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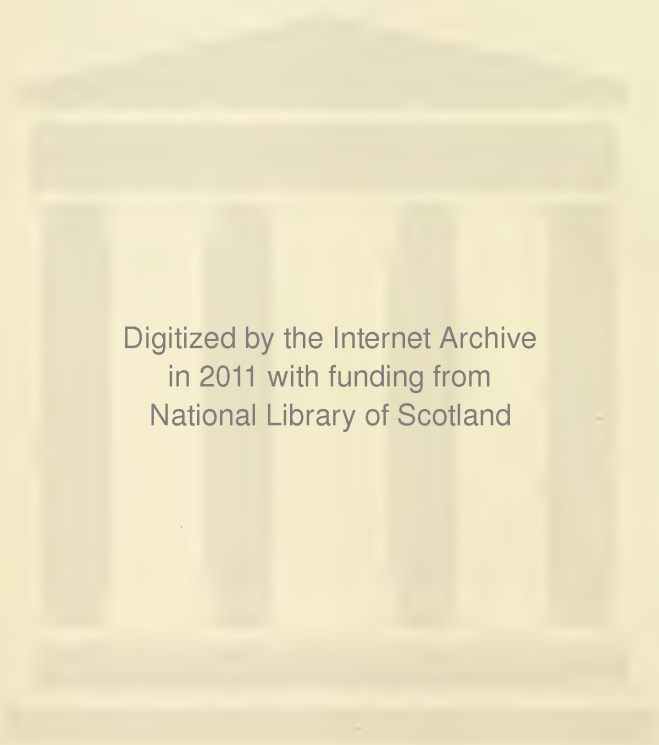
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THE
GRANTS OF GLENMORISTON.



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JAMES MURRAY GRANT ESQ J.P.D.L.

12TH LAIRD OF GLENMORISTON.

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REMINISCENCES
HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL
OF THE
GRANTS OF GLENMORISTON

WITH
*SELECTIONS FROM THE SONGS AND ELEGIES
OF THEIR BARDS*

BY
THE REV. A. SINCLAIR, M.A., F.C.S.M.



EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART
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1887

Dedicated

TO

IAN ROBERT JAMES MURRAY GRANT

OF

GLENMORISTON, ESQUIRE,

XIV. MAC 'IC PHADRUIG,

AND REPRESENTATIVE OF A LONG LINE OF ANCESTORS ;

THAN WHOM NO HIGHLAND PROPRIETORS WERE

MORE RESPECTED AND BELOVED BY

THEIR PEOPLE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A WORD of explanation as to the origin of this book. The Editor's father and brother, who were in succession Factors on the Glenmoriston Estates, made collections with the view of writing a history of the Family. To these the Editor added from other sources, and after putting the whole into shape, as it now is, gave the MS. to several friends for private perusal. They all urged the publication of it, along with a few selections from the productions of the Glenmoriston Bards; and to gratify those friends—and he doubts not many more—he undertook the work.

It is understood that much that would have been interesting, as throwing light on the past social condition of the people, as well as on family transactions, has been lost when after

the Battle of Culloden, the Mansion was burnt, and many of the family papers destroyed or lost.

The Editor has to thank all friends that helped him, very specially Major-General Grant of the Indian army, and Dr Donald Kennedy, the widely known American physician.



*Reminiscences, Historical and
Traditional, of the Grants of
Glenmoriston.*



ACCORDING to some genealogists, the founder of the Clan Grant—1160—because of a facial defect, bore the designation of “Grannda,” or ill-favoured.

Dr John Macpherson derives the name from Griantach, a moor in Strathspey, where it is said the Grants had their original residence; but the weight of evidence is in favour of a Norman origin, which identifies the name with Grand, or Le Grand, great or valorous.

For a lengthened period the Grants held a prominent position in the North of Scotland. But with the limited information at our dis-

posal, we cannot be quite certain as to the connection between the earlier links of their genealogical chain. We must, therefore, go partly by what tradition has floated down to us, not invariably dependable, but chiefly by such contributions as family and national records offer—sometimes sufficiently scanty. But scanty as they are, they give glimpses which show that along the centuries their progress was a growing one, both in influence and affluence.

We find, for example, that, as early as the reign of Alexander III., Sir Laurence Le Grant was Sheriff of Inverness, 1258-66, and is said to have been allied by marriage to the once powerful Bissets of Lovat.

Sir John Le Grant espoused the cause of Bruce against Baliol, and was one of the "*magnates*" taken prisoner at the Battle of Dunbar, 1296. He was liberated on condition of serving Edward in Flanders, Graham of Lovat and Comyn of Badenoch becoming his sureties. In 1316 he obtained a Crown Charter of the lands of Inverallan in Strathspey.

Patrick Le Grant was, previous to 1357, Lord of Stratherrie, which, it is said, he obtained by marriage with one of the Bissets of Lovat.

Malcolm Le Grant is mentioned—1394—as in possession of a twenty merk land near Inverness; and was probably the father of Elizabeth Le Grant, Lady of Stratherrie, and granddaughter and nearest heir to Patrick Le Grant. She disposed all her lands in favour of her grandson, John Seres, including Inverallan, which latter, in 1482, was disposed in favour of John, son of Sir Duncan Grant of Freuchy.

Sir John Le Grant, who, in 1434, was Sheriff of Inverness, is said to have married Bigla, or Matilda Cumming, and with her to have got the Cumming lands in Strathspey. This Sir John had a son, Duncan, by Bigla Cumming, who succeeded as first of Freuchy, 1434-1485. Freuchy was then, with other lands, erected into a royal barony, and for generations thereafter was the family designation.

This Duncan was succeeded by his grandson, John Grant Younger of Freuchy, who died in 1482.

He was succeeded by John, styled the Bard, and who, because of the colour of his hair, was named the Bard Roy. None of the productions of his muse have survived, though, as the name suggests, he must have been possessed of the poetic gift. John the Bard had three sons—John, styled Mór, because of his physical proportions, or his mental gifts, or both. In family transactions he took a prominent part, and is designated in family documents as “*filio seniori Johannis Grant de Freuchy*”—eldest son of John Grant of Freuchy. His mother was a daughter of Baron Stewart of Kincardine. To this John his father bequeathed the lands of Glenmoriston, and other lands. His second son, by a daughter of Sir James Ogilvy of Deskford, succeeded him as laird of Freuchy; and to his third son he gave the lands of Corrimony in the Braes of Glen Urquhart.

I. John, styled “Mór,” was the first of the Grant Lairds of Glenmoriston. Formerly Glenmoriston was included in the princely

dominions of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, and was held of them by Macianruaidh, a vassal chief, and a cadet of those Macdonalds. Annually, at the inn of Aonach, Macianruaidh met the Lord of the Isles on his way to Urquhart and the North, and they exchanged shirts, which ceremony constituted Macianruaidh his "Leine-chriois," or his firm and fast friend. It amounted to an oath of fidelity. But when King James IV. found it necessary to curtail the power of these Insular Potentates, they were deprived of a large portion of their lands, and Urquhart and Glenmoriston were transferred to the Grants of Freuchy for their loyalty to the crown; and thus the lands of Glenmoriston, by his father's deed, became the possession of his son, John Mór of Tomintouil, where he had his residence in the Glen. The Macdonalds opposed the claims of the Grants, but finding them too powerful, backed as they were by a Royal Charter, they yielded, and transferred their influence to them; and, eventually, Macianruaidh became tutor to Patrick, John Mór's eldest son. In addition to the

lands of Glenmoriston, in 1532 John Mór Grant obtained a Crown Charter of the lands of Culcabock, Chocantionail, and the Haugh, in the parish of Inverness, formerly the possession of the Hays. In May 1541 he obtained charters of the lands of Carron, Wester Elchies, and Kincardine in Strathspey, for himself and wife in liferent, and for two of his sons in fee.

He married first, Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Innes of that Ilk, and married as his second wife Isabella, daughter of Thomas, fourth Lord Lovat, and widow of Allan M'Rory, chief of Clanranald.* After the death of Clanranald she left Moydart for the Aird, her father's residence. On her way, she and her retinue camped at Torgyle, in the Braes of Glenmoriston, and sent a message to the laird, then living at Tomantouil, craving his protection. To this request he responded in the most gallant style, and invited her and her party to his residence, where, after a week's festivities, they were united in the bonds of wedlock. Their children were—

* This is the local tradition. Others mention her as Agnes, grand-daughter of Lovat.

(1) Patrick, who succeeded his father, of whom came the family patronymic of Mac-'ie-Phadruig.

(2) Isabella, who married Grant of Ballindalloch.

(3) John Roy Grant, grandfather of the famous outlaw, Seumas-an-Tuim.

(4) James of Wester Elchies ; and

(5) Alexander.

II. Patrick, his eldest son, succeeded his father, John Mór, as Second Laird. His mother by her marriage with Clanranald had one son, who after his father's death was given in charge to his uncle Lovat. With him he resided during his minority, and got all the educational advantages the times could afford, to qualify him for his future position. Because of his residence in the Aird, this young man was afterwards known by the soubriquet of Ranald Gallda, or Lowland Ranald. He was an accomplished youth, well fitted for the chieftainship. But his bastard brother, John Moydart-

ach, by his talents and tactics, so influenced the clan in his absence, that he was himself elected chief instead of his brother Ranald, the legitimate chief. Lovat, however, espoused his nephew's cause, and along with the Grants and Mackintoshes, under the leadership of Huntly, then Lord-Lieutenant of the North, an army was despatched to Moydart to overawe the usurper and his followers, and put Ranald Gallda in possession of the chieftainship. In this they were apparently successful, for they met with no opposition. But, as the sequel shows, they were undeceived by-and-by by the tactics of the able and crafty John Moydartach. At the opening of Glenroy, Lord Lovat, accompanied by his nephew, parted with the other clans, and marched homewards by the nearest route down the great Caledonian Valley. This was just what was hoped for by his adversary of Moydart, who unobserved watched his movements from the opposite side of the valley; and at the east end of Lochlochy, on the field of Dalruaridh, Lovat was met by the redoubtable John Moydartach, and a bloody

battle was fought, in which Lovat, his eldest son, his nephew Ranald Gallda, and almost the whole of his little army perished. Patrick Og of Glenmoriston and his men fought for his step-brother in this desperate conflict, and was one of the few who escaped uninjured.*

Grant of Ballindalloch raised an action at law against Patrick Og of Glenmoriston, on the ground that his father's marriage with Isabella of Lovat was irregular. In this action he succeeded, and obtained in March 1549 a Crown Charter of his lands, and of which he retained possession for seventeen years. But in 1566, through the influence of his uncle, Lord Lovat, and Campbell of Cawdor, Patrick recovered his rights, and got for himself a new Crown Charter. He was also, in 1569, served heir to his father in the lands of Culcabock.†

* The origin of the name "Blar-leine" has puzzled historians. Some find it in the circumstance that on account of the great heat, they fought in their shirts. We think it quite as likely that it is derived from the locality in which the battle was fought. Leny is the old name thereof. This battle was fought in July 1544.

† Patric Og of Glenmoriston, with his men, joined

He married Beatrice Campbell, daughter of Sir Archibald Campbell of Cawdor, and had issue, with other children—

(1) John, his successor.

(2) Archibald, fined in 1613 for harbouring the outlawed Macgregors. He acted for his brother John at his infeftment in the lands of Kinchurdy in Strathspey, 1621.

III. John, styled Ian Mór a Chaisteil, succeeded as Third Laird. It is traditionally said that when Sir John Campbell of Cawdor visited his father at Inverwick, he found him, his wife, and family dwelling in a primitive residence, styled in Gaelic “tigh caoil,” or a wattled habitation, and that he sent skilled artizans from Inverness to build for them a more commodious dwelling on the site of the present Invermoriston

Huntly against Queen Mary, and was present with him at the battle of Coirechee, where Huntly was slain, and his army routed by the Queen’s forces, in October 1562. For seven succeeding years Patrick was under Royal displeasure, till remission was granted in 1569, and Culcabock restored.

mansion. This more substantial building his son John, the third laird, enlarged and fortified to suit the exigencies of those unsettled times—the reason why he was by the people styled “Ian Mór a Chaisteil.” He was served heir to his father in 1585, and obtained service of the lands of Culcabock in August 1615, the retour affirming that those lands were in the King’s possession during the previous sixty-seven years. The cause of this long alienation is not specified, but we may with probability infer that it must have been for some action offensive to the Government by his father or grandfather during the struggles of those unsettled times, and therefore their restoration must have been to him the reward of loyalty and services to the reigning monarch, James VI. For in 1592 we find him appointed commissioner for the suppression of disorders caused by “broken men,” and arbiter in clan disputes—offices of importance that needed skilful handling, as well as firmness of action in the holder of them.

This Laird was distinguished for his stature,

his prowess, and his skill in the use of the sword. When on a visit to King James at Holyrood Palace, he was induced to accept a challenge from one of the champions of those days, who went from place to place parading their strength, and defying the lieges to fight them. This man was so formidable and so invariably successful in his duels, that no one was disposed to accept his challenge. But Laird John soon decided the contest in a rather unique way. One of the preliminaries on those occasions was to shake hands, to shew, we suppose, there was no personal animosity between parties, but so mighty was Laird John's grasp, that he crushed his opponent's sword hand as effectually as if it had been caught in a blacksmith's vice. So, this formidable champion had to confess himself utterly discomfited, without drawing his sword. The incident reminds us of one of the feats of Sir William Wallace, narrated by blind Harry. An English champion offered for a consideration to permit any of the spectators to strike him on the back with a staff he held in his hand, doubtless believing in the strength of his in-

visible defences, and little knowing how powerless they were against the mighty arm about to wield the staff, and before whose might all his defences gave way, and at one stroke he was laid a helpless object on the scene of his former triumphs.

On this occasion, tradition says it happened that Laird John was rallied anent the primitive lights of his native glen—

“Gleann-a-mhìn-Moireastuinn,

Far nach ith na coin na coinnlean”—

in allusion to the bog fir candles in common use in the Highlands of those days, even in the best families. The Laird, it is said, laid a wager he could exhibit a Glenmoriston chandelier, with native lights, that would surpass the best and brightest that his metropolitan bantering friends could produce. A messenger was despatched to John Grant—Mac-Eobhainn-bhàin—one of the Laird's most trusted men, and remarkably handsome, to inform him of the circumstances, and citing him to appear in his most picturesque Highland garb with a due

supply of the sappiest bog fir that Coiredho could produce. These orders were promptly obeyed. Ian appeared in his best array, a living chandelier, blazing all round with choicest fir torches prepared for the occasion, and thus equipped, he marched into the presence of the arbiters, amid such a galaxy of lights, as completely dimmed the feebler wax. So the Laird, amid the applause and laughter of spectators, at so novel a device, gained his wager. This John Grant—Mac-Eobhainn-bhain—was a frequent guest at his master's table, and an object of jealousy to rivals. It happened at an entertainment at which he was present, that his mistress' valet,—when giving silver spoons to other guests—presented John with a scallop shell from the river Moriston, adding, “So bean dùcha dhutsa Iain, 's ni i gnothach math gu leòr”—“See, John, you take this shell, a countrywoman of your own, that will serve the purpose sufficiently well.” Insulted as he thought, under the impulse of a momentary resentment he struck the valet. The blow proved fatal, and John, indicted for

manslaughter, was immured in the jail of Inverness. During his confinement Lady Glenmoriston chanced to pass in front of the jail with her brother of Freuchy, at one of the windows of which John happened to be at the time, offering to his former patroness his humble salutations as she passed along. The sight kindled old associations, brought back pleasant memories of happy days at Invermoriston, and she exclaimed impromptu—

“ Iain 'ic Eobhainn-bhàin,
Cha bu nar leum d'fhaicinn air sluagh
'S ge do mharbh thu Adam crion,
'S mór an diobhail thu bhi'uam.”

