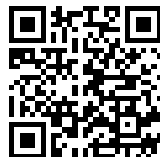


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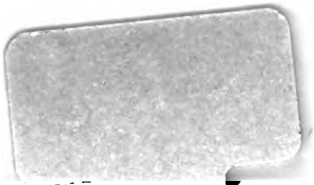
PART II.



AS a sombre background, to throw out the pastor's virtues, stood his churchwarden, precentor, and

# *The Highland monthly*

Duncan Campbell, Alexander Macbain











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THE  
**HIGHLAND MONTHLY**

A MAGAZINE

Forming a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at  
Home and Abroad.

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EDITED BY  
DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR OF THE "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"  
AND  
ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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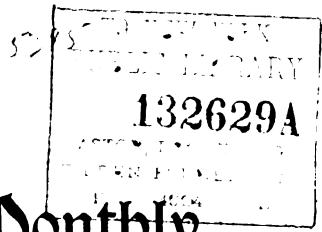
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# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### MORE CHANGES.

WHEN Louis left Slocum for Edinburgh in autumn for his first session, he knew that his mother was slowly dying—and that, indeed, she had been slowly dying for months. He saw her before leaving, but the vicar took care to be present at the interview, and Louis felt that his presence prevented free exchange of thoughts and feelings between his mother and him. It made him angry to think the man stood between them; and he went away disappointed and depressed. Dr Beattie took care to send him to excellent lodgings, kept by the widow of a Free Kirk minister, and to give him letters of introduction to several Edinburgh people. But it was a long time before Louis plucked up courage to cultivate the acquaintance of the doctor's friends, who were mostly all old gentlemen who had in one line of life or another gained some distinction in the world before he was born. Louis felt dreadfully lonely and depressed at first. He did his class work well, but without much pleasure. He missed the domesticity of

his former life with his grandmother, and afterwards with Dr Beattie and his wife. He missed his long cheerful talks with John Bell. He wrote long letters to Effie, and received hearty shorter ones in return, which did him good, but correspondence was nothing to conversation face to face, with sympathetic glance and touch of hand. Mrs Fraser, his landlady, noticed the forlorn condition of the new-comer, and she tried by kind attentions to cure him of what she considered home-sickness, and to win his confidence. He was grateful to her, but not responsive. "Grace, I think, must take him in hand, for I can make nothing of him," she said to her old serving-maid, who felt much the same as her mistress about the, cheerless youth.

"I think Miss Grace," answered Janet, with a snort "should dae naething of the kind by her lane, but wi' Mr Kenneth by her side, she could just make sunshine fa' into the darkest cavern o' the forlorn lad's heart. Without Mr Kenneth by her side, he'll just ploomp o'erhead and ears in love wi' her. Its a'maist a sair vexation that she is sac good and wonderfully bonny that a' men fa' in love wi' her, while she has gi'en her hail love to one, and will never tak it back."

Mrs Fraser sighed, and then said, half to herself, "It really is a pity the laird is so set against Kenneth."

"Deed, it's a deal mair than a pity. It's a doonright sin. But he'll no get his way. When Miss Grace will be her ain mistress, love will be free, and what for no? Wha is the laird that for an auld pique with Mr Kenneth's grandfather, who, I daresay, only did his duty as the lawyer of the other side, he should poke his nose and chin into the love affair of twa young folk, who will make the nicest pair under the sun? I should like to worry him, and lay my broom on his bent shoulders—the worriecra' that he is."

"You nearly did that before, and I wonder yet that he was not mad with you for your words and shaking your broom at him."

"I'll do it next time, not nearly, but a'thegether, if he'll thraw my bairn, Miss Grace, as he did then. What could hae garred your lawyer uncle, a decent sort o' man, to appoint the worriecra' guardian o' Grace till she'll be o' age?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, but he is a good guardian in all respects but this meddling about Kenneth and Grace, who have been neighbours' bairns and playmates."

"Aye, and lovers."

"Well, and lovers in their way ever since Grace was able to toddle. Grace herself does not seem very happy; and that English lad, with the Scotch name, needs to be cheered up. Kenneth would comfort and guide him, whatever his trouble."

"Trouble has been upon him, for he is in mourning; but he is, methinks, saddened, too, by the fear of trouble to come. Miss Grace has been dowie lang back, ever since Mr Kenneth was, in a manner, forbidden the house. We a' want to be cheered up by Mr Kenneth. Guidsake, send him a bit o' line, asking him to come and take his tea some evening here, as he used to do. The worriecra' is nae the maister o' the house, and, gin he quarrel, let him girn, his tether o' power is nae that lang, and Miss Grace, I dootna, will let him ken that when she is twenty-one."

Miss Grace was Mrs Fraser's daughter, a very bonnie girl of eighteen or so, rather short in stature, and with a firm although rosebud sort of mouth, of whom Louis had, so far, seen very little, partly because she still attended music and other classes, but chiefly because she kept out of the way of her mother's lodgers as much as she could. Janet, the head servant of the establishment, was an old retainer, who used the liberty of speech which pertained to that honoured position. Being one of the daughters of the grieve on the farm of Mrs Fraser's father, and the two being much of the same age, the girls were in a manner brought up together, and were great friends. When the gentleman farmer's daughter married the Free Church

minister, Janet went to the manse with her as a servant. Some years later Janet married a gamekeeper, who was a school-time sweetheart of hers ; but she lost her husband soon after her boy and only child was born. Her father and mother-in-law, who were pretty well off, and had an elderly unmarried daughter keeping house for them, offered to bring up the boy, and Janet went back to her former place. So Janet had experience of the two states of celibacy and marriage, and was not to be put down by the odd bachelor guardian of Miss Grace or anybody. Janet ruled Mrs Fraser far more really than Mrs Fraser ruled Janet, and Kenneth Kennedy, Miss Grace's sweetheart, had in Janet a hearty partisan. Owing to the guardian's intermeddling, there had been a long break this time in the young folk's free intercourse and correspondence. Kenneth was a divinity student in his second or third session at the Divinity Hall, a Master of Arts, and a very good fellow, but poor as poverty. His University course was much prolonged by the necessity of earning the expense of it as he went along. Kenneth thought every honest labour honourable. He had done farm work, and been a gillie to sportsmen, before he became tutor to two boys, which was his last intercalary or inter-sessional employment. Old Janet knew that, after the talk with her mistress, she might safely venture on asking Kenneth to come and have tea with them on a Saturday evening. Janet did all the marketing for the household, and on Saturday she could always be seen at the same hour, whatever the sort of weather, cruising with two marketing baskets, and a plaid shawl of the tartan of her clan over her shoulders. And she was pretty sure to meet Kenneth during her Saturday cruise, for was she not his medium of communication with Grace? Kenneth was delighted to be invited as of old, although the invitation came from Janet, and not directly from her mistress, who stood in considerable fear of her daughter's guardian.

Well was it for Louis that at this period of his life he was brought into contact with level-headed Kenneth Kennedy and sympathetic Grace Fraser. But meanwhile the impending blow could not be averted by friendship and sympathy. Like most victims of pulmonary consumption, Louis's mother died very suddenly in the early spring, after having lingered on through the severe winter. Louis went to his mother's funeral, and was present with his two uncles when her will was read. She left Mrs Smith's property to her husband in trust for their infant daughter, but if the child died, then it was to become her husband's property absolutely. The uncles expressed great dissatisfaction with this disposal of their mother's property. They used hard words to the vicar, who replied that he had nothing to do with the making of his wife's will, but he would take his stand on his legal rights. Was it not the custom for generations that the house and garden should go to a daughter? And if so, why should not his wife leave what had come to her from her mother to her daughter, especially as her son had previously been provided for?

Said Uncle Sam—"Nobody says it is not right. The property should go to the lass-bairn as long as she may live; but surely, should she die in infancy, it is not right the reversion should fall to thee. It should go to Louis, who is his mother's proper heir, after the lass-bairn."

"Aye, and he would have been his grandmother's heir, in preference to the lass, had her life been spared a few days longer," struck in Uncle John, who was highly indignant. "She told me herself what she meant to do, and it would have been done that very day if Mr Metcalfe had not been too ill to attend to business. It seems to me that a minister of the Gospel should strive to do righteously, and not take advantage of a dying woman's weakness to enrich himself and rob her son."

"I take my stand on my legal rights, and have nothing to do with you. Why should not my child live? You all assume that she is not to live. How cruel it is of you!



Am I not desolate enough? What have I done, miserable sinner as I am, that I should be so treated." He spoke indignantly, and with tears in his eyes, and a wail in his voice, which so impressed Louis that he silently held out his hand to him as a sharer in his grief. The vicar took the offered hand, but, as he did so, a sort of shiver went through him, which Louis felt, and which awoke in him the blind repugnance he had been faithfully trying to conquer, ever since Patty, the nurse, had told him how devoted his stepfather had been to his mother throughout her long illness, and how he doated on the puny child that was not likely to be long for this world, however carefully tended.

Uncles Sam and John stubbornly held to their opinion that the vicar was a selfish hypocrite, but Dr Beattie spoke obscurely about the dualism of the man's nature, and seemed rather to pity than to blame him, although he thought the reversion clause of Mary's will very improper, especially as it was, in his opinion, physically impossible the baby girl could live to grow into a woman. The baby girl, in fact, did not live to cut her teeth. She died when eight months old, from sheer want of vitality.

From a worldly point of view the vicar profited by the sympathy his double bereavement gained for him. The Duke of Dewlap heard of his sorrows, and also about his hard work among the roughest and most ungodly of the working population. The rectory of Monk Hirst, which was in his gift, was vacant at the time, and, in pursuance of the good plan on which he exercised the immense Church patronage which his ancestor obtained through the despoiling of the monks at the Reformation, his Grace unsolicited promoted the vicar of Holy Trinity to the beautiful rural rectory. The new rector "read himself in," and then went away on a three months' holiday, leaving a curate in his place.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## "OUR GIRTON GIRL."

EFFIE was working hard for her last London University examination, when Louis returned for a day or two to Slocum, on the occasion of his mother's funeral. The Bells and the Beatties, his uncles, aunts, and cousins, were as kind to him as they could possibly be, but Louis very much missed Effie's presence, guidance, and encouragement. On his return to Edinburgh, Grace Fraser, to some extent, supplied the sort of healing balm which his desolate soul required, and Kenneth Kennedy braced him up to hard work by precept and example. On looking back in after years to this period of his existence, Louis considered it one of the greatest blessings of his life that Grace Fraser's sisterly sympathy, and Kenneth Kennedy's elder brother influence should have been bestowed on him when he most needed such helps. Kenneth and Grace were both deeply religious, although on ordinary occasions they did not obtrude their religious views on other people. Both of them were cheerful believers, and, in some respects, Kenneth might pass for a good representative of muscular Christianity. In the shadow of recent death and affliction, Louis began to think more than he ever did before of the life beyond, and he found in his two friends, people not much older than himself who had thought on the same subject from their childhood upwards.

Effie's heart was sore enough for Louis when she heard of his mother's death, and the silent downheartedness he involuntarily manifested to his old Slocum friends when he went to attend her funeral. She expressed her deep sympathy with him in a terse letter—for Effie could be emphatic but never effusive—which he found waiting for him in his Edinburgh lodgings. Louis, who in some things was softer than the practical Girton girl, understood

very well that there was concerning his own situation an under-running idea of lonely isolation and complete desolation in Effie's letter which was not true to fact, and he hastened to assure her that Kenneth and Grace did all they could to cheer and comfort. Louis only wished to relieve Effie from an anxious care about himself, which he feared would disturb her mind on the eve of the great ordeal of her student life. But he waxed eloquent about Grace and her soothing influence.

Perhaps he had omitted in former letters to explain the relations between Kenneth and Grace, for he sometimes assumed that Effie would understand things by intuition. Or, more likely, Effie had read former letters carelessly, so far as their contents did not concern Louis, but new Edinburgh friends of his, whom she did not know, and in whom she had no time then to get up any interest. At anyrate, this particular letter praising Grace to the skies struck Effie all of a heap. She was trying to solve a rather hard mathematical problem when it was put in her hand, and dropped work to read it. And after she read it, she bent over it, and wept bitterly, yet silently, for many minutes, as if her heart was broken. For such a reasonable person as Effie, this was a most unreasonable proceeding. She felt it to be so herself, and when she raised her head there was a proud determination in her eyes, red as they were from tears still undried.

She remembered her duty to her parents and herself, and braced up her unstrung nerves to do her utmost to distinguish herself as a Girton girl, so as to possess the highest qualification for a teaching life, whatever other disappointment might cloud that life. The burst of tears gave her relief, although she was a bit ashamed of giving way in such a manner to what was perhaps nothing but a fancy. Night and day she worked with all her might; and when the ordeal came she distinguished herself far above her expectations. The period of waiting for the published list of results so trying to others did not give her the least

trouble ; for she got home to her people, was sure she had made a fair " pass " at the worst, and busied herself with domestic occupation, as if delighted to renew the simple old life. John Bell was a little anxious, and Mrs Bell in her feeble fashion always expected disappointment in every case of doubt. John Bell was exuberantly jubilant when the published list bracketed Effie with another lady student who was several years her senior, and who had already made some noise among the Woman's Rights people. She and Effie were among the best lady students who had yet pushed their way to the front in the higher examinations. But Effie was not a Woman's Right disciple. She rather turned up her straight Grecian nose at the Lydia Becker brigade, and laughed scornfully at some of the claims of equality with men, or superiority over them, which the strongest minded of the new school put forth. She had no higher ambition than to be a fairly paid lady teacher, able to earn her living, and help her struggling parents.

Effie's modest ambition was realised sooner than she expected, and in a more agreeable way than she dared to hope when she began her student life. Local patriotism was one of the strong virtues of Slocum. Although born in the North Countrie, Effie passed as a daughter of Slocum. She was the first daughter of Slocum who ventured upon a scholastic career. She had distinguished herself in France, and the Slocumites who knew all about it, not from herself or her people, but from impartial sources, began to think that she would bring Slocum a sort of honour to which it had hitherto been a stranger. She kept well to the front from the first in the English ladies' college, and the Slocumites got into the habit of speaking about " our Girton girl " among themselves, and boasting about her to the rather supercilious patrons of the higher culture for women in Smokedale.

The Endowed Schools Commission had already been down at Slocum and district confiscating old, and to a

large extent misused, charitable endowments for establishing a secondary school for girls. The work of the Commissioners was sweeping enough in regard to endowments which were managed or mismanaged by Churchmen, but the largest and most demoralising charity of the place escaped confiscation because it was controlled by Dissenter trustees, who, if report was true, abused it at times for municipal and political corruption. But the endowments captured were fairly sufficient for starting the girls' higher school. The plan got sanctioned some months before Effie finished her course. There was a general determination, irrespective of political or ecclesiastical distinctions, that "our Girton girl," although too young to be appointed head mistress, should get the second place. An elderly lady, with gentle manners and varied experience, but without much force of will or power of control, was appointed head mistress, and told to set about organising the new institution. Further appointments were delayed until "our Girton girl" should finish her college course. When she finished it with much *eclat*, many of the Slocumites, including a majority of the governors, regretted that she had not been appointed head mistress, young as she was.

Effie herself did not share in that regret. She was more than content with the second position, and very thankful for the kindness and trust of her townspeople. She had only two little troubles to vex her, but she hoped they would both be temporary. The first was an unavowed suspicion that she had a dangerous rival in Grace Fraser, and the second was the state of the household finances. Effie was not many days at home before she overhauled the domestic accounts, and looked the situation fully in the face. John Bell, like his daughter, hated debt, but he had not his daughter's determination to get rid of debt at almost any cost. The recovery of his sight had for some time made him strangely averse to sit down steadily to his writing work. The face of nature seemed so glorious to him that it took a long time before he gave up strolling

over hill and dale to indulge in idolatrous adoration of it. So, although he had a ready market for all he wrote, he did not furnish a supply equal to the demand, and consequently his receipts fell below what they were when Effie was his eyes and hands. He was a little ashamed of himself, and promised amendment. Mrs Bell, with her bad health, was not such a good house manager as her daughter, nor had she any wholesome fear of letting shop debts run up. Effie suspected that it was lack of the old home comforts which made her father spend so much time on the hills, and down by the river side. Mrs Bell had got a slatternly girl to help her. Effie took this girl in hand, and quickly drilled her into a smart help. In short, Effie restored the comfort, tidiness, and economy of the Corner House, and began to pay off the shop debts without delay. But the money lent by Mrs Smith was a more serious trouble. John Bell had not paid any instalment of capital or a penny of interest, until a few weeks before Effie's return, when he paid a year's interest to the rector of Monk Hirst in presence of his lawyer. The rector was going away for a long holiday, and wanted to put his affairs on a proper footing before leaving. So John Bell was called to account for the first time since he borrowed the money, but was then let off by paying a year's interest on the spot. Effie was sure that Mrs Smith's property had very improperly descended to the rector. It should have reverted to Louis when the baby girl died. The rector, she held, was morally a thief and a robber. She hated him thoroughly. John Bell hinted that there was no wisdom in hating and abusing the only person in the world who could really give them trouble. Effie resolved to put her young straight shoulder to the wheel, and to get rid of the rector's power to trouble them at once and for ever. So she went to Dr Beattie, asking him to redeem the mortgage bond, and to put himself in the rector's place. Dr Beattie said he would do that in a moment, if needed, but he did not think it would be needed. Let them refer the rector to him when he asked

again for capital or interest. He did not believe he could make out a good legal case. In fact, he was sure he could not. Mr Bell should not have paid interest ; but he could hereafter make the rector refund it. Effie pressed for explanations. Dr Beattie chose to be mysterious. "It is not my secret," he said, "so don't bother me. And don't bother yourself, Effie, nor let your father be bothered." Effie was satisfied with the doctor's mysterious assurances, so far as the rector's power to trouble was concerned, but she was resolved to keep her father more steadily to work, and to practise great economy, until the mortgage should be cleared off.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### TEARLACH CRION REDIVIVUS.

THE medical summer session was nearly over when, on getting back from the class-room one fine day, Louis entered the common parlour of the lodging-house, expecting to find nobody there except, perhaps, one or both of Mrs Fraser's two permanent lodgers, a retired old bachelor Civil Service officer, and an aged lady of independent means, whom troublesome servants had worried out of housekeeping a good many years before. He found, however, instead of either or both his fellow-lodgers and great friends, Mrs Fraser, Grace, and a small man, with a big head and pointed chin, whose face, excepting high forehead, long nose, and brilliant eyes, was mostly hidden in a gray beard, hanging down to his waist, and shaded further by long gray hair falling on his shoulders. The little man was more than half-buried in the big arm-chair of the establishment. Grace was standing before him, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, looking as like a young Bellona as a soft-faced, gentle-natured Scotch lassie could look. Evidently a dispute was going on, to which the entrance of Louis had put a stop for the time.

Mrs Fraser hastened to introduce her young lodger to the little old man as a clansman by name and surname, and to introduce the little old man to Louis as Dr Grant of Craig-na-Bearn, and Grace's guardian. Louis had heard a great deal about Grace's guardian. Kenneth called him Schaibar, because, he said, he was somewhat like the brother of the Fairy Pari-Banou in appearance and temper, but Grace called him Merlin, or the Wizard. He had dabbled in mesmerism, and attended wonderful *seances* in Paris along with Professor Gregory. She said he knew every spell and charm which had come down from the Druids, and was ready to lay them,

With woven paces and with waving arms,  
on all who opposed him, but she defied him to lay them on her. The chronic quarrel between Grace and her guardian was about Kenneth, and love made Grace strong.

Louis shook heartily the hand held out to him by the old man, but the latter watched the face of Grace when he held out his hand sideways to the newcomer without rising from his chair. A few seconds later when he turned his face full on Louis, he started visibly, rose quickly, and stared keenly, almost rudely, at the young man.

"Clansman," he muttered, half to himself; "verily, young man, you are that, if not something more. What is your name? Repeat it again. I am a little deaf."

"I should not like to whisper my secrets, if I had any, in your presence," said Grace.

"Pooh! you are not ashamed to proclaim your secret from the housetops."

"No, and why should I? It is you who have reason to be ashamed of your wish to tyrannise over me, just because your uncle and my grand-uncle made you guardian of the bit of money he left me. But your guardianship ends when I am one-and twenty.

And oh, for ane-and-twenty, Ken!

And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Ken!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,

An' I saw ane-an-twenty, Ken.



They snool me sair, and haud me doon,  
 And gar me look like bluntie, Ken ;  
 But twa short years will soon wheel roun'---  
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Ken !

"Grace, do be quiet," implored Mrs Fraser, in almost a crying voice. "I have never seen you so raised before since you were born."

"And I never had such reason to be more *raised*."

"Surely, Miss Impudence, if you don't respect my gray hairs you should respect the innocence of this young man, and not make him disgusted with all womankind," growled her guardian, looking, however, more amused than angry.

"O, Louis is Kenneth's great friend, and knows all about it."

"I wish he was his rival, but that is not likely when he sees what sort of damsel you are."

"No it is not likely when he has a sweetheart of his own to whom he must be as true as I am to Kenneth, and who, I warrant you, will be as true to him as I will be to Kenneth. Talk of the French way of marrying people—bargainings by parents and guardians without letting the young people to be married have a say in the matter."

"I am quite in the dark. What is it all about, Grace? I understand your guardian has some objection to Kenneth, which I am sure is unfounded or unreasonable, for a better man than Kenneth Kennedy I never knew. But that objection should not make you so angry and so unlike yourself, especially as one-and-twenty will give you full liberty to take your own course."

"The old ridiculous objection is not all, Louis. I did not care for his objection; but he now threatens me with the persecutions of a wooer, too. And he dislikes the man himself, and knows nothing about him except that he is likely to succeed to his estate, as the representative of the disinherited branch of his divided race. Did you not say you disliked him and suspected him?"

"I don't like him, and I will not admit his claim without rigorous investigation."

"Then how dare you come to me, bidding me dismiss my true love, Kenneth, and hold myself free to accept, on family estate or French bargaining principles, the addresses of a man who might be my father, and may be a rank impostor?"

"If this thunderstorm of a girl would only keep quiet," said Tearlach Crion, turning to Louis, "I would tell you, as a clansman, how the matter stands. I am the last of the junior branch of a divided race, which supplanted the senior branch in the property, when James the Seventh was king. My mother was a daughter of the disinherited branch, and through her this thunderstorm of a girl is my nearest of kin. I have more property than descended to me through my fathers, and I wish it all to go to the representative of the disinherited branch, subject to one or two reasonable conditions."

"One being, as he happens to be a single man, or widower, I think you said, that the claimant should marry me."

"Precisely. But I said if you could bring yourself to like him to a reasonable extent for marrying purposes, and if he did not turn out to be an impostor."

"I feel sure he is a rank impostor," said Grace, with all the confidence in the world.

"The wish is father to the thought," said Louis, laughing heartily. "But," speaking to the old man, "this claimant must have laid some proofs of his descent before you."

"Oh, the strongest proofs possible. His proofs, indeed, are so strong that they suggest suspicion. My maternal grandfather and that girl's great-grandfather was a sensible, honest, God-fearing man, although an Inverness lawyer. He wrote separate histories of the two branches of our divided race, he being himself one of the cadets of the disinherited branch. Well, I got from my uncle who was this old gentleman's son, the history of my own junior branch, and, on being tested, it was found to be correct in every link. My uncle—but I daresay he never made a thorough

search—could not find the companion history. On his death the whole papers of the legal firm of four descents came into my possession, and I searched them diligently, but without avail, for the missing document. Now, here comes forth, out of the darkness, a man who has that missing document, written in my grandfather's best round hand undoubtedly, and with further certificates of marriages, deaths, and baptisms, bringing the pedigree down to himself."

"He surely must be the man he says he is."

"I do not know that. He is not the sort of man I would expect the representative of the senior branch to be. He looks too young also for his birth certificate."

"All that can surely be tested by local investigation, where he was born and brought up."

"That is just what I intend to do, before formally recognising him as my successor. But now to come back to yourself—what do you say is your name?"

"Louis Grant for ordinary purposes, but Ludovic Grant by baptismal register entry, and for formal purposes."

"How do you spell Ludovic—with or without a final 'k'?"

"Without the final 'k,' and so did my father before me."

"Your father was called Ludovic also?"

"Yes, and so was my grandfather."

"What was your father's profession?"

"He was minister of the Independent Chapel at Clough, near Slocum, where he died, and where I was born."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Mary Smith."

"Now about your grandfather."

"I know little about him, except that his name was Major Ludovic Grant, that his wife was Emily Davenport, and that they lived in the village of Little Weston, in Sussex, where my father was born. They both died before my father was out of his teens. He then lived for some

time with a brother of his mother, who was a Congregationalist minister."

"And what came of that minister and your other Little Weston relations?"

"I know nothing about them, but I should like if I had time and money to spare to look them up. There was certainly a shop-keeping cousin at Little Weston, with a wife and family, who kept up correspondence with my father till he died. But I must now go, for I have to call on a fellow student."

Grace, who had been quietly intent on her needlework since the thunderstorm subsided, now looked up and said—

"If you see Kenneth tell him it is all right, but that he'll better keep away for some days till we get rid of our wizard."

"For shame, Grace," expostulated Mrs Fraser in a feeble way.

"There is no shame about it," replied Grace. "We have to hit our wizard hard if we are to get out of him the good which is in him, for all his despotic cantankerousness."

The wizard, to Mrs Fraser's astonishment, laughed as if he liked to be hit hard by Grace. Then he fell into a brown study, and after a while began to talk to himself. Talking to himself was a habit which had grown upon him during his long lonely life and poring over books and manuscripts in the Abbot's Castle. Grace on this occasion watched him keenly, for the way in which he had questioned Louis had excited her curiosity.

The talking to himself was very disjointed. "Singular coincidence." "Many singular coincidences or something else." "Who is the one and who the other?" "The other more like the brand of honest descent than number one." "Must look into the whole matter." "Surely trails can be followed up."

"Well, Guardian dear," broke in Grace, "it seems to me you are giving way to fancies worse than I have ever seen you do before."

“Eh! I have been talking to myself, have I? Well, I am puzzled. I could almost swear I had seen that young fellow before, but whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell.”

“You could not have seen his ghost at your *seances*, at anyrate, because as yet he can have no ghost.”

“Aye, but have you never heard of fetches or wraiths? The young fellow is in some way no stranger to me, and I like him.”

“It is a pity he is not the claimant.”

“Yes, indeed. Were he the claimant he might find favour in your eyes.”

“He has found that already, but not in the way you mean; and as I told you before, he has a splendid sweetheart of his own—Effie Bell of Slocum, the Girton girl whose praises all the newspapers have been lately singing so loudly.”

“I have read about her. She must be very clever and persevering, but I hope, for the young fellow's sake, that she is not one of the noisy strong-minded lot of epicene creatures.”

[TO BE CONTINUED].



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY  
THE 79TH REGIMENT OR CAMERON  
HIGHLANDERS

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

By DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY,  
*Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.*

Do na Suinn Chamshronach  
Gillean na feile,  
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART III.

WE now come to the 14th of March. It was Sir Colin's intention on that day to carry the Imambarra—the lesser one—and the Hazratgunge, both situate near a point where the rebels' second line of defence met the third, the latter of which he had turned by the capture of the Begum Kotee, and was now assailing on the flank: he proposed to leave over the assault on the Chuttur Munzil, the Mess-house, and the Tara Kotee in their second line, and of the Kaiserbagh in the proper right of their third line, till the following day.

Outram, whose batteries had been pouring shot and shell into these works, requested permission to cross the Goomtee by the iron bridge, attack the enemy in rear of their defences, and cut off their retreat. It is said that the permission was granted, but with the extraordinary proviso, "*That he was not to do so, if he thought he would lose a single man!*" On the morning of the 14th, after Sir Colin's guns had been pounding at the Imambarra for some hours at very short range, a breach was declared practicable. The storming party consisted of 60 men of Brasyer's Sikhs (the regiment of Ferozepore) and two companies of the 10th foot, supported by the remainder of these regiments,

both belonging to Frank's division. They dashed at the breach, gallantly led, and after a sharp struggle forced the enemy back, drove them out, and the Imambarra was won, early in the forenoon.

The British supports and reserve followed and occupied the place. The rebels fell back in flight to the Kaiserbagh: Brasyer's Sikhs and some of the 10th joined in hot pursuit. A part of the 90th also, guided by Henry Havelock, D.A. Adjutant-General of the division, followed in a parallel line, and forced their way into a palace, which commanded three bastions of the Kaiserbagh. From this vantage ground they poured so withering a fire upon the enemy's gunners, that one by one they fell or deserted the guns and fled.

The effect of this daring exploit was at once manifest. The rebels, finding their second line of works completely taken in reverse, were panic-stricken and abandoned them, falling back upon the buildings in their rear.

This alone would have been a grand day's work: but the men, especially Brasyer's Sikhs, were determined to follow up their victory. Still led by Brasyer and Havelock, they pressed on in pursuit, and scrambling through a vacant embrasure into a battery, forced their way, under a terrific fire, into a courtyard adjoining the Kaiserbagh. While the enemy poured into the latter, Havelock ran back to a detachment of the 10th and brought it up to join the Sikhs. A portion of Brasyer's men, led by himself, pushed daringly on to the Chini bazaar, in rear of the Tara Kotee and Mess-house in the enemy's second line of works, and ran a great risk of being cut to pieces. For the enemy, congregated in these buildings to the number of about 6000, found themselves taken in reverse, and evacuating them at once made for the Chini bazaar; but Havelock, to save Brasyer and his men, brought 60 Sikhs, and seizing two bastions, turned their guns on the enemy, and so plied them with round shot, grape, and musketry, that he quickly threw them into utter confusion.

