






TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XX.

1894-96.





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Blaircastle July
26

Sir

my Lord Murray
is returned down the country
all the Atholl men have left
them since, Strathbrol
ackintully and Baron Keck
Straloch and they will not
bid my down coming to morrow
the rest of the territory
will be hard to morrow they
will joyn us and I suppose
to morrow you will have
an answer. so if you
have a mynd to preserve
your self and to serve
the king be in armes
to morrow that when this
letter comes you may be here
in a day all the good will
be with us blessed be god
I am Sir your most humble
my servant to your servant J. W. D. I.
all the loyall gentry of Baddnoch

P
Gaelic
G

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY

OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XX.

1894-96.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailean a Cheile.

Inverness:

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

1897.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS, the 20th, Volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness contains the proceedings of a year and a half—from July, 1894, to January, 1896. The two previous volumes also covered each one and a half years, and it is proposed that the 21st Volume, which will be at once commenced, will bring the Transactions down an equal length of time, ending with our last public meeting in May. As the material for Volume 21 is practically all in hand, it is expected that no delay will occur in its production, as has been the case with the present volume ; and the volume may be looked for by the beginning of the winter session. If this programme is carried out the Transactions will once again be up to date, a consummation always aimed at, though not so often realised as the Council could wish.

The death-roll among the members of the Society since January, 1895, has been long. Professor John Stuart Blackie, to whom the Gaelic Renaissance is due more than to any one man, died on the 2nd March, 1895. To his energy and enthusiasm was largely due the institution of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh ; and his books on Gaelic literature and on general Highland matters have always been illuminating and stimulating. Mr Colin Chisholm, who also, like Professor Blackie, was one of the seven Honorary Chieftains of the Society, died on the 12th November, 1895. He was an old and valued member, a faithful and enthusiastic attender at all the Society's meetings, a most important contributor to its Transactions—a man of manly form and mind and of ever-genial manner. Other deaths that must be mentioned are those of Bailie Alexander Mackenzie, of Silverwells, for several years a Chieftain of the Society, and a most active business member ; Mr John Mackay, "Ben Reay," whose researches into the history of the Highland regiments are of the highest value

(died 14th Nov., 1896); and just lately two good members have been removed—Mr John Noble, bookseller, of Inverness, who as collector and dispenser of Gaelic works was unrivalled; and Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the genial representative of an illustrious ancestry.

In home literature a good few books fall to be mentioned. In pure Gaelic work we have first our assistant secretary, Mr Alex. Macdonald, who has enriched the poetic literature of the Gael by his *Còinneach is Coille*. The second volume of the "Song-smith of Harris," Morrison's poems, has appeared under the editorial supervision of Dr George Henderson, who also shows much activity in contributing to the weekly journals excellent Gaelic matter. Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair has also added another volume to his "Gaelic Bards." The increased attention given in schools to Gaelic has produced quite a crop of Gaelic textual works. An excellent "Gaelic Grammar" has been published by Dr H. C. Gillies, who has set himself to bring Stewart's work up to date, and has succeeded. He has since published a shilling exercise book to accompany it. Mr Duncan Reid's *Course of Gaelic Grammar* has been almost two years in the field, and has been found a very practical work. Just lately Mr John Whyte published a shilling volume entitled "How to Read Gaelic," where Gaelic lessons and a concise Gaelic Grammar, the accuracy of which is beyond suspicion, claim *inter alia* to admirably suit the first stage of the Code Work. Mr Macbain's *Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language* is worthy to take its place beside any similar work done for any modern language in Europe; it is severely scientific, and evidently the result of much research and painstaking. In the domain of historical literature four or five works of first-class excellence have appeared since January, 1895. Not to appear invidious we shall take them in the order of time. Mr Alexander Mackenzie has "pegged out" another claim to be "The Clan Historian." This time he gives us the *History of the Frasers*, certainly the largest of his works, and, according to some good judges, the best. The first volume of *Clan Donald*, by the Revs. A. Macdonald, of Killearnan and

Kiltarlity, has fully borne out the high expectations held of it ; it is handsome in appearance, scholarly in execution, and fluent in diction. Mr William Mackay's *Presbyteries of Inverness and Dingwall* gives the records of these presbyteries for the 17th century—all that remain of them. In a preface of singular lucidity and conciseness he sums up the characteristics of life and belief in the Highlands of the 17th century as disclosed by these records, presenting the reader with a vivid, true, and hence sometimes startling, picture. Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D., for the title of LL.D. is now deservedly his, published lately his second series of *Antiquarian Notes*. They are practically an "Origines Parochiales" of Inverness-shire, where a vast mass of interesting and reliable information is given about every parish in the County. A volume on *Sutherland and the Reay Country*, by various hands, but edited by the Rev. Adam Gunn and Mr John Mackay, of the *Celtic Monthly*, is an eminently readable and informative book. The same may be said about Sheriff Rampini's *Moray and Nairn*, in Blackwood's "County Histories" series.

As regards general Celtic literature, the last two years have shown more activity in the publication of articles and texts in periodicals than in the production of books. A new periodical bearing on Celtic philology has been added to the list—this time "made in Germany!" It is the *Zeitschrift* for Celtic Philology, a friendly rival to the *Revue Celtique*; and another periodical on Celtic Archaeology is being brought out. Most important articles have been published by Dr L. C. Stern, on the "Ossianic Question," and it is hoped that Mr Robertson, H.M.I.S., may find time to fulfil his kind promise of translating them for this Society, as he has already done this session in the case of Dr Windisch's similar article. Professor Zimmer has edited, in conjunction with Mommsen, a critical editor of "Gildas and Nennius," putting these important documents in the early history of Britain in their proper place and relation. Dr Kuno Meyer published some Irish tales about the Celtic Paradise, under the title of the *Voyage of Bran*, and Mr Nutt contributed a luminous addendum, dealing with the ideas of Celts and others about the "other world." Dr Stokes

has published the *Martyrology of Gorman*, with his usual thoroughness in the way of introduction, notes, and glossaries.

While Gaelic literary activity has been great within the Highland Borders for the last two years, an outside interest of a remarkable kind in Celtic literature has sprung up. This movement, taken in connection with the activity of the London Irish Literary Society, has been called the "Celtic Renaissance;" its leading figures are—Mr William Sharp, Professor Patrick Geddes, and "Fiona Macleod," whoever that enigmatical personage may be. Mr Sharp and his wife edited a *Lyræ Celtica*, an anthology of all Celtic poetry; and the former edited a centenary edition of "Ossian"—James Macpherson died in 1796. Miss Fiona Macleod has written several books, purporting to be, or to be founded on, traditional stories of the Gael; but unfortunately her method is Macpherson's over again in regard to the history, customs, and beliefs of the people, and her Gaelic, when her own, is of the like manufactured quality. Mr Neil Munro published a volume of traditional and descriptive stories, entitled the "Lost Pibroch," where he attempts, with no little success, to do for the Highlands what Mr Quiller-Couch has been doing for Cornwall. Another outsider, one, however, who disclaims all connection with—and is, indeed, the severe critic of—the Celtic Renaissance, published this spring a work that has caused a sensation both in the Highlands and everywhere else. This was Mr Lang's work, entitled "Pickle the Spy," in which he strives to prove that the spy who reported on the doings of Prince Charlie about the years 1752-54, under the title of "Pickle" and "Jeanson," was none other than young Macdonell of Glengarry. How far Mr Lang has made good his contention it seems at present premature to say.

The more full recognition of Gaelic in Highland schools is a topic that has agitated the various Gaelic and Highland Societies throughout Britain during the past half year. In March a strong deputation from these Societies waited on Lord Balfour, Secretary for Scotland, and laid their case ably before him. As a means of developing intelligence, of gaining literary culture, and so, on a lower scale, of earning money for the schools, not to

mention the national side of the question, it was claimed that Gaelic might be more utilised—might be used as an extra class subject, for instance. Lord Balfour's reply, though naturally savouring of the official *non-possumus* style, was not discouraging. It may be well to point out how far Gaelic is now recognised by the Code:—(1) The children's intelligence may be tested in Gaelic; (2) with this view an extra Gaelic-speaking P.T., with an extra grant, may be employed where the headmaster cannot himself teach through Gaelic the junior classes; (3) Gaelic may be taken as a specific subject on the same terms as Latin or French; (4) Gaelic-speaking P.T.s receive at their first examination for entering Training Colleges 80 marks extra to other P.T.s for Gaelic, according, of course, to the pass they make in that language. Gaelic is also recognised in the Code for the Evening Continuation Schools, and has been well taken advantage of, with good results.

INVERNESS, *July, 1897.*

COMUNN GAELIC INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgrìobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuneas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhìon; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhithas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarraidair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le cranachur, fithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dlìgheach, feumaidh trì buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas guothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "Gaelic Society of Inverness."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic Poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0 10 6
Ordinary Members	0 5 0
Apprentices	0 1 0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7 7 0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of

Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn ; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thois-each an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrìan de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhtha.

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic ; five to form a quorum.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll ; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth ; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1895

CHIEF.

Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant.

CHIEFTAINS.

Duncan Campbell.
William Macdonald.
John L. Robertson, H.M.I.S.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of
Scotland.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

Colin Chisholm.
William Fraser.
Alex. Macbain, M.A.
John Macdonald.
R. Macleod.

LIBRARIAN.

William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Neil Macleod, Edinburgh

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1896

CHIEF.

J. E. B. Baillie, Esq. of Doch-
four, M.P.

CHIEFTAINS.

James Fraser, C.E.
Alex. Macbain, M.A.
John L. Robertson, H.M.I.S.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of
Scotland.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

John Macdonald.
Duncan Mactavish.
William Fraser.
Alex. Mackenzie.
Wm. Macdonald.

LIBRARIAN.

William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Neil Macleod, Edinburgh.

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Twenty-second Annual Assembly was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday, 12th July, 1894, and proved one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The attendance, every available seat being occupied, included Highlanders from all parts, who had come to do business in the great Wool Fair of the year, and to which this annual concert forms somewhat the nature of an introduction. The hall was artistically adorned for the occasion, the tartans of the various clans, neatly draped, forming a harmonious colouring and setting for the stags' heads, specimens of ancient armour, and other adjuncts of Highland decoration, which altogether lent an air of character to the gathering. For the second time in succession Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, as Chief of the Society, occupied the chair, and, with a considerable number of other gentlemen, wore the dress of his clan. Supporting the Chairman on the platform were Provost Ross; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Mr Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Rev. Dr Norman Macleod; Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Scottish Highlander*; Mr William Mackay, Craigmonie; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Kilearnan; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr Donald Fraser, Augusta, Georgia; Mr Colin Chisholm; Mr A. F. Steele, Bank of Scotland; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Silverwells; Dr Moir; Rev. Mr Macqueen; Mr Mackinnon, Drummond; Major R. A. Fraser; Rev. William Davidson, Oban; Rev. Mr MacConnachie, Paisley; Mr Alexander Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Mr J. E. Horrigan, Inland Revenue, and Mr D. Mackintosh, Secretary to the Society.

The Chairman, who was very cordially received, said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—By the favour of the Committee of Management, I have been honoured by re-election as your chief. This has involved my making three public appearances within the year,

and I almost fear you will have had enough of me, and feel, if you don't express it, "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." However, here I am, and though it is time I were put on the retired list, yet I can say for myself that the youngest of the Society is not more hearty in its objects, nor more willing to assist in carrying them out. In the name of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, I bid this large audience a hearty welcome, and trust the programme will meet with your approbation. The past half-year has been one of great activity in Highland literature, and several of our members have again distinguished themselves. I would specially refer to Mr Mackay's book on the parish of Urquhart and Glenmoriston. Mr Mackay is one of the founders of the Society, and has been closely connected with it ever since. In this volume he has treated his subject with skill and erudition, and withal, so modestly as to be a pattern and example for me and other writers to follow. I observe with interest that "Nether-Lochaber" and he have crossed swords as to "Monie," and when "Greek meets Greek then comes the tug-of-war." Far be it from me to interfere rashly, but I do suggest to Mr Mackay that he should call in and make "Mealfourvonie" a part of his testimony. If every parish in the county had its historian, Inverness-shire by itself would form a respectable library. I cordially approve of Nether-Lochaber's suggestion that a fitting memorial of the seven men of Glenmoriston, who directed Prince Charlie's fortunes when they were at their lowest, should be erected. I am quite sure that it has only to be submitted to the public, when sufficient subscriptions will be received to raise a handsome monument to mark the respect that we in these days have for those men whose names are held in the most respectful remembrance. Then my friend Mr Mackenzie, that indefatigable writer of clan histories, has brought out a new edition of the Clan Mackenzie, a fact most creditable to the enterprise and position of that Clan, and showing their undoubted status and continued progress. It also shows in a remarkable degree, particularly to those who are connected with Celtic literature, which seldom or ever pays, that there is a demand for such works. But Mr Mackenzie is going further. I believe he is now engaged on the History of the Frasers, and now-a-days, he must be a bold man who will take it upon himself to write a history of the Clan Fraser, when he considers what has happened in the field and in the Courts of Law in olden times. He also must be very careful in face of the prophesy of Coinneach Odhar that the two Clans will again meet, and the Rivers Conon and Beauily will run in blood. I will myself

be curious to see how Mr Mackenzie deals, for instance, with the marriage of the elderly lady of Tarbat, with the Lord Lovat aged sixteen, the Prestonhall and Frazerdale questions, and whether he will condemn, alleviate, or exculpate. We shall see what the results will be. There has been produced within the last six months, under the superintendence of Mr Macbain of Rainings' School, a second volume of *Reliquiæ Celticæ*. The publication of the Clanranald and Fernaig Manuscripts is really an era in the history of our literature. One thing these brought out is the prominence assigned to Sir Alexander Macdonald in the times of Montrose. It is too true that Macdonald and his followers have, in far too great a degree, being either accused of crimes and cruelties or relegated to a back seat. The reputation of the great Montrose, his career and actions, were such as to make it quite unnecessary to belittle the exertions of others, his allies and followers. The learned editor would have done well, in the Fernaig MS. case, in recognition of the frailty of the Gaelic of many of us, to have given an English translation; but Mr Macbain, who has borne the leading part, has done his work nobly, and I am glad to see that he is now engaged on a new Gaelic Dictionary. Dr Cameron's translations of some hymns is beyond praise, and I may specially mention the ancient and touching one, beginning with the line, "O mother, dear Jerusalem." He has shown what a wealth and what a power there is in the Gaelic language. I have also been delighted to see that Mr Henry Whyte, so well-known under the name of Fionn, and Mr Macfarlane have published a little book of Gaelic songs for use in schools. This is, in truth, an advance step most gratifying to all lovers of music, especially when I recollect, and many on the platform recollect, the difficulty, not many years ago, of getting Gaelic recognised in the code. The most beautiful of our songs have generally been composed by dwellers in the country, and it has been thought that without actual knowledge of country life in youth, no good songs can be composed. But we must not forget that there are now living in our large towns many to whom the country is comparatively unknown, but who are descended of the soil, cherish the traditions of the place of their birth, and speak and sing in the Gaelic tongue. I desire that by the teaching of Highland music in schools further facilities be given for its acquisition, and that where the gift exists, it may find voice and expression even in the back streets of great cities. The programme has this year been modified, so as to make the musical portion more peculiarly Highland than formerly. I hope this will be appreciated and now shall no further trespass on your attention, but call on the first performer.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness, delivered the usual Gaelic address, speaking as follows:—

Fhir-na-Cathrach, a Bhaintighearnan, 's a dhaoin-uaisle—Tha e na chleachdach a bhi labhairt focal no dha, aig a choinneamh bhliadhna so, ann an 'cainnt ar mathar—a Ghailig bhinn, cheol-mhor. Agus gu dearbh bu narach agus maslach an gnothuich n'am bithidh buill Comuinn Gailig Inbhirnis a' caithidh an fheasgar so gun focal Gailig 'nan cinn. Ach is ann a tha againn, oranain, ceol, 'us dannsa a chuireadh aoibhneas air Ossian Aosda fein na'n robh e n'ar comunn an nochd. 'S e so an dara uair a chuir luchd riaghlaidh a Chomuinn an t-urram ormsa an oraid Ghailig a thoirt seachad, oir aon bliadhna diag o'n nochd labhair mi ribh 'sa Ghailig. Cha 'n eil fios agam carson chaidh iarraidh ormsa an t-searmoin so thoirt duibh, oir mar is trice, aig leithid so do dh' am, 's e ministear a tha dol na chubaid. Tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil an comunn tiun, agus uime sin a cuir feum air leighiche, oir cha robh e riamh cho laidir, slan, falain, 's tha e nochd. *Anns a cheud aite*, dh' iarrainn a bhi 'g ainmeachadh mu bhas Mr Andrea MacCoinnich, ministear Chill-a-mhoraig, a thachair o'n choinnich sinn an so mu dheireadh. B' esan a thug a cheud oraid seachad aig steidheachadh a Chomuinn—seanar uasal, foghlumta, agus ard sgolair Gailig. Ach bu choir dhuinn a bhi taingean an uair a tha aon saighdear a' tuiteam, gu 'm beil fear eile air eiridh na aite. Anns a bhaile so fein, tha againn fìor sgolair Gailig ann am Mr MacBeathainn; agus bithidh sibh toileach a chluinntinn gum beil am Foclair Gailig a bha e cuir ri cheile airson iomadh bliadhna a nise gu bhi ullamh. Cha 'n ann na h-uile la thig leithid a leabhar air tir. Leabhar eile dh-iarrainn ainmeachadh—"Eachdraidh Urchudain 'us Ghlinne Morustain," le mo charaid 'us m' fhearr duthcha Mr MacAoidh—leabhar a tha lan eolais agus fiosrachadh mu'n Taobh-tuath—agus companach ro mbath air oidhehe fhada gheamhraidh. Tha mi an dochas nach bu Gaidheil eadar so agus *Australia* agus *America* nach faigh an da leabhar so. Airson m' fhear cinnidh, Mr Alastair MacCoinnich, seanachaidh nam fineachan Gaidhealach, cha 'n eil tamh air a latha no oidhehe ach a sgrìobhadh eachdraidh fine air chor eigin. Tha mi tuigsinn gu'm beil na "Frisealaich" gu bhi gu h-aithghearr an lamhan an luchd leughaidh, agus tha mi cinnteach gu'm bi i cho foghlumta ris na chaidh roimpe. Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm bi na Frisealacih na'n leughdairean cho math ri Clann 'Ic Coinnich, air chor 's gu'm bi clo-bhualadh eile air iarraidh air ball, mar a thachair do'n fhine agam fein. Gu dearbh tha bhriathra a Bhaird air teachd gu teach:—

“Nis togaidh na Gaidheil an ceann,
 'S cha bhi iad am fang nis mo ;
 Bidh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na choir.”

Agus c' arson nach bitheadh sin mar sin. Nach 'eil againn Ard fhear-teagaisg na Gailig an Oil-Thigh Dhuinedin ; nach 'eil Parlamaid a' toirt airgiod airson a bhi ga teagasg 's na sgoilean. Cha robh i riamh cho measal aig uaisle 'us daoine foghlumta 's tha i an diugh. Cha 'n eil aobhar sam bith a nise gun deanadh fear teagaisg 'san taobh-tuath a leithid do mhearachd eagalach 's a rinn ministear araidh roimhe so. Aon la bha e dol o'n taigh ; agus a chionn 's gun robh e dol an rathad garbh, goirid, agus cha'n ann an rathad fada reidh, thug e ordugh dha sheirbheiseach an *diollaid* a chur air an each anns na briathra so :—“ Ian, Cuir an *Diabhl* air an each, oir tha mise dol do'n aite 's miosa an diugh”—fior droch eisemclair o'n bhuachaille do'n treud ! Mar chanan aosmhor 's mar chanan binn, blasmhor, bu choir dhuinn a Ghailig a chumal suas—

“Ma chreideas sinn MacAlpains fiughal
 B' i Ghailig tus nan canan ;
 Bh' aig Adamh anns a ghara dh ur
 Mus d' fhuair e cunadh Shatain.”

Ach co dhiubh a labhair Adamh i gus nach do labhair, cha 'n eil e deanamh moran eadar-dhealachadh, Tha aon ni cinnteach—labhair m' athair 's mo mhathair-se i agus iomadh duine coir agus bean mhath eile—

“Tha Ghailig cruadalach, cruaidh, sgairteal
 Do dhaoin' uaisle reachdmhor, laidir ;
 'N am treubhantais na gaisge
 'S i 's deas fhacalaich 'san ait' ud.

“Tha i ciuin an cuisean fialaidh
 Chur an gniohm a briathra blatha ;
 Tha i corr a sgoilteadh reusan
 Chum daoine gun cheil 'chur samhach.

“S i fhuair sinn o'n na parantan
 A rinn ar n-arach og ;
 'S i bu mhath leinn fagal
 Aig an al a tha teachd oirn.”

'S an dara aite, bheirinn comhairle do'n mhuintir og a rugadh 's a dh' araicheadh am measg nam beann. "Lean gu dluth ri cliu da shinnsear, 'us na dibir bhi mar iadsan." Dh' ullaich am Freasdal fialaidh gach ni tha freagarach airson a bhi cumail suas inntinean 'us cuirp an luchd aiteachaidh. Tha oranan 'us ceol a bhuineas do gach duthaich tha freagarach 'us nadurach do mhuintir na duthcha sin. Na bitheadh sibhse, uime sin, coltach ri rocas ga sgeadachadh fein le iteagan peacrig agus a toirt a chreidsinn oirbh fein gur iad oranan 'us ceol na h-Eadailte is fearr air bhur sonsa no oranan 'us ceol na Gaidhealtachd. Bheirinn a nise comhairle lighiche oirbh—gun a bhi 'g iarraidh or no airgiod oirbh. Ithibh na nithe sin a tha fas 'nar duthaich fein—lite agus bainne, buntata agus sgadan, agus feol muilt a' chinn duibh. Thubhairt an t-oran.

"Feumaidh mnathan uaisle ti,
'Sgur goirt an cinn mur faigh iad i."

Cha'n ann 's na Imsean no an *China* a rugadh sibh air chor 's gum bi sibh a ol ti a dh' oidheche 's do latha. Is bronach a bhi faicinn gillean 'us caileagan oga le gruidhean glasa 'us cuirp chaola a chiom 's gu'm beil iad a deanamh dimeas air a bliadh 's an deoch a dh' ullaich am Freasdal dhoibh. Tha moran do thrioblaidean a dol an diugh nach cuala 's nach d'fhairich ar seanairean ni mu'n deibhinn. Ach tha so ga mo thoirt gu *treas ceann na searmoin*. Cha 'n fhas buntata no coirce air na sraidean, uime sin feumaidh an talamh a bhi air aiteachadh, agus air a chur gus an fheum airson an deach a chruthachadh. 'S e cheisd mhor, cha'n e a mhain anns a Ghaelteachd ach air feadh na rioghachd gu leir—Ciamar is urrainn sinn an sluagh a thoirt air ais gus an duthaich a rithist? Canaidh mi so—agus b' fhearr leam gun tuigeadh gach neach 'am eisdeachd mi—gu'm beil an Cruithear a ghna ni 's glisce 's ni 's caoimhneile na'n creutair; agus cha'n urrainn neach air bith bristeadh air ruintean 'us air laghannan an Uile-Chnumhachdaich gum a bhi fulang call agus peanas airson a dheanadas. Mar thubhairt mi ribh a cheana, mur ith sibh am biadh a dh' ullaich am Freasdal air nar son, fulaingidh sibh nar slainte; 'us mar d'theid talamh na tìre a chuir gus a' bhuil airson an deach a chruthachadh, tha'n riaghachd gu leir a fulang call. Agus chan'eil neach 'sam bith a cur an teagamh nach b'e run Freasdail gum bitheadh na glinn bhoidheach, 's na srathan tarbhach, 's na sliosan uaine air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air an aiteachadh le daoine 's le mnathan, 's le clann bhig, agus cha'n ann le fiadh-bheathaichean na'm machrach. Ach gu co-dhunadh mo shearmoin. Air mo shon fhein tha mi lan dochas agus creideamh

a thaobh na Gaidhealtachd. Bithidh na glinn fathast air an lionadh le sluagh. Bithidh seidrich an eich iarruina ri chluinntinn dol troimh na glinn, 'us thairis air na monaidhean, agus cuiridh e eagal 'us broilein air chrith air gach buidseach 'us bocan, gach sithiche 'us each-uisge, air chor's nach faicear's nach cluinnear gu brath tuilleadh iad. Bithidh sluagh, cruadalach, laidir, falain ag aiteachadh tir nam beann; agus iadsan's na Bailtean-mora tha cuir feum air slainte cuirp na fois inntinn, thigeadh iad do'n Taobh-tuath, 'us gheibh iad na bhitheas a dhith orra. Gu ma fada beo sibh, Fhir-na-Cathrach, agus Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, chum a bhi toirt mun cuairt na nithe math agus feumal sin.

A hearty vote of thanks, on the call of Provost Ross, to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh for his conduct in the chair and the interest he takes in the Society was cordially awarded. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh expressed his thanks, and proposed a similar compliment to the performers.

The following is a copy of the programme for the evening, which was carried out successfully. The Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, and Pipe-Major Ferguson, 1st Batt. V.C.H., supplied pipe music during the evening, which was much appreciated. Miss Cosey Fraser presided at the piano.

PART FIRST.

Address.....	CHAIRMAN.
Song.....	"Cam' ye by Athol" Mrs MUNRO.
Song (Gaelic).....	"Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd" Miss LIZZIE B. MACKAY (Glasgow).
Song (Gaelic).....	"Macgregor's Gathering" Mr R. MACLEOD.
Song (Gaelic).....	"The Tocherless Lass" ("Gun chrodh gun Aighean") Miss RODA TAIT.
Piano and Violin Selection.....	Scotch Airs Mrs MUNRO and Mr WATT.
Song.....	"The March of the Cameron Men" Mr J. A. CALDER.
Piano and Bagpipes.....	Selection of Highland Airs Major R. A. FRASER and Pipe-Major R. MACKENZIE.
Song.....	"The Bonnie Brier Bush" Mrs MUNRO.
Dance.....	Scotch Reel Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Song.....	"Lochnagar" Miss LIZZIE B. MACKAY.
<i>Interval of Five Minutes.</i>	
Bagpipe Music by Pipe-Major RONALD MACKENZIE, Piper to the Society, and Dance.	

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

PART SECOND.

Address (Gaelic).....	Dr F. M. MACKENZIE.
Song.....	“The Flowers o’ the Forest” Miss LIZZIE B. MACKAY.
Song.....	“Ann Fleasgach dounn” Miss RODA TAIT.
Dance.....	“Reel of Tulloch” Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Piano and Violin Selections.....	Scotch Airs Mrs MUNRO and Mr WATT.
Song.....	“A’r, fal al-al-O” Miss LIZZIE B. MACKAY.
Song.....	“Oran na Cailleach” Mr R. MACLEOD.
Song.....	“Willie’s gane to Melville Castle” Mrs MUNRO. “Auld Langsyne.”

The following song to the Society was composed for the occasion by Mrs Mary Macpherson, the Skye poetess:—

ORAN DO’N CHOMUNN GHAILIG.

A Chomuinn rioghail runaich,
 Air tus a’ choisinn buaidh,
 Tha cruinn aig Clach-na-Cudainn,
 Ag urachadh air cumhnantan,
 Gun dian sibh coir ’ur duthcha,
 Gu cliuiteach mar bu dual,
 Bho ’ur ceannard Friseil Mac-an Toisich,
 Is moralach ra luaidh.

’S coir dhuinn a bhi taingeil,
 Nach eil air cainnt fo’n uir,
 ’S gu bheil i falainn comhlionta,
 Fo bhratach luchd na’n feilidhnean,
 ’S na ciadan agaibh cruinn a nochd,
 Le aoimhneas air ur gnuis,
 A tighinn ga dian bho Thir na Beann,
 Gu Baile-Cinn nan Tur.

’Sibhse oighreachan na ’n uaislean,
 A tha nochd nan suain gun chainnt,
 ’Chuir a Ghailig air ur guailleann,
 Gun chiorum na gun truailleadh,

Bu chairdeil rithe Cluainidh,
'S bu shuairc e air a ceann
Ach bidh cuimhn air "Sgiathanach" nam buadh
Cho fad 's bhios buar air gleann.

Gu soirbhich leis na h-armuinn,
'S gach cearnaidh bhos us thall,
Tha cumail suas ar Canain,
'S nach leig a chaoidh gu lar i,
Sliochd onarach nan Gaidheal,
Chaidh arach feadh nan Gleann
'S nuair bheirear dhachaidh leis a bhas sibh
Bidh 'ur n' al ga seinn.

Beanneachd leibh a chairdean,
Tha snaithne 'ruidh gu cheann
'S a reir cursa naduir,
Bithidh mise ga nar fagail,
Ach eiridh cuid na'm aite,
Leis an deanar dain us rainn
'S a chumas cuimhn' air cliu na 'm bard
Cho fad 's bhios Gailig ann.

MAIRI NIGHEAN IAIN BHAIN.

12th DECEMBER, 1894.

At the meeting on this date the following gentleman was elected a member of the Society, viz., the Rev. Alex. Macdonald, Muasdale, Kintyre. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper, contributed by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Nova Scotia, entitled "Unpublished Gaelic Songs, with Notes." Mr Sinclair's paper was as follows:—

OLD GAELIC SONGS.

Teachdaireachd Mhic-Cailein gu Macdhomhnuill

'S mis' a bheithir laidir, bhorb,
'S maig a bheanadh ri m' cholg.
Ge b'e 'bheireadh am mach m' fhearg
Tha i dearg mar dhriothlunn òrd.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Teachdaireachd Mhic-Dhomhnuill gu Mac-Cailein.

'S mairg a bheanadh ri m' shamhuil,
 Mar cheann nathrach 's a teang air chrith.
 Tha mi geur an deigh mo bhearradh,
 Beist air bun a h-earra 'dh 'ith.

—*From Dr Maclean's M.S.*

IORRAM.

Do dh-Iain Garbh, Triath Chola.

I.

'Rìgh, nach eireadh i tuath,
 'S i 'bhi sìobhalta, buan,
 'S gu'n togadh ar n-uaislean breid rith,
 'Rìgh, nach eireadh, &c.

II.

A Rìgh fheartaich nan dùl,
 Cum an soirbheas sin ciuin,
 'S gu'n gabhadh mo run na dheigh e.

III.

Ceann mo thaighe gu ceart,
 'M fear a's urranta smachd,
 Criosd ga d' choimhead 's gach feachd 'an deid thu.

IV.

Dhuit a b' fhasan cho thùs,
 A bhi dileas do'n chrùn,
 Gun bhi foilleil an cùis fo'n ghrein da.

V.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n t-ainm
 Leis 'n do bhaisteadh Iain Garbh ;
 S og a rinn mi sùil-leanabas deideig.

VI.

Mac na lanaine ceart
 'Dheonaich Dia 'san aon ghlaic ;
 'S fhuair sibh dioladh gu maith d'a reir sin.

VII.

Tha mi tamull gun suain,
Agus m' aigne fo ghruaim ;
Moir,' tha ionndraichinn bhuaain a's leir dhomh.

VIII.

Gum b'e 'n t-ogh' ud bho Eoin
Is bho nighinn Mhic-Leoid,
'S mac na deagh mhna o'n Mhorthir m' eudail.

IX.

Gu'n robh freagrath 'ud cheann,
Agus deasbad neo-ghann,
'N Gaidhlig, Laidinn, is Fraingis, 's Beurla.

X.

Gu'n robh susbainn 'ad chorp,
Agus uaisle gun spot,
'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach'

XI.

Craobh de'n iubhar a b' fhearr,
'Bu mhath lùth agus fàs,
As a choille a b' airde geugan.

XII.

Leam bu taitneach an geard
'Bha mu d' thimchioll 'san aite ;
B' ann de dh-abhall do gharaidh fein e.

XIII.

Mo chreach an tanaistear og,
Leis an rachadh tu 'd dheoin,
'Bhi ga t' fhaicinn gun deo 'ad chreubhaig.

XIV.

'S mairg do'n uachdaran og
'Bhi ga t' fhaicinn fo leon ;
Ged a thuit thu bu chonspunn cheud thu.

XV.

Bhi ga t' fhaicinn gun deo
An àr cumaisg nan sròl,
'Fhir a leanadh an toir 's nach geilleadh.

XVI.

Tha do chinneadh fo sprochd
 O'n la chaidh do lot ;
 'S ann bha 'n diubhalas goirt fo d' leine.

XVII.

'N caisteal tubaistech bh' ann
 Mu'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 Rìgh, bu shoilleir ar call mu dheibhinn.

Lachlan Maclean, 8th of Coll, married Marion, daughter of John Macdonald of Moidart, by his wife Marion, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod, Ruairi Mor. Lachlan was drowned in Lochaber 1687. He was succeeded by his only son John, Iain Garbh. John, who was a promising youth, was killed whilst pursuing his studies in Edinburgh. He was killed by a splinter from a grenade which had been fired to disperse a mob. He was in the eighteenth year of his age.

ORAN AIR STOIRM MHARA.

I.

Moch sa mhaduinn Di-domhnaich
 Mur nach d' ordaich am focal,
 Ghluais sinn 'mach bho 'n t-seann doirlinn,
 'S a rìgh, bu bhoidheach ar coltas.
 Bha trì fichead fo sheol diu
 Ann an ordagh 'dol dachaidh ;
 'S mor m' eagal 's mo churam
 Nach deid bhur cunntas a fhabhail.

II.

'S mor mo churam mu 'n Eachann
 So a dhealaich an de rium ;
 'S truagh nach mise bha lamh riut
 Nuair a theann i ri seideadh ;
 Naile dheanainn riut fuireach
 Mar a b' urrainn mi-fein deth ;
 'N t-og ur dha 'n robh mhisneach,
 'S mor an it as mo sgeith thu.

III.

Nuair a chaochail, a ghaoth oirnn,
 Rìgh ! gum b' aoghuidh sud dhuinne,

Bha gach fear mar a dh' fhaodadh
Gleidheadh aodaich, 's bu duilich.
Ach nuair bhuail i air seideadh
'S ann a b' eigin dhuinn tilleadh ;
Bha sinn uile ga 'r sgaoileadh
Mar threud chaorach roimh shionnach.

IV.

Nuair a rainig mi 'chabag,
Rìgh, bu ghrann'd' i ri 'faicinn.
Bha gach duine na eigin,
Gun solus greine no gealaich,
Ri oidhche ghairbh, dhorchach
'S ri stoirm chlacha-meallain ;
'S sinn a ruith le croinn ruisgte,
'S muir dhu-ghorm 'dol tharruinn.

V.

An sin thubhairt Anna,
'S i a fanaid le uaill oirn,
'S mor m' eagal 's mo churam
Nach giulain mi 'm fuaradh,
'S tric a chuir thu mi, 'mheirlich,
Ann an gabhadh bu chruaidhe ;
Thoir an aire do m' stiuradh,
'S na biodh curam a chuain ort.

VI.

Na biodh curam mu m' aois ort,
No as na saoir 'bha gam chumadh ;
Dh' fhag iad mise cho laidir
Ri aon bhàt th' air an turas.
Cum bho rochdan 's bho ruadh mi,
'S bithibh cruadalach umam ;
'S naile ruigidh mi Leodhas
Ged bhiodh moran a muigh dhiu.

The man from whom I got this poem says that it was composed by Murdoch Mackenzie, Murchadh Mor, Fear Aichealaidh. I suspect that it is of a much later date than the days of Murchadh Mor.

ORAN.

Le Domhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth-Fhionndainn, an uair a
bha e sa phrìosan.

I.

Gura mi 'th' air mo sgaradh
Bho thoiseach an carraich ;
Tha mo chas air a sparradh fo dhéile,
Gura mi, &c.

II.

B' fhearr gu'n digeadh an t-aiteamh,
Is gu 'm falbhadh an sneachda,
Is gu'n teannadh gach aigheadh ri 'cheile.

III.

B' fhearr gu 'm faicteadh mo chairdean
'Tigh'nn a staigh le Creig Phadruig,
Is cha b' fhada 'bhiodh cabhsair ga reiteach.

IV.

'S iad a chuireadh an gradan,
Ri duthaich nan adag,
Chan fhagadh iad caisteal ri 'cheile.

V.

'S iad gu'n cuireadh an sgùradh
Fo luchd nan gruag fudair ;
Chan fhagadh iad luth an coig cend diu.

VI.

Bhidhinn cinnteach a 'r cruadal
'N am an claidheabh a bhualadh ;
Chuirteadh laigh' air na Tuathaich nach eireadh.

VII.

Bhidhinn earboach a 'r dillseachd
Nach fagteadh mi 'm prìosan,
'S gu 'm faighinn a risd air an reidhleinn.

VIII.

Ach na ciurraibh an gobhainn,
Ged a dh' fhagainn e 'm dheoghaidh ;
'S ro mhath 's aithne dhomh co e gan geill e.

IX.

Tha e mhuinntir Mhic-Shimie,
Sliochd an t-sar chinne-cinnidh
'N uair a tharladh gorch fine ri cheile.

X.

Luchd nam breacanan loinneil,
Is nan claidheannan soilleir,
Nach robh riamh am brath foille 'righ Seumas.

XI.

Tha sibh 'm barail an drasta
Gu bheil Sim agaibh caillte,
Ach bidh e fhathast air Cabhsair Dhun-Eideann.

XII.

Olc air mhath le 'r luchd diumba,
Bidh sibh 'n uachdar na cuise,
'S bidh fir Athuill a cunntas an leir chreach.

Gun Leannadh gach aigheadh ri cheile.—There was a disagreement between Donald Donn and Coll of Keppoch. John Lom was also opposed to Donald Donn. Donald Donn had killed his son in a duel. An Gobhainn.—The blacksmith was a Fraser who was in jail with Donald Donn. It is well-known that Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and the Marquis of Athole were bitter enemies. The trouble between them began in 1696. Lord Lovat was condemned to be executed in 1698, and fled to France in 1702. Donald Donn was put to death, but in what year I do not know. It is probable, however, that it was not earlier than 1698.

ORAN.

Mu bhlar Sliabh-an-t-Siorraim.
- Le Sile na Ceapaich.

I.

'Mhic-Coinnich bho 'n traigh,
'S e 'n gnìomh nar mar theich thu ;
'N uair a chunnaic thu 'm blar
'S ann a thàir thu 'n t-eagal.
Rinn thu coig-mìle-deug
Gun t' each sreìn a chasadh ;
Bha claidheabh ruisgt' ann ad dhorn
Gun fhear-cleoc' a leagail.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Ho ro agus ho,
 Ho ro an t-eagal ;
 Mo mhallachd gu leir
 An deigh na theich dhiu.

II.

Fire, faire, 'Lochiall,
 Sud mar thriall do ghaisgich,
 Nan ruith leis an t-sliabh
 Lan fiamh is gealtachd ;
 Ged is iomad fear mor
 Bha mu Lochaidh agaibh,
 'S thall 's a bhos mu Ghleann-Laoigh,
 'S mu dha thaobh Loch-Airceig !
 Fir nach seasadh ri teine
 'S an cnap geire nan achlais.

III.

Theich Gordanaich uainn
 Le luaths an casan ;
 Agus cinneadh an righ,
 Lan spid is maslaidh.
 Clann-Fhionghain bu luath
 Air ruaig le gealtachd ;
 Theich buidheann nam faochag
 Gun aodach dhachaidh.

IV.

Fir Athuill is Bhaideanaich
 Dh' fhalbh iad uile ;
 Theich iad bho 'n bhlar
 Gun stàth, gun fhuireach.
 Cha robh iad ach sgàthach
 'Bhualadh bhuillean ;
 'S cha b' fhearr iad na mathair
 Gu namhaid fhullang.

V.

Ach, a Raibeart nam bo,
 'S mor an sgleo a thachair ;
 Bho 'n bhan-righ nach beo
 Fhuair thu or am pailteas.
 Gheall thu corr is coig ceud
 De dh-fhearaihbh treuna, sgairteil ;

'S cha b'fhiach iad am biadh
An t-aon chiad a bh' agad.

VI.

An t-Alasdair Ciar
Chaidh e sìos an rathad,
Gu cruadalach dian
'N uair bha 'n triath laighe.
Bha Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich
Air do thaobh 's bu mhath iad ;
'S iad a cha-idh air ghleus
Nuair a dh' eubh thu claidheabh.

Air chalmain duinn, O !
Gun d' fhalbh ar Caiptin ;
Call iu ri o,
Cha dain' e dhachaidh.

VII.

'S iad nach tilleadh 's a bhlar,
No an lathair gaisge
'S nach gabhadh bonn sgàth
Roimh namhaid fhaicinn.
Fìr ghasda mo ruin
Nach diultadh aiteal,
'S a chuireadh an ruaig
Nuair bu chruaidh am baiteal.

The Mackinnons are spoken of as buidheann nam faochag, simply because they lived on the seashore, and not in such an inland district as Lochaber. The sixth verse refers to the fall of that accomplished and popular chieftain Ailein Muideartach, and to the exclamation of Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry, Alasdair Ciar, when he found Allan's followers mourning over him, "Revenge to-day and mourning to-morrow."

RANNAN.

Le Sile na Ceapaich.

I.

'Chaoidh chan urrainn mi gu bràth
Dol 'thoirt cunntais ann do chàch
Air na rug orm eadar da Dhi-Sathairne.

II.

'Chiad Di-Sathairne 'bha dhiu
Chuir mi Anna bhuam do'n uir,
Bu tric o ghluais mi gu sugradh aighearrach.

III.

'N ath Dhi-Sathoirne na dheigh,
Thug e malairt dhomh am cheill ;
Gu'n do liubhair mi 'Mhac De m' fheartaighe bhuam.

IV.

'S tric a shuidh thu, 'ghaoil, gam choir,
Thu gam amharc 's mi leith-bheo,
Is cha chaomhnadh tu an t-or a chaitheamh rium.

The poetess was nearly cut off by a severe illness some time before the death of her husband.

ORAN BROIN.

Le Sile na Ceapaich.

I.

'S i so 'bhliadhna 's fhaide 'chlaoidh mi,
Gun cheol, gun aighear, gun fhaoilteas ;
Mi mar bhàt' air traigh air sgaioleadh,
Gun stiuir, gun seol, gun ramh, gun taoman.

O 's coma leam fhin co dhiu sin
Mire, no aighear, no sugradh,
An diugh o'n theann mi ri 'chunntadh
'S e ceann na bliadhn' thug riadh dhiom dubailt'.

II.

'S i so 'bhliadhna 'chaisg air m' ailleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir ga sàbhadh ;
'S mi tha faoin 's mo dhaoin' air m' fhagail.

III.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilein gradhach,
'Bha gu foinnidh, banail aillidh,
'Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan,
'S guth do bheoil mar cheol na clarsaich.

IV.

Ma's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air,
Ceann mo stuic is pruiop nan càirdean,
'Leag na ceid le bheum 's na blàraibh,
Ga chur fo'n fhoid le òl na gràisge.

Last verse.

'Nis bho 'n chuir an saoghal cùl ruinn,
Ard Rìgh, dean sinn ortsa cuimhneach,
'N deigh an latha thig an oidhche,
'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh staidhle.

This poem was originally published in Gillies's collection. It is copied into *Sar-Obair nam Bard* by John Mackenzie, who made a few changes in it. In the third verse Gillies has "'Bha gu foinnidh, 'bha gu h-aillidh." Mackenzie has "Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, aillidh." I have given this line as it is in a version in my possession. Gillies has in the first line of the last verse "O 's e so deireadh an t-saoghail bhruidhnich." This line appears in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*, evidently owing to a typographical error, as follows—"O 's e so deireadh an t-saoghail bhrionnaich." The poem refers to three different persons. The first two verses are about Julia's husband, the third verse is about her daughter, whilst the remainder of the poem is about Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, who died at Forres from the effects of a spree on wine in 1723.

MARBHRANN.

Dò dh-Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garadh, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna
1724. Le Sìle na Ceapaich.

This beautiful elegy was published originally in Ranald Macdonald's collection. No one could read it without regretting that a portion of the last verse was lost. I am happy to state that the lost lines have been recovered in the gloomy woods of America, 'sa choille ghruamaich. The verse in full is as follows:—

Guidheam t' anam a bhi sabhailt'
Bhon a chaireadh ann san uir thu ;
Guidheam sonus air na dh' fhag thu
Ann ad aros 's ann ad dhuthaich ;
Guidheam do mhac a bhi t' aite
Ann an saibhreas 's ann an curam,
Alasdair a Gleanna-Garaidh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

ORAN.

Air Blar Sliabh-an-t-Siorrain, le fear de Chloinn-Domhnuill a bha ga chosnadh an Duneideann, agas a chaidh a ghabhail seallaidh air a bhlar ga chur.

I.

Tha mi fo leann-dubh 's fo bhron,
 'S a chaidh ri m' bheo bidh mis' mar sin ;
 Stiallaire bat' ann am dhorn
 Mar neach gun treoir 'sa ghliogadaich ;
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh an Rìgh' thar sail,
 'S gu la brath nach dig e oirnn,
 Gu 'm bi oirnn ar cinn a dhith
 'S gach ni, ma chitear biodag oirnn.

II.

Bha mi uair le m' ghunna brisg,
 Claidheabh, da chrìos, is biodag orm ;
 Mo thrnaighe leir gu'n d' fhalbh iad sud,
 'Bhiodh air mo chrìos a gliogarsaich.
 'S ann a bhliadhna gus an de
 A bha mi cutrom aighearrach,
 'N am dhuinn a bhi tarruing suas
 Ris an t-sluagh gu h-athaiseach.

III.

Nuair a chruinnich sinn gu leir,
 Bu lionmher fear sgeith is claidhibh ann
 'S sinn a falbh a dh-ionnsaidh 'n t-sleibh
 An ordagh feum' mar ghabhadh sinn.
 Bha sinn ann am barril mhoir
 Mun dugadh ordagh catha dhuinn,
 Nach robh de shluagh aig Rìgh Deors'
 Na chumadh comhrag latha ruinn.

IV.

Air dhuinn a bhi da la 'n ar tamh
 Tharruinn gach part am brataichean ;
 'S b' fhearr a bhi 'n Duneideann thall
 Na bhi 'san am an taice riuth',
 Fhuair sinn fios sinn air mhears
 Nach robh ar namhaid fada bhuainn,
 'S dh' fhuirich sinn le ordagh Mharr
 Anns a bhlar a b' fhaisge dhuinn.

V.

Chuir sinn seachad an oidhch' fhuar
Gun ni mu'n cuairt thoirt fasgaidh dhuinn;
'S bha sinn uile deas gle thrath
Gu dhol a sas le'r glas lannaibh.
Nuair a dhirich sinn an t-uchd
Chunnacas na h-uile le 'm bideinibh ;
'S 'nam dusgadh an tus an truid
Gu 'n d' fhag sinn cuirp a clisgeanaich.

VI.

Bha 'n lamh thoisgeil air dhroch ceann,
'S an am 's an cridhe briosganaich,
'S nuair theann ar namhaid an nall
Ghabh Clann-Chamarain brisdeadh bhuainn.
Ruitheadh agus throtadh iad,
Bhocadh agus leumadh iad,
'S iad nan duibh-rith leis a ghleann ;
'S ann 's droch am a threig iad sinn.

VII.

Mur h-e 'n sronan bhi cho cam
A chuir nan deann ratreut orra,
Gun an cruadul 'chur ri crann,
'S i 'n fhoill a bh' ann 's gum b' eucorach.
Bha 'n ruaig air meirlich nam bo
Feadh mointich agus fheitheachan ;
'S bho nach d' fhuair iad mir de 'n fheoil
Cha deanteadh leo car feuma dhuinn.

VIII.

Ghabh Mac-Coinnich an ratreut,
'S a shluagh na dheigh chan fhanadh iad ;
Dh' fhag e na Sailich ri feum,
Mo thruaighe leir mar thachair dhaibh.
Cha dainig 's cha dig am feasd
Na bha cho deas 's cho tapaidh riu ;
Cha do smaointich iad a gheilt
Ged sgoilt na h-eich na claignn ac'.

IX.

Bhuail a gheilt Diuc Gordan og,
'S air muillein oir chan fhanadh e.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Dh' fhalbh a choisichean na dheigh,
 'S gur gann nach d' leum an t-anam asd'
 Mac-na-Ceirde le 'chuid each
 Bharr na lic cha d' chairich e ;
 'S na bh' ann de luchd an aodaich ghlais
 Gu 'n d' thar iad as le Hamilton.

X.

Clann-Fhionghain is cinneadh an rìgh
 Bu mhi-chiatach le gealtachd iad ;
 B' fhearr leo an onair a chaidh
 'S an stoc 's an ni dhol dachaidh leo.
 Gu 'n do sheas Clann-Ghriogair thall,
 'S bha fir Athuill cuide-riu ;
 Thainig Clann-Mhuirich nan ceann,
 'S bu neo-cheannsgalach a chuideachd iad.

XI.

Mo cheud mallachd fein 'n ur deigh,
 Gu leir o 'n rinneadh buidseachd dhuibh
 A mhuinntir a bhuaileadh na speic
 Cha d' rinn iad feum 's cha d' fhurtaich oirn,
 Ged a fhuair iad ordagh teann
 Tighinn an nall g' ar cuideachadh.
 'Cha b' ionghnadh ged a dh' fhalbh ar camp,
 'S a mheud 's a bh' ann de thrusdaraibh.

XII.

Mo ghradh Clann-Domhnuill an fhroich,
 'S iad fhein nach d' aom le gealtaireachd,
 An am dìreadh ris a mhàin
 Fhuair bhur namhaid faicinn dibh
 An am tarruinn bhur cuid lann
 Gum b' fhuaimear trom a chuapadaich,
 Fuil gu talamh 'ruith na deann ;
 'S gur h-iomad ceann a shracadh leibh.

XIII.

S ard a bhuidheann 'sheas a choir,
 'S nach d' rinn an cleoc ac' iomlaid riamh ;
 Bu leoghainn ghuineach iad gun sgàth
 Nuair dh' eireadh spairn na h-iorghuille.
 Thug iad buaidh air sluagh Rìgh Deors'
 Le comhrag mor, cruaidh, fear bhuilleach ;

'S mur biodh an Seanailear cho fann
Cha d' fhag iad ceann air earrball diu.

XIV.

Buidheann eile Bha ro mhòr,
'S nach robh fo chleoc na gealtaireachd ;
Nan seasadh each mar bu choir
Gu 'n d' fhag rìgh Deorsa Sasunn ac' ;
Clann-Ghilleain nach robh tais,
Bu ghaisgich neartmhor, ainmeil iad.
Nach dugadh troigh air an ais
Ach a sior churas do Dhearganaich.

XV.

Thug sibh orra tarsuinn as
Le 'r lannaibh glas 's le 'r garbh bhuillibh,
'S cuid nan sineadh air feur glas
'S an claiginn air dhroch carbhaireachd.
Bha Iarla Mharsal ann gu deas,
Le thrupa seasmhach fear-bhuilleach ;
Chuir e eich rìgh Deors' an geilt,
Is iomadh fear a mharbhadh diu.

XVI.

Chruinnich na bodaich gun bhaigh,
Parlamaid de dh-eucoraich ;
'S b' e an glaoth gach oidhch' is la
Am bas 'thoirt do na reubaltaich—
Ach a chuid a chaidh do'n Fhraing,
'S nach dig an nall 'chur faoilte oirnn,
An deoch s' air an slainte ni mi ol,
'S tha mi fo bhron bhon sgaoil sibh bhuainn.

In one version of the song the last half of the 14th stanza is given as follows :—

Clann-Ghilleain nach robh tais,
'S a bhratach a Braidalbainn leo,
Nach drachaidh riamh troigh air ais,
Ach 'sior chur as do Dhearganaich.

ORAN GAOIL.

As mo chadal cha bheag m' airsneal,
'S gun thu agam, 'ghraidh,

'N deigh dhomh t' fhaicinn ann an aisling
 Eadar mo dha laimh.
 Sud an aisling bho nach ceart mi,
 Chuir as domh gu brath ;
 Tha saighed Chupid gu geur, guineach,
 Annam-s' ann an sàs.

This song will be found in Gillies's Collection at page 148. The name of the author is not given in that work. I have some reason for believing that it was composed by a son of Macdonald of Dalness, Mac Fear Dhail-an-Easa.

ORAN GAOIL.

Do Mhoir nighean Fear Thir-na-Drise, le mac Fear Dhail-an-Easa

I.

Mor nigh'n Raonuill, cailin gaolach,
 'Bu ghlan taobh is braighe !
 Mor nigh'n Raonuill.

II.

Leannan fleasgaich 'bu leoir deisead
 'S beag nach dug i 'm bas dhomh !

III.

Cha b' ann air cladach nan cuan
 Bu dual dhuit bhi ga t' arach.

IV.

Ach an tir nan gallan uaine
 'M bi boc ruadh 's a mhathair.

V.

'S truagh nach robh mis' is ise
 'Nis ann san ait ud ;

VI.

'N leaba lair no 'n seomhar mullaich
 Far nach cluinneadh cach sinn.

VII.

Far an cluinnteadh guth a choilich
 Ann san doire lamh-ruinn.

ORAN.

Do Dhonnachadh Bàn Caimbal, Tighearna Loch-nan-Eala,
le Seumas Mac-Gillesheathanaich, Bard Loch-nan-Eala.

Fonn—'S tearc an diugh mo chuis ghaire.

I.

Gu ma beairteach, sean, buadh-mhor,
An t-og uasal gun mheang.
Chaidh mi shealltuinn Di-luain ort,
'S faoilidh 'fhuair mi do chainnt.
Sar cheannard an t-sluaigh thu
Gan cur suas ann an camp.
'S ann dhuit bu duthchas an cruadal
An am bualadh nan lann.

II.

'S e mo run an t-og sgiobalt,
Gan dig biodag ghlan, ur,
Agus paidhir mhath phiostal
Mar-ri crios nam ball dluth.
Claidheabh caol nan tri faobhar
Air do thaobh 'chosnadh cliu.
'S tu 'n leoghann armailteach, guineach,
'Bhuidhneadh urram 's gach cuis.

III.

'S ann ad cheann a bha mhisneach,
'S ann ad chridhe 'bha 'n reachd,
'S ann ad shuil a bha 'n leirsinn,
'S ann ad bheul a bha 'n smachd.
Ri am cruadail no feuma
'S ann ort a dheireadh an gart.
'S beag an t-ionghuadh leinn fein sud,
'S iomhaigh threun ort le tlachd.

IV.

Marcaich sunndach nan seang each
A b' aotrom, eangarra leum ;
Cruidheach, aigeannach, meanmnach,
A b' fhior mearachdasach ceum.
Nuair bhiodh each a dol tharta,
'S iad le gealtachd gun fheum,

Dh' fhanadh tus' ann ad dhiollaid
Air thus nan ciad a chur reis.

V.

Mac an athar 'bha cliuiteach,
'S a bha fiughantach, fial ;
An am seasamh na curtach
'Bhuidhneadh cuis am measg chiad ;
Uasal iriseal, baigheil,
'S e sud a b' abhuist da riamh ;
Ursann-chatha nan Gaidheal
Anns gach aite gan dion.

VI.

Guidheam buaidh agus piseach
Air an t-sliochd 'thig ad dheigh ;
Saoghal fad 'an deagh onair,
Agus sonas d' a reir,
Air oighr' og Loch-nan-Eala
Nach coisinn sgainneal no beum,
'S t' aghaidh aobhach is t' ailleachd
A toirt barr air a cheil'.

VII.

S mor an onair dha d' dhuthaich,
'S mor an cliu dha d' chuid tuath,
Fhad 's a dh' fhuir'eas tu aca
Bhi ga t' fhaicinn cor uair,
Nuair a theid thu do Shasunn
Thu thigh'nn dachaidh le buaidh,
'S gun do leithid ri 'fhaotuinn
Air aon taobh dhinn mu 'n cuairt.

VIII.

Gun do leithid ri fhaotuinn
Ann an aobhachd 's an dreach
Thall no bhos mu na caoiltean ;
Bu tu 'n laoch 'dhol am mach.
'S beag an t-ionghnadh gu einnteach
Thu bhi rioghail ad bheachd,
'S gur a h-ogh' thu do Dhughall
'Bhuidhneadh cuis an am feachd.

Old Gaelic Songs.

IX.

An am cogaidh no siochainnt,
An am strithe no moid,
Gur a h-ìomadh fear ullamh
'Bhiodh lé ghunn', ann ad choir.
Nuair a ghlaoidhteadh lann thana
Bhiodh i 'n tarruinn 's gach dorn —
'S ann le cruadal do ghaisge
'Chluinnteadh sracadh air feoil.

X.

'S nearachd baintighearna pheucach
Dha 'n doir thu speis mar mhnaoi phosd',
'S gach buaidh, th' ort mar threun fhear,
'S gach bith tha 'g eiridh mu d' shroin.
Eadar braighe Loch-Eite,
Do theaghlach fein, 's Loch-an-Eoin,
Dha 'm bu duthchas an Eala
'S i bho shean ann ad choir.

XI.

C'alpa cruinn ann an osan,
Troigh nach dochinn am mang,
Ceum ealamh neo-thuisleach,
Beul nach sgudalach cainnt,
Suil a 's aoibheile sealladh
Fo chaol mhala gun sgraing ;
Is gruaidh dhearg mar na caorann
Air bharr aotrom nan crann.

XII.

Bha thu ardanach, beachduil,
Rioghail, reachdmhor gun taing ;
Seasmhach, cinnteach, ri t' fhacal
Ged nach glacadh tu peann,
'S mor an uaisle 's an t-urram
Tha air tuinneadh ad chom ;
'S ard a chraobh as an d' fhàs thu,
'S gur a laidir a bonn.

XIII.

Sin a chraobh a's mor onair,
'S lionmhor sonas is buaidh ;

'Chraobh a's mòr onair,
 Is boidhche cum' agus snuadh.
 Tha slat am bliadhna na mullach
 A's laidir fullang ri fuachd,
 'S a barr air lubadh le ubhlan,
 'S cha b'e 'sugradh am buain.

XIV.

Na faiceam t' fhearann gun oighre,
 No do bhaintighearn' ri òron,
 Tha gach duin' ann an gaol ort
 Le meud t' aoigh 's tu cho og,
 Biodh do mhac ann ad dheoghainn
 Gabhail liubhairt sa choir,
 Fear an ionad an athar,
 'S gach aon rathail ri bheo.

XV.

'S truagh nach b' urrainn mi innse
 Na tha 'm inntinn gu leir
 Mu gach buaidh a tha fàs ort
 Ann an abhachd 'san ceill.
 Tha gach math ort ri innse,
 Sin an fhirinn gun bhreug,
 Mar chléiteig shneachda ri gaillinn
 'Tigh'nn o anail nan speur.

5th DECEMBER, 1894.

At this meeting the Secretary intimated the receipt of £5 from Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, and a copy of "Eachdraidh Beatha Chrìosd" from the author, Rev. John Macrury, Snizort, as a donation towards the Society's Library. On the motion of Mr Alex. Mackenzie, seconded by Mr John Macdonald, the meeting unanimously agreed to record the Society's loss and deep regret at the death of the Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Free Church minister of Kilmorack, and the Rev. Charles Macdonald, Moidart—both valuable members of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, entitled "Minor Highland Families, No. 8—The Macgillivrays of Dunmaglass." Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES, No. VIII.

THE MACGILLIVRAYS OF DUNMAGLASS.

Of old the Clan Chattan were reckoned under two classes, the first, nine in number, sprung of the Chief's own house; and the second, those who had incorporated or attached themselves though of other names than that of Mackintosh, being sixteen in number. Amongst the latter class the Macgillivrays stood the first and oldest, for according to the Croy M.S. history, compiled by the Rev. Andrew Macphail, who, it is understood, died minister of Boleskine, 1608, it is said that about the year 1268 "Gillivray, the progenitor of the Clan vic Gillivray, took protection and dependence for himself and posterity of this Farquhard Mackintosh" (5th of Mackintosh, who was killed in 1274, aged 36).

Sir Eneas Mackintosh in his manuscript, privately printed in 1892 by the present 28th of Mackintosh, gives the date as 1271.

The origin of the name may be looked for in the fourth or last part of Macgillivray, for invariably in Gaelic, and in my younger days, elderly people of good position put the weight on this last portion, and not, as is now invariably done in English, on the second.

Betwixt this first and Duncan (whom I placed as 1st of Dunmaglass), who lived about 1500, is a long step, and it is not the purpose of these papers to do other, as a rule, than deal with facts.

It may be taken for granted that the Macgillivrays came from the West, and have been settled at Dunmaglass, in the braes of Strathnairn, and along the valley of Nairn, long before we know their authentic history. The descent of the Dunmaglass family was reckoned very good in the Highlands, and the late John Lachlan the 10th, who was exceedingly proud, and in his later days a very reserved man, used in his cups to declare "he was descended of kings."

Dunmaglass, at least one half of it, belonged to the old Thanes of Kalder, and is first mentioned in the service of Donald as heir to his father, Andrew, in the lands in the year 1414. The other half belonged to a family named Menzies in Aberdeenshire, was bargained to be disposed of in 1419 to the above Donald Kalder, who in 1421 gets a disposition of them, described as lying within the barony of Kerdale. This was one of the extensive baronies belonging to the old estate and earldom of Moray, but the estate having been broken up, the barony has been long in desuetude. The estate of Dunmaglass proper, now in one, was of considerable value, being rated as a four pound land of old extent, equivalent

to two freeholds, and is generally found described in connection with the lands of Invermarkie in Badenoch.

It is worth while for a moment referring to the lands of Invermarkie. Like the adjoining lands to the south of Kinrara and Dalnavert, these lands belonged in superiority to the old Earls of Ross, afterwards to the Lords of the Isles, Earls of Ross.

Invermarkie came to the Kalders through the marriage of William, apparent of Kalder, with Mariotta-de-Sutherland about 1458. The peculiarity about Invermarkie is this, that to this day it has never dropped out of the Cawdor titles, though it has ceased to be possessed by the family for over 300 years.

In 1619 the then Campbell of Calder was either anxious to reclaim it, or desired to know how matters stood with the Marquis of Huntly, Lord of Badenoch, and requested his agent in Edinburgh, Mr John Mowatt, to look into the matter, who on 4th April says to Calder in reply—"I have spoken my Lord Enzie, who assures me that his predecessors has the lands of Innermarkie by your predecessors' resignation, and promised to let me see the rights thereof."

Again, when Angus Macpherson of the "Sliochd Gillies" got his first charter of any lands from George, Marquis Huntly, with consent of Lady Anna Campbell, his spouse, and George, Lord Gordon, his son, by disposition and feu contract, dated 22nd October, 1627, there was included "the lands of Innermarkie (a davoch of land) with the mill thereof comprehending the lands of Achnisuchan, *alias* Aultguisachan, with the mill croft of Innermarkie," and from that date Innermarkie has been possessed by the Invereshies, first under the family of Huntly, and now under the Crown.

There is evidence of a Farquhar-vic-Couchie styled "of Dunmaglass" in the year 1547. I purpose beginning with his father—

I. DUNCAN MACGILLIVRAY, born say about 1500—his son

II. FARQUHAR, found in 1547—his son

III. ALLISTER MORE, designated as "Allister-vic-Farquhar-vic-Couquhe of Dunmaglass," is found on 28th May, 1578, having some connection with a William-vic-Farquhar and Maggie Kar, spouse of Provost William Cuthbert of Inverness.

By 1609, when the great bond of union among the Clan Chattan was signed, Allister was dead, and his son Farquhar, a minor, for those who signed for the clan Vic-Gillivray were Malcolm-vic-Bean in Dalcrombie, Ewen-vic-Ewen in Aberchaldier, and Duncan-vic-Farquhar in Dunmaglass. It would also seem that the clan was at this time pretty numerous and influential,

and the leader Malcolm, son of Bean Macgillivray in Dalcrombie. In 1593 mention is made of Duncan Macgillivray in Dunmaglass.

IV. FARQUHAR. By the year 1620, and probably at a much earlier period, Dunmaglass had been wadsetted by the family of Calder to the Macgillivrays for 1000 merks. In that year Calder was much pinched, and on Dunmaglass was to be raised other 2000 merks, or sold for 5000 merks.

The first alternative was meantime adopted, 2000 merks eiked in 1622, but the pecuniary pressure still continuing, the estate was feued to Dunmaglass.

It may here be noted that, though lying in the centre almost of Inverness-shire, these lands were by an arbitrary exercise of power by the Scottish Parliament, annexed at Calder's instance, to the County of Nairn.

By feu contract dated at Inverness 4th April, 1626, John Campbell, fiar of Calder, with consent of Sir John Campbell, liferenter of Calder, his father, feued to Farquhard Mackallister of Downmaglasch, his heirs male and assignees whomsoever, "All and singular the lands and towns of Downmaglasch, extending to a four pound land of old extent, with the mill, multure, mill lands, and sequels of the same, together with houses, biggings, tofts, crofts, woods, fishings, sheallings, grazings, parts pendicles, and pertinents thereof, lying within the Barony of Calder and Sheriffdom of Nairn." The feu-duty is £16 Scots, with obligation when required to appear and accompany at his own expense the lairds of Calder in their progress and journey between Calder and Innerlochie or Rannoch; to assemble in all lawful conventions, armings, and royal combats, and attend three Head Baron Courts to be held in the Castle of Calder. This destination to heirs male was kept up, and under it Neil, the 12th laird, succeeded to Dunmaglass.

Dunmaglass, the earliest possession of the family, is a fine estate of some 17,000 acres, with a great mass of tableland on the summit, from whence the waters run eastward to the Findhorn, and westward to the Farigaig. The old mansion house was built towards the close of the seventeenth century, and is picturesquely situated on a level ground, the western sides dropping rapidly to the river. I have transversed the estate, but though it is impossible to forget this fact, I can hardly say I saw it, from an unlucky losing of our way. Some 30 years ago, accompanied by a youth, now a respected solicitor in a northern city, we started from Dunachton in Badenoch, not too early in the day. We had no proper guide, and in place of ascending from Newtonmore, went

up the Guynack, and to avoid the precipitous heads which guard the sources of the Dulnan river, kept to the south and west, undergoing many obstacles before we reached the north or Findhorn watershed. Then, thinking we had gone too far south or west, we kept to the right, and got into the deep and precipitous valley, through which runs the Crodach, after being strengthened by the waters of Elrick, which we had much difficulty in crossing. By the time we reached the Findhorn it was getting late, and we were pretty well used up. A guide here met us by appointment, who hurried us up a stream, but by the time we reached the table-land it was dark; the wind rose, and there having been dry weather for some time, the gigantic scoops of the many peat bogs had also become dry, and sent forth quantities of dust. Our guide, wishing to make a bee line, went apparently straight on through the vast table-land, broken up by deep dry bogs—the real “Mona-liath”—and on coming to the head of a streamlet we thought we were all right, and joyfully descended. Our guide soon discovered that it was not the stream intended, but we had descended very considerably before he became satisfied we were going backwards to the Findhorn. Nothing for it but to re-ascend, cross dry bog after bog, while the wind rushing along in severe gusts, shaking the bog sides, raising quantities of peat dust, and roaring like thunder, was enough with our extreme fatigue to depress us to the lowest. At length we came to a stream undoubtedly going in the right direction, and the guide being now sure of his ground, kindled a fire, round which we lay. My companion and I could go no further, so the guide said he would leave us, and go to Mr Angus Macgillivray of the Mains of Dunmaglass for assistance, but we were on no account to sleep. In a couple of hours assistance came, and we were helped to a point where a cart was waiting, driven as far over the dry moor as was possible, in which we were ingloriously carried, more dead than alive, to the old house of Dunmaglass about 2 A.M. Mr Angus’s kindness I will never forget, nor the grin which generally pervaded his honest face when we happened to meet occasionally in after years, and he remembered my first and last visit to Dunmaglass.

Farquhar-vic-Allister also acquired the half of the lands of Culelachie from the Earl of Moray, and was infeft 20th December, 1631. He had one sister, Catherine, married to William Mackintosh in Elrig, who is infeft therein 28th September, 1638. I have not observed to whom Farquhar was himself married, but he had a numerous issue—Alexander, Donald, William, Bean,

Lachlan, and at least one daughter, Catherine, first married as his second wife to William Mackintosh of Aberarder in 1653, and after, in 1663, to Martin Macgillivray of Aberchalder. Farquhar's eldest son, Alexander, married Agnes Mackintosh, second daughter of William Mackintosh of Kellachie. Farquhar settled on the young couple, by charter, dated Inverness, 27th June, 1643, the two Western Ploughs of Dunmaglass.

The Cullodens did not find Allister a good neighbour at Culclachie, for by Bond registered 24th June, 1654, Kellachie binds himself as cautioner in a law-burrows that his son-in-law Allister will keep the peace towards Duncan Forbes of Culloden, John fiar thereof, and their tenants.

Allister died young, and his widow married, in 1657, William Forbes of Skellater.

Farquhar's second son, Donald, commonly called "the Tutor of Dunmaglass," married Marie Mackintosh, and was founder of the Dalcrombie and Letterchullen family, and his descendant in the fifth degree, Neil, ultimately succeeded to Dunmaglass. His relict, Marie, married, in 1677, Alex. Mackintosh of Easter Urquill.

William, the third son of Farquhar, married Mary Macbean, and settled in Lairgs, and was great grandfather to the Rev. Lachlan Macgillivray, who was the unsuccessful competitor for the Dunmaglass estates destined to heirs male, 40 years ago. In 1644 there were three Macgillivrays heritors in Daviot and Dunlichity, viz.:—Allister-vic-Farquhar, Malcolm-vic-Bean, and Duncan Macgillivray, and in the time of this Farquhar the Macgillivrays were perhaps at the height of their power, he himself having a deal of property, his sons Donald and William establishing a good footing for themselves, and his kinsman at Easter Aberchalder representing an old branch of the house. Not much is known of his sons, Bean and Lachlan, further than that Bean left a son, John, and reputation not yet forgotten of being a good fighting man, badly wounded and mutilated in one of the numerous Clan Chattan expeditions to Lochaber. Farquhar generally signed not Macgillivray but "Mackallister," of which he seemed proud. He would appear also to have got, in the year 1654, assignation of a heritable tack of the two plough lands of Wester Lairgs and Easter Gask by James, Earl of Moray, to Hector Mackintosh in 1632, with the usual obligation from the Earl to grant a feu charter when he could; but in consequence of the quarrels and ill-feeling betwixt the Morays, and the Cawdors the over superiors holding the crown, it was not until after the battle of Culloden and the passing of the Jurisdictions Acts that the Moray Strath-

nairn heritable tacksmen got their holdings converted into feus, without Lord Moray incurring the danger of recognition.

Farquhar and his two sons sign the Clan Chattan Bond of 1664, which as an important historic document is now given. It is signed by 28 gentlemen, heads of families, including 9 Macphersons, 5 Mackintoshes, 4 Farquharsons, 3 Macgillivrays, 2 Macbeans, 2 Shaws, 1 Macqueen, and two others by initials:— “Wee under subseryt, Gentlemen of the name of Clan Chattan, in obedience to His Majesty’s authority and letters of concurrence granted by the Lords of His Majesty’s Privie Council in favour of Lauchlan Mackintoshie of Torcastle, our chieffe, against Evan Cameron of Lochyield, and certain others of the name of Clan Cameron, and for the love and favour we bear to the said Lauchlan, Doe hereby faithfully promitt and engage ourselves everie one of us for himself and those under his power, in case the prementional Evan Cameron and those of his kin, now rebels, do not agree with the said Lauchlan anent their present differs and controversies, before the third day of February next ensuing, that then and in that case, we shall immediately thereafter upon the said Lauchlan his call, rise with, fortify, concurr and assist the said Lauchlan in the prosecution of the commission granted against the said Evan to the uttermost of our power, with all those of our respective friends followers and dependers, whom we may stopp or lett, or who will any way be counselled and advised by us to that effect. Now thereto we faithfully engage ourselves upon our reputation and credite and the faith and truth in our bodies by these subscribed at Kincairne the nineteent day of November and year of God sixteen hundred sextie and four years.”

Farquhar died about 1678. His eldest son Allister died young, and by law the active management of affairs fell to the uncle Donald (though the grandfather was alive), so well known as the tutor, a man of considerable talent and business capacity. The date of Alexander’s death is uncertain, but before 1658, and besides his son and successor, he had at least one daughter, Margaret, who married in 1670 William Fraser, apparent of Meikle Garth.

VI. FARQUHAR, only son of Allister, is first noticed in March, 1658, when he gets a precept on the half of Culclachie from Alexander, Earl of Moray, as heir to his father Alexander, some time fiar of Dunmaglass.

On his marriage in 1681 with Emilia Steuart of Newtoune, he settled a jointure on her, furth of Wester Lairgs, Easter Gask, and Easter Culclachie. By this lady, who seems to have been.

shrewd and sensible, her letters to Inverness merchants sometimes from Dunmaglass, sometimes from Gask, always wanting "a good pennyworth," Dunmaglass had a numerous family—Farquhar, who succeeded, Captain William, Donald, Janet, Magdalene, and Anna, all married. This Dunmaglass sold the half of Culclachie, and died early in 1714, his widow surviving until about 1730.

In 1685 Farquhar is named a Commissioner of Supply by Act of Parliament, and the district continued so disturbed after the Revolution, that in 1691 Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor recommended 100 soldiers to be stationed for a time at Dunmaglass as one convenient centre. It was in time of this Farquhar, styled "Fiadhaich," as he was of haughty and turbulent disposition, that the question of marches at Lairgs with The Mackintosh arose, when a witness who swore falsely for Dunmaglass, convicted of perjury on the spot, was buried alive, and the place of burial is still pointed out.

Captain William, the second son, married Janet Mackintosh, daughter of Angus Mackintosh of Kellachie, contract dated 9th February, 1714, and had a son, Lachlan of Georgia, commonly called Lachlan "liath," afterwards noticed, also a daughter, Jean "Roy," whose descendants succeeded to Failie, Inverernie, and Wester Gask. David or Donald married Miss Macgillivray of Mid Leys, and was father of Mr Alex. Macgillivray of Ballintruan, whose male issue are extinct.

Of Farquhar's three daughters, Janet became Mrs Donald Macgillivray of Dalcrombie, which Donald was by the Hanoverians killed near Leys the afternoon of the 16th April, 1746; Magdalene, afterwards Mrs Mackintosh of Holm; and Ann, Mrs Fraser of Farraline.

Of this Captain William Ban, who died in 1734, the following curious anecdote was recorded by the late Mr Simon F. Mackintosh of Farr in the year 1835:—

"A Fairy Tale—The Captain Ban.—About the beginning of the 18th century the wife of one of the tenants in Druim-a-ghaibha, upon the estate of Dunmaglass, had been carried away by the fairies, and was said to have been taken by them into a small hillock in that neighbourhood called 'Tomnashangan,' or the Ants Hill, and had been absent from her family for nearly a year. No person, however, could tell exactly where she was, although their suspicions fell upon the fairies, and that she must be with them in the hill now mentioned. Several attempts were made to discover her, and none were bold enough to encounter the residence of the fairies. At last Captain William Macgillivray, *alias* the

Captain Baan, *i.e.*, 'White,' son of Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, who was resident at the spot, volunteered his services to endeavour to get the woman released from her long captivity in the 'Fairy Hill' if it was possible that she could be there. The Captain being informed that John Dhu (M'Chuire) Macqueen of Pollachaik was familiar and on good terms with the fairies, and that he had wax candles in which there was a particular virtue, he despatched a messenger to the far-famed Pollachaik for one of his candles in order to assist him in discovering the lost female. The candle was given by Pollachaik to the messenger, who got particular instructions never to look behind him until he reached home, otherwise something might happen to him, and he would lose the candle. This person heard so much noise like that of horses and carriages, accompanied with music and loud cries of 'Catch him, catch him' at Craiganuan, near Moyhall, that he was so frightened that he could not help looking behind him, and although he saw nothing, he lost the candle, then he made the best of his way home. A second courier was despatched, who received another candle, and the same injunctions. In coming through the same place as the former, he withstood all the noise he heard there, but at a place near Farr it was ten times worse, and, not being able to withstand taking a peep over his shoulder, he lost the object of his message. In this predicament it became necessary to send a third bearer to Pollachaik for another candle, which he also got, but on coming to the River Findhorn, it was so large that he could not cross, so that he was obliged to go back to the Laird for his advice, who, upon coming down to the bank of the river, desired the man to throw a stone upon the opposite side of the river, and no sooner was this done than much to his astonishment he found himself also there. He then proceeded upon his journey, and having taken a different route across the hills, even here he occasionally heard considerable noise, but he had the courage never to look behind him, and accordingly he put the virtued candle into the hands of the Captain Baan.

"The Captain being now possessed of Pollochaik's wax candle, he one evening approached the hillock, and having discovered where the entry was, he entered the passage to the fairy habitation, and passing a press in the entrance, it is said that the candle immediately lighted of its own accord, and he discovered that the good lady, the object of his mission, was busily engaged in a reel, and the whole party singing and dancing, and dressed in neat green jackets, bedgowns, &c. The Captain took her out of

one of the reels, and upon obtaining the open air, he told her how very unhappy her husband and friends were at the length of time she had been absent from them, but the woman had been so enchanted and enraptured with the society she had been in, that she seemed to think she had been only absent one night, instead of a year, from her own house. When the Captain brought her off with him, the fairies were so enraged that they said 'they would keep him in view.' The woman was brought to her disconsolate husband, and the candle was faithfully preserved in the family for successive generations in order to keep off all fairies, witches, brownies and water kelpies in all time to come.

"Some time afterwards, as the Captain was riding home at night by the west end of Lochduntelchaig, he was attacked and severely beaten by some people he could not recognise. He got home to his own house, but never recovered, and it is said that the mare he rode was worse to him than even those that attacked him; so he ordered her to be shot the following day. He was granduncle to the present John Lachlan Macgillivray of Dunmaglass.

"The third and successful bearer of the candle was Archibald Macgillivray in _____, *alias* 'Gillespie Luath,' *i.e.*, Swift or fast Archibald. He was granduncle to Archibald Macgillivray, now tenant in Dunmaglass. Pollochaik said to him that he would have preferred the Captain to have sent for his fold of cattle than for the candle.

"The candle was in possession of some of her descendants about thirty years ago, but was afterwards taken away by some idle boys.

"The woman lived to such an old age that some of the people still in life (1835) remember quite well having seen her shearing the corn upon her knees, in consequence of her having lost the use of her lower limbs."

VII. FARQUHAR, eldest son of the above Farquhar, succeeded in 1714, and entered into marriage articles with Elizabeth Mackintosh, daughter of William Mackintosh of Aberarder, upon 8th September, 1716, but the contract is not dated till 8th May, 1717, the lady not being infert in Dunmaglass, Lairg, and Gask until 29th July, 1730, after her mother-in-law's death.

The Macgillivrays took an active part in the rising of 1715, the laird and his brother William being captain and lieutenant respectively in the Clan Chattan regiment, while there was another, Farquhar Macgillivray, also lieutenant.

The two former at least got off, but one John Macgillivray, apparently of good standing, was tried and convicted on 25th January, and executed at Wigau, 10th February, 1716.

This Farquhar was a leading man under Lachlan and William Mackintosh, Chiefs of Clan Chattan, and did much to bring about the agreement with the Macphersons in the year 1724. He received from Lachlan Mackintosh a feu of the Davoch of Bochruben, in Dores, which was parted with to Fraser of Bochruben, the *dominium utile* ultimately falling into the hands of William Fraser of Balnain, whose posterity still retain it.

He was an excellent man of business, but interfering too much with other people's affairs, his own became involved. He died in 1740, but his wife, Elizabeth Mackintosh, is found as late as 1769. He had several children—Alexander, who succeeded, William, who succeeded his brother, John, Farquhar, and Donald, also Anne, Catherine, and Elizabeth. With the exception of William, none left issue.

VIII. ALEXANDER, the eldest son, succeeded, and was extensively engaged, like his uncle, Captain William, and other members of his family, in cattle dealing, being known as "Alastair Ruadh na Feille." The reason for his selection by Lady Mackintosh to command the Clan Chattan, in preference to Duncan Mackintosh of Castle Leathers, the natural leader failing the Chief, I have given elsewhere. That he was well worthy of the honour is undoubted, and, as he lived at Easter Gask, the tradition that many of the men who fought at Culloden sharpened their swords on the singular druidical standing stone or slab near Easter Gask, deserves some weight. His gallant conduct on that fatal day, and his death on the field at the well still bearing his name, is well known.

It was part of the cruel system of the conquerors not to allow the bodies of the Highlanders killed in battle be carried away for interment by their friends, and consequently they were buried at Culloden in trenches, the green covering of which is still to be seen. The ordinary place of sepulture of the Dunmaglass family was and is at Dunlichity, but Dunmaglass's friends feared the publicity of re-interring the remains so far distant, and buried them quietly at Petty. It is recorded in the Farr Collections:—

"In the church-yard of Petty lies the Chief of the Macgillivrays, who was killed at the Battle of Culloden. After the battle, his body, with 50 others, was thrown into a large pit, and so far did the King's troops carry their animosity, that for six weeks they guarded the field, and would not grant the poor consola-

tion to the friends of men who had fought so well of placing their mangled carcasses in their family burying-places. However, at the end of that time, the relations of Dunmaglass dug up the pit where his body had been laid, and, when taken up, was perfectly fresh, and the wound, which was through his heart, bled anew. The place they had been thrown into being a moss, is supposed to be the cause of the corpse remaining uncorrupted. The interment was private."

Alexander Macgillivray died unmarried, but Mr Bain of Nairn, in his interesting history of Nairnshire lately published, says he was engaged to Elizabeth Campbell, only child of Duncan Campbell, eldest son of Sir Archibald Campbell of Clunes, and that they met the morning of the battle. That they did, is not likely, but the engagement may be true.

I visited the ruined chapel of Barevan three years ago, and found Miss Campbell's grave, and by the kindness of a good clansman, Mr William Mackintosh, farmer at Barevan, received a copy of the inscription, which run thus:—"Under this stone are interred the remains of Duncan Campbell of Clunese, and Elizabeth, his only child, by Catherine, daughter of John Trotter of Morton Hall, Esq. He died 23rd January, 1796, aged 75; and she, 22nd August, 1746, aged 24. D.C., E.C." Supposing the story true, she only survived the death of her betrothed about four months. Her father, Duncan Campbell, was accessory to the rising of 1715, and had to live abroad several years, where he married, his wife dying young at Rome. I possess some of Elizabeth's letters, written in a beautiful clear hand, of elegant diction, showing unusual cleverness and dignity in one so young. I give one of them, dated 22nd September, 1743, which will be found very interesting, addressed to one of her aunts, who has pinned to the letter this memorandum—"Betty Campbell, dyed the 19th August, 1746. Lady McIntosh, dyed in the year 1750." Probably the date in the inscription—22nd August, 1746—refers to her interment. Lord Lovat, in 1737, refers to Elizabeth in a letter to her father—"It is only to serve you and Miss Campbell, your daughter, whose education should now be taken care of, and if she be like her mother, or your mother, she will be an honour to the family of Calder, and to the name of Campbell."

"Dr. Aunt,—As I have been in a sort of a hurry ever since I parted with you, and there was no occasion offered for my writing you, nor had I anything to say that was of such consequence as was worth while sending apurpose, I hope youl therefor excuse

my neglecting it till now; I am just now busy paying my visits in this country, for as I have fixed the month of October for my going South, I have but little time to lose. My Father and I was lately at Kilraick, where we found Lady Geddes bedfast, and was so most part of the time we stayd; I made your complements and apology to her. We hear that she is now much better. I should be glad your visiting at Castle Downie and Moyhall happened at a time with mine, as I intend being at both places soon, for I must make the best use of my time I can. But if it was never so short I shall endeavour to see you and ask your commands, as it was not only my promise, but is my inclination. When you see fairfield next, if he talks to you of the subject you spoke to me about when last at Budgate, which I then told you my plain and positive sentiments of (as I did himself before) that you might put a stop as soon as possible to a thing it was to no purpose to follow, and which I thought was enough to hinder his pursuing or entertaining any thoughts of that kind, nor can I say anything plainer or stronger, without being rude or uncivil, which is what I should be sorry be forced to, as 'tis what I do not incline being to any gentleman; and if he does, let him blame himself for, I have done all I can to prevent it, and you may assure him from me that he needs never expect a better answer from me than what he has already got, nor will I ever talk of any particular objections, for that would be entering on a subject that I would scarce know where to begin or end, so that the sooner he gives over any thoughts of that kind, he will certainly find it the better for himself. Make my compliments acceptable to Dunean, and believe me to be, dr. aunt, your affc. niece and humble servt.,

“ELIZ. CAMPBELL.”

“Clunes, Sept. 22nd, 1743.

“This I hope you'l have occasion to call being over cautious (after what I before told you) in stopping what is already ended, but there can be no harm in what I write to you, so may make what use of it you please.”

The Macgillivrays fell in scores at Culloden, including of officers: at least one colonel, one major, two captains, and one lieutenant.

The mismanagement on the Prince's side was dreadful. Although the Camerons were put on the right, the Macdonalds, instead of sulking and allowing themselves to be shot down, ought to have behaved like Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh at Harlaw. Malcolm was much displeas'd at being displaced from the right, but accepting the position of left, declared he would make the left the

real right in course of the action, and did so fighting with his followers like heroes.

“Wherever Mackintosh sits, that is the head of table.”

Then, again, the poor Mackintoshes were in the centre at Culloden, but kept back notwithstanding a galling fire, until in desperation they broke forward in fierce charge too late to be of material service, the commanders well knowing that with Highlanders, victory only followed an early and impetuous attack on their part.

IX. WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, a minor, succeeded his brother Alexander, and to a very embarrassed estate. William Mackintosh, younger of Holm, took charge, and even a new suit of clothes for the boy required grave consideration. He afterwards, through the interest of Lady Mackintosh, got a captaincy in the Gordon Regiment, commanded by Colonel Staats Long-Morris, and though a vassal, most meanly prevented by the Earl of Moray in 1757 from raising if he could recruits out of the Lordships of Petty and Stratherne. He saw a good deal of service at home and abroad, and was a most kind-hearted man in his family. He got Gask and Lairgs converted into feu holdings, acquired Faillie from Captain Macbean, and the half of Inverarnie, originally part of the Kilravock estate, but occupied for generations by the Macphails. His three brothers, John, Farquhar, and Donald, had to make their way in the world, and the two younger died without issue. John, who died at sea in the end of 1787, amassed a considerable fortune, which ultimately fell to John, the 10th, and set up the family in a strong position. Neither of the three sisters, Anne, Elizabeth, or Catherine, married, the eldest, Anne, managing the involved affairs of her brother and nephew up to her death in June, 1790, with great shrewdness and determination. Bishop Forbes speaks highly during his northern itineraries of the Dunmaglass ladies.

From Captain Macgillivray's numerous letters I select two as specimens, both being addressed to Provost John Mackintosh of Inverness:—

“London, Feby. 16th, 1779.

“D. Sir,—I wish you joy, nay double joy, both on account of your marriage with my cousin (Miss Mackintosh, Aberarder), and the addition she has made to your family. She was but a child when I left the country, but promised a great sweetness of temper, a very necessary ingredient in the matrimonial state; and I know your own disposition so well that I cannot hesitate to pronounce you a happy couple. I flattered myself that I would

have the pleasure of seeing your happiness, but my fortune seems now to place that at a distance, as I expect soon to return to Georgia, to recover as much of my property as possible. I hope it is by this time in the hands of the Kings Troops, without which I have no business there, as I am under sentence of death should they catch me. Please to remember me most affectionately to Mrs Mackintosh, your sisters and brother-in-law, and believe me to be sincerely, D. sir, your friend and humble servant.

(Signed) "WILL. MACGILLIVRAY."

"D. Sir,—Tho' I hear but seldom from your quarter, yet you and all my friends are as near my heart as ever, and every favourable account warms my heart with joy ; but the present occasion of my writing you is of a different nature, and tho' expected, distressing, and must be felt like everything of the kind for a length of time. I mean my good-sister Katy's death. She deserved well of me and everybody. Her change must be happy. Her illness and death, and the illness of my other sister Betty, must be attended with expense. I wrote my sister Anny (who must have suffered much on this occasion) some considerable time ago to draw on me for what they might stand in need of ; but as I have had no intimation on that head, I shall be much obliged to you if you will let my sister Anny have what money she may want, and by the first opportunity acquaint her accordingly. Upon letting me know the amount, I will order your bill to be answered at London.

"Mrs Macgillivray joins in wishing you and yours, and our friends and acquaintance about the Ness many merry and happy returns of the season.—I am, D. sir, yours sincerely,

(Signed) "WILL. MACGILLIVRAY."

"Plymouth Citadel, Jan. 19th, 1781."

Captain William died in 1783 leaving two children, John Lachlan and Barbara Anne, both very young.

X. JOHN LACHLAN MACGILLIVRAY. His affairs as well as those of his uncle, John Macgillivray of Georgia, were carefully administered in his minority chiefly by "Lachlan lia," son of Captain Baan, who had returned and spent his old age chiefly twixt Dunmaglass and Inverness. The great black wood of Faillie was planted, and two further acquisitions of land were made, viz., Wester Gask from Col. Duncan Macpherson, and Easter Aberchaldler, the old possession of an important branch of the Macgillivrays.

In June, 1800, John's only sister, Barbara, a lady of great beauty, died in Edinburgh, her fortune falling to her brother, who,

at his majority, was possessed not only of a good deal of money, but also of the seven estates of Dummaglass, Easter Aberchalder, Wester Gask, Easter Gask, Faillie, Wester Lairgs, and half of Inverarnie.

A sum of £39 19s was laid out in repairing the tomb of Dunchity after Miss Barbara Macgillivray's death, in 1800.

John Lachlan possessed the estate for nearly 70 years (1783-1852), and his rental at his accession was about £225, rising by the year 1803 to £543 12s 8d, as follows, from 71 tenants:—

EASTER ABERCHALDER.

Robert M'Gillivray, Kenmore	£4	16	0
Alex. M'Tavish, ditto	4	16	0
David Smith, ditto	4	16	0
Ewen M'Gillivray, ditto	9	12	0
William M'Gillivray, Balnoidan	3	10	0
Mary M'Gillivray, widow of Don. Macpherson, or his son	3	10	0
Finlay M'Lean, Balnoidan	2	10	0
John MacTavish and William Douglass, Keppoch...	7	0	0
Duncan M'Tavish, Balnalick	3	10	0
Widow Rose, ditto	9	0	0
Jno. Mackintosh, Balnacharnish	4	0	0
Malcolm M'Gillivray there	4	0	0
Donald M'Gillivray there	4	0	0
The Heirs of Miss Annie M'Gillivray for the wintering of the Mains from Whity., 1802, to ditto, 1803	20	0	0
Sum rent, Easter Aberchalder...				£85	0	0

DUNMAGLASS.

Robt. Campbell, The Mains...	£70	0	0
Jno. M'Gillivray and Jno. Smith, Dummacline	21	6	0
Jno. Moir M'Gillivray, Balnagaich	17	7	4½
The Heirs of Donald M'Gillivray, Dalscoilt and Dalnagoup	21	2	9
Jno. M'Bean and John Mackintosh, Miltown	10	19	6
Willm. Smith, Donald M'Gillivray, and Wm. M'Bean, Croachy	13	6	0
Wm. Graham, Croft of Croachy	19	1	0
Donald M'Gillivray, Sack	7	13	0
Dun. M'Gillivray, Drumchline	2	0	0
Jno. Duncan and Wm. M'Gillivray, Achlodan	13	10	7
Sum rent of Dunmaglass	£178	8	3½

Gaelic Society of Inverness

HALF OF INVERERNY.

