musical Column, namely "Gaol an t-seòladair" and "Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh." The following are well-known examples:—"Eilean a' cheò," which is very little removed from the Irish model; "Mo chailin dìleas donn," "Allt-an-t-siùcair," "Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh," according to the *Celtic Lyre;* and "Mo Mhali bheag òg." It is probable some of these are, if not originally Irish, at least due to Irish influence.

MUILE NAM BEANN ARDA—(MULL OF THE BENS).

Gaelic words by the late Donald Campbell, London. *Translation by* T. D. MacDonald, London.

Key F. *Moderato.*

.d	r .r : r .,m	f : m .,r	d .,l_1 : s_1 .,l_1	d : —
Ged	tha mi nis a	chòmnuidh An	Lunuinn mhòir an	t-sluaigh,
Tho'	now I am so-	journing In	busy London	town,
.s	l .l : l .,t	d' : t .,l	s .,l : d' .,l	s : —
Bidh	m' inntinn tric a'	tionndadh Ri m'	dhùthaich mar bu	dual;
My	thoughts are often	turning To the	home I call my	own;
.s	l .,s : l .,t	d' : t .,l	s .s : d' .,m	s : —
Ri	càirdean 's ri luchd-eòlais	O 'n	dhealaich mi fo	bhròn,
To	friends and fellow-playmates	With	whom I roamed and	sung,
.m	r .r : r .m	f : m .,r	d .,l_1 : s_1 .,l_1	d : — ‖
Am	Muile nam beann	àrd - a 'San	d' fhuair mi m' àrach	òg.
Who	dwelt among the	high bens Where	I was nurtur'd	young.

'Se'n t-eilean Muileach àghmhor
  A bhios mo dhàn a' luaidh;
Tha 'n fhairge thonnach, dhùghorm
  A' dlùthadh air mu 'n cuairt;
'Na lochan fioruisg 's sàile,
  Gu 'n glacar pailt' an t-iasg;
'S air mullach nam beann àrda
  Gu cràiceil gheibhear fiadh.

O Mull, thou isle of grandeur
  Though far from thee I stray,
Methinks I see the ocean
  That round thee casts its spray,
Thy inland lakes and sea-lochs
  Where fishes oft I've caught,
Thy glens and mountain ridges
  Where I the deer have sought.

O, b' ait leam a bhi 'g èisdeachd
  'Sa' Chèitean bhòidheach ghrinn,
Nan smeòrach 'measg nan geugan
  Gu ceòlmhor, sèisteach, binn;
Air easan siùbhlach, beucach
  Bidh bradain leum le treòir,
'S air mullach nam beann àrda
  Gur tric ri snàmh an ceò.

'Twere dear delight to listen
  The woodland warbling throng
That hail each coming summer
  With echo-yielding song;
To list the burnie's murmur
  And watch the black trout rise;
While high upon the hill-tops
  White mist obscures the skies.

N'uair thig mu 'n cuairt an samhradh
Le soillse 's fann-ghaoth thlath ;
'S a chluinnear guth na cuaiche
A' dùsgadh fuaim 's gach àit ;
Le culaidh luraich, uaine,
Bidh slios gach chuain fo bhlàth,
Ged bhitheas àird nam fuar bheann
Air snuadh an t-sneachdaidh bhàin.

An c'mhnuidh measg nan gleanntan
Aig bun nan beann 's nan stùc,
Tha siol nan Gàidheal naibhreach,
A 's trie thug bruaidh le clìù—
Na h-igheagan tha muiseach,
S' am banalas d'a réir,
'S na gillean lighmhor, fuasgailt'
Nach géill do shluagh fo'n ghréin.

And when the summer smiling
Drinks up the passing shower,
And joy on every side greets
The cuckoo in the bower,
In Nature's brightest garland
Is drest the strath below,
While high upon the mountains
Remains the winter's snow.

And there, on many a hillside,
By river, strath, and glen,
The Gaelic race still nurtures
Fair women and brave men ;
There lasses blythe and bonnie
Awake the flame divine,
In hearts as true and gallant
As ever beat langsyne.

SEMBERA MACKAY.

By the Authoress of "Mackay of Uganda."

NOT a typical dusky African was Sembera. He belonged to a remarkably interesting race of people who delight in supposing themselves to be of European origin. At what time in the remote past they entered Africa they cannot tell. All they are certain of is that "they came from a country near that of the *white* man!" Certainly their beauty of countenance and their capability of great intellectual development so far confirm this tradition. Captain Speke, however, and other travellers believe that they must have entered Africa from the *Asiatic* side, and that they are descendants of Shem—a race universally allowed to equal, if, indeed, it does not surpass, all the other branches of the human family.

Our chief interest in Sembera, however, lies in the fact that he was an honoured member of of the Clan Mackay, and that he knew as much of the clan lore as perhaps any reader of the *Celtic Monthly*.

He was Alexander Mackay's first convert in Uganda, and the first native baptised in that country. Much in the missionary's company, assisting him in translating the Scriptures, he advanced rapidly both intellectually and spiritually, while his wonderful facility in preaching the gospel made him a power of strength to the native Church of Uganda.

During the awful outbreak of persecution which succeeded the murder of Bishop Hannington, Sembera was condemned to death, but with other fugitives he was enabled to take refuge in Ankori.

On Mwanga's restoration to the throne, some years since, Sembera was one of three Protestant young men who refused great chieftainships, that they might be free to use their opportunities as evangelists to their countrymen.

In the recent struggle in Uganda whether the country should be ruled by Britain through the Imperial British East African Company, or by the French priests through King Mwanga (for the contest was purely political and not in any way due to religious differences), the British have been victorious; but, alas! the very first guns fired killed Sembera Mackay, who had gone to find a guard for the English Mission-House.

The missionaries all mourn his loss with pathetic sorrow. One says, "Dear, brave, Sembera Mackay, whom everyone loved, and of whom I never heard a disparaging word, has entered into his reward—and we are left to sorrow over his loss, and to trust our God to supply his place. . . . He was our best and ablest man, and most deeply taught Christian." Another writes—"We know God can make others like Sembera Mackay, but he was in many ways such a treasure to us that we all feel his loss very much."

Sembera tenderly watched over Alexander Mackay during his last illness, and after closing his eyes he addressed a most touching letter to "Christians in England," in which he said—"I am your friend, the first convert and follower of Mr. A. M. Mackay in Uganda. . . . Try your utmost to persuade our Christian brethren to come and help us in the work of God, so that our Church may be strong in Uganda." And now Sembera has gone to his rest. Will no Mackay respond to his clansman's call?

The Clan MacLean.—We have received a copy of a very interesting booklet which has just been published by this society. Besides containing the usual list of members, and particulars regarding the work of the society, several valuable papers read before the society are given in full. The article on the "MacLean Crests," which appeared in our April issue, also finds a place in this useful publication. The Secretary deserves to be complimented on the care which he has bestowed on the get up of the work.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1893.

CONTENTS.

TO OUR READERS.

It will, no doubt, be pleasing to our large circle of readers to learn that the magazine continues to increase in public favour. The sale last month was specially satisfactory, several agents having to get as many as three and four supplies before the demand for the May number was fully met. We need hardly say that this practical expression of appreciation on the part of our countrymen is most encouraging to us, for it should not be forgotten that editors are only human after all! It is also a source of great pleasure to us to receive so many kindly letters from readers at a distance, many from Highlanders abroad, expressing the great delight which the magazine affords them each month. We would like to quote a line or two from three letters which we have just received from new subscribers resident respectively in England, Ireland and Norway. The first is from an enthusiastic Highlander, whose name is well known by his graceful contributions to Celtic literature. He says—"I am absolutely delighted with your magazine, it breathes such a grand spirit of patriotism that by a slight stretch of imagination I am again a bare-legged youngster rambling among the Highland hills I loved and love so well." Another countryman, resident in the north of Ireland, read a friendly review in a recent issue of the *Scottish Highlander* (for which and other favours we now tender our hearty thanks to the genial editor), and wrote asking us to send him copies. We did so, and by return received a most appreciative letter, in which he says—"The copies of the magazine arrived all right. I certainly will admit that the *C. M.* is very good value, and have not been content to stop at the bare *admission*, but have missed no opportunity to *proclaim* it, since I saw what it was like." If all our readers acted in this spirit the circulation of our youthful venture, large as it already is, would soon be doubled, and its permanent success ensured. The last letter was sent us by an esteemed contributor, who had received it from a friend in Norway. "Is it you that I have to thank for the *Celtic Monthly?*" he asks. "I received a copy yesterday, and am so pleased with it that I have sent the publisher a year's subscription by this post." These are only examples of the many kindly letters which we receive, and which encourage us to strive to make our magazine a credit to Highlanders, breathing the true spirit of Highland sentiment and patriotism. If every reader would only induce another to become a subscriber what a great help it would be to us in giving practical effect to our desire to enlarge and improve the *Monthly*. Let each try.

NEXT ISSUE.—With the July number we will present our readers with a life-like plate portrait of Mr. J. G. Mackay, Portree, whose name has been favourably known to Highlanders for so many years, especially in connection with the Crofter Movement, and whose knowledge of the history and literature of the Highlands is excelled by few. Portraits, with biographical sketches, will also be given of Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Elderslie, secretary, Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and author of "Phonetics of Gaelic," contributions from whose pen have frequently appeared in the *Celtic Monthly*; and Professor J. P. MacLean, Morrison, United States, author of the "History of the Clan MacLean."

NEW CELTIC PUBLICATIONS.—Mr. Sinclair, the well-known Gaelic Publisher, is about to issue a most interesting work in connection with the Free Church Jubilee, by Rev. John G. MacNeill, of Cawdor, consisting of "Gaelic Biographical Sketches of the the Moderators of the General Assembly from 1843 to 1893." It will be illustrated with fine portraits of several prominent Highland Moderators. The book is only to cost 3s., and we bespeak for it a hearty reception from our readers. We may mention that he has also in the press just now another Gaelic work, "Dain Iain Ghobha, the Poems of John Morison, the songsmith of Harris," collected and edited, with a memoir, by George Henderson, M.A. These beautiful hymns were never before published in a complete collected form.

CLAN CAMPBELL SOCIETY.—A deputation from this society presented an address to His Grace the Duke of Argyle, chief of the clan, on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of Paisley.

DUNCAN MACKINTOSH,

SECRETARY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

GLENURQUHART is responsible for many of the leading citizens of Inverness—honourable, energetic men they are, too, who hail from that most picturesque of glens. Invernessians whisper that they are a trifle clannish among themselves. Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, secretary of the Inverness Gaelic Society, hails from the "Glen;" he is a typical Glenurquhart man, who has, however, extended his clannishness to embrace all and sundry of Gaelic origin. Consequently he is now the "head-centre" of the present Highland literary movement, which finds its expression in the Gaelic Society of Inverness and its works.

When Mr. Mackintosh, as a young man, came to Inverness first, he joined the staff of the Bank of Scotland, in whose services he still remains, having now attained the position of second in charge of the important branch located in Inverness. For five years he was absent from Inverness, filling the positi n of accountant for his Bank at Oban. While there, he was secretary of the Lorn Ossianic Society, and collected considerable sums for the Celtic Chair. Before leaving Inverness he was treasurer of the Gaelic Society, he being one of its original members. Returning to Inverness in 1879, he resumed the duty of treasurer, and in 1886 he was further appointed secretary.

He took charge of the society's fortunes when its finances were at a very low ebb; Mr. Mackintosh set himself steadily to the work, and in a few years he cleared off the debts and put the society on a sound business as well as literary and social basis. Mr. Mackintosh makes an ideal secretary, especially on the practical side. The ruin of most societies of the kind is the failure to get in the subscriptions. In this matter Mr. Mackintosh is most successful, using all gentleness, as the saying is, but quietly persisting in his applications. A matter that helps him much in this is the excellence of the annual volumes of the Gaelic Society's Transactions. For this excellence Mr. Mackintosh is, of course, largely responsible; for he gets papers and lectures from the best men in their various subjects, north and south, and of these contributions even, only the best again are published.

Added to all this is the further fact that Mr. Mackintosh is of a kindly, genial disposition, frank and hearty in manner, with no attempt at putting on "side." Our good wishes are with him and his excellent work. *Gu ma fada beò e agus beon mhath dha!*

A. M.

Inverness, 11th April, 1893.

EACHDRAIDH BEATHA CHRIOSD" (THE LIFE OF CHRIST).—This handsome volume, by the Rev. John M'Rury, Snizort, has just been published by Mr. Archd. Sinclair, Celtic Press, Glasgow, and is a work which should prove specially valuable to our Highland clergy, students, and Sabbath school teachers, while it also should find a place in every Highland home. It consists of about 300 pages, and is published at the popular price of 3s.

THE LATEST RECITER OF SGEULA CHOIS O'CEIN.

IN the *Celtic Monthly* for April there appeared at the head of the article on the late distinguished scholar, Hector MacLean, a little group in earnest confab. J. F. Campbell, who is passive but observant before us, is well known, and Hector, who seems amused at something said by the little man in such earnest at the other end of the table, is also known wherever science, literature, and philosophy are cultivated; but who is Lachlan MacNeill, that he should sit in such company?

No one can answer that question better than I can. When the first two volumes of "The West Highland Tales" reached me at the office of the *Agricultural Review*, in Dublin, I wrote to J. F. Campbell, reminding him of the existence of Lachie, to whose playing of the violin both of us had often danced, telling him what he evidently had never known, that, besides being a fiddler and a shoemaker, he was, next to *Mairearad Nic Leoid*, the best *Sgeulaiche* in Islay, adding that among his treasures was *Sgeula Chois O'Cein*. Fifteen years afterwards the original of the photograph was constituted in Paisley, where, after many inquiries, the tale collectors came upon the object of their quest. The electroplate represents the trio as Lachie recites the twenty-four tales which make up the famous concatination. And fortunate it was that they found him when they did. All three are now no more, and I know not where I should turn to look for the man who could to-day furnish anything like a fair version of *Segula Chois O'Cein*, unless it be to Mr. Duncan Cameron, retired police constable, Tobermory. Rev. Messrs. MacInnes and Campbell have given scraps of that great "Highland Night's Entertainment," but only insignificant fragments. I am very sorry I had not time to tap Mr. Cameron the last time I saw him; but I do hope there are men, and leisure at the command of the men of the Argyllshire Mod, to make sure that nothing of the wealth which Mr. Cameron possesses will be lost to the race when he shall have followed the older collectors. However, it is so far satisfactory that Lachie's contribution has been safely deposited in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh, along with many other tales and ballads for which J. F. Campbell did not find room in his four volumes. Lachie told me that big Sandy MacArthur, a mason in Bowmore, knew every word of the tale, besides many others, and I think it exceedingly probable that besides fragments of it there are a good many tales to be found in the village still. I should say the same of the hamlets at the head and on the west side of Loch Gruineard, and away into Oisnis. These places have undergone less change than the richer parts of the island, and the homesteads have descended with comparatively few breaks from fathers to sons. And even if such old-world lore is not found in great abundance, there could be a very interesting collection made of the sayings in prose, as well as in verse, of the aforesaid *Mairearad Nic Leoid*, of her son John, who was a bard, and of her grandsons and grand-daughters, who also inherited the gift. John and *Iain mor Mac Cafarra* were said to have well nigh satirised one another off the face of the earth. To my certain knowledge, they were both sorry objects in the end. *Iain mor* became one of the most frightful human objects I ever saw—might have passed for the original "Hunchback of Notre Dame;" and the other John was reduced to a skeleton, and could only creep from house to house. There was *Para Buidhe*, then at Culatus, and afterwards at *Gartacharra*, full of fun and jokes and rhymes. *Iain Og*, at *Garadh Ealatais*, was as droll as any of them, although I never heard of his coming out in verse; and *Mor a' Ghrudaire*, the paternal grandmother of Lord Clyde, left traces behind her, besides her progeny, which are worth looking after—such as how the "MacLivers" came, and how certain of the MacGregors bore the name of *Mac a' Chruiteir*.

But not to forget Lachie, who, among other good things and doings, furnished our family with shoes, and sometimes went to Claigin to use up a whole hide in the manufacture. So I was well acquainted with him, and in due time came to know of his gifts and resources as a reciter. Besides *Sgeula Chois O'Cein*, he recited many; and, curiously enough, he gave the "Arabian Nights" off with all their local colouring and technicalities in Gaelic just as if they had never figured in any other language. Ordinarily he had a considerable impediment in his speech, but tales were told with perfect fluency. His "entertainments" went on while he was making or mending shoes, and if there was any elucidation required. I wonder to this day at the depth and breadth of the light which he shed on his subject. It will be seen from the plate that, even in the presence of the notable men beside him, Lachie had no mean share of brain; and I remember noticing long ago both the length and breadth, as well as the volume of his head; though not at all abnormal, and although he never rose above indigence, I am quite sure he was capable of taking up a good intellectual position in the world. His cogitations went over a wide range of subjects, and with remarkable discrimination he noted their various aspects.

Facts and ideas came with great readiness, or parted company with a pleasant facility He had not read many books, but of what he had read he retained the most ready use; and out of the smallest scraps he struck a wonderful amount of light. I do not think I ever met a man who could take so much out of a detached leaf of a book or out of a newspaper cutting. From such materials he could speak so fully that you could hardly doubt that he had just been reading a book on the subject in hand. He was no mere repository of other men's lore. Nothing entered his mind which did not become his own as readily as did the nutriment which he assimilated. Nor was this from any greed to have, or from an ambition to display; it was a natural aptness with him to take things up; and they seemed to afford him continuous pleasure. In his quick, pleasant way, he caught the ludicrous aspect of things with unfailing accuracy, and he presented them, to those who were deemed worthy of the confidence, in a very comical light, and with rich shades of humour welling up about them.

I cannot but say that our present social arrangements are sadly at fault when they do not provide for the further development and wider usefulness of the gifts of such men. I do not mean that they should find scope in books or in magazines; but I am very sure that, after the manner of the Athenians, they could and should be turned to good account in the work of education. They were turned largely to such account in the old Highland order of things; but we have lost the old genial men and methods, and we have got Board Schools which act upon the young as *Calum Cille's* curse did upon the Loch Gorm fish—directing every head outward and no head the other way.

I never knew to what stock of MacNeills Lachie belonged; but when I put things together I can say that of the name there were a good many in the island quite marked for their brightness and activity of mind. It is quite a pleasure to take into view a near neighbour of Lachie's at one time, Alexander MacNeill, the turner, a remarkably fine man in every way, and of a stock which can be traced even to-day among some of the finest families in the island. I do not think I should omit to mention the editor of the new edition of Pattison's "Gaelic Bards," Rev. J. G. MacNeill, now of Cawdor, or his brother in London, who has lately brought out a very excellent book, in which the studious Gael finds a great deal about his language and literature, which it would take him the best part of his lifetime to gather for himself. I will allow the *Piobaire Cam* to finish. Mr. Malcolm MacNeill, of Losset, one of the props of the island in his day, was passing where the piper was planting potatoes, at the time of the first great potato failure. Everybody was anxious about the afflicted tuber, and Losset asked what seed he was using: "*Na MacNeill's*," said he, "*por mach do mheath riamh*" ("The MacNeill's,—seed that never failed").

Uddingston. JOHN MURDOCH.

A HUMOROUS IRISH STORY.

(TRANSLITERATED BY "FIONN.")

IT is pleasant to find the "sea divided Gaels" of Erin and Alban drawing nearer each other, finding a bond of union in their ancient language. Of late years the best of our Celtic scholars have been devoting a portion of their time to the careful study of the language of their brother Celts, with the result that their sympathies have been enlarged, and their views widened by the exercise. This feeling of common brotherhood has just received fresh and pointed illustration by the unanimous appointment of Rev. E. O'Growney, Professor of Celtic, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, as Honorary President of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow. The enthusiasm displayed by Professor O'Growney in the study of Gaelic, and his appreciation of the language of our Scottish Highlands more than justifies their choice. It may be interesting to give the relative positions of Gaelic in Ireland and Scotland. According to the census of 1891, the number who spoke Gaelic only in Ireland was 38,189, while 641,968 were bi-lingual, speaking Gaelic and English. In Scotland 43,738 spoke Gaelic only, while 210,677 spoke Gaelic and English. In St. Patrick's College there are between 200 and 300 students studying Gaelic, it being compulsory to attend the classes. With us in Scotland things are different, for I am not aware that a single Ecclesiastical Court of any of our Churches has ever gone the length of even recommending their students to attend the Celtic Language and Literature Classes so ably and faithfully taught by Prof. Mackinnon.

The following short story—a specimen of Galway Gaelic—may interest a number of your readers. It is transliterated from the *Gaelic Journal* for March—a magazine conducted with commendable patriotism by Prof. O'Growney. The greater part of the *Journal* is printed in the Irish Character, as are also the examples of Gaelic given by Professor O'Growney in the very carefully compiled and interesting text books he has prepared for his students. The following is the text of the

Galway tale. I subjoin some notes and a free translation, but this is almost unnecessary to any person who can read Scottish Gaelic:—

AN TAILLIUR AGUS INGHEAN AN BHUISTEIRIDHE.

Gach uile Dhomhnach threis dinneir 'se gnàs muinntir na tìre cruinniughadh ag na cross-bhoithre agus damhsa a bheith ann. Do bhi beirt i n-a measg, 'se sin fear òg agus bean òg, tàilliùr do bhi inns an bhfear agus inghean buisteiridhe do bhi inns an mnaoi òig. 'S e an gnàs inns an tìr go d-tiucfaidh an fear in tosuigh agus go n-iarrfaidh se pairtidhe le damhsadh leis agus an bhean mar an g-ceudna ar an ceud uair eile.

Tràthnòna Domhnaigh ag cros-bhothar Cath-air Loistrean eidir Ath-cinn agus Tuaim i g-condae na Gaillimhe, do thuit se ar an mnaoi oig an t-am seo pairtidhe iarraidh. Do thàinic si suas agus d'iarr si an fear òg seo 'n-a phairtidhe inns na foclaibh mi-mheasamhla seo:—"A shiosur,* miosur, meuraichan! an e do thoil damhsa liom?"

"Agus fàilte, a phutog, rioplog, eudtroman!" ar seisean. Do dhamhsuigh siad, agus budh e sin an damhsa deire do rinneadar le chéile.

Do bhi gràdh mór acu d'a chéile roimhe sin, acht mar gheall ar na foclaibh mi-mheasamhla do labhradar ar gach taobh do chriochnuigheadh a n-gradh-siadsan.†

Mar chloismid: "Ni'l gràdh dhà mheud nach bhfuaraigheann."

[FREE TRANSLATION.]

THE TAILOR AND THE BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER.

It is customary for the country people to gather together every Sunday after dinner-time at the cross-roads and engage in dancing. Among them was a couple of sweethearts, the young man being a tailor and the young lady a butcher's daughter. It was the fashion in those days for the gentleman to solicit the lady for partner on the first occasion; then it became the lady's duty next time, and so on, time about. One Sunday afternoon, at the cross-roads of Cahir-lostran, between Headford and Tuam, in the County of Galway, it fell to this particular young lady to ask her partner to have a dance. She came towards him and addressed him in these disrespectful words—"Mr. Scissors, measure and thimble! is it your will to dance with me?" "And welcome," returned he, "Miss Pudding, tripe and bladder!" They danced, but it was the last time they did. They had great love for one another up to that time; but owing to the disrespectful words spoken on both sides their love came to an end. As the saying is—"There's no love so warm that it may not turn cold."

* *A shiosur, &c.*—Mr. Scissors, measure and thimble. Miss Pudding, tripe and bladder.

† *A n-gradh-siadsan*, as spoken = *a ngradh-san, their* love.

NOTES BY "FIONN."—*Threis dinneir* = after dinner, *treis* being equal to Scottish Gaelic *déis* = after. *Cros-bhoithre* = cross-roads. *Cathair-Loistrean* is the name of a village near Tuam, County Galway. *i g-condae* = in the county of ——.

HIGHLAND MILITARY HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART II.

IN some parts it seems strange that the country was not quite denuded of its manhood. For instance, during the first forty years of this century the Isle of Skye, only 45 miles long by fifteen broad, gave to the British service 21 lieutenant and major-generals, 45 lieutenant-colonels, 600 majors, captains, and subalterns, 10,000 privates, and 120 pipers. I have a list of names of over 120 officers from the island of Mull alone who served in the army and navy between 1800 and 1815. Of these no less than 55 were Macleans, 26 Campbells, and the balance principally Macquarries and Macdonalds. Five were generals, 2 major-generals, 1 lieutenant-general, 16 colonels, 3 lieutenant-colonels, 8 majors, 38 captains, besides admirals, instructor-generals, doctors, and lieutenants and ensigns in goodly numbers. This will give some faint idea of the extent to which Highlanders in past times adopted the military service as a profession, and also of the important positions which they proved themselves capable of occupying. The Isle of Skye, from 1790 to 1805, contributed no less than 3680 men to the army. The Reay country in Sutherland was even more noted for its martial spirit, as one-eighth of its population generally followed a military career.

When so many persons of a similar name happened to be in the same regiment the result was often confusing. The drill sergeants usually numbered them, and the roll was called in this fashion—"Donald Macdonald No. 1," 2, 3, &c., to the end of the list. Sometimes they were known by some nickname, suggested by their personal appearance, such as "Black Donald," "Red Donald," "Donald with the Lanky Legs," &c. An amusing story is told of a sergeant who was calling the muster roll of his company, which had only been newly raised, and few members of which had more than a mere smattering of English.

"Tonald Mactonald No. 5," cried the sergeant.

"Here!" shouted a voice with such robust energy that a general titter went round the ranks.

"Here! Ye tamn'd rogue, is that the way ye speaks to a shentleman? But we a' ken that Tonald's a liar, sae pit him doon absent, and tak' the rascal to the guard-room!"

"Tonald Mactonald No. 6," continued the sergeant

There was no reply. The sergeant was then heard to mutter:

"Tonald Mactonald No. 6; that's my sister's

son frae Wick. Ay, ay, Tonald, he was aye a modest lad that never spak' until he wass spoken to—so we'll pit him doon prisent, whateffer!"

Several of the Highland regiments sustained very severe losses in the campaigns in which they were engaged. Between the years 1740 and 1815, the 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) lost in killed and wounded 324 officers and 3069 men. In sixteen years the 79th Cameron Highlanders lost in killed and wounded 125 officers and 1046 men. In the same period the 92nd Gordon Highlanders had 584 men and 65 officers killed and wounded. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo these three distinguished regiments sustained a combined loss of 1141 officers and men, which gives a sufficient indication of the important part they played in the last great conflict with Bonaparte, which was to decide the fate of Europe. Indeed, Waterloo reflected immortal renown upon all the Scotch regiments. The most brilliant charges of that eventful day were made by the Scotch. When the Gordon Highlanders and the Scots Greys met in the excitement of a grand charge, their Scottish patriotism was stirred, and they cheered each other with the national sentiment, "Scotland for ever!" With them blood was indeed thicker than water, or, as the Gaelic proverb has it, "Blood is hotter than water—it will withstand the rocks."

It may be of interest here to mention that the officers in a Highland regiment which was being formed, before receiving their commissions, had to provide a certain number of men each, according to their rank in the battalion. Thus, in the old 78th, which was raised in 1804, a lieutenant-colonel had to find 100 men, a major 90, a captain 50, a lieutenant 25, and an ensign 25. Of the 850 men who composed this regiment, 200 belonged to the island of Lewis alone. Burns's estimate of a Highland soldier of this period is not altogether inappropriate, although the "gill" might be very well left out, as Highlanders were a great deal more temperate than the southern countrymen, and required no stimulants to arouse their courage:

> "Bring a Scotchman frae the hill,
> Clap in his cheek a Hieland gill,
> Say such is Royal Geordie's will,
> And there's the foe,
> He has nae thocht but how tae kill
> Twa at ae blow."

Truth to tell, they were were always ready for anything in the way of a scrimmage.

