

THE ROMANCE OF
THE HIGHLANDS



GLENCOE. SCENE OF THE MASSACRE

SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BY

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, F.S.A. SCOT.



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1841.
1842.
Prospectus Gentis CALIDONIAE. (The Prospect of the Town of DUNKELD)
The Prospect of the Town of Dunkeld, Scotland, as it appeared in the Year 1841.
By James Murray, Esq. of the City of Edinburgh.

The Prospect of the Town of Dunkeld.

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SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED, OTHERS TO BE SWALLOWED,
AND SOME FEEL TO BE CHEWED AND DIGESTED. — Bacon



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ATHOLL,
P.C., K.T., G.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.,
Lord Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of Perthshire,
A typical Highland Chief,
A true Scot and a patriotic Briton.

INTRODUCTION.

IN launching a new volume on an already stocked market it is customary to give a *raison d'être* for the hardihood. We say therefore, in extenuation, that the following pages represent fugitive pieces, the occupation of any leisure moments that a busy professional life would allow. They are subjects of deep import to one who was born and lived for many years in one of the most beautiful and historic districts of the Highlands of Perthshire. What is of interest to one may therefore prove attractive to others.

In recent years an increasing interest has been manifested in everything pertaining to the Highlands. Indeed, it almost appears as if Scotland and that portion of it were synonymous. This would account for a representation of the latter symbolising the whole country when topographically described. This is, of course, no new thing. We can trace it back for a century to the time of George IV who, when on a visit to his ancient realms, arrayed himself in Highland dress.

Even his henchman and host, the good Sir Walter Scott, was on that occasion more a Highland Chief than a Border Knight. As if that were not enough, the King proposed the toast of his northern dominions in these words—"I shall simply give you the chieftains and clans of Scotland, and prosperity to the land of cakes." The sentiment of the toast rather elevated the Highlander over the rest of the Kingdom.

That sentiment has been more in evidence of late years. The Scot may be a Scot in his own country, but when he goes afield he generally finds that Scottish reunions have a distinctly Highland flavour. The kilt may not be always in evidence, but the bagpipes are invariably in the forefront at all important functions. The numerous clan societies that have been formed in this country and abroad have as a main purpose the fostering of the Celtic spirit, and they cast a wide net of very small mesh.

The Gael never forgets his nationality. Neither time nor distance can efface from his memory the picture of his native hills nor that of the Sabbath quiet of the secluded valleys. The emigrant longs to see the old land again and those heather-clad slopes that knew him as a youth. Prosperity or poverty only serve to make the tie more secure. Medical men may say that homesickness is found in all mountain peoples; but be that as it may, it is a weakness of which no one need feel ashamed.

Some of the finer qualities were to be found in the Gaels of former days, while in them the worst of the sins of humanity were absent. For some of the vices of modern days they did not even have names until the English language supplied them.

“’Tis wonderful

That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To loyalty unlearned: honour untaught:
 Civility not seen from others, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sowed.”

Our native land has a wonderful history, and every one should know the story of her greatness. Intertwined and inseparable from it is "The Romance of the Highlands."

The Gael has had many historians, but fresh evidence and research have brought much to light, and there is yet room for a new up-to-date history of his country. Skene, Stewart, Logan and others have added much to our knowledge of these matters, and their works deserve all the encomiums that can be given them. Story writers have been still more numerous, and these have been able to weave into their narratives much of the folklore of the people. A meet nurse for the novelist is to be found in this—

"Land of torrent, lake and stream,
Wild sea cliff, and corry;
Land of mist and legend old,
Music, song and story."

Notwithstanding the many sources of information which are available, there is, and always has been, a considerable ignorance of the picturesque people of the Highlands—their story, their habits and their customs.

At a meeting of The Scottish History Society, held in Edinburgh recently, Mr. Evan M. Barron struck a right note when he said that the Highlands had been looked upon as a wild fringe on the borders of a civilised country, and this view is, to some extent, still held. People were apt to look upon the Highlanders as wild men always eager for war and pillage. He could take any part of Scottish History and prove that at that time there

was very little difference between the Highlanders as a mass and the Lowlanders as a body. It was, historically, absolutely untrue that the Highlanders were always eager for war and booty, and it was time that that lie was killed for ever.

Once a falsehood has got a start, and as long a start as has this fiction regarding the Gael, it is no easy matter to remove it. If it were not for ignorance it would have been done long ago. Few people will believe, for instance, that the Highlander was generally an educated person, that at the time of the Jacobite rebellion every village innkeeper in Northern Perthshire could converse in Latin with the commanders of the Hessian troops, and that within the Highland barrier, and particularly in Skye, the Latin language was acquired for education's sake alone.

The Highland people established and supported schools at their own expense in every glen. A country devoted to war and pillage does not think of those things.

In matters of religion they showed an example of toleration. Catholic and Protestant could live together in perfect amity in the north. Martin, Pennant and other early travellers admired the moderation of the congregations, and related how they sometimes attended impartially the ministrations of either priest or clergyman. They were too good Christians to persecute their neighbours. "The religion of the Highlanders," says one writer, "was founded on the simplest principles of Christianity and cherished by strong feeling." A people who believed that punishment for evil-doing

would follow them even to the third generation in this life—not to mention the punishment in a life to come—had good reason to consider their ways.

It is only through bigotry and ignorance that the Highlanders are looked upon as having been disturbers of the peace. There were no more law-abiding people in the world, after they had quite understood the meaning and requirements of that law. They had sometimes to learn this. Let us quote an instance—to drive off a cow or a bullock was previously the work of a *gentleman*, but the law decided differently. A man who refused £30,000 to betray Prince Charles was hanged for stealing a cow! This man was, no doubt, in his own opinion, perfectly innocent. He would not have recognised the accusation of having been a thief.

From 1747 to 1817 there were only 90 convictions in all in the various assizes in the Highlands—1 to 301,677 of the population. It compared most favourably with “law-abiding” England with a proportion of 1 to 16,898 of her people. The highest percentage of criminals in the Highlands was among Lord Breadalbane’s 8,000 tenants, and yet there were only 2 capital crimes (both charges failed) in that district between 1730 and 1813, a period of 83 years.

Public opinion was the great tribunal of the Highlands, and it passed a severer sentence than any Court of Law.

A people who were always fighting would not have had much sympathy with the old or infirm. These were always subjects of the respectful care and attention

of the Celt. Private benevolence took the place of public funds. When Perthshire was paying £522 for the support of the poor, a matter of one pauper to every 51 of the inhabitants, the fertile county of Sussex was paying out £16,000 to 1 in every 5.5 of its population. It was a pleasing characteristic of the Highlanders that they would not accept any relief from public funds if they could possibly do without it.

It has been said that the Gael is a visionary—a dreamer of dreams, but we need not forget that dreamers have saved their country before now. Nor does it follow that one is less practical when put to the test than another passing through life without dreams. It can be said of the dreamer that he is always an idealist.

That he has been a fighter of lost causes is also said of the Gael. This, if true, is no disparagement to him. The crowd is as often wrong as it is right, and if an individual and a nation stand to what they conscientiously believe to be the correct thing, it is to their credit and their honour.

The reign of the Gael is not over. Circumstances have changed and may yet change, but while history is recorded it cannot but help to move to better service the representatives of this ancient and valiant race who have such a glorious record behind them.

“When time shall have drawn its veil over the present as over the past, when the last broadsword shall have been broken on the anvil, and the shreds of the last plaid have been tossed by the winds upon the cairn, or bleached within the raven’s nest, posterity may look

back with regret to a people who have so marked the history, the poetry, and the achievements of distant ages, and who, in the ranks of the British army have stood foremost in the line of battle and given place to none."

Thanks are here accorded to all those who kindly supplied blocks for the illustrations.

The following pages do not pretend to be a history of *Tír nam beann*. They merely touch the fringe of a few subjects of interest. But if they serve as an appetiser to a greater study of an interesting people, they have not been written in vain.

A. C.

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The Romance of the Highlands.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of the Celt.

FOR a small country, Scotland has produced a wonderful galaxy of patriots, prominent among whom are her warriors and poets. These were of material assistance to each other. In the deeds of the warrior the poet found an inspiring theme, while the warrior was encouraged to valiant achievements by the songs of the bards. Scott questions whether any individual can be otherwise than a lover of his country when he asks:—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land?’ ”

He answers by saying that if there are any such, let him be ever so titled, powerful, or wealthy, he

“Living shall forfeit fair renown
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.”

The songs of Burns are full of patriotic fervour, and for his native soil that prince of bards declares his “warmest wish to Heaven is sent.” He prays for both the patriot and the patriot bard, that they may be long in the land—“her ornament and guard.” It was a fervent wish of his from youth that he might do something—make a useful book, or compose a stirring song—for auld Scotland’s sake.

Montgomery strikes a high note in his poetry when he says—

“There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o’er all the world beside

O thou shalt find howe’er thy footsteps roam
That land thy country and that spot thy home.”

Probably a good deal of our patriotism is due to the significance of that word “home.” It is one of those pleasant words that, strangely enough, have no real equivalent in any other language.

If there are unpatriotic people in Britain (and it is not to be supposed that in the large population we have in this country there are not all sorts to be found) they are to be looked for in the heart of our large industrial centres. Too often bred as well as reared amid surroundings that are degrading, and living in squalid streets and closes, they have never felt—in the days when their feelings were most susceptible to higher influences—the spirit of true freedom. Even this cause is not in itself sufficient to create a traitorous soul of infidelity to the land of one’s birth. It requires, in addition, a want of education, and to be fed on the hectic talk of heretical doctrinaires.

The charge of the want of patriotism in this respect is by no means frequent, and it can hardly be levelled against uncontaminated Scotsmen. They have been nurtured in a land of romance. Their history is full of wonderful deeds of valour displayed on bloody fields of war. So strange are these stories at times that they almost outshine those of fiction itself. Scotland’s struggle to regain the freedom she lost through the Treaty of Falaise in 1174, when William the Lion surrendered her liberties to the yoke of England, is unequalled in the annals of any other country.

Thus the youth's mind is first quickened by the story of the valiant Wallace, who, never, even in his worst reverses, would bow the knee to Edward. Again it is roused to enthusiasm by the record of his heroic successor, the good King Robert the Bruce. Of innumerable battles and sieges, with some successes and many failures, he reads and learns of the skill that culminates in a Bannockburn. And to think that only a few years previously his country's destiny lay in a spider's web in a wretched hut! Nor does Scottish history end here, for to the present time, in the field and in the senate, Scotsmen — both Highlanders and Lowlanders — have marched forward, shoulder to shoulder, earning renown to themselves and honour to their country.

There is another reason why patriotic pride should fill the bosom of our race. Nowhere else on the earth's surface is there a lovelier country. The blue Highland mountains mirrored in the crystal lakes of the north, the Border peel and the martyr's grave of the south could hardly rear other than a patriot and a patriot poet. The people of mountainous lands are always more attached to their country than are those where the prospect is champaign. The emigrant has invariably an overpowering desire to see his native land again, and it is interesting to note that the Swiss have a similar predilection. The temperament of the Highlanders and Irishmen makes them very susceptible to this yearning of the spirit.

If these facts were not sufficient there is always the pride of family. This is the tie which binds the Scottish Highlander to a territorial designation, where his clan reigned supreme, with his chief as local king. His clan, his family, his name are indissolubly linked with the nation's history, and if he cannot emulate the deeds of his forefathers he can at least find pride in their works.

Poor is the soul who loves not his own land! England's woods and wolds, Italy's sunny vineyards, Norway's fiords, Scotia's hills, all draw with irresistible force and mould the character of their people. The bulbul sweetly sings to the Indian maid, the dying slave sees once again the bright flamingo by the Niger's banks, and the poor Indian's "untutored mind" draws a vision of the bliss of futurity in a happy hunting ground beyond the veil. Who can describe the feelings of the Highlander in a distant land, when the notes of the pibroch touch a chord of tenderness, and raise up memories of home?

"There's a magical tie to the land of our home
Which the heart cannot break tho' the footsteps may
 roam
Be that land where it may—at the Line or the Pole
It still holds the magnet that draws on the soul."

An American gentleman who paid a visit to the Highlands last year was heard to say:—"The country is wild, the population scanty, and the people poor. It astonishes me how they can make such a 'splash' in the world!"

The first question to ask ourselves, therefore, is—Who are these people, and whence did they come? Now, all historians, whether sacred or otherwise, are agreed that the East was the birth place of mankind, and with that we may rest content. As far back as we have any knowledge Europe was inhabited by one race of men, the Celtæ. They occupied the whole of the continent from the River Obi to the Atlantic Ocean, and in process of time they came to form colonies or divisions which were soon distinguished by their own names. Some authorities believe that the Teutons and the Goths were distinct from the Celts, but this is doubtful. In

any case the Celtæ were a great and mighty people spread over Europe, but more prominently in the West.

The letters C and G were synonymous, so these Celtæ were often called Galatæ and Galli. The Romans characterised them all as Gauls, no matter what they called themselves. The Galatians, to whom St. Paul wrote his epistle, are supposed to be the same people, and it may be, too, that sweet Galilee has a connection with the race. Josephus, who wrote of the Jews, and lived about thirty years after Christ's time on earth, states in his *Antiquities* that Cæsar had a Celtic bodyguard.

The most renowned of all the Celtic divisions was that which possessed France, then known as Gaul. They fought against the Romans, and it is the Roman historians who have recorded much of their doings. They entrusted their own story to tradition and the good memories of their bards.

The Scots were of Celtic origin. The situation of Britain in respect to Gaul leaves no room for doubt on this point. The sea passage is short and may have been non-existent in the days when the Gauls first came and occupied the south of England.

Soon they spread over the country, and, as their numbers increased, some appear to have landed in Southern Ireland, while others probably crossed over from Scotland to Ulster.

The Romans found no difference between the inhabitants of Gaul and those of England, and when they arrived in Scotland about A.D. 54 they found nothing to differentiate between the people there and those whom they had first encountered in the south. Their manners and customs were very similar, and their language—the Gaelic—was universal. From the topography of the Lowlands, we know that Gaelic was the language spoken there.

The Romans, our first historians, tell us that they found a fierce warlike people in Scotland, calling themselves Caledonians. Now, this name is composed of two Celtic words, *Cael*, signifying Celts or Gauls, and *Dun*, a hill, so that the Caledonians were the Gauls, Gaels or Celts of the hilly country. The Highlanders still call themselves Cael or Gael, their language Caelic or Gaelic, and their country Caedock. The old eastern word, Gaul, is, therefore, embodied in the name of Caledonia, and remains to distinguish the Highlanders, or Gaels, to the present day.

The Highlanders differ materially from the inhabitants of the low country. They have never had their language altered by successive waves of invasion as has had the south, therefore it remains pure. Their manners and customs prove them to be an ancient race. They themselves say that they are the original natives of the country, and they look upon all others as mixed peoples. They do not acknowledge the appellation of Scots, but call themselves Albanich, the inhabitants of Albion. This was the name by which the country was first known, and they have retained it through the ages. It is still to be found in place names such as Drumalbain and Breadalbane.

At the period of the Roman occupation the Caledonians were divided into Picts, Scots, Angles, etc. The Scots occupied Dalriada, or Argyle, and were also found in Ireland. From this circumstance many have conjectured that the Scots came from Ireland. This is most unlikely. There is no proof that Ireland was a settled country earlier than Britain. It might be that a colony of Scots first crossed there, and, later, returned to the main body. The Irish and Scots Celts differ very considerably.

Macpherson has pointed out that the dialect of the

Celtic tongue spoken in Scotland is more agreeable to its mother language and more abounding with primitives than the Irish dialect. In further proof of this he says—“A Scotsman tolerably conversant in his own language understands an Irish composition from that derivative analogy which it has to the Gaelic of North Britain. An Irishman on the other hand, without the aid of study, can never understand a composition in the Gaelic tongue.”

The Gaelic language is strong proof of an Eastern origin. Like the languages of Asia, it contains no present tense, which is supplied by circumlocutionary words: the adjective follows the noun as in Latin. The Irish acknowledge the great antiquity of the Scottish Gaelic. They call it *a chaelic*, or the Caledonian tongue, whereas they call their own language *Caelic Eirinarach*, or Caledonian Irish.

The Scots are first mentioned by Porphirius towards the end of the third century, at which time they inhabited Dalriada. As the Gaelic name given to this people is Scuit (wanderers), it is very probable that this descriptive title had been extended to cover not only the Irish Scots but the Highlanders in general.

There was nothing to distinguish the Picts from the Scots, allowing the difference created through place and time. They (the Picts) occupied the parts of the country that were capable of cultivation. From this they were called *Cruithnich* by the Scots of their time; a Gaelic name meaning “Wheat or corn eaters.” There is some doubt about their having been called Picts by the Romans because they painted their bodies (*pictus*, painted). There have been two main theories as to the disappearance of the Picts. Till recently, our historians, copying the fables of Fordun and Bœce, would make us believe that a small body of Scots from Ireland settled in

Argyleshire, and grew so formidable as to be able to overthrow the ancient inhabitants in many sanguinary battles. The Picts lost their identity completely, either becoming absorbed in the Scots, or vanishing as did the lost tribes of Israel. Nothing could be more absurd. A people who had defied the Romans would certainly not collapse like this, and be wiped out in some nameless engagements. It was impossible that a handful of Irish Scots could conquer Caledonia.

The truth of the matter appears to be that the Irish Scots who came from Scotia (i.e., Ireland) in the third century returned to their own land. Another colony of them came over in the sixth century and settled in what is now Argyleshire, and remained there. The corrupt Irish Gaelic of that district was noted so late as in the Highland Society's Report on Ossian's poems.

The Scots and the Picts were united under Kenneth MacAlpin, King, or more probably Maormor of the Scots in A.D. 843. His claim to the sovereignty was undisputed, and he succeeded without trouble. Thereafter the whole nation became known as Scotland, not from any conquest by the Scots, but purely through the King and the dynasty.

When Malcolm Canmore succeeded to the throne in A.D. 1057, he caused the seat of Government to be removed from Dunstaffnage to Scone. The Stone of Destiny, on which the Kings had always been crowned, was carried thither, and all the stores of learning preserved by the early Christians in Iona were carried south, only to be seized and destroyed later by Edward I.

Society becomes sooner established in an open country, and changes began in the Lowlands when Canmore was King. In 1066 William the Conqueror won the great battle of Hastings, and rather than submit to his rule the English King, with many of the nobles

and others, fled to Scotland. King Malcolm settled them principally in the south and east, and having himself married Margaret (known as Saint Margaret), sister to the Atheling, he introduced the Saxon language to the country and the court. It is said that there was scarcely a household in the Lothians without English refugees.

The Romans, the greatest soldiers of their time, and whose empire spread far and wide, had found, when fighting the Gauls in France, that their enemy was receiving reinforcements from Britain. After subduing Gaul they landed on the south coast of England as a reprisal, and it was not long ere all that country had to acknowledge their authority. They then turned their faces to the north, and here they found foemen "worthy of their steel." Though they succeeded in overrunning the Lowlands, they found their course stayed in the Highlands. They fought many great battles, and they mention particularly that of Mons Grampius. It is not exactly known where that battle was fought, but everything points to its having been at Meikleour, near Dunkeld. The Romans won the day, but it was not a decisive battle. The Caledonians, though always fighting among themselves, united their forces against the common enemy. Many Roman camps throughout the land testify to the presence of these braves. One in a good state of preservation is Inchtuthill, near Mons Grampius. It occupies an area of 56 acres, and could hold 11,000 men. A series of excavations carried out by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in 1901 showed, in the remains of buildings, that a long settlement had been intended. It may have been their most advanced fort, lying as it did at the entrance to the mountainous region.

It is probable that after this battle the Romans had penetrated further north, and it is said that in one such

expedition they lost 50,000 men. The Highlanders would hang on the skirts of the Roman army and cut off all stragglers. It is easier for a disciplined army to fight a fixed battle than to submit to guerilla warfare, and there were many vantage points among the mountains where

“A hundred men could hold the post
With hardihood against a host.”

If the Romans could have subdued the north, they would never have undertaken the stupendous task of building barriers across the country to keep their northern foes in check. First Agricola laid a line of forts between the Forth and Clyde, and this was followed forty years later by Emperor Hadrian, who built a wall between the Tyne and the Solway. Again, the Antoninus wall, twelve feet high, and well protected, was built on the line of Agricola's forts. The walls were only a temporary check. Soon the Highlanders overcame the difficulty by sailing southwards in their frail boats and landing at unguarded spots. This went on until about A.D. 426, when the Romans, pressed by enemies at home, withdrew their forces from Britain.

To sum up, we can safely affirm that the Romans could say *veni, vidi*, but not *vici* to the Highlanders. From that day, and before it, to now, these hardy mountaineers, the Scottish Highlanders, have never been actually defeated. Their land has been overrun, they have been subjected to privations, but they never have been subdued.

As long as the seat of Government was in the West, the King was looked upon by the Highlanders as the supreme head, and he was loyally served by them. With the removal of the Court they felt themselves neglected and without a ruler. Iona, the greatest seat of learning in the country, was left unguarded and open to attack by

all sea-rovers. It was under conditions such as these, that, if the clans were not originally formed then, they were at least encouraged to grow. Each family or small community would require a regulus or chief, and the only recommendation for this, in the infancy of society, was the dogged will and the strong arm.

The Highlands were well adapted for this system of patriarchal rule. High mountains, arms of the sea, lochs and rivers divided the families one from the other, so that in time each chief became virtually a ruler over a territory and a number of subjects therein. The system of clanship remained in force until its final overthrow by the withdrawal of the power from the chiefs in 1748.

Great changes have taken place in the Highlands since then. Through the introduction of the southern people, emigration and improved communication, the ancient habits of the Gael have almost entirely disappeared. Their language has, however, lived longer than many at one time thought possible, though it is getting to a point when the native will be bilingual.

The race is not yet nearly run, and there are multitudes of people, both at home and abroad, who have caught the spirit of the Gael, and they may be safely entrusted to maintain in their keeping all that was best of their brave forebears.

CHAPTER II.

The Coronation Stone.

ALLUSION has already been made to the famous stone known as "Lia Fail," or the "Stone of Destiny," and the story is so interesting that its salient points may be given here.

It is not pretended that there are no fabulous beliefs in connection with it. Indeed, the probability is that it rests under a considerable amount of dubiety, but as this cannot be proved, patriotic Scots are quite willing to remain in doubt over its strange history.

Ancient writers argue that the stone was the one which Jacob set up on the memorable night in the land of Luz, and which served him as a pillow. In the morning he sanctified it by an oil oblation, and said it "shall be God's house." The story is related in the 29th Chapter of Genesis.

It was now looked upon as particularly sacred, and when the Israelites went down into Egypt for corn, they carried it with them, thinking it too valuable to be left behind. The strange feature is that they should have left it in the land of Goshen when they made an exodus hence. One could imagine that it would be of greater value in the Promised Land than the jewels of silver and jewels of gold, of which they spoiled the Egyptians.

There was a Greek prince named Gayelglas fighting in Pharaoh's army at this time, and he appears to have been of much assistance to that tyrant. In any case he was rewarded with the hand of Pharaoh's daughter, the

beautiful Scots. In the *Chronicles of the Scots*, written in 1412, and now in the British Museum, it is related thus:—"Ye nation of Scotts began in ye time of Moses, as is contained in ye Bibill. Scots and Gayelglas were maryite together in ye time yat ye bairnes of Israel passyt in ye Red Sea, and ye death of Pharaoh yat governed ye land of Egypt."

So Gayelglas and Scots got possession of the stone as a marriage present or otherwise, and they resolved to go out and seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Taking the stone with them they set sail and landed in Spain, where they founded the Kingdom of Brigantium. As it was always the practice of early races to crown their Kings on a stone, no doubt Gayelglas would be crowned on the sacred stone he had carried with him, in presence of numbers of the Egyptian and Grecian armies who had accompanied him.

Some six centuries before Christ, a member of the Royal family of Brigantium, acquainted no doubt with the family history, determined to emulate the actions of his forerunners. He took the precaution of carrying the "King-making stone" along with him, and again success attended his efforts. He landed in Ireland, and called it Scoti, after his Egyptian ancestress. The Irish acknowledge that the stone was first with them and they call it *Cloch-na-cinearnna*, or "The stone of Fortune."

Another long period passed and then the wanderlust seized a member of the Royal household of Scoti. Fergus I, son of Ferchard, set sail from his Emerald Isle towards the bleak hills of Argyleshire. Thus the stone arrived in Scotland. Fergus established his colony in Dalriada, and built his capital city of Beregonium. Now no vestige of this city appears, but it is traditionally known to have been in the parish of Ardchattan. It lay

between two hills—the hill of Snichan's son and the hill of the King's town—and there appears to have been a connecting thoroughfare cobbled in a primitive way; it is still called *Stroud mburagaid* or Market Street, and *Straid nanum* (Meal Street) is near. There is usually something authentic in tradition, but doubt may be expressed as to the story of the city's fate—like Sodom, it was destroyed by fire from Heaven.

About this time Columba with his gospel message had begun to make kings and peoples look to Iona as a sacred spot, and Fergus resolved to be confirmed in his kingly office there. Carrying with him the stone, he had himself conveyed to the lone isle of the saint. It is very probable that the stone lay in the little church as a safe and sacred place, and this would account for Columba having it in his possession at the time of his death.

It was next taken to Dunstaffnage on the mainland, which place was then called Evenium. It had been erected by Ewan or Evenus, a King of Dalriada, contemporary with Cæsar. Its presence here is confirmed by a niche in the wall pointed out as the place where it rested. Some of the ancient regalia were preserved in this Castle till the eighteenth century, but servants taking advantage of the declining years of the keeper, stripped it of all valuable ornaments, but a beautiful battle-axe ornamented with silver was saved.

While it may be difficult to put faith in the early history of this rolling stone, safer ground is reached at this juncture, and it should be remembered that it was looked upon even then as an ancient and revered symbol. There is still a wonderfully interesting story to tell.

Professor Geikie has pronounced the stone to have all the characteristics of similar stones that can be had in plenty anywhere from Argyle to Fife, nor does he

see any evidence why it may not have been picked up at Scone. But stones are very similar the world over, and this is no argument that it may not have been picked up on Ararat or on Sinai. If it were different from the other stones around it, that would appear to have been a good reason why choice should have fallen on it. Dr. Maclagan says that "the longest migration we know of it was from Scone to Westminster." If we accept this theory we had as well believe that there were several coronation stones as valuable as this one, and the question arises, whither did these other ones, held in such great veneration, disappear?

The stone remained in Dunstaffnage until Kenneth removed his Royal seat to Scone, in the year 834. The glory then left this old fortress which had served as a capital for three hundred years, but it still held the affection which many retained for it. It is recorded that in Bruce's time, that King held a Parliament within its walls, at which all his legislators spoke the ancient language. King Robert was no doubt a proficient Gaelic scholar, attained from his association, but more particularly from his mother, who was a Highland lady.

The stone remained in Scone (the derivation of which would appear to be *Sgain-a tabernacle*) till 1296, when it was carried to Westminster by Edward I—better known, perhaps, as "The Hammer of the Scots." Fordun tells that it was preserved in the Monastery of Scone, but it doubtless had been taken frequently from there to the Moot Hill, whence the Kings promulgated their decrees. Evidently it formerly had—and we hope it always will have—a religious significance.

What a wonderful history has this little country of Scotland. No land can boast a story half so grand. Attacked by her populous and wealthy neighbour, who

poured army after army against her, she fought for dear life, and she retained it—

“For Freedom’s battle once begun
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

Voltaire has said that “he who serves his country well has no need of ancestors,” but the influence of the noble virtues of past generations is no discouragement to any one. The flag that a Scotsman marches under is the oldest national flag in the world, and that is surely an incentive to keep it unsullied and proudly flying. Who can read that Document of Freedom of the English Parliament to the Scottish people of the year 1328 without a natural feeling of national pride:—

“We grant, and hereby do grant for us and our heirs and successors whatsoever that the Kingdom of Scotland shall remain for ever to the magnificent prince and lord Robert, by the Grace of God the illustrious King of Scots, our ally and dear friend, and to his heirs and successors free, entire, and unmolested, separated from the Kingdom of England by its respective marches in the time of Alexander King of Scotland of good memory, lately deceased, without any subjection, servitude, claim, or demand whatsoever.”

By the terms of this treaty the Coronation Stone should have been returned to Scotland, but when it became known in London that the intention was to return it the people rose in tumultuous mobs and would not allow its removal under any conditions. The matter was not pressed by the Scots, and if the stone could not come to them the Kings of Scotland could, at least, go to it, and so the old prophesy is fulfilled, “If the fates be true wherever the stone is found the Scottish race shall reign.”

The stone now lies under the seat of the Coronation Chair. It is not much to look at, being a rough block of dark grey sandstone, roughly squared, and measuring 26 inches in length, $16\frac{3}{4}$ inches in breadth and $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth.

Logan says that it appears to be that sort found near Dundee, but we prefer to go with Dean Stanley who wrote:—"The iron rings, the battered surface, the crack which has all but rent its solid mass asunder bear witness to its long migrations."

There are sermons in stones no doubt, but oh! what a sermon could this stone speak if it had the faculty. Compared with man, whose years are "as the grass that withereth" or as "a tale that is told," its age connects the present with the most distant pagan past. For two thousand five hundred years it has witnessed the crowning of Kings, Pagan and Christian. Even usurpers and protectors did not act before first sanctifying and securing their position by some ceremony in which this ancient relic was brought into legal requisition. It is a connecting link in a long chain of Kings that takes us back from the very present and the metropolis of the world, through the various capitals of Scotland to the "Blessed Isle" itself. Then it takes us through Europe to the Holy Land, a connection which no loyal Scotsman wishes to sever.

But wherein it particularly interests is in the fulfilment of its prophetic story, so well expressed in a Gaelic verse, which, translated into English, reads:—"The race of the free Scots shall flourish, if this prediction is not false. Wherever the Stone of Destiny is found they shall prevail by the Right of Heaven."

Oh, stone!

CHAPTER III.

Iona : Christianity.

SCOTLAND forms such an inconspicuous piece of territory when compared with other European countries, that it might appear as though her existence could be of little consequence when placed in the scale of nations. Far from this being the case, she has in various ways and on many occasions been a leader and not a follower. She has certainly exalted herself to a commanding position through her successful endeavours to procure civil and religious liberties. She early recognised the value of education, has been prominent as a colonizer, and has never lagged behind in commercial enterprise.

The Highlands are not geographically situated for commerce nor adapted for manufactures on an extensive scale, excepting for the production of electricity by means of the enormous water power stored up in her lakes and rivers. In other respects she occupies an important place in the general history. She opened her gates to the introduction of Christ's religion; held out and repelled not only the Roman legions but all other enemies sent to conquer her, and has given the country a long list of Kings. She gave an impetus and encouragement to the spread of religion all over the country. As if in conformity with the written word that the small things would confute the great, we have to turn our eyes to its establishment to a poor, and one might almost say microscopic, island, buffeted by the waves of the stormy western main.

In early days, and almost up to the time of St. Columba, the religion of the country was of a heathenish order, called Druidism. How exactly this came to be practised is not known, but it may have been a corruption of something better. There is the probability that it originated from one of those Hebrew Kings who "did evil in the sight of the Lord." Its stronghold in Scotland was the Island of Iona, which, later, was to become celebrated as the seat and centre of the Christian religion in our land.

It is chiefly owing to the secrecy observed in not committing to writing any part of the tenets of their religion that much of the story of the Druids is hid in impenetrable darkness and obscurity. That Britain was a stronghold of the order we know, and we have it on the authority of Cæsar that the youth of Gaul resorted to this country for instruction.

The word Druid in the Gaelic stands for magician or wise man, while in the Greek it signifies an oak tree. Many of the mysticisms of the order were conducted under the groves, and it is presumed that it is from this that the word is derived. The oak tree was held as particularly sacred by the Druids.

There were at least three distinctive orders of male Druids and three of female. In the male order there was first the Chief Priests or Arch Druids, who conducted the ceremonial part of the worship, and who dispensed justice. Of the second order were the Ovates who supervised the sacrificial rites. Of the third were the Bards. These last became the respected *Sennachies* of the Highland chiefs of a later date, and their duties were the extolling in verse and in music the praises of their heroes, and in teaching these to their pupils, who, in turn, handed them still further on — oral systems occupying the place of history books.

One horrid rite of the Druids was that of sacrificing human beings. Cæsar tells that the native Caledonians before beginning any engagement offered sacrifices. This brutal rite was performed by both the male and the female Druids. Rushing at the victim they struck him with their daggers, and noting the direction of his fall, or the flow of his blood, they prophesied good or evil accordingly. They also immolated to their heathen gods victims by hundreds in the meshes of gigantic wicker cages.

They worshipped many of these gods, among them being the sun, moon and stars, fire and water. To them they consecrated the days of the week, and these, as we know them now, and name them daily, are all expressive of Druidical god-names; thus Sunday is Sun-day, Monday is Moon-day, Thursday is Thor's-day, and so on.

Many of the Druidical stone circles, within which the ancient Celts worshipped, are still to be seen. They consist of giant boulders, which had taken much time and labour to bring together. These circles were in use for the preaching of the Gospel and for the promulgation of laws long after the abolition of paganism. We are told that Alexander Stewart, Lord of Badenoch, held court at the standing stone of Rath, near Kingussie, in 1380, and at a much later date barons were wont to administer justice at such cairns. Cromlechs, Rocking Stones and Dolmens, beneath which human beings were sacrificed before they were set up, are to be found in almost every district.

The Druids held several great festivals during the year. One of these was Beltane Day (Gaelic *Bealtiene*, Baal's fire). It was celebrated on the first of May (o.s.), which day was considered the beginning of summer. All fires had been extinguished the previous evening, and the

assembled worshippers were supplied with the *teine eigin* or needfire from the Druids, whose fires were probably never allowed to die out. Some of the many Druidical customs are well described by Burns in his poem on Hallowe'en.

The Druids sometimes went to the tops of mountains to carry out their rituals, and names have come down to us which show some of these places of worship. Tinto is the "place of fire," Benledi is from the Gaelic *Beinn-le-dia*, the hill of god, i.e., of Baal.

It is worth noting, as showing how slowly ancient beliefs were given up, that only within the past hundred years or less the Highlanders still found a use for the needfire in cases of murrain in cattle. The fire for this purpose was raised through the friction of two wooden poles, lying against each other, and turned by several men. No metal articles were allowed on the person or property of the performers, and, of course, not every one had the right or privilege of raising the element.

The whole topography of the Highlands is rich in Druidical names, and their god, Bel or Baal, frequently occurs in place names. Thus Tulliebelton, near Dunkeld, is "the knoll of the fire of Baal," while Grian, their golden-haired sun-goddess, is remembered in Grian-cnoc, the hillock of Grian, and which we now call Greenock.

It may be observed that in all circumambulatory processions, whether round their altars or victims, these were always performed in the *deisul* or sunwise fashion, from east to west (*dias*, the right hand and *sul* the sun). The word otherwise means right, while *tuath* signifies wrong. Standing beside the object to be circled, and facing the east, the right hand would be towards the south. By turning against the sun the right hand would be to the *tuath*, north, or wrong. A turning in the

opposite direction was called *widdershins*, and would be counted a curse.

Many pebbles and precious stones were looked upon as having talismanic virtues, and that their possession brought great benefit and good fortune to their holders. The Stewarts of Ardvoirlich held one of these, and the Campbells of Glenlyon a second, and the Earl Marischal a third. The Robertsons had the *Clach-na-bratach*, whose colour boded victory or defeat. Usually these stones were used in the cure of cattle, like the coin in the possession of the Lockharts of Lee. Innumerable wells were also believed to possess miraculous powers of healing and blessing. When the person desired the benefits of one of these he was required to proceed to the well and to follow certain procedure, which might differ in each case. A present or gift, in the form of a piece of money, clothing or ornament to the spirit of the deity of the waters, was required before efficacy could be expected.

The Druids had a way of trying the guilt of their criminals by making them pass between two fires. Indeed, the passing through fire was followed in many other instances. Even the infant was handed over it to a person on the opposite side, and this custom was continued long after the country was Christianised. There seems little doubt but that the Apostle Paul witnessed something of the same nature in his travels, as he speaks of it in his Epistles, and we may assume that the custom, like many others, is a product of the east. The nomenclature of places still shows where the Druids held their assizes. One of these is *Doch-an-le-las* in Perthshire, which, when translated, means "The agony of the flame of fire."

We have thus shown a part, at least, of the pagan worship of our forefathers, and it is but right now to say

that *all* that worship was not bad or degrading. Every religion has something good in its composition. The Druids believed in the immortality of the soul, and further extended their belief to include their women folks. This was unlike some religions of much later dates—"Where women hath never a soul to save."

Not only did the Druids recognise that their women had an equal status and opportunity with themselves, but they further believed that female charms would be increased in the blessed hereafter. One of the oldest of bardic poems refers to an after life:—

"Hark, the whirlwind is in the woods
A low murmur in the vale
It is the mighty army of the dead
Returning from the air."

The Druids taught a very strict moral code, which they themselves followed carefully. It is said that in order to inure themselves to abstinence and self-denial, they had fine banquets prepared on which they cast their eyes, and from which they turned away without touching.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say how and when the first news of Christ, crucified for sinful man, reached these shores. Many people appear to give the credit to St. Columba, but in this they are assuredly in error. It was known long before his time. It is believed there were numbers of Christians in the Roman army, and if such had been the case, they would in all probability have imparted their knowledge to those nations within their sphere of influence. The wife of Aulus Plautius, who was Prefect of Britain in A.D. 43-50, was accused at Rome of having accepted a foreign religion. Tertullian wrote that the people *outside* Roman domination in Britain were Christians, and it is said that Cratilinth,

King of the Scots, endeavoured to suppress the Druids in A.D. 277.

Probably nothing in those early days had more to do in propagating the glad tidings than the severity of the Emperor Diocletian towards the Christians of the Continent. The most fiendish cruelties were perpetrated on them, with the result that many sought refuge as far from Rome as possible. Rome was, however, at that time the mistress of the world, so it was no easy matter to escape from her influence. Only the Highlands of Scotland, governed then by the mild and sympathetic Fincor Machus, could welcome into safety and give sanctuary to any poor followers of Christ.

Among the early missionaries was St. Patrick, born in this country at a place now called Kilpatrick, about the year 372. St. Ninian, too, was a zealous worker for Christ's Cause and Kingdom. He has left his name in several places as evidence of his untiring energies. A village of considerable size, near Stirling, has been named after him. To him falls the credit of the erection of the first stone-built church in our land, that of *Candida Casa* or *White House* at Whithorn. He died in A.D. 432. But the great missionary of the Christian Church in Scotland was St. Columba, a native of Ireland. He is said to have been related to the Kings of the Picts and the Scots. He was born about the year 530. At the age of 40 he set his sail for these shores, which he and his twelve followers reached after an adventurous voyage in their frail currachs. He is said to have landed at a point in Iona, which is known to the present day as the Port-nacurragh. He first converted King Buidhi, who was soon followed by his subjects. This King gave him the island of Iona, which, up to now, as we have seen, had been the holy place of the Druids, a gift in which the King of Scots concurred.



Iona, showing the Old and New Monastic Sites.

Around this lovely but lonely island what countless memories cluster! It was first of all sacred to our heathen forefathers, and many people yet know it as the *Druids' Isle*. It is now hallowed as the place that set the sign of a better and truer religion. In ancient annals it is spoken of as I or Hi. in various spellings, but all meaning THE ISLE, as if no other isle ever existed or was worth mentioning. In the same way we speak of the Bible as *the Book*. Other names applied to the island are Ithona and Ishona, the first meaning the Isle of the Waves, and the other the Isle of the Blessed.

In Iona, Columba and his disciples founded their College, a rude building constructed of clay and wattles, and from that day to this, although there are many holy isles around our shores, none of them are looked upon with the same degree of reverence and veneration as this quiet little spot. It is, and ever will be, the Mecca and Medina of Christians in Britain. Many thousands of pilgrims have visited the sacred isle, and an equal number of beautiful encomiums have been expressed by them. Probably none of these, however, has quite equalled that of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who paid a visit to the place when on his Scottish tour, and who then wrote the words:— "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warm amongst the ruins of Iona."

From Iona radiated a powerful influence, which was felt over the greater part of the land. Soon ecclesiastical buildings rose, always improving in design and construction, till they culminated in the magnificent abbeys erected and endowed by the exertions of the "sair sanct" in the middle of the 12th century. Columba was a hard and diligent worker in the Christian field, and he instilled a like feeling in the hearts of his followers. He sent these

out in every direction, and to his credit lies the evangelization of two-thirds of Scotland.

In the year 570 he is said to have resided with his nephew, Drost, at Dunkeld, and there founded a church. Like that of Iona, it was a building of clay and wattles, but later, King Constantine I, because of the ravages of the Danes, raised there a Royal Monastery. The present Cathedral (now mostly a ruin, though part has been restored for worship) was begun in 1318 and completed in 1464. Few places can claim with this small Perthshire town an ecclesiastical connection of such great antiquity. Its earliest tombstone commemorates the death of an Earl of Buchan who died in 1394. It was Caledonia's ancient capital.

Columba died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, pronouncing on his loved isle his final and prophetic blessing "that this little spot, so small and low, should nevertheless be greatly honoured, not only by Scots, Kings and peoples, but by foreign chiefs and barbarous nations, and saints of other churches." This is what happened, as can be shown from the number of celebrities buried in its hallowed ground. No fewer than 48 Kings of Scotland, 4 of Ireland, 8 Norwegian and 1 French King, besides a multitude of nobles and commoners have found a last resting place on the island.

Here Columba died, his head resting, we are told, on that dark boulder of stone, the Stone of Destiny, which now finds gloried surroundings in the ancient Abbey of Westminster.

No doubt the Saint would have preferred that his bones should lie always in Iona's sacred isle. It was his home, and here the best and most fruitful part of his life had been passed. Already it was looked upon as holy ground. According to legend, it will stand high and

dry above the engulfing waves, when, in the final catastrophe, all else lies fathoms deep.

“Seven years before that awful day
When time shall be no more,
A watery deluge will o'er sweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green clad Isla too shall sink
While with the great and good,
Columba's happy isle will rear
Her tow'rs above the flood.”

To save his remains from molestation by the ravening Danes and other robber nations, they were carried to Dunkeld for re-burial.

As already stated, the principles of Christianity, which took so many hundreds of years to reach our shores, were only slowly accepted by the people. Their growth was never that of a thundering avalanche, but rather as leaven in a barrel of meal. The early missionaries would naturally engraft on what was best in Druidism. Their own Christianity was but a step or two in advance, and not of the standard judged to-day. If legend be true, Columba is credited with one of the last human sacrifices when his follower, Oran, was buried alive at the building of the first Christian Church of our land!

In A.D. 601 permission was given by Pope Gregory to continue sacrifices of animals on the sacred stones of the Druids, these having previously been blessed by the sprinkling of holy water. In many cases, stones bearing Druidical symbols, super carved with Christian ones, or with heathen figures on one side and Christian ones on the other, are sometimes found. All these show how gradually Christianity found its place.

A very ambitious scheme for University construction in the Highlands has been mooted by the Iona Society

of America, at a cost of two million pounds. Whether this is required is doubtful and debatable, but where there is money to spare few would dispute the prudence of the Iona Society to raise in Scotland's capital a great Cathedral to the Glory of God, in honour of St. Columba, and, as a Scottish Westminster, where could be laid those of the country's sons who might henceforth shed honour and lustre on her name.

Nothing, however, can ever detract from the glory of the beautiful island of Iona, and the part played in the religious life of the country. It will always hold its place in the affection of Scotsmen wherever they may be found.

“The beautiful isles of Greece, full many a bard has sung,
 The isles I love best lie far in the west
 Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
 Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes, are names to the Muses dear
 But sweeter still, doth Icolmkill,
 Fall on a Scotsman's ear.”

CHAPTER IV.

The Chief. The Fiery Cross.

THE Highland Chieftain has been the hero of many a story and the theme of many a song. He was a fit subject for all encomiums because of his manly character, his independence of spirit and his brave daring. Nor must we forget his picturesque dress nor his romantic country.

“There are hills beyond Cheviot and lands beyond Forth,
If there’s lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North.”

Our incomparable novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, found much in the Highlanders and in their chiefs to stimulate his pen. To them he owed a great debt of gratitude for, southern though he was, his reputation as a poet lay in his first long poem, “The Lady of the Lake,” and his subsequent greater success as a novelist in “Waverley,” the first and one of his best novels. He had a thorough knowledge of the Highlander, and he numbered among his friends and admirers many of the chiefs of his day.

Byron spent part of his boyhood among the mountains of Deeside, and ever afterwards he acknowledged England as “tame and domestic.” The spirit of the Gael sank deep into his soul, and he always held the Highlanders in veneration. One can picture the ardent youth walking “the steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.”

“’Twas there my young footsteps in infancy wandered
My cap was my bonnet, my cloak was my plaid.
On chieftain’s long perished my memory pondered
As daily I trod through the pine covered glade.”

His poetic tendencies had been stimulated by his association with wild surroundings, and these would form for him a meet nurse, to be ever afterwards in his memory.

The Highland chief was the principal man of his clan. In him was embodied all that was great and good. When it became necessary to go to war he led his clansmen, and though it was only a raid or a skirmish with neighbours, he was there with his followers. It might only be an insult to a menial of his name, but even that was sufficient to rouse his ire and to cause him to unsheath his sword. Little called him forth, and as war was the chief thought and occupation in those times, he was no doubt sometimes more pleased than otherwise when an opportunity presented itself for attacking his enemies.

In the piping times of peace he was the judge of his people's wrongs. He was their advocate and the arbiter in all their differences. Around his board were gathered his friends and the stranger within his gates. His table was spread for whoever desired to call and partake of his hospitality. It was his pride and his boast that none left his house hungry, so he kept open table in his banqueting hall. His castle was like that of the owner of the "old clock on the stair" where—

"In that mansion used to be,
Freehearted hospitality
His great fires up the chimney roared
The stranger feasted at his board."

His bravery, his wisdom and his might, were the boast of his clansmen, and the theme of the songs of his bards, and what was said of a certain American President might, with equal propriety, be said of him—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

His powers over his clan were almost absolute, and it might be said that only in cases of gross neglect or inability were they ever questioned. These cases were very rare, and there are only a few instances recorded when the clan and their chief did not see eye to eye. When such differences occurred the chief was deposed and allegiance transferred to the next in succession. Two instances of this character appear in the annals of the Clan McDonald.