Meantime Colonel Purnell had brought up a company of his own regiment, the 90th, in support: and shortly afterwards, in response to repeated requests from Havelock, every available man of the 4th division was pushed forward by General Franks, who, as well as the Chief Engineer, accompanied them. On coming up, after a brief conversation with the latter, the General, seeing the extraordinary success of the storming party, and the demoralised condition of the enemy, decided to attack the Kaiserbagh.

Reinforcements were sent for from the rear; and an order was also sent to the troops on the right, occupying the Secunderbagh and the Shah Nujeef, to move forward forthwith. The latter, meeting with little resistance, soon occupied the Motee Mahal, the Tara Kotee, and even the Chuttur Munzil; while Franks himself, with his men on the left, forced an entrance into one of the courts forming part of the Kaiserbagh, in which was Saadat Ali's Mosque, and seized it. The Kaiserbagh consisted of a series of courts, with marble summer houses and gardens, the whole forming a large rectangular enclosure. The side or face looking towards the river was strongly fortified, and formed part of the enemy's third line of defence. In it were congregated a great number of Sepoys, fugitives from their outer works, who poured a heavy fire of musketry on their assailants. But the latter had now effected an entrance; and when once Franks' men had gained a footing in the court and garden, they made short work with the rebels, who were panic stricken and fled: a great number were bayoneted or shot. The Kaiserbagh was won, and without heavy loss. The remainder of Sir Colin's force came up, and a scene of plunder and destruction followed such as had not been seen by British troops for many a day. A vast quantity of valuables, the treasures of the palace, that would have greatly increased the amount afterwards available for prize-money, was smashed, burned, and otherwise destroyed.



Let us now return to Outram. While Franks was achieving these rapid and brilliant successes, Outram had been reconnoitring from the left bank of the river, eager to cross at the iron bridge above the Residency, and harass, if not cut off, the enemy's retreat.

Early in the afternoon, while the 79th were mostly taking a siesta after the men's dinner, a sudden order was given to fall in and march with the Brigade as quickly as possible. Owing to Captain Macpherson, the Brigade-Major, having been wounded the day before, Captain Stevenson had again assumed the duties of that appointment in Colonel Douglas' Brigade; and the command of No. 1 Company devolved on Lieutenant Wimberley. The men turned out and formed in a few minutes. The Brigade marched again along the road to the iron bridge, full of spirit, and expecting to take part in an attack on the rebels at close quarters. The 79th, under command of Colonel Taylor, the Grenadiers in front, led the column.

After advancing within a very short distance of the bridge, the column was halted, and then ordered to march back into camp. Great was the disappointment as well as the surprise. One reason that was assigned and current in the regiment was that the men, having to put on their hose-tops and spats, and, perhaps, in some cases their kilts, had taken a few minutes to turn out properly dressed. They certainly did not take long. The approach, too, from the camp to the road was through deep heavy sand, which caused some delay if moments were precious, but probably the few minutes thus spent or lost had nothing to do with the Brigade being recalled. The reason assigned by Colonel Malleison is probably the true one, viz., the restricted permission said to have been given to Outram, that he was not to cross if he thought he would lose a single man. There must surely have been some mistake in conveying the order. There can be no doubt that if he had crossed, and attempted to cut off the rebels, he must have experienced considerable loss. The enemy had

batteries commanding the bridge and the approach to it on our side ; they also had a gun at the end of the bridge, within a few yards of the breastwork constructed the night before, and the houses adjoining and a large mosque were loopholed. On the other hand, Outram had at least three batteries, under cover of whose fire his column would have crossed. Had he advanced, any loss he would have sustained would have been amply avenged by the slaughter of a great number of retreating rebels, and his cavalry and horse artillery crossing by the stone bridge would have accounted for many more. As it was, his column marched to the iron bridge and back to camp. In the evening they were warned to be in readiness to move early the following morning.

On the 15th, however, Outram's force did not move. It was announced to the 79th, on parade, that Lucknow was evacuated, which turned out to be a mistake. The General, under orders from Sir Colin, continued a heavy bombardment on the position still held by the rebels, near the Residency and in the heart of the city : powder was removed and mines destroyed.

On the right bank the rebels were deserting the city in thousands. Sir Colin made attempts to cut some of them off and pursue them, but without any marked success. He sent Hope Grant with cavalry and horse artillery along the Seetapore Road in pursuit ; and Brigadier Campbell with cavalry, guns, and a brigade of infantry from the Alumbagh to try and catch them on the Sandela Road, but a vast number made good their escape by the road to Fyzabad, to rally again in Rohilcund.

A bridge of casks was constructed the same day over the river, near the Secunderbagh, and out of reach of the enemy's fire ; the Sappers also made a road leading thence to the Kaiserbagh, to facilitate the operations of the next day.

The part of the city still occupied by the rebels was the Residency, situated near the river, the approaches leading

thereto, and the streets and bazaars lying near the iron bridge, as also those to the south and south-west of the Residency. Further up the river they had also strong positions in the Muchee Bhawan, the Great Imambarra, Ali Nukhi Khan's House, and the Moosabagh.

On the morning of the 16th, Outram was directed to cross the river by the bridge of casks, taking with him Douglas' Brigade (the 23rd, 79th, and 1st Bengal Fusiliers), and to join the Commander-in-Chief at the Kaiserbagh. Walpole was left with Horsford's Brigade and the remainder of Outram's force on the left bank, to watch the iron and stone bridges.

Douglas' Brigade crossed as directed, and advanced by the new road towards the Kaiserbagh. They were joined by the 20th regiment and Brasyer's Sikhs of Franks' Division. Sir Colin rode out to meet them, and gave Outram his instructions. These were to take the Residency, push on through it, then take the iron bridge in reverse, and afterwards to storm the Muchee Bhawan and the Great Imambarra.

It was the turn of the 23rd to lead to-day; next them were Brasyer's Sikhs and the 1st Fusiliers; following in support were the 79th and 20th. A field battery of Madras Artillery accompanied the column, and in rear were two 65 cwt. guns of the Naval Brigade. The 23rd, on approaching, were met with a sharp fire of musketry from the loop-holed walls. The rest of the brigade coming up formed on the open ground in the Residency enclosure, and charged, closely followed by its supports. The enemy soon gave way and fled, pursued by the 23rd, Brasyer's men, and the 1st Fusiliers, while the 79th, under Colonel Taylor, and the 20th pressed on in rear through the streets leading to the iron bridge. Here two companies of the 23rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bell (who had captured a Russian field gun at the battle of the Alma), guided to the place by Captain Gould Weston, took the brass guns which commanded the passage across the bridge.

The main body of the column pressed on, taking in reverse the batteries which had been placed between the two bridges. Meantime the field battery of Madras Artillery had opened fire from the high ground in the Residency on the Muchee Bhawan, and maintained it until relieved by the Naval Brigade with two 65 cwt. 8 in. guns.

Onwards pressed the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and the regiment of Ferozepore, supported by the 79th, and drove the enemy successively from the Muchee Bhawan and the Great Imambarra, capturing six guns; one company of the Fusiliers, under Captain Salusbury, captured the Roomè Durwasa or Turkish Gate beyond, with another gun. But though the enemy made but little stand, our troops, including the 79th, during their progress through the streets, were subject to the fire of musketry from Sepoys concealed in the adjoining houses, under which Corporal Malcolm,<sup>1</sup> No. 1 Company 79th, was severely wounded above the knee: he died two days afterwards.

On reaching the Great Imambarra, which was considered the finest building in Lucknow, and had been erected at the cost of a million sterling, the 79th streamed in at the principal gateway in pursuit of the rebels, and quickly seized the different courts and spacious halls or temples. Here also they were assailed by some musketry fire from the towers and roofs, as also from the neighbouring buildings; but they speedily dislodged the rebels, and returned the fire on any that were within reach. At this time Private Darge, Grenadier Company, was wounded.

The 79th remained in occupation of the Great Imambarra during the night of the 16th. A great number of the enemy, who had been dislodged from the Residency onwards by the troops under Outram, poured over the upper or stone bridge intending to escape by the Fyzabad road. Here they encountered the picquets of that part of Outram's division, which had been left under Walpole on

<sup>1</sup> Corporal Malcolm was about four paces in rear of the compiler, who believes that the bullet which struck Malcolm whistled past his own head.

the other side of the Goomtee. They attacked the picquets, and were repulsed, but most of them made good their escape.

On the same day the rebels attempted a diversion in another direction ; a large force of them, driven out of their defences in Lucknow, made a determined attack upon the small garrison, about 1000 men of all arms, which Sir Colin had left in the Alumbagh, under command of Brigadier Franklyn. His disposition of his small force was so good, and he was so ably seconded by Olpherts and his Horse Artillery, by Vincent Eyre with his Battery, by a few of the Military Train, and a detachment of the 7th Hussars under Robertson, and about 400 Infantry under Itisted, that after maintaining an attack on Franklyn's position from 9 A.M. till 1.30 P.M., the rebels under fire of our guns gave it up and retired.

Jung Bahadoor and his Goorkhas had also done good service during the days following the 14th ; they advanced from the Charbagh Bridge over the canal on the south side of the city towards the Residency, seizing the enemy's positions one by one, and so covered the left of Sir Colin's own advance.

On the 17th there was some more work to be done. The 79th were employed in different parts of the town and suburbs.

A strong detachment, consisting of the Grenadiers and Light Company and No. 1, under Major Hodgson, were sent from the Great Imambarra, to clear and occupy a large bazaar, called the Chandi Chowk, lying to the south of the Residency, and towards the direction from which Jung Bahadoor was approaching.

The road to this bazaar lay through narrow streets, in which the enemy offered some resistance, firing the houses and shops as they retired ; our men made their way through fire and smoke till they came to a large courtyard, which had to some extent been used as an arsenal. A great quantity of powder was found here, and happily

put into some large wells; for in the evening a great fire took place, which was extinguished without accident. A little in advance was a picquet of the 20th Regiment under Lieutenants Vaughan and Gordon.

During the following day several of the men of the 79th detachment managed to get a good deal of loot, while not engaged on any actual duty. Some of them got into the house of a native banker, and each secured a large bag of rupees. Private Todd, Grenadiers, rejoined his company with about a dozen bayonet pricks, all slight. The men, however, could only go into the houses immediately adjoining: they were frequently fallen in, on threatened attacks, but no serious encounter took place. The picquet of the 20th, above referred to, went out to clear a street and met with some opposition; but they charged and drove off the rebels, and captured a brass gun, loaded with grape, ready to sweep the street by which they were advancing.

To return to the 17th: the remainder of the 79th, under Colonel Taylor, formed part of Outram's main body, which proceeded through the suburbs further up the river. The troops employed on this occasion were 7 companies of the 79th, a wing of the 20th, a wing of the 23rd, Brasyer's Sikhs, Middleton's Field Battery, two 8-in. howitzers, and a company of native Sappers.

Outram first occupied without resistance the Hussein Mosque, and Daulat Khana; and somewhat later the block of buildings called Shareef O'Dowla's house. Near this was a building called the Jummah Musjid, in rear of which was a large court-yard, where nine carts laden with powder in tin cases and bags were found. Orders were given forthwith to dispose of the powder by throwing it down a deep well. This led to a deplorable accident with great loss of life; it is supposed that one of the tin cases struck the ground or side of the well near the surface, and caused the powder to ignite. An explosion of the powder in the carts followed, causing the death of two officers and about thirty men, and wounding others. Sergeant James Blyth, No. 5

Company 79th, was one of those killed. Private Kerr was mentioned in regimental orders for the assistance he rendered to those injured on this occasion. The 7 companies of the 79th then returned to the Imambarra.

Late in the evening of the following day, the 18th, Major Hodgson received orders that his detachment was to rejoin the regiment at daybreak with cooked rations. About 9 P.M. camels arrived with the rations and cooking utensils; the orderly sergeants and corporals and the cooks, as well as Lieutenant Wimberley, who was Acting Adjutant and Quartermaster, were occupied till the men fell in about 3 A.M.; few of the latter, however, got much sleep. This detachment was relieved by the 1st Bengal Fusiliers.

The force with which Outram was to attack the Moosabagh—the last stronghold of the rebels—situate about 4 miles to the north-west of Lucknow, and near the right bank of the Goomtee, was composed as follows, viz., two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, Middleton's Field Battery, one company Royal Artillery, one company native Sappers, two 18-pounders, two 8-in. howitzers, four 8-in. mortars, under Captain Carleton, R.A., three companies 20th Regiment, seven companies 23rd, the 79th, and 2nd Punjab Infantry. Sir Hope Grant had orders to cannonade the place from the left bank of the river, and to fall on such fugitives as should cross it. Brigadier Campbell, with 1500 cavalry and a brigade of infantry and some guns, was to cut off those retreating towards the west; and the Nepaulese were to watch the south. It was hoped that these dispositions would effectually prevent many hundreds from escaping.

Before reaching the Moosabagh, Outram's column came to the house of Ali Nukhi Khan, held by a considerable body of rebels. Lieutenant Everett with the Light Company of the 79th, and others in support, was sent to dislodge them; this was done with some loss. Privates T. Munro and J. Harrison of the 79th were killed and 3

privates wounded. Lieutenant Everett had a very narrow escape. Corporal Todd<sup>1</sup> of the Light Company bayoneted a Sepoy through the heart when in the act of trying to cut him down with his tulwar ; his bayonet got so twisted from the thrust that he had great difficulty in withdrawing it from the man's body. The Moosabagh was said to be occupied by fully 6000 men with 13 guns. The enemy opened fire, which was replied to by Middleton's field battery ; the 79th and 23rd were thrown out in skirmishing order to the right and left of a road leading to the building through a large garden with a number of trees in it, while the 9th Lancers made a flank movement to the left. After a short resistance, the enemy began to abandon the place, endeavouring to carry off their guns. The 79th and 23rd pressed on in pursuit : the former captured four guns, many cart loads of camp equipage and ammunition, and also the colours of the 7th Oude Irregulars, whose lines lay to the south-west of the Bagh. These colours are still in possession of the regiment. The 2nd Punjab Infantry were left in occupation of the Moosabagh.

The rebels, thus driven out, fled by the line which Brigadier Campbell had been directed to watch ; unfortunately he had, as it was said, lost his way, and was not there to intercept them, and most of them escaped. He had during the forenoon attacked a mud fort with a small force of cavalry, guns, and infantry, and taken it, but not without severe loss to the cavalry. The occupants of the fort had made a dash at the guns, and a troop of the 7th Hussars was ordered to charge them, but before they had time to get well into motion the rebels were among them, and wounded Captain Slade severely, and cut down Lieutenant Bankes and his horse. Lieutenant Wilkin and Colonel Hagart, charging up to their rescue, were both severely wounded before the troopers of the 7th killed off the rebels

<sup>1</sup> Corporal Todd in 1862, then a sergeant, described what took place to the compiler : he said his bayonet was twisted like a cork-screw.



Lieutenant Bankes was nearly cut to pieces, and died within a few days.

Outram on his part made every endeavour to follow up his capture of the Moosabagh. The two squadrons of the 9th Lancers were sent in hot pursuit, the artillery and infantry following as fast as they were able, choked with dust, which lay in fine powder about 10 inches deep, till stirred into clouds by the advance of men and guns, and was very heavy to the feet. The Lancers captured eight guns, and killed about 100 of the enemy: the rest of the force had a hot and fatiguing march without seeing any more of the rebels, and got back into the city about 6 P.M., having been out about sixteen hours on this expedition.

The 79th again occupied the Great Imambarra, and on the 20th had a welcome day of rest, the rebels being, as was supposed, by that time fairly driven out of the city. The greater part of the regiment had not had their clothes off since the 2nd of March.

It is but fair here to refer to the admirable arrangements of the Indian Commissariat Department, and to the indefatigable exertions of the Quartermaster of the 79th, William Macgill. During the whole of these operations, rations of fresh bread and meat of fair quality were regularly supplied, with tea or coffee and commissariat rum; and the proper quota of camels for tents, baggage, and ammunition duly furnished. The Quartermaster was always at his post: the rations duly served out; companies, whether with the headquarters or on detachment or on picquet, duly supplied. The cooks too did not fail; Irish stew, well made, was the staple of the dinners for officers and men. Hot coffee was generally provided for each company early in the morning.

Individuals occasionally missed a meal or two, as happened to the compiler of this narrative. He accompanied Major Hodgson's detachment to the bazaar on the 17th, and on the morning of the 18th got some breakfast. In the evening he was going to have his ration dinner with one or two officers of the 20th, who were close by, having

previously served with that regiment in the Crimea. But in consequence of a fire breaking out he lost his dinner; after being up all night, looking after the serving out and cooking of the men's rations, he marched to the Moosabagh, and in pursuit of the rebels in command of No. 1 Company, and got back to the Imambarra about 6 P.M. During the day he had drunk a quantity of muddy water, and got a very dry crust out of a private's haversack, and now, being very dirty, arranged with an old friend, Captain Norton of the 23rd, whose company was also in the Imambarra, to share his dinner after getting a wash. He got the latter, but meantime Captain Norton had been ordered elsewhere. Nothing to eat was then procurable, so he had to lie down supperless and wait till breakfast time on the 20th.

Many years afterwards the compiler, when walking in Inverness, met Rose of Kilravock with an old gentleman, and was asked by Kilravock if he did not know Lord Strathnairn. He replied that he had had the honour to serve under him, when he was Commander-in-Chief in India. His lordship asked in what regiment, and on his naming the 79th, the old Field Marshal said, "Ah! I remember inspecting the regiment, and a fine body of men they were; but what an admirable Quartermaster you had—one of the best in the service." This was a well merited compliment to poor M'Gill, now no more.

On the 21st it was found that the Moulvie was still in the city, holding a strongly fortified building with two guns. The troops employed to dislodge him were the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles. They fought very hard and were only driven out after killing and wounding several on our side. The Moulvie himself escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CLAN CHATTAN.

## I.—ORIGINS AND GENEALOGIES.

**I**N our July number we discussed the political history of Badenoch, under the title of the "Lordship of Badenoch," and in this paper we intend to deal with the history of the native population of that district. Badenoch was the principal seat of the famous and powerful Clan Chattan. The territory held by this clan, however, was far from being confined to Badenoch; for at the acme of their power in the 15th century, Clan Chattan stretched across mid Inverness-shire, almost from sea to sea—from the Inverness Firth to near the end of Loch-eil, that is, from Petty right along through Strathnairn, Strathdearn, and Badenoch to Brae-Lochaber, with a large overflow through Rothiemurchus into Braemar, which was the seat of the Farquharsons, who are descendants of the Shaws or Mackintoshes of Rothiemurchus. The Clan Chattan were the inhabitants of this vast extent of territory, but the ownership or superiority of the land was not theirs or their chiefs', and the leading landlords they had to deal with were the two powerful Earls of Huntly and Moray. From them, as superiors, Mackintosh, chief of Clan Chattan, held stretches of land here and there over the area populated by the clan, and his tribesmen were tacksmen or feu-holders of the rest, as the case might be, under Moray or Huntly. It was rather an anomalous position for a great Highland chief, and one often difficult to maintain. Major (1521) describes the position, territorially and otherwise, of the Clans Chattan and Cameron in words which may be thus translated:—"These tribes are kinsmen, holding little in lordships, but following one head of their race (caput progeniei—ceann cinnidh) as chief, with their friends and dependents." The lordships were held, alas! by foreigners to them in race and blood.

The Clan Chattan were the native Celtic inhabitants of Badenoch. There are traditional indications that they came from the west—from Lochaber, where the MS. histories place the old Clan Chattan lands. The same authorities record that, for instance, the Macbeans came from Lochaber in the 14th century, "after slaying the Red Comyn's captain of Inverlochy," and put themselves under the protection of Mackintosh; and this is supported by the tradition still preserved among the Rothiemurchus Macbeans, whose ancestor, Bean Cameron, had to fly Lochaber owing to a quarrel and slaughter arising from the exaction of the "bò ursainn," or probate duty of the time. It may be too bold to connect this eastern movement of Clan Chattan with the advancing tide of Scotie conquest in the 8th century, whereby the Pictish kingdoms and the Pictish language were overthrown. That the Picts inhabited Badenoch is undoubted: the place names amply prove that, for we meet with such test prefixes as Pet (Pitowrie, Pictchirn, Pitmean) and Aber (Aberarder), and other difficulties of topography unexplainable by the Gaelic language. As in most of Scotland, we have doubtless to deal, first, with a pre-Celtic race or races, possibly leaving remnants of its tongue in such a river name as Feshie, then the Pictish or Caledonian race of Celtic extraction, and, lastly, the Gaelic race who imposed their language and rule upon the previous peoples. The clan traditions are supported in the matter of a western origin for the Clan Chattan by the genealogies given in the Edinburgh 1467 MS., which deduces the chief line from Ferchar Fota, King of Dalriada, in the 7th century.

The name Cattan, like everything connected with the early history of this clan, is obscure, and has, in like manner, given rise to many absurd stories and theories. As a matter of course, the Classical geography of Europe has been ransacked, and there, in Germany, was a people called Chatti, which was taken as pronounced Catti, but the *ch* stands for a sound like that in *loch*. The name now

appears as Hesse for Hatti. It was never *Katti*, be it remembered. Yet the Catti are brought from Germany to Sutherlandshire, which in Gaelic is Cataobh, older Cataib—a name supposed thus to be derived from the Catti. Cataobh is merely the dative plural of *cat* (a cat), just as Gallaobh (Caithness) is the same case of Gall (a stranger, Norseman). The Cat men dwelt in Sutherlandshire; why they were called the Cats is not known. Clan Chattan is often said to be originally from Sutherland, but, beyond the similarity of name, there is no shadow of evidence for the assertion. Others again, like Mr Elton, see in the name Catan, which means, undoubtedly, "little cat," relics of totemism; this means neither more nor less than that the pre-Christian Clan Chattan worshipped the cat, from whom, as divine ancestor, they deemed themselves descended. We might similarly argue that the Mathesons—Mac Mhath-ghamhuin or Son of the Bear—were a "bear" tribe, a fact which shows how unstable is the foundation on which this theory is built. In fact, animal names for men were quite common in early times. The favourite theory—and one countenanced by the genealogies—connects the Clan Chattan, like so many other clans, with a church-derived name. The ancestor from whom they are represented as deriving their name is Gillicattan Mhor, who lived in the 11th century. His name signifies Servant of Catan, that is, of St Catan; for people were named after saints, not directly, but by means of the prefixes Gille and Maol. At least, that was the early and more reverent practice. That there was a St Catan is evidenced by such place names as Kilchattan (in Bute and Lung), with dedication of churches at Gigha and Colonsay. His date is given as 710, but really nothing is known of him. This is probably the best explanation of the name, though the possibility of the clan being named after some powerful chief called Catan must not be overlooked. The crest of the cat is late, and merely a piece of mild heraldic punning.

It is only about or after 1400 that we come on anything like firm historical ground in the genealogy and story of our chief Highland clans. This is true of the Grants and the Camerons, and especially true of the Clan Chattan. Everything before that is uncertainty and fable. The earliest mention of Clan Chattan—and it is not contemporary but fifty years later—is in connection with the fight at the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and here historians are all at sixes and sevens as to who the contending parties really were. The battle of Invernahavon (1386?) and the fight at Clachnaharry (1454) are mere traditions, and the battle in 1429 between Clan Chattan and Clan Chameron, in which the former nearly annihilated the latter, is recorded by a writer nearly a century later (1521). In fact, the first certain contemporary date is that of Mackintosh's charter in 1465 from the Lord of the Isles, where he is designated Duncan Mackintosh, "capitanus de Clan Chattan," and next year as "chief and captain" of Clan Chattan, in a bond with Lord Forbes. Henceforward, Clan Chattan is a common name in public history and private documents. It comprised in the period of its comparative unity (circ. 1400-1600) some sixteen tribes or septs: these were the Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Davidsons, Cattanachs, Macbeans, Macphails, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macgillivrays, Macleans of Dochgarroch, Smiths, Macqueens, Gillanders, Clarks, &c. Of this confederation, Mackintosh was for, at least, two centuries "captain and chief," as all documents, public and private, testify. These two centuries (circ. 1400 to 1600) form the only period in which we see, under the light of history, the Highland clans in their full development.

The 17th century made sad havoc in the unity of Clan Chattan. Huntly, ever an enemy to Mackintosh, "banded" in 1591 the Macphersons to his own person, and, by freely granting charters to them, made them independent, and detached them from Mackintosh. Macpherson of Cluny claimed to be head of the Macphersons, and in 1673 styled

himself "Duncan M<sup>c</sup>pherson of Cluney for himself, and taking burden upon him for the heall name of M<sup>c</sup>phersons and some others called old Clanchattan as cheeffe and principall man thereof," in a bond with Lord Macdonell of Morar. In support of this claim, the Macphersons appealed to the old genealogies, which represented Mackintosh as getting the Clan Chattan lands by marriage with the heiress in 1291, and which further showed that Cluney was the heir male descendant of the old Clan Chattan chiefs. The case in its solemn absurdity of appeal to genealogies reminds one of a like appeal placed before the Pope in the claims of King Edward upon the throne of Scotland. He claimed the Scottish crown as the direct successor of Brutus and Albanactus, who lived in Trojan times, every link of genealogy being given, while the Scots repelled this by declaring that they were descended from Gathelus, husband of Scota, daughter of the Mosaic King of Egypt; and here, too, all the genealogical links could have been given. Neither doubted the genuineness of each others' genealogies! So with the Mackintosh-Macpherson controversy about the chiefship of Clan Chattan. They each accept each others' genealogies without suspicion or demur. And yet the manufacture of these and like genealogies is an accomplished art with Gaelic seanachies, whether Irish or Scottish. We even see it going on under our very eyes. The early chiefs of Lochiel are the *de Cambruns* of the 13th and 14th century records—lists and other documents—impressed into the Cameron genealogy, which is doubtless correctly given in the 1467 MS. Again, the Macpherson genealogy in the Douglas Baronage is in several cases drawn from charters granted to wholly different families. Dormund Macpherson, 12th chief, gets a charter under the great seal from James IV.; but the charter turns out to be one granted to a Dormund M<sup>c</sup>Pherson in the Lordship of Menteith, not of Badenoch! John, 14th of Cluney, who "was with the Earl of Huntly at the battle of

Glenlivet," as the veracious chronicler says, to add a touch of realism to his bald genealogical account, gets a charter of the lands of Tullich, &c., lands which lie in Strathnairn, and he turns out to be a scion of the well-known family of Macphersons of Brin! Similarly John, 15th of Cluny, is son of the foregoing John of Brin; and Ewen, 16th of Cluny, who gets a charter in 1623 of the lands of Tullich, &c., is a cousin of Brin. Donald, 17th of Cluny, who gets a charter in 1643, turns out to be Donald Macpherson of Nuid. And all this time another and a correct genealogy of the Cluny family had been drawn up by Sir Æneas Macpherson towards the end of the 17th century, which must surely have been known to the writer.<sup>1</sup> During all the period of 14th to 16th chief here given, there was only one man in Cluny, and his name was Andrew Macpherson, son of Ewen.

The name Mackintosh signifies the son of the *toiseach* or chief, which is Latinised by Flaherty as "capitaneus seu praecipuus dux." The Book of Deer makes the relationship of *toiseach* to other dignitaries quite plain. There is first the King; under him are the *mormaers* or stewards of the great provinces of Scotland, such as Buchan, Marr, and Moray; and next comes the *toiseach* or chief of the clan in a particular district. The two clans in the Book of Deer are those of Canan and Morgan, each with a *toiseach*. This word is represented oftenest in English in old documents by *thane*, which, indeed, represents it with fair accuracy. *Toiseach* is the true Gaelic word for "chief," but it is now obsolete, and there is now no true equivalent of the word "chief" in the language at all. And here it may be pointed out that the word chief itself was not at once adopted or adapted for this particular meaning of chief of a Highland clan. As we saw, the word at first employed was "captain," then "captain and chief," "captain, chief, and principal man," "chief and principal," &c., the idea

<sup>1</sup> See Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's *Dunachton*, pp. 46-49, for a full *exposé* of this remarkable piece of manufacture.



finally settling down as fully represented by the word "chief" in the 16th century. Skene's attempt to argue that captain denoted a leader temporarily adopted, leading the clan for another, or usurping the power of another, while chief denoted a hereditary office, is condemned by his own evidence, and by the weight of facts. Besides, words do not suddenly spring into technical meanings, nor could chief acquire the definite meaning applicable to Highland chiefship, but by length of time and usage for this purpose. Hence arose the uncertainty of the early terms applied to the novel idea presented by Highland clans. The word *clan* itself appears first in literature in connection with Clan Chattan, or rather Clan Qwhewyl, at the North Inch of Perth, where Wyntown speaks of "Clannys twa." The Gaelic word *clan* had to be borrowed for want of a native English term; why should we then wonder at the idea of *toiseach* being rendered first by captain, and latterly by chief?