Her wishes for the restoration of her favourite were granted. Her brother, who was Sheriff of the county, shortened John's term of imprisonment ; and to his joy, and that of his mistress, he was once more in his place and position in her service.

This Laird had a wadset of the forest of Cluany, and of the lands of Borlum and Balmacaan in Glen-Urquhart. Grant of Freuchy gave him also the appointment of Chamberlain

of the Lordship of Urquhart. In 1621 he purchased the lands of Kinchurdie in Strath-spey for his second son, John. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Laird of Grant, who survived him. He died in 1637, leaving issue—

(1) Patrick, who succeeded him.

(2) John, who in 1648 was appointed Chamberlain of the Lordship of Urquhart, in room of his deceased father. From him descended the Grants of Crasky. His son Duncan was alive in 1702.

(3) Duncan of Aonach, who with his wife, Catherine Macdonald of Glengarry, had a wadset of the lands of Dundregan. From him are descended the Grants of Dundregan. He died in 1637, shortly after his father.

IV. Patrick, eldest son of John Mór a Chaisteil, succeeded as Fourth Laird. He appears as witness in Grant documents, from 1603 onwards, as “apparent of Glenmoriston, and eldest lawful son of John Grant of Glenmoris-

ton." In March 1637 he was served heir to his father in the lands of Culcabock. In 1640 he joined the laird of Freuchy in giving assurances for the good behaviour of his relative, James Grant of Carron, *alias* Seumas-an-Tuim, the notorious freebooter. The wild career of this man had its origin in accident. Unintentionally he occasioned the death of his own cousin, a son of Grant of Balindalloch. Believing that he aided Seumas-an-Tuim, the Grants of Balindalloch in retaliation slew John, the brother of James. Therefore, Seumas-an-Tuim, in December 1630, burned Balindalloch's cornyard, stables, byres, and barns, and drove away as many of his cattle as escaped the flames. The Balindallochs sought the protection of the Earl of Murray, who employed a party of "broken Macgregors" to capture James, and succeeded in taking him in a house in Strathavon after a desperate fight, in which nearly all his men were killed, and he himself severely wounded. When sufficiently recovered, he was despatched under a strong escort to Edinburgh Castle, "being,"

says Spalding in his quaint manner, “admired, and looked upon as a man of great vassalage.” Here he remained prisoner for the space of two years, till his wife contrived to send him rope in a cask of butter, by means of which he escaped through his prison window. This was in October 1632. Once more at liberty he renewed his attacks on his enemy Balindalloch, who retaliated by again employing “the broken” Macgregors, under their famous leader, Patrick Dubh Geir, a Glenlyon man. James, however, succeeded in eluding their toils, and with a company of his men came by night to Balindalloch’s house, and sent him a message that a friend wished to speak to him. Soon as Balindalloch appeared, James and his men seized him, and wrapping him in their plaids, bore him away to the neighbourhood of Elgin, to one of James’ haunts, where he was confined for the space of three weeks in a broken-down kiln, where he almost perished for want of food. He contrived, however, to make his escape by bribing one of his keepers, and soon as he was at large

hired one Thomas Grant of Speyside to take James, dead or alive. On being informed that he had undertaken this mission, James and his men went immediately to his residence and killed or drove away sixteen of his cattle, and finding himself shortly afterwards in the house of a friend, dragged him naked out of his bed, and despatched him with many wounds.

While heartily disapproving of the violent proceedings of James-an-Tuim, the Frasers of Lovat, the Grants of Freuchy, and the Grants of Glenmoriston—his relatives—equally disapproved of Balindalloch's unrelenting persecution of him. So Patrick of Glenmoriston, with other friends, agreed to give assurances to Government of the future good behaviour of James, on the understanding that on both sides this feud should cease. These conditions Balindalloch accepted, glad no doubt to be relieved of so capable and dangerous a foe as James-an-Tuim showed himself to be. This man, in many ways remarkable, afterwards took part in the wars of the Common-

wealth, joined the winning side, got remission of all his past misdeeds, and died in his bed, the hero of story and song. The following is the chorus of one of the songs :—

A mhnathan a ghlinne,
A mhnathan a ghlinne,
A mhnathan a ghlinne,
Nach mithich dhuibh eiridh,
'Us Seumas an Tuim a'g iomain na spréidhe.

Patrick, the fourth laird, married a daughter of Fraser of Culbockie, and had issue, besides other children—

(1) John, who succeeded him, and

(2) Liliass, who married Alexander Grant of Sheuglie, Esquire.

This Laird died in 1643.

V. John Grant, eldest son of the preceding Laird, succeeded in March 1643. In 1644 he appears in the Valuation Roll of the county of Inverness as “apparent of Glenmoriston,” which seems to imply that he was under age at the time of his father's death. His lands were valued at £574, 15s. Scots.

in 1684 there was a keen litigation between this laird and his relative, Grant of Freuchy, anent the redemption of Balmacaan in Glen-Urquhart, of which, up till this period, the Grants of Glenmoriston had a wadset. In March 1687 an instrument of ejection was issued by the Court, so that the litigation must have been a protracted one. In April of this same year, this laird entered into an engagement with James Grant of Dalvey, advocate, offering an annual payment for the prosecution of his suit against Grant of Freuchy. As he had to borrow largely to defray those law expenses, he gave Lord Lovat, one of his creditors, a wadset of Dalcataig, and other lands extending up the south side of the River Moriston as far as Inverwick. Unable to redeem those lands within the specified time, they became the permanent property of Lovat. This laird, from the colour of his hair, was known by the soubriquet of Ian Dónn, or "John the brown haired." He married a daughter of Fraser of Struy, and died in 1703, leaving issue—

- (1) John, who succeeded him, styled Ian-a-Chragain.
- (2) Alexander, styled of Blarie.
- (3) Patrick, and other children.

IV. John, eldest son of the preceding, succeeded on the death of his father. In an agreement between the latter and James Grant of Dalvey, advocate, dated December 1687, he is styled "John Grant, younger of Glenmoriston." On the 21st December 1695 he and his brother Alexander of Blarie entered into a bond with Murdoch Macleod for £500 merks Scots. On the 23rd of June 1703 he was entered as heir to his late father, John Grant of Glenmoriston. On the 9th of March 1714 he was entered as heir to other ancestors. While yet a minor, he and his men took part in the battle of Killiecrankie—Raonruaridh, as the Highlanders name it. Alastair Dubh of Glengarry, John Grant, younger of Glenmoriston, and his father's chamberlain, Alexander Grant—"Alastair Dubh mac Dhunchaidh mhóir"—

were reckoned the strongest and bravest warriors of all that fought on that memorable field. They stood side by side in the conflict—the Glengarry and Glenmoriston men usually went together in those Jacobite wars—and it was noticed that for years after, their path of fight could be traced by the luxuriant grass that grew over the graves of the multitudes that fell beneath their weapons. The shield and sword with which Ian-a-Chragain fought on this memorable occasion are still preserved at Invermoriston House. The following romantic incident connected with the Raonruaridh affair has been traditionally transmitted. Alastair Dubh, the Glenmoriston Chamberlain, on his way home late that same day, entered a cottage in the Braes of Athole, and pleaded for a night's shelter. The mistress of the cottage declined his request, giving as her excuse for want of Highland hospitality, that her husband was from home, and, moreover, that he forbade her harbouring strangers in such unsettled times. Alastair replied he only craved shelter for the night, and that he would have it, or a stronger

than he would expel him. By and by her husband arrived. She narrated her conversation with the stranger, and his reply. So the two get into grips—the Athole man to expel Alistair, and the latter determined not to be expelled. The struggle was a long one, but eventually the Athole man had the victory. Step by step, in spite of vigorous resistance, he drove his weary, way-worn, battle-worn opponent to the door, who in his desperation laid hold of the pot chain that was suspended over the hearth, yet he dragged him out, chain and all, and laid him on his back on the green sward at his door, adding, “I did not believe any man could have so tried me. You are welcome to such hospitalities as my house can afford; and this chain you have in hand you will bring with you as a gift from me, to testify to your prowess.” This veritable chain, not many years ago, was doing duty in the house of a poor crofter near Invergarry House. The Lairds of Glengarry and Glenmoriston having a case of disputed boundaries, agreed to have it decided in the following novel way, namely, that each

should choose his champion, both of them to be led to the disputed ground, there to wrestle for the mastery ; and that where either pushed the other till he fell exhausted, that spot should be fixed upon as the boundary line between the Lairds. Alister was the victorious champion, and it is alleged he used up a pair of new Highland brogues that day. So the dispute was decided.

Ian-a-Chragain was present at the skirmish of Cromdale, where the Highlanders, under General Buchan, were defeated. He also took part in the rebellion of 1715, under the Earl of Mar. He was present also at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where he fought by the side of his old companion in arms, Alister Dubh, the Gengarry Chief, whose life he was the means of saving on that occasion. Alister, now an old man, wore trewis tied round the waist with a belt or thong, which unhappily gave way in the heat of a personal encounter with an English trooper. Impeded, as the old hero was, with his fallen trewis, he would have been vanquished but for the timely aid of his valorous friend, the Chief of Glenmoriston.

For the part he took in those actions, the Glenmoriston estates were sequestrated, and remained Crown property till 1732, when they were sold by auction, and purchased by Sir Ludovic Colquhoun of Luss, advocate, afterwards Sir Ludovic Grant of Grant, for £1200. Through the good offices of Sir Ludovic, they were subsequently restored to the family.

Ian-a-Chragain was twice married: first to a daughter of Baillie of Dunearn, who survived only a year; she died in child-bed. His second wife was one of the eleven daughters of the celebrated Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel—Ni-mhic-Dhomhail Duibh. This lady survived her husband, and died in 1759 at the advanced age of eighty years. At the time of her death, she left behind her no fewer than two hundred descendants. The following obituary notice is from the Scots Magazine of that year:—"Died at Invermoriston, in the eightieth year of her age, Janet Cameron, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and relict of John Grant of Glenmoriston, Esquire, to whom she bore ten sons and five daughters. By these, who were all

married, there were about two hundred persons descended of her own body, most of whom were present at her funeral. Her corpse was carried to the churchyard by her children, grandchildren, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children"—a rare circumstance, and, as far as we know, unique in the history of Highland families. Those of the family of this Laird of whom there is record are:—

(1) John, who succeeded his father.

(2) Patrick, who succeeded on the decease of his brother John.

(3) Duncan, styled "Corneilear," married a daughter of Grant of Corrimony, by whom he had a son, who died in India, and three daughters married respectively to Donald Macdonald of Livisy, Macintosh of Lewiston, and Maclean.

(4) Allan, commonly known as Ailean Mac'ic-Phadruig, a notable warrior. He took part in the rebellion of 1745, fought several duels, and latterly lived in the Aird, where he died.

(5) Isabella, who in 1713 married Alexander Grant of Sheuglie, Esquire. She was the

mother of Colonel Hugh Grant of Moy, who served in the Indian army, bought that estate, and at his death bequeathed it to his relative, James Murray Grant, Esquire, whose descendants are still in possession of it.

VII. John Grant, eldest son of the preceding, succeeded him as Seventh Laird. In May 1733 he had part of his father's forfeited estate restored to him, through Sir Ludovic Colquhoun of Luss. In 1734 he got a Crown Charter of those lands, and subsequently, by an arrangement between himself, the Laird of Grant, and his brother Patrick, he recovered possession of all his lands. He possessed only for a year and six months, and died in December 1734.

VIII. John was succeeded by his brother Patrick as Eighth Laird, from the colour of his hair known by the name of "Patrick Buidhe." In 1735 this Laird entered into a

bond of manrent with John Macdonell of Glengarry, for purposes of co-operation and mutual protection. He took no part personally in the "rising" of 1745 ; but his men did, and along with the Glengarry men, under the leadership of Angus Og, their chief, they were present in all the engagements of that campaign, save the battle of Culloden. They were, however, on their way to that field, when they met the discomfited fugitives on the moor of Caipleach. We believe, however, that while he abstained from taking an active part personally in the enterprise, he secretly wished it success. But considering the uncertainty of the issue, and what his fathers had suffered in the cause of the Stuarts, neutrality on his part was a wise course. But all the same, the fact that his men "were out," subjected the inhabitants of the Glen to the signal vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland. A party under Major Lockhart entered it, and committed acts of inexcusable barbarity even on unoffending individuals. Two old men, and the son of one of them, were shot as they were quietly working in a field, and antici-

pating no danger. Lockhart ordered Grant of Dundreggan to be stripped naked, and carried to a gallows, from which he had the bodies of the other three men suspended by the feet. He would have hanged Dundreggan, but for the interposition of Captain Grant, of Lord Loudon's regiment. They took her gold rings off his wife's fingers in the rudest manner, and threatened to cut off those that somewhat stiffly resisted this stripping operation. Their house was burnt to the ground after the soldiers had looted it, and taken possession of such valuables as could be conveniently borne away. About seventy men were induced by specious promises to appear at Inverness, and deliver up their arms. On doing this they were to have full remission for the past and protection for the future. On the faith of these promises they submitted, several of whom took no part in the rebellion. But instead of either remission or protection they were shipped to West Indian plantations, whence only two of them ever returned to tell the tale of their woe! Influenced by the instinct of self-preservation,

some of their companions who were left behind banded together for self-protection, and bound themselves by an oath, never to deliver up their arms,—and should they be assailed, to fight to the death for each other. These were Patrick Grant of Crasky, John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, and Charles Macgregor. They were subsequently joined by Hugh Macmillan, who also took their oath. During summer and autumn, after the battle of Culloden, they lived in seclusion among the mountains, save that they paid occasional visits to ascertain how it fared with their families, and in case of danger to defend them. Part of the work they prescribed for themselves, was to harass the military that scoured the glen; to recover the people's cattle which they drove away; overawe, and make the soldiers uneasy by every means in their power; and so effectually did their tactics succeed, that the glen was soon exempt from spoliations and barbarities, such as we gave specimens of. Moreover, but for their presence of mind and loyalty, it is

almost certain, as the sequel shows, that Charles Edward, would at this time have fallen into the hands of his pursuers. About the end of July 1746, Charles, who was in the greatest extremity, was put in charge of these men by Macdonald of Glenaladale, as young Clanranald. But they recognised him at once, notwithstanding the miserable plight he was in—his shirt yellow as saffron, his raiment in tatters, and his shoes quite worn. But his miseries only endeared him to them all the more, and he was received by them with every demonstration of loyalty and veneration. To them he was their prince, be his raiment and other accidentals what they may. At once they constituted themselves his body guard, assured Glenaladale they would provide for him, and defend him till more propitious times arrived.