In 1544 trouble arose between Clanranald and his followers, because of an injudicious speech he had delivered. It appears that preparations on a large scale had been made to give him a great reception on his return from residence among the Frasers, where he had been fostered. Observing that a large number of cattle had been slaughtered for the feast, he passed the remark that a few hens might have served the purpose equally well. Now, hens were not in those days, or for long afterwards, recognised as fit subjects for killing to feast upon, and his ill-placed words were more than the people could stand. His suggestion being intended to convey to the people that the reception was unnecessarily extravagant, would no doubt, if spoken in the present day, have passed with little comment. It was different then, however, and his clan claimed that it exposed a very small mind, unworthy of a chief of theirs, and that it had been said with indifference to their feelings. They let it be known that they would have nothing to do with a "hen chief," well knowing all the time that their actions would probably bring on bloodshed. Young Clanranald was not so chicken-hearted as his speech implied. He secured help from the Frasers and attacked his own clan. A desperate battle was fought. It has since been known as *Blar na Lein*, or "The Battle of the Shirts," and it procured this name through the men throwing off their

upper garments during the progress of the fray, in order to give themselves greater freedom in fighting. At the close of the battle it was seen that many on both sides had fallen, Clanranald and Lovat being counted among them.

The cause of the trouble between this chief and his followers in the foregoing case appears rather feeble, though illustrative of the Highland temperament. We know wars have started between nations for trifling causes, but this was different, as being between chief and clan. Probably there were other reasons than those stated. History is not always correct, and the real reason may have been lost while prominence is given to a minor cause.

General Stewart of Garth mentions that in the year 1460 the head of the family from which he claimed descent was incarcerated in his own castle of Garth by his clansmen because of his ungovernable temper and ferocious disposition. He had been nicknamed "Fierce Wolf," and was a character not unlike his predecessor, "The Wolf of Badenoch." The General also remarks that if all the stories told of him are true he well merited his subsidiary title.

The Laird of Seaforth would have pulled down his ancestral home, but was prevented from so doing by his clan, another instance of a chief acting without first taking into account the feelings of his people in the matter.

The Laird of Glenorchy, ancestor of the Earls of Breadalbane, would have built a castle, and actually had the foundations laid on a site high upon the side of Loch Tay. His clan, however, objected, and decided on a site where Taymouth Castle now stands. His followers, in choosing this spot, looked to the fact that it was on the borders of their possessions, and so would act as an inducement to the Campbells to acquire more land. It

was a long time ere this was accomplished, and it was only after the Earl of Breadalbane had made an exchange with another chief that he could call the immediate neighbourhood at Taymouth his own.

Another case of men refusing to acknowledge the power of the chief was when an army was raised on the Atholl and Lovat estate, ostensibly to fight for King James, but which, in reality, was to serve King William. The men discovered the deception, when being reviewed by Lord Murray, and, breaking their ranks, ran to a neighbouring brook where they took the opportunity of drinking to the health of the Jacobite. They then formed rank, and, headed by their pipers, marched off to join Bonnie Dundee.

The chief knew his people by name, and was well acquainted with all their individual natures and temperaments. He never held himself aloof from the more lowly, and, consequently, became familiar with their circumstances. He entered their houses, and broke bread with them, and was ready to meet them on all occasions. He took an active and an equal part in the hunt, the creagh, the mountain race, or in the showing of feats of strength and dexterity.

He was accessible to all: even the poorest menial had the privilege of going up to him and giving him a handshake. This easy familiarity was carried down by the Highlanders for many generations, but now, alas! has ceased. General Stewart tells that when he was a young officer in the army he found himself addressed by his Christian name, and ordered about, by an old Highland servant of the regiment. The General observes, too, that, notwithstanding this eccentricity, he was one of the most respectful as well as one of the most faithful of servants. When Sir Colin Campbell gave his well-known order to the "Thin Red Line" at the Battle

of Balaclava, his near hand man duly replied. Nowadays, these things might be construed as rudeness, but it was not intended as such, but an old trait of perfect respect and comradeship unconsciously descended from earlier days.

One might expect that this familiarity between chief and men would lead to contempt on the part of the latter, but the proverb seems to have been falsified so far as the Highlanders were concerned. The chief always maintained his dignity, carrying himself with grace and pride, and it was a true clansman's duty to honour, and give him respect. So strongly indeed was the vassal attached to his lord that he considered no sacrifice too great, even though it should be to lay down his life on the chief's behalf. He counted it the greatest affront of all to hear any one speak lightly of his chief. It was an offence that could be settled only by the sword.

One reason for this whole-hearted fidelity was that the vassal was related to his master. It may at times have been a distant relationship, but the pride on that account would be none the less. We are reminded of this by Scott in the "Legend of Montrose," where Dalgetty was guarded by one who, from his cocksfeather and other equipments, to say nothing of the airs he assumed, must have been a Dunnye wassel, or clansman of superior rank, and "could not stand in a more distant degree of relationship to Sir Duncan than that of tenth or twelfth cousin at least." No doubt he would be pleased, like others similarly placed, that there was a blood relationship cementing them together, let it be ever so distant. The chief was the father of the family, but the clansman was of the household, and so he lived under a sort of patriarchal monarchy all the time.

Many of the clans had sayings to express the pride or power of the chief and of themselves. The McIntoshes

declared there was no proper gathering of the people without the presence of their chief, *Cha chi mod gun Mhacintoisich*. The Chisholm boasted that there were but three persons entitled to be called "The." The other two were The King and The Pope. McDonald's presence created the head of the table wherever he sat. "It's a far cry to Lochow" (Loch Awe) said the Campbells, to show the difficulty of penetrating into the heart of their country. The boastful motto of the French family of De Couci, "Neither King nor Prince am I. I am the Lord of Couci," is equalled by that of the Laird of Grant, who, when offered the Earldom of Strathspey, replied, "Then who would be the Laird of Grant."

The chief had very far-reaching and arbitrary powers put into his hands, and he could command life or death in his subjects, or in that of prisoners brought before him. To quote again from the "Legend of Montrose," when Dalgetty reached Inverary, he found five dead bodies swinging from a rude gibbet. The spectacle seemed to be the commonest thing in the world and did not arouse any interest in the inhabitants. "May I crave of you what these delinquents have been justified for," enquired Dalgetty of a bystander. He received the reply, "Three gentleman caterans—God sain them (crossing himself)—twa Sassenach bits o' bodies that wadna do something that McCallum More bade them." And with that his informant turned away with an air of the greatest indifference, as might happen to-day among the savage races of darkest Africa.

The fact that a tree near Dunkeld is still called "The Hanged man's tree," because of a legend of a "gentleman" caught in a raid and thus hanged, reminds us that the day is not so far gone when summary vengeance was taken on the captured,

A good story is told of the last Laird of McNab. It happened at a time when the Highlands got the reputation of being more savage than ever was the case. McNab sometimes got into debt, when he retired for a time to his rocky fastness on the Dochart. It was not safe to trouble him for payment when there. On one occasion a messenger-at-arms arrived late in the evening, and McNab gave him the warmest possible welcome, and it was stated supplied him with more whisky than was good for him. At the same time he instructed his clansmen to hang an effigy from a tree in the distance. The visitor, sobered in the morning, was about to present his legal document to McNab, who had been treating him as a guest, but his eye catching sight of the "corpse" hanging from the tree, asked what was the cause of the trouble. He was told it was "just a tam'd messenger pody frae Edinbro that had the presumption tae come wi' a paper to the laird." Needless to say, his citation was not served, but he took the earliest opportunity of getting back to the city.

A noteworthy instance of the power possessed by a chief is told by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who called at Blair Castle one day previous to 1745 when on a journey from Edinburgh to his home. He dined with the Duke of Athole, the owner of the castle, and in the evening a petition was presented to his Grace, which he handed to the Lord President for perusal, with the remark, "My Lord, here is a petition from a poor man whom my Baron Bailie has condemned to be hanged, and as he is a clever fellow, and is strongly recommended to mercy I am much inclined to pardon him." "But your Grace knows," said the President, "that after condemnation no man can pardon but His Majesty." "As to that," replied the Duke, "since I have the power of punishing it is but right that I should have the power

to pardon." Then turning to his servant, "Go, send an express to Logierait, and order Duncan Stewart, presently under sentence to be set at liberty."

It is now generally acknowledged that to put despotic power into the hands of any one individual is a mistake. As time has gone on this power, where it existed has been gradually withdrawn among the nations of the world, and the mandate put into the hands of the people themselves. Yet, we have never heard that it was abused by the Highland chiefs in the days when they reigned as sovereign lords in their rocky fortresses. Its danger becomes the more apparent only when a greater light of civilization is flashed on it.

We have every reason for believing that justice was meted out with fairness, and the balances fairly held in all the Highland Councils. It was essential for the reputation and influence of the chief, and for his hold in the affections of his people, that his actions were impartial. There could be, of course, only one sentence when prisoners of another clan, with whom he was at feud, were taken. Even if such a man went through a form of trial at all, with a judge and a jury prejudiced against him from the beginning, his hopes of receiving his freedom were extremely remote. The very tartan he wore was like a red flag to a bull. Death could be the only verdict, and he was soon in the hands of one or other of the executioners. The chiefs had usually more than one of these grim men in their service.

A chief did not look upon the territory occupied by his clan as being his own personal possession, but rather as the property of the whole clan. Hardly anything in the way of rent was paid to him, but all sorts of service took the place of money. His power and greatness lay not in land, but in men, and the greater number of broadswords he could command, the greater a chief was he

considered to be. His followers accepted the same view. They considered themselves of more importance than the Lowlanders, whom they looked upon as intruders, who had stolen their land. This was not to be wondered at, as their manners, their language, and their dress, were all different from those living in the low countries. They likewise looked upon themselves as the original possessors, and rightful owners, of that land, and had a grievance against the Saxon in consequence.

Who should guess that the day would come with the position so changed that this merely nominal hereditary right of the chief should be so turned against them, that the laird too readily depopulated the glens for the sake of money. The people who most befriend generally receive the poorest thanks, and the claymores that had upheld the chiefs for centuries were banished to make room for sheep and deer. To-day, the Highlands of Scotland are not carrying their full quota of population, owing to the land being the game preserves of a wealthy class, mostly foreigners.

"These stout idle kinsmen of mine," said the chief of Glennaquoich, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beer and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broadsword, or wander among the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath," and the legal mind of Scott knew quite well that a trustee had an important, almost sacred, office to fulfil.

It was only to be expected that the chief should be devoted to his followers, considering that he was so dependent on them, and it was a privilege of his to help them. When misfortune smote any member he did his best to salve the wound. His hand was always ready, not only to succour those who could bear arms and be

useful, but also to those who were aged and ill. His humanity was large, and he contributed cheerfully to every means of alleviating material loss that might be sustained by any clansman. Some chiefs made it a point of making up every loss a member of the clan sustained. McNeil of Barra made this his invariable custom.

In order to maintain his dignity, it was necessary for the chief to keep up as large an establishment as possible. Sometimes, indeed, his circumstances were rather strained by these efforts, but as a chief's reputation was in a measure dependent on a large following, it was necessity that called it forth. When he went abroad he was surrounded by an army of kinsmen, servants and others. These were called his "tail," and so alarmed were the good people of Edinburgh at the presence of Highland chiefs with such large followings, that an Order in Council had to be passed prohibiting their presence with such numbers in the Capital. As may be imagined, this law was quite ignored by the Highlanders.

The regular establishment of servants constituting the "tail" are given as follows:—

The Gillie-coise, or Henchman, a personal servant, who stood behind the chief at table and made himself useful at the hunt, etc.

The Bladair, or spokesman.

The Bards.

The Piper.

The Gillie-piobaire, Piper's servant, who carried the bagpipes.

The Gillie-more, who carried the chief's arms.

The Gillie-casfluich, who carried the chief across wet places and the streams.

The Gillie-comhstrathainn, who led the chief's horse when necessary.

The Gillie-trusarneis, or baggageman.

The Gillie-ruith, a swift running footman and servant.

These were not all, but it gives a fair idea of an average "tail" of a Highland chief. Their duties are well described by Evan Dhu in "Waverley," who took good care to explain the meagreness of his own "tail" as being a chieftain only. His chief's "tail" he explains thus. "There is his henchman or right hand man; then his bard or poet; then his bladier, or orator to make harangues to great folk whom he visits; then his gillie-more or armour bearer to carry his sword, and target and his gun; then his gillie-casfluich, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his gillie-comstrain to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and dangerous paths; then his gillie-trushharnish to carry his knapsack; and the Piper and the Piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads besides that have no business but are just boys of the belt to follow the laird, and do his honour's bidding."

In addition to this there was yet another body of men. These were professional swordsmen, chosen from the best families, and experts in all sorts of athletic games. It was their duty to follow the chief wherever he went, in order to exhibit the abilities of his clan. This company was called "The Luchdtacht" by the Highlanders.

At meal times, and at entertainments of all sorts, the chief occupied the seat at the head of the table, while the principal men and ordinary tenants were arranged towards the foot, taking their places according to their right of precedence.

The choicest, and the most carefully prepared of the food circulated about the head of the table, but further down they were of a coarser nature. The viands consisted principally of mutton, beef and goats flesh, but the domestic pig being an abhorred, unclean animal, pork was not in evidence. The inferiors contented themselves

with the residue of the feast with bread, broth and cheese.

There was always plenty of drink of various kinds and of excellent quality. The famous Simon, Lord Lovat, was a striking example of an old time chief. In 1725, when he was engaged in raising his company of the "Ferichdan Dubh," it was his custom to rise as early as five o'clock in the morning, when all the doors and windows in his house were opened. His vassals soon collected, and all sat down with his Lordship to breakfast, arranging themselves as required by Highland etiquette. In the matter of drink, claret circulated at the upper end of the board, but the duin vassals, who came next in order, were supplied with the native beverage, in the form of punch, and the third class, being tenants and inferior persons, were regaled with ale. A multitude of the clan, many of them outside on the green grass, were content with bread, cheese and table beer, and an onion if they wished it. Lord Lovat, looking down the table to the whisky drinkers, would say, "Cousin, I told the servants to hand you wine, but they tell me ye like punch best," while to his lowest class diners he would say, "Gentlemen, there is what you please at your service, but I send you ale as I know ye prefer it." This was in a day when there were no Communists, Socialists nor other bodies anxious to let themselves be heard on the matter of distribution. Those who partook of the cheer were not covetous, but were quite satisfied, and expected nothing better than that allotted to them.

It will be remembered that when "Waverley" arrived at the chief's castle, the first thing presented to him was a bath of water with which to ease his wearied feet. It had been brought in by an old crone, who, recognising in him a Southern, resented the duty placed upon her, and she muttered, "Our father's herds did not feed so near together that I should do this service." But

money had its power then as well as now, and, after receiving a good solatium to her wounded spirit, she pronounced her blessing, "May the open hand be filled to the fullest."

The feast that followed showed a good deal of the open hand. The long table was fully occupied by diners, who extended far out into the open air. "At the head of the table was the chief himself with Edward and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans—the eldest of his own tribe, wadsetters, and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank, beneath them their sons and nephews and foster brethren; then the officers of the chief's household according to their order, and lowest of all the tenants who actually cultivated the ground." Outside, however, there were still other classes of clansmen of an inferior description, women, boys and girls in tattered habiliments, and a nondescript gathering of beggars. To crown all, a lot of curs of high and low degree, all more or less interested in what was happening, lay under the tables.

The wines given at these meals were of the finest French production, and were supplied with no stinted hand. There was a large trade then between Scotland and France, and the wines of the latter country were cheap and plentiful. Whisky of native manufacture, or whisky diluted with water or beer, was the refreshment of the poorer retainers, who would naively remark that wines and claret were too cold for their stomachs!

When the chief found it necessary to call his men together for a military expedition, armed to do or die, what was known as the Fiery Cross was sent through the glens. A light cross of wood, the extremities of which were seared in fire, was dipped in the blood of a goat which the chief had killed with his own hand. Handing

it to a swift messenger, and stating the name of a place known to all the clansmen as the trysting place, it was taken with all celerity to the next house or hamlet where it was handed over to the principal man. He in turn was required to send it further on with all speed, procuring a swift messenger for that purpose. The only word exchanged between parties during its transmission was the name of the meeting place. By this means it travelled the clan district, or wherever it was required to raise the men, with the greatest speed. It was the Crean or Cran-taraidh, the Cross of Shame, and signified that fire and blood would not only be carried against the enemy but would also be visited on any defaulter. On its appearance every male between the ages of 16 and 60 was obliged to arm immediately, and proceed without delay to join the standard of the chief, who already was waiting at the place nominated. The messenger and the alacrity with which his order was accepted are described in the "Lady of the Lake."

“. . . He showed the sign, he named the place
And pressing forward like the wind
Left clamour and surprise behind
The fisherman forsook the strand
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand
With changed cheer the mower blythe
Left in the half cut swathe his scythe
The herds without a keeper strayed
The plough was in mid-furrow stayed."

The Fiery Cross was frequently "out" in 1745, and in that year it made the circuit of Breadalbane—36 miles—in 3 hours. It was last employed in August, 1746, when the McDonalds of Brae Lochaber sent it over the hills to Appin to solicit aid from the Stewarts, who replied by sending sixty men. These men joined the McDonalds on the same night.

As the safety of all was dependent on numbers and unity of purpose, it was essential that there were no objections to the lines taken. Consequently, all who could use a weapon hurried to arm themselves and reach the appointed place. The clansmen in their devotion to their chief counted their lives as nothing in comparison with the defence of their common rights.

“Each valley, each sequestered glen
Mustered its little horde of men.
They met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales where streams unite
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood.”

The Highlanders were a people by themselves. For hundreds of years they had lived among the mountains where the Southern had feared to venture, and from the security of which they had emerged only on occasions of war or cattle raiding. Regarding their position towards the close of the 17th century, Lord Macaulay has said that the politicians at Westminster knew no more about them than they did of the Japanese or Abyssinians.

It is true that the Scottish Kings on several occasions made incursions into the Highlands by way of showing the chiefs and people that they were powerful, but these expeditions were soon forgotten and always proved valueless. On one of these attacks, King James VI took possession of Kilkerran Castle, a stronghold of the McDonalds, and, intending to hold it, he placed an English governor in charge. But no sooner were the King and his army out of sight than the clansmen fiercely attacked the garrison, captured the fort, and had the governor hanged from the ramparts.

On another occasion, possibly to show his authority, the King ordered a Court to be held in Lochaber, and instructed the Sheriff of Inverness to proceed thither.

His lordship did so, and was received with all formality by Sir Evan Cameron, then commanding a body of 400 well armed men. All honour was paid to the Sheriff, though it was well known that Sir Evan resented the innovation, and looked upon it as an insult. Patiently he waited, and when the Court was constituted, said to his men, "Is none of my lads so clever as to send this judge packing? I have seen them get up a quarrel when there was less need for one." His words were no sooner uttered than a brawl originated, no one knew how or why. Immediately swords were drawn and flourished, shouts of "murder" and cries for "help" rent the air; two men were found to have been killed and a few wounded, but these were things of small account when the chief asked for it.

The incident had the desired effect. The Sheriff threw himself under the protection of Lochiel, no doubt under the impression that his own life was endangered. The sitting was suspended, and an escort saw the Sheriff safely back to his own territory. Lochiel was never troubled again with a Court brought into the wilds of Lochaber.

There was little use legislating for men like these. They did not wish it, nor had they any use for it. To all intents and purposes, the Highlanders were a foreign people to the legislators and the ordinary citizen of the Southern towns. They appeared to them as "wild men" from the distant mountains, who could speak no English, had habits and customs different from every other body, and even wore a dress peculiar to themselves. In such a country and in such circumstances the imperial law was of no account. It was too distant and too weak to be put into force, and, besides, the Highlander was quite pleased with things as they were.

“Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his Chieftain’s hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu’s command.”

Notwithstanding all this, some of the more important chiefs were no strangers to Holyrood. Some of them held at times important positions in the legislature, and were well acquainted with Southern customs and government.

A young chieftain was required to give an exhibition of his valour before he could be accepted as a leader. This was generally accomplished by making a cattle raid on a neighbouring clan. He would choose a few of his people who, like himself, had no previous experience of warfare, and he was expected to accomplish the raid successfully or die in the attempt. In all probability the neighbouring “enemy” were well aware of the purpose of the raid, and, considering everything, did not offer a formidable resistance. They knew that the day would come that their own young chieftain would be placed in a similar position. After a safe return he was acclaimed a fit and proper person to command in more serious trouble.

There was a peculiar custom of acknowledging the true heir during the life time of the chief. It lay with the chief to nominate him, but the senate had to be consulted and their consent had to be given. The custom was very old. It had come over with them from the Continent, and was known as the law of tanistry. It had evidently been framed in order that there might always be a man capable of leading the clan in times of emergency. Before he was accepted he had to give satisfactory proof of his abilities as a military leader. Thereafter he was looked upon as the captain, and the second person in the assembly. He was always of an age of capable manhood, and was of the chief’s own family. Even an

illegitimate son had preference to a legitimate daughter. Military necessity had to take the place of primogeniture. His election ceremony was similar to that carried out at the election of a chief, only greatly restricted. The difference between this law of tanistry and the feudal law of succession was that in the former brothers succeeded before sons, as nearer lineal descendants by a generation of the earliest of the tribe.

When a Highland chief began his reign he was elevated on a cairn of stones with his clan surrounding him. He was there presented with a sword and a white wand. Meanwhile, the bard recounted his line of ancestry and exhorted him to emulate their deeds of valour and renown. He was their chief, the holder of the civil and military mandates of the clan. Though possessed of almost despotic powers, he always found it convenient to have a council of the chief men of the clan. They acted with him in all matters affecting the well-being of the clan, and decided in cases of life or death.

Like great nations, Highland chiefs sometimes found it convenient to have treaties between themselves. These were granted under the title of "Manrent." By these deeds they agreed mutually to assist one another in case of attack or defence, and it is worthy of note, that these bonds always bore a clause declaring loyalty to the reigning sovereign. It showed a wider outlook than was generally accredited to these fierce countrymen.

Like the nations of the world, too, were the clans themselves. Some were large and could number their fighting men by the thousands. Others could number theirs only by hundreds. But the fact of inferiority in numbers was no barrier to the same family pride, whether shown in the chief or in his people. The numbers forming the retinue of the lesser chiefs had, of necessity, to be much smaller. Otherwise they felt themselves on

all occasions, and in every other way, equal to the larger clans.

Gone now are those heroes of an ancient past, and there is much to regret in their passing. The Highland chief had many good qualities, and, if nothing else, the fiery valour that is seen in men of mountainous countries always appeals to the eye and heart. It may be argued that we live in better times now. No doubt we do, but it has not been all advancement. The chivalry of warfare, for instance, where each defended himself by his own right hand, was less objectionable than being shot at by "Big Berthas" nearly 100 miles distant, or finding oneself defenceless under aeroplane bombs.

There are representative chieftains still in the north, but their clans are intermingled, and, unfortunately, they themselves are mostly landless. Some follow prosaic professions in the cities, and over all is written that dread word Ichabod.

CHAPTER V.

The Clans and their Septs.

IN the infancy of a nation population is at first scanty, and the aborigines find occupation chiefly in following the wild denizens of hill and forest. As numbers increase a more settled existence is rendered necessary, and becomes imperative whenever the least system of cultivation is followed. The descendants of the settler find homes beside those of the father and other members of the family, and whether one goes to the frozen north or to the arid plains of Hindustan, men are found drawn together in close association. Union is strength, and, used in proper perspective, is good and commendable.

If then the principle of clanship originated from the authority of a father over his family, we must acknowledge the undoubted antiquity of the system. It would take us back to those dim and distant days before history was written and tradition was the only method of communication between the generations. If we accept this foundation it is easier to comprehend that affectionate obedience which the clan rendered to their chief. Even residence on the lands of another clan did not detract from that fidelity and allegiance they owed to their lawful leader.

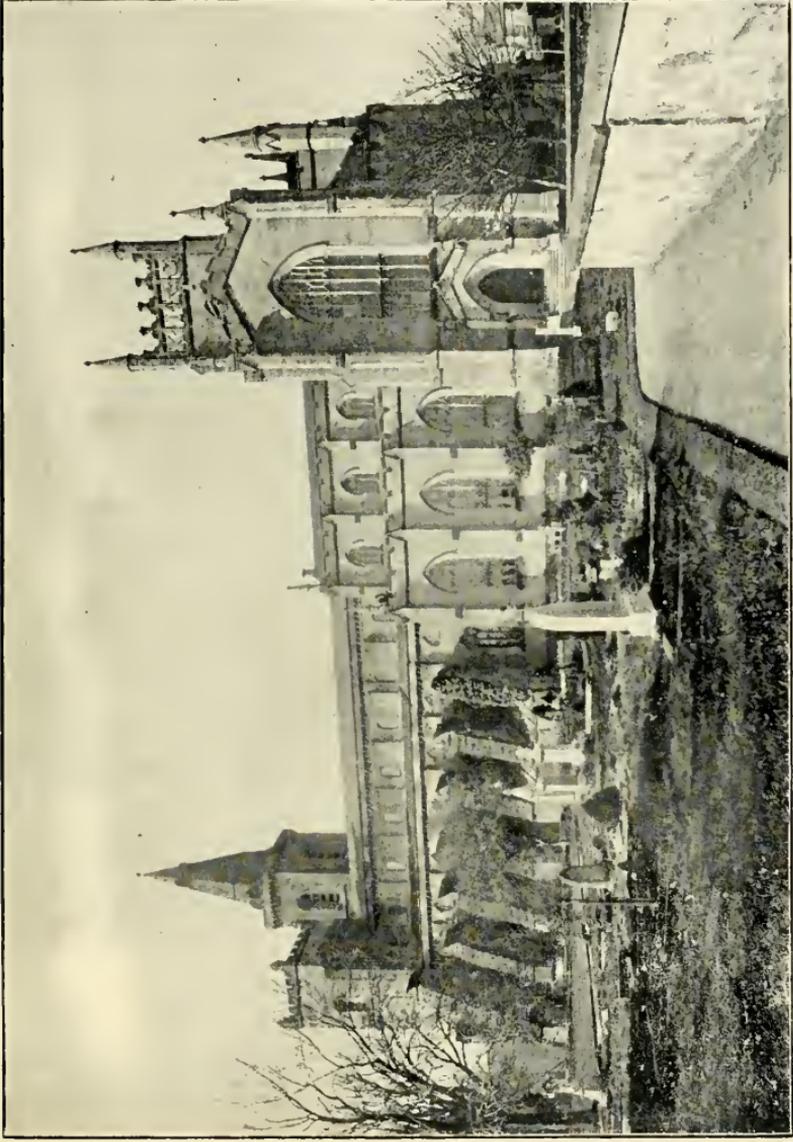
While this is the generally accepted belief as to the formation of clans, we find other theories more or less divergent. Robertson says, "There were *no clans* among the Gael until after the great Celtic Earls became extinct, and which began in the thirteenth century." Before this the tribes were under leaders or nobles called Maormors.

Tacitus states that it was these nobles or leaders who chose the Ardrigh, or great King.

Stewart asserts that the transference, by Malcolm Ceanmore in 1066, of the Court from Dunstaffnage to Scone, had much to do in their origination. With the seat of government among the mountains the power and influence of the King was immediate and acknowledged, but with the removal came that change which inevitably follows the withdrawal of the Court. The country suffered, both politically and financially, from the transition. As if with one blow all supports were swept away. Icolmkill had itself been a spring of pure water in a parched land. From it there had come forth all that was best in religion and learning, spreading an influence for good over the land. Now all was gone. Even its cemetery, where for generations had been laid all that was noblest in blood, in erudition and in piety, was practically closed in favour of Dunfermline. Government was too distant to be effective. The laws could not afford protection to those requiring it, nor redress the wrongs that had been committed. It was a situation that could end only in men establishing for themselves local jurisdictions in their family and within their own recognised sphere of influence—a jurisdiction effective and complete in itself.

The members of the clan bore mostly a common surname, and claimed a common ancestry. They occupied in time an area of territory varying according to their numbers. It was their *country*, and by this cognomen we yet speak of it, e.g., MacFarlane country, Lord Reay's country.

In time some clans increased so much that offshoots from the parent stem formed subsidiary families of their own, with chieftains and jurisdictions, but acknowledging at all times the source of origin. These were the



Dunfermline Abbey.

branches or septs of the clan. The members of these branches were often blessed with two names. There was first the clan name, such as Campbell, Robertson or Stewart, and the second one, *bun sloine*, the genealogical surname which they had acquired from their more immediate progenitor. Thus the Campbells of Strachur were MacArthurs, and those of Ashnish were MacIvors. A tribe of the Stewarts was called Clan Duilach, from the dark eyes of their immediate ancestor, and another, Camachas, or Crookshanks, from a physical peculiarity. Although not a common custom with the Celt, it would appear that in these instances, at least, personal singularities became hereditary. It would have been easier to apply, in the case of a sept, seeing they already had a surname.

Most of the clans had also dependants. These were families bearing different names, not sufficiently powerful to form clans, but willing to be considered as members of the clan which protected and had superiority over them. In the following list of some of the chief clans of the Highlands, associated families bearing familiar names are annexed.

The clans, through the prosecution of feuds, were at times turbulent, and the Kings have on several occasions found it necessary to chastise them, and fix responsibility on the chief for the conduct of his followers. But they sunk all internecine strife in the greater glory of defending the nation when she was threatened from any source. Then the clans of the Gael marched "shoulder to shoulder." Thus out of 24 clans we find all save three enlisted on the side of Bruce. These three were the Cummins, the MacDougalls and the MacNabs—and there was a reason for their defection. Honest pride should, therefore, be felt by every clansman and associate

because of the priceless heritage of patriotism handed down by a noble race of men.

BRODIE. Origin obscure, named after territory.

BUCHANAN. Slogan, "Clar Innis." Named after territory. 13th century. (Colman, Dow, Gibb, Gibson, Harper, Lennie, MacAuslan, MacCormack, MacInally, MacIndoe, MacWhirter, Masterson, Risk, Watson, Watt, Yuill.)

CAMERON. Powerful clan of 800 claymores. Clan territory is in Lochaber. Formerly the MacMartins of Letterfinlay were included. McOchtry is credited with being chief in reign of Robert II. Lochiel is chief. Many distinguished clansmen in peace and war. Camerons were always loyal to the Stuarts. Sir Alan Cameron of Erracht raised the 79th Highlanders. (Chalmers, Clark, Kennedy, Martin, MacIldowie, MacPhail, Paul, Sorley, Taylor.)

CAMPBELL. 5000 claymores. The clan O'Duine. Name probably territorial, Cowal being also Caimgill. Duke of Argyle is chief. To "relate all that is connected with the long and brilliant line of Argyle would be to write a history of the realm." Clan also go under the name of Clan Diarmid, from the Fingalian hero, who slew the wild boar. The boar's head crest is in all the families. Argyle Highlanders (now Argyle and Sutherland) formed 1777. Twenty-three of the officers were clansmen. War cry, "Cruachan." (Bannatyne, Burns, Calder, Conochie, Loudoun, MacArthur, MacDiarmid, MacIvor, MacKellar, MacIsaac, Thomson, Ure.)

CHISHOLM. 200 claymores. Chief is called Chisallich. Erchless Castle, Strathglass, was the ancient stronghold. The name appears in a crown charter in 1369.

COLQUHOUN. Named from territory which is near Loch Lomond. Appear in reign of Alexander II. Feuds

with the MacLeans and the MacGregors. Slogan, "Cnoc Ealachain." (Cowan, Kilpatrick.)

CUMIN. Formerly important clan. The Red Comyn aspired to the Crown. He was stabbed to death by Bruce. It was Walter, Earl of Menteith, who built the priory on Inch Mahone in 1238. Now represented by the Gordon-Cummings of Gordonstoun. (Buchan, MacNiven.)

DAVIDSON. Territory in Badenoch. Often at feud. Fought in North Inch battle in 1396. (Davis, Dawson, Kay, MacDaid.)

DRUMMOND. Named from territory (Drymen or Drummond). Traditionally descended from a grandson of a King of Hungary. Several noted clansmen.

FARQUHARSON. 500 claymores. The Clan Ianla. Territory in Aberdeenshire. In 1748 the laird of Invercauld granted a 99 years lease of his castle of Braemar to the government for a military station. It is now a ruin. Slogan, "Carn-na-Cumhne," Cairn of Remembrance. (Coutts, Findlay, Hardie, Lyon, MacCaig, MacCardney, MacCuaig, MacKeracher, Reoch.)

FERGUSON. First mentioned in reign of David II. Were in rebellion against the King in 1587, when they were fined 3000 merks. Many noted clansmen. (MacAdie, MacKersey.)

FORBES. Strong Aberdeenshire family, first mentioned in reign of William the Lion. Lord Pitsligo, who was "out" in 1745, lived secretly afterwards in one of his own gate lodges. Sir Alexander Forbes saved the King's life at battle of Worcester. Slogan, "Lonach," a mountain in Strathdon. (Bannerman, Fordyce, Michie.)

FRASER. A strong clan of 900 claymores. Said to be descended from Pierre Frasier, a Frenchman. Hugh, the fourth Lord, was killed in 1544 in fighting the

MacRonalDs. Only ten men on either side were left alive. Frasers of Lovat were the most noted. Present chief raised Lovat Scouts. (MacGruer, MacKimmie, MacSimon, Sim, Simpson, Tweedie.)

GORDON. A strong clan of 1000 claymores. Assisted Wallace in 1297. Many of the chiefs fell in battle. The Gordon Highlanders were formed in 1777, disbanded 1783, and the second regiment was raised in 1794. The clan had also a Lowland connection. "Chinese" Gordon was an outstanding soldier and administrator. (Adam, Adie, Huntly.)

GRAHAM. Origin obscure. The name appears in 1143. Had also a Lowland connection. The names of Sir John de Graham, the bosom friend of Wallace, and James, "The Great Montrose," will occur to the memory. The repeal of the barbarous Act prohibiting the wearing of Highland dress was due to the head of this family. (Allardice, Monteith.)

GRANT. 850 claymores. Origin in doubt. Territory in Strathspey. The Glenmoriston Grants followed Glengarry, and were out with him in 1745. The main body were Hanoverians. Slogan, "Stand fast, Craig Elachaidh." (Gilroy.)

GUNN. Norse origin. A feud with the Keith's was caused through Ronald Keith carrying off Helen Gunn, who was engaged to marry her cousin. She threw herself from the battlements of his castle. There were fierce fights over this in 1426 and 1438. In 1585 the Gunns slew 150 of the Sinclairs. A turbulent clan. (Gallie, Henderson, Jamieson, Keene, MacIan, MacOmish, MacWilliam, Manson, Nelson, Robison, Sandison, Swanson, Wilson.)

LAMOND. Celtic origin. The name appears in a charter of the days of Robert III. Ard-lamond, the family seat. The Lamonds of Inverin were compelled by the Campbells to surrender Castle Toward. The defenders were all put to the sword. (Black, Burdon, Lamb, Lucas, MacClymont, Patrick, Toward, Turner, Whyte.)

MACALISTER. [The prefix, Mac, meaning "the son of," must not be taken in its too literal meaning. It can refer to other than a personal son.] Descended from the MacDonalds. In 1582 the MacKenzies attacked and slew the chief and 33 of the clan, whom they appointed were not to be buried "bot cassin furth and eitten be doiggis and swyne." Nevertheless, the MacAlisters were a good clan.

MACALPINE. Celtic and Royal, and said to be the oldest of the clans. Ancient seat supposed to have been Dunstaffnage. Slogan, "Remember the death of Alpin," refers to the murder of that King in A.D. 834. The MacGregors, whose motto is "My race is Royal," along with the MacIntoshes, MacNabs, Grants and others, are given under the name *Siol Ailpein*.

MACARTHUR. 1000 claymores. Territory in Glenfalloch, etc. A branch of the Campbells. Slogan, "Eisd! O Eisd!" (Listen! O Listen!)

MACAULAY. Celtic origin. Chief seat was Ardincaple. The tradition is that they were originally called Arnscaples. In honour of their chief, Aulay, they changed their name. There is an Irish branch of the clan. The celebrated essayist, Thomas Babington MacAulay, was the son of a minister of Cardross. (MacPhedron.)

MACBEAN. 100 claymores. Origin uncertain. Believed to be of Clan Chattan (German, Catti). They usually fought under Lochiel. (Bain, MacIlvain, MacVean.)

MACBETH. Celtic King of Scotland 1039-1056. Hereditary physicians in Isla and Mull. Sennachies to the MacLeans. The oldest records in the Advocates' Library were their work.

MACCALLUM. Territory near Oban. Some strange traditional fiction is mixed up in their history.

MACDONALD. 2300 claymores. A powerful clan, descended from Somerled, Lord of the Isles. There were many strong branches. Under Montrose penetrated Campbell country, and, according to the Red Book kept by the McVurich's (Clan Ronald's Sennachies), slew 900 of that family. The clan were ever faithful to the Stuarts. Famous clansmen in every walk of life, are too numerous to quote. (Alexander, Allan, Beath, Bethune, Coulson, Currie, Galbraith, Gorrie, Gowan, Hawthorn, Hewison, Houston, Hutchison, Isles, Kellie, Kinnell, MacBride, MacCall, MacCosh, MacCuag, MacCutcheon, MacEachern, MacHugh, MacIlwraith, MacKechnie, MacKillop, MacMurdo, MacRorie, May, Murdoch, Riach, Ronald, Sander-son, Sporran, Whannell.)

MACDOUGALL. 200 claymores. Territory in Lorn. Probably descended from Dugall, son of Somerled. Dispossessed by the Campbells. The name appears in 1230. Fought against Bruce. The incident of the Brooch of Lorn is historical. It was taken from Bruce's shoulder at the battle of Dalree (i.e., Dal Righ, the King's field: Dalry of the Lowlands). The brooch is still preserved. (Conacher, Dowall, MacCoull, MacCulloch.)

MACDUFF. Origin in doubt. Believed to be from Dufagan first of the Celtic Earls of Fife, who slew MacBeth. They had the honour of placing the sovereign on the throne. The MacDuffs were strong in Strathbraan. In 1586 there was a feud between them and those of Findowie in the same strath. One of the MacDuffs of Findowie was executed because of his part in the Gowrie conspiracy. (Fife, Spence, Wemyss.)

MACEWAN. An ancient clan. The first of the MacEwan chiefs goes back to A.D. 1200. Hereditary Sennachies to the Campbells. A considerable amount of their works still extant.

MACFARLANE. Descended from Bartholomew (which, in Gaelic, is Parlan), grandson of Duncan Mac-Gilchrist, brother of Earl of Lennox. Turbulent. "The wild MacFarlane's plaided clan." They were called "robbers and oppressors" in 1594. Killed the chief of the Colquhouns in 1608, and were declared rebels. Last chief emigrated. Duke of Argyle turned his stronghold into an inn. War cry, *Loch Sloidh* (Loch Sloy). (Caw, Gaw, Kinnieson, Lennox, MacCondy, MacGeoch, MacKerchar, McNair, Miller, Napier, Robb, Stalker, Weaver.)

MACFIE. From *Dubhsithe*, dark coloured tribe. Territory, Colonsay, etc. In 1549 Colonsay is "brucket be ane gentle capitane callit MacDuffyhe." Fearless fighters, but became a "broken" clan, sheltering under Camerons and MacDonalds. (Duffy, MacGuffie.)

MACGILLIVRAY. First appeared in 1263, when Gubri became progenitor of the McGilli-breac (children of the spotted man). MacGillivray of Dunmacglas led the MacIntoshes in 1745, as their chief refused to come out, notwithstanding that his lady raised the clan. MacGillivray was murdered on Culloden field by Cumberland's order, in presence of his wife and nurse. War cry, *Loch-na-moidh* (Loch Moy). (MacIlroy.)

MACGREGOR. 200 claymores. A fierce clan, descended from Gregor, third son of King Alpin, A.D. 787. Dispossessed by the Campbells. Called "lawless limmers" by Parliament. Their name was suppressed. No minister allowed to give the name at baptism. Oppressive law dropped in 1774. Slogan, "Ard Choille" (High Wood). Motto, "Royal is my race."

MACINNES. Supposed from *Aonghais* (Angus). Territory, Morven, Jura and Islay. Early history obscure. Their stronghold was Ceann-loch-aluin

(Kinlochaline), and very formidable, but now ruined. Were celebrated bowmen, and hereditary instructors to MacKinnons. (Angus, MacCainsh, MacCansh.)

MACINTYRE. Tradition gives descent from MacDonalds of Sleat. The name M'yntyrr appears as a witness in 1490. Hereditary foresters to Stewarts. When Colkeithach was in Glen O., in Montrose's campaign, he ordered the chief's house to be fired, and a live coal was put in the thatch. Learning at that moment that it was the house of a MacIntyre, and not a Campbell, he ordered the fire to be put out, because of "blood relationship." The coal was kept by the clan. Slogan, "Cruachan." (Wright.)

MACINTOSH. 800 claymores. One of the septs of Clan Chattan. Macphersons and MacIntoshes are descended from two brothers, sons of Gille-cattan-Mhor. Feuds with the Earl of Murray. The fifteenth laird, invited to Huntly Castle, was treacherously beheaded by order of the Countess, and with the cook's axe! There was want of direct succession for 100 years, ascribed to the curse of a jilted woman. In 1689 MacIntosh, leading 1000 men, was defeated by Keppoch with half the number. Some of the chiefs were notorious for expensive funerals. Slogan, "Loch Maigh." (Adamson, Crerar, Dallas, Glen, MacAndrew, MacCombie, MacRitchie, Niven, Noble, Ritchie, Shaw, Tosh.)

MACKAY. 800 claymores. Celtic. The first of the chiefs mentioned is Angus Du in A.D. 1380. In 1427 they had a feud with the people of Caithness. In 1442 the Ross-shire men burned the chief, Angus Dhu Mackay, in the church at Tarbet. The Sutherlands defeated the MacKays in another feud. In 1626 Sir Donald MacKay, beggared himself raising troops for the 30 years war. He was created Lord Reay in 1628. Slogan, "Bratach Bhan Chlann Aoidh" (The White banner of MacKay). (Bain, Macghie, Mackie, Morgan, Neilson, Polson.)

- MACKENZIE.** 2000 claymores. Celtic descent. Their history goes back to 1342. The clan, which is called Caber fey, was very powerful. The regiment, Seaforth Highlanders, was raised from the clan in 1778. The Earl of Seaforth is chief. Slogan, "Tulloch Ard." (Kenneth.)
- MACKINLAY.** Origin in doubt. Finlay is probably the English form of the name. Some assert that they are descended from Fionnladh, progenitor of the Farquharsons, the pronunciation being Iounlay. May have a connection with the MacAulays. (MacLeays.)
- MACKINNON.** 200 claymores. Celtic. The clan is named from Finlaic MacFinghan. The name appears in a charter of 1409. Fought against Lochiel in 1503. Were of great assistance to Prince Charles. Slogan, "Remember the death of Alpin." (Love.)
- MACLACHLAN.** 300 claymores. Very ancient Celtic clan. They are mentioned in 1292. The MacLachlans gave their name to their country, Strath Lachlan. It was formerly called Kilmorie. Were first followers of the Lord of the Isles and later of the Campbells. Slogan, "Creag-an-Tuiric" (The Boar's Rock). (Ewan, Ewing.)
- MACLEAN, or MACLAINE.** 800 claymores. Celtic origin. Descended from Gillan-nan-Torach (Gillan of the Battle Axe). The axe appears in their crest. Territory, Skye, etc. MacLean of Duart placed his wife, a sister of the Duke of Argyle, on the Lady's Rock, expecting her to be drowned at high tide. She was rescued, and MacLean was slain by the lady's brother. There were feuds between the McLeans of Duart and the MacLaines of Lochbuy. On one occasion Duart was defeated, and his enemy, finding him sleeping and exhausted after the battle, twisted a dagger in his hair and stuck it in the ground. The dagger was recognised and reconciliation took place. (MacCormack, MacFadyen, MacVey, Rankin.)

MACLAREN. An ancient clan. Origin uncertain. Name appears in the Ragman Roll of 1296. Were present at most battles from Bannockburn to Culloden. Often at feud with their neighbours. Among eminent clansmen was Colin MacLaren, who graduated in his 15th year. He wrote a Gaelic version of the Psalms. Slogan, "Creag-an-Tuirc" (The Boar's Rock). (MacFater, MacFeat, MacGrory, MacPhater, Paterson.)

MACLENNAN. Celtic. Strange traditional story of origin. Gilligorm left a son, Crotair MacGilligorm, who had been intentionally deformed by the Frasers. This man had a son, Gilli Fhinnein, from whom the clan takes its name. Were usually allied with the MacKenzies or the Frasers. Slogan, "Druim-nan-Deur" (The Ridge of tears). (Logan.)

MACLEOD. 700 claymores. Norse origin, being descended from Tormod, son of Leod. There were two distinct clans—the MacLeods of Harris and those of Lewis. Dunvegan Castle in Skye is the seat of MacLeod of that Ilk. The story of how Alastair Crotach (Humpback) smoked to death the MacDonalds of Eigg is noted elsewhere. (Callum, Lewis, MacAskill, MacClure, MacCorkindale, Nicolson, Norman, Tolmie.)

MACMILLAN. Celtic origin. Ancient lineage. Territory around Arkaig and in Knapdale. They acquired Castle Sweyn through marriage. One of the towers is named "MacMillan's tower." The Campbells ousted the clan, and by purchase acquired the residue of their lands. Branches of the family settled in Ayr and Galloway. (Baxter, Bell, Brown.)

MACNAB. Called Clan-an-Aba from their ancestor having been Abbot of Glendochart in 12th century. Feuds between them and the Neishes. The story of Smooth John is mentioned elsewhere. In 1654 Glenorchy would have liked to have put "the hail MaKnabs out of the country." The last chief went to Canada. The clan burial ground is on an island near Killin. (Abbot, Gilfillan.)

MACNAUGHTON. Name probably derived from the Pictish King Nechtan, the founder of Abernethy. Territory in Lorn. One, Donald MacNaughtan, was Bishop elect at Dunkeld in 1426, and the clan was strong in that district. Noted as among the finest of Scottish archers. A branch of the clan settled in Ireland. Slogan, *Fraoch Eilean* (The Heathery Isle). (Hendry, MacKendrick, MacBrayne, MacKnight, MacVicar, Weir.)

MACNEILL. Descended from Neil Og, about 1300. There were the MacNeills of Gigha and those of Barra. It was stated by Martin that MacNeill of Barra could at that time produce evidence of his family as possessors for 36 generations. Slogan, "Buaidh-no-Bas" (Victory or death). (MacNeilage.)

MACNICOL. Descent unknown. They occupied lands in Skye, and are mentioned as early as the 12th century.

MACPHERSON. 400 claymores. Son of the parson. They are called the Clan Vurrich. The chief is Cluny MacPherson. Badenoch was a stronghold of the clan. They were always fighters. Malcolm MacPherson of Phoiness joined the Fraser Highlanders in his 80th year, and fought so bravely at Quebec as to be taken note of. The black chanter of Clan Chattan, which was believed to give courage to those who heard it, is preserved in Cluny Castle, where also are relics of Prince Charles. Slogan, The Black Rock of Clan Chattan. (Cattanach, Clarkson, Gillespie, Gillies, Gow, Lees, MacCurrach, MacKeith, MacLeish.)

MACQUARRIE. Probably descended from one of the Dalriadic princes. Possessed Ulva and part of Mull. Never numerous. Slogan, "Ant-arm, breac Dearg" (The Red speckled army). (MacGuire, MacWhir, Wharrie.)