The Mackintosh genealogies, dating from the 17th century, represent the family as descended from Macduff, *thane* of Fife, as they and Fordun call him. Shaw Macduff, the second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, who died in 1154, in an expedition against the people of Moray in 1160, distinguished himself, and received from the King lands in Petty, and the custody of Inverness Castle. Here he was locally known as Shaw Mac an Toiseich, "Shaw, the son of the Thane." He died in 1179, and was succeeded by (2) Shaw, whose son was (3) Ferchard, whose nephew was (4) Shaw, whose son was (5) Ferchard, whose son was (6) Angus, who in 1291 married Eva, heiress of Clan Chattan, and thus got the Clan's lands in Lochaber. So far the genealogy. It is a pretty story, but it sadly lacks one thing—verisimilitude. Macduff was not *toiseach* of Fife. In the Book of Deer he is called *comes*, the then Gaelic of which was *mormaer*, now *moirear*. Shaw Macduff would infallibly, as son of the Earl of Fife, have been called Mac Mhoireir. With those who support this Macduff genealogy,

no argument need be held ; like the humorist of a past generation, one would, however, like to examine their bumps. The statement that the Mackintoshes were hereditary constables of Inverness Castle is totally baseless and false. At the dates indicated (12th century) we believe that the Mackintoshes had not penetrated so far north as Petty or Inverness, and that we should look to Badenoch as their place of origin, and their abode at this time. Unfortunately documents in regard to the early history of Badenoch are rare, but an entry or two in the Registrum of Moray Diocese may help us. In 1234, Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteith, comes to an agreement with the Bishop of Moray, in regard to Kincardine, and Ferard, son of Seth, is a witness, and in the very next document, also one of Walter Comyn's, of the same date, appears a witness called Ferard "Senescalli de Badenoch," that is "steward of Badenoch." We are quite justified in regarding him as the person mentioned in the previous document as Ferard, son of Seth. Now, one translation of *toiseach* is steward or seneschal—the person in power next the *mormaer* or earl. We may, therefore, conclude that this Ferard was known in Gaelic as Ferard *Toiseach*. Similarly in 1440 we meet with Malcolm Mackintosh, chief of the clan, as "ballivus de Badenoch," a title of equal import as that of seneschal. We should then say that the Mackintoshes derived their name from being *toiseachs* of Badenoch, the head of the old Celtic clan being now under the new non-Celtic *mormaer* or earl Walter Comyn. The ease with which the name Mackintosh might arise in any place where a clan and its *toiseach* existed explains how we meet with Mackintoshes, for instance, in Perthshire, who do not belong to the Clan Chattan. Thus there were Mackintoshes of Glentilt, which was held as an old thanage, and whose history as such is well known. Similarly we may infer that the Mackintoshes of Monivaird were descendants of the old local *Toiseachs* or Thaners. The Mackintosh genealogists have of course annexed them to the Clan Chattan stock with the utmost ease and success. In 1456, John of the Isles granted to

Somerled, his armour-bearer, a davoch of the lands of Glennevis, with *toiseachdorship* of most of his other lands there, and in 1552 this grant is renewed by Huntly to "dilecto nostro Donaldo MacAlister M'Toschd," that is, Donald, son of Alister, son of Somerled, the toiseach or bailif, dated in 1456. This shows how easily the name could have arisen.

Skene, while unceremoniously brushing aside the Macduff genealogy, advances hypothetically a different account of the origin of the Mackintoshes. In 1382, the Lord of Badenoch is asked to restrain Farchard MacToschy and his adherents from disturbing the Bishop of Aberdeen and his tenants in the land of Brass or Birse, and to oblige him to prosecute his claim by form of law. Skene thinks that Farchard, whom he finds in the 1467 MS. as one of the "old" Mackintoshes, was descended from the old thanes of Brass, and that hence arose his name and his claim. Being a vassal of the Wolf's, he was a Badenoch man too. Rothiemurchus was a thanage, and the connection of the Mackintoshes with it was always close. Alexander Keir Mackintosh obtained the feudal rights to Rothiemurchus in 1464, and a few years later he styles himself "Thane of Rothiemurchus." Skene then suggests that Birse and Rothiemurchus might have anciently been in the hands of the same *toiseach* or thane, and that from him the Mackintoshes got their name. We have suggested that the name arose with Ferchard, son of Seth or Shaw, who was *toiseach* under Earl Walter Comyn in 1234, and his name appears in the 1467 MS. genealogy as well as in the Mackintosh genealogies.

That a revolution took place in the affairs of Clan Chattan, with the overthrow or extrusion of the direct line of chiefs, in the half century that extends from about 1386 to 1436, is clear from two sources—first, from the 1467 MS., and second, from the Mackintosh history. The latter acknowledges that Ferquhard, 9th chief, was deposed from his position, which was given to his uncle Malcolm. The reason why he had to retire was, it is said, the clan's dissatisfaction with his way of managing affairs; but the

matter is glossed over in the history in a most unsatisfactory manner. If this was the Ferchar mentioned in 1382 as giving trouble to the Bishop of Aberdeen, it is most unlikely that he was an incapable man ; in fact, he must have been quite the opposite. He is doubtless the same person, for he is given also in the 1467 MS. genealogy. But further confusion exists in the Mackintosh account. Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, who dies in 1457, is grandson through William 7th (died 1368) of Angus who married Eva in 1291, the three generations thus lasting as chiefs from 1274 to 1457, some 183 years ! Malcolm was the son of William's old age, and his brother, Lachlan 8th, was too old to take part in the North Inch fight in 1396, sixty years before his younger brother died ! This beats the Fraser genealogy brought forward lately by a claimant to the Lovat estates. It is thus clear that there is something wrong in the Mackintosh genealogy here, corresponding doubtless to some revolution in the 'clan's history. And this is made clear when we consult the Edinburgh Gaelic MS. of 1467, which gives the genealogies of Highland clans down till about 1450. Here we actually have two genealogies given, which shows that the chiefship of the Mackintoshes or Clan Gillicattan was then either in dispute or a matter of division between two families. We print the two 1467 lists with the Mackintosh MS. genealogy between them, in parallel columns, supplying dates where possible :—

<i>1467 MS.</i>	<i>Mackintosh History.</i>	<i>1467 MS.</i>
William and Donald	(12) Ferchar (d. 1514)	Lochlan
William	(9) Ferchar (11) Duncan (d. 1496)	Suibne
Ferchar (1383)	(8) Lachlan & (10) Malcolm (d. 1457)	Shaw
William	(7) William (d. 1368)	Leod
Gillamichol	(6) Angus (d. 1345)	Scayth (1338)
Ferchar (1234)	(5) Ferchar (d. 1274)	Ferchar
Shaw	(4) Shaw (d. 1265)	Gilchrist
Gilchrist	William	Malcolm
Aigcol	(2) Shaw (d. 1210)	Donald Camgilla
Ewen	(1) Shaw (d. 1179)	Mureach
—	Macduff (d. 1154)	Suibne
—	Earl of Fife	Tead (Shaw)
Neill		Nachtain
[Gillicattan †]		Gillicattan

The similarity between the 1467 first list and that of the Mackintosh history is too striking to be accidental, and we may take it that they purport to give the same genealogy. There are only two discrepancies from about 1400 to 1200 between them. Ferchar 9th is given as son of Lachlan in the Mackintosh history, whereas the 1467 list makes him son of William, not grandson. The 6th Mackintosh in the one list is Gillamichael, and in the other he is called Angus. Perhaps he had borne both names, for Gillamichael means "servant of St Michael," and might possibly be an epithet. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has drawn the writer's attention to a list of names published in Palgrave's "Documents and Records" of Scottish History (1837); this is a list of some ninety notables who, about 1297, made homage or submission to Edward I., and among them is Anegosius Maccarawer, or Angus Mac Ferchar, whom Mr Fraser-Mackintosh claims as the 6th of Mackintosh. There are only two other "Macs" in the list, and Maccarawer is, no doubt, a Highlander, and possibly a chief, and perhaps the chief of Mackintosh. In any case, in the middle of the 15th century, the direct line of Mackintoshes was represented by William and Donald, sons of William, whereas the chief *de facto* at the time was undoubtedly Malcolm Mackintosh. How he got this position is a question.

The second list in the 1467 MS. is a puzzle. Mr Skene calls it the genealogy of the "old" Mackintoshes: *Why*, is not clear. Scayth, son of Ferchar, is mentioned in 1338 as the late Scayth who possessed a "manerium" at the "stychan" of Dalnavert. Mr Skene thinks that he was of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, and that this is their genealogy; and this may be true, but what comes of his earlier theories in regard to the Macphersons as being the "old" family here represented? Theories held in 1837 were abandoned in 1880; but in this Mr Skene could hardly help himself, considering the amount of information that has since appeared in the volumes of such Societies

as the "Spalding Club," bearing on the history of the Moravian clans, and especially on that of Clan Chattan.

The turmoil in the Clan Chattan, which changed the chiefship to another line, must be connected more especially with the events which took place when King James came North, in 1427, when part of the clan stood by the King and part by the Lords of the Isles. We find in a document preserved in the Kilravock papers, that King James grants a pardon to certain of the Clan Chattan, provided they really do attach themselves to the party of Angus and Malcolm Mackintosh; and this shews that Malcolm, who was afterwards chief, stood by the king, and received his favours. Angus possibly was his brother, for a depredating rascal of the name of Donald Angusson, supported by Lachlan "Badenoch," son of Malcolm, evidently Lachlan's cousin, gives trouble to various people towards the end of the century. In any case, Malcolm Mackintosh emerged from the troubles that were rending the clan victorious, and his son Duncan was as powerful a chief as lived in the North in his day.

How much the Clan Battle at Perth, in 1396, had to do with the changes in the Clan Chattan leadership it is hard to say. It is accepted as certain that the Clan Chattan had a hand in the fight, for the later historians say so, and the contemporary writer Wyrntown mentions the chiefs on both sides, and one of these bears the name of Scha Ferchar's son, which is an unmistakeably Mackintosh name. He says, in Laing's edition :—

"Tha thre score were clannys twa,  
Clahynnhé Qwhewyl, and Clachinya ;  
Of thir twa Kynnys war the men,  
Thretty agane thretty then.  
And thare thair had thair chifitanys twa,  
Schir Ferqwharis sone wes ane of tha,  
'The tothir Cristy Johnesone."

The two clans here pitted against one another are the clans Quhele or Chewil, and Clan Ha or Høy, or, according to some, Kay. Boece has Clan Quhete, which Buchanan and Leslie improve into Clan Chattan.

As so much theorising has taken place upon this subject already, and so many positive assertions have been made, it may at present serve the interests of historic science if we can really decide what clan names the above cannot stand for. First, there is Clan Quhele or Chewil. This clan is mentioned in 1390 as Clan Qwhevil, who, with the Athole tribes, made a raid into Angus, and killed the Sheriff. They are mentioned again in an Act of Parliament in 1594 as among the broken clans, in the following sequence—Clandonochie, Clanchattane, Clanchewill, Clanchamron, &c. What clan they really were is yet a matter of dispute. The form *Chewill* points to a nominative, Cumhal or Cubhal, or Keval, but no such name can be recognised in the Clan Chattan district, or near it. Dughall or Dugald has been suggested, and the family of Camerons of Strone held as the clan referred to. But this, like so much in the discussion of the subject, forgets some very simple rules of Gaelic phonetics, which are not forgotten in the spoken language, and in the English forms borrowed from it. *Feminine names ending in n never aspirate an initial d of the next word.* We have Clan Donnachie, Clan Donald, Clan Dugald, and so on, but never Clan Yonnachie or Yonald, or such. Similarly, Clan Hay or Ha *cannot stand for Clan Dai or Davidsons.* Let these simple rules of Gaelic phonetics be understood once for all, and we have made much progress towards a solution of the difficulty. The word *Qwhevil* evidently commences with a *C*. Skene suggests it is for Caimgilla, "one-eyed one," the epithet of Donald, Mureach's son, in the 1467 pedigree. But the *m* of *cam* is never aspirated. Again, as to *Ha* or *Hay*. The *H* initial may stand for *th*, *sh*, or *fh*; and the only names that can be suggested are those of Shaw and Fhaidh. The Clan Cameron are called, in the 1467 MS. and other places, the "Clann Maelanfhaidh," the clan of the "servant of the Prophet," a name preserved in the Macgillony of Strone, which originally was Mac Gille-an-fhaidh, equivalent to Mael-an-fhaidh in meaning.

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The name, however, that best suits the English form is that of Shaw or Seadh, that is, Seth. There is really a difficulty about Meal-an-fhaidh and his clan. The form ought to be either Clann-an-fhaidh, which Wyntown would give as Clahinanha or Clahan-anna, or it would be Clann Mhael-an-fhaidh, a form which could not be mistaken, were it handed down. The most popular theory at present is that the combatants were the Camerons and Mackintoshes, who were enemies for three centuries thereafter; the Mackintoshes were represented by the name of Clan Chewill, the chief being Shaw, son of Ferchar, of the Rothiemurchus branch, while the Camerons were the Clan Hay, with Gilchrist Mac Iain as chief. This is practically Skene's view, and it is the position taken up by Mr A. M. Shaw, the historian of the Mackintoshes. But the phonetics point to a struggle in which the Shaws were the chief combatants, the other side being Clan Kevil, and, on weighing all sides of the question, we are as much inclined to believe that it was the beginning of that struggle in the clan which is represented by two lines of pedigree, and which latterly gave the chiefship even to a junior branch of one of the lines.



## LITIR.

## NA FINEACHAN GAIDHEALACH.

**F**HIR MO CHRIDHE,—Tha e 'na aobhar toil inntinn ro mhor do gach neach leis an aill lamh-chuideachaidh a thoirt seachad do 'n mhuintir a tha 'g oidhirpeachadh, o am gu am, air a bhith cumail suas cuisean nar: Gaidheal agus na Gaidhealtachd, gu bheil na Fineachan Gaidhealach a' togail an cinn mar a bha iad o shean. Tha I'ine an deigh Fine a' gluasad as an t-suain anns an robh iad o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Bha 'n aireamh bu mho de 'n t-sluagh, cho fad' 's is fhiosrach mise, ann an tomhas ro mhor fo bhuidh bheachdan agus chleachdaidhean nan Gall; agus cha b' fheairrde iad a bheag e, Cha 'n e gu bheil diombadh sam bith agam-sa air na Gaill; 's ann agam nach 'eil. Agus idir cha 'n abair mi nach bu choir dhuinn uile, mar Ghaidheil, moran fhoghlum o na Gaill. 'S e their mi ann am fianuis an t-saoghail gur duine amaideach an duine sin, co sam bith e, nach oidhirpich, aig gach'am, air a h-uile ni a tha math 'fhoghlum o gach ni agus neach a thig 'na rathad. Is mor a b' fheairrde gach aon dhinn na fhuaire sinn a dh' eolas air iomadh ni o na Gaill. Ach cha b' fheairrde sinn idir a bhith feuchainn ri bhith coltach ris na Gaill *anns a h-uile doigh*. Tha doigh air leith aig gach fine, agus sluagh fo 'n ghrein air iad fhein a ghluasad, agus a chleachdadh. Bha na Gaidheil riamh ainmeil air son an treubhantais aig am cruadail, agus air son an coimhneis ri cach a cheile, agus ris gach diobarach bochd aig am biodh feum air cuideachadh is comhnadh 'fhaotainn uatha. Agus tha aobhar a bhith creidsinn gu bheil a' ghne sinn annta gus an latha 'n diugh. Ge b' e aite, air feadh "cheithir ranna ruadh' an t-saoghail," anns an coinnich na fìor Ghaidheil ri 'cheile, bidh cairdeas is comunn is gaol eatorra, mar a bhiodh eatorra 's an am a dh' fhalbh. Ach feumar aideachadh gu robh moran de na Gaidheil o chionn iomadh bliadhna ann am beachd gur ann mar bu Ghallda 'bhiodh iad a b' fhearr a gheibheadh iad air an aghaidh anns an t-saoghal.

B'fhearr le moran dhiubh gu robh iad air am breith 'nan Gaill. O nach b'urrainn iad ainmean Gallda a thoirt orra fhein, dh'fheuch iad ri ainmean a dheanamh cho coltach ri ainmean nan Gall 's a ghabhadh deanamh.

O chionn aireamh bhliadhnachan tha atharrachadh mor air tighinn air moran de na Gaidheil anns an ni so. Tha iad a nis a' faicinn gu'm bu choir dhaibh seasamh gualann ri gualainn mar a dheanadh na daoine o'n d' thainig iad. Cha 'n 'eil iad ach ainneamh an diugh air am bheil naire air son gu'n d' rugadh 's gu'n do thogadh anns a' Ghaidhealtach iad, agus gu'n teid aca air Gailig a labhairt. Tha cuid dhiubh a' toirt fa near gu bheil barrachd eolais aig na Gearmailtich air a' Ghailig na th' aig na Gaidheil fhein. Tha iad a nis a' creidsinn nach 'eil peacadh sam bith ann do dhuine oran Gailig a sheinn, no seann naigheachd Ghailig innseadh. Tha moran dhe na Gaill a' gabhail beachd air gu bheil fuinn nan oran Gailig anabarrach ceolmhor, agus druiteach, agus gu 'm bu choir an cumail air chuimhne. Tha so a' toirt moran misnich do na Gaidheil air am biodh naire roimhe so am beoil fhosgaldh a ghabhail oran. Tha na nithean so gu soilleir a' comharrachadh a mach dhuinn gu bheil barrachd meas air a' Ghailig na b' abhaist a bhith orre.

Ach tha aon ni ann a tha 'na aobhar naire do na Gaidheil, agus is e sin, nach 'eil iad fhathast deonach air seasamh gualann ri gualainn a chum cuideachadh a thoirt seachad do 'n aireimh bhig de 'n luchd-duthchadh, a tha o am gu am ag oidhirpeachadh air Litreachas nan Gaidheal a sgrìobhadh an Gailig 's am Beurla. Gun iomradh a thoirt air mar a leig na daoine a bha beo o chionn tri fichead bliadhna leis *A' Chuairtear*, leis *An Teachdaire Ghaidhealach*, agus le *Fear-tathaich nam Beann*, basachadh, feumar aideachadh gu robh e 'na chuis-naire do na Gaidheil leigeadh leis *A' Ghaidheal* a dhol bas an deigh dha bhi fad shia bliadhna a' toirt eolais agus fiosrachaidh do gach neach a bheireadh aoidheachd dha. An uair a sguir e 'thighinn a dh'amharc air a chairdean, bha iad 'ga ionndrainn gle mhor. Dh'innis am fear a bha 'ga chur an clo dhomh-sa gur e ochd duine deug de na miltean Gaidheal a bh'ann an Glascho a bha 'ga cheannach o mhios gu mios! Neo-ar-thaing nach deanadh gu leor dhiubh boilich is bruidhinn ann am pailteas mu thimchioll ciod bu choir a dheanamh a chum seana chleachdaidhean na

Gaidhealtachd a chumail air chuimhne. Shaoileadh duine gu faighte ceud no dha, air a' chuid bu lugha, am measg na bha de Ghaidheil ann an Glascho, a cheannaicheadh an aon Leabhar Miosail a bh'air a chlo-bhualadh ann an Gailig an Alba. Tha aobhar a bhith creidsinn nach robh bailtean mora eile na h-Alba dad air thoiseach anns an ni so air baile Ghlascho.

Dh' eirich do 'n *Cheilteach* an Ionarnis mar a dh' eirich do 'n Ghaidheal. Thugadh oidhirp cho math 's a ghabhadh dheanamh air gach seorsa de luchd-leughaidh a riarachadh. Air a' cheann mu dheireadh b' eiginn a leigeil bas.

Gus an latha 'n diugh their moran de na Gaidheil gu'm biodh iad gle thoilichte leabhar mar a bha *An Gaidheal*, no *An Ceilteach* a cheannach nam biodh e air a dheasachadh mar am miann. Ach bu choir dhaibh so cuimhne 'chumail air ni a tha soilleir do gach neach, 's e sin, nach 'eil e comasach a h-uile neach a riarachadh aig an aon am. An ni nach b' urrainn an t-Uile-chumhachdach a dheanamh, cha ruig duine air an talamh a leas feuchainn ris.

Cha 'n 'eil ni air an t-saoghal a's fhusa na coire 'fhaotainn do gach ni nach bi a reir ar miann. An aite 'bhith 'faotainn coire do na h-oidhirpean a thug cuid dhe ar luchd-duthchadh air Litreachas nan Gaidheal a sgrìobhadh an Gailig 's am Beurla, 's ann bu choir dhuinn a h-uile cuideachadh a thoirt dhaibh le'r cinn, le'r pinn, 's le'r sporrain.

Nis, o'n a tha na Fineachan Gaidhealach a' togail an cinn, bidh sinn ag amharc air son nithean ris nach robh suil againn roimhe so. Cha 'n fhaod e bhith nach toir iad a h-uile cuid-eachadh agus misneach do 'n mhuinntir a tha deanamh an dichill air cainnt ar sinnsearan a chumail suas fhad 's a bhios a' chuid mhor de shluagh na Gaidhealtachd 'g a labhairt, agus 'g a leughadh. Bha stri eadar na Fineachan Gaidhealach aon uair mu mhaoin 's fhearann, agus tha e 'na aobhar taingeachd gu 'n deachaidh na laithean sin seachad. Nam biodh a nis stri eatorra feuch co an Fhine bu mho a dheanadh a dh' fheum leis a' pheann, mar a bh' eatorra roimhe feuch co an Fhine bu mho a dheanadh de chron leis a' chlaidheamh, cha b' eagal nach biodh toradh gu leor an uine gun bhith fada an deigh an saothreach.

Ma chuireas na Fineachan Gaidhealach an cinn 's an guaillean ri 'cheile ann a bhith cur Litreachas bu choir dha 'bhith, bidh iad moran ni's ainmeile ann an eachdraidh an duthchadh na bha iad

ri linn nan creachan 's nan cogaidhean air an cuala sinn uile moran iomraidh.

Ach their moran nach 'eil feum sam bith ann a bhith 'sgriobhadh no a' clo-bhualadh na Gaelig, do bhrìgh nach paigh e. Nan ceannaicheadh na Gaidheil na leabhraichean Gailig mar bu choir dhaibh, phaigheadh iad gun teagamh. Is iomadh ni a phaigheas do dhuine a bharrachd air òr is airgiod! Tha meas mor an diugh air daoine a rinn na b' urrainn daibh a chum bardachd, agus seann eachdraidh nan Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne, agus cha do choisinn iad a bheag a dh' òr no dh' airgiod leis an t-saothair a ghabh iad. Nan robh iad ag amharc air son buannachd 'fhaotainn o na rinn iad, is cinnteach nach do chuir iad lamh anns an obair. An uair a dh' eireadh na Fineachan Gaidhealach, 's an am a dh' fhalbh, a chogadh air taobh an rìgh 's na rioghachd, cha bhiodh guth no iomradh aca air paigheadh no buannachd. An uair a bheir daoine aoidheachd do 'n cairdean, do 'n luchd-eolais, agus do 'n luchd-duthchadh, cha 'n ann air son buannachd ro paigheadh a ni iad e; ach a chionn gu bheil e nadurra dhaibh a bhith caoimhneil. Tha seann daoine aig am bheil deadh chuimhne air mar a bha na Gaidheil cho caoimhneil, cairdeil ri 'cheile, a nis a' caoidh gu mor gu'n d' thainig atharrachadh gle mhor air an duthaich. Is gann a gheibh iad, anns na h-aiteachan a th' air fas Gallda de'n Ghaidhealtachd, duine a nochdas a bheag de chaoimhneas do choigreach mur bi duil aige ri paigheadh 'fhaotainn. Ach tha cuisean air a' chaochladh so de dhoigh ann an iomadh aite, agus tha feum gu bheil. An uair a theid na Fineachan Gaidhealach 'nan lan-uidheam cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach dean iad moran cuideachaidh leis a' mhuinntir a tha 'cumail suas cainnt agus deadh chleachdadh nan Gaidheal.—Is mi do charaid,

I AIN.

## SONG.

I.

I BUILT a palace with a tower,  
And fashioned all, with costliest care ;  
I crowned the same with fairy bower,  
And placed my hidden music there.

II.

Love came the way, and turning round,  
Said he "was tired," and "might he bide,  
Just for the night"; and thus he found  
My heart's gates opened—opened wide !

III.

I built a palace with a tower,  
I finished all with love and care ;  
The tempest came and wrecked the bower,  
And hushed the music playing there !

IV.

But Love repassed one fiery morn,  
Gazed on the tower with cry of pain,  
Noting the ruin all forlorn—  
Rebuilt the fabric once again.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

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The above Song, we understand, is to be set to music by Dr A. C. Mackenzie.

## A HIGHLAND SKETCH.

IF there is a pretty spot in the whole picturesque Highlands, surely it is Kilghealmac on a winter evening, with a snowy shroud thrown over its autumn bleakness. Kilghealmac is only a small township—just of the size that keeps a laugh a week, and names the year by a long-watched death. It is built on a rocky face, that, when the dry wind blows, stares blankly on Loch Blairich, and in rain showers its peaty tears down its wrinkled cheeks. The houses, not twenty in number, are of the usual crofter sort—some adorned with whitewash, others brown, with the less pretentious clayey water from the thatch. The whitewash off, you might almost go through the village without noticing the humble habitations, or perhaps the first intimation you would get would be by stepping on the heather thatch of some cot, that in its brown, earthy appearance looks like the jutting cover of a peat hag. But, as we said, it is on a quiet winter night that Kilghealmac is at its best. The hills that rise around are all white, and the village is scarcely noticeable, save by a black chimney-can here and there that has withstood the clean snow, and the little lights that sparkle in the night. And the loch below is cold and chill, and from the mountain tops comes the long shivering light of the moon. Not a sound is to be heard, except, perhaps, the curlew's mournful call. There is none of the village folks abroad; for Kilghealmackers have no shop windows with bright gaslight, and there are no bazaars with dolls and knick-nacks to make the fathers lead their children to delight in. Kilghealmac seldom leaves the straight path from the cradle to the grave. It knows nothing of the intricate twinings of city civilisation. But the Kilghealmacker has his hopes, his fears, his disappointments, and tempta-

tions. And the village has its joys and sorrows. There is a comedy in young Seumas carrying Peggy's water from the well, and was there not a heart-breaking tragedy last year in old Kenny the miller being struck down by lightning, as he followed his long-wedded wife, Jean, to her grave?

Behind the lights that glimmer in the snow there is little stir. The bairns are in bed, or rubbing their knuckles into their eyes to keep off drowsiness. That danger signal, made by the red shawl used as blinds, marks old Rory Rhua's cottage. At the back of the big bed in the kitchen young Robbie and Hecky, Rory's grandsons, have knotted their legs together, and are making programmes for the morrow. Beside the fire, in the deep shadow, sit Rory and his wife Kirsty. Rich in years and poor in pocket, they are leading the talk to the long gone days. In youth, the boy looks far ahead, and sets his life in pleasant places: the girl lays out the mantelshelves she means to have, and tucks the bed-clothes round her little family of dolls. At forty, the man, shutting out the past and future, fights the present with a big sweat on his brow and an anxious beat in his heart: the mother, with an eye on the worn-out stockings and sugar bag, shapes the tender lives around her. But when the hair gets whiter and the limbs grow weaker, the vista narrows. Old man, old woman, we look away into our first childhood; with the piercing eyesight of the mind, we call up the smallest objects: we see on the mantelshelf the china dog with the bronze spots, and the little pincushion with the coloured beads, that used to cause us wonder. So Rory and Kirsty, with their eyes strangely brightened, talked on, till they lived the days again, and the candle spluttered in its socket. Robbie and Hecky had fallen asleep, and were dreaming in the night what they planned in the day.

Down the hill a bit, in the little cottage that catches on its back the burn the thaw makes, wee, quaint Nanny Buchan sits alone with an ill-shaped doll, and the big cat

purring round. Her eyes, big blue ones that melt into many feelings, are growing heavy, but bravely they stand their ground till her mother, who is having a quiet cup with Tibbie Fraser, returns.

The most of the lads are at *ceilidh* in Malcolm Donn's. If you ask one of the boys, "What does Malcolm Donn do?" you get the answer, "He's no married." Malcolm lives alone, and often in the evening the lads gather in his room to talk and wonder. To-night a terribly grim vein of ghost stories has been struck in Kenny Eir, and every heart in the room seems to be palpitating with the fitful light of the fire; the tales are all so true, the simple faith of the listeners is so great. Kenny, usually so quiet, is inexhaustible, but soon, with queer feelings, the audience begins to thin. One by one the lads creep out stealthily, and not unlike conspirators, who seem to find the stillness of the time suspicious. After one really alarming tale, Kenny himself leaves, and Malcolm is alone, scared a good deal and wondering.

The stillness of the night has grown deeper, and the frost is more keen. The loch looks colder and more steely, and far down in its waters the stars glitter in reflection. The moon, risen higher, has spread its light over the hills, that stand out ghost-like, and the surface of the snow is glistening with myriads of icy diamonds—ever changing, with the gem-like brilliance of a fairy garment. The lights of the village have gone out one by one. Malcolm Donn's is still burning, but, after reading a chapter, he retires too, and the whole village seems to turn on its side, tuck its snowy blanket closer round it, and settle down to sleep.

JOHN MACLEAY.



## A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

A LEGEND OF STRATHMORE, CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

**N**EAR the head of the lonely valley of Strathmore, in Caithness, there is a glen called Glen-Tormaid ; and while pursuing my occupation as a shepherd in that valley some years ago, I frequently felt something hard beneath my feet when stepping over a particular spot in a level green haugh. Thinking there were no large stones in that sandy soil, curiosity led me one day to poke my stick through the ground, and on finding that there was only a thin covering of turf over the solid substance, I quickly tore it up, and discovered a rough slab stone, with the letters "N. M." rudely carved on it. Convinced that I had found an ancient human sepulchre, the story of which lay outside the pale of written history, I at once made inquiry among the district treasures of ancient local history and custodians of the misty and mouldy traditional lore of the past, with the result that I received the information, in relation to my discovery, which I am about to impart to the reader ; and though my story may lack the stamp of authentic history, yet oral tradition has retained it for 300 years, and hands down to us a chronicle of the event, at once minute in detail and unwavering in substance.