Meantime they marched together to their cavern in the unfrequented wilds of Coiredho—a cave since known as Uaimh'-Phrionns', in remembrance of Charles' sojourn there.*

* A reward of £30,000 was offered by the Government

The following oath was imposed upon them by their Royal visitor, namely, "That all the curses the Scriptures pronounced might fall upon them and their posterity, if they were not faithful to him in greatest dangers, or disclose to man, woman, or child that he was in their keeping, till once he was out of all danger." So well did these true men keep their oath, that not one of them even spoke of his being with them till twelve months after he had sailed to France. Charles told them "they were the first Privy Council he had sworn since the battle of Culloden; and that he would not forget them if ever he came to his own." Here, he remained with these men from the end of July till the end of August 1746. On the 20th of that month, the way being found safe, the party left Coiredho, crossed the valley of the Moriston and the

of that day, to any one who would deliver Charles into their hands. Yet the poorest of them scorned the idea. Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck commemorates this in his poem on the fidelity of the Highlanders in the Rebellion of 1745-6—

"Exulting, we'll think on Glenmoriston's cave."

Glengarry hills to the neighbourhood of Ach-nacarry, where they arrived on the 20th, and met Cameron of Clunes, who conducted the Prince and Lochiel to Benalder, where they were joined by Cluny, also in hiding. Here the whole party remained till the month of September, when they embarked for France, from the very locality at which the unfortunate Prince landed, about a year previously, with such high hopes. Such was the end of this romantic, may we not say quixotic, expedition. And yet, had it been guided with more skill at a certain stage of it, 'tis hard to say what the result might have been. It is melancholy to think that Charles, on whom such wealth of loyalty, service, and affection was lavished, showed himself so unworthy of it by his want of self-respect in after years. These Glenmoriston men, after his departure, remained for some time longer in arms against the Government, and then settled down to the ordinary occupations of life. Hugh Chisholm survived till 1812, and to the last would not give any one his right hand—"that hand," as

he used to say, "having been honoured with the royal grasp on parting with his Prince." Patrick, the Eighth Laird, married a daughter of John Grant of Crasky, Esquire, descended from John, the Second Laird. This lady, from the auburn colour of her hair, was known among the people as "a 'Bhaintighearna-ruadh." They lived at Inverwick, where he died in March 1786, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Their children are—

(1) Patrick, who succeeded him.

(2) Alexander, a Lieutenant in one of the Highland regiments raised by Government for service in Canada. He was a member of the executive and legislative council of Upper Canada, and for nearly fifty years Commodore of the fleet on Lake Erie. He died in May 1813, in the eighty-first year of his age, at Grosspoint, near Detroit.

(3) Allan, a Lieutenant in his Majesty's service. His only daughter married Captain Duncan Macdonell of Aonach, whose only son, a promising medical officer, died in India. One of the two newspapers that came to the

Glen in those days came to Captain Allan. It was a monthly publication. When the Captain had perused it, Mr William Sinclair, the schoolmaster, got it, and rendered the contents, advertisements, and all, into Gaelic to a large and appreciative audience, convened by public intimation given in the school—"tempora mutantur." Captain Allan Grant died at Inverwick at an advanced age.

(4) Alpin, a major in his Majesty's service. Latterly he lived at Borlum, in Glen Urquhart. His only son died in India. His daughters were married respectively to Grant of Dalshangie, Fraser of Tor, and Mr Alexander Grant, afterwards factor on the Glenmoriston estates.

IX. Patrick, eldest son of the preceding, succeeded as Ninth Laird. This Laird possessed great physical strength. Riding home late at night along the Fort-Augustus road, he found the gate of the bridge that spans the river closed, and having failed to rouse the sleepy toll-keeper, he laid hold of it, and

by main force wrenched it off its hinges, and threw it over the parapet into the river, to the bewilderment of the keeper, who next morning found it unaccountably gone. It was a heavy iron gate, and firmly fixed. In June 1757, during the lifetime of his father, he married Henrietta, daughter of Grant of Rothiemurchus, “a Bhaintighearna-bhreac.” At his marriage, his father “disponed his estate to himself in life-rent, and to his son in fee.” In 1773 a similar disposition was made in his favour. Then all the old attainders for rebellion had been removed, and in March 1774 he obtained a Crown Charter, confirming him in full possession of all the forfeited lands. It was Laird Patrick’s almost daily habit to sit for hours in the inn of Aultgaibhnec, near his mansion, and listen to the gossip of travellers, whom he courteously received and entertained with generous libations of “mountain dew.” Nor is the reader to suppose that he lost respect by so mingling with the common people. It was a green spot in their memories that they had broken bread with him, drank his health, and

were permitted to ventilate their opinions on sundry subjects in the presence of the "Tigh-earna" himself. Nor was there danger of rudeness or incivility of any sort. His social position forbade it, and, what was of as much weight in the eyes of a Highlander of those days, his stately physical proportions warned them, the Laird was a match for any half-dozen of them. He departed this life in December 1793. His children are—

(1) John, who succeeded him.

(2) James, W.S., and one of the curators of his brother's sons, and father of the late Patrick Grant, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire.

(3) Patrick, who died in America.

(4) William, appointed one of the curators of his brother's children. He died at Berham-pore in October 1808, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He bequeathed £5300 for carrying on evangelistic work in India, besides several generous legacies to his relatives at home.

(5) Ellen, who married Ewen Cameron of Glenevis, Esquire.

(6) Elizabeth, who married Simon Fraser of Foyers, Esquire.

(7) Jane, who, in 1781, married Charles Mackenzie of Kilcoy, Esquire ; and

(8) Grace, who married Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield, Esquire.

X. John, his eldest son, succeeded on the death of his father as Tenth Laird. He was served heir on the 27th of February 1795, and married previous to 1789 Elizabeth Townsend, daughter of John Grant, Commissary of Ordnance, New York, and a cadet of the Grants of Freuchy. In 1780 he joined the 42nd Regiment with a captain's commission. He landed in Bombay in 1782, shared the toils and dangers of the war with Tippoo, and stood the siege of Mangalore in 1790. On his return home he was appointed Major in the Strathspay Fencibles, and died in 1801 at Invermoriston, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In those days, compared with more modern times, physicians were few and far between ;

and Donald Corbet, an old soldier, walked to Edinburgh for medicines for Colonel Grant in his last illness, and was back to Invermoriston the third day ; and considering the distance, this was reckoned a rare feat of pedestrianism, even in those days of vigorous walking. Mrs Grant died at Inverness on the 3rd of April 1814. Colonel Grant's children are—

(1) Patrick, who succeeded him.

(2) James, who succeeded his brother Patrick.

(3) Henrietta, who married Thomas Fraser of Balnain, Esquire ; and

(4) Ann, who was married to Roderick Mackenzie of Flowerburn, Esquire.

XI. Patrick Grant succeeded his father as Eleventh Laird. He delivered his father's testament on the 9th of October 1801. On the 3rd of May 1802 he was returned heir to his father, and obtained infeftment in his estates. He died at Foyers, the seat of his uncle and aunt, in September 1808, in con-

sequence of a fall from a tree when gathering fruit. He died unmarried.

XII. James Murray Grant, J.P., D.L., succeeded on the death of his brother as Twelfth Laird. On the 15th May 1809 he was returned heir general to his grandfather Patrick, and on the 30th of the same month, heir special to his elder brother Patrick, whereupon he was infeft in the estates. In October 1814 he also executed a precept of "clare constat" for his own infeftment as heir of his grandfather Patrick in certain portions of the Barony of Glenmoriston, and was infeft on the same day. He acquired the lands of Culbin, Kintessack, and Moy, as the heir of tailzie and provision to Colonel Hugh Grant of Moy, to whom he was returned heir general on the 2nd of June 1822 ; and on the 6th of July following he obtained a Crown Charter of these lands. In 1824 he acquired the lands of Earnhills and others from Captain Gregory Grant. He also purchased the lands of

Knockie, Foyerbeg and others. He died at Inverness, 8th August 1868. In October 1813 he married Henrietta, daughter of Ewen Cameron of Glenevis, Esquire, who survived him, and died in June 1871. He left issue—

(1) John, Captain in the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

(2) Ewen, Colonel in the Indian army. He married the eldest daughter of Colonel Pears of the Madras Artillery ; with issue, a son and four daughters.

(3) Patrick, E. I. Civil Service. He married Elizabeth, second daughter of Donald Charles Cameron of Baracaldine, Esquire ; with issue, two sons and four daughters.

(4) Hugh, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Indian army. He married an Indian lady ; with issue, a son and daughter.

(5) James Murray Grant, Major-General in the Indian army. He married Helen, third daughter of Donald Charles Cameron of Baracaldine, Esquire ; with issue, four sons and three daughters.

(6) Jane, married to William Unwin, Esq., of the Colonial Office ; with issue.

(7) Elizabeth, married Alexander Pierson of the Guynd, Forfarshire, Esquire.

(8) Helen.

(9) Harriet, married Frank Morrison of Hole Park, Kent, Esquire.

(10) Isabella.

XIII. John Grant, eldest son of the preceding, would, had he survived, been Thirteenth Laird. He was Captain in the 42nd Royal Highlanders—an Reisemeid dubh. In 1850 he married Emily, daughter of James Morrison of Basildon Park, Berks, Esquire. After her death he married Anne, daughter of Robert Chadwick of High Bank, Prestwick, county of Lancaster, Esquire. He died at Moy House, Forres, on the 17th August 1867. He left issue—

(1) Ian Robert James Murray Grant, born in 1860.

(2) Ewen, born 1861.

(3) Heathcote Salisbury, born in 1864.

(4) Frank Morrison Seafeld, born 1865.

(5) Emily, married Major Astell of the 60th Rifles ; with issue, a son and daughter.

Captain Grant predeceased his father. He died at Moy House, Morayshire, in August 1867.

XIV. Ian Robert James Murray Grant, born in 1860, succeeded his grandfather as Fourteenth Laird in 1868. He is a Lieutenant in the first battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders—Reisemeid Ailean nan Earraehd. He married, in February 1887, Ada Sophy Ethel, daughter of the late Colonel Davidson, C.B. Colonel Davidson was well known during the Mutiny, as Resident of Hyderabad in the Deccan, which, at that time, was one of the most important posts in India.





*Selections from the Lyrics,
Songs, and Elegies of Glen-
moriston Bards.*



WHEN Highland literature was almost all oral, the Bard occupied an important place. He was the Chief's family historian, as well as Bard. By him, traditionally, as well as in verse, clan history was transmitted. Therefore to the songs and the narratives of the Bards we owe much of the knowledge we have of the past history of the Highlands and Highland clans. In some instances the Bardic office was hereditary, but according to Horace, as the poetic gift is not so, the office of Seanchie or family historian, was generally joined to it. So when the Bardic gift may have disappeared in any one of the

successive links of the official chain, the want was supplied by the Seanchie, and thus a continuity was preserved, both of a class, as well as of song and narrative.

The Bards, of whose productions we give specimens in the following pages, are to be ranked, rather among amateur devotees of the Celtic muse. And though we do not wish to exaggerate the merits of their Bardic productions, we do claim, that among poets of their class, they occupy a position of considerable merit. We find in the social fabric, different grades of men, differing educationally as well as intellectually and socially ; so there have been along the ages, poets that have addressed themselves to such respectively ; and Bards, such as the following, who though they do not profess to soar to the highest regions of poetry, yet claim their own place, and also fill their place as homely warblers, with gifts as enabled them to express their sentiments skilfully, suitably, and attractively, so as to interest and educate the circle to which they belonged.

The first of them with the reputation of being a good poet is John Grant—Mac-Eobhainn Bhain—already noticed. He lived in the times of John, the Third Laird. Several of his compositions, now lost, could be recited by people who have passed away within recent years ; and which shews that the productions of his muse had merit, seeing they survived so long in the memory of his fellow countrymen. We can only give the following stanzas of one of them, an elegy on the death of his patron.

Fhir mhóir bu mhath cumadh,
Thug thu bàr air gach duine.
'Righ bu shàr mhath, an curaidh measg sluaigh thu.
Fhir mhóir bu mhath cumadh, &c.

Le d' thargaid, 's do claidheamh,
Air do shliosaid na laidhidh.
Mar ri bogha nan saighead bu chruaidhe.
Le d' thargaid, &c.

'Nuair a dheanadh tu ghlacadh,
Rachadh dìreach mar dhearcadh.
Nàile bhristeadh e chairt air am buaileadh.
'Nuair a dheanadh tu, &c.

The next that deserves mention is Archibald Grant—Gilleasbuig an Tombhealluidh—nearly related to the Glenmoriston family. None of his productions have survived, save a few fragments, and these because of his connection as tutor with Angus Òg of Glengarry, whom his father had put in Grant's charge. Grant's mother was a sister of Julia of Keppoch—Sile-ni-mhic-Raonuill—a poetess reckoned not much inferior to her relative John Lòm. It is said he never took the boy in his arms but he accompanied the embrace with an expression in verse of his affection for the young Chief. The following stanzas are apparently a part of a morning lullaby :—

I.

Bobadh 'us m' ànsachd,
 Gaol beag agus m' ànsachd.
 Bobadh 'us m' ànsachd
 Moch an diugh hò !

II.

Bithidh Aonghas a Ghlinne
 Air a chinneadh na cheannard.
 M' ullaidh 'us m' ànsachd
 Moch an diugh ho !

III.

Bheir sinn greis san Tómbhealluidh,
Air aran 'us àmhlan.
M' ullaidh 'us m' ànnsachd
Moch an diugh ho !

Again, in recognition of his prospective chieftainship and chieftain possessions, he sings :—

Ho ! fearan, hi ! fearan,
Ho ! fearan 's tu th' ann.
Aonghais òig Ghlinnegaraidh
'S rioghail fearail do dhréam.

I.

Gu'm bheil fraoch ort mar shuaimhneas,
Dhut bu dual chur ri crànn.
Ho ! fearan, hi ! fearan, &c.

II.

'S leat islean 's leat uaislean,
'S leat Cuaich gu da cheann.
Ho ! fearan, hi ! fearan, &c.

III.

'S leat sid 'us Dailchaorainn,
'S Coirefraoich nan damh seang.
Ho ! fearan, hi ! fearan, &c.

IV.

'S leat Cnodairt a bharrach,
'Us a fearann gu cheann.
Ho ! fearan, hi ! fearan, &c.

In further celebration of the chieftainship, and chieftain accomplishments of his beloved Angus, he sings :—

I.

Mo ghaol, mo ghaol, mo ghaol an giullan.
 Mo ghaol 's mo luaidh, fear ruadh nan duine.
 Cas dhireadh nan stùchd, 'o d' ghlùn gu d' uilinn,
 Lamh thaghadh nan àrm 'sa shealg a mhonaidh.

II.

'O Chluanaidh an fhèid, gu sroin Glaic-chuilinn,
 'Us Maolchinn dearg, gu ceann na Sgurra.
 'Nuair theid thu do 'n fhrìth le strith do chuilean,
 Bithidh damh a chinn àird, air làr 'us fuil air.

The following fragment is part of a congratulatory address to the young Chief on his getting a new Highland dress :—

Theid an t-éideadh theid an t-éideadh
 Theid an t-éideadh air a ghille,
 Theid an t-éideadh crios 'us féileadh,
 Theid an t-éideadh air a ghille
 'S cha cheil mi 'o dhuine tha beò,
 Mo ghaol do Aonghas Og a Ghlinne.