Since these eventful days a sad change has come over the Highlands. The Highland regiments find now few recruits in the glens where in earlier times a battalion could be raised in a few days. The straths are now depopulated, and their fertile slopes occupied by sheep and deer. Last year the total number of recruits for the whole of Scotland was 2485. This is a paltry number when compared with the 40,000 men who were raised in the Highlands alone in six short years, from 1793 to 1799. It is well to remember the value which was placed upon them by the greatest Statesman of his time—Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. He eulogised them in these terms in the House of Parliament—"I sought for merit wherever it was to be found: it is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

In 1881 a perfect storm of indignation arose throughout Scotland when the War Office proposed to deprive these ancient and gallant regiments of the Highland dress. The agitation assumed a dangerous and dramatic aspect when the famous conference of the Highland nobility was held in Stafford House, London, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Following the example shown by Lord Archibald Campbell, each in turn kissed the blade of the dirk as a pledge that he would resist the proposed alteration with all the means at his command. The War Ministers got a fright, and the kilted regiments were allowed to wear the dress which associates the corps with the glorious history of the past. The Government discovered that there is still to be found in the breasts of Highlanders a deep spring of that estimable quality known as "clan sentiment."

Should this country ever become involved in another great war, like the Peninsular or Crimean, it is hard to prophecy, with the indifferent soldier material at hand, what the result will be. The strong, stalwart young mountaineers are no longer to be had, the depopulation of the straths to create sheep farms has ensured that much. Our soldiers are now mostly recruited from the slums of the large towns. Speaking of the failure of the British troops to take the Redan, during the Crimean War, General Butler says: "It is in moments such as this that the cabin on the hillside, the shieling in the Highland glen, become towers of strength to the nation that possesses them. It is in moments such as this that between the peasant-born soldier and the man who first saw the light in a crowded 'court,' between the coster and the cottar, there comes that gulf which measures the

distance between victory and defeat—Alma and Inkerman on the one side, the Redan on the 18th of June and 8th September on the other."

Love of country is a feeling that is cherished by every Highlander, and it may be depended upon that should an enemy attempt to land upon our shores the sons of the mountains, although now few in numbers, will be the first to grasp their weapons in defence of their liberty and fatherland. John Campbell, the bard of Ledaig, has expressed the sentiments of all true Highlanders when he sings in the language of his country:

"And when need comes again for the law of the sword,
Though few now the clansmen that follow their lord,
The brave kilted boys for defence will be nigh,
And shoulder to shoulder will conquer or die!"

CULLODEN MOOR.

(Seen in Autumn rain, September, 1892).

FULL of grief, the low winds sweep
O'er the sorrow-haunted ground;
Dark the woods where night rains weep,
Dark the hills that watch around.

Tell me, can the joy of spring
Ever make this sadness flee,
Make the woods with music ring,
And the streamlet laugh for glee?

When the summer moor is lit
With the pale fire of the broom,
And through green the shadows flit,
Still shall mirth give place to gloom!

Sad shall it be, though sun be shed
Golden bright on field and flood;
E'en the heather's crimson red
Holds the memory of blood.

Here that broken, weary band
Met the ruthless foe's array,
Where those moss-grown boulders stand,
On that dark and fatal day.

Like a phantom hope had fled,
Love to death was all in vain,
Vain, though heroes' blood was shed,
And though hearts were broke in twain.

Many a voice has cursed the name
Time has into darkness thrust,
Cruelty his only fame
In forgetfulness and dust,

Noble dead that sleep below,
We your valour ne'er forget;
Soft the heroes' rest who know
Hearts like theirs are beating yet.

AMICE MACDONELL.

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

V.—ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO was appointed to the benefice in the first half of the 17th century. He is styled in Macrae's MS. "catechist of Strathnaver"—which at that time formed part of the parish of Durness. He found the natives almost in a state of heathenism, so far as religion was concerned, which demonstrates what many a writer has affirmed concerning the religion of Scotland in the centuries between the decline of the Celtic Church and the Reformation, that for its influence on the moral and intellectual life of the people, it may be said to have no existence. The labours of Sandy Munro, as he is called by tradition, were greatly blessed. He was no mean poet, and translated or paraphrased portions of Scripture for the benefit of his parishioners. Some of these are preserved in Macrae's MS., and are of much interest as showing the northern dialect of Gaelic as it existed about two or nearly three centuries ago—being written phonetically. He was converted under the preaching of Mr. Robert Bruce, second son of Bruce of Airth, one of the barons of Scotland, and a connection of the Royal Bruces. This took place while the latter was prisoner at Inverness, on account of resisting the Episcopal designs of James the Sixth. Soon after he believed he heard a voice from heaven calling him to the ministry, and informing him of this, his future settlement. He studied for the Church, and was duly licensed and ordained to this remote parish, through the influence of the Reay family, whose leanings were with the Evangelical party. His son, Hew Munro, succeeded to the benefice, and his daughter Christian married John Mackay of Achness, chieftain of the Clan Abrach Branch of the Mackays.

For some years, since the death of the preceding incumbent in 1653, the parish was vacant, and the Presbytery Record of Caithness shows, under date 5th December, 1659, that Mr. Alexander Clerk, minister at Latheron, was sent to officiate in Strathnaver, "according to the Lord of Rhaes desire to supplie them." The same record contains also the following:—"Wick, 4 Dec., 1660.—All brethren present, except Sandy Munro, absent in Strathnaver."

"Thurso, Jan. 1st, 1661.—Letter presented showing that Mr. David Munro had come the length of Strathie, but was detained there by tempestuous weather. Excuse admitted."

Thurso, Sept. 26.—The said my Lord Bishop,

and the brethren of ye Presbytery present, Mr. Hew Munro (son of Sandy Munro above) had his populare sermon on Math. xiii. 24, as a part of his trial, in order to his call to the Church of Durines, in Strathnaverne, and being removed was approven. This was the first meeting after Prelacy was restored.

1663.—Ordained said Hew Munro to Durness. From this date forward there are many references in the Presbytery Record complaining of his non attendance at the meetings. He excused himself on the grounds of distance, and difficulty of the journey, but was sharply admonished. He did not take the test in 1681, but on petitioning the Privy Council, he was allowed to do so before his Ordinary on 16th March, 1682. He died in possession of his benefice in 1698, aged 59 years, in the 36th year of his ministry. A daughter, Isabella, married Robert Mackay of Achness.

A vacancy again occurs between 1700 and 1707, and we find the General Assembly of 1704 directing to send "a probationer having Irish (Gaelic) to Caithness, with a special eye to Durness."

1707.—John Mackay, A.M., 3rd son of Captain Wm. of Borley, referred to above, was ordained minister of the parish. It was on a distinct understanding that the parish should be divided, and another minister placed in it. This promise was set aside by George, Lord Reay, the heritor. A lawsuit followed, and the minister failed in his endeavour to secure justice, with the result that a call to another charge was procured for him, and he was transferred to Lairg in 1713, after a ministry of about seven years in his native parish. This lawsuit preyed alike on his health and resources, but at Lairg he proved of great service in civilising the rude inhabitants, the Earl of Sutherland conferring upon him power to inflict corporal punishment when necessary. He was educated first at St. Andrews, and then on the Continent, and connected as he was with the Reay family, was a man of culture as well as education. He was of great physical strength, which was much required in those days, when moral suasion failed; and tradition points to an island in Loch Shin, where this worthy divine imprisoned for a time his more lawless parishioners. Left alone there during the night, there is no question but the method, acting in concert with their fears and superstitions, would have a salutary effect.

1715.—George Brodie appointed to the parish by the Presbytery, *jure devoluto*. It was in his time that the parish was divided by the Commissioners of Teinds (1724), and he betook himself on its erection to the newly-created parish of Eddrachilis.

The next incumbent was Mr. Murdo Macdonald, A.M., who was inducted in 1726. He was minister of the parish for nearly 40 years, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomson, whose daughter married the pre-Disruption minister of Durness, Rev. Mr. Finlater. But as my paper has already exceeded the length usually granted to such contributions, I must reserve for a future occasion the events in Church and State during this most interesting period. It was during Mr. Murdo's ministry that Rob Donn, the Reay country bard, and native of Durness, flourished; and in justice to this interesting period of our parochial history, I must draw this paper to a close.

(Concluded.)

THE BONNIE ISLE.

Air—"*Gae bring tae me a pint o' wine.*"

Scene—Cuan Ferry, near Easdale, Argyleshire.

The isle, the isle, the bonnie isle,
The mazy isle o' my fond Mary,
She meets me aye wi' mony a smile
When I gang canty o'er the ferry.

I heedna' what the folks may say,
I carena' for her wrathfu' daddy;
Wi' Mary's love, 'tis summer gay—
Aye heav'n tae me bein' ca'd her laddie!
I see the moon aboon the craig,
And glimmerin' o'er the silent ferry,
Whaur dance the boat an' wavelets blue
That tak' me o'er tae bonnie Mary!
The isle, the isle, &c.

The lark that sings his matin song,
Far o'er the dewy fell an' corrie,
Is echoed in the flow'ry way,
Wi' milkin'-songs frae bonnie Mary.
The joys o' love, the witchin' wiles,
The sweetness frae her blue een beamin',
Are heav'n itsel' when in her smiles
I bask, 'twixt wankin' and half dreamin'!
The isle, the isle, &c.

The rowans in the hazel glen,
Or sweet carnations lovely gleamin',
Show traces o' the glow I ken
Upon her lips—sweet rosebuds seemin'!
A summer smile, ilk nicht and day,
Lichts up the face o' my dear Mary;
Her breath is that o' new mown hay,
That sends its fragrance o'er the ferry!
The isle, the isle, &c.

No a' the wealth in yon proud ha',
Nor herds loud lowin' 'round its passes,
Can gi'e tae me yae charm ava,
Compared tae my young queen o' lasses!
I seek but her pure maiden hand,
To share my cot ayont the ferry;
Nor duke, nor noble in the land
Could happier be than I wi' Mary!
The isle, the isle, &c.

Greenock. A. May Sinclair.

CAMANACHD NOTES.

The shinty season is almost over now, and few matches of any importance have been played during the past month. The Saturday afternoons of late have been delightfully fine, but much too warm for playing shinty. On Saturday, 27th April, a match took place at Strathpeffer between the local Club, Caberfeidh, and the Locomotive (Inverness). The game was well contested, but the Caberfeidh had the best of it throughout, and won by six hails to *nil*. The return was to have been played last Saturday, but owing to the death of one of the Locomotive players the match was postponed. The revival of the famous Glencoe club has given universal satisfaction in shinty circles, and the result of their match with Ballachulish was awaited with much interest. As was to be expected, the contest was exciting, but it came as a surprise to us when we learned that the smart young lads of Ballachulish overcame the veterans by two hails to one. The latter have shown good pluck since they started, and deserve to be congratulated on their victory. It may be taken for granted that Glencoe will do their best to turn the tables on their opponents when the return is played in the Glen of Cona. Meantime, however, they had the satisfaction of gaining a victory over the Fort-William club on Saturday, 6th May. The match was played at Glen Nevis, and was witnessed by a large gathering of admirers of the ancient pastime. Glencoe had the best of the game all through, and won by four hails to *nil*, but the junior club made a splendid defence, considering the short time they have been in existence. The last important match of the season will probably be the return between the London Northern Counties Camanachd and the London Scots, which is to be played on Wimbledon Common on the 22nd May. The Glasgow Cowal have stopped their usual Saturday practices, but decided to have instead a game every Thursday evening, as many of the members wish to play during the summer months. Next season the Cowal have their work cut out for them. They have to play the return with the famous Kingussie team, and also expect to be able to try conclusions with Oban, Ballachulish, Edinburgh Camanachd, and Edinburgh University. They hope also to arrange a match with one of the London clubs, the London Scots or the Camanachd.

Clan Mackay Notes.—We regret to announce the death of Dr. William Mackay, of Norton, Yorks, which took place suddenly on Monday, 17th April. Dr. Mackay was a brother of John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, and a native of Rogart, Sutherlandshire. His death will be regretted by many, and by none more sincerely than those members of the clan who made his acquaintance during the eventful tour in the Reay country three years ago. Dr. Mackay was a life-member of the Clan Mackay Society.

Another notable member of the society who has just gone to his rest is Henry Sinclair Mackay, late pipe-major, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. He was a gallant soldier, and was with his regiment in the Crimea, and during the Indian Mutiny. It was he who trained the Indian pipe band in the service of the Maharajah of Puttialla, and occupied a position in that prince's service equal to that of commander-in-chief. He had the warlike instinct of his race. His brother was also in the Sutherland Highlanders, and no fewer than eight cousins, all Mackays, served with him in the county regiment during the Crimean War. He was a native of Reay, and his father belonged to Melness.

We are informed that Mr. Gordon Mackay, of Rhode Island, and Boston, Mass. (a life-member of the Clan Mackay Society), has recently given a donation of nearly *a million pounds sterling* to Harvard University. That was, no doubt, a good thing for the oldest university in the United States, but we would have been better pleased had he bought up the Reay country, and put the Mackays on the straths again. We hope he may yet take the hint.

It will be of interest to members of the clan to learn that Lord Reay, chief of the clan, has been adopted by the Liberal Association of Edinburgh University as candidate for the Lord Rectorship; and that the name of Mr. Eric Mackay, the clan bard, is favourably mentioned in influential quarters in connection with the the vacant office of Poet Laureate.

REVIEWS.

"William Tell" in Gaelic.—From the facile Celtic pen of K. W. G., a lady who has done much to enrich her native literature, we have a well executed Gaelic translation of Schiller's well-known play. The work has been translated direct from the German, and abounds in rich phrases and pure idiomatic Gaelic. Some of the snatches of song introduced are so Highland in theme and sentiment, that they could come quite naturally from a shepherd in *Eilean-a'-chèo*. Take this for instance:—

"A chluaintean an aigh!
A loinntean tha grianail!
Mo cheal leibh gu cianail
Tha 'n Samhradh air triall.

Sealgair nan Ard-bheann (A' tighinn a's t-sealladh m'ar coinneamh air mullach creige moire.—Second variation—

Tha torrunn nan ard-bheann mar bheuchdaich nan speur,
Cha chriothnaich an sealgair air bruachaibh nam beur;
Thar rointean na h-eighe
Theid esan gun sgath,
An sin cha tig earrach
Le ailleachd, a's fas;
'Na luidhe fo chasan tha fairge de cheo,
Gach baile 's tigh-comhnaidh cha'n fhaicear na 's mo
Chi e plathadh de 'n t-saoghal
'Nuair sgoiltear na neoil,
'An iochdar a' chuain ud
Gorm-mhachair an fheoir."

The work is fascinating, and should find a hearty welcome from all who are interested in the language and literature of our Scottish Highlands. The work is dedicated to Highlanders, and we trust they will do their part in supporting K. W. G.'s patriotic effort to give them a taste of the good things stored up in the literature of other nations. The work is published at 1s. paper covers, or 1s. 6d. cloth, by Hugh MacDonald, Oban.

Mr. J. G. Mackay, Portree.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 10. Vol. I. JULY, 1893. Price, Twopence.

J. G. MACKAY.

IN connection with the movement for the social amelioration of our Highland fellow-countrymen, the name of Mr. J. G. Mackay stands out prominently—indeed he is one of the pioneers of the land agitation in the Highlands.

He was born in Lochalsh, where his father, who was a native of Sutherlandshire, was parish schoolmaster. When we learn that his father was an eye-witness of the Sutherland "burnings," and incurred the displeasure of the notorious Patrick Sellar for trying to rouse the manliness of the people, we can easily understand how, in addition to receiving the ordinary branches of education from his father, the subject of our sketch imbibed in boyhood those principles which have made him such a persistent Land Leaguer. Another fact which may be held to have accentuated his antipathy to landlordism is, that his mother is a native of the desolated parish of Bracadale, Skye.

Mr. Mackay came to Glasgow in 1870, and during his residence in that city, which extended to 1885, he took an active and intelligent interest in all matters affecting the Highlands, and was a valuable member, and for some years Secretary, of *Comunn Gàidhealach Ghlaschu*, the Sutherlandshire Association, and the Skye Shinty Club.

When, in the spring of 1881, Captain Fraser, Kilmuir, Skye, threatened to evict the Valtos crofters, a few Highlanders in Glasgow banded themselves together and championed the cause of the crofters. Prominent among this small band was Mr. Angus Sutherland, now M.P. for his native county, and Mr. J. G. Mackay. To show the difficulties which had then to be encountered in advocating the crofters' cause, as well as to indicate the progress of public opinion since then, it may be stated that no Scotch Member could be found to ask a question in Parliament regarding the threatened evictions. In order to call public attention to these evictions, it was deemed advisable to take advantage of a public meeting held in May, 1881, in the City Hall, Glasgow, under the auspices of the Glasgow Branch of the Irish National Land League, and which was addressed by Mr. Parnell, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. At that crowded meeting Mr. J. G. Mackay moved, and the writer seconded, a motion calling attention to the threatened evictions at Valtos, and condemning the action of the landlord and his factor. For the part he took in this meeting Mr. Mackay had to resign his situation next day. His employer, however, found, on reflection, that the value of Mr. Mackay's services was more than the danger of his politics, and his services were accordingly continued till 1885, when Mr. Mackay left Glasgow to start business on his own account in Portree.

Since his removal to Skye Mr. Mackay has, in addition to building up a successful business, found time to take a prominent part in the management of local affairs, he being a member of the Parochial Board, the School Board, and the Inverness-shire County Council.

Mr. Mackay has contributed a good deal to current Celtic literature, and is an acknowledged authority on Highland tartans. His contributions in the *Celtic Magazine*, *The Highlander*, and *Oban Times* are signed "*Mac Aoidh*" and "Old Man of Storr." Valuable papers from his pen appear also in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, while a characteristic lecture of his, entitled "The Misrepresentation of Highlanders and their History," was published by *Comunn Gàidhealach Ghlaschu*, before whom it was delivered. He is a vice-president of the Clan Mackay Society, and has read papers to that body which have attracted large audiences, he being extremely popular among the members of his clan. Mr. Mackay is unquestionably a useful member of society,

and we are sure Highlanders everywhere will fervently join in the expression of the hope that he may be long spared to assist in the elucidation of matters Celtic, and contribute to the discussion of those questions, the settlement of which is sure to affect materially the welfare and prosperity of the Highland people. *Rùn do chridhe air do chuisle.* FIONN.

THE TREACHEROUS SEA.

A CAITHNESS STORY.

By R. J. G. MILLAR, Editor, *John O' Groat Journal.*

THE wind rose during the night, and in the morning was blowing a regular "south-easter." The sea was running mountains high all along the Caithness coast, and the morning saw the pretty little village of Dunbeath all astir, for it was well known that two boats had gone out to sea on the previous evening Most of the fishermen had samntered down to the quay with a like intention, but the mysterious whispering of the sea, which only they understand, told them that a storm was near, and they gathered in small knots to discuss the situation, until at last the tide had gone, and only two crews had ventured to hoist the sail and make for the fishing ground.

This feeling on the part of the fishermen was a little unaccountable. It was true there was an unusual calm in the sea. Its murmur on the shore was almost inaudible; it was as if all its motion had ceased. The air was pervaded with a kind of solemn stillness; but that was all. In every other respect it seemed to give promise of a good fishing night, and so the fishermen who remained ashore chatted away and gazed after the *Dauntless* and the *Ocean Pride* till dusk covered them from sight.

John Munro, the skipper of the *Dauntless*, was a typical young fisherman. Open as day, with a handsome face and a manly expression, he was admired by all his colleagues as a splendid seaman; but they often shook their heads when he laughed at what he called their "superstitious notions." He had been married, only four weeks previously, to Annie Campbell, the pride of the village, and was now ready to do anything to prove his affection for the girl he had won. His only rival had been Alick Gunn, the skipper of the *Ocean Pride*; and it was probably this fact that induced Gunn that evening to hoist his sail and follow Munro to the sea Gunn himself was an excellent seaman; and although he was what the folk called a "dull" man, he had an honest heart, and perhaps his worst failing was a little vanity. He certainly had no superstitious ideas, and laughed as heartily as the other at his comrades' fears.

But the fishermen were right this time. The mysterious stillness was but a prelude to the mighty fury of the wind and waves which was shortly to be revealed once again to them in all its majesty. The storm burst with terrible suddenness, while most of them slept, and ere the tide had turned.

Men and women hurried towards the harbour. They climbed the braes above it and eagerly strained their eyes seaward.

"Oh, Jamie, do you think they could live in that sea?" asked Munro's young wife of the old pilot who had seen many a storm and weathered many a "sou'-easter."

James Rae, the pilot at Dunbeath, was a more than ordinary intelligent man. He had seen a good deal of the world in his day; and there was probably no other man in the district that possessed the confidence of the fishermen to the same extent as he.

"I think they could," he replied, cheerily. "If they have kept well off in the centre of the Firth, I believe they'll ride it out all right. Anyhow they are good men at the helm; and if John Munro and Alick Gunn won't weather the gale, then no man on this coast could."

"Ye're richt there, pilot," said an old fisherman, "and, for my pairt, I hev good hopes that they're both safe ashore at Portmahomack."

There were six men in each boat, all of whom were well known in the district; and everybody seemed to have a friend or relation on the sea that day. Each, therefore, had a personal trouble, but a special degree of sympathy was reserved for young Mrs. Munro. They all knew her; she had been "born and brought up" among themselves, was always spoken of as "a good lassie," was beloved for her own goodness and kindness of heart; and, now, scarcely had her marriage festivities passed away until the rough hand of fate seemed to be laid upon her to crush all the sunshine out of her hitherto happy life. The good old minister who had so lately performed the marriage ceremony for the young couple, whom all agreed were well matched, was very sympathetic.

No news came from any direction. Telegrams had been despatched to the coast towns and to the Dornoch Firth asking if any boats had arrived, and if any were in sight on the sea. Replies came in some cases, but they were cheerless messages every one—containing no ray of hope, no words to cheer their hearts.

"No, no," said young Mrs. Munro, after a long interval, during which she had swept with eager eyes every square foot of the water

from Clyth Ness to away up the Firth as far as the eye could reach, "no, no, they're no' there, they're no' there."

Yet, stay, what was that? Every eye was strained towards Clyth Ness, out a little from which something like a boat with the tiniest corner of sail seemed to rise into view, only to disappear again in an instant, as if afraid of being seen.

"Yes, yes, it's a boat!" shouted a score of voices, eagerly, as the object was seen a little more distinctly rising on the crest of a wave. And in their eagerness the stronger men and youths ran along the cliffs for a long distance to get, if possible, a better view. Some of the women followed bravely, and in less than half an hour all were certain that this was one of the Dunbeath boats struggling nobly with the waves, and slowly making way up the coast.

Which of the boats it was of course nobody could tell. A new hope, however, seemed to inspire all. Mrs. Munro still remained on the cliff, heedless of the cold wind and spray. No persuasion prevailed on her to come home or to partake of the refreshments which were brought to her. She seemed to find her only consolation in watching every movement of the plunging, storm-tossed craft. She was not left alone, however. Everybody in the village seemed to be there—old and young—each wholly oblivious to their own personal discomfort, and all equally intent in watching the boat on its slow and perilous approach.

Three long hours passed wearily by, and now the boat stood out from the harbour. In half an hour more she was so near that the number could be detected, and Mrs. Munro learned with a natural pang that it was Gunn's boat and not her husband's.

"Well, well," she said, "Heaven's will be done. May He bring them safely in, and perhaps they may have some news of my husband's crew."

The cliff was now forsaken and all gathered on the quay. The mighty waves rolled high in the shallow bay, dashing over the breakwater with wild fury, and sweeping away up far past its usual mark, flooding many of the shoreside cottages. All eyes were fixed on the approaching craft. Ropes, belts, and every possible appliance were at hand in case of emergency—nothing else could be done.

"It'll be a miracle o' Providence if he'll win ashore," one man remarked, but nobody said anything by way of reply. It was an exciting time, and their hearts were full. Every nerve was strung to the highest tension. Death seemed to stare the crew in the face, and laugh defiance at them from the breakwater. Still the boat advanced. Now she is in the worst part. The women turn away their eyes, and the men groan as the waters rise around her as if to engulf her. But no! The breakwater is cleared, the "line" is thrown with a giant's strength from the quay right over her, it is seized in time, pulled home, and the boat, which was fast becoming unmanageable, is now safe, and sails proudly up in the smoother water amid deafening cheers of wild delight from the shore. We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed.

Gunn's first question was about the safety of Munro and his crew. When he heard that they had not arrived, and that no word had come of his safe arrival at any of the coast ports, he shook his head gravely, and as young Mrs. Munro advanced to him with an enquiring look that was touchingly sad, he took her hand and said, "God grant that all may be well. I saw John's light early this morning and kept it in sight for two hours. When the gale was about its height it went out suddenly, and I never saw it after that."

There was something in his manner of utterance that seemed to the grief-stricken young wife the most absolute confirmation of her worst fears. She was overcome by the great strain of mental and physical fatigue which she had so nobly borne, and, with a hopeless moan, she fell to the ground in a deep swoon. She was tenderly lifted; but all efforts for restoring her to consciousness proving unavailing she was carried home to her little cottage at the Port Ormane. Her condition grew worse and worse, and the doctor was sent for. He found the case a serious one; it was a high fever.

Slowly the night passed. An anxious group had remained all night by the bedside of the woman. Now and again consciousness would partially return, and she would speak of her husband. But a relapse would follow, and the kind old women who nursed her tenderly would speak low and shake their heads mournfully.

Thus the whole village was agitated by conflicting feelings of joy and sorrow—joy for the safety of at least one crew, and grief at the probable fate of the other and the condition of poor Mrs. Munro. The old pilot was very much affected. He had always counted Munro and his sweet young wife among his best friends.

He was standing that morning at a point near the entrance to the now peaceful harbour, musing on the exciting events of yesterday. He was wondering if, after all, the angry waters had claimed brave Munro and his crew as a sacrifice, when his attention was directed to the steep brae on the opposite side, down which several men and lads were hurrying with

an unusual, nay, dangerous speed, flourishing their arms and waving excitedly in his direction. Instinctively he guessed they had something important, and with a speed unlike his age he dashed along the harbour to meet them

"It's a telegram, pilot—a telegram for you," shouted one of the men. "We heard at the post-office Munro and his crew are safe!"

"Safe!" echoed the pilot, as he nervously tore open the missive and read as follows:

"All well. Rode out the storm last night. Ran into Lossiemouth this morning. Have just arrived. Tell Annie. JOHN MUNRO."

"Thank God for that," said the pilot, huskily, and sitting down on a big boulder by the river side he shed tears of thankfulness and joy.

The news, of course, spread like wildfire. The minister and the pilot were deputed to convey it to Mrs. Munro. She was very weak and faint, but when her husband's name was mentioned she raised herself a little, smiled sweetly, and asked. "Are they well?" And when they told her she clasped her hands, and, looking thankfully upwards her lips moved in prayer. But her strength soon failed, and she sank exhausted on the pillow.

The crew of the *Dauntless* lost no time in returning home. When they arrived in Dunbeath, their friends literally danced around them for very joy. But the news of his young wife's illness was a sore blow to Munro. His comrades pressed around him eagerly, to shake his hand and ask him about the storm, but he did not say much. His heart was full. When he and the old pilot arrived at the cottage the kindly old women checked their hasty footsteps, but permitted Munro to enter the room. Annie knew him, and raising herself a little, whispered softly,

"John, dear."

"Annie," was all the strong man said in reply as he took her feeble form in his arms. Only three words passed between them, but each word had a world of meaning. Then, as he held her lovingly in his strong arms, a smile of inexpressible sweetness passed over her face, and her gentle spirit fled.

. . . . . .

When John Munro passed out about an hour later, Alick Gunn, his old rival, stepped up to him, and they clasped hands. No words were spoken, but the act was enough.

Years have passed since then. The old pilot and the kind minister have both joined the majority. Munro never went to sea after that day. He removed to the south of Scotland, to a thriving town, of which he is now a successful and respected citizen. Sometimes he visits the old place, and from the cliff at Port Ormane likes to gaze over the bounding waters of the Moray Firth, for which, however, he has no name but

"THE TREACHEROUS SEA."

SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

EVEN the doughty Douglas was superstitious, for we read of the weary dream he had "ayont the Isle o' Skye," where he saw "a dead man win the fight," and we of the nineteenth century, prosaic as we are, cannot help but fancy that the dead man behind the briar bush *did* win the battle, after all, and more speedily, perhaps, than it might have fallen to his living hands. With such good warrant we will go forth in fancy awhile in those Lowlands and Highlands that were bidden once on a time to mourn for the bonnie Murray that might have been a king, by Lander and Tweed, and Tay and Leven, by Merlin's grave at Drummelzier, by the graves of so many hopes on Culloden Moor, by the pass which has been given to fame for all time by the life blood of *Iain Dubh nan Cath*—Black John of the Battles, as the Highlanders loved best to call Bonnie Dundee. With the Moray lad we will call—

"Wild geese, wild geese, gangin' till the sea,
Gude weather it will be:
Wild geese, wild geese, gangna till the hill
Lest the weather spill."