At that time (about the year 1590) the valley of Strathmore was more thickly peopled than it is to-day. To-day there is only a scattered handful of the shepherd and gamekeeper classes ; then there was a rude population of what might be called farmers, for lack of a more appropriate term to denominate their calling. They owned flocks and herds, but their farms, if they had a location, had certainly no defined limits. They grazed their herds wherever they found pasture ; and, probably, the households

moved from one locality to another at will, as flockmasters did in the days of Pharaoh in eastern countries, or as the Kirghis's do still on the Steppes of Siberia. The civil law, which was then in its cradle in Scotland, did not extend a protecting or directing arm to them. They bowed allegiance to no civil controlling power, but that of "might is right." They were primitive in manners, physically strong, illiterate, and, like all those in whom civilization has not mollified the natural instincts and tempered the natural sentiments, they were strong and ungovernable in their passions, whether these were excited by hate or love.

Such, then, was the general character of the people; and the two chief actors, now to be brought on the stage, possessed in full all the general characteristics of the inhabitants of Strathmore in those days.

Donald Bain occupied a rude dwelling, situated about the centre of the Strath. He was noted for his great strength, athletic abilities, and general prowess. In fact, he was the "best man" in the district—mental superiority was never weighed in judging a man in those days. In Kildonan Strath, Sutherlandshire, there lived another strapping, muscular "son of the mist," named Norman Macleod. Between these two there existed a deadly feud. Norman was champion of Kildonan, and he and Bain had several contests in feats of strength and athletic exercises. These engendered a spirit of rivalry, which gradually developed into bitter animosity; and when the question of the love of Dora Mackenzie, of Braemore, arose between them, their mutual hatred was fanned into white-heat.

One night, in the month of November, Donald Bain sat alone at his turf fire enjoying supper after returning late from a hunting expedition. There was no side window in his humble dwelling; there was only an open aperture in the wall, through which daylight struggled to the interior. At night this was closed with a bundle of straw, and as Donald sat with his face to the fire, he fancied that the

straw was suddenly extracted from the outside. Presently an arrow, shot through the aperture, swept the roasted trout from his mouth, which he was in the act of eating, and buried itself deep in the turf wall opposite.

"Ha!" exclaimed Donald, springing up, "If I had fired at you it's not your fish I'd have struck, but your flesh."

By the instantaneous glance which he got of the face of his enemy, who paused for a moment to see the result, he was convinced that it was Norman Macleod, who in this cowardly manner tried to wreak his vengeance and rid himself of a dangerous rival.

On the impulse of the moment he snatched his sword from the wall, and rushed to the door bare-footed and bare-headed as he was; but, behold! the door would not open.

Norman, who had no doubt been watching his opportunity, and calculating on likely events, had taken the precaution to tie the door with a rope, thinking no doubt, that even should he succeed in wounding or even in killing the object of his hate, yet it would be prudent to restrain the vengeance of the younger brother, who, he knew, lived with Donald, within doors until he at least got some hundred yards of a start.

Donald's next move was to rouse his brother, who was in bed. He, too, was a strong, wiry fellow, though inferior to the elder in weight. The elder hastily explained matters to him, bade him get up, and that they would follow the would-be assassin and run him down, even should they have to follow him to his own fireside in Kildonan.

This meant "a run" of about twelve miles over rugged hills and swampy hollows.

Hastily equipping themselves, Donald laid his broad shoulder to the door, and the rickety fabric burst outwards in splinters.

Like restrained hounds newly slipped, the brothers sprang on to the rugged track which led up the strath,

while the broadswords in their right hands reflected the rays of the moon, which had risen clear and full over the dark brow of Benalisky.

On they went, taking the declines in the track at a run and briskly walking the ascents, one following in the wake of the other, lest, going abreast, their combined forms might give the fugitive the advantage of seeing them first, and, should he do so, he could easily elude them; but the chances of this were against him, as he could only glance occasionally behind, whereas the keen eyes of the pursuers were constantly piercing the hazy light in front.

After chasing on with unflagging speed and ardour for upwards of four miles, the brothers reached a point where the main river receives a tributary. Here the track forked, one line pursuing the course of the tributary, while the other kept by the main stream, and wound itself along the banks of the upper reaches of the Thurso river; but as both, though diverging some miles in the centre, ultimately led to Kildonan, they were uncertain which track to follow.

These mountain tracks, which are still quite visible in the moor, formed at that time the only connecting link, inland, between the two counties. Over these the nimble Highland ponies carried meal, potatoes, or other commodities, from one county to the other—work now assigned to the steam engine.

Hastily the brothers agreed to separate, coming to the understanding that whoever of them would overtake the object of their pursuit would shout with all his might to the other.

When about two miles up the solitary track, young Bain heard the unmistakeable shout, or rather roar, of his elder brother. No other lungs could have uttered it. He knew they were about three miles apart, yet the sound found his ears. And may we not be excused from imagining that the startled deer snuffed the wind, fleeing to higher ground, and the prowling fox cowered low in the ferns, when the usual midnight stillness of that solitary waste was rudely

broken by that terrible shout, the echoes of which reverberated along the rocky sides of Bencraggan. Young Bain knew what it portended, and wheeling from the path, he struck across the moor.

We must now attempt to describe what was transpiring in Glen-Tormaid—a name it had not then.

Norman was stepping steadily up the glen, having probably abandoned all idea of pursuit; at least he was unconscious of the too-near proximity of his vindictive enemy until his stout heart was made to quake by the sudden utterance behind him of that deafening signal which Donald sent out to his brother. Norman, not knowing its significance, would probably take it to be a challenge to himself to stand, delivered with all the power and vehemence which a strong bosom could give to its pent-up feelings of rage and vengeance.

They had exchanged blows before now, but not with deadly weapons. Fire-arms were unknown to them. All serious fighting was done with the sword or bow-and-arrow; while all petty quarrels and brawls were settled by the free use of well seasoned hazel cudgels cut from the river banks. Norman, though inferior to Bain in strength and weight, was nevertheless an expert swordsman, and he made no attempt to shun the encounter by flight. With one hand he threw away the bow with which he fired the erring arrow, while with the other he swept from its sheath his sword, that sparkled in the moonlight.

They stood a moment facing each other—these two men strong in the full vigour of manhood, with the mutual fire of mingled hatred, jealousy, and malevolence burning in their bosoms. Formerly it was the hazel rungs, now it was the naked steel. Each knew there was no alternative between death and victory. There was no referee there to cry "foul." No one there that would in mercy cry "Hold, enough!" The wide waste was the "ring," wild beasts and birds the spectators.

Before the crash of battle few words were spoken, and these were hissing hot words of reproach, and fierce and dark utterances of defiance. Madly they whirled about for a minute or two, as each strove for the advantage of having his own face in the shade so that the moon would necessarily shine on the front of his antagonist. Latterly they tacitly compromised this point by standing both at right angles with the moon's rays ; and then,

“ With foot, and hand, and eye opposed  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.”

Meantime the younger Bain was hastening over the moor, and when he had arrived in the glen, where he expected to find his brother, dead or alive, he called out. He was answered from a short distance by a low and feeble shout—very unlike that delivered less than an hour before. Arriving at the spot, he found his brother reclining on the green ; while at some yards distance he could see dimly by the weird light of the moon the form of another human being lying still and mute.

“ Ah, brother !” said Donald Bain in a feeble voice, “ I'm glad you've come. I would never reach a house without assistance. Norman is dead over there. I am wounded from head to heel, and utterly exhausted. My breath was well spent in the chase ; he was fresh. He fought like a lion at bay. Had he lasted another minute I was gone. Oh, it was a terrible fight ! Go cover the remains with ferns or something, and let us try to reach a house.”

Young Bain went and reverentially spread his own coat over the remains.

Their enemy was gone ; now he was lifeless clay ; and in showing this respect for the dust they manifested that in their inner nature, beneath an unpolished exterior, there lay a substratum of fine feelings and religious sentiments, which would do credit to the hearts of many who enjoy a higher civilisation than they did, and who have had the

privilege of listening more to the sublime and humane teachings of Christianity.

Who buried Norman where he fell, and placed the stone on the grave, I have been unable to find out.

Donald recovered from his wounds after some time, but his right arm stiffened at the elbow, owing to a severe wound there.

“Tormaid” being Gaelic for Norman, the glen from that time has been called Glen-Tormaid.

DONALD ELDER.

## NEW BOOKS.

**BESIDE THE FIRE** : A Collection of Irish Gaelic Folk Stories. Edited, Translated, and Annotated by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D. London : D. Nutt. 1890.

THIS is not only an excellent book of fairy and folk tales, but it is also a work of great practical value to the student of Irish, whether native or foreign. Dr Hyde gives the original Irish version of at least half of the tales, and an English translation on the opposite page ; so that the volume forms a very handy manual for the study of the Irish language. There are fourteen stories altogether, with the addition of a few riddles ; and the book has further an able introduction by Dr Hyde, with an addendum thereto by Mr Nutt, who, as usual, is most suggestive in what he says, especially on the origin and development of the various tales that go to make up Gaelic folk-tale literature. Notes on the tales by the collector and his coadjutor, Mr Nutt, form the concluding portion of the volume.

Dr Hyde, in the introduction, points out the great similarity of Irish and Scottish folk tales, a similarity which is becoming all the more conspicuous as collection after collection appears. Ample evidence of this has been given in one of the latest of these works, that of Mr Curtin, who published a valuable book of stories last year, under the title of "Myths and Folklore of Ireland." Accordingly, Dr Hyde, in this volume, avoids as much as possible tales common to Scotland and Ireland, and gives those that have no parallels. As he remarks, however, this is not an easy matter, for the incidents of the stories are apt to be the same as in Scotch collections, while a different setting or arrangement may be given them. Dr Hyde has succeeded in giving tales that are quite fresh : with the exception of the one entitled the "King of Ireland's Son," there is little to compare with the tales, as a whole, in our Highland collections. Of course, the story of Bran also belongs to both sides of the Sea of Moyle, and the incident of the blind Ossian killing the supernatural pup appears in a variety of forms, but all having the same fundamental incident.



Among other interesting matter noted in the introduction, Dr Hyde also discusses the subject of the many "runs" that are repeated in the various tales. These "runs" describe in exactly the same language, however different the story, any stirring action of a similar nature that occurs in the different tales. Thus there is a stereotyped set of words to describe a sea voyage, the beauty of a maiden, such as the daughter of Leinster's King (Nighean Rìgh Laighen), the career of a steed over sea and land, and the like. Somebody, says Dr Hyde, must have consciously composed each of these runs at a fixed time and place. This may be true, but we suspect that most of them, like Topsy, simply "grewed." Mr Nutt discusses, with his usual clear-sightedness, the various relations of folk-tale and romance, or "bardic invention." A romance, due to the imagination of some bard, may have become popular among the peasantry, but, if it did so, it had, as Mr Nutt says, to revert to the folk-tale type and formulæ. This is notably the case with the tale of Deirdre, which was undoubtedly worked up into a regular romance by the mediæval bards, and which now appears in Mr Carmichael's orally-collected form of it as a mere folk-tale, with all the triads of incidents and personages, and all the other paraphernalia of the genuine popular tale. Folk-tales and god-sagas again are optimistic—the story ends well; but the great heroic sagas are tragic, such as the Doom of Troy, the story of Cuchullin, the tragedy of Deirdre, and the like. Such are the points happily touched on by Mr Nutt in the addendum to Dr Hyde's introduction.

## VARIA.

## THE GIPSY LANGUAGE CALLED SHELTA.

THE *Journal of the Gipsy Lore Society* is a quarterly, which first appeared in 1888. It is published by Constable of Edinburgh, and is under the able and energetic editorship of Mr David Macritchie. It is intended for the collection of the folklore and literature of the Gipsies, and for the discussion and recording of their language and history. The latest number, that for January of this year, contains, among other interesting matter, an article by Dr Kuno Meyer, the well-known student of old Gaelic, upon the Gipsy dialect spoken in Ireland and Britain, and known as "Shelta." Dr Meyer proves it to be of Gaelic origin for the most part, descended from the old secret language of the Irish and Scottish bards. This secret language was generally known as Ogham. It was a jargon made up conventionally by changing ordinary Gaelic words, though retaining the leading features of Gaelic grammar. Shelta is clearly shown by Professor Meyer to be a disguise of, and fabrication from, Irish Gaelic, and that, too, an old fabrication. The leading changes were these:—(1) Spelling the Gaelic word backwards, as *kam*, son, for *mac*; *narup*, white, for *ban*; *gawp*, kiss, for *pag*, &c. (2) Prefixing an arbitrary letter, or letters, as *g-ather*, father, for *athair*; *gr-imsher*, season, for *aimser*, and such. (3) Substituting other initial letters, as *slunya*, glass, for *gloine*; *graura*, summer, for *samhradh*, and so forth; and (4) transposition of letters, as *acharam*, for *a marach*, to-morrow. The antiquity of the language is undoubted, for it goes back to a stage previous to the general aspiration of Gaelic letters, and is, moreover, a recognised mode of speech among the pedantic learned of mediæval Gaelic times. It is a curious thing that a learned secret jargon should now be the exclusive possession of the *cards* and tinkers, the most un-literary of all classes. It would be interesting to know what traces there are of "Shelta" in Scotland, and especially in the Highlands.

## A GERMAN PROFESSOR DEMOLISHES OSSIAN.

THE pages of the *Academy* have for the last six weeks been of more than ordinary interest for Gaelic readers. A new phase of the ever-recurring Ossianic question has been the theme, and this time James Macpherson is "not in it." Mr Alfred Nutt, on the 14th February, contributed an article entitled "A New Theory of the Ossianic Saga," wherein he gave a lucid and concise account of a very long article—172 pages!—published in a German periodical by Professor Zimmer of Greifswald, a well-known old Irish scholar. The learned professor transfers Fionn and his Feinne from the third into the ninth century, and makes them forgotten Norwegians! The word Feinne, the nominative of which is Fiann, is from the Norse *fiandr*, an enemy, our English word *fiend*. They were the enemies of the Irish first, and hence the original use and force of the name; then they were the mercenary troops of the Irish kinglets, whom they helped against the Danes, and hence the later use of the name Fiann, which then means "champion band" or "militia." The redoubtable Fionn himself is identified with Caittil Find, or Ketill the White, who at the head of a mixed body of Irish and Norsemen resisted the Danes, but was killed in 856, and the Danes triumphed for a season. This theory is worked out with the greatest (German) ingenuity and a wealth of old Gaelic learning that few can command and none can so perversely employ as Professor Zimmer. Dr Whitley Stokes and Professor Meyer have entered the lists once again against Professor Zimmer. They have been successful in showing that his derivations are altogether erroneous. How could the Irish call the Norse by the foreign name Fiandr when this term, which means "enemy," was not and could not be used by the Norse to designate themselves? Dr Stokes connects the word Fiann with the root *Vei* or *Vi*, to drive or hunt, Latin *venatio*, and English *venison*, which would make the Feinne a race of hunters.

# The Highland Monthly.

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AND

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### KENNETH ON SCHAIBAR.

IT was on Kenneth that Louis intended to call when he got away from Tearlach Crion's catechising. He gave Kenneth Grace's message, and a short description of what had taken place.

Kenneth said Grace was real grit, and the bark of Schaibar was, in her case at least, a great deal worse than his bite.

"Who would think she would show such fight?"

"You see, she has had long practice. She knows her power over him. She has been a great favourite of his almost from the cradle. When she was a little chit Lawyer Grant, her grand-uncle, died, and left her a bit of money, with Schaibar, who was his heir-in-chief, for guardian. His cousin, her mother, is dreadfully afraid of contradicting Schaibar. I am the cause of strife between him and Grace. It has been so for years, and Grace never yielded an inch,

although the row he kicked up last year was so bad that, for the sake of peace, I ceased, till you came, to call at Mrs Fraser's house."

"But Schaibar then had, I suppose, no particular rival wooer in view?"

"Oh, he always looked upon Grace as a sort of lien on the property, whom his successor would have to marry. Schaibar is a strong-minded despot, if you please."

"Suppose the successor was already married?"

"Then Schaibar would suppose he had a marriageable son. He often spoke about hunting up the heir of the disinherited branch, but always put it off."

"And now the heir has come down on him with his proof, quite unsolicited?"

"Yes, he put in appearance a month or so ago, with all his pedigree papers in hand."

"But Schaibar suspects he is an impostor."

"Does he? That is good news for Grace and for me; not that Schaibar would get his way at anyrate, Grace being such real grit."

"The heir or impostor is eligible?"

"He is a widower without encumbrances, and I am told that he does not look much older than thirty, although his birth certificates make him out to be above forty."

"You do not fear such a rival, even when backed up by the formidable guardian?"

"Not a bit, because I have boundless faith in Grace, my true-hearted girl. If Schaibar suspects the claimant, he'll be soon patching up peace with Grace, as he did last year, when, after the big quarrel, he gave her a costly dress, and sent her mother a fat Christmas goose. It is a good thing, however, that he does not like the claimant. I think I'll disobey Grace, and throw myself in his way. He'll be in the best of humours after winning his case, and, having nothing to fear or gain from him, I should like to be at peace with him?"

"What do you mean by his case?"

“What but the fishing case, the spring of my many woes, to be sure. Don't you know that my lawyer grandfather won a fishing case for a peer client against Schaibar and his lawyer uncle? Why, the loss of his fishing right forms ostensibly Schaibar's feud with me, but that is only a pretence. Still, he harps on it continuously. Lawyer Grant, his uncle, was challenged to produce Schaibar's title, and he could not do so. Schaibar has now discovered the mislaid charter, and his case is to come on in a few days. He is sure to win, and I think I'll go to hear the decision, and offer to shake hands with him afterwards.”

“And so will I, if I can find time for it.”

“His quarrel with me is, notwithstanding the fishing case pretence, far from being a personal one. In truth, it is entirely circumstantial. Were I his next heir and clansman, we would have been the best of friends, and I assure you he is a friend worth having, although a terror to evil-doers and the descendants of evil-doers.”

“Why did he question me about my descent?”

“Because you are a clansman, and perhaps because you made a favourable impression. He sees marks of clan types in people, and reads hereditary tendencies in wrinkles and palm markings. If you have made a favourable first impression, Grace and I must be aware of you. He may go the length of starting you as my rival, and offer Grace, should she marry you, to endow her with all the goods, chattels, and possessions freely at his disposal—but Craigna-Bearn, the ancestral estate, must go to the claimant, should he prove his claim. My word, but the real grit of Grace, and the charms of the Girton girl, may be my only safeguards from you.”

“Don't talk nonsense or high treason, like that. Is Craig—what do you call it—a large property?”

“No, but it is valuable property. Schaibar intends that his successor should enlarge it, and for that purpose he intends to bequeath him his money, along with Grace. He has a good deal of money, much of which he has saved by

not spending a third of his annual income, not because he is stingy, but because he leads a studious, simple life. Lawyer Grant left him some thousands and some house property, and lately he has inherited a second tower, with a vineyard and one or two farms, in France."

"What are his studies?"

"Their name is legion; but, generally speaking, he is disposed to pitch into all who admire Montrose and revile the Covenant, and he turns up his nose at Jacobites and Jacobite songs and sentiments with infinite scorn. He is a Whig Presbyterian Kirkpatrick Sharpe; and speak admirably in his presence of Aytoun and Napier's glorifications of the Cavaliers, and you'll be sure to catch it. Yet his own forefathers were all Jacobites. He is a compound of oddities and miscellaneous knowledge, but a very interesting and superior person. Some people believe him to be a wizard, and there is no doubt he expects great things from mesmerism and electricity, which he maintains to be manifestations of the same force—the soul of the universe, as he calls it."

"What has made him so lonely and singular in his habits and pursuits?"

Kenneth, in reply, gave Louis an outline of the family history of the Children of Maoldonaich, and a fuller account of the incidents which marred and embittered the life of poor Tearlach Crion. Louis felt much sympathy for the learned eccentric little man, and unconsciously showed it when they met again, and when no thunderstorm disturbed the serenity of Mrs Fraser's lodging-house parlour. Tearlach Crion responded to Louis's unspoken sympathy in a way which astonished watchful Grace, and even attracted the attention of her usually unobservant mother to such an extent that she talked about it to Janet. Now, although Janet liked Louis very much, she did not wish him to be too thick with Tearlach Crion, because she was a thorough partisan of Kenneth, and suspected every male favourite of

Tearlach's as a possible snake, especially if young and single. Janet knew about Effie, and the regular correspondence going on between Louis and her. Louis, indeed, with his boyish frankness, had shown her Effie's photograph, and told her so much about his Slocum life that she had great confidence both in Effie in him. Yet she said to Mrs Fraser that "the nature of the cratur'," meaning Tearlach, was just passed being told in regard to his project of marrying Grace to his estate, and so, he ought to be watched, and Louis ought to be told. Mrs Fraser told Janet to remember that the claimant, whom they had not yet seen, was the only danger, and that Dr Grant's liking for Louis, sudden and strange as it was, boded ncthing but good for Grace and Kenneth. Still, Janet remained suspicious, and watchful as a cat at a rat hole, and she did not at all like Tearlach's evident desire to coach up Louis in Clan Grant history, and the deferential but frank bearing of the youth towards "the cratur'."

One result of the "chumming" between the two clansmen was that Tearlach Crion asked Louis to go with him to the Court of Session on the day appointed for the decision in the fishing case. Louis, who had just got through his examinations for the year, gladly walked arm in arm with Dr Grant, as he had already learned to call him, through the streets. The tall, straight lad and the odd-looking old man, with the weak legs, were such a strangely-assorted pair that many turned to look at them. They happened to encounter, in a sort of blind culvert or corner, when toiling up a stair leading to the High Street, three medical students who slightly knew Louis, and who began openly to jeer at his old companion. "He must have escaped from a menagerie," said the first. "Take him to the Museum of Curiosities," said the second. The third only laughed. Tearlach was at the time discoursing away, with much action of his disengaged arm, about the history of Edinburgh Castle. He pulled himself and his



companion up, faced round on the three jeering youths, and, fixing them with his glittering eye, spoke as if continuing his previous subject—

“Heredity should be studied as a special science. It tells the past and the future to those who can read the signs. Take three young men, for instance, whom you have never seen before, and, if you look at their markings, although they may all pass in society as gentlemen, you may see the Botany Bay stamp of fraud, forgery, and theft on the one, with the gallows in prospect; murder, savagery and cannibalism may be traceable behind the glowing animalism of the second; and on the third, whom these two rank below themselves, you may have to regret to see the marks of honest ancestry paling under the influence of evil associations.”

Then Tearlach passed on, and forthwith resumed his previous subject. Louis was not likely to forget the nature of “the cratur’” after that exhibition of readiness for battle and rapid insight, for he was aware that two of these youths had very shady characters and bad pedigrees, with more money than was good for them.

Tearlach retired from the Court of Session in a high state of jubilation, for the decision was more thoroughly in his favour than he had dared to anticipate. Louis congratulated and heartily shook hands with him in the corridor, and so did Kenneth, but in shaking hands with Kenneth, Tearlach said—“Mind, this is not shaking hands over the other difference.” “All right,” replied Kenneth, “we’ll settle that another day.” On the way home, after exhausting the story of the case, Tearlach fell into a reverie, and then began to talk to himself—“A brave good lad; wish he was the other one, or the other one he.” But he suddenly pulled himself up with a start, and an apologetic side remark to Louis—“Talking to oneself is a bad habit, which is easily contracted by people who live much alone.”

## CHAPTER XX.

## MISUNDERSTANDING AND EXPLANATION.

LOUIS and Effie were a long time without seeing one another, and although they kept up a regular correspondence, a shadow, as already hinted, had crept over it. Louis felt that there was a difference of tone, for which he could not account, in Effie's letters from Slocum, after her return from Girton, and that she exhibited depression of mind, when one in her place might have been expected to be jubilant. He feared that Effie's health was not all that could be desired, and asked her, indeed, in one of his weekly letters, whether she was suffering from the prostration following on mental pressure. She replied that she was "blooming," but the tone of her letters did not change for the better. It seemed to deepen when Louis resolved to remain, during the short vacation, grinding in Edinburgh, instead of paying a visit to Slocum. Louis explained that Dr Beattie was, he felt sure, dissatisfied with him for not having got better to the front in his classes during his two first sessions, and that he was now determined, if he could, to surprise him. Effie answered this letter at once, and warned Louis not to muddle his brains by too much grinding, and to be sure and take plenty of active exercise. Still the shadow, which Louis could not understand, remained unchanged.

It must have been Louis's fault that Effie became jealous of Grace Fraser. He always mentioned Grace in his letters, so to speak, with notes of admiration. True, he was equally unstinted in his praises of Kenneth Kennedy. But he omitted to explain the relations of Kenneth and Grace. He thought, indeed, that he had given the necessary explanation in an early letter to Effie from Edinburgh. But Effie kept all his letters, and read them over so often that she knew a great deal better than he what he had

written and omitted to write. So she came to believe that Louis's admiration for Grace meant much more than it did. Hence the tone of sisterly coldness which had crept over her epistolary correspondence, and for which Louis could account on no other ground than a fear that she had overworked her brains, and was suffering from the reaction. Why, with her usual frankness, did she not question Louis closely? He was accustomed to be subjected to Effie's catechising from that distant Sunday on which she had taught him his psalm. Aye, but circumstances alter cases. Frank and courageous as she was by nature and habit, Effie felt afraid to put Louis to the question in this matter. She schooled herself theoretically to sink into an elder sister's place, if Louis's heart went forth to Grace. And it was part of that schooling that, when Louis came back, she should in self-defence stand a little on her dignity, and make him understand that the free childish intimacy had by lapse of time come to an end. She went over the meeting from which she both hoped and feared so much many times in her own mind, but what happened was quite different from all her varied forecasts.

The grinding had answered well. Louis felt quite elated because he had succeeded in one subject in which he had expected to fail, and kept well to the front in the other subjects in which he was sure beforehand of not breaking down. He returned to Slocum without warning to anybody that he was coming so soon. He landed after dusk at the Slocum Station, and having given directions to send his luggage to Dr Beattie's, passed through the ticket gate with carpet-bag in hand, and marched straight to the Corner House, and when he reached it he marched straight into the kitchen, because when he entered the passage he saw through the half-open door that Effie was there busy at baking her weekly batch of household bread, with her sleeves tucked above her elbows, and a long apron covering most of her person. On hearing steps behind her Effie, who was bending over her work, stood suddenly up, turned,

and was next moment in Louis's arms. The young man made no hesitation about kissing and hugging her to his bosom as he might have done for terminating a quarrel, real or pretended, when they were mere children. It is questionable whether Effie made any immediate effort to stand on her dignity—or whether indeed she did not like to be kissed and hugged by this particular young man, without leave asked, because they had so long seemed to belong to one another that a less effusive proceeding on his part would have seemed unnatural, as it would undoubtedly have increased her suspicion regarding Grace Fraser.

It was evident that Louis had no idea of accepting any change of relationship except that of warm young people's love and mutual trust for the childish affection which had preceded. He held Effie by the hands while he surveyed her from head to foot with looks of admiration. Nor did he confine his admiration to looks. He spoke his thoughts in words which covered Effie with blushes, but all the same made her extremely happy. Effie felt that Louis had also very much changed, but she thought he looked as if his grinding had given him lines of care and a sallow look. He maintained, however, that his health was excellent—and she was comforted. He was in truth somewhat overgrown, and his height of fully six feet would be all the more imposing by being buttressed with more flesh. But if not fleshy, he was toughly muscular, and full of vigorous life.

The servant girl, whom Effie had already drilled into a tidy, willing help, was visiting her people—for it was her night out. John Bell and his wife were upstairs waiting for their tea when Effie would be done with her baking. Effie had got well through with her baking before she was interrupted. She did not hurry over the tea-making. The two young people truly forgot the world for a while. They had so much to say to one another, and they liked so well to look at one another. But at last Effie remembered about Grace Fraser, and pondered a little how to question

Louis about her. As it happened, Louis himself afforded the opportunity desired by mentioning that Kenneth Kennedy and Grace sent with him their love and photographs for Effie.

Effie began her Catechism at the wrong end because it was easiest to do so.

"Who is this great friend of yours, Kenneth Kennedy?"

"Bless me! Did I not write you that he is Grace Fraser's sweetheart, just as you are mine?"

"No, never. You said he was to be a minister of the Scotch Kirk."

"Well, I must be a great duffer. I thought I had given you a full account of him. He is my best friend in Edinburgh; and his sweetheart Grace is my next. They are good religious young people, but full enough of innocent fun and merriment. You should write to Grace. She is a little bit afraid of you as a Girton girl. She has been awfully disgusted by some of the female medical students, who kick up such a shindy in Edinburgh. I rather suspect she thinks you must be a sort of stiff professoress yourself but she shall know better some day."

"I'll be glad to write to her; but where are the photographs?"

"Here in my bag; I'll find them in a minute."

"Let me get on with the tea making. I wonder my mother is not coming down to see what is keeping her so long from enjoying the cup that cheers but not inebriates. As for father, he is buried in a new story, and forgets meat and drink and time occasionally."

"Bother the tea. Look at the photographs."

"Oh, what a pretty, sweet girl!"

"Yes, and as good as she is pretty. Look at Kenneth. Is he not a noble fellow?"

"Well, he is sternly handsome—a masterful young man, I would say."

"He has a mind and a way of his own, but the photograph makes him seem sterner than he really looks. He

## *A Divided Race.*

is a noble fellow, I assure you. A better friend one would with difficulty find between the ends of the rainbow."