MACQUEEN. Founder was Roderick MacSweyn or MacQueen. They occupied Castle Sweyn in the 13th

century. They are also called the Clan Revan, that being one of the names of their progenitor. They fought under the clan MacIntosh. (Swan.)

MACRAE. The name appears in 1335. Territory was Kintail. Always were fighters, and got for themselves the name of "The Wild MacRaes." The chief fell at Killiecrankie, his sword hand so swollen through killing 15 of his enemy that it was taken from the hilt with difficulty. Slogan, "Sgur Urain" (A mountain in Kintail). (MacAra.)

MACTAVISH. The clan was to be found in Perthshire and Argyleshire under various names, MacThamais or MacTavish, MacCombie, MacOmish, Thompson, etc. The MacTavishes or Thompsons of Argyre followed the Campbells.

MALCOLM. Early history is uncertain. They were settled at an early date in Argyleshire and eventually they came under the protection of the Campbells. Probably the best known are the Malcolms of Poltalloch. They inherited the place in 1779. A noted family were settled in Dumfriesshire.

MATHESON. Probably of Norse extraction. The Gaelic is MacMhaghan. The name appears in 1262. One of the clan accidentally killed a chief of the MacKays after a victory he had obtained over the Sutherlands. Matheson was beheaded, and the spot is known yet as "The hillock of the Head." Slogan, "Acha'h da Thearnaidh" (The Field of the two Acclivities). (MacPhun.)

MENZIES. 300 claymores. Chief called *Menairich*. The clan is Celtic, but the chiefs are not of original Gaelic descent. In the reign of Robert III, 1306-1320, Alexander lost his lands in Dorisdeir (Durisdeer). The clan is strong in Perthshire. Slogan, "Geal'us dearg a suas" (Up with the Red and White). (Dewar, MacMinn, Mennie, Monzie.)

MORRISON. Norse extraction. The first of the name mentioned is Hugh the Brieve, who was Deemster in Lewis, etc. Slogan, "Dun Uis-dean" (Hugh's Castle).

MUNRO. 300 claymores. The Clan Roich. Origin uncertain, but supposed from one of the ancient tribes of Moray. Munro of Foulis is mentioned in 1126. Feud between the Munros and the Mac-Intoshes, who demanded "road collop" or spoil of a creach, is mentioned elsewhere. Slogan, "Casteal Fulis na Theime" (Foulis Castle on Fire). (Dingwall, Foulis, Vass, Wass.)

MURRAY. 3000 claymores. Very ancient clan with a south connection. Name mentioned in the reign of William the Lion. The twelfth of Tullibardine became an Earl in 1606, and his grandson, the Earl of Athole, in 1629. Prominent in the Jacobite rebellions. John, the 1st Duke, strongly opposed the Union. The present Duke is a distinguished soldier. The motto is "Furth, Fortune, and fill the fetters." Seat, Dunkeld. (Fleming, Rattray, Small, Spalding.)

OGILVIE. Dates back to the days of William the Lion, when one, Gillebride, took the name from his lands. The first Lord Ogilvie was created by James IV. The eighth Lord was raised to an Earldom by Charles I in 1629. The seat is Cortachy, near Alyth. The former stronghold, "The Bonnie Hoose of Airlie," was burned by the Campbells. The late chief, a gallant soldier, fell in the Boer War. (Airlie, Gilchrist.)

ROBERTSON. 700 claymores. Called Clan Donnachaid. The clan took the name Donnachaid from an ancestor, Duncan de Atholia or Donnachadh Reamhar, and used it for four generations. It was renamed from Robert, the chief, who captured the murderers of James I. Feuds with the Lindsays, whom they defeated. The clan territory was in Perthshire.

They carried the Clach-na-brattach, or victory-giving stone with them to battle. (Collier, Duncan, Inches, MacConochie, MacInroy, MacLagan, MacRobert, Reid, Roy, Stark.)

ROSE. Was a clan of long descent, being noted in different parts of the country in David I's time. They are not numerous.

ROSS. 600 claymores. Supposed to take its name from Ferquhard Ross, believed to be a son of Gille Anrias. The clan was at one time called Clan Anrias, from the said Gille Anrias (the Priest's son). The name is mentioned in a charter of the lands of Gairloch to Paul MacTire in 1366. (Anderson, Andrew, Gillanders, MacTaggart, MacTear.)

SINCLAIR. 1000 claymores. It is thought that they are descended from Comte de Santo Claro, who came over with the Conqueror. The clan were often in feud and fight. At one time the Campbells went all the way to attack them—and the saying, "The Campbells are coming; the Sinclairs are running," has reference to this. There are many branches of this strong clan. (Caird, Clyne.)

SKENE. Takes its name from its own Castle of Skene. The property was granted to them in 1318 by Robert I. Some authorities believe that the name is derived from the same Celtic word meaning a dagger. This weapon appears in the crest, and the story is that one of the family slew a wolf with his *skene* and saved the life of Malcolm III.

STEWART. The Royal clan. Came from Brittany and settled in England. David I gave the office of Lord High Stewart to one of them (William Fitzallan). They became patriotic Scots. His descendant led the left wing at Bannockburn, and later married the only daughter of Robert Bruce. The male line ended in 1807, with Cardinal Henry of York, younger brother

of the Young Pretender. He had raised an army of 15,000 men in France for Prince Charles's aid when news reached him of Culloden. The army was disbanded. Slogan, "Creag an sgairbh" (A Rock in Appin). (Boyd, Carmichael, Crookshanks, France, Fullerton, Garrow, Livingstone, MacCloy, MacGlashan, MacKirdy, MacLay, MacMichael, MacMurtrie.)

SUTHERLAND. 2000 claymores. The founder, Hugh, received a charter of lands in the reign of William the Lion. Had much fighting against Scandinavian invaders and neighbours. Feuds with the MacKays. The family seat is Dunrobin. The Earl of Sutherland is chief. The Sutherlanders have made excellent and high principled soldiers. The famous Sutherland Regiment is now incorporated in and known as The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. Slogan, "Ceann na Drochaide Bice" (A Bridge at Dunrobin. (Cheyne, Gray, Keith, Mowat.)

URQUHART. Takes its name from the clan territory in Ross-shire. An ancient clan now widely distributed. There are charters of land to the Urquharts as early as the time of Robert II.

CHAPTER VI.

The Bards. Ossian.

To those unacquainted with the history of the Highlands and with the state of society which existed in early Celtic times, it may be a surprise to learn that among the mountains of the North were to be found men of letters and learning, equalling, if not surpassing, any found among the more advanced nations of the world. We are apt to look upon the Greeks, Romans and other European nationalities as having all the literature and erudition of ancient days, and, no doubt, from their situation they held an advantage over the later settlements in the west. Yet our own land had not a little of the culture that we are inclined to allow only to the east.

The Celts, wherever they were to be found in Europe, had the legislative power of their nations vested in an institution of Druids, with which was associated an inferior order known as Bards. The Druids were the philosophers, and as philosophy is the parent of law, they were likewise the lawmakers and the priests of the primitive peoples. The Bards were the poets, and they kept rhythmic records, mostly in their memories, of all the important events in the history of the people.

Considering the times in which they lived, the Druids were an advanced body of high standing. According to Marcellinus they cultivated the most laudable arts, and it is believed that they asserted the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. They certainly were held in great veneration by the people over whom they ministered in religious matters. They cultivated the

prophetic instinct, and made a study of austral matters. From their teachings on these lines, and also from the fact of their belief in the transmigration of souls, they have been compared with the "Wise men of the East." The Bible narrative refers to men who probably came from Persia to worship the new born King. They were called Magi, and our word, magician, is derived from this source.

Julius Cæsar mentions the Druids in his writings, but makes no reference to the Bards. Probably he was unable to distinguish them. He believed that the Druidical order had its origin in Britain, and that it spread to the continent. This is not likely to have been the case.

The education of the Druids—in addition to their teaching, their law-giving and the mystic, and probably somewhat, magical form of religion practiced—gave them enormous power, and thus they had the chief sway wherever they were to be found.

The regulus or principal man saw merely that the laws were applied. He had no part in their creation. When the nation was threatened with war it was a duty devolving on the Druids to appoint a temporary King for the duration of the war. This temporary King could also be called the Commander of the army, for to him was entrusted the defence of the nation. The Druids exerted their influences to unite all the tribes, and so to offer a solid front to the enemy.

According to Cæsar, those who were to be initiated into the Druidical order were required to spend a very long period in preparation and education. The length of time thus spent, and which for the higher divisions might extend to twenty years, demonstrates in itself the importance of the duties. It will be seen, therefore, that men of considerable ability came forward to qualify for the

positions, just as in our own day it requires men of good education to prepare for the learned professions. Among other things, they were required to commit to memory a very great number of verses of poetry.

Metrical composition is no new thing, but as old as prose itself, and over which it has many advantages. Because it is more adaptable and tenable, it was long a vehicle of instruction to the nations of the early world. Denmark had a poet King as early as the eighth century, and we have had poet Kings in Scotland.

The very rudest nations have had their bards. In the Greek language the word is used for law and song, because their laws were given in traditional rhymes, and long remained as such before they were issued in writing. Much of the unwritten law of our own land, which comes to us without learning, is a gift from the body mentioned.

It is well known that the Druids chanted their songs and their praises to their gods under the oaks of Scotland. This they did in verses of great length. Those of the highest orders who had taken so long a time in their education were supposed to have sixty thousand stanzas stored in their memories. They were, therefore, capable of upholding an exacting day in the groves. Druidical stone circles, within which much of their mystic ceremonial was performed, are numerous throughout Britain. Stonehenge, in the south, and Callernish, in the north, are good examples of their works.

The reason why they did not commit their verses to writing was because they asserted it was not lawful to do so. They had to be handed down orally. It is believed, however, that this objection to mural records did not refer to other than what they looked upon as religious works.

The Bards appear from earliest times, and they continued to animate the people with their songs to a comparatively recent date. Through all the long

intervening period, during which they experienced war and peace, civil commotion and turmoil, defeat and victory, and the rise and fall of nations, they continued and prospered. After the Druids proper had themselves gone, and the rites of their religion been lost, the Bards held a high and respected place in the councils of the nations.

Music has always been accepted as a means of animating men in war, and so we find the ancient Bards had many duties in the day of battle. When a principal man desired a fight it was a bards' privilege to challenge the foe.

“I will fight the King. I feel my burning soul
Send a bard to demand the combat.”

—*Ossian*.

It was the bard, too, who struck the shield as a signal for the battle to begin, and he encouraged the combatants during the engagement with his songs. Similarly, he could prevent a battle, though the spears were levelled in readiness, and he could stop the fighting whenever he willed:—

“The battle ceased along the field, the bard had sung
the song of peace.”

At the close of day he was called to cheer the assembled company in the hall of the chief, and to sing his song of victory. It was his place to extol the valour of his leader, because “he is returned with his fame.”

The duties of the bards of later times lay chiefly in commemorating the bravery of the chief, and the heroism of the clan. They also made a virtue of ancestry and all good deeds, such as hospitality to strangers and the needy, formed subject matter of their poems. Through the great influence of poetry giving praise to qualities

such as these, and condemning all that was base and low, it can be readily understood how the character of the people of the Highlands was moulded into the best principles. A nation grows in mentality according to the food it is fed upon.

In the Highlands every chief had at least one bard. He was looked upon as an officer of distinction in the household. Land was assigned for his maintenance, and he was accorded excellent treatment wherever he went. The custom of keeping a bard formed, no doubt, the precedent for having one of the craft in clan and other societies.

Like a poet laureate, the bard was expected to compose songs in honour of great events, but his compositions were limited to parochial rather than to national events. He was called "*The Seanachaidh*," from *sean* old, as his songs dealt mostly with the past. He was present at all the great functions of the clan, and wrote (for he could now both write and compose) joyfully of all festive occasions. Birth and marriage celebrations would bring forth his best efforts, and at these he occupied an honoured place.

To him also was entrusted the composition of the pathetic coronach, which was a lament not only on death but also on the misfortune of an individual. This mournful dirge is best known, however, as the elegy composed at death, in which the virtues of the deceased are glowingly described:—

"He is gone on the mountain
He is lost to the forest
Like a summer dried fountain
When our need was the sorest."

The profession of the bard was hereditary, but this was probably for convenience only. The position still

called for years of patient study. Schools for bards were established for the purpose of encouraging and fostering the spirit of the Muse, and here a long apprenticeship was served. On all important occasions it was the custom of the bard to repeat the story of the chief and his ancestry. From his full knowledge of these he was sometimes called by his subsidiary title of "History-man." His usual custom was to begin with a short prose "argument" and then to proceed in verse, and he was expected to be conversant, not only with the history of the reigning chief, but also with the story of the principal branches and their chieftains.

The speaking of verse was not confined to the followers of the Muse, as many of the common people were capable of oral recitation for many hours. When the science of letters was better understood, the members of the clan were able to procure the stories from the bards and to write them out. Others, again, committed them to memory, and, like the bards, handed the gift down to their children. It is from this source that much of the clan history has come down to us. It may sometimes contain fabulous or exaggerated statements—as the bards were ever anxious to extol the greatness and antiquity of the clan—but, on the whole, much that is stated is indisputable and confirmed from other sources.

One of the best known of these songs is called "The Death of Dermid." It refers to a warrior who, having killed a wild boar, was induced by an enemy to measure it from tail to snout. In doing so, he was pricked in the heel and died. It is from this warrior that the clan Campbell claims descent. The members speak of themselves as of the race of Dermid, and others acknowledge the claim.

The Gaelic language is very forcible, and in poetry is splendidly adapted for retention in the memory. This

is one reason why the Highlanders were able to recite long compositions without error and without hesitation. The acquiring of verse was, indeed, not counted as a task but was treated as a recreation. As these men gathered in the evening round their peat fire, or visited a neighbour, in his own house the song was carried on with spirit. The one who could continue longest received the greater honour. "The Verses," says McPherson in his *Dissertation on the era of Ossian*, "were adapted to music and the most perfect harmony observed. Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences followed so natural a gradation and the words were so adapted to the common tune of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key that it is almost impossible from a similarity of sound to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Celtic tongue and is perhaps to be met with in no other language."

It was customary for the Highlanders to lay wagers as to who should be able to continue the recitation of verse for the longest time, and these competitions encouraged and stimulated an interest in their acquisition. To win in these competitions required a very extensive knowledge of the poems, of which, fortunately, there was a large store to draw upon.

When the light of the glorious Gospel was shed abroad in the Highlands by St. Columba and his band of faithful followers, it did not mean the extinction of the bards. The change to Christianity was rather, indeed, in their favour, for Columba saw that their work was good and called for encouragement. We are told that he loved the bards, and soon he was issuing his precepts from Iona in metre. These were the more readily understood and welcomed by the people, because

they had all along been accustomed to receive instruction in this way. The disciples, we are told, took possession of the sacred places of the Druids and a certain degree of continuity of the old customs was observed. Ossian sings, "Go to Alad, the gray haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones." Logan says that in the year 580 A.D. St. Columba acted as their advocate at the council of Drumceat. He mediated successfully between those of Ireland and the King, who was threatening their extirpation because of their audacious demands.

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When the Highland army reassembled in Badenoch after their disastrous defeat at Culloden, among the spectators was a young lad, who, no doubt, viewed the gathering of clansmen with open-eyed wonder and probably with unfeigned pride. He was only a boy of eight years then, and no one would imagine that he was afterwards to create a sensation in the literary world, and to be mentioned wherever the English language was spoken.

In 1760 James MacPherson, a teacher in his native village of Ruthven, in Badenoch, published a book which he called "*Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland.*" This was followed in 1762 by his six books of "*Fingal,*" while his eight books of "*Temora*" were published the year following. MacPherson represented that these were all translations of old writings and oral renderings of songs collected by him during a tour in the Highlands and Islands. He maintained that these poems had come down from Druidical times through the medium of the bards. The poems were very perfect pieces of work and sprang at once into popularity. No literary event ever created so

much astonishment. The poems were translated into all the European languages, and probably no author quite conquered the world more completely than did this poor teacher of Ruthven.

Nearly all the great men of the world were enthusiastic over the poems of Ossian, for it was by the name of this most distinguished of Caledonian bards that they were designated. Napoleon was seldom without a copy of the book, even in exile. It lay on his pillow at night, and his thumb marked copy is in existence to this day. Lamartine declared that "the harp of Morven is the emblem of my soul." Most of the literary men of Europe were entranced with the stories, and greatly delighted that these valuable pieces had been saved from oblivion. It was pleasant to think that our forefathers of the old Caledonians had rehearsed these same songs fifteen hundred years before. Hazlitt declared that the four books of poetry in the world were Homer, The Bible, Dante and Ossian. The poems delighted Burns, Byron, Scott and a host of others. Wordsworth was dubious that all might not be genuine, for doubt now began to be expressed in the matter. Matthew Arnold, however, wrote thus, "Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please. Strip Scotland if you like of every feather of borrowed plumes. . . . I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it."

Gibbon said, "The Poems of Ossian according to every hypothesis were composed by a native Caledonian." The poet, Gray, whose "*Elegy in a Country Churchyard*," is probably the finest lyric in the English

language, on receiving a copy of the "Fragments" wrote, "The whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments counterfeit but the internal is so strong on the other side that I am resolved to believe them genuine spite of the Devil and the Kirk. This man is the very Daemon of poetry or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages."

As time advanced the few original doubters of the authenticity increased, and it began to be openly reported that the poems had been formulated in the fertile brain of MacPherson himself. What searchings among the literary critics immediately followed to endeavour to detect by one stray word, or by plagiarism, anything that might fix the guilt on the poor youth's head!

In Scotland, and particularly in the Highlands where the people had the best right to judge on the merits of the poems, the consensus of opinion was entirely in favour of their being the traditional poems from early times. The names of Ossian, Oscar, Fion and others common in the verses, had been continually on Highland tongues. So much was this the case that the very children used them in their quotations, when they asked for fairplay or privilege in their games. As we speak at the present time of the wisdom of Solomon, or the patience of Job, so the Highlanders spoke of the sorrows of Ossian (because of his blindness and the death of all his kindred), and when they had anything to say of female loveliness they compared it with Agandecca, the daughter of the snow.

Staunch adherents to MacPherson's cause were soon forthcoming in the Highlands. MacDonald of Killephedir declared that there was infinitely more Ossianic poetry among the people around him than MacPherson had translated in all his books.

The Rev. Donald MacLeod, writing in 1764 to Dr. Blair, declared that MacPherson's visit was of too short a duration to collect all the works of Ossian, as different poems of that bard, or poems credited to him, were to be found among the various clans. Aged Highlanders swore before Commissioners for Oaths that they could repeat when they were young hundreds of the poems of Ossian. One man recited to the Rev. Mr. MacNiel the whole of Dalthuna. Another declared on oath before two Justices of the Peace that his brother, who died in 1780, had recited to MacPherson for four days and four nights.

Meantime the controversy grew hot and furious, and David Hume, who had been one of MacPherson's staunchest supporters, but who was now thought to be wavering a little in his attachment, wrote to Dr. Blair in September, 1763, suggesting that an enquiry should be inaugurated as doubt of authenticity was increasing in London, and only a thorough investigation would put the balance of opinion on the other side. The following month we find Hume writing a second letter to Dr. Blair, in which he says, "You must expect no assistance from Mr. MacPherson, who flew into a passion when I told him of the letter I had wrote to you. But you must not mind so strange and heteroclite a mortal, than whom I have scarce ever known a man more perverse and unamiable. He will probably depart for Florida with Governor Johnstone and I would advise him to travel among the Chickisaws or Cherokees in order to tame and civilize him."

The opponents to the authenticity of the poems argued from two main standpoints. First, that it was impossible for these works to have been preserved for such a length of time and to come down so complete and perfect to the present time, and, second, that the extreme courtesy, honour, gentleness and other beautiful

qualities shown by the pieces, were not to be expected in a people at a time when the light of Christianity was showing itself by only the faintest ray.

The advocates met these arguments by pointing out that there was no reason for supposing that the poems had not come down from the time of the Roman occupation. They had originated some time or other, and as well then as later. They referred their opponents to the poems of Homer, which had been similarly received, and that parts of the "*Iliad*" or the "*Odyssey*" were actually bought from the holders after quite as long a period as the poems in question. The Highlanders had remained throughout the ages unconquered, and, consequently, unmolested and unmixed with other peoples. There would, therefore, be little change in their language or life. Indeed, it could be shown that there were other poems in the Highlands quite as old, though not included in the publications. The Tam-bo of Cualgne, for instance, which commemorates a historic cattle raid, may have been composed at the time Christ was on earth.

As to the qualities and virtues of the characters in the verses, MacPherson's supporters pointed out that there were often higher principles among painted savages than among the more civilized races. The argument was not without a fair amount of truth. If we go back to primitive people it is wonderful to find the high sense of honour and the courteous tongue they possessed. The Bible narrative is full of it. If we take, for instance, the fine answer as to his age, given by Jacob to Pharaoh, or think of the manners of his time when men bowed themselves to earth or salaamed (still a custom of the East), and compare the words and the actions with modern Western methods, our advanced civilization does not appear to great advantage. We can come down to later

days and take an instance. When Randolph allowed part of the English army to slip past him at Bannockburn, and make for Stirling Castle—an event that Bruce foresaw and wished to prevent—could anything be more courteously put than the King's expression, "Randolph, there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." Suppose the same thing were to happen to-day, is it likely that a modern commander would express himself so well? Again, think of the humanity of Bruce after Bannockburn; how readily he spared all lives, and compare it four hundred years later with Cumberland after Culloden, who massacred the wounded on the battle-field. And you can come down six hundred years later still, where, in the late war, Germany, the supposed most cultured and highest gifted of powers, sank hospital ships and used poison gas.

But to return to Ossian. Hume's letter to Dr. Blair showed that MacPherson was not an easy man with whom to deal. He sailed to Florida with Governor Johnstone, but quarrelled with him and was soon home again. At all times he was most passionate. It is said that on one occasion when he was challenged on the matter of the poems, he took a bundle of ancient Gaelic poetry (or what he represented to be such) and threw it in the fire. If MacPherson did not write the poems, but received them, he might have taken another method of proving their genuineness. It was the attitude he adopted to all who questioned his honesty that annoyed the people, who, as Logan said, "bestowed on him an honour and imputed to him a merit, of which he was by no means worthy—that of being the author of the poems in question."

Previous to this, however, it would appear that MacPherson had sent certain Gaelic copies to his publishers, Messrs. Beckett & De Hondt, in the Strand,

who advertised that they lay with them for inspection by anyone who wished to examine them. At the end of a twelve-month they were withdrawn, no one having taken advantage of the offer.

After various vicissitudes and much wordly success, chiefly through his association with an Indian Prince, MacPherson, now a wealthy man, bought land in his native Badenoch, built a large house on it and became a model landlord.

A period of forty years passed by, during which argument and counter argument followed each other unceasingly without either side being able to claim a victory, and the question still remained unanswered. Did MacPherson discover and translate these poems, or did he write them himself?

The matter was not always to remain without the enquiry for which both sides were clamorous, and it was decided to probe the business to the bottom and leave no shadow of doubt.

The enquiry was put into operation in 1797, when a Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland took the matter up with spirit, and in 1805 they issued their report. It followed the line suggested by Hume in 1763, though evidently in ignorance of his recommendations.

The Committee was under the Convenership of Henry MacKenzie, and they had the assistance of all the leading Celtic authorities of the day. It was hoped something satisfactory would be found in their conclusions.

In the first place, it was agreed to send circulars to clergymen and other men of standing in all parts of the Highlands and Islands, where it was considered that they might be able to give or procure reliable information on the subject. They were asked whether they had ever heard repeated any of the poems ascribed to Ossian as translated by MacPherson; whether similarly there were

any other ancient poems known locally and relating to the same traditional persons as those in MacPherson's collection; and whether there was any person in the neighbourhood from whom MacPherson had received any poems. Finally, each was asked to procure information about the traditional belief in Fingal and his warriors and Ossian and his poems.

The result was as might have been expected. Those who had received the circulars, though they were aware of the controversy, had themselves never doubted the existence of such poems. They did not hesitate to state that they had been familiar with them from their youth. Reciting and listening to them had been the amusement of the Highlanders from the earliest times down to the Rebellion, when the system of patriarchal government was ended by the Act of 1748. So drastic were the changes wrought in the Highlands by this event, that it operated in a generation or two by completely wiping out the old skill and pride in reciting verses. They agreed that many of the poems had for their subject the story of Fingal and Ossian, and that MacPherson's translation was good but that it lacked the force of the original—a statement that can safely be made with all translations.

A few of the correspondents forwarded ancient poems which they had received from the old people among whom they resided, and the Committee were particularly pleased on receiving a copy of Ossian's "Address to the Sun," somewhat different from the exquisite piece given by MacPherson, in Carthon. In this poem the words begin:—

"O thou that rollest above round as the shield of my
fathers

Whence are thy beams O sun! Thy everlasting light
Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty the stars hide
themselves in the sky."

The copy was sent by a Mr. MacDiarmid, who had taken it down from an old man in Glenlyon thirty years before. This man had learned it in his youth from people in the same glen long before MacPherson was born. It runs:—

“O! thou who travellest above, round as the full orb'd hard shield of the mighty! Whence is thy brightness without frown, thy light that is lasting O sun! Thou comest forth in thy powerful beauty, and the stars hide their course,” etc.

The similarity may well be noticed.

The conclusions reached by the Committee left no doubt that at one time there had been an abundance of Ossianic poetry circulating in the Highlands of Scotland. They were compelled to acknowledge, however, that they were unable to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor as those published by MacPherson. They were inclined to believe that he was in the habit of inserting passages of his own make-up and dropping passages where it did not suit his purpose or humour to put them in. Finally, they had to confess that they had been greatly handicapped through the length of time that had elapsed from the publication of the poems. Had the investigation been proceeded with when David Hume suggested it nearly fifty years earlier, it might have been possible to collect many more pieces and hear much oral work besides. The Committee had no hesitation in declaring that MacPherson held many decided advantages over them.

Those who knew the Highlanders and Highland history best, are strong supporters of the authenticity of MacPherson's Ossian. Stewart says, “When a boy, I took great pleasure in hearing these recitations, and now reflect with much surprise on the ease and rapidity with which a person could continue them for hours without

hesitation and without stopping, except to give the argument or prelude to a new chapter or subject. One of the most remarkable of these reciters in my time was Duncan MacIntyre, a native of Glenlyon, in Perthshire, who died in September, 1816, in his 93rd year. His memory was most tenacious; and the poems, songs and tales, of which he retained a perfect remembrance to the last, would fill a volume. Several of the poems are in possession of the Highland Society of London, who settled a small pension on MacIntyre a few years before his death, as being one of the last who retained any resemblance to the ancient race of bards. When any surprise was expressed at his strength of memory and his great store of ancient poetry, he said that in his early years he knew numbers whose superior store of poetry would have made his own appear as nothing."

The Highland Society sent a gentleman through Perthshire to collect remains of Gaelic poetry, and when at Garth a young woman from the neighbourhood recited upwards of 3000 lines to him, and could have given him as many more. When she stopped to give him time to write it down, she resumed at the word immediately following. On its being read over to her she had to make only trifling corrections.

It should be stated that MacPherson was not a capable Gaelic scholar, and this was against his having composed a translation of the poems. On one occasion, in Benbecula, when with others in pursuit of finding Ossianic literature, he asked a stranger if he knew any of the poems of Ossian relating to the Fingalians, but his question was better interpreted whether the Fingalians owed him anything. Now, the man turned out to be Codrum, the poet, who, noting the inaccuracy of the traveller's Gaelic, replied, "If they owed him anything the bonds were lost and any attempt to recover them at

that time of day would be unavailing." It should be noted that although MacPherson published other works of his acknowledged own composition, they were all inferior and gained him no popularity. Many capable critics believe he was not capable of composing Ossian's poems.

Some one has said that the pleasure of being well deceived is equal to having all knowledge of the matter, and if this be true it may be a pity that any question ever arose over the ancient Caledonian poems. Man's nature, however, is to search every avenue for truth and veracity, even though he makes himself miserable in so doing. This is what happened here.

It does not lie with us to dogmatise. There are those who believe the poems to be an impudent forgery. These people are mostly to be found in the south, but no sooner do they throw down the gauntlet than there are others ready to pick it up and prove the works to be genuine translations of the poetical effusions of far off Druidical times. Until some further light is thrown on the subject, if that can ever happen, the majority of thinking people will probably take a medium course, and be inclined to accept the verdict arrived at by the Highland Society—genuine in parts.

Be that as it may, no one can deny their beauty and their almost unique phraseology, and if not to be read critically, well worthy of at least passing study and reflection, and for the pleasure they afford.

CHAPTER VII.

Superstition.

SUPERSTITION held a firm hold of the Highlander, as indeed it did all over the country, but it remained longer with him than with his Lowland brother. There exists no more of it in the Highlands now than anywhere else in Scotland. Indeed, it would now appear, along with like absurdities and failings, to be more prevalent in the south than in the north, and among the educated rather than the poorer classes.

The shops of jewellers and haberdashers display, and press notices advertise all sorts of lucky charms, while mascots are prominent in conspicuous places. There must be a degree of superstition in most of us which will account for the paucity of May marriages, the dangers attendant on sitting thirteen at table, the spilling of salt, the breaking of mirrors and so on *ad infinitum*.

A man's calling and his surroundings as well as his temperament have much to do in perpetuating and encouraging a superstitious belief. The reading of literature so inclined, inexplicable happenings and coincidences, are fertile seeds for its propagation and growth. The sailor is strongly superstitious, as indeed are all who "go down to the sea in ships." There they are brought up against great immensities till the subconscious mind is filled with awe at the immeasurable expanse of the firmament above and the waste of waters surrounding. The miner, who goes down to the bowels of the earth, where he works in dangerous surroundings,

is likewise profoundly impressed and affected by similar influences.

The moon was worshipped by our early forefathers, and has always remained a source of veneration. To this day the appearance of a new moon is commented on, notwithstanding its frequency. The English say, "She is a fine moon. God bless her." In Scotland it is considered unlucky to see "McFarlane's boat" for the first time through glass, and if one has money in one's pocket it should be turned three times to ensure prosperity during the waxing, the full, and the waning of the orb. Highland women used to curtsy to her and repeat the words, "Lady moon I bow to thee."

It was an ancient belief that good or bad luck was conditioned by whether the hands were full or empty on the first appearance of a new moon—if full it indicated a present, if empty it betokened unemployment during that moon. Any unusual disturbance in the heavens was assumed to be an indication of something to happen on earth. We have this illustrated in Aytoun's poem, where he shows how all night the people watched the conflagrations in the planetary system as

"Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when Kings and heroes die."

Anything unusual in the heavens might foretell an enraged Deity. Thunder was God speaking in the clouds, and the comet was the Death star.

It was representative of good luck when the first lamb of the season was seen to be facing one, and in some parts the same was told of horses in the plough in spring.

The belief in fairies was universal. These little gentry of another world could do considerable harm unless their wicked propensities were assuaged by various

means, which, fortunately, were known. In Gaelic they are called *Sithean*, which word also means "grasping," because it was believed they could seize and carry off the little ones, and even adults. Thomas the Rhymer was supposed to have been carried off by them and hidden among the Eildon Hills.

When "Waverley" was hurt during the stag hunt and found himself incapable of rising from the ground, the Highland doctor or leech was called from among the huntsmen, and, being prepared with the necessary herbs beforehand, approached the injured man in the "deasil" fashion. The old Esculapius, after bleeding his patient with a cupping glass, which he did very cleverly, proceeded to boil over a fire a quantity of herbs. From these he prepared an embrocation and fomented the injured parts in a manner similar to that of a modern surgeon, with this exception that he kept murmuring all the time spells and gibberish unknown to his hearers. The patient, greatly benefited, imputed the cure to the virtue of the herbs and the effects of rubbing, but the Highlanders ascribed it to the spells. The injured man was given to understand that not one of the ingredients had been gathered except during the full moon, and that during the time they were being collected the following charm was recited:—

"Hail to thee thou holy herb
That sprung on holy ground!
All in the mount Olivet
First wert thou found.
Thou art boot for many a bruise
And healeth many a wound,
In our Lady's blessed name
I take thee from the ground."

Many superstitious beliefs lay in the practice of medicine. If it was to be of any good to a patient as a cure it was an essential part that it be made, and taken,

with much ceremony, usually of a religious nature. The Druids were the first physicians, and they naturally embraced the occasion of invoking the blessing of their gods on the medicine they were prescribing. In ancient Christian times too, the preaching of the Gospel and the healing of disease went together. The Christian priest succeeded the Druid in the office of physician, or, if he was not actually the physician, that functionary could do nothing without his presence. The barber, as his familiar striped pole testifies, acted as surgeon when his skill was required, but now these professions are quite divorced. It is not so long ago, however, that many a person would not swallow medicine, no matter though prescribed by a fully qualified practitioner, without first securing the authority of the minister on the matter.

Mistletoe was the all-heal of disease in heathen times, when the priests held their religious ceremonies beneath the oaks. It was the duty of the Arch Druid to cut down the berries with a golden knife and divide them among his audience. In all convulsive disorders, and particularly in epilepsy it was considered without a peer, and its use for this purpose is not long discontinued.

Almost all kinds of plants were brought into the pharmacy of the ancients. Some were dried in the sunshine, others required preparation in the shade, but all with nice observances, otherwise their curative virtues would be lost.

Writing near the middle of the last century a gentleman gives us the following recommendations for illness or sudden emergencies, as they prevailed in the Highlands at that time. "The tops of nettles chopped small, and mixed with the white of eggs, applied to the forehead, or erica baccifera, boiled for a little in water, and applied warm to the crown, procures sleep. Spirewort cut very small, and applied in the shell of the limpet

to the temples, removes toothache. A similar application, sufficiently strong to raise a blister, cures sciatica and other complaints. The infusion of wild garlic is drank for the stone. Fern, mixed with the white of eggs, dispels bloodshot from the eyes. Wild sage chewed and put into the ears of cows or sheep certainly restores sight. The broth of a lamb, in which the herb shunuish has been boiled, is reckoned good for consumption. The liver of a seal, dried, pulverised, and drank with milk or whisky is a good remedy for flukes. Linarich, a green coloured seaweed, is applied to the temples and forehead to dry up defluxions and for the cure of megrim; it is also applied to burns. In the Island of Gighay, nettles were used to staunch bleeding, but the most esteemed article for this purpose is the bolgabeite, a round sort of fungus. When it dries it becomes full of a light powder of a brownish colour, which, being exposed to the wind, flies off like smoke. In cases of fractures a poultice of barley meal and white of eggs must be immediately applied: the part then surrounded by small splinters of wood tightly wrapped up and not to be untied for several days. An ointment of St. John's Wort, bettonica, and goldenrod, all cut and mixed in butter or grease, with which they cure wounds in general, is then applied, and in this manner they treat the most compound fracture with tolerable success."

There was another cure than the herb shunuish in the treatment of consumption and other illnesses. The Highlanders looked on illness as the work of the devil, and his influence was strongest in the extremities. They pared the nails of the patient, put them in a bag, and swung them round the head, using certain invocations all the time. Then they buried them in some spot not known. By this means they weakened the devil's power to do evil!

When the feet were hot and tired with walking, the Highlander, through long experience, believed in bathing them in hot water in which red moss had been steeped; when they were benumbed with cold he would scarify them, and when inflamed he applied the leaves of the alder.

Again, for the cure and preventive of subsequent recurrence of sciatica, a raw potato was carried in the jacket pocket.

It is not to be supposed that all these were the worthless superstitions of an ignorant people, who honestly believed in their virtues to heal. Some of them, no doubt, often cured or benefited the sufferer, though to us now living they give the feeling that "the will to be well" was an agency that played its part in the cure.

The Highlander had also a firm belief in certain articles carrying good luck and bringing good and prosperity to their owner. In an ancient Gaelic poem we read of a certain ring in the north having curative powers. The circumstance is not to be wondered at when we consider that Queen Elizabeth wore a ring guaranteed to prevent her from taking the plague.

The millstones of the old mill (St. Fillans) on the Dochart, at Killin, had properties similar to those of the Lee Penny. In addition, if stolen, they returned to their home in the mill. Here once a year they were "bedded" in dry grass from the river. This custom is mentioned in the lease of the mill.

There were certain wells in the Highlands the waters of which were thought to have curative properties, and many sought a cure in them. There is one near Inverness in which the patient is required to place a silver coin preparatory to drinking the water. Another, Grews, or Greuze, Well, in the Stormont, though situated in the hills, and far from any centre, was at one time visited.

On the first Sunday of May (o.s.) thousands of people made pilgrimages to it, under the belief that their illnesses could be cured by drinking of the water after having dropped in a pin by way of a votive offering.

Miss Gordon Cumming, writing on the subject of Holy Wells, says, "Perhaps the most popular of all is the Greuze Well, near Dunkeld, which is still frequented by people from all parts of the country, who bring their sick children, that, having tasted the mystic waters, they may be healed. The offerings here are of a very superior sort, as a silver coin is occasionally thrown in instead of the more frequent pins and pence; and rags and scraps of the sick folk's clothes are left hanging on the heathery tufts, as a reminder to the spirit of the Greuze. Such offerings are especially common on behalf of idiot children."

There is a well of St. Dennick's (Devenick's), in Cromarty, with similar powers. The moving of the waters "came" after the patron had presented some personal belongings to it. A tree beside it used to be covered with rags. It was also a "wishing" well. These curative wells have in present times their prototype in the Grotto at Carfin, to which many thousands annually repair in the hope of a cure, while abroad there are many such wells.

There was also the unspoken water cure. This was water taken from particular wells and used in certain illnesses. It was drawn before sunrise, and brought without uttering a word, otherwise the spell would have been broken. The vessel was not allowed to touch the ground before the patient had first drank of its contents.

The visiting of holy wells was banned by an edict of the General Assembly of 1638, but it was so difficult to convince the people that there was no virtue in their waters that the visiting was not discontinued at that time.

The Presbytery of Dingwall referred to the sinfulness of the superstition in 1656 in regard to the well of Spey, and we find an order from the Privy Council appointing Commissioners "to wait at Christ's Well in Menteith, on the first of May and to seize all who might assemble at the spring and imprison them in Doune Castle." One of the most remarkable of these wells is situated in a churchyard near Torridon. Through the action of the water three pebbles were kept in continuous motion. It was necessary to carry home one of the stones along with a little of the water, and the patient, after touching the stone, no matter the nature of his illness, was able to walk back with it, perfectly cured! It required, however, the correct ceremony and incantations to be used, and when it failed to effect a cure, no doubt to the incorrectness of these would be laid all blame.

Places as far apart as Motherwell and Tobermory show in their names the presence of holy wells.

The idea of curing sickness by some extraneous means is not long given up, if indeed it is quite entirely out of use. It is only a century ago that Sir Walter Scott, suffering from one of his most serious illnesses, admitted that he received as many infallible remedies as would set him up as a quack doctor had he been inclined to leave literature and set up in this other line. Probably the most extraordinary of these cures was from his Highland piper, John Bruce, who spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve smooth stones from an equal number of south running streams, intending that the patient should sleep upon them and be made whole. He had, however, a rather advanced though sympathetic patient, who had pain enough without the additional effect of pebbles to his back. Sir Walter, not anxious to hurt his servant's feelings, remarked that it was undoubtedly an infallible remedy, but that to be successful it was necessary that the

stones be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who did not wish to marry again. Considering the difficulty of procuring such Bruce renounced all hope of completing the charm.

As might be expected many ceremonies centred around the natal chamber. There was a danger that the young infant and even its mother might be spirited away by the fury of the fairies. These, as we have said, were really not wicked, but much inclined just out of mischief. It was customary, therefore, to have the bed placed in the centre of the apartment, while a friend would walk round it, deisul fashion, with an open Bible in his hand, beseeching the "good folk" to touch neither mother nor babe. A Bible was frequently placed under the pillow, and a knife and spade under the bed and salt was scattered around.

The fairies lived in little green knolls called *sith dhuin*. From these they emerged for their frolics and festivities. They were known to allure men, as the evening fell, into their abode, and to turn them into creatures like themselves. These little "Men of Peace" wore green garments, consequently they took offence when mortals assumed their favourite colour. This is why, especially in the north, green is considered unlucky. It was believed in Caithness that the County's contingent wore too much of this colour at Flodden, hence their heavy loss in that battle.

The fairies were, of course, rendered impotent by the reading of the Scripture. The faithful Andrew Fair-service, who admitted having been "mistrysted wi' a bogle the night already," was dubious of opening the "yett" till he had gone through the evening service. He chose for the purpose the reading of the fifth chapter of Nehemiah, and he says, "if that winna gar them keep their distance, I wotna' what will." Equally so the

church, and even the manse were powerful antidotes and preventatives to the proclivities of satan's ellwands. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, after showing by his whispers that he was in dread of the airy creatures, half men and half devils, was cheered by the lights of the clachan of Aberfoyle before he had courage enough to call out "It's deceits o' Satan after a', and I fearna' to say it, for we are near the Manse noo."

It cannot be said that this belief in the fairies, when one considers that they could be controlled by the Scriptures and things good, was in itself a bad superstition. Indeed, any superstition, however ridiculous, is not altogether bad, if at its foundation there is the consciousness of punishment or reward, according to whether the individual acts wrongly or rightly. In such cases do not the better qualities of superstition compensate for any harm done?

The water kelpie, however, was a spirit of evil design, whose great desire was to drown people by luring them into loch or river, and then engulfing them under the water therein. These kelpies were well known, seeing that they frequently made their appearance, though always unfortunately at a respectable distance, and, of course, near water. Shadows which make such fanciful figures in sunshine or moonlight no doubt helped to perpetuate the superstition, if indeed it did not originate from this same cause. When the mind was made up that a willow bush represented a kelpie it would be difficult to change the view, because no one would be venturesome enough to prove it.

The Urisks, on the other hand, were in character allied to the fairies. They were creatures who, if properly treated, could even assist in manual work. It was customary, therefore, for the farmer to set down a bowl of cream, and even clothes, for the use of the Urisks,

before he retired to rest at night. To omit doing this put the whole household in a state of deadly fear for a considerable time afterwards. Many devices were employed to prevent the ubiquitous dog or cat from stealing the Urisk's portion, generally a chalked ring of weird design surrounding the bowl.

Another belief in many Highland families was that some visitant appeared only when a calamity was imminent. Its form varied between birds, beasts, or spirits. A white owl perched near the window pane might be a sure indication of death. Highland stories are full of the belief in coming disaster being foretold. In some cases the spectre was only visible then. With Fergus it was the Bodach Glas, "I saw him again last night—he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell from that high and narrow window towards my bed. Why should I fear him I thought — to-morrow long ere this time I shall be as immaterial as he. 'False spirit,' I said, 'art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the face of the last descendant of thine enemy?' The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it? I asked the same question of the priest who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it as imagination plays us such strange tricks."

There was another influence which was greatly believed in among the Highlanders. This was the Evil Eye. It was considered dangerous and unchristian to praise greatly anything or anybody whether done by the owner or by another person. If, therefore, a person spoke appreciatingly even of an animal, and it died shortly afterwards, its death was ascribed to the Evil Eye. If, however, the party had first invoked the blessing of

the Almighty on the creature, its death would then be put down to natural causes.

A belief in the Evil Eye is the greatest of all superstitions with the Arabs, and the similarity of the operation of its baleful influences in both places is sufficient to warrant its eastern origin. With them *ain el hâsid* (the envious eye) is counteracted by the ejaculation *Mashallah* (as God wills).

As in our own land, strips of clothing are hung to sacred trees, saint's shrines and similar places, as a protection from jinn and afreets, those airy creatures which may be compared with the fairies and other evil spirits of the Gael.

To go about with too great a grief after a death was considered very wrong. It was rebellion against the will of God. They believed it was quite possible for the spirits of their departed friends to revisit them, with their influences. Consequently they were always ready to listen to any story of the supernatural. Stories of ghosts and similar apparitions were of the spirit class, and accepted without question.

When it was desired to know the result of coming events, the Highlanders sometimes brought their own wild scenery and thoughts into requisition. This was known as the Taghairm.

“The Taghairm called by which afar
Our sires foresaw the events of war.”

The method of receiving the prophesy was to have a chosen person wrapped up in the skin of a newly killed bullock, and placed in some savage spot, such as is to be found in the Highlands in almost every district. A cave in a precipice might be chosen, and here, far from the haunts of men, surrounded by rocks, and listening to the roar of the stream, the prophet sat in the quiet and

gloom. As he sat at the cavern's mouth he would meditate on the questions to which he had to return an answer. He would picture to himself the battle's progress and follow it from stage to stage as it mirrored itself to him, and his imagination would be encouraged by the solemnity of his surroundings. In time he would arrive at certain conclusions, when he would again appear among his clan, where his words would be accepted as truly prophetic.

The most important of all efforts, however, to read futurity, and which we include here under superstition, were those carried out by the Highland prophets, or Seers, as they were called. Notwithstanding the fierce and warlike nature of Highlandmen who could charge with impetuosity almost anything brought against them, and

“With nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow,”

they had secretly a great dread of death. In the heat and turmoil of battle, with the alternative of kill or be killed, the thought of the mystery of it all was for a time out of their minds, but in their quieter seclusion it was often in their thoughts. In this connection we are reminded of one of these men, who was seen running up the High Street of Edinburgh towards an erected gallows which was waiting for him. But this haste was not because he was anxious to die, rather that he had been liberated on his word of honour to return in time for his execution. So much did he count on this virtue that to have broken his pledged word was a greater calamity than to suffer death. We know that Highland soldiers in more recent times dreaded an execution in the army, and were reticent, grave and thoughtful until it was over. It was this excited imagination and introspection,

working on a Celtic temperament that produced Seers, or people possessed of the Second Sight. The Seers were generally aged—

“A gray hair’d sire—whose eye intent
Was on the vision’d future bent.”

But this was not necessarily so. They were a class very highly respected and honoured by all the people, and, as may be assumed, their power was a personal gift and in no way hereditary. Lord Menteith, speaking of Allan McAulay in *A Legend of Montrose*, said that that chieftain received a much greater degree of deference from his clan than his brother, because of the opinion generally entertained that he held communion with supernatural beings, and could predict future events.

The phenomenon is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, meaning a shadowy appearance, and those possessed of the faculty *Taishatrin*, or visionaries.

Martin, who knew much of the Highlands, wrote regarding it:—“The Second Sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the Seers that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision as long as it continues, and then they appear pensive, or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation and to others that were with me.”

Before the vision took place, the Seer could not tell what was to appear, and it was put down as proof of the vision that his subsequent explanation of its import was not invariably correct. The strain on the part of the

medium during the vision was very intense. His eyelids stood out and upwards, and they sometimes refused to return to their places until assisted to do so by the fingers of another.

The period that elapsed between the prophesy and its fulfilment varied considerably. If the vision was seen in the morning it would take place shortly, but the fulfilment of an evening vision could not be determined so easily, and it might be years before its accomplishment.