When Angus Og left Tombealluidh for his ancestral residence at Cragan-an-fhithich, he

was accompanied by his affectionate friend, with a gift of twenty cows and a bull — “buaile bhò.” This Angus Og is the Glen-garry Chief who with his men joined the forces of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, and was killed by the random shot of one of the Highland soldiers, when cleaning his gun after the victory at Falkirk.

John Grant—Iain-mac’illeasbuig—was the son of Archibald last mentioned, and reckoned by his contemporaries a poet of merit. About the year 1772 he joined the army, where he attained the rank of sergeant, and after serving his time, retired to his native glen with a pension. Besides other campaigns, Grant took part in the memorable siege of Gibraltar, and distinguished himself by many acts of gallantry. During the heat of the siege, the range of the only Well, out of which the detachment to which he belonged could draw water was so accurately known to the enemy, that none could venture upon the experiment without endangering life. But Grant, after taking accurate note of the intervals of firing,

dared bravely to rush to the spot, and succeeded in bringing the necessary supplies, to the admiration of his fellow soldiers.

Only two of the productions of his muse remain, the first of them an energetic attack upon the system of large farms at the expense of the smaller tenantry. He lauds Colonel Grant's appreciation of his men; maintaining, that had he lived, they would not be banished to make way for sheep, which he thinks highly impolitic. He resolves to accompany the emigrants to the land of their adoption, and concludes with a prayer to the Almighty that He would bring them safely to their destination. Grant, however, did not emigrate. The second of his remaining productions is a sacred song, composed on his deathbed, full of pious sentiment, as well as knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, and, we believe, the last of his compositions.

THE SHEEP SONG.

ORAN NAN CAORACH-MHÓRA.

I.

Deoch slàinte 'Choirneil nach maireann,
'S e chumadh seòl air a ghabhail.
Na'm biodh esan os ar cionn
Cha bhiodh na crionn air na sparran.

II.

Bhiodh an Tuath air an giullachd,
'S cha bhiodh gluasad air duine.
'S cha bhiodh àrdan gun uaisl',
Faighinn buaidh air a chummant'.

III.

Tha gach Uachdaran fearainn,
'S an Taobh-tuadh air a mhealladh.
'Bhi cuir cùl ri 'n cuid daoine',
Airson caoraich na tearra.

IV.

Bha sinn uair 's bha sinn miobhail,
'N uair bha Frangaich cho lionmhor,
Ach ged' thigeadh iad an raoir,
Cha do thoill sibh dhol sìos leibh.

V.

Na'm biodh aon rud ri tharruing
Bhiodh mo dhùil ri dhol thairis,

'On dh' fhalbh muinntir mo dhùthch',
'S beag mo shunnd ris a ghabhail.

VI.

Bith' mi falbh 'us cha stad mi,
'S bith' mi triusadh mo bhagaist.
'S bith mi comhladh ri càch,
Nach dean m' fhagail air cladach.

VII.

Ach a Rìgh air a chathair,
Tha na d' Bhuachail' 's na d' Athair.
Bith na d' fhasgaidh do 'n tréud
Chaidh air reubadh na mara.

VIII.

'Us a Chrìosd anns na Flaitheis,
Glac a stiùir 'na do lamhan.
Agus réitich an cuan,
Gus an sluagh leigeil thairis.

JOHN GRANT'S SACRED SONG.

LAOIDH IAIN-'IC-ILLEASBUIG.

I.

Gu'r a mise tha truagh dheth,
Air an uair s' tha mi cràiteach.
'S cha 'n e nitheanan saoghalt',
A dh' fhaodas mo thearnadh.

No 's urrainn mo leigheas
Ach an Lighich' is Airde.
Oir 's E rinn 'ar ceannach,
Chum ar n-anam a thearnadh.

II.

Gu 'ar tearnadh 'o chunnart,
Do dh' fhuiling ar Slan'ear.
Air sgath a shluaigh uile,
Gu an cumail bho' 'n namhad.
Do thriall 'o uchd Athair,
Gus an gath thoirt 'o 'n bhàs dhuinn.
'N uair a riaraidh E ceartas,
Air seachduinn na caisge.

III.

Air Seachduinn na Caisge,
Chaidh 'ar Slàn'ear a chéusadh.
Sa chur ri crann dìreach
Gu 'chorp priseil a réubadh.
Chuir iad àlach 'na chasan,
'S na bhasan le chéile,
'Us an t-sleagh ann na chliabhaich,
'Ga riabadh le géir-ghath.

IV.

Sud an sluagh bha gun tròcair,
'Gun eòlas gun aithne.
Mac Dhé 'bhi 'san t-seòls' ac',
'S iad a spòrs' air 'sa fanaid.

Dara Pearsa na Trianaid
'Chruthaich grian agus geallach :
Dhoirt E fhuil airson sìochaint,
Gu sìorruidh do'r n-anam'.

V.

Ann an laithean 'ar n-òige
Bha sinn gòrach 'san àm sin,
A caitheamh 'ar n-ùine,
Gun ùrnuigh gun chrabhadh.
Ach cia mar 's urrainn dhuinn duil,
'Bhi ri rùm ann am Fàrras,
Mar treig sinn am peacadh
Tre chreideamh 'san t-Slàn'ear.

VI.

Tha na'r peacaidh cho lionmhor,
Ris an t-sìol tha 's an àiteach.
Ann an smuain ann an gnìomh'ran,
'N uair a leughar na h-aithntean.
Air gach latha ga'm bristeadh
Gun bhonn meas air an t-Sabaid,
'S mar creid sinn an Fhirinn
Theid 'ar dìteadh gu bràcha.

VII.

Cuim' nach faigheadh sinn sùilean,
Bho 'n triuir chaidh san àmhainn,
Chionn 's nach deanadh iad ùmhlachd
Ach do na Duilean is Airde.

'Steach an sud chaidh an dùnadh,
Chionn 's nach lubadh do 'n namhad,
Ach cha tug e orr' tionndadh
Dh'aindeoin luban an t-Sàtain.

VIII.

Ge d' rinn iad seachd uairean
'Teasach' suas a cur blàths 'innt',
Bha an creideamh-sa daingean :
'Us soilleir, 's cha d' fhailing.
Cha robh snaithean air duin' ac'
No urrad 'us fabhrad,
Air a losgadh mu'n cuairt dhoibh.
Oir bha 'm Buachaile laidir.

IX.

Tha cuid anns an t-saoghal,
A bhios daonnan a tional.
'Cuid eile a sgaoileadh,
Cha 'n ann gu saorsa do 'n anam.
Ach a riarach' na feòla
Le 'n cuid roic agus caitheamh.
Ge b' e dh'fhanas 'san t-seòl so,
Thig an lò bhios e, aithreach.

X.

Oir cha 'n eil iad an tòir
Air an t-sòlas nach teirig.
No smuain' air an dòruinn
Gheibh mòran bhios coireach.

Ge d' a dh' fhuiling ar Slàn'ear
Gu 'ar tearnadh bho Ifrinn
'S iad a chreideas a thearnar
'S theid cache a sgriosadh.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO CHOIRIARARIDH.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF COIRIARARIDH.

Coiriararidh, Altiararidh, and Easiararidh are so many links joined together in a local topographical chain. The burn flows from the Corrie, and joins the River Moriston at the Falls of Easiararidh, one of the most picturesque waterfalls in the Highlands. Here the Moriston rushes and tumbles over immense boulders and rocks of all sizes and shapes, extending laterally to a considerable breadth, and the mingled moan and roar, when the river is in flood, causes a peculiar and unique sensation. It is a weird, unearthly sound—partly, we suppose, because of the echoes of the caves and fissures of the neighbouring rocks. One of those caves is sufficiently large to shelter a number of men. Here, tradition says, several archers in the interest of the Lord of the Isles lay in ambush, to shoot Patrick, the Second Laird, as he passed down on the opposite bank. He was, however, saved through the fidelity of Macianruaidh of Livisy, who discovered the plot.

Of the author of this song we know only the name—Ewen Macdonald. It resembles Duncan Ban M'Intyre's poem of Coirecheathaich, but is somewhat more extravagant in its poetic license. It is in the same measure, sung to the same air, and is a composition of ability. As far as we know, it is the only specimen left us, of the productions of the author's muse.

I.

Mu run Coiriararaidh sam bi an liath chearc,
San coileach ciar-dhubh is ciataich pung.
Le chearcag riabhach, gu stuirteil fiata,
'Us e ga h-iarraidh air feadh nan tòm.
An coire rùnach sam bi na h-ubhlan,
A fàs gu cubhraidh fo dhrùchdaibh tróm,
Gu meallach sughmhor ri tìm na dùlachd,
'S gach lusan urair tha fàs san fhónn.

II.

'Se Coire'n ruaidh bhuic, 's na h-eilde ruaidhe,
A bhios a cluaineis am measg nan craoibh.
'San doire ghuanach le fhalluing uaine.
Gur e is suaicheantas do gach coill.
Cha ghabh e fuarachd, cha rois am fuachd e,
Fo chomhdach uasal a là sa dh'oidhch'.
Bith' 'n eilid uallach sa laogh mu'n cuairt dhi
A cadal uaigneach ri gualainn tuim.

III.

Buidhe tiorail, torrach sianail,
Tha ruith an iosail le mheilsean feòir.
'O n' chlach is isle, gu braigh na criche,
Tha luachair mhin ann, 'us ciob an lòn.
Tha canach grinn ann, 'us ros an t-sioda,
'Us luaidhe mhilltich 'us meinn an òir.
S na h-uile ni air an smaoinich d' inntinn,
A dh' fhaodas cinntinn an taobh s' 'n Roimh.

IV.

Tha sgadan garbh-ghlas a snamh na fairg' ann,
Is bradain tairgheal is lionmhor làn.
Gu h-iteach meanbh-bhreac, gu giurach mealgach,
Nach fuiling anabas a dhol na chòir.
A snamh gu luaineach, san sàl mu'n cuairt dha,
'S cha ghabh e fuadach 'o 'n chuan ghlas ghorm,
Le luingeis eibhinn, a dol fo'n eideadh,
Le gaoth 'ga 'n seideadh 'us iad fo sheòl.

V.

Tha madadh ruadh ann, 'us e mar bhuachaill'
Air caoraich shuas-ud, air fuarain ghorm.
Aig meud a shuairceas, cha dean e 'm fuadach,
Ge d' bheir thu duais dha, cha luaidh e feòil.
Gum paigh e cinnteach na theid a dhìth dhiubh
Mur dean e 'm pilltinn a rithist beò,
S ged' 's iomadh linn a tha dhe shinns' reachd,
Cha d'rinn iad ciobair a dh'fhear de sheòrs'.

VI

Tha 'n Leathad-fearna, tha 'n cois a bhràighe
'Na ghleannan àluinn a dh'arach bhò,
Toilinntinn àraich, a bhios a thamh ann.
Cha luidh gu bràch air a ghaillionn reòt.
Bith' muighe 's càis' ann, gu la Fheillmartuinn,
'S an crodh fo' dhàir a bhios mu na chrò.
Air la Fheillbride bith cur an t-sil ann,
Toirt toraidh cinnteach a rìs na lorg.

VII.

Gu dealtach féurach, moch maduinn cheitean,
Tha 'n coire géugach fo shleibhtean gorm.
Bith 'n smeorach cheutach air bhar na géige,
Sa cruit ga gléusadh a sheinn a ceòil.
Bith 'n eala ghle-gheal, 's na glas-gheoidh 'g eubhachd,
Sa chubhag ebhinn bho meilse glòir.
B'ait leum fein, bhi air cnoc 'gan eisdeachd,
Sa ribheid féin ann am béul gach eòin.

VIII.

Ge d'tha mo chomhnuidh, fo' sgail na Sròine
'Se chleachd 'o m'òige bhi 'm chomhnuidh thall.
'Sa Choire bhoidheach, le luibhean sòghmhor,
Is e a leòn mi, nach eil mi ànn.
Mo chridh' tha brònach, gun dad a sheol air,
Sa liuthad sòlais a fhuair mi ann.

'S bho n' dhiult Ian Og dhomh, Ruidh'-Uiseig
bhoidheach
Gur fheudar seòladh a choir na'n Gàll.

IX.

Ge d'fhaighinn Bìoghadh a nì sa daoine,
Cha treig an gaol mi, a tha na m' chom.
A thug mi dh'aon, 'th'air a chur le saoir,
An ciste chaoil, a dh'fhag m'inntinn tróm.
Na 'm biodh tu làthair gu'm faighinn làrach,
Gun dol gu brach as, gun mhàl gun bhónn
A Rìgh a's àirde, cuir buaidh 'us gràs
Air an linn a dh' fhàg thu aig Hanah dhonn.

Alexander Grant — Mac-Iain-Bhain — was born at Achanacoinearan, about the year 1772. He joined the army when very young, and had his full share of the hardships and dangers belonging to the stirring times during which he served. He served in the West Indies, in the Danish Campaign, under Sir John Moore, in Spain, and afterwards under Wellington. Eventually his health gave way, and he was obliged to return home. But his strength was not equal to the exertion, and he fell a victim to his malady in Glen-Urquhart, within a day's journey of his much longed for home in his

native glen. His remains were first interred at Kilmore, but were afterwards removed to Invermoriston Churchyard, where they now rest with those of his ancestors. As will be seen from the following specimens of the productions of his muse, Grant was a poet of great merit.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF GLENMORISTON.

ORAN MOLAIDH DO GHLEANNAMOIREASTUINN.

This poem seems to have been composed soon after Grant joined his regiment, and is replete with tender recollections of his native glen, and the friends he left behind him. It also contains—as most of his songs do—beautiful descriptive touches. Grant excelled in this. He had acute powers of observation, as well as the faculty of utilizing what he knew in his own chaste mellifluous style.

I.

Thoir mo shoraidh le fàilte,
Dh'fhios an àit' bheil mo mheanmhuinn.
Gu dùthaich Mhic-Phàdruig,
'San do fhuair mi m' àrach 's mi m' leanaban.
Gar nach fhaicinn gu bràth i,
Cha leig mi chàil ud, air dhearmad.

Meud a mhulaid bh'air pàirt dhiubh,
Aig an àm anns an d'fhalbh mi.

Seisd—Thoir mo shòlas do'n dùthaich,
'S bith' mo rùn di gu m' éug.
Far am fàsadh a ghiùbhsach,
'San goireadh smùdan air geig.
Thall ri aodan an Dùnain,
Chluinte thùchan gu reidh.
Moch maduinn na driùchda,
An àm dusgadh do'n ghréin.

II.

'S truagh nach mise bha'n dràsda,
Far am b' abhaist dhomh taghall.
Mach ri aodann nan àrd-bheann,
Stigh ri sàil Carn-na-fiuthaich.
Far am faicinn an làn-damh,
Dol gu dàna na shiubhal,
S mar beanadh leon no bónn craidh dha,
Bu mhath a chàil do na bhruthach.
Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

III.