"How did he become your friend? Was it through Grace?"

"Yes, for you see I became a sort of blackfoot between them when their course of true love did not run smooth. Grace has been left a little bit of money—not much, or her mother would not be obliged to keep lodgers. The management of money is controlled by a strange guardian."

"Dr Grant. You wrote about him. I heard of him long before as a learned, eccentric man, who has written very valuable papers on different subjects."

"Grace calls him a wizard, and has royal battles with him, for he wants—or at anyrate he wanted—to deal with her as a pendicle to his property, and to get rid of Kenneth because he was not his heir-at-law."

"Of course, Kenneth and Grace defy him to sue them?"

"Of course; but I think he has altered his mind. A man who claims to be his heir-at-law is not to his liking. He suspects him of being an impostor, although he admits that the proofs he shows are genuine and convincing up to a certain point."

"Has Grace seen the claimant?"

"Not yet. He has started up suddenly like a jack-in-the-box. Dr Grant was thinking of advertising for a representative of what he calls the disinherited branch of his family, when this man came forward with his strong documentary evidence."

"Why, being a Grant, you might be in the run of it yourself."

"No chance of such good luck for us, Effie. We must trust in providence and ourselves, and work for our lives. But if he could prove a claim for me, Dr Grant would certainly prefer me to the claimant. He rays forth a great amount of curious information, has studied almost every subject, and is great in criticism and analysis; but

Grant must have a fanciful side to his nature, for, do you know, he told Grace and her mother, the first time we met, that he was sure he had known me before, but not sure whether he had known me in the body or out of the body."

"I should like to get acquainted with your eccentric Dr Grant. The wildest fancies of men of his stamp may not be quite so fanciful as they may seem. He wrote remarkable essays on heredity, on which we had a lecture and discussions at Girton."

"Aye, and Grace has a story about the genesis of the said essays. He sat down to study Sir Robert Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, and in the end declared it to be a whited sepulchre of lies. He went over Debrett's and Burke's with the same disappointing result. He then ordered a huge ledger, with brass clasps and locks, to be specially prepared for him, and, having got it, he pasted into it the published accounts of the North of Scotland families, and then proceeded to fill in their blanks and to disprove their inaccuracies. They say he has a legion of devils locked up in his Black Book. He has himself a big collection of manuscripts, and he has searched public records to furnish data for his heredity essays. The tragedies and disgraces the follies and misfortunes, which the compilers of family pedigrees suppressed, are all recorded in the terrible book and so are the branches of families which were left in deepest shadows."

"There's mother coming," said Effie, as she started up from the side of Louis on the kitchen settle, to bustle about the tea, which had been almost forgotten.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### FURTHER CONFIDENCES.

THE shadow departed from Effie's mind the moment she heard about the footing on which Grace and Kenneth stood towards one another. She was a little ashamed at first to tell Louis the whole truth about her unfounded

jealousy, brave and truthful girl as she habitually was. But she could not refrain from giving him an inkling of the truth just to satisfy her own conscience which always craved for thorough veracity. Louis, far from feeling puffed up, as a more conceited young man might do at Effie's confession of jealousy, took shame to himself for not having given her fuller information about Grace and Kenneth in his letters.

Dr Beattie was quite satisfied with Louis's progress at the University. He and his wife, having no children of their own, looked now upon Louis very much in the light of an adopted son. Their home was his home whenever at Slocum. During his stay at Slocum he worked in the surgery making up medicines from the doctor's prescriptions, and doing everything else which an unqualified assistant could do with right good will and good care. The doctor, who was feeling the weight of years, was looking forward impatiently to the time when Louis could be qualified to be made his junior partner.

This vacation interval was a happy time for Louis and Effie. They had their different duties to attend to, but they met daily, and had many talks and walks together. They appeared before their friends, and the public as well, as belonging to one another, and waiting to get married some day. This seemed to all concerned, and all who cared to take notice, as the natural development of the childish attachment which had existed between the pair when little children.

Long engagements were not unknown in Slocum, although with care, frugality, good health, and good chances, people in the position of Louis and Effie usually managed to shorten the probation and preparation to between five and ten years. "Keeping company" was a common habit of the mill hands, and it was a habit in which the good far predominated over the evil. Louis and Effie were half-way between the Slocum upper classes and the working people, and they had friends on both sides of the social partition hedge.



“Our Girton girl” was a universal favourite; yet, without knowing it, her good looks and the graceful taste she showed in dress and other things caused some of the daughters of rich Slocumites to look upon her, at first, as a possibly dangerous person—a person who, if she chose, could poach successfully on their domains, and attract to the hymeneal altar almost any of the young men of the plutocracy whom she determined to have for a husband. True, marriages were usually arranged with an eye to bringing money into a firm, or keeping it from going into a rival firm, among the plutocracy of Slocum. Owing to this cause, interbreeding had gone too far among the exclusives, and had produced, in not a few cases, undesirable results. But still love was free in theory, and sometimes it became so free in practice that the heir of the mill married the prettiest of his father’s mill girls, and, ten to one, found a good, honest, homely wife in her. Effie, with her culture, taste, and general gracefulness, was felt by the rich girls of Slocum to be not only an equal, but a superior being to them all, notwithstanding that she had nothing but what she “addled” by hard schooling work. It was, therefore, a relief to a number of the richer girls of the place when they found Louis stepping in and claiming her openly as his lawful engaged property.

As for Louis himself he might, if he had chosen to seek and wait, have found a willing bride with thousands in her purse, or tens of thousands in expectation, among the daughters and heiresses of Slocum plutocrats, who never ranked doctors, lawyers, parsons, or army or navy officers—however poor they might be—among ineligibles. Under the Mammon worship of the Slocumites there lived and throbbed a healthy human nature which often broke the crust in spite of all precautions. When a matrimonial indiscretion, in regard to money, was boldly perpetrated by the heir of a mill, or a girl with independent means, while the relatives and the disappointed raged for a while, the rest of the plutocracy, as well as the working classes,

sentimentalised over the romance of true love, and sympathised effusively with the male or female breaker of unwritten caste and fortune laws. On the other hand, warning traditions in regard to the woeful consequences of mercenary marriages, which entailed the transmission of physical or mental diseases, were handed down from generation to generation.

Louis and Effie violated no hard unwritten law of Slocum custom. They were equally matched, having all the world before them, and no capital but work. Yet there was a sort of halo over them too. They each of them might have done better, from the worldly point of view, by having acted differently. Because they had not acted differently they gained, strange to say, universal approbation. Louis's uncles and cousins made a great deal of the young lovers. But the uncles, with wise shakings of the head, warned them against early marriage, and then maledicted Louis's stepfather for having got Mrs Smith's property, which ought, they said, to have been the lad's inheritance, and which would have given him a good start in life, as the Co-operation Society people were already paying the interloper three hundred a year for it, and its selling value was rising every day.

Effie agreed with every word of the avuncular advice and grumble. She thought that Louis had been robbed of his inheritance, and she planned twelve years of hard work for herself and her lover before marriage. She tried to persuade Louis that people in their position should, as a rule, never think of marrying before thirty years of age at the very least. Louis refused to accept such a vile theory of delay. He maintained five and twenty should be at the very least stand for thirty. Then Effie, who knew better than he did the cost of housekeeping, went into domestic details which she thought should be convincing to a reasonable being. Louis was apparently not a reasonable being, for he replied to all her statistical arguments:—

“I'll be ashamed of myself if I cannot, before you are twenty-five, maintain you, your father and mother, and my-

self. Why, with your good housekeeping, Effie, and as we'll all live together in the Corner House, we might safely marry on the £200 a year which Dr Beattie promises me to begin with."

"His promise is very liberal, and you are very good, dear boy, to take the whole Corner House as a burden on your back. But remember that there is a burden of debt besides on the Corner House itself; I mean the money lent by your grandmother to my father in the doctoring year, and that debt I must pay off with, perhaps, some help from my father, whose next book may prove more profitable, before I can listen to more nonsense."

Louis laughed, and Effie at once waxed indignant:—

"You should not laugh, Louis. It is no laughing matter, but a bitter care and trouble to me, I assure you. You seem to forget that your stepfather holds the bond. I detest the man, and so would you if he were making eyes at you, every time he saw you, and you could not help seeing him, because they have made him one of the directors of the Girls' School. I say he must be paid off at once, even if the house should have to be sold. I asked Dr Beattie to take up the bond and redeem it, and give us time for repayment. He promised to do it, for he told me to refer your stepfather to him when he made the next claim for interest or capital on us. He has not made any claim since, and I don't consider that a blessing either, because I want to be out of his debt at any cost without a moment's delay."

Louis saw that Effie was agitated beyond her wont, and he shared in the feeling himself. With gathered frown and sternly angry voice, he asked,

"Does the reverend villain presume to make eyes of love at you?"

"How can I know whether they mean hate or love? He stares me out of countenance and temper, I can tell you. Perhaps he merely wants to annoy me because I belong to you. He hates you, I have no doubt, because he

has robbed you of Mrs Smith's property, including the bond on our Corner House. But Dr Beattie will help us in the meantime, and if we have luck in regard to father's books and contributions to magazines, and be very thrifty, we should be able in three or four years to repay Dr Beattie, especially as we are going to keep lodgers."

"To keep lodgers?"

"Well, one lodger at a time; and the first is to be old Mrs Sedgwick, whose son is going to the United States with his family, and to stay there on business for six months, if not for a longer time. Mrs Sedgwick refuses to stay in the hall with servants, and she has really begged mother, who is distantly related to her, to take her in as a lodger. We have always one good room to spare, and we must make a shift, by sending the maid to sleep up in the garret, to spare a second. Mrs Sedgwick will give very little trouble. She is to pay right well for board and lodgings, and she and mother will enjoy each other's company."

"Effie, my darling, you are the most self-reliant, helpful girl in the world, but I am glad to be able to tell you there is no need for your going into the lodging business at all, at least after Mrs Sedgwick will finish her period of stay with you."

"I don't understand you. The debt must be paid to Dr Beattie, and it is not a trifle for people like us."

"But you are altogether in error about the bond. Perhaps I should have told you sooner, but Dr Beattie wished to keep the thing concealed until the rector of Monk-Hirst should show his hand. The bond did not pass to him with my grandmother's property, for she had, with all legal formalities, transferred it to me before her death. It is in Dr Beattie's hands. That is why he told you to refer the rector to him."

Effie clapped her hands in great joy. This thing which Louis told her was news of great deliverance indeed. She believed all evil of the rector, and thought Dr Beattie quite

right in advising secrecy about the transfer and custody of the bond until that detested person fully revealed his purpose. Still, she was determined, when that happened, to see to it that he was made to return the interest her father had paid him in good faith and at a little inconvenience besides. She had no scruple about contentedly remaining her lover's debtor, but she still adhered to her lodger scheme, within limitations as to the eligibility of lodgers, and resolved to make her father keep steadily to his desk, until his next Christmas volume was finished, under the impression that he had to meet an imperative demand for interest and instalment of capital. She intended to make full amends to him afterwards for the innocent deception used to steady and stimulate him to work, after a pretty long period of sauntering and dawdling.

[TO BE CONTINUED].



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY  
THE 79TH REGIMENT OR CAMERON  
HIGHLANDERS

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

BY DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY,  
*Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.*

Do na Suinn Chamshronach  
Gillean na feile,  
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART IV.

THE total loss sustained by the 79th during the siege and capture of Lucknow was two sergeants (Davie and Blyth) killed, and five rank and file (Rankin, Munro, Harrison, Ritchie, and Malcolm) killed or died of wounds; Captain Miller wounded severely; Ensign Thain (attached) wounded slightly; one sergeant (M'Laren) and 20 rank and file wounded. Some of the men, while not on any special duty, found opportunities to get some valuable loot, before orders that all looting must be stopped were issued, especially those belonging to Nos. 2 and 3 Companies and the band. Twenty men came across 20 bags of 1000 Rs. each, and each took one. Private Macgregor of No. 2, a bandsman, got a quantity of jewellery. Corporal Leary of No. 1, and Corporal Macnab of the same Company, each found a bag of gold Mohurs: the former had a handsome bracelet made of some of his, and long wore it; the latter brought to Lieut. Wimberley a bag containing 60, all of Oude or Lucknow coinage, and got him to take charge of them for some weeks. "There were just 84 of them, sir," he said. They were worth 16 rupees each. Some men got handsome woollen lamp-carpets or praying carpets of fine

material, richly and heavily embroidered with gold ; others golden chains of fine filagree work set with large amethysts, and other ornaments of gold and silver, as well as plate, some of English make. One man carried his bag of 1000 Rs. throughout the long day's march on the 19th. A man who had been lucky was known to give 70 rupees to one who had been less fortunate for a glass of grog, and men played loo for very high stakes : as much as 1300 rupees was seen lying on a settringee while half-a-dozen men were playing. Some looted ponies and sold them.

A good many men put part of what they got into the savings bank. The following entries occur in an old memorandum book relative to No. 1 Company :—" March 28th, cash received from the men for remittances and bank, 1544 Rs. ; 30th, Cash do. do., Rs. 417. 11. 9 ; Do. from men of Company, Rs. 10. 2. 6 and 11. 9. 10 ; 25th April, received from G. Lafferty money belonging to Robert Mackay, decd., Rs. 119. 26 ; received from J. Macinnes Rs. 80 ; from Wm. Kerr Rs. 50 ; 30th, from Sergt. Thom Rs. 60, from Corp. Macnab Rs. 10, from Robert Jameson Rs. 40."

Brigadier Douglas, C.B., Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, Captains Maitland and Stevenson, and Lieutenants Walker and Everett, were mentioned in general orders for conspicuous conduct during the siege. Lieut. Walker was orderly officer to Brigadier Douglas.

After orders were issued that all looting must be discontinued, the 79th more than once furnished a guard at the Roome Durwasa, the principal gate leading into the city from the west. It was the duty of the officers to examine soldiers coming in from the suburbs and see what they had about them. Most of the men entering by this route were troopers of Sikh cavalry regiments. In accordance with orders they had to dismount, their turbans and cummerbands were examined, and in a few hours there was a large heap collected of shawls, pieces of muslin, and cloth, a few rings, and bracelets and bangles—evidently looted. Many of these men wore valuable necklaces made of gold

Mohurs, in accordance with their custom, but these were presumed to have been long in their possession. It is to be hoped that some of them managed to secrete small articles of value in their hair or otherwise, for whatever loot they had might have been acquired long before, and carried about for safety. A diamond ring was taken from one of them and placed in the heap, but it was never seen again, so some one got the benefit of it.

The 79th occupied the great Imambarra until the 1st of April, when it received orders to leave behind the sick and wounded and march to the Dilkoosha. The Rev. Wm. Ferguson, Chaplain to the regiment, remained behind attached to the hospital.

The order to move immediately was received about 4 P.M., and No. 1 Company was left as baggage guard. The remaining Companies marched to the camp. No camels turned up for the baggage till about 10 P.M., when a good many were loaded, but an insufficient number had been sent. Apparently most of the regiments in the city had got orders to move and join different brigades simultaneously. The streets were completely jammed with strings of camels going in opposite directions. Nothing could move, but in the course of the night the baggage of the 79th was partly started. The following morning came, but no more camels, and towards evening the officer in command of the guard borrowed some camels from the 53rd and got into camp with his Company and the remainder of the baggage about 10 P.M.

The 79th was now again brigaded with the 42nd and 93rd, as it had been at Varna and in the Crimea in 1854-56 under Sir Colin Campbell. The brigade was now under the command of Brigadier-General the Hon. Adrian Hope, of the 93rd, a great favourite with both officers and men.

During the siege operations, the 79th had worn their red clothing (doublets), kilts, and feather bonnets; but while lying in the Imambarra, as the hot season was by that time coming on, orders were given to have the ship smocks



which were among the mens' kits, dyed dark blue colour. This was done, and at the same time covers of quilted cotton for the Glengarry bonnets, with flaps to hang over the nape of the neck, were also served out. These blue smocks were ordinarily worn after leaving Lucknow, but for a considerable time many of the men and the officers wore their feather bonnets in preference to the Glengarries and covers. During the last week of March the men were much refreshed by having daily bathing parades, and getting a good wash in the Goomtee.

The fall of Lucknow placed a very large force at the disposal of Sir Colin Campbell; but he knew that there would be ample work for it. It has been seen that many thousands of the rebels made good their escape, and these joined their comrades and the disaffected budmashes throughout Oude, Rohilcund, and the North-West provinces.

Simultaneously with the operations at Lucknow a moveable column, including part of the 80th Regiment, under Colonel Christie, had been patrolling and guarding the left bank of the Jumna. Brigadier Rowcroft too had been engaged in repelling the attacks of some 14,000 rebels in the Goruckpore district.

A small force, under Colonel Milman, had been holding Azimghur and district, but was threatened by a force of sepoys under Kunwar Singh, who had collected the fugitives, dispersed a few weeks before by Brigadier Franks. Indeed, while out in the district, Milman had been attacked by overwhelming numbers, and fallen back into Azimghur with a loss of all his camp equipage. Had not Lord Mark Kerr come to his assistance, and, with a handful of men, defeated the rebel chief, Azimghur would have been lost, and Milman's force cut to pieces before any succour could arrive from Lucknow. This gallant action was fought on 6th April. In Central India, moreover, Tantia Topee was making work for Sir Hugh Rose and General Whitlock; and nearer hand the Moulvie and the Begum of Lucknow

were now collecting and encouraging all who flocked to their banners, including thousands of Oude native Cavalry, for further resistance.

Seaton's Brigade was at Futtighur, and Brigadiers Penny and Jones in the North-West provinces.

It was evident that there must be a hot weather campaign. Accordingly Sir Colin made the following dispositions:—First, he detailed a considerable force under Sir Hope Grant, a corps d'armee of all arms, to garrison Lucknow, and be available, by means of moveable columns, to take part in the reconquest of Oude. Secondly, he despatched, on 29th March, Sir Edward Lugard with a Brigade of Infantry, 700 Sikh Cavalry, and 18 gnns to the aid and relief of Azimghur, and also Jung Bahadoor's Nepaulese to reinforce Rowcroft, if necessary.

Colonel Douglas of the 79th accompanied Sir Edward Lugard in command of a Brigade, with Captain Stevenson as Brigade-Major and Lieut. A. Walker as his orderly officer. He was engaged in a long and trying pursuit of Kunwar Singh, defeating him at Manohar in the Ghazee-pore district on 20th April, and driving him across the Ganges, where he died from the effects of a wound, leaving a brother, Amar Singh, to succeed him. Douglas then rejoined Lugard, and shared in hunting the rebels through the jungles, near Arrah, Jugdespore, and Buxar up to 15th June, when Sir Edward, owing to broken health, had to resign the command. Appointed his successor, Douglas was placed in command of the whole of the disturbed districts in that quarter, including Behar, Ghazupore, and Shahabad as far as Dinapore, with a force of 7000 men under him.

This involved organising strong forts within easy distance of one another, making roads and employing his men in various minor duties and actions throughout the hot and a great part of the rainy seasons, most trying to all who took part in them ; but he had to defer combined operations till the month of October.

Sir Colin's third object was the reduction of Rohilcund : in this the 79th were to take part. For this purpose he employed four columns. Of these three small ones were to converge on the province, one under General Penny from the other side of the Ganges, another from Roorkee in the north-west under Colonel John Coke, and a third under Seaton from Futttyghur, all to co-operate with a division, formed at Lucknow, under General Walpole.

This division consisted of the 9th Lancers, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, the Highland Brigade (42nd, 79th, and 93rd), the 4th Punjab Rifles added thereto, two troops of horse artillery, two 18-pounders, two 8-in. howitzers, some mortars, and a few Engineers and Sappers. The cavalry were under Brigadier Hagart, 7th Hussars, the infantry under Colonel the Hon. Adrian Hope, 93rd.

Walpole's orders were to advance up the left bank of the Ganges, penetrate into Rohilcund, and disperse the numerous bodies of mutineers known to be gathered in various places. Penny's column was to join him at Mirunpore Kutra, twenty miles west of Shahjehanpore.

The 79th left Camp Dilkoosha early in the morning of 8th April, and encamped after a march of ten miles : they got orders about midnight to march the following morning, which they did about 4½ A.M., and after a short march of about six miles again encamped. The heat in tents was excessive throughout the day.

The regiment halted on the 10th, and there was some anxiety lest small-pox should spread. Private Dawson, a fine young fellow in the Grenadier Company, who must have been infected with the disease while in Lucknow, died about this date. The surgeon of the regiment, Dr Scot, took every precaution to isolate poor Dawson, and one or two other cases, as well as some among the camp-followers, and with such success that the malignant disease did not spread. Dr Scot's kindly care and attention to the whole regiment, especially to any men that were sick, will never be forgotten by those who served with him. Dr Munro,

surgeon of the 93rd, speaks of him as "the most popular regimental surgeon I ever knew." They marched daily till the 15th; on the twelfth they encamped in a mango tope, the welcome shade of which greatly refreshed the men. In the afternoon a mutineer, formerly a Sepoy of the 12th Native Infantry, to which Captain P. G. Scot, brother of Surgeon T. Goldie Scot, belonged, was blown from a gun by sentence of court-martial. The troops were paraded, forming three sides of a square, and witnessed the execution.

The 15th of April will ever be remembered as a most unfortunate day by the regiments that formed the Highland Brigade in Rohilcund.

After an early march of eight or nine miles, Walpole found himself close to a mud fort, called Rooyah, near the village of Rhadamow, about fifty miles from Lucknow, and ten from the Ganges. It was a large oblong, enclosed on its northern and eastern faces by a high mud wall loop-holed for musketry, and provided with irregular circular bastions at the angles: it was defended on these sides by a broad and deep ditch, and covered by a thick jungle. Its southern and western faces had gates, and the walls on those sides were low and could be scaled. It was held by a petty landowner, Nirput Sing, with, as was reported, 1500 men.

A trooper of Hodson's Horse, who had been taken prisoner and confined there, managed to escape that morning, and made his way to the British force. Taken to the General, he stated that Nirput Singh was ready, after making a show of resistance, to evacuate the fort, and leave one of the gates open. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the General did not believe this: he proceeded to attack. His division was drawn up in line at some little distance to the north of the fort, with the 79th in reserve.

He threw out skirmishers from the 42nd and 4th Punjab Rifles: a company of the 42nd under Captain Ross-Grove being in advance, a company under Captain Green in support, the Punjabees under the command of Capt. Cafe

and Lieut. Willoughby to the left of the 42nd. The light companies of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, formed the reserve. It has been said that Walpole's intention was that the skirmishers should advance "for the purpose of enabling the place to be reconnoitred," but Ross-Grove evidently understood his orders to be that he was to extend and pass through the trees, press on to the fort, seize and hold a *supposed* gate, and try to prevent the enemy's escape.

Accordingly, Ross-Grove's company, after skirmishing through the trees, dashed across the open space which lay between the trees and the fort, under a vigorous and continuous fire from the walls of the fort; then, finding a broad ditch in front of them, they lay down on the edge of the counterscarp, exposed without any cover to an incessant fire. Cafe with his Punjabees advanced in a similar manner on the left right up to the ditch. Ross-Grove, finding that there was no gate, sent a bugler to the General to ask for scaling ladders: Cafe's men scrambled into the ditch and attempted to scale the scarp.

The casualties on our side were of course heavy, and increasing fast: the supports reinforced the skirmishers, and Ross-Grove sent a second message asking for ladders and reinforcements. Meantime, it is said, though it seems hardly credible, that Walpole had sent round to the opposite side of the fort his heavy guns, which had opened fire: and that a report had been made to Brigadier Adrian Hope that the shot were passing over it and falling among our skirmishers. It is more probable that these shot came from the enemy's guns. Hope rode up to Walpole—what passed is not recorded—but immediately afterwards Hope told Butter<sup>1</sup> of the 93rd, his orderly officer, that he would go and judge for himself. On seeing them come up, Ross-Grove sprang to his feet, saying, "Good God, General! this is no place for you; you must lie down." But it was too

<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Archibald Butter, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Butter of Fascalby: he died in 1880.

late. Hope fell shot through the chest,<sup>2</sup> and died almost immediately in Ross-Grove's arms.

On the latter's refusal to retire without orders, Butter managed to get back to report to Walpole, and a few minutes later the Brigade Major, Cox, came up with the necessary order. Ross-Grove then withdrew his two companies of the 42nd, or rather the remains of them, and Cafe having previously retired with the remnant of his men, they rejoined their brigade. The British guns continued their fire for some time, but Walpole decided to defer an assault till the following morning.

The loss on our side in this unfortunate affair, whether it be regarded as a reconnaissance or an attempted assault, was extremely heavy; about 130 killed and wounded. The killed included Brigadier Hope, a universal favourite, who had shared in many a previous assault with the men of the 42nd and 93rd; Lieutenant Willoughby of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, doing duty with the 4th Punjabees—poor fellow, he was on the sick list, but insisted on going into action with his men—and Lieutenant Harrington of the Artillery. Lieutenants Bramley and Douglas of the 42nd were mortally wounded, and died, one on the 16th, and the other on the 17th. Captain Cafe and Lieutenant Cockburn (42nd) were also wounded.

Out of 120 Punjabees, 46 were killed and 2 wounded, a large proportion of them while in the ditch. The 42nd had a larger total of casualties, but a comparatively small number killed outright. Captain Ross-Grove came out unhurt, but he had both his kilt and bonnet shot through while holding the Brigadier in his arms.

Before retiring, Cafe, with two volunteers of the 42nd, Privates Spence and Thomson, recovered Willoughby's body from the ditch. In doing this Cafe was severely, and Spence mortally wounded. Cafe and Thomson got the Victoria Cross. Quartermaster-Sergeant Simpson, Privates

<sup>2</sup>The bullet went in just above the collar-bone, on the left side, with a downward course.

Douglas and Davis also distinguished themselves in carrying off their dead and wounded comrades, both officers and men, and got the Victoria Cross. The 79th had 2 privates wounded, one of whom, Private M'Graw, died; a jingal shot from the enemy also damaged a side-drum. The Division then proceeded to encamp for the night, Brigadier Hagart being directed to bring off the dead. The 79th furnished the baggage guard on this day, consisting of the Grenadiers No. 1 and No. 2 Companies; so the compiler was not in sight of what took place.

The following morning the fort was found to be evacuated; Nirput Singh having abandoned 5 guns, his ammunition, and camp equipage. The Division halted, and great was the indignation and deep the grief at the sacrifice of so many officers and men with no satisfactory result. It was even said in camp that the walls on the other side of the fort were so low that a horse might have jumped them. In the evening the Brigade attended the funeral of the Brigadier, Bramley, Willoughby, Harrington, and the men who had been killed, and on the following day that of Lieut. Douglas.

Within a few days Sir Colin Campbell issued a general order, that in no case were infantry alone to be employed in assaulting fortified strongholds, when guns accompanied a force, until either a breach had been made or the enemy were demoralised by Artillery fire.

The 79th marched again with the Brigade, which was now under the command of Colonel Leith Hay, of the 93rd, on the 18th, and had the welcome shelter of a tope of mango trees for its camp; and marched again daily till the 23rd, when it halted for 2 days. By this time the weather was very hot and trying to the troops.

Dr Munro, C.B., formerly Surgeon of the 93rd, speaking of this part of the campaign, wrote:—"I do not remember to have been on any service where the troops were so harassed or exposed to greater suffering and discomfort. We were dispirited by the shame of failure, for which the men felt they were not to blame; we were oppressed by

the intolerable heat, scorched by a blazing sun, nearly suffocated by hot winds and clouds of dust, wearied and exhausted by want of rest and sleep, and disheartened by the daily loss of comrades, who fell victims to heat apoplexy. Our camps were generally formed in extensive groves of mangoes, under the grateful shade of which we were comparatively cool and comfortable during the day but at night the hot air, radiating from the ground and confined by the dense overhanging foliage, was oppressive and stifling, impeded respiration, and kept our bodies in a state of feverish restlessness. Added to these causes of discomfort, the noise made by the number of camels packed closely round our tents, and the sickening effluvium from their bodies rendered sleep impossible, or, at least, disturbed and unrefreshing." "(Reminiscences of Military Service)."

A mango tope, however, on one occasion, somewhat earlier in the campaign, proved anything but a grateful shelter. The 79th and 1st Bengal Fusiliers halted temporarily on the march in a large tope; when some of the men began throwing sticks and stones at the fruit, which was in abundance, though quite unfit for eating uncooked. The missiles disturbed a great quantity of bees, which came down in thousands, and attacked the intruders, causing a stampede of the men and the horses of the mounted officers. As the best mode of escape, the troops fell in and resumed their march.

On the 20th, Lieut. Young, the Adjutant, an old soldier, finding himself completely knocked up, went on the sick list, and Lieut. Wimberley was appointed acting Adjutant.

On the 22nd, Walpole, after a long double march, reached the village of Sirsa, 40 miles beyond Rooyah, and near Aligunge. This was a strong village, occupied by a large body of rebels, who had long annoyed Brigadier Seaton. On this occasion the mistakes of the 15th were not repeated. The guns were brought up to bear on the place, and the cavalry sent to turn their flank.



The enemy were soon driven out, leaving four guns behind them. Some crossed the river, the Ramgunga, and some fled along the bank, pursued by the 9th Lancers and Horse Artillery, who killed a considerable number; but as they made no stand, the main body escaped.