In the visions there were certain prognostications evident of their meaning, so that, these being known, the reading was a simple matter. If a woman was seen standing at a man's left hand it presaged she would marry that man later, even although both, at the time of the vision, were married people. A spark of fire falling on one's arm or breast indicated a dead child in that same position before long, or it might be that the Seer staring at a person seated on a chair saw no person but only an empty seat. It clearly showed the death of that person. The interpretations were, therefore, usually apparent to both the visionary and his audience.

Seers were frequently consulted before and even during a struggle. On one occasion it is said that the McGregors were encouraged to go forward to the attack on a much stronger body of the Colquhouns, because a Seer predicted them success. In consequence of this they attacked with great ferocity and won the day, the Colquhouns losing heavily.

Lochiel is represented as having consulted the Seer in advance of the defeat at Culloden, and was warned of what would befall him there. The Seer argues from his standpoint :—

“Man cannot cover what God would reveal.
’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

It is worth noting that Lochiel argues from his side, and is not to be advised in this matter by the prophet.

One of the most common signs of approaching death was when the Seer declared that he saw a person enveloped in a shroud, and the position of the shroud on the body indicated the nearness of that fell foe. Thus, if it was low down or did not reach the heart, death would not come for a year or more, but if it enveloped the head or shoulders it might be expected in a matter of hours.

The author of *Waverley* takes occasion to mention the vision of the shroud. When at Prestonpans, his hero of that novel observes Callum take aim at his old commander in Cope's army. "Hold," cried an aged Highlander, as he stayed Callum's arm. "Spare your shot. His hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow. I see his winding sheet high upon his breast."

Martin observes that examples of this kind were shown him, when the persons of whom the observations were then made were in perfect health.

Tales of the Second Sight are extremely numerous all through the Highlands, and some of them are very interesting. One of these relates to the Royal clan, when Dugald Stewart is notified that he would bear what Laing calls the "noble coat of the Stewarts of Lorn." Dugald was an illegitimate son of Sir John Stewart, and of a daughter of McLaren of Ardveich. After the death of his first wife, Sir John resolved to marry the lady and so legitimise her son. The bridal party set out from Ardveich to Dunstaffnage, and on the way Dugald Stewart was accosted by an aged woman who claimed to have the Second Sight. To her enquiries as to whither he went he replied, "What is that to you old woman? I am going to receive some little justice." "Well," she replied, "I have something to tell you. I

have had a dream that as you have for eighteen years been known as Dugald Stewart, the illegitimate of Ardveich, so you will for twenty-eight years be known as the head of the Stewarts of Lorn." Just before the arrival of the wedding party at Dunstaffnage, Sir John Stewart was stabbed by Alan McCoule, but the marriage rite was duly solemnised, the priest assisting the dying man in placing the ring on the bride's finger. This was in 1463, and in 1469 the Earl of Argyle made over his claims to Lorn to Dugald Stewart, who remained as the head of the clan till 1497.

Royalty and those in high position were often the subjects of warning. It will be recalled that when James I was nearing the Water of Leith on his last visit to Perth, it is said that he was approached by an old Highland woman at the ferry and warned of his danger. "My lord, the King," she cried, "if you pass this water you will never return again alive." Now, the King had read or heard that the year would see the murder of a King of Scotland, yet he persisted on going forward. It is evident that when danger threatened, the risk was taken and the Seer ignored, or it may be that the former, because of its consequences, has come down to us in history, while the other left little to be recorded. In this case the King reached Perth, took up residence in Blackfriar's monastery, and here was slain by Sir Robert Graham.

An interesting prophesy is recalled by the death recently of Lord Leith of Fyvie. The legend is that The Rhymer was once repulsed at Fyvie Castle. He predicted that there would be no male heir to that house until a certain stone in the adjacent river was recovered. Thomas The Rhymer lived in the 13th century, and, though the place was out of the family for 300 years, it was bought back by Lord Leith. He left no direct heir,

and none is said to have been born through the centuries in which they had possessed the property.

Cases of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely, but all are practically of the same tenor. There are few Highland families of importance to whom some prophesy has not at some time or another been directed, and these are fulfilled with wonderful accuracy.

In one of his novels the great Wizard gives a story of the Second Sight which we quote, as it may explain his own feelings on the matter. He tells how Murdoch McKenzie, born in Assynt, foretold the death of Donald Touch, a Lochaber man, and certain other persons at the siege of Trailsund. "I have often heard of this faculty," observed Anderson, "but I always thought those pretending to it were either enthusiasts or fanatics."

"I should be loath," said Lord Menteith, "to apply either character to my kinsman; his high sense of honour and manliness of disposition free him from the charge of imposture." "Your lordship, then, is a believer in his supernatural attributes." "By no means, I think that he persuades himself that the predictions, which are in reality, the result of judgment and reflection, are supernatural impressions on his mind, just as fanatics conceive the working of their own imagination to be divine inspiration. At least, if this will not serve you, I have no better explanation to give."

Was this Second Sight in the Highlander entirely mythical — a pure fraud — perpetrated by a few on the many, or did it hold any degree of truth at all? Was it possible that such a faculty, if it ever existed, could be lost to humanity? These are questions difficult to answer. It is hard to believe that it could continue to be enacted, from one generation to another, and be believed in without some reason. Even the establishment of Christianity did not annul its influence. In view of what

we now know from those whose study of the occult has advanced our knowledge in this direction, we should not be too ready to classify it as fanciful or ridiculous. It might be safer to ascribe it to psychic causes.

When Dr. Johnson visited the Highlands he was shown the operations of the Second Sight, and wrote a long dissertation on the phenomenon. He attributed it to a supernatural agency, and declared that it was wonderful, only because it was rare. He considered it involved no more difficulty than did dreams.

If it was entirely fictitious, it is remarkable the number of well educated and otherwise talented men who have been misled by it. Its possession was not confined to the Highlands, but to the Highlanders; or if not confined to them reached its greatest perfection in the Celt. One well-known author was of opinion that if force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts unconnected with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of its existence.

Many families, especially in the Highlands, had their family ghost or spirit, which, perhaps, appeared only immediately prior to a death. This spirit took various forms. To one family it might be a dog, to another an eagle, to a third a goat, which, by their presence and cries, acted as a portent of approaching troubles. A presage of this kind announces the death of the McLeans of Lochbuy. The spirit of a chief of that family, who fell in battle, is heard galloping along a certain stony path, after which it thrice circles the family residence and is seen no more.

This domestic spirit watching over, and attached to each Highland family, has been the subject of many a story. In most cases, however, the appearance of the spirit was adjudged a warning of coming disaster or loss.

Many other superstitions held power over a simple

and credulous people. To tell them all would fill volumes, as almost every action was regulated by some superstitious ceremony. In the home rowan berries would be hung, and a rowan tree planted near the door to protect the inmates from the fairies. In many cases it now marks only where the dwelling once stood.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hospitality.

IN all lands where distances are great and food is scarce, the inhabitants are given to the hospitable treatment of strangers. We have many instances of this in the Bible, and at the present day the Arab of the desert will willingly share his last crust with any one who may seek shelter with him for the night. This is a following of the "Golden Rule" of doing to others as they would be done by, for well does the Arab know that the host of to-day may be the succoured of to-morrow.

In older days the hospitality of the Highlander knew no bounds. He would beggar himself to feed strangers and to make them comfortable. The little he had to spare was given freely. "The charge of unhospitality was the greatest affront to a Highlander," says Scott in "Legend of Montrose," and this Christian virtue is not yet wholly lost. It must be remembered, however, that things are now very much changed from what they were in the days of which we write. The State has shouldered so much of the care of the poor and the aged, and provided them with medical treatment, pensions and other benefits, that there is neither the necessity nor the opportunity for the exercise of gracious deeds. This "spoonfeeding" may be right and proper, and in conformity with our Christian consciences, but we are bound to feel that there cannot be a great gain without some loss, if you will pardon the inversion of an ancient proverb.

It was a custom in the Highlands until comparatively recent times to keep the door unlocked day and night in

case any one should require shelter or rest. The Rev. Alex. Stewart, who is perhaps better known by his pen name of "Nether Lochaber," has stated that in his day in Morven doors were left "on the sneck" only, so that any one could enter. General Stewart of Garth mentions that so late as at the publication of his great work on the Highlands (1822) his father, adhering to old customs, did not lock his doors then. "I know not how long this custom may with safety be continued," he remarks. "Recent symptoms of a deplorable change in morals will undoubtedly compel people to guard their property with more care."

At one time it would have been considered shameful to have had doors barred, but all this is now changed everywhere. Even the Islanders, including those of St. Kilda, lock and bolt their doors on one another.

All the avenues of hospitality centred in the chief. It was the desire of the clan that this should be so. While given to hospitality themselves, they were willing to count it as little in order that he might receive the greater praise. He was, nominally at least, the lord of all the lands. He had arriage and carriage besides other privileges, and his larder required to be seldom empty. If, owing to numerous and unexpected guests, any decided diminution took place, there were always ways and means of having it replenished. When McDougall of Lorn found himself so circumstanced, he hung out a white table cloth from the battlements of Dunolly Castle. Immediately his clansmen provided his table with fish and game in abundance.

It is worthy of note that the Gaelic word for landholder is the same as that which signifies hospitality. His free hand and open charity was the continual theme of the bards.

The genuine traveller, when distinguishable, had a better claim to a good reception than the common beggar who wandered from house to house. In the days before the advent of steam engines, motor cars, or even horse-drawn vehicles, travelling was undertaken only with the greatest difficulties, and to most persons, at one time or another, the sight of a human habitation must have been very welcome indeed. The traveller might go a long way before he would see another. It was, therefore, considered almost an insult to pass by without calling; indeed, it carried with it a feeling of suspicion. It required an explanation in the south country as well as in the north. On one occasion the laird of Crichton Castle called his men and followed a certain baron and his servants, who had had the effrontery to pass his house. He had them brought back as prisoners, though it does not appear that he kept them in durance long. He had a sumptuous meal prepared for them, and, to heap coals of fire on their heads, he himself waited on them at table. The owner of Hangingshaw kept a supply of ale ready for all and sundry, and his Hangingshaw ladle was known far and wide.

The comparative richness of the Lowlands enabled this hospitality to be more easily carried through than was possible in the bleak north. It is said that one Highland chieftain had occasionally to find a meal for his visitors in an eagle's eyrie. There he was always sure of finding at least a few dead rabbits.

Robert Jamieson, the author of a book of poems, relates a rather amusing story of how he once called at a little Highland cottage and asked for food. The good-wife, taken by surprise, explained that she had nothing in the house but some cream and a small cheese, but if he would wait half an hour she would give him bread and butter too. He accepted the offer, although he could not

quite see how the problem was to be solved. Her reply was to point to a field of barley saying there was plenty grain on the croft. While she busied herself cutting and preparing the barley, her guest got the bottle of cream to shake with manifold instructions to "sing all the time," otherwise the butter might not "gather." The bread and the butter were ready simultaneously, and while the good lady was getting a little milk from her cow a hen cackled somewhere in the thatch, and the traveller sat down to bread and butter, cheese, milk and an egg. James Logan, who travelled much through the Highlands gathering material for his book, "The Scottish Gael," thus writes of the kindness he received. "The poorest cottager is ready to share his little provision with a stranger. On a hundred occasions I have partaken of their hospitality without being able to prevail on them to accept remuneration, which, in some cases, they have refused in a manner that showed their feelings were hurt at the idea of selling their meat and drink."

The hospitable nature of the Celt had the effect of drawing professional beggars from the Lowlands to live on him. It was a custom of the north alone not to ask the stranger the duration of his visit until the expiry of a year, and care was taken not to ask the name and lineage of a stranger before he had first partaken of a meal. Thus the lazy man soon discovered a fruitful field for his propensities and fostered himself on to a people as poor as himself. It was no doubt owing to the coshering of a beggar class that laws were passed by the Scots Parliament, requiring that all travellers on foot or on horseback "lodge in hostellaries and nane other receive them." Beggars' licences were supplied to a privileged few, who were provided with a badge and a blue coat or gown. This distinguishing feature was a passport to preferential treatment wherever they wandered. Edie

Ochiltree, who cuts such a fine figure in "The Anti-quary," and who distinguished himself in the rescue of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, was one of these privileged mendicants.

When the host could no longer retain his visitor through want of food, he introduced him to his neighbour, and there he remained until that party found it necessary to convey him further on.

An early writer on the Highlanders says—"They are hospitable beyond expression, entertaining all strangers of whatever description gratis." Another writes—"The natives of the Highlands and Isles possess a degree of civilisation that, by those who have never been among them, would hardly be believed. Attention to the great laws of morality, as confirmed and supported by religion, is nowhere more complete; in no part of the world is property more secure. A stranger in these regions, behaving inoffensively, will not only travel in perfect safety, but be kindly received and welcomed with affectionate hospitality."

Like the slayer who seeks shelter in the Arab tent, knowing it will be accorded him although the avenger of blood be at his heels, the Gael also would protect his guest regardless of consequences.

The fugitive could claim the *Comaraich* from whichever house he entered, though it might be that of the chief himself. It would be to him a place of safety as was the Refuge city to the ancient Jews. For a year and a day no question would be put to him that might lead to the establishment of his identity, if that was not readily forthcoming, as thereby the laws of hospitality would have been violated. He was entitled to every protection, and his host was proud to offer it.

The Gael would explain that even the stags of the forest were allowed a *Comaraich*. There was some spot

in every large forest, which from time immemorial, had been a sanctuary to the deer when he reached it. There the hunted animal was safe, though pursued by starving hunters, and a man was of more consequence than a deer.

It is clear that such customs have an eastern flavour, from where, no doubt, they had their origin.

A story will best illustrate the points. Young Lamond of Cowal had slain the only son of McGregor of Glenstrae. Being pursued, he entered the house of McGregor without knowing it. McGregor received him willingly, and, in ignorance of his son's murder, offered Lamond sanctuary. Even after learning that he was harbouring the slayer of his son, he considered it a sacred duty to protect him, and even to help him to escape. A very strange sequel to this traditionary story is told in "The Scottish Nation" (Anderson). It is there stated that shortly after this incident the name of McGregor was proscribed and the chief of Glenstrae became a wanderer without a name or a home. But the Laird of Lamond remembered the past, for to the old man he owed his life. He hastened to protect both him and his family, receiving them under his roof, and shielding them from their enemies.

As the shades of night began to fall, the Highlander, before turning in, looked around to see if there was any one on the road who might require the shelter of his roof. Donald McDonald of Aberarder, a northern laird, made it a practice to seat himself on a green *cnoc* near his house, from which he could see a long way in every direction. Immediately he saw any traveller he ordered food to be prepared. On one occasion he was heard to declare against a party who passed, by saying that he could not be a very nice fellow at home. We do not doubt his verdict was correct.

It is not often we read of lavish hospitality in the Highlands. The lairds there, though they have had their share in entertaining royalty, have always acted hospitably, but reasonably. The Lowlander, possessed of greater means, has had opportunities denied to his northern neighbour of indulging in extravagance.

When James VI visited his native land he was very hospitably entertained by Lord Crichton at Sanquhar. The avenue to his castle was lined with barrels of flowing wine, through which the horses splashed. To crown this lavish expenditure, when evening fell, Crichton burned the King's acknowledgment of money borrowed from him. This reception of royalty by a Lowlander was probably exceeded by the Duke of Athol when he entertained James V to a three-day hunting trip on the moors of Rannoch. An ambassador of the Pope accompanied him, and relates that the King was "as weel eased in all things as if he had been in ane of his awn palaces." The Duke had a great building erected, the walls of which were of timber woven with bark, "and biggit in four quarters, as if it had been a palace; and in every quarter a round like a blockhouse, whilks were lofted, and joisted three house heicht." This palace was provided with portcullis and drawbridge and a fosse sixteen feet deep, and was hung with fine tapestry and well lighted with glass windows. The King and his retinue were surprised that such a marvel should be in Scotland, and they were still more astonished when, on his departing, the Highlanders set fire to the building. The ambassador protested to this destruction of property, but the King answered, "It is the use of our Highlandmen, that be they never so weel lodged all the night, they will burn the same on the morn."

CHAPTER IX.

Fidelity and its Results.

THERE has been no more delightful and creditable characteristic of the Highlander than his faithfulness. At first it was his chief whom he revered, and this trait he later transferred to his superior officers in the regular army. Innumerable instances are on record in which he risked his life, and many occasions are accounted in which he sacrificed it in an endeavour to protect his officer. He obliterated all thoughts of personal safety, and never looked for any consideration for his services beyond the respect and love which they naturally gained him. Material gain was, in his eyes, not to be compared to the value of playing a part in which it could be said that he nobly performed his duty. He was no true Highlander if implicit confidence could not be placed in him, and he was prepared to face a hundred deaths rather than be called unfaithful.

He could not be bribed. If it was against his principles, no matter how great the money value of the reward offered might be, he was silent. Prince Charles Edward wandered, a fugitive among the hills of the Highlands for five long months, with a price of £30,000 set by the Government on his head. It represented an enormous sum in those days when money was much more valuable than now, but that was of little consequence. Though it had been ten times as great, neither the poorest nor the meanest among the Highlanders would have disclosed information prejudicial to his safety.

Nor need it be assumed from this that they were all disloyal to the established government, as there were many who assisted the Prince and gave him hospitality in his distress, yet had not joined his standard. Only sections of the Highlanders were favourable to his endeavour to regain the Kingdom: the others looked upon his action as foolishness, if not madness, itself.

The life of the Great Montrose was likewise in danger at times, but no Highlander would betray him. On one occasion he was recognised and afraid of betrayal. His relative and companion, Sir Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, tried to put the man off by declaring that he must be in error. Their disguises, however, were not deep enough, and he was informed that there was no mistake, "but go your way and God be with you." The noble Marquis later came to know his Highlanders better.

A notable instance of fidelity was shown in John McNaughton of Glenlyon, after the last Jacobite rebellion. He was a servant to Menzies, Laird of Culdres, an active partisan in the first Jacobite rising. In that revolt Menzies had been captured, carried to London, and condemned to death. Fortunately he managed to procure a free pardon. For this he was grateful towards the Government, and because of the magnanimity shown him, did not feel inclined to take up arms again. He had, however, the welfare of the Prince at heart, and sent him a good horse in the hope that it might carry him to victory. The delivery of the animal was entrusted to McNaughton, but, unfortunately for himself, he was taken prisoner and brought to Carlisle. Here he was condemned to death, but as he had been only the tool in the hands of another, the Government were desirous of finding out who had been generous enough to give what might be construed into hostile military equipment. McNaughton was offered a free pardon if he

would disclose the name, but if the Government thought they could obtain the information by such means they were sadly in error. The plan might have worked with many, but the Highlander was made of sterner stuff. McNaughton stoutly refused to give any information. If he did, he said, his people in Glenlyon would despise him, they would point the finger of scorn at him and the place would be a home for him no longer. He might consider himself as banished, and what was worse, his conscience would be always accusing him of infidelity. His friends could banish him, but he could never banish his conscience, and go which way he liked his sin would find him out. Death was, therefore, preferable to a state of this kind, and he suffered the last grim penalty rather than yield.

Trustworthiness was instilled into the hearts of the Highlanders from the time they could understand. They neither heard nor saw anything else; it grew up with them as a second nature, and they carried its charms and merits with them to the grave.

A story is told of some English soldiers who came to a village shortly after the '45 in search of Prince Charles. They were aware that he was in the vicinity, but knowing that they could get no information from the adult population of the place, they accosted a young lad, who, in his tattered habiliments, was running about as wild as a colt. They enquired if he had seen the Prince lately. He admitted that he had, but refused their further questioning as to where he now was. The officer, growing very angry, threatened him, and at last hit him so severely with the flat of his sword that the lad howled with pain. Finding that this did not elicit the required reply, he declared that he would cut the skin from his flesh. "Though you cut the flesh from my bones," said the youth, "I will never betray my Prince. Every

McPherson is the Prince's friend, and were I his dog I would not betray him." This story shows what the forces of the Crown had to contend with, when they endeavoured to run to earth their enemy who, when vanquished, had thrown himself on the protection of his trusty Highlanders.

In the Prince's army was a young man, Roderick McKenzie by name, who bore a remarkable personal likeness to the Prince himself. He was the Prince's "double," and he made good use of this fact to the Prince's advantage. He was always in attendance on his master after the defeat at Culloden, and shared with him the dangers and trials of a fugitive's existence. Several times he had to show himself to his pursuers in order to divert their attention from the Prince's place of concealment, and frequently, too, in their pursuit of him they were drawn further away from the real party they sought. He had a perfect knowledge of the country, and this proved most helpful to him in gaining a place of safety, and in returning again to the Prince when a suitable opportunity presented itself.

This went on for a time, but the day came when his good fortune deserted him. He had been surprised by a band of searchers, and, acting as he had done on many a former occasion, set off, followed by his enemies. Something happened to delay his progress. Probably he found himself running into another search party or a slight accident retarded his steps. In any case his pursuers soon came up with him. He defended himself gallantly, but his antagonists, eager for the reward which had been offered for the Prince's head, and which they now thought was in their grasp, left nothing to chance, and shot him down.

So strongly was the desire to impersonate the Prince, and so deeply must it have been implanted in his mind,

that even at that crisis of suffering he exclaimed, "Villains! you have slain your Prince." So certain were the soldiers of having secured their long coveted prize that they had the man's head cut off and exhibited as that of the Pretender. Even in his death, McKenzie's devotion to his Royal master assisted in his escape, and the search was relaxed until the error was discovered.

On another occasion the Prince found himself in a perilous situation. He and McDonnell of Lochgarry had been out on the moors of Lochaber, amid rain and snow-storms, and being half starved through cold and hunger, were apt to take more risk than was their wont. Observing some men enter a cave in the distance, the Prince suggested he should go to see if they could give him any food. His companion tried to dissuade Charles, as he thought they looked doubtful. The Prince, however, over-ruled his objections, and his surprise may be imagined when one of the men received him with "Oh, Dougal Mahony. I am glad you have come, sit down and dine with us. I wish the Prince had as good." The Prince gladly accepted the offer, no doubt thinking some mistake had been made. Later, the man informed the Royal fugitive that he knew to whom he was speaking, and asked his companions to swear fealty to him. Though outlaws — self outlaws because of a revengeful Government — they offered the Prince what hospitality was in their power. The poor wanderer was glad of the offer, and remained with them in their cave for three weeks. Times had changed, he who had so lately aimed at winning the Kingship of Britain, now thought himself fortunate in his discovery of "the seven men of Glenmoriston" living on what they could steal and thankful for a roof over his head, which offered some shelter from the storms. Probably he was happier here than he would have been with courtiers—often doubtful

friends—in a Royal palace. It is not position that makes the man—more often it is his undoing — and the spirit which may be found in the poorest menial may be lacking in the bosom of the most aristocratic citizen. Our national poet has finely put it in the lines :—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

These Glenmoriston outlaws were desperate men. One day they had a large haul of provisions taken from the Royal forces, after shooting two of the soldiers, and on another occasion they reclaimed a herd of cattle which evidently the King’s men had commandeered. They were out all day on marauding expeditions, and, as may be expected, had many adventures. Prince Charles, with his unfailing good humour, called them his Privy Council. So faithful were they to their oath, that the Prince had been for twelve months safely in France before they revealed the fact that he had sought shelter from them.

On one occasion they went so far as to kill an officer’s servant (probably because he offered resistance) on his way to Fort William with baggage, in order that the Prince might have a good disguise. The simplicity of these good-hearted fellows was such that when one of them went into Fort Augustus to spy into the movements of the Royal troops, he spent a penny on a piece of gingerbread as a treat for his Royal master.

When it became necessary for that unhappy man to move away, two of his hosts accompanied him to share all future dangers and to help in his escape. It was a project in which their own lives were endangered, and which, but for the reason of true fidelity, was not required of them. We may be sure if there was any spark of humanity left in the Prince he must have felt in later days

when taking a retrospective look in his mind's eye of days of death and days of danger that

“No where beats the heart so kindly
As beneath a tartan plaid.”

One night the Prince had been forced to seek shelter in the house—or rather the hut, for the house had been burned down — of Angus McDonald of Borrodaile, and when he saw the distress that allegiance to him had brought upon the family, tears welled in his eyes.

He asked the lady of the “house” whether she could bear the sight of him who brought on her this sorrow, and the death of a promising son besides. “Yes,” she replied, “even though all my sons had fallen in their Prince's service.”

The case of Bonnie Prince Charlie may appear exceptional because of his claims on the Highlanders, their affection for the House of Stuart, and the Catholic religion, until it is remembered that there were instances without number of unselfish loyalty that laid claim to no particular influences. There was, for example, that of the encounter in which the McIntoshes suffered defeat at the hands of the Earl of Moray and lost 300 men as prisoners. The Earl had secured a commission of fire and sword against Hector McIntosh, and naturally, would have preferred the person of that chief to those of his prisoners. These men knew well where their chief was hiding, and though one and all were offered freedom if they would supply this information, there was not one traitor in the gallant band who would do so. All suffered the penalty of death.

In a manner it resembles the story of Sir Hector McLean, who, when severely pressed in battle, was supported by his seven brothers. These came to his help, one after the other, each with the same expression on his

lips, "Another for Hector." They were all killed, but through their fidelity and endeavours his life was providentially saved.

The life of the famous Evan Cameron of Lochiel was saved on two occasions through the interposition of his clansmen between their chief and the death that threatened him, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the men who sacrificed their lives in his cause on those occasions should have been father and son.

General Stewart of Garth states that he had, in his own day, often seen men gather round their officers when hard pressed, and place themselves between these men and the levelled muskets of the enemy. They were perfectly willing to be shot down if their officers' lives could be saved, and we are told that no greater sacrifice can be made by any man than that he lay down his life for his friend.

The author of the "Sketches" has stated a case of how even the poorest and half-witted exercised the honourable feelings of fidelity and pity when the opportunity was presented to them. Some gentlemen of the '45 had their place of concealment in a cave near his grandfather's house. James Forbes, who was not overburdened with intelligence, was entrusted in carrying necessary supplies to them because it was thought that the military, when they saw him, would conclude that no one would trust him with such a secret, and, consequently, would not question him. One day two ladies, seen by Jamie to leave Stewart's house, asked to be taken to the cave to see their gentlemen friends. Jamie trotted off quite briskly before them, but when one of the ladies offered him five shillings, his empty hands immediately clasped each other behind his back, and he "did not know what they wanted, he never saw the gentlemen, and did not know them." He accompanied them no further, and

afterwards explained that the offer of a sum equal to the price of two sheep raised his suspicions, and he assumed that their fair words were only meant to entrap him. Nature had not endowed him with all the graces of mankind, but he was by no means deficient in the quality of fidelity.

The story of the faithfulness of the clansmen to Cluny McPherson after the Rebellion will for ever be told to their credit. A year previous to this upsetting event McPherson had been appointed to a command in Lord Loudoun's Highlanders, and he had taken the customary oath to the Government. The breaking of his oath made the matter serious, and, in consequence, the Government were all the more anxious to secure him. It is asserted that he hesitated to take the step of joining the Prince, and that his good lady did her utmost to dissuade him from doing so, but the clan were impatient, and at last, yielding to their importunities, he agreed to throw in his lot with their choice. Be that as it may, the Government had special reasons for securing him, and they exercised their energies to the utmost. Yet, for nine long years he lived in a cave—he called it "The Cage"—within a short distance of his own house, a circumstance that was known to at least one hundred people. Not one would confess to any knowledge of his place of retreat, and the £1000 that was offered for information which would lead to his arrest went unclaimed. "The Cage" was situated in a rocky precipice, shelving rocks completely obscuring the entrance, and had been dug out by the tenantry. They took the opportunity of working by night, and they exercised every care and precaution in making it as safe and comfortable as the circumstances would permit. All loose impedimenta and rubbish were thrown into a neighbouring loch in order to leave no clue to their operations. The Government were not without their own

idea that McPherson was concealed on his estate, and the task of securing him was entrusted to Sir Hector Munro, because of his knowledge of the country and his zeal in their behalf.

The chief's house was burned down, a ruthless plan adopted by Cumberland's orders, with all who had taken the Pretender's side. Munro had eighty men placed under his command, and also the assistance of other companies, who might have occasion, in their peregrination, to be in the locality. From stories current, it is quite evident that they spared no pains in their endeavours to secure their prisoner. The soldiers had special reason for diligence in that they would have secured the large reward offered, which would have made them quite rich, while the officers were promised advancement in rank on the completion of the successful issue of their search.

Sometimes McPherson came from his seclusion at night to spend an hour with friends, but he was always careful when leaving anyone, even his wife, not to state to which retreat (for he appears to have had more than one) he intended going, nor did he allow anyone to accompany him. He had some very narrow escapes. On one occasion he got out of his "mansion" by a back window as the military entered by a front door. In his long confinement his people never failed to provide him with the necessaries of life. In the end he escaped to France, where he died in 1755.

After the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, when the chiefs were banished and their estates confiscated, the tenants paid one rent to the Government as demanded but sent another to the unfortunate lairds abroad, while the widows and children of those who had fallen in battle were likewise provided for. Where a loyalty and affection so deep as this existed between the clansmen and their chiefs, when mutual service was their pride and boast, it is a sad

commentary that, through the force of circumstances, it was soon to be broken for ever. Nothing that a country can do, no laws she can make, no money she can throw away, even in "benefits," can take the place of a people contented from the heart. After the withdrawal of the heritable jurisdictions, the chieftains ceased to be little sovereigns over a few hundreds or thousands of people, and, having nothing else to do, they substituted enjoyment as a natural corollary. It takes money, however, to move aimlessly about in social circles, and still maintain castles and estates at home, and the poor people had to find the wherewithal for those purposes. There were many good and thoughtful chiefs left, who had the welfare of the people at heart, but there were others who too soon forgot the debt they owed to their people. But in every part of the country, through course of time, there arose a new King "who knew not Joseph." A lady, who made a tour through Ross-shire, not very long after these events, writes of what she saw and heard. She knew of the attachment of the people to the Seaforth family and how they had remitted self-imposed rent to the banished Earl, but was surprised when she learned how their generosity had been repaid. She was informed that when his successor returned, under more favourable circumstances, the first thing he did was to sell the estate and buy land in the West Indies with the proceeds.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

Even the author of these few lines saw no farther than the ordinary claims of humanity to one another, and probably would little imagine of a man's inhumanity to his benefactor.

In some parts monuments have been erected in commemoration of the goodness of the tenants for their

steadfastness to their chief in misfortune, and in their imposing an extra rent on themselves towards his support. Even the small clans, and septs, did not disdain to send whatever they could. The McRobbs, a small sept of the Stewarts, forwarded £100 to Ardsheal, while that of the Earl of Seaforth was large enough to warrant a detachment of the clan conveying the money all the way to a bank in Edinburgh for transmission abroad.

Most of the tacksmen and small landholders in the Highlands held their leases for long periods, some of them extending to 40 or 50 years, and when the confiscated estates were restored to their original holders, the tenants voluntarily surrendered their leases in order that the impoverished laird could shorten those leases and raise rents. A generosity like this is never now evident, no matter what may be the state of the superior's purse. There is far more mutual respect and esteem between two tradesmen, even though rivals, in these changed days than between most of the cultivators of the soil and the rent-receivers.

Among those attainted for high treason after Culloden was Stewart of Ardsheal, and he was also excepted when the attainder of many was lifted by the Act of Indemnity. Before escaping to France he wished to see his family, and succeeded in reaching Appin where he lay concealed in a cave, since known as Ardsheal's cave. A little girl, who drove lambs to the hills each day, watched her opportunity to carry him food, and although the district was overrun by the English soldiery, and all the clansmen knew of his place of concealment, the proffered rewards for his capture were made in vain. He escaped pursuit and succeeded in getting to France towards the close of 1746. His tenantry regularly collected a rent for him, in addition to paying another to the Crown Receiver, and so well did they contribute that

he was enabled to assist other Highland gentlemen who were less happily exiled there.

Ardsheal was in many respects a remarkable man, and he soon earned the respect of people of influence in the land of his exile. Some of the magnates offered, and he accepted, the privilege of the chase over their lands. How was he and his family treated at home? The estate was, of course, plundered, for that was the policy of Cumberland, and wherever his men went they carried that officer's brutal commands to a consummation. His house was burned and his wife and children cruelly treated.

When Prince Charles was desirous of escaping from Skye, he appealed in his perplexity to one McInnes. The man knew well the dangers attendant on lending assistance to him, yet generously conveyed the fugitive from Strathaird to Arisaig. As misfortune would have it, this faithful follower was, when returning, seized by a King's ship in charge of Captain Ferguson. This officer came to the conclusion that McInnes knew something of the Prince's movements, and tried to extort a confession, persuasively at first, but afterwards by inflicting the severe penalty of five hundred lashes. McInnes bore the cruel lashings bravely, and would have died under the whip rather than traitorously divulge the secret. His grandchildren kept the inn at Broadford many years later, and often must they have felt proud of their grandfather and his praiseworthy fidelity on this occasion.

A company of soldiers was sent to take Stewart of Invernahyle prisoner, and, as he had been severely wounded, they no doubt thought that there would be little difficulty in this. He, like many other fugitives after the war, took refuge in a cave, and so zealously was the secret kept that he was never found. Whilst in the cave his supplies were brought to him by a little girl of

eight, who mixed with the soldiers, and, watching her opportunity, stole away to him at an opportune moment. Sometimes he ventured to sleep in his own house, and on one occasion he was seen leaving it in the morning. He was at once pursued, but escaped, and the soldiers returning now threatened the family for harbouring him. With great presence of mind an old woman said he was the shepherd. "Why then did he not stop when we called him," they asked, and her reply was that he was stone deaf. The real shepherd was sent for, but having been forewarned, proved a very dull and unsatisfactory individual in the examination that followed. In so many divers ways can a servant be faithful! Finally, Invernahyle was pardoned under the Act of Indemnity.

General Stewart lived at a time when great changes were taking place in the Highlands. There was then a large influx of Lowland and English farmers, while the native population was seeking a home in Canada and elsewhere. Some districts, however, were yet untouched, and the old sterling qualities of the people still lingered there. The author mentioned several stories as illustrative of this, but expressed the opinion that "modern improvements" had been unfavourable to the preservation of the spirit of genuine honesty. His fears in this respect were thoroughly well grounded. The records of local Police Courts now show that the ancient fine qualities of the Highland race have been lost, though these records are probably no worse than those of the rest of the country.

Where money matters were concerned the Highlanders were very strict in their observance of rendering unto every man his due. They believed that it was just as necessary to keep faith with words as with actions. Rents were paid promptly. A Highlander would starve rather than be behind in meeting his landlord on collecting day.

The story is told of a merchant who collected his accounts once a year, and who never had occasion to wait for payment. He kept a retail shop for 50 years in the Campbeltown district, and neither gave nor asked for receipts. In one of his rounds he called on a man who happened to be away from home at the time, and, in consequence, he had to return without his money. But it was not for long, for early the following morning he was awakened by the man who had come to pay his account. As showing the changes wrought in a generation, it may be remarked that this merchant's son, who succeeded him, found it necessary to keep strict statements, give short credits, and count on a percentage of bad debts.

Is it a wonder that Stewart saw the growing changes that were then taking place? "Unfortunately," he wrote, "new regulations, new views of Highland statistics, and *the novel practice of letting land to the highest bidder*, regardless of the fidelity and punctual payment of old occupiers, have occasioned a melancholy retrograde change. Few of the late moral population now remain, and that few are mostly reduced to the condition of cottars and day labourers."

A Highland gentleman wished to borrow a sum of money from Stewart of Appin, who agreed to lend the amount. The parties arranged to meet at Ballachulish to settle. After Stewart had handed over the money the other offered a receipt for the loan. This was too much for Stewart, who immediately swept the money off the table into his own pocket, at the same time letting the other know that the man who could not trust himself to his own honour without a written paper could not be trusted by him.

When the Earl of Breadalbane received a large sum from Government to distribute among the chiefs, as the

purchase price of their heritable jurisdiction rights, and was asked to send a statement of how the money had been disposed of, his characteristic reply was, "The money is spent. The Highlands are at peace: and that is the only reckoning among friends."

What a charm there is to the student of history, both authentic and traditional, in observing the various individuals of early times pass before his view. Life may be easier and more comfortable now, and the many discoveries in all directions have elevated the plane of life, and may continue to do so. The old days were comfortless, compared with the present, but it is wonderful how mellowed they become when Time has rubbed off all the rough corners. The fierce encounter with broadswords, the gibbet in the market place, the noisome dungeon, all seem less severe, as the mind dwells on the

"Old forgotten far-off things
And battles long ago."

The heart, however, changes not. There were love and hatred, friends and foes, from the beginning of Time, and Highland history bristles on every page with stories of fidelity.

A characteristic effort to safeguard his officer was shown at Bergen-op-Zoom, where Captain Fraser of the Black Watch and a company of men were to make a night attack on the enemy. Fraser was creeping along in the darkness, when he found his path obstructed by a man, who turned out to be his foster-brother, who, fearing for the safety of his officer, had crawled out between the sentries. Being interrogated as to what brought him there, he replied, "The love of you, and the care of your person." He had encumbered himself with a heavy plaid, and he explained that he had brought it in case the

worst should happen. Then he could carry the Captain's body home for decent burial.

Another case is mentioned by General Stewart. During an engagement an officer was struck down, and supposed to have been killed. A friend dragged his body for a distance of a mile down a hillside, and this devotion was the means of saving the man's life. For when the party went out for his body they found that life was still present.

Stories of the fidelity of the Highlander could be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to show that it was strongly characteristic of the race. It would be improper, however, to conclude these remarks without mentioning two cases of faithfulness, widely different in many respects. The first was the life-time peaceful service of John Brown, a proved and excellent servant of Queen Victoria. He was a plain, blunt Highlander of the old school, and he and another are eulogised by the Queen in her "Leaves" as "perfect, discreet, careful, attentive and ever ready." Brown was always prepared to overcome any difficulty that might crop up. He had many good qualities, and the Queen mentions particularly that that elevated feeling is "peculiar to the race." He knew his place, and acted honestly, and his fidelity was beyond question. In the *Court Circular* his death was noted, and there he is stated to have been "an honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet and straightforward man, possessed of strong sense. He filled a position of great and anxious responsibility, the duties of which he performed with such constant and unceasing care as to secure for himself the real friendship of the Queen."

This faithful ghillie, who had as a lad led the Queen's pony up the steep hills around Balmoral, was laid to rest under a wreath of flowers, which bore an inscription in

the Queen's own handwriting, "A tribute of loving, grateful, and everlasting friendship from his truest, best, and most faithful friend, Victoria R. & I."

Surely the story of John Brown's long and faithful service—a service so sincere that his Queen should look upon and call him a *friend*—is a charming illustration of the fidelity of the Highlanders. It is, besides, a splendid picture of how quickly and how genuinely they could transfer attachment from the House of Stuart to the House of Hanover, when properly treated. They had been faithful to the Stuarts, and while there was a faint chance of a restoration, they suffered and sacrificed themselves on their behalf. Nor did they forget them when all was over.

A good story is that the Queen was once rebuked by an old Highlander for speaking of the "Pretender." "Excusing your Majesty's presence," he is reported to have said, "he was nae pretender, he was oor lawful sovereign." The Queen laughed heartily. She was, perhaps, by this time, as great a Jacobite as the best of them.

Highland loyalty to Bonnie Prince Charlie lingered long years after the Rebellion. A lady, passing one of his refuge holes well nigh eighty years later, writes—"Our four Highland boatmen silently took off their blue bonnets, and remained uncovered while passing the cave."

There were few more satisfying remarks, look at it which way you please, than that of the Laird of McKinnon. He had given hospitality to the Prince, and for this he was tried for his life in London. When being dismissed from the Courts of Justice, he was recalled by the judge and asked, "If Prince Charles were again in your power what would you do?" This was a rather difficult question to answer, but McKinnon had no

hesitation as he naïvely remarked, "I would do to the Prince what you have this day done to me—I would send him back *to his own country.*"

The other story of fidelity that remains to be told relates to an incident of warfare and of continued and deliberate self-sacrifice. In September, 1780, over one hundred men of McLeod's regiment were thrown into a dungeon by Hyder Ali, and there they lay for three years, officers and men chained together. Now and again one died through the awful treatment received. All suffered intensely. The food was scanty and of the worst possible description. They were overcrowded, and the stifling heat made their condition almost unbearable. It was an opportunity for their captors, who frequently offered them their freedom on the condition that they would turn to Mohammedanism.

Notwithstanding all their miseries, they refused to do so, and when finally they were set at liberty there were only 30 men left to enjoy the blessing of freedom again. But among these 30 survivors every officer who had been imprisoned was there, and it was found that the private soldiers had fed them all these years with the best and most wholesome pieces of the food received. In all the annals of history seldom has a more wonderful story of honour, self-sacrifice and fidelity been shown.

CHAPTER X.

Hardihood and Valour.

As time moves forward on relentless wing it records many changes among the nations of the world. The conqueror of the past all too frequently becomes the slave of the future. Where now is the boasted pride and power of the great Eastern empires of Persia, Assyria and Babylonia? Egypt and Morocco live in the past. Rome has perished. Spain is no longer a name with which to conjure. France, which once aimed at world domination, is now satisfied in holding her own. The kingdoms of the world rise and fall, and as with great powers so with smaller principalities and peoples.

In this connection it might safely be asked whether in our own country and in our own day the craving after pleasure, and the desire in many cases to do as little work as possible, is not a falling away from a higher standard. There is not much rising on stepping stones to higher things in the crowded, palatial palaces erected in the cities for the purposes of the dancer, the billiard player and others who are unable or unwilling to make better use of their time. Football is in itself an excellent game, yet is it not a pity that tens of thousands of people can find nothing better to do than to act almost as hypnotised spectators? It says little for the youth of a nation when they encourage deterioration in body and a stunting of the mind, when other methods — “the nobler and the manlier ones”—would, if pursued, give greater and certainly more enduring pleasures.

Great changes took place in the Highlands of Scotland, beginning with the disastrous defeat of the clansmen at Culloden, and followed shortly afterwards by the withdrawal of the heritable jurisdictions. These events opened the country to the influences of the south, which were now beginning to enter a renaissance of progress and penetration. Communication was being facilitated throughout the country through the opening up of improved roadways and canals. A general enlightenment was possessing all people. The power of the Government was supplementing that of the chiefs. New methods were being employed in agriculture. Each succeeding generation found its environment vastly different from the preceding one. Swords were verily being beaten into pruning hooks and spades. A time of peace was being heralded in. The old order was changing. But there never was a great reformation without which much that was desirable became lost in order that something might be gained, and these things happened in the case of the Highlands.

The tribes of primitive savages, though they may be at almost constant strife with each other, nevertheless live and prosper. Many may die unnatural or sudden deaths, yet their numbers are maintained. The white man comes along full of an evident desire for their amelioration, and with a high regard for the sacredness of human life. What then do we find in a few years' time? Not a congested population as one might expect, but a people being rapidly reduced. Worse—the race has degenerated physically and morally as well.

A cataclysm, within certain degrees, at least, of this nature took place in the Highlands under the softening southern influences. There were no signs of degeneracy in the men or in their actions up to the time of the great rebellion. Previous to this, and subsequent to it as well,

for changes work slowly, the typical Highlanders were a race of mighty men, tall in stature and of a splendid physique. In these respects they completely eclipsed their southern brothers, whom they looked upon as worthless, contemptible creatures, hardly worthy of the name of men. For the Lowlanders could not fight like as they could, and only weaklings would allow their cattle to be driven off without attempts at hindrance or recovery.

Nowadays there is no necessity for the King to pinch the bare legs of the Highlanders to see whether they are stuffed or not, though this process was actually carried out by a Royal predecessor. The modern Highlander is probably below the average in height. He certainly cannot claim the stature of those of Galloway, who are credited as being the tallest in the country.

As might well be expected, men of such strength of body were able to endure hardships which would have killed their more delicate neighbours of the south. When on the march they could cover an almost incredible distance, and it is stated that in the wars of Montrose it was not unusual for that leader and his army to find themselves in the evening 40 miles from the place they had left in the morning. Unfortunately, this power of endurance was often stretched by unthinking officers to their disadvantage.

This was the case at Culloden, where the men had marched all the preceding night, and had barely broken their fast for 24 hours. Yet they were expected to fall on the well-armed, well-fed and fresh armies of the Crown, and to defeat them. If that Government had put forward a moderate effort of reconciliation, they could easily have alienated the few chiefs of Jacobite tendencies to the reigning house, and so transferred the affection of a great

race to themselves. In such a case there would have been no need for a Culloden at all.

Notwithstanding their very active habits, the Highlanders were capable of sustaining life on a very meagre pittance of food. All that they required in even the most strenuous campaigning was a little oatmeal which was moistened with water. This was partaken of twice a day, the first meal in the morning and the next in the evening. The Commissariat of the Highland army was an easily worked department. Every soldier carried his oatmeal in a little bag slung across his shoulder, and the quantity carried was often sufficient to sustain him till the sword was sheathed again.

When, in 1745, the clansmen came down on the south like the tempestuous torrents that emerge from their native mountains, shaking the foundations of society, so little did their food concern them that they found it quite unnecessary to pillage. There were no Highland thieves and robbers — the expression was a misnomer. The Highlanders disdained to pillage, except on foray or among the dead on a battle field, which was evidently permissible. The "lifting" of cattle was not, of course, in their eyes, a crime at all. Graham in "Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire," says, "'Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful but honourable among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another."

When it became known that the Highland army was marching southward, and reports showed no sign of destruction in their wake, it was an important query what they subsisted on. The English, whose idea of them signified a complete want of knowledge on the matter, assured one another that they would certainly eat any children that fell into their hands.

Cameron of Lochiel, on entering a house in the English Midlands, when his followers reached that part on their march, was beseeched by the woman to spare her children. He assured her that neither he nor his men had the slightest intention of harming any child, and when the good lady saw that he was a gentleman and sincere, she allowed her children to come out from where they were hidden.

Another officer in the same campaign, observing a remarkable dearth of children, made enquiries, only to be informed that they had all been sent away for safety, as it was expected that they would be eaten up if captured.

When the retreat to Scotland was begun, with the foe about four to one in favour of the reigning King, and almost surrounding the intrepid little band of Highlanders, these latter by hasty marches swiftly put themselves out of danger. It is said that the troops that pursued them declared they must have lived by "sniffing the wind." "It is not easy," says Horne, "to conceive how they really did live, and how they endured the want of those things which other people call the conveniences and even the necessaries of life."

The Highlander was quite indifferent to weather. He could withstand its severities with the utmost *sang froid*. Should he be overtaken by night, whether in peaceful pursuits or engaged in the grim realities of war, his plaid was taken off and dipped in the stream. He then wrung the water out of it and enveloped his body in its many folds. The moisture made it impervious to the chilly winds, while it retained the heat of his body. Thus prepared, he lay down among the rough heather to calm soliloquy, and was as content to spend the night in this fashion as on a bed of eider-down. The morning might find him hidden under a wreath of snow, yet so

accustomed was he to this mode of sleeping that it left no ill-effects on him. It often happened that the only dark patches in the landscape were where a body of Highlanders had had their night's rest. They much preferred this plan to the shelter of their homes, and during the Rebellion of 1745 it was difficult to make them use tents. Wherever possible three men slept together, as there was sufficient in their "Breacans" or plaids to provide three folds of cloth under and six above them. Provided with this warm and serviceable garment the Highlanders could withstand the severest frost, and while other troops were in the depth of despair through the adverse climatic conditions, the Highlanders felt it little. Even so late as 1794, during the Dutch expedition, this was the case.