Gheibhte boc ann an Ceannachnoc,
Agus earb anns an doire,
Coileach-dubh an Ariamlaich,
Air bheag iarraidh sa choille.
Bhiodh an ruadh-chearc mar gheard air,
'G innseadh dhan dha roimh theine.
'S ach na'n coisneadh i 'm bàs dha,
Thug ise gràdh do dh'fhear eile.
Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

IV.

Gheibhte ràc 'us lach riabhach,
 Anns an riasg an Loch-coilleig,
 Coileach bàn air an iosal,
 Mu Rudha-'n-iar-dhoire taghal.
 Tha e duilich ri thialadh,
 Mar cuir sibh sgialachd na m' aghaidh,
 'S tric a chunnaic sinn sealgair,
 Greis air falbh gun dad fhaighainn.
 Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

V.

Gheibhte gruagaichean laghach,
 Bhios a taghal 's na gleanntan.
 Cualach spréidh 'us 'ga 'm bleoghann,
 Tìm an fhoghair 's an t-sàmhraidh.
 'M pòr a dheanainn a thaghadh,
 'S gur iad 'roghainn a b' ànnsa,
 Briodal beòil gun bhonn coire,
 Nach tigeadh soilleir gu call dhuinn.
 Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

VI.

Tha mo chion air mo leannan,
 Leis nach b' aireach mo luaith ri'.
 Tha a slios mar an canach,
 No mar eala na'n cuaintean.
 Tha a pòg air bhlas mealla,
 'S gur glan ruthadh a gruaidhean.

Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
 Fo chaol mhala gun ghruaimean.
 Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

VII.

Feach nach eil thu an dùil,
 Gu 'm bheil mi rùin 'us tu suarach.
 No gu'n cuir mi mo chùl riut,
 Air son diombaidh luchd fuatha.
 Tha mo chridhe cho dlù dhut
 'S an la'n tùs thug mi luaidh dhut,
 'S gus an caireir 's an ùir mi,
 Bith' mo rùn dhut a ghruagach.
 Thoir mo shòlas, &c.

VIII.

'S iomadh àite 'n robh m' eòlas,
 'On chaidh mi m' òige do'n armailt,
 'S luchd nam fasan gu'm b' eòl dhomh,
 'O na sheòl mi thair fairge.
 An caithe beatha, 's an stuamachd,
 Ann an uaisle gun anbhar.
 Thug mi 'n t-urram thair sluagh dhoibh,
 'S an taobh-tuath as an d'fhalbh mi.
 Thoir mo shòlas, &c.



A EULOGY ON THE CHISHOLM.

ORAN MOLAIÐH DO SHIOSALACH SHRATHGHLAIS.

During one of his intervals of service in the army, the Bard went to a sale at Erchless, the seat of the Chisholm, to buy a cow. He bought the cow, but had the mortification of being refused delivery, as he had not the money in hand. The Chisholm saw the poet's predicament, beckoned him to come to him, and said, "Alastair, if you promise to be back on such a day with payment, I will be your surety, and you shall have the cow with you." "I promise," said Alastair, cordially thanking his kind friend. He came back punctually on the day appointed, asked for an interview, and laid the money on the table. The Chisholm filled a glass, adding, "now, Alastair, drink my health." Grant took the glass, and before drinking sang the following beautiful and highly complimentary effort of his muse, which so gratified the Chief, that in the handsomest manner he returned the money, and sent Alastair home a richer and happier man.

I.

So deoch-slàint 'an t-Siosalaich,
Le meas cuir i mu'n cuairt.
Cuir air a bhord na shireas sinn,
Ge d' chosd e mòran ghinidhean,

Am botal lan do mhire 'n t-sruth,
 Dean linne de na chuaich.
 Olaibh as i, 'se bhur beatha,
 'S bithibh glan gun ghruaim.

II.

Bheil fear an so a dhiùltas i,
 Dean cunntas ris gun dail.
 Gu 'n tilg sinn air ar culthaobh e,
 Sa chomunn so cha 'n fhiugh leinn e,
 An dorus theid a dhunadh air,
 Gu druidhte leis a bhàr.
 Theid iomain diombach chum an duin,
 Ma's mill e 'n rùm air cach.

III.

Is measail an àm tionail thu,
 Fhir ghrinn is glaine snuagh
 Le d' chul dónn daite camagach,
 Cha toireir cuis a dh-aindeon dhiot.
 'Us cha bu shugradh teannadh ruit,
 An an-iochd no 'm beart chruaidh.
 'S mi nach iarradh fear mo ghaoil,
 A thighin' a' d' thaobh fo' d' fhuath.

IV.

Na'n tigeadh feachd an namhaid,
 Do'n chearnaidh so 'n Taobh-tuadh.
 Bhiodh tusa le do Ghàidheil ann,
 Air toiseach na'm batailleanan,

'Toirt brosnachaidh neo-sgàthach dhoibh,
Gu cacha chuir san ruaig.
Is fhada chluinntte fuaim do làmbhaich,
A toirt air làraich buaidh.

V.

S' na 'n éireadh co-strigh ainmeil,
A ghairmeadh sinn gu cruas.
Bhiodh tusa le do chairdean ann,
Na Glaisich mhaiseach laideara,
'Us cha bu chulaidh fharmaid leum
Na tharladh oirbh 'san uair :
Le luathas na dreige, 's cruas na creige
A beumadh mar bu dual.

VI.

Is sealgair fhiadh san fhireach thu,
Le d' ghillea bheir thu cuairt,
Le d' cheum luthmhor spioradail,
'S do ghunna ùr-ghleus innealta,
Nach diult an t-sradag iongantach,
Ri fudar tioram cruaidh.
Bu tu marbhaiche damh-croic
'Us namhad a bhuic ruaidh.

VII.

Cha mheas' an t-iasgair bhradan thu,
Air linne ghlan na'm bruach,
Le d' dhubhain dhriamlach shlat-chuibhleach,
Le d' mhorgha gobhlach sgait-bhiorach,

'S cho deas ri aon a thachras riut,
'Le' d' acfhuinn tha mi luaidh,
Cha n eil innleachd aig mac Gaidheil
Air a cheaird tha uat.

VIII.

Is iomadh buaidh tha sìnnte riut,
Nach urrar innse n' drasd'.
Gu seimhidh suairce siobhalta,
Gu smachdail beachdail inntinneach,
Tha gràdh gach duine chi thu dhut,
'S cha 'n ioghnadh ge d' a tha,
'S uasal eireachdail do ghiùlan,
'S fhuair thu cliù thair chach.

IX.

'Us fhuair thu céile ghnàthaichte,
Thaobh nadur mar bu dual.
Fhuair thu aig a chaisteal i,
'S da ionnsuidh thug thu dhachaidh i,
Nighean Mhic-'ic Alastair,
'O Gharaidh nan sruth fuar.
A slios mar fhaoilinn, gruaidh mar chaorann,
Mala chaol gun ghruaim.



A VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.

“ ’N DIUGH ’S MI FAGAIL NA RIOGHACHD.”

Both this and the following song, record some of the terrible incidents during the voyage of Admiral Christian's fleet to the West Indies in the winter of 1799. Shortly after it left the harbour, they encountered a terrific storm. The fleet was dispersed, several men-of-war, as well as many lives, were lost. In describing this storm and its consequences, the poet's powers are in full play. We see the wild scene—the mountain waves, the broken masts, the tattered sails, and the deck swept of its belongings—sheep, cattle, and marine furniture. It must have been a trying ordeal to our young poet at the outset of his military life.

I.

An diugh 's mi fagail na rioghachd,
 'S mor mo mhulad 's mo mhi-ghean 'san àm.
 Dol a sheoladh thar chuaintean,
 Do na h-Innseachan-shuas uainn air ball.
 Cha robh 'n turus ud buadhach,
 Dh' éirich gaillionn 'us fuarachd ro theann,
 'N uair a thainig a chuairt ghaoth,
 Thug e leatha 'bho ruadh 'o na ghleann.

II.

Mios an deighe na Sàmhna,
 'S goirt an sgabadh 's an call a bh' air cuan.]
 Thainig toiseach a gheamhraidh
 Ann an gaillionn 's an campair ro chruaidh.
 Chunnaic mise le m' shùilean,
 Daoine dol do na ghrunnd aig gach uair,
 'S mar ri so, bha mi 'g acain
 An tónn mo dheadh leabaidh thoirt uam.

III.

Sud an oidhche bha éitidh,
 Bha mhuir dhu-ghorm a 'g éiridh gu h-àrd
 Chaidh a chabhlach 'o chéile,
 'S dh' fhagadh sinne 'nar n-eiginn 's nar càs.
 Chaill sinn buaile na spreidhe.
 Dhiobair aisnean a cleibh' as a tàr,
 'S cha dean mulad bonn féum dhuinn,
 Ged' nach faiceadh sinn feudail gu bràth.

VI.

Dh'fhalbh a cheardach a dh' urchair,
 Eadar innean 'us bhuilg agus ùird.
 'S thug i bóid nach bu tamh dhi,
 Gus am faiceadh i e' àit' an robh grunnd,
 Ma bha teas anns na h-iarruinn,
 Bha 'san teallaich 'cur rian orr' a 's ùr.
 Chaidh e asd' 'us air dhi-chuimhn',
 Greis mu'n d' rainig iad iochdair a bhuirn.

V.

Tha rud eil' air mo smaointean,
Thugaibh barail am faod e bhi ceart.
Dh'fhalbh an cù le' na caoraich,
'S cha robh 'n rathad ud faoin tha mi 'm beachd.
Cha 'n urrainn mi innseadh,
An deach iad air tìr no nach deach'.
Ach na'm b'aithne dhoibh iomradh,
Thug iad bàta fo 'n imrich a mach.

VI.

Thainig call air an Ebus,
Bhris a cruinn agus réub a cuid seòil.
Leig an t-Admiral taod ri,
Dh'fheach an teanadh e 'dhaoine dhi beò.
'N uair a dhealaicht' am bàta,
A chaidh 'mach gu'n toirt sabhailt gu shore,
Ceart mar dh' fhuasgail a hawser,
Chaidh i fodha mar smàladh an leois.

VII.

Na'm biodh fios aig mo mhathair,
Mar tha mis' air mo charamh 's mi beò.
Mar tha sruth 'o mo ghuailllean,
Tigh'n le farum troimh fhuaghal nan cord.
Cha b'fhois 's cha bu tamh dhi,
Bhiodh a leabuidh air snàmh le' na deòir.
'S bhiodh a h-ùrnuigh ri Slàn'fhear,
Rìgh nan dùl mo thoirt sàbhailt gu shore.

VIII.

Feumair innseadh dhuibh 'nise,
 Ceann mo sgeòil : tha mi fiosrach gu leòr.
 'O na dh' ardaicheadh Criosda,
 'S 'o na shoillsich a ghrian ud 's na neòil.
 Seachd-ceud-deug, 'us ceithir fichead,
 Naoi deug tha mi meas do na chòrr,
 'S ma gheibh sinn ùine ri fhaicinn,
 'Si bhliadhn' ùr a cheud mhaduinn thig oirn.

VOYAGING.

“ IS CIANAIL AN RATHAD.”

I.

Is cianail an rathad,
 'S mi gabhail a chuain.
 Sinn a triall ri droch shide,
 Do na h-Innseachan-shuas.
 Na cruinn oirn a lùbadh,
 S na siuil 'ga 'n toirt uainn.
 An long air a leth-taobh,
 A gleachd ris na stuaigh.

II.

Di-ciadain a dh'fhalbh sinn,
 Bu 'ghailbheach an uair.
 Cha deach' sinn mór mhiltean,
 'N uair shìn e ruinn cruaidh.

'S gu 'n do chriochedhaich pairt dhinn,
'S àit' 'san robh 'n uair.
'S tha fios aig Rock-sàile,
Mar thearuinn sinn uaith.

III.

Seachd seachduinean dùbailt,
Do dh'ùine gle chruaidh.
Bha sinne fo churam,
Gun dùil ri bhi buan.
'Sior thaomadh a bhuirn aisd'
'Reir cunntas nan uair,
'S cha bu luaith dol an diasg dhi
No lionadh i suas.

IV.

Tha onfhadh na tìde,
'Toirt ciosnachadh mòr,
Air a mharsanta dhìleas,
Nach diobair a seòl.
Tha tuilleadh 'sa giùlan,
Aig usbairt ri sroin.
'S i'n cunnart a muchaidh,
Ma dhuineas an ceò.

V.

Tha luchd air a h-uchd,
A toirt murt air a bord.
Neart soirbheis 'o 'n iar,
A toirt sniomh air a seòl.

Muir dhu-ghorm éitidh,
Aig éiridh na còir.
'S le buadhadh na seide
'S tric eiginn tigh'n oirn.

VI.

Tha gaoth 'us clach-mheallain
A leantuinn ar cùrs'.
Smuid mhòr oirn aig éridh,
Do na spéuran gu dlù.
'S e quadrant na gréine
Tha 'toirt leirsinn da'r suil
Co 'n rathad a theid sinn
Le leideadh na stiùir.

VII.

Stiuir thairis i Ard-Rìgh,
Ma tha e a' d' rùn.
Cum dìreach 'ar bàta,
Reir àit' na cairt-iuil.
'Us ma ruigeas sinn sabhailt,
An t-àit' tha 'nar dùil
Gu'n òl sinn deoch-slàinte
Na dh'fhag sinn air chùl.

VIII.

Bi sin an deoch-slàinte,
Nach aicheadh mi uair.
Ge d' dh' fheumainn a paigheadh,
A bhar air a luach.

Do ruma math laidir,
Ga shar chuir mu'n cuairt,
Mar chuimhn' air na cairdean
'Tha thamh 'san Taobh-tuath.

IX.

Ach fhir theid a dh' Alba
Tha m' earbsa ro mhòr.
Gu'n taghail thu 'n rathad,
Thoir naigheachd ma 's beò.
Thoir soraidh le dùrachd,
Do dhùthaich Iain Oig.
'On dh' fhàgas tu Rùsgaich,
Gu Lunndaidh na'm bò.

CUMHA

DO CHOIRNEAL GRANNDÀ, TIGHEARNA GHLINNE-
MOIREASTUINN, A CHAOCHAIL ANNS A BHLIADHNA
1801.

An elegy on Colonel Grant of Glenmoriston, a distinguished officer in the Indian army, who died in 1801.

I.

Fhir leughaidh mo sgeòil,
Thoir eisdeachd do m' glòir,
Ma gheur latha bròin,
Ma dheighinn Iain Oig,

'O chaisteal a cheòil,
 Chaidh thasgaidh fo 'n fhòd,
 Ann an clàr chiste bhord,
 'S ma's a leir dhomh a chòir,
 Cha 'n innis mi sgleò mhearachdach.
 Fhir leughaidh mo sgeòil, &c.

II.

'S ann tha 'n t-ailleagan uainn,
 'O Dhimairt anns an uaigh,
 Gur a cràiteach do 'n tuath,
 Thu ga'm fagail cho luath,
 'N àm a mhail a thoirt uath.
 Bha iochd 'us blaths 'us mór thruas an ceangal ruit.
 'S ann tha 'n t-ailleagan uainn, &c.

III.

'N osag dhosguinneach fhuar,
 Lóm nochdaidh gun truas,
 Fhrois i 'n cruithneachd ma 'sguaib,
 Rinn i bearn san Taobh-tuadh,
 Ann an aireamh dhaoin' uaisl',
 S anns gach àite mu'n cuairt sam faighear iad.
 'N osag dhosguinneach fhuar, &c.