Angus M'Phail	£5	7	0
Jno. Bain, Dunbreck	4	0	6
Mr Mackintosh of Holm, for part of Mains	8	8	0
Angus M'Culloch	6	0	0
Mr Mackintosh of Farr, for grazing of Shalvanach...	5	0	0
Sum rent of half of Invererny...					£28	15	6

WESTER GASK.

Donald Clunes	£4	2	0
Farquhar Smith	4	7	0
John M'Gillivray	4	7	0
Alex. M'Kenzie	1	15	0
John M'Phail	5	0	0
Duncan Shaw	5	0	0
Wm. Davidson	6	0	0
Donald Mackenzie	6	0	0
John Macgregor and John Smith	6	0	0
Sum rent of Wester Gask					£42	11	0

EASTER GASK.

The Heirs of Donald Hood for Mains	£31	10	0
Widow Duncan M'Kintosh	4	1	6
Alex. M'Gillivray, Shanval	4	6	6
Alex. Smith, Smith	4	0	0
Alex. M'Gillivray, Caulan	1	17	0
Donald M'Intosh Miller, for part of Faillie	7	10	0
Angus M'Bean, Dalvellan	7	0	0
John Shaw	5	7	6
Sum rent of Easter Gask					£65	12	6

FAILLIE.

Alex. Fraser, Balnaluick	£8	8	2½
Colin M'Arthur, Dyster	4	5	0
Alex. Munro, Mains	28	11	2
Alex. Fraser, Midtown	4	7	6
William Macbeath	7	12	6
Alex. Macgillivray, Achlaschlye	9	15	0
Alex. Macgregor, dō.	5	10	0
William Shaw	2	18	6
Evan Macdonald, Torveneach	4	6	6
Wm. Macgillivray, West End	1	4	0
Sum rent of Faillie					£76	18	4½

LAIRGS.

Alex. M'Gillivray, Ballindruan	£8	7	0
Wm. Davidson or Dean	6	1	8
James Sutherland	6	19	1
Widow Ann M'Gillivray or Mackintosh	5	4	3
Donald Calder	3	0	0
Wm. M'Bean, Meikle Miln	10	8	0
Don. Macgillivray, Cabrach	2	17	0
Lieut. M'Gillivray, Dell of Lairg	23	10	0
Sum rent of Lairgs				£66 7 0

In 1819 the rent from 59 tenants was as follows:—

Easter Aberchalder, 13 tenants	£266	14	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Dunmaglass, from 13 tenants	453	8	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Faillie, 6 tenants	161	10	10
Easter Gask, 9 tenants	159	15	0
Wester Gask, 9 tenants	102	5	0
Inverernie, 4 tenants	70	3	0
Wester Lairgs, 5 tenants	160	13	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Total from 59 tenants				£1372 10 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

and it will be kept in view that shooting rents had not begun. John Lachlan was very wild in his youth, and Sheriff Fraser, Farraline, one of the guardians, had some difficulty in compounding for his pranks at the College of St Andrews in 1797. He purchased a cornetcy in the 16th Light Dragoons in 1806 for £735, and a lieutenancy in same regiment in 1802 for £262 10s, and was very extravagant. Fortunately he left the army about 1805, when he married Miss Jane Walcott of Inverness, a lady who had much influence with him for good, though some of his exploits with old Culloden and other "Braves" of the day are still remembered. They lived at Culduthel, Drummond, travelled abroad a good deal, but had no regular residence except Inverness. After his wife's death Dunmaglass led a somewhat retired life, and many will recollect his fine military carriage, and how well he sat on horseback as he took his daily rides in Inverness.

During his long possession of the estates it says much for him that he only had three factors all the time—1st, Mr Campbell Mackintosh; 2nd, Mr Robert Lagan; and 3rd, Mr Alex. Grant. His father-in-law, Captain Thomas Walcott, thus refers to him in his holograph will of 1807:—"Item to John Macgillivray, my own

desk that I write at, with the old stock buckle that he gave me. Had I anything worth his acceptance I should out of gratitude have left it to him." His rental at his death was only £1496 4s, which included £180 for shootings. This was less than in 1819, but the tenants had reduced from 71 in 1803 to 59, and in 1852 numbered less than half, or 35.

He died in 1852, possessed of some £40,000 of money, which was destined by will, including a year's rent to all the tenants; also the heritable estates undisposed of, but free and unburdened. A severe competition arose as to all the estates except one, that of Easter Aberchalder, there being no doubt that it fell to the Hon. John Macgillivray, of Upper Canada, heir male of line of Donald, Tutor of Dunmaglass, and eldest surviving son of Farquhar Macgillivray of Dalcrombie. Dunmaglass, Easter Gask, and Wester Lairgs were destined to heirs male, and the contest was betwixt the said John Macgillivray, who dying, his son Neil John, descendant of Donald the Tutor, on the one part, and the Rev. Lachlan Macgillivray, descendant of William of Lairg, brother of Donald the Tutor, on the other part, the question being whether Donald or William was the elder, determined in favour of Neil John, Faillie, Wester Gask and Inverernie were destined to "the heirs and assignees of Clan Chattan," and competed for by the said Neil on the one part, and the descendants of Jean "Roy," sister of Lachlan "Lia," and daughter of Captain William Ban Macgillivray, all before mentioned, on the other part, the latter contending that, being the nearest heirs of John Lachlan, the limitation to being of Clan Chattan was inoperative. Judgment was given for them, and shortly after these estates were sold.

XI. The Honourable JOHN succeeded as heir male to John Lachlan in 1852, and died in 1855.

XII. NEIL JOHN, who succeeded his father in Aberchalder, and made good his claims to Dunmaglass, Easter Gask, and Wester Lairgs. He sold the last two estates, and was succeeded in Dunmaglass and Easter Aberchalder by his son.

XIII. JOHN W. MACGILLIVRAY, the present Dunmaglass, in whose time, alas, the remaining estates had to be compulsorily sold, and the whole of the once important estates of the Magillivrays are lost to the Clan Chattan, except Wester Lairgs, which is the property of The Mackintosh. Though the Macgillivrays are now dissociated from all landed connection with Strathnairn, their memory ought not and is not likely to fade, for Iain Doun Mac Sheumais-vic-Dhaibhidh truly said of the name and race—

“ Gràdh do 'n droing luainneach,
 Mhuirneach, aigeannach ùr
 Acfuinneach, chluiteach
 Mhuirnicht' th' aguinn an Cuirt
 An fhine nach erion 's a shiolaich
 Fad' as gach taobh
 Fàr Bràighich an Dùin
 D' an tug mi mo run a chaoidh.

Air chaismeachd luath,
 Thig do chàirdean gu tuath o dheas ;
 Fir ghlinne 's glain snuadh,
 Thig a Muile nan stuadh-bheann glas,
 Peighinn-a'-Ghaeil le sluagh
 Thig thar bhuinne nan cuaintean bras ;
 Bì'dh iad againn 's an uair
 Mu 'm bi mulad no gruaimean ort.”

23rd JANUARY, 1894.

At this meeting the nomination of office-bearers for 1894 took place. Afterwards Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., read a Gaelic dialogue, entitled “ Oidheche Challainn ann an tigh a' Chaiptein,” contributed by the Rev. D. Macinnes, Oban. Mr Macinnes' paper was as follows :—

OIDHCHE CHALLAINN ANN AN TIGH A' CHAIPTEIN.

An Caiptean—Fàilt is furan oirbh. Tha mi toilicht' 'ur faicinn crùinn an so aon uair eile is nach 'eil a h-aon air ionndrain de na bha còmhla ribh air a' challainn mu dheireadh. Tha mi, mar is àbhaist dhombh, a' toirt gu 'r n-ionnsuidh na chuidicheas sibh gu 'n oidheche 'chur seachad gu sunndach. Tha mi 'n dòchas gu 'n ceadaichear dhuinn iomadh coinneamh de 'n t-seòrsa so, agus nach dealaich sinn ri 'cheile an dà là so. Bithidh fiughair agam 'ur coinneachadh am màireach le 'r camain air an fhaiche so shìos.

Rob Chailein—So ! so ! Ìonaibh 'ur gloineachan los gu 'n òl sinn deoch-slàint' a' Chaiptein, a tha cho suairce, fialaidh rinn.

Donnchadh Saighdear—Is airidh an Caiptean air gach urram is urrainn duinn-ne 'chur air. Na 'm faiceadh sibh e 'n là 'chuir sinn an teicheadh air na Frangaich bhiodh sibh moiteil as.

Ceit Dhùghaill—Dh' fhaodadh sibh cunntas a thoirt air mar thachair.

Donnachadh Saighdear—Ni mi sin ma bhitheas a' chuideachd toileach éisdeachd rium.

Rob Chailein—Cha 'n 'eil sean no òg 'n ar measg leis nach bu mhath do sgeul a chluinntinn. Rach air t-aghaidh, 'fhir mo chridhe.

Donnachaidh Saighdear—Beagan làithean roimh bhàr ainmeil *Shalamanca* bha leth-cheud dhinn air an cur air falbh fo 'n Chaiptean gu beul glinne 'bha mu mhìle gu leth o 'n arm a chum faire 'dheanamh air na Frangaich. Bha 'n gleann so mu dhà mhil' air fad, agus bha rathad mòr a' dol troimhe. Oidhche de na h-oidhchean, 's mi mach air freiceadan, thàinig bhorbhan gu m' chluasan a chuir gu smaointean mi Chrom mi sìos is chuir mi mo chluas ris an làr dh' fheuch am faighinn a mach gu d' e 'bu chiall da. Mar bha mi 's an t-suidheachadh so co 'thàinig orm ach an Caiptean. "Am bheil gach ni ceart an so?" thuirt e. "Air leam," arsa mi-fhèin, "gu bheil mi 'cluinntinn farum chas a' tighinn a nìos an gleann." Chuir an Caiptean a' chluas ris an làr agus thuirt e, "Tha thu ceart." Bha bristeadh na fair' ann aig an arm so, agus chuir an Caiptean a ghloin-amhairc ri 'shùil, agus thuirt e, "Tha na Frangaich a' tighinn: greasamaid a dh' ionnsuidh nan gillean." An uair a ràinig sinn ar cairtealan aig beul a' ghlinne chaidh na gillean a chruinneachadh, agus labhair an Caiptean rinn mar so, "Tha na Frangaich a' tighinn, agus feumaidh sinn coinneamh smiorail a thoirt doibh. Cuimbnichibh air na daoine o 'n d' thàinig sibh is air an arm d' am buin sibh." Gun tuilleadh a ràdh mu 'n chùis thug e sinn gu doire dhlùth a bha goirid o 'n rathad mhòr, agus leig sinn sinn-fhèin 'u ar sìneadh an sin gun smid as ar beòil. Cha robh sinn fada 'n sìd an uair a chunnaic sinn na Frangaich a' tighinn a nìos an rathad gu farumach, spaireiseach, neo-umhaileach mar gu'm bu leo-fhèin an dùthaich is nach robh nàmhaid mar fhichead mìle dhoibh. Dh' iarr an Caiptean oirnn ann an guth losal a bhi deas gu losgadh orra 'nuair a bheireadh esan saus dhuinn. Bha iad a' tighinn na bu dlùithe 's na bu dlùithe oirnn. An uair a bha iad mu'r coinneamh air an rathad mhòr thuirt an Caiptean, "A nis, 'illean, thugaibh dairireach dhoibh." Loisg sinn orra is thuit na h-uibhir dhiubh. An sin ghlaodh an Caiptean, "'N am badaibh leis a ghunna-bhiodaig." Thog sinn iolach dùlain is ghreas sinn g' an ionnsuidh.

Rob Chailein—An do sheas iad roimhibh ?

Donnachadh Saighdear—Cha do sheas. "Tha na Frangaich math air teine gus an teannar goirid uapa," mar thuirt am bàrd.

Theich iad cho luath 's a bheireadh an casan as iad, a' tilgeil an airm uapa thall 's a bhos. Smuainich mi aig an àm air briathran Dhonnchaidh Bhàin mu bhlàr na h-Eaglaise Brice :—

“Mar gu 'n rachadh cù ri caoirich
'S iad 'n an ruith air aodann glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinn-ne.”

Lean sinn na Frangaich, agus sguirs sinn romhainn iad gus an do chuir sinn as a' ghleann iad. An uair a thill sinn a nìos an gleann thàinig sinn air na daoine a thuit. A' chuid dhinbh a bha marbh thiodhlaic sinn taobh an rathaid. Ghabh sinn deagh churam dhiubh-san a bha leòinte.

Ceit Dhùghaill—Bu déisinneach an obair ris an robh sibh.

Donnachadh Saighdear—Bha i mar sin, ach cha robh atharrach againn air. Bha ceartas air ar taobh. Bha'n sloightear Bonipart a' dùsgadh iorghuill is a' dèanamh mòran croin air feadh na Roinn Eòrpa, agus chuir Breatann Mòr roimpe a' chiosnachadh. Shoirbhich leatha mu deireadh an déigh iomadh blàir fuilteich.

Rob Chailein—Mòran taing dhuìt, a Dhonnchaidh. Is math a dh' innis thu do sgeul. Fhad 's a bhios leithid a' Chaiptein 's do leithid fhéin lìonmhor 's an dùthaich cha 'n eagal dhi. An cluin thu mi, 'ille bhig. Thoir an so am botul dubh 's na gloineachan, agus feuch nach leig thu leo tuiteam. Sin thu, mo ghille gasda ! Lìonaibh 'ur gloineachan is òlmaid deoch-slàint' a' Chaiptein. Eireamaid uile 'n ar seasamh. Deoch-slàint' a' Chaiptein, an duine cneasda, nach fhaca duine bochd riamh an éigin gu'n fhuasgladh air. A nis o'n rinn sinn ar dleasnas 's a chùis so bheir Alastair mòr dhuinn oran.

Alastair Mòr—Feuchaidh mi ris, ach tha eagal orm nach téid agam air leis a' chnatan dhraghail so 'th' orm.

Air mios deireannach an fhoghair
An dara là, 's math mo chuimhne,
Ghluais na Breatannaich bh'o'n fhaiche
Dh' ionnsuidh tachairt ris na nàimhdean
Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara dhiubh
Le 'chanain 's mi 'g an cluinntinn :
Bha foirne aig *Mur* gu daingeann
'Cumail aingil ris na Frangaich.

Cha 'n urrainn domh dol na's fhaide. Feumaidh sibh mo leisgeul a ghabhail. 'S ann da rìreadh a tha mi.

Ceit Dhùgail—Ma's ann mar sin a tha chùis cha 'n 'eil comas air. So, a Roib, thugaibh-sa sgeul dhuinn. 'S iomadh àite 's an robh sibh an Albainn, an Sasunn, 's an Eirinn. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach robh sibh ann an *North Faroe* fhèin.

Rob Chailein—Cha innis mi breug. Bha 'm athair a' seòladh do *North Faroe* le fear Rìsa, ach cha robh mise riamh ann.

Buachaill—'S ann a dh' innseadh dhomh-sa gu'n robh sibh greis d' 'ur n-ùine 'gùilan dhaoine dubha bho Africa gu *Portigil*.

Rob Chailein—Co thuirt sin riut?

Buachaill—Thuirt Iain bàn.

Rob Chailein—'S math dha nach 'eil e 'n so an nochd. Am bumailear! Bha e trì mìosan 's an Taobh Tuath ag iasgach sgadain, is tha e 'm barail gu bheil e 'n a làn sheòladair. Na 'n cuirteadh air an stiùir e eadar so is Eirinn cha 'n 'eil fhios c' àit an ruigeadh e.

A chuideachd uile—'Ur sgeul, a Roib.

Rob Chailein—A muigh 's a raach, ach na cuireadh duine grabadh orm.

Buachaill—Bithidh sinn-ne cho bìdh ri luch fo spòig a chait.

Rob Chailein—Bha mi 'n sud uair a' dol o Ghlascho do dh' aon de na h-eileanan tuathach le luchd mine. Leis gur h-e 'n samhradh a bh' ann chaidh sinn mu'n cuairt na Maoile, ghabh sinn troimh Chaol Ile, agus ghleidh sinn a mach culaobh Mhuile. Mar bha sinn a' dlùthachadh air an eilean thòisich e air séideadh gu gailbheach, agus b' éigin duinn tarruing air falbh rathad tire-mòire. Air lom éigin fhuair sinn a stigh do chamus tèaruinte, fasgach bha 'n sin. An uair a bha na siùil air am pasgadh is gach ball air an ceartachadh chaidh mi-fhéin air tìr a dh' fhaicinn fir-eòlais a bha 's an àite. Mar bha mi 'gabhail a dh' ionnsuidh a thigh, co 'thachair orm ach an Guidsear mòr, air am bheil sibh uile eòlach! Bu luaithe deoch na sgeul. Chaidh sinn a stigh agus ghlaodh e leth-bhotach *brannaidh*. Dh' fheòraich mi-fhéin dheth cia-mar a bha 'n dùthaich a' tighinn ris. "Cha 'n 'eil ach meadhonach," ars' esan. "Cha 'n eil an sluagh 's an rùn a's fheàrr do'm leithid-sa. Thachair dhomb o cheann ghoidrid a bhi dol seachad air beul glinne am meadhon na dùthcha, 'n uair a mhothaich mi ceithir no còig de bhothain aig a cheann shuas dheth is smùid as gach aon diubh. Bhuail e mi gu'n gabhainn ceum suas an gleann dh' fheuch gu dé 'n seòrsa thighean a bh' anna. Mar bha mi dlùthachadh orra gu dé 'chunnaic mi ach sgaobh bhan a' tighinn ann am choinneamh! 'Is leam-sa e,' arsa é dhiubh: 'Cha leat ach leam-sa', arsa té eile. Leis a so chuir é dhiubh a làmhan mu m' mhuineal, glac dithis eile mo ghaird-

eanan, agus leag càch mi. An sin shuidh dithis air mo ghàirdeanan té air gach taobh dhìom ; shuidh dithis eile air mo chasan. Dh' oiltich mi. Ged is iomadh cumart 's an robh mi cha robh riamh uiread eagail orm. Ghuidh mi orra mo leigeil as, ach cha d' thug iad feart orm car tamuill. An àite sin 's ann a thòisich iad air figheadh stocainean thairis orm is air mo chàineadh 's mo smàdath. Mu dheireadh an déigh dhomh gealltainn nach rachainn tuilleadh a chòir a ghlinne 's nach cuirinn tuilleadh dragh orra leig iad mu'r sgaoil mi.

Ceit Dhùghaill—Gabhadh esan sin. Bithidh greis mu'n tèid e 'ris a mheachranachd air daoine bochda nach bi 'gabhaill gnothaich ris.

Rob Chailein—An ann mar sin a tha thu 'bruidhinn mu dhuine cho còir 's a bha riamh ann an dùthaich. Na'm biodh na ceart mhnathan ud agam-sa air bòrd a *Mhary Ann* cha mise Rob Chailein mur cuirinn na h-iarainn orra 's mur cuirinn air aran is uisge iad fad thrì làithean.

Alastair Mòr—Mo nàire ! mo nàire, a Roib. Ann an mar sin a tha sibh a' bruidhinn mu na mnathan gaolach ?

Rob Chailein—Tha uiread mheas agam air na mnathan gaolach no gràdhach no ionmhuinn 's a th' agad-sa no aig fear eile, ach so their mi gu'n do thoill na mnathan ud sèa miosan an prìosan airson droch ionnsuidh a thoirt air fear-gnothaich an rìgh.

Ceit Dùghaill—Mur sguir thu ni sinn ort mar rinneadh air a Ghàidsear.

Rob Chailein—Ma tha sibh uil' air an aon sgeul tha cho math dhomh-sa 'bhi sàmhach.

Ceit Dhùghaill—Tha sin dìreach cho math dhuit.

Rob Chailein—Gu dé 'th' air tighinn air na caileagan laghach, gaolach ? Cha chualas facal as am beul an nochd. Tha iad cho malda, nàrach 's ged b'e là 'm bainnse 'bhiodh ann. Mur fhaigh sinn bruidhinn asda cha 'n fhaod e 'bhi nach fhaigh sinn òrain.

Ceit Dhùghaill—Nach ann agad a tha 'n aghaidh an déigh na rinn thu 'g an smàdadh is 'g an càineadh.

Rob Chailein—Nach cuist thu, 'Cheit ? D'e 'n cànrán a th' air t-aire ? So, a Mhàiri Ailein, thoir dhuinn “Tha 'tighinn fodham éiridh.” Is gasda 'sheinn thu e air an deireadh-bhuana mu dheireadh.

Màiri Ailein—Nach feuch sibh Seònaid an so ; 's i 's fhearr air na h-òrain na mise.

Rob Chailein—'S cinnteach mi nach diùlt Seònaid dhuinn òran, ach 's e t-oran-sa tha dhìth oirnn an dràst.

Màiri Ailein—*Very well, mata.*

Rob Chailein—Coma leat a' Beurla, 'ghràidh : tha Ghaidhlig uasal na 's leòir air ar son-ne. Rach air t-aghaidh.

Màiri Ailein—Cuidichibh mi leis an fhonn—

Fonn—“Tha 'tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha 'tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha 'tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha 'tighinn fodham éiridh.

“Sid an t-slàinte chùramach
Olamaid gu sunndach i,
Deoch-slàint' an Ailein Mhùideartaich,
Mo dhùrachd dhuit gu 'n éirich.
Tha 'tighinn, etc.

“Ged a bhiodh tu fada uam
Dh' éireadh sunnd is aigne orm,
'Nuair chluinntinn sgeul a b' aite leam
Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.
Tha 'tighinn, etc.

“'S iomadh maighdean bharrasach,
Dha 'm maith a thig an earrasaid
Eadar Baile Mhanaich
Is Caolas Bharraidh 'n déigh ort.
Tha 'tighinn, etc.

Sgiobair ri là gaillin thu
A seòladh cuian nam marunnan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun fhear.
Tha 'tighinn, etc.”

Dh' fhàg mi na h-uibhir a rannan a mach air cagal gu'm fàsadh sibh sgìth de 'n òran.

Rob Chailein—Sgìth de 'n òran ! Sinn nach fhàsadh a's thusa 'g a sheinn. Do shlàint', a Màiri. 'S iomadh ceàrn 's an robh mi an Alba, an Sasunn, 's an Eirinn, ach cha chuala mi fhathast òrain cho taitneach ris na h'òrain Ghàidhlig, is cha 'n fhaca mi fhathast caileagan cho aoidheil, tlachdmhor air gach dòigh ri caileagan na Gàidhealtachd.

An Gàidheal o 'n bhaile mhòr—Fhuair mi toil-inntinn a nochd nach dì-chuimhnich mi 'chlisgeadh. Chaidh mise 'thogail 's a' Ghalldachd, ach tha 'Ghàidhlig a cheart cho deas leam ris a' Bheurla. Bha deagh chothrom agam air a h-ionnsachadh. Cha

robh facal Beurla aig mo mhathair is cha robh ach prabarsaich Beurla aig m'athair. Uime sin 's i Ghàidhlig a bha daonan air a bruidhinn 's an tigh againn. B' àbhaist do m'athair 's do m' mathair a bhi 'g innseadh dhuinn sgeulachdan Gàidhealach 's na h-oichean geamhraidh. 'S iad leabhraichean Gàidhlig a b' àbhaist doibh a bhi leughadh—am Bìobull Gàidhlig, an Teachdaire Gàidhealach, leabhraichean Bhuinnean, gu Sònraichte Turus a' Chrìosdaidh, laoidhean Dhùgaill Bhuchanan, agus an leithidibh sin. Tha iomadh bliadhna o 'n dh' fhalbh iadsan, ach cha do dhì-chuimhnich mise 'chànain a chleachd iadsan no an t-ionnsachadh a fhuair mi uapa. Tha iomadh cuimhneachan agam orra ris nach dealaich mi fhad 's is beò mi. 'S ann diubh sin anart-bùird a rinn mo mhàthair mu 'n d' fhàg i Ghàidhealtachd agus deise de dh' aodach Gàidhealach a fhuair m'athair o 'n tàilleir 's a bhail 'ud shuas. Tha an t-anart-bùird air a thoirt a mach a h-uile bliadhn' air là na bliadhn' uire, agus air a chur seachad a ris 'n uair a bhios sinn a' dol a luidhe.

Niall Ruadh—A mach o thighean nan uaislean agus na caileagan a bhios a' dol do 'n Ghalldachd airson cosnadh, cha 'n fhaicear 's an dùthaich so ach aodaichean a tha air an deanamh aig an tigh. Ar n-anairtean-bùird, ar searadairean, ar leintean, ar deiseachan, a h-uile snichdean a tha sinn a' caitheamh, 's ann aig an tigh a tha iad air an deanamh. Tha 'n lion 's an olainn againn-fhein. Tha ar mnathan 'g an snìomh, tha 'n figheadair a' deanamh aodaich dhiubbh, agus tha 'n tàilleir 'g an cumadh 's 'g am fuaghal. Na'm biodh marsantan Ghlascho an eisimeil na dùthcha so air son margaidh d' am bathar cha b' fhada sheasadh iad.

Rob Chailein—Tha 'n t-àm dhuinn dealachadh. Tha e leth-uair an déigh deich uairean. Oidheche mhath leibh, a mhuinntir mo ghràidh. Aig Ni Math tha brath an coinnich sin uile an so am feasda tuilleadh.

30th JANUARY, 1895.

At this meeting office-bearers for 1895 were elected, and Mr George Macleod, fishmonger, Church Street, was elected a member of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Rev. D. J. Macdonald, Killean, Kintyre, entitled "Jottings, Legendary, Antiquarian, and Topographical, from West Kintyre." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

JOTTINGS, LEGENDARY, ANTIQUARIAN, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL, FROM WEST KINTYRE.

The peninsula of Kintyre seems to have formed in bygone times a battle-ground on which contending races and clans strove for supremacy. It was rich, and therefore coveted, land. That it was much exposed to invasion may be inferred from the number of "duns," or forts, that are scattered throughout its extent. We are only immediately concerned with that stretch of the west coast of Kintyre included in the united parishes of Killean and Kilchenzie. Within these limits the following "duns," or forts, are to be found, nor do they exhaust the whole number:—

Dùn Domhnuill (Donald's fort).

Dùn na famhair (Giants' fort).

Dùn Cachaileith Mhicheil (The fort of Michael's gate).

An Caisteil (The castle).

Dùn Chill-a-Ghruir (The fort of the Church of the Creator).

Dùn Cheallaidh (The fort of the view (-sealladh), or of observation).

Dùn Chlaonghart (Claongart fort, or the fort of the sloping corn field).

Dùn Phuitechan (The fort of the little field of the point).

Dùn Dhaibhidh (David's fort).

An Dùn, at "Port an Dùin" (The fort).

Dùn Chlachaig (The fort of the stoney place).

Dùn Ach-na-Ath (The fort of the kiin field).

Dùn Ach-a-loisginn (The fort of the pimperl field).

Dùn Domhnuill was very strongly posted on the top of an isolated rocky mound of considerable height. The stones cast down from the top, when the fort was demolished, are strewn along two of its sides. On one side the rock is sheer. Here, it is said, the chiefs of Macdonald, the ancient lords of Kintyre, held their courts of justice. Criminals condemned to death were hurled from the top of the "dùn," and despatched by executioners at the foot.

Dùn Cheallaidh, which, judging from the ruins, seems to have been a spacious fort, stands on the sharp edge of the ridge overlooking the shore, right over the burying-ground of Pàitean. It commands a magnificent prospect. Looking out on the Atlantic, there is to be seen, to the south, the Mull of Kintyre, and much of the land intervening; to the west, the North of Ireland and the island of Rathlin; towards the north-west, Islay and

Jura ; and to the North, Kilberry, Knapdale, Scarba, and, beyond, the crest of Ben Mòr in Mull.

It is stated that the line of forts along the west of Kintyre was so constructed that one fort stood in sight of the other, so that a signal of danger could be flashed from one post to another almost instantaneously.

Dùn Phuitechán is situated on a detached rocky eminence between the public road and the sea, a short distance to the south of Bealach-an-t-suidhe, commonly written Ballochantea. The old road wound up the steep ascent in front of the village of Ballochantea, and kept the higher ground until within a few miles of Campbeltown. It was natural that the weary pedestrian should, on gaining the upper level, halt in order to draw breath. Hence the name Bealach-an-t-suidhe—the sitting pass.

The present road was made in 1777. It skirts the sea-shore for several miles. When excavating near Dùn Phuitechán for forming the new road, some workmen found gold rings or parts of rings. The derivation of Putechan puzzled us for long, but we are now convinced that it is derived from “bùt” or “bùta,” a point or butt. A glance at the map will show that at Putechan the coast line runs out into a promontory. “Put” is Gaelic for push. Hence the word is connected with an object which projects like a point, as “put,” a buoy, “bùtag,” an oar-pin, “bùta,” butt, the point to be shot at in archery, also a promontory as in the butt of Lewis (“am buta Leodhasach”), “pùtan,” a button. There are contiguous to Putechan, Putechantuy and Corruptechan. The former is behind Bealach an t-suidhe, with the same derivation for the last syllable. For Corruptechan, the first syllable may be derived from “cor,” a point or “coire,” a circular hollow. Deep circular cuttings are made in the red sandstone by a stream that flows through the place. As for the last syllable in Putechan, it may be “achan,” a little field.

Dùn Ach-na-h-àth, the fort of the kiln field. Limestone abounds in the neighbourhood, and the origin of this name may be traced to the existence of a lime kiln. As a stream, crossed by the road, runs along the foot of the field here, the proper derivation of the name may be Ach-na-h-àth, the field of the stream. This fort stands on the farm of South Muasdale, strongly posted on a hill. It is very steep on the north. The ascent from the south and east is gradual. The lines showing the ground plan of the fort are distinctly marked. The foundation is formed of huge blocks of undressed stones. Magnificent views are to be seen from this dùn and also from Dùn Chlachaig. Almost all the forts may be said to have a more or less commanding site. A man living in

this neighbourhood told us that when ploughing the field to the east of Dùn Ach-na-h-àth he found two flint arrow heads, or spear heads. He kept them for some time. Ultimately he broke one of them, and used a fragment to strike sparks from with a steel for lighting his pipe. We are not, however, disposed to be hard upon our friend, for he rehearsed to us the following legends connected with Muasdale and Dùn Ach-na-ath. We give them word for word as spoken :—

SGEUL GILLE-COCHULL NAN CRAICHEAN.

“Thanaig Gille-Cochull nan craiceann agus ghabh e fasdadh aig Fionn Mac Couil. B’ fhabhaist do Fhionn fein an dùn a ghleidheadh ’s an oidhche. Cha robh e airson an dùn earbsa ri Gille-Cochull nan craiceann, ach ghabh e as laimh e, agus “mhend” se e cuidheadh. Mu mheadhon oidhche thanaig a nuas gleann eas-la-ruit’, beist cosmhuil ri tarbh. Bho na gheall e bhì dileas do Fhionn Mac Couil, sheas Gille-Cochull nan craiceann anns an dorus, agus cha leigeadh e steach a’ bheist. Chaidh iad a ghleac, agus thilg an Gille-Cochuill an ceann dheth leis a’ chladheamh. Nuair a bhuaill e an ceann dheth, chaidh an ceann suas astar mòr agus phill e agus chaidh e air a’ chluinn a ris. Thilg e an ceann a ris dheth, agus dh’ eirich e mar rinn e roimhe. Agus thanaig spiorad tharais air Gille-Cochull-nan-craiceann, agus thubhairt e ris, an claidheamh a chumail air an smior. Rinn e sin, agus nuair a thainig an ceann a nuas a ris’ bhuaill e anns an talamh, agus mharbh Gille-Cochull-nan-craiceann a’ bheist. Bha Mac Couill fuathasach buidheach dheth, agus thubhairt e gun o’ rinn e nì nach deanadh e fein. Rinn e ceannard dheth, agus dh’ fhas e nì bu tapaidh na e fein.”¹

¹ Since writing the above, I came across a reference bearing on this subject in Dr Hyde’s learned “Story of Early Gaelic Literature,” pp. 168-171. This account makes Gille-Cochull-nan-craichean step out into the light of history. His name was Muircheartach or Murtag, and he was son of Niall Glun-dubh, or the black-kneel, who became high king of all Ireland. In the 10th or 11th century, there flourished in Ireland a poet of the name of Cormac “an Eigeas,” who celebrated the martial prowess of Muircheartach, or Murtag of the leather cloaks, “na geocheal croicinn.” Muircheartach took Sitric, the Danish lord of Dublin, Ceallachan of Munster, the King of Leinster, and the Royal heir of Connacht as hostages. Cormac’s poem of 556 lines begins :—

“A Mhuircheartaigh Mheic Neill nàir
Ro ghabhais gialla Inse-fail.”

“O Muircheartach, son of noble Niall,
Thou hast taken hostages of Inisfail.”

According to Dr Hyde, Fionn MacCool lived in the 3rd century, and on these data this legend of Gille-Cochull-nan-craichean affords an example of the way in which folk-lore annihilates time, and brings persons separated by many centuries together.

TRANSLATION OF THE TALE OF THE LAD OF THE SKIN MANTLE OR
SKIN HOOD.

“The lad of the skin mantle came and engaged himself with Fionn MacCoul. Fionn himself was in the habit of watching the fort at night. He was not for entrusting the fort to the lad of the skin mantle. But he took it in hand, and managed it too. About midnight there came down the glen of the croft waterfall¹ a beast like a bull. As he had promised to be faithful to Fionn MacCoul, the lad of the skin mantle stood in the door, and would not let the beast get in. They fell a fighting, and the lad of the mantle struck the head off the beast with the sword. When he struck the head off it, the head went up a great distance, and came back and united to the body again. He struck the head off it again, and the head rose as it did before. And a spirit came over the lad of the skin mantle and said to him to keep the sword on the marrow. He did that, and when the head came down again it stuck in the ground, and the lad of the skin mantle slew the beast. Fionn MacCoul was vastly pleased with him, and said that he had done a thing that he could not do himself. He made a captain of him, and he became abler than himself.”

Glac an t' saic bhàin is a small valley behind Dùn Ach-na-h-ath. The following legend is told about this place :—

“S e spiorad a bha anns an t-sac bhàn. Bha se bodaich dheug air Muasdal. Bha caile shearbhanta aig fear do na bodaich, agus bha mac a bhodaich a' suiridhe orra. Bha “pic” mhor aig a mhathair do 'n nighinn. Cha robh fhios aice ciamar a fhaodaidh i cur as dhi. Bha iad a reic deoch thall anns a Chreagan. Cha robh chridhe aig neach an bith dol thar Glaic an t-Saic bhàin aon uair 's gun luigheadh a' ghrian. 'S e 'n doigh a ghabh a mhathair-gu 'n cuireadh i do 'n Chreagan a dh' iarraidh deoch i. Nuair a bha i falbh fhuair i an luman a bha air an t-Shac bhàn, agus sguab i leatha an luman. Bha fios aice nach b' urrainn e ni air bith a dheanamh gun i. Nuair a fhuair i an deoch anns a Chreagan thug i 'n luman do bhean an *tigh Chainge*. Thubhairt i rithe an luman a ghleadhadh gus a' saoladh i gu 'm bitheadh ise aig an tigh. An sin thanaig an Sac bàn gus an *tigh Chainge*, agus a h-uile buille a' bheireadh e do 'n dorus shaoileadh iad gu 'm briseadh e an tigh. Bha bhean a deanamh foidheinn feuch am

¹ “Eas la cruit,” we take it, is a form of “Eas na cruit,” the waterfall of the croft. There is a beautiful waterfall here.

bitheadh a chaile aig an tigh mu 'n toireadh i air aise a luman. Ach leis an namhas a ghabh i, thilg i an luman air. Thuig an gille mar a bha na gnothuichean, agus bho e 's an dorus gus a ceapail. Bha 'n Sac bàn aig an dorus cho luath rithe, ach fhuair esan a' slaodadh uaith'. An sin fhuair an Sac bàn greim air a phlaide bha orra-se, agus leis an eagal a fhuair a chaile shiubhail i. Bha duileas mòr air a bhean gu 'n d' rinn i lethid, agus cha d' fhuair i socair na dheidh sin."

TRANSLATION OF THE LEGEND OF THE HOLLOW OF THE WHITE SAC.

"The White Sac was a spirit. There were sixteen old men in Muasdale. One of them had a servant girl, and the son of the old man was courting her. His mother took a great spite to the girl. She did not know how she might do away with her. They sold drink over at the Creggan. No one dared to cross the hollow of the White Sac once the sun set. The way that his mother took was that she should send her to the Creggan to fetch drink. When she (the girl) was going she found the shaggy covering that was on the White Sac, and she swept away with her the shaggy covering. She knew that he could not do anything without it. When she got the drink at the Creggan, she gave the shaggy covering to the change-house wife. She said to her to keep the shaggy covering until she thought that she would be at the house. Then came the White Sac, and every blow that he would give to the door, they would think that he would break through the house. The wife was waiting (making patience) to see if the girl would be at the house ere she gave back the shaggy covering. But with the awe she felt, she threw the shaggy covering at him. The lad understood how matters were, and he was at the door to catch her. The White Sac was at the door as soon as she, but he was able to pull her from him. Then the White Sac got a hold of the plaid which was about her, and with the fright that the girl got she died. The woman was very sorry that she did the like, and she got no rest after that."

On the farm of Rosehill or Rosshill there is a hillock overlooking the sea called "Carman Fionn." Within the memory of people still living a cairn of considerable size stood on the hillock. There was also an underground passage. An old man told us that many years ago he groped his way for some distance down through this passage. The cairn stones were cleared away, and the plough driven over the crown of the hillock, obliterating its peculiar features. It looks as if there had been a fort and earth dwelling

combined. Its name suggests that it may have been associated with the fairies. It was customary to use complimentary terms in referring to them and to their habits. Hence, perhaps, the name "Carnan Fionn," the beautiful little cairn.

About a quarter of a mile to the south, on the farm of Glencardoch, there is a cone-like hillock called "Cnocan na-te-riabhaich," the hillock of the grizzly (she) one. At the foot of this hillock there are the foundations of a house said to have been occupied by the personage who bore this ominous name, "An-te-riabhach." We ventured to suggest that the name might probably be "Cnocan-na-tir-riabhaich," having heard of Dalrioch and Knockrioch, but our kindly gossip maintained that it was named for some unamiable female. The house had seven doors, for the story goes that she had no fewer than seven husbands, each of whom entered the house by a door of his own. Was the "Te-riabhach" a notable witch? Or was she the personification, in her stormy moods, of the Atlantic, whose waves all but wash the foot of "Cnocan-na-te-rhiabhaich?" And who then are the seven husbands of the Atlantic? Are they cloud, darkness, and rain, the wind and the wave, the sun by day and the moon by night?

Beneath the hillock just described, there is a detached rock, steep on every side, flat at the top, and almost touched by the waves. Over the top of this rock are scattered a great quantity of stones, the remains of a fort. A little bay beside it was called "Port an Duin," and at no great distance is a sea-girt skerry called "Sgeir a' Bhlair," from which the enemy is said to have shot his arrows when attacking the dun.

There lived in these parts at the time of the Peninsular War a man of the name of Matthew W——. It was known that the press gang was actively employed in the neighbourhood. Matthew W—— became so frightened that he left home and betook himself for safety to the island of Cara, some five miles distant. While in exile there, he afterwards reported that he heard the voice of a friend of his crying from the other side:—"Ho! Mhatha, tha' m press a' 'm port an duin; ho! Mhatha, tha' m press a' 'm port an duin."

At Blary, in Barr Glen, there is a small hillock called "Cnocan-na'm piobairean." A little to the south is a longish narrow hillock called "Cnocan-na-sithichean." Close to this a battle is said to have been fought, and in the engagement there fell nine pipers, who were buried in the hillock called Cnocan-na'm piobairean.

In the same glen, on the farm of Charlottetown, there is another hillock called "Cnocan na'm ban." This is its story:—

SGEUL CNOCAN NAM BAN.

“Bha bean ann an so aig an robh paisde. Thugadh air falbh h-aon no dithis do na paisdean a bha aice leis na sithichean. Bhithe’ faire nam paisdean a nuair sin air eagal mu ’n toirte air falbh iad. Thubhairt fear an tighe nach leigeadh e le duine sam bith faire a dheamach ach e fein an oidhche sin. Gus a chumail na fhaire thug e leis noigean agus fhuair e sgian agus bha e snaidheidh a chearcail gus á chuir air. Chual e aon cheòl bu bhoidheche a chual e riamh. Cha b’ urrainn se e fein a chumail ’na fhaireachadh aig a cheol. Bha ’n ceol gá chuir na chadal. Chaidh an sgian na laimh, agus dhuisc sin e, agus chaidh e gus an dorus. Bha e ’g eisdeachd ris a’ cheol aig an dorus. ‘S maith dhuit gur h-ann agamsa ’bha ’n saighead thubhairt fear do na sithichean ris, ‘No cha robh thusa an sin an nochd. Agus mar chomharra,’ ars’ esan, ‘seall agus chi thu an coilleach marbh air an sparr.’ Chaidh an duine agus thug e leis solus agus fhuair e mar thubhairteadh ris, bha an coilleach marbh air an sparr. Cha do chuir iad riamh dragh tuilleadh air an teaghlach sin, bho ’n rinn e fein faire.”

TRANSLATION OF THE TALE OF THE WOMEN’S HILLOCK.

“There was a woman here that had a child. One or two of the children which she had were taken away by the fairies. The children used to be watched then for fear that they would be taken away. The man of the house said that he would not let anyone watch on that night but himself. To keep himself wakeful, he took a wooden pail, and he got a knife and began whittling a ring to put on it. And he heard the sweetest music he ever heard. He could not keep himself awake for the music. The music was lulling him to sleep. The knife went into his hand, and that woke him, and he went to the door and was listening to the music at the door. ‘It is good for you that it was I that had the arrow,’ said one of the fairies to him, ‘else you had not been there to night, and as a sign,’ said he, ‘look and you will see the cock dead on the perch.’ The man went and took a light, and he found as was said to him—the cock was dead. They never troubled that family again, as the man himself had watched.”

Near "Cnocan nam ban" is "Cnocan na cainntearachd,"¹ so called from the sound of discourse or music which the quick ear of imagination heard proceeding from the knowe. One wonders whether the eloquence and music with which fairy hills were supposed to be replete accounts for the saying "cho glic ri cnoc," "as wise as a hillock." As these two knowes are not far apart, the fairies were believed to pass from the one to the other by secret ways.

To the south of the island of Gigha, which is separated from the west coast of Kintyre by a sound about 3 miles in breadth, is the small island of Cara. It is about 1 mile in length, and over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from side to side. At the south end is the Mull of Cara, a bold headland which rises abruptly to the height of 150 to 180 feet. Towards the centre of the island the elevation stands at 100 feet, and from thence the ground slopes down gradually to the sound on the north. The outlines of the island are such as to give it a remarkable resemblance to a body laid out for burial. Hence the name "An caradh," the laying out, which now takes the form Cara.

The island is at present inhabited by one family, and that a small one. That a little community occupied it at one time may be surmised from the fact that close to the ample dwelling-house, there stand the ruins of a diminutive chapel. This romantic little island is stocked with sheep, goats, and deer. But what specially invests Cara with interest, and appeals strongly to the popular imagination, is its reputation as the home of the brownie. We have been told that the origin of the brownie may be traced to a tragedy in which one of the Clan Macdonald fell by the sword of a Campbell. For what reason, it does not appear, the slaughtered Macdonald took the form of the brownie. His friendship for the clan is one of his most distinctive peculiarities. It is said that on one occasion Macdonald of Largie, the proprietor of the island, sent his boat and crew across to fetch a cask of wine from the cellar of Cara house. Arriving at their destination, the men were so unwise as to offend the brownie in some way or other. They descended into the cellar, and laid a plank in position whereon to roll the cask of wine up to the low storey of the house. But they

¹ An old farmer in the district told me that in ploughing here, many years ago, he turned up a great quantity of broken pottery. As he expressed it, "Bha Chrìosdachd a phigeachan ann." Doubtless there was here an ancient burying-place containing urns such as are frequently associated with places of this kind. A lingering tradition that it was a pagan burying-place may account for its being connected later with the fairies.

reckoned without their host. When they came to handle the cask, they found that lead could not be heavier. Do all they could, they were not able so much as to move it. Discovering their mistake, they forthwith began to make overtures of peace to the brownie. Apologies and expressions of regret were freely offered, and then they betook themselves to their task again. No sooner had they touched the cask than it ran up the plank of itself, out at the door, rolled down helter skelter to the sea, clearing banks and bounding over rocks, and never halted until it reached the spot where the boat was moored at the shore.

On another occasion Macdonald of Largie challenged a lowland crew to a rowing match against a home crew. They were four-a-side, with one at the helm. The match came off near Cara. So complete and easy was the victory of the home crew as to warrant a general belief that the brownie was towing their boat.

It is told how the Cara herd and his wife were one day burning kelp, and they sent the servant girl to drive the cow into the byre. She searched the whole island for the cow, but all in vain—the cow was not to be found. At last the cow was found in the byre, the door of which was secured on the outside as usual. It was, of course, attributed to the brownie.

The brownie has the reputation of being a capricious sprite. He is a good hater, but, when in the humour of it, a most willing and helpful servant. The story goes that domestic servants, oppressed with the prospect of much serving, have found the work somehow taken out of their hands. Mysterious sounds were heard after the inmates of the house had retired to rest. Unseen hands plied their labours; confusion gave place to order. Tables were cleared, kitchen utensils scoured, dishes washed and laid in appropriate places, none who were not in the secret of the brownie's ways knew how. A herd who lived at one time on the island always spoke of the brownie as "the gentleman." But woe betide any one who incurred his displeasure. A domestic servant has been known to do this, with the result that grievous bodily chastisement was inflicted upon her when the brownie got his opportunity.

It is told that on one occasion a feast was about to be given in Cara. Among the invited were some who were obnoxious to the brownie. On hospitable thoughts intent, the good wife of the house, going to the press to bring forth the provisions laid past for the visitors, found, to her consternation, that the press door would not open. She rugged and tugged, but all to no effect. At last, stamping her foot on the floor, she said sternly,

"Do you mean to put me to shame in the presence of the people who are coming?" when, hey, presto! without any more ado the cupboard door swung open.

Of the brownie it may be said, without any great stretch of imagination, that he is "monarch of all he surveys"—in Cara at least. To match his dignity, therefore, it will surprise no one to learn that he is the possessor of a kind of throne called "the brownie's chair." It is such a chair as we might expect a rustic sprite to choose for resting on. It is rude and solid, formed by a ledge in the rock, and poised at a considerable altitude. Visitors rarely land in Cara for the first time without sitting in the brownie's chair, nor have we ever heard that he resented this intrusion.

WELLS.

Near Port an Duin, already referred to, there gushes from the foot of a rock quite close to the sea a well called "Tobar na Foinneachan," or the Well of the Warts. It was said to have healing properties, which effectually removed these excrescences.

On the farm of Barrmains there is another well credited with healing virtues. It is called "Tobar Mhiceil" or Michael's well. Close to it is a heap of small white pebbles. Doubtless these constituted the offerings of persons seeking relief from their sufferings at the well.

There was found in cleaning out "Tobar an t-Sagairt," the Priest's well, or wishing well, which at one time supplied water to the Church of St Kenneth or Kilchenzie, a square dressed piece of silver mica, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, perforated in centre, and with two incised concentric rings. On the inner ring are seven punctured holes, and immediately outside the outer ring are nine larger holes. The opposite side of the stone is ornamented with an inner circle of nineteen small punctures (but without incised ring), and an outer circle of twelve large punctures. Unfortunately, one corner of the stone was damaged by the workmen's tools. The stone was probably connected with charm working, and was thrown into the well for benefits hoped for or received. The water of the well was believed to have great healing power, provided the patient possessed sufficient faith, and performed all the necessary rites correctly, one of which was the throwing of a white stone or other offering into the well.

A small square block of white sandstone, with a socket-hole on upper surface, probably a stand for a cross or small image, was also found in the well. We have quoted from the account given in a local newspaper of this find. The articles mentioned are in the Campbeltown Museum.

We have been told that a man who dwelt in this parish, believing that it would restore him to health when he was dying, desired to drink of the water of this well or of the water of "Tobar a chath," the battle well, close to it, as David longed to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.

PLACE-NAMES.

The names in this district, pointing to ecclesiastical foundations, are Killean, Kilchenzie, Kilmory, Kilmaluag, Killegruir, Killoccraw, and Kilmahoe.

Killean (Cill-Sheathain), the Cell or Church of St John. The same name is found in Oa, Islay, and in Sutherlandshire. At Killean there are the ruins of a pre-Reformation church, and also several sculptured stones.

Kilchenzie (Cill-Chaineach), the Church of St Kenneth, who was born in Co. Derry, died 517. He laboured in the Western Islands and in Ireland. At Kilchenzie also there are the ruins of a pre-Reformation church.

Kilmory (Cill-Mhuire), the Church of the Virgin Mary.

Kilmaluag (Cill-Moluoc), the Church of Moluoc, bishop and confessor, died June 25th, 577. Connected with Lismore and buried at Rosemarchy. Many churches dedicated to him. The bachul mòr, or great staff or crosier of the saint, is in the possession of the Duke of Argyll.

Killegruir (Cill a' chruithfhear), the church of the Creator. So we understand it, though we cannot quote an authority for it.

Killarow (Cill-Maelrubha), the Church of Maelrubha, abbot, born January 3rd, 642, died April 21st, 722. Descended of Irish and Dalriadian stock. Founded Church in Appincrossan, now Applecross, said to have been a second Iona. This saint's name underwent great changes, such as Mulruby, Marrow, Mury, Arrow and Olrow.

Kilmahoe (Cill-na-hough?), the church of the hough or lowland. The found of a small chapel has been traced here, and a cist was discovered near it.

Killoccraw, pronounced Cill o' Craich. We are at a loss to account for this, as Celtic hagiology does not, as far as we know, furnish a name to which it can be referred. Was this a dedication to some ecclesiastic unknown to fame, named O' Crath or O' Crach?

The following are place-names of the district referred to :—

Achadaduie (Ach fada dubh).

Arinanuan (Airidh nan uan), the sheiling of the lambs.

Balevain (Bale mheadhon), middle town.

Balnagleck (Bale na glaic), town of the hollow.

Barr, a hill top.

Barlea (Barr liath), the gray hill top.

Baruchdarach, the upper hill top.

Barragmònachach, the little peaty hill top.

Blàry (Blàr field and i?), island probably so called because enclosed on two sides by Barr river and stream.

Breckachy (Brec achadh), spotted field.

Cleit (a rock or cliff), trap dykes at the place.

Cnoc an rois (Rosshill), the hill of the point.

Beachmore, the big birch.

Beachmeanach (Beathmeadhonach), the middle birch.

Beachar (Beath a charragh), the birch of the pillar, so called from monolith that crowns the hill.

Creagruadh, red rock.

Dalmore, the big plain.

Drumnamucklach (Druim nam mule chlach), the ridge of the stone lumps.

Dunashery (Dun aisridh) the fort of the hill.

Gaigen (Gagan), the little cleft. On each side of the place is a deep fissure.

Garvolt (Garradh mholt), the wedder copse or den.

Glenclioi (Gleann clach a gheoidh), the glen of the goose stone.

Gortinanane (Goirtean nan eun), the birds' paddock.

Glenacardoch (Gleann na ceardach), the smithy glen.

Langa (Lann ath), the church stream; the place is situated beside a stream that runs past Kilchenzie Church.

Largy (Lairig), sloping hill or hill side.

Lagalgarve (lagan garbh), the rough little hollow.

Lenanmore (Lean mor), the big meadow.

Tangy (Teanga), tongue. The configuration of the land exactly resembles a tongue.

Bhunahaorine (Rudha na aoireann), the point of the beach or of the low-lying land near the sea; aoireann, from Norse "eyrr," a beach.

There are also Peninirine (Peghinn nan aoiream), Aoireann

^{hl} Ibhìr and Aoireann a bhalla (the beach of the wall), at ^cannUist, Kilberry, Tarbat, and Lochfyne respectively.

Between Killocrow and Putechan there is a stream spanned by a high narrow bridge over which the old road passed. Here, it is said, two funeral processions once met. Both companies had been indulging freely in drink. It was necessary that one party should stand aside while the other crossed the bridge, but neither was in the temper to give way. A battle there and then began, in which many fell on both sides. A memorial of the disaster is preserved in the name of the stream—"Allt-na-dunach," or the stream of misfortune.

It is said that a tenant of Killocrow gave some man a piece of ground to cultivate for himself. It was supposed that he happened to light upon a place where there were human remains, either a burying-place of the usual kind or an old battlefield. Whatever it was that the man saw or felt, he struck the spade into the ground, went home, fell sick, and died. He paid the last penalty for desecrating the ground.

8th FEBRUARY, 1895.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

The twenty-third annual dinner of the Society took place in the Caledonian Hotel this evening. In the absence, owing to illness, of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, Chief of the Society, Provost Ross presided. The croupiers were Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., and Mr Alexander Mackenzie, publisher. There were about fifty gentlemen present, including:—Mr William Mackay, solicitor, hon. secretary; Rev. Mr Macdonald, Killearnan; Rev. Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Mr Robertson, H.M.I.S.; Mr John Ross, Stornoway; Mr Machardy, chief constable; Mr W. G. Stuart, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, clothier; Mr Fraser of Millburn; Mr Macleod, fishmonger; Mr W. Macdonald, contractor; Mr Medlock, jeweller; Mr George Ross, solicitor; Mr F. Grant, solicitor; Mr J. S. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Stronach, assistant, H.M.I.S.; Mr Macgregor, Bank of Scotland; Mr Macgillivray, do.; Mr Alex. Fraser, Balloch; Mr J. Macbean, of Messrs Ferguson & Macbean; Mr Macleod, Drumsittal; Mr Keeble, Church Street; Mr Henry Munro, Union Street; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Mackenzie, fishmonger; Mr Fraser, Upper Kessock Street; Mr Alex. Macdonald, Tomnahurich Street; Mr Wark, Lancashire Insurance Coy.; Mr Alex. Fraser, Tomnahurich Street; Mr Davidson, Union

Street; Mr D. M. Cameron, Dempster Gardens; Mr Findlater, of Macdonald & Mackintosh; Mr Duncan Campbell, Craignish; Mr Livingston, Helenslea; Mr Nairne, and others. The assembled gentlemen marched to the dining room, headed by the gifted piper to the Society, Mr Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, pipe-major. Mr Mackenzie played stirring and well-selected music during the dinner, also after many of the toasts, and was frequently applauded.

The Chairman, who was received with applause, gave the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, which were pledged with enthusiasm.

Captain Findlater, 1st V.B.C.H., replied for the Auxiliary Forces, which, he said, were never in a more prosperous state than at present, especially the Highland Battalions. Than the 3rd Seaforth and the 2nd Camerons, there were no finer Battalions in the British Isles, and they knew what a splendid Brigade was the Highland Artillery. That remark was, he thought, equally applicable to the Infantry Volunteers. Their Brigade was up to its full strength, and they intended to have a Brigade camp this year, although the time and place had not yet been decided. They looked forward to having a line regiment at the camp, and he believed that if that were introduced, it was calculated to do a great deal of good—(hear, hear). Considering the out-door games that were now pursued, Captain Findlater thought it was a wonder that volunteering had kept up so well. Much, however, remained to be done by the War Office, such as paying travelling expenses to the Volunteers.

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary to the Society, then read a long list of apologies for absence from members of the Society, and submitted the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows:—The Council have pleasure in reporting that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. During the past year, two life members and sixteen ordinary members had joined the Society, and the membership now stood as follows:—30 life members, 56 honorary members, and 367 ordinary members—in all, 453. Volume XIX. of the Transactions of the Society would be forwarded to the members in a few days, bringing the publication of their proceedings down to the beginning of the present session. The income and expenditure for the year showed a balance to the credit of the Society of £55 2s 1d. Out of that sum, however, there fell to be paid the cost of printing and binding Volume XIX. The Council had to acknowledge a further contribution of £5 towards the printing account from Mr Mackay,

Hereford—(applause). They had to regret the recent death of the Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmearck, who delivered the inaugural address to the Society.

The Chairman said—We have had a most satisfactory report, and it now falls to me to propose the toast of the evening, “Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness”—(applause). This is now the 23rd anniversary of its existence, and I am glad to say that we may congratulate ourselves on continued success, and look with some pride on the good work of past years. Vol. XIX., which is now placed in your hands, is not a whit behind the former ones in interest and value, though the second volume in one year. The members of the Society continue to increase in numbers and influence, its fame is spreading far and wide, and the number of members is now 450, and the Society of Inverness is being taken as a model for other kindred societies—(applause). Apart from the more immediate work of the Society, the individual members are doing good work—a splendid example being the volume on Glen-Urquhart by our honorary secretary, Mr William Mackay, and we are promised more in Presbytery Records of Inverness and Dingwall by the same writer. Mr Macbain also shows good work in his Gaelic Dictionary, now nearly ready. Dr Maccallum also gives us a collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs; many other works are announced—notably that of Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity, who gives a collection of Uist Songs, &c. It is difficult year by year to address the Society on the same subject, and I may be pardoned a few words on the present condition of the country from a social point of view. I think the condition of the Highlands is generally a matter for congratulation; for although times have been somewhat hard, yet we have not felt the commercial pinch so much as our neighbours in the South, nor have our pastoral farms been so ruinously affected as our agricultural ones. During the past season work has been plentiful throughout the Highlands, and our railway extension has given employment to many, producing thereby comfort and content, and with this employment and steady labour there is less unrest and discontent than has been exhibited for some years back—(hear, hear). One great factor in ameliorating the condition of the schools in the Highlands has been the great educational movement; our youths are now able to enter the lists with our southern neighbours, and I hope to see the higher grade of our Civil Service filled to a greater extent with native Highlanders than has hitherto been the case. It has struck me and many others that our Civil Service, such as the Inland Revenue and Excise, are

largely made up of Englishmen and Irishmen, and that in the large staff of their officials now in Inverness, the percentage of Highlanders and even Scotchmen is very small. Now, why should this be? These services are well paid and carry a pension, yet our Highland youth have failed to secure their fair share of them. No doubt, to a large extent the Highland youths have been debarred by the difficulties of preliminary training, the distance of the examination stations, and the want of information as to the mode of procedure, but with our secondary schools and the establishment of examining stations at Inverness, Portree, and Stornoway, it is to be hoped that a new era will dawn for our young men, and that many may succeed in getting some of the good things hitherto unobtainable by them. Through the intervention of the Scottish Education Department, important concessions have been made, and the three Northern centres referred to will become available to our country lads near home for education and examination, instead of their travelling away South at a great expense and inconvenience, with possible failure and disappointment before them. I am glad to say, however, that where the venture was made success has crowned the effort; and I have no fear of the Highland youths—they came to the front in the military service of their country, and brought home laurels of honour to their home and name, and I cannot think that they will do less in the Civil Service than they did in the military. All that is wanted is that a regular system of training should be established in our local schools to enable the young men to take advantage of this concession. I understand that the Inverness School Board are about to start special classes for the purpose, and no doubt the other centres will follow suit; and when the importance of the movement is realised, the Highland youths will come to the front and secure their fair share of the good things going. The success of our Society and those already in operation seems to have stimulated others in the movement, and I note the formation of several other societies, notably one in Aberdeen, the prospectus for which has just reached me, and I heartily concur in the scheme, and wish them success in the extension of those national and patriotic societies. Aberdeen is a place where such a society should have flourished long ago. A large number of Highland youths have annually flocked there to attend the College classes, and nowhere could a society such as ours do so much to assist the young student and foster a feeling of brotherhood amongst true Highlanders. Aberdeen has been a centre of education for the North of Scotland for centuries, and I am sure we wish a Society such as ours every success in the Granite City. I was amused to

see after an influential committee, and the Marquis of Huntly as Chieftain, a following of no less than 12 pipers. We have few losses to record by death, but there is one notable Highlander who has disappeared from our midst. I mean Macleod of Macleod. I can recollect hearing of his generosity and self-sacrifice in the terrible year of 1845-46, when the Highlands suffered from the potato blight, and how he came to the front and helped his people. We have heard that many gentlemen have been prevented by health and weather from attending our meeting to-night, and we miss many old faces, yet, at the same time, it is pleasing to observe their places all filled by capable and enthusiastic young members, and it augurs well for the future of the Society. I hope these juniors will walk in the footsteps of their fathers, and keep afloat, both by their presence, and more particularly by their writings and contributions, the traditions and happy associations of the olden time, for it is not enough that you should come here to enjoy yourselves, but each one of you could and ought to do some work for the Society, and contribute to this Society, and thus help to the preservation of the lore and records of the past.

The toast was pledged with Highland honours.

Rev. Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity, in proposing the Language and Literature of the Gael, said it was a theme of surpassing interest to every true Highlander, and proceeded:—As loyal sons of Caledonia we love the language of our sires, the language of sweetest minstrelsy and most fascinating romance, which speaks to the Highland heart in accents more tender and winsome than any other language beneath the sun. If we forget the mountain tongue, the dear old speech of Scotia's bards and heroes, may our right hand forget its cunning. We reverence the venerable Gaelic language because it is venerable. The time of the first great Celtic movement westward from the Aryan cradle of our race is buried in the mists of a dim and hoary antiquity. But we know that the Gael was the pioneer of that movement, that he swept out of his way the pre-historic races of Europe, and that at last he penetrated to our British shores. He has left footprints in many European lands, and the testimony of numerous place names proclaims to the traveller that the ancient Gael passed by that way. Hence, whether or not we agree with my poetic clansman Alexander Macdonald, that the progenitor of humanity couched his conjugal endearments in the language of the Gael, the results of modern research leave no doubt as to its great antiquity. Judging from its structure and genius, we conclude that it has floated for many and many an age down the stream of history—that its life

may be counted by milleniums, and that its birth-place is very far up those everlasting hills of time whence the river of human speech has sprung. The antiquity of the venerable language of the Gael is at once its weakness and its strength. It was born too early, perhaps, in the history of the world to be able successfully to grapple with the manifold requirements of our complex modern life. The English language came into being, and underwent the process of being shaped at a time when the human spirit was awakening to many of the great problems of nature and life, and for that reason, among others, its genius adapts it for the formation of abstract terms, and for processes of analysis, generalisation, and research. For commerce, science, and philosophy, the masterful tongue of the Saxon serves us well. Our mother tongue is a language of the world's youth, when the mind looked out at nature, as upon

“The scenery of a fairy dream.”

It abounds in concrete rather than abstract terms—it is the speech of passion, pathos, and fancy—the speech of poetry rather than of science; and thus it is that in this age of toiling hands and brains, the language which was born when the world was young, has in many relations to give way to the language of the world's manhood. But if we turn aside from the world's thoroughfares into the byways of domestic life, or if we go forth into those stirring fields where the trumpet speaks to the armed throng, scenes in which the heart utters itself and the passions of the soul are called into play, where can we find a more fit exponent of the thoughts that arise in us than this old tongue of ours, which has in it the “glee of the waterfall, the sighing of the wind, and the sough of the forest?” He who would sing, whether in joyful strains or in those sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought, or the

“Love-lorn swain in lady's bower,”

who would make love convincingly and successfully, can find no boys more capable of bearing the burden of his heart than the minstrelsy of our native land. And as the antiquity of our Gaelic speech makes it strong as the language poetry, so has it also rendered it a powerful instrument for philological research. Thanks to the methodical plodding patient Teuton rather than to the brilliant emotional but not too persevering Celt, the lamp of Gaelic learning has shed a most interesting light upon the dim mazes of comparative philology. I suppose the educated Teuton of to-day will admit that the Gael has a literature. Ignorant

prejudice on this subject has been hydra-headed ; contempt of the Celt has, undoubtedly, been very hard to kill. Yet even our despisers have not always been consistent in their contempt. The stately genius of England's latest laureate, who seldom used unmeasured terms, allowed itself to speak in "In Memoriam" of

"The schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt."

Yet the hero on whom he lavishes the rich and varied resources of his genius—

"Who revered his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,"

was Arthur, the Celtic King of Strathclyde. Similar inconsistency is perceptible in Dr Johnson, who held up the Celtic race and literature to ridicule, and yet who paid them a great but not undeserved compliment in the most famous sentence he ever penned. It is too familiar to need quotation. It has, however, been well remarked that while it is difficult to say what force the doctor's patriotism would gather upon the plains of Marathon—if we are to measure his piety by his truthfulness on Celtic themes, it would not grow very warm among the ruins of Iona. Dr Johnson's famous utterance contains a great historical truth. While the ancestors of our proud Norman barons—those of Dr Johnson, Pinkerton, *et hoc genus omne*, miserable traducers of our noble race—were emerging out of barbarism and showing their superiority as a people by demolishing monasteries and destroying their literary treasures, Culdee monks, Gaelic missionaries, were scattering the seeds of learning and art not only among our Celtic forefathers but over many European lands. Up to the 16th century, when the lordship of the Isles collapsed, and the strongest bond of union between the Gael of Ireland and Scotland departed, the language and literature of the two countries were virtually one. Ancient Gaelic literature precedes that time. In Ireland there exists in manuscripts and in print a mass of literature in the Gaelic tongue of which any country might be proud. In Scotland the ancient literature of the Gael is represented by MSS., almost all of which are preserved in the Advocates' Library—but portions of which have been printed. Modest in amount, though valuable in character, represented by such works as the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" and other MSS., published and unpublished, it is highly probable that the ancient literature of the Scottish Gael which exists to-day is only the fragment of a

greater literary past—a few bits of precious ore preserved out of a vast mine which was engulfed by the ravages of Scandinavian marauders, or overwhelmed by that tide of Saxon influence which began to flow in the days of Malcolm Canmore, and has been flowing ever since. Take, however, that ancient Gaelic literature as a whole, take it in its heroic cycles—that of Cuchullin with the story of the sons of Uisneachan and the Ossianic cycle—no matter how you explain their origin and growth, whether they are the Gaelic development of the wider cycle of Aryan myth or not; look at them in their higher forms and phases and you see a creative but unconscious art, a vividness of imagination, a picturesqueness of fancy, a pathos and tenderness of emotion, and even a sublimity of conception, which, combined with purity of moral sentiment, reflect lasting glory upon the heroic literature of the Gael. In such a connection a passing reference to that comet of a season, James Macpherson, is inevitable. I use the word comet advisedly, because his orbit was decidedly erratic, and he introduced terrible confusion into the study of our heroic poetry. A poetic genius undoubtedly he was, for his Ossian was his own, and not that of Gaelic tradition, and it bears the same relation to the real Ossianic cycle as Tennyson's poems on the "Knights of the Round Table" to Arthurian legend and romance. In the seventeenth century, after the disappearance of the strolling singers, a school of native bards arose, who sang in the native dialect of Scotland, and there is to some extent a parting of the ways of Irish and Scottish Gaelic literature. From the fallen Lordship of the Isles down to the Rebellion of 1745, the Highland chiefs and clans transferred their allegiance to the Stuart dynasty. In spite of Lord Macaulay's ascription of sordid motives, a disgraceful insinuation echoed by feebler voices, and notwithstanding the fatal folly of these misguided kings, there is nothing, in my opinion, more chivalrous in modern history than the devotion of the Highlanders to the unfortunate House of Stuart. I tell you that when the bribe of £30,000 was flung back in the face of the British Government by a people who, though poor, had still a sense of honour, and when the whole immortal episode was crowned by the heroism of Flora Macdonald, the Scottish Gael rose to a height of unselfish devotion which will be recorded with honour to the end of time. And this thrilling period of Scottish history has been voiced melodiously by our Highland bards. Much of our Gaelic poetry of the last 200 years is connected with these struggles, and the bards were always to be found on the side of the old line of kings who, whatever were their faults, were the legitimate occu-

pants of the ancient Scottish throne. Of the varied merits of the Jacobite minstrelsy of the Gael, its spirit, its enthusiasm, its patriotic fervour, its glowing and graceful ardour, I have no time to speak. For the same reason I can only refer to some of the greatest masters of Gaelic song in the last two centuries—the feeling for nature in the charming songs of Donnacha Ban, the beauty and tenderness of William Ross, and the chaste style, sparkling fancy, and brilliant wit of our own John MacCodrum. I wish also I were able to enlarge upon the beauties of our prose literature, which, though limited in amount, has been for ever redeemed from commonplace by that gem among books, *Caraid nan Gaidheal*, and the invaluable tales of Campbell of Islay. And now, to conclude, I am to couple this toast with the name of a gentleman to whom the Celtic world is deeply indebted. We know how much Mr Mackenzie has at heart the social advancement of his race, and we know what yeoman service he has rendered in his sphere of Highland historical research. In a manner that has won the admiration, even the wonder of all, he has been marshalling the clansmen of 500 years, and still that prolific and unwearied pen runs on, and we are all deep in the interesting Fraser history which weekly appears in the *Scottish Highlander*. Mr Mackenzie's services to Celtic literature are worthy of the warmest recognition from the race to which he belongs, and we hope he may live long to serve the sons of the Gael.

§ Mr Alex. Mackenzie, in the course of his reply, recalled the time when to speak in Gaelic to any gentleman in Inverness was regarded as an insult. The times had changed, and he attributed the change very much to the influence and operations of the Gaelic Society. It was well known that Lochiel's boys spoke Gaelic as well as he (the speaker) did himself; and the same was true of Lord Macdonald's boys and The Mackintosh family, while as for the Duke of Atholl's family Gaelic was thoroughly understood as well as spoken. As regarded the language generally, there had been a perfect revolution during the past quarter of a century. In fact, no man was considered respectable unless he spoke Gaelic.

Mr Duncan Campbell proposed the toast of Highland Education, coupled with the name of Mr John L. Robertson, H.M.I.S, who, he said, was a good Highlander as well as an Inspector of Schools. As far as he, himself, was concerned, his only right to speak to the toast was that he happened to be the oldest parish schoolmaster alive in that part of the country. He began in 1849. Of course there was a sharp contrast between the past and the present systems,

and perhaps the change in every respect was not in favour of the new system. He had been reading Ian Maclaren's book, and here he might parenthetically say, one of the things in which he was in accord with Mr Gladstone, was his appreciation of the sketches of character the reverend author gave. Those sketches, particularly that of the old dominie, brought back to him very vividly the life in Perthshire of the large class of old schoolmasters who dosed their pupils heavily with Latin, and with more than a sprinkling of Greek. It was not generally considered that the parochial schoolmasters of the olden days were thoroughly orthodox, even when under the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, but for all that they salted the education they imparted well with the Shorter Catechism and Scripture. The S.P.C.K. was incorporated in 1709; and the other day he noticed in the first volume of the *Scots Magazine* that in the preceding year there were 4000 children in 113 schools. In later days some notable schoolmasters came upon the scene, such men as Dugald Buchanan, Rannoch, and other characters of the same kind, who had no objection to what were called human hymns; they threw their religion into a form that was pleasant and attractive, and made the children learn the hymns. He thought such men as Buchanan did more for true Calvinism in the Highlands than the Shorter Catechism, with or without proofs. After giving some other critical reminiscences of the days of parochial education, Mr Campbell concluded by submitting the toast.

Mr Robertson said public officials connected with the civil service were not supposed to give any deliverances on these subjects in public, but in a general way he thought it was interesting and proper for officials to note, at such a meeting as that, the public appreciation shewn in the matter of education all over the country. Enormous progress had been made in education within recent years. Mr Campbell had remarked upon the limited supply of competent teachers there was in the old days; that want had been practically if not entirely removed. In no part of the country more than in the Highlands had educational progress, particularly in elementary education, been more marked. The enormous sums spent by Government in the Highland counties on education was too little understood. He might say in this connection that the various public bodies co-operate loyally in improving matters. There could be no doubt in the minds of those who looked below the surface and took cognisance of how things were moving, that education was one of the most powerful remedial agents that could possibly be brought to bear on the

social condition of the people. The more marked the progress of education was, the less complex, he was convinced, would the situation become in the Highlands. The difficulties of the people would be mitigated. He might be expected to refer to the Gaelic-speaking aspect of education in the Highlands. There also the progress made had been exceedingly gratifying. Highland lads in the Gaelic-speaking districts had shown that with any reasonable amount of encouragement, they could find their way into the universities, and there hold their own; and there was good expectations that, now that the Government had made the important concession of establishing civil service examination centres at three northern points, before long a greater number of Highland young men would find their way into the civil service of the country. There could be no doubt whatever that Highland lads had got the brains to do this. All that was wanted was simply good schools. He was glad to hear from the Chairman that while the practical side of education was looked after so thoroughly by the Government, the Gaelic Society of Inverness was not losing sight of the important function of encouraging the study of the Gaelic language and literature, and that it had been resolved to offer a medal to be competed for by pupils in the secondary department of the High School. It was a marked feature in the educational state of the county that the Burgh School Board of Inverness had established a secondary department so thoroughly equipped that boys of parts could find their way from it into any University in the United Kingdom. This was a matter of great encouragement to those who had a strong belief in the future of the Highland people, that this advantage had been gained without charge of any kind whatever to so many youths of the country.

Mr Henry Munro gave the toast of Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands. With regard to agriculture, upon the successful prosecution of which the Highlands so much depended, he said the cloud of depression many years ago was no larger than a man's hand, and now it darkened the whole horizon. It was not simply depression agriculture suffered from, but a gradual ebbing away of capital. Many an honest fellow not able to meet his obligations might adopt the words of the old song—

“I got my gear wi' muckle care,
And kept it weel together,
Now it's gane wi' muckle mair,
I'll gang and be a sodger.”

Prophets had arisen amongst them who said there was no such thing as agricultural depression. He did not think such a statement had any foundation. There had not only been depression, but it was really much worse than before, and, unless something was done, it promised to abide with them. Various suggestions had been made to alleviate the distress prevailing at the present moment. Some people proposed artificial means whereby to raise prices, but the extraordinary thing was that the men who made them ran away from their own proposals. Without entering upon the political aspect of the matter, he might say that he did not think any natural advantages would be secured through unnatural agents. If any suggestions could be made that would lighten present difficulties, and place agriculture in a more satisfactory position, the author of it would attain fame as a public benefactor. He did not attribute anything to the landlords; many of them, in that locality particularly, had done nobly and bravely in trying to suit their own altered circumstances to the altered circumstances of the farmers. It would ill-become that company not to recognise the efforts the landlords had made to get over the difficulties which surround them and their tenants. No, he did not blame landlords for the position in which many of the farmers had very foolishly placed themselves. He knew cases where farmers had been obliged to quit their farms because they would not pay, and yet those very identical farms were taken by neighbouring farmers at an increased rent. The landlord could not be blamed for that. The great run on farms could be traced to one cause, viz., the difficulty in finding farms through the consolidation of small farms into large ones that had taken place. No man was more utterly helpless when cut adrift from the cultivation of the soil than the farmer. If he was sent into the towns it was noticed that moral and physical deterioration at once set in; it came like a sentence of death upon him. That being the case, landlords in every case should consider seriously indeed before they did anything to deprive a tenant of the opportunity of earning his livelihood by the cultivation of the soil. He blamed the farmers themselves in one respect, and the remedy lay in their own hands, yet they would not avail themselves of it. There was not sufficient cohesion amongst them; they failed to combine to attain a mutual end. A better understanding would, he thought, yet arise between tenants and their landlords. With regard to commerce, he had seen the Highlands in a considerably better state, and also considerably worse. He was extremely gratified to observe the progress some of their native institutions were making, notably the Highland Railway and the Caledonian Bank—both had rendered

immense service not only to Inverness, but to the whole Highlands of Scotland.

Mr Alexander Fraser, farmer, Balloch, and Mr Alexander F. Steele, banker, Inverness, replied.

Rev. Mr Macdonald, Killearnan, proposed the health of the Chairman, who had presided over them in a manner that had been acceptable to all. The toast was pledged with Highland honours.

There were a number of other toasts given, Gaelic and English songs sung, and the meeting closed by the whole company singing "Auld Lang Syne."

13th FEBRUARY, 1895.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Wark, Local Secretary Lancashire Insurance Coy., Inverness; Mr Sefton, Inland Revenue Office, Inverness; Mr H. Macdonald, solicitor, Aberdeen; Mr Jas. Holmes, 4 Finchley Road, Walworth, London; Mr Donald Macgregor and Mr Donald Paterson Macgillivray, both of the Bank of Scotland, Inverness. The Secretary laid on the table, as a donation towards the Society's Library, a copy of "The Songs and Poems of J. MacCodrum," from the editor, the Rev. Alex. Macdonald, E.C. Manse, Kiltarlity. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by the Rev. Neil Mackay, Croick, Ardgay, entitled—"The influence of the Norse Invasion on the Language and Literature of the Highlands." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NORSE INVASION ON THE
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE
SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

The importance of the Norse as a factor in the ethnology of Europe is greater than one who knew their country would be ready to expect. Norway never was, and indeed never can be, a populous country. Its inhospitable climate and the peculiarly irregular formation of the land are unfavourable to the increase of life. The vast table of mountain land, of which it is for the most part composed, is, in general, too high to be of use for agricultural or even for pastoral purposes. From this plateau there branches out numerous mountain ridges, so steep that they shoot up into those lofty peaks for which the country is famous. These ridges are in general separated only by the fiords, narrow arms of

the sea, some of which are over a hundred miles in length, or by rapid rivers, or lakes. All the land that is of use to the inhabitants is what lies between the foot of these mountains and the water. This is not much, for in many places the bare rock dips sheer down into the sea or lake. As one sails up these fiords, he may see here and there farms of a few acres, with many miles of country between them. The little estates do not average each fifty acres. They have been improved, so far as nature left it possible, ages ago, and they are densely inhabited. Ten years ago the population did not amount to two millions.

Yet, for several centuries, the inhabitants of this country were the terror of the whole sea-coast of Europe. From 750 till 1100 Norway sent out horde after horde of immigrants, and fleet after fleet of pirates, which we know to have found their way south as far as the Black Sea, and north as far as Greenland, and the American coast even. First we find a general exodus from all the Scandinavian lands. This arose probably from commotions in Central Europe having led many to seek refuge in countries farther north. These fugitives must have forced the original inhabitants of the Peninsula before them, and ultimately compelled them to seek for a home across the seas. In 795 Norse pirates were for the first time seen in the Irish seas. In 798 they plundered the Isle of Man and the Hebrides. Eight years afterwards they ravaged the ecclesiastical settlement in Iona, slaying sixty-eight of the monks, an event that forshadowed the effects they were afterwards destined to produce.

Some time after this, we find Harold Harfagri welding together what is now the Kingdom of Norway. The pirates, who would seem to have made Orkney and Shetland their headquarters, were so little influenced by patriotic feelings that they made inroads upon their native land. As early as 870, we find Harold making an expedition to these islands to punish them for harrying his lands. In 883, by the victory of Hafursfiord, he became sole Monarch of Norway. He dispossessed many of his wealthy opponents, and they, in revenge, betook themselves to the Orkneys, and joined in the Viking raids against Norway. Harold was not the man to tolerate such treatment, so he led an expedition against these islands, swept their coast clear of the plunderers, and took possession of the Western Islands all the way south to Man. Thus began the supremacy of Norway over the Scottish Islands, a supremacy upheld in regard to the Hebrides till 1266, and, in the case of Orkney and Shetland, for a hundred and two years longer.

The lands of Orkney and Shetland, with the title of Earl of

Orkney, were offered by Harold to a Norwegian earl of the name of Rognvald. He being unwilling to uphold his claim to these possessions, made them over to his brother Sigurd.

Sigurd was a warlike chieftain, and one well adapted to hold his own in such a stormy period. He called to his aid Thorstein, the Red, the son of the Norse King of Dublin, and they both set out on an expedition against the mainland. They subdued Caithness and Sutherland, and made raids into Ross and Moray. In one of these raids Sigurd met his death. Maelbrigd (the buck toothed), a Scottish Maormor, thinking to overcome force by treachery, invited him to a conference, to which he contrived to bring double the number of men that his opponent brought. The Norsemen, however, discovered the plot in time to take measures against it, and they slew the Maormor and all his followers. Sigurd tied the head of his fallen enemy to his saddle bow, but as he galloped along the "buck tooth" inflicted a wound upon his leg which caused his death.

After Sigurd's death his ally, Thorstein, reigned as King over the conquered districts. The Sagas tell us that he was very successful in war, and that he ruled as King over the half of Scotland. We, indeed, see a recognition of his greatness in the fact that a daughter of the Scottish King was given him in marriage, but his conquest of the native population was too rapid and extensive to be thorough, so that we are not surprised to find that shortly afterwards he was slain by the Scots in Caithness. After his death the Earldom of Caithness passed for a time into the hands of one of its native chiefs, who had married his daughter. But Thorfinn Hausekliffer, Earl of Orkney, and grandson of the above-mentioned Rognvald, having married a daughter of this couple, the Earldom of Orkney and Caithness met in one. Thorfinn took up his residence in Orkney, and would seem to have been a man bold in war to have earned from that generation the terrible surname of Hausakliffer (skull cleaver). We pass by his fratricidal family till we come to his grandson, Sigurd, who came into possession of the joint earldoms about 980.

Sigurd II. was one of the most powerful of the Norse Earls. He would seem to have aimed at nothing less than the subjugation of all the islands and lands in the west where the Norwegians had made settlements. He appears to have possessed a good deal of administrative talents, together with all the restless disposition of a Viking. Some time before Sigurd's accession to the Earldom, the King of Norway had been trying to exact tribute from the inhabitants of the Hebrides. This would appear to have been

difficult to do, and some time afterwards we find Sigurd acknowledging the supremacy of the King of Norway by paying him an annual tribute, and acting as absolute ruler of all the islands. He defeated Godred Haroldson, who pretended to be King of the Isles, and set up his sister's husband, Earl Gilli, who resided at Colonsay, as his representative in the west. Wishing to have a firm footing upon the mainland, he drove the Scots completely out of Caithness. This could not but provoke a struggle, and Sigurd found himself confronted by the Maormor Finlay, the father of Macbeath, with an army seven times the size of his own. He at first hesitated to fight against such odds, but stung by the taunts of his mother, he, after encouraging his followers with promises of great rewards, attacked and routed the Scottish army. He then subdued Sutherland, Ross, Moray, and Argyle, and Malcolm II., between whom and the Macbeath family there existed no friendly relation, made a treaty with him, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

Shortly after his accession to the Earldom, Sigurd, in a harbour on the Pentland Firth, came in contact with the Great Olaf Tryggvison, the Missionary King of Norway. The King, in accordance with the great design in which he was absorbed, commanded the Earl to renounce Paganism, become a Christian, and endeavour to convert his people. If not, he threatened to slay him on the spot, and to destroy the Orkneys with fire and sword if they should not yield to his request. Sigurd at last unwillingly consented, and the King departed, leaving behind him priests to instruct the people in the faith. The Earl himself seems to have been little influenced by these teachers, for nearly twenty years afterwards we find him bearing his enchanted banner on the side of Paganism at the battle of Clontarf. Yet there are evidences that Christian ideas of a kind were gaining ground among his people. One of his chiefs, fleeing from the field, was in danger of being drowned in the river, and was heard making a vow as follows—"Thy dog, Apostle Peter, hath run twice to Rome, and he would run the third time if thou gavest him leave."

On the death of Sigurd, his son Thorfin, by the daughter of Malcolm, received the Earldom of Caithness, while his three sons by a former marriage were allowed to divide the Orkneys between them. Thorfinn was Earl of Caithness for the long period of seventy years, during the last eighteen years of which he held the Earldom of Orkney. The Norse influence in Britain would in his day have appeared to have reached its zenith. He made expedi-

tions to Ireland, to Man, and to England, and ruled over the Norse settlement that extended from the Solway to Carrick. No fewer, indeed, than nine earldoms were under his sway, most likely Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Moray, Buchan, Athole, Lorn, Argyle, and Galloway (Munch). He is said to have maintained in Orkney something like a Court, to which many men of note were invited. In 1050 he went on a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain absolution for his sins. After his return he left off making war and turned his mind to government and the making of laws. He built Christ's Kirk at Birsay, and established the first see in Orkney.

Thorfinn died in 1064, and his two sons Paul and Erlend ruled his dominions conjointly. But the solidity which Thorfinn had given to the Norse rule soon disappeared. The saga laments that many provinces subjected to the Norsemen were now again setting up the chiefs that had been deposed. This may have led to the expeditions of Magnus Barelegs, King of Norway, who conquered the Orkneys, and ravaged and subdued the Western Islands all the way south to Anglesea, sparing only Iona. He was slain in Ireland in 1103. On his death, Hakon, the son of Paul, and Magnus, the son of Erlend, held the earldoms conjointly, like their fathers. The life of Magnus demands our attention as illustrating the growing power of Christianity. He took his station as Earl with the highest idea of the responsibilities it brought him. Magnus, says his biographer, then became "Magnus" (great) indeed. He slew the man self, and buried him in the sand. He exercised himself much in repentance and such other exercises as belong to a truly religious life. In all things, says the saga, he strictly obeyed the divine command. He punished rich and poor impartially for robberies, for thefts, and for all crimes. He was murdered by his cousin Hakon, and pilgrimages for a long time used to be made to his grave.

Rognvald, a nephew of Magnus, became one of two Earls of Orkney in 1136. We find in him a spirit of culture and chivalry that was rare in that dynasty. A poet himself, he was also a patron of poets, for we find him maintaining along with him several such who had come all the way from Iceland and Shetland. In conjunction with one of these he wrote a work on versification. He went on an expedition to Jerusalem, which called forth much attention, and died in 1158.

A cotemporary Earl was Harold Maddadson. The saga reckons him to have been one of the three greatest Earls of Orkney. He was for a short period sole ruler of Orkney and

Caithness, but the King of Norway deprived him of Shetland, which after that belonged no more to the Earl of Orkney. His son John died without issue in 1231, and Alexander II. granted the Earldom of North Caithness to Magnus, the second son of the Earl of Angus. When in 1263 King Hacon was making his ill-fated expedition to Scotland, the Norse element was thought to be so strong in Caithness that King Alexander demanded hostages for their fealty to him. After that the connection between the Scottish Islands and Norway was almost nominal. In 1266 Magnus IV., King of Norway, ceded the Hebrides and Man to Scotland, and Orkney and Shetland were ceded in 1468.

A word upon the character of this race with whom the Celts of Scotland for so long a time came in contact. They were a people of enormous mental energy—energy which the circumstances in which they were placed caused to appear in a very evil form. Their history reveals to us so much restlessness and cruelty that we feel as if they were altogether beyond the pale of our sympathies. Yet they possessed qualities that must have recommended themselves to any people, and which could not have failed to make them influence strongly the races among whom they mingled. It has been given as a marked distinction between the Celt and the Teuton, that, while the former has an aversion to bloodshed except when his passions are roused, the latter can delight in inflicting pain and death even in his ordinary mood. This family characteristic would seem to have been strongest in the Norseman, and his circumstances at the period during which we have to do with him were well calculated to call it into action, for he had no alternative to his being at war with mankind. But such a tendency, where it exists, is happily merely *in posse*—one that may grow if men yield to it, and the predominating sympathies of the race seem to have been very different. No ancient literature gives one such an idea of simple and strong natural affection as theirs does. Instead of being incapable of sympathy, as we would be apt to consider them, they were above most races open to it. True, their sympathy, like their other good qualities, they confined within narrow limits, for they were ever slow to live on neighbourly terms with the races they dispossessed, but within these limits they had a peculiar intensity. Their appreciation of home life comes out strongly in their mythology, and the strength of the ties of kinship forms the mainspring of many a tragic tale in their sagas. That even in Iceland they did not fight for the love of it may be seen from the proverb—“Not long is hand fain to fight.”

They were also a devout people : they were too sincere to have been otherwise. Theirs was not the nature to be without a faith or without restraint in life. Nature found them observant enough to allow of her giving them a creed, and more of showing them that it would be a terrible thing for them to make light of it. They found greatness and mystery enough in nature to be unable to have self as the centre of their thoughts and aims—a great effect certainly by whatever means produced. Norse mythology is, like every other mythology, a reproduction of the genius of the race, but of all mythologies it is the least subjective. It was in keeping with their character as a people to perceive that beliefs to be worth having must be received, not made. That is probably the reason why we find them continually seeking what may be called a natural or physical basis for their religion. So much was Carlyle impressed with this tendency in their writings that he roundly declares they worshipped science. In the grandeur and mystery of nature they recognised those of their gods, and, what constitutes their peculiar characteristic, they perhaps unconsciously yet uniformly made nature the measure or standard of their faith. They could, like all men, think of immortality, of immunity from fate and from trouble, but nature showed none of these. They saw in the future only a mere reflection of the present, bearing all its lights and shades. A religion leaning so much upon material nature necessarily partakes of its instability. They saw the dismal conclusion their system committed them to, yet they dared to accept it. Odin, they believed, had appointed his fate for every man. His Valkyrs brought the soul of every warrior who met his death bravely to Walhall. But even he could not give immortality, for his own end would sooner or later come. The “Twilight of the gods” was drawing near, as fate had decreed, when the all-devouring wolf would be let loose, and the serpent, coiled round the universe, would lash itself into fury, when the gods and their enemies would perish in internecine strife, and all creation sink into chaos.

Some think that the national love of the tragical accounts for this dismal belief. But men do not dramatise on such subjects, and indeed one cannot read the Edda without feeling that it is the natural outcome of their habits of thought. The sanguine Celt would bid defiance to reason and tradition before he would submit to such an incubus. But to the Norseman this belief had the merit, to him the all-redeeming merit, of agreeing with the natural order of things. It was probably this feature of character that led them in the south to sympathise with the heretic Arius,

and to cleave to his doctrines for a century and a half after they had been rejected by the whole Christian Church.

The Norsemen, notwithstanding the comparative soberness that characterised their religious beliefs, were a superstitious people, not less superstitious, perhaps, than the Celts themselves. Their surroundings in their mother country were well calculated to make them so. The deep gloom of their narrow valleys; the mournful dashing of waves along the fiords and lakes; the noise of waterfalls, multiplied by surrounding rocks and caverns, and the weird play of the light upon their snow-clad peaks, could not fail to call into action the imagination of the lonely inhabitants, and make them the objects of melancholy and delusive fears. They believed in witches, who could spoil cattle, raise storms, inflict sickness and death upon men, and assume the form of animals. In the Orkneyinga Saga we have a long account of an interview that Hakon, Paul's son, had with a Swedish spae-man. The seer had evidently a high time of it, for "he went from one feast to another, and foretold the seasons and other things to the country people." Such were evidently regarded as questionable characters by all, for Hakon broadly hints that he had neither religion nor virtue.

At the time of the viking exodus, we find a powerful literature coming into existence among them. The national spirit was stirred by the wildly adventurous life that was opened up to it, and the old beliefs were thrown by master minds into a form more in keeping with the circumstances of the race. The Edda, the oldest collection of Norse poetry, is believed to have grown up in Western lands. There are, indeed, several circumstances that would lead us to think they were largely composed in the North and West of Scotland. The "Everlasting Fight" is represented as taking place at Hoy, and the "Magic Mill" is sunk in the Pentland Firth. There are many Gaelic words, such as "niol," darkness, "tir," earth, and "lind," stream, scattered throughout the collection, and the people of the region are represented as using peat as fuel. King Swerri, who was born in Faroe, and brought up in the Western Islands, tells us that these poems were well known there in his youth (1150), and his saga would show himself to have been long familiar with them. That they entered largely into the life of that period is seen from the fact that quotations and ideas from them are to be found in many of the sagas. Once the quotation is called a snatch of a song.

The poetry has the realism and power that fitted it to gain the ear of a people accustomed to excitement and not given

to abstract thinking. In some parts it reflects a sensual and somewhat shallow state of life, but generally it may be said to be the expression of the life of a people whom peril and adversity have educated and made strong. The ethical teaching is often defective, but sometimes, as in the Sun Song and the Christian's Wisdom, the moral earnestness is intense.