An anecdote, ascribed by some to Evan Cameron, and by others to Keppoch, illustrates the hardiness of the Highlanders better than any mass of details. During a certain march the clansmen one night lay down in the snow, and the chief's son made himself a pillow of it. Now, a "cod" of snow is not what most of us would consider a luxury, yet his action so annoyed his father that he put his foot through it, asserting that his son must be getting very effeminate when he could not do without a pillow.

When the Highlanders visited another country they preferred sleeping in the open, as they believed by so doing that they maintained the hardiness which subsequently might be required of them.

All this is in strange contrast to the fibre of the present Highland landowner, often, alas! of foreign blood, and who, according to a noted politician, is more suited to central heating at home than to exposure in the open air.

Such, then, were the people the Lowlanders had at times to meet in the creagh or in battle, and there is little wonder they dreaded the encounter.

“An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.”

Fortunately for the Lowlander the clans were numerous and too jealous of one another to be fully united against a common enemy. Nor need we accept what the “Bailie” said about them as more than an author’s privilege, or an opinion held in the Saltmarket. “They may quarrel amang themsells and gie ilk ither ill names, and maybe a slash wi’ a claymore; but they are sure to join in the long run against a’ civilized folk that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches.” Scott acknowledged that at one period in the material points of military habits and warlike spirit the Lowlanders had sunk far beneath their Highland contemporaries.

That strip of country lying between the hills and the plains was much ravaged by cattle lifters, though there is nothing to show that it suffered from the robbers any more than did the Borders. A stranger, however, ran certain risks, or thought he did, in penetrating this strip into the country occupied by the mountaineers. It was this knowledge that made the “Bailie” exclaim, “The Hieland hills, ye’ll see and hear enough about them before ye see Glasgow Green again. I never see them but they gar me grew. It’s no’ for fear—no for fear but just for grief for the puir half-starved creatures who inhabit them. But say nae mair about it — it’s ill speaking o’ Hielandmen sae near the line. I hae ken’d mony an honest man wadna hae ventured this length without he had made his last will and testament.”

There was little security for the cattle raised by the

farmer who lived in proximity to the Highlands. Frequently these restless denizens of the mountains raided the land, plundering the houses, and harrying the folds. The unfortunate owner circulated very exaggerated accounts to those living further to the south, who were thus led to believe that there was no fear, and, if possible, less humanity under a Highland plaid. The Lowlanders were at this period in a very imperfect fighting condition. They were in a state of transition. They had begun to adopt a plan of military discipline which could not stand for a moment against the ancient tactics of the north. Thus the Highlanders could, with every confidence, meet them anywhere at any time, and with no fear of the result.

War was the Highlander's profession, and his education was intended to make him proficient in the art. From the day he could lift a spear to the day he could not, he exercised himself in its study. When the call to go forth to battle came, the youth, with equal hope and pride, buckled on his brand, anxious to equal, and, if possible, to excel the deeds of his forefathers. Honour was not hereditary, the young chief had to fight his way for it, and the sooner he aspired to great things the better for himself.

Archibald, 7th Earl of Argyle, was leading his clan when a boy of 15 or 16 years of age. At that time he was defeated by the papist Earls Huntly and Errol in the battle of Glenlivet. The lad behaved with great gallantry, and might have won the day but for the treachery of a kinsman. So sorely did he take his defeat that he was carried weeping from the field.

To be skilful with weapons and even with their hands was a great desire of the Highlanders. They were always pleased to be able to defend themselves against any weapon with which they might be confronted. It is remarked of a certain McCallum More that when he and

the Duke of Hamilton met they fought a few rounds with their fists by way of greeting.

To men who settled all disputes by the sword, of what value were city-made laws? In these latter days it has been well brought home to us that the sword is the last arbiter, but in the days of which we write, it was the first as well as the last. We are told that there were few lawyers in the Highlands, and those were not rich. To show the contempt with which the Highlanders held the law, a story will better illustrate this. On one occasion when the Clan Grant heard that a poll was likely to go against their chief, they assembled in a large body and marched on Inverness. It was only on receiving the assurance of Lady Ann, Lord Seaforth's sister, that her family were receiving every treatment she could desire, that the clansmen did not take a summary plan of deciding the issue.

The Highlanders, when in war, held death in contempt; to die on the battlefield was honourable, but to be cowardly was a disgrace. Holding this attitude to the King of Terrors, it gave encouragement to the attempting of many difficult and daring deeds. Each believed that the soul of the fallen went straight from the fight to bliss, and, like Lochiel—

“Leaving in battle no blot on his name
Look proudly to Heaven from a death-bed of fame.”

When “Waverley” expressed sorrow for Colonel Gardiner's death at Prestonpans, he was peremptorily told to be sorry for five minutes and then to be glad again, for his chance to-day might be “Waverley's” own to-morrow, and “the next best thing to Victory is honourable death.” The Highlanders' attitude to the great enemy of mankind was not unlike that of brave Horatius when he said:—

“To every man upon this earth
Death comes soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than fighting fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods.”

It must not be assumed from this that the Highlander was regardless whether he lived or died. On the contrary, he conserved his life, if possible, as is shown by his proverb. “I fharr an teicheadh math na’n droch sheasamh” (better a good retreat than a bad stand). As a people their extraordinary energy, fierceness and skill cowed the hearts of their enemies. The douce “Andrew Fairservice” boasted “that nae man alive can cuittle up Donald better than mysell. I hae bought wi’ them, sauld wi’ them, drucken wi’ them”—but when Mr. Jarvie interjected, “Did ye ever fight wi’ them?” he was pleased to declare that he took good care not to do that.

In 1745 Britain was no mean power. Yet, a small band of 5,000 Highlanders (if it amounted to even that number) and the half of them poorly armed, so disturbed the security of the country, that they were able to march through the heart of England to within 150 miles of London. The people of that city were fleeing for their lives to the country, and all because of this small band of kilted warriors from the north. It manifested extreme daring on their part, let them be ever so enthusiastic and brave to try to change the fate and alter the dynasty of a great Kingdom.

The Gaels were ever ready, and indeed anxious at times, to bear the brunt of every war. Wherever danger was greatest they felt themselves more lit to meet it than others could be. Once, under Donald of the Isles, while they were assisting at the siege of Roxburgh, they desired to march into England in advance of the rest of the army,

so as to receive the first and probably the most severe attacks of the enemy.

It was this consciousness of being the best and fittest that made them the invincible soldiers they were. Cowardice was abhorrent to their nature, and, as has been remarked elsewhere, an instance of it must yet occur in their ranks before it can be described.

At the great clan fight on the North Inch, Perth, the sole survivor among the Davidsons was one, Cochran by name. He found himself opposed by eleven McPhersons, all sorely wounded, and the redoubtable Gow Crom, in no way injured. He had done well, so he placed discretion as being, in his case, the better part of valour, and, according to the story, escaped, to carry the tale of his clan's defeat to the Highlands. It is said he was so ill-received by his kinsfolk there that he killed himself rather than suffer indignity at their hands.

From the time they first appeared in history right down to our own time, instances of personal daring among the Highlanders are multitudinous. Volumes could be written on the subject. One case must suffice here.

Wherever the story of valour is told the name of Gillies McBane will be mentioned with it. He was a man of gigantic proportions, and a major in the Clan McIntosh, and at the battle of Culloden found himself at a gap in the wall through which the enemy tried to enter. This they found more difficult to do than at first appeared, for according to John Breac McDonald, who was near and saw the attack, he "mowed them down like dockens." But when he found himself overwhelmed by numbers, he put his back to the wall and fought fiercely. The incident reminds us of how Roderick Dhu acted when suddenly opposed by Fitz James's men:—

“His back against a rock he bore
And proudly placed his foot before
Come one, come all, this rock will fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.”

McBane kept the enemy at bay, and any who attempted to measure swords with him were struck down, among them being Lord Robert Kerr. Some enemy officers appeared, and it is said that when they saw the badly wounded man fighting for dear life, with no fewer than thirteen of the Royal soldiers lying around, they would fain have spared his life. That may be so, but more likely it is not. In any case he fell fighting for Prince Charlie, whom he considered his rightful King.

“Hewn down but still battling thou sunk'st on the ground
Thy plaid was all gore, and thy breast was one wound
Thirteen of thy foes by thy right hand lay slain,
Oh! would there were thousands for Gillies Macbane.”

Fortunately the days of fighting against our “auld enemy” across the Border are over and for ever, and now the Rose and the Thistle must mutually assist and work together for the honour of an undivided inheritance.

Highland soldiers had earned an undying reputation in France, Russia and elsewhere, before enlisting in the service of Great Britain.

It is worth recalling here the Earl of Chatham's panegyric on the Highland soldiers, when in a Parliamentary speech he took credit to himself as being the first to raise them as soldiers of the King. “I sought for merit where it might be found. It is my pride and boast that I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth and brought into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men who have fought for you and conquered for you in every quarter of the globe.”

The military system of the Highlands was decidedly better than that of the south, or indeed anywhere. Here

it was the custom to enlist together, so that the numbers of a company were in all probability from the same strath, and not infrequently of the same surname. Any dishonourable act on the part of a soldier, whether in the field or barracks, would thus be known at once in the man's native glen, and equally so any brave and honourable action. Ostracism or open welcome by his relatives and friends would await his return, when the turmoil of fighting had ceased.

There are few countries in the world where the plaintive notes of the Highland bagpipes have not been heard, or the waving of tartans have not been seen. Highland broadswords and bayonets have carried forward the flag of victory and terror of destruction into the enemies' ranks together. Vengeance, prompt and awful, has been dealt out by the Highland arms when Britain required her aid. They have fought and conquered in France, Spain, Russia, Belgium, Turkey, India, Afghanistan, The United States, Canada, Egypt, The Cape and elsewhere—from the frozen north to the sunny south.

The first of the Highland regiments to be formed and used as a unit of the regular army was the Black Watch, the famous 42nd, or Royal Highlanders. Previous to the formation they had acted in six independent companies as a watch or guard in the north. The regimental first parade was in a field near General Wade's bridge at Aberfeldy, and a monument, known as the Black Watch Memorial, now marks the spot. A special tartan, composed of the patterns of the six companies forming the regiment, procured the appellation of black from its dark colour, and by this name they are still known.

Other regiments, territorial in origin, such as The Seaforth's (McKenzies), The Gordons, The Camerons,

Argyle (Campbells) and Sutherland, were formed later, and were soon abroad fighting alongside their compatriots of The Black Watch. The Argyle and Sutherland were united in one regiment, the 93rd, or Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

The Black Watch were early in the foreign field, and in their brilliant action at Gildermalsen, where they signally defeated their enemy, earned the right to wear the Red Hackle. On another occasion the Seaforth's are credited with having saved a whole division in that unfortunate expedition.

Song and story still tell us of Highland bravery at Fontenoy. There the Duke of Cumberland—later, only too well designated as “The Butcher” (a man of little military genius) — was defeated. The Black Watch covered the retreat, fighting rear-guard actions, and saved the army.

During the Peninsular war the Highlanders maintained their high standard as fighters. In the retreat to Corunna, they suffered severely through the climate as well as from the enemy. From Astorga to Corunna, a distance of 250 miles, they passed through a desolate country, almost impassable with snow and rain. They frequently had to be out in the snow at night, and their boots being worn through, they tore their shirts into strips wherewith to bind their bleeding feet. It is from this incident that they were granted the wearing of white spats, and it was by way of honouring the Highlanders after valorous service abroad that the citizens of London began wearing them. In this hurried retreat to Corunna, the Argyle and Sutherland regiment covered 80 miles in two marches—marvellous work considering the difficulties. In recognition of their soldier-like qualities, Sir John Moore chose a Highlander as one of the supporters of his coat of arms.

In no battle, however, was the impetuous dash and fury of the Highlanders more evident than at Ticonderoga in 1759, where the Black Watch lost no fewer than 25 officers and 622 men. In all quarters, civil and military, praise for the Highlanders was on every lip.

Very shortly after this General Wolfe had to face the problem of landing his men on the north bank of the St. Lawrence in the teeth of Montcalm and his 16,000 troops. Every device possible was tried, but without success. Wolfe then determined to attempt a landing where the danger was greatest, and least likely to be expected. Slowly, and in perfect silence, boats dropped down the river at the dead of night, and the Seaforth's had the honour of being the first to land. Above them towered the beetling cliffs of the Heights of Abraham. In this enterprise it was possible to climb the rocks only in *single file*, but so carefully was this accomplished that morning saw 3,000 men lined up on top. During the battle that ensued was laid the foundation of Britain's vast dominions in the west.

In 1801 the Highlanders were with Abercromby in Egypt, and won for themselves by their intrepid bearing many honours in that campaign. In the crisis of a battle Abercromby's heart-rending words to them were, "My brave Highlanders. Remember your forefathers; remember your country." His appeal was not spoken in vain. The Highlanders redoubled their efforts, and carried all before them, including the defeat of the French Invincibles.

They were again in the land of Pharaoh under Lord Kitchener, and still the same story of fearless courage and honourable conduct has to be told. So popular did they make themselves that even the 9th Soudanese received them as brothers at Berber, and ever since this black regiment has been nicknamed "The 2nd Camerons."

In the Napoleonic wars, so terrible was the punishment the Highlanders inflicted on the French armies, and so often were they in the forefront of every engagement, that the "little Corporal's" generals frequently made the mistake of reporting their numbers as double what they actually were.

Every one has heard of the Highland dash at Waterloo. In one part of the battle they joined the Scots Greys, hanging to their stirrups, and cavalry and infantry together dashed into the ranks of the French in one desperate charge.

This encounter alone cost the enemy 2,000 men. The Brigadier, who had been watching with interest the fury of these Scots regiments, now rode up to the Highlanders and said, "Highlanders, you have saved the day, but you must return to your positions—there is more work to do." The Iron Duke himself—that hero of a hundred fights—spoke of them afterwards in these words—"They fought like heroes, and like heroes they fell—an honour to their country."

In 1854 war broke out between Britain and Russia, but this time we had the French — our old enemy of Waterloo—fighting as an ally. Almost all the fighting was done in the Crimea, a peninsula in the south of Russia, lying into the Black Sea. Here the Russians had strongly fortified Sebastopol and other places. It was a terrible war for our soldiers, for they had to withstand not only the severity of the climate but imperfect equipment and inadequate provisioning. The wounded were uncared for until Florence Nightingale, with her band of trained nurses, went out. They found things in a deplorable state, and refused to be bound by red tape rules. This wonderful woman was able to work wonders, and things began to improve, but more men died from exposure and fever than were killed by Russian bullets.

In the Crimea the Highlanders were fortunate in having as their commander a man who thoroughly understood them and whom they understood—the gallant Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde.

The first battle was that of the Alma, when the combined forces moved forward to dislodge the Russians from some heights they occupied beyond the river of that name. The attack was begun by the French, English and Welsh regiments, but so terrible was the defence that in one part an officer actually ordered the Guards to retreat. When Sir Colin and his Highland Brigade moved forward to the attack, he addressed his men in these memorable words — “Be steady, keep silence, fire low. The army is watching us; make me proud of my Highland Brigade.” They did. They moved steadily forward, pouring volley after volley into the Russian masses as they went. The Black Watch was exposed to a murderous fire, and many fell. The Camerons came next, quickening their pace: the Argyle and Sutherlands followed. The fight grows terrible: three regiments of kilted warriors are opposed by twelve regiments of Muscovites, these latter posted on ground of their own choosing. The Highlanders do not waver for a single moment. Forward they go as if on parade, except for the gaps created by the enemy guns. They are nearing the summit, a few moments and bayonets will be called into requisition. How will the Russians stand up to these? They don’t. They turn and fly, fast as their legs will carry them, and the armies below hear only one long Highland cheer. Thus was the Alma won.

A month later the Russians crossed the Tchernaya in an endeavour to seize Balaclava, the allies’ base, and so starve the allied armies. It was a surprise attack, carried out early in the morning. The Turks, numbering 4,000 men—grand fighting material, though sometimes badly

officered—occupied the extreme left. Taken by surprise they could not withstand the Russian hordes, and were rolled back on the Highlanders. Sir Colin found a place for them to the rear of his troops, and awaited the attack of the whole Russian cavalry, which numbered thousands. The Highlanders numbered only 550 men, and were stretched in a long line in the old two-deep formation—the worst possible way of receiving a cavalry charge. It became the subject of one of Lady Butler's famous battle pictures, entitled "The Thin Red Line, topped with a line of steel." It was famous for another reason, as we shall see presently.

Sir Colin must have had immense faith in his men, as he knew that if he had failed he would have been severely censured afterwards for his weak formation. His words as he rode along the line would have alarmed most men. "Remember there is no retreat, men; you must die where you stand." And from the ranks, from his right hand man, John Brown, came the cheery "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, and if need be we'll do that."

It was a moment of intense strain. Would the Russian cavalry pass through the line like a knife through a thread? On they came as if nothing stood in their way, or did they hold the small body opposing them in utter contempt? The line stood still, showing not the slightest concern, while nearer and nearer came the Russian host. The order "Fire" rings out, and the rifles belch forth their rain of lead. It has no effect, the bullets probably passing over the heads of the advancing horsemen. Again came the order to "Fire," and the rifles blaze again. It is with deadly accuracy this time. The Russian line is decimated. Rider and horse are writhing on the ground in one great confused mass only a little way off. It was yet possible for the enemy to pierce the line, but before they could recover from the confusion, the Highlanders, cool

and collected as if on parade, have reloaded and are ready to fire a third volley. It is too much for any troops to face. The Russians turn and retrace their steps with all speed, while again a loud Highland cheer resounds through the battlefield. "And I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep," said their brave commander.

Other engagements followed, but always the same story has to be told of how

"The fiery horsemen's shock
Broke like spray on granite rock
While my Highland bayonets shone."

The fall of Sebastopol brought an end to the war.

Hard on the heels of the Crimean War came the Indian Mutiny, and many of the veterans of that war found themselves ranged against a fresh foe on the burning plains of India. The Highlanders were among the first to land. They knew the terrible story, a story of Indian troops revolting and killing their British officers under a mistaken idea that they could finally end our reign over them. Worse still, women and children were massacred, for there was no way of escape. Wherever possible the few white troops concentrated and tried to make a bold front to the natives. Through treachery, or inability on the part of Nana Sahib to restrain his followers, all the British at Cawnpore were massacred and their bodies thrown into a well. At Lucknow some 535 soldiers, along with civilians, women and children, to the number of over a thousand in all, took refuge in the Residency, and, under dreadful conditions, held out for 87 days, when they were relieved.

From the coast a long and difficult march, beset by the enemy, had to be undertaken before Lucknow could be reached. A fine old Christian soldier, General Havelock, was in command. He had full confidence in all

ranks, and knew that he could rely on his Highland regiments to dare whatever he asked of them. Indeed, on one occasion, he was forced to exclaim, "I am not a Highlander *but I wish I were.*"

An awful tragedy had been enacted by the Hindoos, but vengeance as terrible was passed on them by the avengers. The Highlanders performed wonderful feats of valour before the mutiny was finally quelled, and to this day the natives speak with bated breath of Scotland's wild hillmen. At one place the Argyle and Sutherland men came across the mutilated body of the daughter of the officer commanding in Cawnpore, and, distributing her tresses among them, swore that for every hair a sepoy would die.

This was the regiment Sir Colin chose to attack the Secunderabagh. It was a stronghold surrounded by a wall, and, after an opening had been made in this wall, the attack was made. The breach would admit of only one man at a time, and the eagerness with which all rushed to be the first there showed utter fearlessness. Well each knew it meant certain death for him. Seven V.C.s were won in the attack, and this alone shows the severity of the fighting. Its fury can only be gauged from the fact that of the 2,000 sepoys who occupied the building not one was left alive. Shortly afterwards this same regiment won other 6 V.C.s at Lucknow, and other regiments were equally well honoured.

With such men what could not a commander accomplish? He loved his men and they loved him, and he submitted to all the dangers and discomforts of the march like the most menial subordinate. He was a true type of Highlander, ever ready to share all risks with fearlessness. Even his Queen thought fit to ask him to have better regard for his own life.

All the world has heard of Highland Jessie's dream—if indeed it was a dream. This Highland girl had, with others, sought refuge in the Residency, which even then the sepoys were hastily undermining with a view to blowing it up. Though the distance was too great for even the noise of Havelock's cannon to be carried, the girl declared that she heard the welcome notes of the bagpipes coming nearer and nearer. Her friends tried to soothe her agitated spirit, no doubt thinking that she was demented, but she persisted in her declaration, stating accurately the tunes they played. "Dinna ye hear it?" she cried. But no ear heard it save her own.

Mr. J. G. Whittier has a beautiful poem on the subject of the pipes at Lucknow:—

"Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer;
More of feeling than of hearing
Of the heart than of the ear.
Oh! they listened, dumb, and breathless
And they caught the sound at last
Faint, and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled women's voice with men's.
'God be praised! the march of Havelock
The piping of the clans.' "

Lord Roberts saw his first Highland soldier during one of his Indian campaigns, and he considered the fact worth recording in his Memoirs. He saw them frequently afterwards, and acknowledged that he would not like to fight a campaign of any magnitude without them.

It was not long after his first acquaintance with them that he had occasion to observe the tactics of a Highland corporal, who skilfully manœuvred his men on a mountainside during an engagement. "That man

is a born soldier," was his comment. The man named was afterwards the famous General Hector McDonald.

We remember Dargai. Various troops had attempted to take the hill and failed. The officer in command observed what was happening and gave the order, "The height must be taken at all costs — The Gordon Highlanders will take it." And they did. Their piper — Findlater—though wounded, kept playing his bagpipes till the hill was won.

The great war is too fresh in our memories to require description and too momentous to be mentioned in a mere paragraph. It was a world war in which the Highlanders were only a small unit, but they upheld the credit and renown of former days. One battalion after another was quickly formed and sent to the front, and because of their reputation there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits.

One incident will suffice to show that they fought well. When the German reinforcements were getting difficult to procure, and one of their commanders asked for more men to hold his line, he was refused. "But," he replied, "I am faced by the 51st (the Highland) Division," which immediately led to his getting the number wanted.

These are only a few instances of Highland bravery in the field. Many wars in which these regiments fought have necessarily been omitted, but the records are worth perusal, and may be procured anywhere.

Methods of warfare are now changed. No longer the strong arm and the fearless daring can win fields. Death is prepared in the laboratory to wipe off companies of men. Wholesale slaughter is carried by aircraft soaring overhead, by enormous death-dealing guns on land, and by under-water craft on the sea. Death has been made too gigantic and terrible.

Yet, we doubt not, bravery will always hold its place, and we may look with confidence to the future. If pride in the past has its rightful position in the breast we may hope that, notwithstanding the dilution of Highland regiments by other than the true born natives, the dignity of the dress and the old honourable conduct will be sustained by generations yet unborn. A war weary world hopes, however, that the day of battle is over and gone. " 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

CHAPTER XI.

Feuds and Forays.

THERE were numerous clans spread over the Highlands, and it was not to be expected that they would always live in friendliness towards each other, more especially when one considers that they were brave and warlike by nature and by training, and would not have been too happy had they not had occasional fights. There were many conflicting interests affecting them, and the monsters of jealousy and pride of power did not allow them to sit down quietly. Two families of the same clan have found themselves on opposite sides more than once. A case of this kind happened in 1715 when the Campbells of Breadalbane were favourable to the Stuarts and those of Argyll were just as strongly for King George. Both sides lay on their arms all night scowling at each other across the glen that separated them. In the morning their leaders met between the lines, and, blood being thicker than water, they decided to withdraw from the contest.

It was so easy to cause trouble that a word or action out of place, or capable of misconstruction, was often sufficient to set two rival tribes at each other's throats. To have submitted to an insult would have been considered cowardly and disgraceful, and if condoned, would only lead to another, and probably worse insult, later. It was deemed no more serious to kill an enemy than to wound his pride. It was the height of malice and rancour to reproach another with the vices or personal defects of his chief, or that of the particular branch to which he belonged. To insult one member was to insult all, just as

to drive off the cattle of one clansman was as bad as taking every animal the tribe possessed. In such a case punishment and reprisal were at once called for, and feuds once begun continued sometimes for generations, often being conducted with savagery and sustained grim determination. Consequently, there was always a feud in some part of the Highlands; now it was the McDonalds against the McLeods, the Campbells against the McDonalds, the McIntoshes against the Camerons, and so on.

Suppose a clansman in a fit of anger kills a member of another clan. The body is brought home, and, amid the wails of the coronach, the relatives shout for the punishment of the murderer. The deceased was strong in battle, he was first in danger, they declared. Besides all that, he wore the tartan and acknowledged the same chief as they did. They could only have recourse to the broadsword. The injured clan would either slay the culprit, or, if they could not get him, they would wreak their vengeance on others who wore his tartan. This accomplished, and the feeling satisfied that justice had been duly met, they would march home again. The matter does not end here, however, for the chief and clan of the fallen in this encounter would again retaliate on the first clan. Thus the feuds began and continued.

Superstition, too, had considerable influence in teaching clansmen that revenge was a sacrifice agreeable to the shade of the departed one. It was calling out for revenge and must not be denied. With a belief of this kind in their hearts it was impossible for the clan to sheath the sword and forget the past. They felt that if they did not take means to quieten it the spirit would haunt them all their lives.

If the clan was too small in numbers or not in a position to retaliate, they "nursed their wrath to keep it

warm." The grievance was not forgotten. They set themselves to form alliances with others, by bonds of manrent, knowing that "union is strength." They often laid plots to trap their enemy by cunning, and under the false pretence of friendship cruel deeds were occasionally done. At times they would exhibit an appearance of conciliation, in order to cover up and disguise their real feelings and intentions.

We have often heard of "a Highlandman's promise," which saying doubtless originated because of what took place during feuds. A story is told of the McGregors, who, before they suffered proscription, possessed the lands of Glenstrae, as their "Gathering" shows:—

"Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours."

Here they were attacked by the Duke of Argyle, and though they fought with their usual fierceness were forced to admit defeat as well as to submit to the victors. McGregor did so, however, only on the express condition of receiving a safe conduct into England. The crafty Argyle, in order to keep his promise, in the letter if not in the spirit, had him conveyed over the Scottish border, but only to be brought back to Edinburgh again. Here he had him executed, afterwards seizing the McGregor lands for himself.

Another instance was when the Laird of Keppoch promised Duncan Stewart of Appin a safe conduct out of the parish. As they were fording the River Ness and getting near the Kilmallie side, one, McArthur by name, struck off Stewart's head with his axe.

The Castle of Raits, near Kingussie, was the scene of the slaughter by the clan McIntosh of the Comyns, who possessed it. The Comyns had invited their enemy to dinner, after having arranged a plot that a member of their own clan would be placed next to a McIntosh. The

appearance of the boar's-head was to be a signal for each Comyn to stab his neighbour. The plot was revealed at what has since been called *The Listening Stone*, but the McIntoshes being forewarned were prepared, and on the appearance of the boar's-head each rose and stabbed a Comyn.

On the edge of Loch Lochy is the ruin of an old castle of the McIntosh. It is told of one possessor that the entrance to his state chamber was across a trap door. By this means he was able quietly to drop into a deep abyss of the lake any visitor whom he did not wish to see. Once he invited his enemy Lochiel to dine with him, and that gallant gentleman, unsuspecting danger, was approaching his doom, when his dog, which had accompanied him, ran on in front. The trap door opened, and Lochiel immediately saw what he had escaped. Leaping over the opening he struck McIntosh down with his sword.

Many similar stories could be quoted, but the difficulty lies in judging whether some of them are authentic or have arisen out of no particular cause.

It must not be supposed that the Highlanders with arms by their sides were unaware of the risk of raising feuds through giving affront or offence to another clan, and bringing on themselves danger and death. In consequence, they were exceptionally careful in what they did and said in all their dealings with others. The knowledge of it made them courteous to a degree to all, and hospitable to every stranger no matter whence he came. We are not sure but that they put this quality of being hospitable in the very front rank of their virtues. If one clansman killed another of the same clan he was driven into exile—a broken man it is true—but had he killed a stranger instead, the sentence was one of death.

The Gaelic language being a very polite one allowed great latitude in showing respect and so avoiding trouble.

The practice we have elsewhere stated of a young chief having to show his prowess in making an incursion on a neighbour, and seizing all the cattle he could collect, was, of course, conducive to trouble if taken seriously. This practice appears to have been given up at an early date, probably because it was causing unnecessary disturbance.

To such a pitch were some of the most sanguinary feuds carried that it led to the extermination of one of the parties altogether. This happened, among others, in connection with a branch of the Gunns of Sinclair's Bay. The district was the scene of much quarrelling, as is evident from the old saying:—

“Sutherland, Sinclair, Keith, and Gunn,
There never was peace when these four were on.”

There is a mistaken idea that the Highland clans were continually at war with each other, killing and pillaging and behaving like a lot of savages. This was not the case, for there was invariably the desire to maintain friendly relations rather than to create open rupture. If a mistake occurred — and mistakes were sometimes made — an apology was immediately tendered, and quite as readily accepted. On one occasion the Camerons attacked the Grants of Moynes, who promptly lodged a complaint with Lochiel. Without loss of time Lochiel sent his regrets and apologies, and suggested that the losses should be settled by arbitration.

A claim of the Laird of McIntosh against Lochiel on lands held by the latter was the cause of a long feud which was finally settled by the Earl of Breadalbane. McIntosh had raised 1,500 men and marched into Lochaber. They were met by Lochiel with an almost equal number of his

clan. The two forces were preparing to fight when Breadalbane suddenly appeared in sight leading 500 men. Being related to both chiefs he proposed terms, and threatened that if either of them refused to accept his terms they would have to fight his men also. After some hesitation the terms were accepted by both belligerents and the feud ended.

On one occasion a McLaren was expelled from his farm in Balquhiddy by the McGregors. The Stewarts of Appin, who were allies, marched with 200 men into the McGregor country. The McGregors mustered their forces to meet them, but it all ended without bloodshed as both sides were all one king's men and so should not fight.

Martin, writing of the Highlanders of the 17th century, says, "The lion is not so fierce as he is painted. Neither are the people here so barbarous as people imagine. The inhabitants have humanity and use strangers hospitably and charitably."

There is a Gaelic proverb which indicates that the foray is not bad except when it reduces the race, and it would look as if death in forays proved the exception, not the rule.

The loss of cattle could be replaced by lifting from elsewhere, but the loss of man power was a distinct weakening of the clan. Probably the average foray was not so formidable as is generally supposed, nor its consequences so very serious to the clansmen as frequently depicted.

Logan says that the Highlanders did not engage in raids against their neighbours for the mere pleasure of robbing, nor did they resort to arms on the least provocation. They submitted to many grievances before they attacked, because they were well aware that their own cattle were exposed to the risk of being appropriated in a

similar manner. There was nothing to be gained by indiscriminate foraying, even among those they counted as enemies.

Had the creach or the foray been looked upon as a disastrous project to the clan its popularity would undoubtedly have waned, and it would have been classed as a matter of disparagement and abhorrence. Instead of this, it was gloried in, and the chief who took part in a foray would have been more than astonished if through it he had been called a thief.

Whether the average Highland foray was a serious affair or otherwise we, at least, know that there never was that destruction of property and loss of life which resulted in the Border raids. The debatable land was overrun by both Scots and English raiders, and English and Scottish armies in addition, and in the continual insecurity of property within its area it is questionable if the condition of the people was as good as in the Highlands. In 1544 the English burnt 192 towns, churches, peels, etc., while 403 Scots were slain and 816 were taken prisoners. The losses in cattle and sheep were 816 and 10,386 respectively. Six months later Hertford was over practically the same ground again, destroying the Border abbeys and every town and village in his path.

Highway robbery, which was extremely common in England, and which was to be found in the Lowlands of Scotland also, was entirely absent in the Highlands. One man—a McIntosh by name—is the only case on record. He was a degenerate, of polished manners, education and accomplishments, but his Turpin-like exploits were of short duration, as he was shunned by all. He went to America where he joined Washington's army.

It sometimes happened that a feud originated out of quite a trivial concern which might have been glossed over without harm to any one. It would depend on the

temperament of the injured at the time, with probably the memory of former injustices. Here is a case in point—

In those days a foster brother was looked upon as one of the family, and it happened that Stewart, the Laird of Garth, had been nursed by a woman named McDiarmid. This woman had two sons, one of whom had suffered an injury at the hands of McIvor, who owned a great part of Glenlyon. The sons decided to lay the matter before Stewart, and McIvor, knowing very well that the foster brother would take up arms against him, pursued the two young men. In order to escape from him the youths threw themselves into a deep pool in the River Lyon, which goes under the name of Donald's pool to this day, because the man bearing that name being wounded, sank and was drowned. The other reached Garth, and Stewart, collecting his men, marched into Glenlyon. The clans drew up near the middle of the glen and the chieftains met between the ranks to settle the business in a friendly manner if possible. Stewart had provided himself with a plaid which was dark coloured on one side and red on the other, and he informed his men that so long as everything went right the dark side of the plaid would be shown, but if things materialised differently the red side would be exhibited to them. While still engaged in the conference, McIvor whistled, and

“Instant from copse and heath arose
Bonnetts and plaids and bended bows.”

“Who are these,” asked Stewart, “and for what purpose are they there?” “They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks,” replied McIvor. “In that case,” said Garth, “it is time for me to call my hounds,” at the same time turning his plaid and rejoining his followers. A fight then took place, in which the

McIvors were beaten and pursued for eight miles, when they made another stand, only to be overthrown a second time. It would appear that previous to this affair the river and glen were known as Dhui, but afterwards were rechristened, and that adjacent fields and rocks now bear names after memorable incidents in the fight.

The ancient clan of McMaster was very nearly exterminated by the McLeans of Coran Ferry. One of the latter, a bold enough man notwithstanding his nickname of McLean of the White Feather, which title he drew on himself through his habit of wearing a large white pinion as his plume, complained that his valuable services to his chief had been overlooked, a universal complaint in all ages by those in servitude. McLean offered him the command of the clansmen so that he could help himself to some other person's land, at the same time whispering in his ear, "Loup the lowest dike you can find." This was equivalent to a suggestion to attack the rather feeble McMasters. Accordingly, he attacked that clan, slew most of them, and seized their lands.

The story is carried further. The heir of the McMasters escaped to the ferry and requested the ferryman to row him across. That man, however, knowing that the McMasters had been nearly wiped out, saw that he would suffer for assisting the heir to escape, so he refused the request. Poor McMaster had to seek shelter in a cave, where he was discovered and slain, his memorial cairn being still pointed out. McLean and his men soon reached the ferry, and the ferryman, in order to ingratiate himself with the conqueror, boasted of how he had treated his old master. McLean saw the matter in a different light, however, and expressed himself thus, "If you could treat your old friends so treacherously how would you treat me in an equal extremity?" The question, if

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question it was, would be difficult to answer, and the story is concluded with the ferryman being hanged on his oars.

In a feud between the McNabs and the Neishes of Strathearn, the latter were almost exterminated, only one boy escaping; while in an encounter known as Tuitumtarvach between the McLeods and the men of Sutherland, only one man of the former was left alive.

The case of the massacre of the McDonalds at Eigg happened in this wise. Some members of the McLeods were caught in a storm and sought refuge on the island which was occupied by the McDonalds. They were hospitably entertained, as the custom was, but having insulted one of the island maidens they were bound hand and foot and set adrift in their open boats. They were rescued, however, and McLeod landed in Eigg with a considerable force to punish the McDonalds. For two days they searched in vain for any sign of the inhabitants, and were about to re-embark when a man's foot prints were observed near the shore on a light covering of snow, with which the ground was covered. The foot prints were traced to the cave in which the McDonalds had taken refuge. McLeod ordered a great fire to be kindled in front of the cave, and the wretched inmates were literally smoked to death. One man was offered his freedom, and had permission to bring out four others because of his connection with the McLeods through marriage. But one man of his choosing was not acceptable to the McLeods, so he preferred to crawl back and perish with the others. The bones of the murdered McDonalds lay inside the mouth of the cave for long. There they were seen by Sir Walter Scott "lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church."

The Stewarts of Invernahyle and the Campbells of Dunstaffnage had a deadly feud existing between them, and it was in no way lessened through the following rather

strange incident. Stewart had occasion to visit Eilean-'n-Stalcair (Falconer's island), where he laid down his Lochaber axe. Campbell of Dunstaffnage arrived shortly afterwards with a party of his followers. Seizing the axe he exclaimed, "This is a good axe if it had a good handle to it." Stewart replied, "Has it not that?" sarcastically laying his hand on it. A struggle ensued and Stewart was killed.

The Stewarts had dispossessed the McDonalds of certain lands in Rannoch, and a bitter feud between these clans resulted. The Stewarts held letters of fire and sword against their enemy, which they had secured in consequence of the widow of Stewart of Strathgarry carrying to the authorities in Edinburgh the bloody shirt of her husband who had fallen in an encounter. As the McDonalds of Glencoe were out at their sheilings in the Blackmount one fine June morning they found themselves surrounded by the Stewarts. The Laird of Glencoe and his brother were killed and beheaded, and their heads placed in a small barrel and sent to Stirling as proof that the order had been fulfilled. It is stated that as the heads rolled against each other, the carrier sarcastically remarked, "Can't you agree? I'm sure you are friends."

Another horrible act was perpetrated at Killiechrist Church near Beaully, when a whole congregation of the McKenzies were burned alive by the McDonalds of Glengarry on account of a feud. The McDonalds formed a ring round the building and any who attempted to escape were thrust back, while a piper marched about and played a stirring extempore tune. One young woman claimed her liberty as being a McDonald, but as she had married a McKenzie, she too was forced back into the flames. The bones of the victims were lying about till recent times.

As far back as 1511 the Drummonds and Campbells burnt, in a similar manner, a large number of the Murrays

with their wives and children in the old church of Monzievairst, near Crieff.

During a feud between the Stewarts and the McGregors, the latter fierce clan one day called at Ardvoirlick House, and placed before the widow of Stewart her husband's head with a crust of bread between his teeth.

As showing the determined attitude of revenge taken by one family against another for an affront offered, we have that of the McNabs against the McNeishes in the reign of King James the Fifth. A servant of the Chief of McNab, sent to Crieff for provisions, was assaulted and robbed by McNeish. This was more than the proud spirit of McNab could suffer. He had twelve valiant sons, and these laid their heads together to devise some plan of reparation or revenge. Their conclave was cut short by the angry father, as he curtly expressed the opinion that "the night is the night if the lads were the lads." Now the McNeishes lived on an island which made the task of the young men all the more difficult of accomplishment, but stung by the father's words they took their arms, and, led by the eldest son, cynically known as "Smooth John," they succeeded in effecting a landing during the darkness. They battered in the door of the dwelling and mercilessly attacked the enemy, only a man and a boy escaping. The McNab braves cut off the heads of the McNeishes, and these they carried home with them. "Smooth John," in handing over to his father the ghastly trophies, used the words, "The night *was* the night and the lads *were* the lads."

The following is an incident from which one might have looked for a long and sanguinary feud, yet no reprisal of consequence took place through it. There had been trouble between the Stewarts of Appin and the McLeans of Duart, but this had evidently been amicably

settled. At any rate, Duncan, the chief of the Stewarts, accompanied by only one servant, visited Mull. The McLeans were evidently bent on causing trouble, and passed jokes about the size of Stewart's henchman. Stewart retorted that the Appin men were not fed on barnacles as the McLeans were said to be. This was enough to cause a drawing of swords, and Stewart was overpowered and slain. Livingstone of Bachuill, who, with his clan, were followers of Stewart, hearing of his death, set out at night in a boat rowed by his two daughters. He scuttled all the boats in the port of Duart and brought back the body of his chief for burial in the church of Lismore, and the trouble was ended for the time. It is worth noting here that Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer and missionary, was of this race, and that his relatives do, or did recently, reside there.

The great fight between the Clans Chattan and Kay on the North Inch of Perth in 1396—which was carried out before the King and his nobles — was, if possible, conducted with the greater savagery because the opposing clans were at feud with one another. It was really fought between two families of the Clan Chattan, the McPhersons and the Davidsons, who, with other families, were all comprised under that name. Thirty men on either side were appointed and well armed for the deadly struggle. One of the McPherson body having failed to arrive, and the Davidsons positively refusing to fight 29 a side, it looked as if the fight would have to be abandoned. A substitute was, however, procured in Gow Chrom, the crooked smith, an armourer by trade and a burgher of the Fair City. He engaged to fight for a certain fee, and having killed his man, evidently thought that it was all that was required of him, and was about to leave the field. The McPhersons observed this, and, by offering a suitable remuneration, received his further

assistance. Only one man on each side escaped unwounded, the survivor of the Davidsons and the crooked smith. The story is graphically told by that master of romance, Sir Walter Scott, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, though, of course, authenticity and fiction are blended in the composition of the story.

When two Highland clans were at feud with one another they not infrequently made an incursion or foray into each other's lands for the purpose of seizing and driving off the cattle. These forays were sometimes attended with loss of life. On such occasions it was often necessary to drive the cattle through the lands of other and friendly tribes. This privilege was allowed the raiders only on their paying certain compensation, called Road Collop, to the chief of these neutral territories.

On one occasion Munro of Foulis made a foray into Strathardle and carried his cattle through the lands of McIntosh of Moy. This chief claimed one-half of the total amount of the spoil as his portion, but this Munro refused to give. The McIntosh collected his men and pursued the raiders, but they were beaten at Clach-naharry, their greedy chief perishing in the fight.

On another occasion the McDonalds of Glencoe, returning from a foray, sought to pass through Breadalbane without paying the customary compliment to the Earl. A number of the Campbells, who were at a wedding of a daughter of the family of Finlarig, immediately left the jovial board and followed the haughty McDonalds. They came up with them on the top of a hill near Killin but were driven back with loss. Nineteen young gentlemen, descendants of the Campbell family, fell that day, as well as many clansmen of inferior rank.

Destitution, which happened not infrequently, was, of course, a good and sufficient cause in the south as well

as in the north for making a foray on a neighbour's lands. The motto of one of the clans is to the effect that they will not be the last to starve. It is said that a clansman, who was reduced to chewing a rib, hinted the fact to his chief who happened to pass at the time. The subsequent foray is still celebrated under the name of *Creach an aisne*—The Foray of the Rib.

The Highlanders had the faculty—doubtless attained through long practice—of being able to trace stolen cattle by their hoof marks. They could tell the difference between those hurriedly driven and those wandering about of their own accord. Even across heath, where the ordinary observer could scarcely see a mark, the Gaels had little difficulty in following the track. Should the raiders be successful in outwitting their pursuers and bringing the cattle safely to their own glen, the chief claimed one-third and the remaining two-thirds were divided among the captors.

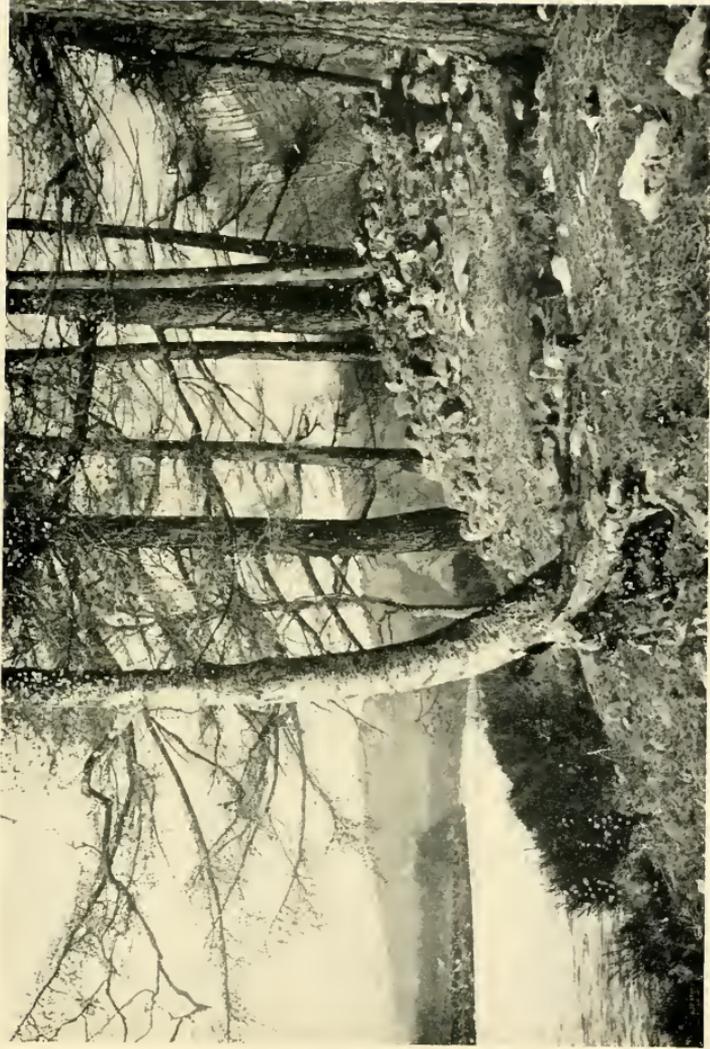
When the track of the cattle became lost, no matter on whose land it occurred, the chief was considered to be the guilty party, and it was required of him to make restitution. This custom had become recognised as law. Even the offending clansmen, if they could be found, were required to be delivered up under the law of *Cincogish*, but it is probable that this part of the procedure would be generally evaded. Certainly an immediate rupture would result unless the chief submitted and granted compensation for the lost cattle.

There was another law of the foray. It was known as *Tasgal*, and was a reward offered for the recovery of stolen animals. As recognition of this law would be sure to involve the clans in difficulties and dangers, it was better fulfilled in the breach than in the observance. Some of the clans declared on oath that they would never

accept it, and passed the penalty of death on any one who did.

The *Kearnachs* or *Caterans* (*Kernes* of the English) were selected bands required when the operation of foraying presented exceptional difficulties. It was an association much favoured by the middle class because their exploits were accomplished with a good deal of danger, and it afforded very favourable opportunities of training. Scott, however, uses the expression to show a rather inferior sort of person "because a *wretched* Kern ye slew." Many of the forays of the northern caterans were directed at the south, and as they returned they were often set upon by the clans of the central Highlands. Bloody encounters frequently took place. Near Balmoral is the Cairn of Remembrance (*Cairn na cuimhue*), which is probably a memento of the ancient raiders. It was the custom of the *Farquharsons*, who were the settled people of the place, to set a stone on a particular spot, when and where they were called to arms, and on their return each picked out his stone again. The remaining stones indicated the loss that had been sustained by the clan in the encounter.