The 79th halted in camp, near Aligunge, for four days, and a party of sick, comprising the Adjutant, Young, the Paymaster, Cant, and 35 men, were sent off to Futtoghur, distant about 7 miles. Sergeant Spence and Private Cuthbert died here of dysentery. A board was appointed here to report on the rifle ammunition. Great complaints were made of it, both at Lucknow and afterwards. The powder was found to be caked, and the cartridges difficult to ram home. A considerable quantity of it was condemned, and, fortunately, it could be replaced with what was of better quality. General Walpole was here reinforced by the 78th Highlanders, ordered up from Cawnpore. On the 27th the Division marched at 2 A.M. *en route* to Shahjchanpore and Bareilly. Walpole was now joined by the Commander-in-Chief and Seaton's small force. They marched to Jellalabad on the 28th, to Khant on the 29th, and Shahjchanpore on the 30th.

This place, the scene of the mutiny of the 28th Native Infantry, and the massacre of Europeans in its Church and Cantonments, on the 31st May, 1857, had recently been occupied in strength by a rebel army, under the Moulvie, accompanied, it was said, by Nana Sahib, but it was found to be evacuated. This was a great vexation to Sir Colin, and a great disappointment to the whole force. It was believed that the rebels had doubled back upon us. Nana Sahib is said to have caused all the official buildings to be destroyed, in order that the Europeans, on their arrival, might find no shelter. These buildings certainly reminded one of parts of Sebastopol after its evacuation—roofless, battered, and dismantled, they presented a most ruinous appearance.

The Grenadiers and No 1 Company occupied the fort during the 36 hours' halt; Sir Colin, entering with his staff,

found some little looting going on, in which the staff were taking part, and not only expressed his strong disapproval, but hunted out and chased some of the offenders. The only article, however, which was found in abundance was rose water in fancy bottles !

Finding that, notwithstanding the efforts of his converging columns, the rebels had in the meantime avoided an action by slipping away, Sir Colin marched for Bareilly, in hopes of catching some of them there.

He left a small garrison at Shahjchanpore, 500 men of the 82nd under Colonel Hale, De Kantzow's Irregular Horse (Mooltanee) and 6 guns. Tirhall was reached after a long march of 16 miles on the 2nd of May, and Futteh-gunge or Miranpore Kutra on the 3rd ; here he was joined, according to arrangement, by the column lately commanded by General Penny, who had been killed in a night attack by the rebels on the 30th of April, and now under Colonel H. R. Jones, of the Carabineers.

On the 4th of May Sir Colin reached Fureedpore, a day's march from Bareilly. The heat was now most trying. Although the troops marched daily at 3 A.M., the sun was very powerful before the tents could be pitched ; and the temperature inside the tents was extremely high. This was the first day the 79th had a fatal case of sunstroke. Private James Ramsay, of No 1 Company, on reaching the camping ground at Fureedpore felt knocked up, and could not assist in pitching the tents. Sergt. J. Mackenzie had him carried to the hospital tent, when Ramsay said, "I'll no be long now after Jock," referring to poor Rankin, who had been killed in the sally on 9th March. The two men had been comrades for many years at Gibraltar, Quebec, home stations, in the Crimea, and in India, and had been wont to indulge in friendly bickerings. Ramsay had never been the same man since Rankin's death ; he died in about half an hour. Rankin was, perhaps, the first man belonging to the 79th killed in action in the Mutiny campaign, Ramsay was the first that died of sunstroke.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

## TO A PTARMIGAN.

HAIL! spirit of the blast!  
Art thou, indeed, a mortal earthly thing,  
That round these hoary crags on snowy wing  
So swiftly circest past?  
Is this the habitation of thy choice?  
Can'st thou in storm and solitude rejoice?

When winter pours his snows,  
Wilt thou not then escape the savage gales,  
And seek the hospitable sheltered vales,  
Till soft the west wind blows,  
When thou can'st to these heights again repair  
To build thy nest and peck thy scanty fare?

Nay, nay! thou wilt not roam;  
The Hand that wove thy cold-defying vest  
Hath planted deep and strong within thy breast  
Love for thy mountain home;  
Thy storm-swept summits are to thee as dear  
As his bleak uplands to the mountaineer.

Farewell, brave lonely bird!  
If cold and desolate my lot shall be,  
May I endure, and, as I think on thee,  
Myself with patience gird;  
Assured the loving Hand that placed me there  
Will give the strength, the fortitude to bear.

R. C. H.

THOMAS PATTISON AND "HEDDER-  
WICK'S MISCELLANY."

## II.

I HAVE said that Pattison's "Gaelic Bards," before being published in book form, had already in substance been given to the public in the pages of *Hedderwick's Miscellany*. But the collected volume differs in some respects from the separate papers in the *Miscellany*. The biographical and critical introductions to the author's translated specimens of our Gaelic poetry have been recast and extended. Some new translations have been added. There is much that is new in the section of the work devoted to "Ossianic Poetry." The volume contains also some fifty pages of original poetry in English. At first sight it seems as if the versified specimens of our Gaelic poetry had been reprinted from the papers in the *Miscellany* without any attempt at emendation. But it is not so. A careful comparison of the two will reveal traces of sedulous and fastidious revision. If sparing in quantity, this revision was obviously searching and nicely balanced. You can but too well picture to yourself the painfully anxious care of the dying poet, as lovingly he bends over the blotted proofs; deleting, transposing, and embellishing, touching up, and re-touching the work which was to keep his memory green when these thin and feeble fingers could hold the pen no longer.

The space at my disposal will not admit of large quotation. But for such readers of the *Highland Monthly* as can lay hands on these two rare volumes of *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, I know no literary exercise more enjoyable, or more profitably significant, than a detailed collation of our

author's earlier and later work. For example, in *Hedderwick's Miscellany* the first line of "Corri Ceathach" reads—

"My misty corri ! where heifers wander."

As revised for re-publication in book form the line runs—

"My misty corry ! where hinds are roving."

In the same poem we have a similar, but larger, study of literary evolution, by comparing Pattison's first and his finished translation of Duncan Ban Macintyre's grand verse on the salmon. In *Hedderwick's Miscellany* that magnificent bit of word painting in Gaelic is thus Englished—

"The salmon, leaving the roaring ocean,  
Where they are singing, his white breast shows,  
And darts rejoicing, and stops the small flies—  
So truly steers he his crooked nose ;  
On whirling eddies his pompous leavings,  
His splendid clothing, his back blue-grey,  
His silver spangles, his fins, his speckles,  
His white-tailed smooth flank—how noble they !"

As finally revised for the collected volume of his poems this verse shows the loving care which Pattison bestowed on his endeavours to open up to English readers the beauties of our native bards—

"The salmon, leaving the wild-waved ocean,  
Within the rough dell his white breast shows,  
There darts rejoicing, and snaps the small flies—  
So truly steers he his crooked nose ;  
On fierce whirled eddies his pompous leaping  
Displays his splendid and blue-grey mail,  
His silver spangles, his fins, his speckles,  
His outstretched, wing-like, transparent tail."

To Dr James Hedderwick, the proprietor and editor of the *Miscellany*, all lovers of Gaelic poetry owe no small debt of gratitude. But for his editorial encouragement there is little reason to believe that Pattison would have persevered in the work which now enshrines his name, and which is still perhaps the best interpreter to the Saxon of the beauties of Gaelic poetry. And there were others than Pattison who, in the sunshine of Hedderwick's fostering eye, "first spread young wing for literary flight." In fact,

the editorial sanctum of the *Miscellany* and the *Citizen* was then one of the most successful of our modern schools of the prophets of the press. A fertile, many-sided, enthusiastic, and rarely gifted literary worker himself, Mr James Hedderwick was then guide, philosopher, and friend, as well as kindly taskmaster, to a noble group of young men, most of whom have since made their mark in the literature of the world. Poetry, fiction, society papers, economics, and party politics, all came handy to his ready, racy pen. Quick steersman of the boat, no hand was readier or stronger than his for the labouring oar. While guiding the work of others, he was great in work himself, and evermore most careful to turn out well-finished work, of whose strength and beauty the workman need never be ashamed. Thus he built up, in the *Citizen*, one of the most valuable literary properties of our day, and thus, too, working in the various multiform kinds of work required on a great newspaper, he trained his young men to turn out the best form of that special work in which each found his vocation. We have seen how, under his guidance, William Black found out and perfected, while yet a boy, the great gift of genius with which nature had dowered him so richly. As you read the various contributions of Alan Park Paton—poetry in profusion, science, criticism, fiction, folk-lore, and ghost stories—you recognise the presence there already of that backbone of common sense guarding the spinal marrow of subtle imagination, which has inspired the conception, and is so splendidly filling in all the minutest details, of his great work, the "Hamnet Shakspeare."

Charles Gibbon, the versatile and voluminous author of "Old Robin Gray," was also a fellow-worker with Pattison on *Hedderwick's Miscellany*. So was William Freeland, now editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*. In journalistic circles in London there are still not a few to whom the name of A. L. Gentles will recall the story of a brief but splendid literary success—or rather of a brief morning of

promise, whose sun went down ere mid-day. He too was a large contributor to Hedderwick's early enterprise. So too was Mrs Jane C. Simpson, the gifted sister of Sheriff Glassford Bell, the lamented author of "Mary Queen of Scots." But the most prolific contributor was Dr James Hedderwick himself. He is still spared to share with his sons the honours and responsibilities of the *Evening Citizen*; for his right hand has not lost its cunning, nor his muse forgotten his early inspiration. His "Villa by the Sea," lately published, contains some charming bits of true poetry. An LL.D. of the University of that great city with whose fortunes his name and labours will long be honourably associated, he spends the evening of his days in the cultured leisure of a benign, contemplative activity.

With a parting glance at one remarkable contribution to the *Miscellany*, let me bring these desultory lines to a close. It is an article on the "Innovations" of the late Dr Robert Lee, by Herbert Graham, a writer whose identity I have not been able to trace. But his article is well informed and well written. As regards the forms of public worship, Edinburgh was then in that state of mind which seems at present to prevail in the Highlands. The organ was the unclean thing, and standing at praise was the abomination of desolation. Robert Lee was hounded to his death, and lesser men were "houghed" for life. And for what? Let the whirligig of events make answer. Organs now boom their melancholy dirge in all our churches. Every church that can beg, borrow, or raffle for an organ must have one. In fact, the universal predominance of the organ in our churches is fast reaching the dimensions of an ecclesiastical nuisance. And yet less than thirty years ago the organ was to the orthodox worse than the Scarlet Lady: it was the scarlet rag to the mad bull. Eheu! Eheu! Wae's me for the broken hearts, the sundered friends, the divided homes, the murdered reputations—yea, and the murdered men—as well as the murdered might-have-beens, of that fierce, insensate con-

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troversy. How poor and pitiable, as one looks back, this quarrel about which godly men, like Dr William Muir, Robert Nisbet, and Robert Horn Stevenson, with the bitter intensity of unsparing, unforgiving relentlessness, fought with brethren, once their dearest friends, against forms of worship which are now rampant in the very churches where once they "crucified" innovations and innovators, in the name, as they thought, of the Gospel of Peace !

In turning over the pages of this old magazine, which was the first to welcome and encourage Pattison's endeavour to interpret our Gaelic bards to the Saxon reader, one feels as if turning over a long forgotten box of old letters. The volumes are brimful of varied and most interesting reading. And from a thousand polished facets of fine jewelled authorcraft come fitful, glancing rays of the Light of Other Days.

DONALD MASSON.



## MARY MHOR GHASKAN.

THERE is hardly a district in Scotland where tradition has not something to say of remarkable persons whose memory lives in the recollection of the inhabitants. Round such lives tradition weaves a web of romance, and it becomes impossible to distinguish between the true and the false. The real and the imaginary are so blended together that a sober statement of fact is impossible, and in this way much that is interesting regarding our forefathers' manner of life is lost, or remains in an unsatisfactory state of doubt and uncertainty.

The case of the subject of the following sketch is, however, different. Till within a very recent period, her well-known figure might be seen, as she leisurely wended her way from Morar or Arisaig to Lochaber, driving her dozen or more cows and calves before her. In the Braes of Lochaber I often saw Mary within the last twenty years. From her own lips I have heard many long legends regarding the region known as the Rough Bounds, where the unfortunate Prince Charlie wandered so long, and had so many hairbreadth escapes. From her, too, I have heard tales of war and witches, the evil eye, and the virtue of mountain ash as a talisman against malign influences. Nor was there a family connected with the Western seaboard, from the Point of Ardnamurchan to Loch Hourn, whose genealogy and history she did not know. How she came to know the details of every cupboard skeleton no one could tell. The superstitious credited her with "second sight" and intimate relations with the father of lies. Certain it is, that of those who had anything to conceal no one dared offend her. If they did, it was the worse for them. She knew neither pity nor remorse. The fiend which lay latent in her soul, and which probably accounted for her

strange manner of life, was roused to fury by the faintest hint of disparagement against herself, her ancestors, her religion (the old faith), her country, or Prince Charlie, whose memory she took under her special protection. The objects of her aversion she pursued with the energy of intense hate, and spread all the evil she knew of them to the utmost limits of her vast rounds. To those with whom she was on friendly terms, and who treated her animals and herself well she was loyal to a degree, and could be generous in word and deed when opportunity offered.

Mary, who was a Macdonald, and claimed to be connected with the Clan Ranald family, was born at the farm of Ghaskan, at Lochsheil side, of which her father was one of the joint tenants, in the last decade of the eighteenth century. In her youth she must have been remarkably good looking, for, in spite of the rough exposed life to which she condemned herself, she retained to the last a certain refinement of manner, and an almost classical cut of features, which is rarely met with among Scottish Highlanders.

Of her early life not much seems to be known, but immediately after her parents' death her eccentricities began to attract attention. She left her home, where she might have continued to live in comfort, and began to travel through the district with a flock of cocks and hens, the stock of the farm. These accompanied her wherever she went. She taught them to follow her as a flock of sheep follows the French or Italian shepherds. During those early days she spent her time among her neighbours and acquaintances along the shores of Loch Shiel, but as her feathered flock got accustomed to travel, she journeyed farther afield and marched long distances with her strange companions. During this period her visits used to give all the young folks immense pleasure. There were opportunities for practical joking in which the fowls were made to take a conspicuous part. It was on such occasions that Mary's powers of cursing and swearing found most active exercise, and underwent that remarkable development

which made her the terror of the country people in after years and startled all who heard her. This among the young people only added to the fun, and made the visits all the more welcome.

In warm summer weather the fowls roosted on the rafters of the barn where Mary took up her quarters for the time being, she herself sleeping on a bundle of straw in the same building. In winter, or when the weather was rough, she insisted on their being sheltered in the warmest corner near the fire, while she mounted guard over them by night and by day. Ample justice had to be done to them in the way of food, on pain of Mary's curses and all the evil which lay behind her maledictions.

In her wanderings she used to pass a night occasionally in the kitchen of the farm-house at Guisachan, of which one Paul Cameron, a noted character in his day, was tenant. Paul, in a fit of generosity, presented Mary with a calf. This animal became her constant companion, and for months shared her straw pallet. Not till it had grown to be a full-sized stirk did it enjoy the luxury of a separate stall. The new possession was a cause of embarrassment if the fowls were to be retained. The two elements refused to coalesce. Calf and cocks would not share the same bed in peace. To solve the difficulty Mary dispersed her flock of fowls, giving the friends with whom she left them, in twos and threes, strict injunctions that they were not to be allowed to mix and cross with vulgar farm-yard breeds. All promised to observe her instructions, but an evil fate followed the birds, and in a few years all trace of their identity was lost. After the lapse of nearly fifty years Mary used to dilate on their virtues, and solemnly declared that no such fowls were now to be seen in the Highlands or elsewhere. She never forgot her loss, and never forgave her faithless friends.

Paul Cameron's calf in due course of years grew to be a handsome and well-proportioned cow, and this was the origin of Mary's famous stock, and of her own fame, which

spread far beyond the bounds of her native district. For the support of this beast and its descendants she continued to levy black mail, not only in Moidart, but in all the surrounding districts, from Sunnart to Loch Hourn on the one hand, and from Arisaig to the confines of Badenoch on the other, for a period of nearly fifty years. To the poorer tenants, cottars, and crofters of Morar she became a horrible nuisance. No one dared to refuse whatever she demanded. The reputation of being "uncanny" which she had among the simple country folk, she used unsparingly, and they were only too glad to make every effort to propitiate her, and avoid being the objects of her curses and evil machinations. They had to part with their straw and hay for the good of Mary's beasts when their own cattle were almost starving. If she found any difficulty in levying voluntary contributions, she had no scruple in appropriating, when chance led her into the vicinity of a stack-yard. In this way she, year after year, supported ten or even more cattle, and though other people's beasts might in early summer show signs of pinching and poverty during the winter, Mary's were always sleek and fat, giving every evidence of being well fed and cared for. Her anxiety about these brutes was extraordinary. If any one dared to stand and look at them, she would growl, mutter deep and awful curses, and order him to attend to his own affairs and not molest her stock. If he was imprudent enough to admire them, she would fly into the most uncontrollable passion, and shower maledictions and curses, peculiar to herself, upon him and his, while she drove the animals hurriedly out of his sight.

The reason of all this was that Mary had a wholesome dread of the "evil eye," and always associated this calamity with anything like praise of her cattle. Praise meant covetousness, and this again meant disease and death, hence her dread of anyone not known and trusted by her saying a word in praise of her well favoured kine. The proper tone to assume when one wished to conciliate the

old lady, as in view of a purchase, was that of commiseration and pity for the cows, or, better still, to invite her to one's house to get "something" to keep herself and her stock. This "something," while indicating a few bundles of hay for the animals, was understood to include a glass of whisky for herself. In addition to other creature comforts, she had contracted, in her wandering life, a strong liking for "contraband," when that could be had without any outlay on her part.

Perhaps no one living knew Mary Ghaskan better than the Rev. Father C. Macdonald of Mingary. Of his first meeting with her he says in a letter written recently:— "The first time I saw Mary she was busy feeding the herd near the roadside. Through malice or ignorance I praised her cattle. She raised her stick at once, but not venturing to strike my own head she set about belabouring the cows and stirks until she made them fly half a mile off—herself hurrying away in their wake. Two days afterwards I met her again, but in the meantime she had found out who I was, so coming close to me she beseeched me most earnestly to be kind to the 'poor creatures,' and to wish them, as their friend, all health and safety. This, of course, I did, and so commenced a rather dubious sort of friendship between poor Mary and myself, which lasted nearly thirty years."

There were persons, many of them living widely apart, of whom she stood in positive terror, and no consideration would induce her to come near them or to let them approach her beasts. "They have the evil eye," she would say, "and their fathers have had it for generations past. If they look in my direction a blight is sure to come on me and mine. Away with them from my sight." The very sight of such persons used to drive her into a state of nervous frenzy. In this there was nothing very remarkable, for poor Mary was hardly responsible for her own behaviour in such matters; but a funny commentary on it is, that in discussing this trait of her character with men otherwise

well informed, one often hears the remark made by persons resident in the district, that Mary's alarms were not by any means groundless, at least in so far as some of the objects of her dread were concerned. It is a fact that few of the simple country folk care to be looked at by such suspect persons. "It sends," so they say, "a cold shiver down their backs" when they or anything belonging to them are under the gaze of an eye reputed to be evil. One might think we had got past this state of things in the Highlands, but so it is that to this day the "evil eye" is met with. Nor are witches extinct in the far west and north. Only a few years ago a Caithness man paid a witch belonging to the neighbouring county of Sutherland the sum of one pound sterling, in consideration of her exercising her occult art in his interests. The incident came under my own observation, so that I can vouch for its accuracy.

If Mary's requisitions were not appreciated by the poor cottars and crofters of Morar and Knoidart, they were still less liked by the large farmers and landowners, especially those who had considerable tracts of mountain and moor under deer in the form of forests. With the former she generally demanded a week's free quarters, or longer, for herself and her beasts, nor would she be put off with less on any pretext. Her stay invariably resolved itself into a regular war between herself and the servants, especially those immediately responsible for grazing and fodder as the case might be. Modesty in her demands Mary was an utter stranger to. She demanded the best, and must have it. This exhausted their patience, and in moments of irritation were apt to consign herself and her belongings to even warmer quarters than the most comfortable out-house on the farm. Retaliation came swift and terrible, and in the form most dreaded from persons reputed "uncanny." Striking a tragic attitude, she, with wild looks and gesture, "prayed curses upon them," in language which made strong men tremble and beg her desist, and that her most extravagant demands would be met. If there was a field on the

farm where the pasture was better and richer than ordinary, it would go hard with Mary if her cattle did not find their way there, with or without the owner's consent.

One large farmer, who knew Mary well, and who had often been pestered by her and her stock, took a lease of a farm in the island of Egg, where he resided for some years. On a visit to Arisaig he met his old friend, and in answer to a very direct hint on her part, he rather incautiously encouraged the idea of her visiting the island with her belongings. He imagined that ten or twelve miles of stormy sea would afford him sufficient protection against a surprise visit from her ladyship. That man was too sanguine, for Mary actually hired a smack, put her cattle on board, and waited patiently at Arisaig for a favourable wind. She never got a second invitation to Egg, and our friend many a day dreaded lest she should reappear to settle down permanently on the island and on him.

It was, however, during the summer months, in dealing with lairds, or rather their gamekeepers, that Mary's talents found their fullest exercise. Provided with a few pecks of oatmeal, a cooking tin pan, a small milk pail, and a spoon—her cows gave her milk—she would boldly strike into the most inaccessible parts of the deer forests of Knoidart, Morar, and Lochaber, where she often remained for several weeks without once coming near a habitation, and then only to replenish her stock of meal. During the day she moved slowly from corrie to corrie, and at night, under shelter of bush or cairn, slept beside her four-footed companions as soundly as on a bed of down. Fair or foul, nothing would induce her to leave her haunts except the persistent persecutions of the keepers. Then she knew every march, and when things were made too hot in one forest she passed into the next, where the first notice of her arrival might be her appearance peaceably tending her herd in some glen to which sportsmen had walked ten or fifteen miles in hopes of finding a royal stag. On such occasions Mary could not, or would not, speak one word

of English except such terms as "Tam," "Ta Devle," "Thief Sasanath," and such like. To the keepers, who drove away her stock, she poured out a torrent of abuse in language—English and Gaelic—which was peculiarly her own.

Living thus at free quarters, Mary was able, in the course of her fifty years' wandering, to hoard up a considerable sum of money, got principally from the sale of her surplus stock. One amusing incident in connection with such sales I remember having once witnessed. One Neil Kennedy, I think, a farmer or crofter about the Braes of Lochaber, had bought a cow from Mary at a Fort-William market. The transaction took place early in the day, and the purchase price (£9) was paid on the spot. Some time thereafter Neil fell in with one or two, myself among them, whom he invited to see his purchase. We found the beast peaceably lying down on the outskirts of the market ground. The owner first gave it a gentle kick, then another and another, to make it get up, but "Crummy" paid no heed to his hints. Getting impatient, he gave the beast a sharp rap across the ribs with his walking stick. Mary, who had been watching developments from some point of vantage, bore down upon him, and if he never heard his own character told, and also that of all his connections and forefathers, he heard it then. Winding up her tirade with such a torrent of curses as one seldom hears twice in a lifetime, she produced her purse and scattered the one pound notes he paid her to the wind, declaring that no cow of hers would he ever touch. Neil fled in terror, while those of us who stood our ground collected the scattered money, and persuaded Mary, with great difficulty and many false promises of dealing effectually with Neil, to take it back again. That, so far as I can remember, was the last time I saw her, and it is certain I never saw the cow again. My promise to see that the "crater bochd" was properly treated was, I fear, a faithless vow.



About this time the infirmities of age were beginning to tell upon her, and her visits to Lochaber became rarer, and finally ceased altogether.

The money she got by the sale of her cattle she was wise enough not to carry about with her. She had confidential bankers of her own—of whom my father was one—in every district she visited. But those who were thus honoured by her were never allowed the opportunity of having their honesty put to a very severe test. From a few weeks to six or nine months was about the limit beyond which she never went without recalling her treasure, as often as not to deposit it with the same person on her next round. I am sorry to say that Mary treated the clergy with the same, or even greater, suspicion of their bolting with her earnings, or becoming insolvent. When I became a student of divinity I fell to zero in her estimation, and was never again treated with the confidence of former days, though she continued to have a sneaking fancy for me, as was evidenced in the case of Neil's cow, probably because I never was very hard on her in the matter of an odd sheaf of corn among the bundles of straw doled out for her beasts.

Late in life the conviction seems to have come upon her that the Bank of Scotland, the National Bank, and the British Linen, were not likely to come to grief in her day, so she was venturesome enough to commit sixty or seventy pounds to the custody of each, but even these establishments fell under suspicion, and before her death she withdrew almost every penny. What became of her hoard I do not know; it was probably quietly appropriated for most part by her private bankers.

This remarkable woman travelled for nearly fifty years through every district of the west country within the limits defined at the beginning of this article. She never once knew a home since her parents' death. In fine weather, or even in winter, when shelter could be had in a thick wood or outhouse, she preferred lying down beside her cattle to

seeking hospitality in inhabited houses. With a bundle of straw for pillow, and an old cloak or shawl thrown over her, the old woman could sleep at the foot of a tree or behind a dyke with more comfort than most of us on the easiest of beds. The infirmities of age came rather suddenly upon her. The toes of one of her feet, probably frost-bitten through sleeping in the open during frost and snow, began to mortify. The poor old creature for a long while refused to put herself in the hands of a surgeon, and when she yielded and had the amputation performed, her system was so reduced that she never recovered, though she lingered on for a time. For a couple of years before the operation was performed she suffered much pain, partly from exposure to cold, partly, too, from the filthiness of the rags wrapped round the injured part. The Rev. Father C. Macdonald, who frequently saw her during this time, in the letter already referred to, says:—"Many a time when hearing her cries of distress, I used to wander back to the story of Philoctetes' suffering. The connection struck me then more than it would do now, for the Greek tragedian, like many other friends of our youth, has long since passed away from my acquaintance."

It was always predicted, during her latter years, that Mary would be found lying dead on the hillside from sheer exhaustion and exposure, or gored to death by a young and rather vicious bull belonging to her herd. But she falsified all their prophecies by dying like a Christian at Glenfinnan.

Barring a strong disposition to swearing, an angry temper, and a certain sourness even in her amiable moments—this and a weakness for "contraband"—poor Mary's life was morally innocent enough. If she helped herself to a little of her neighbours' fodder, it was for the good of the "creutairean bochda"—poor beasts. She would have starved, or lived for a twelvemonth on her cows' milk solely, rather than steal for herself.

When I heard, far enough away from the Braes of Lochaber, in Africa, that Mary Mhor was dead, I felt as if

another of the links which bind us to the past were gone, and the writing of the present paper was suggested through my coming across a receipt granted by my father to Mary for £20, and duly returned by her when she withdrew the money from his custody, and which had lain for many years among his papers till they were overhauled after his own death. The sight of that old yellow bit of notepaper recalled many incidents connected with the old woman and her cows, some of which, I fear, were not always very creditable to us youngsters, if truth were told. Certain it is that I once bore a hand in turning a stout yellow stirk of her's into a saddle pony for my own and others' amusement, while Mary was enjoying her share of a "bottle," probably of "pure smuggled."

Altogether, my recollections of Mary are favourable, and I know that many who knew her, and were well acquainted with her haunts and habits, will join with me in saying that she deserves this slight tribute to her memory. Her wandering career brings vividly before us a phase of life which, under other forms, was not uncommon in the Highlands up to a very recent period, but which is now vanished utterly—more's the pity.

JAMES MACDONALD.

Reay Free Manse, 1891.

## CLAN CHATTAN.

## II.—THE MACPHERSON CLAIMS.

**L**AST month we pointed out that there was clearly a displacement and dispute in the Clan Chattan in relation to the chiefship about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

How does the claim of the Cluny Macphersons for the chiefship of the clan stand in relation to facts which were then discussed? They do not appear at all in the historical documents, but tradition in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had enough to tell of their share in the crisis. At the battle of Invernahaven, fought against the Camerons, the Macphersons of Cluny claimed the right under Mackintosh as chief, but he unfortunately gave this post of honour to the Clan Dai or Davidsons of Invernahaven; and the Macphersons retired in high dudgeon. The battle was at first lost to Clan Chattan, but the Macphersons, despite anger, came to the rescue, and the Camerons were defeated. Then ensued a struggle, lasting ten years, for superiority between the Macphersons (Clan Chattan) and the Davidsons, the scene of which, in 1396, was shifted to the North Inch of Perth. These, the Macpherson tradition says, were the two clans that fought the famous clan fight. The Macphersons claim to be descended from Gillicattan Mor, progenitor of the Clan Chattan, by direct male descent, and every link is given back to the eleventh century, thus (omitting "father of")—Gillicattan, Diarmid, Gillicattan, Muirich, parson of Kingussie, whence they are called Clann Mhuirich, father of Gillicattan and Ewen Ban, the former of whom had a son, Dougall, whose daughter Eva, "the heiress of Clan Chattan," married Angus Mackintosh in 1291, and thus made him "captain" of Clan Chattan; Ewen Ban was the direct male representative, then Kenneth,

Duncan, Donald Mor, Donald Og, Ewen ; then Andrew of Cluny in 1609, a real historic personage without a doubt. In this list, not a single name previous to that of Andrew can be proved to have existed from any documents outside the Macpherson genealogies, excepting only Andrew's father, Ewen, who is mentioned in the Clanranald Red Book as grandfather of the heroic Ewen, who joined Montrose with three hundred of Clan Mhuirich and Chattan. The direct Gillicattan genealogy is given in the 1467 MS., and, such as it is, it has no semblance to the Macpherson list. The fact is that the Macpherson list previous to Ewen, father of Andrew, is purely traditional and utterly unreliable. The honest historian of Moray, Lachlan Shaw, says—"I cannot pretend to give the names of the representatives before the last century. I know that in 1660 Andrew was laird of Clunie, whose son, Ewan, was father of Duncan, who died in 1722 without male issue."