The race were also characterised by their love of tales. Story-telling was a recognised amusement. In Eric the Red's Saga we find the Greenland family sitting round the table and telling stories at the Yule feasts. We find stories told at the Althings and by sailors on their voyages. In the Hauksbok we are told how a crew landed for the night and sat beside a howe where one relates a story, and the ghost who heard it was so delighted that he gave up to them the treasures that were within. These stories usually took the form of a narrative of the deeds of heroes that were gone, and they showed a strict adherence to facts that would have been damaging to their popularity among most other races. In this they were imitated by the Sagas; indeed, the Sagas merely enter more minutely into the incidents of the life and give greater attention to style and arrangement. They allow of no fictitious embellishments or additions. Of this important branch of literature Vigfusson, in his Preface to Sturlinga's Saga, says:—"The author gives no description of scenery, no analysis of character, no reflection of his own ever breaks the flow. The plot is nearly always a tragedy, and the humour dark and gloomy, but this is relieved by the brighter and more idyllic home and farm scenes, and by the pathos and naivete which are ever present."

A strong influence in regard to knowledge and to sentiment these works were fitted to produce, and they would seem to have been widely circulated. We know from Njal's Saga that he was acquainted not only with the sagas of his own island, but knew also the Orkney Saga, the Irish Saga of Brián, and the Norwegian one of St Olaf.

Let us now consider more closely what was the relation subsisting between our Celtic forefathers and these invaders. Some are inclined to think that when they fixed upon a district which to occupy their first care was to make a wholesale slaughter of the inhabitants. This terrible hypothesis would enable us to explain how, in the Western Islands, almost all the place names are Norse, and indeed there is nothing in the supposition inconsistent with the known character of the people. The author of the Wars of the Gaedhil (chap. 28) says:—"The whole of Munster was ravaged by them, so that there was not a house or hearth

from Lui southwards." We feel how useless the inhabitants found resistance to be when he describes to us these robbers wandering through the land ransacking the caves in which property had been hid. Wherever they went we get a like account of them. Simeon of Durham, in describing the ravages they committed, says :—"They were like wolves, slaying priests and Levites, and whole choirs of monks and nuns." In the Landnamabok we find a settler of the name of Barnakarl (Bairn's man), a name given to him because he would not join in the sport of killing children by catching them on the point of his spear. But these savages had come from a country where slavery was prevalent, and having become on a sudden the owners of much property, they were likely to spare of the vanquished so many at least as would labour their land. And that this was the case even in regard to the Western Islands is seen from the fact that when they had to emigrate to Iceland many of the slaves, and not a few of the land owners, showed by such names as Malcolm, Dufthac, and Kearan that they were Celts. On the northern mainland also the Norse words to be found in the Gaelic would seem to show that there was between the two races a close, but very unfriendly, relation; perhaps, indeed, the relation of masters and slaves. The Norse word Bondi (land owner), of which the older form was Buandi, had different meanings in different countries. When the influence of a despotic nobility had become paramount in Norway, we find the word coming to be used in the sense of our word "Boor." In democratic Iceland the word was also a term of respect, and indeed it was used in Shetland by farmers when addressing one another as late as the end of last century. On the north coast of Sutherlandshire the word lost its original meaning, and is now significantly used to signify a bully, buani (R. Donn), or one who will strike his fellow without thinking twice about it. Also, when we come to consider the words we took from them, we will find that a disproportionately large number of them are epithets of contempt.

When we come to ask what were the relative positions of the two races upon the land, we have to be guided chiefly by history and topography. In the Red Book of Clan Ranald, written about the middle of the seventeenth century by Niel Mac Vuirich, the hereditary seanachie of the clan, we read that about this period all the islands from Man to the Orkneys and all the bordering country from Dumbarton to Caithness were in the possession of the Lochlinnich, and that such of the Gaedhil of the time as remained were protecting themselves in the woods or in the

mountains. This general statement is corroborated by what Fordun, the historian, who lived (if I remember well) in the twelfth century, says about the state of matters in his own day. He says that the inhabitants of Scotland were divided into two distinct races, one living along the coast and speaking Saxon, the other speaking Irish and living in the interior.

The evidence from topography tends pretty much to the same thing. Captain Thomas, after a careful examination of the place names in Lewis and Harris, finds that opposed to 42 Gaelic names there are 160 Scandinavian, and that while the Scandinavian townships have an average population of 15·1, that of the Gaelic townships is only 9·2, thus showing that among the small number of Gaelic names we must include most of those places that would not have been brought under cultivation till a late date. On the mainland the place names would lead us to believe that the Northmen took possession of the coast as described, and worked their way to a greater or less extent inland. The names of most of the islands and rivers are Scandinavian, while those of the mountains and lakes are mostly Gaelic. A knowledge of the names and the places on the north coast of Sutherlandshire would lead one to think that almost all the important townships for twelve miles inland have Scandinavian names.

1. "Rhu Phoirbh." Cape Wrath is the Gallicised form of the Norse name of the promontory. Hvarf (turning round).
2. "Durness" (Dyr + ness). Sir Robert Gordon says that in his day it was the best deer-stalking district in Scotland.
3. "Erribol." Eyrr + Bolstadr (steading on the beach).
4. "Hope." Hóp (a small land-locked bay). It gives its name to the river and to Ben Hope, which is, I should think, seven miles away from it.
5. Melness. Mel + ness (Links' district). So Melvich.
6. Tongue. Tunga (a point of land). So called from the isthmus in the Kyle.
7. Borgie, Borg (a fortification). Ruins of a tower were, I was told, discovered a few years ago.
8. Farr. There is a Norse word "far," a passage, but it is not suited to the character of the place. There is another place of that name nine miles south of Inverness.
9. Swordly (Svord + dalr), soft grass dale.
10. Kirkatomy, Gaelic Guerstomidh, the "r" being hardly perceptible. (Kjos + Holmr), the holm in the hollow, the "h" as usual becoming a "t." Kirk in such a place is out of the question.
11. Bowset (Boda-setti), the meeting place for justice.

By noting the place names in Strathnaver, one may be able to estimate how far the foreigners encroached upon the land. It will be seen that below Rosswall, a place 14 miles from the shore, there is only one township of size that has a Gaelic name, namely, Carnachadh. Above this point, however, the place names are almost all Gaelic.

12. Dalharold (a name of Gaelic formation) has a tall stone column which is said to mark the grave of a Norse general.
13. Bad-anloskain, the field of the toad. And here it may be of interest for me to say that we have Badanloskain, Meallandorain, and Geo-antsheobhaig, and there are not half-a-dozen people in the Reay country that know what Doran, Losgann, or Sheobhag mean. Our words for these now are Balgar-dubh, Leumachan, and Spearrag.
14. We have Achness (Ach an eiss), Grummore (Grub-, Gruid-), Acchoul (Ach + choile), and many more, all Gaelic. But even in the interior we find here and there in out-of-the-way places a Norse settlement, such as
15. Tuddersgaig, or Tuddersgait, Norse (Tudr + skaut), the bull's corner, just as Polr-sgait, on the coast, signifies the corner in the hollow.

I have spoken this little on our topography to show what I take to be the relative strength of the two elements in it, but chiefly because I consider that in dealing with the constitution of a language the origin of its place-names must not be overlooked.

The Northmen, no doubt, fought and slew and enslaved to make room for themselves on our coast, and picked quarrels with the native Celts whenever they wished to extend their domains. But we are not to think of the two races living in a relation of independence and defiance to one another. The invaders, as far as we know of their operations, and probably as far as these operations could be effective, were organised under leaders, and their invasions were no irregular skirmishes, but conquests. Every battle was followed by the imposition of taxes. The author of "The Wars of the Gaedhil" tells us, with some exaggeration, no doubt, that in Ireland the Northmen had a king over every territory, an abbot over every church, and a soldier in every house, so that men could not give even an egg in kindness to an aged man. They may not have carried on this process of enriching themselves so systematically in Scotland as they did in Ireland, but that they did not neglect it we are certain. We read several times of the imposition of taxes in the Orkneyinga Saga; and so

well established had these exactions become, that the standard, according to which they were made, was by David I. authorised as that of the Northern Counties, under the name of *Pondus Cateniense*. There must, from these and from other causes, have been a close intercourse between the races, an intercourse doubtless darkened by violence and sorrow, wanting in all moral safeguards, and in which there must have been lasting scorn on the one side, and lasting hate on the other. We have more than a hint of that in the old proverb—"Is goirid an Gall an ceann chuir deth." The idiom in this saying is not Gaelic, but the Norsemen, with their grim humour, commonly express the idea of beheading by the phrase—"Lata höfði skemra"—to make one a head shorter (Cleasby). The Gael had intercourse enough with the foreigner to know his language, but such intercourse as gave him no kindlier feeling than that towards him. There is a good deal of irrepressible Celtic humour to be seen in their borrowing of the phrase in such circumstances and for such a purpose.

There are, doubtless, many words in Gaelic derived from Norse, the descent of which, from want of literary remains, can never be traced. Who would think in English of deriving parchment from Pergamus, or trivial from "tres viae" (a place where three ways meet, and where much gossip is talked), if the development, or transformation rather, were not a matter of history? There are many words also in Northern Gaelic concerning which it will be hard to decide whether they came to us from Norse or from Scotch. Who can say whether the Sutherland words "annser" and "reapan" came from the words "answer" and "rope," rather than from the Norse "annsvar" and "reip?" I have refrained from giving of these except as many as I consider to have a strong presumption in their favour.

I. WORDS SURVIVING IN PHRASES.

1. "*Tap' leibh*," said by way of thanks ; Ic. happ, good luck.
2. "*Cha d'thug e taing air*"—It did not in the least affect him—in regard to pain or sorrow. Ic. tanga, a point, but plur. in the phrase—"Hoorki tangr ne tegund"—not a whit.
3. "*Bual do shéis ri carn*," said to exasperate one ; Ic. sess, seat.
4. "*Cuiridh mi seall ort*," I will do for you ; Ic. hel, death, or the ogress.
5. "*Rhag chrochair*," you consummate villain ; Ic. hrak, in compounds = wretched, wicked ; hrak bui, a wretched dwelling.

6. "Gasadh chlach," or "casadh smugaid," always with the idea of contempt ; Ic. kasa, to throw stones upon, of witches or carcasses.
7. "Sgeic" or "rac eudaich," a stitch of clothes ; Ic. skikki and rak, both = strip.
8. Mairg, many.

Is mairg na daoine dalla borlb

Tha cuir an earbsa sau t-saoghal—(J. Mackay, 1750).

Ic. mergd, multitude, plenty.

In the following we see Gaelic words taking the meaning of Norse words that resemble them in sound—

- 9 Dùn (heap), made to signify band.
 'S na huile beana *phusda* bha sud (Ic. pus, espouse).
 A dol nan dunaibh suas—(Rob. Donn).

Ic. dunn, a band (sober, moderate).

10. In Sutherland, stuama means merely that the person is no babbler. There is an Ic. stuni = dumb.

A good many of the words which I shall give here I found in the vocabulary attached to Rob Donn's poems. I shall mark these by his initials.

II. EPITHETS.

1. A thriotar, you knave ; Ic. priotr, a knave. I do not remember having heard the *t* unspirated.
2. A liugar, you sneak ; Ic. Ljugari, a liar.
3. Dais, a blockhead ; Ic. dasi. a lazy fellow (R.D.).
4. Duaire, a pig-headed character ; Ic. durgra (dvergr), a sulky fellow (R.D.).
5. Duil fhear, a sulky fellow ; Ic. dulr, adj. silent, close (R.D.).
6. Còlbhar, a greedy fellow ; Ic. kol-bitr, a coal-eater, one sitting always by the fire-side (R.D.).
7. Roudhlais, a through-other person ; Ic. raudlaus, shiftless.
8. Slafaist, a loosely-built person ; Ic. slafast, adj. slacken, be slovenly.
9. Slaucar, a spiritless fellow ; Ic. adj. slakr, idle.
10. Ulbh, you brute ; Ic. ulfr, a wolf.
11. Glutar, a glutton ; Ic. glutr, extravagance.
12. Aular, a dunce ; Ic. auli, a dunce.
13. Ealbhar, a good-for-nothing fellow ; Ic. alfr, an elf. As the elves had power to bewitch men, a silly vacant person is in Iceland called "alfr" (Cleeseby).

14. Amulaid, an unsteady person ; Ic. amlodi, a weak person. Perhaps Robb Donn's word "amuelteach," ludicrous, is from the same root.
15. Croppan, a deformed person ; Ic. kroppin, crippled.
16. Gocamann, a fool ; Ic. Gauksman, one who watches the cuckoo's throat.

III. ADJECTIVES.

1. Graufal, revolting ; Ic. grufa, crouch, cower ; Danish, gru, horror.
2. Rollaisteach, according to Macleod and Dewar signifies to be given to exaggeration. With us it always signifies the restless disposition of children ; Ic. rolaus, restless.
3. So with us "sgeugach" always signifies a physical not a mental peculiarity. It is applied only to men and signifies (1) that one has a projecting chin, or (2) that one has a beard of that peculiar strong straight hair ; Ic. skegg, beard.
4. Tapaiddh, big, manly ; Ic. tap, pith, pluck.
5. Foraileach, imperious ; Ic. for, forward, haughty. Perhaps this is the prefix in forneart.
6. Driopail, to be busy ; Ic. drepa, v. doing a thing.
7. Compare the adjectives costail and ladarna, expensive and bold, with Ic. kostall, costly, and labrann, robber.

IV. ABSTRACT NOUNS.

1. Gleadhraich, din, gleadhar, blow ; Ic. gledi, gledir, merry-making of a festival.
2. Capparaid, wrangling ; Ic. v. kapp, seen in kappord, v. wrangling, kapprodr, a rowing match.
3. Radh, intention, "Tha mi air radh so a dheanamh," I intend, &c. ; Ic. rad, counsel, settled plan.
4. Trosg, thud or crack, "thuilt e le trosg," he fell with a crash ; Ic. prosk, a noise, beating as from threshing.
5. The *u* in uspairn, strife, is the regular Ic. negative prefix.
6. Spadrach, attention to dress ; Ic. spatra, behave like a fop.
7. Dragh, as v. drag, as n. annoyance ; Ic. draga, draw.
8. Farbhas, rumour, surmise ; Ic. fyrir-visa, forboding ; Lit. knowing from afar. Probably it is the same prefix that is in farabhalach, stranger.
9. Campar, hindrance, annoyance ; Ic. kampr, a crest or front wall.
10. Deilig, dealing, converse ; Ic. dael liki, familiarity, easy dealing.

11. Ialltaich, howling of dogs ; Ic. yla, howl of a dog.
12. Solumas, plenty, a word given as peculiar to Donald Mathieson, and the probably related word soluidh, a treasure, found with Bob Donn, may be found from Ic [sala, cloth used in buying and selling. Soluvad was the standard for payment of wadmal.

V. NOUNS.

(a) Words in connection with the sea—

1. Sgoth, the larger winter fishing boat ; Ic. skuta, a small craft or cutter.
2. Sgulag, the basket for holding the lines ; Ic. skutill, a plate trencher or even a small table.
3. Tobhta, a rowing bench ; Ic. thopta, ditto.
4. Tobha, a rope ; Ic. tog or taug, ditto.
5. Stuir, the rudder ; Ic. syra, ditto.
6. Rachd, the rack or "traveller ;" Ic. rakki, ditto.
7. Sudh, the seam between the planks of a ship ; Ic. sudh, suture.
8. Rangan, the ribs of a vessel ; Ic. rong, ditto.
9. Fracht, freight ; Danish fragt, ditto.
10. Stagh, stay rope ; Danish stag, ditto.
11. Tearn, tar ; Ic. tjar, ditto.
12. Spor, a flint ; Ic. spori, ditto.
13. Dorgh, a hand line ; Ic. dorga, a line for fishing through holes in the ice.
14. Sgal (sgal gaoithe), the sound of high wind ; Ic. skjall, shriek used of a storm.

I find the following names of birds and fishes :—

15. Sulair, the solon goose ; Ic. haf-sula, ditto.
16. Scarbh, the scarf ; Ic. skarv, ditto.
17. Stearnag, the sea swallow ; Ic. Therna.
18. Alc, the auk ; Ic. alk.
19. Lamhidh, a sea bird ; Ic. Langve.
20. Ceilig, the cod ; Ic. keila, ditto.
21. Sgait, the skate ; Ic. skata, ditto.
22. So our cnudan and geaddag are from Ic. cnudr and geddas.
23. Uirisg, a monster ; Ic. Ofriskja.
24. Sgiddair medusa ; Ic. skjoldr, shield, hence medusa (sgioldair).

(b) The names of such natural objects as :—

1. Sabh, the sea. Mairi Nin-Alasdair has
Ri fuaim an tshaimh
Is uaigneach mo ghean. Ic. haf, the sea.
2. Sgriodan, the broken face of a declivity ; Ic. skridha, land-slip.
3. Sgeir, a reef ; Ic. sker, ditto.
4. Grunnð, the bottom, especially of the sea ; Ic. grunnr, bottom of the sea.
5. Cleit, a rock, cliff ; Ic. klettr, ditto.
6. Os, the mouth of a river ; Ic. oss.
7. Uig, a nook, a retired hollow ; Ic. ogr, an inlet creek.
8. Ob, a bay, a creek ; Ic. opna, an opening ; so Oban, the place name.
9. Geodh, a creek ; Ic. gja, a creek, or rift ; so Staxigoe in the north of Caithness.
10. Cos, a hollow ; Ic. kvos, a little hollow.
11. Bodha, a breaker or sunken rock ; Ic. bodi.
12. Bruic, seaweed ; Ic. bruk.

(c) The Norsemen claimed for Torf-Einar, one of their leaders, the honour of being the first man to cut peats, a claim which language would in some measure seem to countenance.

1. Bac, our word for the peat bank is Ic. bakki, a bank.
2. Toraisger, the basket ; Ic. torf + ausker, peat scoop.
3. Bar, the regularly waving bank of peats by the side is Ic. bar, undulations on the surface of anything.
4. Rudh, the small stack of peats is Ic. hruga, heap.

(d) Carpenter's trade—

1. Tàl, adz ; Ic. talga-ov, ditto.
2. Locar, plane ; Ic. lokarr.
3. Spàrr, a beam ; Ic. sparre, a bar.
4. Sgeilm, a chisel ; Ic. skalm, a short sword (or a pointed stick).
5. Sgor, a notch, cutting ; Ic. skor, ditto.
6. Glamradh, a vice ; Ic. klembra, pinch in a vice.

(e) Household—

1. Isbean, a sausage ; Ic. ispen, ditto.
2. Ceapair, bread and "kitchen ;" Ic. keper (1) a cudgel ; (2) then from the shape a sausage. The change to the present use suggests a change from a pastoral to a more agricultural condition. The former would have been the only state of life tolerable to people whom parasitism must have enervated.

3. Obhan, the blown milk on the surface of the milking vessel.
4. Reisgeadh, the hanging of fish or flesh up to dry; Ic. raskerd, split fish hung up to dry.
5. Cregan, from crog, a pitcher; Ic. krukka, a pot.
6. Crogaig, a hook; Ic. krokr, ditto.
7. Suith, soot; Ic. sôð, ditto.
8. Brisgein, gristle; Ic. brjosk, ditto.
9. Shearradair, towel; Ic. thera, ditto.
10. Cnag, stump to sit on; Ic. knakkr, a little chair.
11. Arainn, hearth; "Aig arainn an tigh;" Ic. arinn, ditto.
12. Diosc (Skye), a plate; Ic. diskr.
13. Seoir, a feast; Ic. son, a sacrifice.

VI. VARIOUS.

1. Bunndais, weaver's fee in kind; Ic. band, pl. bond, yarn of wool (R.D.).
2. Nabuidh, neighbour; Ic. nabui, ditto.
3. Sioman, a straw rope; Ic. sima, ditto.
4. Sgrath, covering; Ic. skra, a scroll, dry skin.
5. Sgòr, the swathe, sweep of the scythe; Ic. skori, ditto.
6. Suist, the flail; Ic. pust, sometimes zust, ditto.
7. Fosgar, an extravagant word applied to the grunting noise that some men make while eating; Ic. oscra, bellow, roar, oscarra (Gaelic), loud, is another form.
8. Ocar (Sutherland, Focar), interest of money; Ic. okr, ditto.
9. Sgillinn, a penny; Ic. skillingr, a shilling.
10. Mòd, a court of justice, meeting; Ic. môt, ditto.
11. Basdal, noise; Ic. bastl, turmoil.
12. Steornadh, govern; Ic. stjorna, ditto, lit. guide by the stars (stjarna).
13. Ruta, a ram; Ic. hrutr, ditto.
14. Maghan, the stomach; Ic. magi, ditto.
15. Magul, "cod"; Ic. flesh of the belly, especially of sheep.
16. Gadhar, a greyhound; Ic. gagarr, a dog.
17. Cromadh, finger length; Ic. krumma, 4 or 5 inches.
18. Sgall, baldness; Ic. skalli, a bald head.
19. Mâl, rent, tax; Ic. payment to soldiers, &c.
20. Opposite to "turn," turn; stri, strife; lioda, lisp; teadhair, tether; cairteal, quarter; beid, bait; we have the following Ic. words with similar meanings—Turna, strið; lioda, tjoðr; kvartill, beit.
21. Sad (Lewis), seed, "sad min;" Ic. sad, ditto.
22. Rotach, storm, "Rotach na caisge" Ic. rota, storm.

23. Spreodadh, to incite ; Ic. spretta, cause to spring up. So crann-spreoit, bowsprit.
24. Mughach, gloomy ; Ic. mugga, mugginess, mist.
25. Gemeac, distortion of the features ; Ic. geme, gibe.
26. Bocan, a hobgoblin ; Ic. bakn, a big monstrous thing.
27. Gliom (R.D.), a mild tussle, or = Gaelic starradh ; Ic. glima, wrestle.
28. Ruparachdh (Suther.), scandalmongering ; Ic. hropa, slander, defame.
29. Taibhse, a spectre ; Ic. tafsi, a scrap, shred.
30. Misgiord, indecent behaviour ; Ic. misgord, transgressicn.
31. Calamand, stout ; geirse (Sutherland), madness ; cumpannach, a mate. Compare these Ic. words of like meanings, halmand, geisa, and kumpann.
32. Mur, a bulwark ; Ic. murr, a wall.
33. The Sutherland word olach, hospitable, may be from orlatr, Ic., open-handed, or from Ic. öl, ale.
34. Fuigh, an exclamation used on feeling any unpleasant smell ; Ic. fui, rottenness.
35. Huskus, a word for calling a cow ; Ic. kuskus, ditto.
36. Tuadhi, a word for calling a bull ; Ic. tuddi, ditto.
37. Ciomball, bundle (Lewis), "ciomball fraoich ;" Ic. kimbill, ditto.
38. Ceiss, round belly ; "Is ann air tha a cheis ;" Ic. keisi, ditto.
39. Crebailt, garter ; Ic. knebelti, ditto.
40. Cuidhe, snow wreath ; Ic. kufr, heap over.
41. Ulldaich, a night stalker ; Ic. hulda, to hide.

I have no doubt but that a great proportion of these words will be found to be only cognate. Concerning some, too, I suspect the fact is, that instead of our getting them from the Norsemen, the Norsemen got them from us. Cleaseby, however, does not acknowledge Gaelic as the source of any word that I have given, but then he does not do that in regard to kro, a pen ; hverr, a cauldron, and others which Vigfusson proves to have been got from us.

The mingling of a foreign race with the Celts of the North of Scotland, and the contact of the two languages over a longer or shorter period, could not fail to produce phonetic peculiarities in the Gaelic of these districts. These peculiarities are appreciable, but they have been so modified by local surroundings that it may be difficult to make general statements that will hold true in all the districts.

1. The softening of tenuis to medials a general feature of modern Gaelic, is most prevalent in the Northern districts. Clag, a bell, Lewis and Sutherland, glag. So "an gomhnuidh" for "an comhnuidh"; "an drasda" for "an trathsa." In Lewis they say "d' athair" for "t' athair," and though we keep the *t* in t' athair in Sutherlandshire, we show the tendency by saying "do d' athair."

2. Our treatment of the liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, is peculiar. In Lewis and in Sutherland (1) *n* before *g* is dropped, "tarruig" and "fuluig" for "tarring" and "fuluing"; (2) *n* after *g* becomes *r*, "grothuich" for "gnothuich," "gruis" for "gnuis." In Sutherlandshire, at least, we change *n* between the two vowels into *r*, "airn" for "ainm," "m' aramsa" for "m' anamsa," by my soul. In Sutherlandshire we take the harder forms of *l*, *m*, *r*, but uniformly change the vowels around them.

r. "Cura" for "caora," "an irridh" for "an uraidh," "darus" for "dorus."

l. "Bollan" for "ballan," a wooden vessel; "damhan-olluidh" for "damhan-alluidh" "sult" for "sult."

In Lewis, on the other hand, they take the softer forms of these consonants, indeed, their *r* sounds more like "dh" than anything else, buaradh, Lewis buadhadh. These consonants do not therefore maintain the necessary distinctness in the words, indeed they sometimes disappear altogether. The Lewis-men says "fe'inn" for "feamainn." For this want of distinctness in consonants they have to make up by giving more attention to their vowels, and that is probably the reason why they are more sensitive in that respect than their relatives on the mainland.

3. "Sr" is a Gaelic combination, but it is not to be found in Norse, and we in the North under this foreign influence insert a *t* between the two letters, *e.g.*, "struth," "streang."

4. We do not show the appreciation of old and rare forms that the pure Celt, to whom the language has been a traditional inheritance, does. Our dialects yet bear traces of the learner's tendency to make rules go too far in such forms as "tinneachan" for "tinntean," "dromaichean" for "domannan," "ainmean" for "ainmeannan."

We were considering different aspects of the Norse occupation that were likely to make it influential in affecting our language and literature. We showed some of the effects of that event in our language, and that they are not more numerous and striking is only one of many instances that prove to show how much the survival of a language depends upon social and political circumstances. In tracing the influence of this event in our literature,

we shall consider—(1) How far we find the historical facts reflected in our writings and popular idea ; (2) Consider what we got from them by way of communicated ideas, *i.e.*, through the medium of proverb and tale ; (3) Make a comparison of general characteristics.

1. Our tales and ballads are the only part of our literature that lead us back to the period which we have been considering. These are, as we should expect, founded to a great extent upon historic facts. Historical exactness in such a species of literature is, of course, not to be looked for. Only events that fixed themselves upon the popular mind from their greatness, their strangeness, or from their being a matter of general observation, could live through such a method of transmission. In these, especially in the tales, the Lochlinnich act one of the most prominent parts. They are represented as the common enemies of Alba and Erin and the constant opponents of the Feinn. They had the knowledge of imparting magic power to weapons, but although in this superior to the Feinn, they are represented as going to them to learn “*draoidheachd*,” a testimony to the ancient greatness of Ireland as the “*Light of the West*.” The original home of the Lochlinnich is a bare cold country, where people stick to the earth with frost, but their headquarters are generally represented as being about the Hill of Howth, near Dublin. They were invincible by sea, and even on land Fionn is often worsted by them, and is “*alive and no more*,” when some happy event takes place that changes the aspect of affairs. They are made to follow up their victories and take advantage of the absence of the Feinn by imposing “*cess*.”

Among the historical characters recognisable in these Tales are Goodred Crovan, who, in 1079, seized the Norse kingdom of Man, and attempted to subdue the Hebrides and King Magnus Bareleggs. In the tales the former of these goes by the name of Cronal Crobhie, and is represented as rising out of a humble station, bringing kings to terms with him by spoiling their lands, and as showing great resources in extricating himself out of difficulties. Magnus, who was slain in Munster in 1103, is known under the name of Manus. He is represented as making several invasions upon Ireland with more or less success, but as being at last slain with his whole army by the Feinn.

These tales bring us back to a state of society that has features that are non-Celtic. We hear of wives being bought, of heroes having some of their most trying conflicts with females, and a punishment we find inflicted upon criminals is the cutting off from them of a strip of skin from the head to the heel. These

are doubtless traditional reminiscences of Scandinavian customs that were once observed in this country. In Iceland, in heathen times, when a man married a wife he had to pay for her a sum of money proportionate to his rank. If this were not done, the issue of the marriage were held to be illegitimate. There are also several examples in Scandinavian history of female adventurers having the command of fleets. The author of the "Wars of the Gaels" gives us the names of the leaders of a fleet of pirates that wasted Munster, and that some of these were women we learn from the female name of Audunn, and the popular appellation of Ighean Ruadh, by which another was known. We can easily understand how such a matter would live, and be exaggerated in the tales, when more important but more prosaic events would fall out of memory. The barbarous method of punishment referred to would also seem to have been practised among the Norsemen, for we find evil doers in their tales subjected to it.

Donald Duagald, the hero of Sutherlandshire tales, has by some been identified with Donald Mackay, Baron Reay, who lived in 1628. On what grounds this was done, I cannot say; I suspect they must have been very slight. His name, however, would seem to mark him as a Dane, who were called Dubh-Ghalls, in opposition to the Fionn-Ghalls or Norwegians. How he came to be considered the possessor of so much supernatural power we cannot now discover. Probably rapidity of movement and a powerful influence in other regions explains it all. In Sutherland tales, however, "Donald" is the name given to all personified objects. We even call sleep "Domhnall Samhach," and Satan is called "Domhnall Dubh;" and this magician may be only the personal representative of a fleet of Danish pirates.

Scandinavian paganism is comparatively late: it is nearer to us by five centuries than Druidic paganism. We should therefore expect to find its shadows cast more clearly in popular customs and traditions than those of the other. And this is certainly so. Logan found that in Orkney, even as late as the beginning of this century, lovers used to go by night to the ruins of heathen temples and call upon Woden to witness their vows. As late as the seventeenth century, bulls were sacrificed to saints on the West Coast. Here is a story in connection with the little village of Halmadary, on the top of Strathnaver, which, in my opinion, illustrates nothing more than the terrible power and tenacity of Norse heathen ideas. The Fear of Halmadary had begun to hold prayer meetings at his house, and the inhabitants of the surrounding district attended them. One day after the people had assembled, and the services

were proceeded with, a large raven was seen, in the dim light, sitting on the "coilbh." The worshippers all instinctively felt that it was an evil spirit, and they became conscious of a dark and powerful fascination. Meanwhile the curiosity of the neighbours around was aroused by seeing that, though it was getting late, the meeting was not being dismissed. One after another went in to see what might be the reason, but, once in, they were seized with the spirit that possessed the worshippers, and they did not return to tell the tale. The night passed, and so did the following day and night, and the meeting was not dismissed. At the end of that time the people who had assembled from the country around decided to take the roof off the house, and when this was done the spell that bound the worshippers was broken. It is said, however, that some of them never shook off the effects of the influence under which they were brought, and that they showed great reluctance in telling how they had been engaged during that time. It, however, transpired that they had decided to offer a human sacrifice to the spirit, and that the victim fixed upon was the Fear's son. A servant in the house had enough of reason left to protect the child, and thus a terrible crime was prevented.

The good people of Sutherlandshire called this event *Tuiteam Halmadary*, and not wishing that so much dark superstition should ever be seen associated with Christian worship, they discourage enquiring into it. The general idea is that the event took place about the end of the seventeenth century. My own opinion is that the story takes us back to the time when the Norse settlers were renouncing Paganism, or at least to a period when Thor was yet an object of popular dread. Thor is always represented as the determined foe of all who forsook the old faith, and he had two ravens, *Mind* and *Memory*, which acted for him in the world. Some such beliefs as these would seem to have been held by the people of this retired Norse hamlet, and to have led to their putting into practice some of the worst features of the religion of their ancestors.

As the Norsemen lived chiefly around the coast, we should naturally expect to find some survival of their ideas and ways among fishermen. A peculiarity of the superstitions of fishermen along the north and west coasts is the efficacy that they attribute to articles belonging to women or used in household work. On the east coast of Caithness the fisherman's wife throws a besom after him to insure his catching herring. In Uist I am told there is a belief that if one going on a trip takes a spoon with him he is certain to have fair wind going and coming. I was also told by

an old woman in Sutherlandshire that some of her husband's crew went to consult a wise woman that they might get fish. She told them to take a woman's ring and tie it in a piece of worsted cloth, and put it in the "ear of the baulk." The existence of such ideas are all the more striking when we remember that nothing is thought to be more unlucky than to talk of women or land affairs on the sea. These customs are probably remnants of the appeals of the old Norsemen to their female divinities. Freyja, who was believed to teach women household work, was with her son, Niord, held to be the giver of all temporal prosperity. I find from Dasent that after the introduction of Christianity the mantle of this benignant goddess fell upon a half mythical being of the name of "Holda" (the satisfying). Does this explain the continual use in northern parts of the glaringly heathen expressions, "Gu 'm beannaich seala thu" or "Gu 'n gleidh seala thu," to preserve against the influence of the "evil eye."

2. We find in our literature many ideas that had their original home on Scandinavian soil. The heroes are clearly endowed with many of the characteristics of the fighting Norwegian gods. Fionn like Thor has a hammer, the stroke of which can be heard all over the world. Like Odin he is continually seeking for knowledge. Then in tales all over the Highlands we find men gaining supernatural knowledge by tasting the flesh of serpents, others cast into deep sleep by a poisoned thorn being thrust into them, animals being brought alive by their bones being wrapped up in their skin and a charm pronounced over the whole. These ideas are all peculiar to Norse mythology, and are all found in the Edda.

If we are to judge by the similarity between the Gaelic tales collected by Campbell, and those collected in Norway by Dasent, we should be inclined to think that two-thirds of the material of Highland tales were derived from the Scandinavian settlers. Between many of the tales we find an agreement in all the main features. We shall find an illustration of that by comparing Tale IV. in Mr Campbell's Collection with "Shortshanks" in Dasent's work. In the Gaelic tale we read that a three-headed "uillbeist" living in the sea had acquired a right to a prince's daughter. The prince promised her in marriage to any one who should save her from the awful danger. A gallant suitor offers to go and fight for her, but at sight of the monster he loses heart and flees. The prince's servant, who had a magic sword, goes and defends the lady, and

puts the "uillbheist" to flight after striking off one of its heads. The servant receives a ring from the lady in acknowledgment of his bravery, and the head of the monster is sent to the prince. But as the lady is returning home her faint-hearted suitor meets her, takes possession of the head, and forces her by threats to declare him to be her deliverer. The next day the monster returns, the servant renews the fight, and he loses a second head. The same incidents take place as before; and so on the third day. At the end of that time the suitor demands of the prince the hand of his daughter in accordance with his promise. The justice of his claim is admitted, but the princess declares she will marry only the man who can take the heads of the dragon off the twig on which they were put, and who will produce the jewels given away by her. This, of course, leads to the natural and desired conclusion.

In the Norse tale the three characters are a princess, a knight, and a servant with a magic sword. The enemy in this case are three ogres from beyond the sea. The parts acted by the characters are the same, the only difference being in the means chosen to bring the deception to light.

A number of proverbs, perhaps more than we yet know of, clearly came to us through these settlers. I give a few examples.

1. Is lom guallain gun bhrathar—Bare is one's back unless he have a brother (Burnt Njal).
2. Is righ duine na thigh fein—Everybody is somebody at home (Guest's Wisdom).
3. Chan fhiosrach mar feoraies—Who asks will become wise—(Edda).

In others we can detect Norse ideas, or the spirit that their rule inspired. "Tha fios fithich agad" was probably suggested by Odin's ravens that communicated everything to him. "Is fuar gaoth nan coimheach" and others of like meaning show no friendly feeling towards the foreigners.

(3). We can thus see that much of the bones and the sinews of our literature was supplied by the Scandinavians. The spirit that enlivens this body must, to a great extent, be their's too. The impress of their character alone could not perish, as their language did, but then that character itself survives. Probably most of our bards are by nature as much Scandinavian as they are Celtic. No doubt this living influence has tended to do away in our literature with much that need not be missed. Celts, as a race, have been accused of being the victims of a reckless imagination, of having a fund of enthusiasm so boundless that

they can get crazy over trifles, and of having the habit of painting the absent and unattainable in such attractive hues as to make the sober present intolerable. That there is something in the charge we are not careful to deny. Liveliness of sentiment is certainly a characteristic of our race. It is a great endowment, saving the character from tameness, and making a people original, adventurous, and patriotic. But it has its dangers, and one who has only a very slight knowledge of the history and the literature of the Celtic races will perceive that they have all, more or less, fallen into them. In every field of thought they are prone to extravagance. They see visions and they dream dreams; they howl and rant over things that have no existence outside of their own minds. To counteract this tendency, our acquaintance with the Norsemen, with their love of reality and their fear of self-deception, was the antidote that we needed, and our contact with them has brought us lasting advantages. The Gael of Scotland has yet, it is to be hoped, enough of sentiment for all useful purposes, but he certainly has a reputation for sanity and common sense which his relatives in France and Ireland never had. Our literature, limited though it be, has, in addition to its purely Celtic merits, a restraint and an earnestness that will increase its value for mankind. Even Rob Donn, with his keen appreciation of life, his absorbing sympathy with his fellow men, is, in spite of a reckless dash we can find in him, a born sage. He cannot get over the fact that life is a more serious thing than most men are inclined to make it, and the distinction between right and wrong in spirit and action has to him a sacred dignity.

27th FEBRUARY, 1895.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society at this meeting, viz. :—Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque, Ross-shire, life member; and Mr John Mackay, editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow, an ordinary member. Thereafter Mr Wm. Mackay, honorary secretary, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names—Parish of Lairg and Creich." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF LAIRG.

This parish once extended from the confines of Dornoch and Creich right away to the Minch, and included the ancient

divisions of Brae-chat, Diri-meanigh, Diri-mor, and Edderachylis, till ecclesiastical requirements, upon the introduction of Protestantism, and more particularly Presbyterianism, rendered it necessary to alter the boundaries of certain parishes in the county, and form new parishes for religious and civil purposes. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the district of "Edderachylis" was taken from Lairg and constituted into a parish of itself, the "Parph" part of it being annexed to Durness. Sir R. Gordon, of the "Genealogy" renown, states, pp. 9-10, "Although Edderachylis doth appertyn at this day (1620) to Macky, yet it was never a pairt of Strathnaver, bot it was a portion of the baronie of Skelbo in Sutherland, and hath been a pairt of the parish of Lairg."

The parish, as now constituted, is 24 miles long, and varying in breadth from 6 to $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a land area of 121,358 acres; the greater portion of the cultivated land lying round the village of Lairg and the northern shore of Loch-Shin at Shimess, the scene of the late Duke of Sutherland's costly but unremunerative reclamation works.

From the village of Lairg to the Minch, in a north-westerly direction, runs a chain of lakes and conjoined rivers, forming a fitting "pass" for a canal or a railway were other considerations and auspices propitious. The "Shin," $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, 270 feet above sea level; the "Griam," $1\frac{3}{8}$ mile, 304 feet; the "Merkland," $2\frac{7}{8}$ miles, 367 feet; the "Lochmore," $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 140 feet; the "Stack," $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 118 feet above sea level, thence to the sea through Loch-Laxford.

In this parish are fifty other lakes of much repute for angling. Sinking in the extreme south along the Shin to 120 feet above sea level, the aspect of the parish is everywhere hilly and mountainous on its northern confines reaching altitudes of nearly 3000 feet, presenting few geological features of much interest. The prevailing rocks are granite and trap; limestone exists on the northern shore of Loch-Shin, probably an off-shoot from the great belt of limestone running diagonally through to Durness.

The cultivated land is chiefly light gravelly loam, mixed with moss, lying in a clayey subsoil. The uplands are generally covered with peat and heather, valuable for pasture, grouse, and bog-fir. The antiquities in this parish are few, consisting of so-called Pietish towers, or their rums, called by the natives "Fingalian," and near them are found, as in many other parts of the parish, tumuli and hut circles, where the ancient inhabitants were buried, whether slain in battle by the spear or sword, or cut down by the scythe of death, where they had lived.

In 1801 the population was 1209, when a great number of the manhood of the parish was enrolled in the 93rd Regiment and other Highland corps, serving at home and abroad. In 1841 the population dwindled to 913, increasing in 1871 to 978, and in 1881 to 1355.

In this parish was born the famous Samuel Macdonald, familiarly called "Big Sam," a veritable giant, seven feet four inches in height, and proportionately strong. His feats of strength, at home and in the army, have been told and retold for years round firesides in Sutherland. In the churchyard are two notable monuments, the one recording the virtues of two Mackay ministers, father and son, who officiated in the parish for 99 years, from 1714 to 1803, and of two brave and gallant sons of the latter—Captain Hugh, who headed the last cavalry charge at the battle of Assaye in 1803, and secured to Wellington his maiden victory; Captain William, of the East India Company's Naval Service, whose relation of the shipwreck of the "Juno" formed the groundwork of Byron's celebrated epic "Don Juan," which fact Thomas Moore pronounced to be the only instance he knew of prose excelling poetry. The other monument, erected in 1880 to Sir James Matheson, Bart. of Achany and the Lews, is a splendid structure. Sir James was a nephew of the above two officers, his mother being their eldest sister. He was born at Shinness in 1796; died 1878.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-Hee—G. beinn-na-sith, or beinn-an-t-sith, ben-shidhe. Sith in various forms is seen as a prefix in many mountain names in Ireland and Scotland. The Irish definition of the word sidhe or sithe is invariably "fairy." Whether a prefix or suffix, sidhe is fairy, sidhean is the fairy hillock, which, too, is the acceptation of this word in the Highlands of Scotland. Ben-Hee is situated in the centre of the great Reay Forest, far away from any habitation of man. If it be Beinn-an-t-sith, the definition would be mountain of tranquil solitude. 2864 feet

Ben-Sgreamhaidh—G. sgreamhaidh, sgremhach, sgreamhail, abhorrent, horrid, the horrid mountain. 1428 feet.

Cnoc-bhaid-bhàn—G. cnoc, hill; bhaid, gen. of bad, thicket or grove, and bàn, pale, hoary; the hill of the pale or hoary grove. Arm. bod, bot. Heb. bad, grove. 1264 feet.

Cnoc-maol-a-bhealaidh—G. cnoc-maol, bare or bald hill; a bhealaidh, gen. of bealaidh, broom. Arm. balan. Fr. balai, a broom. Frenchmen make brooms of this shrub. 1673 feet.

Cnoc-a-ghreim—G. greim, pain, hill of pain; possibly in allusion to the pain or fatigue in climbing it. 1220 feet.

Cnoc-a-choire—G. coire, hollow in a mountain side, corrie ; hill of the corrie.

Cnoc-ghuibhas—G. cnoc-a-ghuibhais, guibhas, nom., fir-wood, hill of the fir-wood. 1035 feet.

Cnoc-Sgeivach—G. sgeivach, rocky ; the rocky hill. 1780 feet.

Creag-riabhach—G. riabhach, brindled rock. 1573 ft.

Creag-dhubh-mhor—G. the big black rock, or mountain ; du, G. black ; Ir. dubh ; Manx, W., Corn., Arm. du ; Heb. and Punic dua ; Malay du, black ; Chal. dutha, ink ; Heb. din., ink. 1821 ft.

Creag-na-h-iolaire—G. rock of the eagle. 1243 ft.

Grianan-a-choire—G. the sunny eminence of the corry. 1549 ft.

Meallan-odhar—G. meallan, dim. of meall, lumpy eminence, generally applied to rounded hill or mountain tops, the small dun, lumpy eminence. Odhar—G. dun ; W. and Arm. moel, lumpy hill. Meall-a-chalpa—G. the calf of the leg. We have in Eng. ochre, from Gr. ochros, corresponding with the G. odhar, dun.

Meallan-a-chuaile—G. cuaile, nom. cudgel, bludgeon, staff, the small rounded eminence of the staffs. 2460 ft. From its height it is more likely to be "Meallan-a-ghuaile," from the "Meallan," having a shoulder-like projection.

Meallan-an-fheur-loch—G. eminence of the grassy lake. 2010 ft.

Meall-na-cloiche-gile—G. eminence of the white stone. 1330 ft. G. geal, white ; W. goleu, light ; Gr. gala, milk.

Meallan liath mor—G. the high grey eminence. 2250 ft.

Meallan liath beag—G. the low grey eminence. 1500 ft.

Sròn-na-larachan—G. the headland of the ruins. 1223 ft.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch-an-Staing—G. lake of the trench. Arm. and Corn. stancg, a trench or ditch ; G. staing domhan ; Arm. stancg down, a deep ditch.

Loch-a-Bhainbh—G. bhainbh, gen. of bainbh, contraction of ban, or bain, an taobh, a sire. Ban-taobh was an ordinary expression applied in olden times to uncultivated or fallow land. Loch-a-bhain-taobh contracted to Loch-a-Bhainbh, lake of the fallow or uncultivated side. Here the lake is an arm of Loch Shin, running parallel to it. The promontory thus formed is the uncultivated land, and its end is the Ness, which, added to the lake name, forms the place name Shin-ness, adjoining it.

Loch-a-ghorm-choire—G. lake of the blue corrie.

Loch-Coire-na-Sith—G. lake of the fairy corrie. This lake is near "Beinn-an-t-sith," or Ben Hee. (See mountain names.)

Loch Beannaichte—G. the blessed lake. Ir. Lough-beannaichte; Arm. Lagen benequet; Corn. lagen beingaz; G. Barr-beannaichte; Arm. bara benniquet, blessed bread; W. bara-bendigaid; G. loch; Ir. lough; Manx luch; W. lluch; Bisc. and Fr. lac; Arm. lagen; Gr. lakkos; Lat. lac-us; Pers. laca; Coptic pha-lakkos.

Loch-na-Caillich—G. lake of the hag, or nun.

Loch-na-fuar leac—G. lake of the cold flagstone.

Loch-Fiodhag—G. lake of the bird cherry; or it may be fiodhach, woody, copsy, if so, the woody lake would be the signification.

Loch-Eileanach—G. lake abounding in islands, which it is.

Loch-Craggie—G. Creagach, lake of the rocky banks.

Loch-nan-Sgarbh—G. lake of the cormorant or heron.

Loch-Dulaich—G. lake of the muddy banks. See place names.

Loch-Shin—G. Shin is a contraction of Sithean, round green mounts, or small round hills, of which there are many on the north and south shores of this noble lake. Near its south end, and immediately below the church and manse of the Established Church, is an island dedicated to St Murie, St Mulray, or St Maolrubha, about 60 yards from the shore. Possibly this Culdee missionary had a cell on the island, and a coracle of his own to go to it and come from it, before and after the church dedicated to him was built. The island for ages was regarded with veneration and awe by the natives. On the induction of Mr John Mackay to the church of Lairg in 1714, being the first Presbyterian minister who was settled in the parish, he experienced great difficulty in inducing the people to attend the church on Sundays. They, like most Highlanders of their day, paid more attention to the British Solomon's "Book of Sports" than to any Gospel ministrations week day or Sunday. They paid no heed to their minister's remonstrances. He was a man of learning much beyond his day, having for several years studied in the University of Leyden. He was also a man of great physical strength and undaunted courage, which acquired him the cognomen of the "Ministear laidir," the strong minister. He was not making much headway with his rebellious flock. He always carried an immense cudgel in his hand. If his flock did not respect him for his new fangled, strict doctrine, they respected and feared him for his strength and big staff, and the manner in which he could use it at times. Finding his remonstrances to have no effect, and Sunday sports going on daringly during worship time, he issued from the church, the big stick in hand, and compelled the players to enter the church before him. After locking the doors he ascended the pulpit,

preached, and frightened them to attend ever after, and to cease their sports on Sundays. He soon formed a Kirk Session, and with the aid of his elders began to take cognisance of every breach of morals. A little shoemaker was cited before the Session for assault and drunkenness. The culprit pled guilty, but disputed the authority of the Kirk Session, and indignantly refused to pay any penalty. Seeing it useless to continue, the minister said to him, "Robert, I will talk alone with you about this. Will you meet me to-morrow at the loch-side at two in the afternoon?" Robert consented. Next day, at the appointed time and place, the minister and Robert met, and faced the loch-side for half-an-hour. The resolute Robert was as obdurate as ever. The minister gave up the argument at last, and said—"Robert, can you swim?" "Not a stroke," replied Robert; upon which the minister grasped Robert by the collar of his coat with his left hand, plunged into the lake, and swam with his prisoner to St Murie's Isle, and landed him on a heap of stones, quietly saying to him—"Robert, my man, when you come to be of a better frame of mind you can tell me so. I'll hear your cries at the manse, and send the ferry boat for you. In the meantime you had better walk about and not catch cold." The minister swam back to the shore, gave orders that the ferry boat should not go to the island without his orders and permission, and walked down to the manse. When Robert recovered somewhat, his first cries were threats of vengeance. He would complain to the Sheriff, to the Earl, to the Court of Session, to the General Assembly. He would never yield. No, never. As soon as the shades of evening began to fall Robert became terrified. The island was an "erie" spot at all hours, and awfully solitary at night. Thoughts of the water elf and water horse, that most terrible of Highland ogres, came into his mind. To pass a whole night alone upon the island was far more formidable than any penalty the Kirk Session might inflict. At last to the manse came the cry, "Take me out of this, Mr Mackay, I'll submit and never again offend." The boat was sent for him, Robert returned home humbled and penitent, and the minister's supremacy was secured.

Loch Merkland—A. S. Merk, a coin value 13s 4d Scots, applied to valuation of land; there were penny lands, four penny, as well as merk lands. A place not far off is named Midpenny.

Loch of Treasure, Na-h-ulaidh—G. ula., long rank grass, lake of the long rank grass; there is a river and glen of the same name proceeding from this lake. Ulaidh, of the map, must be a mistake; it means treasure, and also pack-saddle, unlikely names for a lake.

Allt bhuin bheag, Allt bhuin mhor—G. Allt, stream, torrent ; bhuin, gen. of buin, base, or bottom of the stream ; beag and mor, relative adjectives of size, the stream of the small base, the stream of the larger base.

Allt-a-chairn bheag, Allt-a-chairn mhor—G. chairn, gen. of cairn, heaps of stones, beag and mor as above, stream of the small heaps of stone, and stream of the large heaps.

Allt steall a choire—G. steall, spout, cataract ; choir, gen. of coire, corrie, or hollow in a mountain side, stream of the corrie-ataract.

Allt lag na-cuilean—G. lag, a hollow, cave, or den, and euilean, whelp, stream of the whelp's den.

Cuilionn, holly, has very nearly the same pronunciation as cuilean, whelp, hence it may signify the hollow of the holly.

Cuilean—G. cuilean, Ir., Corn. coilean, Arm. galen.

Cuilionn—G. cuileann, Arm. gelenen, Cor. gelen, Arm. ceyln W.

Allt domhain—G. the deep stream.

Allt-na-claise mor—G. claise, trench, extended hollow, stream of the big hollow ; Ir. clais, pro. clash, trench ; Manx. clash, furrow ; W. clais, a stripe ; Arm., Cor. clais, clais, cleis, cleez.

Amhainn Tirrie—G. pro. terrie, said to mean tuireadh, lamentation. Near this river, on a rising ground, was fought, in 1561, a severe conflict between the Sutherlands and Mackays, the latter being defeated. Some years after the battle of Druim-uacupa, near Tongue, where the aged Mackay Chief, Angus Du, was shot by a Shinness man lurking in a bush, after the fight was over. This man was some years after slain by William du Abrach, grandson of Angus Du, while crossing the river Tirrie. These events were not sufficient to cause the river to be named "Amhainn-tuireadh," river of lamentation. Then we must try to find a more probable derivation. It seems to be in itself. Tirrie is Diri (dithreabh), wilderness, or, as the word itself implies when analysed, unploughed, uncultivated lands, from di or dith, without, or want of, and treabhadh, ploughing, or cultivation. Diri is the corrupted form of "Dithreabh," as given in old maps and charters. It is an approximate pronunciation of "Dithreabh." The river Tirrie having its sources in the "Dirimeanigh," the ancient appellation of the district took its name from it, a most appropriate appellation. See Place Names.

Amhaian-a-choire—G., river of the corrie.

Amhainn-a-ghrudaire—G. See Gruids in Place Names. This river, like many others, takes its name from the Barony of Gruids or Grudie, through which it flows.

Amhainn-sgeithe—G. sgeithe, is vomiting, belching out. This is an exceedingly rapid mountain torrent when in flood, vomiting its waters into the Tirrie at a most furious rate; falls more than 200 feet in a mile.

Feth-a-chuile—Another affluent of the Tirrie; chuile is the gen. of cuil, back corner. It rises in a corner behind the Tirrie. Feith is a marshy stream; hence its signification, the marshy stream from the back.

Feith Osdail—Feith, as above, marshy stream, is Gaelic. Osdail is from the Norse, oss, mouth of a river; and dal, meadow, the meadow at the river mouth. Here, no doubt, the Norsemen hunted and summered.

PLACE NAMES.

An Crasg—G. a common appellation in Sutherland for a way across a mountain from one place to another; crasgach, crosswise.

Achanny—G. old form (1560), Auchanne (1586), Auchanny; **Abhadh-a-chànaich**, field of the moss cotton.

Achafris—G. Achadh-a-phris, field of the bush, from preas, bush; gen., phris.

Ach-na-pearain—G. Achadh-na-peurain, field of the pears.

All tigh-leanna—G. the ale-house brook, a habitation and land by the side of the old road from Lairg to Altnaharra and Tongue. The house is long ago gone; the name with its story and patch of green sward remains.

Arscaig—G. corruption and contraction of Aird-na-Sgiathaig, when rapidly pronounced. It refers to a township south side of Loch Shin, well sheltered by tufts of copsewood. Skiag, Sgiathaig, a common appellation of such situated places in Sutherland.

Balloan—G. bale-an-loin, the township by the marshy meadow.

Ballandialish—G. baile-an-diòlaidh, the place where fines are paid, and recompense made.

Balnatobernich—G. baile-na-tobraichean, the township of the wells or springs of water.

Balcharn—G. baile-a-chairn, the township of the cairn or stone heap.

Badan—G. dim. of bad, a grove or clump of trees, applied to a habitation near a clump of trees.

Claonel—G. old form of charters (1554), Clunok (1560), Cly-nall, modern spelling, Claonail, inclining, side-lying. This township is situated on small declivities. Gr. Klino.

Ceann-na-coille—G. head or end of the wood. W. Pencoed, end of the wood.

Carn-an-eilde—G. the cairn of the hind. Ir. carn. W. carn a heap.

Coire-nam-mang—G. the corrie of the fawns.

Coire leacach—G. the flaggie corrie.

Corry-Kinloch—G. coire-ceann-an-loch, corrie at end of the lake.

Colaboll—Taking this word as given in Ord. map, we must give a Norse translation of it. Cola means Kola, charcoal, and bol abode, cultivated farm, equivalent to G. baile; hence the definition would be, the charcoal township. If the Norsemen settled here in the 10th or 11th century, it is very possible, finding wood here on the banks of Loch Shin, they would convert it into charcoal for the manufacture of arms. Sutherland traditions impute to them a determined passion for wood-burning and destruction. Finding the natives well armed with iron implements of war, manufactured by charcoal, they destroyed the woods to prevent their manufacturing them, peat being then unknown and unused for fuel. The more probable origin of this place-name is not Norse, for very few, if any, place-names in this inland parish can be attributed to the Norse, it seems to be

Cul-na-buaile—G. the back corner of the cattle fold.

Cul-mhaillidh—G. back part belonging to the Bailie, or cuil-a-bhaillidh, cuil, plu. of cul, back, the back parts, or grounds belonging to the Bailie.

Cuil-bhuidhe—G. cuil, sing., a back corner. Cuil, plu., back parts and places. It requires much local knowledge and discrimination to properly determine what sense was intended to be given to the prefixes, Cul and Cuil. It may have been a corner, or it may have been back parts beyond a hill or rising ground.

Crionoch-mhor—G. literally, the big withered tree, which was probably near the place to which it gave the name.

Dalchork—G. dail-a-choire, the field upon which oats were grown, the oats field.

Diri-meanigh—Such in Charters—G. dithreabh meadhonach dithreabh, uncultivated waste. Meadhonach, in the middle, the middle district or part of the waste; otherwise, the Mid Ascent.

Dirie-more—G. as above; the big waste, or wilderness, or the big ascent.

Duchairnich—G. du-chairnich, black, stony ground.

Dulaich—G. muddy, miry ground or land.

Druim-na-uamha—G. ridge of the cavern, or cave.

Drochaid-a-chrasg—G. the Crasg, or Crask bridge; drochaid, to be the Gaelic name for a bridge, is very singular, being derived

from droch-aite, bad or dangerous place to cross; W. drwg; Arm. droog, bad. Our Caledonian fathers had not yet learned the art of bridge building, or if they had made an attempt to bridge a stream or a river, it probably would be by throwing a tree over it, a dangerous mode of crossing a river in flood; possibly from this came the Gaelic term, drochaid, for bridge.

Dalmhichy—G. dail-mheidh-eiche, meadow of the stallion.

Dalnamein—G. dail of the ore, probably bog iron.

Dalnaminn—G. Dail of the kids.

Garbhallt—G. rough or rapid stream or river. The adjective garbh seems very general. G. garbh, Manx garoo, W. garw, Corn. garou, Arm. garv, Punic and Phœnician garvv, Arab. garaph, Lat. gravis; pronunciation similar; applied meaning, the same.

Gruids—now a township, formerly a barony. G. if it took its appellation from malting and brewing; old form (1560), Grudy and Gruids, Grudear, is in G. maltster, brewer, distiller, or a tavern-keeper, who possibly combined the other operations necessary for the tavern. Gruid, Gruide, singular and plural, is the grounds of malt, not significant enough in those days to give a name to a place which must have had a name before malting or brewing came into vogue. It is therefore more probably of Caledonian Pictish origin. Grut, Grud, grit stones strewn on the surface, and such is the aspect of the township and Barony to this day. There is Grudie, or Gruidee, in Rogart, and elsewhere in the county, all situated alike on valley flanks, and their surface similarly strewn with stones, small and large. Grut, Grud, Grudie, all form the first part of the adjective, grudeach, liquified to gruideach, the old meaning of which was grit, and grit stones, hence Gruids would mean stony, gritty land; W. grut, Arm. grit, pebbles.

In the Norse language the word "grjot" means pebbles, grit. This Norse or Teutonic word is the root of the English word grit, from Norse grjot, shingle or pebbles. A. S. greot, grytt.

Lairg—G. Parish and village name, old form (1223) Larg; (1574) Lairg; (1662) Largie; (1515 and 1568) Larg. It is evident that this appellation is Gaelic. Lairig means hill slopes; Larg, Lurg, Luirg, Luirgean, base of hills, extending into a plain; Learg, Leirg, Leargan, slope of declivities.

Of this place name there are several instances in the south of Ireland, such as Lerrig, Largy; and in the north, Lurg, Lurga, Lurgan, Lurraga, all signifying hill slopes. See Joyce, Vol. I. II.

The whole aspect of Lairg confirms the opinion that Lairg was named from the hill slopes surrounding the village in which the

first Christian place of worship was erected and dedicated to St Maolrubha, the noted missionary and disciple of St Columba. The village with a church gave importance to the locality, the name of which was eventually extended to the whole parish. Such was done elsewhere.

Leac-an-eich—G. the stone of the horse.

Midpenny—Anglicised form of Peighinn meadhonach ; peighinn being a penny value, as a measure of land.

Ord (The)—G. a hammer of any kind or size. Manx oard, a hammer, oayrd, a sledge hammer ; Ir. a hammer, ordan, a small hammer ; W. gordd, a mallet ; Corn. and Arm. orth, a hammer ; N. urd, pro. urth, a large pile of rocks by the seashore in the form of a mallet, as the Ord of Caithness, very probably so named by the roving Norsemen. Here the name seems to represent the form and shape of a hammer, the thin end of which juts into the south end of Loch Shin to a point, rising gradually from the lake to a flat area on the summit, upon which may be seen hut circles, the ancient abodes of the Pictish inhabitants.

Overscaig, now a noted angling resort on the north bank of the Shin lake. Quite near it runs into the Shin a rapid, roaring mountain torrent, falling in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of its course 470 feet ; dry in summer, but in winter, or after a heavy fall of rain, plunging down an impetuous, irresistible volume of water tumbling over boulders and rocks in such a way that every obstacle or impediment to its violence forms a cascade ; hence its appellation Overscaig, corrupted from the O.G. Abereasaich—Abereasaig in modern form, signifying the “confluence of the cascade torrent.”

Rhian-brec—G. ruighan, dim. of ruigh, declivity, breac, breac, speckled, the small speckled slope.

Rhi marstaig—G ; corruption of rhi-martaich, the hillside of the cows, or the sloping declivity upon which they were wont to graze. It is a common usage of Highlanders to introduce when pronouncing a word having rt in a syllable an s between the r and t, making such a word as mart marst. In several Highland counties it is an inveterate practice, and in reading mart, martaich, they pronounce them as if printed marst, marstaich. Rhi, the old form of the Caledonian Pictish Gaelic, is still preserved in Sutherland, as it is in Wales in rhiw, pro., rioo ; Com. rhi ; Arm. ri ; Ir. and G. ruigh.

Saval, beag and mor—G. sàth-bhaile, the township of plenty ; sath, plenty, and baile.

Shin-ness—G. ; old forms (1540) Schennynes, (1620) Eynenes.

It seems apparent that this place name has been composed anciently from the several green knolls or mounds surrounding it north and west, Sitheanan, contracted in speaking to "Shee-an-an." From this pronunciation came the old form given above; the adding ness to promontory formed by Loch Bainbh gives Shin-ness.

Tomich—G. tom-aich, fall of knolls, a Pictish word; tom, a heap, a knoll; tom-an, a small knoll; W. tom, a heap, tom-en, a small heap; Arm. tumb; Ir. tom, a knoll; Lat. tum-ulas, a mound; Gr. tomb os, a tomb.

Torbrec—G. torr-breac, the speckled eminence.

Torrobal—G. Old form in charters of the sixteenth century, Thurebol and Thureboll. Below this township, which lies on both sides of the railway station, Lairg, is a series of conical knolls or hillocks, partially green. The place of the bol or baile, in this place-name, being the last syllable, makes it appear as if of Norse origin, as the practice in that language is to place bol and dal last in words of two syllables. If the word be of three syllables, bol is given the second place. In Irish and Gaelic, baile and daile have generally first place, except in a few cases, such as Braigh-a-bhaile.

The Norsemen, so far as can be found by place-names, had not made a lodgement in Lairg, therefore we are less disposed to go so far as Norway for a definition of this place-name, and we must take it to be essentially Gaelic. The "tors" here being the more important physical aspect, must be given first place to cover the baile in the oblique case, the word will then become Torra-a-bhaile. Sliding the *a* in torra, according to rule, we have Torr-bhaile, not Torro-boll, the "tors" of the township. In the ordinary way it would be Baile-an-torran, township of the tors. There is another Torbol in the parish of Dornoch.

Torr is a primitive and ancient word found in all the old languages of the East and West. W. tur, a tower; taren, knoll. Corn. tor. Arm. tur and tor. Ger. thor. Moorish dyr, a mountain; Taurus, a mountain in Asia Minor and in Poland. The Piedmontese Alps are sometimes called Taurinian, still preserved in Turin. Chal. and Syr. thur. Pers. toor. Lat. tur-ris, a tower.

Clais-bhan—G. ban, white, pale, fair; the pale hollow. W. ban, conspicuous; Manx banee, whitish; Ir. ban, fair or white; Arab. bain, clear; Heb. bahin, bright.

Clais-na-fād—G. fād, foid, turf-sod, peats; hollow of the turf-sods, peats, or divots.

Clais-ha-faire—G. faire, rising ground, the hollow in the rising ground. The *a* in faire is pronounced long; the *a* in faire, watching, is short.

Caplich—G. cabuill, wicker basket or creel used for fishing, and ag, dim., small wicker basket; Arm. cuvelle, a hose net for fishing. Here at a bend of the river many a salmon and trout has been caught by the "cabuill," which gave the place its name.

Ceann-loch—G., head or end of the loch.

Coille-nuadh—G., new wood, recently planted. Nuadh is frequently spelled nomha; Lat. nov-us; Gr. neos; Norse ny; Manx noa; Arm. nene; Fr. neuf; W. newydd, newydh; Corn. nawydh; Eng. new; Ir. no.

PARISH OF CREICH.

This is one of the large parishes in Scotland, and is situated in the south and south-west of the county, separated from Ross by the Dornoch Firth on the south, and the River Oykel (the Eccialbakki of the Norse sagas) on the south-west and west to the confines of Assynt on the Benmore water-shed. Its greatest length from its boundary with Dornoch parish to the borders of Assynt is nearly $31\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and its average breadth varies from $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It comprises an area of 110,737 acres, 1912 of which being water and 735 foreshore. Its mountains range in altitude from Benmore, on its western border, 3273 feet above sea level, the highest altitude in Sutherland, to Beinn-an-Eorn, 1783 feet; Beinn-an-Rasail, 1341 feet; Cnoc-a-choire, 1318; and Beinn Donuill, in the east, 1144 feet. Its lakes and tarns are numerous, and well stocked with trout. Its principal rivers are the Oykel, the Cassley, and the Shin, all renowned for their salmon, as its numerous smaller streams are for trout of various kinds.

The aspect of this parish is mountainous, as may be seen from the altitudes given above. It may be said of it that it represents the general features of a Highland parish. In the valleys there is good verdant pasturage, and comparatively good soil for cultivation, yet experience of frequently recurring floods, especially in the Oykel, induced the inhabitants to devote the lower-lying lands to pasture, and adapt their flanks to corn-growing. The soil varies from the gravelly alluvial in the valleys to the peaty and light gravelly on the hillsides. At the east end of the parish, at Creich Mor, Ospisdale, and Pulrossie, good loamy clay forms the soil, producing excellent crops; but on the hills above these places the soil is wretched, its cultivation being simply a matter of necessity for the bare livelihood of the population. Along the coast on the Dornoch Firth, from Skibo to Bonar, the land is well wooded, and partly along the Oykel; along the Shin on both sides, is to be seen in perfection the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

The greater portion of the area of the parish is in the occupation of sheep farmers. The Invercassley sheep farm comprises 35,000 acres, almost one-third of the whole area of the parish, but being all, or nearly all, mountain land, no objection on national grounds can reasonably be raised against this.

The geology of the parish is not very interesting. On the western border, quartzite and trap rock abound, and lodes of iron ore have been found. At Rosehall, manganese has been discovered, but nowhere has shale or coal been found in course of the few searches which have been made.

There are not many antiquities in the district beyond the ruins of Invershin Castle, once belonging to the Duffus family, an offshot of the Moray-Sutherlands; Caisteil Mearn, near Rosehall; Pictish towers, tumuli, and hut circles; Druidic circle of stones at Rosehall, and two circles of the same kind above Bonar; standing stones at Ospisdale; and the vitrified fort of Dunreich.

The topography of the parish, with a few exceptions, is Celtic, as will be seen in Place Names.

The population in 1801 was 1974; 1831, 2562; 1861, 2521; 1871, 2524; 1881, 2223; 1891, 2013. Valuation, 1860, £5466; 1882, £11,732.

After the expulsion of the Norsemen in 1198 by William the Lion, that King granted this district and others, in the south of Sutherland, to Hugh Freskyn, a Fleming, whose ancestors had been merchants and shipowners at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and eventually proprietors in county Berwick. Hugh had by men and money assisted William in his expedition into Morayshire in 1187, and for his services got grants of land in that county. In 1198 he again assisted the King in his expedition into Caithness against Harold, the Norse Earl of Caithness and Sutherland, receiving as his reward Sudrland of the Norsemen. The Freskyns were styled "De Móravia" or Moray, the title eventually becoming the surname Murray, as Sudrland became the title and surname Sutherland.

Between 1202-14 Hugh Freskyn conveyed to his relative, Gilbert de Moravia, Archdeacon of Moray, and his heirs, the whole of this district under the names of Fernebothlyn and Inner-chyn, afterwards variously described in conveyances as Feren-bruthlin, Ferin-beildin, Ferrin-busky, Ferrincoskarie, Chilis, Shishchelis, Innerchen, Innerschyn, Invershin.

About 1235, Gilbert, now Bishop of Catness, grants the same lands to his brother, Richard de Moravia, and his heirs.

In 1275, William, Earl of Sutherland, cedes a portion of the parish, with the fishing of the Bunnach (Bonar) to Archibald, the Bishop of Cathanes.

In 1308, Robert Bruce, by charter, conveys the above districts of Creich and other districts in Sutherland to the Earl of Ross, the great patriot Earl of the Highlands who favoured and assisted Wallace and Bruce in asserting the independence of Scotland and opposing Edward Longshanks and his myrmidons, with the result that he was the rebel of Edward, who dispossessed him of his Earldom, which, however, Bruce restored to him by the 1308 Charter with the Sutherland addition. Edward Bruce married this Earl's daughter. The Earls of Ross and their successors held the superiority of all these Sutherland lands till about 1476. Paul Mac-an-t-saor (Paul Mactyre), probably a descendant of a Norse noble of the district, whose residence is said to have been in Dunreich, a noted vitrified fort between Creich and Spinnindale, married a relative of the Earl of Ross, who ceded to him some of his lands in the parish. He seems to have been in great favour with the Earls who succeeded Earl Hugh, killed in 1330 at Halidon Hill. He was apparently in charge of all these Earls' possessions in Sutherland and Caithness, collecting rents and superiority dues, which, if tradition be relied on, he did very effectually, as it is said that, when arrears were unpaid, he forcibly seized cattle, and brought them in droves to Dunreich, to be there disposed of. He disappears in 1372. The Sutherland lands granted by Bruce to the Earl of Ross in 1308 were termed Fernerosky, Fernerosker, Farn-crossern, with Strathalladell, Dunbeath, and other districts in Caithness.

On the death of Alexander, ninth Earl of Ross, an only daughter was the heiress. She was grand-daughter of Regent Albany, who became her guardian. He prevailed upon her to resign the Earldom in favour of his second son and her own uncle, and enter a nunnery. Donald of the Isles, who had married Alexander's sister, Mary, and aunt of the young heiress, considered himself the proper heir according to Celtic custom, opposed the Regent's plans, and advanced his own claims to the Earldom in right of his wife. To strengthen his position he made a treaty with Henry IV. of England, and proceeded to take possession by force of arms. He was opposed by the Ross confederated clans, aided by the redoubtable Angus du Mackay of "Strathnavernia." The confederates were defeated at Dingwall, Angus Du taken prisoner, and Ross surrendered to the Lord of the Isles. Angus

Du was released in a few months, the Lord of the Isles giving him his sister Elizabeth in marriage, and the whole of the parish of Creich and Strathalladale as her dowry.

Angus Du in 1414 portioned out this territory amongst his three cousins, Thomas, Neil, and Morgan, the sons of his uncle Neil.

In 1430, Thomas Mackay (Neilson) was attainted for slaying Mowatt of Freswick, and burning St Duthus Church in Tain, and his lands divided between *Angus Murray of Pulrossie, and his brothers Neil and Morgan*, who betrayed him and sent him prisoner to Inverness.

In 1431 these three ruffians were slain in the battle of Druimna-cupa, near Tongue, and all their lands reverted to the Lords of the Isles, who retained possession of them till their final forfeiture to the Crown in 1476.

In 1464, John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, disposed of Fernerosereche, viz., Crech mor, Spanigdill, Davochearry, Plodd, and Pulrossy, to his brother, Celestine of the Isles.

In 1467 the Earl of Sutherland was infest, by a Crown precept, in the lands of Pulrossie and Spainzidell.

In 1515 the fishing of Kelysakkell (Kyles of Oickell) were granted by Sir Donald of Lochalsh to his brother-in-law, Hector Munro of Foulis.

In 1541, Margaret of the Isles, wife of Glengarry, grants to Hector Munro of Foulis, the superiority of the lands of Creichmore.

In 1553 were sold the lands of Spanzedacell, Floid, Aucheany, and Pulrosse.

In 1614 John, Earl of Sutherland, was served heir to his father, Alexander, in the lands of Strathokell and Invercaslay, with the fishings belonging thereto.

Then follow other changes, grantings of lands and fishings, of less note.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Achness—G. old form, 1577, achinzeis, achenes ; achadh-an-eas, field of, or at, the waterfall.

Auchnafairne—G. old form, 1341, acheferne ; 1642, auchna-fairne ; achadh-an-fhearna, the field of the alder wood.

Achinduich—G. old form, auchendowech, 1525 ; ach'an-dubhaich, the field of gloom or sorrow.

Ach-uaine—G. achadh uaine, the green field.

Achadh-an-uirghill—G. field of white heather ; uir and ghill, gen. case, governed by an.

Achuil—G. achadh-a-chuil, the field at the back.

Airdeens—G. airdean, heights.

Achaidh—G. fields, home. This word by itself is now obsolete in Gaelic, except when preceded by d, as d' achaidh, dh' achaidh, homewards.

Achärrie—G. the a in arrie pronounced short. From achadh, field, and carradh, or carrugh, a rock or standing-stone; achadh-a-charraigh, the field of the standing-stone. This place is above Ospisdale, in the line of the retreat of the Norsemen from the battle of Drumliath, behind Bonar, to their ships at Port-na-culter.

Altas-mor; beag—G. old forms, 1541, altas; 1552, altes. This name is very probably from the now obsolete Gaelic words, alt, eminence, high ground; pro., alt, not as allt, stream and ais, a hill, a stronghold.—Manx alt, a high place; W. allt, a precipice, a cliff, side of a hill; Ir. alt, cliff, side of a hill; Lat. alt-us, high; Gr. alt-os. This place-name is possibly of Pictish origin; near are tumuli and a Pictish tower. Both of these townships are on eminences rising abruptly from the River Oykeell to a height of 300 and 400 feet respectively.

Amat—G. old form, 1578 amot, 1642 amott. There are several places of the same name in Sutherland, all of them similarly situated by river sides, a meadow adjoining, semi-circular in shape, skirted by rising slopes of high ground, leading to the definition that by its shape and form the first part of this word, am, may mean, round, and aite, a place, the round-shaped place. Am is obsolete in G. It is still used in W., signifying round about. Am-ad, bordering all round, am-ran, a circular division. Lat. am, round, ambiens, going round. The obsolete G. or Pictish àm, pro. as aam, signified circle, like the Lat. circum. pro. as aum, signified time. Am has also the signification of moist, watery. Am-aite might therefore be moist place. Am, amn, amteh-an, in ancient languages is found in river names. Am-an, Am-on, amhainn, amn-is, Lat. hence, àm-aite, may be the river place, the moist place. Where àmat, am-aite is seen, there is a river in front, and a semi-circular meadow, bordered, or partially surrounded by hills.

An-tualich—G. tulaçh, green knoll, or summit of a gently rising ground. An tulaich, the knoll.

Attandu—G. from aite-ar, little place, du, black, the black little place.

Bad-beithe—G. literally, birch grove, the prefix bad enters largely into G. topography, meaning habitation at a grove. Throughout Ireland all the peasants' old habitations have their

thicket of trees to windward, and their kailyards, common in the Highlands in former days.

Bad-bog—G. bog, soft, watery, the soft place.

Bad-mor—G. the big habitation near the grove, or the habitation near the big grove.

Bad an tagart—G. bad-an-t-sagairt, habitation of the priest.

Bad-a-chuil—G. chuil, gen. of cuil, back ground, habitation in the back ground, or at the back of a hill.

Bad-na-cuaich—G. cuaich, gen. of cuach, cuckoo, cuckoo's grove.

Bad-guineach—G. guineach, prickly, habitation of the prickly grove.

Bard-na-beinn—G. barda, a dyke, an enclosure dyked round, or walled, possibly derived from the enclosure allocated in olden times to the bard of the chief or village.

Balblair—G. bail a bhlaire. Blar means a level moor, or plain; the moor, or plain township.

Balachraggan—G. creag-an, small rock, the habitation or township at the small rock, or a rocky place.

Balna-croit—G. croit, croft, or small farm, township of the small farm.

Bonar—O. G. old form, Bunnach, 1275, later on Bon-aw and Bun-aw, meaning river end, or mouth, as Bun-illigh, the mouth of the Illigh. Aw is an ancient, now obsolete Caledonian Pictish word for water, running water, as in modern G.: in the form of, Ath, a ford, otherwise, shallow running water. Here there is always running water, tide coming in, tide going out. Here, too, ends the broad water of the Dornoch Firth, and begins the narrow of "Caolas Oikell" or the Kyle specially mentioned in Sutherland Charters, phonetically spelled Kelys, Killis, and Kellis, and Kyle; hence Bun-aw would mean the end or mouth of the river Oikell, as Bon-a, Bon-aw, at the north end of Loch-Ness means the mouth of the water of the loch discharging its accumulated waters away by the river at the "Aw" end; any way, there is a pointed analogy.

Caisteil-na-coire—G. the castle in the hollow; it is near Invercassley; only the site remains. This castle is called "Castlemearn" by Sir R. Gordon.

Clais-bhuie—G. clais, bhuidhe, the yellow hollow.

Clais-can-glas—G. glass, pale, grey, green, the green hollows. Ir. glas. Manx, glass, pale grey, pale blue, green or verdant. W. glas, blue, green. Arm. glas. Corn. glas, blue, green, marc glas. Arm. march glas. G. each glas. Ir. each glas, all these signifying grey horse.

Clais-na-sinneig—G. this place is at the foot of the "Sithean Mar," and quite near it is a knoll, small, very small in comparison with the "Sithean Mór," hence the name Sithean-ag to mark relative size and height; ag is a Gaelic dim. corresponding with the Oriental dim. terminals, ac, ak, ik. Sinneig is the quick or rapid pro. of Sithean-ag, as "Shin" is of Sithean, or Sithainn. What is more common in Gaelicdom than to call a young girl nighean-ag.

Creich—Parish and village name; old form, 1223-45, Crech, Creych; 1562-74, Creich; 1630, Creigh; probably an old Gaelic or Pictish word signifying rock. It appears in England in the form of Crich; in Derby, Creech; in Somerset, Critch; in Dorset and Crick, in different parts of Wales, signifying rock, or high tumps; creig, crùg, the u pro. as ee, rock, high tump. Here is Duncreich, din-creig, *din-crùg*, the fort or fortress in the rock, a notable place in Caledonian-Pictish times; the vitrification of the fort marks its antiquity, much older than local tradition, which imputes its erection to Paul Mac-Tyre, a noted man in his day (1350-72). The first church was built near this rock, and dedicated to St Tearnach, the place taking its name from the fortified rock, and the church being the only one in the district for ages gave its name to the parish ecclesiastically formed in 1225. Another view may be taken of this parish name. It forms the south-west boundary of Sutherland, separating it from Ross, hence it becomes the boundary parish; and if Creich be a corruption of Cricheo, limit, boundary, such would be its signification. Another definition has been hazarded that Creich is a corruption of Craobhaich, woody, full of trees. It is true that it was, and is now, well wooded; but all facts and aspects considered, the most notable spot in the parish is that rocky headland looking down the Dornoch Firth upon which the fort was built, probably in an age when churches were unknown and unheard of in the Highlands of Scotland, and hence the parish name had its origin from that rock on its borders.

Croich—G. crois. This is a place on the right bank of the Cassley River; on the left bank opposite is Bad-an t-sagairt; on a tump in the meadow the priest erected a cross, whence probably the name.

Dalnaclave—G. cleibh, gen. of cliabh, a creel, the dal of the creels or fishing baskets, placed in a ford of the Cassley River, and trout or salmon driven into them. This place is far up the Cassley, the Dal shows there was at this place smooth water for salmon or trout.

Dal-teamhair—G. teamhair, pleasant, the pleasant dale.

Doire-a-chatha—G. doire-a-chadha, chadha, gen. of cadha, a narrow pass, grove of the narrow pass.

Downe—G. ; old forms : 1430, Daane ; 1578, Downe. This hamlet was so called from the stream running by it being the Du-ān, black water ; du, black, and an, obsolete Gaelic word for water, element ; W. ān, element, seen in many ancient names of rivers. May not “ān” be a contraction of Amhainn, Aron, Garonne, Sa-one, Mar-one, now Morne, Anio, &c., &c.

Drum-liath—G. grey ridge, liath, grey ; W. lluyd ; Gr. lei-os. On this ridge, and on the north slope of it, was fought a very severe battle between the natives and the plundering Norsemen, who, it seems, landed near Ospisdale, and ravaged the country before them until they espied the inhabitants in battle array, ready on this advantageous position to fight for hearth and home. The Norsemen, brave fellows as they were, never loth to accept the gage of battle, advanced to the attack, and the fight of heroes began, face to face, foot to foot, with sword and spear. The natives seem to have manfully resisted the onset of the Norsemen, driving them off the ridge down the slope, where the fierce invaders rallied and continued the fight, with increased fury, if the numerous cairns with which the battlefield is strewn tell a true tale. At length the “Reivers” were defeated, and retreated to their ships, pursued by the natives. It would appear that the Norse commander Ospis, or Hospis, made a stand at Ospisdal, to cover the embarkation, and fell at the head of his rearguard. Most of the fugitives got away, but the natives seized and burnt some of the ships before the defeated Norsemen got away.

Dun-garvarie—G. dun, a heap or fort, and garbh-àiridh, rough sheiling, fort of the rough shieling, or hill grazing. Garbh, rough unequal surface, enters largely into Highland and Irish topography. Ir. garbh, Manx garroo, W. garw, Corn. garou, Arm. garv, Lat. grav-is. Bochart, in his Phœnician Colonies, states that in the Punic language garvv means very rapid.

Drochaid-an-fheidh—G. the deer bridge, more probably where a deer was caught and killed.

Druim-an-tighe—G. ridge of the house, applied in this word to a house ridge, like hill, or the ridge near the house.

Du-chally—G. du choille, the dark wood, or dubhadh-a-choille, shade, or darkness of the wood.

Garbh-leathad—G. uneven or rough slope, hillside.

Innis-na-damph—G. innis, an island, here pasture field, and damh, a stag, the pasture field of the stags ; G. innis, island,

pasture, resting-place for cattle at night; Ir. inis, inish, island; W. ynys, island; Corn. ennis; Arm. enez.

Innis-na-bioraiche—G. bioraiche, gen. pl. of the word biorach, an instrument set with pointed iron pins fixed round the lower part of calves' heads to prevent them from sucking their dams when out pasturing; hence the pasture field was named the field of the "bioraich."

Inver-oykell—G. innbhior, point of land at the confluence of two rivers. Invercassley, Invershin, the same. It is notable that the smaller stream or river joining a larger gives its own name to the Inver. G. innbhior; Ir. inbir. Here, where the Oykell joins the Cassley and the Cassley the Oykell, there are two inverts, one the Cassley, on the Sutherland side, the other, Oykell, on the Ross side, as if to prevent that mutual jealousy once too rife amongst clansmen and chiefs.

Inveran—G. inver, as above, and an, dim. the small inver; to make a difference between it and Invershin. The Inveran is at the confluence of Allt-na-ciste-duibhe (stream of the black chest, or coffin); G. cisd, Manx kish-tey, W. cist, Corn. cist, Arm. ciste, Ir. ciste, Lat. cista, Span. cista, Gr. kis-tè, Norse kista, Swed. kista, Dan. kiste, Dutch kist, Fr. cisse.

Invershin—G. confluence of the Shin, with Oykell river. Old form, innerchyn (1620). On the east side of the Shin, near the confluence, are the remains of a castle, once the property and abode of the Duffus family, descendants and younger branch of the Sutherland family.

Leathad-breac—G. leathad, slope, hillside, and breac, speckled, spotted; the speckled hillside. Ir. breac, Manx breck, W. brych, Arm. brecs, bris, Chal. brakka, Arab. abrek.

Linside-croy—Old form, 1541, Linsett-croy; 1552, Liynside-croy; 1557, Leinset; 1589, Lynsettcroy, croy, cruaidh.

Linside mor—Old forms, 1541, Linsettmore; 1552, Leyn-side mor; 1557, Leinset; 1589, Lynsett moir. There is evidence in this name of a mixture of G. and Norse; the first part, lin, is the lins or lynes of the Charters, and means salmon pools; the second, sett, side, ceat, of 1608, is evidently Norse, from setr, a seat, or residence, or sida, side, in coast, or water-side, local names in Norway; the qualifying adjectives, croy, is cruaidh, hard, sterile, and mor, more big. "In 1584 George Ros, apparent of Balnagown, sold to Hugh Munro of Asschyn the town and lands, &c., with the salmon fishing of the 'lyn' and the 'lynys' of Innercaslaw, in the barony of Strahokell." Taking all these into con

sideration, the definition to be given to Linside must be the sloping coast of the salmon pools.

Lub-croy—G. lub, bend, and croy, cruaidh, hard, sterile. This hard bend refers to a bend in the river Oykell, where the land is anything but fertile.

Langwell—N. lang-völlr or long-field; here it refers to a narrow strip of pasture by the side of the Oykell, low lying. There are several Langwells or Langwalls in Sutherland and other Highland counties.

Moine bhuidhe—G. literally yellow peat, which gave the appellation to the place.

Moine dhaor—G. dhaor, oblique case of daor, dear in value, the dear moss or peats; very significant. This, too, gave the appellation to the place where a poor cottar squatted with his family for a home.

Maikle—G. meigeal, the bleating of goats; the goat-bleating places.

Migdale—Norse. Old form, 1275, Miggewethe; 1561, Mogsdail; Mid-dale, Mid-dule.

Ospisdale—Norse, from Ospis or Hospis, the Norse commander slain and buried here after his defeat at Drum-liath, above Bonar; to commemorate his fall and defeat, a high stone was reared near the spot, to be still seen by the roadside below Ospisdale House. Such is the tradition.

Oape—G. òb, creek. Here is a bend of the river Oikell in the shape of a small creek, a sharp widening out of the river Oape, named from this creek.

Oehtow, uch, and tu—Pictish Gaelic, upper side. W. uch, upper. G. uachd, upper. W. tu, side. G. toabh, side; pro., in Sutherland, as tu.

Ouraig—G. aw-beag, aw-bheag, small water or rivulet. The Ouraig runs down close to the place in the heights of Ospisdale.

Reidh-mor—G. ruigh-mor. Old form, Rhi-mor, big declivity.

Reraig—G. ruigh-bheag. Old form, Rhi-bheag, small declivity.

Reidh-breac—G. ruigh-breac. Old form, Rhi-breac, speckled declivity.

Rossall—G. old form, rossach (1582), ros, promontory al or ail, rock or steep bank, the rock promontory.

Rose-hall—Anglicised from the preceding.

Rhivra—G. rhi and brà, brow, rhibhrà, the slope of the brow or hill brow.

Sleasdairidh—G. sleasd, marking, and airidh, hill pasture, where cattle, sheep, and ponies were wont to be marked on the horn, hoof, or ear.

Strathan—G. sra, srath, valley, and an, dim. srath an, small valley: Manx strah. W. y-strad, broad valley. Corn. strath, valley.

Salachy—G. sallach, miry, dirty; and Achadh, field, the nasty field. In the Ferin-coskary district of the "Old Charters" is a place, Swlach; being unable to locate it here, it is not possible to say if it be the O form of the present Salachy.

Swordale—N. old forms, 1275, Swordisdale; 1554, Swerdell; 1561, Soirdaile; 1577-79, Suardell; 1680, Sordail; from svordr, sward, and dalr, dale, the green-sward-dale.

Spinningdale—Eng. true description of the place when "Dunnichen," and "Skibo" Dempster, the Dempster of "Burns," reared here his flax spinning mills, and set them to work, giving employment to many; but, alas! the name was imposed by different kind of men, the Norsemen, or Loch-linnich, of Sutherland tradition and story; from their own language, spenja, attractive, and their common affix, in local names, dalr, a dale, the attractive dale.

Stodach—G. old form, 1341, stogok; 1642, stogak; means full of tree roots.

Tigh-a-chumainn—G. chumain; gen. of cuman, a milk pail, the house of the milk pails.

Tarnaig—G. old forms, 1578, turnoeh, turnak, turn-ag, turn, bend, here used for a beud or turn in the river Oykell, this river turn giving the name to the habitation near it.

Tutim-tarvach—G. tutim, tuiteam, fall, and tarbhach, plentiful, decisive; said by Sir R. Gordon to be so named from a decisive battle here fought between the Macleods of Assynt and Lewis and the Mackays about the year 1400, the Macleods being all slain except the traditional one, who carried home the doleful intelligence of the direful event. Old forms, 1430, tutim-tarrak; 1578, tutem-tarroch; 1614, tutum-treach.

Tulaich—G. knolls, common in Gaelic and Irish topography.

Tacher-in-road—G. tachair-an-rathad, met by the way; a waggish appellation surely. This habitation is half-way between one above it and another below.

Uirghill—G. uire, heather, and geal, white.

6th MARCH, 1895.

At this meeting Mr William Kemp, of Messrs Strother & Co., Inverness, was elected a member of the Society. On the motion of Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor, *Scottish Highlander*, it was resolved to record sincere regret for the death of Professor John Stuart Blackie, one of the Honorary Chieftains of the Society, and it was remitted to a special committee—Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A.; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; and Mr D. Mackintosh, secretary—to draw up a minute of condolence, and convey the same to the late Professor's representatives. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper, contributed by the Rev. John Kennedy, Caticol, Arran, on "Arran Gaelic Dialect." Mr Kennedy's paper was as follows:—

ARRAN GAELIC DIALECT.

Arran is well and widely known as a rich and remunerative field for studying botany and geology, but it has not yet been duly studied as a region where philology might glean much material. As there are specimens of the oldest and of the most recent formations of rock to be found in it, so also of roots and words. The genuine Gaelic here spoken is very old and valuable, but the recent mixed formations are to be sedulously avoided. I only offer a few specimens for consideration and criticism, under the headings "Words," "Proverbs," and "Superstitions," and trust the dryness of the subject may not prove too fatiguing for the patience of the kindly audience now to be addressed.

WORDS.

- Tha coslas tinn air an là—The day is looking sickly.
 Uisge solus—Clear water.
 Eudach solus—White or light-coloured clothing.
 An clochair—The death rattle.
 Fé for féin.
 Frasdan—Showers.
 Malt or l—A basket.
 Taineamh—Thaw.
 An damh-suirne—A corn-kiln.
 Fàil-shlatan and Faileantan—Honeysuckle.
 Madadh-uisge—Otter; also madadh donn, dorain donn an t-shruth. Biasta dubh in the north.
 Lomag agus tior(a)man—Whisky and oatmeal.

Bidie—Satan ; also called Old Dan or Daniel.

Mallaichte—Cross, akin to curst.

Duine ceannar, cireil—A wise, managing man.

Tudraig—Vigorous.

Monusc—A particle.

Iubhar-beinne—Juniper berries.

A' chaiseal-chrò—A hearse. *Vide* Dean of Lismore's Book.

Macgillesheathanaich—Shaw (in Mull).

Maith (or moithe in sound)—Good.

Ceart—Right ; has no s-sound.

Còir—Holy ; not liberal or hospitable.

Ordag, calagag, fionna fad, macanab agus cuisteag—A rhyme for the thumb and four fingers.

Gabh na guaid e—Take or leave it.

Guaideil—Leaving alone, refusing.

So an té a leag an sabhul,

So an té a ghoid an sìl (not siol),

So an té a sheas ag amharc,

So an té a ruith air falbh,

So an té bheag a b' fheudar dhith a phagheadh air fad.

—A rhyme for thumb and four fingers, somewhat resembling the rhyme of the "House that Jack Built."

Sùil-chrich—A mossy swamp.

Knockmaniseular—Hills at Lenimore.

Knockbuid—Halfway between Caticol and Lochranza.

Air a' mhoth 'n raidhir—The night before last.

Air a' mhoth 'n dé—The day before yesterday.

Muigh-buan, claidheag—The harvest home.