IV.

'Si 'n ruag chailteach gun chliù,
 Rug air muinntir do dhùch',
 On chaidh 'n ceannard thoirt dhiubh.

Ataidh 'n dàm leis a bhùrn,
 'S gheibh i àm gu tighinn dlù,
 S bith' iad bàite nan duisg gun fhaireachadh.
 'Si 'n ruag chaillteach. &c.

V.

Ach glòir do 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 'N t-oighre dh'fhag thu,
 Do 'n ainm Padruig,
 Tha tigh'n 'n 'a d' àite
 De 'n fhior fhuil àluinn
 Rioghail àghail aighearach.
 Ach glòir do 'n Ard-Rìgh, &c.

VI.

'S ann 's na h-Innseachan-shios,
 Fhuair thu 'n onair 's tu b'fhiach,
 'S tu 'nad 'cheannard nan ciad.
 Ghlac thu càmp nam fear ciar,
 Bho 'n bha 'n t-Ard-rìgh gad' dhion,
 Thug E sabhailt' thu nios
 Gus an d'thainig a chrìoch a' d' thalamh ort.
 'S an 'n sna h-Innseachan-shios.

VII.

Ann an Inbhir a chiùil,
 Thainig crìoch air do chùrs',
 Fhir ghasd'bu mhòr cliù.
 Cha'n fhaiceir tuilleadh do ghnùis,
 Lion mulad 'us tùrs' gu maireann sinn.
 Ann an Inbhair a chiùil.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEAR.

This poem is one of Grant's best. He touches with a master's hand on his many adventures by sea and land, and the dangers and sufferings inseparable from military life. And although he acted his part bravely on duty, the tenderness of heart so manifest in this poem, leads us to think, a soldier's life was not congenial. This is quite apparent in "The Soldier's Song."

I.

Na 'm biodh duine 'na m' chòir,
A dh'eisdeadh ri m' ghlòir,
Cha 'n eil mo cheann sgeòil gun reúsan.
Tha m' aigne cho mòr
Air a lionadh le bròn
'S nach eil mi an doigh ach éigneach.

II.

Ge d' nach eil mi ach òg
'S beag m' aire ri ceòl,
Rinn m' aighear 's mo phròis mo threigsinn,
Dol do 'n arm de m' cheart deòin,
'S mi chaidh iomrall sa cheò,
Mo bharagan cha d' chord na dheigh rium.

III.

Fhir a shiubhlas ma Thuath,
Thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
Far nach d'fhag mi fear m'fhuath am dheigh ann.
Ma 's math leat bhi buan,
'N uair chluinneas tu 'n duan,
Thoir aire, cum cluais 'us eisd rium.

IV.

Gur e lughad mo dhuais,
'Us an sentry bhi fuar,
Rinn m' inntinn cho luath a leireadh.
A mheith dhiom mo shnuagh,
Dh'fhag tana mo ghruaidh,
Mhill trian de na fhuair mi leirsinn.

V.

'N uair a shuidh sinn aig òl,
'Sa laimhsich mi 'n t-òr,
Bha moran mu 'n bhord gar n-eisdeachd.
Bha danns' ann 'us ceòl,
Cuir na bainnse air seòl,
'S e mo chall-sa bha mor an deigh sud.

VI.

Fhuair mi bann agus còir,
Mar ri gealltanais mòr,
Air nighean Rìgh Deors' mar chéile.
'Na 'n creidinn an glòir,

Cha b'eagal ri m' bheò,
Dhomh, an airgeod an òr no 'n eideadh !

VII.

S iomadh oidbche fhliuch fhuar,
Thug mi marcachd a chuain,
'O na chinn an dath ruadh 's air m' eideadh.
Thug mi turus da uair,
Gu Rìgh Lochluinn nan cuach,
'S ann d'a rioghachd bu chruaidh an sgeula.

VIII.

Cha robh dad san robh luach
Eadar luingeas' us shluagh,
Nach do ghlac sinn an cluain a chéile,
Chuir sinn gaiseadh na sguaib,
Loisg sinn aithribh na gual,
S thug sinn creach leinn le ruaig beum-sgeithe.

IX.

Bha mi 'm Portugal thall,
S cha b'e m' fhortan a bh'ann,
'N uair a nochd sinn co 'n lann bu gheire.
N uair a ghlac sinn sa champ,
Sìol altruim na Fraing,
Cha robh 'n tuasaid ud màll mu'n d'gheill iad.

X.

Luaidhe ghlas dol na deann,
Feadh ghlaic agus ghleann,

Gun aon fhocal commannd ga eisdeachd.
'S lionmhor marcach each seang,
'Us a chlosaich gun cheann,
Caoin air ascaoin 'se bh'ann 's cha réite.

XI.

'S iomadh glaic agus gleann,
An Sasunn, san Fhraing
'Us am Portugal thall 'us Eirinn,
Far 'n do leag mi mo cheann,
Feadh fhàsach 'us bheann,
Far nach freagradh dhomh mall bhi 'g éiridh.

XII.

Fuaim feadan thri bann,
'S fear ga spreigeadh sa champ,
Ge d' is beag a bha shannt orm eisdeachd,
B'fhearr leum géum aig mart seang,
Dol do 'n eadradh sa ghleann,
'S bean ga leagadh am fang sa chéitein.

XIII.

'S iomadh fardach 'us fròg,
'San do ghabh mi trath-nòin,
Bho na fhuair mi cheud chota 's leine.
Agus clar agus bòrd
Air na chaireadh dhomh lòn
S tric a phaigh mi an t-òr na éirig.

XIV.

Cha 'n eil cearn' de 'n Roinn-Eorp',
Edar traigh us Tir-mhòr,
Nach eil làrach mo bhroig 's mo chéum ann.
Siubhal fhàsaichean feòir,
Agus ard bheanna mòr,
Air naimhdean cuir tòir 'us éiginn.

XV.

'S ge d'bha m'fhuil air a bhlàr,
Cur mo naimhdean gu làr,
'S ann a fhuair mi 'n cruaidh chàs na dheigh sin.
Bha an uair gu ro bhlàth,
Mu'n do chuireadh am blàr
Agus cuan do dh'fhuil bhàit' fo m' leine.

XVI.

Ach cha d' shocraich mo shàil,
Gus 'n do chuir iad mi 'n Spainn.
Teas us fuachd ann am pairt a cheile.
Mar ri sluagh air bheag baigh,
Nach gabh truas ri fear càis,
Ge d' a bhuail air am bàs na eiginn.

XVII.

'S fhad 'on chualadh tu chainnt,
Mar a theireir san rànn,
Cha dean aithreachas mall bonn feuma.
'S mise dh'fhainich san àm,

Chaidh mo tharruing san rang,
Nach robh cairdeas aig ceann ri cheile.

XVIII.

Cha 'n fhain'chear san rang,
Co dhiubh 's Gaidheal na Gall,
'N uair thig e le pheann mar chleireach.
'N uair gheibh e 'n commannd
Tha e coma dhe m' chall,
Och ! tha mise air mo shnaim on cheud la.

Archibald Grant—Archie Taillear—was a son of John Grant formerly mentioned, and born at Aonach in Glenmoriston, about the year 1785. In early life he joined the Glengarry Fencibles. After retiring, he lived a quiet uneventful life with his sister Catharine in their little turf-thatched cottage at Aonach, subsisting on the proceeds of his tailoring trade, which in those days was a peripatetic employment, and included board as well as money remuneration. Archie was invariably a welcome guest wherever he went. His fund of anecdote, his store of legendary lore, his ready wit, his poetic gift, as well as his professional accomplishments,

were a passport to every home in the Glen. He could neither read nor write, and knew no language but his native Gaelic. He died in 1870, in the eighty-fifth year of his age ; and very probably in him we have the last of a class of men that in their day made their mark in the Highlands of Scotland.

A COIREDHO HUNTING SONG.

ORAN SEILGE ANN AN COIREDHO.

This Coiredho song is a good specimen of a Highland hunting song. Coiredho, a wild uninhabited region between Glenmoriston and Kintail, has all along been the Glenmoriston deer forest. And when the poet's friend and patron, James Murray Grant, Esq., went on a hunting expedition to Coiredho, the bard, who knew the localities intimately, usually accompanied him. The poem gives a capital *résumé* of such a day's sport, and the machinery of it is skilfully managed throughout—as for example when the greyhounds and the pointers are forgotten, to make necessary an allusion to the old method of deer-stalking, when perhaps for a whole day the hunter, on his back and side, pushed himself by swamp and heather till within shot of his victim. The minuteness of the Bard's topo-

graphic lore is quite remarkable, as well as his skill in weaving it into a poetic web of simple narrative and bardic flow, which will bear comparison with any production of the kind.

I.

Slàn do na fir ghléusda,
Chaidh shealg do Sheumas Og.
Thug Domhnall Donn do 'n bheinn iad,
'S cha léir dhoibh leis a cheò.
'S na 'n creideadh sibh mo sgealachd-sa,
'S cha 'n fhiach leam bhi ri bòsd,
Mu'n d'rainig iad Alt-éiginn
Bu tric na feidh ga'n leòn.

II.

Gur mithich dhomh bhi 'g éiridh
Na 'n deigh' 'us mi bhi falbh,
Mur dearmad mór a dh' éirich
Tha mac na h-eilde marbh.
Faigh gach ball a dh' fhéumas e,
'Us sgéudaich an t-each dearg
'S an tarruinn e na feidh dhomh,
'Sa bheinn sa bheil an t-sealg.

III.

Bha aca airm cho ciatach
'Sa bh'aca riabh de'n t-seors'.
Gur e sud bu mhiannach leò,
Ach rinn iad di-chuimhn' mhòr.

Dhi-chuimhnich iad na miol-choin,
 'S bu chianail bha na seòid,
 Gun urrad 's na coin-eunaich ac',
 A dh'fheuchadh dhoibh na h-eòin.

IV.

Ach 's iad is fearr gu tialaidh,
 A chaidh air fiadh an tòir.
 Air crataichean 's air cliathaichean,
 A'g iarraidh damh na cròic.
 Mur b'e nach d'fhuaireadh miol-choin;
 Bu mhiannach leam dol leò.
 Bu docha leam na ciadan,
 Gu'm faighinn trian de'n spòrs'.

V.

Oir b' eòlach air an fhiadhach * mi,
 A triall le miol-choin sheang.
 'Us sheòlainn dhoibh na crìochan,
 'San tric a riab mi mang.
 S bho na tha sibh iuntinneach,
 S mi cinnteach as b'bur laimh,
 Fiachaibh na h-Uilt-riabhach.
 'Us iarraibh Glaic-nan-allt.

VI.

Fiachaibh Carn-a-chaochain
 'Us bun an aonaich thàll,

* Fiadhach—abounding in deer; a deer forest.

Diribh suas aig Fraoch-choire,
 'S troimh Choille-dhaoine nàll.
 Fiachaibh an t-Altaorainn,
 Am bheil a h-aon diubh ànn.
 Us gheibh sibh air bheag saothrach iad
 Mar fhuair na daoine aig Fionn.

VII.

Fiachaibh Carn-a-ghluasaid,
 'Slochd Ruairidh,* bhiodh iad ann.
 Gheibhte boc 'us maoiseach;
 'San Fhudhaich laogh 'us mang—
 Mur d'fhuadaich iad le caoraich iad,
 Dha'n saodachadh a fang.
 'S gur mór an t-aobhar smaoineachaidh
 Mar chaochail srath nan gleann.

VIII.

Aig Glas-bheallach gu'n tàmhainn
 'Us faighaid laidir ànn.
 Bhiodh geard air beallach Mhuinnderig,
 Gille 's cù air sreang.
 Do Gharbh-choire na Sgùr,
 Cha bu shugradh a dhol ann.
 'S tha coireachan gu h-iosal,
 'S thug Nial † an t-urram dhoibh.

* "Ruairidh nan sealg" was a celebrated hunter who gave name to a Coiredho cave, to this day called "Uaimh Ruairidh."

† Nial. A well-known fox-hunter and deer-stalker — "Nial Brochdair."

IX.

An Coire-sgreamhach ; 's cinnteach,
 Gur e cuile frìdh nam beann.
 Tha Coire-mheadhoin sìnnte ris,
 S bu toil leum sgriob thoirt ànn.
 An Gleanna-fada 's fàsach e,
 Tha math gu àrach mhang.
 Is e 'n Tigh-mór is bathaich dhoibh
 Nach ceanglair air an ceann.

X.

'Us b'e Tigh-mor-na-seilg e,
 'S cha 'n e tigh dha 'n ainm bhi ànn.*
 Cha chluinnear braghadh urchair,
 Bho dha thulchainn gu dha cheann.
 Cha bhi coin 'ga'n teirbheirt ann,
 No ni ach leumraich dhanns',
 Cha b'e tigh-na-seilg' e
 'Us b'e n t-seirbhe bhi dol ann.

XI.

Bho Bheallach-mór-an-amaisge,
 Do chite bhos 'us thàll,
 Chite Beinn-an-imire
 'Cuid firichean 'us 'ghleann'.
 'Us chuirinn geall gu'm buannaichean,
 Mu'n fhuaran th' aig a ceann :
 S dhe 'n imir' bheirinn sguaban
 Nach buaint' air machair Ghàll.

* The Inverness hall, called the Hunt Hall, where the annual gatherings are at the close of the shooting season.

XII.

Gu ciobach, creamhach, sealbhagach ;
Gu seamragach le mionnt.
Tha biolaire an fhuarain ann,
Se 'n luibh is uaisle th'ann.
Tha gach luibh a chulas ann;
Na 'm buaininn i na h-àm,
Thionailinn na sguaban dhiubh.
'S an luachair orr 'mar bhann.

XIII.

Tha Eilerig na dha ann,
S tha sgùr na dha 'sa ghleann,
S tha Coire-'n-lochain-uaine,
S tha Leac-nan-ruadhag ànn.
Gheibhte ri droch uair iad,
An Alt-a-bhuilg gu 'n càll.
'S cùm ri Alt-na-heirbhe
'S tha n t-sheilbh ud anns gach bàll.

XIV.

Roimh Toll-a-chreagaich b'abhaist dhoibh
Le stràchd a dhol na'n deann.
Aonach-sasunn, 's sraid aca,
Sa phairtidh dol na'n ràng
Nam biodh eagal namhaid orr',
'Se ruith is tearnadh dhoibh.
Is tric a leagadh làdach orr',
Am braighe leac na' meann.

XV.

An Coire-bodach-ghobhar
Chuir' othail iad na'n still,
Gheibhte 'n Coire-chnaimhean iad,
'Na meall a dol a dhìth.
Seas air Bac-na-friodhachd,
'S ma thig iad na bi clì.
'S an Coire-gorm b'e 'n àiridh e,
Gu gillean fhagail sgìth.

XVI.

'S gheibt' air Lag-na-cóinnich,
Damh dónn, nach cróm le spìd
Tha 'n coire bh'aig Mac-Mhuirich ann,
'Us elid a choin chrìn,
'S ma bhios tu 'g iarraidh aithghearra,
Gu gearradh os an cionn,
Tha drochaid air Toll-easaidh
'S cha chosd i bónn do 'n Rìgh.