We will go north and seek till we find the toad that hatches the stone-chat's eggs; to the Hebrides, and look on a hen harrier, that we may be lucky all our lives; we will gang with the Lowlander, and complacently hear the gowk yell: and with the men of Angus we will uphold that there is never a heron but wanes and waxes with the moon.

We will not sow our peas until swallow-time; we will cry shame on the magpie as the only bird that would not enter the ark, and that has a drop of "deil's blude" in its tongue; we will bring eggs into no boat in which we set foot; and we will bid the seagull away to sea again, for "it's never good weather when *you're* on the land." It is in all sad earnest I speak, for the old customs are as dear to me as Roman camps were to the Antiquary, and seal-hunting to the heart of Hector M'Intyre. They linger here and there in England, but I think in Scotland they die harder yet; thanks, it may be, to the "Men of Peace," the Good Neighbours, whom I may venture to mention, as to-day is not Friday.

This article is written, indeed, to find out if the instances I quote are common all over Scotland, or merely local. For example, I find in one of my reference books this note:—"The song of the robin portends death.—Scotland." Ay, but north, south, east, or west? The myths of the south are not always, nor indeed often identical with the north: if they were, the folk-lorist's work would be easy, yet scarcely so fascinating as it is now. Again, I read that in Aberdeenshire a seventh son is considered to be born with the healing gift; aiblins this is common credence elsewhere. Is it? To continue. It is thought lucky to carry a cat with you when removing; to have a spider run over you; or to be followed home by a strange dog. On the other hand, it is unlucky for a bride to meet a cat of any colour; for ordinary travellers it is ill luck sufficient if a black cat should happen to come across their path; and still worse disaster is threatened to the luckless wight who meets a hare. Fife fishers are afraid of even a dead hare, and abhor to hear its name spoken while at sea. Is there here any vague remembrance of the storms conjured up by Michael Scott, whom the witch of Falsehope changed into a hare once on a time? Other fishermen will not talk of a pig or a cat while baiting their lines, and look for a storm if either of these names are mentioned on board. Highlanders say that bad luck comes to the lovers between whom a dog passes, and threaten their wooing with all kinds of discomfort and trouble. There is a certain little butterfly, called "cut-throat," which is heartily disliked in some parts of the Land o' Cakes; and some dire misfortune is expected by the unlucky folk whose fate it is to meet a hedgehog after dark, or whose house is entered by a toad. The sallow plant, badge of the Clan Cumming, is of ill omen in Scottish tradition, which holds that no child can be safely born, and no man die quietly in its immediate neighbourhood.

Adders avoid the rowans and holly, and rowan twigs keep off the nightmare and all such uncanny things, hooodie-craws, and the rest, for

> "Rowan tree and red thread
> Keep the witches from their speed."

In the north-east the wood of the hackberry or wild cherry is never used for any domestic purpose whatever, being called the Witch's Tree; why, I do not know, for there can scarcely be any connection with the Slav fancy of demons haunting *old* cherry trees. In Banffshire the aspen or "quakin' aish" is held accursed; and the birk is associated with death, as it is elsewhere, for none can forget the three sons of the Wife of Usher's Well, who came home with their hats made of the birk, or the maiden's lament, who pulled

> "the birk sae green
> Wi' my true luve on the banks o' Yarrow."

Speaking of Scotswomen, I suppose there lives no maiden so bold as to offend the good people by a display of green garments at her wedding, and no matron who would rock the empty cradle, or deny if she were Sutherland-born—the fact that the sea will not keep what it did not seek, and invariably casts murdered folk ashore. If she be Border-bred she will not say nay to the old saw—

> "Marry in May
> Rue for aye,"

nor, I suppose, in all the years that brave Sir Patrick Spens has lain fifty fathom deep, with the Scots lords at his feet, has there been found a Scots lady to refute the idea that storms follow the sight of the new moon with the old moon in her arm I trust not, for Sir Patrick's gallant sake. No Scotsman, I believe, will willingly make a suicide's coffin, or tell a fairy tale on a Friday, nor does his housewife doubt that "March win' wakes the adder, and blooms the whin;" that "March dust and March win' bleach as well as summer sun;" or that the bells of St. Andrews ring on St. Andrew's Day, fathoms deep in the sea though they be. Probably some of the canons of her agricultural faith are to be found in the following verses:—"A frosty winter and a dusty March and a rain about April, another about the Lammas tide, when the corn begins to fill, is weel worth a pleugh o' gowd and a' her pins theretill." Does it rain and shine at the same time? Then either the Men of Peace are baking, or the gowk is going to heaven. Are you going to sea? Then be careful not to speak of salmon. Are you a Sunday child? Then rejoice, for you will be lucky all your life. Beware of mentioning a dog's name at sea, for less has brought on a storm; of spilling the salt, of turning a loaf upside down, of pacing round a garden withershins, of wearing green on Friday, or of combing your hair by candlelight: who does this will lose his friends by drowning. If you want luck, borrow your rod and landing-net; if you want *bad* luck go a-fishing on St Blaise's Day. If you want your children to grow crooked beat them with elder sticks, and if you want your heart's desire go fern-hunting on St. John's Eve, a little before midnight, for *then* the fernseed ripens and falls, and who can catch it ere it falls shall have his dearest wish. May you win it, dear readers; and for a time, goodnight, and joy be with you a'.

NORA HOPPER.

London.

PROFESSOR J. P. MACLEAN.

MR. JOHN P. MACLEAN was born in the village of Franklin, Ohio, March 12th, 1848. At sixteen years of age he entered the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio; and in 1867 he entered the Divinity Department of St. Lawrence University, Canto, New York, qualifying himself for the ministry in 1869. Four years later we find him joining the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, where he studied for some time. He has published several works of interest:—"Manual of the Antiquity of Man," "The Mastodon, Mammoth, and Man," "Fingal's Cave," "Norse Discovery of America," "History of the Macleans."

Mr. Maclean spent the summer of 1887 in Scotland, mostly in the Island of Mull, collecting materials for the "History of the Macleans." Before leaving his home the officers of the Smithsonian Institution requested him to make a careful examination of Fingal's Cave. This was done on account of some attempts that were made to prove that the cavern was of human origin. Hence he paid during this visit considerable attention to the geological structure of Mull, and visited all of the more noted caverns of that isle. The "History of the Macleans" is the book which has made him known in this country. The history is well and carefully written, and valuable to anyone interested in the Highlands.

Some years ago he instituted a series of lectures which were delivered in sixteen different States in the American Union. During the delivery of these lectures he gained for himself the reputation of being an eloquent speaker, a clear reasoner, and a master of his subject. He is a ready debater, with a fund of useful knowledge in reserve, to be used at any moment and as occasion may require.

During the summer of 1886 he was employed by the American Government to superintend the opening of the ancient earthworks in South-Western Ohio. At the same time he assisted in making the survey of the glacial beds of Butler County, Ohio.

Acting on his own responsibility, he summoned his clansmen to meet him in Chicago, January 17th of this year, for the purpose of inviting the hereditary chief of his clan (Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart.), and all the chieftains to visit the World's Columbian Exposition, and to be the guests of the clansmen. There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Macleans, and the invitation was unanimous.

In 1890 Mr. Maclean had the misfortune to lose his valuable library of Highland books by a fire which destroyed his house. Exhibiting the well-known character of his clansmen, he immediately set about replacing what had been lost, and now possesses a collection of over 1400 volumes relating to this country, many of which are very rare and curious.

While known best in this country through his "History of the Clan Maclean," in the United States Mr. Maclean enjoys the reputation of being an authority on various scientific subjects, and several of his books reveal the patient research and personal effort which he has bestowed upon his favourite pursuits.

He is also a life-member of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and has been elected to many other learned institutions.

JOHN MACLEAN.

Partick, Glasgow.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

JOHN MACKAY—better known as "am Piobaire Dall"—was a son of Roderick Mackay, a native of the Reay Country (*Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*), now forming part of Sutherland. He was born in 1654. He lost his eyesight at an early age. After he had acquired the elementary principles of pipe music from his father—who also was a piper—he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to complete his musical education under the tuition of the celebrated MacCrimmon, who soon saw that his youthful pupil was no ordinary lad. There were at the time no fewer than eleven other pupils studying pipe playing with this master of the art, but so superior did Iain Dall prove himself in intelligence, capacity and genius that in a short time he outstripped them all. MacCrimmon was very partial to John on account of the rapid progress he was making and the intuitive skill he evinced in playing. Before he left Skye he proved himself a better composer of music than his teacher, which gave rise to the well-known proverb, "*Chaidh fhòghlum osceann Mhic Cruimein*" (The pupil outstrips the teacher).

After being seven years under the tuition of MacCrimmon he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music. During his stay in this excellent family he composed twenty-four piobaireachds, besides many strathspeys, reels, and jigs.

His visits or excursions were principally in the Reay country and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations in the Reay Country that he heard of the demise of his patron, Colonel Hugh Mackay, second son of George, Lord Reay, and composed that beautiful pastoral, "*Coire-an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalise his fame. Referring to this song, Mr. John Mackenzie, editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," says—"It is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems, on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent." He composed a number of other songs, some of which are included in the *Beauties*.

When well advanced in years he married and had two children, a son and a daughter.

He died in the year 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father Ruairidh Dall—referred to in verses 9 and 10 of the poem—in the clachan of his native parish.

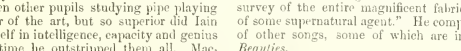
"Coire-an-Easain" is on the way between Lochmor-Stack and Gober-nuisgeach, top of Strathmore. The Donald Mackay mentioned in verse 13 is, no doubt, Donald, the first Lord Reay. He died in Sweden, and his remains were brought to Tongue.

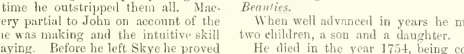
The poem is in the form of a dialogue between the bard and the Corry, and the verses translated form the beginning of the poem.

Alex. Mackay.

CUMHA CHOIRE-AN-EASAIN LAMENT FOR CORRYNESSAN.

Key A. *Slowly, with feeling.*





'S mi ag iarraidh Choir'-an-easain—
Far an tric a sgapar fùdar.
Far am bidh mial-choin 'g an teirbeirt,
'Cur mac-na-h-èilde gu dhùbhlan.

Coire gun easbhuidh gun iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart mu d' chomaraich.
Cha'n 'eil uair a ni mi t-iomradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chradh.

I am seeking Corrynessan—
Huntsmen's hounds its echoes waking,
Chasing deer 'mong crag and corrie,
When the golden morn is breaking.

Corrynessan ever pleasing
When my gallant friend was near thee,
Now thy very name, dear Corry,
Pains my heart, and makes me dreary.

Corie.—"'S è sin mise Coir'-an-easain,
Tha mi 'm sheasadh mar a b' àbhaist,
Ma tha thusa 'n ad fhear-ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

Corry.—"Like my plight," says Corrynessan,
"Standing as I did for ages,
If thou art a skilful rhymer
Come unfold thy bardic pages.

Bard.—"An aill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòil dhuit
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach?
Gun spèis aig duine tha beò dhiom
O'n chaidh an Coirneal fo thalamh.

Bard.—"Nought but grief can I awaken,
All alone and filled with sorrow,
Since our well-beloved Colonel
Sleeps until the distant morrow."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1893.

CONTENTS.

THE HIGHLAND NATIONAL GATHERING.

Now that the busy season in connection with the various Highland societies is over, many of our readers in the cities of the south will be looking forward to the time when they will be spending a happy holiday among the hills and lochs surrounding their native Highland homes. Lovers of the ancient national pastime have laid their favourite *camans* aside for a time, and their interest is specially centred in the matches which their clubs are arranging for the coming winter. The time has come when the executive of the Highland Association (*An Comunn Gaidhealach*) should be up and doing, as the date for holding the great Mòd at Oban is now close at hand. Active preparations are being made, the prize-list has been considerably increased, new competitions have been arranged, and everything promises that the Mòd which is to be held in September will be even more successful than that held last year. We trust that as many as possible of our readers will arrange to take their holidays at this time, and by attending the Mòd show that they take a genuine interest in the cultivation of the language, literature, and music of their native land.

Mr. R. Wallace Forsyth's large show windows are well worthy of a visit just now. They contain one of the finest displays of tartans and kilt accoutrements which we have ever seen. Mr. Forsyth, who succeeded to Mr. Hugh Morrison's long-established business in Jamaica Street, makes the Highland costume a special feature of his business, and those who favour him with their orders can depend upon getting their dress well made and of the best quality. He has also, we believe, the largest trade in boys' kilt suits in this country, in addition to his other extensive business. Now that the Highland costume has become so fashionable, we would advise our many readers who intend providing themselves with the dress to inspect Mr. Forsyth's large selection of tartan goods, and we feel sure that any order entrusted to him will be executed to their entire satisfaction.

Next Issue.—We will present our readers with a life-like plate portrait of Mr. Lachlan MacDonald, of Skeabost, Skye, a Highlander who has done much to encourage Celtic literature, and who further enjoys the honourable distinction of being the most popular landlord in the Highlands, respected alike by his tenants and fellow-countrymen; also portraits and biographical sketches of Mr. John Mackay ("Ben Reay"), Germany, author of "An Old Scots' Brigade;" and Mr. Alex. Fraser, Secretary, London Scots' Shinty Club, and Highland Balls Committee. An illustrated article on the gallant 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), by Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, will also appear, besides interesting papers by Colonel Charles Stewart ("*Tigh'n Duin*"), Rev. Donald Masson, M.D., Mr. John Whyte, and other well-known writers.

Skye Bards.—Mr. Magnus MacLean, M.A., F.R.S.E., has favoured us with a copy of his valuable work on "Skye Bards," which has been printed for private circulation. When we mention that no fewer than fifty bards are referred to in the pamphlet, it will be at once conceded that Skye has, like Paisley a reputation for producing poets. Mr. MacLean devoted a great deal of time to the preparation of this interesting work, and has rendered a service to his native isle which his fellow-islanders, as well as Highlanders, generally, will not fail to appreciate. We trust that in the interests of Celtic literature Mr. MacLean will continue his researches in Gaelic lore, and give us the benefit of his investigations.

The London Northern Counties' Annual Outing at Richmond Athletic Grounds, has been posponed till 1st July, and the dinner and dance will be held in the evening, in the Castle Hotel, Richmond.

Dundee Celtic Club.—A Committee Meeting will be held in Queen's Hotel, *6th July*, at 8-15 p.m.

The Girl in White, and other Stories, by Andrew Deir. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E.C.—This is a wholly delightful book. To begin with it is a pleasure to handle, so good are paper, print, and binding. The pleasure will increase with the reading of the six charming tales that form the volume. Mr. Andrew Deir has a subtle power of flashing the sunlight of laughter, of rolling the tear mists of life's pathos across his page. We heartily recommend this book to our readers. It contains much that will interest every true Celt. It is the book for the coast, and, above all, the book to buy.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

THE name of Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Elderslie, cannot fail to be familiar to all who take an interest in current Celtic lore, for during the last dozen years or more he has done much to conserve and popularise the Gaelic language, and increase its literature.

Mr. Macfarlane was born at Kilmun Farm, Dalavich, Lochaweside. His father belonged to Skipness, Cantire, Argyllshire, while his mother hails from Lochetiveside, her maiden name being Macintyre.

It can be regarded as little short of a misfortune that anyone possessing such an ardent Celtic temperament as has been evinced by the subject of our sketch (despite of Saxonising influences and Lowland environment) was not privileged to remain in the Highlands till he had acquired a firm hold of the Gaelic language. Mr. Macfarlane's parents removed to the neighbourhood of Paisley, when he was but a mere child, and he received his education at Inkerman School, mostly under Mr. Andrew Ross, a Gaelic-speaking native of Sutherlandshire. After leaving school he went to the office of Mr. Lamb, Paisley, an old and respected firm of architects, which has outlived its centenary, and in the employment of this firm he still remains.

In order to compensate as far as possible for not coming in contact with the living language on his native soil, Mr. Macfarlane betook himself to the careful study of the construction of Gaelic, the results of which are to be found in an unpretentious little work, entitled "The Phonetics of the Gaelic Language," published by Messrs. J. & R. Parlane, Paisley, in 1889. That he is also acquainted with the powers and capabilities of the spoken language is demonstrated by the fact that he has wooed the Gaelic muse with considerable success, some of his songs having obtained a large amount of popularity. His original compositions have generally been written with the view of popularising some good old Celtic air which may have come under his ken, and in this respect he has been most successful, his knowledge of music enabling him to write words in full accord with the genius of the melody which he seeks to perpetuate.

As a translater from Gaelic to Scotch or English he has few equals, his renderings being faithful, and in fine taste. Of late he has been turning his attention to Irish and Manx, the sister languages of Erin and the Isle of Man, and an earnest of his studies appears in another column.

Mr. Macfarlane is secretary of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow and a member of the Executive of the Highland Association, which held such a successful Mòd at Oban last autumn. He is also convener of a committee appointed by that Association for the purpose of getting up a text-book for the study of "Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject," as laid down in the Scotch Code of Education. On Mr. Macfarlane has largely devolved the work of preparing it, and we are confident in saying that when the book, which is now in the press, is published, it will more than justify anything we may have said regarding Mr. Macfarlane's

knowledge of the genius and construction of the Gaelic language.

Personally, Mr. Macfarlane is the most retiring and unpretentious of mortals, preferring rather to listen than to speak; nevertheless he likes a good Gaelic story, and can fully appreciate and enjoy the wit and humour of the Gael.

HENRY WHYTE.

Glasgow.

THE SWEDISH PRINCE.

A REAY COUNTRY TRADITION.

IN the year 1683, a Swedish vessel cast anchor at a place called Pol-ghaun, near the mouth of Kylescow, an arm of the sea which divides Edderachillis from Assynt. The vessel was boarded in the night time by a set of ruffians, who murdered the crew and plundered the ship. The money which they took they wrapped in a plaid; but in transferring the plaid with it precious contents from the ship to their boat, a corner slipped, and most of the treasure fell into the sea and was lost. That a dreadful crime had been committed was soon known, and great efforts were made by Lord Reay and others to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed; but although several persons were suspected, no proof could be led against them, and no one was punished. It was generally observed, however, that the suspected persons afterwards came to great poverty and misery. "The year in which the Swedes were killed" was long a memorable era in that part of the country.

This is the substance of a story given by Robert Mackay in his *History*; and in order to show how he arrived at the date, he added a footnote (see *History of the House and Clan of Mackay*, p. 379), explaining that he had a school in Edderachillis in the year 1783; that the story was then current; that its date was accounted for from the events having happened in the year in which Duncan Mackenzie, in Rhiroy, was born; and that this Duncan was living in 1783, and was then in his hundredth year. He added further that the country people (who are generally fond of the marvellous) had also a tradition that the Swedish captain, before setting out on his voyage, consulted a fortune-teller regarding his success; and was told to beware of Whitenhead, of Cape Wrath, and of Pol-ghaun; and that when he was forced by contrary winds to take shelter in the latter place, and learned its name, he exclaimed, "Then, I am gone!"

But a more detailed version of this story was given by the late Rev. Mackintosh Mackay, LL.D. Writing to a relative describing a visit he had made to an old friend in Edderachillis, he said (the letter is dated September 18, 1866), —I will now tell you of a tradition that had long been current, of a revolting deed of assassination and piracy, which had been committed in that part of the country. A Swedish ship had come to the coast, and remained for several days at an anchorage in a very gloomy locality near Kylescow. The ship was said to have had a Royal Swedish person on board—according to tradition, a son of the King of Sweden. He landed at various places on the coast, and mingled with the people,—a man of most princely appearance and manners, and of princely courtesy and affability. A band of ruffians conspired to take his life, and possess themselves of his treasure, which was said to be immense. In the dead of the night, with blackened faces, they boarded the ship, overpowered the crew, found the prince in his cabin, and murdered him. They then rifled the cabin, and found the treasure. They put the gold into a tartan plaid, and carried it upon deck; but while in the act of handing it over the ship's side into their boat the plaid slipped, and the greater part of the treasure went to the bottom!

The tradition also said that the crew decided to carry the remains of the murdered prince back to Sweden for honourable interment. They accordingly disembowelled the body, and coffined the intestines, which they buried in the immediate vicinity of their ill-fated anchorage. Then they sailed away.

A year passed; and the ringleader of the assassins changed his residence to the neighbourhood of Badcol, in the same parish, where there is a cluster of small islands. One summer evening this miscreant went out fishing with some of his neighbours. When they were about two miles out, they saw a fine ship in the offing, standing towards the coast. Approaching closer, she landed a boat well manned at one of the islands, and evidently on some business of importance, for two officers were seated in the stern. The ship's boat was next seen making for the fishing boat in which was the miscreant. He became alarmed, and pulled for the shore; but the ship's boat pulled better. It was a chase: and on nearing the fishing boat a shot was fired from the ship's boat. The ball struck the head of the miscreant, who fell dead, exclaiming, "If it was I who deserved it, I have got it!" [This, Dr. Mackay wrote, is the literal translation of what the man was said to have uttered, but he did not give the Gaelic expression in his letter.] The ship's boat immediately put about, and pulled back to the ship, which shortly afterwards sailed away. The people of the district would not permit the assassin's body to have Christian burial, so a hole was dug in a small islet of the cluster, and

the body cast into it; and there, it is said, still to remain. The islet is known as Sgeir Rob—Robert's rock—the wretched man's name having been Robert.

It was afterwards reported that on landing at the island, one of the officers asked for the assassin by name, and was told that he was fishing, and his boat pointed out. Evidently the ship had returned to the coast for the purpose of being avenged on the perpetrator of the foul deed.

Such is the tradition as told when Dr. Mackintosh Mackay was a boy—that is, about a hundred years ago. But the most extraordinary part of his letter I will give in his own words:

"I remembered from my early boyhood a respectable man who used frequently to be a guest at Duard-beg, telling my father that the story must be a true one; that he had himself gone to the spot where the people of the neighbourhood alleged that the coffin containing those remains had been interred by the Swedish crew, and that forcing down his walking-stick into the mossy (peat) soil, his stick sounded upon the coffin. This always stuck to me; and on my recent visit [in the summer of 1866] I repaired with Mr. Tulloch (Free Church minister of Scourie) to the spot, which was pointed out to us by a family in the neighbourhood. On digging, sure enough we came upon the coffin, and uncovered it; and from its having been buried in the moss, it was quite fresh. We found it to contain, not a single bone, but evident remains of animal fat. Nothing could more clearly or conclusively verify the tradition."

Dr. Mackay was most desirous of having the Swedish records examined, to see if any confirmation of the story could be obtained from official documents, but he had no opportunity of making an examination himself. I, however, a few years ago, sent an outline of the tradition to the Keeper of the Archives at Upsala, asking that gentleman if he could throw any light on the subject, from the documents under his charge, but he replied that he could not find any evidence to connect the story with any Royal personage of Sweden; or indeed to connect it in any way with Sweden.

But traditions grow as they are handed down from generation to generation, and often, in their telling, recent events get mixed with stories of the past. The story of the Swedish Prince is an illustration of this, as will be seen from the following version, which Miss Dempster (formerly of Skibo) got from a fisherman at Laxford, and included in an article on the Folk-Lore of Sutherlandshire, which she contributed to the *The Folk-Lore Journal* [Vol. vi., p. 150] under the title of "The Death of Sweno":—

"Once upon a time there was a king in Sweden, and his son Sweno sailed on the sea. Upon a certain day Sweno took ship; he had many men on board, and red gold too, in heaps. His stepmother was a wise woman, and she bade him beware of Paraff (Cape Wrath), of Pol-dhu, and of Pol-darrachgawn.

"He sailed and he sailed, till he anchored in Porst-an-Stuvanaig (Port of Sweno) as it is now called; but he did not know what land he had made. The men of the place armed themselves, and blackened their faces with soot from their pots. They came out to the ship in boats, and they told him this was Pol-gawn! Then cried the king's son, 'The Lord have mercy upon my soul if this indeed be Pol-gawn!' He weighed anchor and spread sail; but though he made as if to stand out to sea, the men of the isles and of Assynt were too strong for him, and they came on board the ship, and cried to Sweno that he should yield; but the Swedes were stout men, and they fought on deck and below. Then the King's son was wounded, and they put him below, and the fighting went on till a man of Pol-dhu, looking through a hole in the door, saw the King's son lying, and he shot him. Then the Swedes lost heart, and they gave up the treasure, and all that was in the ship, so only they might get away with the vessel, and with their lives. So the islanders began to work with the gold, and to lift it out in their plaids. One man held a plaid on the ship's side, and the other end was made fast in a boat; but the gold was heavy, so the plaid tore in two, and that treasure lies still in Pol-gawn!

"A year later the man from Pol-dhu, who had shot the King's son, said, 'I go fishing to-day in Pol gawn.' While he fished a boat came suddenly over the waters, and in it there was a man with gold on his dress, and with a sword. When the boat came along they saw that the man had the face of Sweno, the King's son. Then Sweno shot the fisherman of Pol-dhu dead,—he crying out as he died, 'Eh! Mes me hae, es me fhur!' (If I gan it before, ah! I get it now!). The place is called 'Porst-an-Stuvanaig' to this day. . . . The Prince's heart was buried here. His sailors embalmed the body, took it back to Sweden, to lay it in the King's choir."

The story, as thus told, looks like an incident in an expedition of one of the Northern Sea Kings. We know from the *Orkneyinga Saga* that Sweno made at least one marauding expedition to the West of Scotland, and one of the places mentioned in the *Saga*—the Dark fiord—may reasonably be assumed to be the *Pol-dubh* of the tradition. But the manner in which the gold was taken from the ship; the losing of the greater part of it by the tearing or slipping of

the plaid; and the subsequent shooting of the murderer, show that this adventure is identical with the one related in the Clan History, and is probably an enlarged version of that event. Where there was a mystery about a vessel, an unlettered people would be likely to think that it belonged to a foreign land and from the intimate relations between the Reay Country and Sweden, in the first half of the seventeenth century, it was quite natural that they should say that the ship was Swedish. It was natural, also, that the story-teller should find a name for the principal personage in his narrative; and with no correct idea of dates or of individuals, what name would he be likely to consider more appropriate than that of Sweno, the Norse hero, of whose exploits many traditions must have been current in Sutherlandshire in the olden time, and probably may still be told by some of the old people on the West Coast?

It has often occurred to me, in thinking over this story (especially since learning that nothing to confirm it had been found in the Swedish Archives), that the ship was more likely to have been an English than a Swedish vessel; and from the circumstances narrated in the tradition, commanded by a man of high rank,—or such pains would not have been taken to preserve his remains. The year 1683 (the date given in the Clan History as that in which the tragedy took place) was the year of the Rye House plot—the year also in which Lord William Russell was beheaded—and many persons in England were suspected of, if not actually engaged in acts of treason against the King. So it seems to me to be not unlikely that those in charge of the ship, which found its way to Kylescow, were either on a treasonable expedition, or seeking temporary safety by absenting themselves from England, until the suspicions against them had been forgotten, or until there was a change of some kind in the country, which would enable them to return to their own homes with safety. If this supposition is correct, it is easy to understand why so much treasure was on board the vessel, and why no steps were taken to get the authorities to apprehend and punish the murderers. An official investigation would have been inconvenient, for it might have implicated persons of position as being concerned in some plot against the Crown.

There are still many historical documents in the Public Offices, as well as in private collections, which have not been examined, so it is quite possible that further research may yet bring evidence to light which may give a true explanation of this curious story. At present all we can say about it is—that it is founded upon fact; that a foul murder was committed; that common report pointed to a certain Robert * * * * * * as the assassin; but that, as to the personality of the murdered man, nothing whatever is known.

JOHN MACKAY
("Ben Reay").

Wiesbaden, Germany.

THE LAD WITH THE BONNET OF BLUE.

What are you dreaming of, laddie, laddie?
Lad with the bonnet of blue!
With never a glance to the right or the left
For the eyes that are following you.
Thy light step follows the sound of the drum,
As gaily the bandsmen play;
But the spirit that looks from those dreamy eyes
Is many a mile away.

What are you dreaming of, laddie, laddie?
Lad with the bonnet of blue!
Is it a sweetheart you've left behind,
In Scotia's land so true?
Is the castle you build to the martial strain
Only a castle in Spain?
Remember that music and dreams must fade,
Leaving a lingering pain.