The *Creach*—a word signifying to impoverish—was a foray into the Lowlands. As every Highlander looked upon the Lowlanders as aliens, the lifting of their cattle was considered a meritorious act. If resistance was offered there might be considerable loss of life, but, as a rule, hostilities were zealously avoided. It was the kind of enterprise that the Highlander loved, for there was a spirit of danger in it, yet it brought forth no reprisals. The Lowlanders were too much afraid to carry retaliation into the mountains of the wild tribesmen. In consequence of this the part of the country bordering the Highland line suffered very severely from their depredations.



Cairn of Remembrance.



Blackmail was a sum of money paid by the Lowland farmers to the Highland freebooters under a guarantee that these men would not lift the farmers' cattle during a stipulated time. It contained a clause that should the cattle be lifted during that period the loss would be met. Another condition was that all parties would be relieved of their bargain in the event of civil commotions. It might almost be considered as the forerunner of the present day burglary insurance.

There were many noted freebooters, whose names have come down to us. Rob Roy was probably the most famous of them all. Another was Ailean nan Creach (Allan of the forays). The latter, unlike Rob Roy, saw evil in the work as he grew old, and, having consulted the "spirits," was instructed in expiation of his sins to build seven churches, and this he did.

CHAPTER XII.

Agriculture.

PRIOR to the great Rebellion, agricultural methods in the Highlands were of the most primitive kind. The chief exacted no oppressive rent, being keenly anxious to retain a happy and loyal populace on his land, who would render him service at home as required, and be always ready to take up arms in his defence. After the withdrawal of the power of the heritable chiefs it was still their purpose to a large extent to continue this state of affairs. Through their ability to raise troops for the Government, they were rewarded with commissions in the army and received other preferments.

This happy state of matters could not continue indefinitely, and shortly after the beginning of the last century the peasantry had to content themselves with a position more in conformity with the rest of the country. That period is, therefore, a good view-point from which to examine the agricultural methods of the Highlands, showing as it does to some extent the connection of the past with the present.

In an agricultural sense the Highlands have never been equal to the Lowlands. There are certainly rich districts but these are few. Others features, however, go to compensate for the lack of fertility. Mountains are everywhere. Rill and river tear their way down the hill sides, forming many cascades and lochs in their course.

It is a country of exquisite beauty and salubrious air, so that thousands are encouraged to go there every year to admire the former and to rejoice in the latter. To

the jaded city dweller there is health and pleasure to be had in the Scottish Highlands, equal to any place abroad. There are no great stretches of "carse" lands as in the south and east, yet the valleys are green and productive.

Formerly, the land was more highly cultivated than now, and maintained a greater population than did the richer lands of the south. The mountain sides bear evidence, in some cases up to the 1,400 feet level, of man's laborious struggles in drawing from nature what it could produce, though much of his work is now invisible. In many cases the land has gone back to a very primitive state, having been claimed anew by heather, bracken and bent.

In those days people lived on the soil, and almost every man was an agriculturist, which may be a reason why the Highlander always casts wistful eyes to the possessing of a holding at a moderate rent.

There were few manufactures, and so towns were scarce and small. Each family had a portion of ground allotted to it, and this was often of rather small dimensions, but the rents were equally low, and the wants of the Highlanders were easily supplied. They were too much the children of nature to have welcomed luxury, even had it been their lot to have received it.

Life is now on a different plane, and it would not be possible or desirable to live under the conditions then existing. The natives and their descendants are, to a great extent, abroad, where they have prospered as agriculturists and in the numerous other occupations open to men of capacity and integrity.

After the Rebellion the eyes of the Government were opened to the fact that here was a remarkable people of extraordinary power and determination, a small number of whom, but for their fatal delay in Edinburgh, might

have marched triumphantly to and taken possession of Westminster itself. It became evident then that the best way of opening up this little known part of the country to southern influences would lie in the first place by the making of roads. The Government set about this very laudable purpose with a will. In this they were ably assisted by proprietors and others, and soon some 1,200 miles of new thoroughfares were laid down. In addition, 540 miles of old military roads were re-made, and 1,436 bridges were built over the streams, all at a cost of nearly half a million pounds. The presence of roads in a country has the effect of creating greater changes than is generally supposed. The country is then easily penetrable by those who seek trade, or simply go for sight seeing, and when main roads have been made it follows as a natural sequence that side roads into fields and farms will soon follow. This is what took place in the Highlands. The pack horse, with its panniers slung over its sides, had to give way to the rumbling cart, and soon greater changes were evident than could be wrought by an army of occupation in a century.

Over almost all the Highlands society was constituted in four main denominations — proprietor, tacksman, tenant and cottar.

A proprietor would let out at a certain rent a large portion of his estate to a tacksman, as it was easier to deal with him than with a large number of separate tenants. The tacksman had full power to occupy the land as he thought best. This he usually did by taking a large farm, of good soil, into his own possession and working the same. He was a man of standing in the community, educated and with a fair amount of means, so that he held himself as little inferior to the actual owner.

The tacksman let out to tenants what land he did not require for his own use, and often three or four persons joined in taking a farm from him. The division of the holding for the purpose of its cultivation was decided by lot always about Christmas time. It was not a desirable method, considering that any improvement made might be lost almost immediately by the party who created it. In some of the Isles a system of dividing the produce in a sort of communal plan was followed. The share was made according to the rent payable by each. Cattle, of course, had a common pasture, usually from May to September.

This co-operation of the Highlands appears to have proceeded from the ancient Celtic laws, which were remarkable for favouring equality. At one time it was customary in the Western Islands to have all fishing lines of equal length so that no one would have an unfair advantage.

In cases where tenants procured leases from the proprietors, they paid their rent direct to them. They preferred this plan, when it could possibly be had, as they felt that they got better consideration than through the intermediary of the tacksman. The Duke of Argyll was among the first to grant leases direct to his tenants.

The cottars were the labourers on the tacksmen's farms. They were themselves farmers in a small way, so should not be looked upon as day labourers only. They were each allowed a piece of ground on which to grow corn and potatoes. They also had a cow or two and some sheep. As perquisites they had fuel and a weekly allowance of meal from their masters, and by mutual arrangement they were allowed time to cultivate and attend to their holdings.

It is evident from what has been said that there was little need for enclosed fields, and tenants were slow to

adopt the new system. The country was open, dreary and very bare, except for patches of coppice and small natural shrubs, which grew abundantly, especially in and around the many marshy places. The proprietors and tacksmen were the first to enclose any farms in their own holding, and to divide them into fields of size sufficient for their purposes and for easy working. Turf dykes were common at first, but Galloway or "rickle" dykes soon gained in popularity owing to the facility in obtaining material everywhere. Herd boys were employed in keeping the cattle out of the growing crops, and these were required till recent times. It may have seemed an indolent existence, but many a youth found it a suitable time for quiet study, and we should never forget the record of the eminent men that the Highlands produced who began life by herding cows between the rigs.

To those who have seen the gigantic trees of the central Highlands, where soil and situation are very favourable to their growth, it may come as a surprise to learn that there are large tracks in the Western Highlands in which no tree will grow. Yet there is evidence that at one time the whole country was well wooded. On shore lands and in the Islands the plough and flaugher spade are continually turning up large pine roots. When Donald Munro travelled through the country in 1540, woods were everywhere abundant, and they appear to have been there in Buchanan's time. Other early travellers have mentioned the existence of great forests in their day. The truth of this is borne out by the fact that at low tides the stumps of trees are seen in great numbers, while in mosses far up the mountains they are found to this day.

The want of timber for house building and the ordinary use of the farm and croft was a great calamity, and there were parts of the country where a shipwreck came as a God-send.

So valuable were the rafters and beams of a dwelling house that these were sold separately from the rest of the building, forming such a considerable asset that they were conveyed by settlement at death.

It would be interesting to know the reason why trees should cease to grow where formerly they flourished. It shows a decided change either in climate or soil or in both. From anything that can be gathered, the weather appears now to be much wetter — an almost continual falling of rain, accompanied by cold winds and a great absence of frost and snow. It looks as if a prophecy of the Brahan seer “that the day would come when people would be forced out of certain Highland districts through stress of weather” may be fulfilled. As no failure in afforestation has taken place in the chief inland counties, it would appear that the cause is probably not to be found in the soil. There is, according to several writers, clear evidence that along parts of the west coast, what were once the homes of men, are now sunk under the ocean wave. Whether this was caused through some gradual process of nature or by a sudden convulsion is not known, but it, too, is a probable cause of the failure of a once successful crop. The want of sheltering woods had a grievous effect on farming, particularly on land exposed to winds off the sea. It is said that even pasture land deteriorated to one-quarter of its earlier value, and farmers who formerly could outwinter their cattle had to resort to feeding them in byres.

The farm houses of the period were of the poorest description, miserably built, and, viewed from a distance, almost indistinguishable from the surrounding country. Lime was seldom used in their construction, but mud or clay held the rough unhewn stones together in a way. In any case it served from allowing the wind too free an agency through the masonry. Thatch might be either

of heather, sprouts, or straw, often badly laid on, and requiring frequent renewal. This, however, was not looked upon as a great disadvantage, as the roof, impregnated with soot, was an excellent compost for the fields. The fire was placed in the centre of the apartment, and the smoke escaped, as best it could, through a hole in the roof. A chimney was not necessary, though sometimes an empty barrel was placed there to assist the smoke in escaping.

Flooring was conspicuous by its absence, as Dr. Johnson found out when in the north. On one occasion, after hospitable treatment, he was about to go to bed, the elegance and cleanliness of which he praised, when he unexpectedly stepped into a mud-hole.

Cattle and goats shared the same rooftree with the rest of the family, with often no partition of any sort to separate them.

Among all the grasses of the field there is none more important than corn. Particularly is this the case to a Scotsman, who has always delighted in his porridge of oatmeal, and which he has found to be both a frugal and a nourishing food. Burns gives it an honourable place when he says:—

“But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch—chief o’ Scotia’s food.”

This country can raise the best corn in the world, and oatmeal, eaten in the form of cakes, brose and porridge, has produced such a race of men that they can well smile at Dr. Johnson’s dictionary definition of the word. It was grown from earliest times, and the Romans found it cultivated in Britain in their day. The great and wealthy as well as the poorest loved their porridge. It was Scotia’s staple meal and universally

partaken of. When a Frenchman spoke rather contemptuously of it to Lady Perth, she replied, "Tastes differ, sir. Some folks like parritch and ithers like puddocks."

The Highlanders sowed late, and in the uncertain weather of a northern clime they reaped equally late. Very little manure was put into the land, and, as a consequence, the crop was light. Often it did not exceed a three-fold return, and a six-fold return was considered an excellent crop.

There was no great demand for wheat, nor were there mills enough to deal with it, while any barley went to the manufacture of whisky.

Peas were a good crop and took little trouble to raise. They had been cultivated from the earliest times. They had the recommendation of ripening early—that known as the Sutherland variety being the earliest of all. The meal they produced, though not very palatable to modern taste, was much relished in those days.

The old plan of tillage was first to cut the furrows with a ristle drawn sometimes by one but more frequently by two horses to mark the drill. This was followed by the big plough drawn by several horses to open it out. In the "ristle" plough the coulter was made in the shape of a sickle in order to cut the roots of bent lying deep in the ground. There were no mechanics about, and farmers had to make their own ploughs and other implements of husbandry. The old thrapple plough had only one stilt, and it gradually disappeared as an agricultural implement a hundred years ago. It was rude in construction, and composed of wood except for the coulter and sock. It was drawn by four horses, small Highland garrons, for strangely enough oxen were never popular as draught animals in the north, though their use lingers in the north-east and in the Orkneys to this day. The

horses were yoked abreast to a cross-bar, and it required the services of three men when in use. One man placed himself between the two pairs of animals, and walked backwards, his hands resting often on the necks of the animals. He saw to the driving and guiding part of the work. The second man was required to press the plough into the ground when necessary, and the third man held the stilt against his right thigh and attended the proper performance of the plough.

It was a slow and laborious business, but there was another implement of cultivation called the *caschrom*, or foot plough. It was very serviceable in many cases. Much of the cultivation in the Highlands was done by it, and so useful was it that Logan considered it was not likely ever to be superseded in rugged ground. It is an implement of great antiquity, and is not yet wholly out of use. The Highlanders acquired considerable dexterity in its manipulation. It consisted of a wooden base shod with iron for about five or six inches in length and of equal breadth. From this a bent shaft, ranging from four to seven feet long, was attached, and through this shaft a strong peg protruded seven or eight inches on the right side. It was worked by one man, who stood on his left foot and placing his right on the peg, much the same as is done in the case of a spade, he dug his *caschrom* eight inches to a foot into the ground and dexterously levered over to his left the soil thus freed. With this tool a man could turn over as much in a day as four men could do with the spade, and it was well adapted for hilly ground where it was difficult to use horses. In a good season a man could cultivate as much corn and potatoes, through the agency of his *caschrom*, as would supply an average family with these commodities throughout the year. In some parts of the Highlands the plough was not used at all, the *caschrom* and spade being found to be sufficient for all that was necessary.

Native horses were small but active, and in some of the islands quite high spirited. They were moderately good at all kinds of work and were not difficult to feed. Owing to long acclimatization in a hilly country, almost destitute of roads, they were sure-footed. The price of these animals might range from £2 to three times that amount.

The great want of the farmers was good manure for crops. They early understood the art of fertilization, and were aware that, to use a common expression, "if they did not put it in, they could not take it out" of the soil. They are credited with having discovered the use of marl, and to have conveyed this knowledge to the Greeks and the Romans. Among other places that of Marlee, in Perthshire, may have taken its name from this mineral. Lime kilns were common, and when possible the Highlanders applied this fine lasting fertilizer to the soil. It would be to the advantage of the whole country if it were more widely used again.

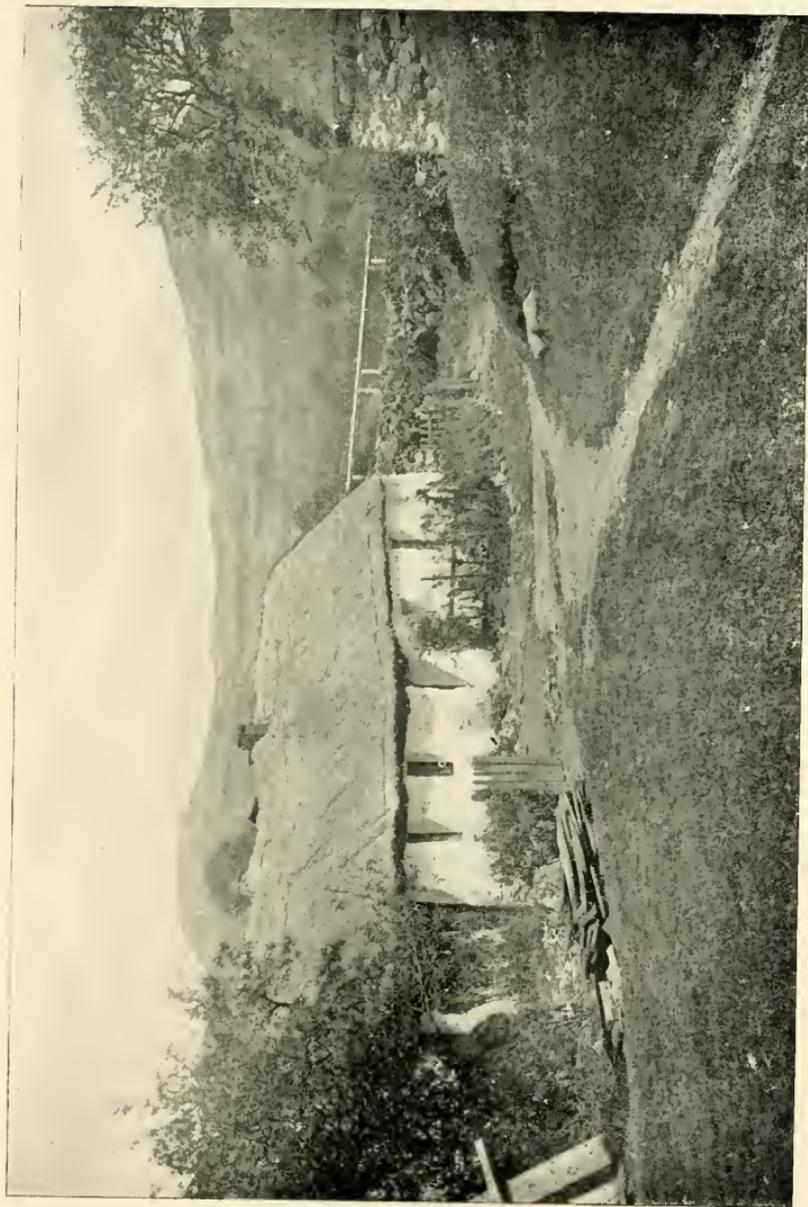
The principal manure wherever it could be got was sea weed. It was often carried long distances to be spread on the land. Its carriage was effected in this way. Two semi-circular baskets were suspended on each side of the horse. The side next the animal was the bottom of the basket, and they were so constructed that with the withdrawal of certain pegs and a little manœuvring the contents of both baskets were discharged at the same time. The difficulty lay in having the emptying done simultaneously, for if one was emptied sooner than the other it would at once be thrown over the horse's back and probably find a good mark at the head of the farmer. There was great merriment when the like happened, for the agriculturist, notwithstanding his arduous toil, is ever ready to enjoy any such untoward incident. The

Highlanders, however, had so long been used to this kind of work that they became very efficient at it and performed the operation with celerity and ease.

As may be supposed the harness used was of the simplest possible make. It consisted of a bridle of birch twigs twisted together. The crupper was a short stout stick and the saddle a piece of coarse sacking. Ropes were of twisted twigs or of hair.

Carts were not common in southern Scotland until after 1745, and it took some time after this before the Highlander had roads to allow him to dispense with his sledge and creels. Even in 1778, on one of the large farms, there were no wheeled carriages of any kind. The first carts in the north were made wholly of wood; the wheels usually of ash or other hard wood. They were small in size, proportionate to the horses which had to draw them. The diameter of the wheel did not exceed two and a half feet. By the beginning of the century these small carts were fairly common where the roads permitted of their use, yet because of the high price of timber they were looked on as almost a luxury.

Harrows with wooden tines were common but were being displaced by the better class farmers in favour of those with iron teeth. In some places the grain was harrowed in by a bundle of brushwood tied with a long rope to the horse's tail, and even the barbarous custom of attaching the implement to the animal's tail was not quite done away with. A make of harrow common in the Lewis consisted of the first and second bars having wooden teeth with heather in the third. Much of the harrowing was done by man power, a strap across the chest and a rope attached to the implement being all that was required. Not so long ago women might have been seen drawing the harrows in some isolated Highland parts, and probably the practice is not



A Highland Cottage.



quite out of use. Many of the agricultural implements of present day use were unheard of 200 years ago.

Threshing machines were almost unknown. They were usually stanced too far distant for the farmer to convey his crops thither, so he had almost always to resort to the flail. This consisted of two pieces of wood, one long and the other short, joined together at the end by a thong. The sheaf having been placed on a wooden platform the farmer took hold of the longer piece and struck the ears of the corn with the smaller one, after the manner of a weighted whip.

As we have said the climate of the north was uncertain and there was often difficulty in getting the crop secured. It fell to the women to do the reaping, and they performed the work so well that for this they are always given high praise by travellers. In some cases there appears to have been an attempt at having drying sheds, so these should not be looked upon as a recent discovery. In early cases the upper parts of the gables, next the roof, were left open so that the sheaves were dried by a current of air passing through the house.

A very wasteful way of securing the grain was that of having it *graddanned*, or burnt out of the ear. There were two ways of doing this. The first was by cutting off the ears, drying, and then setting fire to them. The other plan consisted in taking a handful of the corn by the stalks in the left hand, setting fire to the husks, and, as soon as these were burnt, dexterously extinguishing the flame before the grain was injured. This plan left the corn very black and dirty, but it was better than losing the crop. The resultant meal was not pleasant to look at, but it had the reputation of being good and wholesome. This *graddanned* was the parched corn of the Bible, where the word is used on more than one occasion. In the book of Ruth we find that Boaz

instructed his beloved one to come forward at meal-time when he reached her parched corn and she did eat, and was sufficed. A few of the larger farmers had erected mills with stone floors for the drying of corn, but the domestic pot, filled with grain and placed on the peat fire, served as a dryer for the smaller tenant and cottar. We occasionally see, at the present time, a note of when a farmer breaks a record in the shortness of time he has taken between the reaping and the baking, but in this he will find it difficult to beat old records. Many a diet was then served in which the meal that composed it was standing uncut two hours before. Within that time it had been cut, dried, ground and baked. The rush of ancient days was caused by need, a circumstance that does not call for occasion now.

Meal mills being, "like angel visits, few and far between," and the quantity of grain on each holding small, much of it was ground in a quern. This handmill consisted of two stones, circular in shape, laid horizontally one above the other. Specimens are to be seen in most museums. A wooden peg was fixed in the bottom stone and on this the upper one was nicely balanced. A slight touch would make it revolve rapidly. Two women took their places, one on either side of the mill. One of the women fed it through a hole in the upper stone while the other turned it. They found it a happy occupation, relieving one another at intervals, and singing or telling stories as the work proceeded. It was a slow method of milling, but time was then of no great account, and they were always able to grind at least a bushel of grain in an afternoon.

The quern was used in very ancient times, and is referred to in Christ's illustration of the uncertainty of life. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

The average length of lease in the beginning of the last century was nineteen years. Formerly it had been much longer, but the Highlanders had allowed it to be reduced by at least ten years, in order that the impoverished chiefs of the '45 might not be handicapped too much or for too long a period. In some places a much shorter lease was common. The nineteen years' lease was, however, the standard, and it came down to our own day and was invariably found satisfactory. It was a period of time that allowed a tenant to make improvements and to benefit from his enterprise. Previous to the Rebellion a cultivator of the soil could almost count on a lease for life, as to turn away one to make room for a stranger was undreamt of. The great disadvantage and drawback of farming in the Highlands at that time was the smallness of the holdings, which, owing to sub-divisions among the family, were always growing less.

At present the custom appears to be that as leases expire they are being renewed only from year to year. This is done in order that the landlord may be in a position to sell his land, if, and when he so desires. It is a most unsatisfactory way of doing, and not to the country's best interests. Without leases of a sufficient length there will never be well cultivated land.

The granting of leases on the competitive principle has been much criticised, as it brings into farming a class who may have the means but want the qualification of good farmers. Too often it forms an outlet for an occupation to unsuited lads, whose well-to-do parents do not desire that they should be without at least a nominal occupation. This, of course, must not be accepted as the rule in these cases, but as the exception. Farming has undoubted fascinations, and many a young man who could

follow the more learned of the professions with honour prefers the less conspicuous one of cultivating the soil.

The landlord's interest does not always lie in the utmost penny he can extract as rent, but it is to his advantage and the country's benefit when the best of good husbandry is followed.

The true proprietor will not turn his tenant out because another person offers a few pounds more annually, and the tenant, under considerate treatment, will have a pleasure in preserving and protecting the owner's interests. The Gaels had such a confidence in their chiefs that, even where they had no leases, they continued to cultivate and improve their holdings, and this continued for at least a generation after the Rebellion.

Owing to the scarcity of coin as a medium of exchange rents were originally paid in kind, a custom that existed down to the time of which we write. Payments in specie were, of course, becoming more frequent, but it took a long time to completely abolish the old custom. That custom required a payment each year of a certain number of cattle or other animals; while servitudes, under the name of *arriage* and *carriage*, included an indefinite amount of labour in seed time and harvest. It also required the cutting and supplying of a stated amount of peats for the Castle fires, and other odds and ends of work not of an arduous nature.

The law having reduced Highland chiefs to the situation of other proprietors, and they, having no further need of the services of their clansmen, began to look to the revenue from their possessions to compensate and to reinstate them into positions of power and influence. A small increase in rent was asked, and as promptly accepted, for the Highlander was ever willing to meet the needs of his laird. This was only the thin end of the wedge, however, as additional increases were demanded,

till at last great dissatisfaction was created: and a new régime, as between landlord and tenant, was inaugurated in the Highlands. The removal of some tenants added fuel to the fire, and, as landlords began to throw small farms into larger ones, the situation soon provoked open warfare. Wholesale dispossession was not yet, however, thought of.

Many Highlanders, nevertheless, had a foreboding that things were not altogether safe and were emigrating. Forsyth wrote that in his time the Highlanders "who from the highest to the lowest are generally men of much penetration and sagacity were anticipating their destiny, and prices being high at the time were selling out and going to America. Thus many valuable men and their families have been lost to the British Empire."

The sheep farms that were shortly to supplant the peasantry were let at a rent of about £1 per hundred acres, and as this was an increase from the original, it shows that the farmer was not burdened by the payment of rent. The native sheep of the Highlands were very different from the modern breed. They were small in size and of a white or dun colour, with a very soft fleece intermingled with strong hairs, and a short tapering tail. They were no doubt domesticated from a wild type, and Munro speaks of seeing them in his time "feeding masterless pertaying peculiarly to no man."

Sheep were the exclusive property of the women folk, who had the entire management of the flock. The men considered themselves above attending to sheep, and would not even condescend to assist at the shearing. It was considered infamous to steal a sheep and deserving of death, but to steal cattle was honourable and becoming to a "gentleman."

We are all familiar with the shaggy, fierce-looking, long-haired Highland cattle — a favourite subject of

artists. It is a type of what one would expect in the Highlands of Scotland, with its determined appearance of standing its ground against all opposition. This, however, was not the original cattle of the north. These were of a small size, with very short horns, straight in the back, long-nosed and of various colours. They were rather baggy in the body. Crossing between them and the Galloway was tried, but the native proved a better animal. Notwithstanding their hardiness the farmer counted on losing a few every winter. This was caused through insufficient fodder and weakness. It was a custom of the farmer, when his own household were in need of food, to take blood away from his cattle and prepare a meal in which it was used as an ingredient.

It ought to be remarked that wherever possible the farmer was engaged in the then flourishing industry of kelp-making. It was carried on all round the coast—that made in Orkney being superior. Kelp sold as high as £20 a ton, and rents rose rapidly. A farmer who was paying £40 on an old lease might find himself paying £300 under the renewal.

Kelp, when manufactured, was a substance composed of alkaline salts, chiefly potash, derived from the ashes of marine plants, and necessary in the composition or manufacture of such articles as soap, alum, glass, iodine, carbonate of soda, etc. The plants were collected from the rocks and shores and dried in kilns, the farmer combining his industry with kelp-making wherever practical.

The manufacture began on a small scale midway between the Jacobite Rebellions, but it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that it reached considerable dimensions. In that time the price had risen by £10 a ton, and was a source of income not to be ignored.

Like most innovations, its manufacture, however beneficial, began under a cloud. The common people saw all kinds of horror awaiting them. They declared that the smoke from the kilns would sicken and kill all sorts of animal life on the land and drive the fishes into the depth of the sea, beyond the reach of the fishermen. Corn and grass would be blasted, and human life, if it existed at all, would be diseased. The proprietors, however, persisted in going forward, and in time overcame all difficulties, but it took many years to live down the prejudices of the people.

By the middle of the nineteenth century other methods of supply began to supplant that of the product of the kelp-kiln. It was found that iodine, for instance, could be more readily obtained from crude Chili saltpetre, and that many of the salts useful in the manufacture of soap, glass and alum could be extracted from sea-water. The importation from abroad was a heavy loss to the poor people around our shores, but there was no help for it. Gradually the kelp industry was given up. The people of Skye and other of the Western Isles were the first to give in, as the seaweed on their shores contained a smaller quantity of the precious salts than that of other places. For a hundred to a hundred and fifty years kelp had been a valuable harvest to Scotland.

About this time the Highlanders were beginning to lay aside their prejudice to pigs, but there were still many people who, if offered a piece of pork, would eat it with something like disgust. No Jew ever held the pig in greater abhorrence than did the Highlander. Why this should have been is difficult to say. There are those who think it was because the pig was a sacred animal of the Druids, who allowed it to run about among their oak groves. It is more probable that their aversion to it was because of its being classified in the Book of Leviticus as

an unclean animal. Other creatures forbidden in these laws were likewise avoided by the men of the hills. The question rather is why should their neighbours, right up to the Highland boundaries, so soon have fallen from grace.

Strangely enough the objection offered to the flesh of the domestic pig did not extend to its wild ancestor. The boar's head forms a part of the crest of several clans, and the sow has given its name to many places within what was truly Highland territory. Thus we have Muckairn and the Isle of Muck. Although the animal had always been kept, and its flesh eaten by their neighbours around them, this had no effect on the Highlanders except to increase their disgust at the custom. They would rather die of hunger than eat it.

Pigs do not appear to have been sold openly at fairs till the middle of the last century, showing the slowness with which the Gael accepted it.

The native breed of swine was a small white animal, almost extinct at the time of which we write, and not an animal of much account.

By this time, too, every one kept a few fowls, which sought a roost at night above the cattle in the byre. Turkeys and geese were possessed by the nobles only. Probably because of their being used in sacrifice at an earlier time the Highlanders for long refused to use the domestic fowl for the table.

There was a prejudice against potatoes when they were introduced into the country. People declared that they would be poisoned through eating them. In one instance a chief compelled his tenants to plant them, and when the time for lifting the crop came they put them down at his doorstep, expressing themselves that though they might be compelled to plant them they could not be forced to eat them.

Potatoes came into use in the Highlands sooner than in the Lowlands, having been introduced from Ireland by Clan Ranald, who had them planted in S. Uist. They afterwards became the most popular of vegetables, and the Highlanders subsisted on them to a great extent.

It has been said that nature never meant Donald for a manufacturer any more than a deer for a plough. It has likewise been said that he was of a lazy race, more given to fighting than to bending his back over a spade. There may be a grain of truth in this, but it must be remembered that, from a variety of circumstances, he was greatly discouraged. In good seasons he got a bare living for himself and his family, and the good seasons were the exceptions rather than the rule. When it was possible he combined the harvest of the sea with that of the land, a combination of doubtful benefit perhaps, yet an earnest endeavour to make both ends meet. In 1780 all save sixty occupiers of land in Skye were also fishermen. The Saxon who had considerable experience of the Gael as a worker gave him credit for being both practical and willing.

A writer of this time says:—"The Highlands of Scotland, which at so late a period were the scene of so much internecine warfare and rapine, are at present among the most orderly districts in the world, and inhabited by a people who have retained nothing of their former character, excepting their hospitality and civility to strangers, and their activity and decision in any enterprise in which they engage, being capable of the highest exertions of industry, providing only an adequate reward be held out to their view."

This is very creditable to a people who not long before looked with contempt on every employment but that of arms and the chase. The rest of the country had a long apprenticeship served to agriculture before the

days of "Donald of the Hammers," who was horrified at seeing men reduced to cultivating the soil. This fiery old chieftain was boiling over in wrath at noticing his son actually assisting some men by taking a spade in his hand, so chased him off the field. Flourishing his *skean dhu*, he pursued the youth into the house and drove his weapon with great force through bed and bedding—well knowing that his boy had not taken refuge there!



Scene of the Massacre of Glencoe.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Massacre of Glencoe.

IN Highland history no event has called forth more universal sympathy for the victims or more severe condemnation on those responsible for its perpetration than did the massacre of the MacDonalds of Glencoe.

In order to trace the events that led to this tragic occurrence we must go back to the time when James II of England abdicated his throne and sought refuge in 1688 on the Continent of Europe. With the almost unanimous consent of the people of England, and with the approval of the majority of the people of Scotland, William of Orange and his Consort, Mary, were called to the Government and warmly welcomed by the mass of the people, who had grown weary with the old line of Kings. There were some of a different opinion, however, and these were to be found more particularly in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. They remained strong adherents to the House of Stuart, and were known as Jacobites from the Latin word *Jacobus*, James.

Claverhouse had given hope by his military genius and brilliant victories, with the unexampled heroism of his Highlanders, that there was yet a chance of preserving the Stuart dynasty, but in the hour of victory at Killiecrankie he fell, and with him the last real hope of the Jacobites was lost. Almost worshipped by the superstitious north countrymen who believed he bore a charmed life and was impervious to leaden bullets, they had now ceased all organised resistance against the Royal forces. But deep in their hearts they looked to the day

when the ancient and Royal line of Stuart would be restored to its former exalted position. They had loved its old Kings despite all their faults and failings. There were no differences in the religious views of King and people, and if sometimes they did not rule well their misgovernment was scarcely felt in the north.

Were these tribesmen to be left as "irreconcilables" to the new Government or to be encouraged to throw in their lot with the rest of the nation? This was the question set by the Cabinet of King William, whose members were anxious that there should be no discordant element in the Kingdom.

The problem of buying them out by a money payment was suggested by a statesman of note, Viscount Tarbat, himself descended from Highland stock. He contended that there was no serious opposition but a natural feeling perhaps more of sorrow than of injustice, and that it would not be difficult to influence them either way. The plan received the approval of Parliament and some £12,000 was promised for the praiseworthy purpose of conciliating them and applying balm to their wounded hearts.

One man, Sir John Dalrymple, Viscount Stair, who held the important post of Secretary of State for Scotland, was strongly opposed to this action of the Government, holding it as a bad precedent for settlement. He would rather have seen all recalcitrant chiefs and their followers put to the sword at once. The Government, however, were acting more sensibly and with an evident desire to bring peace to the nation.

They agreed on the Earl of Breadalbane as a suitable Royal Commissioner, and decided that he should be entrusted with the distribution of the money among the disaffected chiefs. In this the Government chose unwisely and wrecked all the chances of the success of

their really well meant efforts. Subsequent events soon made this quite clear. The pity was that the distribution was not carried through without the intervention of any Highland chieftain. There were too many local petty jealousies and antagonisms among these men ever to have expected a satisfactory settlement by the choice of any of them. Whether Breadalbane ever received the money is questionable, but it is certain he could not act impartially in its distribution.

To him, however, had fallen the task of seeing the matter through and he set about it by calling a meeting of the doubtful chiefs at Achallader.

MacDonald of Glencoe attended this meeting, and it is a pity that Breadalbane could not let pass the opportunity of accusing him of allowing, if not actually encouraging, his clansmen to ravage the lands occupied by the Campbells. He took the chance of demanding reparation for the losses his clan had sustained. He had reasons enough for his complaint, but the time was ill chosen.

Glencoe is a wild and sterile region, lying to the west of Rannoch Moor, bordered by majestic mountains, whose sides are riven with many a cleft and scar. Probably there is no more savage or picturesque yet beautiful glen in Scotland. A small stream, the Coe, or as it is called in Ossianic poetry, the Cona, threads its way through the glen to Loch Leven. It was from this barren region, thickly populated in those days, that the MacDonalds made frequent forays on their unoffending neighbours.

When MacDonald saw the attitude adopted by Breadalbane he recognised at once the futility of further negotiation. He realised that it was in the power of the chieftain to first pay himself from the portion that would fall to him (MacDonald) and if anything was left over

he might get it. But that was, to say the least, problematical. He, therefore, wasted no time in returning to his own people to tell them that Breadalbane and the hated Campbells were out to injure him yet.

At the conference it was agreed that the chiefs would create no hostilities between the dates 30th June and 10th October of that year (1691). This truce was favourable to the Government, who, in the interim, augmented all their garrisons in the Highlands to be in readiness for any emergencies that might arise. At the same time they issued a Proclamation to the people. In this Proclamation a free pardon was offered to all who had taken up arms for James, provided that they would take an Oath of Allegiance to King William *before* 1st January, 1692. Any who should refuse to sign the oath would be treated as "traitors and rebels, and other wayes to the utmost extent of the law." The Sheriffs of the various shires were instructed to receive signatures to the oath, and all people were made conversant with its terms. It left no dubiety in the minds of any who were at all anxious in the matter. MacDonald, situated as he was, surrounded by enemies, could never hope to do anything but adhibit his signature.

Probably everyone except the Earl of Stair was anxious to see a settlement, but the Earl had an intense hatred for some of the Highland clans and would have been glad had these refused to sign. It would have given him the opportunity he wanted of wreaking his ill-will on them.

It greatly pleased him when he was informed that not only the MacDonalds of Glencoe but also the MacDonalds of Glengarry, Keppoch and the Stewarts of Appin had not subscribed the oath. Subsequent news, however, proved that these other chiefs had accepted the position. They had been reluctant to do this, especially

as to who was to be the first to accept. It is probable they had been urged by the exiled James to keep themselves in the right by swearing fealty to King William, meantime at least.

It would appear from the correspondence of the Earl of Stair that some of the chiefs had written direct to King William questioning the loyalty of Breadalbane himself. Many were of the opinion that that cunning gentleman was two-sided — Willie's man in the south, Jamie's in the north—and because of his situation on the fringe of the Highlands it may have suited his purpose to be so. Stair, however, acted such a contemptible part throughout that he was quite capable of concocting the story to arouse the anger of Breadalbane and to further his own ends. If true, it showed the bitter enmity against the Earl, and did not augur well for a satisfactory conclusion of reconciliations.

Stair appears to have had a particular hatred of MacDonalld of Glencoe, and when, as we have stated, news was brought to him that more than Glencoe were irreconcilables we find him writing, through the hand of King William, to Livingston, authorising him to accept the submission of Glengarry and the others, but "if MacKean of Glencoe and the tribe can be separated from the rest it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sept of thieves."

Poor MacDonalld held out most stubbornly to the end, intending by so doing to provoke Breadalbane and all others who were anxious to alienate him from his Jacobitism. He made an effort to rectify his conduct when, on the last day of grace, he turned up at Fort William for the express purpose of taking the oath before Colonel Hill, the Governor there. That his intentions were sincere there can be no doubt, and one can imagine his disappointment and give him sympathy

when on that last permissible day he learned that Colonel Hill, being a military and not a civil officer, was not a person authorised to administer the oath. His ignorance had cost him dear. He was now thoroughly alive to his position as he retraced his steps to Inverary. It was mid-winter, he was an old man and Inverary was nearly sixty miles distant. The hills lay white with snow, a fresh storm having set in as he turned his face to the return journey, and his mind was troubled with the thought of being too late.

Colonel Hill had, however, been extremely kind and sympathetic to the aged chief. He had given him a letter, addressed to Sir Colin Campbell at Inverary, Sheriff-Depute of Argyleshire, asking him to receive what he called "a lost sheep." Armed with this letter, which showed that he had endeavoured to subscribe within the stipulated time, MacDonald made his way over the wild and trackless mountains that lay between him and his objective. So anxious was he now to save himself and his people that he hastened his steps, passing within a short distance of his own home but going not thither. For some reason not known he lost a day with a Captain Drummond, yet he performed a wonderful journey, everything considered, in reaching Inverary on the 3rd of January—three days late.

Here again disappointment met him; the train of ill-luck was following him. The Justice was not at home and it was yet other three days before he found himself in the presence of that dignitary. To make matters worse Campbell refused to administer the oath, asserting a point that was quite evident, namely, that his commission to do so had expired. Neither he nor any other person had power now to take MacDonald's signature. It was too late!

If the chief of Glencoe had been in doubt before this he had no doubt now. He and his clan were outlaws; not one of them could ever hope to escape. From the length and breadth of the land MacDonald of Glencoe and his handful of followers had thrown down the gauntlet to all Britain. Fully alive now to his position he pleaded with the Justice to be allowed to swear his allegiance to King William and so save his people. The Sheriff was moved with compassion as he saw the tears falling from the eyes of the aged warrior, and seeing he had by his visit to Fort William accepted the oath in the spirit, if not in the letter, allowed him to swear. In all probability Sheriff Campbell, aware of the time limit for signing, would inform MacDonald that there might be difficulty in the authorities accepting the Declaration at so late a date. We know that when he forwarded it to the Privy Council in Edinburgh he accompanied it with Colonel Hill's letter and a covering one of his own to enquire whether it could be accepted. He never received an answer to his question.

The certificate was received in Edinburgh by still another Campbell, Colin Campbell, the Sheriff-Clerk of Argyle. He laid it before the Council who *refused to take it*, owing to its bearing a date which was not in conformity with the Royal Proclamation.

It looked as if the fates had forsworn the death of MacDonald, so strangely did misfortune follow him.

The Sheriff-Clerk was not satisfied with the answer given so he, along with a Mr. John Campbell, a Writer to the Signet, waited on one of the Privy Councillors, Lord Aberuchil, to plead with him no doubt and to endeavour to get him to approach the Councillors again. The result was that the Councillors (and among them was the Earl of Stair) again refused to accept it without a warrant from the King. This, surely, would not have

been difficult to procure if the circumstances had been clearly made known to His Majesty. The course was not followed, however, and instead the signature of MacDonald was deleted by some one—it is not known by whom—from the document.

MacDonald having accepted the oath and hearing nothing further about it was now living in fancied security. He had called his clansmen together and informed them of how he had been allowed to swear allegiance to King William, and no doubt he recounted to them his many experiences in connection therewith. His clan approved of his action and now looked forward to a period of tranquillity.

Meantime the clouds were gathering round the hoary head of old Ian MacDonald, for the King was about to sign an order for the extermination of himself and his whole clan. The Earl of Stair was delighted that Glencoe had failed to subscribe in time, as he looked upon it "as a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sept, the worst in the Highlands." It is worth noting here that the King's order to Sir Thomas Livingston regarding the rebels is couched in somewhat similar terms, and the composition of it was no doubt that of Stair.

King William was not guiltless in setting his signature to this dreadful document without proper scrutiny and enquiry. He may have adhibited his signature without reading it at all. If so it was an omission enough to imperil the safety of his crown had James decided then to make a bold bid for its recovery.

In all the writings tending to the destruction of the MacDonalds at this time the hand of Stair is evident. He made no secret of it. In a communication to Livingston he admits he is "glade" that Glencoe had failed to take the oath in time, and he desires that no

attempt be made to harry the MacDonalds by drawing off their cattle, as that could only make them the more desperate. They must be "rooted out and cut off." Writing to another party the same day he asks that the attack on Glencoe be "secret and sudden." In all this sorry business there need be no dubiety as to who was principally responsible for the massacre that was soon to be perpetrated.

Sir Thomas Livingston, following the instructions he had received from Stair, writes under date 23rd January, 1692, to Colonel Hamilton at Fort William, reiterating the sentiments of Stair that MacDonald's failure is good news, and that it is a fair occasion to Hamilton to show that his garrison served some useful purpose. Letters continue to pass between Stair and Livingston and Stair and Colonel Hill, from which we learn of the plans maturing and that Argyle and Breadalbane had promised that they would not allow the MacDonalds to escape into Campbell territory. They would secure the passes into these districts.

The correspondence now comes down to the instruments chosen for the fell deed. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon received a letter from Major Duncanson, his superior officer. It passed on to Captain Campbell the order for the destruction of the MacDonalds that he himself had received from Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton. It is thought that Duncanson had a squeamishness in the matter and that he preferred the deed should be done by someone else. It appeared to have been a case of shifting the responsibility from their own shoulders to those over whom they had superior power. Many people at a later date demanded an enquiry into Duncanson's conduct, but nothing was ever done and he was afterwards killed while fighting abroad.

The order of destruction is still in existence and was recently sold at Christie's. This MS. is believed to be the original document. No copy is known to exist. It runs:—"You are herby ordered to fall upon the Rebels, the McDonalds of Glenco, and putt all to the Sword under Seventy. You are to have a speciall care that the old Fox and his sones doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to putt in executione at fyve of the clock precisely, and by that time or verie shortly after it I'le strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you att fyve, you are not to tary for me, butt to fall on. This is by the King's speciall command, for the good and safety of the country that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt into executione without foud or favour, else you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King nor government nor a man fitt to carry commissions in the King's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fullfilling thereof, as you love your selfe, I subscribe these with my hand att Babichebis, Feb. 12, 1692. RO. DUNCANSON.

For ther Ma'ties service,

To Capt. Robert Campbell, of Glenlyon."

This letter it will be observed is dated 12th February, but Captain Campbell and his forces had been living among the MacDonaldis from the beginning of the month as friends. His appearance there on the 1st of February, accompanied by forces which numbered about one hundred and thirty men, must have caused some consternation in the glen, more particularly because of the hitch that Ian had experienced so recently in the signing of the oath and the doubt left in his mind by the Sheriff of Argyle as to whether it would be accepted.

On Campbell's arrival he was met by John MacDonald, the eldest son of the chief, who enquired

the purpose of his visit, and received the assurance that it was one of peace. Did Captain Campbell know at this time that there was evil intention against the MacDonalds? It is said that his explanation was that the garrison at Fort William was overcrowded and that they had therefore come to quarter in the glen. If he said this, a story that would require some imagination, the MacDonalds might have been on their guard. It was ridiculous to think that part of a garrison should leave their quarters in mid-winter and retire into Glencoe to become a burden on a poor and practically then isolated community. The probability is that he said nothing of the sort. Had he been made seriously aware that he was being sent into Glencoe for the purpose of massacring the MacDonalds, or was he following out the orders of superior officers to go there without the purpose of his visit being previously defined?

It has been stated, on what authority I know not, that the massacre had been planned at Meggernie. There is no truth whatever in this. Captain Campbell did not leave with his forces from Glenlyon but from Fort William. It has further to be borne in mind that he was not at the head of a Campbell body of soldiers but a detachment of the Royal force.

The belief that no offence was intended against the MacDonalds was strengthened by the fact that Captain Campbell was related to the wife of Alexander MacDonald, another son of the chief. This lady's mother had been three times married. Her first husband was a brother of Glenlyon's, but the wife of young MacDonald was a daughter of the third husband.

Accommodation was provided for the troops and they were supplied with food. The usual Highland hospitality was extended to the guests, who passed the long winter evenings playing cards and otherwise

enjoying their time with their hosts. If Captain Campbell was aware of the final purpose of his visit, why did he not attack the MacDonalds at first rather than allow a fortnight's grace? This is a pertinent question demanding an answer. It was contrary to all Highland principles to remain an enemy after eating the bread of another. If, in the interval, the MacDonalds had learned that their object was one of attack they might have turned against their guests to some account, and it seems strange that the Government with all the forces at their command should have sent only 130 men. The MacDonalds had 200 fighting men in the glen, and very able men too. There never was any question about the fighting possibilities of the MacDonalds. If Campbell was fully aware of the duties that lay before him, it must have been a miserable fortnight for him to endure. Much is made of the fact that Glenlyon had accepted an invitation to dine with MacDonalld the following day, that is the day of the massacre. But the invitation was probably accepted *before* he received the order dated 12th inst.

Whatever be the real explanation of it all, here we see Captain Campbell receiving a very deliberate and peremptory letter—giving him no time to reply—a command which had he refused to execute would have placed him in the dreadful position of being a traitor. It was a warrant from the highest authority in the land to a soldier, and the consequence of refusal to execute it, let it be never so unpleasant, was as serious then as it is to-day. There was no alternative but to obey or die a traitor's death. Macaulay, writing on the massacre, says:—"By a dark intrigue, of which the history is but imperfectly known, but which was in all probability directed by the Master of Stair, the evidence of MacIan's tardy submission was suppressed." And that same

gentleman was capable of arranging all the details, supported by the Earl of Breadalbane.