XVII.

Tha Coire-gaoth-an-ear ann,
S tha pailteas ann do chuirn.
S cha teid aon a mhilleadh
San innis th'air an cul.
Tha coireachan Uilt-bheatha ann,
Gu'm feitheamh air gach taobh,
S iad àiteachan cho briadha
Sa chunncais riamh le m' shùil.

XVIII.

S tha coir' ann a thug bàr orra,
Tha math gu àrach laogh.
'S tha creig nan gobhar lamh ris,
S bith' sràid ac' air a druim.
Aig Carn-na-fiudhaich dh'fhag iad sibh,
Seach braighe 'Choire-chruim.
San Coire-chlach bhiodh sailleachan,
Aig fear mo ghràidh Iain Dónn.

XIX.

S aig leachduinn na Cloich-glaise,
San leigte coin air eill.
An doire dhamh bhiodh ranail,
Aig tìm na dàire féin.
'Si 'n aois a chum a bhan mi,
Gun mi bhi làmh ri 'n céum.
'S ann agam a tha farmad
Ri sealg an latha 'n dé.

THE BARD'S BENEDICTION TO THE SHIP
"GLENMORISTON."

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO'N LUING.

In the beginning of this century, and not long after the opening of the Caledonian Canal, Mr Robert Sinclair, afterwards factor on the Glenmoris-

ton estates, built a ship on the banks of Lochness, near Invermoriston. The vessel was built chiefly of native timber, as much as possible by native artisans, and named "The Glenmoriston." It was befitting, therefore, that at its launching it should have the native Bard's benediction — "beannachadh Baird." So, Archibald Grant, in presence of a large gathering of spectators, recited the following original piece, quite Ossianic in style, and containing, within so small a space, more Ossianic lore than any piece we know of the same length.

Beannachadh Baird do n luing,
 S boidhch' tha coimhead fo' cuid siùil.
 Sud na lamban thaghainn dhuibh,
 'S radhagh paigheadh thoir ga chionn.
 'N Luchd-sgairte-feadha a bh' aig Fionn.
 Rasg mac Radharig 'o 'n Fheinn,
 Chitheadh roimhe 's as a dheidh.
 Streap Mac Strigum thon a chruinn,
 Bhiodh an Gramaiche 'sna ruip,
 'N curaidh cama-chasach air stiùir.
 S Mac-an-lorgair thon na gaoith,
 Dheanadh lorg air muir 's air tìr,
 'N a' biodh teannachadh air muir,
 Bu mhath Caoilte 's Mac-an-luin,
 Cha do chuir air sliabh a chois,
 Air nach beireadh e 'luaths ruith.
 Bha fear eile falbh ri'n cois,
 'S mòr a chealgaireachd bha leis.

Ghoideadh e 'o 'n chòr an t-ubh,
Sa da shuil a coimhead air.
Gille nan cochullan craicainn,
Cha b' èsan gaisgeach bu mheasa.
Dh' aon eiginn ga 'm biodh orra,
Cha dheanadh ni dolaidh airsan.
'N uair a dh' éireas soirbheas àrd,
Air sheòl 's nach cluinn iad guth le gàir.
Cluinnidh esa' 'm féur a fàs.
'S na 'bu chunnart bàis bhiodh aca,
Bhiodh an Garbh mac Stairn na'ntaice,
Eagal an capul a ghearradh.
Thairneadh esan suas an acair,
'N àm bhi togail rithe 'n aodaich
'G òl a searragan le faoilte
Bithidh ioram aig fir òg us seanachas,
Aig taobh Lochnis nam bradan tarrgheal.
Ni 's binne na sheinn Calum mac Uighean
Aig ceann Lochaisart tighin' a Uist.
Cha 'n eil port 's am fiach i h-aghaidh,
Anns nach cluinnear ainm an t-soithich.
Le fabhar da 'n ainm an Giubhas,
Gleanna-mòr-easan-domhain.
Chualadh mi sean fhocal roimhe,
S bheir sinn gu crìoch e fathast,
"S boidheach an gleachd, bhi 'ga choimhead,
An long nodha, sa' seann rudha."
'S iomadh luchd 'us turus sealbhach,
Bheir i do Shasunn 's do n' Ghearmailt.
'S truagh nach i a bh'aig Rìgh Albainn,

A chaidh dhith aig Carraig Feargus.
Cha chuir tonn na muir-sgeir-traghaid,
Cha chuir oirre cunnart bathaidh.
'S fearr i na 'n long a bh'aig Manus,
Mac Rìgh Lochluinn nan gnìomh gabhaidh;
'N uair a chuir e fios gu Fionn
Gu'n robh soitheach aig air burn,
'Us mar dean thu geilleadh dhuinn
Bheir sinn Eireann as a grunn.
Labhair Feargus nan arm grinn
'S tapaidh 'n rud a thuirt thu ruinn,
'Se cuig cùigibh a th'innt',
'S math an luchd dhuibh cùigibh dhi.
Ach bheir i so leatha iad uile,
Eadar chnuic 'us shluichd 'us mhonaidh
Cha 'n fhag i fiu bean na duine,
Nach toir i leatha air aon turus.
Gur ann innt tha 'n rùm le cumadh,
Farsuinn cliabhach, dionach, sruthach,
Cha 'n eil muc na beist bhios roimpe
Nach marbh i 'si dian na siubhal.
Fhuair sibh roghadh 's taghadh saoir dhi,
Shnos, 'sa shnaidh, 'sa ghlan, 'sa ghlaodh i.
Cha robh coimeas dhoibh ri fhaotainn,
'O nach tachradh Goban saor ribh.
Fhuair sibh gobhainn mar an ceudna,
Cho math sa thug a teallaich iarunn.
Cha chualadh mi 'leithid, na sgial air,
Ach an gobhainn bh'aig na Fianntan.
Rinn iad i le strì gun chabhaig,

Sleamhainn sliom, gu mìn maidreach,
Fiodh le bìgh, 's nach d'inndrig carraig.
A craobhan dìreach gun mhìr leamhair,
A dh'fhàs, sa chinn, ri'r linn 's Tombealluidh.
Se Ian Grannda ghearr sa shnas iad,
A ghillean sgairteil òg, a chrois iad.
Na h-eich bhailgfhionn mheanbh-bhreac chroidh-
fhionn.

Na h-eich chaola aotrum leathann,
Nach gabh éis, on' theid na'n deighe ;
Chaidh na sailbhean a tharruinn leotha.
Nuair a ghluais na fir bho chal' i
Air uisg' fuar nam fuaran fallain.
Nuair a thog iad breid fo brataich,
Dh'fhalbh i gu luath leumnach sradach,
Le gaoth ga seideadh thair an aigean.
'Us gaoir nan stuaidh mar fhuaim na gaillionn,
Cha 'n eil ni ann chuireas as di
Ge b'e cunnart dhi 'ga'n tachair.
Leigidh mi dhìom a bhi ga leanail.
Dh'fhalbh i cheana.
Faiceam slàn i 's gach àit, 'san fan i
'S 'on chuir sibh féin thugam soraidh,
Fhuair sibh beanneachd.

THE WELCOME.

ORAN NA FAOIGHE.

Finlay Macleod was piper to James Murray Grant, Esq., and a native of Glenmoriston. After studying under such masters of pipe-music as the M'Intyres of Rannoch and the Macrimons of Skye, he became a famous performer on the great Highland bagpipe. When Sir Allan Cameron—Ailean nan Earrachd—raised his regiment of Cameron Highlanders, Finlay joined them, and at the close of the Peninsular War, returned home with a pension. Scarce of provender for his cattle, he ventured with his “oinseach,” as he calls his bagpipe, to go the round of all the Glen farmers, great and small, for help to tide over the approaching winter; and the Bard, in easy pleasant style, chronicles the incidents of his tour—the places he visited, as well as the names and liberality of donors. Appropriately, the family Bard records in good poetry the success of the family piper's musical tour, and the liberality and friendly benevolence of the Laird's kindly tenantry.

I.

Gur mise fhuair an fhaoighe,
Mar dh' innseas mo rànn.

Nuair a thug mi saighdeag,
A dh' ionnsuidh an Tuim.
'S teann gur e mo gheall
A chaidh chunntadh a nall.
Thuirt gach te dhe 'n triùir,
Ma 's e Fionnladh a th' ann,
Thoir sachd an eich dha,
Thugibh freisd air,
Gun bhi beag na gànn.
S ge d' nach eil na daoine' ànn,
Cha 'n fhaod e bhi 'n càll.

II.

'Sin do labhair Padruig
'S b'e 'n àraichd ri inns',
Gheibh e rud an drasda,
'S gach àite 'sam bi.
Fiach nach bi ri ràdha,
Gu'r fearr iad na sibh.
Bheir mi fhin a dhà dha,
S gu'm b' fheairde e trì.
'S tha mi toileach air a mholadh,
Dh' fhag e toilicht' mi,
Dh' òlainn a dheoch slàinte,
'S gach àite 'sam bi.

III.

An Crasgaidh tha na h-uaislean,
Gun chruas air an laimh,
Thug iad sud mar dhùchas,
Bho n' fiurain a bh' ann.

Granndaich 'us Cloinn-Domhnuill,
Luchd chomh-stri nan Gall,
Luchd a sheasamh 'cruadail,
Sa bhualadh nan lann.
Thug iad dhomh rud, 's gu'm be 'n toil e,
'S thoir mo shoraidh dhoibh;
Bho na bha mo phocaid
Gun storas san àm.

IV.

Am Baile-an-droma shios
Cha bu mhiann leo bhi gann.
Buidheann nach robh biasdail,
Cha 'n fhiach leo bhi ann.
S thug iad dhomh gun iarraidh,
Ni bliadhna do'n chlann.
Do choirce math siolmhor,
Se lionadh gach bann.
Le mèud an toil, a bh' aca dhomh,
'S cha b' ann airson mo chall,
Chuir iad dhe mo rian mi
Le fiachainn an dràm.

V.

Am Baile so nan carn,
Anns an d'àraicheadh mi.
'On deacha mi do'n Spainn,
'S dheth n' Mharch bha mi sgìth
'S mi m' Phiobaire Maidsear
A b'fhèarr bh' aig an Rìgh

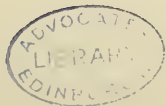
'Us gur h-iomadh charge
Agus blàr san robh mi.
'S bho 'n bha mi falamh a tighin' dachaidh
Le mo choireachd fhìn.
Chuir iad bar na h-àthainn
Dhomh làn air a phill.

VI.

'S ann a tha na h-armuinn
A thamh 'm Baile-'n-Tuim
Thug iad dhoomh an là ud,
Na 's fearda mi chaoidh.
Chunnaic sibh a'm chàs mi,
S bu chairdeil bha sibh.
'Us Ian thug e bhàn mi
'S an tamhainn ri seinn.
Le piob ga spreigeadh, 'us ceol feadain,
Mar do thionail cloinn,
'S chualadh na bha marbh sinn
Mu'n d'fhalbh sinn de 'n Luib.

VII.

'N Dulchreichead tha na seòid,
S cha 'n e boilich a th'ann.
Bha adagan gu leoir,
Air an lòn air mo chionn.
'Us iad a tighin' mo chòir
'Us an oinseach a'm' laimh.
Cluinneam do chuid ceòil,
'S theid an còr a chuir ànn,



'O chruas na creige
 Fuaim 'ga fhreagar,
 Mar Mhactalla 'n gleann.
 Bheir mi dhut a dha
 Thuirt an Taillear 's e danns'.

VIII.

Bho 'na bha mi dearbhta
 'Us earbsach ga chionn.
 'N uair ruiginn Toraghoill
 Gu'm biodh aoibh aca rium.
 Gu'm faighinn rud a b' fheairde
 Cacha 's mi fhìn.
 Uisgebeatha laidir,
 'S gur fearr e na phrìs,
 Bho dhuine tapaidh, uasal tlachdmhor,
 S cha robh esan clì
 A thainig 'o Rìgh Feargus,
 Thug Albainn fo chis.

IX.

Gur mise nach robh 'n éis,
 'N uair leum mi 'n t-Alt-ruadh.
 'S gur e Maighstir Grannda
 Chuir ceann air a chruaich.
 'S na b'fhear a dheanadh dàn mi,
 Gu phaigheadh na dhuais,
 Dh' innsinn cuid de abhaist
 A nadur 'us uaisl'.
 Gu'n 'n robh bhuaidh ud

Ga do leanailt,
Aig a bhail' 's uaith.
'Shiol Ailpean 'o na Ghreig,
Tha thu féin 's na thig uat.

X.

Bha 'n Siosalach tha 'm Blairie
Gle phairteachail rium,
'S mar tha fhios aig cacha
Bha 'n nadur ud annt'.
Thug iad roimhe mál
Airson da fhocal cainnt,
Do Aonghas nan aoir,
S cha robh aon fhear dhiubh 'n call
'S mór an onair air a shon dhoibh,
Nach robh brosgul ann.
Cha 'n eil aon 'san àite
Is cairdeile laimh.

XI.

Tha Cloinn-Iain-Ruaidh Libhisi
Rioghail gun mheang
Thug iad neart do mhìr dhomh
'S theid inns' air an rànn
Sean a tha bhur sinns' reachd
Air cinntinn bho 'n dréum.
Tha corr us trì cheud
Bho n' shiolaich iad ànn
Oidhche mhurt bha 'n Gleann-a-comhann
Bha droch gnothach ann

'S iad a thog an t-oighre
'S ghabh greim dheth air ball.

XII.

A bhuidheann a tha lamh rium,
Cha nàr leum an luaidh,
Tha 'n t-achadh tha gu h-àrd aca
'N drasd air a bhuain.
S chuir iad fios a bhàn,
Mi bhi 'n àirde gu luath,
Gu'm biodh orra tamailt,
Na'n tamhainn-sa uath'.
Cha bi 'n airc, a fhuair mi aca,
Cha do chleachd iad cruas.
S iad is fearr gu fialachd
Bha riamh san Taobh-tuath.

XIII.

'N uair chaidh mi as an dùthaich
A null gu Macaoidh.
Gu'm bu bheag na shùilean
Na ghiulaininn leam.
Thug a bhean gu cuiseil mi
Dh' ionnsuidh a ruim.
Mar thug Anna dìreach
Am Piobaire dall.
Ach tha mi tuilleadh agus draghail,
Air an tigh a th' ann,
Rachainn fichead mìle
A phiobaireachd dhoibh.

XIV.

Theid mi nise suas,
Mar a ghluaiseas a ghréin.
S an ruig mi Fear Phort-chlàr,
Sliochd nan armuinn bha tréun.
Compach an Tigh-thabhuirn,
'S a phaigheadh ga réir.
C' àit' am faicinn d' aicheadh,
A Ghaidheil air feill !
Sìol nan Rìghrean, a bha 'm Muile,
S tusa bun mo sgeul.
S tu a mheur is uaisle
Tha dh' uaislean Shrathspè.

XIV.

Tha Donnachadh mac Phadruig,
Gle àraid gu leoir.
Cha chion cuireadh dhàsan,
Nach d' thar mi na choir.
Olach a thug bàr air,
Cha d' thainig e beò.
Ge d' thigeadh ciad,
Thug e nios iad gu bord.
Sar bhiaitaiche ceann rathaid,
S mi nach labhair sgleò.
Ge d' fhanainn-sa 'mo thamh
Dh' innseadh cach' air an còrr

XVI.