Whom do you mind me of, laddie, laddie?
Lad with the bonnet of blue!
Of one whom I saw, so handsome and gay,
A soldier lad that I knew.
The band was playing, the day was fair,
When they marched my laddie away;
He had the self same look in his eyes,
Lad, that you wear to-day.

What are you dreaming of, laddie, laddie?
Lad with the bonnet of blue!
Out of a little white speck in the sky
Many a storm-cloud grew.
With thy dreamy eyes and thy waving hair,
Feather and tartan gay,
You have sent my thoughts far over the seas,
To a town that is built on a bay.

What is he dreaming of, laddie, laddie?
My lad of the bonnet of blue!
I'd give the best gift that lay in my power,
Could I but his thoughts bestrew.
I'd give the best gift that lay in my power,
To hear but the welcome strain,
Of the drums that are beat on a homeward march,
And to see his dear face again.

ALICE C. MACDONELL
of Keppoch.

London.

CARVALYN GAILCKAGH.

GAELIC CAROLS.

THE above is the title of a book of over 250 pages, printed in Manx Gaelic and published in 1891, by Mr. A. W. Moore. It contains over 80 so-called carols—or properly spiritual songs—which it was customary for the Manx peasantry to compose for recitation in the Parish Churches on Christmas Eve, or Oie 'l

Verry—Oidhche-Fheill-Mhoire—during the 17th and 18th centuries. "They were preserved," according to the preface, "in uncouth-looking, smoke-stained volumes, in low farmhouses and cottages situated in mountain gills and glens; and they constitute the genuine literature of Ellan Vannin."

To the Scottish and Irish Gaels they ought to be interesting, being written in a dialect of their common Gaelic language, of which little, I am afraid, is known to either race. In the hope that your Gaelic readers may find it interesting, I snbjoin a portion of the shortest I could find in the book, along with a translation, also taken from the book; and to allow of a comparison being made between the two dialects, I give a transliteration, done by myself, into Scottish Gaelic, as far as a very short acquaintanceship with Manx, as written, enabled me to do it.

Eldersllie. MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

DY VE MIE RISH NY BOGHDYN.

(Scruit ayns yn vlein 1725).

My chaarjyn deyr, dy moghey jiu
Ta shin er choyrt meeiteil,
Dy chummal seose ayns cooinaghtyn
Yn laa rug Creest sy theihll.

Dy chummal seose yn chaghtey mie
Va ec ny Nooghyn roin,
Sampleyr dy graih daag ad nyn-yei,
As vouesyn haink eh hooin.

Nagh flaunysagh yn shilley ve
Ayns dorraghys syn oie,
Yn chiamble shoh va cha gerjoil,
Cur moylley as gloyr da Jee.

Yn oltagh bea share shynney lesh,
Shee, giastallys as graih—
Jeeagh kys ren oo oo-hene y reir,
Eisht er-dyn Ullick chaie.

Vel oo er choyrt mygeayrt dty vlein
Lesh ynmyrkey gyn loght?
Vel oo er hoilchinys veih Creest
Bannaght slayntoil ny moght?

. . . . . .

My t' ou er choyrt aggair da 'n voght
Ta ree ny moght er loo;
Dy ren oo eisht coyrt oghsan da 'n
Fer ren yn seihll y chroo.

As padjeryn y cloan gyn ayr,
Hig seose gys eddin Yee;
Ny jeirnyn ta er y ven-treoghe,
Dy geyre nee gaccan dt' oi.

. . . . . .

Smooinee er shoh, as ceau er sooyl
Ooilley kiarail y teihll—
Goaill toshiaght as coyrt jerrey, neesht,
Fer kionnee ooilley 'n seihll.—Amen.

DO BHI MAITH RIS NA BOCHDAN.

(Sgriobhte anns a' bhliadhna 1725).

Mo chàirdean *dear*, gu moch an diugh
Ta sinn air toirt *meet*-eil,
Do chumail suas an cuimhneachdan
An latha rugadh Criost 'san t-saoghal.

Do chumail suas an cleachdadh maith
Bha aig na naomhachan romhainn;
Samplair de ghràdh d' fhàg iad 'nan dèigh,
'Us bhuathsan thainig e h-ugainn.

Nach flathanasach an sealladh bha e,
An dorchadas san oidhche,
An *chiamble* so bha cho *gerjoil*,
'Cur moladh 'us glòir do Dhia.

An altachadh beatha 's fhearr 's aithne leis,
Sith, *giastalas* 'us gràdh—
Feuch gu 'n d' rinn thu thi fhèin a réir
Eisht air do 'n Nollaig a chaidh.

'Bheil thu air toirt mu 'n cuairt do bhliadhna
Le iomareadh gun lochd?
'Bheil thu air thoilltinneas bhuaidh Criost
Beannachd shlàinteil nam bochd?

. . . . . .

Ma ta thu air toirt agair do 'n bhochd,
Ta righ nam bochd air lùth;
Do rinn thu *eisht* toirt achmhasan do 'n
Fhear rinn an saoghal a chruthachadh.

'Us paideraran na cloinne gun athair,
Thig suas gu aodann Dhé;
Na deuran ta air a bhean-truaigh,
Gu geur ni gaean a'd aghaidh.

. . . . . .

Smuainich air so, 'us *ceau* air siubhal
Uile *care*-eil an t-saoghail—
'Gabhail toiseachd 'us toirt deireadh nis,
Fear -ceannaich uile 'n saoghal.

BE GOOD TO THE POOR.

(Written in the year 1725).

My dear friends, early this day
We have met together
To hold up in remembrance
The day that Christ was born.

To hold up the good practice
The Saints had before us;
Example of love they left behind,
And from them came to us.

How heavenly the sight it was
On darkness of the night,
This news that was heard so joyful
Giving praise and glory to God.

The refreshment in life he deems best,
Peace, charity and love—
See how did you yourself conduct
Then since last Christmas.

Have you brought about your year
With conduct without guilt?
Have you deserved from Christ
Healthy blessings of the poor.

. . . . . .

If thou hast given wrong to the poor,
The King of the poor hath sworn
That thou didst then give rebuke to Him
Who did the world create.

The prayers of the fatherless children
Will go up to God's face;
The tears that are on the widow
Sharply will complain against thee.

. . . . . .

Ponder on this and cast away
All the cares of the world.
Taking beginning and giving ending, too,
To Him who bought the world.

THE PIBROCH.

A Sassanach chief may be bonnily built,
Wear a sporran, a hose, a dirk, and a kilt,
He may, in fact, stride in an acre of stripes,
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.
—GILBERT.

AND true enough, your agreeable Sassanach, effusively enthusiastic, as he often is, over things Highland, invariably draws the line at the bagpipes. The drone of the *piob mhor* is to him something more terribly disagreeable—well, than a German band. But his prejudice is not quite without cause. Listen to the bagpipes on the streets of London. There their music is entirely lost. Closed in by non-echo-producing brick and mortar walls, drowned with the hub-bub of the traffic, there is little left to attract attention beyond the picturesque figure of the piper, clothed in all the multifarious accoutrements which belong to him in his calling. The perseverance and the earnestness with which he "blows," and the actions of his nimbly-going fingers, may form the subject of remark, but the sounds that come from the chanter are but mere sounds to the Cockney. There is no meaning in it all for him. At the Gaelic Society of London's concert, held in May of last year, four pipers gave as a selection of pipe music three well-known pipe tunes in succession, but next day the musical critics of some of the London papers informed us that they (the pipers) had simply played the same tune from the beginning to the finish of their turn, and they made something of a complaint because the selection mentioned on the programme had not been given. These critics remind me of the story of an Argyleshire mail coach, which happened to be carrying a complement of English tourists. It was met by a Highland wedding party, which was headed by a couple of pipers, who were "blowing" with might and main. Frightened, perhaps as much from the sight as from the sound, the mail-driver's horses threatened to become unmanageable, when the former, addressing his English passengers, excused the delay occasioned on the plea that "they were poor, pock-bred, English horses, wi' no ear for meeoo-sic." But music there is in the bagpipes, and good music too. It is the only instrument, since the decay of the old Highland harp, which represents the Gaelic scale in music. The next nearest approach to this scale can be played on the black notes of the piano. Starting with F (sharp), and following up G (sharp), A (sharp), C (sharp), D (sharp), to F (sharp), one will find that any Gaelic or old Scottish melody can be played, confining one's self absolutely to these black notes. This information was first learnt by the writer from a paper read before the Gaelic Society of London by a worthy Sassanach, the late E. Lindsay Pembroke. An enthusiast on the Highland bagpipes, he was undoubtedly one of the exceptions which prove the rule. It is this peculiarity of Gaelic music, which is so truly represented on the bagpipe, that makes the latter so instinctively and so naturally soul-stirring, and so all-absorbing in its intensity, to the Gaelic man. To the Gael from home it recalls, as it were, the past of his race, and his own past—the days of his youth. It is fraught with associations, and in this lies its special charm,

"When he hears the bagpipes sound
His heart will bound like steed for battle."

Mayhap to him these associations are of the bitterest kind. Possibly in his native strath the tartan is now never seen, the voice of the bard is still, and the wild, thrilling notes of the pibroch is never heard; there now no milkmaid's morning song rivals with the laverock's carol, and the cheery influences of human habitations have given place to the melancholy fascinations of a rugged and lonely grandeur. But far away from those scenes of bygone days the Gael of green Albin holds doubly dear all the associations that are entwined with them. In the land of his adoption he dons the tartan, tunes his bardic lyre, and makes the bagpipes skirl. Whether it be in the backwoods of America, amongst the boundless prairies of Australia, or amidst the busy life of the Metropolis, his heart will always warm to any one of the "symbols dear." The bagpipes is, perhaps, the one symbol which is admired most in common by "brither Scots" abroad. They may quarrel over the respective merits of Sandy's Tam o' Shanter and Donald's Glengarry bonnet; over the antiquity

of the clans; the correct patterns of their respective tartans, &c., &c., but they are all "Jock Tamson's bairns" at the first note of the great Highland bagpipe. Be it even in the streets of London, the Scotsman feels the spell. He listens, apparently to the not too efficient performance of the poor street piper, but in reality he is hearing it as he heard it long ago, in the gloaming of a summer evening, when the music floated on the breast of some land-locked Highland lake, and where it found a responsive echo in the rocky shore. Without these associations even Donald will have to admit that amidst the noise and din of city traffic the bagpipes would have to take second place with the "fife and drum." We must therefore excuse the prejudice of the average Englishman, when he protests that there is no music in it. For him it has no associations, he has probably never heard it in the open country, much less among the echoing hills and valleys of the Highlands, where its music can be heard miles away, especially if there are sea or inland lochs between. Hearing its music thus, it has a charm all its own, so impressive that it can never be forgotten. It was under such circumstances that, I believe, the English gentleman to whom I have already alluded became a convert to a belief in the real, emotional music of which it is so full.

The classical musician of to-day believes in, and practices principally with "music without words." One endearing charm of our Scottish music lies in the fact that the words associated with each particular air are inseparably interwoven with them. It is a common belief that no piper who cannot speak Gaelic can ever acquire any efficiency on the instrument. Instances have been known in which a friendly piper, stationed in the enemy's camp, was able to give warning of their danger to his unwary friends by playing an impromptu composition. The author of "Colla mo run" was one instance of this kind. Certain it is that the native Gaelic-speaking Highlander hears the bagpipes produce, when it is played by a Gaelic-speaking piper, not only the "doh, ray, me, fah" of the music, but he hears it speak to him in his native tongue. Words recitable, or suitable to be sung to the tune instantly occur to his mind. Take a typical Highland wedding—a wedding of the "good old days," when "the weather was ever so much better, when the gooseberries were larger, and the girls—were prettier" (I merely quote the saying, it is not my own), then the wedding party, *en route* for the manse, or whatever rendezvous may have been appointed for the tying of the knot, is headed by a proudly strutting piper, who speaks thus for the, as yet, bridegroom elect, the latter being supposed to be addressing the girl who is soon to be his own as follow:—

"Cha dean mi obair, cha dean mi obair.
'Us cha 'n urrainn domh obair a dheanamh,
Cha 'n ol mi deoch 'us cha n' ith mi biadh
'Us do ghaol an déigh mo bhoadh."

Most of your readers will be able to whistle off the tune to which these words are adapted. Let us pass over the ceremony, it has been so often described, and let us follow the wedding party on their homeward journey. The piper

"has gi'en his bags a squeeze,
And plays anither key."

This time it is—

"'De chuireadh mulad ort, mulad ort, mulad ort,
'De chuireadh mulad ort oidhche do bhainnse?
'De chuireadh mulad ort, caileag cho lurach riut,
Gheobhadh tu h-uile rud oidhche do bhainnse."

Now they have got back to, let us say, the biggin of the bride's father. The supper—it is *supper*, not breakfast or dinner, in the Highlands—the supper is over, and the company, animated and happy, adjourn to the barn, and the dance commences. The bridegroom and the bride, and the "best man" and the bridesmaid lead off the first reel. The company looks admiringly on, while the piper plays—

"Cuir dhachaidh e, cuir dhachaidh e,
Cuir dhachaidh 'n t-aodach iasaid,
Is mar a cuir thu dhachaidh e
Thig teachdaire ga iarraidh."

It was evidently unnecessary in those days for the bride to provide her "outfit" for the occasion, it was lent her. Or do the words mean that, having got married in what was provided for her by her own relatives, she had immediately afterwards to return them, and don a provision made for her by her newly appointed lord, as evidence that she was henceforth to depend upon him and on no one else? It would be interesting to know in what way the tune and the fashion it implies originated. Perhaps some contributor to the *Celtic Monthly* will be able to let us know in a future number. Let us now pass over the rest of the dance, just as we have passed over the other parts of the ceremonies, until we come to the *finis*. It is well into the morning, and the last dance has begun—*an ruidhle mhor*, or "*dannsa nam poy*." The piper has once more "squeezed" his bag, and he plays—

"Reicidh mi mo sheanamhair 'us ceannaichidh mi bean,
Reicidh mi mo sheanamhair 'us ceannaichidh mi bean,
Reicidh mi mo mhathair, mo phiuthar 's mo bhrathair,
Mo chiunn 'us mo chairdean 'us ceannaichidh mi bean.

"An tasdan bhoidheach 'us an tasdan mhath,
An tasdan bhoidheach a dh' ionnsuidh mo bhean,
Sgillinn anns an ol dhe 'us sgillinn anns an dannsa,
'S mo dheich sgillinn bhoidheach a dh' ionnsuidh mo bhean."

And so it goes on, at each turn the shilling being reduced by twopence, until it ultimately winds up with—

"'S mi fhin 'nam onair a dh ionnsuidh mo bhean."

Thus is the whole tale told on the pipes—the old, old story rehearsed over and over again—an appropriate tune for every stage, with words to match. Let no Sassanach wonder, then, why the Gael sees music in the bagpipe—it depicts to him the love and the battle scenes of his native land. T. D. MACDONALD.

London.

IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

She had been a thing of beauty
From the moment of her birth;
Had been praised as all too sacred
For the sinful sights of earth.

Yet she grew apace, and gladdened
Those who nursed her day by day,
While her poor consumptive mother
Coughed her gentle life away.

With the years the magic deepened
In her dusky hazel eyes,
Till at length she roamed the moorland,
Like a bird of Paradise.

Auburn locks that shamed the twilight
In the glory of their hue;
Face and neck like alabaster
Streaked with wandering veins of blue.

O the wonders of the woodland,
How they thrilled her with delight!
O the music of the river,
How it haunted her by night!

Where the wild flowers cluster'd thickest
There she loved to lie alone,
Singing queer, old-fashioned ballads
To a music of her own.

She had reached her seventh summer
When they brought her to the ward,
With a face of ghastly whiteness,
And an elbow sinus-scarred.

Well, we knew that she was fragile,
Though as patient as a saint;
For at times we had to dress her
While she swooned from faint to faint.

Yet the surgeon never doubted
But he'd cure her strumous wrist.
Ah! the ways of God are deeper
Than the deepest scientist.

Yesterday he operated . . . . .
Now her life is with the saints:
Free from all the cruel bondage
Of hereditary taints.

DAVID GAIR BRAIDWOOD.

Halkirk.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW are making an effort to raise a sum of £5,000 to found a Lectureship in Celtic Languages in the University of Glasgow.

CAMANACHD. — The return match between the London Northern Counties Club and the London Scots resulted in the defeat of the latter by seven hails to nil. The Scots, however, were unfortunate in not being able to play their usual team.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, NOVA SCOTIA.—We are indebted to Dr. A. H. MacKay, B.A., B.Sc., Superintendent of the Education Department of Nova Scotia, for a copy of the April issue of the *Journal*. It consists of 60 pages, and contains full particulars regarding educational matters in the province. It may interest many of our readers to learn that Dr. MacKay, who edits the *Journal*, and has also published "A Conspectus of the Public Free School System and Educational Institutions of Nova Scotia," for the World's Columbian exposition, is the son of a native of Rogart, Sutherlandshire, and is one of the most distinguished of Canadian scientists. He is a life member of the Clan Mackay Society.

THE JOHN O' GROAT JOURNAL has reverted to Friday as its day of publication, and we consider the change an advantage. Since Mr. Millar assumed the editorship the *Groat* has improved wonderfully, every issue showing that the talented editor imports a good deal of his own rich store of humour, information, and anecdote, into its pages.

THE NORTH STAR has evidently "come to stay." It has proved a decided success, and we must congratulate Mr. Ross on the excellence of his paper. It has a large sale in the south, as well as in the north, and we trust that it will continue to grow and flourish.

A FRIEND of ours, who has the reputation of being sarcastic, volunteers the information that the suppression of smuggling in the Highlands, and the disappearance of the fairies from their favourite haunts, were contemporary events! As our sceptical friend cannot quote his authority for the statement, we must take it for what it is worth. Has any of our readers any reliable information on the subject?

MESSRS. THOS. HODGE & CO., the great drapery house, have kindly favoured us with a copy of their "Illustrated Price List & Fashions for Summer 1893." It is a large sized book of 100 pages, every one of which is embellished with a large number of beautiful pictures, illustrative of the great variety and special quality of the goods which this enterprising firm always keep in stock. Messrs. Hodge's Highland trade is simply enormous, and they feel proud of their great business connection with the north. They are as pleased to execute an order for a yard of trimming as they are to furnish a house in the Highlands, and we can personally vouch for the exceptional quality of their goods. We would recommend our readers to send for Messrs. Hodge's catalogue, entrust them with an order, and by so doing save money, and get the best value. Our town readers should pay them a visit.

LACHLAN MACDONALD, OF SKEABOST.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 11. Vol. I. AUGUST, 1893. Price, Twopence.

LACHLAN MACDONALD, SKEABOST.

MR. LACHLAN MACDONALD, of Skeabost, is deservedly one of the most popular men in the Highlands. Though a landlord, and the owner of an estate peopled largely by the much abused crofter, he occupies the unique position of being loved by his own people, and his people being envied by their neighbours. The Laird of Skeabost comes as near as possible to Professor Blackie's model Highland landlord—a father, a judge, and a counsellor to his people. He is the best living proof of the fact that the Highland spirit has not degenerated, that the Highland people when properly understood and cared for, notwithstanding the growth of Democracy, are still the same devoted and loyal people as of yore. Mr. MacDonald is a thorough Highlander by birth and education, descended on the father's side of the *Mac Eachainn* branch of the MacDonalds, a warlike race, who figured prominently in all the Jacobite wars. His father was a lieutenant in the Glengarry Fencibles, and afterwards in the 7th West Indian Regiment. He subsequently settled in Ord, Skye. Mr. MacDonald's mother was a daughter of Captain MacLeod, of Gesto, Skye, a family no less renowned for their military prowess than for their genuine Highland sentiment and kind heartedness. The grievous mistake of denationalising Highland gentlemen by educating them as Englishmen was not committed in the case of Skeabost. His education, with the exception of one year in the Parish School of his native parish, was all got under his father's roof. He was never more than ten miles from his father's house till he left the country to push his fortune in India. He was born in Ord, in the parish of Sleat, in February, 1833; he left for India in July, 1851, remaining in India till 1868, with the exception of a few months spent at home for a change. It was while on that holiday that he purchased Skeabost and Bernisdale from his uncle, the late Mr. Kenneth MacLeod, of Greshornish, where he has taken up his residence since 1870. This uncle, *Coinneach Mor Gheisto*, as he was commonly known in Skye, was in every respect a remarkable man; he was a pioneer of the Skye settlement in India, being the second Skyeman who settled there, the subject of our sketch being the third; now there are a goodly number, and all giving a good account of the calibre which Skye can produce.

When the agrarian troubles began in Skye, Skeabost, while most anxious for the preservation of peace, showed a lively sympathy in the cause of the people, knowing they had just cause of complaint. On more than one occasion he took upon himself the *rôle* of mediator. When the Crofters' Commission was appointed the Skeabost tenants were summoned, and each man asked to value his own holding, such valuation to be the future rent. All arrears were at the same time cancelled. To the credit of the crofters, it is stated that their valuation was in every respect a fair one. Some time after Mr. MacDonald was presented with an illuminated address by his tenantry, and shortly after, on a return from a visit to his plantations in India, he received an ovation which pictured to our mind the reception which might have been given to *Mor-fhear, mor nan Eileanan*, when men were men. The relationship between him and his people is, in our opinion, the best modern representation of the Highland patriarchal system; he knows every man, woman, and child on the estate, speaks to them in their native language, discusses the questions of the day with them, and enters most thoroughly into their social life and well-being.

That he is in sympathy with the aspirations of the people, and desirous for the improvement of their social condition, is seen from the fact that he has twice represented the parish of Snizort—the most radical parish in Skye—in the County Council, and has been twice elected unanimously as Chairman of the Skye

District Committee of the County Council. He is also Chairman of the School Board of Snizort, and takes a lively interest in education. A thorough enthusiast in matters Celtic, he gives a liberal support to the encouragement of Celtic literature.

Portree. J. G. MACKAY.

THE MACNABS' REVENGE: A Legend of Perthshire.

BY "THE OTHER MACNAB."

"There never was a boor of the MacGregors, nor a hussy of the MacNabs."—*Gaelic Proverb.*

THE MacNabs had always a good conceit of themselves, and, however much altered circumstances in later times may have influenced their character, the clan have certainly preserved undiminished this ancient feature of the race. In the good old times, when the MacNabs grew rich at the expense of their neighbours, they were counted among the mighty in the land; but they latterly fell upon evil days, and, led by the gallant chief in person, the clan in 1821 crossed the Atlantic and settled in Canada. Whatever they had to leave behind in Perthshire, they did not forget to take the family pride along with them. If anyone doubts this, he may easily put it to the test. Let him tell a MacNab that he is poor, and as likely as not he will draw himself up with great dignity and exclaim:

"If I am poor, I am proud; and thank God I am a MacNab!"

If he does not kick him to prove it, the questioner may consider himself fortunate.

If this peculiarity of character was true of the clan generally, it was developed to a remarkable degree in the chief himself. He was always "MacNab of MacNab," and there was no getting over *that*. The person who dared to address him as "Mr. MacNab" did so at the peril of his life. None of your commonplace dukes or earls for him: he bore a title which was shared by no man—he only was "The MacNab." When this old gentleman went from home, simple people used to wonder why it was that he gave himself such airs, and demanded attention wherever he went. They did not know, of course, that the MacNab claimed an ancestry so remote that the origin of such great clans as the Campbells, Mackenzies, or Macdonalds seemed, in comparison, as of yesterday. Old MacNab used to declare that he could trace his descent from a very respectable gentleman called Adam the First, and that during all these long centuries not one link of that wonderful genealogical chain had been broken. If anyone was inclined to doubt this, he would produce documents which made it clear beyond all shadow of doubt. Not only that, but MacNab would point out the family enclosure in the clan burying-ground on the Island of Innis-Buie, in the river Tay, where the sacred dust of the "MacNabs of MacNab" had been kept separate from the dust of the other MacNabs since the first great man of the ancestral line—the Adam referred to, whom tradition says wore fig leaves instead of the clan tartan, and was born in the year 1—was laid to rest under the great freestone slab which twelve strong clansmen carried from the top of Ben Lawers, and which the sceptical may see to this day.

There is another matter regarding which the MacNabs pride themselves, and that is their coat of-arms. It is another proof of their remote ancestry, and there are as many wonderful and authentic stories associated with these objects as would supply a supplementary volume to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The clan crest consists of a man's head, which is decorated all round with a tropical luxuriance of hair. Above it is the motto, "Dreadnought." In the centre of the shield is the representation of a boat with three oars. There are a great many legends explaining the origin of these objects, and while they differ in regard to the circumstances which gave them birth, they have the happy knack of agreeing in making the MacNabs perform great deeds of prowess. That is only natural: no clan would care to connect their emblem with defeat.

Some MacNabs, who are strong upon the genealogical question, maintain that the head is a faithful likeness of their great ancestor, Adam the First, before he took unto himself Mrs. Adam, whose wicked conduct lost the clan much valuable territory. Others say that the boat is a correct picture of the craft which the MacNabs had at the flood. The MacLeans in recent times have set up a fictitious claim to being the only clan that had a "boat o' their ain at the flood," but the MacNabs repudiate this claim, and I think tradition favours their version of the story. Some sarcastic persons have pointed out that the picture of the boat shown in the coat of arms has a somewhat modern appearance, and is quite unlike the barn-shaped barks which are always associated in our minds with that watery season. But the MacNabs triumphantly explain that their clan always entertained enlightened views upon all public questions, and that the shape of their boat is a sure proof that in boat-building, as in all other things, the MacNabs were in advance of the times. No critic could reply to such a conclusive argument!

However, I once knew a MacNab who was a very intelligent man, but he was not much of a believer in the orthodox genealogy of his clan. He used to chuckle at times when he heard other clansmen enlarging upon their ancient descent, and referring to the clan crest in proof of Adam being the first of the family. One day he took me into his confidence, and said that he would explain the true origin of the boat and the head. It was a very commonplace story as compared with the authorised version, but he was a man who believed in the infallibility of truth, and meant to tell it upon all occasions. This is the tale he related, and you may accept it as true because that worthy man would not lie even to increase the family pride. When you meet a MacNab who does not believe in the Adamite origin of the clan you are safe to believe all that man tells you as gospel.

It happened in this way. The MacNeishes and the MacNabs, whose territories were in close proximity to each other, had been long at feud and many encounters had taken place between the two clans with varied success. At length a decisive battle was fought early in the seventeenth century, near Lochearnhead, in which the MacNeishes received a crushing defeat, and only a small remnant of the tribe managed to escape. The chief was killed whilst defending himself against an overwhelming number of opponents, and in proof of this the people of the district, especially the MacNabs, will point out with delight certain marks on a large stone, said to have been caused by MacNeish's blood. After this reverse the survivors of the clan retired to a small island at the foot of Loch Earn, where they endeavoured to earn an honest livelihood by plundering their old enemies, the MacNabs. By these pardonable means, it is said, they lived very comfortably, and succeeded in making things pretty lively among the descendants of Adam I. They were very particular in preserving their rights to the loch, and would allow no boat on the waters except their own.

Thus time passed till, one Christmas, "The MacNab" determined to have a great feast, and many guests were invited to participate in the festivities. A clansman was despatched to Crieff for a liberal supply of provisions, and all the necessary preparations were made. The messenger was long in returning, and when he did present himself to his angry chief he had a sad story to relate. While on his way home he had been waylaid by the plundering MacNeishes, who had relieved him of all the dainties for the Christmas feast. The old chief vowed that he would revenge this insult, and as he had twelve stalwart sons, this charitable feeling was shared all round. That evening there was an empty board, and "The MacNab" strode about in the courtyard outside nursing his wrath. The night turned out unusually dark and gloomy. At length the angry chief strode into the hall with his arms folded and a significant frown on his brow, and in a stern voice said to his sons, in Gaelic:

"This night is the night, if my lads were lads!"

The hint was at once taken, and the whole party started to their feet, seized their claymores, dirks, and targes, and, led by the strongest man of the clan—"Smooth John MacNab" he was called—set out on their warlike mission. Finding a boat on Loch Tay, they raised it on their shoulders, and carried it with them over the hills till they reached Loch Earn. The boat was quickly launched, and before long the party landed on the island of the MacNeishes. It was now late at night, and after the festivities of the day the robbers were all asleep, except the old leader, who was dozing over the embers of the fire. A loud kick at the door roused him from his reverie, and, scrambling to his feet, he asked, in great fear:

"Who is there?"

A voice outside enigmatically replied:

"Who would you care least to see?"