By means of the Spalding Publications, the Synod of Moray Records, and other documents, we can now supplement and add to Lachlan Shaw's information, though not much. Macpherson of Cluny is first named in 1591, when Clan Farson gave their "band" or bond to Huntly. He is then called "Andrew Makfersone in Cluny," not *of* Cluny, be it observed, for he was merely tenant of Cluny at that time. This is amply proved by the Badenoch rental of 1603, where we have the entry—"Clovyne, three pleuches . . . Andro McFarlen (*read* Farsen) tenant to the haill." Perhaps Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is right as to the national importance of Cluny Macpherson then, when he says—"So little known does he seem to have been that Huntly's chamberlain, who made out the Badenoch rental in 1603, calls him Andro *McFarlen*." In 1609, Andrew had obtained a heritable right to Cluny, for then he is called Andrew Macpherson *of* Cluny in the bond of union amongst the Clan Chattan, "in which they are and is astricted to serve Mackintosh as their Captain and Chief." Huntly had for long been trying to detach the Clan from

Mackintosh by "bands," as in 1591 and in 1543, and by raising the tenants to a position of independence under charter rights, which were liberally granted in the seventeenth century, and which proved fatal to the unity of Clan Chattan. But it was a wise policy, nationally considered, for in 1663-5, when Mackintosh tried to raise his Clan against Lochiel, some flatly refused, asking *cui bono*; others promised to go if Mackintosh would help them to a slice of their neighbour's land; and Macpherson of Cluny proposed three conditions on which he would go—(1) if the Chiefs of the Macphersons hold the next place in the Clan to Mackintosh; (2) lands now possessed by Mackintoshes and once possessed by Macphersons to be restored to the latter; and (3) the assistance now given was not of the nature of a service which Mackintosh had a right to demand, but simply a piece of goodwill.

When Mackintosh was in 1688 proceeding to fight the "last Clan battle" at Mulroy against Keppoch, we are told that "the Macphersons in Badenoch, after two citations, disobeyed most contemptuously." Duncan Macpherson, the Cluny of that time, had decided to claim chiefship for himself, and in 1672 he applied for and obtained from the Lord Lyon's Office the matriculation of his arms as Laird of Cluny Macpherson, and only true representative of the ancient and honourable family of Clan Chattan. Mackintosh, on hearing of it, objected, and got the Lord Lyon to give Macpherson "a coat of arms as cadets of 'Clan Chattan.'" The Privy Council in the same year called him "Lord of Cluny and Chief of the Macphersons," but Mackintosh got them to correct even this to Cluny being responsible *only* for "those of his name of Macpherson descendit of his family," without prejudice always to the Laird of Mackintosh. In 1724 Mackintosh and Macpherson came to an agreement that Mackintosh, in virtue of marrying the heiress of Clan Chattan in 1291, was Chief of Clan Chattan, Macpherson renouncing all claim; but there was a big bribe held out to him—he received the Loch Laggan

estates from Mackintosh. In this way the egging on of Huntly, the reputation gained by the Macphersons in the Montrose wars and otherwise, and an absurd piece of pedigree, all combined to deprive Mackintosh of his rightful honour of Chief, and also of a good slice of his estate ! The renown gained by the Clan Macpherson in the Jacobite wars, compared to the supineness of the Mackintosh Chiefs, gained them public sympathy in their claims, and brought a clan, altogether unknown or ignored until the battle of Glenlivet in 1594, to the very front rank of Highland Clans in the eighteenth century. We see the rise of a clan and its chiefs actually take place in less than a century and a half, and that, too, by the pluck and bravery displayed by its chiefs and its members.

## INCANTATIONS AND MAGIC RHYMES.

THE belief in incantations, like that in the evil eye, is world-wide and world-old. An incantation consists of a formula of words which is recited to bring about certain physical results to which the meaning of the words has some correspondence more or less direct. Thus, in Scotland, a sprain is cured in this way. A black woollen thread, with nine knots made upon it, is tied round the sprained limb, and while the thread is being put on, the operator mutters these words :—

“ The Lord rade  
And the foal slade ;  
He lighted,  
And he righted,  
Set joint to joint,  
Bone to bone,  
And sinew to sinew,  
Heal in the Holy Ghost’s name !”

The principle underlying this spell is that of analogy—the recital of what the Lord did, with a call for, or expectation of, similar healing, is supposed to effect the healing process. But another aspect of the matter appears in the following English charm for cramp :—Stand firmly on the leg affected, and repeat with appropriate gesture :—

“ The devil is tying a knot in my leg,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg ;  
Crosses three we make to ease us,  
Two for the thieves, and one for Jesus.”

Here there is an evident reference to the action of demons, who, in certain stages of culture, are supposed to cause all manner of diseases. To expel this demon a more potent power has to be invoked, and this is done by a set formula, generally in metre. Here, then, the virtue of the “ spoken word” or magic formula lies in the fact of its being addressed



to a supposed living spirit or agent, capable of understanding and acting upon it; and this is the case in most charms, and ultimately this animistic notion may be the foundation of them all, whether analogical and symbolical, or directly invoking demon or god powers. Among savages the poetic and musical arts are used almost for this purpose alone. If one asks an Indian of the West for a love-song, he will tell him that a philtre is really much more efficacious. "If you ask one of them," says Kohl, who travelled among the Red Indians, "to sing you a simple, innocent hymn, in praise of Nature, a spring or jovial hunting stave, he never gives you anything but a form of incantation, with which he says you will be able to call to you all the birds from the sky, and all the foxes and wolves from their caves and burrows." The Maoris call incantations *karukius*, and employ them in actual life, such as for raising the wind by their means. The hero in their myths splits rocks before him with a *karuhia*, just as the girls in the Kaffir and Bushman tales do, and by the same means he can assume any animal shape, be it bird or beast. The Finns are famed for their magic songs, but we shall quote only this blood-stopping formula:—"Listen, O blood, instead of flowing, instead of pouring forth thy warm stream. Stop, O blood, like a wall; stop, like a hedge; stop, like a reef in the sea; like a stiff sedge in the moss; like a boulder in the field; like the pine in the wood." For the antiquity of these and like incantations we may appeal to ancient Chaldea, the land of Magic. Fortunately, a considerable body of incantations has been preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions, and of these one specimen must suffice:—

"Painful fever, violent fever,  
The fever which never leaves man,  
Unremitting fever,  
The lingering fever, malignant fever,  
Spirit of the heavens, conjure it! Spirit of the Earth, con-  
jure it!"

Among the Aryan nations, ancient and modern, the belief in incantations has been strong. Indeed, a good case

has been made out that some charms can be traced to the times of primitive Aryan unity. The sprain charm with which we began to exemplify the subject of incantations is very widely spread over Aryan ground. It appears in one or two forms in Gaelic, as for instance thus :—

Chaidh Criosd a mach  
 'S a' mhaduinn mhoich,  
 'S fhuair e casan nan each,  
 Air am bristeadh mu seach.  
 Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,  
 Agus feith ri feith,  
 Agus feoil ri feoil,  
 Agus craicionn ri craicionn,  
 'S mar leighis esan sin  
 Gu'n leighis mise so.

This means that Christ early in the morning found the horses' legs broken, and he put "bone to bone, vein to vein, flesh to flesh, skin to skin, and as he healed that so may I heal this," at the same time tying a worsted thread on the injured limb. Similarly in Orkney, after telling how the Saviour's horse "slade," we are told that he put

Sinew to sinew, joint to joint,  
 Blood to blood, and bone to bone,  
 Mend thou in God's name !

Norway and Denmark have almost verbatim copies, and in the heathen German times we meet in the Merseburg charm for the lamed horse the same words, only it is Balder's horse that is lamed, and Woden works the cure by putting

Bên zi bêna, bluot zi bluoda,  
 Lid zi giliden, sôse gelfmida sîn—

bone to bone, blood to blood, and sinew to sinew. With this the Sanskrit charm in the Atharva Veda has been very properly compared :—

Let marrow join to marrow, and let limb to limb be joined,  
 Grow flesh that had fallen away, and now every bone also grow,  
 Marrow now unite with marrow, and let hide on hide arise.

Cato, an early Latin author, has left a charm for dislocation, which, however, as often happens, is but a mere

jargon without sense. In the great Greek poem of the *Odyssey*, the kinsfolk of *Odyssey* sing a song of healing over the wound which was dealt him by the boar's tusk, and *Sophocles*, the tragic poet, speaks of the folly of muttering incantations over wounds that need the surgeon's knife. *Theocritus* of *Syracuse*, a Greek poet of the third century before Christ, devotes his second idyll to the incantations of the love-lorn *Simaetha*, who tries to bring back her lover by symbolic charms and incantations, whose burden Mr *Symonds* turns neatly by the line—

Wheel of my magic spell, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

We get a glimpse of the dire incantations resorted to by the superstitious women of Rome in the terrible rites practised by *Horace's Canidia*, whose charms could draw down the moon, a phrase he often repeats, as does also *Virgil*. *Pliny*, who doubtfully discusses the question of the use of charms, records that even the great *Cæsar*, after a carriage accident which befel him, used to repeat a charm three times for safety whenever he rode thereafter.

Enough has been said by way of proving the universality and antiquity of charms as a method of healing, harming, and protecting. The English word "charm" is derived through old French from the Latin *carmen*, a song, incantation; and it covers nearly the whole extent of this class of superstition, though "spell" is used for the idea of fascination or bewitching. A person is "laid under spells" but cured or protected by charms. There are several words in Gaelic for these ideas. The spell is in Irish called *geas*, which also means a prohibition or taboo. The word *geas* is also known in Gaelic, but the idea of bespelling a person is represented really by two modern words—*sian* and *rosadh*, the former being used for placing on one a protective spell, and the latter for a mischievous spell. The charm pure and simple is now called *eòlas*, literally "knowledge," and also *or* or *ortha* (prayer?), but the older name *obaidh*, *cbag*, or *ubag*, which appears in old Irish as *uptha*, and in Manx as *obbee*, still survives in the words of the

charms, and has caused some ludicrous mistakes to translators. In fact, this is not the only old word or idea that has survived in these curious rhymes. The *Faeth Fiada* of early Irish, and the *Feth Fia* of more modern Irish, appears on Gaelic ground as *Fath-fidhe* or *Fa fithe*, and is explained by a Gairloch man as "the power of screening oneself from every person one wishes." For instance, a smuggler possessed of this charm has only to touch his brewing utensils, and no guager can see them or him. Poachers similarly can lay a spell on their game so as to make it wholly invisible, or, if not so, as some hold, to make only the heart of the dead animal be seen. This power is conferred by a rhyme which fortunately is now in public possession, for it has been more than once published. The *Fa Fithe* is therefore a spell. In the Irish tales, the Tuatha De Danann make use of it, and it seems to cause a magic mist which they can cast over themselves, though once at least it is represented as a magic cloak. Its ultimate meaning is doubtful, so far as present knowledge goes. St Patrick's famous Gaelic hymn is known by the same title—a title which in the early Irish appears as *Faed Fiada*, which Dr Whitley Stokes interprets as the Deer's Cry, for Patrick and his companions escaped by the recital of this hymn, appearing to their enemies in passing as but so many deer! O'Beirne Crowe gave the translation as Guardsman's Cry, but these translations carry little or no elucidation of the later ideas connected with the expression.

When the art of writing was introduced, it was at once made use of in charms. Amulets had inscriptions cut on them, and slips of paper or parchment with incantations written on them were worn about the person. Toothache charms, for instance, have so been used, and cases have been known where the paper, with the charm thereon written, has been lost for some time unwittingly, and as soon as ever the loss has become known, the toothache has come back, to employ the graphic expression actually made use of, "like a shot." The "rune" letters of the Teutons,

just like the Ogams of the Celts, were used for purposes of sorcery. Indeed the word "rune," which is also the Gaelic *rún*, seems properly to mean secrecy, and it was long considered a wonderful secret how one man could by such simple strokes communicate his thoughts to another. From this it was a natural step to attribute to runes a secret magic power, and accordingly we have accounts of their use as charms. The Futhorc runic alphabet is found inscribed on various things used or worn, especially on swords. Brynhild, as the Edda tells us, taught Sigurd the virtue of runes thus :—

Victory-runes must thou know  
 If thou wilt victory gain.  
 Cut them on thy sword-hilt,  
 Others cut on the blade,  
 And twice name Tyr.  
 Storm-runes must thou cut,  
 If thou wilt guarded have  
 Thy ship in the breakers' roar.  
 Thought-runes must thou know,  
 Wilt thou than others wiser be.  
 Woden hath these runes  
 Himself devised.

The Gaelic Celts attributed virtues in a somewhat similar way to their Ogams. Dalan, the druid of Eochaid Airem, took four rods of yew and wrote Ogams on them, and by their means, and his keys of seership, discovered that Eochaid's Queen was in Fairyland. The King of Alban's son inscribes an Ogam on Cuchulinn's spear, and that hero is enabled thereby to take a sea voyage unerringly in search of some friends. The secret virtue of Ogams is also recognised in their use by Cuchulinn on the Tain Bo Chualgne, a use which is of the nature of a taboo rather than mere warning off to his foes. The disuse of Ogam in mediæval times renders it difficult to discover many examples of its employment in charms, but it is clear that in Druidic and early Christian times it was in great vogue for purposes of magic.

The virtue of the spoken word was pushed to an extreme among the Gael in their belief that poets, especially

satirists, could give physical effect to their sentiments as expressed in verse. The satirists were believed to have the power, by means of their verse, to cause not an injury of reputation merely, but a physical injury as well. Deformities, such as blisters on the face and body, were expected to result from a satire, and the legends record that they did result. Hence no refusal was given to a bard, whatever he asked—at least in the heroic age, for their arrogance brought matters to a head in the 7th century, and they lost much of their pristine power. On a refusal, the bard promptly said, “I will satirise you,” and then he gained his point. The death scene of Cuchulinn illustrates this well. He can fall only by his own spear, which the enemy must get. So a satirist comes to him and says—

“That spear to me.”

“I swear my people’s oath,” said Cuchulinn, “that thou dost not want it more than I do. The men of Erin are on me here and I on them.”

“I will revile thee, if thou givest it not,” says the satirist.

“I have never been reviled yet because of my niggardliness.”

With that Cuchulinn flung the spear at him, with its handle foremost, and it passed through his head and killed nine on the other side of him.

That satirist received his deserts! The belief represented here has not yet died out, for a poetess lately deceased has more than once told the writer how she was feared by certain superstitious people on this very score—that not merely a moral but a physical injury should be done them by a satiric rhyme or poem. The Gaelic for satire is *aoir*, and there are several such in the language. Some last century MSS represent a poetical duel as once taking place between Lord Macdonald of the Isles and Maccailein More of Argyle, which ran thus:—

*Mac Cailein :*

Tha mi eolach anns gach ceaird ;  
Le h-aoire ni 'n claidhte mo cholg.  
Ge b' e bheireadh amach m' fhearg,  
Bhiodh e dearg mar dhril nan ord.

*Mac Domhnuill :*

Ni 'm b' usa buntainn ri m' shamhail-s',  
 'S mi mar cheann nathrach 's teang air chrith ;  
 'S mi mar eisg an deis a bearraidh,  
 'S beist air buin a h-earra dhi.

Translated :—

*Argyle :*

I am learned in every art ;  
 With satire my rage could not be overcome.  
 Whosoever would draw forth my wrath  
 Would be red (blistered) like sparkles from the hammer.

*The Lord of the Isles :*

No easier were it to deal with my like ;  
 I am like the adder's head, and its tongue vibrating ;  
 Like an eel after its being docked,  
 And a beast that has its tail cut off.

The name of the sixteenth century Irish and Scottish bard, Angus O'Daly, called Aonghus Nan Aoir, or Angus the Satirist, is still remembered in the Highlands with dread, and many of his *aoirs* are handed down. In Scotland only Chisholm of Strathglass pleased him—and he did not ! But there are several *aoirs* or satires on vermin, like rats and mice, which are really intended to satirise these animals out of the locality. The following spell against mice is attributed to Aonghus Nan Aoir. It appears in the *Duanaire* :—

A h-uile luch fhirionn is bhoirionn,  
 Eadar Cnocan Dail-na-carra  
 Agus Ionbhar Alld a' mhuilinn,  
 Bithibh ullamh gu dol thairis.  
 Gabhaidh seachad air an dàim,  
 Beagan am bràigh a' mhuilinn,  
 Cumaidh sìos rathad-mòr an Diùc,  
 Seachad cùl Tom na h-aire.  
 Ruigibh an sin Drochaid-Nibheis,  
 Tha i tioram, 's bithidh thairis.  
 Gabhaidh sìos cùl nan gàradh,  
 Seachnaibh an t-Sràid, tha i soilleir,  
 Mu-m mùch iad sibh fo 'n casan,  
 'S mu-n saltair iad 'nur goille.  
 Tha figheadair an ceann shìos a' bhaile,  
 Agus ciste mhine air a chùlaobh.

Fanaibh an sin gus an abaich eòrna Shiùna.  
Agus cho ceart 's gu'm beil b'inn uisg' an Lochaidh,  
Cuimhnichibh an t-òrdugh 'chleachdadh.

This is merely an elaborate order for the mice to go over from one place, directions being minutely given, to another, where more food awaits them; and let them do it evermore! An even better "mouse" charm is published in the 12th volume of the *Celtic Magazine* (p. 257), and a particularly excellent "rat" spell is published in "Nether-Lochaber's" *Ben Nevis and Glencoe*, at page 4, with a translation.

Another belief in connection with these charms is remarkable as finding its proper parallel only in present savage or barbarous life, though prevalent in old Egypt. This consists in a magic value being attached to a person's name. Among the Egyptians, to know the name of a god or spirit gave the person knowing it the power over him *volens volens*. Pliny relates how the Romans used to find out the name of the god of any city they besieged, and called upon him to come over to them as able to give higher sacrifices. The Jews never named the name of their God, so that it has been a matter of doubt how exactly the name "Jehovah" was pronounced. A man and his name are therefore, in certain stages of culture, regarded as convertible terms: to injure the one is to injure the other. If a Lapp child falls ill, its name must be changed. In Borneo the same is done to cheat the demons that plague it. Among the Finns, to know the name and origin of any being—man or demon, human or demoniac disease-bringer—gives power over him. It is so in certain Gaelic charms. The name of the person has carefully to be repeated, and it must be the person's real name; a wrong paternity attributed to any person entails a wrong name, and a consequent failure in the efficacy of the charm. It is equally important in the cure of cattle to know the name of the animal upon which the charm is worked; and it is asserted that witches and other "bespellers" require the name of a cow, or a hair from its hide, to work their wicked will.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPANISH SETTLERS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SIR,—The question to what extent the natives of the Highlands are of Spanish descent, is one which possesses a good deal of interest, and which, I think, has not received so much notice as it deserves. All along the West Coast there are to be found, here and there, a few families that have a marked resemblance, both in mind and body, to the type of mankind that is indigenous to Spain. These families are distinguished by a sallow complexion, dark eyes, hair of a dull black, and a somewhat diminutive figure. In short, they are totally unlike the great majority of the Celts among whom they have their abode. The dissimilarity in mind is not so noticeable, but still it is such as to suggest a connection with the races of Southern Europe.

It would be interesting to know whether their origin can be traced to the shipwrecked crews of the Armada of 1588. Some ships of that famous fleet were certainly dashed to pieces on the stormy shores of the West Highlands, and some of the men may have chosen to stay in Scotland rather than return to endure the tyranny of Philip II. If so, it is almost certain that they must have intermarried with Highland maids, and that their descendants may still be found in the country. Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to throw light on this subject.—  
Yours truly,

INQUIRER.

To the Editor, *Highland Monthly*, Inverness.

## NEW BOOKS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE,  
BASED UPON THE PREFACE TO DONLEVY'S CATECHISM, BY REV. W.  
HAYDEN, S.J. Dublin, Gill & Son; London, D. Nutt.

MR HAYDEN has done his work admirably. The Irish text is given on one page, and opposite it is the English, both by Donlevy. There is a complete glossary, interspersed with interesting and important remarks on grammatical structure and forms; and there are notes besides. Donlevy's work was first printed in Paris in 1742, and has been republished more than once since that time. The preface is well written both in Gaelic and in English, and ranges from a discussion on Irish books for children through the mysteries of theology to a discussion on Catechisms, and especially the present Catechism and its printing. We cannot say that the matter is extremely suitable for an "Introduction" to any language, despite the excellence of the Gaelic and that of the editing. Dr Hyde's *Fireside Tales* is worth dozens of it for this purpose. It is after the student is well "introduced" to the language that he should attack the sesquipedalian style natural to questions of theology, philosophy, and education.

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WE have received from Paterson, Sons, & Co., music publishers, of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, the Scottish song of *The Kindly E'enin'*, the words of which are by Mr Andrew Stevenson, M.A., and the music by Mrs Stevenson. It is set to a "Gaelic air," as the heading to the music puts the matter. And this is correct, for the air is that of the well-known Gaelic song of "Gu Ma Slan a Chi Mi." Music and words accord in the most striking manner.

We here reproduce the words of this beautiful song, so full of the Gaelic feeling for nature :—

THE KINDLY E'ENIN'.

*(Old Gaelic Air.)*

The morning is a maiden,  
 Wi' jewels in her hair,  
 Her lips are o' the rosebud,  
 Her brow the lily fair.  
 The lusty noon o' leafy June  
 Is like a winsome dame ;  
 But aye the kindly e'enin'  
 Brings a' thing hame.

The morning comes in love and licht,  
 An' waukens on the lea  
 The melody o' simmer bells,  
 The murmur o' the bee ;  
 The sea-bird wings its flicht afar  
 Oot ower the snawy faem ;  
 But aye the kindly e'enin'  
 Brings a' thing hame.

The early dew o' purity  
 May lang hae passed awa' ;  
 Oor lusty noon in leafy June  
 Has seen the pearls fa' ;  
 And sorrow's sib to ilka ane,  
 And bliss is but a name  
 Until the kindly e'enin'  
 Brings a' thing hame.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XXII.

#### HERE AND THERE.

EFFIE felt a little forlorn when Louis went back to Edinburgh, but as she had plenty of work to do, and wished to do it well, and especially as she and her young man sent each other one letter a week at least, she soon threw off that feeling. Old Mrs Sedgwick turned out a most desirable lodger. She declared that Effie and her father made her feel young again—and truly they were a cheerful pair—while there was no doubt at all that her own cheerfulness and companionship helped to give languid and usually-ailing Mrs Bell a flow of better spirits and of improved health. Then came the great project for starting a big bazaar to supply funds for furnishing the Girls' School with scientific appliances and all things necessary for fitting it out fully as a tip-top establishment. A mixed committee of ladies and gentlemen was formed to organise the undertaking, and the head mistress, Miss Plimsoll, and

Effie were appointed secretaries of this committee. Miss Plimsoll, who was a very good woman in her proper sphere, was like a fish out of water in the bazaar business. So most of the work fell upon Effie, who rather liked it, and would have liked it still better had the rector of Monk-Hirst and Tom Troutbeck not been members of the committee. The pair of them paid her far more attention than she could patiently tolerate. Tom Troutbeck, the son and junior partner of a wealthy worsted spinner, was by no means a bad fellow in any respect. He was a few years older than Louis, and had been Louis' second man and faithful henchman in the football club and in the Grammar School, the junior being pretty far ahead of him both in lessons and play. Effie knew perfectly well that Tom had always a sneaking liking for herself, from the time she was a very little girl, but she thought she had of late years snubbed him properly into stand-off propriety, and made him fully understand she belonged to Louis, until she found him resorting almost to waylaying acts in order to get to accompany her home from the committee-room at the school. There was a distance of fully a mile between the school and the Corner House, which, as it happened unfortunately for Effie's serenity, lay on the road which led to Tom's paternal mansion. But it also lay on the road to Monk-Hirst rectory, and the rector was quite as persistent in trying to accompany Effie as Tom Troutbeck. She felt there was safety in numbers, and much preferred to be escorted against her will by the pair together than by either of them separately. She knew perfectly well that each of them was seeking for an opportunity for private speech with her. She was as free from coquetry and as straightforward as any girl could be, and yet she managed to secure the safety of the double escort, until she obtained a sort of deputy protector. She thought once of asking her father to come for her on committee nights, but on second consideration she saw that such a plan would not suit. John Bell and his wife, who had looked upon Effie

from almost her infant days as a girl who could take care of herself by night and by day, would have been much astonished had she told them her troubles about the rector and young spinner. John Bell would have done his daughter's bidding, although it would not have been pleasant for him to leave his writings and break his habits, and to have to dangle his thin legs on a chair in a cold ante-room until committee meetings broke up. There was no telling beforehand, as Effie confessed to herself, how her mother would take it if told about the would-be woers. Mrs Bell was in the main a good woman and a true one, yet there was a grain of perversity in her nature, which many years of ailing health had increased, and she had such a hankering for the comforts of wealth, having been all her life acquainted with the difficulty of making ends meet, that although she was fond enough of Louis, Effie doubted her remaining quite true to him under temptation. So Effie did not take father and mother into council about the annoyance she was enduring. Nor until it assumed a more definite form did she like to complain much about it in her letters to Louis, although she gave him a faithful relation of the outward facts of her life from week to week.

There was no skeleton closet in the Corner House. Owing to long ill-health and the pressure in the past of the struggle for existence, Mrs Bell fell into a complaining habit. She was now in better health and circumstances, and more cheerful notwithstanding the belief that the rector of Monk-Hirst would give trouble about the bond to Mrs Smith some day. Effie sometimes thought that she did wrong in keeping the secret about the bond from her father and mother. She hated secrets, but John Bell worked away steadily and stoutly in the hope of paying it off, and Mrs Bell might as well indulge in pessimism about the bond as about anything else. She could not get comfortably on without some grievance. Effie got so annoyed about the unwelcome attentions of the rector of Monk-Hirst and Tom Troutbeck that when an opportunity offered she

made a confidant of one of Louis's cousins, fat fair hearty Lizzie Smith, the second daughter of Uncle John. The Smith cousins, male and female, looked upon Effie as one of their own tribe, but Lizzie was her greatest favourite among them all. Lizzie was full of hearty life, energy, and quiet merriment—a very winsome lass of the substantial Slocum build. Effie knew that Tom Troutbeck was supposed, by Louis and most of the Smith cousins, to have been lately rather smitten with Lizzie and paying her many sheepish attentions—for Tom was shy and awkward in his sweethearting moves. He set rather a high value on himself, or rather on his position and expectations, and was afraid of being caught. Yet here he was dangling after Effie who snubbed him mercilessly, and neglecting Lizzie whom he had formerly followed, wanting to speak and still putting it off, when Effie was at Girton. Effie was eager to have it out with Tom and send him to Coventry, or back to Lizzie, but the rector was a greater trouble, and if she sent Tom about his business who would protect her from the rector? So in her perplexity, Effie consulted Lizzie, and that quiet damsel consulted her elder sister, who was married to well-to-do Sam Dacre, the grocer, a pious Wesleyan many years his wife's senior. Sam Dacre was one of the Girl School governors. On the command of his wife he made himself Effie's protector by regularly escorting her to and from committee meetings. Effie felt deeply obliged to the honest fatherly grocer, and she had soon the satisfaction of seeing Tom falling back under his old allegiance to smiling sony Lizzie. The rector was not so easily got rid of, but he finally sheered away with a scowling look when he saw that Sam Dacre was determined to act as permanent escort in Louis's absence.

Louis was working very hard in his medical classes in Edinburgh while Sam Dacre was protecting Effie in Slocum. Kenneth Kennedy had meanwhile been licensed as a probationer of the National Scotch Kirk, and gone

North to act as assistant to an old minister who had preached since the Disruption to a very small congregation, as most of the parishioners had gone out. Kenneth spoke Gaelic fluently, although, like most students of his generation, he was by no means a good Gaelic scholar. But the old minister whom he went to assist, and with whom he lived in the manse was, like most Highland students of his long ago generation, an excellent Gaelic scholar, and he took it upon him with right goodwill to drill Kenneth, who was very willing and apt to learn.

Kenneth's departure would have been felt as a great loss by Louis if it had not been that hard work fully took up his time and mind. Kenneth's letters to Grace described Highland life and scenery in lively colours, and Grace herself was so easily fascinated by anything Highland that she would talk about nothing else but "Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach" this season, so that Louis found himself getting half provoked and half spell-bound by the patriotic enthusiasm of the corresponding lovers.

In the spring, Tearlach Crion made a sudden descent on Mrs Fraser and her daughter and lodger. He had not this time a law plea on hand, but wanted to overhaul some historical documents in the Register Office in connection with an archæological paper he had on hand. He was, for him, in excellent humour, but when he shook hands with Louis he looked hard at him from top to toe in such a manner that Grace asked him :—

"Have you yet found out whether it was in the body or out of the body that you knew him before?"

"Not in the body, surely."

"Was it his wraith then?"

"No, Grace. I knew him before, or his likeness in a picture, which I will show you whenever you come to the Abbot's Tower."

"I wish you would ask Kenneth to visit it first."



“Come, Kenneth is not in the bond. The infatuation sticks to you long.”

“If infatuation it is, it will stick to me forever.”

“‘What is swifter than the wind?’ was one of the young damsel’s questions to Fionn, and he answered—‘A woman’s wish between two suitors.’ Wait till I appear by my champion, and Kenneth will be nowhere.”