Deasachadh—Baking.

Eadar long is lamairic—Between the ship and the pier.

Albhag or falbhag—Ring or wheel.

Galair-glòig or glòigeach—The mumps. In Kintyre it is "an galair-plocach."

Balagadan—The calf of one's leg.

Màgan—Hands.

Siubhal air do mhàgan—Going on all fours.

An t-òighre agus an tanaistear—The heir and the next son, or heir-presumptive.

Blasachd air—A taste of it, like "boit air" in Badenoch.

Meall do naigheachd—Enjoy your news. "I wish you joy," said after the home-coming of a young couple.

Feusgan—Mussels.

Barnuigh—Limpets.

- Coitich—Argue.
 Gairtleam—To weed ; no s-sound.
 Buan a' ghart—Cutting corn ; no s-sound.
 Cha chroic—It is not difficult.
 Cara-meilidh—Liquorice.
 Riasg—Sedge.
 Sailean—Willow.
 Eilean lon—Mud island.
 Linne Mhuirich—Murdoch's linn.
 Tràighleachan—A bird with a brown bill that makes its nest on the shore above high-water mark.
 Brid—Whisper. Tha mi airson brìd riut.
 Loisdean and loisgean—A primrose.
 Luidhear—A vent.
 Am breas—The chimney piece.
 Gùgan—A daisy.
 Fanaiseach, farraid each—Mocking.
 Eidheannach—Ivy.
 Fearn-alder—Scotch mahogany.
 Gunna-peilear, gunna-steallair (gunna-spùt)—A syringe.
 Smèarain—Brambles.
 Mucagan—Wild-rose fruit.
 An eanntag—Nettles.
 Airnean—Slacs.
 Cnotul—Brown dye.
 Liath-lus—Mugwort, a substitute for tobacco.
 An dreolan—The wren.
 Ialltag—The bat ; in Badenoch, an dialtag.
 Glaisean-seillich—Water wag-tail ; it builds its nest under stones, and it has a long tail.
 Druideag—A starling.
 Broinn-deargan—Robin Redbreast.
 Bò, plur. bà, and short sound also, bai—Cows.
 Bara-rotha—Wheel-barrow.
 Bara-làimhe—A hand-barrow.
 Bladach nan ronn—Slavers.
 Maide-raingeis (like rongus)—Ladder-step.
 Guisean and guiseag rainigh, old gen.—Bracken.
 Ugh maola feannaig—The little egg sometimes laid by a hen, at one time supposed to be laid once in seven years by the cock (cockatrice story). The cockatrice is the bird that is hatched from the cock's egg—seriously explained to be so once in Raasay.
 Spuinnear—A tarry rope.

- Tòt tilgte—Movable seat in the centre of a boat.
Tha mi cha mhòr ullamh—I am nearly ready (all but).
Cannadh—Porpoise.
Canna—Isle of porpoises.
Breagh, pronounced bràgh—Fine, beautiful.
Lubag cas laoidh—A half-hitch knot.
Spearrach—A string on a lamb's foot, a sort of tether at spinning time to prevent running.
Cabhrùich (càth)—Flummery.
Làgan—Sowens; also easraich.
Stapag (fuarag)—Milk and meal mixture.
Casan (frith-rathad)—Footpath; also aithghearán in the North—a short cut.
Ulabor (earbull)—Tail.
Leamh—Sneering.
Druimtighmhicgillechatain—Longest name in Mull.
Samhailt aithne ormsa—Unrecognised by me; you have the advantage of me.
Ru-rà—Topsy-turvy.
Gràisg—Offscouring.
Golun—Trifling, flattery.
Strupag and tòineag—A little drop of spirits.
An ainm an àigh—In the name of good; good great, like goodness gracious.
Air muire—On or by Mary; same as by'r lady—dame.
Alt a' ghoirtein a' mhaol-mhuire—The burn of the field of the shorn priest of Mary. Above Caticol.
Air m' fhalluinn—By my garment.
Air m' anam—By my soul.
Air m' onair—By my honour.
Là dòbhaidh—A wild, stormy day.
Là frasachdach—A showery day.
Là sgreunach—A wet, gusty day.
Ludan—A pool.
Geasan—Sayth.
Suidhean and piocach—Lythe.
Cuiteag—Whiting.
Leabag—A flounder. "Bithidh leabagan aig Bhuille fathast, said by way of reprisals.
Saorgan (daorgan)—A pewit.
Falmaircan—Herring hakes.
Crudan—A gurnet.
Seorsà bigeach—A small thing.

Baile na h-Ainmit—Goddess Aneitus. R.C. used it for confessing.

Ceannaire—A hammer. Some say from ceann-òrd.

Casaire—A hammer. Some say from cas-òrd. I think the former more likely to be connected with geinne, a wedge.

Sior-uisge—Constant rain.

Fior-uisge—Flowing (living) water.

Tha cho dòcha—It is as likely.

Gu beachdaidh—Certainly. A common expression.

Is dalta sin—Like that.

Dalta Mhàiri—Like Mary.

Tha 'daicheil gu'n d' teid—Likely to go. Not *peculiar*, as in some parts of the Highlands.

Frög (meuran) na cuaig—Cuckoo flower.

Rineach—A mackerel.

Ordag, corrag, meur-meadhon, mathair an Iudain, or luideig—Another rhyme for fingers.

Cathair thalmhainn—Cure for jaundice.

Dùdan and Dus—Dust and chaff.

Tha thu cur meanaidh orm—You provoke me.

Mearadh sionachain—Phosphorus. Also mearadh-loisgeach.

Tarbh-nathrach, or a' chuibhle mhòr—The moth that goes round the light.

Carathaisd—Statute labour.

Dol 'nam mogain—Putting on their foot gear.

A' cur speuran mo chinn roimh a cheile—Putting the skies of my head through other—a brown study.

Claba-dudaiddh—Like cockles, but with larger shells.

An t-aile air a sguabadh le gaoith—The air swept by the wind.

A' mhuir na caora¹ geala—The sea in white foam.

Cha d' fhuair norra codail—I got not a wink of sleep.

A' postadh le 'casan—Tramping blankets—in Iona.

Gealbhan—A fire.

Sgeul thairis—To change the subject.

Danaire—Dogged.

Trosdan—A crutch.

Casachdaiddh (casdaich)—A cough.

Aon bheag—Very little.

Aon mhòr—Not a bit.

Beart—Plough. No s-sound, as in the north.

Cota beag—Petticoat.

Cota bàn—A goat.

¹ Waves spindrift. Buchanan's "'N a caoraibh dearg."

- Clàdain—Burrs, thistles.
 Fonntain—Thistles.
 Dearcan-suiridhe—A weed, good for gravel.
 Gubernach-meurach—Octopus or devil-fish.
 Fiabhruidh—Ask.
 Garbhanach—A silver haddock or sea-breem.
 Braise—A sudden sickness.
 Fasdaid—Fee'd, as at market.
 Dioll—Diligence.
 Cochull—Envelope.
 Damhan-allaidh, breabair and breabardan-smàgach—Spider.
 Tailèaran and sclèirtearain—Slaters.
 Toirmeachan-dé—A butterfly.
 Cailleach oidhche and dealain dé—Also a butterfly.
 Drumlach-sithe (dom-ghlas)—Gall.
 Ulag—A mouthful of meal, in Badenoch.
 Tòrradh—A funeral, in Tyree.
 Isearan—Oyster.
 Muisgean—Spoutfish.
 Muasgan—A fish that opens like a boot.
 Toimhseachan—A guess.
 Aireamh—Reckon, think. Tha mi 'g aireamh.
 Am bathach Ruairidh Ghobha—In Rory the Smith's byre.
 In the open air (North).
 Càranach—Grumbling.
 Uircean-gàraidh—A hedgehog.
 Toraicinn—A peat-knife.
 Ceanna-pholag—Tadpoles.
 Blair-féile—Market stance.
 Mall sneimh (Mall Sné)—Delay. Mall sniamh.
 Bad—Many.
 Coiteachadh—Coaxing. Fuiteachadh in Badenoch.
 Cudthrom-siùdain—A pendulum.
 Lamairean—A trifle.
 Dubaidh—A pool, Irishman's Burn.
 Strubladh—Wetting, hard bested.
 A' ghliogaig nan dramag or dlamag—A clumsy bad woman
 Clacha meilear—Goatfell pebbles.
 Cur r'a theinidh (faloisg)—Heather-burning.
 Le cas is fras—Corn-growth : with foot and root.
 Sgroinneach—Ragged.
 Carracaig—A pancake.
 Cha 'n 'eil aon dath—Not a whit.

- Ann na h-asgail—In her bosom.
 Bochain (bothain)—A bothy, tent.
 Maide-coire (groidlean)—Spartle.
 Riabhach—Yellow-gray.
 Gun i, gun o, gun aobhar—When a thing is done without
 rhyme or reason.
 Greim neirt—Strengthening muscle.
 Oidhrig, Eiphrig, Oirig—Euphemism, Femy.
 Teasach—Early stage; fiabhrus—later stage of fever.
 Coille-beanain—Phosphorus.
 Caoineach (còineach)—Moss.
 L' fhios am bheil?—Is it so?
 Guailach—Shoulders; also guallaich.
 Am Fear-dona—Satan.
 Am Fear-math—God.
 Tlaiteachd—Mild rain, smurring.
 Dedta (deota)—Dry.
 Sialach—Harum-scarum.
 Farachaidh chnocaidh—A mell, or a stone for grinding barley.
 Bleagain—Peeled grain.
 Cnocad—Barley hammered.
 Tiridh—Drying corn.
 Oraisg—To vomit; also oirlis (Kintyre).
 Ath-eo—Hemlock.
 Air deo (air neo)—If not, except—*P. Grant's Hymns*.
 Spar a' choillidh (spur)—Cock's spur.
 Lasgaire—A young man.
 Siobadh—Drifting.
 Garbhainn—Ill, sick, complaining.
 Ealaig—A peg or block, the same as ealachaig or cipean.
 Sgriosan—Trousseau.
 A' dhiolan sinne! A thiochaidh fhein!—Bodenoch exclama-
 tions.
 Breaca-seanadh—Ferntickles; breac-eunan in Badenoch.
 Buinte—Relationship.
 Luireach—Pretty.
 Lughach—Kind.
 Coinneal, candle, is masculine.
 Ribeag—One hair.
 Tha mise a' coimheis—I don't care.
 Càr—Screwing up the face; like drèin.
 Leine chaol—A white shirt. Small stitches, as in "Burns."
 C'nùdh (cnodh)—A nut.

- Cnùdh chòmhlaidh—A full nut.
 Cnùdh chaoch—An empty nut.
 Leathanach—Hoar-frost.
 Cearr 's a' cheann—Wrong in the head (mind).
 Is mi-thapaidh (pronounced mìapaidh)—'Tis pity (utinam).
 Duine thapaidh—A grumbler.
 Uisgeanan rothadh—Icicles.
 Crìos—Grease.
 Sneabhartaich (sreodaich and streodaich in B.)—Sneezing.
 A' casachdaidh (casdaich)—Coughing.
 Failcin—Pot-lid.
 Mult-crò—Harvest home after potatoes have been secured.
 Seal-mara—Cut-wreck, seaweed.
 Brochan-càil—Kail broth.
 Dotshag—A fat female.
 Caoineachadh an fheoir—Haymaking, in Badenoch.
 Sgannan—Membrane.
 Teas na luathreach 'nan ladhairean—Heat of ashes in their feet.
 Crodhan—Hoof.
 Ludhar—Toes.
 Caigilt—Rake the fire.
 A chorra-chagailt—The fire-fairy.
 Smaladh an teine—Keep fire in (in Badenoch).
 Fuar-achadh—Untilled land.
 Tosg—A peat instrument.
 Coib-a-làir—An instrument for cutting turf (divots).
 Croineagan—Small peats (in B.), caorain (in Skye), and caoireag (in Dict.).
 A' dhùilean, an dùileag, na dùil—Creature; all endearing epithets.
 Dalag-febir—A mole.
 Fiolagan—A field mouse.
 Asach (asbhuaìn)—Where corn has been newly cut.
 Muill (munchioll)—A sleeve.
 Cuileag-lìn—Earwig; same as gòbhlachan.
 Bralag—A caterpillar.
 Spleuchdan—A tobacco pouch.
 Ghuis—Slush; also liquid food.
 Oncs—A stenlock.
 Cluadain—Care.
 Spèarrach—A sheep hobble.
 Duinean talamhaidh, b' fheairrd thu 'dhol air farragan—A little cleft in a rock.

An grioglachan, an seachdairean—The Pleiades; am briogailean-searmaid (in Badenoch).

Gur dubh mo chas
 'S gur geal mo leas,
 'S gur mise an eala ghle-ghleal,
 Gun snàmhain loch cho luath ri lach
 'S gu 'n rachainn dachaidh dh' Eirinn.

—*Badenoch rhyme.*

Feill Bride—February.

Feill Bealltainn—May.

Lunasdain—August.

Samhuinn—November.

A Game.

Fidiri, foideri, a' chrothain, a' chapuill, a sheana bhò liagath, feugath, faoilcach, air an t-slip, air an t-slap, suisneach saoisneach, buile beag air ceann na slaite, crub a steach an ialltag—Then the last one spoken to has to fall down on knee and things are then placed on his back, and then the game proceeds. Trom, trom air do dhruim, tomhais de oit—Heavy, heavy on thy back; guess what it is (is on you).

Deoch an Doruis.

Deoch an doruis,
 Deoch an t-sonais;
 Sith is sonas
 Gu 'n robh againn.
 Ni dona
 Cha bu dual duinn;
 Air ghaol Dhia
 Is ghràdh chàirdean,
 Thoiribh deoch an doruis duinn.

La seachanta na seachduin, Di-h-aoine—Friday, in Badenoch.

Cèò an teas de 'n a' chuan—Heat mist from the sea.

'S cèò 'n fhuachd dhe 'na bheinn—Cold mist from the hill.

Càith-sgioladh, caisgdhleidh, càich-mhine—Chaff.

Speuclair—Spectacles.

Aingidh—Cross.

Là cheal na chuag—1st of April; the day of hiding the cuckoo.

Mac-a-Reudaidh—Sim.

Aon ghlùn—First cousin ; dà ghlùn—second cousin.

Spuidsear—A bucket with a wooden handle to lift water from the sea.

Cha leann ghillean a th' ann—It is not beer for lads ; no small beer.

Na abair do cheann-fhacal—Say not thy last word—yet.

PROVERBS.

Is boidheach an aon-fhalbh —Beautiful is the going together, the one going.

Is eutrom duine fo ghalair duine eile—A man feels lightly under another man's burden.

Is trom tubaisdean air na libisdean—Misfortunes fall heavily on the awkward folk.

Gach fiodh na bharr ach am fearn 'na bhun—All kinds of wood from the top, but the elder from the root (will split).

Is e 'n gnìomh an gnothuch—Deeds, not words. The act is what proves.

Comain a làimhe féin—A man indebted to his own hand, independence.

An uair a bhitheas an sgadan mu thuath, bithidh Dol Ruadh mu dheas—When the herring is in the north, Red Donald will be in the south.

Am muilean a bhios gun chlaban, is iomadh clach a theid a shamhlachadh ris—The mill that has no clapper, many a stone will be mentioned for (compared to) it.

Cha d' fhàg a bheannachd nach do thill a ris—No one left his blessing without returning again.

Cha 'n 'eil fios air stà an tobair gus an tràigh e—The worth of the well is not known until it is empty.

Cha sàsuich saibhreas sannt—Wealth will not stench greed.

Ruithidh na sruthain bheaga thun na sruthain mhòra—(All) the small streamlets flow in to the large streams.

Is ionnan fuigheall madadh is fuigheall meirlich—cha dean e math dhuit—The leavings of a dog are like the leavings of a thief, they do you no good.

Rugadh am fear sin mu'n d' fhalbh a mhathair—That man was born before his mother departed.

Cha 'n fhiach an dragh an t-saothair—The worry is not worth the work.

Di-h-aoine an aghaidh na seachduin—Friday against the week.

Is fial an coileach mu shìol an eich—The cock is liberal with the horse's corn.

Is lom an leachd air nach deanadh tu maorach—The stone is bare on which you could gather no mussels.

Is minig a thainig mòran danadas gu droch oilein—Many a time much boldness came to (ended in) bad behaviour.

Tha im dha 'na cholainn mar a tha oladh dha na gunachan—Butter is to the body as oil to the guns.

Fodh mhallachd nam ban, fodh thabhan nan con, 's fodh shnidhe an àrd-doruis (N. Macleod)—Under women's ban, under dogs' barking, and under dropping from the lintel (alike evil).

Is e 'n t-shuiridhe chnampach a's fheàrr—The thumping courting is the best.

Is cara chàirdean iad da chèile—They are near friends to one another.

Is e cunntas cheart a dh' fhàgas cairdean buidheach—It is right reckoning that satisfies friends.

Is coma le baigeir, baigeir eile—One beggar does not like another.

Tachairidh ri uair nach tachair ri aimsir—They (may) meet in an hour who will not meet in an age.

Tha e cho làn do'n dì'al, is a tha ugh do 'n bhiadh—He is as full of mischief (the devil) as an egg is of meat.

Uile duine a toirt scarbh a' creag dha féin—Every man taking a scarf (scart and cormorant) out of a rock for himself.

Fear a' ruith nighinn, ma thubhairt an Ni math gu 'm bi thu agam, bithidh tu agam—A man courting a maid; if God has said that I shall have you, you shall be mine.

Miann a' choit (a' chait) as tràigh is cha teid e fein 'ga iarraidh—The desire of the cat (fish) in the sea (ebb), but he will not go for it himself.

Na na sheas e 'na d' amhaich bhiodh cuimhne na bh' fhearr agad air—If it had stuck in your throat you would remember it better—said of ingratitude.

Gnothuichean iasachd falbhaidh na 's eallamh—Things borrowed go (come to grief) the quickest.

Is maith a dh' fhàsas an droch lus—Well grows the bad weed.

Cha dubhairt math no sath—I said neither good nor bad.

Ma dh' fhalbhas a' chaora 'feitheamh air an fheur ùir—What if the sheep die waiting for the new grass?

Is olc a' ghaoth nach seid an seol fear-eigin—It is an ill-wind that does not blow in some one's sail.

Cha 'n 'eil bàs duine gun ghràs duine—There is no death of man without benefit to man.

Is math bonnach agus toll 's am bruithear e—"Tis good to have a bannock and a place for baking it.

Mar chluinn thu sin cha chluinn thu 'chuag—If you don't hear that you won't hear the cuckoo.

Is ole an t-each nach giulain an asair—Poor is the horse that can't carry his harness.

Cha 'n 'eil a' chòir ach mar chumar i—Right is just as it is maintained

Am fear a rug airson a bhonn-sé, cha bheir e air an sgilinn—The man that was destined (born for) the half-penny cannot obtain (overtake) the penny.

Is coimheach a' bhhiatachd—Poor hospitality; offering one nothing while at meals.

Cha 'n urrainn dhuit a' mhin itheadh agus an teine a sheideadh—You cannot eat meal and blow the fire.

Is maith an sàs man (mar) am bi an siol air a roiscadh—The wind of adversity (fix) is good if the corn-seeds are not shaken off.

Foighneachd air fios, foighneachd a 's miosa a th' ann—Asking what one knows is the worst kind of asking.

Tha meur a' ghobha eadar thu fein is mise—The smith's finger (a key) is between you and me.

Cha do ghabh mi (d' ithich) mi uidhear ri sgiath faochaig—(tiny scale on the top of a periwinkle's head)—I did not take (eat) as much as the scale on a periwinkle's head.

Theid an duthchas an aghaidh nan creag—Heredity (blood) will go against rocks; blood is thicker than water.

Cha 'n ann na h-uile là a mharbhas Martan mult—It is not every day that Martan kills a wedder.

Ann snuim (snaim) a 's dluithe (dluiche) do 'n amhach fhuasgladh—To untie the knot that is nearest the neck.

Is bochd an fhéill a dh'fhàgas duine fhéin falamb—The market is poor that leaves oneself with nothing.

Comunn gun fhuath gun ghràdh, comunn a 's fhaide a mhaireas—Friendship (company) without hate or love is the friendship that lasts longest.

Bithidh duil ri fear-feachd, ach cha bhi ri fear-leac—There is hope (of the return) of a soldier, but none of the one under a stone (dead).

Tha rud eadar ciall is caoch—There is a difference between wisdom and madness—the golden mean.

Their iad nach 'eil dithis ais aon smuain—It is said that two hit not the same thought; there are no two people altogether at one.

Cha chuir buidheachas leth-bhoinn air mo bhrogan—Thanks won't put soles on my shoes.

Is math gach galair o'n tig—Every illness is good from which one recovers.

Ma tha meirg 's an iùl tha triuir 's an àineoil—If there is a fault (rust) in the known, there are three in the unknown.

Na creic a' chearc ris an là fhliuch—Do not sell the hen on a wet day.

Cha thuig e Gaidhlig gus am fàs i tiugh—He cannot understand Gaelic until it grows thick.

'Nuair a theirgeas gach meas, is math am meas na mucagan—When every fruit is at an end, good are the berries of the dog-rose.

An treasa uair is dual dha cinneach—The third attempt (time) is likely to succeed.

Am fear air am bheil an uireasbhuidh, bitheadh an t-saothair air—The man who is in need, let him undergo the labour.

Cha 'n 'eil duthchas aig mnaoi na aig ministear—There is no nationality for wife or for minister; neither must regard any birth tie.

Is buidhe le bochd beagan—A needy man is thankful for little.

Fear gun bhìadh gun tuarasdál, cha bhì e uair gun mhaighstear—A man with neither food nor fee shall not for an hour want a master.

O liath gu leanabh—From hoar head to babe; both old and young.

Tha cuid is culbheas air na h-uile rud—There is a share and a measure to everything. Enough is as good as a feast.

Is lughaid orm bun do chluais—I little like the root of your ear.

Is buan clann nam mallachd—Long-lived are the children of mischief.

Is e 'n duine an t-eudach, ach is e 'n laochan am biadh—The clothes are the man, but food is the hero.

Cha d' thàinig ubh (ugh) mhòr riamh á tòin dreòlain—A big egg was never laid by a wren.

'S ann deireadh an là a ni an fheannag a mùin—It is at the close of the day that the hooded crow micturates.

Cò cinnteach a's a tha na fabhaireantan ort—As sure as you have eyebrows.

Cha robh aon uilear againn—There was not a bit too much. It taxed all our strength.

Is easgaidh droch impire (emperor) an tigh a' choimhersnaich—A bad emperor readily frequents his neighbour's house.

Ma bheir thusa dhomh-sa a' mhiodalach mhòr thun steog-
aireachd¹ an diugh, bheir mise dhuit-sa an stalcaire a tharruing
fraoch am maireach.—Said by a Buteman. The Kintyre varia-
tion is :—Ma bheir thusa dhomh-sa do mhiodalach mhòr gu barra-
puil (wheeling peats), bheir mise dhuit-sa mu steocaire gu
stughaireachd (for flailing).

Cha bu tu mi, 's cha bu mhi an cù (B.)—You are not I, and I
am not a cur.

Is e an òighreachd an t-slàinte—Health is the heritage.

Miann an duine lochdaich, each uile a bhi amhluidh—The
desire of the wicked man is that everyone else should be like him.

Is e 'n nochd oidhche Shamhna, is their ear gamhna ris na
laoidh—To-night is Halloween, and calves are called stirks.

Am fear a cheanglas, 's e 'shuibhleas—The man that ties best
travels best. Fast bind, fast find.

Gobhlach air an Nollaig—Astride the New Year; or work
continued from one year to another is unlucky.

Cha 'n 'eil peacadh 'na d' thomhas—There is no lack (sin) in
thy measure.

Toiseach eididh dealgan—The beginning of weaving is to
spindle.

Tha leigheas air gach càs, ach cha 'n 'eil leigheas air a' bhàs—
There is a cure for every ill, but there is no cure for death.

SUPERSTITIONS.

A quaint account of the origin of the Island of Arran :—Bha'n
Donas dol a null do dh' Eirinn, agus poc làn ùir air a dhruim.
Thuit gu 'n d' thàinig toll air a' phoc, agus thuit ùr as, agus b' e
sin Arain. The story relative to Ailsa Craig, or Paddy's Milestone
is similar.

In Lochfyneside it is regarded as unlucky to dry a sheet to
the fire, or to turn the stroup of a teapot towards one.

The friends of the last body buried hold guard till the next
corpse comes.

The boots of a murdered man should be buried between shore
and sea, within tide mark. (Witness the Rose-Lawrie trial).

The first glimpse got of the new moon should be followed by a
look over one's shoulder.

Cracking the joints of one's fingers indicates the number of
sweethearts or children one will have.

It is lucky to bring fish alive to the house.

¹ steog, to churn.

It is better that a child should cry when being baptis.d.e After the ceremony the child's temper improves.

It is not lucky to take coppers.

To break a bannock on the bride's head on her return home after the honeymoon, and to make her sweep the fireside and poke the fire, is accounted lucky.

If work is left over from Saturday, it will take seven weeks before it is finished.

It is unlucky to cut one's hair if there is not new moon ; but if cut when there is new moon, it grows with the growth of the moon.

The first shaving (speil) from the keel of a newly commenced boat, if it falls on its face to the ground, is a bad omen for the future of that boat.

Bodach a' Chipein.

It is believed by many that before the death of any member of a certain sept of Kerr, *Bodach a' Cheipein*, or the old man of the stump or peg, may be heard moving about and giving timely warning as to coming fatalities.

Am Piobair Sìthe.

Similarly, prior to the death of another sept of Kerr, *Am Piobair Sìthe*, or the Fairy Piper, may be heard attempting to play a tune by way of intimating that the hour of departure is at hand.

The story of the Fairy Piper has some interest. Some centuries since a battle was fought at Lochranza, and a certain piper promised his wife, if he should return alive from the fight, that he should be playing a particular air. He was mortally wounded in the fray, but was able to creep slowly homeward. As he was moving painfully along he was endeavouring to tune his pipe to play the promised air, but his life-blood was fast ebbing away, and he could not get begun with the actual tune. He fainted, and failed to reach his home. Hence whenever he is still heard it is in the same agonising effort to make good his promise to his spouse. Not many years ago one coming home by boat heard mournful preparation for play on the part, as was at first supposed, of a travelling gipsy piper ; but when a certain cove where such usually lodge was passed it was then felt and feared that the land companion could be none other than the Fairy Piper, who kept pace, but could not come at the commencement

of the attempted air, until the house was reached where this account was penned. An old woman of the name referred to passed away shortly afterwards from the near neighbourhood.

Whatever may be thought and said of all such stories, it is extremely difficult to give any satisfactory explanation of a world-wide belief, save to acknowledge that it must have some foundation in fact.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

13th MARCH, 1895.

At this meeting Mr David Young, secretary, Caledonian Banking Company, Inverness, and Mr James M. Fraser, agent, Caledonian Bank, Lochmaddy, were elected members of the Society. On the motion of Mr Alex. Mackenzie, publisher, it was resolved to record sincere regret at the death of Professor John Stuart Blackie, one of the Honorary Chieftains of the Society; and it was remitted to a special committee, viz. :—Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A.; Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary; and Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary, to draw up a minute of condolence, and convey same to the Professor's representatives. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper by the Rev. John MacRury, Snizort, entitled “Briathran nan daoine 'dh' fhalbh.” Mr MacRury's paper was as follows :—

BRIATHRAN NAN DAOINE 'DH' FHALBH.

Mar is mò a ghabhas sinn de bheachd air na bheil air chuimhne-againn de bhriathran nan daoine a dh' fhalbh, agus mar an ceudna, air na chaidh a sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll na dòigh anns an robh iad a' tighinn beò, agus nam beachdan a bh' aca air na bha iad a' faicinn 's a' cluinntinn mu 'n cuairt daibh anns an t-saoghal, is ann is mò a chuireas e dh' iognadh oirnn cho glic 's a bha iad.

'Tha e 'na ni iongantach da rìreadh, gu 'm biodh cuid de na beachdan a bh' aig na Gàidheil o chionn cheudan bliadhna, ann an co-chòrdadh ris na beachdan a th' aig àrd luchd-foghlum an t-saoghail air an latha 'n diugh. Iongantach 's mar a tha so, tha e fìor gu leòr. Bu chòir dha so a thoirt oirnn uile, gu 'm biodh mòran a bharrachd meas againn air cànan aosa nan Gàidheil na th' againn oirre. Ged a tha mòran de na Gàidheil ag amharc sìos air a' Ghàilig, agus air na daoine a bh' ann o shean, gidheadh tha mòran de na daoine cho measail 's cho fòghluimte 's a gheibhear anns na trì rìoghachdan, agus mar an ceudna, air feadh Tìr-mòr na Roinn-Eorpa, a' faicinn a nis, gu bheil Litreachas nan Gàidheil airidh air àite urramach 'fhaotainn ann am measg Litreachais gach cinnich air am bheil iomradh againn. Bu mhò a bha de mheas aig na Frangaich 's aig na Gearmailtich air bàrdachd Oisein na bh' aig na Gàidheil fhein oirre, ged nach robh aca ach an t-eadar-theangachadh a rinneadh air a' Ghàilig. Mar a dh' fhaodas neach sam bith a thuigsinn, cha 'n urrainear na smaointeanan a th' ann am bàrdachd Ghàilig a chur gu làn mhath ann an eadar-theangachadh sam bith a nithear oirre. B' iad na Sasunnaich nach tuigeadh a' Ghàilig a thòisich an toiseach ri ràdh nach robh i aon chuid 'na cànan mheasail no 'na cànan fheumail, agus idir nach robh gliocas no geur-chuis anns na Gàidheil o thoiseach a' cheud latha. Ach ged a bha na Sasunnaich 'ga ruith sìos mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn daibh, cha mhòr a bheireadh geill daibh, mur b' e gu 'n d' aontaich àireamh mhòr de na Gàidheil thein leotha. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "B' e sin aontachadh brionnaig le breunnaig." Tha cuid de dhaoine ann nach cuir de dhragh orra fhein na sheasas air taobh na còrach. Ged a thòisichheadh na Gaill agus na Sasunnaich ri 'n ruith sìos thun am bròg, theireadh iomadh fear dhiubh, "Tha mi ag aontachadh leibh." Is goirid o 'n a thuir Sasunnach rium, nach robh cainnt anns an t-saoghal leis am b' urrainn duine mionnan a dheanamh cho sgràthail 's a dheanteadh anns a' Ghàilig. Thuir mi ris, sùil mu 'n t-sròin, gur ann o 'n Bheurla a fhuair na Gàidheil eòlas air na mionnan sgràthail air an robh e ag iomradh. Is gann a bha e 'g am chreidsinn gus an do shoilleirich mi dha mu 'n chùis. Ach tha cùisean a nis air atharrachadh gu mòr. Tha cuid de na Gaill agus de na Sasunnaich mòran ni 's measail air a' Ghàilig no na Gàidheil fhein. Tha iad a' tuigsinn gu bheil i 'na cànan a tha glé shean agus gu bheil fiosrachadh mòr ri fhaotainn anns na sean-fhacail, agus anns na seann naigheachdan Gàidhealach. Tha e anns an amharc againn, ma ta, beagan a sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll nan briathran glìce a labhair na seana Ghàidheil. Tha a' chuid a's mò

de na bheil air faotainn de na briathran glìce a labhair iad, air am fàgail againn anns na sean-fhacail. Tha na sean-fhacail so lùna-làn fiosrachaidh. Nan rachadh againn air an tuigsinn, bheireadh iad dhuinn beachd soilleir air an tìom a bh' ann o sheann. Bheir eòlas air an tìom a bh' ann o shean, an nair a bheachdaicheas sinn air ann an solus an ama' tha làthair, oirnn a thuigsinn, co dhiubh tha gus nach 'eil sinn, anns gach dòigh, cho dìchiollach agus cho deanachadh, cho glìce agus cho tuigseach, ris an t-sluagh a bha 'nar dùthaich 'san àm a dh' fhalbh. Tha aon ni glé shoilleir dhuinn ma bheir sinn fa near e, agus is e sin, nach 'eil sinn a leith cho math gu beachd a ghabhail air obair a chruthachaidh 's a bha na seana Ghàidheil. Tha na daoine a's mò fòghlum a tha'n diugh anns an t-saoghal ag ràdh, gur ann le bhith gu tric agus gu cùramach a' toirt fa near gach ni 'a bha iad a' faicinn mu'n cuairt orra air muir 's air tìr, a fhuair iad a chuid a's mò de'n eòlas agus de'n fhòghlum a th' aca. Gun teagamh sam bith bha na daoine so a' leughadh mòran leabhraichean, agus air an dòigh so bha iad a' faotainn mòran fiosrachaidh. Ach cha b' urrainn daibh a bhith 'nan daoine fòghluimite, mur b'e gu robh iad aig gach àm a' gabhail beachd air gach ni a bha iad a' faicinn 's a' cluinntinn. Ged nach robh na Gàidheil a dh' fhag againn an àireamh a's mò de na sean-fhacail, agus de na bheil air faotainn de na sgeulachdan, a' leughadh a' bheag de leabhraichean, bha iad o'n òige ag éisdeachd ursgeulan agus eachdraidh anns an robh mòran fiosrachaidh nach 'eil gu cumanta ri 'fhaotainn anns na leabhraichean a tha nis cho pailt am measg dhacine. Bha iad mar so a' faotainn eòlais o na bha iad a' cluinntinn o bheul nan daoine a bh' ann rompa mòran ni b' fhearr na ged a bhiodh iad a' leughadh leabhraichean. Dh' fheumadh iad gach facal a chluinneadh iad a chumail air chuimhne, agus mar so bha na h-inntinnean aca araon air an neartachadh agus air an geurachadh. Ach air an latha 'n diugh is ann a tha leabhraichean is paipearan an déis cuimhne an t-sluaigh a mbeatachadh. Cha 'n 'eil "cuimhne circe" aig an àireamh a's mò de shluagh na dùthchadh an diugh. Ged a thachradh ceud fear rium ann an latha, is gann gu'm bi fear dhiubh nach fheum làmh a thoirt air leabhar mu'n urrainn e innseadh cìod a bha e deanamh dà latha roimhe sin. Cha b' ann mar so a bha na seana Ghàidheil idir. Bhiodh deagh chuimhne aca air a' chuid mhòir de na nithean a chunnaic agus a chuala iad o laithean an òige. Cha ruig mi leas a bhith labhairt uime so ni's fhaide aig an àm so.

Is gann a tha fhios agam e' àite an còir dhomh tòiseachadh ri cunntas a thoirt seachad mu na bheil air chuimhne agam de

bhriathran nan daoine a dh' fhalbh ; ach feumaidh mi tòiseachadh an àite-eiginn. Cha bhiodh e as an rathad dhomh tòiseachadh aig na briathran a tha nochdadh dhuinn cho dichìollach 's a bha iad gu obair de gach seòrsa a dheanamh 'na h-àm. Mar a theireadh iad fhein, "Ge b' e a ni an obair 'na h-àm, bidh e rithist 'na leith-thàmh." Is e their mòran dhaoine an dràsta, "Uine gu leòr, ni sinn am màireach c." Agus an uair a bhios an obair deas, co-dhiubh a bhios i air a deanamh ceart no cearr their iad, "Ni e an gnothach."

Fad an dara leith de 'n bhliadhna cha bheireadh an latha air duine dichìollach sam bith 's an leabaidh, agus cha mhò na sin a bhiodh e fada gun dol a chadal 's an oidhche. B' e comharradh na leisge a bhith fada gu 'n dol a chadal agus fada gun éirigh. "Is leasg le leisgean a dhol a chadal, is ro leasg leis éirigh 's a' mhaduinn." "Am fear a bhios fada gun éirigh, bidh e 'na leum fad an latha." Is e am fear a dh' éireadh tràth 's a' mhaduinn a dheanadh an obair 'na h-àm, agus a dheanadh gu math 's gu romhath i. Am fear a bhiodh fada gun éirigh 's a bhiodh 'na leum fad an latha, cha chuireadh e car a dh' obair shnasail as a làimh o' n a dh' éireadh e gus an laigheadh e, agus idir cha bhiodh tiotadh de dh' fhois aige. Tha agus bha ceann sgaoilte air gach obair a nithear ann an cabhaig. An obair air am bi ceann sgaoilte cha bhi i buileach, agus an obair nach bi buileach, cha bhi i buanach-dail.

An àm an carraich agus an àm an fhoghair, an dà àm anns am mò a bhios aig daoine ri dheanamh fad na bliadhna, bha e' na chleachdadh aig na daoine 'dh' fhalbh a bhith glé thrang aig obair. Dh' oibrichadh iad air a' chuid bu lugha, dà uair dheug a h-uile latha. Theireadh iad, "Là Fheill Pàdraig, là mo chridhe 's mo chleibh, là a dh' fhoghnadh do dhuine 's a dh' fhoghnadh duine-dha." Tha dà uair dheug cadar éirigh agus dol fodha na greine, Là Fheill Pàdraig. Anns an àm ud cha chluinnteadh iomradh air latha nan ochd uairean no idir air latha nan deich uairean. Cha ruig sinn a leas ioghnadh a bhith oirnn ged a bha daoine aig nach robh ach fìor bheagan fearainn agus stuic 'gan cumail fhein agus an teaghlaichean suas anns an àm. Is mòr am feum a ni dichìoll.

Ach their cuid de dhaoine ruinn an diugh, gu bheil e tuilleadh is fada do dhuine sam bith a bhith aig obair chruaidh, carraich fad deich uairean an uaireadair. Ach nan rachadh daoine a chadal aig àm mar a dheanadh na seann daoine air am bheil sinn ag-iomradh, cha bu tàinig leotha 'bhith aig obair chruaidh fad an latha. So mar a theireadh 's a dheanadh iad, "Suipear soills' an latha oidhch' Fheill Bride, 's a dhol a chadal soills' an latha oidhch'

Fheill Pàdraig." Cha robh guth no iomradh an uair ud aig na daoine a bha glic, dichìollach, deanadach, air a bhith air chéilidh gus am biodh e dlùth air a' mheadhon oidhche. Mar a tha 'n seanfhacal ag ràdh, "Tha uair aig an achasan is àm aig a' chéilidh." B' e àm a' gheamhraidh àm a' chéilidh, ach b' e àm an earraich àm na h-obrach. Tha dlùth air dà uair de sholus latha ann an déigh do 'n ghrein a dhol fodha mu Fheill Pàdraig, agus faodaidh sinn a ràdh gu robh e mar chleachdadh aig daoine 's an àm ud a bhith' dol a chadal eadar a h-ochd 's a naoi a dh' uairean 's an oidhche. An deigh ochd uairean cadail fhaotainn, bhiodh iad deas gu éirigh aig còig uairean 's a' mhaduinn. Bhiodh iad mar an ceudna glé shunndach, ùrail gus a dol a dh' obair; oir tha e air a dhearbhadh gu bheil an cadal a gheibh daoine roimh 'n mheadhon oidhche mòran ni 's fhearr dhaibh na 'n cadal a gheibh iad an déigh a' mheadhon oidhche.

An àm an fhoghair tha 'n latha goirid, agus mar sin, feumaidh daoine a bhith gu math moch air an cois ma bhios toil aca obair mhath a chur as an déigh. Cha bhiodh daoine 's an àm a dh' fhalbh ag itheadh greim bidh air an latha an àm an fhoghair. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "Trì bidh air an oidhche 's gun aon ghreim air an latha." Bha' cheud bhìadh aca 'ga ghabhail ri solus a' chrùisgein, air choir 's gu 'm biodh iad deas gus a dhol a bhain no a dhlùthadh, no a thogail a' bhuntata cho luma luath 's a chitheadh an sùil an latha. Cha rachadh greim 'nan ceann tuilleadh gus an tigeadh iad dhachaidh anamoch 's an fheasgar.

An uair a' ghabhadh iad an dara biadh cha b' e suidhe agus an làmh an phasgadh mu 'n glùinean a dheanadh iad idir. Bheireadh na mnathan làmh air càird agus air cuibhil, no air figheadh stocainn, no air obair fheumail sam bith eile a bhiodh aca ri dheanamh. Bhiodh na fir a' froiseadh anns an t-sabhal, no a' sniomh fhraoich, no mhurain, no chonlaich, a chum gu 'm biodh tubhadh is sìoman gu leor aca gu gabhail gu math 's gu ro mhath mu na taighean 's mu na cruachan mu 'n tigeadh stoirmeannan a' gheamhraidh. An uair a bhiodh e' tarruinn dlùth ri tràth-cadail dheanteadh deas greim suipearach. 'Na dheigh sin ghabhadh muinntir an taighe mu thàmh. Air dhaibh a bhith sgìth an deigh obair an latha, chaidleadh iad gu trom gus am biodh an t-àm aca eirigh an là-iar-na-mhàireach.

Bhiodh srì mhòr eadar theaghlaichean feuch cò bu luaithe bhiodh ullamh de 'n bhuairean, cha b' ann a mhàin a chum gu faighteadh an t-àrbhar a chur fo dhìon ann an àm gun domail sam bith, ach mar an ceudna air eagal gu 'n cuirteadh "a' chailleach" orra. Cha 'n 'eil furasda dhuinn a dheanamh a mach

ciod a bha daoine a' ciallachadh leis "a' chaillich." Tha cuid a deanamh a mach gu robh "a' chailleach" 'na samhladh air gorta. Tha iad ag ràdh gu 'm bu ghnàth leis na daoine a bhiodh air dheireadh le obair an fhoghair o chionn fad an t-saoghail a bhith 'call earrann mhòr de 'n bharr le domail spréidhe de gach seorsa. Tha so furasda gu leòr dhuinn a chreidsinn. Cha ghleidh fear sam bith air a chuid barra bhith fada muigh air an achadh aig deireadh an fhoghair. Bidh an t-sidé fliuch, stoirmeil ; bidh an oidheche fada ; agus bidh crodh is eich is caoraich, agus eadhon na feidh, na cearcan-fraoich, agus na coilich-dhubha, ag gabhail a h-uile fàth a gheibh iad air a dhol do 'n arbhar. Cha bhiodh mòr thoradh ann an achadh arbhair sam bith air am biodh iad so a' taghal fad seachduin. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach fhaodadh a leithid so tonhas de ghorta 'thoirt an rathad tuathanaich ; oir mar a tha 'n seanfhacal ag ràdh, "Am fear a bhios air deireadh beiridh a' bhiast air."

Ach a réir mo bharrail-sa cha 'n e so a tha air a chiallachadh leis "a' chaillich." Anns an t-seann aimsir bha seadh aig na facail, "bodach," agus, "cailleach," nach 'eil aca an duigh. Bha "bodach" a' ciallachadh, seann duine aig nach robh teaghlach, agus mar an ceudna bha "cailleach" a' ciallachadh, seana bhean aig nach robh teaghlach. Anns an àm ud bha daoine, mar bu tric, ag amharc sìos air muinntir a bhiodh pòsda, agus aig nach biodh teaghlach. Theirteadh, "an seann duine," agus, "an t-seana bhean," ris gach fear agus té, an uair a thigeadh iad gu aois, ma thachair gu robh iad pòsda agus teaghlach aca. Mar an ceudna theirteadh "seana ghille," agus, "seann nighean" riuthasan a ràinig aois, agus nach robh pòsda riamh, co dhuibh thachair gu nach do thachair sliochd a blith aca.

Nan do thachair gu robh "am bodach agus a' chailleach" cho math air an dòigh 's nach ruigeadh iad a leas a dhol a dh'iarraidh cuideachaidh air neach sam bith, is docha nach biodh uiread de mhi-mheas orra. Ach gu math tric, bhiodh iadsan aig nach robh teaghlach feumach air a bhith 'faotainn cuideachaidh o dhaoine eile ann an deireadh an làithean. Is ainneamh a chunnacas riamh seann duine a' falbh o thaigh gu taigh a dh'iarraidh na déirce, gu h-àraidh ma thachair dha a bhith pòsda, agus gu robh a bhean beò cho fada ris fhein. Ach ged a tha so fìor, tha e mar an ceudna fìor, gu robh agus gu bheil, na seana mhnathan gu math gu sìubhal nan taighean, agus gu iarraidh gach ni a bhiodh a dhith orra.

Anns an t-seann aimsir cha robh aig bochdan na dùthchadh ach a bhith 'feuchainn ri faotainn troimh an t-saoghal mar a

b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh iad. Cha robh lagh nam bochd ann. Gu math tric bhiodh bochdan a' bhaile aig muinntir a' bhaile ri 'n cumail suas, agus is ann aig an fhear a bhiodh air dheireadh le obair an fhoghair a bhiodh "cailleach" a' bhaile ri 'cumail suas fad na bliadhna. Ach nan tachradh do dhuine aig an robh teaghlach lag, no aig an robh trioblaid, a bhith air dheireadh le obair an fhoghair, bheireadh na coimhearsnaich lamh-chuideachaidh dha, air eagal gu 'n cuirteadh "a' chailleach" air. Mar bu trice, is ann air an fhear bu lugha meas agus bu spiocaiche a bhiodh anns a' bhaile a chuirteadh "a' chailleach."

Gus an latha 'n diugh tha cuid de dhaoine ann a tha 'creidsinn gu 'n d' thig mi-fhortan air choireiginn 'nan rathad a' bhliadhna a chuirteadh "a' chailleach" orra. B'aithne dhomb aon teaghlach a bha 'creidsinn gu faigheadh duine no ainmhidh bàs orra a' bhliadhna a chuirteadh "a' chailleach" orra. Cha robh duine anns a' bhaile a bha 'creidsinn so ach iad fhein. Agus air ghaol dragh a chur air na h-inntinnean aca, bhiodh na coimhearsnaich a' feuchainn ris "a' chaillich" a chur orra a h-uile bliadhna. Bhiodh iomadh neach a' caithris na h-oidhche aig àm na buana air eagal gu 'n cuirteadh "a' chailleach" orra.

Ged a thàinig iomadh atharrachadh air an t-saoghal o'n uair ud, tha gràin aig daoine air na cailleachan gus an latha 'n diugh, agus tha e coltach gu'm bi gu latha deireannach an t-saoghail.

Bha na scana Ghàidheil a' creidsinn gu robh *farmad* a' deanamh cron mòr do shluagh an t-saoghail. Theireadh iad "gu sgoilteadh am farmad na clachan glasa" A reir am barail, b' e farmad a bha 'g aobharachadh na "droch shùil." Cha bu mhisde leotha daoine a bhith 'g am moladh fhein agus gach ni a bhuineadh dhaibh, nan saoilteadh iad nach laidheadh sùil an neach a bhiodh 'g am moladh orra. O'n a bha an sluagh am bithdheantas a' creidsinn gu'm biodh daoine agus ainmhidhean air an gonadh le droch shùil, theireadh iad, an uair a mholadh iad ni no neach, "Cha laidh mo shùil air." Nan tachradh dhaibh gun so a ràdh, theirteadh riutha, "Fliuch do shùil." Bha cuid de dhaoine ann a bha comharraichte anns an duthaich air son na bha de dh' eud 's de dh' fharmad aunta ris gach neach aig am biodh a' bheag no mhòr de shoirbheachadh anns an t-saoghal.

Bha e air aithris gu robh aon diubh so air latha àraidh 's an earrach a' dol seachad air fear a bha treabhadh. Bha a bhean a' falbh an ceann nan each, no, mar a theirteadh, "a' ceannaireachd." Anns an àm ud cha robh fear sam bith a' cleachdadh loinneachan-treabhaidh. Cha bhiodh aca ach croinn-threabhaidh fhiodha, agus bhiodh eagal orra gu'm bristeadh na h-eich iad, nam biodh

an talamh cruaidh, creagach. Cha b' e srianan a bhiodh aca an cinn nan each, ach taoid, agus mar sin, cha deanadh e feum sam bith dhaibh loinneachan a chur ris na h-eich an àm a bhith treabhach. B' e obair a' "cheannaire" falbh an combhair a chùil roimh na h-eich, agus greim a chumail air taoid nan each anns gach dorn. Bha na h-eich mar so air an cumail o fhalbh tuilleadh is bras, agus air an cumail anns an aon fhad o cheile. An uair a chunnaic a' bhean gu robh fear na droch-shùil a' tighinn an rathad a bha iad, thuir i ris an fhear a bha' treabhach, "Tha am fear so a' tighinn, agus gonaidh e sinn fhein, no na h-eich mu 'm falbh e." "Leig thusa eadar mise 's e. Ma mholas esan sinn fhein 's ar n-eich 's ar n-obair, dimolaidh mise a h-uile ni a mholas esan," ars' am fear a bha treabhach, 's e' stobadh cloiche anns an sgrìob.

An uair a ràinig fear an fharmaid agus na droch-shùil far an robh iad, thuir e, "Is math an obair a rinn sibh o 'n a chaidh mi seachad an so 's a' mhaduinn an diugh."

"Cha mhath, cha mhath," ars' am fear a bha 'treabhach, 's e 'seasamh; "cha 'n 'eil adhais againn gu obair mhath a dheanamh. Cha 'n 'eil agam ach,

Crann dhomhain, gann-fhadach,
Talamh tana, teann,
Eich dhona gun riaghailt,
'S bean gun chiall 'nan ceann.'

An uair a chuala fear na droch-shùil so dh'fhalbh e. Cho luath 's a thug e 'chùl riutha, sheall am fear a bha 'treabhach air a' chloich a stob e anns an sgrìob, agus bha i 'na dà leith. Bha so mar dhearbhadh aig daoine gu sgoilteadh am farmad na clachan glasa.

Tha e anabarrach comharraichte gu robh beachdan cuid de na daoine a dh' fhalbh ann an co-chordadh ri beachdan cuid de na daoine foghlumte a tha 'n diugh beò. Mar a tha fhios againn uile, tha daoine foghlumte ag innseadh dhuinn, gu bheil àireamh do-àireamh de chreutairean beaga anns a' chruthachadh—creutairean a tha cho beag 's nach urrainn an t-suil a's geire am faicinn ach le cuideachadh glaine-mheudachaidh. Tha na creutairean so, ma 's fhior an luchd-foghlum, anns an uisge a tha sinn ag òl, anns an àile a tha sinn ag analachadh, agus anns gach lot agus creuchd a tha araon air taobh a muigh 's air taobh a staigh cuirp gach creutair beo. Ged nach 'eil uine fhada o 'n a chuala na Gaill iomradh air creutairean de 'n

t-seorsa so, is fhada 's cian o 'n a bha fhios aig na Gàidheil gu robh an leithidean ann. Is i an *fhrìde* creutair cho beag 's is urrainn sùil duine fhaicinn. Is iomadh duine aig nach 'eil fradharc cho geur 's gu faic e i. Is minic a chunnaic mi feadhain aig am biodh fradharc geur 'g an toirt a mach á craicinn nan làmh ri latha soilleir, grianach 's an t-samhradh. Dheanainn a mach i a cheart-air-eiginn air gob na snathaide-bige. Aig an àm bha mo fhradharc anabarrach geur. A nis, bha na Gàidheil a' creidsinn gu robh creutair ann a bha mìle uair ni bu lugha na frìde. B' e sin an *Stioicam-staodhran* a bha ann am bacan na h-ìoscaid aice. Mar a bha an *fhrìde* a' tighinn beò le bhith 'enuasach ann an craicinn an duine, bha an *Stioicam-staodhran* mar an ceudna a' tighinn beò le bhith 'enuasach ann an craicinn na *frìde*. Ged a bha daoine a' deanamh fanaid air na Gàidheil a bha 'creidsinn gu robh creutairean cho beag so anns a' chruthachadh, gidheadh tha sinne a nis a' creidsinn gu bheil iad ann. Nan toisicheamaid ri àicheadh, bhìomaid 'nar culaidh-mhagaidh aig daoine eile mar a bha iadsan. Tha na beachdan so a' nochdadh dhuinn, gu robh na seana Ghàidheil gu nàdurra glé gheur-chuiseach, agus gu robh iad comasach air nithean iongantach a dhealbh 'nan imntinnean.

Anns an àm a dh' fhalbh, mar anns an àm a tha làthair, bha mnathan mhac, coimheach, air uairean, ris na màthraichean-céile. Mar a tha 'n seanfhacal ag radh—

“ Mar dhòbhran am bun uisge,
 Mar sheabhag gu eun sléibhe.
 Mar chù gu cat, mar chat gu luch,
 Tha bean mic gu' màthair-chéile.”

So seanfhacal eile—“ Anns an rathad, mar a bha màthair fir-an-taighe.” Bha màthair-chéile ann aon uair, agus cha 'n fhaigheadh i ach a' chuid bu mhiosa de 'n bhìadh o bhean a mic. Bliadhna de na bliadhnaichean, an uair a mharbhadh mart 's an taigh, chuireadh an adha air leith gus a bhith 'ga toirt do 'n t-seana-mhnaoi. Cha d' thubhairt an t-seana-bhean bhochd diog mu 'n chùis ri neach sam bith. Bha toil aice innseadh d'a mac mar a bha, ach bha eagal oirre gu'n togadh an gnothach aimhreit anns an taigh. Air oidhche àraidh 's an teaghlach gu léir 'nan suidhe mu 'n teine, dh' eirich an t-seana-bhean o 'n teine agus chaidh i' mach as an taigh. An uair a thainig i steach thuir a mac, “Cìod e an oidhche a tha muigh a nochd, a màthair?” “Innsidh mi sin dhut, a mhic,” ars' ise 's i' freagairt, “tha oidhche runnagach, rannagach, reulagach, gun ghaoith, gun turadh, gun uisge.” “Is iongantach an oidhche a th' ann, a màthair,” ars' a

mac. “Is iongantaidhe na sin, a mhic, mart mòr a bhith na h-aon adha.” Ghrad thuig am mac mar a bha cùisean, agus na dheigh sin dh’ fheumadh a mhàthair a bhith aig an aon bhord ris fhein.

Mar bu trice, bha na seana Ghàidheil ’nan daoine stuama gu nàdurra. Gun teagamh sam bith gheibhteadh aon is aon ’nam measg a dh’ itheadh ’s a dh’ òladh tuilleadh ’s a’ chòir. Cha robh am fear a dh’ òladh tuilleadh ’s a’ chòir a leith cho suarach ann an sealladh dhaoine ris an fhear a dh’ itheadh tuilleadh ’s a’ choir. Bu mhò a bhiodh de mhaslaidh air an fhear a ghabhadh an “*tairbhean*” aon uair, na bhiodh air an fhear a ghabhadh an daorach fichead uair. Air eagal gu ’n gabhadh daoine an “*tairbhean*,” bhiteadh a’ comhairleachadh dhaibh gun am brù a lionadh le biadh aig àm sam bith. Am fear a lionadh a bhrù le biadh math làidir, bhiodh e ann an eunnart an “*tairbhean*” a ghabhail an uair a thòisicheadh am biadh ri at air an stamaig aige. Ach am fear nach lionadh a bhra idir, cha b’ eagal da ged a thòisicheadh am biadh ri at air an stamaig aige. A chum a nochdadh do dhaoine cho suarach ’s a bha am fear a dh’ itheadh a leòr, theirtadh, “Cha ’n ith a leòr ach an cù.” Nam biodh fear ann a dh’ itheadh mòran, theirtadh, “Dh’ itheadh e uiread ri cù ged bhiodh a bhrù air at.” Tha e duilich dhuinn a dheanamh a mach co dhiu bha gus nach robh an cù ’na chreutair truailidh, gràineil ann an sealladh nan seana Ghàidheal. An àm dhaibh a bhith ’caineadh a’ cheile theireadh iad “Cha ’n ’eil annad ach an cù.” “Tha thu ’falbh mar gu’m biodh cù, o shitig gu sitig.” “A mhic a’ choin.” “A nighean a’ choin.” Ach air an laimh eile, gheibhear iomadh comharraidh air e mheas a bha aig daoine air a’ chù. Is fhada a chualas na briathran so, “Mo charaide bàigh ’s mo nàmhaid munaidh,” no, ann am briathran eile, “Mo chu ’s mo bhean.” Tha e furasda dhuinn a thuigsinn gu bheil an cù bàigheil ris a’ mhaighstir a bhios caoimhneil ris. Dh’ fhaodamaid iomadh naigheachd innseadh mar dhearbhadh air so. Ach cia mar a tha bean fir sam bith ’na “nàmhaid munaidh,” cha ’n ’eil e furasda dhuinn a thuigsinn. Cha ’n ’eil am facal so, “munadh,” a nis air a chleachdadh ’nar measg. Ach bha e aon uair cumanta gu leor. Tha e fhathast cumanta gu leor ann an Eirinn. Tha e ciallachadh, “foghlum,” no “fiosrachadh.”

Tha ’n dà fhacal so, “freiteach,” agus, “bòid,” leith-choltach ri’ cheile ann an seadh. Ach mar a dh’ éirich do dh’ iomadh facal eile a tha leith-choltach ri’ chéile, tha a leithid a dh’ eadar-dhealachadh eatorra ’s nach urrainnear an dara fear a chur ann an àite

an fhir eile. Tha am facal, “bòid” air a ghnàthachadh an uair a tha daoine a’ cur rompa gu’n dean iad gnìomh math, ar neo gu seachainn iad droch obair, no droch cleachdadh, no droch cuid-eachd. Air an laimh eile tha am facal, “freiteach,” air a ghnathachadh an uair a tha duine a’ cur roimhe gu’n dean e ole air duine eile, no gu sguir e de dheanamh math, agus de nochdadh caoimhneis do dhaoine eile. Is fhad o’n a chualas an seanfhacal so :—

“Cha chum air a fhreiteach,
Ach an deamhan eitidh.”

Bu ghnòthaoh math do dh’ fhear cumail air a bhòid ; ach b’ ole an gnothach dha cumail air a fhreiteach. Is iomadh uair a gheibh an droch nàdur a leithid de bhuaidh air duine ’s gu’n abair e gu’n dean e an t-ole so ’s an t-ole ud eile air a cho-chreutair. Ach mar is trice cha chum e ri ’fhacal. An uair a thraoghas ’fhearg, chi e gur guothach ro eucorach dha a bhagraidhean a chur an gnìomh. Ach o nach ’eil ni math sam bith anns an deamhan cumaidh e air a fhreiteach. Ach ma tha neach sam bith a’ cumail air a fhreiteach feumaidh gu bheil tomhas mòr de nàdur an deamhain ann. Cha’n aithne dhomh ni a’s fhearr a chuireas solus air fìor sheadh an fhacail, “freiteach,” na’ chunntas a tha againn air mar a chuir an dà fhichead Iudhach iad fhein fo mhallachadh, ag ràdh nach itheadh agus nach òladh iad gus am marbhadh iad Pòl. Cha do chum na fìr so air am freiteach, do bhrìgh ’s nach b’ urrainn daibh.

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20th MARCH, 1895.

At this meeting Mr Wm. Kemp, of Messrs Strothers & Co., Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Duncan Campbell, editor, *Northern Chronicle*, read a paper on “Giraldus Cambrensis,” which was as follows :—

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

Giraldus Cambrensis—or Welsh Gerald, whose first baptismal name was Silvester—was born about the year 1146 in the Castle of Manorbeer, Pembrokeshire. He was of mixed descent. His father, William de Barri, was apparently a man of Norman descent, who derived the territorial surname “de Barri” from the

little island of Barri, on the coast of Glamorganshire, which was the first possession of the family in Wales. William de Barri's second wife, and the mother of our author, was Angharad, full sister of William, Maurice, and David Fitzgerald, and half-sister both of Henry Fitzhenry and Robert Fitzstephen. Our author's cousin, William, eldest son of Maurice Fitzgerald, married Alina, daughter of Earl Strongbow. We have to go back to our author's grandmother, Nesta, daughter of Rhys, Prince of South Wales, for the origin of the remarkable Norman-Welsh kindred that undertook, and to a wonderful extent accomplished, the conquest of Ireland. In the first adventure and conquest the Saxons had no share. But to explain how the Norman-Welsh kindred had been formed, let us revert to Nesta. She was celebrated for her beauty, and when she was a very young woman she had an illegitimate son to Prince Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, afterwards Henry I. That son was the father of the Fitzhenry clan. By her marriage with Gerald de Windsor, Nesta became the mother of the Fitzgerald brothers and of Angharad. After Gerald de Windsor's death, Nesta married Stephen, Castellan of Abertivy, and by him had a son, Robert Fitzstephen, founder of the clan of the same surname. Being destined for the Church, our author received his early clerical training and education from his uncle, David Fitzgerald, Bishop of St David's. He remained with his uncle until he entered upon his twentieth year, when he went to the University of Paris, where, as he tells us—for he is never shy about blowing his own trumpet—he gained great distinction. He certainly acquired a large acquaintance with the Latin classics, and learned to write in that language with a fluent and lively pen. There is scarcely, indeed, any mediæval Latinist who came as near as Gerald to the gossipy newspaper correspondent of our times, who passes from subject to subject as the bee passes from flower to flower, sucking some honey from all. On his return to England in 1172, he was appointed Archdeacon of Brecknock. His uncle's successor having died, the Chapter elected Gerald to be Bishop of St David's, but King Henry and the Archbishop of Canterbury would not let him be instituted. Although paternally of Norman lineage, he was too much of a Welshman to suit them. He claimed for the see of St David's metropolitan jurisdiction over Wales, and had his election been allowed, it is more than probable that he would have repudiated obedience to Canterbury. He was again elected by the Chapter on a vacancy occurring in 1198, and was again refused institution. Having set his mind on the Welsh metro-

politan see, he declined to accept the Bishopric of Bangor in 1190, and the Bishopric of Landaff in 1191. At last, in 1215, the coveted position was offered to him, but he then declined to accept it on account of age and studies. He is supposed to have died about 1223. Seemingly, Henry Plantagenet and his sons wished to patronise and promote Gerald, although they would not let him get into the position where he could best vindicate the independence of the Welsh Church. His relations with King Henry, King Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and King John were half friendly, half hostile. He spoke so freely about them in his books—books which he wished them to get translated for him into Norman French, for the general edification of their noble vassals—that one should think he only owed his immunity from punishment to his clerical habit. But as no hint is given that he was ever threatened, we must assume that, with all their faults, the Plantagenets were tolerant of severe personal criticism. On his first election by the Chapter of St David's being quashed, Gerald went off in a huff to enjoy the company of learned men in the University of Paris. He was not deprived of his benefices—he had more than one, being, for all his strictures on others, a pluralist himself. When it suited him to return, he was well received. He spent some of his time at Henry's Court, both in France and in England, and when Henry made his youngest son, John, Lord of Ireland, he sent Gerald, as a sort of monitor, with the royal scamp and his gay retinue to that country. Gerald had paid a previous visit to Ireland, and stayed a year there among his own Norman-Welsh kindred, gathering information about the history of the conquest, and about the country, its inhabitants, and marvels. It was in 1185 that he went with Prince John to Ireland. He made a stay of two years on this second visit, and diligently gathered materials for his two books on Ireland—"The Topography of Ireland" and "The Vaticinal History of the Conquest of Ireland."

"The Topography of Ireland" is divided into three parts, which the author calls "Distinctions." In the first "Distinction," Gerald gives a description of the country, its lakes, rivers, climate, soil, wild animals, birds, and fishes. He corrects Bede, who, writing in the early part of the 8th century, said that Ireland did not lack vineyards; and Solinus and Isidore, who said that it had no bees. Gerald found bees and honey in Ireland, but no vineyards. "Vines," he says, "it never possessed nor cultivators of them. Still, foreign commerce supplies it with so much wine, that the want of the growth of vines and their natural production

is scarcely felt. Poitou, out of its superabundance, exports vast quantities of wine to Ireland, which willingly gives in return its ox-hides and the skins of cattle and wild beasts." He thought the Irish bees would thrive better and gather sweeter honey if the country had fewer yew trees. Although he made a strange mistake about the Shannon, one branch of which he thought flowed northward into Donegal Bay, his topographical description of Ireland is valuable, and accurate, too, as far as he saw the country himself. He gives a list of the wild beasts, birds, and fishes of Ireland, but it is by no means as full as the list in "Caoilte's Rabble" that is in the Gaelic poem, which tells how Caoilte ransomed Fionn, by capturing a pair of all the wild animals of Ireland. He praises the fertility of the soil, and yet tells us that the natives grew oats which were so light that it was difficult to winnow them from the chaff. Black oats, cultivated formerly in the Highlands in upland places, were of this light kind. They defied the winds, which spoiled heavier-headed oats, and made excellent fodder. It is, indeed, a question whether they should not yet be re-introduced for fodder and feeding purposes. A rather heavier kind of black oats forms the chief forage of South Africa to the present day. Gerald, who always gave a ready ear to marvellous stories, was told that Irish grasshoppers sang better when their heads were cut off, and revived spontaneously after being long dead. He was told, of course, what was more of a fact, that reptiles could not live in Ireland, and yet he has to confess that in his own time a frog, or toad, was discovered in a grassy meadow, near Waterford. He attributes the absence of reptiles to the position of Ireland as the most westerly country in the world, as was thought in his time—the east being the fountain-head of poisons, and the west the opposite. America and its rattlesnakes were not then dreamed of, if they were not in a dim way prophesied by the tales about the lost Atlantis. About Ultima Thule Gerald sensibly observes that, if not a fabulous island, it must be looked for in the most remote and distant recesses of the northern ocean, far off under the Arctic Pole. It struck our author that the stags, boars, and hares of Ireland were small—in short, that all animals except man were smaller there than in other countries.

The Second Distinction is dedicated to monstrous births, transformations, prodigies, and above all to Saints' miracles. But it has stray notes of natural history also, such as the following:—
 "Cocks at roost in Ireland do not, as in other countries, divide the third and last watches of the night by crowing at three

successive periods in the interval. Here they are heard a little before dawn ; and the day is known to be as far off from the first cock-crowing here as it is elsewhere from the third. Nor is it to be supposed that they have here a different nature from those in other countries ; for cocks which are brought over to the island from other parts crow here at these periods." Gerald writes about the Book of Kildare, which has been unfortunately lost, with all the fervour of a man who, from its beautiful writing and illustrations, could well believe that it had been dictated by and completed under the superintendence of an angel more than seven hundred years before his time. He tells us that it contained the Four Gospels according to St Jerom, and that almost every page was illustrated by drawings illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours. He concludes the catalogue of Saints' miracles and the third Distinction by the following suggestive chapter:—"It appears to me very remarkable and deserving of notice that, as in the present life, the people of this nation are beyond all others irascible and prompt to revenge, so also in the life that is after death, the saints of this country, exalted by their merits above those of other lands, appear to be of a vindictive temper. There appears to me no other way of accounting for this circumstance but this:—As the Irish people possess no castles, while the country is full of marauders who live by plunder, the people, and more especially the ecclesiastics, made it their practice to have recourse to the churches instead of fortified places, as refuges for themselves and their property: and by divine Providence and permission there was frequent need that the Church should visit her enemies with the severest chastisements, this being the only mode by which evil-doers and impious men could be deterred from breaking the peace of ecclesiastical societies, and for securing even to a servile submission the reverence due to the very churches themselves, from a rude and irreligious people."

The Third Distinction treats of the people and history of Ireland. Gerald found Ireland peopled by mixed races. Until the Norman-Welsh invasion the Ostmen or Northmen held Dublin, Waterford, Wexford, and Limerick as their walled cities, with much adjacent land attached to each. These Ostmen came as traders after their kinsmen the Norwegians had lost the supremacy they obtained over Ireland in the middle of the ninth century. Gerald gives the early and fabulous history of Ireland before the coming in of the Norwegians much as it is given by Keating. He copied it in full from Irish books. The greatest leader of the Norwegians, who made himself King of Dublin, and

subsequently gained a thirty years' sort of supremacy in Ireland, was Thorgils, one of the twenty sons of Harold Fairhair, the first sole King of Norway, who died about the year 931. Gerald Latinises the name of Thorgils into Turgesius. The Saga of Olaf Tryggwason, nephew of Thorgils, says :—"To Thorgils and Frodi King Harold gave ships of war, and they went on Wicking expedition to the west, where they harried Scotland, Bretland (Wales), and Ireland. They were the first Northmen who gained possession of Dublin in Ireland. Frodi, it is said, had a drink given him, mixed with poison, which caused his death; but Thorgils was for a long time King of Dublin, and at last fell there by the treachery of the Irish." Gerald tells how Thorgils was overcome by Irish guile :—Turgesius, being deeply enamoured of the daughter of Omachlachhelin, King of Meath, the King, dissembling his vindictive feelings, promised to give him his daughter, and to send her to a certain island in Meath, in the lake called Lochyrenus, attended by fifteen damsels of high rank. Turgesius, being highly pleased at this, went to meet them at the appointed day and place, accompanied by the same number of nobles of his own nation. On his arrival on the island, he was met by fifteen courageous but beardless youths, who had been selected for the enterprise, and were dressed as young women, with daggers secreted under their mantles; and as soon as Turgesius and his companions advanced to embrace them, they fell upon them and slew them." A general revolt of the Irish and a massacre of Norwegians followed the slaughter of Thorgils and his chiefs.

According to Gerald's information, the Norwegians who made their first settlements in Ireland in 838 had Turgesius for their leader. The Norwegians had as pirates ravaged the coasts of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and England forty years before that time. But it was not till about the date mentioned by Gerald that they made permanent settlements in Ireland, and the first settlers were Danes as well as Norwegians. Thorgils could not have been the leader of the first Norwegian settlers, for the very good reason that even his father, Harold Fairhair, was not born till some twenty years after 838. Thorgils' expedition to Ireland could not have taken place much earlier than 900. Here, then, there is a great time discrepancy to be noted. We trust the statement of the Saga that Thorgils was the first Norwegian king of Dublin, and that he reigned there for a long time. The Saga writers knew of no other Norse invaders of Ireland except Thorgils, whose life and death could be made to agree, in any

reasonable manner, with the Irish stories of Turgesius. We therefore assume that Thorgils, when draped in myths, became the Turges or Turgesius of the Irish legends, and that to him were ascribed, as the consolidator of their conquests, all the deeds of the earlier settlers. The Norse power in Ireland was not overthrown by the death of Thorgils. It lasted until it was terminated by the Battle of Clontarf, in 1014—and, strange to say, the Saga of Olaf Tryggwason, and Gerald, make no mention whatever of that decisive Celtic victory, in which the men of Gaelic-speaking Scotland and their Irish kinsmen fought shoulder to shoulder against the foreign invaders, and erstwhile ravagers and conquerors.

With the exception of the Ostmen and the remnants of the older Norse conquerors and colonists who associated themselves with them after the Battle of Clontarf, the inhabitants of Ireland, at the time when Gerald's friends invaded that country, all spoke the Gaelic language, and were held to be one people, although their own traditions indicated diverse descents. Gerald draws from his own knowledge and experience a broad line of distinction between the North and Southern Irish. "We find," he writes, "that the people of the North of Ireland were always warlike, while those of the South were subtle and crafty; the one coveted glory, and the other was steeped in falsehood; the one trusted to their arms and the other to their arts; the one full of courage, and the other of deceit." Let us be thankful that it was from the North the Scots came to Alba. Perhaps the line of demarcation was, in some respects, weak or confused; but we have to bear in mind that it existed clearly in Gerald's mind, and his accusations of treachery, cruelty, and immorality apply more directly to the people of Leinster and Munster than to those of Connaught and Ulster, particularly the latter. Gerald enthusiastically admired the incomparable skill of the Irish in music and in playing on musical instruments, of which they had only two, the harp and the tabor, while Scotland had three, the harp, tabor, and crotta, or cruit, and Wales had three, the harp, pipes, and cruit. He adds, "Scotland, at the present day—that is in 1187—in the opinion of many persons is not only equal to Ireland, her teacher, in musical skill, but excels her; so that they now look to that country as the fountain-head of this science." The fosterage or *codhaltachd*, by mixing and drinking each other's blood, which he found existing in Ireland, disgusted and frightened Gerald, although he liked well enough the fosterage by nursing which existed in Wales and in Scotland, and made the

foster-brothers truer to one another than the natural brothers. Irish uncanonical marriages, marriage of first cousins, and, above all, the marriage of deceased brothers' widows by surviving brothers, in strict accordance with the Levitical law, and for the purpose of perpetuating the dead brothers' lineage, horrified him utterly. He attributed very detrimental consequences to these uncanonical marriages, for truly he had a sort of craze on the subject, and was quite as severe on the Welsh as he was on the Irish for their forbidden alliances. Speaking of the Irish, he says:—"Moreover, I have never seen in any other nation so many individuals who were born blind, so many lame, maimed, or having some natural defect. The persons of those who are well formed are indeed remarkably fine, nowhere better; but as those who are favoured with the gifts of nature grow up exceedingly handsome, those from whom she withholds them are exceedingly ugly. No wonder if among an adulterous and incestuous people, in which both births and marriages are illegitimate, a nation out of the pale of laws, nature herself should be foully corrupted by perverse habits." Gerald was not an unbiassed witness in respect to matters which concerned the order of the Roman Church. It must be remembered that Henry II. held a Papal bull not only sanctioning his conquest of Ireland, but enjoining him to accomplish that conquest as a sacred duty. On the agricultural state of Ireland at the time of the Conquest, Gerald, who was a sharp observer, and knew how matters agricultural were in Wales, England, and France, is a good unbiassed witness. And what does he say? "The Irish are a rude people, subsisting on the produce of their cattle only, and living themselves like beasts—a people that has not yet departed from the primitive habits of pastoral life. In the common course of things, mankind progresses from the forest to the field, from the field to the town and to the social condition of citizens, and this nation, holding agricultural labour in contempt and little coveting the wealth of towns, as well as being exceedingly averse to civil institutions, lead the same life their fathers did in the woods and open pastures, neither willing to abandon their old habits or learn anything new. They, therefore, make only patches of tillage; their pastures are short of herbage; cultivation is very rare, and there is scarcely any land sown. This want of tilled fields arises from the neglect of those who should cultivate them, for there are large tracts which are naturally fertile and productive. The whole habits of the people are contrary to agricultural pursuits, so that the rich glebe is barren for want of husbandmen, the fields demanding labour which is not forthcoming."

If we bear in mind that Gerald, from his kinship with the invaders who went to Ireland with Papal sanction and authority to conquer that country, in the name of Christianity, would be naturally disposed to magnify the evils and abuses of the national Irish Church, we must take his report of what he found to be really the very opposite of condemnation. He went, like Balaam, prepared to curse; but, as an honest man, when he investigated matters, he felt, upon the whole, constrained to bless. He speaks, indeed, of finding in Ireland a class of uncanonical lay-ecclesiastics, whom he thus describes:—"It must be observed also that the men who enjoy ecclesiastical immunity, and are called ecclesiastical men, although they be laics, and have wives, and wear long hair hanging down below their shoulders, but only do not bear arms, wear for their protection, by the authority of the Pope, fillets on the crown of their heads, as a mark of distinction." But in Ireland the lay-ecclesiastics had not, as they had done about the same time in Scotland, appropriated to a very marked extent the Church lands, or vitally degraded or transformed the Church's character. Gerald, who was a strong partisan of the secular clergy, attributes the Irish Church's loss of spiritual influence over princes and people, in a large degree, to the fact that the Irish bishops were mostly elected from the monasteries. "They seclude themselves," he says, "according to ancient custom within the inclosures of their churches, and are generally content with indulging in a contemplative life. They scrupulously perform all the duties of a monk, but pass by all those which belong to the clergy and bishops." The worst faults to be found with these Irish bishops, therefore, are the comparatively venial ones of monkish seclusion, and deficient pastoral oversight and discipline. It is admitted that they led blameless lives, and were examples of Christian goodness to clergy and people. But what does Gerald say of the most important body of the clergy, the parish priests? Let him speak for himself:—"The clergy of the country are commendable enough for their piety; and among many other virtues in which they excel, are especially eminent for that of continence. They also perform with great regularity the services of the psalms, hours, lessons, and prayers, and, confining themselves to the precincts of their churches, employ their whole time in the offices to which they are appointed. They also pay attention to the rules of abstinence and a spare diet, the greatest part of them fasting almost every day till dusk, when, by singing complines, they have finished the offices of the several hours for the day. Would, that after these long fasts,

they were as sober as they are serious, as true as they are severe, as pure as they are enduring, such as they are in appearance. But among so many thousands you will scarcely find one who, after his devotion to long fastings and prayers, does not make up by night for his privations during the day, by the enormous quantities of wine and other liquors in which he indulges more than is becoming. Dividing the day of twenty-four hours into two equal parts, they devote the hours of light to spiritual offices, and those of night to the flesh, so that in the light they apply themselves to the work of the light, and in the dark they turn to the works of darkness. Hence it may be considered almost a miracle that where wine has the dominion lust does not reign also." We should much like to know whether or not the "drop of potheen" was included in the "other drinks" consumed by the Irish priests of Gerald's time. We daresay it was, for there were "distillers" in the south of Scotland, according to the ancient poems of Wales, in the sixth and seventh centuries, and the monks made "the water of life" probably earliest of all. Gerald declares that a large number of the Irish people remained unbaptised. But was that due to clerical neglect? Was it not more probably due to that peculiar idea of the cleansing efficacy of the sacrament, which could not be twice repeated, that made Constantine the Great put off his baptism till he felt he was dying?

"The Vaticinal History of the Conquest of Ireland," although the most important of all our author's works, does not fall within the scope of this paper. We pass on, therefore, to his two books on Wales—"The Description of Wales" and "The Itinerary through Wales."

The "Description" was probably written earlier than the "Itinerary." The latter is Gerald's record of his travels in Wales along with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, when preaching the third Crusade, in the year 1188. Gerald was, as he tells us, the first man in Wales who took the cross, but he does not tell us that he got a dispensation absolving him from his vow afterwards, and remained at home, while Baldwin, the venerable man, proceeded to the Holy Land and died there.

Gerald is disposed to be as friendly in his remarks on the Welsh as he was to be severe on the Irish. Still, honesty compels him to admit that the irascibility of the Irish finds its equal in Wales, and that, upon the whole, the Welsh marriage customs, and the relation of the sexes in that country, are worse than in Ireland. We may pass over his condemnation of the marriage of

first cousins, which was a prevalent custom throughout Wales then, as it is now. But it seems that there was in Wales a custom of having girls as concubines for specified periods, on specified conditions, which sometimes ended in marriage, but more frequently in separation at the end of the engagement time, like the "hand-fasting" of the Scotch Borders. And if the matrimonial morals of the princes, chieftains, and people were low, they had among them some clerics who were every bit as bad as themselves. We read in the "Itinerary" of a church of ancient importance situated near Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire:—"It is remarkable that this church, like many others in Wales and Ireland, has a lay abbot; for a bad custom has prevailed amongst the clergy of appointing the most powerful people of a parish stewards, or rather patrons of their churches, who, in process of time, from a desire of gain, have usurped the whole right, appropriating to their own use the possession of all lands, leaving only to the clergy the altars, with their tenths and oblations, and assigning even these to their sons and relatives in the church. Such defenders, or rather destroyers of the church have caused themselves to be called abbots, and presumed to attribute to themselves a title, as well as estates, to which they have no just claim. In this state, we found the church of Lhanpadarn without a head, a certain old man, waxen old in iniquity (whose name was Eden Oen, son of Graithwood), being abbot, and his sons officiating at the altars. This wicked people boast that a certain bishop of their church—for it formerly was a cathedral—was murdered by their predecessors; and, on this account chiefly, they ground their claim of right and possession.

Barring the murder of a bishop, it was by a precisely similar process that the Columban—or Culdee—Church of Scotland was deprived of spiritual energy and robbed of her possessions. Ireland comes out best. In Gerald's time, "the portable bells, and the staves of the saints, having their upper ends curved and inlaid with gold, silver, or brass, were held in great reverence by the people and clergy of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; insomuch, that they had much greater regard for oaths sworn on these than on the Gospels." The "Staff of Jesus" in Ireland, and the "Staff of St Cyric" in Wales were particularly famous.

There was one Culdee establishment in Wales in 1180. The small island of Enhli, now called Bardsey, was then inhabited "by very religious monks, called Cœlibes or Colidei." It is a pity that we are not told whether they were Gaelic-speaking monks from Scotland or Ireland, or natives of Wales.

Gerald is always unsatisfactory in regard to the question of languages. Latin was the universal language of the clergy and the learned. Gerald seems to have had some knowledge of Gaelic and a plentiful command of Welsh. He could also judge between the Saxon dialects of the North and South of England. But as Latin served him everywhere among the clergy, he does not throw as much light as he could on the lingual divisions of the people of the British Islands in his day. He intended to write a book about Scotland and another about England, corresponding to his Irish and Welsh "Topographies." Unfortunately, he did not carry out that laudable intention, and even the map of England, which, he says, he drew with great care, got lost because he did not insert it in his written works, but kept it for the book on England which he intended to write. Speaking of the Dalriadic Scots who migrated from Ireland to Scotland, he says in his "Topograpy of Ireland," "What caused them to migrate there, and how and with what treachery, rather than force, they expelled from those parts the nation of the Picts, long so powerful, and vastly excelling them in arms and valour, it will be my business to relate, when I come to treat of the remarkable topography of that part of Britain." The Scotland and the Ireland of his own day he evidently grouped as Gaelic-speaking countries, notwithstanding the non-Celtic elements in both. As to the Brythonic Celtic group he is very distinct and accurate:—"The people of Cornwall and the Armoricans speak a language similar to that of the Britons; and from its origin and near resemblance, it is intelligible to the Welsh in many instances, and almost in all; and although less delicate and methodical, yet it approaches, as I judge, more nearly to the ancient British idiom."

We subjoin some Welsh words with Gerald's explanation of their meanings—

"Aber, in the British language, signifies every place where two rivers unite their streams."

In Scotland the Gaelic "Inbhir" and "Aber" are almost interchangeable. If "Aber" is a purely British word, as its prevalence in Gerald's Welsh Topography indicates, it can tell nothing about the language of the Picts except this, that if they were not themselves of the same race as the Britons, they superseded and succeeded Briton inhabitants of Alba.

"Nant means a flowing stream."

There is no Gaelic word similar to "Nant."

“Lhan = Church.”

We have Lhanbryde near Elgin, which is pure Welsh for the Church of St Bride or Brigit.

“Caerleon = City of the Legions.”

This is the old name for Chester, which was one of the stations of the Roman Legions. “Caer” in Gaelic is “Cathair,” but both are pronounced alike.

“Cruc Mawr = the great hill.”

“Cnoc mor” in Gaelic means rather the great knowe than the great hill. “Cnoc is pronounced as if the “n” was “r,” but no doubt there must have been a time when Celts and Romans had an older mode of pronouncing “cn” or “kn” than by simply killing the first consonant or changing the second into “r.”

“Lhandewi Brevi = the Church of St David of Brevi.”

“Lhanphadarn Vawr, or the Church of Paternus the Great.”

The Gaelic of this would be “Cilphadarn Mhoir.”

“Lhanvair, that is the Church of St Mary.”

Gaelic, “Cilmuire” or “Cilmailli.”

“Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bachan, that is the greater and smaller arms of the sea. Traeth, in the British language, signifies a tract of sand flooded by the tides and left bare when the sea ebbs.”

Gaelic, “Traigh Mor” and “Traigh Beag.”

“Cantred, a compound word from the British and Irish languages, is a portion of land equal to a hundred vills. Wales in all contains fifty-four cantreds. The word cantref is derived from cant, a hundred, and tref, a village.”

“Treubh,” in Gaelic, has come to mean a blood-kindred tribe or clan. “Ciad-treubh” would now mean to us a hundred tribes, and not the inhabitants of a hundred villages or “toons.”

“Mon mam Cymbry, that is Mona, mother of Wales (Cambria).”

Mon or Mona is the island of Anglesey, which, from its fertility, came to be proverbially called the mother or nursing mother of Cambria.

“Ynys Lenach, or the ecclesiastical island, because many bodies of saints are deposited there, and no woman is suffered to enter it.”

In Gaelic, “Innis Mhanach” would mean “Isle of Monks.”

One gets the impression from Gerald's description that at the close of the twelfth century Wales was far ahead of Ireland in agriculture, industrial arts, and amenities of civilisation. On the other hand, while our author boasts the Trojan descent of the Welsh people, he practically admits that they were less moral than the Irish, while quite as irascible and inconstant. They had, he says, inherited the courage of their Trojan ancestors, and got their arms and military discipline from the French—that is from the Normans who settled among them, intermarried with their princely and noble families, and built frowning feudal castles, which enabled the owners to gather in rents and produce tributes, to resist sudden onsets, to protect their own people, and to enforce the penalties of law necessary to the establishment of peace and order. While, however, the valour of the native Welsh is praised, it is admitted that when they met with a repulse they were subject to get into panic and disorder. Another misfortune of theirs was that they were always quarrelling among themselves, and that feuds were perpetuated from generation to generation. Good qualities, however, brighten the dark shades of the picture—hospitality, arts, poetry, music, and, in fact, for the time, a high state of culture, which betokened a legacy from Roman days that had been, with some Roman vices, preserved throughout all the centuries intervening between the middle of the fifth century and the end of the twelfth.

We get an enthusiastic description of the Teivy and its salmon leaps, and then we are further informed of this peculiarity concerning that river, that it was the only one in Wales or even in England which had beavers. He adds:—"In Scotland beavers are said to be found on one river, but are very scarce." In Ireland the beaver had been killed out before our author went to that country. When the preachers of the Crusade reached Chester they were nobly entertained by the Earl and Countess of Chester, and, "here," says our author, "we saw what appeared novel to us; for the Countess and her mother, keeping tame deer, presented to the Archbishop three small cheeses made from their milk."

Gerald's books on Wales are, like his books on Ireland, well stuffed with marvels and miracles. A prophecy was current in Wales that a king of England coming from Ireland through Wales should die on the flag ten feet long and six feet broad which formed the bridge over the small stream near St David's Cathedral. Henry the Second coming from Ireland through Wales crossed this bridge, and then asked the Welsh who waited

for the fulfilment of the alleged prophecy of Merlin—"Who now will have any faith in that liar, Merlin." The flag-bridge had a legend of its own, independent of the prophecy disproved by the bold Plantagenet. It was said to have once spoken and to have given itself the crack visible in 1188 by that supernatural effort. "Lechlawar," therefore, was its name, which Gerald explains to mean "speaking-stone." In the form of "Leac-labhair" a Highlander of our own day would see the meaning of "Lechlawar" at once.

Gerald believes in King Arthur and in Merlin's prophecies. But he tells us that there were two Merlins, separated in time by a full century. This is his statement:—"There were two Merlins; the one called Ambrosius, who prophesied in the time of King Vortigern, was begotten by a demon incubus, and found at Caermarden (now Carmarthen), from which circumstance that city derived its name of Caermarden, or the city of Merlin; the other Merlin, born in Scotland, was named Celidonius, from the Celidonian wood in which he prophesied; and Sylvester, because when engaged in martial conflict he discovered in the air a terrible monster, and from that time grew mad, and taking shelter in a wood passed the remainder of his days in a savage state. This Merlin lived in the time of King Arthur, and is said to have prophesied more fully and explicitly than the other." A very old Welsh legend about the Caledonian Merlin says that he was born heir to a large estate near the forest of Celyddon or Dunkeld, that having lost his estate in the war of his prince, Gwenddolan, and Aeddan Vradog against Rhydderck Hael, he went to Wales, and that after fighting at the battle of Camlan under King Arthur's banner in 542, he accidentally killed his nephew, which misfortune caused him to go mad. The birthplace of this Merlin near the Celyddon forest is named Caerwertheven, which if not fabulous must have been on the Perthshire lowland border or in Lennox. When the preachers of the Crusade reached Nefyn, a village on Carnarvon Bay, our author found there a book containing the prophecies of the Caledonian Merlin.

Our author, who totally ignored the Irish fairies, gives the following pretty little story of the Welsh ones:—

"A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in these parts (Glamorganshire), which Elidorus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed had befallen himself. When a youth of twelve years, and learning his letters, since, as Solomon says, 'The root of learning is bitter, although the fruit is sweet,' in order to avoid the discipline and frequent stripes inflicted on him by his

preceptor, he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river. After fasting in that situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature appeared to him, saying—‘If you will come with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports.’ Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides through a path, at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, adorned with rivers and sand meadows, woods and plains, but obscure, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark, on account of the absence of the moon and the stars. The boy was brought before the King, and introduced to him in presence of the Court, who, having examined him for a long time, delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned in their make; they were all of fair complexion, with luxuriant hair falling over their shoulders like that of women. They had horses and greyhounds adapted to their size. They neither ate flesh nor fish, but lived on milk diet, made up into messes with saffron. They never took an oath, for they detested nothing as much as telling lies. As often as they returned from our upper hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconsistencies. They had no form of public worship, being strict lovers and reverers, as it seemed, of truth. The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way he had first gone, sometimes by another; at first in company with other persons, and afterwards alone, and made himself known to his mother, declaring to her the manners, nature, and state of that people. Being desired by her to bring a present of gold, with which that region abounded, he stole, while at play with the King’s son, the golden ball with which he used to divert himself, and brought it to his mother in great haste. And when he reached the door of his father’s house, but not unpursued, and was entering it in great hurry, his foot stumbled on the threshold, and falling down into the room where his mother was sitting, the two pigmies seized the ball which had dropped from his hand, and departed, showing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. On recovering from his fall, confounded with shame and execrating the evil counsel of his mother, he returned by the usual track to the subterraneous road, but found no appearance of any passage, though he searched for it on the banks of the river for nearly a year. But since these calamities are often alleviated by time which reason cannot mitigate, the youth having been brought back by his friends and mother, and restored on his right way of thinking, and learning, in process of time, attained the rank of

priesthood. Whenever David II., Bishop of St David's (our author's uncle), talked to him in his advanced state of life concerning this event, he never could relate the particulars without shedding tears. He had made himself acquainted with the language of that nation, the words of which in his younger days he used to recite, which, as the bishop had often informed me, were very conformable to the Greek idiom. When they asked for water, they said, Ydor ydorum, which meant 'bring water,' for Ydor in their language, as well as in the Greek, signifies water, from which vessels for water are called hypriai; and Dur also in the British language signifies water. When they wanted salt, they said, Halgein ydorun, 'bring salt.' Salt is called Hal in Greek, and Halen in British."

When the first great eruption of the sea in 1107 laid a wide district of Flanders under water, Henry I., who had obtained a power over Wales which was lost in King Stephen's time, and not fully regained by Henry Plantagenet, planted several colonies of sea-evicted Flemings on the frontiers of Wales. One of these colonies was planted in Pembrokeshire, about Haverfordwest. Among the Flemings of that district, whom he praises for their hardihood and industry, Gerald met with a form of divination that was quite new to him. Here is his description of it:—"It is worthy of remark that these people (the Flemings), from the inspection of right shoulders of rams, which have been stripped of their flesh, and not roasted but boiled, can discover future events, or those which have passed and remained long unknown." The strange thing to Highlanders, among whom *slinneanachd* was practised from old to nearly our own days, if, indeed, it has been wholly abandoned yet, is that the shoulder-blade sort of divination was not found by Gerald among the Welsh and Irish. In late times the Highlanders did not think it of much consequence whether the shoulder-blade to be inspected was that of a ram or goat, or even hare, but they thought the divination spoiled unless the shoulder had been boiled, and the flesh stripped off without letting the knife or tooth touch the bone. This mode of divination belongs to the sacrifice divinatio^{ns} of the Greeks and Romans. But both Flemings and Highlanders, who had far less connection with the Romans than the Welsh, might have inherited it from the Aryan ancestry common to Greeks, Romans, Celts, and Teutons.

MARCH 27th, 1895.

The principal business at this evening's meeting was a paper by Rev. Thomas Sinton, Dores, entitled "Snatches of Song collected in Badenoch." Mr Sinton's paper was as follows:—

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

Keeping in view the bulky proportions of the MSS. that now lie before me containing this contribution of old songs, it must be my endeavour throughout to make whatever explanatory notes are added as brief and pithy as may be.