"Smooth John MacNab," at once answered MacNeish.

"Then you will find him rough for once," exclaimed John, as with a powerful blow he broke in the door.

Seizing the leader by his grey hairs, he dragged him on his knees, and then coolly cut off his head. In a few moments the whole band of robbers were put to the sword, the only person who escaped death being a boy who managed to creep unobserved beneath the bed. From this parent stem have sprung all the MacNeishes who are now to be found in Strathearn, Strathallan, and on Tayside.

Taking the old chief's head as a precious trophy, the MacNabs rowed across to the mainland, where they once more hoisted the boat on their shoulders, and started across the hills. Finding the burden rather heavy, they at last threw it down on the hillside, where its remains could have been seen for very many years afterwards. On reaching home the head of the MacNeishes was exhibited by "Smooth John" to his delighted father, with the words in Gaelic, "Fear nothing," or "Dreadnought."

"MacNab of MacNab" expressed his approval of his son's prowess by saying, grimly:

"The night was the night, and the lads *were* lads!"

The pipers then struck up the clan pibroch, and there was a sound of revelry in the land of the MacNabs.

To my mind this incident satisfactorily explains the coat of arms of the clan. I am willing

to pin my faith to this theory, but I am quite aware that the clan generally will not renounce their ancestral pride, or their belief in Adam the First, or their monopoly of shipping at the flood.

It may be just mentioned, in conclusion, that all the property this ancient clan now possesses in Scotland is the island burying-ground in the Tay, and part of the town of Callander. The celebrated hotel, known as the "Dreadnought," is part of the clan property—and, by the way, this affords additional proof that my account of the origin of the clan crest and motto is the correct one.

THE LAND OF THE GAEL.

Where the red heather blooms, and the thistle wags free,
Where the bard tunes his song to the dirge of the sea,
Where the glens and the bens have a story to tell,
Where the martyrs for Freedom and Liberty fell,
Where the pibroch was heard in the days o' langsyne,
Where the blood of our fathers flowed redder than wine,
Where rare blossoms of beauty smile down in each vale:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

Where the beautiful straths have a charm of their own,
Where the flower-seeds of valour right richly are sown,
Where the clear tinkling streams chant a music divine,
Where the dells with rich gems, like transplanted stars shine,
Where the beetling crags frown on the valleys below,
Where grim Winter comes down with a whirlwind of snow,
Where Virtue and Honour are prized in each vale:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

Where the mountains in grandeur tower up to the sky,
Where the eagle screams loud from his eyrie on high,
Where the landscape is fair, as a child on the breast,
Where beauty serenely has furnished her nest,
Where the brave Covenanters fell, fighting for truth,
Where the gold-seeking mongers have scattered our youth,
Where the pure gold of friendship was ne'er known to fail:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

Where the cataract dashes with beauty so free,
Where the maidens are fair as the flowers on the lea,
Where Religion has flourished, and flourishes still,
Where the clansmen of yore trod each valley and hill,
Where the great antlered stags are now lords of the glen,
Where Nature's true kings have been plundered by men,
Where Honour, untainted, still dwells in each dale:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

Where the skiff with her fishers flies o'er the wild wave,
Where the soil never nurtures a coward or knave,
Where the bards tune their lilts to the kilt and the plaid,
Where the sweetest wild blossoms spring down in the glade,
Where mem'ries are cherished that never will die,
Where the Wisdom of God brings a light to each eye,
Where the Cant of the World dare not come to assail:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

Where the flag of true freedom shall flourish again,
Where the sound of the pibroch shall waken each glen,
Where our clansmen shall gather from countries afar,
Where Valour and Worth shall ne'er sink below par,
Where the sweet plant of Freedom shall take root and grow,
Where Plenty and Peace through each valley shall flow,
Where the acme of Beauty lies shrined in each vale:
'Tis the land of true heroes, whose mem'ries now cheer us,
Then hurrah for the Highlands,
Her lochs and her islands;
I'll love thee for ever, thou land of the Gael!

DUNCAN MACLEAN.

Manchester.

THE CLAN MACLEAN GATHERING at Chicago was held under the most auspicious circumstances, and proved a great success. Notable members of the clan from all parts of the United States and Canada were present, and gave their distinguished chief a right hearty welcome. Sir Fitzroy's speech was worthy of the occasion, and characteristic of the thoroughly clannish nature of the man. MacLean of Pennycross and Professor J. P. MacLean, the originator of the re-union, delivered spirited addresses. Altogether the occasion was one which is sure to find a prominent place in the modern history of the Clan MacLean.

ALEXANDER FRASER,

HON. SECRETARY, LONDON SCOTS SHINTY CLUB.

ALEC FRASER—the name by which he is familiarly known to us—is a native of Helmsdale, Sutherlandshire, and a popular and well-known London Highlander to boot. Having first served his time to the drapery trade in his native place, he then bethought himself, in orthodox Highland fashion, of finding his way south, in the hope of improving his position. He and his brother now form the firm of Messrs. Fraser Brothers, merchant tailors and Highland costume makers, Fleet Street, London, whose success in the competitive market reflects the greatest credit upon the enterprise and energy of the firm.

Before, however, entering into business on his own account, Mr. Fraser served in his calling in Glasgow, Middlesbro', Manchester, and London, having thus gained an all-round experience. A familiar figure at every Scottish gathering in the Metropolis, he is an amateur "sword dance" and "Highland fling" prizeman of the Annual Scottish Gathering of London. He also took prizes at the last Highland games held at Dunrobin Castle, under the patronage of the late Duke of Sutherland, when he was adjudged the amateur champion dancer of his native county. He is hon. secretary to the enthusiastic Highland committee who promote the annual Highland ball of London, an event which is looked forward to with increasing interest every year. Mr. Fraser was also joint hon. secretary, along with Mr. Colin Chisholm—another well-known London Highlander—in organising the first Gaelic concert held in London, and with which was instituted the Gaelic Prize Fund of the Gaelic Society of London. Since then these concerts have been under the immediate control of the Gaelic Society, of which Mr. Fraser is himself a councillor. He is also hon. secretary of the London Scots Shinty Club, which does good service in encouraging the old national pastime, in the great Metropolis. He is also an active member of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. *Buaidh agus piseach air.*

London. T. D. MACDONALD.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

HIGHLAND SPORTS.

IN summer our societies take a rest. Meetings are suspended and business is forgotten in the general cessation that prevails. But the warmth of summer sunshine is not sufficient to keep the Canadian Highlander off the field of sport. The arena is changed from the platform and hall to the green sward, where the bagpipes are heard cheering on the shinty players, providing music for the skilled dancer, or in martial strain striving for a prize in keen competition. The Highland games of Canada are noted events. Their fame is well known in Scotland and all over this vast continent. Beginning with the 24th of May, the Queen's birthday, which is loyally observed here as a statutory holiday, gatherings take place almost every week until October. They are conducted by societies at suitable points of locality, are extensively advertised, and are as a rule very popular. In connection with them a class of

PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES

has grown up, and the same dancers and pipers follow the circuit of the games, living on the proceeds. This is the one and only regrettable feature of otherwise really good and useful assemblies; but public opinion is gradually bearing an influence against professionalism and in favour of good amateur work, and the result will be a great improvement in the near future. The best piper need not be a professional in the sense of making his living by the money prizes he wins at twenty gatherings in a season. He may be contented to take a medal, or a set of pipes, or some other prize than money, and so maintain a higher ideal than the mercenary one. The same with the dancer, the sprinter, the hammerer, and the competitor in strength feats generally. The programme at these gatherings vary but little from that of the gatherings in the Highlands. There are entries in Highland dances, bagpiping, Highland costume, putting the stone, tossing the caber, vaulting, jumping, &c. Occasionally there is a game of quoits, bowling on the green, a game of shinty always popular, and the inevitable tug-of-war, a veritable exhibition of skill and muscular strength over which there is usually a fierce contest and much excitement.

There are in Canada many first-class competitors in the various events above named, and it is a real pleasure to witness the proceedings at many of the large gatherings.

AMONG PIPERS,

the few who possess high merit as players are a credit to their race and calling, and indeed the same may be said of those who rank high in the other lines of competition. On the whole the result of the Highland gathering is good. The national sentiment is stimulated, and the best phases of our national character are the more easily reached and cultivated because of the manly exercises and the games of the old home being kept alive. The gatherings, as a rule, are conducted with the utmost respect to orderliness and good taste, and the impression left on the mind is one of pleasure when the evening closes the proceedings.

At the beginning of last month the

GAELIC COMMUNITY OF TORONTO

was in deep sorrow over the death of Mrs. Donald Cattanach, an old lady of remarkable parts, who was highly esteemed by her countrymen and women. She was a grand niece of the Jacobite heroine, Flora Macdonald, and was widely connected in the Highlands of Scotland—in Skye, Ross-shire, Badenoch—and many of her relatives have found their way to the large cities in the south of Scotland and England. I have no doubt that among them are many readers of the *Monthly*, and to them especially it will be of interest to know that their kinswoman held a peculiar place in the estimation of the Canadian community. She was married to Donald Cattanach, a native of Badenoch, in 1839, and lived to the good old age of eighty years. She was most hospitable in her Glengarry home, where she lived half a century, and afterwards in Toronto. Her fireside was the resting-place of the traveller, and the needy never passed her door. She was the first honorary lady member of the

GAELIC SOCIETY OF TORONTO,

and one of its warmest and best friends. Around her table the committee almost invariably met to discuss and prepare for the work of the society, and her counsel on these occasions was an inspiration and a great help. Deeply pious, she lived a consistent Christain life, and the good effected in her own unobtrusive manner it would be impossible to estimate. With her departure one of the old and loved landmarks has been removed, and it is too much to hope that in the ever changing circumstances of a fast changing age her place will ever be adequately filled.

SGIAN DUBH.

Toronto, July, 1893.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

THE following song was first published in Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," and is there stated to be the composition of an Irish student studying in Scotland. The air now given is that associated with the song in Argyllshire. We believe it is sung to a somewhat different melody in the north, which we may place before our readers at some future time. The reference in the first verse to yarrow —*ear-thalmhainn*—is interesting. The yarrow must be cut by moonlight by a young man or woman, with a black-handled knife, and certain mystic words, similar to the following, pronounced :—

> "Good-morrow, good-morrow, fair yarrow,
> And thrice good-morrow to thee ;
> Come, tell me before to-morrow,
> Who my true love shall be."

The yarrow is brought home, put into the right stocking and placed under the pillow, and the mystic dream is expected ; but if he or she opens his or her lips before the yarrow is pulled, the charm is broken.

MO SHUIL A'D' DHEIGH—FOR THEE I SIGH.

Translated by "Fionn."

Key B♭. *Moderato, with feeling.*

: s_1 | s_1 : l_1 : d | r : m : f | l_1 :-: s_1 | s_1 :—: m | m : r : m | s : f : m | r :-: d | d :—
Seisd — O- | chòin mo chail - in 's mo | shuil a' d' dhéigh, A | chail - in, mo chail - in 's mo | shuil a' d' déigh ;
Chorus.— My | darling, my darling, I | sigh for thee ! O | darling, sweet darling, re- | turn to me ;

: m | m : r : m | s : f : m | r :-: d | s :—: f | m : r : d | l_1 : t_1 : d | r : d : l_1 | s_1 :—
A | Lil - i, mo Lil - i 's mo | shuil a'd' dheigh, Cha | leir dhomh am beall - ach le | sil - eadh nan deur.
My | Lil - y, my Lil - y, re- | turn, I pray ! With | tears I am blinded, a- | weeping each day.

Gu'n d'éirich mi mochthra maduinn an dé,
'S ghèarr mi'n ear-thalmhainn, do bhri mo sgeul ;
'An dùil gu'm faicinn-se rùn mo chléibh ;
Ochòin ! gu'm facas, 's a cùlaobh rium fhéin.

Na 'm bitheadh sud agam mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi 'm shuidhe aig bealach, 's mo chù air éill ;
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh gu làidir treun,
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo'n ghréin.

'S ann ormsa tha muladh 's am fiabhrus mòr,
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian an t-òg ;
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi 's an fheòil,
O'n rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fhéin a bhi beò.

O ! cha 'n 'eil uiseag 's na speuraibh àrd,
Na eun anns an doire a b'aithne mo gràdh
Nach 'eil nis ri tuireadh a dh'oidhch' 's a là,
O'n chual' iad gun d' ghlacadh mo chailin air laimh.

Yesterday morning, at dawn of day,
I pulled the yarrow, with heart so gay,
Expecting my sweetheart to pass that way ;
I saw her—but, wae's me, she turned away.

If I had the strength of my early days,
When lightly I followed with hound the chase,
I'd fight with bravest, and lay him low,
Before my true love with another should go.

My heart is a-breaking, I sigh alone,
Since with young Brian my love has gone.
I'll ne'er love another, I vow and swear,
Since thou hast refused my heart's love to share.

The birds that were merry in yonder grove,
Where oft with my sweetheart I used to rove,
O'ershaded with sorrow, now sing their lay,
Since she to another is wedded to-day.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will present our readers with a life-like plate portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Archd. Campbell, president of *An Commun Gàidhealach* (The Highland Association), and also of the Highland Society of London. His lordship is to preside over the great *Mòd*, or gathering, which is to be held in Oban early next month. Portraits, with biographical sketches, will also appear of Mr. Archibald Sinclair, of the "Celtic Press," and president of the Glasgow Islay Association, whose name has been for many years associated with Gaelic literature ; Mr. Donald MacDonald (a native of Tiree), the popular secretary of the New York Gaelic Society ; and Dr. D. Gair Braidwood, Halkirk.

Our First Volume will be completed by the publication of the next number, and we are in a position to supply copies containing all the plates, and neatly bound in cloth covers, with gilt lettering, at 3s. 6d. each ; or bound in strong and handsome leather covers, at 5s. (postage 6d. extra). The yearly volume will make one of the most interesting and valuable books ever published in connection with the Highlands, and will contain the portraits of forty prominent Highlanders, besides other illustrations. It will make a most suitable and handsome present to send to a friend. As only a limited number of copies can be had, owing to several of the monthly parts being almost out of print, those who desire copies should order at once from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1893.

CONTENTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

WITH the next issue of the *Celtic Monthly* we complete our first volume. The experiment of starting a first-class illustrated Highland magazine at a popular price was no doubt a dangerous one, but the result has verified our opinion that it was possible to make such an undertaking a success. Our modest literary venture immediately sprung into favour, and at once attained a circulation such as no former Highland magazine ever enjoyed. It gathered around it a staff of contributors whose names in many instances are "household words" among Highlanders, and the number of its well-wishers was only limited by the extent of its circulation. The *C. M.* was started under the most auspicious circumstances, and, notwithstanding the past history of such enterprises, its success is not to be wondered at. We can only express our deep indebtedness to the many friends who have rendered us such valuable assistance, in adding to the interest of our pages, and in helping the circulation of the magazine. We have profited by our editorial experiences of the past year. Being constantly in communication with so many of our readers in all parts of the world, our ideas in regard to the conduct of the magazine have been somewhat broadened. From the beginning, many of our friends strongly urged us to make the price threepence, and if possible add a few pages to the size, but we chose to keep to the lesser price. The experience of the past months has, however, convinced us of the wisdom of the suggestions made by our friends, and after serious consideration we have decided to give effect to them when we start our second volume in October. We feel certain that such a change would be welcomed by all our readers, and it would further give a better chance to the magazine. Our proposal is, to add other four pages, making 20 pages of literary matter each month, and to increase the price to threepence (4d. post free). From the first number we have felt our efforts seriously hampered by the limited nature of our space, and for this reason we have had to abandon several interesting features which we intended to introduce. We have still on hand contributions which were sent in for the first issue. Our readers will appreciate the alteration we propose, when they notice the increased interest and variety of contents which the increased space will afford. We hope, specially, to devote more space to Gaelic contributions, and we have beside us several most excellent poems and articles by well-known Gaelic scholars, which we shall print in our early issues. The series of beautiful plate-portraits will also be continued, and we need hardly say that these add a value to the magazine which time will certainly enhance. Many of our readers consider the plate alone worth the price we charge for the magazine. Portraits of well-known Highlanders, representing the various Highland and Gaelic societies and shinty clubs, will also appear in each issue, and we hope in time to present our readers with likenesses of representatives from all the societies in connection with the Gaelic race, at home and abroad. By means of these fine portraits Highlanders become acquainted with the form and features of countrymen whose names they know by repute, but whom they have often little chance of meeting in the body. In our next issue we will be able to present an attractive programme for the second volume, which will prove of special interest to our readers in the Western Highlands and Islands.

Meantime, we enclose an order form for the next volume, which we trust all our annual subscribers will fill up and return to us at once, so that we may have the list of subscribers completed as early as possible. We trust that our readers will do what they can to interest their friends in the magazine, and induce them to become subscribers. We hope we shall be able in our next issue to intimate that our list of subscribers exceeds four figures. Our friends will greatly favour us by returning the enclosed form on receipt.

THE BLACK WATCH MEMORIAL AT ABERFELDY.

By Malcolm Ferguson.
Author of "Rambles in Breadalbane," "Sketches of Perthshire," &c.

THE Black Watch Memorial Cairn stands on a green grassy mound on the banks of the Tay, and within fifty or sixty yards of General Wade's famous bridge across the river at Aberfeldy. The ceremony of unveiling the cairn by the Marquis of Breadalbane, in the presence of a large gathering of Highlanders from all parts of Scotland, took place on the 12th day of November, 1887. It measures about 16 feet square at the foundation, and 35 feet high, tapering towards the top, until at the height of 25 feet it becomes only about 5 feet square. The cairn is surmounted by the figure of a gigantic Highlander, 10 feet in height, in the old uniform of the gallant 42nd—a splendid type of kilted Highlander—the well-known portrait of Farquhar Shaw, one of the regiment who, with two of his comrades, were shot in London for having rebelled against their being sent to foreign climes, having, it is stated, served the sculptor, Mr. W. B. Rhind, of Edinburgh, as a model for the figure surmounting the cairn. His left foot is planted forward [should have been his right] in a bold, determined attitude. His right hand is in the act of drawing his claymore, and looking towards the south-east, indicating that he is going forth to fight the battles of his king and country. Over his shoulder is slung the old flintlock gun used in these days. The bold and rugged character of the figure harmonises splendidly with the wild scenery of the magnificent Highland strath and its grand surroundings.

On the front of the cairn a life-size Royal Highlander in the present uniform has clambered up the side of the cairn, and with his right hand outstretched is engaged in the task of incribing the heroic deeds of the regiment from its formation to the present time, viz.:—Fontenoy, Fort-Sandberg, Ticonderago, Martinique, Gaudaloupe, Havannah, Bushey Run, Brooklyn, Fort-Washington, Charlestown, Aboukir, Alex-

andria, Egypt (1801), Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes-d'Onor, Ciudad-Rodrigo, Burgos, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Tolouse, Orthes, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Egypt, Ashantee, Nile, Tel-el-Kebir, Kirbekan.

On the reverse side of the cairn there is a beautifully executed *bas-relief* head of Her Majesty the Queen, wearing the Imperial Crown, beneath which is the following inscription:—

1887.
THE YEAR OF THE JUBILEE
OF
QUEEN VICTORIA.

THIS SITE
HAS BEEN KINDLY GRANTED BY
THE MOST NOBLE
GAVIN,
MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.

On the two remaining panels of the cairn are the following inscriptions—the one on the side facing the north is in Gaelic, and the one on the south side is in English, describing the history of the regiment:—

This Cairn is erected by
grateful and admiring countrymen,
in commemoration
of the assembling together at Tay Bridge,
in October, 1739,
of the six independent companies
(afterwards increased to ten)
of the "Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch,
who, after serving
in various parts of the Highlands,
were embodied into a regiment
designated the 43rd, and afterwards
The 42nd Royal Highlanders,
whose first muster
took place in May, 1750, near Tay Bridge;
and also in recognition
of the valour and patriotism
which has ever since distinguished
the soldiers of this corps
during its illustrious career in many lands.
A.D. 1887.

Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann 's nan gaisgeach.

Chaidh an Cairn so a thogail
mar chuimhneachan
gu'n deachaidh na sè buidhnean
Gaidhealach d'am b'ainm am Freiceadan Dubh
'aonadh air an fhaiche so anns a 'bhliadhna
1740;
agus o 'n latha sin choisinn an reisimeid so
iomadh buaidh,
anns gach cearn do 'n t-saoghal,
a' dearbhadh,
gaisge agus duinealas nan Gaidheal.
1887.

"Rinneadh gniomhara leò,
Anns' gach tir chum an deach',
Bhios 'n an ioghna, 's na 'm miorbhuil',
Gu bràth do gach neach;
Cha leig air dearmad an saoghal,
An treuntas gu sior,
'M feadh bhios spéis agus mor-mheas
Do shaighdeireachd fhior!"

The monument occupies a beautiful site, and is that on which the Black Watch was constituted into a regiment in October 1739. It is situated to the north-west, and close to the town of Aberfeldy, on the banks of the winding Tay, and forms a striking and prominent feature in the splendid landscape. As regards picturesque effect and beautiful design there is no similar erection to be seen, I daresay, in any other part of the United Kingdom to compare with it.

For generations to come the Black Watch Memorial Cairn will always be an object of special attraction, and lend additional interest and charm to the much-admired Highland town of Aberfeldy. The inhabitants of the town may justly feel proud of their unique and finely-designed rugged cairn, with its associations of undying interest as a lasting memorial of the brilliant career in many lands of that renowned Highland regiment, the famous "Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch. Its history, marked throughout by innumerable deeds of noble daring and by heroic achievements, forms an important part of the military annals of the British nation.

General Stewart, in his sketches of the Highlands and the Highlanders, says:—"Many of the men who composed these companies were of a higher station of society than that from which the soldiers in general are raised. Cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of farmers, and tacksmen, either immediately or distantly descended from gentlemen's families—men who felt themselves responsible for their conduct and high-minded and honourable families, as well as to a country for which they cherished a most devoted affection. In addition to the advantages derived from their superior rank in life, they possessed in an eminent degree that of a commanding external deportment, special care being taken in selecting men of full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance."

"And O! loved warriors of the minstrel's land,
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave;
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
The harsher feature and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battlefield throbbed heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave
And level for the charge, your arms are led
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset stayed?"

—*Scott.*

[A most interesting account of the historic district of Breadalbane will be found in Mr. Ferguson's handsome volume, "Rambles in Breadalbane."—Ed.]

DATE OF FINGAL AND OSSIAN.

By Lieut. Colonel Charles Stewart,
Tigh-n-Duin.
Author of "The Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland, and its Celtic Church," "Killin Collection of Poetry and Music," &c.

FION, Scot, and Gael in Scotland, with Milesians added in Ireland, are only different names for the same race.* They came from Asia some centuries before the incarnation, and separated, the one part occupying what is now known as the Highlands of Scotland, and the other the north-eastern portion of Ireland; out of this territory the Gaels who went to Ireland drove another Celtic race called the Firbolgs. The characteristics, mentally and bodily, of these two peoples were radically different,† but notwithstanding they were both incorporated into the Irish Gaelic kingdom. The union, however, was not a happy one. On the other hand, betwixt the Gaeldom of Ireland and of Scotland for a lengthened period there existed the closest relationship, so much so that in case of war they mutually, when required, rushed to each others help.

An Irish prejudiced genealogist of the 17th century says that there were no *Scots* in Scotland until the end of the 5th century, and Dr. Skene and many others follow his verdict. For the reverse, however, we have the authority of Tacitus, Ptolemy, Dio Cassius, Ammianus, Prosper Aquitanus, the chronicles of the Picts and Scots, Gildas, Ethelward, Nennuis, Bede, and John of Fordun. After this I think Mac-Firbis and his dictum may be dismissed.

The 3rd century was the premier century in the history of the two Gaelic kingdoms. In Ireland Cormac MacAirt, the greatest of her kings, reigned, and her bard Carill sang. In Scotland Fingal, the greatest of her kings, reigned, and Ossian and Ullin sang. And now for the dates:

1. In A.D. 195, Cormac's father, Airt, the son of Conn, was killed. ‡

2. In A.D. 211,§ Fingal and his Gaels (or Scots) defeated the great Roman host at Carron, and drove them back beyond the line of the Tyne and Solway.‖ As usual, an Irish party of Gaels came to the help of the Albinic Scots, under command of Cuchullin, as Regent during *Cormac's minority*. Ossian relates the history in "Covalla."

3. Cormac must have shortly hereafter succeeded to the full kingship, but the very date we do not know, and reigned until A.D. 267.

4. About A.D. 264 Cormac got a hurt in one of his eyes, and Cuchullin was appointed Regent, until it would be seen if Cormac would recover, and be without blemish, so as to be able to resume the sovereignty. *

5 In A.D. 267, it was seen that Cormac would not so recover, and he retired from the kingship, in favour of his son Cairbre.

6. Betwixt these two dates—A.D. 263 to 267 Cuchullin *as Regent* with the Irish host, assisted by Fingal and his Scots, repelled an incursion of the Northmen. Ossian tells the history in his "Fingal."

7. Cairbre MacCormac in A.D. 284 attacked his *Gaelic* subjects, with the *Firbolgs* who formed part of the kingdom, in order to alter a constitutional sovereignty into a despotism. The Gaels rose up in arms for their freedom, and Fingal coming to their help Cairbre was defeated and slain. Ossian relates the history in "Temora." †

Fingal was now old, and our friend the theorist bumptiously proclaimed, with voice of victory, that he could not have fought at Carron in A.D. 211, and at Gabhra in A.D. 284. Modern research, however, and our every-day experiences proclaim its perfect possibility, and theory once more has to bow its head to fact. ‡

He was succeeded by Ossian, who was old and frail, and shortly became blind. Therefore he had to resign the actual kingship, but still held it in honorary rank, and his court at Selma. But though he did so, alas, what a shadow it was of that of the bygone days. How bitterly, too, does he feel the want of his heroic companions and brother champions of the days of yore. It was at this period of his life that he mostly composed his glorious poetry.

Amidst his sadness, one unspeakable comfort remained to him, in the devotedness to his happiness of Malvina, the widow of his beloved son Oscar. Malvina was young, active, and graceful, talented, beautiful, and cultured with the highest culture of the bardic colleges, and which was not small either in extent or character. Thus the two could hold with each other the highest fellowship that cultured spirits can hold. They could speak of the wonders of this now earth, and also of the wonders of that world to come, whither, as they believed, their spirits rose when they parted from their souls

* Pictish additions to "Historia Brittonum" (Skene's edition), pp. 46, 47.

† MacFirbis's "Book of Genealogies," title and introduction.

‡ O'Curry's "Lectures," p. 43.

§ The death of Severus at York settles this date.

‖ The Latin historians acknowledge this, but don't name the battle.

* Preface to the "Book of Acail."

† "Book of Leinster," short poem ascribed to Oisin; Gillies, p. 167; MacCallums', p. 84.

‡ Bailey's "Modern Methuselahs" and Dr. George Humphrey's "Old Age."

and bodies.* One touching and charming glimpse do we get of this fellowship as they ascended the hillside sloping upwards from Selma. Their object was a spot on this hillside, where they loved to practice and develop the highest flights of their bardship. It was probably one of those "cuiles" whose sharply rising banks on three of its sides at once confined and swelled out the ode and its musical chant. From reading their records, we in our spirits see them—she, in the powers of graceful womanhood, bearing in her one hand her harp, whilst he, blind, and in his frailty tottering, leant upon the other. Then as they reached their goal and sat down, we see and hear Ossian as he called upon his bardic inspiration to enrich his spirit, and on his memory to bring back to him the glorious deeds which, in the far bygone as well as the nigh, he had mingled in. But, alas, in vain. Ah! but what hear I? 'Tis Malvina touching her harp-strings and raising her voice to sing one of those odes that Ossian so dearly loved. Then how intent his bearing as his spirit gathers its forces, how his sightless features work under the inspiration of his poetic themes, and how once more memory brings back the mighty greatness of the past. And then, anon, how, in rhythmic chant, harmonious with Malvina's harp, pours out from him one of those entrancing odes, full of God's beautiful things in nature, of his moral goodness, and of the undying spirit's immortality, which still thrill the spirit and being of the Gael with the great, the noble, and the lovely in a way which genius the highest alone can accomplish.