An Caiptean tha san Aonach,
Tha taobh aige rium.

S mise 'n duine faoin,
 Nach do shaothraich mi ànn.
 Fhuair mi 'n uiridh caora,
 Air thaod as an fhang.
 S gheibhinn rud am bliadhna,
 Na 'm b' fhiach leam dhol ann.
 Cha d' thig dhomh bhi mò's bleideil
 Air an tigh a th'ann.
 'S tric a chuir e 'n cuinneadh,
 Gun chunntadh a'm' laimh.

A EULOGY ON JAMES MURRAY GRANT, ESQ.

ORAN MOLAIÐH DO MHAC-'IC-PHADRUIG.

James Murray Grant, Esq., was the Bard's ideal of a Highland Laird—noble, generous, affable; mingling freely with his people, and able to converse in their native Gaelic—a prime accomplishment in the Bard's estimation. The occasion is a rent day, which the Laird's hospitality and kindness always made a happy day. Finlay, the piper, is introduced with his piobrach strains to awaken the echoes all round. So a conversation between the Bard and Mactalla (Echo, or Son of the Cave) follows, which gives further scope to his Bardic strains, in appreciation of the high qualities of his beloved patron and chief.

I.

Theid mi le m' dheòin', dh' Inbhir a cheòil
Dh' amharc an Oig uasail ann.
Seumas nan gleann, Oighre nam beann,
Bith' guibhas ri crann suas aige
Dh' aithnaichean do chéum,
Air thoiseach nan céud,
Aigeanteach gle fhuasgailte,
Marcach nan steud
Air thoiseach do threud
Gun choimeas tha n tréun uasal ud.

II.

Thug e 'n dùthchas ud léis,
A bhi ceannasach glic,
A réir mar thig ris, gluaisidh e.
Allmhara glan, ainneil gun smal,
Anamanda gle chruadalach.
Siobhalta còir, mileanta mòr,
Ceannas a'm mòd uaislean thu,
Measail ort féin,
Pailt ri luchd théud,
Gliocas 'us ceill fuaighte ruit.

III.

'S tu sine 'sa 's òig', a dh' imich air fòd,
'S cumaidh tu beò an dualachas.
Tha thu theaghlach nan Rìgh is còir a bhi 'm prìs.
Air Piocaich do rinn iad buadhachadh.

'O sheachd Rìghrean déug,
Do shiol Ailpean bho 'n Ghreig,
De 'n chraoibh aca féin bhuaineadh thu,
S leatsa na d' fhéum, Granndaich Shrathspe
Mar ri Griogairich thréun Ruadhshruth ud.

IV.

'N uair thigeadh tu 'n àird a thogail a mhàil,
Bhiodh aighear 'us gàir, mu 'n cuairt dhut ann.
Le toileacha mòr bhiodh tional air sloigh,
Gheibheadh iad sòglh uaith-san.
Ge d' bhiodh fear ann nach paigh,
Cha bhi e an call.
S e their e, na caill tuathanach.
Cha ghabh sinn air càs
Fàigheadh e dail
'S chi e mi paight' uaireigin.

V.

N uair sheinneadh Mac-Leoid
Air mullach an Toir,
S am faighte na seòid mharanach.
Gu sgalanta cruaidh, bhodhair e m' chluais,
Bha chaithream mar fhuaim tairneanaich,
Mactalla uan creag ga fhreagar gu deas,
'Se labhairt an deich cananan.
'S gun theab e bhi muigh, tur as a chreig,
'S nach fhagadh sibh stigh samhach e.

VI.

Ann an sin thu'irt mi ris,
Dean fuireach rud beag,
'S fagaidh sinn greis samhach thu.
Tha bliadhn' agus còrr, gus an d' thig an ath mhòd,
'Us an tionail na seòid 's an àite so.
'S tha cadal gu leòir, dhut anns a chòs,
Gus an d' thig an ath cheòl lamha ruit.
An sinn thubhairt es'
Cha chreid mi dheth smid,
Se labhairt an deas Ghaidhlig rium.

VII.

Ge d' sgaoileadh am mòd s',
Tha àm a tighin' oirnn,
An Nolaig le 'ròic àbhaiseach.
S bheir a Challuinn dhi 'n clèoc,
S bithidh gilleam gu leòr
Aig imeachd san t-seòl a b'abhaist dhoibh.
Tha fhios agad féin mar tha mi an éis,
Gun fhois anns a chòs thamha so.
Se Fionnladh Mac Leoid, le inneal a cheòl
Dh' fhag mise gun seòl tamh agam.

VIII.

S ann a dh' fhéumas mi triall,
Sios do Chreigeun,
Tha i 'o chian na fardach dhomh.
Tha fear dhe mo sheòrs',

Cho sean ris a cheò,
 A fuireach 'sa sgòr is airde dhi.
 Ach ge d' rachainn do 'n Bhun bith' mi 'n sin air
 mo chur ;
 Agus thathuinn iad tur sa Bhraighe mi.
 'S cha bhithinn a chaoidh,
 Cho mòr air mo claidh,
 Na 'm fagadh sibh 'n aon àite mi.

IX.

Gur e b' fhasa dhomh fhìn,
 Re na theirig de m' thim,
 Gun fhear ealaidh, no piob 'chuir fàilt' orm.
 Cha robh goirteas mo chinn,
 Ga m' fhagail cho tinn,
 S ma leanas mi ribh gu 'n sgain sibh e.
 Bha mi greis air bheag ceòil, an Inbhir nan corn,
 Fhuair mi fois ann na choir, nach b' abhaist dhomh.
 Ach bheothaich e suas, 'us bhothair mo chluas',
 As ùr, rinn am fuaim mo sharuchadh.

X.

Gu 'n cuir mi ort ceist. 'N uair fhalbhas am fears',
 Am fan thu sa bheachd sa 'm fàg e thu ?
 Fhreagair Esan le sproichd,
 " Ge d' dheanainn ort lochd,
 Bu truagh leat mo chor, 's mo charamh-sa.
 Cia mar chumas mi ris, 's nach lasaich iad' feasd.
 Chaidh 'n cadal ma seach ma-thrath orm.
 'Nuair chuireir fo 'n fhòd gach neach mar thig òirn,
 Bith 'n ath fhear 'us seòl chaich aige.

DAN POSAIDH.

A MARRIAGE ADDRESS.

The following piece was recited by the Bard at the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Grant, second daughter of James Murray Grant, Esq., to Mr Pierson. It is in Ossianic style, and chiefly remarkable for the minute knowledge the Bard has of the bride's family connections. She is related to the Grants of Grant, the M'Gregors of Glenlyon, the Frasers of Lovat, the Mackenzies of Gairloch, Lord Seaforth, the Duke of Argyle, Lochail, Glengarry, M'Dougall, and Macleod. He shows how widely the rooftree of his patron and chief has spread its roots; and we vouch for it, had the Bard been tested *viva voce*, he could in every instance give in detail the connecting links. His memory was equal to it, as well as his store of genealogical lore.

Deoch-slainnt' na càraid a dh' fhalbh,
'S math a shealg an duine còir.
Dara nighean Mhic 'ic Phadruig,
Bithith i maireach na bean òg.
'S mór tha cairdeach dhi-sa dh'uaislean,
Gaidheil chruadalach gu leòr.
'O Shrathspe shloinnt' nall i
'O na Graundaich 's àird' tha beò

Luchd nam feileadh beag, 's nam breacan,
Thilleadh iad gach creach 'us tòir,
Nighean Rail Mhic-Griogair,
Bhaintighearna 'sine de 'n t-seòrs',
Bha cheud té a bh' air an Dùthaich,
O Chaisteal Dùnaidh nan corn.
Bha i oidhch' ann, a gabhail an rathaid,
'S an ath latha, bha i pòsd'.
Agus ogha Thighearna Ghearloch,
Bha iad daimheil do na chroic.
Iain a Chragain sa bhraithrean
'Si bu mhathair do na seòid.
'S cairdeach thu do Iarla-Shiphort,
A réir 's mar chaidh innse dhomhs',
S do Mhac-'ill-Leathan 'o Dhubhairt,
Do 'm bu shuaicheantas bhi mòr.
S tha thu cairdeach do Mhac-Cailean,
Laoich bho charraig nan seòl.
'S thainig thu bho Ridir Eoghan,
Leomhann na gaisge mòir.
S mar an céudna bho Iain d'ilis,
Fhuair an Gleann bho 'n Rìgh san t-Sroin
Gu'm b' e oighre Gharaidh-fhaid e,
Ge d' leig e thairis a chòir.
S mu theid mi ga d' shloinneadh uile,
Their mi 'o Mhurraich 's Greumaich mhòr.
Agus Tighearna Shrathairdeal,
Ceannasan a measg nan sloigh.
Mac-ic-Alastair 'o Ghairidh,
'Thogadh brataichean de 'n t-sròl.

'S theab nach cuimhnichean Siol Uisdean,
'S Mac' Ic Dhughail mar bu chòir.
'S thubhairt Ian Buidhe Macphadruig,
Gu'm bheil thu cairdeach do Mhac Leoid,

ORAN AN EICH.

The authorship of this piece, is ascribed to John Macdonald, *alias* Glaiseach, and is here given as a specimen of the harmless burlesque in which Highlanders sometimes indulged, of which we have several instances in the poems of Rob. Dónn, the Sutherlandshire Bard.

It appears one or more, either of the author's horses, or those of a neighbour had strayed, and after a fruitless search, two active young fellows volunteered to continue it, confident of success. Meantime the horses are found, and it was accidentally discovered that the adventurers, instead of searching for the horses, as they pretended, amused themselves gathering mountain berries. This gave scope to the Bard's light raillery at their expense, and the following comic production is the result.

I.

'N cualadh sibhse an còmhlan
A chaidh Di-domhnaich do n' mhonadh.
'Chuir an fhoighid ri cheile,
'Chuir na feidh as a chuileann.

H

Dh'iarraidh 'n eich a bha dhì orr'
 Feadh nan sìtheanan monaidh.
 B'fhearr nach fh'aca sinn riamh e
 Ge do b'fhiach e sheachd urrad.
 'S bha 'n t-each ro mhath.

II.

Air m' fhocal-sa bhraidean,
 Gu'm bu ladurna riamh thu.
 'S math a b'fhiach dhut thoirt dhachaidh
 Ge do chosdadh tu mios ris.
 Chuir mi teas na do bhroilean,
 Leis a bhotal ga d' riarach'.
 'S rinn mi cuirm mar chuirm bainnse,
 Chuireas fang oirn am bliadhna.
 Ma 's teid e ceart.

III.

Ma rinn thu cuirm mar chuirm bainnse,
 Chuir thu 'n airidh sin oirne,
 Cleas na gaibhr' air a bhainne,
 Rinn i shallach 'sa dhortadh.
 Cheart rud rinn an taillear,
 'N uair a phaigh e na dh'òl e,
 Cha robh do bhila 's tigh-shainse,
 Aon oidhche 'n uair dh'òrduich mi,
 Phaigheadh as.

IV.

S mor an nàire do leithid
A bhi eithich mu'n cuairt dhuinn.
Dh'òl thu uachdar a bhainne,
Le lann chraisg air a bhualadh.
Mar ri peice math mine,
Chuir an nighean mu'n cuairt ann,
Rud a dh'fhoghnadh dhut seachduinn,
No 'm biodh do chleachdanna stuama.
 'S tu bhi gu math.

V.

Chuir mi 'n t-uachdar ud dhachaidh
Na bu phailte no fhuair mi,
Air oibreach' le lanaid
A chinn chrannaich 'ga bhualadh.
Chluinte freagradh Mhictalla,
'N uair bha 'm bail' air a luasgadh,
Leis an fhuaim bha 'san t-Sibhridh,
A chuir gaoir ann mo chluasan.
 Nach teid as.

VI.

Cha'n e chuir gaoir 'na do chluasan
Ach an fhuaim bh' aig na pàisdean.
'S iad gun chomhnadh gun athair,
Gun fhear tigh' air an làrach,
'N uair a chaidh mi do'n mhonadh,
'N duil nach pillinn gu brath as.

'Us na faicinn a chailleach
 A bha na cadal sa Chràthach.*
 Cha tiginn as.

VII.

Cia mar chitheadh tu 'chailleach,
 'Bha na cadal sa Chràthach.
 Oir bha ghrian air an athar,
 'Us bha 'n latha ann an tràth sin.
 B'fhèarr gu'n gabhadh tu Srathan,
 Null thairis gu Aigeis.
 Mu'n do phill thu cho ghrad,
 Gu ar glacadh sa chàs so.
 Gun sinn dhol as.

VIII.

Cia mar sheasas mi 'n làrach
 'Us na mearlaich cho faisg orm.
 Ruigidh mise Mac-Phadruig,
 Gus an sàr e na th'aca.
 Gar 'm biodh aca gu phaigheadh,
 Ach a spàr 'us na cearcan.
 Theid a chunntadh na làthair,
 S cha bhi nàrachan tapaidh.
 S cha dean e math.

* The "Cràthach" lies between Glenmoriston and Strathglass, and was supposed to be inhabited by a Hag, with whom some of the passers by had at times fearful conflicts. The Hag was an object of terror, but always disappeared at dawn.

IX.

Ruigidh sinne fear lagha,
Cha dean cladhachd téum dhuinn
Saoil thu 'm paigh sinn da uair dhut
A mhin san t-uachdar le cheile.
Bho na phaigh mi do'n Osdair,
Na h-uile òl a bha 'n dè ann.
Feumaidh sinne laborras,
Mu'n dean thu dolaidh no eucoir,
Air neach sam bith.

X.

Cha dean sinn dolaidh air creutair.
Mar biodh eucoirich lamh ruinn,
Dheanadh naigheachd do bhreugan,
Agus sgeulachdan granda.
Bhiodh aig innseadh gu'n ghlac iad,
Anns a Ghlaisbheinn an t-àigeach.
Chuirinn buannachd 'na 'm pachda
Rud a mhaireadh gu brath dhoibh
Na 'm biodh iad ceart.

XI.

Mar do ghlac sinn e 'n Glaisbheinn,
Thug e astar na b'fhearr sinn.
Bha ruith nam fear cas-ruisgt',
Ann an glaic Doire-bhràghaid.
Chuir e Padruig le stachd,
'S chaidh Ian Glaiseach an càthair,

'S chaidh fear eile an slochd dhiubh,
'S thug am proidseach an àird e
Le tarruing mhath.

XII.

'S beag an t-ionadh e thachairt,
Ge d' bu bhacaich gu brath sibh.
Chaidh sibh shocach nan dearcag
'S bha sibh bristeadh na Sàbaid.
Chuireadh riaghailt' na h-eaglais,
Latha seasamh air Padruig.
Bho 'n bha chloinn air am baisteadh
Thoill e achmhasan granda,
Nach robh e glic.

The Grants of Glenmoriston

REMINISCENCES
HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL

REV. A. SINCLAIR
M.A., F.C.S.M.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

The Grants

to

Glennmoriston

REMINISCENCES

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL

BY J. A. BROWN
GLASSGOW