I.

Early in this century, among the workmen engaged upon the construction of Telford's road, that winds along the picturesque shores of Loch Laggan, were two brothers from Skye. One of them suddenly burst a blood vessel and died. Having seen him decently buried in St Kenneth's Church-yard, the survivor hurried home with his mournful tale. As he took his way he composed this beautiful threnody. Having informed his friends of the sad event, a company of them set out for Laggan, exhumed the recently interred body, and carried it back all the way to Skye.

Aig Ceann Loch Lagain so thall,
 Dh' fhag mi 'n tasgaidh mo ghràdh,
 'S cha tig e gu brach an taobh so.
 'S ann am Baideanach shuas,
 'Measg nan Domhnullaich suairc,
 Dh' fhàg mi 'n cadal mo luaidh 's cha duisg e.
 Dh' fhàg mi 'm Baideanach thu,
 'Measg nan Gaidheal 'fhuair cliù—
 Fir a' Bhraighe chaidh leam chuir ùir ort.
 Ged a bha mi leam fhin,
 Cha robh cairdean am dhith,
 'N àm togail 'na chill air ghiulan.
 'N ciste ghiuthais chinn chaoil,
 An deis a dubhadh bho 'n t-saor,
 Chunnacas thairis bhì taomadh ùir ort.

Ach tha mise 'do dheigh,
 Mar bha Oisean 's na Feinn,
 'Gabhail an rathaid 's cha leir dhomh taobh dhe.

Bha fuil a' sruthadh bho d' bheul,
 Nach gabhadh caisg ach sior leum,
 'S i bhi tighinn bho d' chléibh na bruchdan.

Ach, fhir a stiuireas a' ghrian,
 Bho 'toiseach gu 'crioch,
 Glac 'anam fo sgiath do chùram !

II.

This elegy was composed by Duncan Fraser, Balgown—am breabair mor Frisealach—upon the death of Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, which took place at Cupar-Fife in 1817. After an ancient mode, it is intended to express the feelings of his bereaved lady, Catherine Cameron of Fassifern, but it is evident that the bard passes occasionally to describe the sorrow of a whole clan and country.

O ! gur mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
 'S cha 'n e 'n t-Earrach a liath mi ;
 Ach na chaill mi an Cupar,
 'S mòr mo dhiùbhail 'ga iargainn.
 Chaill mi deagh fhear-an-tighe,
 Ceannard cheatharn is cheudan,
 'S tric a bhuannaich an latha,
 An àm catha 'ga dhìoladh.

Nam b' ann an sabaid na 'n carraid,
 Chaidh do ghearradh cho luath bhuainn,
 'S lionar bratach bhiodh sgaoilte,
 Agus faobhar 'g am fuasgladh ;
 Bhiodh Mac Shimidh na h-Aird ann,
 'S Cloinn Chamairain a' chruadail,
 Mar ri Tòisich is Granndaich,
 Mu 'm biodh annran na gruaim ort.

Do chinneadh féin Clanna Mhuirich,
 Bhiodh iad uile gu d' òrdugh,
 Fearail, treun, ascaoin, fuileach—
 Sud na curaidh' nach sòradh ;
 'Dol ri aodainn a' chatha,
 Claidh' leathann 'nan dòrn-san,
 Ann an aobhar mac d' athar—
 'S iad gun athadh gun sòradh.

'Nuair sgaoinleadh tu d' bhratach,
 Dh' éireadh feachd an Taoibh-tuath leat,
 Tha e soilleir ri fhaicinn,
 Chite cat ann 'na gruaig-se ;
 Dh' éireadh leat-sa buaidh-làrach,
 'Nuair bhiodh càch air an ruageadh ;
 Fàth mo mhulaid ri aithris,
 Thu bhi 'n drasda fo 'n fhuar lic.

Dh' éireadh sud ann do tffional,
 Mile fear agus pìobair,
 'Dol fo smachd do chrois-tàra,
 'Nuair bhiodh d' àrdan a dìreadh.
 Sud na curaidh gun sgàth,
 'Nam gabhdair' 'ga dhioladh
 Dh' fhàgadh cuirp air an laraich—
 Fuil 'fàsadh 's i 'sìoladh.

Marcaich treun nan each uaibhreach !
 Ann an cruadal na 'n gabhdair,
 An geall-ruith na leum
 Bu leat féin am buaidh-làrach.
 'S math thig ad agus cleòc dhuit,
 Mar ri bòtan 's spuir airgid ;
 Bu léin'-chrios do Rìgh Deòrs' thu,
 'Na am comhdach' nam fear-ghleus.

Rìgh ! bu mhath thig dhuit seasamh,
 An lathair seisean na binne,
 A' chumail a' cheartais,
 'S a' chur as do luchd mhì-ruin.
 Bu cho chinnte leum d' fhacal,
 'S ged a ghlaiste le h-*ink* e,
 Leam is cinnte do dhachaidh,
 Ann am Flathais na firinn.

Tha do bhaile gun smùid de—
 E gun sunnd gun cheòl-gàire,
 Tha na dorsan ann dùinte,
 Cha n-eil sùird ann mar b' àbhaist ;
 'S bochd leam gaoir do chuid tuath',
 Mar threud fuadan am fàsach,
 Cò bith fear ni am bualadh,
 Cò a thuainigeas càs dhaibh.

Bha 'fhasan dha d' theaghlach,
'Bhi gu graoineachail pàirteach,
Uasal, cinneadail, caoinhneil,
Mor-sgoinn do luchd dànachd :
Céir a' lasadh an coinnleirean,
'S fhaide oidhch' aig do cheatharnaich,
'S iad 'g òl air fion daithte,
As na casgaichean deàr-làn.

Gheibhte sud ann do chlobhs',
Fonn plob' agus clàrsaich,
Mac-talla 'g am freagairt,
Fuaim fheadan gun àireamh.
'Nuair sgaoileadh tu d' bhratach,
Chite cat ann gu h-arda ;
'S 'n uair a dh' fhaicte a mach i,
Gum bu leats' am buaidh-làrach.

Cha téid mise gu coinneamh,
Là Nolluig na Samhna,
'S cha téid mi measg cuideachd,
'S ann a shuidheas mi 'n aon àite.
Bho nach tigeadh an Tighearn,
'S e bhi rithisd na shlàinte :
Cha bhiodh feum air an lighich,
'S bhiodh sinn dìthis dhe sàbhailt'.

Cha b' e crìonach na coille,
Bha 'san doire 'san d' fhàs thu,
Ach na gallanan priseil,
'Fhuair dìreadh gu 'n àilgheas.
Mur gearrt' iad, cha sniomht' iad,
Gus an spìonta gu làr iad :
Craobh de 'n chuilionn nach crìonadh,
'S ioma freumh bha gu 'n àrach.

An Tigh Chluainidh nam bratach,
Bithidh gach aiteal mar b' àbhaist,
Tha a' ghrian oirnn a' soillseadh,
'S tha an t-oghre an làthair.
Oighre dligheach an fhearainn,
Tha 'na leanabh an dràsda.
Saoghal buan an deagh bheatha,
An àit' d' athar, gu bràth duit !

III.

Mr John Macdonald, the well-known tacksman of Garvamore—Iain Ban a' Gharbha—died in 1830, and has been commemorated in more than one elegy. That hereinafter set forth was composed by his old and fast friend, Captain Macpherson, Biallid. Both these tacksmen were esteemed in their day as among the best of countrymen; and it is pleasant to observe that their descendants are represented in the county, in the persons of Mr and Mrs Macpherson of Corriemony. For these verses I am indebted to my excellent friend, the late Father Coll, Fort-Augustus:—

A Rìgh ! gur diomain an saoghal,
 'S ioma mealladh a 's faoincis a th' ann ;
 Mar neul 's e 'caochladh,
 Theid fhuadach 's a sgaoileadh na dheann.
 Mar cheathach an aonaich,
 Air a sgapadh le gaoith bharr nam beann,
 'S ionann sin a 's clann-daoine,
 Gun fhios thig an t-aog aig gach àm.

Fhuair mi sgeula, 's bu shearh e,
 Chaidh mo leirsinn gu h-anmhunnachd le bron,
 Gun d' eug Fear a' Gharbha,
 Mo chreach-leir tha e dearbhta gu leoir.
 Ach ma chaidh thu air falbh uainn,
 Ged a shiubhlainn leth Alb' agus corr ;
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n coinneamh no 'n armailt,
 Fear do bheusan, do dhealbh, a 's do neoil.

Dhomhsa b' aithne do bheusan,
 Bha thu ciuin mar ghath gréine tre cheò ;
 Bha thu ascaoin na 'm b' fheudar,
 'S ann a' d aodann a dh' eireadh an colg.
 'S tu chaisgeadh an eucoir,
 'S a sheasadh gu treun leis a' choir ;
 A 's cha ghabhadh tu deis-laimh,
 Bho fhear a thug ceum ann am bròig.

Bu tu deadh fhear-an-tighe,
 'S ann a bhitheadh an caitheamh mu d' bhord ;
 Bu tu poitear na dibhe,
 'N uair a tharladh dhuit suidhe 's tigh-òsd'.

Bha thu falaidh—'s bu dligheach,
 Bha thu 'shiolach nan cridheachan mòr ;
 A' d' cheann-riaghailt air buidheann,
 'S ann bha 'chiall ann am bruidhinn do bheòil.

Bu tu sealgair a' mhonaidh,
 'S ro mhaith dhireadh tu mullach nan sròn ;
 Le do chuilbheir 's maith cumadh,
 'S tric a leag thu air uilinn fear-cròic'.
 'S an àm dol air thurus,
 B' e do mhiann paidhir chuileanan borb ;
 Bu tu an t-iasgair air buinne,
 Le do mhorbha geur guineach a' d' dhòrn.

Faodaidh 'n eilid 's'an ruadh-bhoc,
 'S an damh mullaich, bhi uallach 's an fhrith,
 Tha 'm bradan tarra-gheal a' cluaineis,
 Feadh shruthaibh a 's chuartaig gun sgios.
 Tha do mhial-choin a' bruadar
 Bhi 's a' gharbhlaich a' ruagadh an fhéidh,
 Tha na h-armaibh fo ruadh-mheirg,
 'S lamh gu 'n dearbhadh 's an uaigh o cheann tim.

'S ann bha 'n aoidh ann a'd aodann,
 'S tric a rinn thu rium faoilte, 'fhir mhoir !
 'S tric a ghlac thu air laimh mi,
 'S bhiodh d' fhurán a 's d' fhailte 'na lorg.
 'S tric a rùisg mi mo bheachd riut,
 'N uair bhiodh smuairéan no airtneal 'gam leòn,
 'S chuireadh sùgradh do chnacais,
 Air chùl gach aon acaid bhiodh orm.

Gura cruaidh leam do chlann,
 'Bhi fo mhulad, fo champar, 's fo bhròn ;
 Dh' fhalbh an taice 's iad fann de,
 O 'n chaireadh do cheann-sa fo 'n fhòid.
 Nam biodh eiridh 's a' Cheapaich,
 'S gu'n eighteadh na gaisgich fo 'n t-sròl,
 Gu'n robh leus air a' bhrataich,
 Fear cho treun 's a bha ac' bhi fo 'm fhòid.

Ach 's e tha mi ag acain,
 Thu bhi nis anns an Lagan a' tàmh,
 Air do dhùineadh fo leacan,
 'S nach dùisg thu 's a' mhaduinn bho d' phràmh.

'S e mo dhiubhail mar thachair,
 Thu bli 's an ùir an tasgaidh a' enàmh ;
 Fhir n.o ruin a bha smachdail,
 Nach do chuir culaobh ri caraid no nàmh.

IV.

This is an ode in celebration of James Stewart, who resided at Ruthven, and appears to have been baron-bailie for the Duke of Gordon, about the year 1760. We learn that, like many another popular Highland gentleman, he fell into financial difficulties, and had gone abroad. Giorsal was his sister. The author of this ode is said to have been Duncan Mackay, Ardbroilach—Dunnach Gobha—whose elegy on the “Loss of Gaick” brought him into fame.

Beir mo shoraidh so bhuan,
 Gum beil doran is gruaim orm féin,
 Tre mo dhìochain 's gach uair,
 Air an iarla ghlan, uasal, réidh ;
 Dha 'm beil onoir mo chleòc,
 'S e gun sgarn, gun bhòsd, gun bhréig,
 Ris an earbainn mo chluain,
 Ged bhiodh ceannsgalach shluaigh mu 'sgéith.

An tigh geal 'sam biodh 'n fhuaim,
 'S na clàir mhear air am buailt an teud,
 Le ceòl farumach, cruaidh—
 Na meòir gheal a bu luaith' 's a chléir ;
 Air an tarruing bho d' chluais,
 Mhic na maise ! mo thruaigh an té,
 Ghabhas beachd air do shnuadh,
 'S nach fhaigh dhachaidh thu buan dhi féin.

'Bhàrr air maise gun uaill,
 Gabh do chleachdainnibh suairce féin,
 Sàr-bhall seire an dìth gruaidh !
 'S teare ri fhaicinn do luach air féill.
 Tha eùl buidh' ort mar òr,
 Air an suidhich bean-òg a spéis,
 Taobh do chleamhnas air chòir,
 'S gheibh thu airgid is òr gun déidh.

'S beag an t-ioghna leam òr,
 A bhi sìnte ri mòisean céil,
 Aig an sinnsir bu chòir,
 'Bhi 'g òl fion air a' bhòrd mu 'chéir.

Fuil an Rìgh 's Mhic-an-Tòisich
 Air an linigeadh beò 'n ad chré ;
 'S tha thu dileas do 'n t-seòrs'—
 Cho glan 'sioladh, 's tha 'm feòil fo 'n ghréin.

'S nam faigheadh Giorsal bho 'n stòl,
 Fear a lionadh a cleòc 's gach céum,
 Bu sgiath e air mòd,
 Chuireadh srian ann an sròn luchd-beud ;
 Fear a thogadh a sunnd—
 Mar nach lionar na dùthaich féin—
 A lionadh a stùil—
 'S fear a mìle dha 'n lùb a' gheug.

'S fhir mu 'n ionndraich mi 'n tùs !
 'S leathan, lionar, do chùl ri feum,
 'S truagh gun rian air do chùl,
 'S d' airgiod deant' aig an Diùc gun fheum :
 Ruathainn sgriobhta bho 'ghrunnd,
 Tighinn gu eis gu d' dhùthaich féin ;
 Agus Rìgh oirn as ùr,
 'S bhiodh gach ni Sheumais Stiùbhairt réidh.

v.

This elegy is said to have been composed upon a member of the Balnespick family, who was lost at sea. Dunnach Gobha is understood to have been the author.

'S mòr pudhar na gaoithe,
 Fad an t-saoghail gu léir,
 'Ghaoth thàinig Di-h-aoine,
 'S i chaochail mo sgeul ;
 Dh' fhàg i aobhar nan ochan,
 Aig luchd nam portaibh gu léir,
 Air fad Eurann is Bhreatunn
 Bha 'n éigh-creach 'ga sheinn.

Ach aon duin' tha mi 'gearain,
 Dhe na chaillear 's a chuan,
 Cha bhiodh mo chlann-sa gun charaid,
 Nam bu mhairinn e buan.
 Ach a' Rìgh Mhòir nan aingeal !
 Glac an anam-sa suas ;
 Na leig orm do ainiochd,
 Bi gu trocaireach, tairis ri d' shluagh.

Ubh ! ubh ! a dhaoine !
 Nach aobhar smuaineach' is bròin ;
 An ti a dh' fhalbh bhuainn Di-h-aoine,
 Sìghail, aotrom gu leòir ;
 A' bhì 'n innis nam faochag,
 'S nach faodar dhe 'chòir ;
 'S ioma nì tha 'cur aois oirnn,
 'S ioma caochladh 'tighinn oirnn.

Tha do bhràithrean 's do phiuthar,
 Tròm, dubhach, fo bhròn,
 'S iad a chaoidh 'ga do chumhadh,
 'S cha bhì iad subhach ri 'm beò.
 Tha do chinneadh mòr, làidir,
 Tròm cràiteach gach lò,
 Bho 'n a chual' iad gu 'n d' bhàit' thu,
 An cuan bàrcach nan seòl.

Ach 's truagh nach mise bha làimh riut,
 Mu 'n do sgàin i fo bhòrd ;
 'S nan robh tìr faisg air làimh oirnn,
 Dheanainn d' shàbhaladh beò.
 Tha do chinneadh gu h-iomlan,
 Fo imcheist, làn bròin,
 Mu do bhì anns an luma-dheirg,
 Measg uile-bhiast is ròn.

Dh' fhalbh Iob le chuid mhacaibh,
 Le 'uile bheartas is nì,
 'S rinn e aodach a shracadh,
 'S spion e 'm falt bhàrr a chinn ;
 Laidh e sìos air an oidhech',
 'S thubhairt e, " 'S coisrigt' an Tì,
 A thug dhomh gach nì taitneach,
 'S ghabh air ais bhuam e ris."

Thug e treis ann am bochdainn,
 'Na chulaidh-fhochaid 's an tìr,
 Gun neach 'threòraicheadh 'fhocal,
 Na bheireadh deoch dha 's e tinn ;
 Ach as sin fhuair e urram,
 Bho gach duine dhiubh ris,
 'S chinn e 'n stòras gun chumadh,
 'S fhuair e oighribh, urram, is miadh.

VI.

This elegy was composed by the late Mr Donald Macrae, banker and writer, Kingussie, upon his wife, Christina Stewart, who died within a year of their marriage.

Cha n' eil dhe na bhliadhna,
Deich mìosan air falbh,
Bho fhuair mi còir air mo leannain,
'S bha i ceanalta' an dealbh.
Thug mise mo ghaol dhì,
'S bha i aonda gun chearb ;
Bha i sìobhalta, suairce,
'S cha chualas a fearg.

Cha robh ann mo run-sa
Aon smuain 's an robh giamh ;
Cha robh ann do chridhe
Aon sireadh nach b' fhiach.
Bha d' inntinn cho saor dhomh,
'S bha i 'taomadh le ciall ;
Bu tu caraid an fheumnaich,
Cha do thréig thu e riamh.

'S beag mo shunnd ri thighinn dhachaidh,
'S cha 'n eil mo thlachd 's an tigh-òsd' ;
Ged a theid mi air astar,
Cha 'n eil taitneas ann dhomhs'.
Cha 'n fhaigh mi toil-inntinn,
Ged a chruinnicheadh mo stòr ;
Cha n' eil ann 's an t-saoghal,
Ach faoineas is sgleò.

A' cheud la chunnaic mi 'n tùs thu,
Thug mi rùn dhuit gun dàil,
Dh' aithnich mise le firinn,
Nach robh sìth dhomh gu bràth.
Mur fhaighinn còir air a' mhaighdein,
Nach robh m' aoibhneas aig cach ;
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram, 's tu thoill e,
Bha do shoillse gun smàl.

Bu bhoidheach rugha do ghruaidhean,
'S ann bha 'n t-suairce 'n ad ghnùis,
B' ainneamh samhladh do bhilean,
Du' gorm, cridheil, do shùil ;

Mala chaol air deadh chumadh,
 A' cumail oirr' dian ;
 Slios mar chanach 's a' Chéitein,
 'Fàs leis fhein air an t-sliabh.

'S mi 'nam shineadh air m' uilinn,
 Fo mhulad 's fo bhròn,
 Tha mo shùilean gun sireadh,
 A' sileadh nan deoir.
 Cha 'n fhaic mi mar b' àbhaist,
 Mo ghradh tighinn 'am chòir ;
 B' eibhinn, aighearach, dileas,
 A Christina ! do phòg.

C' ait' an robh ann 's an duthaich,
 A thigeadh dlùth air mo rùn ?
 Ann am buaidhean 's an giulan,
 Fhuair thu cliù bho gach aon.
 Ard-mheangan a' lubadh
 Le meas ùr air gach taobh,
 'S fuil rioghail nan Stiubhart,
 'Ruith an duthchas 's a' chraoibh.

Ged a theid mi do 'n leabaidh,
 Cha n'eil mo chadal ann buan ;
 Fad na h-oidhche gu maduinn,
 Tha do chagar 'nam chluais.
 Bidh mi bronach a' dùsgadh,
 'S e mo dhiubhail ri luaidh ;
 Nach cluinn mi do ghàire,
 Mar a b' àbhaist, gun ghruaim.

Cha 'n iognadh mar tha mi,
 Chaidh mo ghradh chuir fo 'n fhóid ;
 Mus gann a fhuair mi air làimh i,
 Rinn i m' fhagail fo leòn.
 Ach ged 'dhealaich am bàs sinn,
 Tha ar Slànuihear beò ;
 'S tha mi 'n dùil ann an àm math,
 Gu'n cuir thu fàilt orm 'an glòir.

VII.

A poor crofter in these verses gives an affecting little picture of domestic sorrow.

Nàile ! 's mise tha gun aighear,
Fo mhi-ghean a dh'òidheh' 's a latha,
Gun toil-inntinn 'tha fo'n adhar,
Bho chuir iad 's an ùir mo dheadh bhean-tighe.

E ! ho ! mo dhiùbhail fo'n fhòd,
Fo ruighe nam bòrd,
Ho ! gur mis' tha gun aighear fo leòn,
Mu do dhèidhinn.

Nàile ! 's mise tha fo mhi-ghean,
Gar 'n dian mi 'chàch 'innseadh,
Mi bhi 'cuimhnach' ort, a mhìneag !
'S thu bhi do laidhe 'n Clachan na sgìreachd.

Nàile ! 's mise tha gun aiteas,
'S mi bhi 'thàmh an so an Clachaig,
Bho nach tigeadh thusa dhachaidh,
A shealltuinn air do phàisdean laga.

Bha da ghruaidh dhearg ort mar an siris,
Beul is binne bho'n tigeadh iorram,
Cùl do chinn air dhreach an fhìthich,
Is gun d' thug mi dhuit rùn mo chridhe.

Phòs mi thu le deòin gun aindeoin,
Gun toil ath'r, no math'r, no caraid,
Rug thu dhombs' do sheachdnar macan,
'S do nighean òg 's cha d' fhaod thu 'h-altrum.

VIII.

I do not think any words of mine are necessary to make this waggish lilt as intelligible as it was intended to be.

Goirtean nam Broighleag !
Sgiot e mo theaghlach,
Chuir e mo choinneamh,
B' fhaide na 'm iùl.
Dh' fhalbh an damh ban,
'S dh' fhalbh an damh riobhach ;
Dh' fhalbh iad uile,
Bho 'n theirig am biadh dhaibh.
Goirtean na dunaich !
Dar chunnaic mi riamh e,
Goirtean nam Broighleag,
Thàchair e rium.

Goirtean nam Broighleag !
 Agus Fear Eadarais,
 Thachair iad rium,
 'S gun thachair mo sheic rium.
 Dh' fhalbh an t-each ban
 'Dhianadh an ùir dhomh ;
 Mairi a baile,
 'S e dhianadh a giùlan.
 Goirtean na duraich ! &c.

IX.

The above remark surely applies to this case.

Dé ni mi gun léine ghlain,
 Gun léine ghlain, gun léine ghlain ;
 Dé ni mi gun léine ghlain,
 'S mi dol as a' bhaile màireach.

Tha tigh agam, tha bean agam,
 'S am bùrn aig ceann an tigh agam,
 Tha pùnd do shiabunn geal agam,
 Is léine shalach ghràd' orm.

'Nuair thug mi dhi gu nigheadh i,
 'S ann thòisich i ri bruidhinn rium ;
 'S an uair a fhuair mi rithist i,
 Bu mhios' i na mar bha i.

X.

The rats and mice which infested Highland homesteads were supposed to be particularly susceptible to bardic satire. That is to say, they could not endure it. The most audacious and persistent mouse quailed under a sarcastic rhyme, and hurriedly made tracks for pastures new. The playful effusion here given contains nothing very scathing. In my note book it is entitled—*Aoireadh, le Alasdair Catanach, an Saor Ruadh, anns a' Chreagan, 'n uair bha e fuadach nan luch bho sabhal Bhiallaid.* While banishing the unwelcome tribe to *Drummuachdar*, he condescends to wheedle them with promises of luxuries there in store !

Ma ghabhas sibh mo comhairl', luchan !
 Truisidh sibh oirbh 's bidh sibd falbh.
 Ma théid mise 'ga n-ur aoireadh,
 Cha bhi aon agaibh gun chearb.

Cha'n 'eil cat eadar Ruathainn,
 'S bràigh Chluainidh nach bi sealg.
 'S ann an sabhal Sandy Bàn,
 Ghearr sibh an snath as a' bhalg.
 'N sin dar thubhairt an luch mhòr 's a 'freagairt,
 " Stad beag ort, a shaoidh òig,
 'S eagal leam gun gabh thu miotlachd,
 Rinn mi di-chuimhn' ann am fhròg.
 'S peacach dhuit mo chuir a balla,
 'S cur is cathadh ri mo shròin ;
 'S mi gun fhios a'm ceana théid mi—
 'S ioma beum a gheibh mo sheòrs."
 Innsidh mis' dhuit ceana théid sibh,
 'S ioma gleus tha air a' bhòrd.
 Ruigibh am fear mòr 'san Spideal,
 'S gheibh sibh liocair ann gu leòr.
 Ithibh 's òlaibh n-ur teannath,
 Ged a ghearradh sibh 'chuid bhròg ;
 Dhiùlt e dhomh òidhech' mo dhinneir,
 Ged a phàidhinn gini òir.
 Gabhaidh sibh 'n rathad air n-ur 'athais,
 Bidh sibh 'n ath òidhech' an Gleann-Truim,
 Tur ruigidh sibh clobhs' Dail-Choimnigh,
 'S ann an sud bhios an cruinneachadh grunn.
 'H-uile té le dronnag-eallaich,
 An déidh dealachdainn rium fhin ;
 'Dol a' shealltuinn an fhir ghallda,
 'Chuir cuid Ailein gu dìth.

XI.

The Saor Ruadh once upon a time having got the loan of a horse from Lachlan Mackenzie, *am post ban*—a far-seeing man who refused to accompany the Black Officer to Gaick on the plea of illness—after bringing home a heavy load of deals with the help of the good grey *gearran*, thus expressed his approbation of that plucky creature's exertions on his behalf.

Eich ghuirm bha 'n Allt-làiridh,
 'S ioma ait eile bhàrr air,
 Gur fheàirde mis' an làd,
 Thug thu 'n àirde dhomh gun chùnntadh.

O ! thèid mi dhachaidh leat,
 'S bu bheud sud mur tachradh e,
 A' shealltuinn air Lachlann,
 A mhic a' chapuill shunndaich !

Ged chuirinn ceithir dusan ort,
 Na 'n càirinn iad 's gun trusainn iad
 Gun siùbhladh tu gu h-uchdarach,
 'S an cuip cha bhiodh tu 'g ionndrain.

Gur mise bhios brònach,
 'Nuair chluinneas mi nach bèò thu,
 Cha toir mi 'choin na Sròin' thu,
 Thèid cisd nam bòrd mu 'm chùrsan.

Ged thubhairt am Post Bàn riut—
 Bho 'n 's ò ainm a thuigeas càch e :
 De Clanna Choinnich tha thu,
 'S bi Sàlaich ort a' cùinntadh.

XII.

A crapulous age has left its traces in Gaelic poetry as elsewhere. But it was long before the bards would condescend to mention in their verses any less gentlemanly potion than the red wine of France. It is now perhaps impossible to discover when it was that whisky fairly ousted wine and ale from popular favour in the Highlands. We know that smuggling—*i.e.*, illicit distillation—became general among tacksmen, crofters, and cottars. The bothie was a mystic shrine of Bacchus—the “black pot” his symbol. The vessels, great and small, from the cask to the glass, utilised in connection with the exhilarating nectar, were each regarded as a sort of fetish. In this ditty, the *poit-dubh* is addressed as a bride. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Garvamore. We are afforded a peep at the “still” in full operation. The stream of cold water flows freely over the pipes, and the assembled company watch the proceedings, not without shadowy thoughts of Nemesis, in the person of the Exciseman—am Belleach.

Bean na bainnse, hò ! hò !
 Hathaill ù ! hathaill ò !
 'S i bean òg a' chùil duinn,
 Bidh na suinn leat ag òl.

Tha 'bhean-òg ann an cuil,
 Fàile cùbhraidh bho 'stròn.
 Chan 'eil gaidsear fo 'n chrùn,
 Nach bi dlùth air a tòir.

Thig am Belleach mu 'n cuairt,
 Gheibh e 'm bruaich a' bhean òg ;
 Bheir e 'n *collar* dhi 's a chuairt,
 Falbhaidh buannachd an stòip.

Nam faiceadh sibh-s' Iain Bàn,
 Botul làn ann a dhòru,
 Chan 'eil fear thig mu 'n cuairt,
 Nach fhaigh cuach thar a' chòir.

'Tha 'bhean-òg air a' chuan,
 Sruth mu 'g uailleann gu leòir,
 Chan 'eil gaidsear fo 'n chrùn,
 Nach bi null air a tòir.

Ge mòr agaibhs' an *tea*,
 B' ait leam fhìn a' bhi 'g òl
 Glain do 'n gharbh-ghucaig mhìn,
 Thogadh m' inntinn bho bhròn.

Fear a' Gharbha so shuas,
 Chuir air chuan a' bhean òg.

XIII.

A busy miller plying his work, upstairs and downstairs and out and in, may be heard grumbling and humming throughout these strains, wherein one seems to hear, too, the noise of the clapper, the pour of the water, and the creaking of the old machinery.

Hóro ro ! is hiri mobha !
 Hóro no ! is hiri mùgh ! &c.

Tha 'ghaoth mhòr air an uinneig,
 Leam is coma co dhiùbh,
 Ged a bheireadh i leatha,
 Grùid loibheach dhubh nach fiù.

Eadar chais' agus acfhuinn,
 Eadar amar agus bùrn,
 Eadar draghaid agus claban,
 Agus chlachan agus chlàd.

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Ach na 'n tigeadh an Samhradh.
 Gu 'n rachainn-sa air m' iùl,
 Do thalamh Mhic-Dhomhnuill,
 Gheall e dhomh-sa muileann ùr,
 Far am faighte na mnathan,
 Air a' bhraigheann gu dlùth,
 Far am faight' am bonnach-gradain,
 'S im an taice ri 'thaobh.

XIV.

This animated duologue took place between two worthies of the Clan Mhuirich. It is only necessary to add that the Mr Blair mentioned was minister of Kingussie for the greater part of last century.

Hó! Calum Figheadair,
 Le 'leannanan 's le 'nigheanan,
 Hó! Calum Figheadair,
 Tha mì-altradh an dân da.

“Dh' fhighinn-se mar dh' fhuaghaila' tu,”
 Thubhairt Calum Figheadair ;

“Dh' fhuaghailinn-se mar dh' fhigheadh tu,”
 Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

“'S mise Calum 's fhèarr tha ann,”
 Thubhairt Calum Figheadair ;

“Tha thu briagach anns a cheann,”
 Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

“Gheibh mi bean bho Mr Blàir,”
 Thubhairt Calum Figheadair :

“'N i chaileag air am beil an spàg ?”
 Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

“'S ioma Calum tha sinn ann,”
 Thubhairt Calum Figheadair ;

“Calum dubh is Calum càrn.”
 Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

XV.

Miss Barbara Macpherson of Ralia, a witty spinster of good family, composed this *jeu d'esprit* when fulling a certain web of cloth, about the beginning of the century. I took it down from one who had been in the service of the merry old lady.

Mo chlolan dubh, a thaobh ! a hu !
Chan 'eil e tiugh 's tha fallus air.

Mo chlolan dubh, a thaobh ! a ho.

'N uair bhios mo chlolan fighite, luaidhte,
Gheibh Fear Chluainidh falluinn dhe.

Tha fear-taca Ghasga-mhòir,
An ro-gheall air earvan dhe.

Bheir sinn còt' dha Caiptean Clàre dhe,
Bho 'n tha gradh nan caileag dha.

Bheir sinn deis' dha Caiptean Bhiallaid,
Ged bhiodh sianar falamh dhe.

'S bheir mi còt' dha Robaidh Bhiallaid,
'G a fhiachainn anns a' Ghearrasdan.

Chuirinn earrann thar a' chuan,
Gu daoin'-uails' a dhealaich ruinn.

Bheir sinn briogais dha na Ghreumach,
A rìgh féin ! gum meal e i.

Ach cha teid snathainn gu Noid-mhòir dhe,
Gus an geall e banais dhuinn.

Fear an Lagain, 's duine còir e,
Ach gabh-s' an clò ni Ealsaid.

Tha daoine-uailse an Dun-Eidinn,
Bhios dheigh-laimh ma dh' fhanas iad.

XVI.

This pathetic fragment is part of an elegy by Captain Andrew Macpherson of Ralia, upon the death of a comrade and his brother, who belonged to the *old* Breakachy family figuring in the history of the '45. Captain Andrew and Miss Barbara, his sister, were of the later Breakachy family, styled in their time as of Ralia.

Rìgh ! gur mor mo chuis mhulaid,
Gar n-urra mi 'luaidh,
Mu Eoghann 's mu dh-Iain,
Da chridhe gun ghruaim.
'S tric a bheum do lamh teine,
Taobh Loch Eireachd so shuas,
Leis a' ghunna nach diultadh,
'S leis an fhudar chaol, chruaidh.

Gur e 'm fear a tha 'cainnt ort,
Caiptean Aindrea 'n Ra'-Léith.

XVII.

Alasdair Bàn Macdonald, piper and carpenter, who resided at Lagganlia, in the parish of Alvie, was the author of this spirited hunting song. One acquainted with Braemar could no doubt identify the places mentioned.

Och ! is och ! mar tha mi,
'S mi 'bhi 'm aonar 'siubhal fàsaich,
'S gur e nàbuidh a chleachd mi.
'Siubhal gach stùc is cùl gach cnocain,
Clais gach allt is gleann 'gam beachdach',
Gus an d' fhàs mi diubh seachd sgìth.

Mach Coire Ghunntail is stigh na Glaiseachan,
'S Creag Phàdruig, cha b' i b' fhasa,
Mu 'n deach mi crosdach air a druim,
Air a cùlaobh thachair mi 's na seòid ud,
'S iad ag ionaltradh air a' mhointeich,
'S le ceart deòin chaidh mi 'nan còmh-dhail,
Ach an còmhnaidh dol fo thuim.

Thug mi 'ghruagach mach a fasgadh,
Stiùir mi i ri lagan m' achlais',
'S cha dubhairt mi rithe ach aon fhacal,
Dar chaidh an casan fos an ceann.
Laidh na combaich an sin còmh-lath,
Gun aon agam 'ga mo chòmhnadh.
Bu mhòr mo ionntrainnse air Domhnull
'Chleachd bhi còmh-lath rium 'sa bheinn.

Thug mi as cho fad 'sa dh' fheudainn,
Leig mi 'n dà chuid 'n fhuil 's an gaorr asd',
Dh' fhalaich mi fo bhruaich dhubh fhraoich iad,
'S chaidh mi caol gu Tigh an Tuim.
Sheòl mi cìod bha 'n lùb mo bhreacain,
'S mi gle fheumach air mo neartach,
'S mi gun aon dheanadh rium cnacas,
B' fhad gu feasgair 's mi leam fhìn.

Air dha 'bhi cromadh gu an anmoch,
Chaidh mi 'shealltuinn air m' chuid ainmhidhean,
Ceithir eallaichean nach robh aotrom,
'S bha mo chaol-drom' goirt nan déidh,

Ach ged tha 'chùis so draghail an drasda,
 Bì'dh e feumail dha na pàisdean,
 Ni e annlann dha 'n bhuntàta,
 'S mìr na spàig dha 'n bheán 's dhomh fhin.

Ach nis bho'n fhuair mi dhachaidh sàbhailt,
 Leis na h-eallachan rinn mo shàrach',
 Ged tha 'n croicionn dhìom 'na shàilean,
 Olaidh mi deoch-slàint' na frìth.

XVIII.

In strains of this sort one feels wa'ted into a region misty, mystic, and uncanny.

Tha 'chailleach 's i bodhar,
 Tha 'm bodach 's e càm ;
 Cha leir dhaibh an crodh odhar,
 Le ceothach nam beann.

XIX.

The same remark applies to this wild note of warning. Both these verses, like many others of a similar character, are sung to the air known as, "Chrodh Chailein."

Nach duisg thu, nach duisg thu,
 Nach duisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !
 'S an fhoill air do chùl-thaobh,
 'Nach duisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !

XX.

This verse is connected with an ancient tale of mortal danger and escape in a lonely inn. It used oftentimes to make one's flesh creep.

Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal idir ?
 Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal trom ?
 Laimhsich 's tigh fo do leabaidh,
 Gheibh thu 'n gairdean rag 'se trom.

XXI.

The lochs mentioned here are in the Forest of Gaick—that haunt of horrors. The verse was sung by a fortunate hunter as he leaped on the back of an honest stallion, and thus made his escape from sirens !

Tha gaoth mhor air Loch-an-t-Seilich,
 Tha gaoth eil' air Loch-an-Dùin ;
 Ruigidh mise Loch-a-Bhrodainn,
 Mu 'n teid cadal air mo shuil.

XXII.

This doleful ditty was sung by a maiden all forlorn. She had been cruelly deserted by her lover, who, by the way, knew no Gaelic, and yet married a fair one with scarcely a word of English. These verses afford a good specimen of the colloquial Gaelic of Badenoch. The poor authoress died shortly after singing her song of grief.

O ! gur mise tha air glasadh,
 Is air snaidheadh fo m' fheoil,
 Mu 'n òganach chùil duinn.
 Dha 'm beil rùn nam ban òg.

An diugh chaidh thu chum na féille,
 'S càch gu léir gu 'n deach iad ann ;
 'S dh' fhàg thu mise aig a' bhaile,
 Mur nach biodh m' fhear-farraid ann.

Ach bha na gillean eil' rium caoimhneil,
 Agus rinn iad 'fharraid rium,
 " Am beil thu dol chum na féille,"
 No, " 'n diugh fhéin ciod è do shunnd."

'Dearbh cha'n 'eil mi dol chum na féille,
 Och ! cha téid, ciod è nì mi ann,
 'S ann tha m' fhéill-sa a's mo chlachan,
 Air an leabaidh so 'thàmh.

Ged is tric tha mi air mo leabaidh,
 Cha'n è bho ro-ghoirteas mo chinn,
 Ach 'mheud 's a thug mi gaol dha 'n òigear,
 Nach d' thug dhomh-sa gaol 'ga chionn.

O ! gur gòrach mi thug gaol duit,
 An rud a dh' fhaodainn bhi dhe dhith,
 Ach thu bhi ro bhòidheach 's mi bhi ro ghòrach,
 'S cha robh do chòmhradh 'n sin orm a dhith.

O ! gu'n chuir thu mi bho obair,
 A ghaoil, gu-n chuir thu mi bho 'n ghniomh,
 O ! gu-n chuir thu mi bho 'n chadal,
 'S chuir thu baileach mi bho 'n bhiadh.

O ! gur mise chaill bhi cridheil,
 O ! gur mise chaill a' phròis,
 'S ann a ghoid thu bhuam mo chridhe,
 Is cha'n urra 'mi inns' mo dhòigh.

'N uair a thigea' tu 'stigh 'na chitsin,
 Bhiodh tu cridheil an measg chàch,
 Rium cha deana' tu guth no còmhradh,
 Ged bheireadh e beò mi bho na bhàs.

'N uair a thigea' tu seach an uinneag,
 Bhiodh mo chridh'-sa air a leòn,
 'N uair a chithinn do chùl donn dualach,
 'S ann is truagh gu-m beil mi beò.

Tha Iain 'ga mo iarraidh,
 Bho cheann bliadhna no dhà,
 Ach mur fhaigh mi fhìn Seòrus,
 O ! cha phòs mi fear eil' gu bràch.

'S ann Di-Dòmhnuch dol 'na chlachan,
 Ghabh mi beachd air gach fear bha ann,
 Fear a bhòidhchead cha'n fhaicinn,
 Ged is ioma gill' òg a bh' ann.

O ! cha'n fhaic mi is cha léir dhomh,
 Fo na ghréin ghil ach thu,
 'S ged bu leam na trì rioghachdan,
 Bheirinn saor iad na 'n faighinn thu.

'S ann a thòisich càch ri ràdh,
 Gur è do ghràdh a thug dhomh laidh' sìos ;
 Do phòg le fàilte cha dean bonn-stà dhomh,
 Ach mar ni 'n t-slàinte dha 'n duine thinn.

Ach is coma leam dha sin,
 Ciod e their càch air mo chùl,
 Ach mur fhaigh mi-fhìn thu, 'Sheorais !
 Ni mi bròn gu dhol chum h-ùir.

XXIII.

Very different was the mood of the high-spirited damsel who composed this song. It is evident that she had been deeply infected with the martial enthusiasm which was rampant in Badenoch about the time a certain illustrious regiment was raised.

Tha Nollaig a' tighinn,
 'S cha 'n 'eil mi cridheil gu ceòl,
 Cha 'n éisd mi ceòl fìdhle,
 No nì 's am bi spòrs.
 Cha 'n éisd mi ceòl fìdhle,
 No nì 's am bi spòrs,
 'S mi fo chumhadh an fhleasgaich,
 So ghreas mi gu fhòd.

Tha mo chion air a' ghille,
 Dh' fhàg fo iomadan mi,
 'S chaoidh cha ghabh mi fear eile,
 Gus an tig thu mi ris ;
 Gus an tig thu 'mi dhachaidh,
 Le do *phass* agad sgriobht',
 B' annsa pòg bho d' bheul daithte,
 Na n' bheil aca do nì.

Tha mo chion air a ghaisgeach,
 Is maisich tha beò,
 Dha 'm math an tig breacan,
 Fèile preasach is còt ;
 Itc 'n eòin an deadh-chleachdadh,
 Air an fhleasgach is bòidhch',
 'S thug mi gaol dhuit gun teagamh,
 A ghreas mi gu 'n fhòd.

Tha mo ghaol-sa an còmhnaidh,
 Fo chòt' aig an rìgh,
 'S gur e 'm fleasgach is bòidhche,
 Thug Diùc Gàrdain bhuam fhìn.
 Ach na 'n tigt' thu air fòrlach,
 'S mi gu 'm pòs' tu gun nì,
 'S ged a bhiodh tu a d' Choirneal,
 Ghaoil, bu leòir dhuit-sa mi.

'S lionar maighdean òg uasal,
 Tha 's an uair so gun mhiadh,
 'S mur pòs iad ri buachaillean,
 Cha 'n 'eil daoine'-uails' ann d' an trian,
 'S ma 's a fiù leò bhi luaidh riu,
 Balaich shuarach nach fhiach,
 'S ann tha na fìuranan suairce,
 'S an ruaig fo an rìgh.

Tha mi fhéin air a h-aon ann,
 Ged nach fhaod dhomh bhi mòr,
 Ann am beartas an t-saoghail,
 Cha taobh mi ri 'm bheò,
 Fear air son chaorach,
 No crodh-laoigh mu 'n a' chrò,
 Chaidh cha phòs mi ri ùmaidh,
 'S cha churaidh leam e.

Bha mi uair ann am barail,
 Gu 'n robh mi daingionn dhiom fhin,
 'S nach robh 'fheara air thalamb,
 Na mhealladh mo chridh',
 Gus an d' thàinig an gallan,
 A dh' fhàs fearail air thir,
 'S rinn e nise mo mhealladh,
 'S fhuair e 'n gealladh ud dhiom.

XXIV.

Most appropriately after the above may be placed a gay and gallant lilt which I first heard sung under circumstances which always continue to give it very pleasing associations in my mind.

A ri li o, ci h-orannan,
 A ri horó, mo Cheiteag!
 A ri li o, ci h-orannan.

Latha dhomh bhi sraid-imeachd
 'S mi mach am braigh Dhun-Eidin ;
 Thachair orm na saighdearan,
 A dh' fhaighneachd mi 's a' Bheurla.

Thachair orm, &c.

'S gu'n d' thu'irt mi riu 's a' Ghailig,
 " Co dh' araich luchd an fhéile ?"

'S ann thu'irt iad gur i 'Ghaidhealtachd
 An t-àit' a b' fhearr fo 'n ghréine.

'S gu'n d' thug iad a 'n tigh-osda mi,
 An t-òr gu'n d' ghlac mi fhein ann.

Thug iad dhomh ri phòsadh
 Nighean Dheors' mar chéile.

'S ann thug iad dhomh ri ghiùlan,
 Te dhubh nach sgùr i fein dhomh.

'Ga giùlan air mo ghualainn,
'S nach fhuaghail i dhomh mo léine.

Ach 'fhir theid thar na cuaintean,
Na ceil mo dhuann nach leugh thu

Mo shoraidh-sa gu m' mhathair,
'S i dh' araich gun éis mi.

Gu m' phiuthair is gu m' bhraithrean,
'S gu Mairi bhàin, mo cheud ghaol.

Mo mholachd gu na Frangaich,
'N an campaichean cha téid sinn.

'S olc a chuir an òige rium,
'S a' ghòraiche le chéile.

Chuir mi féile cuachach orm,
'S an còta ruadh mar éididh.

'S tric bha mi 's tu sugradh,
'Am bruthaichean Ghlinn Eite.

Ag iomain a chruidh ghuanaich,
'S 'gam fuadach feadh an t-sléibhe.

XXV.

A young woman at the sheilings in Gaick was one day visited by her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, before leaving the Strath. But now, alas! having prospects of another and better tochered maid, he came to "break the engagement." Nevertheless when he fairly reached the bothie he felt rather ashamed of his purpose, and remarked in a sheepish way that he had merely looked in as he was searching for horses in the vicinity. Having had private information as to his conduct, she at once divined what had been the real object of his visit, and no sooner had that faithless swain turned from the door than he was arrested by a sad, familiar voice singing as follows:—

Sgeul a chualas bho 'n dé,
Mu shealgair an fhéidh,
Clach eadar mi-féin 's mo bhròg.

Ghabh thu leisgeul 'san uair,
Gur è eich a bha bhuat,
Cas a shiùbhladh nam fuaran gorm.

Cas a dhireadh nan stùc,
 'S a thearnadh nan lùb ;
 'Dheanadh fiadhach ri drùchd gun cheò.

Bu tu mo cheannaich' air féill,
 Mo chrios is mo bhréid,
 Is sgian bheaga na réidh-chois òir.

Bu tu mo chompanach rùin,
 Nach fhàgadh mi 'n eùil,
 'Nuair bhiodh càch ann an cùirt an òil.

'S bho nach 'eil agam spréidh,
 Dé mu 'n cuirinn ort déigh ?
 Ach mo bheannachd ad dhéigh, 's bi falbh !

As he listened his heart relented, and all his old love returned, so that, her song being ended, he replied :—

Ach ged tha aic'-se spréidh,
 Dé mu 'n cuirinn oirr' déigh ?
 Fhad 'sa mhaireas tu féin rium beò.

XXVI.

A certain bridegroom, accompanied by the customary train of young men and maidens, was gaily journeying to the home of the bride. Beside a knoll near the road a sorrowful damsel sat and sang. The bridegroom recognises the form and the voice of her whom he had jilted for one more richly endowed with worldly goods. He is so fascinated that he cannot proceed a step farther. He desires his companions to proceed to a neighbouring inn, where he promises shortly to rejoin them. Then he listens until that melting strain, which held him spell-bound, came to an end ; whereupon, in manner fitting, he takes up the refrain, protesting that neither wealth nor plenishing would evermore seduce his heart from "the meek and modest maid of excellent parentage," who had first gained his affections ; and the marriage party waited long, but in vain. Such is the legend in connection with one of the most exquisite pastoral lyrics in the language. The sweet images of pastoral life, combined with equally enchanting glimpses of natural scenery, so skilfully introduced by the songstress, were indeed well calculated to stir deep emotions in the heart of her Celtic lover. The whole piece might form an interlude in the Forest of Arden.

Ni mi suidh' agus crùban,
 'S cha 'n 'eil sùgradh air m' aire ;
 Ann am bun an tuim riabhaich,
 Far 'na liath mi 's mi 'm chaileig.
 'S mi 'nam chaileig bhochd, ghòraich,
 Bu mhòr mo dhòigh ri na fearaibh.
 Ceisd nam ban ! thug iad bhuam thu,
 'Ghleannain uaigneich a' bharrach !
 Gleannan cuthagach, cuachach,
 'S an cinn an luachair 's an canach.
 Gheibhte crodh ann air bhualtibh,
 Agus gruagaichean glana,
 'Toirt na laoigh bhuap' air eiginn,
 'S iad 'g an séideadh le 'n anail.
 Gheibht' ann cnothan a's caorrinn,
 'S iad, a ghaoil ! air bhlas meala.
 Cnothan cruinn air a' challtuinn,
 'S thus', a' ghraidh ! 's mi 'g an tional.
 Mile marbhaisg air mo chairdean,
 'S beag a b' fheàird' mi dhe 'n tional ;
 Bho nach d' thug iad dhomh stòras,
 Air son do bhòidhehead a cheannach.
 'S ann a thog iad mòr-sgeul oirn,
 Gu 'n robh mi féin a's tu falamh.
 Nach robh airgead 'nar pòca,
 Na cheannaicheadh stòp 's an tigh-leanna.
 Ge b' e dh' aithris an sgeul ud,
 Rìgh féin ! bu mhòr am mearachd.
 Tha trì fichead bò ghuallach,
 Air do bhuaile, 's gum b' airidh !
 'S uiread eile chrodh ciar-dhubh,
 Tighinn nuas a Bun Ranaich.
 Gheibhte sud leat air àilean,
 'S greigh do làraichean-searraich ;
 Tri fichead do ghobhair,
 'S làn fonn chaorach geala.

'S ged a thu'irt iad Iain Claon riut,
'Ghaoil, b' aoidheil do shealladh.
Bha do shlios mar au fhaoilinn,
'S do dhà thaobh mar an eala.
Bha do phòg mar na h-ùbhlan,
'S d' anail chùbhraidh mar chanal.
Gur ann oidhche do bhàinnse,
Dh' fhàs thu ceannsgalach, fearail.
Le do fhleasgaichibh òga,
'G òl air bòrd 's an tigh-leanna ;
Le do mhaighdeanaibh riomhach,
Làn sìod agus anairt.
Ach mur fhaigh mi dhiot tuille,
Dean mo chuireadh gu d' bhanais ;
Gu banais an òig-fhir,
Dha 'n robh mo dhòigh bho chionn tamuill.
Ged nach deanainn ach gàire,
'Chumail càch as am barail.
'S ceannaich dhomh-sa paidhir làmhainnean,
'S na bi gann rium mu 'n anart ;
Théid 'g am chuibhbrig fo 'n talamh.
Agus ciste dhe 'n uinnseann,
'S ge b' e taobh do 'n téid thu,
A rìgh féin ! gur tu mhealas.

ESAN.

Ach na mealadh mi-féin iad,
Mu théid mi 'gan gabhail.
'S cha dean mi do thréigsinn,
Airson féudail no earrais.
Bean gun lasadh gun àrdan,
'S a càirdean bhi ro-mhath.

XXVII.

Notwithstanding that this very fine ballad was in much favour among the milkmaids of Kingussie and Laggan, it has been extremely difficult to get anything like a complete version of it.

That given below has been collected in snatches from the recitation of a dozen persons. The untoward event which it celebrates made a profound impression throughout the country. About six score years ago, the cattle belonging to Captain Macpherson, tacksman of Blaragie, being let loose on a sunny day in early spring, became frantic with delight at their novel and unexpectedly acquired freedom, and betook themselves to the hills, heedless of consequences. The herd—a young man named Macdonald—followed them as far as Drumuachdar. While he traversed that bleak and solitary tract which extends between Dalwhinnie and Dalnacardoch, the weather, proverbially fickle at that season, suddenly and terribly changed. A blinding snow-storm set in, and the unfortunate lad never more found his way home. Among those who set out in quest of the lost herd was his true-love. When the body was found in a well, the famished deer were stripping the willow branches overhead. What a wild wail of heart-grief resounds through these verses !

'S fhir nan sùl donna
 Cha choma leam beò thu ;
 'S fhir nan sùl miogach,
 B'e mo mhiann bhi do chòdhail.
 Tha mo chridhe cho briste
 Ri itealaich eoincin ;
 'S tha mo chridhe cho ciurra,
 'S nach giulain e 'n cotan.
 'S ioma sùil a bha 'sileadh,
 Eadar Raineach 's Druimuachdar.
 Là Fheill Bhrìde 'san Earrach,
 Chaidh na h-aighean air fhuaires
 'S tha mi sgith le bhi siubhal
 Leacann dubha Dhruimuachdair.
 Ged a fhuairleadh na h-aighean,
 Cha'n fhaighear am buachail'.
 'S ann bha 'n Domhnullach finealt,
 'Na shìneadh 'san fhuaran ;
 'Na shìneadh air 'uillinn,
 Gun ion duine mu 'n cuairt dha.
 Bha a cheann am preas aitinn,
 'S a chasan 'san luachair ;

'S luchd nam biodagan croma
'Gearradh connaidh mu 'n cuairt dha.
Ach 's truagh nach mise chaidh seachad,
Mu 'n do mheilich am fuachd thu ;
Le mo bhreacan dluth tioram,
Dheanainn fhilleadh mu 'n cuairt duit ;
'S cuach mhor uisge-bheatha,
Chuireadh rugha 'nad ghruaidhean ;
Uisge-beatha nam feadan
Air a leigeadh tri uairean ;
'S grainne beaga de 'n chanal,
Mu 'n deach d' anail am fuairiad ;
Agus bothan math cluthaicht',
An deis a thubhadh le luachair.
Teine mor air lar tighe,
'S e gun deathach, gun luath dhe.
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,
Ro chraiteach an uair so ;
Gu 'n do chuir iad 'san àth thu,
Gu's an d' thainig Fear Chluainidh ;
Gu's an d' thainig Clann Thamhais,
Nach saradh an cruadal ;
Gu's an d' thainig Clann Ian,
An triuir bu shine 'sa b' uails' dhiubh ;
Gu's an d' thainig Clann Mhuirich,
'S gach aon duine mar chual' e.
'S ann bha 'n eigheach 's an sgreadail,
Anns na creagan sin shuas uait ;
Agus sliochd do dhà sheanair
A sior-thional mu 'n cuairt duit.
'N uair a thainig do bhràithrean,
Bha iad cràiteach, bochd, truagh dhe ;
'N uair a thainig do phiuthair,
Bha leann-dubh air a gruidhean.
'N uair a thainig do mhathair,
Gu 'm b' i an t-àsrán truaigh i ;

Bha a ceann air dhroch cheangal,
'S a basan 'gam bualadh.

Is cha b' fhas' e dha d' athair,
Bha e ' casadh a ghruaige.

'N uair a thain' do bhean-diolain,
Bha i spionadh a cuailein.

'S tha mi sgith 's mi bhi siubhal,
Monadh dubha Dhrumuachdar.

XXVIII.

The first verse, forming the chorus of this weird fragment, is connected with a familiar fairy tale. What the particular tragedy was to which the subjoined stanzas point no man can tell; and the Forest of Gaick, where it took place, keeps its own counsel. Hearing this little ballad for the first time sung by a woman almost ninety years of age, I endeavoured to ascertain from her what event had occasioned it, but with evident signs of impatience she said abruptly that it had to do with elf-land; and upon that I knew it would be useless to pursue the subject further.

Chì mi 'n toman caorruinn, cuilinn,
Chì mi 'n toman caorruinn thall;
Chì mi 'n toman caorruinn, cuilinn,
'S laogh mo chèill' air 'uillinn ann.

'N creagan dubh taobh Loch-an-t-Seilich,
Far an d' rinn mi 'n cadal seang;
'S 'n uair a dhùisg mi 's a' mhaduinn,
Cha robh leth mo leabaidh ann.

Dh éirich mi moch maduinn Earraich,
Agus sheall mi mach an gleann;
Sùil dha 'n d' thug mi tbar mo ghualainn,
Bha d' cheum uallach suas nam beann.

Ach na 'm b' aithne dhombs' an rathad
Gu bean-tighe an Uillt-Bhain,
Dh' innseadh dhomh mu eirigh greine,
An e fuil an fhéidh bha ann.

XXIX.

MacDhonnachaidh Ruaidh referred to here was a noted hunter in his day. He belonged to the Sliochd Thomais of Invertrommie.

He died young, and his widow was forced to marry against her will the tacksman of Arbroileach, a successful agriculturist from Moray. She used to ascend the height above her home—Tom Barraì—and looking across the valley of the Spey to Invertromie, and the hills often traversed by her first husband, would sing this plaintive song, which she had composed. On this spot she was found dead.

'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh! gur tu th' air m' aire,
 'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh! gur tu th' air m' aire,
 'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh! gur tu th' air m' aire,
 Cha bhiodh tu beò is mi air aran.

Theirminn horo! 'ghraidhein ghaolaich,
 Theirminn horo! 'ghraidhein ghaolaich,
 Theirminn horo! 'ghraidhein ghaolaich,
 'Fhir 'mhuineil ghile 's a' chinn chraobhaich.

Fhuair mi sud 'sna ceithir làithe,
 Ceithir daimh mhòr, ceithir aighean,
 Ceithir saic de dh' iasg na h-amhuinn,
 Gun bu nèarach bean og fhuair leithid.

Bu tu 'm fear mòr 'san robh an tomad,
 Bhiodh tu null 's a nall tre Thromaiddh
 Le do mhorghath 's le do chromaig,
 Mharbhadh tu 'n t-iasg air bharr nan tonna.

Dhìreadh tu Croidhlea mhòr nan aighean,
 Gun ghreim air aon dhos fhraoich na raineich,
 Mharbhadh tu fiadh air Ruigh an Lonaiddh,
 'S dh' fhàgadh tu 'n gaorr aig an fheannaig.

'Nuair a thiginn 'stigh an ruighe,
 Dh' aithni'inn do bhothan 'na shuidhe,
 Bhiodh slat, bhiodh morghath, bhiodh lion ann,
 'S gunna caol am bac an t-suidhe.

Bu tu mo luaidh na 'n robh thu agam,
 Ged nach d' fhuair mi dhìot ach sealan,
 Coisich' dian air Druim Pheathraich,
 Is moch a shiùbhladh Coir' a' Bhealaich.

Fhuair mi sealgair-sithinn suaircean,
 Fhuair mi rithisd sàr mhac thuathanaich,
 Chuireadh ciste-mhine suas bhuam,
 Ach ged a fhuair cha b' è mo luaidh è.

'S mi mo shuidh' air Tom Barraì,
 Chi mi 'n t-ait 's an robh mi fallain ;
 Gheibhinn teine mòr 'g am gharadh—
 'S bidh mis' an nochd mar ri 'm leannan.

Some say that this beautiful stanza belongs to Bean 'ic Dhonnachaidh Ruaidh's elegy—

Chaill mo shuilean a bhi meallach,
 Chaill mo ghruaidhean sruadh na fala,
 Tha da thrian an osain falamb,
 'S toil teine mòr 's mo gharadh.

XXX.

These are probably the oldest verses of all. They refer to the ancient discord between the rival houses of Cluny and Mackintosh, and afford a delightful glimpse of seignorial magnificence in this country a couple of centuries ago. They form part of a bardic passage-at-arms between two female champions, who maintained the honour of their respective clans with the weapon that fell readiest :—

“Gheibhte sud an Tigh na Maighe,
 Ol is fìdhleireachd is aighear,
 Farum sìoda ris na fraighean,
 'Cur bhain-tighearnan a laighe.”

“Gheibhte sud an Tigh Chluainidh,
 Cuirn, is copan, is cuachan,
 Teine mòr air bheagan luathre,
 'S iad féin ag òl air fion uaibhreach.”

“'Ghaoil Lachlainn na biodh gruaim ort,
 Cha do ghlac do mhathair buarach—
 Plaide bhan chuir mu 'guallainn,
 Ach sìoda dearg is srol uaine.

'N uair theid Lachlann do Dhun-Eidinn,
 Le 'each cruidheach, craobhach, leumach,
 Air beulaobh an rìgh gheibh e eisdeachd ;
 'S gheibh a ghilleann gun e féin e.”

4th APRIL, 1895.

At the meeting held this evening, the Secretary intimated that the Special Committee appointed to draw up and forward to Mrs John Stuart Blackie a message of condolence from the Society on the occasion of the death of her husband, Professor John Stuart Blackie, Edinburgh, one of the Society's honorary chieftains, had done so, and that he had received the following reply from Mrs Blackie :—

“ 9 Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh,
“ 2nd April, 1895.

“ Dear Sir,—Please convey to the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness my deep gratitude for the kind expression of sympathy, and for the generous tribute which you have forwarded to me on their behalf.

(Sgd.) “ E. H. STUART BLACKIE.”

The Secretary also intimated that he had sent a wreath in name of the Society to be laid on the coffin of their late lamented Chief, Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, and had received the following reply from his son, Captain Grant :—

“ Royal Hospital, Chelsea,
“ 3rd April, 1895.

“ The family of the late Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant wish very sincerely to express their thanks to the members of the Gaelic Society for the beautiful wreath, and for the message of condolence which they have received. Such expressions of sympathy coming from the men of the Highlands, for whom Sir Patrick always bore such strong affection, are most gratefully received by his family.”

The Secretary laid on the table two copies of Rev. J. G. Campbell's “ Celtic Gleanings” as a donation towards the Society's library—one from J. Mackay, Esq., C.E., Hereford, and one from Miss Amy Frances Yule, Tarradale House, Muir of Ord.

The paper for the evening was a contribution from Mr Alex. Macpherson, Kingussie, read by himself, entitled, “ Gleanings from the Charter Chest at Cluny Castle,” No. II. Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows :—

GLEANINGS FROM THE CHARTER CHEST AT CLUNY
CASTLE.

II.

On 28th February, 1894, I had the pleasure of reading to the Society selections from the Lovat Letters to Cluny of the '45, as contained in Volume XIX. of our Transactions recently published. I now proceed to give some selections from the numerous other historical letters in the Cluny Charter Chest, extending from 1689 down to 1756, none of which, so far as I am aware, have hitherto been published. These further selections embrace one letter from the Chevalier de St George, four from his son, Prince Charlie, with twelve relative receipts, one from the Duke of Perth, four from the Marquess of Huntly, four from the Earl of Dunfermline, two from the Earl of Mar, two from Earl Marischall, one from the Earl of Moray, one from the Earl of Rothes, seven from John Graham of Claverhouse (Viscount Dundee), one from Viscount Fren draught, one from Lord George Murray, one from Sir John Dalrymple, seven from Sir John Hill, one from Sir Thomas Livingstone, six from Major-General Buchan, six from General Cannon, one from General Keith, four from General Hugh Mackay of Scourie, one from Colonel Cunningham, two from Robert Craigie, Lord Advocate, two from Donald Cameron of Lochiel, one from "Glenorchy," one from M'Donell of Glengarry, two from Robertson of Strowan, one from "Clan Ranald," and two from Murray of Broughton.

All these letters relate more or less to the Risings in the Highlands on behalf of "the hapless Stewart line," from the time of Dundee down to the '45, and, besides throwing a good deal of light on that eventful period in Highland history, indicate the great importance attached by Jacobites and Whigs alike to securing the active co-operation and support of the Cluny Chiefs of the time, to whom the letters, with two or three exceptions, were exclusively addressed.

I. THE CLAVERHOUSE LETTERS.

As first in point of time and interest, I begin with the letters from the "lion-hearted warrior," Viscount Dundee. By way of introduction, let me, at the outset, give some testimonies,

gathered from various sources, as to his character and services. Alluding in his "Vision of Don Roderick" to the various achievements of the warlike family of Graham, Sir Walter Scott thus apostrophises General Graham, Lord Lynedoch :—

"O, hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell !
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibber own'd its fame ;
Tummel's rude pass can of its terrors tell.
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of
Græme !"

"The pen of romance"—says Professor Aytoun—"has been freely employed to pourtray as a bloody assassin one of the most accomplished men and gallant soldiers of his age. In order to do justice to Claverhouse, we must regard him in connection with the age and country in which he lived. The religious differences of Scotland were then at their greatest height ; and there is hardly any act of atrocity and rebellion which had not been committed by the insurgents. . . . To this day the peasantry of the western districts of Scotland entertain the idea that Claverhouse was a sort of fiend in human shape, tall, muscular, and hideous in aspect, secured by infernal spells from the chance of perishing by an ordinary weapon, and mounted on a huge black horse, the especial gift of Beelzebub ! On this charger it is supposed that he could ride up precipices as easily as he could traverse the level ground ; that he was constantly accompanied by a body of desperados vulgarly known by such euphonious titles as "Hell's Tam" and the "Deil's Jock ;" and that his whole time was occupied, day and night, in hunting Covenanters upon the hills ! Almost every rebel who was taken in arms and shot is supposed to have met his death from the individual pistol of Claverhouse."

By other critics Dundee has been characterised as a remarkable man, whose name can never be forgotten while military skill and prowess and the most loyal and active fidelity to an almost hopeless cause shall challenge attention. Napier—his partisan biographer—describes him as "the most heroic genius, the most clear-headed statesman, the most accomplished and humane captain that Scotland had known since the murder of Montrose."

In the *Grameid*, an historical Latin poem, composed by James Philip of Almericlose—Dundee's standard-bearer—descriptive of the campaign on behalf of the Stewarts in 1689, we have an instructive contribution to our knowledge of contemporary feeling regarding *Iain Dubh nan Cath*, as the Highlanders loved to call him. The original of that poem is a small duodecimo volume bound in old brown calf in the Advocates' Library, and, in 1888, it was ably edited with an excellent translation, and valuable notes, by the Rev. Canon Murdoch of Edinburgh, for the Scottish History Society. "The very labour," says the Canon, "of such an epic in praise of Claverhouse by a contemporary and neighbour is a set-off against the volumes of abuse with which a later generation assailed the memory of that gallant Graham. Assuredly Philip saw in his hero a general brave and wise, patient and dashing; a cavalier chivalrous, loyal, and generous, the centre of a circle of gay youths, the mover of the Highland heart, feared yet loved by the Scottish dragoon. . . . Assuredly it would be difficult to believe that the portrait by Wodrow and Macaulay and that by Philip had the same subject. The *Grameid* is entitled to an important place among contemporary witnesses to the character of Dundee, and must contribute materially in rescuing that character from the region of darkness to which polemical prejudice has doomed it in Scotland."

In the description of Dundee's progress through Badenoch in Book II. of the *Grameid*, there is an interesting reference to Presmuckerach (near Dalwhinnie), now the property of Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim.

"Presmochorae tenues. . . penates."

"Quickly he passed the Spey at the fords where Cluny looks out on her wide plains, and deigned to visit the humble hearth of Presmochora. There he issued the Royal letter to all the faithful clans, bidding them to be ready with their men by the Kalends of May to follow the orders and the camp of the Graham." Dundee's route on that occasion evidently lay by the Pass of Corryarrick to the Spey, and along that river he would pass from where the Bridge of Laggan now is to the fords near Cluny. From thence there was a strait road to Loch Garry by Dalwhinnie.

In his march from Fort-Augustus through Badenoch, Dundee, we are told, succeeded in "engaging most part of the men of note to be ready at a call to join in his master's service." . . . "He found the Macphersons very keen and hearty in their inclinations

for his service." In Book IV. of the *Grameid* there is a graphic description of Dundee's subsequent progress from Lochaber through the ancient Lordship of Badenoch, embracing his stirring and inspiring address to the assembled clans. The following portion of the admirable translation by Canon Murdoch is of so much interest in connection with Badenoch, and Dundee's letters to Cluny of the time, that I may be pardoned for giving that portion at length :—

"Dundee, passing a sleepless night, revolved his cares in his anxious breast, turning over in his mind the doubtful chances of fortune. On the approach of light he rises from his hard couch, and at once rouses the sentinels of the camp and the whole host. Lo! at the first rays of the rising sun the camp resounded with joyous tumult, and a great shout went up when the commander, mounted on his noble charger, took his place in the midst of the army. With encouraging cheer they welcome their leader. He exults as he beholds the bands gleaming with brass, and admires the companies in their brilliant colours, and is refreshed by the sharp note of the pipe. Then from the rampart of the high Grampian camp he thus addresses the clans, and from his heart gave utterance to these words:—'O, sons of Fergus, Scots, illustrious in war, faithful ever, through so many ages, to the royal race of Stuart, I rejoice that the clans rise unanimous in this war, and am happy to look upon brave men, who, with strong arms to revenge dishonour, may also retrieve our ruin, and bring back the heir of the Cæsar to his country's sceptre! O, faithful band! bravely expel the enemy from the northern border, and drive him, the robber of his country, across the Grampians, and quickly condemn to Stygian darkness the monstrous head of the tyrant. Glory goes as companion to virtue, vile infamy to guilt. Each following the spirit beyond the grave. Neither ambition nor the glory of a name holds me loyal, nor the love of civil war, but the majesty of the lofty Cæsar, ground under the evil yoke of the robber, has impelled me to demand the aid of your race. Yet in this request I have no purpose of seeking by pay the right hand of mercenaries. Let him who fears to follow my standard seek the impious camp of the Dutch tyrant. Let the sluggard and the coward depart, and all whose hearts throb not for the honour of the king, and all whom true love of honour impels not. My spirit will not suffer me to lead an ignoble life in the close camp, or to waste time in vain tumult. Let us turn our dreaded arms against the enemy. And you, O northern race, most faith-

ful! you, O chieftains and nobles and axe-bearing clans! advance! show your faces terrible to the enemy, and have at his throat with the drawn sword! Let not my words delay you; action itself demands us. Men, seize the avenging arms in your strong right hands! Standard-bearer, raise aloft the tawny lion in the camp! While I am your leader, I will prove by the success of our campaign whether any splendid glory may be found in the north, and I myself will be in the van when I hurl your united bands against the foe, and fiercely scatter the host of the enemy.' Thus he spoke. Meanwhile the golden sun in rapid car had nearly passed meridian. Lo! after the deep silence a mighty shout arose from the camp, and here the heavens, and there Ben Nevis, resounded, and the stricken mountain tops re-echo the terrible thunder. At once the pipes struck up the pibroch, and the clarion and bugle sounded from hoarse throat the dreadful note and chant of war. Already squadron and battalion prepare to leave the camp. The army, brilliant with the varied weapons of Lochaber, moves the standard, while the pipe sounds, and the whole force in marching order advances into the open country. The bold Glengarry, as leader of the first line, marched in the van, accompanied by thirty horse in due order. Then the rest of the chiefs advanced each in his own station, and followed by his own people. Swift Foyers,¹ following with his marshalled clan, brought up smartly the rear. And now the tartaned host had poured itself out upon the fields, and forced its way through rocks and rivers, and had left behind the confines of Glen Roy and the lofty mountains and walls of Garvamore. Now it is over the fords of Spey, and is holding the open country. With mighty cheer they assail the skies, with heavy tramp they oppress the earth. The Highland army, with its glitter of brass and flash of bright musket, braves the sun, and with bristling spears affrights the air as it moves forward. When at length it touched thy borders, O Badenoch! its wings were extended widely over the declivities of the hills. Far off the clans were seen shining in the light of the sun. A thousand helmets glitter, as many quivers resound; a thousand spears, from their points bright with golden light, reflect the rays, and the fields feel the tread of the axe-bearing Gael, and the Grampians are terrible with the flaunting banners.

"Forthwith in terror the whole district trembles, and every one who joins not the camp of the great Graham deserts his household

¹ Fraser of Foyers.

gods and cottage with its overhanging thatch and seeks some cave, hiding as a fugitive among the rocks. Dundee himself, full of confidence, conceived great hopes in his breast, and in exultation revolved the weighty questions of the war in his mind. He led his force towards the enemy awaiting him beside the deep waters of the chilly Spey. He reached the green fields of Cluny, where the earth is clothed with fruitful corn. There the Graham calls to arms the race deriving its name from the priest.¹ Presently, surrounded by his whole force with flying colours, he seeks the Castle of Raitts.² Already was Titan, with descending team, seeking the bounds of the Hesperian shore, and his long course ended, was plunging his wearied chariot in the sea; and night coming on covers the earth with gloomy shadows.

"The morrow—it was the 29th of May³—arose, and with its light dispelled the shades. Dundee gathered together the leaders of the host, and, standing on a grassy knoll, he thus addressed them:—"O Grampian race! the glory of the Fergus-descended kings, the annual festal day of the restored Charles has at length shone out in golden light. This day, were I a wanderer on Batavian shore, were I flying as a wretched exile to the Adriatic waves, would I observe with its due offices and honours, and wherever under the heavens I may be, I will perform this annual solemnity in honour of the peace-bringing Charles. He, arms being laid down, put an end to the civil war, and peace restored brought round the Golden Age.⁴ Therefore, with glad plaudits

¹ The Macphersons. In the translation given by Napier in his *Life and Times* of Dundee they are described as "the priest-descended Clan Vurich." "Tradition," says Skene, "attaches to Gillichattan the epithet of Clerach or Claric, and he and his descendants, the Clan Vurich, are said to have been hereditary lay Parsons of Kingussie. One of them, Duncan, the son of Kenneth, appears in 1438 as Duncan Parson, from whom the Chief of the Clan takes his name of Macpherson. The Earls of Ross are descended from the lay Priests of Applecross."

² The old Castle of Raitts stood on an eminence on the site of the present mansion house of Balavil, on the north side of the Spey, within three miles of Kingussie, commanding a magnificent view of the Grampians and the valley of the Spey. The estate is now the property of Mr Brewster-Macpherson, a grandson of Sir David Brewster, and a great-grandson of the translator of Ossian's poems. In a prominent position in the immediate vicinity there is a very beautiful and appropriate monument in memory of the translator erected soon after his death in 1796.

³ The 29th of May was the birthday of Charles II., as well as the day of his entry into London on his restoration.

⁴ "Our author," says Canon Murdoch, "in so often alluding to the reign of Charles II. as the Golden Age, is using a phrase of the time, quoted in the *Vicar of Bray* and revived in the novel by Edna Lyall, *In the Golden Days*. The first chapter is styled 'Good King Charles's Golden Days.'"

sent up to the skies, let us all celebrate the birthday and the honour of Charles.' This he said, and with one heart and mouth they all sent up the cheer. In the midst of the camp there was a plain, rough with wild heather, and on it rose a little hill. Thither the hero, amid his thousands, betook himself, and bidding his officers stand around in wide circle, and the rank and file to form behind, he orders a huge pyre of brushwood, branches, and logs steeped in resin to be raised and fired. He first applied the lighted sparks, and aroused them into flame with sulphur. Then the dread pipes with their music inaugurate the solemnity. The Graham, olive crowned and in his wonted scarlet, and holding a cup of foaming wine, stood before the pile, and silence being commanded, thus he speaks:—'To the due honour of the late King, to his natal day, and the day of the happy restoration of Charles, to the success of his pious brother, to the health of the King and his restoration to his sceptre, with glad lips I drink this full cup.' He spoke, and with uncovered head he stood before the whole throng, and quaffed the bowl at a mighty draught. These words all his captains repeated, and with eager throats they drained their full goblets. The crash and clang of the pipes rose to the skies, and the flaming fagots lighten up the whole camp, so that one might believe that the distant fields and all the mountains were enkindled by the blaze. Already the sun was going down in rapid course from Olympus, and said the Graham—'This is no time for the games of the day, nor may we indulge in the light dance. Generals, raise your standards; give the little that remains of the day to Bellona, and dispense with the games.'

Near at hand the lofty castle of Ruthven,¹ built in bygone days of stones of an older building, is held and fortified as a post

¹ No other stronghold in the north was more identified with the history of the Highlands—or indeed with the history of Scotland—from the time of the "Red Comyn" downwards, than "the lofty Castle of Ruthven," so frequently burnt down and re-built. Standing on a prominent site on the south side of the river, within half-a-mile from Kingussie, at "a crossing point of tracks north, south, east, and west, in the great valley of the Spey, it saw and felt every raid westward by Gordons, Grants, Mackintoshes; eastwards by Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and Campbells; southwards by them all, with additions of Macphersons, Mackenzies, and many more; and northwards by the regular forces of the kingdom. The poet seems to allude to the old stones which had had their places in many succeeding buildings. Huntly, in fighting the bonny Earl of Moray, repaired it; Argyll besieged it in vain when held by Macphersons; Montrose, Monck, Lilburn, and now Mackay garrisoned it, each successive occupant having to make it habitable for himself; and next Dundee burns it. It again figures in the '45, when the relics of Prince Charles's force, several thousands strong, under Macpherson, rallied round the old walls. At that time it was commonly known as Ruthven Barracks. It was made a garrison for 40

of the Dutch General. Dundee commands the castle to be destroyed, its towers thrown down, and the place given to the flames. He despatched a man of courage, chosen from his host, to carry his orders to the commander of the Castle. As he seeks (with him) the outworks of the stronghold, he says, "O Scot, tell that youth, in my name, to leave these walls, or I will level their lofty turrets to the ground." He faithfully bears the message of his great master, and first sounding his bugle, he bids the garrison depart, and orders the castle to be quickly rendered. But from the high rampart came the reply, 'I, a Forbes,¹ hold this castle for the Prince of Orange, and for him will I hold it, if the gods permit.' There was no delay, all were roused at the proud response. Keppoch, as the commander, was sent at once with a strong force. He approached the walls with sound of horn and pipe, and encircled Ruthven Castle with his men. Thrice with loud voice he summoned the commander to conference. He told him that the Highland clans had taken the field, and that the Graham was in arms, and that unless he yielded up his post, himself, and his

'musketers' in 1664, and in 1668 it is ranked as one of the strongholds of the kingdom appointed for the incarceration of prisoners. Its condition in 1693 is spoken of by Colonel John Hill, and his words apply equally, he says, to Blair Atholl. He says it is 'almost ruinous, being neither wind nor water-tight, so that many of the soldiers there posted, through the incessant rains in the night time, have contracted fluxes, scurveys, and other diseases, and others of the soldiers do frequently desert because of the bad accommodation, there not being habitable space for 40 men, though there were 4 score centinells besides officers in the garrison.'—*Treasury Register*, September 8th, 1693, quoted by Ross in *Old Scottish Colours*, p. 27. Mackay had stationed Captain John Forbes, with some of Grant's men, in the castle as an advanced post, and in order to make easy the junction of Ramsay, who was trying to force his way through Atholl with the reinforcements sent from the South. Mackay, having advanced about half way to Ruthven from Inverness, got a message from Forbes that Ramsay was retreating southward, and that Dundee was only twelve miles from Ruthven up the Spey. Mackay moved to Culnakyle and Belcastle, i.e. Castle Grant, and from that base moved up the Spey to within a short distance of Dundee's camp at Raitts. Finding him strongly posted he fell back upon the kirk of Alvie, where we shall next find him, Ruthven being left to its fate."

¹ Captain John Forbes, brother of President Forbes of Culloden. "He was employed by his brother to convey his address to the Prince of Orange, and by his influence was made Major in Grant's regiment, I presume, in 1690, over the nominees of Melville and Mackay. He became Lieutenant-Colonel, and was employed (as he was at anyrate going north) to carry the order respecting the Glencoe massacre to Sir John Hill. He expressed his horror at the order when the letter was opened. He afterwards commanded at Fort-William. Dundee treated him with great leniency on this occasion, and let him depart free with his garrison."

force, the castle would be levelled to its foundations. It is in vain. Both parties prepare for the fray ; this one determines to defend the stronghold committed to him, and Keppoch vows that he will give the place to the flames. Forthwith he discharges his guns, surpassing the weapons of Jove, and like hail fly the bullets of lead. Ladders are fixed to the walls, and he bids the ditch be filled with piles of wood and beams, and to apply the rapid flame to the fortress. At length the signal being given, Forbes himself spoke :—‘ That general, who gave me this castle to hold, is near. If he come not within three risings of the sun in the east, the Graham shall have these walls, and I will depart inglorious, laying down my arms.’ Thrice sank the sun in Tartessian waters, and thrice he raised his rosy head from the dark Indies. When the day appointed for the surrender of the castle arrived, there was no host on the plain. Mackay pressed not forward, nor brought relief. Forbes yielded the captured castle, and himself, and his whole force to the victor, who at once applied the torch to the roofs, and threw down the burning walls. Then, as a conqueror, he leads the captured throng in long line, and in the manner of an ancient triumph he sought the camp.

“ Meanwhile, General Mackay was now encamped at the Kirk of chilly Alvie, in a position difficult to attack. In his front lay a wooden bridge of vast timbers ; in his rear was a ditch of deep rolling water ; a burn¹ protected his right, and the woods his left. Here, passing away his time in sluggish lethargy, he relieves his breast, conscious of anxious care. The Graham, mounted in the midst of his array of Highlanders, leaving with raised standards the Castle of Raitts, made his way through the open country. The earth was trembling under the heavy tramp of his cavalry, when a messenger with a lying rumour reported that the enemy was crossing the mountains in strength, and that the Orange troopers were pressing on in his rear. He wheels about, and

¹ “ It is difficult,” says Canon Murdoch, “ without study on the spot, to identify this camp. If the bridge was over the Spey, which is not probable, we may suppose the camp at the north end of it, the rear covered by the Loch of Alvie, the right by a local stream, and the left by the woods. If he were facing up the Spey, he might have his rear towards the west side of the loch, with a bridge over a considerable stream in his front, the winding of the burn would protect his right, and the woods between him and the Spey, the left. Perhaps Bruce addressed him from the Waterloo Cairn Rocks, or from the Tor of Alvie, or from where the Duke of Gordon’s monument now stands.”

The “ burn ” referred to was probably the outlet from Loch Alvie to the river Spey, now crossed by a stone bridge, within two or three hundred yards from the present inn of Lynwilg.

Loyell¹ leads the way. Dundee also despatched a body of foot under his brother,² to a rising ground, which, with a dense girdele of wood surrounding it, was also fenced by the current of the Spey. He himself leads some horse over the rocky heights, and through the rugged defiles he sends out chosen scouts. Nowhere was there an enemy to be seen, and nowhere could any wing of the alleged army be descried. Bruce, who was sent forward towards the Kirk of Alvie with a dozen horse, and approached the enemy, discovered him holding his safe post within his camp. Stationing himself on the top of a high rock, he assails the general, and lashes him with bitter words:—‘Art thou then that Mackay from the North, faithless to your country, who, on behalf of the robber, wages this ill-starred war, and oppresses the father of the country? O wretch! worthy of all the penalties of Stygian darkness, faithless to God, and to your country and your King a rebel! not with impunity shall you long rejoice in such crime. Leave the defiled camp of the Orange tyrant, give him back his own, and take up the arms of the Cæsar; or, if you prefer it, leave your stronghold; and trust to the issue of a battle on the open plain.’ Presently, with uplifted voice, he addressed the dragoons, and calls his former comrades in agitated tones—‘O comrades, do you who once followed the sacred standards of the King, your master deserted, do you now, a pack of turn-coats, bear the arms of the robber against the astonished North? Do you against the Scottish King turn your impious force? Does such villainy possess your degenerate souls? O pack of slaves, disgrace of your age, seek now the darkness and trust to your heels, for the strength of your position will not avail you in such crime. Dundee, with the sword of vengeance for your guilt, is near you in force. Look at me, your commander in former times. If in your face any shame, and in your heart any virtue, remains, men! turn your standards and come to our camp.’ Thus he spoke, and for answer Scourie sent a smoking reply, the powder being fired in the terrible guns. Bruce quickly fired back and withdrew from the walls of Alvie. Giving rein to his light horse through woods and fields, he returned to the camp, having reconnoitred from his post the strength of the enemy, and made his report, that they in sloth were taking safe rest within their camp. At once Dundee, rejoicing at the tidings of the nearness of the foe, advances with a compact body of troops in good order.

¹ Napier translates “Loyello” in the original as Lochiel, and Canon Murdock says he may be right.

² David Graham, a brother of Dundee.

Having left Dun Nachtan some way behind, he marvelled to see there clouds of smoke rising to the skies. Keppoch, after he had destroyed Ruthven Castle, having returned with great pomp to this house, fired it, urged by the spur of revenge and the love of plunder, and reduced it to ashes.¹ The flocks, the ravished wealth of the harried houses, oxen, and the common booty of the fields were carried off. Nor was our general able to restrain the violence of this savage soldier from breaking out and wrapping the whole district in flames. Dundee, on horseback, moved swiftly forward both horse and foot, and at quick step passed through the fields of Dalraddy, crossing rocks and streams, till he threatens the camp at Alvie. Scourie, when he perceived the enemy upon him, with precipitate flight left his camp secretly at midnight and in fear took to the hills and the woods. Thus does the formidable army of lions, when led by a stag, fear the army of stags when led by a lion. Thus the bright fame of a hero is worth a thousand swords. The name of the Graham was enough to affright the enemy and to compel him to desert his post in disgraceful flight. Dundee hurries on and passes the house of Alvie, and thy woods, O Rothiemurchus, and at the fields named from Coilus he fords the Spey. With wary skill he traverses the woods and vast forest

¹ Dunachton was the old castle of Mackintosh on Loch Insh, and was never re-built after its destruction by Macdonald of Keppoch in 1689. Dundee had moved down the north bank of the Spey from Raitts, had passed Dunachton, leaving it unharmed, and was pressing forward towards Alvie by Boat of Inch, Kincaig, and Dalraddy when he beheld Dunachton in flames, and the country around in a blaze, through the personal vengeance of Keppoch. "Our author," says Canon Murdoch, "presents him as besieging Ruthven Castle, and without authority burning the house of Dunachton and ravishing the country with fire and sword. He confesses that Dundee could not at all times control this wild soldier. We learn, however, from the *Memoirs of Lochiel* that on this occasion Dundee had him up, and, in presence of all the officers of his small army, he told him 'that he would much rather choose to serve as a common souldier among disciplined troops than command such men as he, who seemed to make it his business to draw the odium of the country upon him. That though he had committed these outrages in revenge of his own private quarrel, yet it would be generally believed that he had acted by authority; that since he was resolved to do what he pleased, he begged that he would immediately begone with his men, that he might not hereafter have an opportunity of affronting the General at his pleasure, or of making him and the better-disposed troops a cover to his robberies.' Keppoch humbly begged his lordship's pardon, and told him 'that he would not have abused Macintosh so if he had not thought him an enemy to the King, as well as to himself; that he was heartily sorry for what was passed, but since that could not be amended, he solemnly promised a submissive obedience for the future, and that neither he nor any of his men should at any time thereafter stir one foot without his lordship's positive commands.'"—*Memoirs of Lochiel*, p. 243.

paths of Abernethy, and onward marches through the haughs of Cromdale, pursuing the flying general. He presses after him with his whole force, and, as a whirlwind, disperses the hostile squadrons. He shakes the earth with the clang of the trumpet, and affrights the stars with the fire-flashing muskets.

“Quickly on flying wing, amid the applause of the plaided host, the word passes that the Dutch general is giving way, and has indeed taken to base flight, that he was leaving the glens, and with swift foot was seeking the south. Dundee pushes on, and in the winding Glenlivet, as he turned his eyes on the distant watered plains, he beheld the hostile force passing into concealment behind a hill. At once to the heavens rose the shout of the clans. They rejoice that the day has come when they see their enemy, and when they may display their valour in brave deeds. With alacrity they draw their swords, and extended on the plain, they move in ordered ranks; they cast their brogues of bull’s hide and make a pile of their plaids, and thus stripped prepare for the battle. The Graham, looking from a hill-top, perceived that the enemy’s squadrons were stealing away from their position. He bids the trumpet sound the set on, to incite the Highland host to the pursuit. Then rushed out the trumpeters and affrighted the Dutchmen with the blare of the clarions, pouring out from the curved brazen throats in his very face the grand notes of “The King shall enjoy his own again.” As the war trumpets scudded to the fray, Mackay, swifter than the east wind, turns his gusty back, and panting hurries towards the coast. Thus the hungry fox, seeking in the darkness of night the full sheep-fold, turns when he hears the barking of the fierce dogs, and with drooping neck and brush trailing in the mire he hides his shame under the cover of the woods.

“Dundee moves his standards waving on to battle into the open plain, and speeds headlong after the flying enemy. In exultation he weights his shoulders with his corslet, and presses back his flowing locks within his gleaming helmet. He calls for his charger, and in complete armour he leapt into the lofty saddle. The war-horse seemed to feel the pride of his rider, and flew faster than the north wind. Not the horse of Castor, nor of Achilles, went thus; nor Pegasus on fleet wing. Bellerophon ne’er cleft the light air more fleetly. Now the Graham gallops circling amid the plaided host, and exhorts the leaders. He calls the cadet of the Frasers, faithful to his commands, and addresses him as he goes in few words:—‘Go! O son of Beaully, never found opposed to the Royal Stuart, press on the rear of the flying

enemy, and begin the battle. Swift must be your course, pass the light clouds in your speed.' He flies, fleetier than any stag, and attacks the rear of the Dutch force with musket fire, and bids, in cutting words, the harassed enemy to stand, and trust himself on the level ground. But he, urging his steps all the more rapidly towards the coast, hastened his precipitate course southwards. The lightning-like Graham presses him with his whole line, and, like a whirlwind, follows the fugitives through the fields. In one day he thrice drove the enemy from his position. Already he had crossed the high declivities of snowy Balrinnis, and left the fields of Balveny far behind. The sun, meanwhile, is setting, and the evening star coming forth on the heavens. Still rise the shouts of men, still comes the panting of the pursuing horses; the air resounds with loud clamour, the hollows groan, the earth trembles, stricken with the force of their heavy tramp; here, at the double, comes a regiment of foot, there the iron hoof of the cavalry cuts the quivering turf at the gallop. There is no rest till black night steals colour from the scene, and outspread darkness covers the earth.'

In the "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland from the dissolution of the last Parliament of Charles II. until the Sea Battle of La Hogue," by Sir John Dalrymple of Cranstoun (a later baronet of the family than the Sir John of Glencoe notoriety), published in 1771, it is related of Dundee—while the severity of his discipline is commented upon—that "if anything good was brought him to eat he sent it to a faint or sick soldier. If a soldier was weary he offered to carry his arms. He kept those who were with him from sinking under their fatigues, not so much by exhortation as by preventing them from attending to their sufferings. For this reason he walked on foot with his men; now by the side of one clan, and anon by that of another. He amused them with jokes. He flattered them with his knowledge of their genealogies. He animated them by a recital of the deeds of their ancestors, and of the verses of their bards. It was one of his maxims that no general should fight with an irregular army unless he was acquainted with every man he commanded."

While the character and services of Dundee are no doubt exaggerated by such partisan champions as Napier and Aytoun, it is equally clear, on the other hand, that his memory has been to no little extent unjustly traduced by extremely prejudiced critics like Wodrow, Macaulay, and others. Of course the old adage holds good that "two blacks don't make a white." But even assuming that Dundee was guilty of all the cruelties laid to his

charge by his bitterest opponents—a very extreme assumption indeed—these cruelties altogether pale in comparison not only with the infamous butchery on the part of the Whigs, with the Prince of Orange's express authority, at Glencoe, but also with the inhuman barbarities perpetrated more than half a century later by "the bloody Duke of Cumberland" and his minions on the defenceless Highlanders after Culloden.

With the Jacobites, Dundee was the brave and handsome cavalier, the last of the great Scots and gallant Grahams. With the Covenanters he was "bloody Claverse," the most cruel and rapacious of all the mercenary soldiers of that age. "He was neither," says an impartial critic, "the best nor the worst of his class. As a military commander he had no opportunities for display. He was the hero of only one important battle, and in that his skill was shown chiefly in his choice of position. As a persecutor, he did not, like Dalyell, introduce the thumb-screw, nor, like Grierson of Lagg, drown helpless women at the stakes on the sea-sands. 'In any service I have been in,' he said, 'I never inquired further in the laws than the orders of my superior officers.' . . . It was fortunate for his reputation that he died after a great victory, fighting for an exiled and deserted monarch."