The massacre began at five o'clock in the morning. It was dark and snow was falling. MacDonald was shot through the back as he was preparing to rise from bed. His wife had her rings torn from her fingers and was cast out into the storm to succumb the following day. The two sons who lived with them escaped. They had had their suspicions aroused the previous evening by seeing some unnecessary activity among the soldiery. They questioned Glenlyon on the matter and he told them that he was contemplating an expedition against Glengarry, and if anything had been intended against them he would surely have informed Alistair and his "niece." They were not satisfied with the answer and their watchfulness saved their lives. One man is said to have escaped by throwing his plaid over the levelled muskets. A group of MacDonalds had been sitting around a fire in one of the houses at Auchnacoin in the glen when a company of men, under one Barber, a sergeant, approached and killed four of them. The owner of the house desired to die outside. "For your bread which I have eaten," said Barber, "I will grant the request," but as they were preparing their muskets he blinded them as stated and made for the hills. A young man pleaded for his life, and Campbell, notwithstanding his orders to take no prisoners, would have spared him, but a Captain Drummond coming up had him shot dead. A child of five is said to have clung to Glenlyon's knees crying for mercy, and that he would serve him for life, but that the same Captain Drummond stabbed the boy in the back while he was in the act of praying. In this case probably the age is understated, as a child of five is scarcely capable of so expressing himself.

The soldiery, after murdering the inhabitants, set fire

to their houses, collected the cattle to the number of a thousand, and drove them off. Soon all that remained was blackened ruins. Glencoe was swept of all evidence of life.

Duncanson had intended joining the soldiers at Glencoe, but was delayed by the storm and did not reach the glen till eleven in the forenoon. He found on arrival that the massacre had been carried through, but from the fact that he had the only person he found (an octogenarian and consequently not included in King William's order) shot down, it is evident that he would have been even more cruel than the others.

At the enquiry which followed the killed were put down at twenty-five. Some authorities place it as high as forty. In any case a large proportion of those destined for slaughter were fortunate in making their escape. In other circumstances Glenlyon might have found himself on trial for the failure of his task.

Some may have died from exposure but not many. The storm would be more a protection than a danger, as it prevented the Royal troops from following or occupying the passes. Those who escaped got refuge in Appin, Glenure and other districts in the neighbourhood.

Who was to blame for the cruel massacre of Glencoe? At this time, when all racial feeling has died away and nothing but pride of countrymen remains, we can the better judge. King William as much as any man had to do in its perpetration. As the chief figure in the nation he had no right to order the extermination of this small sept. Argyle, Breadalbane, Hill, Livingston, Glenlyon and all their subordinates were not guiltless, though acting under orders. But the one pre-eminently guilty was the Master of Stair. A Royal Commission, brought about by public indignation, was appointed in 1695 to enquire into the massacre. It settled the blame on him.

He was deprived of his offices, which surely he had sufficiently degraded, and it is unfortunate that he was compensated for his loss at a later date by other honours from the Royal prerogative. Others may have regretted the part they played in the massacre but not Dalrymple. This unprincipled rogue only regretted "that any of the sept gote away."

To Glenlyon falls of course the odium of the massacre in an unusual degree, as he was the instrument chosen, adroitly enough, by those set over him, as the leading participant that day. He could not escape from public censure, but it is difficult to see how he could have done other than he did. Unlike Livingston, Duncanson and others he could not perhaps pass on its perpetration to a subordinate. He followed the instructions that he received from his country and obedience is the sure shield in military matters. A soldier's place is not to "reason why."

Notwithstanding the report of the Royal Commission and other evidence the massacre brought a decided ill-feeling against the race of Dermid, and Stair's name was, and is, seldom mentioned in connection with it. This hatred was no doubt due in a measure to the powerful position held by that clan. They were known to be of a grasping nature and may not always have got their lands by fair means, but an analyses would probably show that they were not alone in this respect. As Andrew Fairservice said—"There's baith gude and bad o' the Campbells like other names."

There is yet another party, seldom mentioned, not free of responsibility for the massacre of Glencoe. This was Ian MacDonald the chief. It is strange how sympathy always goes out to the victim. His faults are glossed over in his tragic fate, and only his virtues shine like stars on a cloudless night. But MacDonald of

Glencoe was as greatly at fault and as much to blame as any one for what had taken place in that "Glen of Weeping."

Glenlyon was never tried for his actions. A few days before the Commission sat he received orders to join his regiment in Flanders. There he died the following year at the age of 65, and was probably never aware of the conclusions reached by the Commission. In person he was tall and well built, fair and with almost feminine features. Latterly he was addicted to gambling and the wine cup, vices partly forced on him through his life's misfortunes.

MacDonald of Glencoe was of long and kingly descent. He could trace his lineage back to Somerled. He was descended from Angus, the brother of John, first Lord of the Isles, who was a grandson of that great warrior. MacIan was of no ignoble blood. He was venerable in appearance, stately in bearing, sagacious and courageous. He was proud, as became his descent, and "moved among his neighbouring chieftains like a demi-god," and though he could not count his claymores by the thousand he was none the less elated at his position as chief of the MacDonalds of Glencoe.

A perpetual feud had existed between the Campbells and the MacDonalds. The districts of Breadalbane and Glenlyon were often overrun by the latter, and reprisals were common. On one occasion, about the year 1580, the Campbells succeeded in making prisoners of some thirty-six of their hereditary enemies while these were in the act of driving off the cattle. The chief of the Campbells at this time was *Cailein Gorach*, or Foolish Colin. He complained to the Government at Edinburgh, but it appeared as if the depredators were to be pardoned. This was too much for the fiery blood of Campbell.

“Pardon men taken red-handed in the act of murdering my tenants. By the might of Mary it shall not be so.” They were all taken and hanged on trees near where Meggernie Castle now stands, at a spot known as “The Lochaber Men’s Brae.”

The MacDonalds of Keppoch and Glencoe had been “out” with Graham of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie, but the Campbells remained neutral at the time. After the death of that commander a letter of protection was given to the Campbells of Glenlyon by his successor. Thinking their position quite safe the Campbells had gone out harvesting and to the summer sheilings when the MacDonalds, on their way to their own glens, suddenly appeared among them. As the MacDonalds could not with propriety foray the lands of others who had been fighting alongside of them their attack on the Campbells was all the more severe. It was not a raid prepared for the purpose of securing a few cattle only (which might be excusable) but downright robbery of every thing they could lay hands on. In “Ane list of the Hail Goods and Gear” lifted from Glenlyon on this occasion were included 36 horses, 240 cows, 993 sheep, 133 goats and many articles of household furniture. In one house the baby was turned out on to the earthen floor in order that the thief might carry off the basket cradle.

This raid was responsible for a fine Gaelic song, *Crodh Chailein*, or Colin’s Cows. It was composed by a dairymaid of the Campbells, whose name is unknown, while being carried off with her cattle.

The large amount of stock and plenishings stolen on this occasion was valued at over ten thousand pounds Scots, an enormous amount at that time, and the people were reduced to want. Captain Campbell was a ruined man. Although now 60 years of age he was forced to earn his daily bread. He obtained a commission in the

Argyle Regiment, but his wife and children were reduced to the greatest hardships and were dependent on friends for sustenance.

This man, broken by the MacDonalDs, his lands laid waste like a desert, and he holding a commission in the King's army, was the party chosen by Stair and his satellites to fall upon Glencoe and put all to the sword as traitors to their country.

The Campbells had long before this withdrawn their loyalty from the Stuarts. Secure in the possession of large territories, extending from the Atlantic to near the North Sea, they had become more law-abiding than many of their neighbours. They were the first in the Highlands to accept the law and to make progress along peaceful lines. Crafty and ambitious to an uncommon degree in the past, they saw that the time was at hand when the one Government would be all powerful and the old order would have to give place to the new. Not so MacIan of Glencoe and his clan. In the words of Duncan Campbell, the author of "The Lairds of Glenlyon," we read, "The McIan's, as hardened and habitual robbers, according to the criminal code of that age probably deserved, every one of them that was above twelve years of age, the punishment of the gallows."

The old order was indeed changing: the Campbells were leading and Glencoe bringing up the rear. "King William and Dalrymple set their seals to the doom of Glencoe, not because MacIan had failed in observing the letter of the law regarding the oath of allegiance, not because the MacIans were rebels—but because they were the last to adhere to the unmodified principles of clanship, to the idea of Kingdoms within a Kingdom, of the right of a private man or section of private men to exercise hatred, rapine and war uncontrolled by a Central Government." The day for one King at Westminster and

another at Inveruggen was past and gone, but what had been the custom for ages could only pass away with a severe death pang somewhere. It ended with MacDonald of Glencoe.

These are particulars not always furnished when the story of the massacre is told, yet they put a somewhat different complexion on that tragic event. It is all a matter of the past now, but while the ages run and history records—while the eternal hills girdle the pass, and the Cona murmurs her plaintive song, we will feel proud of, and sympathetic towards

“The valiant hearted men
That once were mighty in the glen
Of lonely, bleak Glencoe.”

CHAPTER XIV.

The '45.

THERE is no more absorbing story in Highland history than the attempt in 1745 of Charles Edward, known as the Young Pretender, to recover the throne of his ancestors. In conjunction with his own charming personality there lay the desperation of the endeavour. His noble bearing in success was carried with him manfully in disaster, and was only equalled by the loyalty and devotion of his followers. The final overthrow of his cause was followed by a long period of privation and suffering. He was hunted in the Highlands worse than a wild animal. A price had been set on his head, and he was well aware that, if taken, his sentence was already passed. For there could be only one verdict returned against the man who had tried to upset the British constitution.

Many times under crushing calamities he had to strengthen his friends by his own cheerful spirit. Finally there came the dramatic escape, rendered possible through the resourcefulness and heroism of a tender Highland maid. Considering all the circumstances it is not to be wondered that the incidents sank deeply into the hearts of the faithful, and that these found an outlet in plaintive guise in Highland song and story.

The House of Stuart had run its course. It had a very varied career. There had been good sovereigns as well as bad ones in its succession, but after the Union of the Crowns they became more and more disappointing. These Heaven appointed rulers had, through their



Prince Charles Edward.

(From a portrait at Grange, Maybole.

bigotry in religious matters, their leanings to unscrupulous favourites and other causes, alienated the bulk of the people of England from their affections. In 1649 Charles I, who was then King, was brought to the block, an execution that was strongly condemned in Scotland, and though his sons, Charles and James, both succeeded to the throne, they held it precariously and were in turn exiled from the Kingdom. The English Parliament was not content with deposing James. They passed a law enacting that no son of his should ever succeed him as King. Instead, they called his son-in-law, William of Orange, and his wife to come to rule the country. It was this Act of Succession that Prince Charles endeavoured by force of arms to overthrow.

There were many in the land at the time the Act was passed who did not approve of its terms. They believed that though one man was not good, his children, who had done no harm, should be given a chance and that they should not be forced out of their inheritance. The sins of the fathers should not be visited on their children.

William made mistakes but, on the whole, he ruled wisely and the country settled down to the new and better Government, and the adherents to the cause of the Stuarts diminished in number and influence. This was particularly the case in England, but in the Highlands of Scotland there were many who saw no reason for turning their coats. These people for generations handed down the story that the true King of these realms was living abroad while an Elector of Hanover occupied the premier position.

At this period it was of little consequence to the Highlanders who was King. They took no part in international affairs and were not affected one way or another by any Parliament or Sovereign. But, notwithstanding the fact that they had chiefs in plenty, they

always recognised a King in Scotland. They, therefore, remained loyal to the dethroned monarch and his successors, and it was to them he had to look for support.

Several attempts were made by the Stuarts to overthrow the House of Hanover. The two outstanding ones (for the others had scarcely a beginning) were the '15 and the '45, so named because of the attempts having been launched in 1715 and 1745.

The Union of the Parliaments of the two Kingdoms took place in 1707 during the reign of the good Queen Anne, who died in 1714. The Union, as might well be supposed, did not give unqualified delight to all, and particularly in Scotland there was much adverse criticism. The disaffected were under the impression that they had first lost their King and then their country to the "auld enemy" who had never been able to conquer them by force of arms.

The rebellion of 1715 was a half-hearted affair compared with the one thirty years later. James, known as the Old Pretender, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country consequent on the Queen's death, landed at Peterhead on the 22nd December with a few followers. He was met there by several adherents who were greatly disappointed at finding him without men or means to prosecute a war. They rallied to his standard, though they well knew his cause was hopeless from the beginning. Had James possessed military genius and determination of character he might, with the material at command, have at least prolonged his campaign. Of these characteristics, however, he was destitute, and his rebellion was soon suppressed. The whole period that he remained in the country did not exceed three months.

It was unfortunate for him that at the time of his visit he was opposed by a noted leader in John, second Duke of Argyle — one of the three Dukes who in our

history won their way to greatness. Argyle was in command of his clan of Campbell and some Royal forces, and he was more than equal to the Earl of Mar who commanded the rebels at Sheriffmuir. This battle was probably not decisive—it was known as a drawn battle—but it was unnecessary to fight another, and the fruits of victory lay with Argyle. James fled to the continent and the country settled down again. The tender hearted James, before embarking, sent any little money he possessed to his enemy the Duke for the relief of distress where he had been the means of creating it through military exigency. It was a good trait that afterwards exemplified itself in his son.

The men who engaged in these Jacobite endeavours were said to have been “out” in them. For many a day it was considered in Scotland very ill-bred to speak of these men as *rebels* or to use the word *Pretender*. To tell of having been “out” with the *Chevalier* covered the meaning one wished to convey and could be done without giving offence.

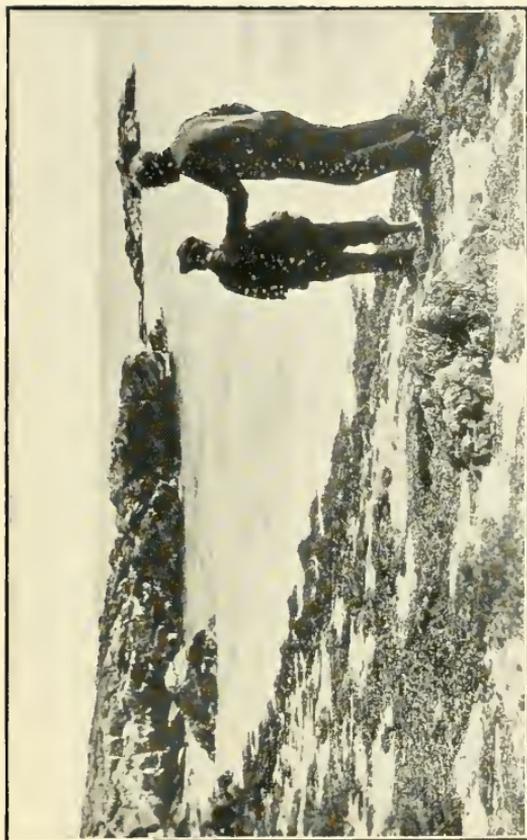
Prince Charlie, or the young Chevalier, was the son of the old Pretender. What is known of his early life is to his advantage. He grew up tall, lithe, straight and well made. In appearance he was striking and prepossessing — Bonnie Prince Charlie — with a thin oval face, brown eyes, shaded by well arched eyebrows, a small mouth and fair hair.

France being at peace with Britain he could get no assistance from that country, but this affected him little. He would prefer, he said, to win by his own people than by accepting ulterior aid. It was a manly assertion had there been sufficient men to support him, for success is often on the side of numbers.

With seven companions and his valet he set out for these shores in the good ship *Dutillet*, which, as it sailed

across, had to run the gauntlet of English ships prowling about. This was with difficulty accomplished, and one wet and dismal night he landed on the small island of Eriska, belonging to Clanranald. The party spent the night in a miserable hut, and the next morning were visited by MacDonald of Boisdale, a brother of Clanranald, who was away at the time. We can imagine the interest with which the Prince questioned Boisdale as to the loyalty of the islands to his father's family. He must have felt dismay when that chieftain informed him that the cause was hopeless. Prince Charlie mentioned several names, supplied no doubt by his father, but this was met by the Highlander asserting that some at least of those quoted might as soon fight against as for him. He implored the Prince to return at once. This was bad news, but being so near the mainland the Prince and his companions (who afterwards became known as the seven men of Moidart) set sail again and soon cast anchor in Loch-nan-Uamh, opposite the district of Moidart, Inverness-shire. The Prince, dressed as an ecclesiastic and accompanied by his friends of the voyage, landed there on the 25th July.

He was met by MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart and some others, to whom he confided his project. All refused to have anything to do with such a perilous scheme. The day was long passed, they informed him, when the country would rise to his assistance. They implored him to turn back and not bring them all into trouble. Charles tried to argue the point but he found this unavailing. Things were looking desperate for him when, on glancing around, he thought he saw more encouragement in the looks of a young man who was rather in the background. "Would you help me?" the Prince asked him. The young man, who was Ranald MacDonald, the younger brother of MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, drew



Beach where Prince Charlie landed, 1745.

his sword as he declared that he would follow his Prince to death itself though not another man should accompany them. The infection of such a decision was at once evident. Here at last was a man who had not only drunk to the "King over the water" but was prepared joyously to risk his all, even life itself, on the "rightful King." He was loyal to those principles he had always entertained. The clansmen had held that they would one day fight for this absent King. Many of them had an inscription to that effect engraven on their sword blades, and their clergy, when praying for the Sovereign, took care that they did so in general terms. Young Ranald's enthusiasm was the match that set the heather on fire for Prince Charlie, who had now thrown himself on their loyalty and friendship. Very soon after this the Prince met Donald Cameron of Lochiel—"the gentle Lochiel"—grandson of the famous Sir Evan Cameron. Lochiel was one of the finest figures in the Rebellion. He had made up his mind that he would convince the Prince of the folly of his undertaking, but his brother, John of Fassifern, tried to dissuade him from going to meet the Prince at all. "For," he said, "if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." The meeting of these two men was dramatic. Lochiel, strong in argument, warned the Prince that he had better depart in the meantime and when he came again to bring men with him for the great task that lay before him. The talk ended by the Prince proudly stating that he meant to go forward now, and he clinched the argument by saying, "Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our warmest friend may stay at home and learn his Prince's fate from the newspapers."

The taunt was too much for this "proud bird of the mountain!" "Not so," he replied, "I shall share the fate of my Prince and so shall every man over whom nature

or fortune has given me any power." Here was a man, for friendship's sake, going against his own better judgment. Most loyally did he fulfil his declaration. He gave all, he lost all. But he left behind him a name which for bravery and humanity, honour and wisdom, will live wherever his name or that of the Prince is mentioned.

Had he remained aloof, as he intended doing, many in the Highlands who now joined would never have ventured in the mad endeavour. His decision to support the Prince decided what was a debatable question in the minds of many. To show the haste with which Lochiel threw over his civil for his military duties it is pointed out that he speedily trenched a lot of seedling trees, he being engaged in extensive tree planting at this time. He placed them in two rows, bundled together, hoping to finish the work at the end of the war. Alas! there was no coming back; he went into exile with his chief, and the trees huddled together grew, as best the circumstances would permit, and are still to be seen.

Having now thrown in his part with the Prince, Lochiel went steadily forward, and not even the Wizard with his warning could turn him back.

"Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe."

There were many who saw the end from the beginning as well as the wizard of Campbell's poem. It was soon evident that the Prince's coming was to cause dissensions. Father was turned against son, husband against wife, chief against clan.

Some of the best of the Highlanders were fighting the cause of Britain in other lands side by side with English regiments, and there were others, especially the Campbells, who were against the Pretender from political motives.

With the scales so heavily weighted against him would Prince Charles consider it worth while to go forward? The answer to the question is to be found in a letter he wrote to his father, wherein he stated that the worst that could happen to him was to die leading such brave men as he had met.

The Fiery Cross was soon carried through the glens and the clans began to assemble. With what mixed feelings mothers saw their husbands and sons march away. Many indeed were strongly Jacobite but they knew too well that the other side was powerful. In the present writer's own district the workmen forsook the building of the kirk, placing clods on the unfinished walls; one laird, Campbell by name (for they were not all Hanoverians) was making preparations to leave when his wife, who willed otherwise, upset a kettle of boiling water over his legs and thus incapacitated him. Another man of the same name had actually set off, but his wife accompanied the troops pleading with him to return. The leader, tired of her importunity, sent him home. Much the same thing happened elsewhere, but there were localities which were mainly favourable to the Jacobites.

“See the northern clans advancing,
See Glengarry and Lochiel,
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing,
Highland hearts are true as steel.”

The Prince had decided to set up his standard in Glenfinnan and this he did on the 19th August. What was his surprise and that of the few Highlanders who

accompanied him on reaching the spot to find no sign of man nor sound of music. They waited for a time, when suddenly there was borne on the breeze the steady tread of marching men. Soon the swinging tartans came into view, and surprise was not lessened when it was observed that a considerable number of prisoners were being carried along with them.

The story is soon told. The Governor of Fort William, learning of unusual movements among the clans, had sent out a party of soldiers to reconnoitre. He had first heard of the landing on the 9th. The MacDonalds of Keppoch so managed their part as to appear a considerable number. The enemy turned and fled, and ran into the arms of a larger body of the MacDonalds under Keppoch himself. A few of the scouting party were killed and the others surrendered.

The humanity of the Highlanders, which was so conspicuous a feature all through the Rebellion, began in this their first skirmish. The wounded prisoners were sent to Lochiel's own house, and everything was done to mitigate their sufferings. When it was desired to procure a surgeon for Captain Scott, their commander, and the Governor of Fort William flatly refused to supply one, the Highlanders conveyed the captain back for treatment on his word of honour not to fight further against them.

The aged Marquis of Tullibardine now raised the Royal Standard to the breeze, and cheer upon cheer echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

The Governor of Fort William had sent to Edinburgh information of the landing, which reached the city on the 13th August, but Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, had heard of it in a garbled form as early as the 8th. The Rev. Lachlan Campbell, minister of Ardnamurchan, was the first to

send the news to the Capital. He heard of it after the celebration of the Sacrament in his church at Kilmory on the 4th.

Sir John Cope lost no time in moving with his troops from headquarters at Stirling. His intention was to intercept the Prince who was already marching on Perth. Sir John had a good army, consisting of three regiments of infantry and two of dragoons, besides other units, but fearing a trap he diverted his forces to Inverness, leaving a clear road for the Highlanders to march on Edinburgh.

After replenishing his stores and receiving reinforcements at Perth, the Prince began his southward march, crossed the Forth above Stirling, reached Falkirk on the 14th September and was at Linlithgow on the 15th.

Wherever he went he heard the same story — some were for him, some against. Stirling Castle held out for King George. The wife of the Provost of Linlithgow, with her daughter wearing tartan and sporting the white cockade, welcomed him. The Provost had thought better to be absent.

The following morning the Highland army was knocking at the gates of Edinburgh. The city was prepared to resist. Time and again her citizens had held meetings. She was not without forces. She had volunteers as also a citizen army and a brave show was set up. One company went out to stop the career of the rebel-rabble with a gallant leader at its head. But the nearer it came to its objective the fewer the number of that company, and soon the head found himself marching alone! This would never do. Edinburgh would have to set an example. She was expected to stop these wild caterans and she must do something, otherwise the Provost and Councillors would get into trouble — and they got it before all was finished. Why not call another

meeting! If meetings and vituperation could have saved them, the Prince's army was as good as annihilated, but everybody's business was nobody's business and — but where was Cope whose business it was to stand between the city and danger? Then it was remembered that Cope, finding the rebels had escaped, was marching southward with all speed. He might be at hand at any moment. The truth was that the Dragoons were quite near. Sometimes they crept close enough to get a peep at their enemy, and then scampered off as fast as horse flesh could carry them. Another meeting of the Town Council would have to be convened to decide whether the city should be held or given up. As they discussed the matter a letter was handed to the Chairman. It was from Prince Charlie demanding the immediate surrender of his ancient Capital. This was serious, but they could reply that the matter was under consideration!

About a mile from the city the Dragoons and the City Guard were lying in readiness, and there was still the hope that they would save the city. How they performed their part is thus described:—"The cavalry were drawn up in the form of a crescent under their Colonel, Gardiner, who being in feeble health is muffled up in a blue coat with a handkerchief tied over his head, underneath his cocked hat. A Highland skirmishing party, riding up to have a look at the soldiers, popped their pistols at them as a thing of course. Instantly round wheeled those red-coated heroes, heedless of their officers' endeavours to make them stand their ground, scampered off as fast as they could and never drew bridle till they had placed some miles between themselves and their imaginary pursuers."

This was deplorable news for the good citizens of Edinburgh, the majority of whom were not desirous of harbouring what they believed to be a rabble of dirty

savages, or at best slightly civilised men. How easily our ideas change. Before the mountaineers were long in the city the mortal fear of the citizens had undergone a variation and they took "rather favourable" to the newcomers.

The Governors of the city suggested that they were prepared to negotiate further, and the city gates having been left open to let the messenger of peace out was equally convenient to let the Camerons in, which they accomplished without fuss.

The Prince entered the city on the 18th of September and took up residence in Holyrood Palace, the ancient home of his forefathers. Once again the old house was shaken to its foundations, and the halls resounded to the sounds of music and dancing.

There was always an uncertainty, however, with Sir John Cope lying about with a strong army, and no one felt quite secure. He was now at Prestonpans, only a few miles distant. The Prince, therefore, lost no time in marching to meet him. The two armies came in sight of one another on the 20th September, the Highlanders occupying an advantageous position on the heights above with the Royal forces in the plain below. A vast, quaking, impassable morass lay between the armies, so both sides lay down that night to rest with no thoughts of fighting.

It happened, however, that a man in the Prince's army, Anderson by name, knew of a path across this treacherous ground and was prepared to show it to the others. Now, when a man undertakes to guide an army in such an emergency he is either very loyal and brave or else a traitor working on behalf of the enemy. History records many cases of both. In this particular instance the Highlanders left nothing to chance, but proved the correctness of his statement before venturing their troops

on his recommendations. His story was found to be true and the whole army was quietly prepared and marched over.

When morning dawned, what must have been the consternation of Cope on finding his enemy drawn up in battle order. It was now that England's forces were to find—as she had often found before—the awful vengeance—

“When Albin her claymore indignantly draws,
When her bonneted chieftains around her shall crowd,
Clan Ranald the dauntless and Moray the proud
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.”

If it looked serious for the Royalists it might be even worse for their opponents, who, besides being greatly outnumbered, had a treacherous bog behind them. The Royal army, too, was well armed and equipped, while many of the rebels had nothing better than scythe blades attached to poles. The two armies looked very different in appearance. The regular army had been trained in military tactics and discipline. The Highland army had received no such training, but they had skill of their own, a larger measure of personal bravery, and an agility wanting in the stiffly-uniformed red-coat.

Charles's army was formed into two lines. The Prince led the second line in person, but so effective was the work of the first, consisting of some 1,200 men, that he and his command were hardly in the action at all. In the first line the Camerons, who had been placed on the right, were pleased to vacate their place to pacify the MacDonalds, who claimed as their privilege an honour they had held from the time of Bannockburn. The incident should not have been lost on the Prince. It would have stood to his advantage later.

The battle was over in a few minutes. According to Colonel Whitefoord's evidence the Highlanders advanced "with a swiftness not to be conceived," and we have it on the authority of Scott that before advancing they stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and, pulling off their bonnets, prayed to the God of battles for help. They first attacked the Dragoons with the greatest impetuosity, scattering them like rabbits. The infantry were then treated to a taste of Highland warfare. These hardy mountaineers first fired their pieces in the faces of the enemy, and before that enemy had recovered from the shock were among them with the broadsword.

Cope mounted the "White Cockade," that insignia of the Jacobites, in his hat, and escaped. He was the first to carry the news of his defeat into England.

"Says Lord Mark Kerr, 'ye are no blate
To bring us the news of your own defeat.'"

While the loss to the King's forces at Prestonpans was heavy the Highlanders lost only thirty men, and their prestige was increased through such a signal victory.

The enemy's wounded were treated with the utmost consideration and humanity. As soon as the battle was won Lochiel rode through the ranks of his force restraining his men from taking more lives than absolutely necessary. The common soldiers ran for water and cordials. A brawny Highlander was seen to carry a wounded Englishman on his back to a place of safety and slip a sixpence into his hand to pay for a night's lodging!

The atmosphere was now clearer, because Cope and his army had been so soundly beaten. The Prince returned to Holyrood, freely mixing with all classes of his subjects and gaining rapidly in popularity. He was now master of all Scotland, and if he had taken the advice

of some of his councillors he would have been content with that. If the English were satisfied with their King let them keep him, and let a Stuart again rule over his own Kingdom of Scotland. But the victorious Prince would not listen to such advice and sternly set his face to the south. He lost much valuable time in Edinburgh, which he did not quit until the end of October. His success had been the means of gaining numbers to his side, but it is questionable if his army had been substantially increased thereby. The advantage was balanced through men leaving for home. The Highlanders did not look upon themselves as regular soldiers, and once they had fought a battle were inclined to go back to tend their cattle or reap their harvests. The Chevalier caused one of them to be shot as a deserter, but it brought down on his head considerable indignation from those who remained and who could not see why a man should be shot for such a reason.

The Jacobites believed there were many in England ready to join them once they had crossed the Border, to which they now marched. They made it to appear that they would enter England on the east. Field Marshal Wade with a strong force was commissioned to intercept them. He was all ready for this purpose, when he discovered that he had been outwitted. The clansmen reached Carlisle on the 9th November and immediately laid siege to the Castle. Wade hurried to its relief but was too late, and though he had a force superior to that of the Prince, he was glad to retreat to Newcastle.

In a week's time Preston was reached, but by this time it was evident that there were either few Jacobites in England or that they were not inclined to join in the insurrection. Some of them fled, others turned sick, and not a few surrendered themselves to Government in case they might be suspected. It was thought there might be

a few in Manchester, which town was near at hand. In order to ascertain the truth of this, an extraordinary incident took place. There was a sergeant in the rebel army named Dickson, in whose fertile brain it occurred that if there were recruits to be found he would get them. He made his desire known to his superiors and was laughed at for his pains. He, therefore, thought fit to slip away in the darkness, without leave, accompanied by a drummer and a girl. They walked all night and reached the town the following morning. The drummer soon collected a crowd and the gallant sergeant made his desires known. A number of recruits were obtained. The authorities being taken by complete surprise, imagined that the rebel army was at hand. On discovering their mistake they would have taken Dickson prisoner, but by then he had a considerable backing and threatened to shoot anyone who should lay hands on him. It was thus by the bold effrontery of two men and a girl that Manchester was taken!

The men recruited here numbered two hundred, and were formed into what became known as The Manchester Regiment.

With the exception of this the English stood aloof from engaging in the rising. Scott, writing of their attitude, says—"The ignorant gazed with astonishment mixed with horror and aversion at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular garb of the Scottish clans. And to the more prudent their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking."

These men, "In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome," led by their Stuart Prince, entered Manchester the day after the Dickson exploit and left it on the 1st December. A few days later Derby was

reached, and this was the most southerly point touched on the march. Here a council of war was held, and though the Prince would have pushed on his officers were of a different opinion. They pointed out that they had come too far already and were not in a favourable position. The Duke of Cumberland was in front of them with a large army, Marshal Wade was behind them, while an army said to be sixteen times their number was being prepared in London. The Prince was forced to yield, though it is probable that had he had his own way and succeeded in beating Cumberland he might possibly have entered London without difficulty.

When the Highlanders found themselves being marched back they lost much of the enthusiasm and rectitude that had characterised their advance. Then they had paid for everything that they had commandeered, but now their nature was changed, and that not only in England but in Scotland as well. The English populace were partly, at least, to blame for this. They seemed to imagine that it was a beaten army flying home again, and they annoyed the northerners in various ways, though they had not the courage to attack them. The sick and wounded left behind were badly treated, and even an attempt to take in cold blood the Prince's life showed their feelings towards the Jacobites.

Cumberland found it impossible to overtake the rebels until the latter, through delays in the north of England, allowed him to come near enough to fight a rear-guard action at Clifton and receive a severe rebuff for his pains.

The Esk River was in flood at this time and it was with the greatest difficulty that the army succeeded in crossing. It was now mid-December and they were again in Scotland, somewhat subdued in manner but quite unbeaten.

They next marched on Glasgow, which was greatly Hanoverian, and as they were sorely in need of shoes and tartans, they punished that city by compelling it to provide all necessaries.

As they moved northwards they were joined near historic Bannockburn by the Gordons, Frasers, Farquharsons and some other clans, and this was very encouraging to the Prince, as many of his army had gone home. The whole force he had with him in his dash on England did not exceed 4,000 to 5,000 men, and he could ill afford to lose any of that small number.

General Hawley, then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, moved out from Edinburgh towards Stirling to wipe out what he termed "a rabble of Highlanders." He was fortunate in having an experienced army of veteran troops, and was so confident of success that he caused a number of gibbets to be made and carried with him in order to hang the ringleaders of the rebellion. A commander should never count his victories before they are won. The gibbets were not used for the purpose intended, though Hawley found occasion after the battle to hang some of his own men on them—a proceeding that disgusted the people of Edinburgh.

Charles was ready to meet him. In the early morning of the 17th January a march was made from Stirling to Falkirk, which took the English army quite by surprise. Immediately the latter discovered the situation they sent an urgent message for Hawley, who was feasting at Callander House. When he did make his appearance he found his army arranged for the battle. His first order was to send his cavalry to occupy a rising ground, but the Highlanders succeeded in getting there before them and sent his veteran horsemen flying down the hill again. He next ordered his cavalry to charge right into the Highland ranks. This they did, but it was

not so easy to extricate them, as the nimble north countrymen pulled the soldiers from their horses and dirked them on the ground. The battle was over in a few minutes. Hawley fled to Linlithgow thoroughly beaten.

After wasting time and valuable lives Charles failed to take Stirling Castle, which still held out for King George, and his advisers insisted that he should raise the siege and let them get back to the Highlands. There, he was assured, his army could hold their own and be prepared for a fresh campaign in the spring.

They left Stirling on the 31st January, crossed the Forth a few miles above Stirling and made for Perth. Here the army practically melted away. It divided into small parties, one of the largest being the Athole men, under the Marquis of Tullibardine, which made its way down Speyside, taking care not to molest the Grants who were not "out."

The authorities were now fully alive to the dangers, and felt bitter chagrin that their best generals and men had been beaten by a small body of raw, untrained and badly armed Highlanders. Surely they were not invincible, and if numbers could defeat them, these would be supplied. Some 10,000 troops were now marching on Perth, under the leadership of the Duke of Cumberland. The Campbell Highlanders led the van, the Duke, no doubt, thinking that if he placed one lot of Highlanders against another they would the better hold the ground. He congratulated these men on their fine appearance and was pleased that they wore trews and not a savage dress like the enemy. The Duke was not devoid of wisdom either, in that he informed all in his army who might have qualms in fighting against their kindred to leave and it would not be counted against them as cowardice. This he repeated before Culloden, but none took

advantage of the offer. There were none for King James, or Prince Charles, in his army.

The Duke left Perth on the 29th February for Aberdeen. As he proceeded northwards he left garrisons in many of the houses belonging to the chiefs who were opposing him. Although there was little of the army of Prince Charles holding together, there was sometimes a "certain liveliness." Such was the case when 200 Highlanders captured Keith, routing the Royalists and taking many prisoners. The bravery and resourcefulness of the Highlanders were also shown in their capture, one night, of the garrisons left by Cumberland in their own houses. They had been constantly receiving complaints of the conduct of the English soldiery to their families. The Highlanders determined that they would teach them a lesson; so some 600 or 700 set out, having it arranged that they would divide into parties of from 20 to 30, and attack simultaneously. They were to meet at Bruar after they had accomplished their purpose. In most cases the leader of the little party was the owner of the castle himself and knew all the byeways about it. The most important of these houses were Lude, Blairfettie, Faskally, Kinnachan, the inn at Blair, and Easthaugh. In every case the attack was quite successful.

Perhaps the most interesting incident that took place while the Duke lay at Aberdeen was "The Rout of Moy." It happened in this wise. Lord Loudoun held Inverness for the Crown with a garrison composed chiefly of Highlanders—Grants, Munros, etc. Prince Charles was staying at Moy Castle, the seat of The MacIntosh, with a few attendants. Loudoun concluded that this would be a fine opportunity to distinguish himself by capturing the Prince, and by that stroke ending the war. He divulged his secret to a few of his high officials only. His arrangement was that 1,500 men should march

secretly under cover of darkness and surprise the castle, which lay ten miles distant. The plot was well thought out and would probably have been successful, but, unfortunately for him, two of his officers, sitting in Mrs. Baily's wine shop, held a whispered conversation. A bright little serving maid of 14 concluded that some plot was being hatched against her hero. She listened intently and found that her suspicions were well founded. Determined to circumvent the men she slipped past the sentries, and, running barefooted, reached Moy Castle in a state of exhaustion. She could hardly tell her story, but it was decided to run no risks and the Prince was awakened and hurried a few miles out of the way.

Soon Loudoun's troops were moving towards Moy, but somehow or other the local blacksmith had learned the whole story and he determined to give them a fright. He managed to collect a half dozen or so of his friends and these he placed at points near the road to best advantage.

Moving quietly along, and not suspecting any difficulties, Loudoun's men were suddenly assailed by a shout, "There they are. Fire away." The blacksmith fired and MacLeod's piper fell. Here and there an isolated shot was fired while stentorian voices gave orders to the Camerons, the MacDonalds and other imaginary clans, instructing them to fire or not to fire. The front ranks of Loudoun's force fell back in confusion on the rear ranks, and these not knowing the exact nature of the affair were ready to run at the first alarm. All was confusion and the blacksmith and his men won a complete and easy victory.

The position of what remained of the Highland army was steadily getting worse. The men were starving. No provisions were to be had in the country, nor was there money to pay for them had there been plenty. The soldiers' pay was long in arrears. The

result was that many men returned home to see whether they could get food there. To make matters worse the Duke of Cumberland was again on the march. He led 9,000 men, and, following the coast line, was accompanied by a fleet carrying provisions for his forces. A detachment of Highlanders went out to check him at the fords on the Spey, but finding themselves not strong enough returned to the main body.

The Prince drew out on the 14th April what army he possessed and encamped on Culloden Moor. He expected an attack the following day, but, as the Duke did not act, it was decided to attack him instead. The men could hardly be got together. All the food they had eaten that day was one hard dry biscuit of the poorest description—more the sweepings of the mill than flour. About half of the men were absent foraging for food, the remainder marched forward. The plan was to reach the Duke's encampment by midnight, but it was broad daylight before the first line saw their enemy. A retreat was ordered and the exhausted men were marched back to Culloden, which they reached at 7 o'clock in the morning. Foraging parties were sent out to try to get some food for the famished men, who now lay down to snatch a sleep. By 11 o'clock the Duke's army was in sight. The poor Highlanders could scarcely rise for less fight. The Royal forces were fresh, well fed and well disciplined.

The Duke formed his army into three lines, the Highlanders were formed into two. In the first line were the MacDonalDs, MacLeans, MacLeods, Farquharsons, Stewarts, Camerons, Murrays, etc., while the second line was composed of Gordons, Irish, French and south country contingents. Some of the regiments represented only 200 or 300 men.

The Duke placed his Highlanders to the rear to act more as baggage attendants, a position probably many of them preferred.

The battle began. The Royal artillery, well served, did some execution, and the exasperated Highlanders broke away from restraint and smashed Cumberland's first line, only to find a second and a third ready to withstand the shock. On the left the MacDonalds refused to advance out of pique, because they had not been placed on the right. Keppoch appealed to them in vain. "My God," he shouted, "have the children of my own tribe forsaken me." He rushed in and fell, but the clan, with pipes playing and banners flying, left the field. There was one chance left, and Lord Elcho asked the Prince to lead a desperate charge in person. The Prince refused, and Elcho, with an oath, declared that he would never look upon his face again. The insurgents lost 1,000 in killed and wounded and the losses of the Royal forces were placed at 300.

Many deeds of valour were performed that day, showing that the Highlanders had lost nothing of that old merit that had distinguished them. One of the finest swordsmen of his time, Charles Stewart of Bohallie, had his sword broken in the encounter. He snatched another from a slain comrade and continued the fight. The sword is now in the possession of Mr. MacDiarmid of Boddam.

If Prince Charles had fallen at Culloden he might have ranked as a hero to future generations, but time has so mellowed down the whole rebellion that it appears to those now living as a very prosaic failure. If he had won Culloden it would have enhanced his prestige for a time, but the final result could hardly be in doubt.

The routed army fled, one portion towards Inverness and another to Ruthven in Badenoch. This second part ran into a force of English cavalry, who opened their ranks to let the exasperated Highlanders through. The only molestation came from an English officer who tried



"The Cairn," Culloden Battlefield.

to take a prisoner, but the Celt cut him down and coolly, before both sides, relieved him of his watch. Some clansmen, who had been too late for Culloden, joined this part of the army at Ruthven and all were prepared to prosecute the war. A message from Prince Charles, however, asked them to disperse.

The victorious army now — horrible to relate — murdered the wounded. The officers were worse than the men and encouraged it, and the greatest cowards of former battles were the worst offenders of all. The Duke appeared to have lost his reason. He ordered one of his officers to shoot a wounded Highland officer, but the man refused, saying he would surrender his commission but he would not be an executioner. At length he got a private soldier to do the foul deed. He had 36 of his own men, who had at various times deserted him, hanged on gibbets in Inverness.

A nasty incident arose out of this. An English officer ran his sword into the body of one of these men, exclaiming that "all Scots were traitors and rebels." This was more than the Scots had bargained for, words led to blows, and blood would soon have been spilt had Cumberland not been sent for. By a lot of fulsome flattery to the Highlanders of his army peace was restored.

The wounded lay two nights and a day without so much as a drink of water. This coming to the Duke's ears he sent out men not to succour—but to shoot them. Some 30 who had taken refuge in a barn were surrounded and burnt to death. A shipload, consisting of 157 prisoners, was sent south, but so dreadful were the conditions of the men that all save 49 died on the voyage. There was little credit in a victory where such deplorable acts could happen. When all is said and done it was more a debacle than a battle.

CHAPTER XV.

Wanderings of Prince Charlie. Flora MacDonald.

WHEN Prince Charles fled from Culloden he did not know what to do or where to go. The one thought in his mind, and in that of the few horsemen who accompanied him, was how to save their lives. They made their way to the west, where the country, owing to its hilly nature and broken seaboard, offered what was perhaps their best chance of escape.

A reward of £30,000 had been set by Government on the Prince's head from the opening of the rebellion and it was still continued. It would be paid to any one taking and delivering him up *dead* or *alive*. Whether the promised reward had not an opposite effect to that intended is now difficult to say, but its offer must have been abhorrent even to many people who had no special wish for the Prince's success. Charles, naturally, saw that it was a most objectionable procedure, and though he, against his will, returned the compliment with a similar offer for the head of the Elector, it was done sarcastically and was meaningless.

In his flight he had a servant of the name of Burke who knew all the chief families in the district, and whether they were faithful to the Stuart cause or otherwise. The first night was spent at Gortulaig, with that strange personality of frankness and deceit, Simon Fraser of Lovat. This quixotic individual, hearing from the Prince that all was lost, scolded him, and did not fail to remind him that King Robert the Bruce would not have considered the case as hopeless in the circumstances.

As we do not wish to weary the reader with too many details of the course of the flight, the hardships encountered or the risks run, we may state here in brief the itinerary followed by the fugitive. His hurried tramp brought him to Loch-nan-Uamh, that fateful inlet where he first landed and which would soon see him again. From here he went over to Benbecula, and moved north to Scalpay and Stornoway. Retracing his steps he came to Scalpay, Benbecula and South Uist. From there, with Flora MacDonald's help, he reached Skye. He then crossed to Raasay and back to Skye again. From Skye he escaped to the mainland, near Loch-nan-Uamh, and succeeded in reaching Badenoch, but soon returned to the west coast for the final purpose of embarking for France.

So often had the Royal troops suffered at the hands of the Highlanders that they set themselves to exterminate, if that were possible, their old enemy. Cumberland continued as he had begun, burning and butchering, and it has been truly stated that he left "neither house, cottage, man or beast to be seen within a compass of fifty miles." The country was at his mercy. The inhabitants were taken out and shot, neither age nor sex forming any excuse. Women and children were most cruelly treated. Lord President Forbes, himself a Hanoverian, and who, by discouraging the rising, had done as great service for his Government as Cumberland himself, found it necessary to upbraid that officer for exceeding the powers conferred by the laws of his country. He got no satisfaction, the Duke calling him an "old wife," and saying that "he would make a brigade give laws." He scattered his soldiers over the country the better to capture the ringleaders, and he gave them the outrageous command, "Take no prisoners." And all this took place less than two hundred years ago.

No doubt this order was quite acceptable to Scott, Hawley and others, who, by reason of their defeats, had become the laughing stock of the country. These men exceeded their commission if it had limitations at all.

Notwithstanding all their endeavours to capture the Prince — and they left not a stone unturned in its prosecution — he succeeded in escaping after five months of anxiety, suffering and privation. He had many hairbreadth escapes before he finally succeeded in reaching the continent, where he spent the remainder of his days till his death in Rome on the 30th January, 1788. On the other hand the Prince's friends strained every nerve to save him from his enemies.

It is our intention to place before the reader a few stories of his experiences during the long weary months, as they bring out some fine traits of Highland character—determination, fidelity, honour and courage — almost, if not wholly, unparalleled in history.

When, in his flight, the Prince reached the west coast, it was thought better that he should go over to the Hebrides, as the islands might not be so thoroughly searched as the mainland. The difficulty was to get anyone to row him over, because it was as much as one's life was worth to do so. The man soon appeared, however, in Donald MacLeod, a sturdy old Skye boatman, and Charles eagerly asked him if he would carry over letters to certain noblemen there. MacLeod promptly answered that he would not. He would be quite willing, he said, to lay down his own life, but he was not prepared to do this, as he believed the men referred to were not to be trusted. The Prince was anxious to get over, but the sailors pointed out that it was a dangerous storm that had broken, and that they might all perish in the midst of it. The risk was, however, taken, and with the

greatest difficulty the troubled waters were crossed and a landing effected in Benbecula.

They were not a whit better there, as it was most unlikely any vessel would take them off, and they had to lead a miserably hard life. Their house was a wretched hut and they lived on what they could kill. They decided to try to get to Stornoway, which port they believed offered a better opportunity. They were not to get there easily, however, as contrary winds sent them into Scalpay on the 30th of April. Here they borrowed a boat from Donald Campbell, a farmer, who hospitably entertained them for four days. Campbell ranks as one of the heroic succourers of Prince Charles. Advantage appears to have been taken of his Royalist leanings to urge him to betray the Pretender for the promised reward. He scornfully rejected the proposal, and even declared that "he would fall in the Prince's cause rather than give up the man that entrusted him with his life, or entail shame on his posterity." He sent his son to warn the Prince of his danger. When returning from Stornoway the Prince called at Scalpay again, only to find no one to receive him. Campbell had lost his farm, and evidently had been driven off for his action.