Note.—We must distinguish between the bardship of the first three centuries, with its chastely pictured facts taken from nature and from life, its intuitional genius, and its historic truth, plainly but poetically recorded, and the spurious fabledom, fairy taledom, corrupted history, and childish drivel of a much more modern era. The former will be found—not always, however—in the collections of Gillies (1784), MacPherson (1786), the Stewarts (1804), and the MacCallums (1816). The latter in Smith's "Sean Dana," the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," and others of the same class. The two bardships so differ that any realiser of Gaelic poetry can't help discriminating between them. MacPherson's ignorance, as shown in his arguments and otherwise, of the leading facts in the history contained in the historic odes makes it *utterly impossible* that he was *aught more* than the collector of the *Gaelic* odes he published. My references, to save your space, are almost single, but they can be multiplied exceedingly.

* "Covalla," lines 160-164, 190-194, and 219-237.

A' CHOINNEAMH,

Rannan do Mhairearad Ritchie 'nighean òg a bha chòmhnuidh ann am Fass. Bha i anabarrach chiùiteach air son a bhi diadhaidh, ged a bha i air a meas lag anu am buadhan na h-inntinn. Bhiodh i tric ag innseadh d'a càirdean gu 'm biodh aice ri coinneamh a chumail ris na h-ainglean air mullach nam beanntan, 's a toirt lathaichean air falbh. Mu dheireadh dh' fhalbh i mar a b'abhaist dhi, agus an ceann na h-uiread làithean fhuair iad marbh i air mullach Sith-Chaillionn. Tha mu thiomchioll deich bliadhna fichead o'n thachair so.

'Nuair bha 'm feasgar fada, fann,
'Dùnadh 'stigh air srath is gleann,
Agus trusgan ciar na h-oidch'
'G iathadh dlùth air àird nam beann.

Thuirt a' mhaighdean mhaiseach òg,
"Feumaidh mise triall do 'n bheinn"
'Chumail coinneamh aig an sgòr,
Ris na slòigh tha 'n sud a' seinn.

"Thig is aontaich leinn na 'r ceòl'
Thig is buail a' chlàrsach bhinn,
Meal an sonas tha ri òl
Ann ar còir, thig maille ruinn."

Chual i guth tighin 'nuas 'o neamh,
Labhairt caomh ri 'spiorad fann,
"Thig, is blais do'n amhainn shèimh,
Tha sruth mu'n chraoibh a's àillidh th' ann."

Dhirich i ri beinn nan sian,
Ghabh i cead do thìr is cuan,
Chaidh i suas le siubhal dian
Bho 'n ait 's nach d' fhuair i sonas buan.

Có iad sud tha teachd na còir,
Troimh na neòil air sgiathan luath?
'S iad na h-ainglean ann na'n glòir,
'Dealradh mar na reultan shuas.

Thog iad suas le iolach mòr,
Oran nuadh bha aoibhneach grinn;
"Sith do 'n chinne-daonn, is glòir
Gu h-àrd do Dhia 'o linn gu linn."

Thuit i air an làr 'n a suain,
'S fuaim a' chiùil bha binn 'n a cluais,
Cha dùisg i suas gu latha luain,
As a phrànih gu bràth cha ghluais.

'N uair chaidh 'n sealgair mach air tòir
A' mhadaidh-ruaidh a' bh' air a' bheinn,
Fhuair e 'n ainnir aig an sgòr,
Far an cuaì' i 'n ceòl g' a sheinn.

B' e sneachd nan sliabh a lèine bhàis,
A marbhrann sheinn an osag ghrinn,
Bha 'ghaoth a' giulan fonn an dàin,
Le fuaim bha gràdhach agus grinn.

SITH-CHAILLIONN

JOHN MACKAY ("Ben Reay").

IT is not necessary to be born in the Highlands to be a true Highlander, for John Mackay (better known to his clansmen as "Ben Reay"), one of the most enthusiastic of Gaels, was born at Restalrig, near Edinburgh, about sixty-five years ago. He had hoped for a military career, but though family considerations prevented his entering the army, he found some scope for his soldierly instincts in Canada (where he had gone when a young man) by getting a commission in the militia; and, as a captain in that service, organised a company of Home Guards during the Fenian troubles of 1865-66. He was about twenty years in Canada, and devoted himself chiefly to fruit-growing and experimental farming. He was one of the first to try and recommend "ensilage," or pitted fodder, for cattle-feeding, as he was firmly convinced of the advantage of this method of preserving grasses and green crops, from the success which attended the use of it on his own property. A short paper of his on the subject was read before the Highland and Agricultural Society in 1884. He returned to Scotland from Canada in 1875, but since he sold Herriesdale (a small estate in Kirkcudbrightshire), a few years ago, he has resided chiefly in Germany.

Besides his contributions to various magazines and newspapers, Mr. Mackay is the author of "An Old Scots Brigade," being a history of the famous regiment raised by the 1st Lord Reay, which did noble service under the Kings of Denmark and Sweden in the thirty years' war; and was known in Germany as *the invincible old regiment*. Two articles of Mr. Mackay's, recently contributed to *The Scottish Review*, attracted considerable attention, and both have been reprinted in American magazines — the first, entitled "An Old Scots Society," is an account of the oldest charitable association in North America, a society founded by a few Scotsmen in Boston in 1657; the other is a note on the "Death of Gustavus Adolphus," being the substance of a curious document on that event, which he found in the archives in the castle at Marburg.

We understand that Mr. Mackay has been engaged for a number of years in compiling a new history of the Clan Mackay, and hope he will see his way ere long to give the result of his labours to the public. We may add that he is the senior representative, in the male line, of the Mackays of Melness; and that he takes a lively interest in all matters pertaining to his clan, and especially to the Clan Mackay Society, of which he is an "Honorary Member," a distinction, so far, which has been conferred on three members only, viz.: Sheriff Mackay; the writer of this; and the subject of the present notice.

Mr. Mackay married, in 1877, the younger daughter of the Hon. A. Ware, a Judge of the District Court of the United States, and has an only child, a daughter, born in 1879.

Hereford. JOHN MACKAY.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The winner of Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh's prize of £20 for the best Highland patriotic air will be announced in our next issue.

A BOOK-HUNTER'S GAME-BAG.

By Rev. Donald Masson, M.D.,
Author of "Vestigia Celtica."

II.

MY paper under this heading, in the *Celtic Monthly* of March, has brought me a considerable volume of pleasant correspondence. The letters for the most part are of interest only to myself, and it will here suffice to return to the writers my best thanks for all their kind sayings and good wishes. But one of the letters is of so much interest to Highlanders and Highland bookmen in general that I shall ask you to reproduce one or two of its most prominent paragraphs. This letter is written from the Norwegian capital. We need, however, have no fear that it plots a new descent of the Norsemen on our peaceful shores. Between ourselves, I would hold it no great harm to our race if it were even so. For little do we, for the most part, think how much of all that is best in our Highland blood we owe to that strain of iron and "Swedish steel" crossed into it by the intercurrence of the Norseman. And so much of all that is best and strongest and most enterprising in our people—so much of what may be called the "tops" of the Highland flock—has for the last century and a half been leaving the Highlands to found new empires in new worlds that, if we are not to breed from the "shots," reverting to the black-haired Celt of primitive times, we sorely need such a baptism of blood from the fair-haired sons of the North as would restore to us the vanishing blood of the Fin-Gael—the Gael with fair hair.

That, however by the way. The writer of this letter, though filling an important public position in Christiania, is a veritable Gael, genuine as he is learned and enthusiastic.

He says, "Your article on a 'Book-Hunter's Game Bag' is specially interesting to me. In it you mention Dr. Kenneth Macleay's "Memoirs of Rob Roy and the Clan MacGregor." Fancy, I "*bagged*" an original and beautifully bound copy of that work, original edition of 1818, *in Denmark*. I fancy the modern reprints contain no additional information on a subject in which I am naturally much interested. Do you happen to know what Dr. Macleay meant by the following somewhat mysterious allusions? See Preface, p. ix. He is speaking of the chieftainship of the clan, and among other things he says: He did not intend to enter into a discussion on a subject 'over which there seems to hang a mysterious veil, which none dare attempt to remove without the risk of some appalling consequence,' also that he has 'left the development of that dark chapter to abler genealogists.'

"Now, even admitting, as seems pretty evident from what he remarks immediately after the lines above quoted, that it is the choice of a chief to the clan MacGregor by election, instead of by primogeniture, to which he refers, what is it that is 'appalling,' and what particularly is the 'dark chapter' hinted at?

"I know Macneil Macleay's sister (Miss Flora Macleay, Stirling) from my earliest childhood, and I have had a tiny landscape, executed by her brother Macneil, in my possession for about thirty years. Your article, therefore, with its Highland references to Macleays and MacGregors, has been able to recall some very agreeable memories to a Scot in Norway.

"One thing more. I see that the April issue of the *Celtic Monthly* is to contain a portrait and sketch of Dr. Donald MacGregor. I wonder if he is from Inverness-shire; and, if he is, if his forefathers belonged to a little band led thither, I believe, by Rob Roy. These and many other Highland questions interest me greatly. I can write with much feeling 'My heart's in the Highlands,' though I was born in Wales and live abroad. I fancy in this question, as in so many others, 'blood is thicker than water."

The "mysterious veil" on that "dark chapter" in the history of the Clan MacGregor which Dr. Kenneth MacLeay dared not attempt to remove for fear of "some appalling consequence" will, I hope, be lifted away, without hurt to life or limb, by some of our many able genealogists.

My correspondent's question as to the family history of the learned member for the county of Inverness has already been fully answered by anticipation in the *Celtic Monthly*, showing that the editor is "a man having understanding of the times." As an old friend of Dr. Donald MacGregor's, I may be allowed to add my testimony to his high character and rare professional ability. Four at least of these Rannoch MacGregors, brothers or cousins, I have known as distinguished students in the great Medical School of Edinburgh, and Dr. Donald MacGregor was assuredly not inferior to the best of them. Besides being a prompt and highly accomplished physician, he is also a capital man of business. On one occasion I have known him extricate himself adroitly and scathless from a very tight place, which became the cleft stick of hopeless loss of money to men whose business it was to watch the course of the market and guard the investments of their clients. *Macte virtute, puer!*

And when he comes to seek the rest and quiet of honourable retirement, may he carry with him to the end the same high character and universal respect which solace the *otium cum dignitate* of his learned and patriotic predecessor.

(To be continued.)

MUSTER-ROLL OF THE REAY FENCIBLES, 1795.

Contributed by D. Murray Rose.

WHEN the raising of "Family Regiments," as they have been called, became fashionable, about one hundred years ago, the friends of Lord Reay made application for permission to raise a Fencible Corps. A Royal Warrant was accordingly issued to Mackay Hugh Baillie, of Rosehall, to "levy a body of men, to be called His Majesty's Reay Fencible Highland Regiment of Foot;" and the first muster-roll of that regiment is given below. The roll possesses exceptional interest, for it preserves to us the names of the gallant men whose valiant deeds have given the "Reays" a fame imperishably engraven in the Valhalla of British heroes. It also proves that the Mackays did not come forward with such alacrity as is generally believed to be the case; and that months elapsed ere the establishment of the regiment was complete. We do not wish to infer from this that the martial spirit of the clan was not of the highest order, for the fact that their chief did not lead them may account for their reluctance to join. No purely Highland Regiment or clan has been brought into the field since at least 1700, and it is not surprising that the "Reays" were a "mixed lot." The men came from Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and the Lowlands, for, to complete the establishment, substantial bounties had to be offered. The patriotic conduct of the civic authorities of the ancient burgh of Tain is worthy of a more enduring record than that afforded by the advertising columns of a defunct newspaper. Upon 16th January, 1795, they resolved to "pay a bounty of two guineas, over and above all other bounties, to each of the first twenty men belonging to the parish of Tain who enlists in the Reay Fencibles. The bounty to be paid by the Burgh Treasurer to each recruit on his producing certificate of attestation."

Such was the bait dangled before the eyes of unwilling recruits, and by such means was a famous regiment enabled to take the field, and acquire laurels unfairly placed to the credit of the Clan Mackay alone.

The certificates of muster, which are in the usual form, are signed by "M. H. Baillie, commanding officer; Alex. Clarke, paymaster; and A. Blanche, adjutant." They certify that the "colonel, lieut.-colonel, five captains, one capt.-lieutenant, fifteen lieutenants, six ensigns, the adjutant, the quartermaster, two mates, thirty-two sergeants, thirty corporals, twenty-two drummers, and six hundred and thirty-one private men were present" The major, two captains, six lieutenants, two ensigns, the chaplain, surgeon, and forty private men were absent. They certify that the "whole were effective for the whole time during this muster; and that there were no children or persons under a proper age borne on the roll," &c. In a roll dated 1st November, 1795, there are 700 private men—the recruits being for the most part Lowlanders The names of the officers are given in Mr. John Mackay's interesting account of the "Reay Fencibles," and the publication of the roll makes the history more complete.

"Muster-Roll of His Majesty's Reay Fencible Highland Regiment of Foot for 236 days, from 25th October, 1794, to 17th June, 1795, both days inclusive:—

Sergeants.

1.	John Graham,	attested 3rd November, 1794		
2.	Donald Mackay,	do.	do.	do.
3.	Hugh Mackay,	do.	do.	do.
4.	Angus Macdonald,	do.	do.	do.
5.	Finlay M'Leod,	do.	do.	do.
6.	John Cochran,	do. 9th	do.	do.
7.	Andrew M'Laren,	do. 17th	do.	do.
8.	Alex. M'Lean,	do. 18th	do.	do.
9.	Rupert M'Kay,	do. 19th	do.	do.
10.	Hugh M'Kay,	do. 20th	do.	do.
11.	John M'Kay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
12.	Wm. Sutherland,	do. 21st	do.	do.
13.	Hugh Grant,	do. 22nd	do.	do.
14.	John Mackay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
15.	Hugh Mackay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
16.	John M'Kay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
17.	Hugh M'Kay,	do. 25th	do.	do.
18.	Charles Mackay,	do. 26th	do.	do.
19.	Donald M'Kay,	do. 28th	do.	do.
20.	William M'Kay,	do. 1st December,		do.
21.	Thomas Woode,	do. 2nd	do.	do.
22.	Duncan M'Kay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
23.	Donald Munro,	do. 3rd	do.	do.
24.	John M'Iver,	do. 11th	do.	do.
25.	Alex. M'Kay,	do. 26th	do.	do.
26.	Alex. Ross,	do. 2nd January,		1795.
27.	James Mitchell,	do. 7th February,		do.
28.	Robert Willock,	do. 4th March,		do.
29.	Arch. M'Arthur,	do. 6th	do.	do.
30.	Chas. M'Arthur,	do. 7th	do.	do.
31.	John Wilson	do. ,,	do.	do.
32.	John M'Leod,	do. 10th	do.	do.

Corporals.

1.	Colin Sinclair,	attested 3rd November,		'94.
2.	Donald Macdonald,	do.	do.	do.
3.	Alex. M'Kay,	do.	do.	do.
4.	John Hepburn,	do. 4th	do.	do.
5.	Robert Kay,	do. 9th	do.	do.
6.	Donald Calder,	do. 15th	do.	do.
7.	Donald M'Kay	do. 18th	do.	do.
8.	Robert M'Kay,	do. 20th	do.	do.
9.	James M'Kay,	do. ,,	do.	do.
10.	Donald Munro,	do. ,,	do.	do.

11.	John Morrison,	attested	21st November,	'94.
12.	John Munro,	do.	22nd do.	do.
13.	William M'Kay,	do.	,, do.	do.
14.	George M'Kay,	do.	,, do.	do.
15.	George M'Leod,	do.	,, do.	do.
16.	Hugh M'Intosh,	do.	,, do.	do.
17.	William Budge,	do.	28th do.	do.
18.	John Gunn,	do.	2nd December.	do.
19.	Hugh Morrison	do.	4th do.	do.
20.	Hugh M'Kenzie,	do.	4th do.	do.
21.	William Morrison,	do.	5th do.	do.
22.	Donald M'Arkle,	do.	8th do.	do.
23.	Alex. Ross,	do.	25th do.	do.
24.	James Gordon,	do.	28th do.	do.
25.	Henry Hendon,	do.	30th January,	'95.
26.	John Evans,	do.	3rd February,	do.
27.	Hugh Morrison,	do.	3rd do.	do.
28.	Murdo Mackenzie,	do.	16th do.	do.
29.	Alex. Murray,	do.	24th April,	do.
30.	John M'Kenzie,	do.	25th do.	do.

Drummers.

1.	Fred Hughes,	attested	6th November,	'94.
2.	John M'Kay,	do.	18th do.	do.
3.	Wm. M'Leod,	do.	18th do.	do.
4.	Donald Morrison,	do.	18th do.	do.
5.	Isaac Spyron,	do.	25th do.	do.
6.	Charles Mackay,	do.	28th do.	do.
7.	Patrick Gallie,	do.	1st December,	do.
8.	Archd. Wilson,	do.	2nd do.	do.
9.	Donald M'Leod,	do.	4th do.	do.
10.	Donald Graham,	do.	4th do.	do.
11.	Donald M'Intosh,	do.	9th do.	do.
12.	Joseph Morrison,	do.	20th do.	do.
13.	Simon Hope,	do.	21st do.	do.
14.	George Ross,	do.	25th do.	do.
15.	John M'Donald,	do.	26th do.	do.
16.	Hugh Masson,	do.	3rd February,	'95
17.	William Gordon,	do.	5th do.	do.
18.	Adam Campbell,	do.	5th do.	do
19.	William Mackenzie,	do.	6th do.	do.
20.	John Macpherson,	do.	16th do.	do.
21.	Thomas Simpson,	do.	23rd do.	do.
22.	William Gunn,	do.	1st do.	do.

Private Men.

1.	John Macdonald,	attested	30th October,	1794.
2.	Hugh Campbell,	do.	30th do.	do.
3.	Robert Anderson,	do.	1st November.	do.
4.	John Campbell,	do.	3rd do.	do.
5.	Angus Campbell,	do.	,, do.	do.
6.	James Campbell,	do.	,, do.	do.
7.	Alexander Gunn	do.	,, do.	do.
8.	John Gordon,	do.	,, do.	do.
9.	Donald Gunn,	do.	,, do.	do.
10.	Finlay Mackay,	do.	,, do.	do.
11.	Angus Macdonald,	do.	,, do.	do.
12.	John M'Donald,	do.	,, do.	do.
13.	Hugh Mackenzie,	do.	,, do.	do.
14.	John Macdonald,	do.	,, do.	do.
15.	Donald Macleod,	do.	,, do.	do.
16.	Hector Mackay,	do.	,, do.	do.
17.	Donald Macleod,	do.	,, do.	do.
18.	Neil Mackay,	do.	,, do.	do.
19.	Neil Macpherson,	do.	,, do.	do.
20.	George Mackay,	do.	,, do.	do.
21.	Robert Mackay,	do.	,, do.	do.
22.	Hugh M'Leod,	do.	,, do.	do.

REVIEWS.

"An Gaodhal." (*The Gael*) is a spirited Gaelic magazine, publisl.ed in Brooklyn, N.Y., devoted to the cultivation and preservation of the Irish language. The fact that it is in its twelfth year of publication is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of its contents, and the ability with which it is conducted. It seems to us that our Irish brethren are more enthusiastic in supporting their national magazines than Highlanders are. We hope our readers will remedy this by recommending the *Celtic Monthly* to their friends.

"An Fhianuis" (The Witness).—What was known as the "Free Church Quarterly Gaelic Record" appears this quarter, bearing the honoured name of *An Fhianuis*. It has a chaste title-page, in the centre of which will appear each quarter the photograph of some Free Church worthy. This number contains a life-sketch and portrait of Dr. MacDonald, the Apostle of the North. Being a Jubilee number, it contains several special articles on the history and progress of the Free Church during the past fifty years, and is altogether an interesting issue and a good pennyworth. A portrait and life sketch of the late Rev. Dr. George Mackay, Inverness, will appear in next number. We congratulate the Highland Committee and the editor of the *Witness* on the changes effected on their Gaelic quarterly—not the least apparent being the appointment of a Gaelic publisher. The *Witness* can be had by post for 6d. a year from the publisher, Archibald Sinclair, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, and no one interested in Gaelic literature can grudge this small sum.

"Ulster in '98" is the title of an interesting collection of episodes and anecdotes connected with the great Irish rebellion, by Robert M. Young, B.A. The Highland Fencible regiments which took part in the suppression of the rising are frequently referred to. The following little anecdote will specially interest our readers, as we print in this issue the Roll of the Reay Fencibles:—Mr. Alexander Mackay, proprietor of the *Belfast News-Letter*, had occasion to go out one evening to see about an item of news that was to appear in his paper next day. He was unable to return till after eight o'clock, and on his way back was stopped by a picket of Reay Fencibles, who said —"You are our prisoner for the night; you must come with us to the guardhouse." In vain he protested that the *News-Letter* could not appear the next morning without him, and what would his subscribers say? He was taken before the officer on duty for the night, who scrutinised him closely, and asked him his name. "Sandy Mackay," was his reply, in a broad Scotch accent. The officer at once shook hands with him, saying, "How are you, brother?" and turning to his men, ordered—"This is a brother of ours; see him home to his office." So they escorted him back to the *News-Letter* office; and on the next day the colonel, who was George Mackay, of Bighouse, Sutherlandshire, called on him, and recognised him as his cousin. He received a pass, available at any time, was introduced to the officers' mess as a relative, and attended a military inspection the next day, where he was recognised by the soldiers, who gave three cheers for the colonel's cousin.

[The above was communicated by Miss Mackay, Fort-William, Belfast, granddaughter of Mr. A. Mackay, scn., and a life-member of the Clan Mackay Society.]

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 12. Vol. I. SEPTEMBER, 1893. Price, Twopence.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL needs no introduction to anyone in touch with modern Celtic life. In actual identity and sympathy with the Highlanders of to-day, he is to be found in the forefront of most movements in which our countrymen are specially interested. He is the best possible refutation of the superficial theory, so often aired, that Gaelic enthusiasm is fatal to steadiness of purpose or the details of every-day commercial life, for he is as much at home at his desk, dealing with complicated business matters, as he is when presiding at the Mòd in Oban, or at a meeting of the Highland Society of London.

Lord Archibald was born on 18th December, 1846, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy, and also at St. Andrews University, finishing his studies in Switzerland and Germany. It may be said, to the credit of *Mac Caibin Mor*, that he appreciated the wisdom of keeping his sons in touch with Scotch sentiment by giving them their first years of study in national schools. Throwing aside all traditional ideas of what a nobleman should follow as a calling, he entered business, and after gaining experience in various departments of commerce, he found himself in that firm of princely financiers, Coutts & Co., where he still remains. While assiduous to business, his heart was ever in the Highlands, and his love for Celtic literature soon found expression in the publication of "The Records of Argyll," a handsome volume published some years ago, which is a monument of research and industry, and where the past of his native county is lovingly portrayed. To the young it has all the enchantment of "giants and dwarfs and heroes bold seeking adventures, winning kings' daughters and apples of gold all by their valour," while the student of that too long neglected science, comparative mythology, will find in it an armoury of argument to prove the identity of the Indo-European races.

"The Children of the Mist," published last year, conclusively proves the antiquity of the kilt, from fragments of ancient tartans still in existence, a painting in Her Majesty's possession, and from the carvings on the tombstones of chiefs buried in Iona. The fine series of volumes which is in course of publication, "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," now includes a goodly number of well-written works by Highlanders of scholarship and literary ability, and are a worthy continuation of the "Tales of the West Highlands," by John F. Campbell of Islay.

On the question of land, Lord Archibald entertains very decided opinions. He realises that the primary object of creation is to provide a place for the people to dwell in. To devastate the country is a sin which, to his mind, deserves capital punishment. The mountain slope is the natural haunt of the deer, while the strath and valley should be clothed with corn, and given over to the use of man. He has not taken active part in general politics, though more than one constituency have invited him to come forward. It will be recollected that when his younger brother, Lord Colin, contested Argyllshire in the Liberal interest, against Col. Malcolm of Poltalloch, he went round the constituency and received a very warm reception from the people, which culminated in a triumphal reception in Islay.

Lord Archibald's name is specially known to Highlanders in connection with the fierce fight he has waged with the War Office officials who have been trying to denationalise the Highland regiments. When the Cameron Highlanders returned from foreign service in 1887, the War office threatened their existence. The remarkable scene in Stafford House in 1881 will be still fresh in public memory, when his lordship and the Scottish nobles present kissed the dirk as a pledge of their determination to resist the proposed changes, with the result that the officials took fright, and the distinctive clan tartans were saved in the various Highland regiments. Strange to say, another attempt of a

similar nature was made last winter, but "Military Bumbledom" had to give way before a storm of indignation. In this agitation Lord Archibald played a prominent part, and on both occasions, it may be mentioned, he received the heartfelt thanks of the 79th.

In 1880 he visited Lord Lorne in Canada, passing through the United States. He was accompanied by his piper, the late Alexander Duff, a celebrated performer, whose playing was received with great enthusiasm by Highlanders in all parts of the great continent. The portrait which is presented with this issue was taken in New York during this trip.

It may be mentioned that his lordship has now been president of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* (The Highland Association) for three years, and is to preside at the great Mod, or gathering, which is to be held in Oban on 12th September. He is also President of the Highland Society of London. He takes a special interest in the Highland game of camanachd, and is president of the Oban Shinty Club, and patron of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club. In politics he is a staunch Unionist and an upholder of the Established Church of Scotland. His foothold in the county of his clan is the estate of Upper Sonachan, Lochow. If we judge men by their works, Lord Archibald Campbell has done much to earn the esteem and love of his countrymen, and we hope that he will be long spared to add to the wealth of our Celtic literature, and to take a leading part in all movements calculated to benefit the Highland people. R. L. RITCHIE.

Creich.

THE BEGGAR WIZARD.

A ROSS-SHIRE STORY

IT was a custom in Scotland in olden times (and it may be in vogue in some places still) for a poor crofter or cottar to go the round of the country in autumn, visit the fields where the reapers were at work, and politely ask for a few sheaves. If the crop happened to be conveyed to the stackyard, he would call there and ask for the gift. The farmer or person in charge generally gave from two to a dozen sheaves, according to the mood he might be in at the time. The beggar, or *Bodach-an-Fhaoidh*, as he was usually called in the Highlands, generally had a horse with him to carry the proceeds of his begging. By nightfall his load was usually valuable. As several of those beggars perambulated the country, it was no uncommon thing for a farmer to receive a dozen calls during the harvest; and as most of those visitors were supposed to have some knowledge of the "black art," it might be ruinous to let them away empty. A considerable quantity of corn and straw was thus given away gratuitously to the *bodachs*, or wizards.

A certain Ross-shire farmer had just begun to reap his crops some years ago, when one of the wizards appeared on the field. Being scarce of reapers, the farmer begged of him to remain and assist the other reapers, and every evening he would receive as many sheaves as he could carry on his back—he had neither horse nor cart along with him. The wizard at first declined, but by the farmer's persuasive entreaties his scruples were overcome, and he consented and began work. The wizard applied himself to his work so diligently—he never flagged all day—that the farmer congratulated himself on his good luck in securing such an excellent workman on such easy terms. Indeed, he made up his mind to give him something in the evening over and above his agreement.

When the farmer requested his reapers to cease work at 6 P.M. the wizard demurred, saying that they could continue work till 8 P.M. at least, a remark which struck the farmer as very singular, seeing that he seemed fatigued enough already. But as the other reapers stopped he reluctantly stopped too. He was then ordered to make up his burden according to agreement. This he immediately began to do. He placed sheaf above sheaf in his bundle until fully half the corn reaped that day was compactly tied together in a rope with which he was provided. On every eight or nine inches of his rope there was a knot, through which was drawn a fine red thread, on each end of which was a knot also. It was evident, too, that he was using enchantments, for his lips were continuously moving, as if muttering something. Immediately he completed his bundle he lifted it on his back as easily as if it had been an ordinary one, and at once walked away with it. Its great size and weight gave him no concern whatever—he proceeded as swiftly as if he were a man of herculean strength carrying a few pounds in weight.

During the time the wizard was making up his burden, and till he marched away with it, the farmer looked on in blank amazement. He seemed spellbound; and his astonishment was the rather increased than diminished on noticing when the wizard left that his burden was borne by two persons, for he distinctly saw four legs under it, and the feet on two of the legs were cloven hoofs! At that moment one of the reapers ran after the wizard and *tried* to cut the rope of his burden, but did not succeed, for although his knife was almost as sharp as a razor it had no more effect on the rope than if the blade had been a piece of paper. Ob-

serving all this, the farmer, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, exclaimed—

"Lord preserve me and mine. I ploughed on Tuesday, I sowed on Tuesday, and on Tuesday I began to reap. Thou who madest the three Tuesdays restrain my all being carried away in Satan's wattle."