"In the garden of old Urrard,
Among the bosky yews
A turfen hillock riseth
Refreshed by faithful dew ;
Here sank the warrior stricken
By charmed silver ball,
And all the might of victory
Dropped nerveless in his fall.
Last hope of exiled Stuart,
Last heir of chivalrie,
In the garden of old Urrard
He fell, the brave Dundee."

It is related of Dr Munro, minister of St Giles, the distinguished Principal at the time of the University of Edinburgh, that he was accused of rejoicing at the victory of Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie. At the enquiry instituted before the Parliamentary Commission in 1690, the rev. Principal, after calling upon his accuser for proofs, thus boldly expressed himself :—

"The libeller does not think I rejoiced at the fall of my Lord Dundee ! I assure him of the contrary ; for no gentleman, soldier,

scholar, or civilised citizen will find fault with me for this. I had an extraordinary value for him ; and such of his enemies as retain any generosity will acknowledge he deserved it."

" ' Bloody Claverse,' ' Bonnie Dundee '—the two names," says the unprejudiced writer of the article on Viscount Dundee in the last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, published in 1890, "illustrate the opposite feelings borne towards one whom the malice of foes and the favour of friends have invested with a factitious interest. He was neither the devil incarnate that legend and Lord Macaulay have painted him, nor the 17th century Havelock of Aytoun, Napier, and Paget. Wodrow himself admits that ' the Hell-wicked-witted, bloodthirsty Graham of Claverhouse iated to spend his time with wine and women.'"

Here is the testimony as to the character of Dundee given by Drummond of Balhaldy, the biographer of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel :—

" His Lordship was so nice in point of honour, and so true to his word, that he never was known once to break it. From this exactness it was that he once lost the opportunity of an easy victory over Mackay in Strathspey, by dismissing Captain Forbes ; who, meeting the two troopers sent by the Lord Kilsyth, not only discovered that intelligence, but the neighbourhood of the Highland army, as I have formerly related. This is the only real error chargeable in his conduct while he commanded in this war. But this is the more excusable that it proceeded from a principle of religion, whereof he was strictly observant ; for, besides family worship performed regularly evening and morning at his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours and employed himself in that duty. This I affirm upon the testimony of severals that lived in his neighbourhood in Edinburgh, where his office of Privy Councillor often obliged him to be ; and particularly from a Presbyterian lady, who lived long in the storey or house immediately below his Lordship's, and who was otherwise so rigid in her opinions that she could not believe a good thing of any person of his persuasion, till his conduct rectified her mistake."

Writing in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, 1877, the Rev. Dr Stewart of Ballachulish, so well and favourably known under the *nom-de-plume* of " Nether Lochaber," remarks of Lord Dundee, " that whatever his Covenanting opponents may have thought and said of him, the Highlanders, at least, loved him with all their heart, and held him a general of name and fame beyond anyone else then living ; and that they so honestly believed, rightly or

wrongly, is evidenced by their constantly and fondly speaking of him as *Iain Dubh nan Cath*—dark or swarthy John of Battles—a *soubriquet* which must have been proper and *apropos*, for to this day it has never died, and you meet with it in almost all the songs and fireside *sgeulachds* that go back to the days of Sir Ewen Dubh of Lochiel and 'Bonnie Dundee.' Next to James Graham, the 'Great' Marquis of Montrose, Lord Dundee stands first and foremost, if Highland song and Highland story are to be taken as factors in the appraisal. How highly Dundee was esteemed as a leader or 'King' of men, to use the Homeric epithet, how much he was thought of as a gentleman and accomplished soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, finds very striking illustration in the bitter exclamation of Macdonald of Clan Ranald" (Gordon of Glenbucket?)—"at the battle of Sheriffmuir, when he saw that things that might have gone otherwise were going amiss—"O! for one hour of Dundee." . . . "I am quite prepared to couch and splinter a lance in honour of Lord Dundee and Killiecrankie, if called upon, were it but for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the days when Scotland was spoken of on the Continent of Europe as a 'nation of heroes.'"

In a subsequent letter appearing in the *Celtic Magazine* for November, 1877, "Nether-Lochaber" writes:—"Like William Edmonstone Aytoun, I can very honestly say that 'I am not ashamed to own that I have a deep regard for the memory of Lord Dundee, founded on a firm belief in his public and private virtues, his high and chivalrous honour, and his unshaken loyalty to his sovereign.'"

As is well known, Dundee fell by a musket shot at the Battle of Killiecrankie on 27th July, 1689, while waving on one of his battalions to advance. It appears clear, however, that his death did not immediately ensue. In the evidence given before the Commission of the Scottish Parliament in 1690, the sworn testimony of Lieutenant Nisbet (a Government witness) is to the effect that a soldier named Johnston related that he had caught Dundee in his arms as the brave general sank from his saddle after being shot. "How goes the day?" murmured Dundee. "Well for King James," said Johnston, "but I am sorry for your Lordship." "If it is well for him," was the dying man's touching answer, "it matters the less for me"—an heroic sentiment worthy of the last hours of such a devoted champion of the "almost hopeless cause" of the exiled and unfortunate Stewarts as *Iain Dubh nan Cath*, whom the Highlanders loved so well. In the Latin epitaph by his learned and accomplished contemporary, Dr

Archibald Pitcairn, as translated by the poet Dryden, Dundee is thus apostrophised :—

“ Oh, last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
 Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
 New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
 New gods the temples, and new kings the throne !
 Scotland and thou did in each other live ;
 Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
 Farewell, who dying did'st support the State
 And could not fall but with thy country's fate.”

According to some accounts Dundee died where he fell. Others maintain that, wrapped in two plaids, he was carried off the field to Blair Castle, and there expired not many hours afterwards. In the “*Life and Times of Dundee*,” published in 1862, it is stated “that the invariable tradition in Blair-Athole is that Dundee was carried from the field to the Castle and died therein.” In the Bodleian Library at Oxford is preserved the Letter Book of Nairne, Secretary to King James, and in this book is the copy of a letter written or dictated by Dundee after he had received his death-wound, and been carried to Blair Castle, giving the King a brief account of the victory. That letter has been treated by Macaulay and others as a forgery, but it is simply inconceivable with what possible motive, or for what purpose, Nairne, or anybody else, could have forged such a document, which remained unprinted for a period of nearly 90 years. The letter was first published in 1775 by James Macpherson, of Ossianic fame, in his valuable historical collection, entitled, “*Original Papers containing the Secret history of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover.*” In reply to queries addressed by Mark Napier in 1862 to the Reverend W. D. Macray of the Bodleian Library, the following answers were returned by that gentleman :—

“ Bodleian Library, Jany. 2, 1862.

“ Dear Sir,—Nairne's Papers are preserved in Carte's Collection in this Library. Amongst them is the volume marked ‘A. L.’ in folio, from which Macpherson printed the papers enquired for by you. The Speech and Letter are copies by a contemporaneous hand, written on the two sides of the same leaf, and numbered 242, as in Macpherson. The one is headed, ‘The Ld. Dundee's speech before ye Battle,’ and the other ‘Lord Dundee's lre. to King James after ye ffight.’

"They are very correctly printed by Macpherson; the only trifling variations being the following:—In the speech 'usurpation[s] and rebellion[s]'; 'but [twill] inspire.' In the letter '[tis] certain'; 'Mackay's' [instead of *McKays*]; '[in] this occasion,' '[to] your service,' '[e]ntirely yours.'

"There is no *endorsement* upon the paper, nor is it more fully described in the table of contents prefixed to the volume.

"The other references are correct. The letters in D. N. vol. i. folio 46, 48, are *copies*, not originals. I believe Macpherson is *perfectly trustworthy*. In the course of cataloguing the Pepys Papers, I found that his papers printed from that Collection were very correct, with the exception that the letters from Abbeville to Lord Preston are described by him as being to Lord Sunderland (p. 285); and I believe the Tanner extracts are equally faithful.

"Any further information in my power I shall be happy to give.—I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

(Sgd.) "W. D. MACRAY."

To further enquiries, Mr Macray responded in the following terms:—

"Lord Macaulay," he says, "*did* consult the Carte Papers personally. I recollect showing him some other papers myself. But I do not know whether he saw this volume or not. . . . When I say that the *copies*"—of Dundee's speech to the soldiers, and letter to the King—"are *contemporaneous*, I mean that they are evidently *before 1700*. There can be *no doubt whatever* that they were written about 1690."

In a subsequent letter, Mr Macray says:—

"There is not, as far as the paper itself is concerned, for anything that I can see, a *shadow of reason* for pronouncing the dying letter a forgery. Probably Lord Macaulay did not look in the right volume for it, as the variety of labels affixed by Carte is rather perplexing, and that, therefore, not finding it, he assumed its non-existence."

Macray, it will be seen, carefully examined the copy of the letter "by a contemporaneous hand" among the Nairne papers in the Carte collection preserved in the Bodleian Library. Against the conjectures or prejudiced statements of Macaulay and his followers we have accordingly the clear and emphatic testimony of Macray to the effect that for anything he could see there was not "a shadow of reason" for holding "the dying letter" to be a forgery. Even supposing that the conjectures referred to were well founded, it is quite evident from Macray's testimony, as well as from the testimony of the impartial author of the article on

“Dundee” in the last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, “that the forgery was *not* Macpherson's.”

“The next morning after the battle,” says the biographer of Lochiel, “the Highland army had more the air of the shattered remains of broken troops than of conquerors; for here it was literally true that

‘The vanquished triumphed, and the victors mourned.’

The death of their brave general, and the loss of so many of their friends, were inexhaustible fountains of grief and sorrow. They closed the last scene of this mournful tragedy in obsequies of their lamented general, and of the other gentlemen who fell with him, and interred them in the church of Blair of Atholl with a real funeral solemnity, there not being present one single person who did not participate in the general affliction.”

“Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee.”

On the 200th anniversary of Dundee's death in July, 1889, the Duke of Atholl appropriately erected a tablet in the vault of the Atholl family, in the churchyard of Old Blair, with the following inscription:—

JOHN GRAHAM of Claverhouse,
Viscount Dundee,
Who fell at the Battle of Killiecrankie,
27th July, 1689; aged 46.

This Memorial is placed here by John, 7th Duke of Atholl, K.T., 1889.

The following letters from Viscount Dundee, which are given in their original spelling, are all written to Cluny of the time on tiny sheets of notepaper. Himself a Protestant, although an Episcopalian, Dundee, it will be noticed, in his first letter to Cluny says that he is "as much concerned in the Protestant religion as any man, and will doe my best indevors to see it secured." Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7 are holograph of Dundee himself. No. 5 is apparently written by an amanuensis, with the exception of the latter portion of the postscript, which is in Dundee's own handwriting. They are all signed "Dundie." Five are addressed on the outside simply—"For the Laird of Clunie." Nos. 5 and 7 are addressed "For the Laird of Clunie in Badenoch." Nos. 1 and 4 do not bear the name of the place from which they were dated, but they must have been written from Lochaber, where Dundee appears to have been at the time. Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6 are all dated from "Stroan"—or, as it is spelt in one letter, "Stron"—in Lochaber. It was, undoubtedly, from the same place also—and not, as stated by Napier, from Struan, in Blair-Atholl—that Dundee's letters of 15th and 19th July, 1689, to Lord Murray were written. In the "Life and Times of Dundee" Napier states that Dundee (about the middle of July, 1689) "established his quarters at Struan, the stronghold of the loyal Robertson, situated on the opposite side of the Garry from Atholl's castle." This is certainly a mistake on the part of Napier, arising in all probability from his want of accurate knowledge of the district through which Dundee traversed at the time, and of the similarity in the old spelling and pronunciation of "Stroan" or "Strone" in Lochaber, and "Strowan" or "Struan," in Blair-Atholl. This appears clear from the postscript to Dundee's letter to Cluny of 22nd July, 1689 (No. 6 of the series), in which he says:—"In answer to yours, you and your friends are to meet me to-morrows night (without fail) at Garva." Garva is in the parish of Laggan, in Badenoch, and Dundee was on his way at the time from Lochaber to Blair in Atholl. His last letter to Cluny is dated from Blair Castle, on 26th July, just the day, or probably the evening, before the eventful battle of Killiecrankie, where the devoted and heroic leader received "his death wound."

1.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE to CLUNY, dated 19th May, 1689.

Sir,—I hear M[a]jor G(eneral) McKay has been by threats and promises indeavoring to engadge you in his rebellion against our Laufull Suverain King James, but .I knou your constant

Loyalty your honor and your conscience will secur you against such proposalls. I have nou received Letters fróm Yrland (Ireland) by which I am seur nothing but want of fair wynd can hinder the landing of a considerable force in this contrey from thence, and that the King will be with us very soon. In the meantime he is pleased to apoint me to be Lt. Gen : and comand the forces whereupon I am to requyr all honest men to attend the Kings Standart. I perswad my self you will not be wanting in so good ane occasion as this is of indevoring under God to restor our gracious monarch. I will not desyr you to apear in armes untill such time as you see us in body able to preserve you which I hop in God you shall in a feu days see. There is on thing I forwarn you of not to be alarumed with the danger they would make the world believe the protestant religion is in. They must make religion the pretext as it has been in all times of rebellion.

I am as much concerfed in the protestant religion as any man, and will doe my indevors to see it secured.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) DUNDIE.

The foregoing letter supplies an illustration of Dundee's skill, as it has been said, "in the Epistolary way of writing; for he not only expressed himself with great ease and plainness, but argued well, and had a great art in giving his thoughts in few words. And this chiefly appears when he had occasion to write to such gentlemen as he knew Mackay had been tampering with; where he frequently not only answers all that was then pled in favour of the Revolution, but also lays before them the duty and obedience they owed to King James, as their natural sovereign, with great perspicuity and strength of argument, in the compass of a small page or two."

2.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE to CLUNY, dated "Stroan," July 14th, 1689.

Sir,—I have just now received a letter from Colonell Cannon then abt the Castle of Dowart in Mull giving me ane account of his arrivall there the twelvth, and that the Kings shippes had brought along a great number of officers with a considerable body of men ammunition and armes—the particulars he refers till meeting, when he is to deliver me his Majesties letters. He gives account of the defeat of the Scotess fleet. They fell upon the two Glasgow friggotts killed both the Captains, taken the shippers and have all the rest of the men prisoners. He tells me likways that

Dairie (Derry) is certainly taken, and the French Fleet is att sea, and the first newes we will hear will be the King's landing in ye west. The men of warr are by this time in Ireland, to attend that service, so with the asistance of Almighty God we will now in a verie short time see our Gracious King restored to the Throne of his Ancestors. Wherefore tis high time for you to draw to armes, which I desire you to do with all your men and folowers, and I shall give you notice where to join us.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

(Signed) DUNDIE.

Sir, this I wryt to you to be comunicat to all the gentry of Badenoch, so call them together for from the head to the foot I will spair non that Joyns not. The gentry must march themselves, and I expect 400 men and no expenses will be allowed. McIntosh, Grants, and all must come out.

3.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE TO CLUNY, dated "Stron," July 18th, 1689

Sir,—I need not say much because the bearer can tell you all the newes. There is a regiment come from Yrland (Ireland) and 74 officers beseyds 35 barel of powder ball match and flints, with severall other provisiones with tuo ships they have left to us. I have a letter all writen with the King's own hand assuring me of mor assistance imediatly, and he is just ready to land. The french fleet having bate the dutch and kepted the inglish in. The french have 15,000 men aboard and 30,000 camped at Dunkerk wating only if the King has use for them.

The parlements of ingland and Scotland ar all by the ears amongst themselves—D[uke] Hamilton was cheased. D[uke] Gordon is treacherously imprisoned after all, and many other nobles, such opressiones wer never heard of and must be shaken of. All mankynd almost nou beggs our asistance and you will see a great apearance. All behynd you ar here saive M'cklowd who is coming—E[arl] Seaforth is to land in his own contrey, and has undertaken to rease 3 regiments. I dessein to march on Saturday or Munday. I would not have delayed so long had it not been that the Yrish (Irish) forces could not conveniently cross from mull because of the great wynds. I expect you will have all your contrey in armes on munday, and I shall send you word

where to Joyn us. Nobody offers to sit my sumonds so I expect that you will not.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) DUNDIE.

This I desyr you will comunicat to the rest of the gentry of the contrey and befor Sundays night. Lait me have your positive answer in wryt not by proxie and that signed or I will not notice it.

4.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE TO CLUNY (undated).

Sir,—I send you here a proclamation and a copie of the King's instructions. You will see thereby hou you oght to walk. The french fleet is nou com betuixt Scotland and yrland (Ireland). We expect the King's Landing or troops from him evry day. I expect to hear from you what—M[ajor] G[eneral] Makay is lyk to doe. I can be tuyce as strong as ever when I please

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) DUNDIE.

Any word you have a mynd to send to me you may cause delyver it to Alex. Mcdonald who keep gaird in Glenroy. Lait the rest of your friends see this proclamation.

5.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE TO CLUNY, dated "Stroan," July 20, 1689.

Sir.—You hear what is fallen out in breamar. The Atholl men ar resolved to stand by them and both have sent to me for relief. I am ready to asist all honest men. It is nou no mor time to look on when all your nighbors ar ingadged. I assure you it will prove your uter ruin if you doe; so you will doe well to drawe to armes or be looked on as rebelles. If you sit this Sumonds you shall not be often troubled with mor letters from me so I desyr a positive answer and I requyr you to call the contrey and intimat this to them. The man that coms from you is honest but I believe he mynds not what he says for I know a great many things he tells me not to be treu. Darie (Derry) is certainly taken by storm last week. Shomberg has refused to head the P[rince] of Orange army for fear of loosing his honor with new troops that will run for it. I expect the landing evry minut.

I am Sir

Your humble Servant

(Signed) DUNDIE.

That McKintosh is a lying rogue. The D[uke] of Gordon gave him no comision to forbid you to ryse. I spok with on[e] that sawe [him] on Thursday last and was in the castle as well as McKintosh. This Sir I desyr you will acquaint the contrey of and when he came first he said no such thing.

6.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE to CLUNY, dated "Stroan," 22 July, 1689.

Sir,—Our people coming from this countrey which doeth not abound in provisions will want meat when they come into Badinoch. I am unwilling that they should go loose in your countrey (to seek provisions as they did last) for fear of ruining it, wherefore I send yow this advertisment that you may cause provisions come in again to morous night near to the place of Clunie, for fiveteen hunder men for two dayes. The rest of our men are provided. If yow fail in this lett the blaim of all the disorders that shall be comitted be upon yow. These who bring in the provisions shall be fully satisfied for them. I expect that the country will be raidy in arms to join us seeing Marr and Atholl are immediatly to do it, and I may say almost all benorth Tay and a good pairt besouth, so now is the time if ever, for to show yourselves loyall men. I pray yow force me not, to do things to yow, against my inclination.

I am Sir

Your assured freend and humble servant

(Signed) DUNDIE.

In answer to yours yow and your friends are to meet me tomorows night (without fail) at Garva.

Sir, bak these Letters and send them to the most considerable of the gentry of Badenoch.

7.—VISCOUNT DUNDEE to CLUNY, dated "Blair Castle," July 26, 1689.

Sir,—My Lord Muray is retyred down the contrey. All the Atholl men have left them saive Stratherel, Achintully, and Baron Read Straloch, and they will not byd my doun coming to morou. The rest of the heritors will be here to morou. They will joyn us, and I suse to morou you will have ane answer so if you have a mynd to preserve yourself and to serve the King be in armes to

morou that when the letter comes you may be here in a day.
All the world will be with us blissed be God.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

(Signed) DUNDIE.

My service to all the loyall gentrey of baddnoch.

The immediately preceding autograph letter—of which a fac-simile is here given—is particularly interesting, as being probably the last one written by Dundee, with the exception of his letter to King James giving a brief account of the battle of Killiecrankie. In the "Life and Times" of Dundee it is stated that "it is uncertain whether Dundee slept in Blair Castle on the night of the 26th, or only arrived there early in the morning of the 27th (as stated in Lochiel's Memoirs), which was the day of the battle." His last letter to Cluny clearly proves that he arrived at Blair Castle on the 26th, the day before the battle, and must have slept there that night.

Browne, in his "History of the Highlands" (vol. II., page 156), says that "Dundee, who had been duly advertised of Mackay's motions, had descended from the higher district of Badenoch into Athole on the previous day, with a force of about two thousand five hundred men, of whom about one-fifth part consisted of the Irish, which had lately landed at Inverlochy under Brigadier Cannon. Some of the clans which were expected had not yet joined, as the day appointed for the general rendezvous had not then arrived, but as Dundee considered it of paramount importance to prevent Mackay from establishing himself in Athole, he did not hesitate to meet him with such an inferior force, amounting to little more than the half of that under Mackay."

In a footnote on page 57 of the *Grameid* (Book II.), quoted on page 204, it is stated that Dundee, in his march from Fort-Augustus by the Pass of Corryarrick to Badenoch, in May, 1689, succeeded in "engaging most part of the men of note to be ready at a call to join in his master's service," and that he "found the Macphersons very keen and hearty in their inclinations for that service." There appears to be no room for doubt that in his subsequent march from Lochaber to Blair, in July following, he was met by the Chief (Duncan Macpherson of Cluny) and his "friends," at Garva in Badenoch, on the 23rd of that month, in accordance with the request contained in Dundee's letter from Strone to

Cluny the previous day. At that meeting it was evidently arranged that the Macphersons should join Dundee, immediately on receiving orders to that effect. This is borne out by the terms of Dundee's letter to Cluny of 26th July, written from Blair Castle. It is clear that Cluny could not have received the letter referred to by Dundee—and consequently could not give effect to the instructions in that letter—until after the battle of Killiecrankie took place the following day. But that the Macphersons, like other Highland clans, espoused the cause of King James, and complied with Dundee's orders, is abundantly evident. Browne, in his *History* (vol. II., p. 176), states that "on arriving at the Braes of Mar, Cannon" (Dundee's successor in the command of King James' forces) "was joined by the Farquharsons, the Frasers, the Gordons of Strathdown and Glenlivet, and by two hundred of the *Macphersons*."

II. GENERAL MACKAY OF SCOURIE'S LETTERS.

The next in order are four letters from Dundee's opponent at the Battle of Killiecrankie, Hugh Mackay of Scourie, Major-General of the Forces of William and Mary. In the "History of his own Times," by Bishop Burnet, Mackay's contemporary, the Bishop speaks of him as "a general officer who had served long in Holland with great reputation, and who was the pioucest man I ever knew in a military way, was sent down to command the army in Scotland. He was one of the best officers of the age, when he had nothing to do but to obey and execute orders, for he was both diligent, obliging, and brave, but he was not so fitted to command. His piety made him too apt to mistrust his own sense, and to be too tender or rather fearful in anything where there might be a needless effusion of blood." Macaulay, the great apologist of the alien Prince of Orange and his Whig supporters, characterises Mackay as "distinguished by courage of the truest temper, and by a piety such as is seldom found in soldiers of fortune."

Undoubtedly Mackay was a brave and distinguished soldier. But in view of the disclosures in his subsequent letters to the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Melville, the terms of his letter to Cluny of 21st May, 1689, savour surely, to some extent at least, of fanatical zeal. In judging the character of Mackay, as well as that of Dundee, regard must, of course, be had to the very turbulent times in which they lived, and the fierce and uncontrollable animosities of the opposing factions. When the Whig forces

were in the ascendant, after Dundee's death, or when opportunity occurred, it is abundantly evident that Mackay, with all his piety, did not hesitate to recommend or commit acts as cruel and oppressive as were ever proved to have been perpetrated by his great antagonist. In a letter to the Duke of Hamilton, dated from Elgin on 27th June, 1689, Mackay does not scruple to suggest that some of the adherents of King James should be put "to the torture," and he earnestly pleads that the "law allows it." Then again we have his own statement, to the effect that he carried fire and sword through fertile tracts of country in the north, and rendered houseless hundreds of poor Highlanders—his own kith and kin—while similar devastations on the part of the Jacobites were comparatively insignificant. As already indicated, Dundee strongly disapproved of such wholesale ravages, and remonstrated in very severe terms with Macdonald of Keppoch for the burning in 1689, without any authority, of Dunachton, the old seat of the family of Mackintosh, overlooking Loch Insh. In a letter to Lord Melville, dated 26th August, 1690, when Dundee was in his grave, Mackay triumphantly boasts that he had "burnt twelve miles of a very fertile Highland country (Strathdee), and at least twelve or fourteen hundred houses, but had no time to go up the length of Braemar."

In connection with Mackay's allusions, in one of his letters to Cluny, to "Papists," it is instructive to find that even before the year 1570 almost all the parishes in the diocese of Moray had Protestant religious teachers. Except where the influence of the Gordon family prevailed, all adhered firmly to Protestant principles from the very first. "Among the Highland clans," says Shaw, the historian of Moray, "the Frasers, Mackintoshes, Grants, Macphersons, Macgillivrays, scarce any Papists are to be found. Even in the country of Badenoch, though all are either vassals or tenants of the Duke of Gordon, there are few if any of that religion. This has been owing to the gentry and chiefs of clans who early embraced the Reformation, and both encouraged and promoted it in their lands." Devoted as the successive Cluny Chiefs were to the Jacobite cause, they all along, from the Reformation downwards, steadfastly adhered to the Protestant faith, notwithstanding the influence of the Gordons as superiors of the Lordship of Badenoch in the opposite direction.

Much as Mackay contributed in the way of establishing William and Mary on the British throne, his important services were but very poorly and grudgingly rewarded. He commanded the British at the Battle of Steinkirk on 3rd August, 1692, where

he was killed and three thousand of his troops were lost. According to Bishop Burnet, Mackay, having been ordered to a post which he saw could not be maintained, expressed an adverse opinion as to the proposed course of action, but the former orders being confirmed, he went on saying only—"The will of the Lord be done."

Earnest as they were, Mackay's attempts to persuade Cluny of the time to join the Whig forces proved unavailing. Here are transcripts of his four letters to Cluny :—

1.—GENERAL MACKAY to CLUNY, dated Elgin, 6th May, 1689.

You are required to assemble your men together upon the Laird of Graunt's advertisment as Shorif of the shire and having perticullar warrant therto from the Estates of this Kingdom, and with them follow such directions and orders as the said Laird shall give you for the present service, as you shall be answerable vpon your highest peril for all things that shall fall out contrarie to the interest of the service by your non-concurrence and disobedience.

Given at Elgin the 6th May 1689.

(Signed) H. MACKAY.

For his maties. speciall service to the Laird of Cluny, Chief of the Macphersons in Badenoch.

2.—GENERAL MACKAY to CLUNY, dated Inverness, 21 May, 1689.

Sr.,—I cannot belceve you so much an enemy to your eternall and temporall happynesse, as to joyn with a compnie of papists (or wors then papists such as sacrifice all that ought be of value to men of raison and pietie, which consists in the maintenance of Religion and liberty) to labour to overturn the begun deliverance which God hath in his mercy wrought this far for vs. My advyce then is that you order your following to draw to a head, and vpon the least advertisment, which you can easily have, send all their good movable out of the way, I mean their cattell, assuring you that what litle harme you can suffer in the King's and Kingdom's service shall be richly repaired, besydes the honour and satisfaction of conscience you shall gaine in hazarding freely and cheerfully all things for the mantenance of a cause, which by the blessing of the author thereof, and in all humane probabilitie will cary it in spyt of all opposition; you shall be pleased to

give me speedy notice of your resolution, that I may take mesures accordingly, assuring yourself of all the service which shall ly in the power of

Sir,

Your most humble and affectioned servant,

(Signed) H. MACKAY.

3.—GENERAL MACKAY to CLUNY, dated Coulnakyle, 27th June, 1690.

Sir,—Sr Thomas Livingstoune haveng already acquainted you that I was to call for sheep and coves for the vse of the Army, when I encamp in Badenough, I doubt not but they are already provyded, so I desyre that you may have two hundred coves and six hundred sheep at Rivan in Badenough again Sunday at twelve a'clock being the 29 instant and you shall have ready money for them. If you fail in this I assure you I will turne the army loose upon the country, who will not spaire neither houses nor cornes. Take this advertisement from

Sir,

Your assured friend,

(Signed) H. MACKAY.

Att the Camp att Coulnakyle, the 27 June, 1690.

4.—GENERAL MACKAY to CLUNY, dated Edinbr. 20th of October, 1690.

Sir,—I Received your letter giveing account of the Devastations made by the fforces latly in Badenoch, for which they had no ordor neither from the Government nor from me. I am sorrie that it is fallen out, but yett I cannot but blame your own conduct as the occassion therof, who wold not come into me, when I was in the countrey, and take the protection of the Government; and mine to secure you from such accidents, withall I am informed by Collonell Cuninghame that it was the scruples of the Gentill men of the Countrey to take the oaths ordained by law which brought in the fforces after they had been informed that the enemie was dispersed. However in tyme to come I shall contribute what I can that they shall not be used otherwayes then the rest of their Maties good subjects, and make no question (provyded they show themselves weell affected to the service) that when things are come to a perfect settlement that their loss shall be

considered upon application to the Government, which is all at present from

Your very affectionat servant,
(Signed) H. MACKAY.

III. GENERAL CANNON'S LETTERS.

We have next five letters and a commission from General Cannon, who joined the forces of Dundee with a contingent from Ireland, and who, on the death of Dundee, assumed the command of the army of King James. Napier, in his "Memoirs of Dundee," characterises Cannon as "the miserable second in command to Dundee at the Battle of Killiecrankie, whose imbecility ruined the King's cause in Scotland." It will be seen that in Cannon's last letter, Cluny is authorised to raise for the King's service "the Mackintoshes, as weal as Thos leving upon the Duke of Gordon's Interest." Cannon signs his name "Canan," and it appears to have been spelt indifferently "Cannan," "Cannon," and "Canon."

1.—GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Dunan, July 4 [1689.]

Sir,—Being com this lenth with the Viscont of Dundee and several oficiers and gentlemen with us on purpos to rais all the Kings friends that will embrace this oportunity, and hath found euery on hear about extrem chearful and willing to Joyn us, Laying asyd that we have good promises from a great part of the nobility and gentry who was not engaged befor, Therfor I hope that as yow have still evidenced your loyalty at all tymes, so now yow will be pleased to continue, which no man that knos yow will dout of, and send to joyne me at balwither al the fensable men yow can. I am sur the measurs that is taken at this tym in al apearance will answer the expectation. I nead not say befor yow what extreamety this undertaking will put our Enemyes to provyded things be don quickly. Expecting your speedy answer, I Remain, Sr,

Your Real humble Servant,

ALL. CANAN.

Sir,—I desyr that favor that yow will be pleasd to send Inclosd to Kepoch and let me kno what Inteligence you have of Makay.

2.—GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Blair, 20th July, 1689.

Sr,—I se a Leter of yours directed to my Lord Dundy. I fynd you complain of som injury don you by Locheel's men. Sr I expect you wil joyn me with your men imediatly and you shal find al justice I may inable.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servand,

(Signed) ALL. CANAN.

July 20,
blair.

3.—GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Carandal,
23rd December, 1689.

Sr,—I received yours of the 27 of Novr. I am extremly glad to hear of your Readines and yow may ashur yourself that with the first ocasion that I writ to the King that I shal Represent your case so that you may have every favor that any other gentlemen hath had in his contrey. As for news just now I have the sure confirmation of Shomberk's total defait whic is al at present from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) ALL. CANAN.

4.—COMMISSION, GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Lochaber,
27th December, 1689.

Allexr. Canan Brigadier General and Commander in Chief of His Majesties forces in the Kingdom of Scotland.

Thes ar to authoriz and warante Mackpharson of Cluiny to Rais for the King's service The Makintoshes as weal Thes leving upon the Duke of Gordon's Interest as Thes holding of the Duke of Gordon within The Interest of badenoche. Dated at Lochaber.

(Signed) ALL. CANAN.

Dec. 27, 1689.

5.—GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Carendal, 29th Jany. [1690].

Sr,—Least my first letre might fail I haw given you the trouble of this second to let you kno that this Rendevous is to be

the 8 of february at Dalmacomar. Therfor I doe not doubt but yow will be in Readines with your men against that tyme. The E. of Dunfermling writ you al the news, to whom I pray give my humble service.

I am, Sr,

Your most humble Servant,

ALL. CANAN.

6.—GENERAL CANNON to CLUNY, dated Lochaber, 27th May [1690].

Sr,—I do not dout but M. Gen. buchan hath given you ane account of the good condition of our Masters afares and hath lykways sent the double of his leter to al of you Chiefs of Clanes. Ther is also a Comision from the King to you. Pray be pleased to let me hear from you what way it may be sent. So giving you thanks for your kynd Entertainment when I sawe you last,

I am, Sr,

Your Real humble Servant,

ALL. CANAN.

IV. THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE'S LETTERS.

The Earl of Dunfermline joined Dundee with a troop of horse which he commanded at the Battle of Killiecrankie. In 1690 he was outlawed. Following King James to St Germain, he had the Order of the Thistle conferred upon him. He died in exile in 1694. He signs his name, it will be seen, "Dunfermeling."

1.—THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE to CLUNY, dated Invergarry, 5th April, 1690.

Sir,—I was soe misfortunat as to mis you when I came from Badinoch and you may remember that at my parting with you it was your promise to do all you could to get out the people of Badinoch and now I having spoke to Major Generall Buchan thereanent he hath ordered me to command you upon your alegiance to have all the men in readines upon Wednesday or Thursday at the furthest for if they doe not joyne us against that time we will pay them a visit in the buy going which will be about the time above mentioned if they doe rise and send out their best men it will both stop our quartering upon them and if yt does not doe they may asure themselves of being burnt just

upon the backe of it. Soe hoping you will hinder anything of this nature both for the Duke of Gordon's and your own sake.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble seruant,

(Signed) DUNFERMELING.

You will send an express with your answer.

2.—THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE to CLUNY, dated Gordon Castle,
30th April, 1690.

Sir,—Having often heard of your forwardness in ye King's service hath occasioned me in the Duke of Gordon's name to gvyie you this trouble desiring that you and your friends may be in readines upon twentie four hours advertisment with ther best armes to joyn with his grace's men for the King's service where you shall be attended by him who is in all sincerity,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient seruant,

(Signed) DUNFERMELING.

At meeting I shall show you my warrant for this.

3.—THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE to CLUNY, dated Invernesse,
3rd May, 1689.

Sir,—I send these desiring ye may Imediatlie convey the hail Badenoch Men and keip them on foot togidder and ye shall be advertised when and where to march. Let the number of men be proportionable to the number of Daachs, and take the same methods for their output that were taken formerlie. Be diligent herein if ye would obledge

Your assured freind to serve you,

DUNFERMELING.

List the Mackintosh Men and gett them out as formerly in the same etent wt yours.

4.—THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE to CLUNY, dated Invergargy,
27th May, 1690.

Sir,—I have sent you hear inclosed a double of the King's letter to the Clans and Generall officiers. I am likewayes desired to show you that there are generall blank commissions come over and that if you be as ready to except of ane commission for the

King's seruice, as I think you should, you shall have it any time the nixt week you pleas. I doe very sudinly expect to hear from ye Duke of Gordon who I am confident will be hear in a short time. It is my owne opinion that you should writ to Major G. Buchan and likewayes too Cannan and thank them for ye getting you ane commission and not refuse to except of it for in a few dayes you will see more then some doe believe. Soe not doupting of your returne I shall say noe more but yt

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

(Signed) DUNFERMELING.

V. SIR THOMAS LIVINGSTONE TO CLUNY,

dated Delradie, 6th May, 1690.

Sir Thomas Livingstone represented an old cadency of the family of Kilsyth, and was for a considerable time in the Dutch service. He served under Mackay, and commanded the Whig forces at the skirmish between them and a small remnant of the adherents of King James, which took place at Cromdale on 1st May, 1690. It was he, who, after receiving the inhuman order from the Master of Stair for the carnage at Glencoe, expressed, in a letter to Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, his satisfaction that Glencoe had not taken the oath within the time prescribed. At the same time he urged Hamilton, as "fair occasion" offered, for showing that his garrison was of some use, and as the order from the Court was positive, not to spare any that had not come timeously in, and desiring that he would begin with Glencoe, and save nothing of what belongs to them, "but not to trouble the Government with prisoners," or, in other words, to spare no lives.

In the following letter it will be seen that, as in the case of General Cannon's orders, on the *Jacobite* side the number "of your best, and best armed men," which Cluny was ordered to raise, on the *Whig* side were "to consist of Macentos's [Mackintoshes], Macfers's [Macphersons], and Grant's."

Sr,—You are hereby ordered in the King's neam to rais the numbr of a Hundred and twenty of your best and best armed men with aigt days food out of the Lordship of badinog and to send them with sufficient Comanders upon their head to-morrow's nigat at Balachastel [Castle Grant] being the 7th instant. These men are

to Consist out of Macentos's and Macfers's, and Grant's. This you are ordered upon your hyghest peril.

Given at Delradie 6 May.

(Signed) T. LIVINGSTONE.

For theer Majesty's service to Cluenie Mcferson.

VI. MAJOR-GENERAL BUCHAN'S LETTERS.

General Buchan was of the family of Auchmacoy, Aberdeenshire, who were remarkable for their steady loyalty to the Stewarts. He was the last officer who had the chief command of King James's forces in Scotland after the Revolution of 1688. Born about the middle of the seventeenth century, he entered the army when very young, and after serving in subordinate ranks in France and Holland, he was in 1682 appointed by Charles the II. Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1686 by James the VII. Colonel of the Earl of Mar's regiment of foot in Scotland. He received the thanks of the Privy Council for various services, and in 1689 was promoted by King James to the rank of Major-General. After the fall of Dundee at Killiecrankie, and the subsequent repulse of his successor, Colonel Cannon, at Dunkeld, he was appointed by King James, who was then in Ireland, Commander-in-Chief of all the Jacobite forces in Scotland. He was defeated by the Whig forces, under Sir Thomas Livingstone, at Cromdale, in May, 1690. He is supposed to have been present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, with the Earl of Mar's forces, in November, 1715.

1.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY (undated).

Sir,—I ame cum hier by the King's order to tret wt the Chieffs off the Clans and youe being *on* I dessyre that ye maye have your proportion off men Redje aganst the 12 off Marche Your number is a 100 men that is put upon youe by our Cunsell of Ware. Iff ye wantt a Colls. Comision I oblige mysellff to procure on to youe provyding you can Rais on Regimentt. I will doe youe all the servis I can but have a care off bad Cunselle.

I ame, your humbell servant,

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

For the laird off Clunje at badenoche.

2.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY Sunday (undated).

SIR,—We haue spared youe as long as we can and noue my master's servis requyrs that youe may joyn us tusday nixt wt out

faill and to bring 6 days provisione wt youe. So houping ye was your sellff, and peopple so weille that ye wiell not faille off this.

I ame, Sir,

Your assured frind to serve youe,

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

3.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY, dated Inverlochi, March 18th, 1690.

Sir,—This is to lett youe knoue that I am informed the want off the King's Coemision kepts youe from joyning his Majestie's forces. I confes it is not Rytt to be soe—but I doe obligie mysellff on my honore youe shall have it for a Coll. werie sine, and I ame sure my good frind the Duk of gordon wiell not be displeased wt youe considering houe affers stands at pressentt. All the Chieff's off the Clans ar to Rys werie sine so we all dessyre that ye wiell haue your proportion off men Redie against the first off Aprylle nixt precisly. Your number is only to be 200 at this tyme. I haue Receved orders to Requyre everi subject upon ther alegens to joyn the King's ost vnder the paine off hy treson so I should be sorie that badinoche should be on off thos cuntras should Refus ther master's coemands. I lyeff all the Rest to the berar and

I am yours

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

4.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY, dated Inverlochy, 31st March, 1690.

Sir,—I haue received yours wt your tuoe Frinds and all off ws is not off the opinione to giue annie tyme to noe persone noue when we are in the fieldts, so sir youe wielle be pleased to haue your men Redie imediatly or stand to your hazerd. I haid allways a good opinion of the badinoche men and should be sorie to take annie misors [measures] wt youe that wille not be agreeable but you may persuad yoursellues that I wielle sie my master's orders obeyed punctuallie and

I ame,

Your humbl servantt,

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

5.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY, dated Lochaber, 22nd May, 1690.

Sir,—I was informed that youe haid gon into the enemie and promised them all asistans but noue being informed by your

Cussing that youe wentt only to speak wt them to presserue your cuntrae ye can not be bled for houever is mester of the field the cuntrae people most submit. I haue sent youe a duple off the king's letter that cam wt the Marquis off Sieforthe. I haue blank Coemissions for Collonols. The berare young borlem wille inform youe from the King off all affers. I houpe that this last flytte wille not discureg your frinds for iff all haid don as sume off the badenoche men did it. voulld have gon othervays ; so

I ame,

Your humbl servant,

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

6.—GENERAL BUCHAN to CLUNY, dated 8th June, 1690.

Sir,—I receued yours and thinks itt werje Resonabelle what ye wroattin the circumstanses we are in for the hieds off the Clans are to mit wt broedallbun as to ane cesation off Armes. Whoue it wiell goe I knoue nott as yett. The Macgrigors hes taken 7 prisonors whiche I haue sentt for to Reliueff 7 off yurs. Soe send me a list off your men's names and that frind of yours thatt wentt off the field wt me to Stradoun I vielle doe him a faivore if I cane. Lett me knoue when the enemie cums and what is becum off young borlame, and

I ame, Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servantt,

(Signed) THO. BUCHAN.

7.—LETTER, backed, in hand of the period, "M. G. BUCHAN to Sir AEN. M'PHERSON," but addressed "For Mr Villiamson at I., and signed "Ja. forbes." The letter is undoubtedly in Buchan's handwriting.

"Janr. 6 [1691].

Sir,—I receued yours and thanks yow verie kyndly for your good vosses—I pray youe giue my kyndly respects to Clunie, and doe not lett him vrong him selff for his kyndnes to ws. I belieue his men ville not feght villingly against ws. As to our resoulution ve ville haue a capitolation for glengeries frinds and fouldours as Locheyell and Kepache hes got and passes. For my selff, ma. g. Canon, and the officers that hes a mynd to go abrod, othervays, iff this be refused ve ville goe to all extrematy, and I belieue our enemies knous ws, so ville that they ville not dout off this. Ther ar stille cumplents cuming against youe for your coraspondans v^t

my lord mellvine. Ye may easalie gis vhat airt they cum from.
I pray yow [word illegible] your nories that youe haue, and I ame
Your assured frind and Servantt

JA. FORBES.

VII. COLONEL SIR JOHN HILL'S LETTERS.

It was Sir John Hill, then Governor of Fort-William, who, in accordance with the instructions he received from Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, sent the sanguinary order to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, which resulted in the infamous massacre of Glencee.

After the close of the war of 1689-91, Cluny laid down his arms and took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. Neither he, however, nor any of the other Highland chiefs did so until they had previously obtained permission to that effect from King James, for which, in the negotiations with the Whig commanders, they had expressly stipulated. Still suspected of being secretly favouring the cause of King James, Cluny was in 1696 imprisoned and kept in restraint for a time in the garrison at Fort-William. In May of that year, his wife being "extreamlie ill and at ye Poynt of Death," Colonel Hill, as will be seen from the letters, treated him with no little respect and consideration, and gave him liberty to go and see her, Cluny having first granted a bond for £5000 Scots for his return to imprisonment "how soone his wife mends or expires."

1.—SIR JOHN HILL to CLUNY, dated Inverness, 12th May, 1690.

Sr.—The kinde acquaintance I had wth yor prdecessors and some with yourselfe as well as with all the rest of the Gent of Badenough dois oblige me to all the kindnes and service for yow and them yts possibly in my power. And hauing now a power in my hands from the King I would gladly extend it to ye uttermost for the Good of my freinds and if yow please to give me the favor of a visit (because I cannot come to yow) yow shall finde I will not only be Glad to see you, but very ready to serve yow. I would (because I know more of matters then most others doe) sett yow right by a true information of things by wch you will know the better how to Governe yourselfe to ye best advantage. You know or at Least may have heard of my former Conversation in the highlands, and wth how much truth and honesty I mannaged myself towards them and that I never deceived or broke with any man. You may come safe to me Either into this town or neire it.

You have here my hand for itt. I am concerned for ye Posture the highlands are now in being the highway to utter Ruin. I would gladly save them it being (by my own intreaty) put into my Power by ye King if they please to meet my proposalls of peace and quietness if not twill be Ruin and vtter destruction. For old freindship Let me see you and have some Discourse with you who am,

Your true freind and humble servant,

(Signed) Jo. HILL.

2.—SIR JOHN HILL to CLUNY, dated Inverness, 17th June, 1690.

S^r. — Out of my old kindnes to your countrey I have procured an order for ye release of ye men yt are Prisoners in the Castle (whose names are after written) therefore desire yow to advertise your freinds to come and set Cation for their peaceable demeanor in tyme comeinge, and seeing I have undertaken for the peacable carryage of ye men of Badenoch, I desire yow and Dalraddy and as many of the best of yr countrey (as conveniently can) may goe to the Major Genll when he comes to yre countrey upon his march to Loquhabbor and Let him know yor peaceable inclinations, and alsoe yt I advised yow soe to doe and Let none of your people be seen in Armes when the Army marcheth yt way, also waite on Sr Tho. Livingston who will be freindly to you. I have written to Dall-Raddy to ye same effect. The King is gon for Ireland from whence I have late intelligence yt ye Irish desert King James apace. I beleive your neighbours in Lochabbor hang of to see the Issue of yt war in Ireland wch they will soone find to their disadvantage. Let me hear from yow as soone as you can, and aboute the prisoners.

I am, S^r,

Yor very affeconate servant,

(Signed) Jo. HILL.

The Prisoners' Names.

Duncan M'Pherson.	Wm. M'Lelan.
Alexander M'Pherson.	Allexr. Stuart.
Duncan Roy M'Phersoun.	Donald Downe.
John M'Pherson.	James Cummin.
Donald M'Pherson.	John M'Laurine.
John M'Inish.	Evan M'beth.
John M'Ranald.	

3.—SIR JOHN HILL to CLUNY, dated Ruthven Castle,
29th June, 1690.

S^r.—I twice gave you advice to meete the Major Generall who as well as Sir Thomas Levingston expect you as they did others of ye countrey and tis ill taken yt none appear, alsoe hee sent yesterday to yow aboute a quantitie of cowes and sheep for wh hee payes Ready money as he did in Strathspey wh if he get not I fear heel burn the countrey. I have perswaded him to take nothing amisse because his warning was short, and he will be sattisfid if those cowes and sheepe meete him to-morrow about Brecahe. If not I feare the countrey will suffer as well in poynt of losse as reputation because the Army much wants them. I pray if you send let me have two cowes and one sheep. All will be justley and presently paid. Having sd this I need say noe more, but you wrong yorselpe exceedingly if you appear not.

I am,

Your affectionate servt.,

(Signed) JO. HILL.

4.—SIR JOHN HILL to CLUNY, dated Fort-William,
5th August, 1690.

S^r.—I am sorry to find you soe young, or so Conceited a man as to refuse the Advice of those who are yer freinds and love yow. You know how many tymes I writ yow to appear to ye Major Genll. and of wt use it would be to yow and the wholl Countrey of Badenoch; yt neither Comeing nor goeing yow would see him, tho your word and promise was passed to Sir Tho. Liveingston, and I fear the Laird of Calder may suffer on yor Acct. it being generally beleived by the Major Genll and cheif officers of ye Army yt hee advised you to yt manage and should be full sorry (being my freind) yt he should be misinterpreted on-yr acct by your not comeing in. Its beleived some of the worst sort of the Brae men in Badenoch presumed to strip some faint and wearyed soules yt were not able to keepe up with his Army which he is wresolved to revenge upon the country, and your not appearing is the reall cause why Captain M'Kay is planted in the Garrison of Ruthen as a guard upon yt countrey, and for any other inconvenience yt may fall out yow may thank your selfe whose parroll is henceforth never to be regarded, and I am resolved since you have soe far slighted my freindly advice to be revenged of those Rogues in the brae yt stript those men, except you cause them to be delivered,

or else you may expect to suffer for it your selfe for myne is hurt and wounded freindship. I expect you will doe something in bringing those villaines to punishmt or else take yor hassard of wt followes since by yor refractory humour it was all occationed. I'me sure in short tyme you'll have occation to repent your carryage or else it shall be out of ye power of

Your servant,

(Signed) JO. HILL.

5.—SIR JOHN HILL to CLUNY, dated Fort-William,
27th July, 1693.

Sir,—Being come hence I desire yow to take the first occation to come to me and only take the alleagance and signe the assurance as others doe, and then after I have Eaten and Drunken with yow and renewed old kindnes yow may return home againe to my Good freind yor Lady. This I assure yow is all I have to doe wth yow, and yor appearance here will doe yow much service and be an obligation upon

Your old true freind and servt.,

(Signed) JO. HILL.

My service to yor Lady and my thanks for her last kindnes.

6.—SIR JOHN HILL [to the Gentlemen of Badenoch], dated
Fort-William, 30th November, 1695.

Gentn,—I have yours and am very sensible of ye hardship Done, and further intended against yow, but can better regret itt then know how to helpe itt for by the complaints of some gentn of yor countrey joyned with Borlum and put into Grant's hands to magnifie them of Greivances done by the Garrison of Ruthen (wch they never thot fitt to acquainte me wth till I heard it from the secretary or else I should soone have rectified any thinge amisse). I say by these complt and of my too much kindnes to ye highlands my hands are shortened, so yt I know not but my interposition may doe more hurt then good, but yet I will venture to give you my advice presuminge you will keepe it secret. The truth is, there seemes to be much Peique ill will and selfe interest in these warme proceedinges, for at the same tyme yor people weere summoned all or most of the Brae of Lochabbir and Lochabbir itselfe, and much of Ardgour and Morvaine were called to ye same Cor^t to ye numr of neere 1000, upon wh Locheil Keppach

and others sent Downe an Agent to Invernesse to plead for a new day of hearing in regard most of them had noe tyme (after the sumons) to appear or to find out and bringe their men. How yt succeeded I cannot yet tell, but I know they sent to Edenr to complaine to ye Governmt of this way of procedur and of ye unhappie inconveniences yt may attend it, by turninge soe many of the countrey Loose (as this method must needs doe) I beleeve Locheil's sonn is by this tyme at Invernesse wth some order abt itt, but as yet I know not wt is done. Now I know not what way you cann save yor selves from this injury; but by sending some one to ye Duke Gordon (whose interest both in this countrey, and yours alsoe, will be much wronged) and pray his Grace yt either the Governmt may be acquainted with ye Inconvenience of these procedines and of ye ill consequences they may produce and get it stopped yt wayes, or at least that a suspension may be granted (for wch the reasons in yor Letter are very pregnant) and doubtles will prove effectuall, and in doeing this you must be full, punctuall and certaine in yor information, and (if the Duke will not appear in it himselfe) hee will (noe Doubt) imploy his Agents. Another way I know not, but this must be done with all expedition or they will be apt to require parties from me, wh I am ordered to Give, or if I refuse then I migt (of ffish) be Loaded with new complaints. But it is your Great inconvenience to Let yor people sitt a charge, and not compeir wch is yr advantage against yow and they Desire noe better, and yor owne injury. I would not thinke itt ill advice yt Cluny or some other Did speak with Colloden, who is a powerfull man in yt Court and whom I know not to be soe warme in such methods as some others, this way (if you take it) with ye compts of like nature yt have gon from others to ye Government, may probably move them to consider the case and Reprimand itt. But there's one thing Looks ill upon the countrey, yt Drummond's son who comitted a Barbarous murder is sheltered by the countrey, with about 16 broken men wth him, and not brot to justice, it looks as if you would bring innocent blood upon your owne heads and upon the countrey, and this (if once Complained on at Edenbgh) will be a wrong to yr countrey. I am concerned yt I can helpe yow noe further then by this Advice, wch I hope you will follow, and I have hopes yt Good may come of it who am,

Gentn,

Yor very affectionate servant,

(Signed) Jo. HILL.

7.—PERMISSION BY SIR JOHN HILL TO CLUNY TO VISIT HIS DYING WIFE.

Whereas Duncan M'Pherson, Laird of Cluny, was ordered by me to be kept in restrainte at this Garrison, and yt upon notice and sumons given to him by me to render himselfe and cause here and Did render his person accordinge and hath Continued here a prisoner for the space of one moneth. And now being ascertained yt his wife is extreame ill and at ye Poynt of Death, I have given him Liberty to goe and see her, and I have taken bond of five thousand pounds Scots for his returne to imprisunt how soone his wife mends or Expires, or sooner if I call him. This I have presumed to Doe out of Comon charity.

Given at ffort Wm the 6th Day of May 1696.

(Signed) Jo. HILL.

8.—BOND BY CLUNY REFERRED TO IN THE FOREGOING PERMISSION.

Whereas I Duncan M'Pherson of Cluny have been ordered by the Government to make my appearance at ffort William and there to continue under Restraint until their further pleasure, and now my spouse being Dangerously sick and in great hazard of her Life, Sir John Hill, Governour of ffort William, hath granted me Liberty to goe home and see her upon condition of my Returning when called for. Therefore I hereby bind and oblige me to return how soon my spouse shall be in better health of body or sooner whenever the said Sir John Hill shall call for me or any other in his name, and for the true performance hereof I bind and oblige me, my heirs, Exrs or Successors or Intrometers with my goods Geer Lands, Rents and heritages whatsoever in the penalty of five thousand pound Scots money to be converted to his Maities. use, and to be Collected and Levied out of my said Estate of Cluny, and for the more security consents thir presents be insert and Registrate in the Books of Councill and Session or any other Judges Books Competent within the kingdom to have the strength of a Decreet of any of the Lords or Judges thereof interponed thereto that Letters of horning and other Execons. needful may pass hereupon as effeers, and thereto Constitutes my prors. :

In witness whereof I have subst these presents (written by Andrew Crosby Servant to the said Sir John Hill, at ffortwilliam the sixth day of May javvje and ninty six years before these wit-

nesses Liett Charles Ross, Lieutt. Gilbert Kennedy and the said Andrew Crosby.

GILBERT KENNEDY, Wittnes.

C. ROSS, Wittnes.

ANDR. CROSBY, Witness.

Note.—Cluny's signature to the above bond was afterwards torn off, and the document thereby cancelled and delivered up to him.

9.—SIR JOHN HILL TO SIR JAMES STUART, Lord Advocate,
dated Fort-William, 11th July, 1696.

Right Honble,—The Laird of Cluny, beinge to goe south in obedience to ye charge hee got at your instance hath desired me to certifie you wt his circumstances have been viz., yt in Aprill when I sent to him by vertue of the order I had to seize his person, hee did voluntarily come in and surrendered himself prisoner and continued soe a considerable tyme till his wife fallinge sick (of which sickness she dyed) I did give him liberty upon a bond of 500 lbs sterl. to goe and see her ere she dyed, by wch bond hee was obliged to come here whenever I called him. I doe alsoe certifie yt hee tooke the oathes required vizt., the oath of alleageance, and signed the assurance, and yt hee hath been (since his first submitting to ye Government) very obedient to orders from the Government and allwayes Ready to render himselfe and hath set cation for his peaceable Demeanor (as himselfe will more particularly informe) and now comeing south in obedience to ye charge he got I pray on his behalfe (in respect of his circumstances wh can hardly admit of Longe Delay or much charge) yrby that he may Be favord wth as much dispatch as conveniency will admit, which is all at present from

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) Jo. HILL.

VIII. SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE TO CLUNY,
dated London, 13th December, 1691.

In 1686 Sir John was appointed Lord Advocate in room of Sir George Mackenzie. He was a member of the Convention Parliament held at Edinburgh in March, 1689, and was one of the three Commissioners sent by that Convention to London to offer the crown to William and Mary. In 1690 he was re-appointed Lord Advocate, and in 1691 was constituted one of the principal

Secretaries of State. His conduct in regard to the massacre of Glencoe has branded his name with everlasting infamy. In his letters to the military officers in December, 1691, previous to the massacre, he exulted in the circumstance that as the winter was the only season in which the Highlanders could not escape, they could be easily destroyed in the "long cold nights." Apparently he contemplated nothing less than the total extirpation of the clans. In a letter to Sir Thomas Livingstone, dated January 7th, 1692, he says:—"You know in general that the troops posted at Inverness and Inverlochic will be ordered to take in the house of Invergarie, and to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Lochiel's lands, Keppoch's Glengaiie's, and Glenco," and he adds, "I assure you your powers shall be full enough." . . . In sending Livingstone the instructions signed and countersigned by William of Orange on the 11th January, "to march the troops against the rebels who had not taken the benefit of the indemnity, and to destroy them by fire and sword," he adds as a hint to Livingstone—"Just now my Lord Argyle tells me that Glenco had not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sect, the worst of the Highlands." Additional instructions bearing date 16th January, and also signed and countersigned by the alien Prince, were sent to Livingstone, and in the letter containing these instructions Sir John said—"For a just example of vengeance I entreat the thieving tribe of Glenco may be rooted out to purpose."

As Sir Walter Scott has it:—

"The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly hearth that warmed that hand,
At midnight armed it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazoury."

In 1705 Sir John was named one of the Commissioners for the Treaty of Union. He died suddenly on 8th January, 1707. Here is a transcript of his letter to Cluny:—

Sir,—I am comanded by the King to writ to yow signifying his Majestie's Intention presentlie to reduce the hylanders who had bein in arnes agt the government, and his Majestie doth desir and expect that yow send a companie of weell armed men with fourteen dayes provisiones to joyne his Majestie's forces at Invernes the first day of Jany and ther to obey such orders as they shall

receiwe from the comander of his Majestie's troopes, qrbv you will giw a werie good evidence of yor affection for ther Majesties service. This is by ye Kinges order from

Sir,

Your humble servant,

(Signed) JO. DALRUMPLE.

Delivered to Cluny the 30 day of Decr., 1691.

IX. COLONEL CUNNINGHAM TO CLUNY, dated
Inverness, 11th January, 1692.

Colonel Cunningham commanded one of the Whig regiments under Mackay, and took part in the engagements with the Jacobite forces, after the skirmish of Cromdale. The following letter is addressed "To the Laird of Cluny at his house":—

Sir,—I have Received yrs and am very glad to hear yr men ar in redines. As for those men that ar so refractrie in sending their proportion of men you should comeplain to the Government of them that this may be markd and punished for their disobedience. I hope the worke is almost over and that we shall want no men at this time the Highlans Generalls being disposed to leave the Kingdom now that they can get no men to follow themselvs. Their is one thing you can oblige me extreamly in and that is to get me two or three of yr bigest sort of Dear Dogs. I know they are very good in that country. Let me have your answer with the first. Give my service to benecher [Banchor] and need [Nuide]¹ with al the Rest of my acquants not forgetting yr Lady.

I am, in hast, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) H. CUNNINGHAM.

[As the letters from 1689 down to the close of the 17th century have extended to such a length, the remaining numbers of the series, down to 1756, will be given in the next volume of the Transactions.]

25th APRIL, 1895.

At this meeting J. P. Grant, Esq. of Rothiemurchus, was elected an honorary member; and the following gentlemen were elected ordinary members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Donald

¹ Two Macphersons, the one of Banchor and the other of Nuide, both in Badenoch.

Campbell, merchant, Kingussie ; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, C.E., do. ; Mr W. A. Martin, Beaclerc Road, London ; Mr Alex. Mitchell, E.C. Railways, Inverness.

The Secretary submitted a communication from Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh, regarding a proposed Highland memorial to the late Professor Blackie, in the form of a valuable scholarship in connection with the Celtic Chair, of which the meeting cordially approved.

Thereafter the Rev. Alex. Bisset, Nairn, read a paper on the "Topography and Folklore of Stratherrick."

2nd MAY, 1895.

At this meeting Mr Magnus Maclean, M.A., assistant professor, University, Glasgow ; Mr J. G. Mackay, merchant, Portree ; and Mr Duncan Macdonald, Culcabock Village, Inverness, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter Mr Charles Ferguson, Fairburn, read a paper, entitled "The Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle—No. 4." Mr Ferguson's paper was as follows :—

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS.

PART IV.

1560.—I ended my last paper at the troublous times of the Reformation, when all Scotland, and more particularly the Highlands, was in a very disturbed unsettled state ; and to add to all the other troubles and hardships of the poor people, there came a succession of very bad seasons, and consequently very poor crops. The summers were either very cold and wet, or else so extremely hot and dry, as to burn up the crops ; harvests, late and bad, followed by winters of extreme severity, with very deep snows and extra hard frost ; so that the poor people of the Highlands were reduced to great straits by want and famine. This will be seen from the following extracts from the good old Dean of Lismore's "Chronicles of Fortingall" :—

"1559.—Eவில் symmyr, hairst, and vynty.

"1560.—The symmyr richt deyr, evyll haryst that evyr was seyn, mekil hungyr and darth.

"1561.—Mekill snaw, frost, and storms; the begymyn of April evill frosts, snaw, and gret windis, in May rycht dry and het, and frosts, and vind.

"1562.—Mekill snaw in all partis, mony deyr and ray slain that yer (many deer and roe starved that year).

"1567.—The symmyr rycht dry and het, that brynt and did kill corne, and grys, evyl haryst."

To anyone who really knows the state of the country at that time, when the people had to rely almost entirely upon the crops of their own respective districts, what a tale of hunger and starvation is revealed by these short accounts of so many bad harvests, especially as the whole country was likewise then in a state of war and turmoil.

1563.—All over Perthshire and eastern Argyle there raged at this time fierce war and persecution against the gallant but unfortunate Clan Gregor, who were harried and hunted all over the country. I find the following quaint entry at this date in the Chronicle of Forthingall:—"The Lard of Glenvrquhay wryrth (wareth) against Clangregor." The Earl of Athole was also ordered by the Privy Council to hunt the Clan Gregor out of Athole, Strathardle, and Glenshee, where many of them had found a refuge, particularly with the Robertsons of Straloch and the Clan Fergusson, who often were in trouble, and fined for resetting and harbouring the Clan Gregor.

The following is a copy of the Order of the Privy Council to the Earl of Athole to hunt the Macgregors out of his bounds:—

"22 Sept. 1563.—At Stirling. The Queene's Majestie understanding that the Clangregour, being Her Hienes rebellis, and at her horne for divers horrible attemptatis committat by thame selfis in greit cumpanyis, bot also hes drawn to thame the maist part of the broken men of the hale countre quhilks at their at their pleasour, birnis and slays the pour leiges of this relme, revis, and taks their gudis, &c. . . . And knowing that the saidis malefactours for the maist part hantis and reparis within the bounds following and that the nobleman underspecifut quha is principal of the boundis under mentioned, is maist able to expell the said evill doers, furth of his boundis. Thairfor ordains the said Nobleman, John, Earl of Athole, to expell and hald the said broken men furth of his bounds of Athole, Strathardoll, Glensche and Dunkeld."

However, in spite of all the strict laws passed by the Government, and of the cruel way in which these were carried out by

their enemies, the unfortunate Macgregors always found a refuge in Strathardle, and though most of the proprietors were very often very heavily fined for doing so, they still continued to shelter Clan Gregor down to the end of the persecution in the days of Rob Roy, who often took refuge in Strathardle when hardest pressed, especially in Ashintully Castle, where the room which he used to occupy is still called Rob Roy's Room to this day.

The enemies of Clan Gregor carried their persecution to such an extreme length that they specially trained a fierce breed of dogs to hunt them to their hiding places amongst the hills and woods. This they did by bringing up the young puppies on the milk of Macgregor women, so that when they grew up they would know the scent of a Macgregor amongst crowds of other people, and follow them anywhere. These were the notorious "Coin Dhubh," or Black Dogs, about which so many traditions still linger in Perthshire. Only once did the Black Dogs come to Strathardle to hunt Clan Gregors, and the result of that hunting was so unsatisfactory that they never repeated the visit.

Campbell of Persie, knowing that there were many Macgregors then taking refuge in Strathardle, sent word to his relation Argyle, who at once sent a strong force of Campbells, under command of one of his chieftains, and with two of the Black Dogs; and with orders to go to Campbell of Persie, who was to organize a grand hunt against all the Macgregors lurking in the district. The Argylemen came by Breadalbane and Moulin, and across the hill to Glen Brierachan, where the weather got so very stormy and bad that when they reached the Garaidh-riabhach, a quarter of a mile west from Kindrogan House, the Campbell chieftain decided not to go on to Persie that day, but to take up his quarters there for the night, as there were plenty houses there then to shelter his large force, though there are no houses there now, since my grandfather and granduncle left there over sixty years ago. The Strathardle people had received warning that "the Campbells were coming" from Fergusson of Balyoukan, a great friend of the Macgregors, and who was soon after very heavily fined, along with other five gentlemen of the Clan Fergusson, for harbouring Clan Gregors. The Campbells had stopped at the village of Moulin for refreshments, and Balyoukan, being in the neighbourhood, seeing such a large force, and the much-dreaded Black Dogs, knew they were on some evil errand bent; so, to try and find out their destination, he joined their officers, and, by supplying them with plenty drink, soon got on such friendly terms with them that the

leader confided to him where they were going and their purpose there. As quickly, and as quietly as possible, Balyoukan managed to get a word with his servant, who at once slipped off unnoticed, and by the quickest route made his way to Strathardle, and warned the people of the approaching danger. The alarm soon spread, so that, shortly before the Argylemen reached the Garaidh-riabhach, the good people of that hamlet might be seen carrying several Macgregors, who were then living with them, on their backs, so as to leave no scent on the ground for the much-dreaded Black Dogs up the steep face of Kindrogan Rock, whose gigantic cliffs tower seven hundred feet overhead, and where from a snug retreat, always ready for such sudden emergencies, they could in safety look down on their foes passing below, secure even from the keen scent of the Black Dogs.

When, owing to the severity of the storm, the Argylemen decided to remain overnight at Garaidh-riabhach, the good folk there were much alarmed and annoyed, but dare not show it. The leader and his officers took possession of the largest and best house, and safely kenneled the Black Dogs in an outhouse near the door, placing a sentry over them. The goodman of the house, a Robertson of the family of Straloch, was a very shrewd man, so, judging it best to keep the fair side of his dangerous guests, after he had first dispatched his wife and family to a neighbouring house, to be out of harm's way, he proceeded to entertain them as hospitably as he could, and so well did he succeed, that, with the aid of plenty good liquor, he had them all before midnight in a rather elevated condition, when the leader drank to his health, and complimented him on his hospitality, adding that if all the Strathardle men were as hospitable, he did not wonder at the hungry Macgregors choosing it as their place of refuge. Old Robertson thanked him, and said that the only thing he regretted was, that he was very short of bed-clothes, but, to make up for that want, he had just sent a messenger round all his neighbours to collect all the plaids he could get, so that if they now retired he would cover them up with these plaids when his messenger returned, to which they willingly agreed, and they lay down to rest in high glee.

Now old Robertson, besides being a very shrewd man, was also a bit of a wag, and having a bitter hatred against the Argylemen, his hereditary foes, which he dared not then show openly, he had devised a round-about scheme of revenge, which he now proceeded to carry out. So, instead of sending his messenger to his neighbours for plaids to cover his guests, he sent him up Kindrogan Rock, to the hiding-place of the Macgregors, and got all their

plaids from them. On his return, the Argylemen, overcome with fatigue and drink, were all sound asleep, so old Robertson took the Macgregor plaids and wrapt them tightly and snugly round the sleepers, then gathering all the bones and scraps of meat left, he made a heap of them behind the outer door, and extinguishing the light, went out to the sentry at the door, with whom he began a friendly chat about the dogs, pretending that he thought they were for hunting deer. After he had praised the dogs very highly, he then suggested that as the night was so cold, he thought the "bonnie beasties" would be more comfortable in the house beside the fire, adding that he had left a big supper for them on the floor. The unsuspecting sentry at once agreed, and letting the dogs out of the outhouse where they were confined, he opened the house door and let them in. Old Robertson now thought it prudent to get out of the way, so he told the man that he must now go to his family, but would return at daybreak, and departed. On entering the house the dogs smelt the bones left for them, and at once proceeded to devour them; then they began a tour of inspection, and coming near the sleepers they scented the Macgregor plaids, which at once aroused their most ferocious instincts, and with fearful howls they sprang on the slumbering Campbells, and began biting and tearing them savagely. Then began a scene of wild confusion, the ferocious dogs howling and barking, and the half-asleep, half-drunken Campbells cursing and swearing, and as they thought that old Satan himself was let loose upon them, they drew their dirks and stabbed and slashed right and left in the dark, with the result that when the alarmed sentry and guard rushed in with lights, they found the two dogs cut to pieces, and all the men more or less severely wounded. They never suspected the trick played on them, but put the blame of the whole affair on some of the famous Athole witches, whom they thought had by their spells set their dogs mad.

When old Robertson appeared before daybreak, he appeared very much surprised at what had happened, quite agreed with the witchcraft theory, and lamented very much the loss of the "bonnie black beasties" of dogs; however, he took very good care that he very quietly gathered the Macgregor plaids, and slipped them into a dark corner, for fear that the Macgregor tartan might be noticed. I may here mention that the Robertson and Macgregor tartans are both very red, and somewhat similar in sett. After some breakfast, the Argylemen prepared to begin their onward march to Persie, but, before starting, the leader, who was sorely wounded, and in very bad humour, said that he must first

see his favourite dogs get "Christian" burial before he went, and he ordered old Robertson at once to dig a grave for them. Now, that worthy did not believe in giving "Christian" burial to any dogs, let alone the hated Black Dogs, but, as the Campbell chieftain was not in a humour to be trifled with, he had to be very careful. He made several excuses, which only irritated the other, who, drawing his sword, swore if he did not instantly bury his dogs he would cut him down where he stood. Upon this Robertson replied that he thought it needless to make a special grave for the dogs, as "there would be plenty of room for them in the 'Big Grave,' and per haps the bonnie beasties would be quieter if they were laid beside somebody they kent." This rather astonished the other, who asked what he meant by the "Big Grave," to which Robertson coolly replied, "that when coming along in the morning a neighbour had told him that Baron Robertson of Straloch, with a strong force of Strathardle men, were waiting for them beyond Kindrogan, and that Baron Fergusson of Dunfallandy, with his clan, had followed them from Athole, and were close at hand, to protect their lands in Strathardle and Glemshee, and that if these two Barons fought that day as they were wont to do, there would be a big, big grave required before night, in which there would be plenty room for the dogs." Upon hearing that there was a large force both before and behind them, the Campbell officers got alarmed, and their leader asked Robertson if he could not yet lead them by some quiet way out of the fix they were in, and offered him a large reward if he would do so. Robertson told him that the only way now was to go up Kindrogan Rock, where men could climb, but not horses, so the leaders agreed to leave their steeds behind, and they set off at once. Robertson led them up the face of the Rock, within sight of the hidden Macgregors, and over the Kindrogan hills, and by the head of Glenderby, to the Pass of Atholeford, where they could see Ben Lawers and the Campbell country, so he there bid them adieu, and returned, the richer by a purse of gold and several good horses, and so he got that large hostile force out of the district without bloodshed. The two Barons really were close at hand, as Robertson had said, but with only a very small force, with which they had hastened to watch the invaders, leaving orders for gathering their full forces as quickly as possible, which they did, only to find the Argylemen "ower the hills an' far awa," by "the Birks o' Aberfeldy," on the way back to their own country, and it was thirteen years after that before they ventured back on another raid to Strathardle.

1564.—Last year we were with the foes of Clan Gregors, and their cursed black dogs, following the gruesome sport of hunting that outlawed race on the hills of Athole ; it is therefore with the more pleasure that we turn this year to the more congenial sport of hunting the deer with “Bonny Queen Mary” in the Athole Forest.

In August of this year Queen Mary visited the Perthshire Highlands as the guest of the Earl of Athole at Blair Castle, when another of those grand royal hunts took place in which the Stuart monarchs took such a delight. Mary had her full Court with her, all the principal nobility of the kingdom. She came by Perth to Cupar-Angus Abbey, where she stayed some days, then rode up Strathardle and Glenbrierachan, past Ben Veachie by the Leacainn-Mhor, and down by Glengirnaig to Blair Castle. After the hunt she went on by Drumuachdar to Inverness. Cupar Abbey had to pay £124 10s 8d of her travelling expenses out of its revenue for this journey, as I find the following entry in “The Register of Cupar Abbey,” vol. ii., page 281 :—“For the Queinis Majesteis expensis in passage throucht Athoil from the huntis, to Inuernes, as the particularis subscriuit be Alexander Durhameberis, extending to j^c xxiii. lib. x^s viii. d

The grand hunt was arranged to take place in Glen Tilt, and the Earl sent two thousand Athole men, for two months, to gather all the deer from Dunkeld to Argyle, and from there to Inverness and Aberdeen, and all the country between, and to drive them all to Glen Tilt. To the Strathardle men, under the Baron Ruadh of Straloch, the difficult duty was given of blocking Glen Loch, the Pass of Beallach-na-leum, and other passes leading eastward from Glen Tilt, from the top of Ben-y-gloe to the marches of Mar, where they were on sentry night and day for two months.

Pennant (Part II. page 64) gives the following translation of the account given of this great hunt, by Professor Barclay, who was present at it when a young man :—“The Earl of Athole, a prince of the royal blood, had, with much trouble and vast expense, a hunting match for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious Queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on the occasion. Two thousand Highlanders, or wild Scotch, as you call them here, were employed to drive to the hunting ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Athole, Badenoch, Mar, Murray, and the counties about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly that in less than two months’ time they brought together 2000 red

deer, besides roes and fallow deer. The Queen, the great men, and others, were in a glen when all the deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the Queen very much; but she soon had occasion to fear, upon the Earl's (who had been accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus:—'Do you observe that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let everyone look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us.' What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion, for the Queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose upon a wolf; this the dog pursues, the leading stag was frightened, and he flies by the same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat upon the ground and allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the Queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright, and the whole body had got off had not the Highlanders, by their superior skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated that the Queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with five wolves and some roes."

Such is the short account left us of this great royal hunt by one of the greatest scholars of the day, who was present and enjoyed the sport like his royal mistress. It was one of the few bright and happy incidents in the troubled life of poor unfortunate Queen Mary.

1565.—Under this date we find the following entry in the chronicle of Forthingall:—"Great hayrschypmiss in mony partis of Scotland, in Stratherne, in Lennox, in Glenalmond, in Braydalbin, bayth slatty and oppresyon beant mayed in syndry udyr partis by the erll of Ergill and M'Gregor, and their complices. Siclyk in Strathardil mony men slayn be the men of Atholl and the Stuartis of Lorn."

Now, to explain why the men of Athole and the Stuarts of Lorn made this great "slatty" of the Strathardle men, we must go back to 1488, when we saw that Neil Stewart of Garth and

Fortingall was superior of the Kirk of Strathardle, and held all the laud of that Kirk. This Neil was succeeded by his son, grandson, and great-grandson—all Neils—and a wild, warlike race they were these Neils, worthy descendants of the ferocious Wolf of Badenoch. By their wild extravagance they reduced their estates so much that in the time of the third Neil we read in the "Book of Garth and Fortingall," page 183—"The then Earl of Athole is found in full possession of his whole patrimonial barony. Neil, however, sought and found a protector who could defend him against the Earl of Athole. He resigned his barony of Fortingall (including Strathardle) into the hands of the Earl of Huntly in 1509, and was that nobleman's tenant and vassal ever afterwards."

Again, at page 189—"It would seem that from 1509 down to the rebellion and forfeiture of George, Earl of Huntly, in 1563, Fortingall (and Strathardle) was an outlying possession of the Gordon chiefs. The fourth Earl, John of Athole, of the Stewarts of Lorn was the ablest of his race. He adroitly availed himself of Huntly's forfeiture in 1563, and of the favour he had gained in Queen Mary's eyes, by his vote against the Reformation in Parliament in 1560, to get hold of Fortingall, and obtained other advantages from Huntly's fall. In his days of favour he persuaded Queen Mary to exempt his lands from the jurisdiction of the Justice General, and to give him a commission for life to be chief judge within his own lands and the lands of some of his neighbours, who very much disliked to be placed under him."

This commission, dated April, 1564, is:—"Given and granted to John, Earl of Athole, a Commission of Justiciary for all the days of his life time, within all and sundry the bounds and lands afterwards specified:—To wit, all and hail his lands lying within his Earldom of Atholl, with lands and tenandries thereof, and all and sundry lands pertaining to the Abbot and Convent of Cupar, lying within the said Earldom. The lands of Fortingall, and Fosses, the lands of the Forest of Cluny, and Baronies of Strowaul, Apnachull, Grantully, lands of Weene, the lands of Rannoch, and Strathardill, Glensche, and the lands and Barony of Rattray lying within the Sheriffdom of Perth."

I find this commission confirmed again at Edinburgh, 16th May, 1578, Records Privy Council, page 698. Again, I find it confirmed in 1672, in the Acts of the Scots Parliament, Vol. VIII., page 103, where the names of the different lands in question in Strathardle and Glenshee are given:—"Ratification in favors of John, Earl of Atholl, of lands in Strathardill. In lyke manner

the towne and lands of Wester Callies . . . the towne and lands of Blackcraige and Mylnelands thereof . . . the lands of Blackghines and Drumfrog. All and hail the lands of Bletoun, Haly^t, with tennants, tennandries, service of free tenants, pairts and pendicles thereof . . . and syclyke all and hail the lands and barronie of Downy, viz., Over Downie, Middle Downie, Boreland, Ednarnachtie, Cuttelony, Stronamuck, Ffenze, and Inveraddrie, with the Mylne, Bannanmore, Bannanbeg, Randaloyak, Kerrache, Cuthill, Ballinbeg, Dalmunge, with the pairts of Pitbrabine, Glengaisnett, and Glenbeg, with the pertinents of the samen whatsomever." Most of these lands belonged to Baron Fergusson, of Dunfallandy, as we have already seen, in 1510, and we have also seen that in 1521, through some quirk of the law, the chief, John Fergusson, was declared a bastard, and these lands taken from his son Robert, which act of injustice was very much resented by the members of the Clan Fergusson residing on the lands of Downie, &c., in Strathardle, and on the lands of Finnegand, Dalmunzie, and others in Glenshee, so that these Fergussons became "broken men," lawless and turbulent, and as such, are found in the roll of "broken men," against whom an Act of Parliament was passed afterwards in 1587, in which "Black List," the rest of the Clan, the Athole Fergussons, are not found.

These Strathardle and Glenshee Fergussons, with Spalding of Ashintully, and Rattray of Dalrulzion, and other lairds of the district, aided by their outlawed friends the Macgregors, taking advantage of the troubled times, became so lawless and so powerful, that though the Queen had given the Earl of Athole the commission to be chief judge of Strathardle, yet even that powerful noble was quite powerless to quell them and restore order with his own followers, so Queen Mary had to issue a proclamation to the Sheriffs of Perth and Forfar, Strathern and Menteith, to raise all men within their bounds between the ages of sixteen and sixty, "to be reddey to pass with the Earl of Athole to suppress the mony herschippis, slaughtertis, and depredationis committit in Athole and Strathardle."

This proclamation is given in the "Records of the Privy Council," Vol I., page 383, and is as follows:—"26th Oct., 1565. Proclamation to be reddey to pass with the Earl of Atholl, &c. The quhilk day the King and Queen's Majesties, understanding the mony herschippis, slaughtertis, and depredationis committit to diverse wicket and mischeivous personis upoun the trew and faythful subjectis inhabitants of Atholl and boundis adjacent thereto, quhilkis intends to lay the samyn cuntre and boundis all

waste and desolat, to evert so far in thame lvis the hail state of this common weil, gif their mischevious attempttatis be nocht repressit ; thairfair ordains lettres to be direct to officers of armes, Sheriffs in that part, charging them to pass to the mercat croces of the borrowes of Perth and Forfar and other places, neidful and their be oppan proclamation, in their Heiness' name and authority, command and charge all and sundrie their Majesties' leiges betwix sextie and sextene yeris, and uthers fensible personis alsweil dwelland to burgh, as to land within Regalitie as Rialte within the boundis of the Sherifdoms of Perth and Forfar, Stewartries of Stratherne and Menteith, that they and ilk ane of them weil bodden in feir of weir prepare thaimessesellffs and mak them in reddiness as they shall receive advertisement and commandment by their traiste cousing and counselor, Johnne, Erll of Atholl, Lord of Balvany, Lieutenant of the north pairts of this realme, with eight days vitoul and provisions, upon two days' warning to meit the said Erle at sic pairt and place as he sal appoint till thame, and frathyne to pas furthwart for defence, on invasionn of the saidis wickit personis and rebellis according to the commandment and direction of the said Lieutenant upon the pain of tinsall, of lyff, landis, and guidis."

With this strong force, placed at his disposal by the Queen, and also assisted by his own kinsmen, the Stuarts of Lorn, the Earl of Athole came to Strathardle, with the result that there were "mony men slayn," as we have already seen from the quotatior from the "Chronicle of Eortingall," with which I began the notice of this year—"Great hayrschypis in mony partis. Liclyk in Strathardill, mony men slayn be the men of Atholl and the Stuarts of Lorn."

1570.—In following the history of Athole, as we have done from the earliest period, we find the natives of that beautiful and romantic district famous in many different ways. We find Diarmid and the prehistoric Ossianic warriors hunting in lone Glenshee ; we find Athole giving a royal race to reign over Scotland for ages ; we find its sons great Churchmen, statesmen, warriors, and hunters ; we find it a land of brave men and bonnie lasses ; but now we find it famous for still another class, and that rather an uncanny lot, viz., witches, for which Athole was famed from the earliest times.

Old George Buchannan, writing of the murder of King James I., by Walter, Earl of Athole, details the different tortures to which the Earl was put for two days, and on the third day :— "Then he was set on a pillory, that all might see him, and a red-hot iron crown set on his head, with this inscription, that he should be called *King of all Traitors*. They say the cause of this punish-

ment was, that Walter had been sometimes told by some female witches, as *Athole was always noted to have such*, that he should be crowned king in a mighty concourse of people ; for, by this means, that prophecy was either fulfilled or eluded." Book X., page 357.

Dr Marshall, also, in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," Blair-Athole parish, says :—"In the latter part of the sixteenth century, and the first part of the seventeenth, Athole was greatly infested with witches." This seems to have been the golden age of witchcraft in Athole, witches were very numerous, and their power over the people was very great, and they regularly held grand gatherings or councils, to discuss all the important topics of the day. We now find at this time all the witches of Athole holding a great meeting in favour of Queen Mary, and presenting her, as a token of their friendship, with a deer's horn covered with gold. We are not told how many of the unhallowed sisterhood were present on this occasion, but we know that at another of their great meetings in 1597, when they met on a hill in Athole, there were 2300 of these hags present. We have several accounts of this great meeting in support of Queen Mary preserved. The following is from Dr Marshall's "Historic Scenes in Perthshire" :—"The King's party and the Queen's then divided the country, each struggling for the ascendancy. The Earl of Athole took the Queen's side, and the witches of Athole did the same. In 1570 they sent the Queen a present of a pretty hart horn, not exceeding in quantity the palm of a man's hand, covered with gold, and artificially wrought. The emblems graven on it, and the inscriptions, were all prophetic of the sure triumph that awaited Mary over her enemies. In the head of it were curiously engraven the arms of Scotland ; in the nether part of it a throne, and a gentlewoman sitting in the same, in a robe royal, with a crown upon her head. Under her feet was a rose environed with a thistle. Under that were two lions, the bigger one and the lesser. The bigger lion held its paw on the face of the other, as his lord and commander. Beneath all were written these words :—

' Fall what may fall,
The lion shall be lord of all.'

This was evidently designed to convey a hope and a wish, that Mary should ere long, in spite of all contrarious circumstances, be in possession of England, as well as of her native dominions. Unhappily for Mary, and for the credit of the witches, the prophecy did not come to pass. The event falsified it."

1571.—Whether the Athole witches themselves had any power for evil over the weather or not, or whether it was a judgment on the district for such uncanny gatherings and doings, I know not; but the winter of this year was the most severe and calamitous on record in the annals of Athole.

In the "Chronicle of Fortingall" we read:—"Sanyne yer, viz. ane M V^c sexte lewne yeris (one thousand five hundred and sixty-eleven years) the xxii. day of Februar, ther com eftyr nown ane gret storm and snaw and hayll and wind that na man ner best nicht tak up ther heddis nor gang nor ryd, and mony bestis war paricist furth in the storm, and mony men and vemen war parisht in syndry partis, and al kynd of vyttellis rycht deyr, and that becaus na millis mycht gryn (no mill might grind), for the frost. All cornis com till the mill of Dunkell out of Sanc Johnisthoum (St Johnston, old name of Perth) betwyxt that and Dunkell, and all udyr boundis about far and neyr. The maill that tyme in Sanc Johnistoum was xliiii."

Amongst the other mills that "mychtint gryn" (mightent grind) for frost was the famous Black Mill of Tullocheurran—the "Muilionn-dubh," Black Mill, of song and story, and it was on the first starting of the mill-wheel and machinery—well on in the following summer, after the long enforced idleness caused by this great storm, when the country people were starving for meal—that the words and music of this famous reel were first composed.

Angus Mackay, in his pipe music book, and some others who knew only the name and music without the real origin of the tune, have fallen into the mistake of supposing that it is the "Black Snuff Mill," which almost every Highlander then carried in his pocket, which was referred to, and so the English name often found in books for this grand old reel is "The Black Snuff Mill"—a most absurd mistake, as the old Gaelic words clearly prove.

According to tradition, the miller, who was a bard, composed the music when he first got the mill started after this long enforced idleness. The big water wheel thundered round once more, and all the little wheels whirled about so merrily that the old miller felt so happy he was inclined to dance for joy:—

"Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan' &c.
'S e 'togairt dol a dhannsa."

He tells how the "snow and drift and wind" came on so fierce as to block up the mill:—

"Bha cur 's cathadh 's gaoth,
Anns a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

He thought there was a little barley meal left in the mill, but not a grain—

“Shaoil leam gun robh min-eorna,
'S a' Mhuilinn-dubh, 's gun deann an.”

Instead of barley meal, there were many things in the Black Mill not dreamt of in their philosophy :—

“Tha ioma rud nach saoil sibh,
'S a' Mhuilinn-dubh,” &c.

From the uncanny noises heard about it at nights, he thought the great muckle Deil himself was there by the horns :—

“Tha 'n Diabhull-dubh air adhaircean
'S a' Mhuilinn-dubh,” &c.

If Great Hornie himself was not there, there certainly were smaller hornies, as the cows and goats had taken possession of the deserted mill, in which calves and kids were born.

“Tha 'n crodh a breth nan laogh,
Anns a' Mhuilinn-dubh, 's a' Mhuilinn-dubh,
Tha gobhair, 's crodh-laoigh,
'S a' Mhuilinn-dubh o Shamhradh.”

Such a forsaken spot had the Black Mill become for so long, that the very grouse had selected it as their nesting place :—

“Tha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuilinn-dubh,” &c.

After such a desolate state of affairs, who can wonder at the old poet-miller singing and dancing for joy when he once more got his beloved mill—“Air bhogadan,” so that it “mycht gryn.”

“Tha 'm Muilinn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilinn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilinn-dubh air bhogadan,
'S e togairt dol a dhannsa.”

And from that day to the present, the mill, occasionally renewed, has continued to “gryn” good meal ; and from that day to “very near” the present, the Black Mill was always reckoned an uncanny place to go near after dark, being haunted by everything evil, more especially by the largest and most dangerous water kelpie on the Ardle, which haunted its mill-lade and croy when the Ardle was

in flood. This great kelpie was last seen shortly after the fall of Sebastopol by an Ennochdhu worthy, long since dead, who had been along at Kirkmichael Hotel to drink, like a loyal subject, to our great victory over the Russians. No doubt he did his duty in that line, and all went well till when on his homeward journey he was passing the Black Mill croy. The Ardlie was in very high flood, almost washing over the road, when lo! there came the great kelpie swimming almost to his feet. As our friend did not wait to make a scientific examination of the kelpie, he could not afterwards tell exactly what he was like, but he solemnly declared ever after that if the British Government could have only captured that kelpie in time, and let it loose in the harbour of Sebastopol, the Russians would have cleared out in a few hours! The idea of enlisting our old kelpies, &c., once such mighty powers for evil, but now seemingly so useless at home, and sending them abroad to fight our battles for us, was one of the brightest ideas of one of our brightest worthies; may he rest in peace.

1576.—This was another year of war and want in Strathardle; bad harvest, very severe winter and spring, and great war between the Earls of Athole and Argyle and fierce raids by the Lochaber men. Well might the poor people join in the prayer of the worthy Dean of Lismore, at the end of his notice of these calamities in his "Chronicles of Fortingall":—"Evyll haryst, evyl wynty, evyl Merche, contynual wet; ther wes wyer betwyxt my Lord of Argyll and my Lord of Awtholl, and great spwytion mayd by the men of Lochabyr on pwyr men. God see til that."

The Strathardle men being very bitter against Argyle, joined Athole in great force, and so fierce did the war rage that the Regent Morton had to issue the following order to stop hostilities. Privy Council Records, Appendix, Vol. II., page 533:—"Edinburgh, 26 June, 1576. Charge to the Erllis of Ergyle and Atholl, to keip gude rewle. Foresamekill as it is understood to the Regent's Grace and Lordis of Secrit Counsale that there is of late slaughter and utheris enormities happynit betwext the friendis, servandis, and dependaries of the Erllis of Ergyle and Atholl, quhair upon there is appearance of great convocations and further inconvenientis to follow gif tymous remeid be not providet. . . . His Grace directs and orders all further trouble and misrule to rest and to observe our Sovereign Lord's peace and quietness in the cuntre . . . at their heichast charge and perrell," &c.

1577.—From the almost continual wars, raids, forays, and slaughters which we have seen taking place in Strathardle for

many years back, we would have thought that the Strathardle men would have had enough fighting; but no, their martial spirit was so strong that not content with all the hard fighting at home in Scotland, they must needs go abroad for more, as we find in this year Captain David Spalding of Ashintully raising a body of Strathardle Highlanders to go to Flanders to fight for the King of Spain, who had granted a colonel's commission to the chief of the Spaldings on condition that he recruited a regiment amongst his clan and countrymen, "certane cumpanyis of futemen," and he was to choose his own officers. Spalding had to apply to the Regent Lennox and the Privy Council for a license to raise these men for foreign service. It was granted, and the Privy Council passed a special Act authorising Ashintully to:—"Stryke drummis, display ensigns, and lift and collect the saidis companyis of futemen and to depart to the wars of Flanders." So successful was Spalding in recruiting that he very soon raised his full complement of officers and men, and many a brave strapping Strathardle lad left for Flanders that never returned. The Act of license to Spalding is preserved in the "Records of the Privy Council," Vol. II., pages 641 and 736, and is as follows:—"Holyrood House, October 10th, 1577. Act anent the departing of the men of war to Flanderis anent the supplication presented to my Lord Regent's Grace, and Lords of Secret Counsale, by Captain David Spalding. That quhair thair is certain commissions laitlie brocht in this realme in name of the King of Spayne, and the Estates of his Low Countries appointand the said Captain David Spalding as Columnel ower certane cumpanyis of futemen of this nation under his regiment to be levied and transported to the said Low Countries for the service of the said Estaitts humlie desyring thairfor license to stryke drummis, display hand-enseignes, and lift and collect the said companies of futemen, and at first commodite to transport them.

The Regents Grace therefore with advice of the Lords of the Secrete Counsale grants and gives license to the said Captain David Spalding and the Captains elected and chosen by him under his regiment, to stryke drummis, display enseignes and lift and collect the saidis companyis of futemen at at the first commodite to transport thame at their pleasour."