The rumour got abroad in Stornoway that Prince Charles was in hiding near the town and that Royal forces would descend on the residents and punish them for harbouring him. He had, therefore, to flee again, but to find even a safe temporary hiding place seemed impossible. He had, indeed, a sore time of it. Though often soaked to the skin he had to continue his journey across moors and bogs. When he lay down, foot tired and weary, it was only to be roused and moved on again, for English boats and English soldiers swarmed on sea and land in close proximity.

It is to his credit that he never grumbled. Be the food ever so bad or scanty—a handful of oatmeal or a piece of cheese, a fish half cooked and eaten with the fingers—no word of complaint passed his lips. His sorrow lay only in the sufferings of his Highlanders. He had always a cheerful word and pleasant smile. He never forgot his prayers nor his humanity, and even taught his rude companions to moderate their rather rough tongues. He could manage a song in Gaelic too, provided he was out of earshot of his enemies. On one occasion when O'Neil collapsed under pressure of a broken spirit, the Prince set some young girls to dance and joined them in their frolic by way of cheering him.

In South Uist Charles found a friend in Lady Margaret MacDonald. She supplied him with under-clothing and twenty guineas in gold. Her husband, Sir Alexander MacDonald, had been persuaded by President Forbes not to come "out." For her kind action she was severely criticised afterwards, and the Duke of Cumberland's brother is said to have had to check his Princess with the words—"Would you not have done the same? I hope so." He was evidently a better man than his brother.

It next got bruited abroad that Charles was hiding in the Long Island, and his enemies set about a thorough search there. Some fifteen hundred men were engaged, and every nook and corner, sufficient to hide a rabbit, would be ferreted out. It looked as if the end had come, but while the net was being drawn closer a way of escape was unfolding itself.

O'Neil persuaded Flora MacDonald to save the Prince and this she was enabled to do, procuring a pass for him as a serving maid of her own. Everything ready the boat was soon "Over the sea to Skye," but it was not all plain sailing, as dangers had to be faced on both land

and sea. Arrived in the misty isle, the first house they went into was Sir Alexander MacDonald's. He was absent, but a warm welcome was extended to Flora by his lady. Flora's future father-in-law, MacDonald of Kingsburgh, joined them at dinner, and a Lieutenant MacLeod, commanding the local militia in the search for the Prince, was also present. Flora had to sit out this meal and reply to MacLeod's searching questions, the Prince all the time remaining in hiding at a little distance.

It was not safe for Charles to remain here. Lady MacDonald—faithful Jacobite as she had been—was ready to declare that they would all be hanged if they harboured him. Kingsburgh replied that he was an old man now, and he might as well die by hanging as in his bed, and that he would conduct his Prince to his own house.

Charles had a happy time at Kingsburgh. Here he enjoyed the luxury of a bed: the first he had slept in for months. Kingsburgh gave him a new pair of shoes and, taking away his old "bauchles" as a keepsake, threatened, in his good humoured way, that he would appear some day at one of the Royal Palaces when the King came to his own again, wearing these worn footgear, which would remind him of that night at Kingsburgh.

The good lady of the house was in the same position as Lady MacDonald, and, like her, felt that they would all suffer and be killed, so dreadful had the terror of the Duke become. Kingsburgh was immovable. "Never mind," he would say, "we can only die once. Bring out some supper." And so time passed merrily enough considering all the circumstances.

When the Prince left the house the sheets of his bed were carefully folded away, the one to become a winding sheet for Mrs. MacDonald and the other to serve a like purpose for the heroic Flora.

We may be excused if we digress a little here to follow this fine old Highlander, Kingsburgh. Not long after this he was taken and put in prison at Fort Augustus, and being considered a dangerous rebel was, of course, heavily chained. He was not long in durance when an order came to the Governor to release Alexander MacDonald, and this was speedily done. MacDonald assured the officer that there was a mistake somewhere—that probably there was another of the same name in the prison, or some other explanation for the release warrant—as he was sure they never meant it for him. He got little thanks for his advice and was soon outside the walls. He met a friend in the street to whom, no doubt, he told the story, and his friend suggested that he should make his escape quickly. But MacDonald did not intend to escape; he would go over to the alehouse so as to be near at hand if the prison officer got into trouble. Sure enough, in an hour or two the officer was arrested and MacDonald ran back to prison to be further detained. It is pleasing to think that although he was taken prisoner to London he was afterwards liberated.

Flora and the Prince parted shortly after this. He desired to go over to Raasay if a boat could be procured. There were no boats to be had. Government officials swarmed everywhere, but there were resourceful Jacobites, and they dragged one old and hardly seaworthy cobbler from an inland loch a mile distant. The one moment they and the boat would be in the middle of a bog and the next its bottom would be almost torn out by the rocks. The authorities had thought it too worthless and distant to have it noted and surrendered as they had required of boats on the sea.

Raasay was the property of Malcolm McLeod, another staunch supporter. He had been "out," but probably owing to the isolation of his place had not been

greatly molested. His was almost the only house left standing on the island, as the soldiers devoted their energy to wreaking vengeance on the tenantry. Malcolm's heir, a nephew, had not been implicated in the rebellion, and the uncle desired he should abstain from doing anything now that would cause offence. This the young man absolutely refused to do. One day a suspicious individual was seen moving about. The MacLeods decided to shoot him if found necessary, though the Prince cried, "God forbid." A good watch was kept, and he was found to be a wanderer like themselves, and probably was never aware of how near his life had been sacrificed. MacLeod afterwards said that he would have shot his own brother if it had been necessary for the Prince's safety!

Young Raasay found it advisable to steal one of his own kids at night to supply food, in case its known sacrifice should bring suspicion upon the rest of them.

Malcolm accompanied the Prince to Skye—or rather the Prince accompanied Malcolm—passing himself off as a servant named Lewis Caw from Crieff. After a meal at the house of a Mrs. MacKinnon, Malcolm went out to meet her brother-in-law, of whose political leanings he appears not to have been too sure. The conversation soon turned on Prince Charles, through Malcolm pointing to some English ships in the vicinity and remarking—"What if the Prince should be a prisoner in one of them?" "God forbid," promptly replied MacKinnon. This being encouraging, it was followed up by Malcolm who next enquired, "What if we have him here?" MacKinnon said that if he were he would be taken good care of, whereupon Malcolm let him know that the fugitive was in the house.

It was through MacKinnon lending a boat that Charles was enabled to reach the mainland. Shortly

afterwards MacKinnon was taken prisoner, but his life was spared. To use his own words—"I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a fine post-chaise with Flora MacDonald."

The Prince, now on the mainland, had for a time no shelter at all, and was in imminent danger of his life every moment. He was chased and fired at. The seven broken men of Glenmoriston hid him for a time and held their secret until long after he reached France. Often they sighted their pursuers and could hear the report of guns as some poor Highlanders were being butchered.

General Campbell had formed a cordon round him, with large watch fires burning at night to prevent his breaking through under cover of darkness. He was enabled, however, to baffle them all, through the courage and resource of a faithful Cameron. When the fires were burning low in the early morning hours, Cameron, having previously selected the spot where the attempt was to be made, tried first the risk himself and returned for the Prince. It was a case of creeping on hands and knees, and to have been discovered would have been fatal.

Charles succeeded in reaching Lochiel in Badenoch, and when there news reached them that a French ship was hovering about waiting for them. With a few friends they set out for Loch-nan-Uamh again, reaching it a week later—on the 19th September. Others learning of its presence joined it, the Prince delaying the sailing of the vessel, the "Bellona" of Nantes, a day, for the purpose of saving all who wished to take advantage of this opportunity to escape. Charles left from near the spot on which he had raised the standard of rebellion.

All chance of becoming King of these realms was lost for ever. He died a sorrowful, dissolute man in



Flora MacDonald.

Rome, and his remains were buried there along with those of his brother. Thus ended the last of the Stuarts.

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On a wind-swept moorland to the west of South Uist, facing the broad Atlantic billows, stand the ruins of Airidh Mhuilinn (Milton). They mark the spot where Flora MacDonald, one of Scotland's most illustrious daughters, was born. Her father was Ranald MacDonald, tacksman, and his wife, Marion MacDonald of Largie, Kintyre, whose father had been an Episcopal clergyman in the Isles. Flora was born in 1722. Her father died when she was but a child, and two suitors sought the heart and hand of his widow. One of these was Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, Skye. Evidently he feared a possible failing in his suit, as he took strong measures to receive her consent. He carried her away in his boat! This free and easy way of getting a wife did not spell unhappiness to either of them. He was an indulgent husband and she was an affectionate spouse. He appears also to have been very fond of his step-daughter.

Flora's companions in childhood were a neighbour's girl, her brother Angus, and Neil MacEachain, or McDonald, who became of great assistance to the Prince, and whose son was afterwards to be the famous Marshal McDonald, Duke of Tarante, one of the best generals of Napoleon's army. Flora's brother, Angus, succeeded to the property, and she may have resided occasionally with him, though her home would afterwards be at Armadale. Here she was quite near MacDonald of Kingsburgh, and as she grew up she came to love his son, Allan MacDonald.

This affection thus early formed was increased daily, but with true maidenly modesty she hid her feelings.

His attentions soon became more marked, and though not actually engaged, they already were by heart. Her own words on the matter were—"I resolved to accept the love of no man while Allan MacDonald was single; no promise was given, but my heart was pledged."

Flora had received a good education, which was an accomplishment not neglected in even the more remote of the islands. She had studied under a governess, and appears to have attended a select school for young ladies in Old Stamp Close, Edinburgh. She could both sing and play. In appearance she was reported as having "a graceful person, a good complexion, regular features, mixed with majesty in her countenance, her deportment rather graver than becomes her years." Dr. Johnson described her as "a pleasing person with elegant behaviour." She, no doubt, gratified the vanity of that ponderous individual with her greeting that she felt herself honoured by his visit. Boswell wrote that she was "a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred." The *Lyon in Mourning* gives it that her behaviour in company was so easy, modest and well adjusted, that her action caused much surprise, for she had never been out of the islands till about a year before the Prince arrived. Her portraits present her as a pleasing young lady. She had been well brought up in moderately comfortable circumstances, which helped to mould her character. Environment has much to do in making the individual, though it is really the individual who makes the environment. As Dr. Johnson wrote, on rising out of Prince Charlie's bed, "With virtue weighed, what worthless trash is gold."

Flora had gone to consult the wife of Clanranald at Ormadale as to whether she had better return to Skye, owing to the disturbed state of South Uist consequent on so many of the militia searching the island. It was

while there that Lady Clanranald informed her of the Prince's hiding place. She expressed her wish to see him and so accompanied her hostess to his place of retreat, which was then an old hut. It was while in the hut that she was asked to lend her help in securing the Prince's escape from the island. It was hinted to her that she might be able to get home to Skye, taking the Prince with her disguised as her maid.

Whether Flora was Jacobite or Royalist is not proved. She was certainly taken aback at the request and asked for a little time to consider, as it involved so much. O'Niel saw one of her difficulties and promptly offered her his heart and hand in marriage. His offer was perfectly sincere, but Flora's heart was elsewhere centred. She did not decline, however, to do her utmost for the Prince, and met O'Niel the following morning with the welcome news that she would try and save the Prince.

After the meeting, and as Flora and her maid wended their way back, they were arrested, and as they could not produce passports were brought before the officer of the militia. This proved to be her own step-father, and it afforded a good opportunity for Flora to ask for a passport to Skye. This was quite readily granted, and Hugh MacDonald wrote a nice letter to his wife to inform her that he had taken this opportunity to send the young lady home "lest she should be in any way frightened with the troops." He explained that Betty Burke, an Irish spinning maid, would accompany her. "If her spinning pleases you," he wrote, "you may keep her till she spin all your lint." The Irish maid was, of course, Charles in disguise. It was a disguise that only made a bad representation of what was intended, so much so that old Kingsburgh told him he was a poor *pretender* in the line of misrepresentation.

The boat that took them from South Uist met with stormy seas, and had to slip about among the Government ships as best it could. As they approached Waternish, in Skye, shots were fired at them from the shore. The Prince did his best in this emergency to protect Flora by placing himself between her and the bullets. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety Flora had slept for a part of the voyage, but all must have been heartily glad when a safe landing was effected.

Shortly after this Charles decided to leave the misty isle for Raasay, and accompanied by Flora, he reached Portree for the purpose of getting a boat. Here the final parting between the Prince and his deliverer took place. He was too overcome for words, but bending down kissed Flora's cheek while the tears streamed down his own. She made her way to some rocks on the north side of the harbour and gazed wistfully at the fast receding boat. Her feelings on this sad parting were, no doubt, those expressed in the "Lament" that

"The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he."

Both went to face fresh dangers. The following day Flora left for Armadale, accompanied by the faithful Neil, and ten days later was seized by militia, under command of MacLeod of Talisker, and hurried on board the "Furnace" (Captain Ferguson). The captain of the vessel had the reputation of being a brutal man, but a General Campbell had superior powers over the person of Flora. She was allowed considerable freedom, while a nice cabin was allotted to her and her maid, for a Skye maiden had been kind enough to accompany Flora into captivity.

The captive was taken to London, probably in the "Bride Water," commanded by Commodore Smith. While the ship lay in Leith Roads a rumour that the Prince had been captured reached the vessel, and Flora lamented. "Alas," she said, "I am afraid that now all is in vain that I have done." To cheer her up a dance was proposed, but she would not hear of it. Asked if she possessed any books, she said she had a prayer book, but regretted the want of a Bible. A friend supplied her wants, presenting her with two pretty volumes of the Scriptures. Commodore Smith was a very kind and humane man and treated her not as a prisoner but more as a friend. She was not sent to the Tower, but put in charge of the King's Messenger, William Dick, but where that functionary lived is not stated. She was soon given her freedom.

Judged in the light and circumstances of the time her crime demanded the death penalty. Why then this magnanimity by the Government?

Up to this they had shown nothing but the greatest severity, and the reason for the change of front appears to have been that Flora was the heroine not only of Scotland but of the sister country as well. She had risked her life to save the Prince, and the populace were not prepared to stand severity in her case now that all danger to the throne had passed away.

Flora went to stay with Lady Primrose in Essex Street, and crowds went to visit her there. After her return to Skye, banquets were arranged in her honour and attended by all the principal people of the island and district.

Through all this applause and praise Flora MacDonald kept her head and was not carried away as many a one placed in like circumstances might have been. The Prince of Wales was among those who visited her

in London. He asked her how it came about that she could have acted traitorously to the reigning King. Her reply was more than an answer. She had no wish she said to act rebelliously to the King, and that had any of *his* family been in similar extremity to the Prince she would, with God's blessing, have done the same for them. This shows that she placed her humanity before her Jacobitism.

The Jacobites in London collected no less a sum than £1,500 and presented it to her, but she longed to get away to her loved island and to it she returned in 1748.

“Mid the pomp of huge London her heart still was yearning
For her home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest, walks in the land of the Ben.”

In 1750 she married her lover, Allan MacDonald, and old Kingsburgh gave them Flodigarry till he died in 1766, when they moved into his house. In 1775 financial troubles caused them to emigrate to N. Carolina. Civil war broke out there and her husband fought as a captain till taken prisoner.

She returned to Scotland before him, and on the voyage back her ship was attacked by a French privateer. The ladies were sent below with the exception of Flora, who insisted in remaining on deck to cheer the crew. It resulted in her getting a broken arm.

The remainder of their lives were spent in Skye, that “dearest of islands,” where they reared a family of nine children, who all carved out successful careers for themselves.

Flora died on the 4th March, 1790, her last words, it is said, being, Chrìoso 's Ailean 's Tearlach Og (Christ and Allan and Young Charles). Crowds came to see the body of the sweet aged lady as it lay in state. The funeral was to the burial place of the MacDonalds at

Kilmuir, to which, headed by the MacArthurs as hereditary pipers, the solemn procession wended.

A Celtic cross, erected by public subscription, records her name and fame, but other monuments to her memory have been erected both at home and abroad. One of these is the stained glass window in the Episcopal Church at Portree, on which are quoted the words of Esther—"If I perish, I perish." A tombstone was erected by Major John MacDonald, one of her sons, and on it was inscribed those beautiful words which in themselves are an epitome of the life story of her whose body lies beneath. Within them lies the whole diapason of her service, showing it extended to the House of Hanover as well as to that of the Stuarts.

"In the history of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory this tablet is rendered sacred, and mankind will consider that in Flora MacDonald were united the calm and heroic fortitude of a man together with the unselfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence she saved Prince Charles Edward Stuart from death on a scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

The story of the endeavours of a faithful people, themselves in extremities, to save the life of him who had caused it all is one of the sweet memories that the Highlands will ever pride itself in. It presents such a wonderful picture of devotion, self sacrifice and self effacement as to require no embellishment of any kind. Chief among those who played so heroic a part was that sweet-souled, gentle maiden, Flora MacDonald, and we cannot close these few remarks better than by quoting what Dr. Johnson said of her—"Here is a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Clearances.

WE desire to say at the outset that with the present proprietors of land in Scotland we make no complaint. We believe that the average laird is well-meaning and desirous of the good of his tenantry and of his country. Taxation — the effect of extravagant legislation and the enormous expenditure in the Great War—has fallen heavily upon the landed proprietors, many of whom in Scotland have found it impossible to live upon their estates. The Duke of Roxburgh, speaking recently at a dinner of the Highland Society, declared that the days of the old aristocracy were nearing an end, and that in a score or so of years further they would be over.

Changes are inevitable, but it sometimes happens that it is desirable to retrace our steps, and the day may come again when the descendants of those forced to give up their lands will recover something of their former greatness. In like manner the waste places of the earth may yet be cultivated by willing hands. Landlord and tenant, clergy and laity, have each in turn learned that "this world has many turns," and that the oppressor of to-day may be the oppressed of to-morrow.

There was a time when the proprietors of land in the Highlands were becoming wealthy, and in their desire for gain overlooked the obligations they were under to those on their estates. They had little regard for either their people or their country, inasmuch as they cleared out their old retainers to find a home wherever they could

or to perish ignominiously in the attempt. The districts thus vacated were converted into great sheep runs and deer forests. Men and their families were no longer considered an asset.

The proprietor of land has too frequently ceased to look upon his possessions in the light of earlier times. His land is his investment through which he expects to find a return on its capital value, either from the produce direct or from the rents of those who occupy it. Formerly it was different.

We do not know when patriarchal government originated in the Highlands, but that it existed for many hundreds of years and ended with Culloden is familiar to all. A new era was then ushered in. During the former period the chief held the land in trust. He was the nominal head of the community to whom the land belonged. His clansmen defended him in possession, and without their aid he could not hold the land at all. Through the long centuries they were his guard and protector. They loved and respected him, and were ready and willing at all times to lay down their lives on his behalf. This love and self-sacrifice were reciprocated, and it was the desire of the chief to retain as many men as possible on the territory over which he held sway.

The clansmen cultivated their small patches of ground and drove their cattle to the common hill pasturage. They gave all needful assistance at the laird's work, and saw that all things necessary for his sustenance, or to maintain his dignity, were performed. His position was their pride and boast. On the other side he extended the hand of friendship, accepting from the small holders the few days' work in harvesting or peat-cutting as sufficient in itself to meet any obligations due to him. The larger cultivators had only a nominal rent to pay.

Under circumstances such as these, where everyone grows one's own food, builds one's own home and pays no rent, such a thing as poverty can hardly be. The people were able to live on the simplest diet, and money was of practically no use to these children of nature. The hills and valleys provided many kinds of game, the rivers and estuaries supplied fish of all sorts, while loch and sea were equally free to all of what they could yield. In short, land and water united to furnish the necessaries of human life.

In this connection it should be noted that, notwithstanding the liberty allowed to all to capture the wild creatures as food, these remained plentiful. There were no sporting rights then; these only became of value with the passing of the game laws.

Is there any wonder then that under circumstances such as we have stated rents, after they began to be imposed, were promptly paid? These were very small at first, and the Highlanders never allowed themselves to be in debt to their landlords. This characteristic remained with them long after the change of events and systems. Cases could be quoted to show this. Mr. Campbell, factor to the Earl of Breadalbane, at Achallader, for the long period of fifty-five years, has stated that a failure to pay rent in his time was so rare and had so much shame attached to it that it was almost unheard of. If misfortune overtook a family the friends would provide the necessary means for settling with the laird on term day. As an illustration of the mutual confidence existing between the parties, it is worth mentioning that Mr. Campbell gave no receipt for the rent nor was it ever asked. On receiving payment he initialled the sum in his cash book, and there were eleven hundred tenants in his day. His successor, Mr. Stewart, reported equal promptitude and fidelity. During the

period of his stewardship he never was so much as a shilling in arrears in his rent collection at any time.

The withdrawal of the heritable jurisdiction powers had weakened the influence of the chief and driven a wedge between him and his people. The law which he formerly promulgated being applied to those immediately around him could not be injurious in its effects, and could only be local in that. The general law of the land was operating over a large area of many diverse circumstances, and of people speaking different languages. It was legalising what should never have been made law and could never in equity have been legalised. "Take care," said the native, "the law has reached Ross-shire," and this was not without its meaning.

In the Lowlands the advent of machinery was beginning to give employment to people, but this was wanting in the north. A greater proportion of the people there were necessarily agriculturists. Population was increasing, and as children grew to manhood there was of necessity sub-division of the crofts. Many of these were, no doubt, too small already. There were, of course, large tenants still, and the whole system had been so long carried on that nobody thought much about it. No one was ever told that he would have to give up his farm, that he would have to pay more rent, or that his farm would be let to the highest bidder. If such a thing had been suggested it would have been considered untenable and preposterous. Why, these men had acquired and held the land against all comers. Time out of mind their plaided clans had gone forth to fight and so preserve their territory inviolate. The Roman eagles which swooped across Europe had their course stayed here. It was a new experience for Imperial Rome. When Agricola would have pursued the Caledonians in their last great battle — a battle in which the better

discipline of the Roman legions gained no more than a partial success—he was prevented from doing so by Tacitus, who showed him that he ought to be glad in leading so many of his soldiers from the field. “If you pursue them one league further,” he cried, “you shall not have one Roman soldier to guard your person going home. They are the most formidable and bravest enemy that ever Rome had to confront, every one of them will die before they yield. They are true patriots, Agricola, make all haste to your strongholds or you are done.”

All through the centuries from then these men had defended their land by their own right hand. On all the battlefields that told of Scotland's fight for freedom and right their slaughtered sons were laid. Bannockburn and Flodden felt their dreaded blows, and there was no sign of deterioration when a few enthusiasts made a last effort in 1745 to restore a fallen monarchy.

These men, no doubt, felt it was a duty on them to defend their territory and their country, for they had created a very personal interest in it by reclaiming the land and building their own dwelling-houses and homesteads.

With equal zeal their chiefs were always ready to defend their own small territory or to take the larger issue of fighting for their country. When an English queen declared in her passion that she would make Scotland a hunting ground, she was promptly answered by a Duke of Argyle that his “hounds” would be got ready on the shortest notice! Little did he imagine that it would be his own sect, in later days, who would be the means of turning a large portion of the country into a game preserve for the amusement of sportsmen a few weeks every year.

The celebrated Hugh Miller, writing on the Sutherland clearances, says—“Under the old Celtic tenures—the

only tenures be it remembered through which the Lords of Sutherland derive their rights to the land—the *Klaan*, or children of the soil, were the proprietors of the soil." Sismondi, the great French historian, writing on the same subject says—"The whole of Sutherland belongs to the men of Sutherland. The chief gave the different tacks of land to his officers or took them away from them according as they showed themselves more or less useful in war. But though he could thus, in a military sense, reward or punish the clan, he could not diminish the property of the clan itself." He had no more right to expel from their homes the inhabitants of a county than a King would have in expelling the inhabitants of a Kingdom. Indeed, he had much less right. "Now the Gaelic tenant," continues the Frenchman, "has never been conquered, nor did he forfeit on any after occasion the rights which he originally possessed."

These rights and privileges appear to have been recognised to the native, as in the first of the clearances a small solatium of six shillings was allowed to all refractory tenants for the houses pulled down. At the same time allotments were provided elsewhere on which they were allowed to build new houses.

Much has been said regarding depopulation of country districts, and the *Scotsman* newspaper, commenting on this matter when the Scottish Estimates were under discussion this year, says—"The Highland clearances still rankle; nothing probably in the whole history of Scotland, with the probable exception of the 'Killing times,' has burned so deeply into the popular mind, at least in the Highlands of Scotland, and left so evil a heritage in class hatred and social discontent. The Whig landlords, who were largely responsible for these clearances under the impulse of an economic policy which has close relations with the so-called Manchester school

of economics, have much to answer for. The theory that the land could be made more productive, or at least more profitable for the landlord, by putting it under sheep rather than in keeping it under crofter tillage was no doubt economically sound—at any rate for the time—but the human element was unfortunately left out of consideration, and it is a remarkable fact that even to this day the descendants of these exiled crofters, in their distant, and for the most part prosperous homes in Canada, hand on the curse of their forefathers upon the landlords who evicted them and the system which made it possible.”

There can be no doubt that for a long time the evicted people had a grudge against the country and its land owners. This was only natural, but the prosperity they afterwards attained abroad might be expected to counteract any ill-feeling. There are no truer Highlanders than the descendants of the evicted people. A small glen near Dunkeld was swept of sixty families, but they carried its name with them to the new land, and this was the rule all over. Canada contains many places called after Highland ones. Not only so, but the Gaelic language is better understood in the Federal House at Ottawa than in Westminster.

With those who remained in this country and their descendants the situation is different. Evidence of their loss in the formation of great sheep farms is ever before their eyes, and an old wound is often sorer than a fresh one. Whether they would be better with the land they covet, and on which even they occasionally “squat,” is doubtful. One thing, however, calls for an answer. The country that is steadily losing a fine body of people presents a grave problem to Statesmen and calls for their earnest and sympathetic considerations.

The Forestry Commissioners are doing good work in carrying out a programme of afforestation. Holdings for the forest workers, at the rate of five holdings for every thousand acres of plantable ground, is part of their policy, and at the end of last year 137 of these holdings were in the course of formation, 61 being completed and 52 occupied. By this and similar means the Government is endeavouring to stem the tide of depopulation in the Highlands.

It has been adduced that previous to the clearances the people were very poor and that the land was not able to support their numbers. This is only partly true. At times there may have been a considerable amount of destitution—there were famines in those days in every part of the land—but the people were never as poor in comparison as an unemployed workman of the present day. That they bled their cattle and mixed the blood with their oatmeal is no criterion. They bled their stock believing that the operation did the animals good and because they relished the dish. It served a double purpose. Every country and almost every district has some particular dietary acceptable to itself but probably objectionable to others. One thing stands out clearly—that they were always able to support themselves and never sought any sort of eleemosynary relief.

If the object of the clearances was carried out for the purpose of reducing poverty it had the directly opposite effect. How could it be otherwise? The people were forced into miserable plots exposed to all the severities of the storms that came from the sea. They were huddled into little townships and expected to get a livelihood from fishing, as if a landsman could be made a fisherman by a wave of the hand! The result was that they were soon unable to pay rent. Many landlords refused them the

privilege of gathering mussels and other creatures with which to bait their lines unless they paid for them.

Many of these poor people had formerly held respectably sized holdings, capable of carrying a score and more of milk cows. The effect on such people was very great, lowering their morality and self respect, and creating less desirable environment for succeeding generations. Others foresaw what was likely to happen, sold out at good prices and crossed the ocean, where their industry and resource made them welcome.

The Act restoring to the Highlanders the wearing of their national garb had been passed and it looked as if shortly the Highlands would assume something of its old glory. But this was not to be. In 1780 the first of the clearances took place when some families were removed in Sutherland in a humane manner. Twenty years later some 90 families in Farr and Lairg were ordered to remove their houses and build others in an appointed place. As the timber of the old houses was required in the new they were not too comfortable for a time, but there was an absence of studied cruelty as became too evident in later evictions.

The complaint was not that the landlords were thinning out the people for the people's good. Too often they were sweeping all away for their own profit. The clearances were carried through all over the Highlands, but more thoroughly and with greater severity in the county of Sutherland than elsewhere. Between 1811 and 1820 no fewer than 15,000 of the inhabitants there were compelled to leave their inland farms. Some congregated by the seashore, others went to labour in the south and many sailed for other lands. In every case it was a rueful change. The first-mentioned crowded together, sought to get a livelihood by tilling miserable barren pieces of ground, and, without proper boats, to do a

little fishing. Those who became day-labourers felt keenly their degraded position from being their own masters, and the fact of speaking a language not understood by their fellow labourers.

But the emigrants had the hardest fight of all. After braving the perils of the ocean they found themselves, forlorn and penniless, on the inhospitable shores of Canada. Many times those already settled there had to give financial assistance to their brethren to enable them to get nearer to their objective, and be it said to the credit of these poor prospectors that no sooner were they in a position to repay the loans than they promptly did so.

To a people so ardently attached to their land their leaving represented to them nothing short of banishment. They looked upon it in the light that they could never see the land again or be buried where their fathers were. This thought of banishment was as death to many of them. Sometimes they marched to their ship led by pipers playing a coronach, and their plaintive songs ring with the pain of the separation.

“Oh, why left I my hame, why did I cross the deep,
Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.”

The dangers, trials and difficulties that these pioneers of Empire braved will never be known or understood. Even when they found the sun of prosperity shining on their labours, and the rich virgin soil of the prairie yielding its abundance, they felt—

“Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.”

How different it all is to-day. One of the last batch of immigrants found on arrival houses ready, their table spread and the kettle boiling on the hob. Fast trains and steamers hurried them between places, and they hardly felt that they had left the old country when they were established in the new.

The uninitiated might here ask what was the gain to the landlord by clearing the people from off the land. What profit could hillsides of grass, bracken and heather—nature reverting each year to its original wildness—bring to any man? The Highlands are not too well adapted for cultivation at best, and the owner was getting little rent. By turning the ground into great sheep farms, and letting these to the highest bidders, he could get greater revenue. There was a growing demand for beef and mutton from the cities in the south, to which there was then little or no importation. Prices for these were greatly increased during the Peninsular War, and when peace came laws were passed to prohibit importation and so to continue the high prices for the farmers. The laird could also say that by having larger farms there was not the same outlay in erecting and maintaining farm buildings. This is still given as a reason for throwing two farms into one.

An excellent illustration of the position is shown by Sir Walter Scott who, on a voyage round Scotland in 1814, landed near Cape Wrath, in the country of Lord Reay. That gentleman's estate then contained 150,000 acres, and the rental at the time of Scott's visit was £5,000. This was an increase of nearly £4,000 upon the revenue derived from the former leases, and for the ensuing year, under fresh leases, it was expected to be worth £15,000. "But," writes our authority, "it would be at the expense of turning off several hundred families who have lived under him [Lord Reay] and his fathers

for many generations, and the swords of whose fathers probably won the lands from which he is now expelling them." This chieftain was credited with principles of humanity and it was believed he would take a moderate rent and retain his tenantry. Adverting to the matter, Scott wrote—"Wealth is no doubt strength in a country while all is quiet, and governed by law, but on any altercation or internal commotion it ceases to be strength." At the same time he admits that the point may be argumentative. Another poet held no such doubts when he penned the words—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The desire to get rich quickly when the means to do so lay at hand was irresistible, and few after a time, seeing the success of their neighbours, were able to resist its alluring enchantments.

General Stewart made a tour of inspection in the Highlands in order to find out the true state of affairs beyond his immediate vicinity. In regard to the competitive letting of farms he was afraid that the bidder, taking a too sanguine view of the future, would be inclined to offer more than the place was worth, and probably on borrowed money plunge headlong to "make a spoon or spoil a horn." The native holder, aware of competition and in order to keep a roof over the heads of his family for yet another season, would likewise offer more than what he knew to be the real value. Instead of mutual friendship there would be rivalry over a piece of land and discontent engendered in whoever got it. Only the landlord would benefit, and there was grave risk to him also, because if the tenant was working on shortage of capital he might lose his rent. Events as anticipated by the far seeing General happened in course

of time. After a few years, by reason of reduced rents, bad debts and heavy poor rates, he was receiving little more than what he got from his tenantry under the former régime.

In increasing the size of farms a difficulty was experienced in getting natives to accept conditions which would dispossess their brethren and leave them without a home or the means of livelihood, so strangers from the south and England were called in. The native believed that if he took the land from which the previous holder had been ejected a curse would accompany the lease—*airthear*—and, in consequence, he made a point of inquiring into the position before striking a bargain. The newcomers were often men of capital, and were not long before they were honoured and protected, made Justices of the Peace, and fawned upon in the many different ways that wealth can command. It was not until a clearance had been first effected that Highlanders offered for or accepted large farms.

Many took up farming on borrowed money, and some failed when prices fell. The author of *Scotland and the Scotch*, an undated volume of about 1830, writes of Glencoe—"Near the glen, we met the farmer named MacDonald who lately became bankrupt for £40,000, involving all the poor people around, who had entrusted him with money, in one common ruin. It seemed almost a pity his ancestor escaped the massacre! He strode with a very consequential step and inhabits a good house, surrounded by a capital garden while the unhappy creditors exist as best they can." No doubt the lady writer felt that the clearance had many worse effects than the massacre. When the latter was perpetrated there was always a remnant (in the case of Glencoe, more than a remnant) left to develop the character and continue the virtues of their fathers, but the clearances reduced the

moral standard of Highlanders and that in itself was sufficient to condemn it wholeheartedly.

The evictions were carried out with gross cruelty, and the stories of the brutalities could, and do, fill pages. It is needless to detail them, to any extent, here; the subject is not too pleasant.

No account was taken of age, condition or helplessness. Time was hardly given to the people to get their furniture out of doors. If it was not done when the factor and his men arrived they threw out the more valuable pieces and set fire to the remainder. People lying in fever were turned out and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The roof above the infirm and bedridden were removed and they lay with the sky as a canopy till death put an end to their sufferings. Some humanitarians once approached Mr. Sellar, the factor, to delay the eviction of a woman who was almost a centenarian. He replied with a curse that "she had lived too long. Let her burn." Fire was then applied to her dwelling and she was carried out among the smoke and dirt to a shed where she died within a week. This was not an isolated case. There were hundreds similar. Many a life was lost or shortened. Health, comfort and happiness, to say nothing of faith in humanity, were destroyed.

One old bachelor, John MacDonald by name, supported three imbecile sisters. Ordered to quit his farm he petitioned the Duke of Sutherland and his factor but without avail. What could he do? He placed the women in a cart, drove it to the factor's fine house at Dunrobin, and upset his load of screaming humanity at the door. The sisters, finding themselves in a heap and not realising the cause, fought with one another, while the brother turned his horse for home. To the entreaties of the factor's people he turned a deaf ear, but that functionary arriving shortly, he followed and overtook

MacDonald to demand his meaning. The reply he received was brief and to the point—"You have taken the land from me; then take them along with the land, and make of them what you can. I cannot carry them to the labour market."

Angus Campbell was a decent and inoffensive man of Rogart parish, but the minister coveted the poor man's possession and was promised it by the factor. The Duchess of Sutherland knew Campbell to be good and industrious, who not only had the bringing up of his own large family but also supported an invalid brother. Therefore, when she received a petition from him, she ordered that he was not to be removed unless an equally good holding was provided for him. Her interposition was an offence to the factor, who no sooner saw the Duchess away than he had the eviction carried out. The holder's wife was left in the pitiless rain till her husband, who had been absent, returned. He was now without land, and no one dare risk sheltering him. But Campbell was not without some resource. He erected a booth over the tomb of his father in the old kirkyard and took up his abode there. This so troubled the factor that he promised him his old home, which had been left standing, on his agreeing to pay the expenses of the eviction, £4 13s. in all. No sooner was the money paid than he was again ejected and care taken that he did not reoccupy the site in the graveyard. A memorial, largely signed, was presented to the Duke on the man's behalf, but the reply came that the case had been settled by the factor and he could not interfere further!

The poor tenants with the sword of Damocles held over their heads had no one to whom they could appeal. Many of the prominent men of the day were, of course, crying out about the iniquity of it all, but they were distant and their cry was not heard. The Gael had

always looked to his chief for protection ; that chief had now turned against him. There was still the minister. The Highlander has always looked to his clergyman for comfort and for guidance. This time he looked in vain, for the messenger of peace and goodwill was linked with the laird, the factor and the wealthy farmer, at whose boards he was a frequent visitor.

The clergy preached to the people exhorting them to submission, declaring that it was the hand of God laid on them for their sins. Meantime these parsons received the same stipends for themselves whether the churches were crowded or empty. Not all were thus influenced ; there were those who strenuously opposed it. But what opposition could they make effectively, against the heritors who paid their stipends ? "One cannot live in Rome and fight with the Pope." It was an impossible position, yet we prefer to look upon the servant of God as a shepherd of souls rather than a respecter of persons ! The few ministers who held out for the people were soon disposed of by the lairds, who had the livings given to those who would be more complaisant.

Retribution always follows sooner or later on those who deviate from the right. The day was to come when, for conscience sake, they would leave their churches and be refused land on which to build churches of their own. In this same county of Sutherland, of which we have chiefly been speaking, a lady was threatened with eviction because she had allowed the shelter of her roof to one of the protesting clergy—her own aged and venerable father !

The attitude adopted by the clergy during the clearances must have done great harm to the cause of religion in the Highlands. The crofter was a deeply religious man. His sensitive Celtic heart opened readily to the reception of the Gospel message. It was from a

descendant of one of these men, removed for a time into the Lowlands, that we have Burns's description of a Cottar's Saturday night. We question whether there is any more touching poem in the Doric than where the aged father reverently lays aside his bonnet, opens the Book, chooses his portion of reading and quietly and reverently says — "Let us worship God." The Livingstone family at Blantyre, removed also from the Highlands, showed in whom they put their trust. In fancy we can picture the father, that evening before his son left to face the darkness and dangers of Africa, choosing the psalm which they sang with their hearts at the breaking point. Was there wonder that the psalm, and the scene, were evermore enshrouded in the heart of the missionary-explorer?

Every crisis finds its man, and there was one who stood forward to champion the cause of the oppressed at this trying time. He was Donald MacLeod, a working mason of Strathnaver. When Donald was about twenty years of age his father was obliged to leave his little holding in order that it might be incorporated in a large sheep farm. The son, Donald, suffered greatly for the support he gave his friends. He was harshly evicted and removed to Edinburgh and finally to Canada. In season, and out of it, he found opportunity to denounce the evictions, and he did this with all the powers and enthusiasm he possessed. In trenchant language he replied to Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe's *Sunny Memories* with his book *Gloomy Memories*.

The lady's volume was intended to whitewash the House of Sutherland, but MacLeod's criticism was so severe that she must have felt that it would have been better had she never written a line of it.

His description of the clearance of a glen may be given. Mrs. Stowe, who championed the cause of slaves, could, no doubt, find points of similarity between

it and a slave raid in Central Africa. After stating that the tenants of several parishes near Golspie, by promises and threats, were persuaded to sign a document promising to remove at the May term, and how 13 days before the said term the factor and his men had 300 families turned out in one day, the story proceeds—"The consternation and confusion were extreme, little or no time was given for removal of persons or property — the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them—next struggling to save the most valuable of their effects. The cries of the women and children—the roaring of the affrighted cattle hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and fire—altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description—it required to be seen to be believed."

In sorrowful language he describes how he revisited his native parish and worshipped in the church "now reduced to the size and appearance of a dove cot." "The whole congregation," he writes, "consisted of eight shepherds, with their dogs, to the number of between twenty and thirty, the minister, three of his family and myself! I came in after the first singing, but at the conclusion the 120th psalm was given out and struck up to the famous tune 'Bangor,' when the fourfooted hearers became excited, got up on the seats, and raised a most infernal chorus of howling. Their masters then attacked them with their crooks, which only made matters worse. . . . I retired to contemplate the shameful scene and compare it with what I had previously witnessed in the large and devout congregations formerly attending in that Kirk."

To the system which desolated his country he declared he was and always would be an avowed enemy while he breathed the breath of life. And so he was.

Patrick Sellar, one of the notorious factors of the clearance-time, was tried for his actions before the

Circuit Court at Inverness in 1816. The indictment was a formidable one, viz., of burning down buildings and heath and pasture land illegally, and of culpable homicide in the case of an old man whose house was pulled down while he lay sick in bed. Sellar was a clever man, and besides being factor was also law agent for the Duke of Sutherland. He became lessee of one-third of the whole county as he succeeded in clearing it of its inhabitants. He knew better than the ignorant Highlanders how near to the rocks he could go without wrecking himself. He thought of *law* while they thought of *justice* — which, like Shakespeare's Honour and Wisdom, "have oft'times no connection." The charge was not proved against him and he was acquitted.

During all the humiliations the Highlanders remained remarkably quiet and there was no case of serious trouble to call for remark. The Irish Celts would have acted differently had it been they who received the treatment.

The conditions of to-day are different, and small holdings such as were then cultivated are uneconomic. But there are farms that could well be divided and subdivided to the advantage of our land. Nothing should go under deer that can support sheep, and nothing under sheep that is cultivable. Let us not forget that Pliny said that large farms were the ruin of the Roman provinces.

Look upon the clearances as we may—presume that the country was over populated if we will—and that the time would come that would bring us to the economic position of to-day, we cannot get away from the fact that it was unnecessary at the time—and brutally carried out.

"A blight has come down on the land of the mountain,
The storm-nurtured pine and the clear gushing fountain,
And the chieftains are gone, the kind lords of the glen,
In the land that once swarmed with brave Highlandmen."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Lure of the Highlands.

IF the story of the Highland clearances leaves one with a feeling of disappointment or bitterness, a more studied view of the situation, as seen in the light of present times, will change the aspect considerably.

Notwithstanding the great diminution in population caused at that dismal time, the depletion still continues. The County of Sutherland, one of the most sparsely populated districts in Scotland, is losing its people at the rate of one hundred each year. It is an illustration of the fact that a large population cannot live in the Highlands in ordinary comfort under present conditions, and that the hardships endured at the clearances would have had to come in course of time through force of the changing economic conditions.

When a crofter system without the aid of other sources of income is in vogue, it is unprofitable to all and more particularly to the crofter himself. A mountainous country, with a frequent backward climate and distant markets, is the one least adapted for the cultivation of small holdings. The importation of cheap foodstuffs from other lands where crops can be grown on a large scale under more favourable conditions have brought the pendicle to be an institution that will soon be counted among the things of the past.

It is hardly to be expected that the native with his shrewdness, and more particularly the young unmarried man, will continue to toil for a living which leaves him about as poor at the end of the year as he was at the

beginning. He is offered the alternative of emigration to the Colonies. There he can receive a free grant of a large tract of good land, and an assisted passage to his destination. He knows that energy, perseverance and pluck in the new land will gain him that competence denied him at home.

The loss to the mother country is a gain to her dominions. It is better to have a depleted land than one on which the toiler cannot make a living. He gets soured and ultimately becomes an unsatisfactory subject of his country. Thus the Highlanders by going away have carried with them into other countries that merit which could best find room for its development in a more extended circle. They have carved their niche far up in every sphere that they have entered, and they have done all this without losing their pride of home and descent. They carry with them the burden of their ancient song—

“My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.”

The swords that their forefathers never surrendered have been replaced by their own dogged will and tenacity of purpose. In all the realms of industry and education they are still in the van.

These sentiments remind us of Lord Strathcona, the great railway magnate, who, on the successful completion of his scheme of linking up Canada from sea to sea, desired to send the news across the ocean, brought into requisition his own clan-call. There was flashed over the wires the one word—*Craigellachie*. Long may we rear men of the type of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, makers of Empire and true sons of ancient Caledonia.

The question of immigration more than that of emigration, which is influenced by it, demands attention. A distinctly lower class of alien is supplanting the Scot,

particularly in manufacturing districts. This is a source of potential danger to the State, and reflects little credit on our legislators and employers of labour.

If it be denied to the Highlands to support a large population it can for that very reason offer attractions to a great number of people. There are times when one wants to get away from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife," with its rush and scramble after "trade's precarious prize," and where can one better go for this attainment than to the Highlands of Scotland?

There is at present a cry to purchase articles of our own manufacture and thus help our industries. It applies with equal force to those who contemplate holidays. It is not necessary to go to the continent for mountain scenery—that of the Scottish Highlands is better because more comprehensive. With their dark legends and romantic histories the thousands of inlets that worm their way along the western sea-board leave the fiords of Norway poor in comparison.

The traveller has the satisfaction, too, of knowing that he is benefiting a people who have been ever ready to serve their King and their country in the hour of extremity.

The mountains call loudly to be explored. Among them is to be found that peace and quietude not to be discovered in the beaten tracks of men. To be alone on the hillside, to feel the exhilarating breeze, to view the panorama of gorgeous scenic beauty, the soft fleecy clouds above and the deep purple of lake beneath—what writer can describe, what artist can paint them?

The daylight fades. The shadows deepen as over mountain and glen the distant note of the pibroch is wafted on the evening air. It touches a chord of harmony

in our own breast. In fancy we see the gaily tartaned clansmen gather as of yore, and

“Light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,”

as they did in days long past.

There are times when the soul goes back on itself, when it is good to be alone; when the eye looks inwardly as well as outwardly. It is not loneliness; it is life, and nowhere more complete than when among the everlasting hills.

There is another reason. One meets with a hospitable and lovable people if one knows how to ingratiate oneself into their ways. It is not necessary to dress now in the garb of old Gaul nor to be able to converse in the language of Eden. The purest of English is spoken in the Highland glens.

It is immaterial to what district one takes one's way. Each has its own particular beauty, while each possesses its own romance and pride in

“The stirring memory of a thousand years.”

The Highlands can now be penetrated easily in all directions. Roads are well engineered round the hills, and are more level than in many lowland parts, though their surface may be somewhat inferior.

The railway enters the mountain barrier at Dunkeld, called “The Gate to the Highlands.” Here the traveller is at once amid magnificent surroundings of rock, river and forest. The last trees of famed Birnam wood still stand. From here we wend through the beautiful pass of Killiecrankie, which even the Royal troops dreaded and refused to traverse in the '45. We cross the Moor of Rannoch—that desert of Scotland—and so on to Inverness.

In visiting the scenes of Prince Charlie's wanderings, Ossian's country, or gloomy Glencoe, all can be easily accomplished from this picturesque capital of the Highlands.

To lovers of the sea, who long for a whiff of the tangle of the Isles, there are more ways than "by Tummel and Loch Rannoch, and Loch Aber" by which to go. From Glasgow (which some call the real capital of the Highlands) or Oban, the process is easy. Bute and Arran, with a climate equal to the south of England, are a few hours sail. Jura with its peaks lies further north, while

"Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of islands gay
That guard famed Staffa round"

lie scattered in the pellucid waters that reflect them. The vessel ploughs its way northwards with "Mull on the stern, Rum on the port; Eigg on the starboard bow," and the holy islands of Gigha and Iona, steeped in legend and romance, are soon left behind.

Skye is the best holiday-island in Britain, and from it the distant Hebrides on the one hand and the scenes of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped* on the other call for a visit.

Go which way one may, nowhere is to be found more peerless grandeur than among the Highland hills, or more surpassing loveliness than on her coasts and Islands.

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