No sooner were those words uttered than some mysterious power suggested and prompted him to pursue the wizard, and in the name of the Trinity cut the rope with his sheath knife, the haft of which was made of the ewe tree, against which there is no charm. This plan of action was no sooner suggested than it was acted upon. He ran after the wizard, and by one stroke severed "Satan's wattle," and in a moment the huge burden lay scattered on the ground. The wizard instantly turned about, and uttering a wild imprecation, gazed at his burden for a few moments, and then said to the farmer that he would have his revenge yet. He then walked off at a rapid pace. The farmer saw nothing further of the fiend, but he heard a whizzing through the air when he cut the "wattle."

The reapers carried back the sheaves and arranged them on the field in the usual way. On going home, the farmer consulted an aged neighbour as to what should be done regarding the wizard's threats. The sage advised him to engage a certain woman, who had the reputation of being the most notorious witch north of Edinburgh, so that in whatever form or capacity the wizard returned, as he certainly would, she would be more than a match for him, and counteract all his magical charms. The farmer did as suggested; he engaged the wise woman till the Martinmas term, at a good wage. On her arrival at his house he told her that she must keep a sharp look out for the wizard, who no doubt would soon pay them a visit for some evil purpose. She assured him that he might keep himself easy regarding the wizard's proceedings while she was there; that he knew she had come, and that he knew by experience what it was to enter the lists with her. Notwithstanding the wise woman's assurances as to his safety, the farmer and his servants kept up a vigilant watch for the wizard the whole harvest, but he did not appear. The wise woman left at the expiration of her engagement, and for a considerable time subsequently the farmer kept the usual watch for the wizard, but as there were no signs of him coming the watchfulness was gradually relaxed, and ultimately ceased altogether.

The winter following that harvest was exceptionally severe. The continuous snowstorms rendered it necessary to hand-feed all kinds of stock. The result was that by early spring almost all the fodder in the place was consumed. True, a few of the better class of farmers had enough and to spare, and one of them was our farmer. Among those whose fodder was wholly eaten up, was John Gordon, on whose land the wizard had his house. Meeting Gordon one day, our farmer agreed to give him as much straw, at a certain price, as one man could thrash with a flail in a day. The wizard was informed of the agreement, and engaged to do the work—it was congenial to his mind. Indeed, it was himself that planned the buying of the fodder in the manner mentioned. The wizard went to the farmer's barn early in the morning, but instead of commencing work he lay down on some straw and slept till wakened for his breakfast. The wizard was so disguised that it was impossible to recognise him. After breakfast he returned to the barn and again lay down till the dinner-hour, when the farmer, who, being informed of his strange behaviour, chided him in unmeasured terms for spending his employer's time in such a sluggish manner. The wizard made no reply, but went into the kitchen and partook of a substantial dinner. He then re-entered the barn, took up his flail, and commenced work; and it was soon demonstrated that he was no ordinary thrasher. The sheaves in the stackyard were carried into the barn and placed under the flail—or rather under a hundred flails, for the noise made by the wizard's resembled the noise made by scores of those instruments at work—by unseen hands in a continuous round. At the same time the straw was carried from the flail out to the yard and stacked in the same mysterious manner. The farmer being sent for, looked on for some moments in utter bewilderment. He at once concluded that the thrasher was none other than the wizard, and that his sole object was to thrash all his corn and carry away the straw to Gordon. He hastened from the barn, ran into his stable, and, bringing out his swiftest steed, mounted and galloped off, John Gilpin style, to consult the wise woman already referred to. To that lady he gave full particulars of what took place and what he saw in his barn. By this time, however, every sheaf in his stackyard was converted to fodder, and the wizard a considerable distance on his homeward journey. The wizard, before leaving, told some of the farmer's people that he had his revenge now.

On hearing the whole story, the wise woman told the farmer that all would end well; that she would compel the wizard to return immediately and apologise to him, and beg his forgiveness for his conduct. He thanked her, and at once commenced his homeward journey. He

had hardly arrived when it was announced that John Gordon, the man for whom the corn was thrashed, and another man wished to see him on urgent business. "Tell them to come in here," said the farmer to the person who spoke to him, for he had some notion what they wished to see him for. Gordon and his companion, whose head was wrapped in a plaid, immediately appeared in presence of the farmer and his family. Gordon's companion stood behind him, so that he could not be seen. Addressing the farmer, Gordon said that their business did not admit of delay; that his friend who stood behind him was placed in a terrible position; that he (the farmer) had it in his power to relieve him, and he hoped he would do so immediately. The man with the muffled head now stepped forward and said—

"I have done my utmost to injure you, sir. My desire for revenge surpassed the lines of honour and discretion to my shame and hurt. I now beg your forgiveness, and hope you will extricate me from my awful position."

The wizard then, for it was he, exhibited his head, the sight of which filled the farmer and his family, especially the younger members, with wonder and awe, for on each side of it was a large he-goat's horn! The astonishment which this sight produced among the young people was beyond description—they screamed and laughed in rapid succession alternately for some time. At length the farmer asked both Gordon and the wizard what they proposed doing. Gordon answered that he preferred not to get any fodder than to see a fellow-being wearing horns like a he-goat. The wizard again begged to be allowed to resume his original form.

The farmer then said that if he would be permitted to act in the fodder matter as he should think proper, and if the wizard promised never again to interfere with him or his, he would plead with the wise woman to remove the horns from his head next day. To this Gordon and the wizard readily agreed, and forthwith left the farmer's house. The roars of laughter which prevailed in the farmer's house for hours afterwards could be heard a considerable distance away. Some members of the family hardly slept any all night with thinking about the wizard's head with the he-goat's horns on it. The farmer went to the wise woman as promised, and she removed the objectionable horns. A. B. M'LENNAN.

Lochboisdale.

To LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL is due the credit of reviving the use of the Highland harp, or clarsach, at the Oban *Mód*. It is also interesting to note that his ancestor in the time of Queen Mary, took his harper into battle to animate the troops.

THE MEETING.

TRANSLATED BY "FIONN." (*For original see page 172.*)

THE following is a translation of some Gaelic verses written on Margaret Ritchie, a young woman who lived in Fass. She was held in high esteem for her piety, although she was believed to be a little weak in the mind. She often told her parents that she had to meet the angels on the mountain top, and would sometimes be days from home. At last she went away as usual, but was found dead a few days afterwards, on the top of Schihallion. It is over thirty years since the incident happened:—

As the evening shadows closed
O'er each fertile strath and glen,
And the night's dark shades reposed
On the peak of yonder ben—

Said the maiden young and fair,
"I must climb the mountain height,
And hold sweet communion there,
With a band of angels bright."

"Come and join our happy choir,
Come and strike our harps of gold,
Here partake your heart's desire—
Bliss no mortal can unfold."

Then a voice fell on her ear
Full of sweetness and repose,—
"Come and taste the water clear,
By the Tree of Life which flows."

Quick she climbed with footstep light,
Bade farewell to earth and sea,
And beheld a glorious sight
Far above earth's misery.

Who are these now drawing nigh,
Through the clouds with rapid flight?
Angels from the heavens high,
Shining mid the stars of night.

On their harps they sweetly play,
Hark the glorious refrain,
"Glory be to God for aye,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Raptured by this lofty strain
To the ground she fainting fell,
Never to awake again,
Till she hears the judgment knell.

Roaming o'er the mountain steep
There the wondering huntsman found
In a snowy winding sheet,
Her fair form upon the ground.

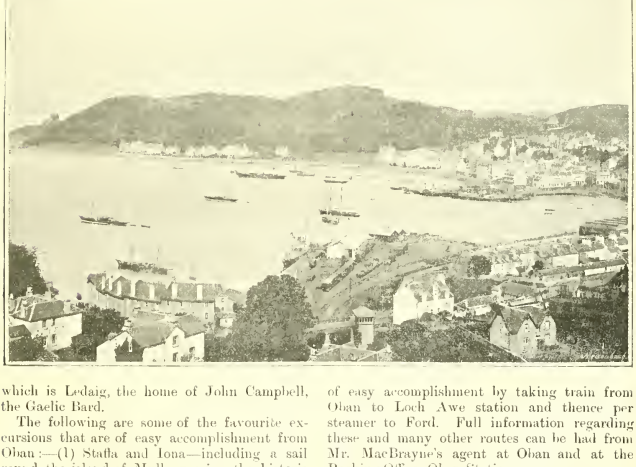
As the gentle zephers blow
Soft they chant her requiem,
Sighing winds in whispers low
Love her virtues to proclaim.

HIGHLAND PLACES WORTH VISITING.

No. I.—OBAN.

THE praises of Oban, the capital of Lorn, have been sung in prose and verse, and it is well worthy of the poet's pen and the artist's pencil. Its situation is unquestionably beautiful, its environments are all that could be desired, while its climate is most salubrious. It has also this advantage, that it is a convenient centre for the numerous places of interest in that wide district. The progress which Oban has made during the last half century is phenomenal. In 1841 the population of the burgh was 1398; in 1891 it had increased to 4902. In 1847 the rental of the burgh was £1744; in 1892 it was over £35,000. Much of this progress and prosperity is doubtless due to the West Highlands having been opened up and made so conveniently accessible by Mr. David MacBrayne's excellent line of steamers, and also in recent years by the Callander and Oban Railway.

There are many places of interest in the immediate vicinity of Oban which may be visited by the tourist. Among these may be mentioned Dunollie Castle, Dunstaffnage Castle, Gylen Castle, Kerrera; and Connell Ferry—classically called the "Falls of Lora," near to



which is Ledaig, the home of John Campbell, the Gaelic Bard.

The following are some of the favourite excursions that are of easy accomplishment from Oban:—(1) Staffa and Iona—including a sail round the island of Mull—passing the historic Lady Rock; (2) Ballachulish (Glencoe), Fort-William, and Corpach; (3) Tobermory, Loch Sunart, and Loch Shiel—including a visit to the famous Glenfinan, where Prince Charlie raised his standard in 1745; (4) Oban to Portree and Gairloch—giving tourists an opportunity of visiting Loch Skavaig and Loch Coruisk. Those who wish to gaze on the beauties of Loch Awe, with its numerous historic islands, can find this of easy accomplishment by taking train from Oban to Loch Awe station and thence per steamer to Ford. Full information regarding these and many other routes can be had from Mr. MacBrayne's agent at Oban and at the Booking Office, Oban Station.

Oban is specially attractive this month, from the fact that the *Mòd*, or Gathering, of the Highland Association is to be held there—under the presidency of Lord Archibald Campbell—on the 12th, when prizes are offered for Gaelic singing, Gaelic recitation, poetry, &c., &c. The Argyllshire Gathering and Games also take place there on 13th inst., attended by the *elite* of the county.

MUSTER-ROLL OF THE REAY FENCIBLES, 1795.

CONTRIBUTED BY D. MURRAY ROSE.

"MUSTER-ROLL OF HIS MAJESTY'S REAY FENCIBLE HIGHLAND REGIMENT OF FOOT FOR 236 DAYS, FROM 25TH OCTOBER, 1794, TO 17TH JUNE, 1795, BOTH DAYS INCLUSIVE:—

Private Men,—Continued.

23. Donald Mackay, attested 30th October, 1794.
24. Robert M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
25. Angus Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
26. Alex. M'Donald, do. ,, do. do.
27. Alex. M'Donald, do. ,, do. do.
28. Alex. M'Kenzie, do. ,, do. do.
29. Roderick M'Donald, do. ,, do. do.
30. Angus M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
31. Colin M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
32. William M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
33. Donald Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
34. Donald M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
35. John M'Leod, do. ,, do. do
36. John Malton, do. ,, do. do.
37. Angus M'Pherson, do. ,, do. do.
38. John M'Pherson, do. ,, do. do.
39. William Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
40. Hugh Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
41. Hugh Nicol, do. ,, do. do.
42. John Ross, do. ,, do. do.
43. William Sinclair, do. ,, do. do.
44. George Shanks, do. ,, do. do.
45. John Whyte, do. ,, do. do.
46. James Finnie, do. ,, do. do.
47. William Horsburgh, do. ,, do. do.
48. John M'Callum, do. ,, do. do.
49. Hector Munro, do. ,, do. do.
50. William Ross, do. ,, do. do.
51. John Neilson, do. ,, do. do.
52. Thomas Ross, do. ,, do. do.
53. W. Younghusband, do. ,, do. do.
54. William Morrison, do. ,, do. do.
55. Alexander Ross, do. ,, do. do.
56. James Dunn, do. 10th November, do.
57. Thomas Grant, do. ,, do. do.
58. John Mackenzie, do. ,, do. do.
59. William Nairn, do. 11th do. do.
60. George Sutherland, do. 12th do. do.
61. Alex. Macleod, do. 13th do. do.
62. James Macdonald, do. 14th do. do.
63. Hugh Campbell, do. 15th do. do.
64. Robert Gunn, do. ,, do. do.
65. John Gordon, do. ,, do. do.
66. William Gunn, do. ,, do. do.
67. William Gunn, do. ,, do. do.
68. James Gunn. do. ,, do. do.
69. John Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
70. Hugh Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
71. Iye Mackay. do. ,, do. do.
72. John Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
73. Hugh Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
74. Hugh Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
75. Robert Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
76. George Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
77. John M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
78. Robert M'Intosh, do. ,, do. do.
79. John Ross, do. ,, do. do.
80. John Sutherland, do. ,, do. do.
81. John Stewart, do. ,, do. do.
82. Hugh Mackay, do. 16th do. do.
83. George M'Kenzie, attested 16th November, 1794.
84. Angus Campbell, do. 17th do. do.
85. Angus Campbell, do. ,, do. do.
86. Donald Campbell, do. ,, do. do.
87. Angus Campbell, do. ,, do. do.
88. John Campbell. do. ,, do. do.
89. George Campbell, do. ,, do. do.
90. Kenneth Forbes, do. ,, do. do.
91. Alex. Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
92. John M'Culloch, do. ,, do. do.
93. George Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
94. Donald Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
95. John Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
96 Murdo Macpherson, do. ,, do. do.
97. William Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
98. Hugh Macleod. do. ,, do. do.
99. John Ross, do. ,, do. do.
100. Kenneth Sutherland, do. ,, do. do.
101. George Sutherland, do. ,, do. do.
102. Alex. Clarke. do. 18th do. do.
103. Hugh Gunn, do. ,, do. do.
104. James Graham, do. ,, do. do.
105. James Morrison, do. ,, do. do.
106. George M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
107. George Mackenzie, do. ,, do. do.
108. Donald Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
109. George Morrison, do. ,, do. do.
110. Kenneth Mackay do. ,, do. do.
111. Alexander Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
112. Alex. Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
113. Hugh Morrison, do. ,, do. do.
114. Robert Mackay do. ,, do. do.
115. Angus Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
116. Roderick Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
117. John Matheson. do. ,, do. do.
118. Robert Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
119. John Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
120. William Morrison, do. ,, do. do.
121. Alex. Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
122. Angus Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
123. William M'Kenzie, do. ,, do. do.
124. John Mackay. do. ,, do. do.
125. Hugh Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
126. John Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
127. John Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
128. John Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
129. Hugh M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
130. Kenneth Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
131. George M'Leod, do. ,, do. do.
132. Donald Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
133. John Mackenzie, do. ,, do. do.
134. Donald Mackenzie, do. ,, do. do.
135. William Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
136. Hugh Ross, do. ,, do. do.
137. Donald Sutherl., l, do. ,, do. do.
138. Hugh Sutherland, do. 19th do. do.
139. William Abrach, do. ,, do. do.
140. Alexander Macleay. do. ,, do. do.
141. Paul Macaul, do. ,, do. do.
142. Donald Macleod, do. ,, do. do.
143. John Mackay, do. ,, do. do.
144. Hugh Morrison, do. ,, do. do.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW "HIGHLAND ECHOES."—We are pleased to notice that the new Glasgow evening paper, *The Echo*, has a special article in its issue every Saturday dealing with Highland matters generally, contributed by a well-known Celt. This is a recognition of the importance of the Celtic element in Glasgow, and we can assure the editor of that popular paper that his efforts on their behalf are much appreciated by the Highlanders of this city.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Conducted by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, *Leader, St. Columba Gaelic Choir, Glasgow.*

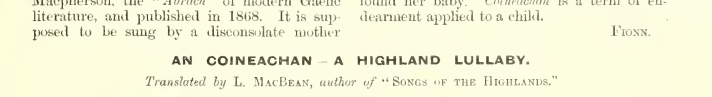
THE following quaint lullaby first appeared in the *Duanaire*, a valuable collection of Gaelic songs edited by the late D. C. Macpherson, the "*Abrach*" of modern Gaelic literature, and published in 1868. It is supposed to be sung by a disconsolate mother whose babe has been stolen by the fairies. In each verse she mentions some impossible task she has performed, but after all she has not found her baby. *Coineachan* is a term of endearment applied to a child.

Fionn.

AN COINEACHAN – A HIGHLAND LULLABY.

Translated by L. MacBean, *author of* "Songs of the Highlands."

Key B♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



Dh'fhàg mi 'n so na shìneadh e,
Na shìneadh e, na shìneadh e ;
Gu'n d'fhàg mi 'n so na shìneadh e,
'Nuair dh'fhalbh mi bhuain nam braoileagan.

Fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn ;
An dobhrain duinn, an dobhrain duinn ;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg ar dobhrain duinn,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain !

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh ;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain !

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
An laoigh bhric dheirg, an laoigh bhric dheirg ;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain !

Fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 's a' bheinn,
A' cheò 's a' bheinn, a cheò 's a' bheinn ;
'S ged' fhuair mi lorg a cheò 's a' bheinn,
Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain !

I left my darling lying here,
A lying here, a-lying here ;
I left my darling lying here,
To go and gather blaeberries.

I've found the wee brown otter's track,
The otter's track, the otter's track ;
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake ;
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
But not the track of baby O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn ;
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But could not trace my baby O!

I've found the trail of the mountain mist,
The mountain mist, the mountain mist ;
I've found the trail of the mountain mist,
But ne'er a trace of baby O!

UNPUBLISHED GAELIC PROVERBS.

Contributed by A. Mackay Robson.

1. A' ruain slait gu gabhail air fhein.
   Pulling a switch to lay on (thrash) himself with.
2. A ghné bhios 's a' mhàthair is gnàth leis a bhi 's an nighinn.
   The nature that is in the mother is generally found in the daughter.
3. Am fear nach toir oidheirp cha 'n fhaigh e air aghaidh.
   The man who does not make an effort will not get forward (succeed).
4. An Carrunach is car ann, 's car an ceann a' Charrunaich.
   The Lochearron man is thrawn, and his head is thrawn!
5. An latha a' mharbhas tu fiadh, 's an latha 'n d——l gin.
   The day you kill a deer, and the day d——l a one (good wishes).
6. An rud a chì an leanabh 'se a ni an leanabh ; or, An rud a chì na big 's e ni na big.
   What the child sees the child does.
7. An t-uisge bhios 's a' bhraigh bidh pàirt dheth 's an inbhir.
   The kind of water that is at the source of a river, part will be at the mouth.
8. Aprun ùr air beulthaobh Nèill !
   A new apron in front of Neil ! (Said by an old woman of Clan Mackay in circumstances similar to the MacLean incident at the battle of Inverkeithing).
9. Beannachd leis an mi a dh' fhalbhas, cha 'n e a dh' fhoghnas.
   Good-bye to the thing that leaves us, there is no satisfaction in it.
10. Breab 's an tòn is dòrn 's a' bhus.
    A kick in the stern and a blow in the mouth (summary treatment).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 3s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

CONTENTS.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH our next number we commence a new volume, and now that the *Celtic Monthly* is the *only existing representative of Highland magazine literature*, we feel that a great responsibility rests upon us, and that our countrymen expect us to make the *C.M.* worthy of its representative position, and be a credit to Highlanders. We are determined to do our utmost to realise this object, and have arranged a programme for next volume which, we feel sure, will give every satisfaction to our readers. The series of fine plate portraits will be continued, and each issue will contain likenesses of two or three prominent Highlanders. These portraits are real works of art, calculated to maintain the high reputation which the *C.M.* has already gained for the excellence of its artistic work.

The series of illustrated sketches on "Highland Places worth visiting," which we commence in this issue, will also be continued, and will embrace such places of special interest as Iona, Staffa, Inverness, Skye, Lewis, Thurso, Mull, Kintyre, Strathpeffer, etc. We further intend giving illustrated sketches regarding the clans and other Highland topics. The general literary features of the magazine will be carefully attended to, each number containing articles, stories, songs and poems of merit, suited to the tastes of all classes of readers. "Our musical Column" will be specially attractive, as we intend giving a number of historical melodies associated with interesting romances. In future we will devote more space to Gaelic contributions, several well-known Gaelic scholars having kindly promised to see that this important department is given that prominence which it deserves. The four extra pages, which will be added to the magazine, will permit us to introduce one or two features which only the limited nature of our space prevented us from giving effect to before. Many of our readers have been disappointed that the proceedings of the various Highland societies have not been noticed hitherto, and we take this opportunity of inviting the secretaries, or friends connected with these associations, to favour us with reports of the proceedings. We will resume the "Calendar" of meetings, and will feel obliged if the office-bearers of the societies interested would send us a copy of their syllabus, or particulars regarding the date, time, place, etc., of their meetings. A page will also be devoted to "Notes and Queries," which, from the varied nature of its contents, is likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the magazine. Cannanachd will also receive special attention, and we are arranging to devote a page to reports of matches and notes on the game, which will be conducted by a gentleman well-known in shinty circles. There are other improvements which we have in contemplation, but we feel assured that our readers will be well satisfied with the programme which we have already briefly sketched. We trust that on their part they will assist us in our efforts by forwarding their annual subscription (4 - post free) at once, and by recommending the magazine to their friends. We are indebted to those members who have already remitted their subscriptions, and trust that those who have not yet done so will give the matter their immediate attention.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.—We will present our readers with a life-like plate portrait and biographical sketch of the Venerable Archdeacon W. MacDonald Sinclair, D.D., of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the popular president of the London Caithness Association. Portraits will also appear of Messrs. Robert Fergusson, ex-president, Stirling Highland Association; J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., Glasgow, winner of the London Gaelic Society's prize of £20; and John MacFadyen, the Gaelic bard, and author of *An t-Eileanach*.

IN next issue we intend to publish interesting articles on "Shields: their uses in the 2nd and 3rd centuries," (illustrated) by Colonel Charles Stewart, (Tigh'n Duin); "The influence of Gaelic music on Scotch (lowland) Song," by Malcolm MacFarlane; "The Clan Mackay: its origin, branches, septs, and crests," (illustrated), and a complete humorous story by the editor, entitled, "Glenorchy's Widow; a tale of Loch-Awe," and other contributions.

THE FIRST VOLUME of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had bound in cloth at 4-, and in fine leather, 5/6 (post free). This richly illustrated volume is specially suitable for presentation, or to send to friends abroad.—Apply to the Editor, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TITLE-PAGE AND CONTENTS.—With this number we present our readers with a four page supplement, being the title page and list of contents for the volume now completed.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, GLASGOW.

MR. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR may be aptly described as an Islayman born in Glasgow, for, in addition to the fact that both his parents belonged to that island, Mr. Sinclair, in speech, in accent, and in sympathies, is an *Ileach*, with his heart's best emotions centred in "green grassy Islay."

Mr. Sinclair's father, also called Archibald, was in many respects a remarkable man, whose interesting life-history has yet to be written. Although advanced in years before he ever saw a printing press, he, by dint of perseverance, in face of many obstacles, mastered the intricacies of the compositor's art, and ultimately succeeded in establishing a business of his own at 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow, in 1848. On the death of his father in 1870, the subject of our sketch, when a mere lad, was placed in charge of the printing business, which he has since so successfully conducted. Finding his business increasing, and being desirous of adopting the latest improvements in the art—including the introduction of the most approved machinery—Mr. Sinclair a few years ago removed his "Celtic Press" to his present establishment, Bothwell Street.

Despite the distracting cares of an increasing business, Mr. Sinclair, in 1879, found time to collect, edit, print and publish *An t-Oranaiche* (The Gaelic Songster), which a concensus of Celtic opinion accepts as the best and most complete, as it is the largest, collection of Gaelic popular songs existing, reflecting most creditably on Mr. Sinclair's taste and Gaelic scholarship, and being also a lasting testimony of his patriotism, courage, and enterprise. Since then he has published the majority of Gaelic works which have been issued. Our readers have a good idea of his workmanship as they peruse the *Celtic Monthly*.

Among recent works which have passed through his hands there is one to which a melancholy interest is attached—we refer to that valuable and interesting collection of *Duain Ultach*—"Ultonian Hero-Ballads," arranged and translated into English by that gifted son of Islay, Mr. Hector MacLean, who, alas, is now no more, but whose memory the Islay Association and friends seek to perpetuate by the erection, at Ballygrant School, of a chaste Celtic cross bearing a suitable inscription.

Mr. Sinclair is President of the Islay Association, in which he has taken a deep interest since its formation. He is also one of the directors of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and the generous patron of every movement having for its object the preservation of the Gaelic language or the social advancement of the Highland people.

It has been well remarked of Archd. Sinclair the elder, that he was not only literary himself, but the cause of literature in others, being at once a centre among Highland *litteratewrs*, and a medium between them and the world; and the same may, with considerable aptness, be said of his son, the subject of our sketch. The former generation of Gaelic bards and Celtic *litteratewrs* appealed for advice and guidance to Mr. Sinclair the elder, so the present toilers in the Celtic field like to consult the "worthy son of worthy sire," to whose Celtic press Highlanders are so much indebted.

A h-uile latha sona dha,
'S gun latha idir dona dha.

FIONN.

DUNCAN BAN'S MUSICAL ADAPTATIONS.

IT is not probable that Duncan Bàn Macintyre was possessed of the faculty ascribed to Rob Donn, the Reay Bard, of being able to compose the musical airs as well as the words of his songs. At all events a large number of his pieces are avowedly attached to pre-existing melodies, some of them being from Lowland collections, and doubtless very popular in Duncan's day. The adaptations thus made by him are in the main most suitable, and are admirably in keeping with the sentiment and rhythmical movement of the words to which the bard has wedded them. Nor could anything else be expected; for among our Gaelic bards there are none whose compositions are more musical and smooth-flowing than his: thus testifying to the possession of an acute ear and fine musical taste. Who has not been charmed with the delicious and ever-recurring assonances of his wedding-march of "Mairi Bhàn, Og," as they picture him stepping lightly along to the trysting-place, humming the air which he was shortly to immortalise by joining it to the glowing verses of his epithalamium—

"Madainn Di-luain, ge buan an t-slighe,
'N uair ghluais mi, ruithinn mar ghaoith,
A dh' fhaicinn mo luaidh 's rud uainn 'n ar dithis
Nach dual da rithisd gun sgaoil.
Thug mi i 'n uaigneas uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaol,
Is chluinneadh mo chluas an fhuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luaths mo chridhe ri m' thaobh."

There is one instance, however, in which the bard's sense of musical congruity and appropriateness seems to have entirely deserted him, and that is in composing, of all things, a lament—"Cumha Choire-Cheathaich"—and adapting it to the air of "The Flowers of Edinburgh." Why, if he had placed his dead mother in a hearse, and "rattled her bones over the stones," racing at express speed with her to the churchyard, the action would not have been more out of keeping with the fitness of things, or a greater violation of the canons of good taste, than his flying off to the sprightly movement of a contre-dance with such words as—

"Is duilich leam an càranh
Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich,
'S an robh mi greis ga m' àrach
'S a' bhraighe so thall."