1582.—In August of this year King James VI. held another grand royal hunt amongst the hills of Athole and Strathardle. There was a great gathering of clansmen beforehand, as usual, to gather in the deer, &c., from the surrounding districts. The great meeting-place, to which all the deer were driven to, was at the hill

of Elrick, on Dirnanean Moor, which hill, as its name indicates, had been for ages before one of the noted hunting-places of Athole. An elrig was an enclosure of trees, posts intertwined with brushwood, &c., specially constructed by the old Highlanders, in suitable situations, to enclose the hunted deer they had collected from a distance on all sides except that on which they entered. This enclosure was always overlooked by an overhanging rock or hill, called Craggan-an-Elrig, from which ladies could see the sport in safety. As a proof of what a hunting country Strathardle must have been in olden times, I may mention that my late uncle, Robert Forbes (than whom none better knew these hills), told me that he knew twelve elrigs in the district above Kirkmichael.

Dr Robertson of Callander, in his valuable work on the "Agriculture of the County of Perth, 1799," page 328, describes an elrig as follows:—"While the deer were permitted to inhabit the valleys, and the country was under wood, the natives hunted them by surrounding them with men, or by making large enclosures of such a height as the deer could not overleap, fenced with stakes and intertwined with brushwood. Vast multitudes of men were collected on hunting days, who, forming a ring round the deer, drove them into these enclosures, which were open on one side. From some eminence, which overlooked the enclosure, the principal personages and others, who did not choose to engage in the chase, were spectators of the whole diversion. The enclosures were called in the language of the country *elerig*, which is derived from another word that signifies *contest* or *strife*. One of the farms in Glenloch of Breadalbane is called 'Craggan-an-Elerig,' a small rock which overhangs a beautiful field resembling the arena of an amphitheatre, probably the first that was cleared of wood in that district, and admirably adapted for this purpose by the natural situation of the adjacent ground. There are elerigs in various parts of the country."

King James enjoyed the hunting very much, and it was on his way south from it that he was made prisoner at Ruthven Castle, an incident which is known in Scotch history as "The Raid of Ruthven."

1583.—Going to the war in Flanders, in 1577, with his Strathardle lads had proved a paying venture to Colonel Spalding, who out of the pay and plunder got there now built Ashintully Castle, on the plan of the neighbouring ancient Castle of Moreloch, on Whitefield. Above the door is the date, 1583, and the words—"The Lord defend this house."

We have already seen a century ago that the Stewarts held a lease of the Kirklands of Strathardle and Moulin, from the Abbey

of Dunfermline, and I now find in the Records of the Priory Council a complaint by Sir John Stewart of Tullypouries and his wife against the Commendators and Brethren of Dunfermline because they would not sign a renewal lease of these Kirklands. This complaint is as follows (Records Privy Council, Vol. III., page 642):—

“Holyrood House, 17th March, 1583-4. Complaint of Johnne Stewart of Tullipuries and Margaret Carwood, his spouse, as follows:—They have been kindlie tennentis and takismen to the Commendators and Convent of Dunfermling of all and sundrie the teind schaves (teind-sheaf) small teinds and utheris teinds quhatsumever of the parochie Kirkis of Strathardill and Muling, alswele personage as vicarage, with mannsis, glebis and kirkland thereof and all pendiclis and pertinentis of the same, thir divers years bygone, and hes presentlie tacks thereof for years yet to run lyke as they have laitlie causit mak ane new tak of the said teind schaves, &c., of the said kirks, to be subscrivet be the saidis Commendators and Convent to the saidis complainers for their lyftimes, and efter thair deceis to the airs, assignais, and sub-tennentis of the said John quhatsover, not hurtand nor deminishing the auld rental for the space of twigis nyntene yearis. But though the same tak is already subscrevit by Robert, Commendator of Dunfermline, yet the conventual brethern planelie refusis to subscribe, though the complainers hes offerit thame reasonable composition and enters sylver for the same.”

Orders were at once given to these stubborn brethren to sign the tack, but they took no notice, and John Stewart and his spouse again applied to the Privy Council, and “the defenders not appearing, the Lords decree that they shall be ordered ance mair to subscribe the tak within three days under pain of rebellion.” The fear of being declared rebels frightened the brethren, and they signed the tack.

1584.—The Abbey of Dunfermline having become vacant through the death of Robert, “last Commendator thereof,” it had pleased the King, with advice of his Council, “to reserve and retain the fruitis and rentis of the saidis Abbey to his ain proper use for the support of the chairgis of his Hienes house and estate.”

The Act closes with—“Reservand always the thingis exceptit in his Hienes lait revocation, as alsua the tak sett be the said umquhile Commendaton and Convent to John Stewart of Tulliepuris and his spouse of the Kirks of Strathargill and Muling.”

Holyrood House, March 22, 1584-5. Records P. Council, Vol. III., p. 730.

1587.—In this year the Scots Parliament passed an important Act for the quieting of the Highlands and Islands. To this Act is appended:—"A roll of the names of the landlordis and baillies of landis in the Hielands and Iles, qubair broken men, hes duelt and presentlie duellis, 1587." Maxwell of Teling, who at this time held the third part of the parish of Kirkunchael (family of Robertson of Straloch, page 22), is named in this roll. There is also another roll added to this Act:—"The roll of the clannis in the Hielandis and Iles, that hes capitanes, cheiffis, and chiftanes quhome on they depend, oft tymes agains the willis of thair landislordis, and of sum speciale personis of branchis of the saidis clannis, 1587." There are four Strathardle clans named in this black list:—"Clandonuquhy, in Athoill, and partis adjacent"—the Robertsons of Struan and Straloch; then in Glenshee we have three clans named:—"The Clan M'Thomas or M'Combies, the Fergussonis, and the Spaldingis." These clans kept Glenshee in a very disturbed state, principally because the Fergusson lands there had been taken from their chief, Baron Fergusson of Dunfallandy, on a charge of bastardy, and had not yet been returned, and also because they objected to pay taxes, or "cain," to their new lord superior, the Earl of Athole. When the Earl of Huntly was superior, he was very easy with them, as the district lay so far from his castle; but now Athole sent regular collectors to gather in all his dues, and a good deal more generally, which raised discontent. Spalding of Ashintully also, since he had built his new castle, had become very turbulent, and ruled with a high hand, so much so, that we read that the Baron Ruadh of Straloch had to go to church on Sundays with a piper playing and a large body of armed men to "prevent or quell tumults occasioned by Rattray of Dalrulzean and Spalding of Ashintully."

1590.—In an Act of Caution for good behaviour of this year, I find Sir John Murray of Tullybardine becoming surety in 1000 merks each for the following Strathardle lairds:—"Johnne Robertson of Straloch *alias* Barroun Reid; Andro Spalding of Ashintully; Walter Robertson of Dewny; Walter Leslie of Morecloich; Johnne Rattray of Dalrulyan; Alaster Stewart of Cultaloniés; James Wemyss at Mylne of Werie; and Barroun Fergusson."

1591.—Strathardle, Lower Glenshee, and Glenisla were all badly harried in August of this year by the Campbells of Argyle, brought, as usual, by their relative, Archibald Campbell of Persie, to revenge his own private quarrels with his neighbours. A

Glenisla man was getting married to a Glenisla woman, and, as usual, a large body of Glenisla folk accompanied the bridegroom to Glenisla to the wedding, and amongst them Campbell of Persie. During the evening Persie made some insulting remarks to the bride about her clan, the Ogilvies. Her father heard him, and resented the insult, and a quarrel ensued, and Persie stabbed the old man badly with his dirk. Lord Ogilvie then came upon the scene, who, drawing his claymore, called upon Persie to defend himself. Ogilvie quickly disarmed Campbell, and the enraged Glenisla men were for hanging him there and then to the nearest tree, but Lord Ogilvie would not allow that, as he had been their guest on this festive occasion, so he made them tie a halter round Persie's neck, and then ordered a band of young men to lead him by the halter beyond the bounds of the glen, and, "if he did not go quietly, they might hang him." He *did* go quietly, even though it is said that these frolicsome young men dragged him by the rope through various peat holes, and scourged him with nettles and thorns to try and make him "not to go quietly." But he went silent and sullen, so they kicked him beyond the bounds of Glenisla, and then returned to their interrupted festivities. Campbell came to Persie, but he staid not there, but went straight on to the Earl of Argyle, and told him the rich booty he could get so easily in these eastern glens, with the result that Argyle sent a force of 500 men, under John Campbell, brother to Lochnell, who was accompanied by Campbell of Glenlyon, Macdonnell of Keppoch, young Macdonald of Glencoe, and other powerful leaders, with Campbell of Persie as guide. They raided Glenisla first, and then cleared Strathardle on their westward journey. Such a powerful force, coming so suddenly, Lord Ogilvie could not resist them, as he complains to the King:—"Sic suddantie, I was nocht able to resist thame, but with grite difficultie, and short advertiment, he, his wyffe, and bairnis eschaiped."

Lord Ogilvie complained to the King, and the Privy Council ordered Argyll to keep all his "brokin men" in his own country. Instead of doing so, Argyle was so pleased with the large quantity of plunder brought him, and hearing that a number of Glenisla men had escaped eastwards into Glenclova with their cattle, he sent the whole force back again in September to gather up all that had escaped them in August, and also to raid Glenclova and other parts adjacent. Again Lord Ogilvie complains to the King "that they hae murdered and slain 3 or 4 innocent men and women, and reft and taken away ane grit pray of guiddis." These complaints of Lord Ogilvie's are preserved in Pitcairns' *Criminal Trials*, Vol. I., page 263.

“Oct. 28th, 1591.—On the complaint of James, Lord Ogilvie of Airlie . . . Archibald, Earl of Ergyle, and his friends upon what motive or occasion the said Lord knows not, without any deserving on his part having concludit the wrack of his hous, and being informit that he had retirrit himself in sobir manner to dwell and mak his aesidence in Glen Elay. Finding the place convenient for their interprise the said Earle and his friends set out certain brokin Hielandmen, they are to say :—John Campbell, brother to Lochinyell; John Dow McCondoquhy in Inneraw; Neil Leich in Lochquhabir; Donald McCarlich in Laird of Glenurquhay’s land; Allan Roy McMolg, son to the Laird of Glenco; Archibald Campbell of Persie; Colin Campbell of Glenlyon; Archibald Campbell his brother; John McRannald (Keppoch) in Lochquhaber; quha in the month of August lastly past to the number of 500 men of the cuntre of Ergyle, off sett purposis and deleberation to have slain the said Lord, and to have wrackit and spulzied the cuntre. Like as upon the xxi. day of August last bypast they enterit Glen Elay under silence of night, with sic force and violence that the said Lord bydan for frome his friends, upon sic suddantie wes nocht able to resist thame, bot with grite difficultie and sehorte advertisement, he, his wyffe and bairnis having eschaiped, they enter the cuntre with sic barbarous crultie not sparing wyffs nor bairnis, but murthowrit and slew all quhame they fand therein to the nowmor of xviii. on xx. personnis, and spulziet and awa tuke ane grit nowmer of nolt, scheip, and plenessing to the uttar wrack and undoing of the hail peur inhabitants of the cuntre. Whilk being made known to his Majesty, he orderit the Earll and his friends to retain the broken men in their ain cuntre. Nevertheless—the upon . . . (date not legible) day of September last bypast within the time of the assurance; under silence of night invadit the inhabitants of Glen Elay and Glen Clova, ane hes murdered and slain 3 or 4 innocent men and wemen, and reft and taken away ane grit pray of guiddis, so that the peur men that dwelled in Glen Elay and Glen Clova and uther partis adjacent to the Mounth quha are nocht able to mak resistance are so oppressit be the broken men, and for somers houndit out by the Earll of Ergyle and his friends and maintained and resettit be thame, that neither be his Majesties protection nor assistance of the partey can their lives and guidis be in suretie.” The above-named persons are accordingly charged to appear before the King and Privy Council under the pain of rebellion, &c.

Lord Ogilvie appeared on the day appointed to call them to account for these barbarities, but none of them having come forward, they were ordered to be pronounced rebels, &c.

1597.—This was a very stirring year in Strathardle—wars and sieges and great feuds between the Strathardle lairds and the Earl of Athole. Both the castles of Ashintully and Morecloich, on Whitefield, were besieged and taken, and their masters carried away captive; and as most of the principal men in Strathardle had refused to pay teind-sheaves, they were declared guilty of treason, and condemned to be confined in the Castle of Blackness. And during these unsettled times the district was also very much overrun with witches, who held a high time of it. We have already noticed a great meeting of Athole witches in 1570, and now we come to another of these great gatherings of the uncanny sisterhood, for which Athole was always so famous, though the whole of Scotland was at this time swarming with them; and witch-hunting was a favourite pursuit of King James VI., as we read in Tytler's *History of Scotland*, Vol. IV., page 261:—“During the summer and autumn (1597) James was busily occupied with the trial of witches.” And, again, at page 266:—“These constant cares were only interrupted by the alarming increase of witches and sorcerers, who were said to be swarming in thousands in the Kingdom; and for a moment all other cares were forgotten in the intensity with which the monarch threw himself once more into his favourite subject”—witch-hunting. Had he come to Athole he would have found plenty witches to hunt, as we read that, in this year, at one of their great gatherings on a hill in Athole, no fewer than 2300 witches were present, and the devil himself, of course, was chairman of the meeting.

In Dr Marshall's “*Historic Scenes in Perthshire*,” parish of Blair Athole, we read:—“The year 1597 was noted for the trial of a great number of witches, both male and female, in Scotland, more especially in Athole. That year the uncanny sisters held a great convention on a hill in Athole. So Patrick Anderson relates in his *MS. History of Scotland*; but he does not name the hill, so that we are not able to point it out. No fewer than 2300 of the hags were present on that occasion, and, of course, the devil was among them. A famous witch of Balweary, named Margaret Aitken, told this; and said that she knew them all well enough, and what mark his Satanic Majesty had put on each of them.

Many of them were tried by the water ordeal. Their two thumbs and their two great toes were bound together, and in this state they were thrown into a loch or into some deep pool. If they sunk they were innocent of witchcraft, which, however, did not keep the water from drowning them. If they floated they

were guilty. Many subjected to this ordeal, at the time to which we are referring, "floated aye aboon;" and as they would not drown there was no alternative but to burn them.

The Balweary witch was put to the torture, and confessed her own guilt; but to save her life she informed against others, whom, she said, she knew infallibly by a secret mark in their eyes. For three or four months she was carried about the country for the purpose of detecting witches. Margaret was at length found to be an impostor. Persons whom she pronounced witches one day were brought before her the next day in a different dress, and she pronounced them innocent. She was tried for her imposture, and Spottiswood says that on her trial she declared all that she had confessed either of herself or of others to have been utterly false. This put all who had believed in her in an awkward plight. It loosed on them the tongues of unbelievers, who did not even spare the ministers. But the brethren considerably threw a shield over themselves. In November the Presbytery of Glasgow took notice of "divers persons who traduces and slanders the ministry of the city as the authors of putting to death the persons lately executed for witchcraft," and it ordained any person hereafter uttering this slander "shall be put in the branks at the judge's will."

So it was a dangerous game at this time to meddle with the clergy—it did not matter how many innocent old women they burnt for witchcraft—for fear of being put in the branks. To refuse to pay the ministers' tiends (which then were collected by so many sheaves of corn being taken out of every field in a parish) was even a more heinous crime, and such defaulters "were to be punished in their personis, lands, and guidis," as most of the Strathardle lairds found out this year to their cost. John Mac-lagene was the then minister of Kirkmichael, and as the Strathardle and Glenshee lairds refused to pay the tiends, the Privy Council brought them to trial, and being found guilty they were imprisoned in Blackness Castle, as we read in the Records of the Privy Council, Vol. V., page 416.

"Linlithgow, October 11th, 1597.—Charge having been given to James, Master of Ogilvie; Walter Leslie of Morecloich (Whitefield); Andro Spalding of Essintullie; John Rattray of Dalrilyeane; Lauchlane Ferquharsoe of Broichdarg; Duncan McRitchie in Dalvungy; James Wemyss of the Mill of Werie; John Robertson *alias* Reid of Straloch, elder; John Robertson *alias* Reid of Cray, his son and apparent heir; David Murray of Soilzerie; Robert McComie in Thome; John

Ratray in Wester Bleaton; John Reid of Douny; Alexander Ratray, apparent of Dalrilyeane; and Donald McEan Molich VeComie in Werie, to appear and answer for disobeying Andro Murray of Balwaird in the matter of the tiend-sheaves of Strathardlie and Glenshie of the present year. John Robertson, younger, appearing for his said father, and the remnant persons appearing all personally, His Majesty 'declairit his Heynes mynd and intention wes onlie to have intertenyt peace and quietness in the cuntrey liklie at that time to be desolvit by the leiding of the said teyndis; for the whilk cause his Majesty directit uthiris lettres discharging all pairties to mell on leid the same teyndis bot to suffer and permit the said Andro Murray to have collectit, led, and stakit the same in sic neutrall and indifferent places as he should think gude, with a charge therein to the foresaidis personis to assist him to that effect.' Further, the said persons for their disobedience, and for not rendering to the said Andro the fortalice of (word missing, unfortunately), had been lately denounced rebels, and they had also disobeyed 'utheris letteris of tressoun direct lykewise agains them for rendering of the same place and fortalice.'"

Of these facts there is proof in the said letters of horning and treason registered in the Sheriff books of Perth, and produced by Sir James Stewart. All which, being considered, together with all the circumstances of His Majesty's proceedings in the case, "and chiefie of the doings and behaviour of Johnne Ogilvie of the Craig (being alswa present personallie), affermit be his Heyness to have been the chieff author of all the disobedience professit agains his Heynes, and of the particular answers of him, and of the foresaidis personis gevin thairto," the Lords approve of His Majestie's proceedings, and the King, with the advice of the said Lords, finds and declares that the foresaid letters of treason, commission and horning were orderly directed, and lawfully executed, and that the foresaid persons are to be punished in their "personis, landis, and guidis, quhilk kynd of punishment is reservit in his Heyness self." He, therefore, ordains James, Master of Ogilvie, and John Ogilvie of Craig to be committed to ward within the Castle of Edinburgh, and the other persons within the Castle of Blackness, therein to remain till relieved by His Majesty. They soon made peace with the King and Council, and returned home to Strathardle, as within six weeks of their trial at Linlithgow we find both Andrew Spalding of Ashintully and Walter Leslie of Morecloich besieged and taken captive from their castles there.

The Earl of Athole and his Countess, Mary Ruthven, with the Captain of Blair-Athole Castle, with a large force, on the 11th

Nov., besieged and took Morecloich Castle (now Whitefield). The following account of the raid is given in the "Records of the Privy Council," Vol. V., page 440 :—

"Edinburgh, 9th Feb., 1598. Complaint by Walter Leslie of Moircleuch as follows :—Upon 11 Nov. last (1597) Johnne, Earl of Atholl, and Dame Marie Ruthven, his spouse, with a convocation of a great many leiges, in arms, came to the complainers' house of Moreleuch, which was then in the hands of His Majestie's Commissioners, 'and thair asseigeit his said house ane lang space, intendit treassounable to have rissen fyre, and to have brint and destroyit the sam, wer not the said Walter randerit himselff and the said house in his will, and having the said complainer in his handis, he causit cary, and transporte him to the castell and fortalice of the Blair of Athoill, quhair he detains him in strait firmance and captivitie,' without cause or commission. The complainer appearing by James, Master of Ogilvie, his procurator, but the said Earl, his spouse, and George Leslie, Captain of Blair, having failed to appear, or to present the said Walter conform to the charge given them, the Lords ordain them to be denounced rebels."

At the same time Sir James Stewart of Auchmaddies, and Sir James Stewart of Ballechin, assisted by twenty-seven other Athole and Strathardle lairds and their followers, besieged Ashintully Castle, and took Andrew Spalding prisoner. For this the Earl of Atholl was at once called upon to become cautioner in 500 merks for each of them, to appear for trial before the Privy Council. As Athole did not produce them for trial, though often called upon to do so, for over a year, he was outlawed, and the whole twenty-nine principals denounced rebels, and all their goods forfeited, as we are told in "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," Vol. II., page 63 :—

"Nov. 24th, 1598. Beseiging the Place of Ashintullie.—Sir James Stewart of Auchmaddies ; Sir James Stewart of Ballieachan ; James Stewart of Bodinschawis ; Robert Stewart of Facastle ; James Stewart of Force (Foss) ; Alex. Robertson of Fascallie ; Alex. Stewart of Cultelony ; John Falow younger in Balbrogie ; George Cuneistown of Ettradour (these nine did not "compear" at the trial) ; Patrick Buttart fiar of Gormack ; David Donald of the Grange ; Patrick Blair of Ardblair ; William Chalmer of Drumlochry ; James Ramsay of Ardbikie ; George Campbell of Crownan ; William Wood sometime of Latoune ; David Campbell of Easter Denhead ; Robert Alexander in Cuper ; Colene Falow in Grange ; Patrick Campbell of Keithick ; John Sowter in Cupar Grange ; James Blair in Brunstoune ; Sir Walter

Rollock Sutor of Duncrub ; Henrie Durhame in Falow ; John Pitcairns at the Mylne of Kilour ; David Arnot of Incheok ; Lawrence Narne of Alliefargie ; Archibaid Herring of Drimmie ; and Archibald Campbell of Persar (Persie). Dilatit for Assaging of the Place of Assintullie, and taking of Andro Spalding of Assintullie committit in the month of November in the year of God 1597. Perserwar Mr Thomas Hammiltoun advocat.

“The advocat productet his Maiesties Warrant for continewation of the dyett, to the XV. of December nixtocum. The Laird Arbokie and William Wodsumtyme of Latoune, now of Banblane, David Campbell of Denheid, William Chalmer of Drumlochy, Archibald Herring of Drimmig, offerit them to assyse, and disassentit to the continewationne; quhair upoune they askit instrumentis, John Pitcarne att the Mylne of Inver Kelour askit instrumentis. The samin day John, Earl of Atholl, oft times callit as cautioner and souirtee for Sir James Stewart of Auchmaddies, &c., to haif enterit and presentit thame, &c., was unlawit for nocht entrie of the said Sir James, &c., for ilk ane of thame in the pane of 500 merks ; lykeas the said persons principall wer adjudget to be denuncit rebellis, and put to the horne, and all their moveable guidis escheit as fugitives.”

The Robertsons of Struan made a raid this year on Glenbrierachan, and carried off a lot of spoil, for which damage one of the tenants complained to the Privy Council five years afterwards, viz. :—“At Perth, 7th August, 1602. Complaint by William M'Gillemcyle, in Glenbarrachan . . . that five years ago Duncan M'Ewane Bayne, in Camvoran, with his accomplices, tenants of the Laird of Struan, reft from him five mares worth twenty pounds each. The pursuer, appearing by Finlay Fergusson, in Baledmund, and the Laird of Struan being himself present, the said procurator having offered that if Struan would hold Duncan off his lands, the complainant would never crave Struan for the goods libelled. Struan accepts this condition.—“Privy Council Records, Vol. VI., page 447.”

1598.—Whatever the market price of horses was at this time in Strathardle, I find the tenants could always put a good value on them when stolen by raiders from the neighbouring clans. We have just seen that in the previous year a Glenbrierachan tenant claimed £20 each for his horses from Struan. Now we find in this year a Straloch tenant claiming double—£40—for a “red pyat mare,” eight years old, from the Campbells of Breadalbane, as will be seen from the following extract from the Privy

Council Records (Vol. VI., p. 462):—"Perth, 9th Sept., 1602. Charge had been given to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy to enter John M'Gillevorich at the Beate of Finlarig, his man to answer a complaint by Fergus M'Coull in Straloch of reif, from him, furth of his lands of Straloch four years ago, of a black mare four years old worth thirty pounds; a red pyat mare eight years old worth forty pounds; a brown horse two years old worth twenty; and a black mare worth twenty merks. The pursuer appearing personally, and Sir Duncan Campbell, by Robert Campbell, his son, and procurator, the order is to denounce Sir Duncan for not entering his said man."

At this time the feud between the Robertsons of Straloch and the Spaldings of Ashintullie was at its height, so that when these two powerful barons—the natural leaders and defenders of the district—were at feud with each other their outside enemies had a better chance of raiding and plundering the country, an opportunity of which their warlike and restless neighbours took full advantage, as we have already seen from the number of forays made from all quarters on Strathardle about this time.

So bitter did this feud become now, and so great the slaughtering and plundering that the Privy Council had to interfere, and by an Act of Caution, dated Edinburgh, 17th Feb., 1598, John Robertson of Straloch became surety for £500 for his three leaders—John M'Concill, alias Duncanson, in Larig; John Adamson (M'Adie or Fergusson), younger in Larig; and John Reid, alias Fleming, in Minoch, not to harm Andro Spalding of Ashintullie or David Spalding—P.C. Records, Vol. V., p. 714. And on 10th March, Henry Balfour, procurator, registered at Edinburgh a bond by James Wemyss of Weriemyln for Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie, £1000, not to harm John Robertson of Straloch, John Robertson, his son, John Fleming in Menoch, John M'Intoshe in Lair, and John Adamson there; whilst Spalding himself gave a bond to same effect, in 300 merks each, for Edwin Cunnyson, Robert Malcolm, Donald M'Wattie, — Gillandreis, and John Mitchell—all in Ashintullie; John M'Indewar in Dallwoid; Patrick Grant, John M'Allane, Andrew Spalding, Donald M'Condoquy, and John M'Cairstney—in Dalhaugan; and John M'Concill Grassick, in Spittal, not to hurt John Robertson or his men.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Twenty-third Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on Thursday evening, 11th July, 1895. There was a large attendance of members and the public. Sir H. C. Macandrew discharged the duties of the chair in place of the late Chief, Field-Marshal General Sir Patrick Grant, and he was supported on the platform by Colonel Macpherson, Inverness; Colonel Macdonald, Portree; Provost Ross, Inverness; Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; Mr Chas. Innes, solicitor; Mr William Mackay, solicitor, honorary secretary of the Society; Mr Steele, banker; Mr Alex. Fraser, president of the Gaelic Society of Toronto; Mr Fraser of Merlewood; Rev. Dr A. C. Macdonald, Inverness; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Scottish Highlander*; Mr Dawson, president of the Caledonian Society, Dunedin; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, clothier, Inverness; Mr P. G. Macdonald, Mile-end; Mr Crerar, Kingussie; Mr R. F. Matheson, Harris; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary. The party were played on to the platform by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, piper to the Society, who had come specially from Gordon Castle to be present at the Assembly.

The Secretary intimated that apologies for absence had been received from the following, among many others:—Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost; Mr J. E. B. Baillie of Dochfour; Mr R. B. Finlay, Q.C.; Rev. Dr Stewart, Nether Lochaber; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Sheriff Davidson, Drummond Park; Sheriff Campbell, Stornoway; Rev. Robert Blair, Edinburgh; Major Jackson of Swordale; Mr John Henderson, Fortrose.

Sir Henry C. Macandrew, who was cordially received, said he had to thank the Society for asking him to preside on that occasion. He desired to congratulate the members upon the Society attaining its twenty-third year, when it appeared to be in such a flourishing condition. The Society had not only to be congratulated upon its large membership and the successful meetings held during the year, but it had also to be specially congratulated upon the records to be left to future generations of the work done by it. They were all aware that annually the Society published a volume of its Transactions. These Transactions were very valuable. They contained a great deal of information which was of permanent interest, not only to this district, but to Highlanders all over the world. They were also of interest to scholarship, as evidenced by the interest manifested in them by

Continental scholars. He thought they might congratulate themselves upon the great amount of Celtic literature which had been inspired by the Society, and if there was criticism he might venture to offer it would be this, that an attempt might be made to endeavour to trace and record in the Transactions not only the genealogies of the Highland families, but also the social condition and general history of the Highland people. That had been to some extent neglected, and it was desirable that they should have every possible contribution to show the state of society in this country a long time ago, what kind and manner of men they were, and how our remote ancestors lived. So far as his (Sir Henry's) researches had gone, he had arrived at the very confident opinion that their ancestors were not by any means barbarous or savage—that they were not very far different from what they found in the far remote Highlands at the present time; and that they led not a more useful life but perhaps a more joyous life than their descendants did now. Another point was that the Inverness Gaelic Society had left its mark upon the history of the country. It had been mainly instrumental in resisting the proposal to abolish the tartan in connection with the Cameron Highlanders. He suggested that they might influence their young men to join their Highland regiments which had such distinguished records. He concluded by wishing success to the Society, and he hoped he might live for many more years to be present at their annual assemblies.

In the course of the proceedings, the Chairman introduced Mr Alexander Fraser, president of the Gaelic Society of Toronto, who delivered the Gaelic address. He said:—

Fhir-na-cathrach inbheach, agus a mhathann 's a dhaoin'-uaisle,—Tha e 'na thoil-inntinn nach beag dhomhsa a bhi 'giulain thugaibh ceud mìle failte agus deagh run bho bhur co-luchd-cinnidh am an Canada. Tha mi g' a mheas na shochair a bhi fa 'r comhair an nochd, cadhon ged nach ann air mo sgath fhein, ach air sgath tir mo dhualchuis a chuir sibh an t-urram so orm. Agus tha an ni so mar an ceudna 'n am inntinn—gu bheil mi gu bhi 'labhairt mu Chanada ri luchd-aiteachaidh Inbhirnis, prìomh-bhaile na Gaidhealtachd, dlu ri aite mo dhuthchais, agus cha 'n e sin a mhain ach a' labhairt ri Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis air a bheil cliu ro-shonraichte am measg nan Gaidheal. Cha bhiodh e iomchuidh gu 'n leudaichinn air cuspair sam bith aig lethid so do choinnidh; ach ged nach bi mo bhriathran lionmhor bu mhatheam innseadh duibh gu bheil 'ur comunn air a mheas mar bhuidheann chluiteach, fheumail agus chumhachdach le Gaidheil

Chanada, mar le Gaidheil gach tir chein eile. Is toigh leo a bhi toirt suil thar a' chuan air bhur coinnidhean, bhur conaltradh maille ri cheile air cuspairean dhìomhair ar canain 's ar n-eachdraidh, agus air na h-oidheirpean foghainteach a ta sibh a' deanadh a 'chum cuisean agus suidheachadh bhur duthcha a leasachadh; agus is toigh leo a bhi 'leantuinn ann bhur cos-cheuman ann an cuid do na nithibh a tha an cumandas aig na Gaidheil air feadh an t-saoghail air fad. Is math an t-eisimpleir a tha sibh a' toirt dhuinn agus a dh' aindeoin taobh do 'n teid e is dual do 'n Ghaidheal tionndadh gu reul-iuil oige, airson treoraich agus solais. Mar tha dearbh fhios agaibh cha 'n 'eil cinneach fo 'n ghrein a tha air an ceangal cho dluth ri tir am breth ris na Gaidheil agus an gradh a thug iad og do na glinn 's do na beanntan cha treig gu brath iad. 'S cha 'n e a mhain sin ach tha an gradh sin air a mheadachadh a chionn an sgarraidh troimh an deachaidh iadsan a dh' fhag, no a dh' fhogradh bho, thir an athraichean. Ged is fìor so, gidheadh, tha taobh eile air a chuis. Faodar a radh le fìrinn nach 'eil muinntir chinnich sam bith 'eil a fhreumhaicheas cho daingean 's cho soirbheachail ann an duthaich chein ris na Gaidheil. 'S ann gun teagamh le fìrinn a dh' fhaodas Clarsair an Doire a bhi seinn air "a ghleann 's an robh e og;" Clarsair nam Beann air cradh an eilthirich Ghaidhealaich a fagail a dhuthaich; agus Clarsair na Coille air doirbheachas agus deuchainnean nan Gaidheal ann an America. 'S math a thig e dhoibhsan—do Mhac Leoid, do Mhac Colla, 's do Mhac Illeathain a bhi ceileireachd air gaol nan Gaidheal do 'n duthaich: tha na fuinn 's na faicil araon ceolmhor agus fìor, ach tha e cheart cho fìor gu bheil na Gaidheil a' tuineachadh 's gach cearn fo 'n iarmailt a tha fosgailte do dhaoine, agus gu bheil iad a buinig dachaidhean dhaibh fein ann an tìrìbh chein, a tha cosnadh an gradh 's an dilseachd. An Cruthaidhfhear a chuir gaol an dachaidh ann an cridhe a' Ghaidheil chuir Esan mar an ceudna misneach na inntinn gu bhi 'fagail a dhachaidh, gu bhi 'togail a chrannchur, 's gu bhi coimhlionadh ruintean an Fhreasdail air feadh a chruinne-che gu leir. Air an aobhair sin tha e iomchuidh gu 'm biodh riaghailt a bheatha air a steidheachadh air bunchar seas-mbach, a reir teagaisg agus eisimpleir ar n-athraichean. Fhad 's a tha 'Ghaidhealtachd a cur a màch daoine oga gu crìochan fad' as is cinnteach gur e an dileab is luachmhoire is urrainn iad a ghiulain leo, cridheachan onarach, coguisean beo, agus beachdan fallain air cuisean mora na siorruidheachd. An latha a chailleas na Gaidheil an seann duinealas, na seann chleachdaidhean, na seann riaghailtean 's an t-seann chreideamh—faodaidh iad

fasainean ura a bhuannachadh ach cailidh iad an seann chliu. Agus is i mo bheachd-sa gum faodadh Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis tuileadh is na tha iad a' deanamh, a dheanamh anns an doigh so. Cha 'n 'eil mi cinnteach nach 'eil mi dol car fada 'n am bhriathran 'n uair a their mi gur i mo bheachd gu 'n bu choir do 'n Chomunn so a bhi 'toirt tuileadh gnuis na tha iad a toirt, do na h-oidheirpean a tha air an cur a mach a chum beachdan creidimh fallain a chumail beo. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agamsa nach ann mar thoradh bho 'n chreidimh sin a fhuair na Gaidheil an t-ard chliu a bhuineas daibh gus an latha diugh. Cha 'n urrainn duibh sochair is mo a thoirt do na Gaidheil a tha sibh a' cur thugainn gu Canada na oileanachd 'us grunn-dachadh ann an stuam-cachd is ceartas, agus anns na dleasdanasan eile a bhuineas do dheagh arach. Tha moran Ghaidheil ann an Canada mu'm biodh cuid agaibh toilichte a chluinntinn. Foghnaidh aon no dha. Tha faisg air tri-fichead bliadhna 's a deich bho na bha Uistean Muillearach 'na ghille-buith anns a bhaile so. Tha e an diugh na sheann aois comasach air a bhi air ceann a ghnothaich bho mhoch gu dubhach agus tha e, mar tha fhios aig cuid agaibh, ard ann am meas a cho-luchd duthecha. Buinidh Bard Lochfine do na Gaidheil air fad. Tha e suas ri ceithir fichead bliadhna 's a deich, ach tha 'n aois a laighe gu h-eutrom air a ghualainn. Tha e comasach air a shraid a ghabhail na h-uile latha, agus e cho sgiobalt, smearail 's ged a bhiodh e fichead bliadhna ni 's oige na tha e. Tha e runachadh leabhar eile a chlo-bhualadh mus leig e sios pailliun a cheolraidh. Tha mar an ceudna an Ridire Daibhidh Mac-a-Phearsain a' cumail ris gu h-iongantach, a' sgapadh gu falaidh 's gu curamach an soibhreas a chuir am Freasdal 'na carbsa. Chi sibh bho so nach 'eil tir no aimsir Chanada trom air slainte nan Gaidheil a thilg an crannchur air a roinntean fharsuing, 's tha mi 'n dochas gum bi doras fosgailte ann an Canada air son na h-uile neach a dh' fhaodas agbaidh a thionndadh ri, a thig le tapachd 's le duinealachd nam beanna lorgachadh a mach an fhortan sin nach 'eil ri fhaotainn, an combnuidh, anns an tir so.

The musical part of the programme was well sustained by Mr W. L. Cockburn, Miss Margaret Macdonald, Miss Mona Donaldson, and Mr R. Macleod, all of whom were encored. Selections of Scotch and Highland airs were played by a string band, and reels and other dances gave an interesting variety to the proceedings; and Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie supplied pipe music of a high-class character. Miss C. Fraser—who has played at the Society's assemblies for the past number of years—presided at the piano in her usual happy and accomplished manner.

Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and artistes; and the singing of "Auld Langsyne" by the performers brought a most enjoyable and successful assembly to a close.

12th DECEMBER, 1895.

At this meeting it was resolved to subscribe £5 5s to the proposed Highland memorial to the late Professor Blackie, and to send out a circular to the members, soliciting subscriptions. Thereafter Mr William Mackay, solicitor, moved, and Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., seconded, that the Society record their deep regret at the death of two old and valuable members of the Society, viz., Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, an honorary chieftain of the Society, and Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Silverwells, Inverness, for many years one of the Society's chieftains; and a committee was formed to draw up and forward messages of condolence to the relatives of both the deceased. It had been arranged at a Council meeting, held previously, as to the Society being largely represented at the funeral of the deceased Mr Colin Chisholm, and also to send a wreath to be placed on his coffin, and to write Mr Ronald Mackenzie, the Society's piper, to play with the other pipers on the occasion. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper, entitled "The Old Gaelic System of Personal Names." Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

THE OLD GAELIC SYSTEM OF PERSONAL NAMES.

The names and surnames of the present-day Highlands and Isles belong to the various stages of development through which the Gaelic-speaking peoples have passed since the Celts parted company with the other Aryan races four or five thousand years ago. The name Donald, when restored to its pristine purity of form as Dumno-valos ("World-ruler"), is, in composition, meaning, and main root, full brother to Dumno-rix ("World-king"), the name of Cæsar's great Gaulish opponent. They both show the double-stemmed or "double-barrelled" formation characteristic of Aryan or Indo-European names. Fergus and Angus, the latter borne by the Apollo of the Gael and meaning "Unique-choice," were names common to the two great historic branches of the

Celtic peoples—the Gadelic and Brittonic, inclusive also of the Pictish. The Gadelic developments, probably under pre-Gadelic racial influences, previous to the introduction of Christianity, which produced names like Cú-chulainn, “Hound of Culann;” Nia-segamon, “Champion of Mars;” and Mog-nuadat, “Slave of (the God) Nuada,” are now represented by our Macraes and Macbeths (“Sons of Grace and Life”); but the full development of this class of name came with the advent of the Christian Church, whose saints took the place of the old gods, and we have thenceforward names like Maol-iosa (“Shaveling or Slave of Jesus”), Maol-colaim or Malcolm (“Slave of Columba”), Gille-crist (“Servant of Christ”), and others such in so plentiful abundance as greatly to swamp the old Celtic name-system derived from Aryan times. Till the twelfth century only a small fraction of the names of either Scottish or Irish Gaels were borrowed from Christian or Teutonic sources—in Ireland scarcely a twentieth. The earliest Scottish document—the Book of Deer (twelfth century)—contains only some 13 per cent. of foreign names; and it is interesting to note that the similar Gaelic portions—also contemporary—of the Irish Book of Kells has a percentage slightly lower even than that. The twelfth century was fraught with great change both to the history of Ireland and of the Highlands. Teutonic influences of all kinds began to prevail, and the feudal system played a conspicuous part in developing the names and surnames of the country. Personal names from English, Norse, and general Christian sources rapidly usurped the place of the old Celtic names, or were accepted as equivalents of like-sounding natives names (Roderick for Ruadhraigh, Hector for Eachann). Surnames definitely began in the thirteenth century: they were either patronymics like M’Culloch and M’Donald, or epithets like Campbell (“Wrymouth”), or place-names like Moray. But, as a matter of fact, surnames were by no means universal in the Highlands till after the ’45.

The foreign Christian names of Alexander, John, and William soon became favourites: Alexander had been popularised by the famous Scottish kings of that name; John has been a favourite name everywhere—it is the commonest of Christian names, as Smith is of surnames—its popularity being due, as Dr Isaac Taylor remarks, “to the supposed suitability in baptism of the Baptist’s name.” At present it is the commonest Christian name in the Highlands, though Donald makes a fair second, as it should do. Alexander is third favourite, and thereafter William, which

early planted itself in the Highlands, the MacWilliams being powerful Celtic claimants for the Scottish throne against King William. Nearly 40 per cent. of the population bear one or other of the three names John, Alexander, or William; and if we add the Gaelic Donald, the Christian names of nearly half the population are accounted for. Indeed, only 2 out of 7 personal names—or less than 30 per cent.—in actual use are native, that is, of Gaelic origin; and only some 37 per cent. of the population bear native or Gaelic Christian names like Angus, Donald, or Duncan, their total being actually fewer than those bearing the three foreign surnames of John, Alexander, and William. Of Highland surnames, if we omit the *mac* surnames, about half only are Celtic, but many names, like Brown and Livingston, represent really Gaelic originals, though in this enumeration they have to be counted as non-Gaelic. People with *mac* surnames form close on half the population; but even the *mac* surnames are of mixed origin. M'Alister, for instance, contains the Gaelic *mac* with the favourite Christian but non-Gaelic name of Alexander. In fact, about 40 per cent. of the *mac* surnames are hybrids of this kind. The conclusion we come to is that the Celticity of the surnames in use in the Highlands and Isles amounts to 60 per cent. of the whole, while the Celticity of the Christian names is less than half that percentage.

Until some eight hundred years ago, hereditary surnames did not exist, save in a modified form among the Romans. A man had only one name, his personal or Christian name. He might be further designated by his father's name, as Alexander (son) of Philip (or Alexander the Philip's), or by the locality he belonged to, as Alexander the Macedonian, or by both these methods, as in the Athenian official designations of a citizen, where his "deme" or parish was given, such as the designation of the famous orator Demosthenes, called "Demosthenes (the son) of Demosthenes (the) Paianian." This last method was usual all over the civilised world. "Surnames," says Dr Isaac Taylor, "were of very gradual introduction. In the case of Ethelred the Unready, Edmund Ironside, or Harold Bluetooth, we have not surnames, but mere nicknames, which did not descend to the children. Hereditary surnames made their appearance in the twelfth century [in England and southern Scotland]; in the fourteenth century they are usual rather than exceptional, and even now in the mining districts of England and in some parts of Wales [and

some Scottish fisher villages]¹ they are not universally used.' Noble families that can trace their genealogies back beyond the twelfth century have no surname; the present Queen Victoria has no surname, for the name Guelph or Wolf, applied to the royal house of Brunswick, is a mere nickname. In the Highlands, surnames are of even later appearance than in England, and charters, as well as other documents, are found as late as last century, wherein a man is designated by his father's, and, perhaps, his grandfather's name. Sometimes a list of ancestry "as long as his sword" is required to define some worthy. That the Welsh cousins of the Gael were equally devoid of surnames and equally fond of genealogical designations may be proved by the following amusing extract from the play of "Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600 :—

Judge.—What bail? What sureties?

Duwy.—Her cozen Ap Rice ap Evan ap Morice ap Morgan ap Llewellyn ap Madoc ap Meredith ap Griffin ap Davis ap Owen ap Shinkin Jones.

Judge.—Two of the most efficient are enow.

Sheriff.—An 't please your lordship, these are all but one!

In the Highlands, even in the seventeenth century, surnames are rarely used by ordinary tenants. For instance, in the numerous appearances of the Lochiel men in the Privy Council Records, we find only a string of patronymics defining a man, together with the croft or farm *in* (note the *in*) which he dwells. The names of householders in Garvamore in Laggan of Badenoch, in the Macpherson country, for the year 1679, must suffice as a specimen :— "Allan Mac Iain Gromach in Garvamore, John Mac Iain Gromach there, Ewen Roy vic Wirrich there, John Mac Coil vic Ruarie there, John Mac William vic Phail there, Duncan Mac Iain vic

¹ In regard to the Buchan fishermen, the following is an extract from an article in *Blackwood* for March, 1842 :—

"The fishers are generally in want of surnames. . . . There are seldom more than two or three surnames in a fish-town. Among the twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie, there are George Cowie, doodle; George Cowie, carrot; and George Cowie, neep. A stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman in one of the Buchan fishing villages of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked—

" 'Could you tell me fa'r Sanny Fite lives?'

" 'Filk Sanny Fite?'

" 'Muckle Sanny Fite.'

" 'Filk muckle Sanny Fite?'

" 'Muckle lang Sanny Fite.'

" 'Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?'

" 'Muckle lang gleyed Sanny Fite,' shouted the stranger.

" 'Oh! it's "Goup the lift" ye're seeking,' cried the girl, 'and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?'"

William vic Phail there, Ewen Mac Iain vic Coinneach there, Angus Mac Gillespie there, Donald Mac Gillephadrack there, John dhu Mac (illegible) there, John dhu Mac Finlay oig there, Ewen Mac Aonas vic Ewen there." We cannot be certain that in the above list we have one true surname; in fact, we may say with fair certainty that all the designations are patronymics and not surnames. No doubt the descendants of these men in Garvanore would, in 1745, mostly either be, or assume to be, Macphersons.¹

Surnames are, so to speak, prefigured in the totem clan system of the savage. Indian tribes are divided into clans who represent themselves as descended from some animal or natural object which they hold in special reverence and which is called their totem. Personal names are given to children, however, in the most hap-hazard fashion; some accidental circumstance at birth may decide the matter, with names like "Morning Star," "West Wind," and "Eldest Daughter," as a result. But even here civilised races tread closely in the path of the savages. Some names of ancient Rome, like Lucius (born by day), Manius (born in the morning), and Quintus (5th son) have been adopted on like primitive principles, and to a similar cause are due such modern names as Noel (Christmas); denoting that a child was born on Christmas day; and the popularity of Marcel and Marcelle (Gaelic and early Irish Marsali), Jules and Auguste is due to the children being born in March, July or August, not to the ancient names of Marcius, Julius and Augustus. We may hold it as certain that many children, in old Gaelic times, born on certain saints' days were baptised as the *maol* or *gille* of these saints; and the old Irish name of Maol-mocheirigh, "Slave of Early-rising," may no doubt be placed beside the Roman Manius as explained above.

The names characteristic of Aryan culture were not given in this hap-hazard fashion. Custom regulated name-giving. The name-system of the ancient Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Slavs, Teutons, and Celts—all descended linguistically from the same Aryan parent people—is founded on the same principles, and is, in fact, an heirloom, in each case, from their Aryan ancestors. The Aryan personal name was usually a compound, two stems being welded into one whole. Thus in Sanskrit we have Dêva-dattas, "God-given;" in Persian, Xsay-arsan or Xerxes, "Ruler of Men;" in Greek Dio-genes, "God-begotten;" Slavonic Vladi-mir, "Famed-in-rule" (Gaelic *flath-mhor* exactly); Teutonic Heimerich or Henry, "Home-ruler;" and Gaulish "Dêvo-gnâta, "God-

¹ Compare the case of the Buchan fishermen mentioned in the note to page 282 above.

begotten" (= Gr. Diogenes). Both the Brittonic and Gaelic branches of Celtic have abundant examples of names so formed:—Old Breton Morcant, Welsh Morgan, Pictish Morecunn (Book of Deer), "Sea-bright" (Mori-cantos); Old Welsh Maileum, Maglocunus of Gildas, Pictish Mailchon, "High-chief"; Old Breton and Welsh Tutgual, Irish Tuathal, "Folk-ruler" (Touto-valos, where *touto* = Gaelic *tuath*). The meaning of the names belonged to the strenuous and pleasant aspects of life, such as Religion, Strength and Success in War, Fame and Name, Headship and Kingship, Prosperity and Goodness, and also accidental circumstances of Birth. Animal names also entered into these compounds—such animals as those whose qualities or uses belonged to the ideas just mentioned. Among the Greeks and Teutonic nations, and to a small extent among the Celts, it was a custom—by no means universal—to insert in a child's name one of the elements which were found compounded in the father's or mother's name: thus, Greek *Dino*-krates, son of *Dino*-kles; *Eu*-krates, son of *Euru*-krates; and *Andro*-nikes, son of *Niko*-kles. Teutonic examples (of the 8th and 9th centuries), are:—*Walt*-bert, son of *Wald*-ram; *Wald*-bert and *Wolf*-bert, sons of *Hram*-bert; *Ethel*-wulf, King of England (839-858), father of *Ethel*-bald, *Ethel*-bert, and *Ethel*-red; *Ead*-mund (king from 940 to 946), father of *Ead*-wig and *Ead*-gar. This was, indeed, the only method of showing descent, as hereditary surnames did not exist. There are also one or two cases of this in the genealogies of the Welsh kings, as Cadwaladr (died 682), son of Cadwallon, son of Cadvan; or Artgloys, son of Artbodgu, son of Bodgu. Faint traces of it exist in Ireland:—Conn (123-157) is father of Connla; his grandson Cormac (Corbmac) is father of Coirbre (Corb-re)—"Mac-Chariot father of Charioteer." Professor Rhys draws attention to another method of showing close relationship, which also existed in Greece. "Another way," he says, "of preserving an indication of relationship was sometimes practised still more economically, namely, by merely reversing the order of the elements of the compound, as, for instance, in the case of an inscription from South Wales, which commemorates Vendubarros, son of Barrivendos. This would be in Irish Finnbharr, son of Barrfhinn, and in Welsh Gwynvar, son of Berwyn, or White-head son of Head-white. A fashion of this kind is not quite extinct in Wales, where you may find that John Roberts is the son of Robert Jones, or Rowland Thomas the son of Thomas Rowlands." He then compares similar cases from Old German, Slavonic, Sanskrit, and Greek:—O. Ger. Berht-hari and Hari-berht, English Herbert; Servian Drago-mil and Milo-drag; and Greek Doro-theos, son of Theo-doros.

This leads us to the consideration of the resultant meaning of these compounds. No doubt originally regard was had to the resulting meaning of the compound ; the rule in the Aryan languages was that the prefixed word should qualify the other to which it was prefixed. Thus Theodoros ought to mean—and does mean—“ Gift from god,” God-gift ; but when, under the exigencies of family custom, the elements are reversed and result in “ Gift-god,” the meaning is not satisfactory. Yet the Greeks managed on the whole well to avoid contradictory or absurd meanings. Not so, however, the Teutons. There we meet with such compounds as “ Peace-war,” “ Peace-spear,” “ War-peace” (Hildifrid, Gunfrid, “ War-peace ;” Fridihilde, Fredegunde, “ Peace-war ;” Fredegar, “ Peace-spear”). On this aspect of the question as to the meaning of ancient personal names, Mr Bradley, in speaking of Gothic names, says :—“ There are many books which profess to explain the meanings of Anglo-Saxon or Old German names ; thus Frederick is often said to mean ‘ one who rules in peace.’ This, however, is altogether a mistake. . . . The true explanation is that *Fred* (peace) was one of a number of which it was customary to use as beginnings of names, and *ric* (ruler) was one of the words which it was customary to use as endings. Any word belonging to the one list might be joined to any word in the other list, even if the two were quite contradictory in sense. There are, for instance, ancient German names, which, if translated literally, would be ‘ peace-spear’ and ‘ peace-war.’”

Another feature of Aryan names, which seems to have existed in Aryan times, is the curtailment of the commonest compound names, so as to form “ pet” names or, at any rate, short forms of the long name. It was the last element of the compound that usually suffered contraction or disappearance. The process is one that still goes on, not merely in dealing with personal names, but also with other words in a language. Thus we speak of “ consols” for “ consolidated annuities,” “ pops” for “ popular concerts,” “ zoo” for “ zoological garden,” “ lager” for “ lager-beer,” and “ bus” for “ omnibus.” Diminutive or pet forms occur in the case of nearly every one of our modern Christian names—Thomas becomes Tom ; Elizabeth, Liz ; Alexander, Sandy ; Margaret, Meg ; or Peg ; Patrick, Pat ; Cecilia, Cis ; William, Will ; Matilda, Maud ; Donald, Donnie or Dan ; Bridget, Biddy. The early Aryan languages present plenty of examples of this contraction. The first member of the compound word remains intact ; the second suffers considerable, if not total, abridgment. Greek Demosthâs stands for Demosthenes, and Kleommis stands for Kleomenes, and no doubt

for Kleo-medes, Kleo-medon, and any other with *m* beginning the second element; Zeuxis stands for Zeux-ippos, but Zeuxis may also do duty for Zeuxi-demos, Zeuxi-theos, &c., in fact, for the group with *Zeuxi* as the first element. In Old High German Sizzo stands for Sige-rich, Sig-bert, Sig-frid. In Norse Goddi probably stood as pet form for all compounds in prefixed God-; similarly, Gunnr for Gunn-arr, Gunn-björn, Gunn-ólfr, Gunn-steinn, &c. The Celtic languages show similar contractions. Gaulish has many names in *-llos*, *-los*, and the like, which are evidently curtailments of longer names, such as Toutillus and Toutius for Touto-bocios, Touto-bodiacus, Toutiorix, &c., possibly; so Catullus, Boud-illos, Corb-illa, Ep-illos, and especially names in *-ācos*, as Cat-ācus, which appears in Old Welsh as Catōc, later Catawc, now Cadog. This was the name of the famous Welsh saint, and we know, for we are told, that it is a diminutive representing the full form Catmail, which was the saint's baptismal name, the other, though now the only one, being a pet form. Catmail stands for Celtic Catu-maglos, "War-lord," in Irish Cath-mál or Cathmhaol, whence the modern M' Cavell, M' Cambil, Coyle. In regard to Catacus acting as short for Catu-maglos, Professor Rhys says: "So far as we understand the relationship between these names, Catawc stood connected no more nearly with Catmail or Cadvail than with Cadwallon, Cadvan, or any other of the names beginning with the word *cat*, now *cad*, battle." That is to say, Catacus, Catullus, and such diminutives, which show no trace of the second element at all, must have stood for any or all of the *catu*-compounds. We shall find later that Gaelic names partake of the same characteristic curtailments as other Aryan names, and lend proof to the contention that the diminutive of the first element may stand for any compound names made with it.

Outside these double-barrelled names and their diminutives there are other names which may represent Aryan ancestry. In Greek names, for example, we find some "calendar" names, derived from the festal day of the month on which the child was born or named, as Soterios, from the feast of Zeus Soter; but there is little of the unimaginative Roman method of naming children as 5th or 10th, Quintus or Decimus. Names showing dedication to, or claiming protection from, the gods, are fairly common; such as Dionysios, "dedicated to (or born on the festal day of) Dionysos," whence we get our Dennis. Demigod and Hero names were rarely applied to human beings, such as Perseus. Names like Hector ("Defender," "Holder," root *segh*, hold), Helene ("Shining one")

and Aineias ("Praise," a diminutive), whence we get our Hector (Gaelic Eachann), Ellen, and Æneas, may be regarded as belonging to the demigod series. Names from animals, plants, and natural objects were fairly numerous among the Greeks, but nothing near such favourites as among the Teutons and Celts. The use of animal names for naming is common all the world over and at all times: the bear, the lion, and the wolf were favourites for their strength, and, sooth to say, ferocity. The horse was a great favourite in Greek compound names, though it was not used simply like Lukos and Leon (Wolf and Lion). Nor was the dog's name used simply, as it was among the Gaels of old. In regard to a name like Lukos ("Wolf"), Professor Zimmer thinks that both Lukos and Lukōn, like Gaelic Aed ("Fire") and Aedán, are simply diminutives of longer names like Luk-agoras, Luko-leōn, &c. The name Stephen, from Greek *stephanos*, garland, may belong to the double-barrelled forms, being probably a diminutive. The name Peter, from Gr. *petros*, a rock, is a translation from the Hebrew. Names from rank and office are generally swallowed up in the compound names, but there are one or two official and craft names used; our George is from Georgos, farmer. Gregory, Gregor, and M'Gregor come from the Greek name Grēgorios, meaning "Watchful." Names, also, existed derived from those of towns, provinces, and of even foreign nations, and foreign names also got a place.

To get a good conception of the Aryan name system in its late developments, before attacking the difficult problem of Gaelic compound names, we shall examine the Teutonic personal names now in use in the Highlands, or once in use and now forming part of the *Mac* names. In the quotation above from Mr Bradley, we were warned not to expect much consistency in the meaning of Teutonic names, for the component parts of the double-barrelled names were brought together on a somewhat rough and ready principle. Some stems were usual as prefixes and others as suffixes, and a few others could be used as both. According to the whim of the moment possibly, or to the need of marking kinship, the stem chosen from the first list was prefixed to one from the second list. In the following two lists, placed side by side, the first column contains root forms which usually begin names, and the second column contains roots which usually end names. These roots or stems are modernised. An attempt at classification is also made under the heads of Religion, War, Property or Riches, Nobility, Fame, and Courage:—

<i>Religion</i>	<i>Gud, god, god</i>	<i>frid, fred, urd, peace</i>
<i>Peace</i>	<i>Os, As, O, An, Anses, gods</i>	<i>mund, protection</i>
	<i>Rögn, rejin, gods, counsel</i>	<i>win, friend</i>
	<i>Thor, the god Thor</i>	<i>red, counsel</i>
	<i>Alf, elf, fairy</i>	<i>ward, ward</i>
	<i>Hun, hun, giant</i>	<i>bert, bright</i>
	<i>Ercan, archi, pure</i>	<i>ketill, kell, kettle</i>
<i>War</i>	<i>Her, har, army</i>	<i>wig, warrior</i>
	<i>Sig, victory</i>	<i>gar, ger, spear</i>
	<i>Rand, shield</i>	<i>helm, helmet</i>
<i>Property</i>	<i>Ead, ed, possessions</i>	<i>ric, rich, ruler</i>
	<i>Uodal, ul, patrimony</i>	<i>hard, hardy</i>
<i>Rule</i>	<i>Heim, hen, home</i>	<i>leif, lave, heritage, relic</i>
	<i>Wil, will</i>	<i>wald, old, wielder</i>
<i>Nobility</i>	<i>Ethel, al, noble</i>	<i>bald, bold</i>
<i>Fame</i>	<i>Hrod, rod, ro, praised</i>	<i>wulf, olf, wolf</i>
<i>Spirit</i>	<i>Ilod, lud, famous</i>	<i>bern, burn, bear</i>

By combining words from the one list with words from the other we get our best known names. Godfrey, older Godefrid, means "God's peace" (*god frid*); the Norse is slightly different—Gudhrödh; in old Gaelic it was borrowed as Gofraidh, later Goraidh, a favourite name among the Macdonalds, among whom Gorry and M'Gorry abound in the older documents.

Osmund, Oswald, Osburn = Gods' protection, Gods' ruler, Gods' bear.

Olave, older Anláf, "Relic of the Gods," was in Gaelic Amhlaibh (older Amláib), now found in M'Aulay.

Osgar, the Gaelic hero, does not mean "Gods' spear," which was a common Teuton name (Norse Asgeirr); it is a native name, despite Prof. Zimmer's assertion to the contrary. So, too, Oisean is not from Oswin, another common name—"Gods' friend" or "Friend in God;" as we shall see it means "Little deer."

Ronald, "Gods' ruler," is in Gaelic Raonull, whence Clan-ranald; Norse Rögnvaldr, Engl. Reynold.

Thor, the god, gives us several names:—Thor-mund, "Thor's protection," is confused with Thormódr, "Thor-minded," as G. Tormailt and Tormoid, charters giving Eng. as Tormond and Tormode. Thorketill and Thorkell, "Thor's sacrificial kettle," an instrument famous in Northern religious rites, remains of which, mounted on cars, have been found, give us M'Corcodale and Torquil, M'Corkle.

M'Askill is from As-kell, "Kettle of the Anses."

Further English names from Thor are Thorold, Thorolf, Thorburn.

Alfred means "Fairy-counsel."

Humfrey means "Giant or great peace."

Archibald appears in Domesday as Arcenbald and Erchenbald; it means "Pure or bright bold." The Gaelic equivalent is Gilleasbuig, Gillespie; why such should be the case is a puzzle. Arkembaldus de Duffus appears in 1203-34 in the Moray Registrum.

Herbert and Harold mean "Bright warrior" and "Army-wielder," the latter being the same as Eng. *herald*. From Harold comes M'Raild, G. M'Ra'ilt. The elements in Harold are inverted in Walter, whose diminutives Watt and Wattie have given the clans M'Quat, M'Quattie, M'Watt, and M'Wattie, the latter a branch of the Buchanans once numerous.

Sig, victory, gives Sigurd, the name made famous by the Orkney earls, allied to Sieg-fred, "Victory-peace," of the other Teutons. Sigtrygg, "True-victory," whence Sitric, gives us the southern name of M'Kettrick.

Randolf means "Wolf-shield."

William or Wilhelm means "Helmet of resolution," denoting or claiming energy in war. Hence also Wilfred.

Edmund, Edwin, Edward, Edwy (= Edwig), and Edolf (common in old Lennox), come from *ead* or *ed*, "possessions, riches."

Ulrick comes from Old German Uodal-rich, explained by a Latin gloss as "a paterna hereditate dives," rich hereditarily. The name came into Scotland with feudalism, and was confused with the Gaelic Ualgharg, "High-temper," which is no doubt the old Galwegian Ulgric. One of the Kennedys of Dunure fled to Lochaber some four centuries ago; his name was Ulrick or Walrick Kennedy. From him the northern Kennedys are called in Gaelic M'Ualraig or M'Uaraig.

Henry, "Home-ruler," is in G. Eanraig, whence the Clan M'Kendrick, Englished also as Henderson.

Ethel, with its short form Al, gives such names as Ethelfred, Ethelbert, Ethelbald; Alwin or Alwyn is the name in the Paisley charters for the first two Earls of Lennox; the corresponding Gaelic is, of course, Ailin, or Allan, a name of very different origin. There was an Old Gaelic Ailen or Ailéne, but the word that seems to have really prevailed was the Breton Alan, popularised by the early Stewards. It seems from the root *al*, cherish. Albert is a late importation, "Nobly-bright."

Rod or *Ro*, glory or fame, as also *Lod*, *Lud*, of like force, were favourite prefixes in names : Robert, "Glorious brightness;" Roger, "Glorious spear;" Roderick, "Glorious ruler;" Rodolf or Rolf or Ralf, "Glorious wolf;" Ludwig or Ludovick or, through French, Louis, "Famed warrior," are all well known names. The Clan M'Robbie comes from Robert. Roderick is made to do duty for Gaelic Ruadhraigh, "Red-prince." It is true that Prof. Zimmer has more than once declared that Gaelic Ruadhri, older Ruadri, comes from the Norse Hrörekr (= Hroð-rekr, Rod-ric); but how he accounts for the G. *d* in Ruadri, which the Norsemen pronounced Ruðri, he does not say. Fortunately for the truth of the matter, the Norse Hrörekr has left descendants in southern Scotland. We have Margaret M'Rerik, in Wigton, in 1490; Wm. M'Rerick, Edinburgh, 1490; a M'Crerik was burghess of Wigton in 1579. The *mac* was also dropped: Jo. Rerik de Dalbaty, 1469 and 1488 (afterwards Redik of Dalbeattie); Henry Rerik, Kirkcudbright, 1501, and Fergus Rerik. The borrowed form, which is phonetically what we should expect from Hrörekr, is very unlike Ruadhraigh or Rory of the Gaelic.

Some elements of the second column of our lists come first: Frederick, "Peace-ruler," diminutive Fritz; Gerald, "Spear-wielder;" Richard, "Hardy king;" Baldred and Baldwin, which last becomes in a Gaelic and Scotch pet form Baldy; and Bernard (= Bern-hard), "Hardy wolf."

Gilbert is no doubt from Gislebert of Domesday Book, meaning "Bright-hostage." Its resemblance to the G. Gillebride, "Bridget's servant," ensured it a permanent place in the Highlands; its pet form Gibbon was an especial favourite in Perthshire at an early date, and hence the Clan M'Gibbon. Gibson is from Gib, the ancestor of Gibbon.

Charles is from the Old German Karl, originally signifying "man," "goodman;" the Scotch *carle* is the same word. The modern Gaelic equivalent is Tearlach, which is itself of native origin, being in Middle Gaelic Toirrdhealbhach, applied to Charles M'Lean, the ancestor of Dochgarroch; the best Gaelic spelling then should have been Tairdhealbhach or Teardhalbhach, Irish Tairdhealbhach, Early Irish Toirdelbach, "Well-shaped," from *dealbh* and the prefix *tair*, "over."

Hugh, as it stands, means "intellect, thought," but the older Hugo shows that it is a pet form of a compound name or names. It was a favourite name in mediæval England and Scotland; its pet forms were Huet, Hugon, Hutchin or Scotch Hucheon, Huggin. Hence our northern Hutchiesons and Hutchinsons. In

Gaelic was a name in early times even more popular than Hugh in England; this was Aodh, earlier Gaelic Aed, 7th century Aidus, spelt in the 15th century documents as simply Y. It was the distinctive name of the Mackays of Sutherland; in fact, Mackay is M'Aoidh. The word simply means "fire;" but Professor Zimmer maintains that it is a pet or reduced form of a double-stemmed name, such as Aed-gal, "Fire of Valour;" and this *may* be true. Cæsar's great Gaulish friends and foes were the Aedui, "men of fire;" seemingly they were the first Mackays! Unfortunately for Aodh, it was in the Highlands equated with Hugh; in late Gaelic both words sadly wanted some phonetic strengthening, and the diminutive of Eng. Hugh offered itself—Hutchin, which became Gaelic Hùisdean. Whether the Norse Eysteinn, a name undoubtedly common in the Isles under the Norse, helped in the transformation, it is at present too early to decide. The Latin Austin, which in the 17th century was a favourite rendering of Hùisdean of Gaelic, need not be considered in the history of the name. Altogether, the evidence points to Hùisdean, the supplanter of the ancient Aodh, being from Hutchin or Hucheon, a diminutive of Hugh. Hence the Clan Mackay, the southern Mackie, M'Ghie, the North Irish Magee.

Among the Celtic-speaking peoples, the Gauls and the early Britons belong to the same stage of name-giving as the Greeks. We find the two stems in full welded together:—Teuto-mato-s, "People's good;" cf. Irish Tuathchar (Touto-caro-s); Catu-mâros, Macpherson's Cathmhor, "Great in battle," W. Cadfor; Mori-rex (=Mori-reg-s), "Sea-king;" cf. Ir. Muirchú (=Mori-cuo, "Sea-hound"). As in the Teutonic names discussed above, the Brittonic and Gaelic names have lost the stem vowels, and are mere stumps: *Catu-* and *mâro-* against G. *cath* and *mór*. Unlike the Teutons, however, the early Irish do not seem to have, to any great extent, formed new names by using these "stumps." The names which we meet with were formed at the time when the vowels of the stems still existed; when, in fact, the first element ended in a thematic vowel. The new name-system developed under Christianity debarred the Teutonic "stump" stage, at any rate in any appreciable degree.

Some examples of Gaulish and early British names may be given:—(1) Pure double-stemmed forms—Dubno-talus, "World-brow," Argio-talus, "Silver-brow," the reverse of the Pictish Talorg and Talorgan (whence the modern place-name Kiltarlity, and possibly the Galwegian clan name M'Lurg, oldest form Maklurk); Epo-meduo-s, "Keen about horses," Epo-redo-rix, "Race-course-

prince;" Viro-manduos, "Man-minding," Teutonic Wer-mund, Gr. Alexandros; Medu-genus, "Mead-born" (= Gr. Dionysios, and O. Ir. Mael-na-bracha); Vasso-rex, "King of men (serfs)," Cluto-rix, O. W. Clotri, "Famed-king," an Irish Clothri, Bitu-rix, "World-King," Orgeto-rix, "King of slayers;" Cuno-belinus, "High-bright-one" = Cymbeline, Cuno-barrus, "High-headed," an Irish Conbharr as it were; Cassi-vellaunos, "Elegant~~ly~~-good," *cassi* being from *kad*, fair, and found in the German Chatti, now Hesse, Cassi-talos, "Fair-browed." (2) Prepositional and adverbial compounds, which are common also in Greek—Ande-com-bogios ("Hyper co-breaker"), the prep. *ande*, before, against, and *com*, with, Ande-camulos, "Hyper-Mars;" Ate-bodvos, "Re-bellis" (Bodva = Bellona, the war-goddess), At-epo (cf. Gr. Anth-ippos), Old G. Aithech; Ex-cingus, "Out marcher," Ex-obnus, "Fear-less," a Gaelic "Eas-uamhan-ach;" Ver-Cassivellaunus, Ver-Cingetorix, where *ver* = *super*, Vor-tigernus, "High-lord," Old Irish Foirthech; Su-carus, Old Breton Hocar, W. Hygar, G. sochar-ach, an adjective. (3) Diminutives and pet names—Epillus, Medullus, Catullus, Condus (Ir. Conn), Condollius (cf. Ir. Connla); Camul-inus, Carat-inus, Aged-inus (cf. G. *aghaidh*, face); Sen-acus (Ir. Seanach, *sean*, old), Carat-acus (Ir. Carthach, *car*, dear); Divi-co (*deivo-s*, god), Seneca, Boudicca, G. buadhach, boidheach, "Victoria."

In meaning, the Gaulish names bring out the same ideas as the Greek and other Aryan peoples who adhered to the Aryan system of names—Religion (*deivo-* compounds, Camulos, "Mars," Esus, Taranis), War (*catu-*, *bodvo-* as Bodvo-gnatus, "War-sprung"), Strength and Rule (*vellauno-* and *sego-* compounds = Teutonic *sig-*, *-rix*), Fame and Name (*cluto-* compounds, *cuno-* "high," *cassi-* fine), Prosperity, Property, and Goodness (*brig* or "burgh" compounds, *su-* and *dago-*, "good," compounds). Also animal names and diminutives or compounds therefrom were used: Cattos, "cat," Artos and its diminutives, "bear," Luernios, "Wolfish," Gabra, "Goat or Horse," and Gabrius, Gabrillus; Epaticus, Epillos, from *epo-s*, horse. The dog is no doubt represented in the many *cun-*prefixed names, but this also means "high," and it is impossible to differentiate the two meanings in the resultant forms.

A glance at the stock of roots and style of the old Brittonic names is of interest and importance as bearing on those of the sister Celtic dialect of the Gael. We take the most important names found in the Old Breton; they have been compendiously gathered together in M. Loth's excellent "Chrestomathie Bretonne," pp. 104-181. The roots are arranged here in two

columns, as were the Teutonic ones, the first column containing stems usual as prefixes, the second stems usual as suffixes :—

<i>Anau</i> , inspiration	- <i>bidoe</i> , Gaelic <i>bith</i>
<i>Ar</i> , by, G. <i>air</i>	- <i>bili</i> , Ir. <i>bil</i> , good
<i>Argent</i> , silver, G. <i>airgiod</i>	- <i>biu</i> , - <i>uiu</i> , G. <i>bèd</i>
<i>Art</i> , bear, so G.	- <i>brit</i> , thought, W. <i>bryd</i>
<i>Bresel</i> , war, so O. Ir.	- <i>cant</i> , bright
<i>Bri</i> , dignity, G. <i>brìgh</i>	- <i>car</i> , dear, so G.
<i>Bud</i> , victory, G. <i>buaidh</i>	- <i>ci</i> , - <i>ki</i> , dog, G. <i>cù</i>
<i>Cat</i> , <i>Cad</i> , fight, G. <i>cath</i>	- <i>cum</i> , dear, W. <i>cu</i> , G. <i>caomh</i>
<i>Cint</i> , <i>Cent</i> , first, G. <i>ceud</i>	- <i>delu</i> , form, G. <i>dealbh</i>
<i>Clot</i> , <i>Clut</i> , famed, Ir. <i>cloth</i>	- <i>deluoc</i> , shapely, G. <i>dealbhach</i>
<i>Cc</i> , <i>Com</i> , with, so Ir.	- <i>detruid</i> , felix
<i>Con</i> , <i>Cun</i> , high, Ir. <i>con</i>	- <i>doithal</i>
<i>Dre</i> , <i>Tre</i> , through, G. <i>tre</i>	- <i>ganoc</i> , root <i>gen</i> , G. <i>gin</i>
<i>Drich</i> , aspect, G. <i>dreach</i>	- <i>gen</i> , genus, G. <i>gin</i>
<i>Dunn</i> , world, G. <i>Domhn</i>	- <i>gnou</i> , - <i>nou</i> , known
<i>Eu</i> , kind, Ir., G. <i>Eo</i>	- <i>gost</i> , choice, Ir. - <i>gus</i>
<i>Finit</i> (?)	- <i>hael</i> , generous
<i>Gal</i> , valour, G. <i>gal</i>	- <i>hitin</i> , - <i>heten</i>
<i>Gleu</i> , bright, G. <i>glè</i>	- <i>hocar</i> = <i>ho-car</i>
<i>Hael</i> , generous	- <i>hoiarn</i> , iron, G. <i>iarunn</i>
<i>Hidr</i> , <i>Hird</i> , hardy, W. <i>hydr</i>	- <i>hoiam</i>
<i>Hin</i> , temper, time, G. <i>sian</i>	- <i>laian</i> , religious
<i>Ho</i> , <i>Hu</i> , good, G. <i>so</i>	- <i>liuuet</i> , coloured, G. <i>li</i>
<i>Iarn</i> , iron, G. <i>iarunn</i>	- <i>lon</i> , full, G. <i>làn</i>
<i>Iud</i> , combat	- <i>louuen</i> , joyous, G. <i>lon</i>
<i>Iun</i> , <i>Iunet</i> , light	- <i>mael</i> , chief, Ir. <i>mál</i>
<i>Loies</i> , <i>Loes</i>	- <i>man</i> , man
<i>Mael</i> , chief, O. Ir. <i>mál</i>	- <i>marcoc</i> , cavalier, Ir. <i>marcach</i>
<i>Maen</i> , stone	- <i>min</i> , W. <i>min</i> , coast
<i>March</i> , horse, G. <i>marc</i>	- <i>monoc</i> , courteous
<i>Mat</i> , good, G. <i>math</i>	- <i>mor</i> , great, G. <i>mór</i>
<i>Mor</i> , sea, G. <i>muir</i>	- <i>tiern</i> , lord, G. <i>tighearna</i>
<i>Rat</i> , favour, G. <i>rath</i>	- <i>uual</i> , - <i>wald</i> , W. <i>gual</i> , G. - <i>all</i>
<i>Ri</i> , king, G. <i>rìgh</i>	- <i>uualatr</i> , chief, Ir. <i>val</i>
<i>Ris</i> , rush (?), W. <i>Rhys</i>	- <i>uualon</i> , Gaul - <i>vellaunos</i>
<i>Rit</i> , run, G. <i>ruith</i>	- <i>uualt</i> , cf. - <i>uual</i>
<i>Roiant</i> , <i>Roen</i> , royal	- <i>uuant</i> , striking
<i>Sul</i> , from Lat. <i>sol</i>	- <i>uueten</i> , fighter
<i>Tan</i> , fire, <i>Tanet</i> , G. <i>teine</i>	- <i>uubri</i> = <i>uuo-bri</i>
<i>Tri</i> , three, Fr. <i>tres</i> , G. <i>tri</i>	- <i>uuocon</i> , great, = <i>uuo-con</i>
<i>Tut</i> , folk, G. <i>tuath</i>	- <i>uuoion</i>

<i>Urb, Ur</i> , Gaul <i>Verbo-</i>	<i>-uolou</i> , light
<i>Ueten</i> , fighter, root <i>vic</i> , fight	<i>-uotal = uo-tal</i> , brow
<i>Uuin</i> , white, G. <i>finn</i>	
<i>Uuiu</i> , worthy, G. <i>fiù</i>	
<i>Uuo</i> , <i>Guo</i> , sub, G. <i>fo</i>	
<i>Uuoet</i> , <i>Uuod</i> = * <i>vo-ate</i>	
<i>Uuor</i> , <i>Uur</i> , super, Gaul. <i>Ver</i> , G. <i>Fer</i>	
<i>Uuoret</i> , helper, = <i>uuo-rùt</i> , G. <i>fòir</i>	

To the second column add the diminutives in *-n* (*-on*, *-an*, *-in*) and *-c* (*-oc*, *-ic*), whence comes a numerous progeny of names.

The old Gadelic names partake of the same features as are found in Greek, Gaulish, and Old Breton. The development in the direction of names like Cù-chulainn, "Hound of Culann," Mog Nuadat, "Slave of (the god) Nuada," and Maol-colum, "Shaveling of Columba," must be treated apart. To say the least of it, it looks non-Aryan, and therefore, possibly pre-Celtic, the latter being Professor Rhys's view.

The development of diminutives and pet forms is the most remarkable feature of the names which we meet with on Gadelic ground from the introduction of Christianity onwards to the advent of the Norse. Adannan's Latin even abounds in diminutives of ordinary words—*filiolus*, especially the vocative *filiole*, "sonny!" *navicula*, *viculus*, *campulus*, *rivulus*, *versiculus*, *lectulus*, *monasteriolum*, &c., taking it at random at the end of Book I. The form *monasteriolum*, with its ecclesiastical caress, reminds us of the use of *mo*, *my*, before saints' names, which found vogue at this period, usually also with the diminutive *-óc* at the end, as Mo-cholm-óc, "My Saint Colum or Colman," Mo-ern-óc, "My Saint Ernan" (Kil-marnock), Mo-laisi, "My Saint Lais-ren," &c.

The usual diminutives, practically extruding all others, are in *n* (*-án*, *-ín*, *-íne*, *-éne*), and *óc*: G. *-ag* and *-an*. True, we may add stems in *-io*, O. Ir. *-e*, as Bairre for Barrfind; and also *-ach*. The *-óc* is explained as an agglutinate of *óc* or *óac*, G. *óg*, young; thus Aed-óc meant "Young Aed." This derivation fully explains the accent being on the *ó*, that is, the vowel being long in Old and Modern Irish. The diminutive *-án* is less easily explained. Prof. Zimmer has equated *-án* with Greek *-ón*; but this is contrary to Gadelic phonetics. No unaccented long vowel of Celtic or Aryan times now or in Old Irish remains long; and his own remarks about G. *marcach* as against W. *marchawc* should have warned him against equating *-ov* with *-án*. The Celtic termination *-āco-s*, is short in new Gadelic and long in new Brittonic. So *-án* is from some compensatory lengthening and fairly late too in the history

of the language. There is, in fact, as in *ceud* (for *centum*), a consonant lost before the *n* of *-án*. The Ogam monuments abundantly testify that this is *g*: thus, Maolán is Mailagnas.¹ The *-gno-* or *-gnio-* is from the root *gen*, beget, Gr. *-γένης*, practically meaning "son of" or "descendant from," its English analogue being *-ing*. Stokes has accounted for the long vowel *a* as from *apo*, from, which would become *ao* or *a*, the form being *apo-gno-s*, descendant. This theory seems unnecessary. The thematic vowel in Celtic compounds was generally *o*, though *i* and *u* stems usually resisted assimilation; in the later Gaelic period this final *o* was becoming *a*; the Ogam monuments prove it, and modern Gaelic shows the rule consistently carried out, even accented roots in *o* becoming *a* from the influence of succeeding "broad" sounds. Hence Mailagnas is for an older Mailo-gnos; and Mailagnas naturally becomes Mailán; the dropping of this *g* took place within the first five centuries of our era, and hence the sound still, though unaccented, remains long in O. Irish. It is short in Gaelic, as is that in *-óc*, namely *-ag*. When the stem ended in an *i* or *e* before the *-gn-* or the *-gnio-* the result was *-ine* or *-ín* and *-éne* or *-én* (*Ben-igno-s* gives *Ben-én* because of the broad *o* or *a* at the end; in fact, *Benignus* was pronounced *Benegnas*). Sometimes the two diminutives were added, *-óc* and *án*, always in the order *-oc-án* (*-uc-án*), and the *-óc* not only lost its length of vowel, but the *o* was assimilated to the stem vowel of the main root. Hence we get from Old Ir. *macc*, first diminutive *maccán*, second *maccucán*; *lútán*, little finger, *lútucán*, now *ludagán*; also O. Ir. *críde*, heart, *crídecán*, which would in modern G. be *crídheagan*. Hence come proper names like *Aedacán*, now *Aodhagan*, with *mac* becoming *M'Egan*; *Flanducán*, now *Flannagan*; old *Muirecán* (from *muir*, sea), becomes *Muirigean*, even O. Ir. *máil*, not *maol*, giving *Máellecán* and becoming *Milligan* in Southern Scotland.

These diminutives stand as pet names for double-stemmed names. This can be proved in two or three striking cases. We are told in one of the saints' lives, and also practically in Adamnan's "Columba," that Bishop Finnbar had also the "agnomen" *Finnian*; *Finnian* was, in fact, a pet form for *Finnbar* (*Findbar*) or "White-head." In the life of *Finnian* or *Findén* of *Clonard*, we are told that he was baptised *Finluch*, but that his usual name was *Finnian*, the place where he was baptised bearing in the writer's time the name "*Crux Finniani*" or *Finnian's Cross*. Here,

¹ Prof. Zimmer retorts that the *-agnos* of these Ogam monuments is a learned restoration on the analogy of the Latin name *Benignus* (folk Latin *Benegnas*), which in Irish was *Benén*. The language of the Ogam monuments is inflected as highly as contemporary Latin and similarly also.

then, we have Finnian as a pet form for both Finnbarr and Finn-luch; and we may take it, as Prof. Zimmer says, that Finnian or a like diminutive (Findén, later Finnén, Gaelic Finnean; or Findu, *Vindons) was pet form to all compounds beginning with Finn, now Fionn; such as Findbarr, Findloch, Find-char, Findchath, &c, Fintán is also another form of the diminutive, later Fionndan. The hardened *t* or *d* before *-an* may be paralleled by the same phenomenon in Teutonic and Greek before like stems and in like contractions, as Teutonic Sicco for Sigbert or Sigerich, Greek Theokkō for Theokles, Theokrates, &c. The shortening process resulted in a more pronounced strengthening of the remaini...g consonant. So Ir. Tuatán is a curtailed and strengthened form for Tuathal, Tuathchar, and Tuathghal; and Baitán for Báithloch or Báithgal, more modern Baothghal, Baothlach, Baothán.

The important names Findbarr and Barrfind must claim full treatment in all their forms. Professor Zimmer maintains, and he is no doubt right, that Findán is not the final step of the reduction or curtailment of Findbarr; it is Find or Fionn itself. In this way he can explain all the names which are mere adjectives, especially those of colour:—Find, "white;" Dubh, "black;" Ruadh, "red;" Flann, "red;" Donn, "brown;" Odhar, "dun" (whence M'Guire). These are so many reduced double-stems—the last stem being in fact dropped. So Aed, fire, is reduced from Aedgal, Aedgen or Aedluch; in O.Ir. it is declined as a *-u* stem, exactly the same as the word *aed*, fire. Returning to Findbarr and Barrfind, we find that the former shows the reduced forms Find, Findián, Finnia, Finnu (*Vindons), Fintan. The steps may be put tabularly thus, ending with the endearing *mo* forms:—

Vindo-barro-s.
 Vindons (Vindôs): Vindagna-s, &c.
 Findu : Findán, Fintán.
 Mo-Fhindu : Find.
 Munnu or Munna : Fionn

And so we arrive at St Munn, whose other name, we are carefully told, was Fintan! From Munn come the surnames Munn and M'Phun (M'Mhunna). In the case of Barrfind we shall arrive at the explanation of another saint's name no less puzzling:—

Barro-vindo-s.
 Barrio-s:
 Bairre : *Barróc,
 Mo-bharróc.
 Móróc (Maworrock).

And hence St Moroc or Morack, whence the parish name of Kilmorack: the Scotch Moroc and Irish Barrfind are identical linguistically, and are so by their festal day, being both on the 8th November; they are, in short, the same person.

A selected list of the most important elements that go to form Old Gaelic compound names is given below. The list is in alphabetic order; the elements which are used for prefixes have a capital initial letter, and end with a hyphen if not used independently as a reduced form; those used for suffixes have a hyphen prefixed. Sometimes the same word can be used both initially and terminally; in that case both forms are given—initial capital and initial hyphen. Early Gaelic forms are in italics; later forms are given in ordinary type; in the former, intervocalic *c*, *t*, are *g* and *d* in modern times, while *g*, *d*, *b*, and *m* also never aspirated in Early Irish.

Aed, Aodh, "fire." Diminutives: *-án*, *-acán* (whence M'Egan), *-óc*, *-nat* (f.), *-ech*. *Aed-gal*, *-gen* (*-gín*), *-lug* (*-luch*). Final: *Cin-aed*, "Fire-kin, Fire-sprung" (whence Kenneth and M'Kenna, but not M'Kenzie, which is from Coinneach, Adamnan's Cainnechus, "Fair one"), *Lug-aed*.

-abair, *-abra*, "eye-brow." *Find-abair*, *Flann-*, *Fiad-*.

-adach, a suffix apparently. *Dun-adach*, *Fer-*, *Sluagh-* ("Publicus"); but *Muiredach*, "lord," *Muireadhach*, whence M'Vurich and Currie.

Ael: Dim. *Ael-eocán*. *Ael-bran*, *-chu*, *-deith*, *-geanan*, *-gius*, *-ghal*.

Aen-, *Aon-*, "one, unique." Dim. *-án*, *-agán*. *Aen-gus*, "Unique-choice," modern Angus, M'Innes, &c.

Aer: *-cath*, *-laidh*.

Ail: Dim. *Ail-eacán*, *-éne* (Adamnan's *Ailenus*, now Allan?).

Ail-be, *-erán*, *-ghius*, *-gniad* (*Ali-gnâto-s). *Ail-ill* (*Ail-illán*) is from *Alp-illos* (Stokes)? *Aili-thir* = "Peregrinus."

Ainm-, *Anm-*, "soul": *-cath*, *-che*, *-i-re* (g. *-rech*), "Heart's king."

Air-, *Ir-*, "on": *-bertach*, *-chinnech*, "praepositus," *-echtach*, *-ennan*, *-erán*, *-mir*, *-galach*.

-aire, "arius": *Con-* (dog), *Loeg-* (calf).

Aith-, "re": *-be*, *-che*, *-chen* (*-cen*), *-ghein*, *-nenn*, *-recht*. Also *Eth-chen*, *-ne* (f.).

Ard-, "high," *-cú*, *-gal*, *-gar*.

Art, "bear." Dim. *-án*, *-agán*. *Art-bran*, *-corb*, *-gal*, *-ri*, *-gus* (Pictish).

-ba. See *-be*.

Báeth, *Baoth*, "simple, foolish." Dim. *-án*, *-ín*, *-éne* (Adm. Baitanus, Baitheneus), *-alach*. *Baeth-gus*, *-loch*.

- barr*, "head." Finn-, Con-
-be, *-ba*, **bio*-s, "living," root *bi*, live : *Ail*-, *Lug*-.
-bertach,¹ "powerful, rich" : *Air*-, *Ro*-, *Flaith*-.
-bél, mouth : *Cerr-bél*, "Wry-mouth," *Cearbhall*, *Carroll*, whence *M'Garroll*.
Beó "living." Dim. *Beó-án*, *Beó-tha*. *Beó-gain*, *-gna*, *-aed*-, *-gnus*.
Bláth, "flower, Flora." Dim. *Bláán*. *Blath-mac*, *Blaithe-mec*, "Florentinus."
Bodb, *Bodhbh*, *Badhbh*, *-bad*, **Bodvo*-, "war, slaughter, war goddess," *Bodhbh-chadh*, *-ghal*. Cf. Gaul. *Bodvo-gnatus*, O. W. Arth-bodu ; G. *baobh*. Final : *Cath-bad*.
Bran, *-bran*, "raven." Dim. *-án*, *-agán*. *Bran-chú*, *-dub*. *Art-bran*, *Art-branán* (Pict.).
Brón, "sorrow." Dim. *Brón-ach*, *-chain*.
Caemh-, "kind." Dim. *-ín*, *-án*, *-óc*, *-oran*, *-nech*. *Caem*- *comhrac*, *-gín* (*-gen*, *-gein*), *-lach*.
Can-, *-can* : "sing." *Can-an*. But *-can* in *Find-chán*, *Brón-chain* seems a derivative.
Cath-, *-cath* (*-cad*), "battle." Dim. *-án*, *-asach* (whence *Casey*), *-arnach*, *-chán*. *Cath-bad* (= *Catu-bodvos*), *-áir* (**Catu-vir*, *Cathaoir*), *-lad*, *-mál* (**maglo*-), *-mugh*, *-nia*, *-ub* ("weapon"), *-rae*. Final in *Donn*-, *Aer*-, *Flann*-, *Im*- (**ambi*-, about).
Caol, "thin" : *-án*, *-óc*. *Cael*- *ba*, *-chú*, *-find*, *-tigern*.
Car-, *-car*, "love." Dim. *Car-thach* (= *Caratácus*) ; *Cairell* (Gaul. *Carillus*). *Cair-thenn*. Final : *Fer*- ("Farquhar," super-dear), *Find*-, *Tuath*-.
-certach, "director, ruler." *Muir-certach* (Ir. *Moriarty*, Sc. *M'Murtrie*, *M'Kirdie*, pronounced in G. *M'Urardaigh*)—Norse *Myrkjartag*.
Cell-, *-cell*, "warrior." Dim. *Cell-ach* ("warrior," Norse—borrowed—*Kjalakr*, whence *M'Killaig*), whence *O'Kelly*, *Kelly*, *M'Kelly* ; *Cell-óc*, *-án*, *-achán*. Final in *Fin-cell*, *Sin*-.
Cenn-, *-cenn*, "head." *Cenn-éitig*, "ugly head" (whence *Kennedy*), *-fada*, *-salach* "dirty" (*Ua Cennselaig*, *Kinchela*), *-gecán* ("goose" ?), *-findán* (Gaul. *Penno-vindo-s*, "white-head"). Final : *Duib-cenn*.
Ciar-, "dusky." Dim. *-án*, *-óc*, *-da*. *Ciar-caille*, *-mac*, *-odar*.
Cloth-, "famed," Gaul. *cluto* : Der. *-ach*, "famous." *Cloth-nia*, "Famed-champion," *-na*, *-cu*, *-rann* (f.).
Cob-, "victory" : Der. *-thach* (now *Coffy*), *-fhlaith* or *-laith* (f.).

¹ Stokes refers this to the same root as Teutonic *bert*, bright.

- cobar*, "help": Con-chobar, "High-help" (whence Connor, O'Connor, and M'Connachers of Lorn still existent), Ol-chobar, "much-help."
- Com-*, *Comh-*, "with": *Com-gan* (St Comhghan, Cōwan, M'Cowán), *-gal* (whence the district of Cowal): *-méin*, *-móc*, *-maig* (f.), *-nat* (f.), *-sech* (f.), *-sid*.
- Con-*, "high," Gaul. *cuno-*, Teutonic *Hun-*. Con-chobar, *-aing*, *-all* (Conall = Cuno-*valo-s*), *-cand*, *-cath*, *-cenn*, *-craid*, *-cliath*, *-dal*, and *dalach*, *-gal* (whence Connel) and *-galach*, *-gus*, *-mael* or *mal* (Cuno-maglos), *-mac*, *-mhach*, *-odhar*, *-laedh*, *-ri* (*-rach*); *-ingen* (f.).
- Conn*, "sense," "citizen" (Jubainville). Dim. *-a* (Condios), *-egan* (*-ican*), *-alach* (or **val-âco-s* ?), *-la* (Gaul. Condollius). *Connachtach*, *-adh*, *-aith* (*-aed* ?), *-chadh*, *-mhach*, *-laedh*.
- Cú*, *cú*, "dog." Dim. *Cúán*. Cu-allaidh. Final: *Milchú*, "greyhound" (also pet nominative *Miliuc*), *Fian-chú*, *Dí*, *Dobar* ("otter," pet form as common noun *dobhrán*), *Glas*, *Lomm* (*Lommán*): *Bran*, *Cloth*. Cf. *Cua*, *Cuanan*, *Cuangus*, *Cuanna*.
- da*, participial termination.
- dal*, *-dalach*, "assembly," "councillor." *Con-dal*, *Con-dalach*. *Fear*. From *Dalach*, "councillor," comes *O'Daly*, *Daly*.
- Dearbh-*, "true." *Dearbh-ail*, "true-wish" (f.), *-fhorgail*, "true-promise" (*Dervorgilla*).
- Deg-*, "good," G. *deagh*: *Deg-a* (**Deg-ios*), *-itge*, "prayer."
- Domn-*, *Domhn-*, "world": *-all* (**Dumno-*valo-s**, O.W. *Dumngual*, "world-wielder," whence M'Donald), *-gen*, *-gart*, "Head of the World" (O. Ir. *gart*, head, W. *garth*).
- Donn*, *-donn*, "brown, lord." Dim., *-án*, *-agán*, *-abhán* (Donovan). *Donn-cath*, or *-cad* (**Dunno-catu-s*, "Warrior-lord or Brown-warrior"), *-cuan*, *-gal* (whence Donnelly), *-gus*, *-lacha* (f). Final: *Each-donn* = *Eachunn*, Englished "Hector" ("Horse-lord.")
- Dub*, *Dubh*, "black." Dim. *-án*, *-ogán*, *-da*, *-nech*, *-thach* (**Dubo-táco-s*, Duffy). *Dub-aed*, *-gen*, *-cenn*, *-conall*, *-cobhlaigh* (f., see *Cob-laith*), *-artach* (*-bheartach* ?), *-ghilla*, *-litir*. Final = *Bran-dub*.
- Dun-*, "strong," a short form of *dún*, fort (or *dun*, mortal, root of *duine*, man?). Dim. *-adach*. *Dun-chú*, *-cath* or *cad* ("Strong-warrior = *Duno-catus* of the *Ogams* ?), *-gal*, *-laing* (g. *linge*), *-sech* (f.).
- Ech-*, *Each-*, horse: *-donn* (*Eachunn* "Horse-lord:" hence *M'Eachan*), *-marcach*, *-ri*, *-tigerna* ("Horse-lord," whence *M'Echern*, *M'Kechnie*). Cf. *Echen*.

Erc, **Eryo-*, **Erqi-*, Pictish *Erp*, "brisk" (W. *erf*, brisk?): *-lach*, *-lang*, *-nat*. Stokes makes *Der-erce* mean "Daughter of the Sun."

Eo-, "kind," **evo-*, O.W. Eu-, Gaul. *avi-* (?), Gothic *awi-*; cf. Ogam gen. *Eva-cattos*, which seems = *Eochaid*, g. **Eochada*). Hence *Eo-chaid* (g. *Ech-dach*, which is a different name: **Eo-dec-os*); *Eo-gan*, Ewen (cf. Eu-genius), *-laing* (Ogam *Evo-lenggi*, explained by Rhys as "long-lived," but his *ēvo-* would not suit the phonetics of G. *Eo-*). *Eo-dhus* for *Eo-ghus*?

Fael, wolf: *Fael-án*, *Fael-chath*, *-char*, *-gus*; also *Faol-chú*.

Fer-,¹ "super, man." Der. *Fer-adach*, *Fer-cair*, *Fear-char* ("Dear-man," Farquhar, M'Erchar, Farquharson), *-corb*, *-dalach*, *-gil* (from *gel*?), *-gair*, *-gen*, *-gna*, *-gus* ("Super-choice" or "Choice-man"). Genitive or late compounds: *Fer-domnach* ("Church-man"), *-fesa* ("man of knowledge"), *-graidh* ("love").

Feth-, "breeze" (?), *-án*, *-aid*, *-ain*; *-chú*, *-mech*.

Fiach, *Féch*, raven. Dim. *Fiacc*, *Fiach-a*, *-ach*, *Féchin*. *Fiach-na*, *-ra* (Adm. gen. *Fechreg*, "Raven-prince").

Fian-, "heroic, Fenian," *Fian-anail*, "Hero-like," *-cú*, *-galach*, *-gus*.

Fid-, *Fidh-*, "wood," "wit" (?). *Fid-an*, *Fidh-airle*, "wood-council" (from *lots*, &c.?), *-abhra*, *-bhadhach* (**bodvâcos*), *-cellach* (*-gellach*), *-gaile*, *-gus*, *-muine*.

Fin-, "shining." *Fin-án*, *-óc*, *-chell*, *-shnechta* (Stokes).

Finn, *Fionn*, "white." Dim. *Finn-i*, *-ia*, *-ián* (G. Finnean, whence M'Lenman = M'Gille-fhinnein), *-én*, *-tán*, *-tóc* (G. M'Íll-fhionndaig, M'Lintock, Dean of Lismore's M'Gillindak), *-agán*, *-chán*. *Find-beo*, *-abair*, *-cath*, and *-cadán*, *-cú*, *-cua*, *-gen* or *guine* (**Vindo-gonio-s*, "Fair-born," whence M'Kinnon = M'Fhionnghuin) *-lug* or *-luch* (g. *loga* or *locha*), *-mac*, *-shneachta*, *-che* (f.), *-sech* (f.). The Scotch name *Finlay*, in 1020 *Findlaech* (father of Macbeth), means Fair-hero; the *-laech* is now *laoch*, a borrowed Latin word. It seems to be a popular rendering of *Find-lug*. The Norse also etymologised it in rendering it as *Finn-leikr* "Finn's diversion," a termination common in names. Hence M'Kinlay, *Finlayson*.

Flaith-, *-flaith*, "dominion." *Flaith-bheartach* "Dominion-bearing" (*Flaherty*, M'Larty), *-chua*, *-gheal*, *-amail*, *-chius* (= *gus*), *-nia* or *niadh*, *-leimh*, *-ri*. *Final* (in female names): *Cob-fhlaith*, *Dun-*, *Gorm-* (G. *Gormla*), *Tuath-*.

¹ Dr Stokes makes *Fer-* always = *Ver*, super, but it is clearly "man" in many cases. In Gaelic *fer* = *ver* ought to preserve the following consonants, as *for* does.

- Flann*, "red." Dim. Flann-án, -agán (Flannagan). Flann-*abra*, -*cath* (M'Fhlanncadha = Clancy), -*gus*, -*gal*.
- gal*, "valour." *Aed*-, *Ael*-, *Ard*-, *Art*-, *Baeth*-, *Comh*-, *Con*-, *Donn*-, *Dun*-, *Fer*-, *Flann*-, *Gorm*-, *Lear*-, *Muir*-, *Reacht*-, *Saer*-, *Tuath*-, *Uar*-, *Uath*-. Also -*galach* in several cases = "valorous," *Dun-ghalach*, *Con-galach*, *Ir-galach*, &c.
- gel*, -*geal*, "white." *Flaith-gheal*, *Muir-gel* (f., Scotch Muriel, "Sea-white").
- gan*, -*gen*-, -*gon*-, -*guine*-, **geno*-s, **gono*-s, **gonio*-s, "kin of," Gr. -γένης. *Aed-gin* or -*gen*-, *Caemh*-, *Comh*-, *Dub*-, *Fer*-, *Find*- or *Fionn* and *Fin*- (cf. G. *Cean-ionn*, "White-head" for single *n*, and *Brenann* for *Brendán*).
- Gorm*-, "blue:" -án, -*fhlaith* (f.), -*gal*-, -*gilla*-, -*gialla*-, -*leaghaidh*.
- gus*, "choice," Lat. *gustus*, Eng. *choice*. *Aengus* (G. *Aonghus*, "Angus" = "Unique choice"), *Con*-, *Donn*-, *Fael*-, *Fer*- ("Super-choice" or "Choice-man," now in M'Fhearghuís or M'Fhear'uis, "Fergusson," Pictish *Forcus* is the same, from *for*, "super"). Also later -*gheas*-, -*cius*-, -*ghius*.
- Iar*-, "after, post." *Iar-laithe*-, -*lugh*.
- Laid*- (= *Laith*), *Laidh*-, -*laid*-, "warrior," E.Ir. *laith*, Gaul -*latis* (?) *Laid-cenn* or *Laidhgeann*-, -*gnen*-, -*beartach*. *Aer-laidh*-, *Iar*-.
Ler-, *Lear*-, "sea." *Lear-banbhán* ("sea-pig"), -*gal*-, -*gus*-, -*than* (f).
- Lass*-, *Lassair*-, "flame." Dim. *Lasse*-, *Mo-Laisse* (G. *St Molais*, whence the place name *Lamlash*), *Lassre* (f.), *Lassar* (f.), *Lassrén*. *Lassar-fhina*-, "Wine-flame" (f.)
- Leth*-, "half:" -*aithech*-, -*lobhair* ("Half-leper," now *Lawlor*).
- Lug*-, *Lugh*-, -*luch* (-*loch*-, -*lach*), g. -*loga*-, "winning, the god *Lug*"—the art and culture deity of the Gael. Norse *Loki*. Dim. *Lug-án*-, -*e*-, *Mo-lua*-,¹ *Mo-luoc* (Scotch *Moluag*), -*aid* (*Lugudius* of *Adamnan*). *Lug-aed*-, -*be* or -*ba*-, -*cell*-, -*crith* (*Lucrid*, **Lugugritis*), -*na*-, -*roth*-, -*tigern* (*Luch-thigern*), -*sech* (f.). *Caemh-lach*-, *Boeth*-, *Find-lug* (*Finn-lach*-, &c.), *Ness*- ("weazel"), *Noem*- ("holy"). An old gloss gives *lug* the meaning of "laoch," hero. It also means "little," a modern *lugh*-, G. *lugha*-, less; with an Irish form *lú* also. *Stokes* derives the king's name *Lulach* (*Book of Deer* gen. *Lulóig*) from *lu*-, little, suggesting "little calf" as the force. It is possibly *Lug-laech*-, "little hero" or "*Lug's* hero." Hence M'Lulaich, Englished as M'Lulich, and at times M'Culloch, a different name really.
- Mac*-, -*mac*-, "son": *Mac* as a prefix means "young," and goes adjectivally before many nouns: *Macnia*-, "young champion;"

¹ *Stokes* interprets this name as "My kick."

- Mac-clérech, "young cleric," &c. *Cor-* (for Corb-) *mac*, Cormac, "Chariot-son," "Charioteer," whence M'Cormick; Blath-mac, *Find-*, *Ciar-*.
- Mál-*, "prince" (*Maglo-s), confused with *Mael-*, "shaveling," -*mál*, *mael*, Macl-mordha, "Great prince" (Englished in Middle Ages as Myles = to Maol-moire, "Mary's slave"), -*dub*, -*odar*, which both may be "shaveling." *Cath-mál*, -*mael* (whence M'Ca-vell, M'Ca-mbil, Con- (*Cuno-maglo-s, "High-chief"). *Máel-dúin*, "Lord (Slave?) of the Fort," belongs to the *mael* and *cu* system of name-giving; hence Irish Muldoon.
- Mid-* mith, "mead" (?). *Mid-a*, -*u*, -*nat* (f.): -*abair*, -*aighre*, -*ighen*, -*gus*, -*rán*. The famous name Meave or Mab comes from *Medvâ, root *medu-* mead: "Mead-goddess," Gaul. Meduna. Final: *Fedel-mid*, Phelim.
- Mog-*, *Mug-*, -*mugh*, -*mach*, "servant," O. Ir. *mug*, slave, g. *moga*. *Mog-aid*, -*ain* (f.). *Cath-mugh*, *Conn-mhach*. *Mugh-rón* rather belongs to the *cú* names; it means "Seal's slave;" from it comes M'Morran of Argyle and Southern Scotland.
- Muir-*, "sea." Dim. and der.: *Muir-ecan* or -*igen*. *Muir-chath* (*Mori-catu-s, "Sea-warrior," G. Murchadh, whence the surnames Murchie, M'Murchie, Murchieson), -*ccartach* ("Sea-director"; see under *ccartach*), -*geal* (Scotch Muriel), -*gus* (-*gius*, -*chius*, -*gheas*, whence Irish Morissy), -*gal*, -*chú*.
- na*, for **gnio-s*, "descended from," "belonging to." It is practically a diminutive. *Cloth-na*, *Fiach-*, *Lug-*. The -*gna* in Fergna (Adm. Virgnous) is for *gnâvos*, "known."
- nia*, -*niad*, "champion." *Cath-nia*, *Cloth-*, *Mac-*, *Reacht-*. *Niall* is a diminutive; see next word.
- Niall*, "champion." *Niall-án*, -*bran*, -*gus*. From *Niallghus* comes the name M'Neilage (for the *ge* terminal compare M'Ambrois, giving M'Cambridge and M'Phetruis — Petrus — giving M'Fetridge; and vulgar Scotch *rubbage* for "rubbish" and Irish *carcidge* for "carcase").
- ra*, g. -*rach*. Sec -*ri*. *Fiach-ra*. Also -*rae*.
- Reacht-*, "right," -*án*, -*abra*, -*gal*, -*nia*.
- ri*, g. -*rech*, "king." *Art-ri*, *Each-*, *Flaith-*, *Ruad-*, *Cath-rae* (Gaul. *Catu-rix*). *Flaith-ri* is also *Flath-roi* and *Flath-rae*. *Ainmire* is "Soul-prince," g. *Ainmirech*.
- Ruad*, "red, strong." *Ruad-án*, -*acán*, -*ri* (whence G. *Ruadhraigh*, M'Rory).
- Ro-*, "very." *Ro-bartach* (see *bertach*), -*dub*, -*techtach*. *Roi-bne*, -*gne*.
- Saer-*, "free," -*bhearg* ("soldier, marauder"), -*brethach* ("judging"), -*gal*, -*gus*, -*mugh*.

Sin-, -án, -óc, -u, -che (f.), -ech, -ell, -chell.

Sech-, "secus, past," -nall or -lainn (= Lat. Secundinus, which translates it), -nasach (whence Shaughnessy), -tán.

Sen-, "senior," -án, -ach, -óc, -chán; *Sen-berech*, -cad.

Sned-, "nit," -airle, -bran, -cest, -gus, -riaghail.

So-, *Su-*, "good," -adbar ("reason"), -barthain, -dálach, -delb (f., "Fair-form"), -chla (*chlú*, "fame" = "famous"), -i-chell, -bhen (f.), -bhartan. *Su- arlech*, "Good-councillor," -bach, "joyous," -bhtán, -ibsech (f., **su-bio-s*, "glad-one"), *Suibne*, "Sweeney" (Adm. *Suibneus*, from *So-ben-io-s*, root *ben* as in *foirfe*, perfect; it means "Good-going, Good-one"), whence M'Queen.

The opposite of *Suibhne* is *Duibhne*, whence O'Duinn.

-thach, a termination = -tácos: *Cob-*, *Dub-*, *Car-*.

Tigern-, -*tigern*, "lord." *Tigern-án*, -ach. *Ech-tigern*, *Foir-tchern*, Lug-.

Tuath-, "people," -án ("Publicus"), -al (**Tonto-valo-s*, O.W. Tutgual, Ir. O'Toole, Toole), -car, -gal, -laith (= *fhlaith*, f.).

Possibly the excessive use of animal names may be taken as a departure from the purity of Aryan nomenclature. We saw that Professor Zimmer regarded the simple name *Lukos*, "Wolf," as a reduced name, from some double-stemmed form. Even then the early Gaels show an extra fondness for such names, more so than the Teutons. The favourite animal is the dog, or, rather, the hound; its importance for the chase—and, therefore, as a food provider—may account for this. Somebody has suggested connection between this extraordinary dog cult and the Iberic people called by Herodotus and the other early historians the *Kunetes* ("Dog-people" or "Highlanders"?), a people in Western Spain, which Irish legend always claims as the source of the race. Unfortunately, the root *cun* not only means "dog" but also "high," and it is impossible to differentiate which it is in the resultant names. Thus in the British name *Conglas* or *Cynlas*, the *Cuno-glasus* of *Gildas*, the usual explanation is that it is from *cuno-*, high, and that it thus means "Highly-grey;" but *Gildas* himself tells us the true and sensible meaning of the combination, for he translates it as "*lanio fulve*" or "tawny butcher," where the *lanio* refers to the "hound" root *cun*. Similarly, Gaelic *Conán* is to be explained as "little hound," not as "little high one." The name appears on *Ogam* inscriptions as *Cunigni*, *Cunegni*, whence the latter names in early Ir. *Coinfn*, W. *Cynin*, while Ir. *Conán* comes from *Cunagnas*, to which W. *Cynan*, *Cinan* may be compared.

The dog names themselves are numerous. Besides cú, which is rarely used alone, there are its diminutives Conán, Coinín. "Whelp" appears in Cuilean, E. Irish Culén, a favourite Scottish King's name, translated Catulus and Caniculus. The best Irish form is Coileán, and we may suspect that the Gaelic Christian name Cailean, M. G. Cailin, Englished as Colin, is from some dialect form of this word prevalent in Menteith and Perthshire in the thirteenth century. It is hence the Campbells brought it, and that date is rather early to think of the Eng. Colin as being introduced and borrowed. Compounds with cú are Branchú, "Raven-dog," Faol-chú, "Wolf-dog," Míl-chú, "Grey-hound" (literally, "Beast-dog"), Fian-chú, "Fenian-dog" or "Hunting-dog," Di-chú, Glas-chú and Onchú, "leopard." The Dobarchú, Mac Dobarcon in the Book of Deer, literally means "Water-dog," and is applied to the otter; its modern Gaelic form is *dobhran*, a "pet" reduction of the longer name, as Professor Zimmer well points out. Another dog name, also a favourite in the early Highlands, was *madadh*, the older *matad* or *maddad*. This was the name of the Earl of Athole in the early twelfth century, who was father of Earl Harald of Orkney, called by the Norse Harald Maddaðar-son. The diminutive Matudán is also common (whence the Irish surname Madden); it appears in the Book of Deer as Matadin, and it is no doubt the same name we have in the Norse Moddan, sister's son to the enigmatical King Karl Hundason (King Duncan ?) of the Sagas.¹

Besides the dog, there are of other domestic animals the horse or goat as Gabhrán, famed in Scotch history as the father of Aedán, Columba's friend. The ox gives the diminutive Daimén, Adamnan's Daimenus; Daimhin was son of Cairbre Damh-airgiod in 560, and this last name and epithet are in the Macdonald genealogy. O' Gamhna, "O' Stirk," is in the Book of Kells, and Lóeg ("calf," now *laogh*), was Cuchulainn's charioteer, while Lóegaire ("calf-tender") is not merely a heroic but a kingly name; it was in Loegaire or Leary's time that Patrick came to Ireland. Serrach or "Colt" is a common and early name, whence the Irish clan names O'Sherry and M'Sherry. Orcán, Muccín, and Banbán prove the popularity of the pig among the Irish in the days of the saints.²

¹ No doubt this is King Duncan, and possibly Karl is a translation of the first part of the name, *dun-* being regarded as "man."

² The Galwegian surname M'Culloch, which appears in the 13th century as Maculagh, must be from *cullach*, boar, as their own traditions assert, a Crusader ancestor having the boar as an effigy on his shield.

Outside the range of domestic animals, we have the bear and the wolf well to the front, as among the neighbouring Teutons. The bear is *mathghamhuinn*, the *math* stirk, whatever *math* ultimately is. Hence the name Mahon, M'Mahon, early and late; our northern Mathesons are M'Mhathain or Mathanaich in Gaelic. The wolf is *fael* or *faol*; it is the diminutive *faelán* that gives the personal name, whence our M'Gill' Phaolain or M'Lellan and Gilfillan. A man of wonderful ancestry was slain in Ireland in 1051. He was Faelán, son of Bradán, son of Breac "Wolfie, son of Salmon, son of Trout (or Grey)." Another name for the wolf was, if we trust the glosser, *sighech*, or, to spell it properly, *sithech*. The name is in the Book of Deer as (Mac) Sithich, and the female name Sitheag, was well known in the late middle ages and during the witch prosecutions. Hence we have M'Shithich or M'Keith and Keith, and, no doubt, M'Kichan. Hence, too, the Irish Sheehy. The cat, or wild cat rather, for there was no domestic cat at that time, appears in the names of priests ordained by Patrick: Cat and Catán (Catus, Catanus in the Book of Armagh); and there were two saints Cattán. The Clan Chattan derive their name from an early ancestor styled Gille-chattan or "St Cattan's gillie." The *cat* people lived in Sutherland and Caithness, and have left their name there: G. Cataobh, "Sutherland," and Caithness, the Norse Katanes or Ness of the Cats. The fox gave three names: Loarn or Lorn, the Gaulish Luernios, the Lovernios and Lovernacos of two Welsh inscriptions, discussed above; Crimthann, a favourite old king's name; and Sionnach. "The Fox" was the official name of the O'Caharny, chief or king of Teffia, in Westmeath and Kilkenny, even as late as 1526, when M'Eochagan and "the Fox" made a famous covenant in Gaelic, still preserved. The badger gave name to several saints under the diminutive form of Broccán. The weasel, even, was utilised: we have Ness, Nessán, and Ness-lug. There seems to have been a river goddess Ness (root, *ned*, wet, Ger. *netzen*), mother of Conchobar, called hence Conchobar Mac Nessa, who ruled Ulster in the heroic days, about the year one of our era. The river Ness derives its name also hence. Whether the weasel or the river goddess is responsible for the personal names is doubtful; likely the weasel. Beasts of the chase are represented by the famous name of Oisín, our Ossian, which denotes a "little deer" or *os* (= Eng. *ox*). Older forms are Oisséne (Adm. Oisseneus), Ossán, with a female form Ossnat. The name Ségéin or Ségéne is, no doubt, from *ség*, a deer, or *séig*, a vulture (**ségi*); the name Segéne, with *seg*,

short, is from *seg*, strength (Teutonic *sig*, victory, Greek Hector), whence Gaul Sego-maros, Gaelic *seagh-mhor*.

Of bird names we have first *Cailech*, cock, which is on the Ogmic monuments as *Caliaci*; it is now *coileach* in G. *Enán* (*énán*) is from *én*, bird; likely also *Enda* (*énda*), "bird-like." *Faeland*, "gull," is a female saint's name. The names *Bran* and *Branán*, and the various compounds of *fiach*, raven (*Fiace*, *Fiachra*, &c.), have already been discussed. The saint's name *Columba*, meaning "dove," appears to have been originally borrowed from Latin; it is now in its diminutive form of *caluman* or *calman* the only Gaelic word for dove. Hence the G. personal name *Calum*, the surname *M'Caluim*, Eng. *M'Callum*. Names of sea and water animals are not numerous in name-giving. *Bradán*, the son of *Breac*, has already been mentioned; and *M'Bradaín* is the modern Gaelic of the name *Salmond*. There were several saints of the name of *Rónán* or "little seal" in the 6th to 8th centuries. *Adamnan* mentions "*Ronanus filius Aido*," a *tigerna* of *Oriel*, and his own mother was *Ronnat* (= *Rón-nat*). The pet form *Mo-Ronóc* gives us the parish name of *Kilmaronock*. *Dorb-éne*, or the "Tadpole," was the scribe of the oldest MS. of *Adamnan's* "*Columba*;" he died in 713. He spells his name as *Dorbeneus*. Even insects have been utilised: the *daol* or beetle was seemingly a favourite: *Daol Ulad*, "Beetle of Ulster;" *Daolghus*, "Choice-beetle;" with this compare *Sned-gus* and the other compounds from *sned*.

Hitherto we have dealt with names that show Aryan descent and have Aryan exemplars elsewhere in Europe as in India. Names such as *Cú-chulainn*, *Mog-Nuadat*, and *Nat-Fráich*, which mean respectively "Hound of Culann, Slave of (the god) Nuada, Champion of (the demigod) Fraoeh," belong to a different name-system from that which we have discussed. Naturally Biblical parallels occur to us: *Obed-edom*, "Servant of the god Edom," *Ebed-melech*, "Servant of Moloch," *Ben-hadad*, "Son (worshipper) of Hadad," *Ariel*, "Lion of El (God)," *Gabriel*, "Hero of El." The Hebrew use of words denoting kindred (son, father, brother, uncle), with either proper, common, or abstract nouns is on all fours with the use of *mac* in Old Irish, and also the colour names *dubh* and *donn*. The name *Absalom*, "Father of Peace," is parallel to *Dub-sithe*, "Black of Peace" (whence *M'Phee*); *Barsabas*, "Son of the Sabbath (born on the Sabbath)" may be equated with *Mac-na-h-oidhche*, "Son of the Night." The Irish names are not modelled on the Semitic names, for the best specimens of these names are earlier than Christianity. Some of these genitive com-

pounds contain undoubted god names. Mog-Nuadat, "Slave of Nuada," shows the god name Nuada, a deity common to Ireland and Wales; Mog-Néit meant the "Slave of the war-goddess Néit," for such we know her to have been. Nia-Segamon means "Champion of Segam," and this was the name of the Gaulish Mars, the dative of which in Gaulish is Segomoni. The Druid Mog-Ruith (3rd century) had his name from some "wheel of light or fortune," for it means "Slave of the Wheel." Mog appears with such other names as Art, Corb, Dorn, and Lama. The last two no doubt mean "Slave of the Fists and Slave of the Hand," and the latter reminds us of the Scottish Dewar of the Hand of St Fillan, one of that Saints' four relics guarded by the mediæval Dewars. A lap-dog of the second century had the name of Mug-eime, "Slave of the Haft," because it had gnawed the haft of a valuable knife. Corb appears as a man's name once or twice in more or less genuine historic literature, though one is apt to regard it in its literal sense of "Chariot." Adamnan has Neth-corb, "Champion of Corb;" there are besides Art Corb and Mes or Messin Corb ("Bear and Lap-dog of Corb") as well as Fer-Corb (Corb's Man). To these add Nat-Fraich, Nia Febis, "Champion of the heroine Febis," Fer Tlachtga and Fer Ceirtne (so Prof. Rhys). The reason of the above-noticed departure from the Aryan name system must lie in the fact that a non-Celtic and non-Aryan people formed part of the population. In fact, these names belong to the name system of the pre-Celtic inhabitants of Ireland.

With the introduction of Christianity a new expression of service was coined from the tonsure practised by the priests. The adjective *mael* or *maol*, bald, was used as a noun to denote "bald one, slave," the Latin of which was *calvus*. So Máel-Patraic is in Lat. *Calvus Patricii*. A change also took place in the personages to whom dedication or service was made; the saints of the Christian Church took the place of the old pagan deities, demigods and genii. There is only one *mael* name in Adamnan; that is, Mailodranus. This shows that in the sixth century the saints had not been long enough dead to be thoroughly canonical. Mailodran, Slave of Odran, Columba's friend, was a contemporary of St Adamnan's, though of an earlier generation. The number of names made by *mael* with a saint's name in the genitive thereafter was nearly as numerous as the saints themselves; the number recorded is large. As in Scotland *mael* gave way within the last five hundred years to *gille*, only one or two cases of its use remain. First is Malcolm, the Eng. form of Mael-cholaim, "St Columba's slave;" its place even was usurped largely by Gille-colaim, and

now the Gaelic of the name is Calum. Maol-isa, "Slave of Jesus," gave the Eng. Malise (whence Mellis as a surname), and it has practically lasted till the present time; so, too, with Maol-moire, "Mary's Slave," which is Englished as Myles. The likeness of the aspirated form of *mael* and *gille*, that is, *vaol* and *yille*, or, in genitive, with the initials off, *aoil* and *ille*, make it difficult to say which has given a certain *Mac* surname. Thus the Black Book of Taysmouth, for the 16th century, writes generally M'Olchallum, M'Oldonich, and M'Oulroy, forms which in the case of M'Oldonich stand for M'Mhaoil-domhnaich, from Maol-domhnach, "Slave of the Lord or Church" = Calvus Dominicus, and in the other two cases may be for M'Mhaoil-cholaim and McMhaoil-ruaidh.

As has been said, *gille* in Scotland usurped the place of *maol* in the last few centuries. *Gille* is not so early in use as *maol* among the Irish. Its *floruit* begins in the 10th century, and it has firm hold in the 11th century and thereafter. Prof. Zimmer maintains that it is a Norse word, and that originally it was used by or for the Norsemen instead of *maol*. There is, however, no such Norse word as *gillr* or *gildr* denoting "servant;" the word *gildr* denotes "stout, brawny," Eng. *guild*, Ang. Sax. *gilda*, fellow, the latter coming near the meaning. It is useless to argue as Prof. Zimmer does, when the Norse does not show the word actually and actively in use and of like meaning.

Besides *maol* and *gille*, there are further used as prefixes *fer* and *mac* (*der*, daughter), and possibly older than any of these is *cú*, hound. The peculiarity of prefixed *cú*, *maol*, and *mac* is their use with abstract and material nouns. In Gaelic, *mac* often renders an abstract noun into a material one: Mac-mollachd, "son of curse" = "cursed-one," Mac-leisg, "son of laziness," Mac-talla, "son of the Rock" = "echo" = Ir. mac-alla, Mac-na-bracha, "son of the Malt" = "Whisky" = Ir. Mac-eórna, "son of Barley," Mac-na-croiche, "son of the gallows," Mac-na-h'éild, "son of the hind" = the stag; with Mac-samlaidh or Mac-samhuil, "likeness, exemplar," may be placed the Irish Mac-leabhair, "copy of a book." Mac-na-maioile, "son of the baldness," has done duty for M'Millan; in fact it is the only name given the clan in the M'Lagan MSS. Mac-na-cearda, "son of the craft" (= craftsman = tinker!), may be compared to the epithet given to Cú-chulainn, viz., Cú-na-cerda, beside Cú-nan-cless, "Hound of the feats." But Mac-na-cearda, with its meaning of "tinker," Scotch "tinkler," has landed in the English form of Sinclair in Argyle by a well-known law of Gaelic eclipsis. On the extremely physical and earth-born character of these early names Dr Whitley Stokes says in his

"Martyrology of Gorman":—" [There is the] occurrence of names such as *Der erce*, 'daughter of the sun,' *Mac liacc*, 'son of a stone,' *Mac caerthainn*, 'son of a mountain ash,' which seem to have been handed down from primeval savagery. So Circe was daughter of Helios [the sun], the Oneidas and Dacotos claim descent from stones, and the Dryopes were a race of men born of ash-trees." To names of the above kind add *Mac-cuilinn*, "son of holly," *Mael-craibhe*, "slave of a tree," *Der-caerthainn*, "daughter of rowan," *Fráech*, "heath," *Leccán*, "little flagstone," not to mention *Lassar*, "flame," or even *Aed*, "fire." The name *M'Tyre*, of Paul *M'Tyre*, a Ross-shire worthy of the 14th century, is easily explained when we know that *mac tíre* in Irish means "wolf," son of the soil! Finally the two great names of *Mac-beth* and *Mac-rae* get their natural and historical explanation from these ideas: they are both personal or Christian names, not surnames. *Mac-raith*, "son of grace or prosperity," that is, "Favoured one," appears first in 448, and there are several persons of that name mentioned in the annals in the 9th to 11th centuries. The Scottish genealogies of MS., 1467, &c., show the name used as in Irish (*Mac Mec-raith*, for instance) as a Christian name, and it is found as such in the Paisley Charters and in Carrick in the 11th and 12th centuries. As a clan name its earliest appearance is in Ayrshire and southern Scotland (*M'Craith*). The northern *M'Raes* belong to the *M'Kenzie* clan group. *Macbeth* appears often in Ireland and Scotland in the 11th and 12th centuries; it means "Son of life" (= Lively one), and has practically the same force as its contemporary names of *Beathan* (*Bethán*, **Bitatagna*-s, from the root of *beatha*, life; compare for meaning Ang. Saxon *Lifing* and *Living*, whence the Scotch place name and surname *Livingston*), and *Beathag* (*Bethóc*). From these come the clan names *M'Bean* and *M'Beth*, which last is in Gaelic *M'Bheathaig* as applied to the Applecross and Caithness *M'Beths*, practically the only members of the clan existent. In Perthshire the name *M'Beth* was rendered into *M'Beathain*, where there has always been a considerable sept of *M'Beans* or *M'Veans*.¹

Mael with abstract and material nouns is also common. *Mael-umha*, "Slave of Bronze" (d. 606), *Mael-bracha* and *Mael-medha*,

¹ The name *Lachlan* may have originated in a similar way. The word in its earliest form is *Lochlann* and *Mac Lochlainn*; this is the name for Scandinavia, and possibly one of the northern O'Neills was baptised *M'Lochlann* or "Scandinavian," and latterly the personal name *Lochlann* was hence deduced. *Dugall* means "Black *gall*" or foreigner = Dane (whence *M'Dougall* and *M'Dowal*). *Fingall*, "Norse-man," that is, "Fair *gall*," was the name of a King of Man about 1070. Compare Norman (=North-man) for G. *Tormoid*.

“Slave of Malt, of Mead,” Mael-fiona (“of wine”), Mael-tuile (“of flood”), Mael-chuiche (“of play”), Mael-corghas (“of Lent,” that is, one born in Lent), Mael-mocheirighe (“of early rising” = Lat. Manius), Mael-snechta (“snow”), Mael-choisni (“winning”), &c. With adjectives there are Mael-dubh, Mael-odhar, Mael-caich (“blind”), Mael-deid (“holy,” but *-lóid* seems to mean “hand”?) The name Mael-anfaid, “Slave of storm,” appears in the seventh century and afterwards; it is also found in the 1467 MS., in the Genealogy of the Camerons, as an alternate name for Donald Du’s father, and also as that of his ancestor six generations further back. In fact, Mailanfaid was the son of Gillroid Camshroin, “G. the wry-nosed,” whence the race have their name. Later, with the usual displacement of *mæl* by *gille*, Mael-anfhaidh appeared as Gill-onfhaidh, whence M’Lon’aidh, or Englished as M’Lonvie and M’Gillony, a sept of the Camerons.

The word *cú* does not go along with saints’, or indeed personal, names, but its range otherwise is wide. It is used with abstract and material nouns and with local and tribal names. Possibly god names may have been its objects in early times: Cú-chulainn, “Culann’s Hound,” for instance, and the enigmatical *corb* in Cú-corb. With tribe and place names we have Cu Cuailgne, Cu Ulad (Ulster), -connacht, -midhe (Meath), whence M’Namee, -Breatain (“of the Britons”). With general nouns of place there are Cu-mara, whence M’Con-mara (M’Namara), -snamha (swimming, M’Kinnawe), -sléibhe (“hill”), -glinne (glen), -iocha “lake,” -letrach (hillside), -léna (mead), -coigríche (of the province, foreign, translated by Peregrinus) -criche (bounds), -cathrach (town), &c. With adjectives—Cu-allaidh, -dubh, -dúiligh (hopeful), -caech, to which add Cu-cen-máthair, “Mother-less Hound” (date 664)! With abstract nouns—Cu-gaela (kin), -cuimne (memory = Cu-cuimnech, “mindful hound”), -catha (battle), -síthe (peace), which last two along with Cúdúiligh are in the M’Lean genealogy given by the Irish MSS.

Compounds with *fer*, man, and *der*, daughter, are fewer—Fer-dá-chrích, “Man of two bounds,” Fer-fugill, “Man of judgment,” Fer-fesa, “Man of knowledge,” Fer-domnach and Fer-corb are already discussed. *Der* appears in Der-lugdach, “Lugaid’s *der*,” Dar-beléin, Dar-bile (“of a tree”), while Der-caerthainn and Der-cuilain are already explained.

The most extraordinary development of this late Gadelic name-system falls now to be noticed. Either on the analogy of *maol*, bald, or from some secondary force attached to colour adjectives, as when we are told that *donn* means “lord” and *ruadh* means

“strong, lord” (= the strong colour? cf. Lat. *robur*, strength), two or three of the colour adjectives are used as nouns much in the same way as *maol* and *mac*. In Gaelic legendary lore the witch Dubh-ghiuthais, “Black-one of the Pines,” who destroyed the Caledonian fir forests by raining fire on them, is a well-known figure, and so is Liath-ghiuthais (from *liath*, grey). Similarly in the period from 600-1000 in Ireland names with *dubh* and *donn* followed by a genitive abound. First, we have *dubh* with names of places, general or proper: Dubh-dothra, “Black of Dodder” (a river), date 738; Dubh-tuinne (wave), -droma (ridge), -dúin (fort), -sléibhe (hill), -innsi (island); especially with *dá* or “two”—Dubh-dá-bhoireann (2 rocks), -da-chrich (2 bounds), -da-bharc (2 barks), -da-dos (2 tufts), da-inbher (2 confluences), -da-ingean (2 daughters), -da-lethe (2 sides), -da-locha (2 lochs), -da-thuille (2 floods). With more or less abstract and material nouns there are Dubh-sláine, “Black of surety,” Dubh-cuilinn (holly), and Dubh-sithe, “Black of peace,” whence the Scotch Dubh-shith or Du’sith, both as a name, and as a patronymic in M’Dhubhshíth or M’Phee (M’Duffy, M’Haffie). Dubsíde was rector of Iona in 1164. It is similar with *donn*, brown (or “lord”); we have Donn-boo, “Brown (lord) of Cows,” Donn-cuan (harbours or dogs?), Donn-sléibhe, “Brown of the Hill.” This last is an old and popular name both in Ireland and the Highlands; in Ireland it latterly appears as Donleavy (Dunlop), and in the Highlands its use as a Christian name died out in the sixteenth century (Downsleif Makcure of Ulva, 1517), but as a surname it continues in vigorous use in the form of M’Leay (G. *M’An-léi*), sometimes Englished as Livingston. There is, of course, no etymological connection between Livingston and M’Leay; it is the slight resemblance of the initial part of the names, together with the fact of the Livingstons having land on the Highland frontier, that caused the equation of the one name with the other.

Epithets have formed a most important element both in the formation of Christian names and surnames. The Aryan double-stem names are mostly epithetic in origin. Later epithets became names also, and most persons of any consequence had in olden times an epithet, which epithet was not always complimentary. A striking example of how an epithet developed into a personal name is given in the history of the name Cearbhall, the modern Carrol (M’Carole, 16th century, now M’Garrol). The name first appears as the epithet of Fergus, son of Conall, a warrior of St Patrick’s time, called Fergus Cerrbél or “Fergus Wry-mouth.” His son Diarmat became monarch of all Ireland (539-558), and

was known to Adamnan and the historians as Diarmat son of Cerrbél (Adm.'s genitive is Cerbulis). The name was a favourite in the 9th and 10th centuries, spelt Cearbhall in the Middle Irish records and written Kjarvalr in the Norse sagas. May we not point to two similar names in Scotland which became surnames? Campbell, the 13th century Cambell, 1540 MS. Cambel, is clearly a Scotch equivalent of Cerrbél; it stands for Cambél. The idea that the name Campbell comes from Campo-bello is founded on a historical fallacy; the order of these words was Bello-campo, producing the later Beauchamp or Beecham. Again, the name Cameron in the Highlands was originally an epithet denoting "Wry-nose;" it is so stated by the 1467 Gaelic MS., and the writer lived within two or three generations of the Wry-nosed one that must have given his nickname to a clan who had nothing awry with their courage, if their noses were not always straight. The Camerons of the Lowlands are so named from place names called Cameron, of which there are or were three—near Edinburgh, in Fife, and in Lennox.

Another epithet that developed into a surname was Cennsalach, "dirty head!" Another contemporary of St Patrick's was Endae Cendsalach (later Cendselach and Cennsealach). The name gave the tribal one of Ui Cinnsealaigh, in Wexford, whence the surname Kinsela.¹ Another personal name in *ceann* that must at first have been an epithet is Kennedy; its earliest appearance is in the ninth century, and it is common thereafter. It is spelt then Cend-éitig, showing the long *e* of *éitig*, and thus proving it to be a late combination—in short, an epithet. Like *cend-salach*, it has no complimentary force; it means simply "Ugly-head!" Kennedy was father of the famous King Brian Boru, who fell at Clontarf in 1014. The name appears in Ayr and Galloway early; Gillecríst, son of Kenedi, in 1222, and John M'Kennedy is Captain of the Clan of Muintircasduff in the reign of David II. Without the *mac* it becomes the surname of the powerful family of Cassilis, lords of Carrick; the first of the noble family of Cassilis and Ailsa appears in the years 1214-1249 as Gillescop Mac Kenedi, seneschal of Carric, and his descendant next century married the heiress of the family called "de Carrick," at the same time dropping the *mac* and calling himself simply Sir John Kennedy of Dunure. A name so characteristically Celtic naturally found a second home in the Highlands, where, as we saw, owing to some original Ulrick or Ualgharg, they are locally known as

¹ Compare the name of Glún-salach, "Dirty-knee," the name of a saint (cir. 500), who had been a notorious brigand.

M'Uaraig, at least in Lochaber and vicinity. Cennfota, "Long-head," was a Pictish name, while Fergus Cennfata shows it as an epithet in early Christian days. Cenn-faelad is a name like Maccon, "Dog's son," or Mael-uma, "Brass-slave;" it means "Wolf's head" (from *faelaid*, a wolf, shorter *faol*). It was a favourite name in Ireland, whence came O'Cinnfhaelaidh and Kinealy; in Scotland, especially in Ayr and Galloway, we have M'Neillie in plenty from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, that is, M'Kinealy curtailed.

Epithet surnames were adopted early on the borders of the Highlands and Lowlands. Thus we early (15th century) meet with Bain, "fair," Duff, "black" (also Dow, which is confused with the Scotch Dow for English Dove), Roy "red" (the Scotch Reid exactly), Dunn, "brown," Keir, "dusky," Reoch or Riach, "brindled," Begg, little, Moir and Ogg of the Aberdeen borders from *môr* and *òy* ("big, young"),¹ Orr, "dun" (*odhar*), and others. A favourite epithet *within* the Highland borders was *gorm*, blue; but it has left no trace of itself in that form, though the absurd name of Blue no doubt represents it rather than M'Ghille-ghuirm, which now translates it. "White" and "Black" are now represented in Gaelic by M'Ille-bhain and M'Ille-dhuibh (Gille-bàn and Gille-dubh, "Fair-lad, Black-lad"), which were undoubtedly Gaelic Christian names; but the practice is possibly not old, and the Highland Whites and Blacks are as likely to be descendants of some Iain Bàn or Donal Dubh as to have a patronymic like M'Ille-bhain or M'Ille-dhuibh really originating the name.

A favourite feudal way of designating a man was by his estate. The great earldoms soon gave rise to a crop of cadets bearing their land name with or without the *de* (of), and these junior branches again often fell back into the commonality as so many poor tacksmen or crofters known as being by descent either Ross, Moray, or Sutherland. County names also spread without titular connection: thus in Cupar Abbey Chartulary one or two tenants are first named as, say, John of Fife, that is, John from the neighbouring county of Fife; but a little later they or their descendants became simply John Fife. Pollock, a name that was early introduced into the Inverness district, is from the name of a property near Glasgow; the first owners were De Pollock. Highland semi-feudal names of this sort are as early as the war of Independence: Colquhoun, Buchanan, Drummond, Blair, Calder, Urquhart, Loch,

¹ The favourite Aberdeen Mill or Milne may be mixed Gaelic. We have in Petty in 1502 John Myill, whose name in Gaelic means "John the Bald," but evidently through time it would become Mill.

Craig, Tulloch, and to the south Knox (*cnoc*, hillock, Adam of Knokkis, 1425). It must be said that this was not a Celtic way of naming or surnaming even. The Irish named their districts after the tribes and not the other way. Cataobh and Gallaobh (Sutherland and Caithness) attest to this on Scottish ground; and such expressions as Dùthaich 'Ic-Aoidh for the Reay Country attest to the vitality of the national habit.

Trade and professional names give a large supply of surnames, but, unfortunately, they have usually been translated into English. "Smith" hides many a native Gow, though the latter still flourishes, and has flourished since the days of the famous Gow Crom of Perth immortalised by Scott. Baird and Caird are early Gaelic surnames (*bàrd*, *ceard*, "bard, craftsman") that find a Lowland setting; while the Crerars and Dewars kept more within the Highland borders (*criathrar*, sievwright, *deòradh*, pilgrim, religious person in charge of relics). The name Sinclair is responsible for many a Highland Tinkler (Mac-na-cearda). With patronymic forms we have Mackintosh (*tòiseach*, chief), Macbrayne (*brehon*, judge), M'Gown (Smith), M'Intyre (wright), M'Gruther (brewster), not to mention the ecclesiastical *mac* and *mac*-less surnames.

Of course *the* Gaelic surname system is the patronymic. The clan names took definite shape in the 15th century, and though individuals had no surnames even as late as last century, it can be easily seen that the surname was there ready to hand in the clan name of the district to be assumed or appropriated, if not justly one's own, whenever occasion demanded, as, for instance, the leaving of the district did demand, when the national wars of the 17th and 18th centuries called the Highlanders to arms.

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23rd JANUARY, 1896.

At this meeting Augustus C. Baillie, Esq., Dochfour; Simon Mackenzie, Esq., The Hotel, Lochboisdale, South Uist; and Eric Mackay, Esq., Wandsworth, London, were elected honorary members; and Dr Campbell, Laggan; Mr Paul Campbell, Kingussie; Mr John Macnab, Kilmuir, Skye; Mr Donald Paterson, Askernish, South Uist; and Miss Goodrich Freer, Paddington, London, were elected ordinary members, of the Society.

Office-bearers for 1896 having thereafter been elected, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, read a paper contributed by John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Hereford, entitled "Sutherland Place Names—Parish of Dornoch." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF DORNÓCH.

This parish in extent is one of the minor parishes in the county, yet the most important in its history, ancient and modern, social, religious, and political. It contains the county town of the same name, with its Cathedral Church, Bishop's Palace and Castle, Tolbooth, and County Buildings. Its area is 33,931 acres, of which 3194 are foreshore, 284 water, and includes 717 acres on the north side of the Fleet River detached from the parish of Rogart in the early part of the 13th century by Bishop Gilbert Moray (de Moravia) for the benefit of the Cathedral built by him in Dornoch on reorganising his diocese of Sutherland and Caithness (1222-45), which, previous to his accession, was in a very chaotic condition, consequent upon the continuous plundering expeditions and invasions of the pagan Norsemen, their frequent hostilities amongst themselves after subduing the country, the desultory efforts of the natives, aided by some northern barons, to resist their encroachments, and the weakness of the Scottish Government, whose rule then was scarcely felt in the North. Even in the reign of David I. of pious memory, the "Sair Sanct," he could only command (1127-53) "Rognald Earl of Orkney and the Earl (Harald), joint Earls of Orkney and Caithness, and all good men of Cateneis and Orkney, as they loved him, to respect the monks dwelling at Durnach in Cateneis, and their men and goods, and to defend them whithersoever they might go in those parts, not allowing any one to do them injury or shame." (Reg. Dunfermelyn). During the rule of the Norse Earls of Caithness,

which then included the whole of Sutherland, from 875, when Sigurd Eysteinsen and Thorstein the Red subdued the whole of Sutherland to Ekkialsbakki (Oykell), to 1196, when Rognald (Reginald of the Isles) expelled Harold from Caithness, and relieved Sutherland of Norse subjection and oppression, the whole diocese was a continual scene of turmoil, disorder, rapine, and bloodshed; nor were the disorders and atrocities committed by Norse Earls and Norsemen finally put an end to till 1222, when Alexander II. led an army into Caithness to punish the Norse Bondi for roasting the Bishop of the diocese. Hence we need not be surprised that on assuming the bishopric Gilbert de Moravia found only one single priest ministering in St Bar's old Cathedral of Dornoch. This able and eminent ecclesiastic, a son of the laird of Duffus, in Moray, of which diocese he was Archdeacon (1203-22), aided by Hugh Freskyn of Sutherland, his relative, and by the influence of Alexander II., the Pope, and Abbots of the South of Scotland, soon restored order in the churches of his diocese, obtained grants of land from the proprietors for their support, divided the diocese into parishes much the same as we now find them, and provided them with priests and curates. To him we owe the first known charters in Sutherland and Caithness, a memorial of his excellent business qualities.

To extend worship, and propagate the benefits of religion, he found means to build a new Cathedral Church in Dornoch, dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, and, in proportion to his means, to make it conventual. He ordained that in this church there should be ten canons constantly ministering either by themselves or their vicars, five of the canons to hold the dignity of Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Archdeacon, each of whom, as well as the Bishop and the Abbot of Scone, who had been appointed a canon in the church, should find a priest or vicar to officiate daily in his own absence, and the other three canons should find deacons continually to assist and serve the said priests within the church.

Sir R. Gordon states that the glass used in the Cathedral windows was manufactured at "Sytheraw," a short distance west of Dornoch.

Bishop Gilbert Moray died in 1245, was afterwards canonised, and became the Patron Saint of the Cathedral he built, and the diocese he so well organised and ruled. In his latter days he had a controversy with William Earl of Sutherland about the episcopal lands. The Bishop was too strong for the warrior Earl, and the lands were continued to the Cathedral by two of his successors.

The length of the parish from east to west varies from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 miles, and its breadth from north to south varies from 1 mile to

8½ miles. It has a seaboard of 12 miles, low and flat, fringed on the south by the Cuthil and Dornoch sands and links, and on the east by the Embo and Coul links. From these low flat lands the inland gradually rises north-westwards to 260 feet above sea level at Asdale, 700 feet at Creag Asdale, 290 feet at the Poles, 700 feet at Creag Amail, 930 feet at Creag Liath, 1000 feet at Meall-nan-eun, 898 feet at Cnoc-na-feadaige, 1048 feet at Meall-a-chaoruin, and 1144 feet at Beinn Donuil.

The river Fleet runs on the northern limit of the parish proper, and divides from it the part detached from Rogart. The Carnaig, on the north-west, issues from Loch Buie and runs north-eastward into the Fleet estuary at Torboll, a course of about six and a half miles. The Evelix, rising amongst the hills on the eastern confines of the adjoining parish, Creich, flowing through Loch-an-Lagain by Achlormlarie, winds eastward to Evelix, then south-westwards into the Dornoch Firth near the Meikle Ferry, a length of 13 miles.

The valley of the Carnaig is now devoid of population, and forms part of the sheep farm attached to Torboll; but the valley of the Evelix, anciently "Strath Ormalaye," is studded with hamlets of small tenantry to the village of Evelix, and thence to its junction with the sea, runs through several well-cultivated large farms.

The soil is sandy and gravelly towards the seaboard, clayey more inland, with an irregular belt of black loam intervening.

The rocks are of the secondary formation, chiefly sandstone, which has been largely quarried for house and fence wall building. Coal was found near Clashmore; it was submitted to analysis and pronounced to be similar to that raised at Brora.

The only remains of Pictish towers are those at Brae, in Strath-carnaig, on the banks of the River Tollie, near its confluence with the Carnaig. In this Strath are also cairns and tumuli, probably burial places of the days of old, and memorials of the conflicts of the natives with the pagan Norsemen. The ruins of another are to be seen near the Lecaich, above East-Kinauld.

The ruins of the ancient fortalices of Skelbo and Proncy are still to be seen. There is another at Torboll. These will be noticed in Place Names.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Beinn-an-tairbh—G. tairbh, gen. of tarbh, bull, Mountain of the bull, from its shape and aspect; more correctly Bull Mountain. The word tarbh is a very primitive one; it occurs in one shape or

other in many languages with almost the same pronunciation. Ir. tarbh, Manx tarroo, W. tarw, Corn. tarow, Arm. taru, taro, Span. toro, taro, It. toro, Lat. taur-us. Gr. taur-os, Fr. taureau, Chal. tor, Syr. taur, Phen. thor, Arab. taur, tauro.

Carn-a-phrionsa—G. the cairn of the prince; alleged to have been reared to commemorate the fall and burial of a Norse noble, a son of one of the kings of Norway, on the top of Creag Amail, above Torboll. Carn is found in many languages. Ir. carn, Manx carn, W. carn, Corn. carn, Arm. carn, It. and Span. carro, Chal. karun, Arab. kern.

Carn-liath—G. grey rock or grey heap of stones. On and around the Carn-liath are many tumuli. Ir. liath, grey; Manx lheeah, grey; W. llwyd; Corn. liu, grey, or dye; Arm. luz, grey; Gr. lei-os.

Cnoc-odhar—G. the Dun Hill. 600 feet.

Creag-amail—G. amail, hindrance. This rock rises almost perpendicular from the south shore of the Fleet estuary between Torboll and the Mound. Previous to the construction of the Mound, the tides rose up several feet against the face of the rock, and prevented pedestrians from passing along it while the tide was at the full. At the ebb they could pass. It was a well-frequented foot-road. Hence the name, Rock of the Hindrance.

Creag-dal-na-mein—G. rock of the field of the ore or mineral. Ir. mein, W. mwyn, Corn. moina. 870 feet.

Creag-ainneidh—G. ainneidh or ainneamh, rare; the rare rock. 700 ft. Meall-ainneidh, the rare shaped lumpy hill.

Meall-a-chaoruinn—G. the hill of the mountain ash.

Meall-clais-nan-each—G. the hill of the hollow of the horses. Ir. each, Lat. equ-us, Gr. Eo. ik-kos; W., Corn., Arm. march; G. marcach, a rider; Manx markiagh; riding.

Meall-nan-eun—G. the hill of the birds, probably eagle, ptarmigan, or the auk. 1000 feet.

LAKES.

Loch-an-tairbh—G. Lake of the bull.

Loch-a-ghuibhais—G. Lake of the firwood.

Loch-nan-laogh—G. Lake of the calves; pl. laoigh. Ir. laogh, calf; Manx lhey, W. llo, Corn. loch, leauh, Arm. leue, lue.

Loch-lansaichte—G. lan-sathaichte, abundantly filled, in reference to its being well supplied by a larger lake and various streams. It lies low among the hills, with a narrow outlet. G. lan, full; Ir. lan, Manx lane, W. llawn, Corn. lann, Arm. lan, leun, Lat. p-len-us.

Loch-ruagaidh—G. Lake of the flight. Near it are many tumuli, indicating that a conflict took place in its vicinity, in Norse or clan feud times.

RIVERS.

A-charnaig—G. charnaich, gen. of carnaich, rocky; the rocky river, in reference to its rocky bed and banks.

Allt-tigh-Neill—G. Stream near Neill's house.

Evelix—Takes its name from the principal hamlet near which it passes. (See Place Names).

Fleet—N. fljot, A.S. fleet; compare fleet, Fleet Street, North Fleet, South Fleet, on the river Thames, equivalent to the Lat. ostium, river mouth. The Norsemen had several settlements on this river, particularly at Skelbo and Torboll, where in the twelfth century lived a redoubtable Norse warrior named Liot, whose ghost haunts Creag Amail, near Torboll; so says tradition once believed in by the natives.

Tollie—G. toll-aich, full of holes and pools. G. toll, a hole; Ir. toll, Manx towl, W. twl, Corn. toll, Arm. toull, Arm. toull dòn, G. toll-dómhain, deep hole; Corn. toll-down, deep hole.

PLACE NAMES.

Ach-an-chanter—G. and E. achadh-an-chanter, the field of the chanter or chief singer in the Cathedral of Dornoch.

Ach-an-treasawrer—G. and E. field of the treasurer.

Achley—G. achadh liath, the grey field; for liath, grey, and its affinities, see Creag-liath.

Achlormarie—G. 1557, Auchegormalaye, modern G. achadh-gorm-laraich, verdant site of the ruined building. This adjective of colour signifies in modern G. and Ir. blue; Manx, gorrym, blue; W. gwrn, dusky, dun.

Ach-an-duach—G. achadh-na-dubhach, field of the gloom.

Ach-loch—G. achadh-an-loch, field at the lake.

Achinel—G. Achadh Neill, Neill's field. Allt-tigh-Neill is quite near.

Achvaich—G. 1557, Ancheveyich, achadh-a-bheathaich, the field of the animal. Beathaich accords with veyich in pronunciation. Beach is wasp, and accords to the pronunciation of veyich; it may mean the field of the wasps.

Ach-chosnie—G. 1275, Hachencossie, achadhchoisneadh, the field of service (free of rent for service).

Achvandra—G. 1525, Auchandro, 1529 Hauchandrow, Achadh-andra, Andrew's field. This is likely to be the correct definition,

as in 1510 King James the Fourth grants to Andrew Kynnard the dues of Skelbo, and Achvandra is in the vicinity of Skelbo. (Reg. Sec. Sig. Vol. 4-79.)

Ardallie—G. 1557, Ardellis, ard-ailidh, the beautiful eminence, from which an extensive view can be obtained up and down the Dornoch Firth into Ross southward, and northward as far as the hills will permit. Ard is derived from the G. root-word ar, high, lofty, rock, mountain, or eminence. In either of these significations it is met with in many languages. G. ard, high, height, or eminence; Ir. the same, Manx do., Cor. do. W. hardh (Pryce), Lat. ardu-us, Gr. Arden, Zend. ard and art, high; Ardennes, a department in the north of France is Ard-innis, high table land; Heb. ar, rock; Armenian, ar, elevated, ardyan, summit; Mogul, artaga, I put higher; Gaelic, Ard-thog, raise aloft.

Ard-shave—G. Ard-seimh, quiet height, in reference to its seclusion, and being well sheltered by surrounding higher heights.

Bad-ninnish—G. Bad-an-innis, bad, a thicket; innis does not invariably signify island; it is frequently applied to pasture or plain; here it has this signification. Bad, thicket, or grove of trees is frequently applied to a habitation which has a clump of trees near it. In the past the better class of houses generally had a clump of trees to its windward, hence the origin of applying bad to a habitation. In Donegal and the West of Ireland it was a common custom to have a clump of trees to windward of the dwellings, however humble, for shelter.

Bal-druim—G. baile-an-druim, township on the ridge.

Bal-loan—G. baile-an-lon, township at the meadow.

Balvraid—G. baile-a-bhraghad, braghad, upper parts, the township on the upper parts or higher land. This township is on the ridge of land west of and much above Skelbo Castle, of which it forms a pendicle. It is interesting to note its various spelling in the Sutherland Charters—1525, Balnobraid; 1536, Balbrade; 1551, Balnabrayt; 1560, Ballewrat; 1562, Ballwraat.

Birichen—G. bioraichean, colts or calves, or in O.G. wells or springs of water, of which there are many in the district; but adopting a definition which signifies its natural aspect, it would be bior-a-chinn, the point, or end of the head, the head being a ridge sloping down to the Evelix river, where it makes a sudden turn round this head.

Black-hill—Anglicised form of the Gaelic, Cnocan-du.

Boggan—G. from bog, bogach, damp, swampy; Ir. bog, damp; Manx bog, moist.

Brae—Anglicised form of the Gaelic, braigh, upper part ; W. brai, outermost part, bre, mount ; Arm, breich ; Corn. brech, arm, the upper part of the hand ; Lat. brachium, arm, from G. ; Norse brá, brow, bra-vollr, brae-town, braigh bháile.

Camore—G. cadha, big narrow pass.

Cambus-more—G. camus-mor, big bay, camus, cambus, bay, found in many place names, Morcambe Bay, &c. Gr. Kamphos, a curve or bend ; W. cam. bent, camu, to bend ; Corn. cam, crooked ; Manx cam, crooked or bent ; Ir. cam, crooked.

Cambus-savie—G. camus-sabhaidh, the bay of the sorrel, a large bend in the preceding. The shores of the Camus-savie abound with sorrel. Old forms—1525, camma-saffie ; 1536, cambus-affe ; 1551, cambus-sawe ; 1560, cambusawye.

Clash-more—G. the large or extensive hollow. G. clais, Ir. clais, Manx clash, W. clais, Arm. cleis, clais, clais, clais, clais.

Clash-mugach—G. mugach, gloomy, the gloomy hollow.

Clash-na-cuinneag—G. cuinneag, bucket, the bucket hollow ; Ir. cuinneog ; Manx cuinnag, powder horn ; W. cunnog, milk pail.

Coille-poll-na-h-airde—G. wood at the pool in the height, coille, wood, grove, forest. W. Kelli, grove ; Gr. Kalon and Kelon. Poll, a pool ; Ir. poll, Manx poyl, W. pwill, Corn. pol, Arm. poul. Airde, poss. case of Ard.

Crasg—G. a pass or pathway across hills, frequent in Sutherland.

Cuil—G. back, back land ; Ir. coole. See Joyce I., 531.

Cuthil—G. may be the same as the preceding. Old form—1265, Sutherland Charter, cutthel dawach, the davoch of Cutthell. This is probably Norse, and may be the name of a Norseman who held this land under a superior. Kettill was a common Norwegian name, and possibly the farm was named after him. It is near the Meikle Ferry.

Crockan—G. corruption of cnocau, a small hill or eminence.

Croit-an-casbuig—G. the Bishop's Croft.

Dal-chail—G. dal, meadow, field ; chail, gen. of cal, cabbages ; the cabbage field. Ir. dail, Manx dayl, W. dol, Corn. dal, Arm. dol, Ger. dal, thal ; Norse dalr ; Dan., Swed., Du., dal ; Eng. dale. G. cal, cabbage ; Ir. cal, Manx kail, W. cawl, Corn. caal, Arm. caol, col ; Gr. kaul-os, Lat. caul-is, Ger. kohl, Swed. kol, Fr. chou, Eng. kail.

Dalnameinn—G. meinn, ore, mineral ; the dale of the ore.

Davoch-fin—G. davach, dabhach, a measure of land, or lot ; and fionn, fair, fine, pleasant ; fair portion of land.

Dornoch—1131-53, durnach ; 1222-45, durnach ; 1275, durnach ; 1456, dornouch ; 1568, dornoch ; 1640, dornagh, dornoch ;

traditionally from Dorneich, horse-hoof. When Charles I. raised Dorncech to be a Royal Burgh, the corporate body some time afterwards adopted a horse-shoe, with the motto "Sans Peur" as the burgh arms, from the local tradition of a victory obtained over the Norsemen, who landed near the town in the year 1259, by the natives, commanded by the Earl of Sutherland, the Bishop Gilbert, and his brother, Richard de Moravia, laird of Skelbo barony. The conflict was fierce and furious. The Earl singled out the Norse commander as the opponent worthy of his steel. In the course of the combat, the Norseman either disarmed the Earl, or broke his sword, upon which, casting about for another weapon, he saw a horse-hoof near him, which he picked up and hurled at the Norse Commander with such force that he fell lifeless on the sward. Seeing their commander killed, the Norsemen fled to their ships, leaving their fallen commander and comrades on the field, where they were interred. Afterwards a large stone, named "Clach-an-righ," was erected to mark the spot where the fallen chief was buried, and another was reared where the combat took place between the two generals to commemorate the victory, the Earl's prowess, and to mark his gratitude for his providential escape. This stone was in the form of a cross, and named "Crois-a-Mhorfhear," or the Earl's cross. The battlefield is a short distance eastward of the town.

Fatal for the fond legend of the town name being derived from the gallant action of the Earl in 1259, the date given of the conflict, we find David I. commending the Monks of Durnach to the Norse Earls, Rognald and Harald, probably about 1150. David died 1153; so we see that Durnach had its present name one hundred and nine years before the battle on the Dornoch links, 1259. In Hugh Freskyn's charters, confirmed by his successor, William, first Earl of Sutherland, 1222-45, we have in these charters the town name, Durnach, at least 30 years before 1259, the date of the battle given by historians and annalists. The first syllable of the name, Durn, Dwrn, Dourn, are British words for dorn, pl. duirn, fist, fists, in Gaelic. In Cornish it was dorn, fist. In Amoric, dourn means hand. It seems clear that the town name was Durnach previous to the date of the battle, and equally clear that the incident which occurred in the fight, however honourable to the gallant earl, did not give its name to the town. The more probable derivation of the word is that it was applied to the town centuries anterior to the reign of David I., and the charters of Gilbert de Moravia, from natural aspects, possibly from its pebbly shore, nearer then to the town than it is now. Durnaig,

Dornaig, are obsolete Celtic words for pebbles. Dornaidh is another obsolete Celtic word for a narrow channel of the sea, running out and in, according to ebb and flow of the tides. Quite close to the east side of the old part of Dornoch is Dornoch Burn, with its pebbly channel, into which the tides ran in at the flow and ran back again at the ebb. This burn channel may have in the lapse of centuries risen, and the phenomenon of tides coming in and going out may not now be seen, but geologically speaking the very site of Dornoch and westward from it was once under sea water and formed a kind of bay; the filling up of it was favoured by the upthrow of the sandstone on the east side of the burn, hence the probability is that the name was given it from its ancient, pebbly shore, and tides coming in and going out its burn channel. Dornie is the name of a hamlet situated on the narrow channel connecting Loch-Duich with the sea, West Coast of Ross.

Dornoch is very pleasantly situated near the sea. Its links for golfing cannot be excelled. Whatever its name may signify, it imposed it upon the parish. Sir Robert Gordon, writing of it about the time it received its charter, 1628, says, "It is situate betuein the rivers of Portnecouter and Vnes (Unes, N. : no promontery), and is the cheeff burgh and seat of the Shirreffs of Southerland, wher all the hornings and inhibitions are registered and all denunciations made and proclamations red. About this town along the sea coast ther are the fairest and largest linkes or green fields of any pairt of Scotland, fitt for archery, goffing, ryding, and all other exercise; they doe surpasse the fields of Montrose or St Andrews. In the town of Dornogh ther are four fairs kept yeirlie, Sanct Gilbert his fair, Sanct Barr his fair, Sanct Margaret's fair, and Sanct Bernard's fayre, unto the which ther resorteth a great confluence of people to traffique from all pairts of the Kingdome, St Gilbert his fayre is kept yeirlie the first day of Aprile, St Margaret's fayre is kept yeirlie the tuentie daye of August, and St Barr his fayre was kept in former tymes the tuentie fyfth day of September, bot Alexander, Erle of Southerland procured it to be transferred and removed from the 25th day of September to the tenth day of October. Everie one of these fairs continues for the space of thrie dayes." The continuator of Sir Robert's history informs us that "this year of God, 1631, there was a business of the Earl of Southerland's finished which cost Sir Robert Gordon much paines and travell to compasse for the space of seaven years together both at court and before the commission of surrenders, since the same was established; the matter was the

settling of the shriffship legalitie of Southerland and enlarging the bounds of the shriffship of Southerland, and the dismembering off it from the shriffdome of Invernes, and getting the town of Dornogh to be made the head burgh of the shire in all time coming."

"In 1641 the Parliament passed an Act changing the yearly fair held at the royal burgh of Dornoch on the 10th October to one to begin on the 22nd October, to continue for three days, and to be called Saint Gilbert fair, because the former fair was hurtful to the burgh and its neighbourhood be eating and destroyeing thair cornes thane being vpon the grund and vsuallie win nor lead at the tyme thair of."

The original Parish Church of Dornoch, of unknown antiquity, was dedicated to St Bar, Finbar. Fimber, a native of Caithness, and Bishop of Cork, who flourished in the 6th century (Annals of the Four M.), but according to others in the 11th. Torfaeus gives the following story of him, which he dates about 995:—"Ulf the Bad, an inhabitant of Orkney, murdered Harald, an inhabitant of Ronaldsha; Helg, the son of Harald, in revenge slew Bar, the friend of Ulf, plundered Ulf's house and lands, and carried off his daughter Helga. Ulf pursued and overtook him on the coast of Caithness. A sea fight ensued, and Helg, getting the worst of it, threw himself into the sea and swam ashore, carrying with him Ulf's daughter. They were kindly and hospitably received by a poor man named Thorfinn, in whose cottage they were married and dwelt for two years. Ulf being dead, they returned to Orkney, and their son Bar, who travelled and acquired great learning, became Bishop in Ireland, and famous for his miracles." His festival, which has been noticed, was called "Feille Barr," continued to be held in Dornoch as a term day and fair, till towards the end of the 18th century.

The ancient Church of St Bar, whether in ruins or otherwise, existed till the beginning of the 17th century. Sir R. Gordon, writing in 1630, says of it, "that it was of late demolished in the dayes of King James the Sixth."

The Cathedral Church built by Bishop Gilbert during his rule (1222-45) fared fairly well amidst intestine disorders, feuds, raids, and conflicts till 1570, when the Earl of Caithness, becoming guardian of Alexander, the young Earl of Sutherland, during his minority conceived mortal enmity against the Murrays for assisting the young Earl to escape from his control, and taking him to his relatives in Strathbogie. Assembling the men of Caithness, and procuring the assistance of the Mackay Chief, he vowed to exterminate the Murrays, and sent his son, the Master

of Berriedale, to carry out his designs. Being joined by Mackay, the Master of Berriedale marched to Dornoch, where the Murrays had gathered together. The Murrays were brave fellows, and excellent warriors; being outnumbered, they took refuge in the Cathedral and the Castle, and defended themselves with their wonted gallantry for several days. Their assailants, unable to force them, set fire to the Cathedral. The besieged fled to the steeple, from which, nor from the Castle, could they be dislodged. After a few days, a surrender was agreed to, upon condition that the Murrays would leave the county and give hostages for the due performance of the conditions. Earl George refused to ratify the agreement, and because the Murrays would not submit to his own terms, he ordered the three hostages to be put to death. Mackay was indignant, though not friendly to the Murrays; he and the Master of Caithness, with a humanity of spirit not very common at that time, would have nothing to do with such a dastardly cruel affair. Mackay marched off with his men, which highly incensed Earl George, who was at the time King's Justiciary for Caithness and Sutherland. The eventual result of this atrocity was the ruin of the wicked Earl and his successor.

Three years previously Dornoch' town was burned by the Mackay Chief.

The Cathedral, after the siege and burning of 1570, seemed to remain unrepaired. It is recorded by Sir Robert Gordon that a portion of its walls fell down during a terrific gale on the 5th November, 1605, the day upon which the Gunpowder Plot was discovered; but the massive central tower, topped with a dwarfish spire, remained intact, and two of its fine Gothic windows. In 1614 the 13th Earl of Sutherland partially repaired it, so as to be available for a parish church; and in 1835-37 it was wholly rebuilt by the Duchess-Countess at a cost of £6000. The present fabric, containing 1000 sittings, is a mixture of Gothic and Vandalism, and measures 126 feet by 92 feet across the transepts. In the southern transept lie sixteen Earls of Sutherland. In the northern is a stone sarcophagus, removed from the choir, and surmounted by a cross-legged effigy of the founder, or his brother, Sir Richard de Moravia. The choir, now the mausoleum of the Sutherland family, is graced by a marble full-length statue of the first Duke by Chantrey, with a large tablet behind recording the lineage and virtues of his Duchess-Countess, born 1765, died 1839. He was born in 1758, died 1833.

An old tower fronting the Cathedral represents the Bishop's Palace, which was also burned in 1570; it lay in ruins till 1813,

when part of it was fitted up as the County Court-house and prison. Subsequently the whole was removed except the west tower, lofty and picturesque; and on the site thus cleared were built the large and handsome County Buildings, comprising Court house, Prison, Record Room, and County Meeting Room. The prison was discontinued in 1880, that of Dingwall being used for the few malefactors Sutherland supplies. In 1881 the ancient tower was refitted and refurnished as a quaint dwelling for sportsmen.

Till the beginning of the present century the town was surrounded by a court and a wall, in the inside of which were vaults or booths used as shops or dwellings (Notes 1854 by R. S. Taylor). The court and a lane, either on the east or west side of the wall, were probably the "Castle Yaird" and "Castle Clos," noticed in the titles of certain tenements. The new foundation called the Castle appears to have stood on a different site.

It would appear that the city and burgh of Dornoch was formerly of much larger extent than at present. The burgh cross, apparently of some antiquity, though broken, has been repaired, and still occupies its old site on the north of the cemetery of St Gilbert. Beside it stood the town house or prison mentioned by Pennant in 1769, taken down in 1813. The fairs were formerly held in the church-yard, which was unenclosed, and through which at the end of the last century the public road passed.

The burn previously noticed, and so often mentioned in the charters of the burgh property, intersects the town from north to south, and was crossed immediately to the east of the church-yard by a bridge, also mentioned in charters, but now superseded by another, and at other three points by stepping-stones corresponding to the roads or lanes. (Notes, 1854, R.S.T.).

Of all sites of the Canons' Houses, all or most of them seem to have been extant in 1769, only two are now remembered—the house of the Canon of Clyne (the dean) at the east end of the town, and that of the Canon of Creich (the chanter) at the south-east, now 1854, the site of the Caledonian Bank. (R.S.T.)

It is said that in 1271 Sir Patrick Moray founded a convent of Red Friars or Trinity Friars at Dornoch, and that after the English became masters of Berwick the lands belonging to the Red Friars there was given to the Friars at Dornoch.

A monastery, in modern times known as Franciscan, stood at the south-east corner of the town on the road leading to the links. (R.S.T)

Druimastle—G. druum, ridges. For the second part see Astel.

Drumdivan—G. divan, diomhan, useless, the useless ridge. This ridge, a little to the west of Dornoch, is a curious and interesting geological feature. It is from 50 to 60 feet in height, narrow on the top, and slopes down on both sides like Tomnahurich, near Inverness. It may possibly have been called diomhan, literally doing nothing, from its sterility, uselessness for pasture, producing nothing. It is now planted, fine trees growing on it.

Embo—N. 1222-45, Ethenball; native pronunciation, Eyrribol, from cyrar, gravelly banks, and bol, farm, cultivated land. Near this fishing village stood the old castle of Embo, the seat of the Gordons of that ilk. It gave way to the present house, which is now used as a farm-house.

Evelix—G. 1222-45, Awelech; 1275, Awlec; 1448, Evillik; 1560, Avelik; 1563, Evelik, Evillik; 1566, Awelik; 1607, Evelik; 1616, Evilick. Ath, a ford; leac, flag or flat stone; the flag ford, similar to Ath-cliaith, hurdle ford; Dublin, Eblana.

Eagle-field—Anglicised form of Achadh-na-h-iolaire.

Flad—N. flod, flooding, given to flooding by tides.

Fleuchary—G. fliuch-airidh, wet sheiling or pastures.

Fourpenny—Anglicised form of Gaelic Ceathair peighinnean, fourpenny land.

Innis-aonar—G. the solitary field, in reference to its distance from any other, or from any other habitation.

Kinauld—G. ceann-an-allt, end of the river or stream, in reference to the river stream losing itself in the tide which reached this place at even low tides, and at high tides went a mile farther, previous to the construction of the Mound, 1812.

Knock-glas—G. cnoc-glas, the pale or grey hillock, glas, faded green.

Leacaich—G. Flaggy place.

Leathad-a-chaoruinn—G. the mountain ash declivity.

Leathad-na-*cloiche*—G. the declivity of the stone.

Leathad-nan-uan—G. the declivity of the lambs.

Led-na-shearmag—G. leathad-na-seamraig, the declivity of the shamrock or trefoil; this is an instance of Gaelic-speaking people misplacing letters in pronunciation, shearmag instead of sheamrag.

Lon-doire-nan-each—G. meadow of the thicket of the horses.

Lon-fliuch—G. the wet meadow.

Lon-mòre—G. the big meadow.

Mullin-na-fua—G. muillinn-na-fuath, mill of the spectre.

Milton—Anglicised form of Baile-a-mhuillinn, the mill township.

Pitgrudie—O.G. Pictish, pit, pet, peth, a place, and grud,

grudaich, grit, the gritty, or stony place; Corn. grow, gravel, grouan, stone, moor stone, or conglomerate, composed of small stones, sand and talc.

Poles—Eng. name given to this place, where one piece of road diverges into four roads leading to different places; poles were put up to indicate whither each road led.

Pollie—G. pollaich, river-side place, where pools of stagnant water are.

Proncy—This Place Name seems to be shrouded in the mists and mysteries of antiquity. Old forms of it as given in charters are thus—1222-45, Promci; 1275, Promsy; 1448, Promsy; 1560, Pronsie; 1563, Spronsy; 1566, Prompsie; 1607, Pronsie; 1616, Pronsie. This place must have had a name anterior to the introduction of Christianity by the Columbian missionaries, and the subjugation and occupation of it by the Norsemen from 875 to 1196, when the native language must have been partly Pictish and partly the Irish Gaelic of the day, the language of the missionaries of Christianity in these northern quarters, who no doubt introduced the Erse or Irish Gaelic into the Highlands. The appellation must have been fixed by the natives long before the Norsemen took possession of it. It was they who probably built the stronghold here, the ruins of which yet remain; but the name is indefinable by Norse or Gaelic; therefore we have to fall back for a definition of it by the language spoken by the natives before the advent of the Columbian monks; the Pictish, which was a dialect of the British, more related to the Welsh, Cornish, and Armoric than to the Gaelic, Irish, or Scottish. The remains of it, left to us in Place Names in Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and the East Coast of Scotland, seem to corroborate this view. If we assume that the Pictish language was a dialect of the British, as the Cornish and the Welsh are, we have no difficulty in defining Proncy by its natural aspect. Nicely situated on the middle of a broad declivity north-westward from Dornoch, and about two miles from the sea in a direct northern line, 260 feet above sea level; on this declivity are three distinct protuberances, the Pictish or British term for which was brcn, protuberance, breast, pap, or teat. In ancient Gaelic we had bronn, breast, bru, broina, bruinne, belly. Welsh bru; Arm. brou. Like many other parts of the body, the breast enters largely into the composition of Place Names in Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, and Northern Scotland. Bron-sehan, dry rounded hill; Bronheulog, sunny breast, Tynvyrion, &c. By mutation the labial b frequently becomes p, and we have pron, breast, and se, suidh; O.G. seat;

Corn. se ; W. sedd, seat ; then pron-se would be seat on the breast (of a declivity), a perfect description of Proncy. W. bronedd, breast of a hill ; see, in English, the seat of a bishop.

Proncy-nain—Proncy, seat on the hill breast ; nain, corruption of G. mhan, below. Proncy-mhan, Proncy lower. 150 feet above sea level.

Proncy-croy—Proncy-cruaidh, cruaidh, hard, sterile, soil-less.

Pulrossie—Pictish, Pul, pool and ros, promontory peninsula. Pulrosaich, pull at the promontory. The sea backs up here at every tide, forms the pool, the promontory, and the peninsula.

Rian—G. ri, rhi, the old form of the modern ruigh, slope, declivity, and an, diminutive, small extent of declivity ; W. rhiw.

Rhiorchar—G. 1222-45 Ruthenercher, 1275 Rowechercher, 1448 Ruryarchar, 1560 Rowarchar, 1607 Riarchar, Rhi, as above ; W. rhiw, slope, declivity, archar or erchar. Farquhar, Farquhar's hill side. It rises abruptly from the left bank of the Evelix river to a height of 250 feet in half a mile and cultivated from the river bank to 400 feet above sea level.

Rhimusaig—G. rhi-mhusach, marshy, ill-smelling, the declivity to the ill-smelling marsh ; W. mws, Corn. mus, Armoric muezze, stinking.

Skelbo—N. 1222-45 Scelleboll, 1529 Skailbo, from sker, isolated rock in the sea. Skerjabol, native pronunciation, skerribol. Here on an eminence rising abruptly from the shore was a Norse fortress or castle, the residence of a Norse nobleman. It was granted to Hugh Freskyn, by whom it was given to his relative Bishop Gilbert, who transferred it by consent of William Earl of Sutherland to his younger brother Richard de Moravia and became a free Barony, the King's rights excepted. Other lands were joined to it, and it was afterwards conferred on a younger son of the Sutherland family created Lord Duffus, again reverted to the Earls on the attainder of Lord Duffus. The old Castle is in ruins.

Skibo—N. 1222-45, Scithaboll ; 1275, Schytheboll ; 1548, Skebo. Skeith, ship of war ; and bol, a farm or cultivated land. From the Dornoch Firth runs a narrow bay right up to the land immediately in front of Skibo Castle, into which the Norse reivers came with their long war galleys, and built a fort and castle, which, on their expulsion, became the residence of Bishop Gilbert and his successors. It was a large pile of buildings surrounded by a rampart. When Bishop Archibald succeeded in 1275 to the See of Sutherland and Caithness, a long controversy took place between him and the Earl of Sutherland as to the lands and castle of Skibo, but by the intervention of certain prelates and noblemen

the Earl permitted him to retain the castle, with six davachs of land adjacent to it, to be held perpetually, without any controversy, saving the "forinsee" service to the King. The castle was thenceforth the principal residence of the Bishops of the diocese. We hear no more of it till 1544, when the Mackay chief took and kept possession of it for several years during the absence of the Bishop, Robert Stewart, brother of the Earl of Lennox, in the south of Scotland and in England. Getting involved in the intrigues of the Court with England and France, and the shifting quarrels of the nobility during the minority of Mary and the regency of her mother, the Bishop entrusted Mackay with the control of his lands in the county. This was very annoying to the Earl of Sutherland, for he and Mackay were far from being on friendly terms. About 1549-50 he and Huntly, then Lord-Lieutenant of the North, made terms with the Bishop, whose sister the Earl of Sutherland married about this time and arranged to send a Captain Cullen, a relative of Huntly, with a large force of infantry and some artillery to dispossess Mackay of Skibo and its lands. The commander, Neil Macwilliam Aberach Mackay, seeing that his small garrison was unequal to resist artillery, evacuated the castle, and quietly retired to Strathnaver.

In 1650 the renowned Montrose was confined in Skibo Castle for several days after his capture in Assynt. In 1760 Pocke, Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland, in his tour through Sutherland and Caithness, visited Skibo, then possessed by the Honourable George Mackay, half-brother to Lord Reay, and M.P. for the county, who planted the older portion of its woods, and to whose taste and industry in making other improvements the Skibo part of the parish of Dornoch is much indebted. In 1786 Skibo estate was purchased by George Dempster of Dunnichen, who also greatly improved it—an eminent agriculturist and a public-spirited gentleman, "the true-blue Scot, I'se warrant," of Burns. His younger brother, J. H. Dempster, shortly afterwards purchased the estates of Pulrossie and Overskibo. Their grandfather, a merchant in Dundee, bought Dunnichen in 1700. Mr J. H. Dempster was succeeded by his daughter and heiress, Harriet, who married W. Soper, Esq., of the E.I.C.S. He assumed by Royal licence the surname of Dempster in compliance with the entail of the estates. Mrs Dempster died in 1810, leaving a son, George Dempster of Skibo, and four daughters. The Dempsters were respected by all ranks, and as landlords most kind and indulgent to their tenantry. The last of the Dempsters in Sutherland sold the estates in the sixties to Mr Chernside, an Australian, for a large amount. He

disposed of it in 1872 to Evan Sutherland Walker for £130,000. Mr Walker greatly improved the Castle and outbuildings, adding considerably to their capacity. The extent of the estate is about 20,000 acres. Rental under £4200; and since judicial rents have been fixed by the operation of the Crofters Act, 1886, the rental is greatly reduced. The Skibo Castle grounds and policies are the prettiest in the county.

Sitheraw—Pro. Shi-er-a; N. Sudrha, Sydera, the South Hall. 1222-45, Siwardhoch (Signard-haugr); 1557, Sythera. Here, it is said, the redoubtable Signard Eysteinson, who subdued Catenes and Suderland to Ecciallbakki (Oykell), and defeated and killed Malbrigg of the "buck tooth" in 875, was buried, and a great cairn raised over his grave. Siward-hoch or Sigurd-haugr means Siward's or Sigurd's Cairn.

Tor-boll—N. torf-bol, the peat place. Norse has no such word as tor. Tor is essentially Celtic, and has various significations, tower, castle, mound, eminence, hill, rock, even tomb and grave, from the raised cairns or mounds on tombs and graves. Torr is a most ancient word found in almost all languages, Eastern and Western, evidently borrowed from the Celtic. The Welsh seem to have preserved the root word in "Dwyre," to rise to view; what are hills but objects rising to view? hence the application of the primitive signification to eminences rounded or otherwise. The Moors call the Atlas Mountains Dyr, Dyr-in (Pliny, Strabo). Taur-us, a mountain in Asia Minor, and in Poland, Taurini was applied to the inhabitants of the mountains between Italy and Gaul; their chief town was the modern Tur-in. We have no end of "tors" in Devon and Cornwall, and Mam-tor, mother-tor, in Derbyshire.

Tur, tower, is confined to that signification. It is also found in many languages, and may be claimed as a Celtic word. Ir. tur, W. twr, Corn. tur, Arm. twr, tur; Manx toor, Lat. turr-is, Gr. tur-os, tur-is; Dan. tur; Swed. tor; It. torre, Arab. thar, tower, tour, hill; Pers. tar; Armen. tar, hill; Syr. thur, hill; Heb. thor and thur, hill.

Whitefaced—Anglicised form of Aodann or Eudann, face, forehead, front, visage. Ir. eadan, Manx eddin, face, and ban, fair; eudann-bhan, the white face.

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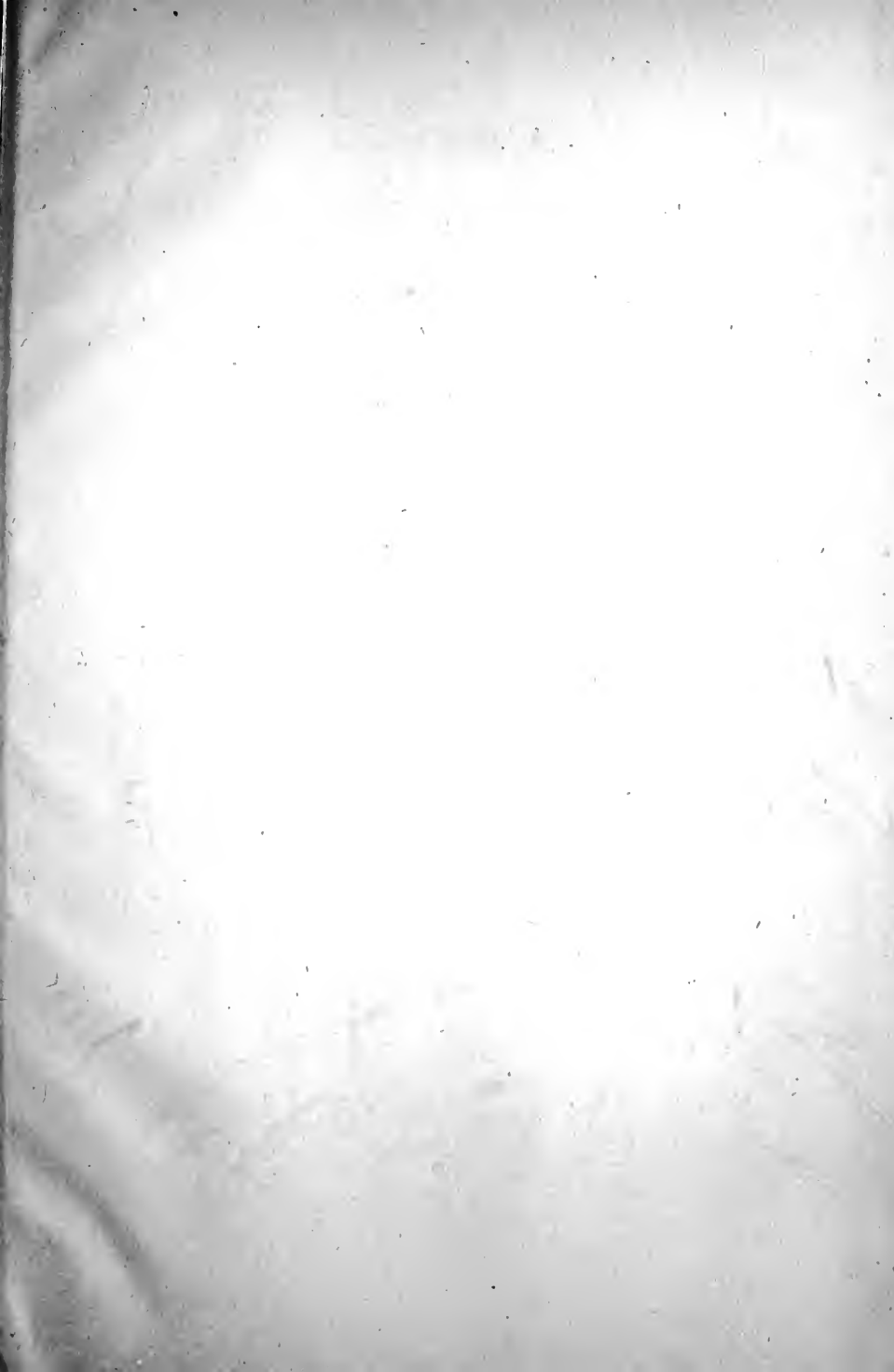
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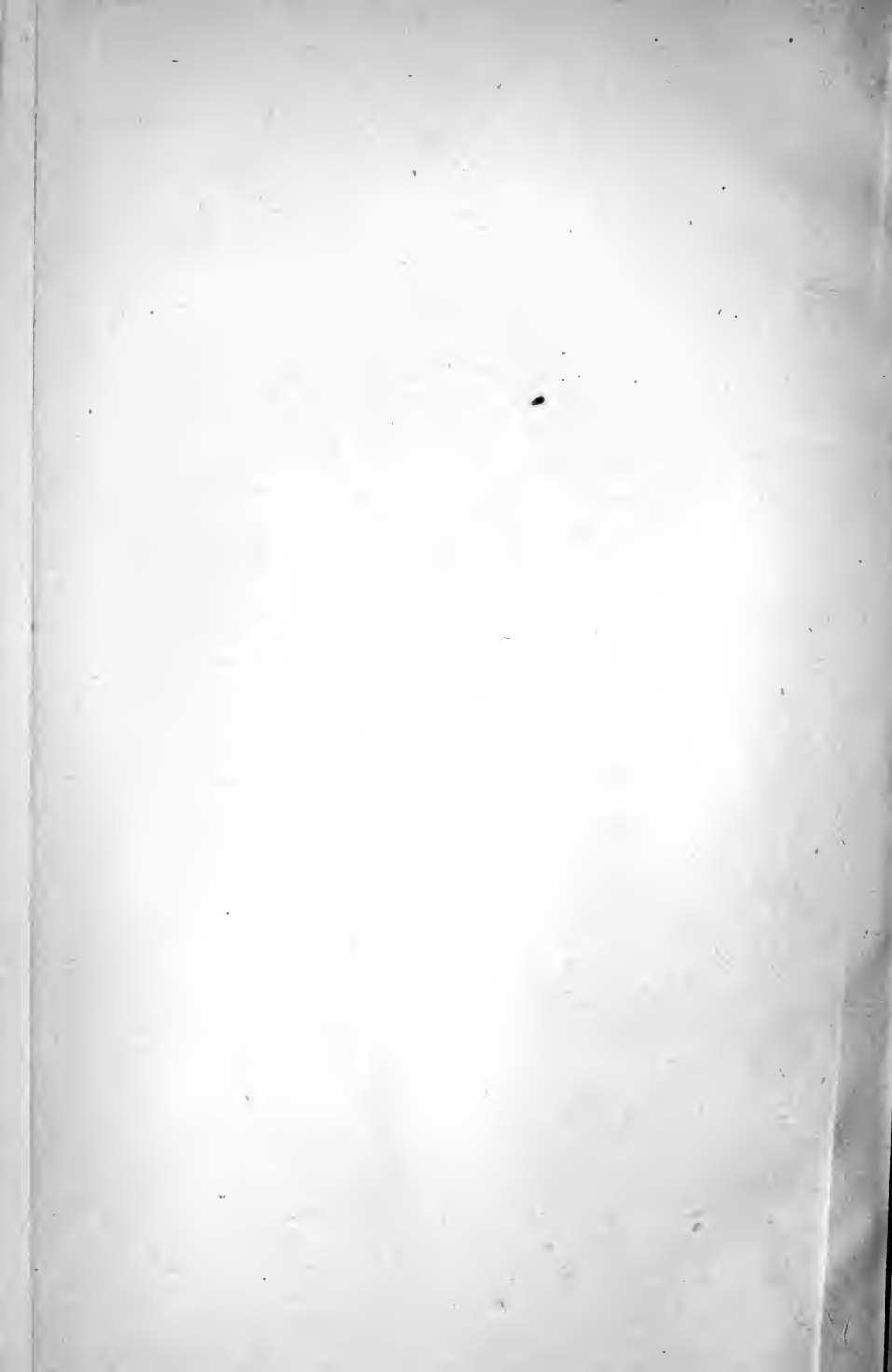
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