The whole thing looks inexplicable. But there is an explanation of the adaptation, suggested by a habit common in more recent times, and one which our Yankee friends have carried to exaggerated lengths, which may free Duncan Bàn from the imputation of even once forgetting his sense of musical propriety, and gain for him some little credit for anticipating posterity in this special method of exemplifying the varieties of mental effect produced merely by changing the speed of the rhythmical movement in musical compositions. It is a notorious fact that some of our soberest old favourite melodies have been tortured almost beyond recognition by little more—in some cases nothing more—than a mere acceleration of their movement. Thus our good old friend, "John Anderson, my jo," has had all his seriousness shaken out of him by being rushed along in the character of his youthful namesake, in "Johnny comes marching home." In like manner, our own stately and defiant march, "Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad-mór," has, without the alteration of a note, been transformed into that grotesque rant, once so popular—"Kafoosalum." Conversely, not a few of our most touching lyric tunes are neither more nor less than some of our Highland and Lowland dance tunes, shorn of their crotchets, and reduced to the proverbial sobriety of judges. (By the way, it must have been a Highlander that named the musical symbols for representing this grave, judicial movement, "breves" and "semi-breves"!*) Of such conversions numerous acknowledged examples could be adduced, while there are others which, even in their changed form, raise the suspicion that, though fathered upon modern composers, they are really transfigured versions of ancient Scottish dance tunes, which have survived only in their elevated forms. "Hey, Donald," one of Tannahill's most exquisite compositions, has been set to a Gaelic air in every respect worthy of the charming lyric with which it has been coupled. It has been appropriately harmonised by Mr. Merrylees. Anyone singing, or rather playing this melody with allegro speed will not need to be told what it originally was; nor would it be easy to decide whether it was best adapted to do duty in the dizzying whirl of a Highland Schottische or as the exponent of the emotions of a love-sick maiden mourning in secret

"I downa look on bank and brae,
I downa greet when a' are gay,
But oh! my heart will break wi' wae
Gin Donald cease to lo'e me."

But to return to our text. It would be interesting to find out at what period of his life Duncan Bàn composed "Cumha Choire-Cheathaich." If it was contemporaneously with his crooning of his inimitable "Cead Deireannach nam Beann," in which he lamented that he scarce had breath enough left to sing the praises of his native hills, far less to chase the bounding roe, we can in imagination fill up the canvas and picture him to ourselves, with "wandering

* Gaelic, *britheamh*, a judge.

steps and slow," taking his solitary way through the Eden of his early days. His memory fondly wakes to the scenes of his youth, as hill after hill and dale after dale pass in review before him—

"B'e sin an sealladh éibhinn
Bhith 'g meachd air na sléibhtean,
'N uair bhiodh a' ghrian ag eirigh
'S a bhiodh na féidh a' langanaich."

But alas! what changes meet his eye on every side—

"'N uair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
Chan fhaodainn gun bhith smalanach,
Bho 'n theirig coille 's fraoch ann,
'S na daoine bh' ann cha mhaireann iad;
Chan 'eil fiadh ri shealg ann,
Chan 'eil eun no earb ann,
Am beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
'S e rinn iad falbh gu baileach as."

Sorest of all, his beloved Coire Cheathaich has not only changed, but it has suffered a degradation which produces a sad discord in his poetical reverie, and calls for a special "Lament." His heart is still young, and he can revert with delight to the time when he chased the deer, or when, in scenes of different character, he could trip on the "light fantastic toe" among the enticing "flowers" of Edinburgh, whom he commemorates in his "Oran Dhun-Eideann." But, now, the loud chase, even if deer were there, can no longer move him, and "The Flowers of Edinburgh," that once could inspire the "poetry of motion," must submit to the exigencies of the hour, and glide slowly along as an accompaniment to his "Lament" over the departed grandeur of his lovely corrie. To appreciate the suitability of the melody of "The Flowers of Edinburgh" for such funereal service we must, for purposes of experiment, do as the bard was constrained to do from necessity, and for the nonce imagine that we are under the same disability as himself when he sang—

"Ged bhiodh an ruaig am dhéigh-sa
Cha déan mi ceum ro chabhagach."

Singing the melody, then, with a slowness of movement suitable to a lament, we shall not only find that its frivolous character has gone, but that it has become sedate and even pathetic, and in every respect adapted even to a more worthy theme and a more satisfactory performance than our bard's "Cumha Choire-Cheathaich." For it must, after all, be confessed that his muse herself must have suspected some incongruity, and lent him but very indifferent assistance. The words of the piece are not up to Duncan's usual standard, and do not by any means rise to the elevation to which his constrained adagio momement has raised "The Flowers of Edinburgh."

JOHN WHYTE.

Edinburgh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON—THE CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH PRIZE.

THE prize of £20 which was offered by Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., for the best patriotic air has been awarded to Mr. J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., Langside, Glasgow, (whose *nom-de-plume* was "Clarsach"). The judges were Messrs. Henry Whyte, Malcolm Macfarlane, and Archd. Ferguson. We give the successful melody below. A portrait and biographical sketch of the winner will appear in our next issue.

KEY A♭. *With spirit.*

| d.r m:-.r:d | r.d :-.l, | s, :-.m, :s, | l, .d :-.r | m :-.r:d | d.s :-.m m :- :- | r :-: d.r m :-.r:d | r.d :-.l, |

KEY E♭.

| s, :-.m, :s, | l, .d :-.r | m :-.f :s | m :r :d | l, :- :- | d :- :r | s :-.s :s | d' .s :-.m | m :-.r:d | r.m :-.f |

| s :-.s :s | d' .s :-.m | l :- :- | s :- :s | s :-.s :s | d.t :-.d' | r' :-.d' :l, l | d' :-:t, l | l :-.s :m | m.s :-.m |

CHORUS.—KEY A♭. *f.*

| r :- :- | d :- :d | d :-.m :r | d' t, :l, | s, :- :- | :- :- | d r :-.d :r | m.s :-.m | r :- :- | :- :- | r |

KEY E♭. *f.* KEY A♭. *f.*

| s :f :m | r :m :f | s :l :t | d' :t :l | s.d' :- :m | s :f :r | d :- :- | :- :- | f.l | d' s :-.m :m | r.d :-.r |

| m : - | :- :m | s :-.m :m | r.d :-.r | m :- :- | :- :- | m :- :- | s :-.m :m | s :-.m :m | s :-.m :m | s :-.s |

rall

| l :-.s :m | r.d :-.r | d :- :- | :- :- |

LORD REAY AND LINEN MANUFACTURE IN CAITHNESS IN 1800.

IT may be of some interest to give a letter sent by Lord Reay at the commencement of the present century to the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, in regard to a linen company which was then in course of formation by Sir John in Caithness. It appears that the soil and climate of the county were rather favourable for the cultivation of flax, and at several places in the county it was at the time cultivated to a considerable extent. Indeed there are some people in Caithness who have at this day napery—bed and table linen—from flax grown by their own families. In a report by Mr. Paton, given in Henderson's "Caithness," it is stated that one acre, which he (Mr. Paton) had under that crop, yielded about "50 stone of scutched lint from the mill." It further appears that the marl which abounded in pits in Caithness gave a superior gloss to the flax. The great Sir John, as he was familiarly called, evidently thought that the cultivation of flax would add materially to the prosperity of his native county—hence the company which he floated—and he wished to induce Lord Reay to join in the undertaking. Lord Reay, however, excused himself on the ground of want of capital, but observing, at the same time, that he would recommend his people to countenance the movement. The letter (which is holograph) of his lordship is as follows:—

"SAVILLE STREET, 22*nd Oct.*, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—As I suppose you will be arrived about this time in Edinburgh, I do myself the honour to ackowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd ult.

"I very much approve of the plan proposed for the linen manufacture in Caithness, and it has my most hearty wishes for its success, and very happy would it make me, being in any way accessory to it; but, unfortunately, both myself and my country friends are without capital, and therefore, for some time at least, must give up any pretentions of being included *in the firm*. In the meantime I shall endeavour to satisfy myself by encouraging and recommending solely the spinning of lint amongst my tenantry, and if they can be supplied by your company, and in that way rendered useful to each other, it will afford me very great satisfaction. I beg my best respects to Lady Sinclair, and I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, my dear Sir John, yours faithfully. REAY."

(Addressed)—

"Sir John Sinclair, Bart.," &c.

The letter appears to have been carefully backed up, and bears the following remarks, in the handwriting of Sir John:—"Caithness Linen Company—Lord Reay declining to take a share, but expressing his wishes to promote the spinning of flax on his estate. 22nd October, 1800. *N.B.*—In consequence of this letter, the directors may correspond with Lord Reay's factor regarding the extension of spinning to Strathnaver." GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND.

Wick.

Testimonial to Mr. John Campbell, Ledaig.

WE are happy to state that the above Testimonial has now been successfully started, and that the handsome subscriptions already received promise a result worthy of the object in view. John Campbell has done much for Gaelic poetry, and his countrymen owe him a deep debt of gratitude, which they can best repay by contributing to the Testimonial which has just been so auspiciously floated. Contributions sent to Mr. Wm. Jolly, H.M.I.S., Greenhead House, Govan, or to the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, will be gratefully acknowledged. The following subscriptions have been already received:—

Sir Wm. Mackinnon, Bart. of Loup, £5; Sir Wm. Collins £5; A. Macpherson, house agent, 49 Bath St., Glasgow, £5; Robert Macfie, Esq., of Airds, Appin, £3 3s; James Parlane, Paisley, £2 2s; C. A. M'Dougall, Esq. of Dunollie, Oban, £1; Professor Blackie, Edinburgh, £1 1s; Prof. Duns, Edinburgh, £1 1s; John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, £1 1s; Dr. Campbell, Craigrannoch, Ballachulish, £1 1s; Dugald Cowan, Lady Menzies Place, Edinburgh, £1; Robert Fergusson, Stirling, £1.

The following gentlemen have consented to act upon the Committee:—Sir William Collins, Glasgow; Col. Macdougall of Dunollie; Allan Gordon Cameron, Esq., of Barcaldine Castle; James Campbell Esq., of Barbreck; Robert Macfie, Esq., of Airds; Emeritus Prof. Blackie, Edinburgh; Emeritus Professor A. Campbell Fraser, D.C.L. (Oxon), Edinburgh; Prof. Mackinnon, Edinburgh; Prof. Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E., Edinburgh; Prof. MacKendrick, Glasgow; Prof. Veitch, LL.D., Glasgow; Very Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D.D., Edinburgh; Very Rev. Canon MacColl, Fort-William; Rev. J. Maclean, D.D., St. Columba's, Glasgow; Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., Greenock; Rev. Alex. Stewart, LL.D., Nether Lochaber; Rev. Hugh Maclachlan, Ardchattan; Rev. J. Sutherland, F.C. Manse, Ardchattan; Provost Ross, Inverness; Provost MacIsaac, Oban; William Black, Esq., Brighton; James Cadell, Esq., M.D., Edinburgh; Dr. Campbell, Ballachulish; A. A. Carmichael, Esq., St. Bernard's Row, Edinburgh; Dugald Cowan, Esq., Lady Menzies Place, Edinburgh; Robert Fergusson, Esq., Stirling; John Mackay, Esq., C.E., J.P., Hereford; Donald Mackay, Esq., Ardmore, Oban; John Mackay, Esq., Editor of *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow; Angus Macfie, Esq., M.D., Hillhead; James Parlane, Esq., Paisley; W. Anderson Smith, Esq., Rhugarbh, Ledaig; A. J. Symington, Esq., Langside; Duncan Whyte Esq., Glasgow. *Convener and Treasurer*—William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Greenhead House, Govan. *Secretary*—Donald Mackay, Schoolhouse, Ledaig, Argyll.

THE LATE SHERIFF NICOLSON'S LIBRARY.—It may interest our readers to learn that the valuable collection of rare Gaelic books belonging to the late Sheriff Nicolson has fallen into the possession of another worthy son of the Misty Isle, Mr. Norman MacLeod, bookseller, Edinburgh—who, by the way, is the only Gaelic-speaking bookseller in that city. A number of these valuable volumes will be found in Mr. MacLeod's list, which appears in our advertising pages.

A BOOK-HUNTER'S GAME-BAG.

By Rev. Donald Masson, M.D.,
Author of "Vestigia Celtica."

II. (Concluded.)

If corbies never pick out corbies' e'en, so neither does the book hunter envy or grieve at the good fortune of his neighbour. Nevertheless I must confess that I should have rejoiced to have stood in my correspondent's shoes on that memorable morning when, in Denmark of all places in the world, he "bagged" that beautifully bound copy of Dr. Kenneth MacLeay's "Memoirs of Rob Roy"—"the original edition of 1818." And yet this magnificent stroke of good luck is not at all unprecedented. My own copy of Alexander Macdonald's Poems, the first original work ever printed in Scotch Gaelic, was picked out of a heap of waste paper, just arrived from Rotterdam, at Mr. Luke's paper mills, near Denny. If not thus snatched as a brand from the burning, it would, to use the more befitting metaphor, have next minute disappeared in the jaws of that terrible machine, known equally to the manufacturers of paper and of shoddy as the "devil." And not so long ago the "quays" of Paris, with miles of continuous bookstalls lining the north bank of the Seine, might be regarded as the world's best hunting-ground for the bibliomaniac. Many's the prize I might have netted there in days gone by, but for the stern necessity of rigidly binding myself by the rule, "nothing but Celtic, or having at least some distinct Celtic affinity." Once only I remember breaking this rule; and it was not for a "prize." It was only for "Tracts"—a series of volumes in which were neatly bound an endless array of those simple pious booklets which formed the spiritual food and the heart's delight of the grandmothers of this very dissimilar generation. The tracts had evidently been carefully read and tenderly cared for. And they bore, stamped on every one of them, a name and family crest which connected them closely with a sad, sad story of family ruin and disgrace not yet forgotten in some old Midlothian mansions. The head of what would then be regarded as one of the newer county families, yielding to a temptation common to all men, sought wickedly, because deliberately, to hide his disgrace by a cool act of villainy which brought him under the ban of the law. He fled the country, and his fair young wife hid herself away in the exile and seclusion of a quiet Parisian suburb. There for many years she lived, and there she died, known to few except the poor around her. To them she was a saint from heaven. And these pretty volumes of pious English tracts were hers. Do you wonder that I bought them, book-hunter as I am? If you press me hard I have an answer that should suffice even for you. One of the tracts tells the story of that young and pious Chief of the Chisholms whose simple monument, encircled by ancient trees at Erchless, commemorates the virtues and the early death, at twenty eight, of a rarely gifted Highlander and a young Highland chieftain greatly beloved. One word more. The fruit of that foolish yielding to unholy impulse, leading up to a criminal act, and driving into life-long exile the crushed heart of a pure and gentle woman, now fills worthily and usefully one of the highest ecclesiastical positions in Scotland.

But there are other things and higher game than tracts, even when they embalm a tragedy, to reward the labours of the book-hunter on the quays of Paris. Once I there stalked a fine copy of "Ossian" in French, but, unfortunately, I was not alert enough, or nimble enough, to put salt on its tail. It was a fine copy, unbound, but uncut, clean, perfect, and having fine large margins of pure white paper. The price was only three francs. In the usual way I offered two. The man in charge of the stall took the book across the street to the bookshop with which, as appeared, the stall was connected. I saw the shopkeeper come to the door to take stock of me. He evidently "smelled the blood of an Englishman," and sent back the message that the price of the book was *thirteen francs!* We did not do business. But not far away I spotted a fine copy of the pirated French edition of "Ossian" in English. When this edition was printed, a French font of types knew nothing of the letter w—a letter still unknown in spoken French. In my copy, for I risked not again by higgling a repetition of my disaster, the main characteristic accordingly is that the w is represented by the makeshift of two v's in apposition. Among other valuable works of which I thus secured fine uncut copies at moderate prices may be mentioned the Baron Belloguet's "Types Gaulois et Celto-Bretons," and his "Le Genie Gaulois." Of old books in the Breton tongue I never was so fortunate as to hunt up one solitary specimen, though I searched as for hidden treasure. To taste the dainties of such morning worms the bird must not only get up early, but he must have chipped the shell before the birth of the Celtic Renaissance. The nearest approach to such a rarity that ever came my way was a copy of Le Brigant's curious grammar, "De La Langue Des Celtes-Gomerites, ou Bretons," published at Brest in the year seven —of the Republic. The title-page forms a significant *menu* of the fine confused feeding

which the body of the book affords. It professes, through the Breton tongue, "to furnish an introduction to the tongues of all known peoples." The title-page has also two mottoes, big with the same grotesque significance. These are "Filii Japhet Gomer, Magog, Javan et Madai," and "Celtica Negata, Negatur Orbis." The Celtic language is, of course, "la premiere du monde," and we all know what that means. But the work is really interesting and useful. Besides two rather meagre vocabularies—one of words common to Breton and the other ancient tongues, and one, in the ordinary dictionary form, of Breton-French—it contains some valuable Breton texts with translations, such as fables, an old Breton song, and the parable of the Prodigal Son. Of this curious work I have never seen another copy than my own. To any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* possessing a copy who will kindly communicate with me I shall feel much obliged.

The experiences of book-hunting on the Parisian quays above referred to, go back to a time which is now fast getting to be ancient history. But this last spring, when called to the French capital on business of urgency and no little anxiety, I managed, nevertheless, to find my way one morning to the old haunts. Unfortunately, it was one of the Lent holidays, and rather early in the day. The bookstalls were there, but almost the whole of them were still unopened. Yet I was fortunate enough to get good bright copies of Daru's "Histoire de Bretagne" and Picot's "Histoire des Gaulois." And on my way back to the hotel I fell in with a bookstall where, and such as, I had never seen one before. It nestled under shelter of the cornice of the first floor of one of those pointed corner buildings sharply beginning the many radiating streets which diverge from points here and there in the Boulevarde des Italiens. The shelves were fixed in the outside of the wall, under shelter of the cornice, and on them was ranged a goodly array of promiscuous literature, old and new. And lo! there, in fine old calf, but still bright and clean, a copy in two volumes of Le Tourneur's *Ossian in French*.* I did not pounce on the prize all at once; but with a wary show of unconcern I manœuvred into position. When, however, in good time I got alongside and duly examined the volumes, I could find no one in charge from whom to buy them. Again and again I looked for him, but in vain; and at last I had to take my departure, vexed and in some sense angry. Some days after, having to pass that way, I made a discovery. From part of the shelves against the wall the shutter-like covering boards had not yet apparently been taken down. And at one place the shutter, like the door of an old Highland barn, was hinged in two divisions, the upper division being ajar to some extent. There sat, like Jack-in-the-box, the venerable *proprietaire*. And the "Poesies Galliques" were still unsold. We did business to the satisfaction of both parties. But in a mild way he took the stranger in. Being shown a "yellow back," entitled *Le Druide*, I thought that some of the great French novelists had gone back to pre-Christian times, and with rare archæological skill, as well as with the genius of creative imagination, had here reproduced the breath and movement, the joys and sorrows, the comedy and tragedy of human life among the sacred oaks and bloody sacrifices of Druid times. Not so I found it. But the joys and sorrows, common-place enough in all conscience, of the Parisian development of 'Arry and 'Arriet in this closing nineteenth century. "Le Druide" was his slang name. I must not grudge my garrulous Jack-in-the-box the extra franc he thus made out of our dealings. The Ossian in French was a "find" of some value, and it did not cost me much. Besides, though I have called the good man Jack, he wears an honourable name. His name, which any man may read over his wonderful box, is Guerin; and for aught known to me he may be the descendant and namesake of the publisher, to whom we owe the beautiful first edition of Donlevy's Irish Catechism, an exceedingly beautiful book, which, by the way—and let this close, as its last digression, this roundabout paper, not unlike John Bright's terrier—I picked out from a heap of promiscuous rubbish in the back shop of a "general dealer and auctioneer" in Monmouthshire.

* Both volumes have copious MS. notes which are of considerable intrinsic interest; and I think I can trace in them a close resemblance to the beautiful handwriting of the late Francisque Michel. Fortunately this writing is not on any part of the book itself, every printed page of which is immaculate. But the first owner followed the laudable practice, now almost forgotten, of providing a "safe deposit" for his annotations by binding up with his books some 20 pp. of blank paper at the beginning and end of each volume. So also I once saw in a private hotel in London, much frequented by Spaniards, a piece of sand-paper pasted on the wall, on each side of the fire-place, with this notice to smokers, "Scratch matches here."

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE AND DEMONSTRATION OF THE HIGHLAND LAND LEAGUE will be held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 20th September, the conference beginning at 11 A.M., and the demonstration at 8 P.M. We sincerely trust that our readers in the West of Scotland will do all they can to make these meetings successful, by attending themselves, and making the matter known to their friends. We hope to see a large attendance at both gatherings.

DR. D. GAIR BRAIDWOOD, HALKIRK.

THE doctor of Halkirk parish is a man of many parts. His outlook is not bounded by the hills which mark off his parish from the enlightened south; and his name has appeared in the leader columns of London dailies. Highlanders owe him not a little for the battle he fought two years ago in the interests of free speech and action. Professionally viewed, Dr. Braidwood's avowed Radicalism, and his defying the power of the parish superior to stop him from fishing the Thurso River, was a mistake; but the pluck was undeniable. In the end the doctor scored a notable victory, and won fame.

But long before the episode referred to, the name of D. Gair Braidwood was familiar enough to those interested in modern Scottish poetry. As far back as ten years ago, while a hard working student at Edinburgh University Dr. Braidwood was accorded a place in one of the earlier volumes of Edward's "Modern Scottish Poetry;" and this is what the editor says of his subject:—"A poet and prose writer of much promise who has already done much excellent work. His poems evince a quick and reverent perception of the charms and mysteries of Nature. They are wholly free from affectation and obscurity, and as they are graceful, tender, and harmonious, they ever evince a quiet, thoughtful, and reflective spirit."

Dr. Braidwood has written much since the above criticism was printed, and his later work justifies us in predicting greater things for him in the future. Two of his poems have been set to music, and "My Ain Countree" has attained a wide circulation. The words are very fine, as is also the air, and the song ought to be popular with Scotsmen everywhere. Dr. Braidwood has frequently been pressed to publish a volume of poems, and should he see his way to do so the book will enjoy a very cordial reception.

An enthusiast for his profession, Dr. Braidwood will yet be heard of in that direction. He is not staying on in the quiet Caithness parish for nothing.

J. S. M.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.
On their Second Mod.

FORWARD! the lads of the kilt and the feather,
Forward in peace as the red ranks of war;
Shoulder to shoulder, no stranger can sever
The bonds that unite us both near and afar.
Though alien chiefs may contrive to divide us,
Usurping the lands and the names that they own,
We acknowledge no leader save he who can bind us
By love that to clansmen and country is shown.
The love of the Gael for his high-crested mountains,
Deep-rooted, lies hid in the heart of each man;
True lover of music, of song and of dancing,
No matter the name or the badge of his clan.
Then, forward! the red and green tartans together;
In love, peace, or war, be they foremost forever.

Gather, each man of the clan he holds dearest,
Gather from mountain, and city, and glen:
The fair, graceful maid with the sweet-sounding
"clarsach,"
The Poet, most favoured 'mongst children of men.
Gather the clans, for the pibroch is sounding
High o'er the mountains and valleys of Lorne—
Each man of a clan arrayed in his tartan,
With the badge of his name, his brooch to adorn.
From the wild rocky shores of the far distant Islands
Bring the songs and the lilts of the echoing seas;
From the depths of the steep and heather-clad mountains
The hush of the storm and the wail of the breeze.
Forward! the lads of the kilt and the feather;
In music and song be they foremost forever.

Welcome to all the true Highlanders gathered,
Each bearing a proud and a time-honoured name:
In art or in science, in peace or in battle,
Wherever a leaf has been added to fame.
MacDonalds, Mackenzies, Mackays, or MacGregors,
Camerons, MacLeods, or Campbells we praise,
For the thrill of true pride and pleasure they gave us,
Wherever the fame of the Highlands they raise.
Our soldiers, the glory that circles our banners,
In danger "Aye ready," most daring in deed:
The wide-floating plaid, and the high-feathered bonnet,
The last to retreat, the foremost to lead.
"Second to none," sons of Scotia, forever,
Shoulder to shoulder advance, lads, together.

Welcome to-day to the one who hath led us,
(The model of all that a true chief should be),
The first in defence of our garb and our language—
Welcome, Lord Archie of Lorne, be to thee.
Back to the realms of romance and of story,
Despite the dark gloom of the past and its pain,
The far scattered sons of the Gael are returning,
Back to their clans and their tartans again.
Welcome the spirit arousing the Highlands:
Lord Archie of Lorne, ye have shown them the way:
The love for our language, our music, our poems,
Is felt in the heart of each clansman to-day.
Then, shoulder to shoulder, advance, lads, together,
The red and green tartans, the thistle and heather.

. . . . . .

Sweet gem of the Highlands, embowered in thy mountains,
Bright shine the lights that encircle thy bay,
Float pennant and flag, in thy waters reflected,
Fair Oban, thy shores are much honoured to-day.

ALICE C. MACDONELL
of Keppoch.

London.

AN SAMHRADH 'AN EILEAN-A'-CHEO.

Tha na miilltean 'an tòir air gach mais' agus glòir
A tha 'dealradh mu mhòrachd nan rìgh.
Ach innsidh mi sealladh, 's cha tigeadh 'n a chòir
An làchairt a b' òirdheirce lith.
Cha'n 'eil iongnaidhean gann ann an Dùthaich nam beann,
Air do Nàdur a loinn a thoirt beò;
Ach seinnidh mi rann, thar gach sealladh a th' ann,
Mu 'n t-Samhradh 'an Eilean-a'-cheò.

'S tric air grinn-mhaduinn Chéitein a dhìrich mo cheum
Gus an aonaich, 'n uair 'dh' èireadh a' ghrian.
Bhiodh a tlath-ghathan sèimh, o àird-mhullach nan beinn,
A cur fàilt air gach réidhlean is sliabh.
Cha robh righ' bhiodh mar laoch, dol romh àrmachd nan lann,
A thug sùil air a ghaisgich fo shròd,
Mar a sheallas an Cuiliunn, le 'chrùn air a cheann,
Air gach beinn a tha 'n Eilean-a'-cheò.

Is taitneach leam siubhal ri iomall na tràigh
'N uair 'tha sith cadar cladach is tonn;
Agus gàirich na h-aibhne ag aonadh ri sàil',
Air dhi dòrtadh bho àirde nam beann.
Nach àluinn a chi mi an long air a' chuan,
Mar fhaolaig a sniamh anns na neòil,
'N uair a dh'fhàgas i 'dachaidh 's na turraidean buan
A tha 'cuartachadh Eilean-a'-cheò.

Cha 'n 'eil sealladh is breagha no 's ùraile sgòrnh
'N uair 'tha cùrsa na gréin' aig a cheann
No 'bhi faicinn an trusgainn ro-àillidh gun éis
A tha' còmhdach nan réidhlean 's nan gleann.
Na lusan fo dhriùchd, agus coilltean fo bhlàth
Is an eunlaith gu h-àghmhor ri ceòl
O c'àit' am bheil cosmhuil do riomhadh an àigh,
A chuir Nàdur air Eilean-a'-cheò?

Glendale, Skye. NEIL ROSS.

THE WEAVER BARD OF PETTY: Donald Macrae, born 1756, died 1837.

BY REV. NIGEL MACNEILL, LL D., author of "The Literature of the Highlanders."

THIS sacred bard lived to the age of eighty-one. He was a cottager on Lord Moray's estate in the parish of Petty, Inverness-shire. He is described as earning an honest livelihood by his loom, and as leading a bachelor life with a prudent and pious sister who kept house for him. His poetry stands unexcelled by any of the productions of the Highland sacred muse. He was quite unable to read; but he was perfectly familiar with the truths of his Gaelic Bible, which was daily read in his house. In this one Book of rich and varied literature Macrae found food for the heart and light for the mind. His poetry reveals that he had drunk deeply at this fountain of living truth, as well as the fact that he had also read profoundly into the volume of human life. The following is a translation of one of his shorter and less elaborate pieces. Here at once we detect something of the world of self-introspection and spiritual fancies in which the humble poet habitually moved:—

THE VAIN MIND.

When you turn from ills that hurt you,
And from pity mercy seek,
You will hear the voice of virtue
Hopeful words from heaven speak.

But I have to own—I know it,—
Words of truthful weight I choose;
I ne'er loved the stroke of poet
Though delighting in the muse.

Blest the care, the eye msleeping,
Through the years' long varied scenes
Guarded me in faithful keeping
For these three score and the teens.*

Three or four have struck with keenness,
And they strive for me with might;—
This old age, the grave, and leanness,
The vain mind, too, young and light.

Soaring aye the last, and winging,
Like the birds through heaven, afresh:
Disobedient and up-springing,
Her desire is in the flesh.

Those fair eggs were precious, surely,
That I found beneath her wing;
Ere she sat an hour securely
Faintly birds began to sing.

Precious did I say, not painful?
What to me had been the gain?
If a passing word disdainful
Broke my bosom's restful reign.

She was gay; with me she mated,
Dragging into scenes of mirth,
Till I grew inebriated
With the misty shows of earth.

* A Gaelic expression literally rendered.