“Is the claimant your champion?”

“God forbid. I think he must be an impostor, although I cannot prove it yet.”

“Well, then, your champion has to be evolved from the world of ghosts or pictures where you made Louis’s acquaintance, and, meanwhile, Kenneth holds the field. Confess you are beaten, and be good-natured. Do you know that Kenneth has been asked to become a candidate for your parish, which is now vacant?”

“This is the first time I have heard of it. They might do worse than choose him. The lad has good grit. I would have liked him fine myself had he not coveted the poor man’s one ewe lamb.”

Louis laughed, and Grace indignantly denied that she was Tearlach Crion’s ewe lamb, or that he was fit to figure as the poor man of the parable. Finally, Tearlach himself laughed at the grotesque idea, and Grace seized upon the opportunity for most unscrupulously canvassing for his vote and influence in favour of Kenneth. But promise he would not, there and then. He changed the subject by reverting again to the wonderful resemblance between Louis and the picture of an old ancestor of his own, who fought for the Covenant, and fell at Worcester. Louis said that resemblances of the kind were common in every-day life, and mentioned several recent cases of mistaken identity, but Tearlach Crion gazed again at Louis’s face, and said reversions of race types were more strongly marked than accidental superficial resemblances.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOUIS VISITS THE HIGHLANDS.

AT breakfast one morning in the midst of a talk on other subjects, Tearlach Crion suddenly asked Louis,

“What do you intend doing during the short vacation?”

“I intend,” was the answer, “to take a run home to Slocum.”

“Take a run with me to the Highlands instead.”

Mrs Fraser stopped filling her odd cousin's coffee cup to look at him in a dumfounded way. Grace pursed her lips as if about to whistle, but Tearlach only looked at Louis, who replied hesitatingly—

“Thank you very much. I should like exceedingly to take a run to the Highlands, and to see the Abbot's Tower, but I have written to my Slocum friends saying I am coming home.”

“Write to them again and say that you are going with me to see the country of your clan.”

“But, dear guardian,” interposed Grace, “if he has already promised his people and—and——”

“And his sweetheart, you mean—the Girton girl, whom I have not forgotten, and whose self-reliance I greatly respect.”

“Well, then, you should not tempt him to break promise with her, even in a small matter. When the long vacation comes on, ask him then. The country will then be in its glory. It is bleak and cold now. The Grampians are covered with snow, like sheeted giant ghosts.”

“They are not, I wish they were; for that would make them all the more impressive to my Anglicised clansman. Come, Louis, I'll frank you third class, which is my own class, and the most cheerful, conversational, and fair equality class, to travel with, there and back, if you say yes at once.”

"Don't let him tempt you, Louis. He is a wizard, and he is always plotting and planning against true lovers."

"He is a wizard, Louis, says she. Well, I might be something worse than that, as things go. One thing I can do just now, and that is make my wilful, provoking, teasing, disobedient ward quickly change her tune, and strongly urge you to accept my invitation."

"Avaunt thee, wicked wizard," laughed Grace; "thee and thy spells and cantrips, I defy."

Tearlach Crion looked comically at his defiant ward, composedly finished his breakfast, rose, and went into the lobby for his hat, cloak, and umbrella, and the bag in which he carried his papers. When fully equipped for the Register Office, he returned again to the breakfast-room, and, standing near the door, thus he spoke:—

"One of my reasons for inviting Louis to the Abbot's Tower just now was, that he might keep company with another expected guest—a young licentiate, who is to be my guest over the two Sundays on which he is to preach as a candidate for the parish now vacant."

Grace started up with a glad cry—"Kenneth!" She danced to the old man, and fairly hugged him. "Oh, you dear, dear old darling! You have invited Kenneth?"

"Well, yes, but don't make too much of it. The lad has good grit. They might do worse than choose him. Yet, perhaps, they won't."

"Oh, but they will," asserted Grace with dogmatic confidence. "They believe in you, and they will believe in Kenneth, too."

"And what say you about Louis? Should he go with me, or return to Slocum next week?"

"He must go with you, of course," replied unscrupulous Grace. "He must go with you, certainly, and I'll write a long letter to Effie myself about the why and wherefore."

Tearlach Crion departed in peace, after a hearty laugh with Louis at the sudden conversion of Grace. What did Grace care for their laughter! She was the happiest girl in

the world, and most grateful to her wizard guardian. She sent a long and slightly incoherent epistle to Effie, and Louis sent a brief one, which explained the situation rather more clearly. Effie was a little disappointed, but she bravely advised Louis to go and visit the cradle-land of his clan. She felt vastly interested in Tearlach Crion, and was confident that the curious kind of friendship he had struck up with Louis could only be productive of good to both—to the old man, whose best sympathies it would warm up, and to the young one, whose intellect would be strengthened by contact with a powerful if somewhat warped mind, stored with all sorts of knowledge.

The pair travelled north by Stirling and Perth. They went third-class, of course, and the old man enjoyed miscellaneous talk with all the sorts and conditions of—during the first part of the journey—often-changing fellow travellers, male and female. Bannockburn warmed him up into a short burst of patriotism. He said the victory won on that field was almost purely a Celtic one, but all the same did he declare that its consequences to the Highlands were to destroy the tolerable sort of civilisation established by King David, and developed by his four successors, and to produce warring clans, who cut each others' throats, defied the central authority, and on several occasions endangered the national independence which Celtic valour had won under Bruce at Bannockburn. Stirling and Stirling Bridge set him off again about Wallace, whom, as an unselfish patriot, he praised high above Bruce.

Through Strathallan and Strathearn the train skirted the outer fringe of the Grampians to Perth. Tearlach Crion had evidently the gift of making third class people speak out their thoughts on all subjects of the day and feel sociably jolly. Yet he rather asked questions and provoked merriment by short, sharp remarks, than indulged in much talk himself. For Louis's benefit he interjected a few crisp sentences when passing historic scenes. He described Sheriffmuir as the place where the Jacobite plottings of a

quarter of a century were inefficiently crushed, because if the bob of Dunblane had been weel bobbed there would have been no Culloden thirty years later. Dupplin recalled the days of David Bruce and Edward Balioll, and Forteviot the still more distant era of Kenneth MacAlpin and his successors. Tibbermuir introduced mention of Montrose, whom Tearlach, to Louis's astonishment, called "an unprincipled theatrical rascal who followed the nose of his selfish ambition." When they reached Killiecrankie, he spoke of Claverhouse as "an able, honest man, who wanted to reduce Great Britain to the absolutism which seemed to make France great and powerful in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, but which really blood-poisoned Church, dynasty, aristocracy, and people."

Louis listened to the historical remarks of Tearlach without making any effort to controvert them. He was astonished that a Highlander should hold such opinions. His own impressions of Highland history were chiefly got from Sir Walter Scott, and Grace's Jacobite songs. About Dalnaspidal, when Tearlach was holding forth on the civilisation which the Columban clergy established in Scotland, and particularly praising their efforts to save life and provide refuges in dreadfully stormy passes by hospitals such as the one in Glenshee and the one on Drumuachdar, Louis at last ventured to hint that he was confusing and upsetting all his preconceived notions about the Highlands.

"Why, what notions but wrong ones can readers of Scott, Aytoun, Mark Napier, and English writers have about the Highlands and Highland clans?" said Tearlach. "You all think the clan system of feuds, anarchies, cattle-liftings, loyalty to chiefs, and savage virtues existed from the beginning of history. It did nothing of the kind. It only arose after the Columban had long given way to the Roman Catholic Church of Queen Margaret and her descendants, and the Celtic organisation of King, Maormor, and Toiseach had been long superseded by feudalism. The Margaretan Church, with its rich abbeys and priories,

did good no doubt, but it never impressed the popular mind like the Columban Church which preceded it, and the Presbyterian Church which followed. Feudalism with its new nobility—mostly Anglican and Norman—established on the ruins of the Celtic system, rooted itself strongly, and bore much good fruit until it was shaken, and almost overthrown for a century, by the war of independence. When the Anglo-Norman barons passed over—at least the majority of them—to their natural leader, Edward of England, Duke of the Normans, the Celtic population became resurgent.

“But did not clans exist before?”

“The ties of blood, race, and language existed before, of course. But all the Highland clans with chiefs, as we know them now, came into historical light after Bannockburn, many of them, indeed, a century later. The history of leading clan families can be indistinctly traced back to King David’s time in a few instances, but the clans had yet to be formed.”

‘I thought the Highland clans were as old as the hills, and that feudalism was imposed on the clan system at a comparatively late period.’

“Feudalism was imposed on an old Celtic system which was like itself, but not so well linked and developed.”

Louis was in a state of body and mind to enjoy the grand mountain scenery of Athole, Badenoch, and Strathspey. He did not take note of time nor cared for conversation while gazing as if fascinated on mountain peaks, streams, and glen. Tearlach, on the other hand, was restless when not talking or listening to what local passengers had to say. Between Struan and Kingussie he more than once expressed regret that the stage coach time was over, and abused railways for spoiling all the amenities of travelling. He had much to say about the Cummings, the Wolf of Badenoch, the Gordons, the Haughs of Cromdale, and the Jacobites, before they reached Grantown, and the domains of the chief of his own clan. For all his

caustic remarks on chiefs and clans, and Jacobite sentimentalism, he was pretty clannish himself. He said his clan had, making few allowances, been in the main law-abiding people from the beginning of their history as a family in the thirteenth century. They had to hold their own against marauders and aggressive neighbours with all their might and all their art. They were among the first in the North to join the Reformation; and the National Kirk, founded by Knox and his colleagues, soon became a greater and better power in the land than had ever existed before.

Tearlach did not take his guest round by Inverness. They left the train near his cottage on the Firth, where Duncan Maclean's grandson and namesake was waiting for them with the boat to ferry them over to the Abbot's Tower. Old Duncan having lived long, died years before this, and now his grandson, Donnacha Og, or Young Duncan, who is by no means a youth, occupies the grandfather's place and cottage. He is a faithful henchman, but stands far more in awe of his master than Old Duncan, who knew him from the cradle, ever did. Young Duncan reports that all things are well at home, and that before crossing he had sent his brother, also in Tearlach's employ, to meet the minister with a dogcart at the other ferry.

"Then," said Tearlach to Louis, "if Duncan will only manage the sails well, we shall be home a quarter of an hour before your friend. By the way, you must tell him that, as I am chairman of the Congregational Committee, my proper duty is to keep proceedings in order, and not to vote for any candidate. And you, Duncan, may tell that too to all whom it may concern. I could not refuse a little help to the parishioners, who have not yet learned how to exercise their popular election privilege according to the regulations of Assembly; but I certainly will not try to influence them in favour of this or that candidate. They are not bad judges, and they ought to choose freely."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## AT THE ABBOT'S TOWER.

WIND and waves proved unfavourable. Duncan did his best, but the crossing took a long time, much to Tearlach Crion's annoyance, whose scanty stock of patience was now completely exhausted. He was told by the housekeeper, on reaching home, that Mr Kenneth arrived half-an-hour before, and was then in the library.

"Well, let him warm himself. Take this luggage upstairs. Come you with me (to Louis); we want a good wash before dinner, after such travelling."

Louis was shown into a nice square bedroom, with ancient furniture of the most solid kind. Tearlach Crion's own room seemed to be next door. After some time devoted to washing and dressing, Tearlach, with a lamp in hand, summoned his young guest to follow him. He led him to the stair in the breadth of the wall, and told him to step down before him. Louis soon came to a panel door, which he pushed open, and then he stepped at once into the library, by the side of a picture, on which, by accident or design, the light of fire and lamps was concentrated, and at which Kenneth was gazing with great attention.

When Louis suddenly appeared by the side of the picture, as if he had come out of the wall, Kenneth gave a start, and an exclamation of almost frightened surprise. Then grasping his friend's hand, he said—

"Are you sure you are yourself, Louis?"

"Why, who else could I be?"

"I thought for a moment you were that picture of the old Covenanter materialised, and walking away from the wall. I never saw such a strong likeness, although the original of the picture must have been ten or fifteen years older than you are now, when he was painted. Surely you must be a descendant of that old Covenanter."



"Pooh! accidental likenesses are of every-day occurrence."

"Yes," said Tearlach Crion, "but not such thorough resemblance as there is between you and my Covenanting ancestor. I told Grace I had known you before, but whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell. I soon discovered that it was in this picture I had known you from my childhood."

"It is surely strange that I should, in the opinion of both of you, so strongly resemble a man of a past age with whom I cannot possibly have anything more than a clan connection. Are there special clan types?"

"Yes, especially among the smaller clans, whose men and women intermarried within the clan for many generations. But this remarkable resemblance is not due to that cause. It is a case of reversion. Neither you nor my Covenanting ancestor can be said to possess the standard clan Grant type of face. Yet he and you are, allowing for difference of age, liker than twin brothers."

"Don't you think, Dr Grant, that Louis must be a descendant of the Covenanter, and a distant relation of your own?" asked Kenneth.

"I am morally sure he is. He must belong to the disinherited branch of our divided race, but the poor ignoramus does not know his pedigree."

Louis laughed—"I don't think it would be of much good to me if I did. I never heard of great expectations on my father's side, and the bit of property that should have come to me on the other side went astray, and out of the kindred altogether."

"Humph! We hold that blood is thicker than water in Scotland; but in England kinship is soon forgotten unless it means money, rank, and so forth. There is the Covenanter's armour—the very armour in which he was painted—hanging up in the recess, beside his picture. We must make you put it on before you leave, and place you for close inspection in daylight cheek by jowl with the

picture. I wish we could compare palm lines, but we must be content with the facial lines. Come to dinner, young men. Dinner, indeed—all sensible people who honestly work at any useful employment ought to dine in the middle of the day. But circumstances alter cases with us all at times; and so on this occasion we'll be fashionable, and call our supper dinner."

Next day was Sunday. Tearlach Crion and Louis went to the Parish Church to hear Kenneth preach. Louis thought that Kenneth preached and prayed remarkably well, but Tearlach Crion kept his opinion to himself. There was only a small congregation, for the great majority of the parishioners were Free Churchmen. Duncan Maclean, however, assured Louis privately that he never saw a better gathering in the parish church, and that the people were very well pleased with the young minister.

On Monday, Duncan Maclean took the young men in the boat to the other side of the firth, and went with them to the Battlefield of Culloden. Duncan expatiated largely on the courage of the Jacobite clans, and on their faithfulness to the rightful heir of the Crown. In regard to the politics of his own time, Duncan was disposed to be rather more Radical than his very moderate Whig master; but like many other Northern Radicals he was a sentimental Jacobite in regard to the politics of the preceding century. Louis, who was in a similar state of historical confusion himself, swallowed all Duncan's stories of the "Prince Chairlie" rising. He retold some of them to his sarcastic host on getting back to the Abbot's Tower, and something like the following were his host's comments:—

"The rebels of the '45 had plenty of courage and of military aptitude and hardihood. The Young Pretender was at that period of his life a showy personage, who fascinated his simple-minded followers. There was much of pure clannishness among the common people. The disinherited heir of the Stuarts who claimed descent—or at least his grandfather did—from a fabled Thane of Loch-

aber, appealed to their race pride and allegiance. But they thought of the plunder of London and fines, forfeitures, feuds, and licensed harrings, as well as of the restoration of the Stuarts. The fine gilding of Jacobite pretensions rubs off whenever you go into the acts, shifts, and aims of most of the leading rebels. Young Lochiel and a few others may be credited with disinterested fidelity, but most of them were bankrupts on the verge of desperation, and people who wished for a return of the pillaging times when the Black Host was let loose upon the Western shires, and when Argyll was occupied and fleeced for five years at a stretch. The Restoration Government instituted a system for making instruments for oppressing the industrious, God-fearing, liberty-loving people of Scotland, of the clans who had been a continual plague to the Government and to their pacific and industrial neighbours for the two preceding centuries, and on whom the Kirk, stronger than Kings, Parliaments, nobility and chiefs, had not yet laid the spell of her holy authority. Charles the Second, and James his brother and successor, entered into an alliance with the lawless people whom it was their bounden duty to bring under subjection to justice and good order. The Revolution impoverished the Myrmidons of oppression, and they looked forward to another Restoration with forfeitures, fines, and pickings in plenty. So they tried two risings, more on their own behalf than from passionate love for the Stuarts. Do you want proofs? I'll show you perhaps some day, a very pretty collection of genuine documents, public and private, which make the modern sentimental view of the Killiecrankie, the Sheriffmuir and Culloden risings perfectly ridiculous."

Kenneth, a licentiate of the Kirk, sided with the old gentleman; and Louis, remembering what he had heard about the Black Book of re-written, or immensely corrected, family histories, did not call for Tearlach Crion's proofs, although his language upset all his hazely conceived notions of Highland affairs.

Time passed quickly. The Abbot's Tower was a sort of museum of antiquities, which provided, with the ever-ready information of the keeper, indoor amusement on rainy days, while on good days the young men walked about or sailed about, enjoying themselves, and more or less, generally less, studying the geology and archæology of the district. Tearlach Crion had a double series of family pictures; for, in addition to those of the paternal line, which were heirlooms, he had got a dozen or more portraits of men of the disinherited branch, and of their wives, which had come to him from his mother's brother, Lawyer Grant.

He had turned the Abbot's dining hall into a library, picture gallery, and place of arms; besides which he had in it electric machines and galvanic batteries, by which he sometimes experimented on country people, who came asking for "shocks" as cures for rheumatism. The rumour ran that he occasionally mesmerised, as well as shocked them. The library, however, was supposed to be only a chapel of white magic, while the rock chamber below, which Tearlach had converted into a laboratory, was not free from the suspicion that it was dedicated to the black arts. Even young Duncan Maclean was not sure that his master was altogether "canny." Yet, wizard or not, Louis and Kenneth soon found out that he was a man of great influence and a very popular landlord, who did his factorial business himself, and was not hard to any except evildoers, who trembled before him.

An incident which threw Tearlach Crion into a high state of excitement occurred the night before the two young men's visit terminated. They were gathered in the library. Kenneth, who had been reading up the notices of the parish in the Old and New Statistical Accounts, got into a long conversation with the host, which to the two of them was very interesting, but not of the smallest attraction to Louis, who, to keep from yawning, opened a photographic album which lay on a little side table, and began

to turn it over. Shortly thereafter, a mingled exclamation of surprise and something like fright from the inspector of the album, caused the other two to turn round, and ask what was the matter?

"I am greatly surprised," he replied, "to find a photograph of my stepfather here."

Tearlach Crion hastily rose, and went to look at the photograph.

"What is this?" he asked, in equal surprise, "do you mean to say that the rector of Monk-Hirst is your stepfather?"

"I must admit that he is, although I like him not; for he certainly married my mother after she had been many years a widow."

"And I must admit that he claims to be my heir of entail, although I like him not."

"Do not trust him, unless he has convincing proofs of his statement."

"I do not trust him, although he has proofs, which, I fear, will be sustained in the law courts. But how is it that you never told me he was your stepfather?"

"Why, I was never asked. I did not know he was the claimant about whom you and Grace spoke. I dislike the man so much that I do not like to speak of him if I can help it."

"Let us try to ravel out this tangled skein. This man's name is Ludovick Grant?"

"Yes."

"And what was your father's name?"

"Ludovic Grant too, but he spelled his Christian name without the 'k'."

"Then your mother's two husbands were, by a curious coincidence, men of the same name and surname?"

"Yes, and both of them ministers. My father was an Independent minister, and my stepfather is a clergyman of the Church of England."

"Do you know anything about your stepfather's family history and relations?"

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“ Nothing at all. I never heard of his having any relations?”

“ Did your father leave you any family papers ?

“ I got a box full of his papers which Dr Beattie has carefully overhauled, and so have I, but they do not throw much light on the family history.”

“ You have nothing beyond hearsay to prove that your grandfather was an army officer ?”

“ Nothing at all, I fear.”

“ Have you ever been told that the army officer you claim as grandfather was married twice, and left a son who almost might have been your father’s father ?”

“ Never.”

“ Well, oidhche mhath, and be off to bed, young men. This is a matter of importance, on which I want to think by myself. I see no light in the heart of the darkness as yet, but something is wrong, I feel sure.”

[TO BE CONTINUED].



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY  
 THE 79TH REGIMENT OR CAMERON  
 HIGHLANDERS

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

By DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY,

*Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.*

Do na Suinn Chamshronach  
 Gillean na feile,  
 Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART V.

**B**AREILLY was the capital of Rohilcund ; it was a long straggling town with extensive suburbs, detached houses, walled gardens and enclosures ; around were wide plains intersected by nullahs : one of these with steep banks, if well defended, was capable of presenting a serious obstacle to Sir Colin's advance, but it was bridged, and the bridges were not broken.

The town was held by Khan Bahadoor Khan ; his force was reported by spies to consist of 30,000 infantry, 6000 horse, and 40 guns ; but this estimate is probably far beyond the mark. Among them were a certain number of fanatics, called Ghazees, who, under the influence of bhang, were resolved to fight desperately, neither to give nor to accept quarter.

Khan Bahadoor Khan knew that he would be attacked on two sides—by Sir Colin from Fureedpore, and by a division under Brigadier-General John Jones, of the 60th Rifles, familiarly known as "The Avenger," from the north-west.

This latter force was the Roorkee column, which had been a brigade under Colonel John Coke, of the 1st Punjab Infantry (or Coke's Rifles), an able Indian officer of great experience, and one who had done good service. It com-

prised a troop of the 9th Lancers, Cureton's Mooltanee Cavalry, 1st and 17th Punjab Infantry, 1st Sikhs (Gordon's), and one wing of the 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, together with Austin's Light Field Battery, and two 18-pounder guns. The other wing of the battalion of the 60th had been lately added, and it had been made a divisional command under Jones, as Brigadier-General, with Coke as Brigadier and second in command.

Sir Colin himself had with him a very considerable and well-equipped force. He had two brigades of cavalry; the first consisting of two squadrons 6th Dragoon Guards, and Lind's Mooltanee Horse, under Brigadier Jones of the 6th D.G.; the second, of the 9th Lancers, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, detachments Labore Light Horse, 1st Punjab Cavalry, and 15th Irregular Cavalry, under Brigadier Hagart of the 7th Hussars; Tombs' and Remington's Troops of Horse Artillery, Hammond's Light Field Battery, two Heavy Field Batteries under Francis, and the siege train with Le Mesurier's company and Cookworthy's detachment, the whole commanded by Lieut.-Col. Brind; some sappers and miners under Colonel Harness; two Brigades of Infantry, viz., the Highland, under Leith Hay, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, 93rd, 4th Punjab Rifles, and the Belooch Battalion; and Brigadier Stisted's, consisting of his own regiment (the 78th), seven Companies of the 64th, four Companies of the 82nd, 2nd Punjab Infantry (Green's Sikhs), and 22nd Punjab Infantry—total strength, 7637 men and 19 guns, exclusive of the siege train.

The rebel leader resolved to meet the British on the open plain, outside the town. Crossing the Natia Nuddee, he took up a position, with his guns placed on some sand hills, to command the line of the British advance, covered by his first line of infantry, and with both his flanks covered by cavalry. His second line occupied the old cantonments nearer the town.

Sir Colin marched to meet him from Fureedpore, at 3.30 A.M., on the 5th of May, and advanced about six miles.



Halting his troops, he formed them in two lines. In the first he placed the three regiments of the Highland Brigade proper, supported by the 4th Punjab Rifles and the Belooch Battalion, a heavy field battery in the centre, and horse artillery and cavalry on both flanks. The second line, consisting of the remainder of his force, he disposed to protect the baggage and siege train, owing to the strong display of cavalry made by the enemy.

At 7 A.M. he moved forward, and the enemy's guns opened fire; but the rebels, not caring to face in the open the steady advance of the British troops, in a short time abandoned their first line, making no attempt to defend the stream and unable to remove their field guns. They fell back on the old cantonments, covered by their cavalry and horse artillery, which made some show of charging and checking the British, but little more.

Sir Colin's first line then again advanced in the same formation as at the battle of Alma, in an echelon of battalions, about three-quarters of a mile nearer the town, the 42nd on the right, the 79th in the centre<sup>1</sup>, and the 93rd on the left; the heavy guns were brought over the bridges, and placed in position to rake the enemy in their second line, and a halt was made to allow the siege train and baggage to close up.

Shortly after this a desperate attack, though of short duration, was made upon a portion of our line. On the Highland Brigade halting, as above stated, but still in echelon, the 4th Punjab Rifles were sent to occupy a village, formerly the site of some old cavalry lines, lying somewhat to the left front of the 42nd. All of a sudden, a large body of Ghazees dashed at them, and, completely surprising them, broke through them, and made for the Highland regiment. "They came on with their heads down below their shields, their tulwars flashing, as they waved them above, and shouting, 'Din, Din' (for our faith)." Sir Colin was fortunately at hand, and, on the Punjabees

<sup>1</sup> At the Alma the 93rd were in the centre, the 79th on the left.

being swept out of the way by the rush, he gave the orders, "Stand firm, 42nd, bayonet them as they come on." The men of that regiment received their wild charge unbroken; some of them were killed or wounded, but every man of the Ghazees was bayoneted. The Grenadier Company of the 79th, under Captain M'Barnet, was sent forward to seize and occupy a wood in front of them, from which they drove the enemy.

One party of these fanatics, attacking from the left, managed to rush past the flank of the 42nd, and made a dash at their rear, where were Colonel Cameron commanding that regiment, and General Walpole. Three of them seized the Colonel, pulled him off his horse, and would soon have despatched him, had not Colour-Sergeant Gardner bayoneted two of them, and a private shot the third. General Walpole had also a very narrow escape from another party of these Ghazees; he ordered the 4th section of No. 1 Company of the 79th to wheel up in order to stop them, but before the Ghazees were killed they inflicted slight wounds on the General and Privates M'Keown and Lafferty<sup>1</sup> of that Company.

During this attack a number of the enemy's cavalry had galloped round the British left, and threatened the baggage. Great was the confusion and panic among the camel-drivers and camp-followers; but a few rounds from Tombs' guns, and preparations for a charge by the Carabineers and Mooltanee horse, soon dispersed the enemy. The baggage was again ordered to close up. Late in the day, after a long halt in the sun, the 93rd, along with Tombs' troop and some of the 9th Lancers, were moved to the left, as a considerable body of the rebels were again threatening an attack. Clearing the suburbs, they reached a village about two miles off. Here<sup>2</sup> also there was a body of Ghazees, with whom a party of the 93rd had a smart encounter. The light company of that regiment, under

<sup>1</sup> Private James Lafferty got his fingers slashed with a tulwar cut.

<sup>2</sup> In the Historical Records of the 93rd, this affair is stated to have occurred on the 7th in the city of Bareilly.

Lieut. Cooper, were sent to support some guns placed in position by Lieut.-Colonel Brind. The latter officer, believing that a number of these Ghazees were located in an adjacent spot, pointed it out to Cooper, who thereupon posted his men in some ruined houses and under cover of some walls to the left and left front of it to watch them. After a few rounds from the guns, the buildings occupied by the Ghazees took fire, and they rushed out, tulwar in hand. Seeing Cooper somewhat in advance of his men, some half-dozen of them made an onset upon him. Of these he shot two with his revolver, he pursued and killed a third, and was engaged in a hand-to-hand sword encounter with a fourth, when a private of the 93rd shot his assailant. The men of his company, after a smart engagement, accounted for the rest.

Early in the forenoon, part of the 79th, under Major Butt, with the 42nd and 4th Punjab Rifles, were ordered to advance. Sweeping through the empty lines in front of them, they pushed forward for about a mile and a half into the old cantonments; the remainder of the 79th, under Colonel Taylor, were left halted in the sun for several hours. By ten o'clock the heat was intense.<sup>1</sup> There was no longer the excitement of an engagement for them, nor apparently any prospect of one. After a time the arms were piled, and all would have been thankful to get orders to move again rather than stand exposed to the scorching sun. The result was that there were a good many cases of sunstroke; two men, Privates Balmain and Thomson, died on the spot. The dhoolies came up, and officers and men were glad to try and get some shelter for their heads, by thrusting them into any that were not occupied by sick or dying men.

No order came for these halted companies with the headquarters of the 79th to move until nearly dusk, when

<sup>1</sup> "The day on which the engagement at Bareilly was fought was the very hottest I ever experienced in India or elsewhere."—*Reminiscences of Military Service*, by Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., formerly surgeon of the 93rd. That regiment also lost one man from sunstroke that day. But the 24th of May was fully as hot, or hotter.

they marched to the old cantonments and bivouacked, the other companies being already on picquet. The men wore their dyed ship smocks, kilts, and most of them feather bonnets; and, while halted in the open during the heat of the day, turned the plumes of the latter so as to afford some slight protection to their heads from the sun's direct rays. A number of men were in hospital by evening, and many more were quite knocked up.

On the other side of Bareilly, Coke, acting as second in command to General Jones, met with considerable opposition in his advance from Moradabad; but the rebels could not stand against the men of the 60th and Punjabees, and the British gunners. His cavalry, too, a troop of the 9th Lancers and some Mooltanee Horse, did him excellent service, so that in a short time he silenced the enemy's guns, and forced the rebels to withdraw into the city.

On the 6th of May, the 79th took up a position and encamped, ready to turn-out at any moment. Another man died from sunstroke in the afternoon, and Sergeant Sutherland, of the Light Company, in the evening. It was expected that on the morning of the 7th Jones would attack the city proper from the north-west, and Sir Colin from the south-east, and in taking it inflict great loss upon the rebels. But the wily Rohilla chief knew that he had a powerful ally in the sun. Instead of fighting a decisive battle with either the force under Sir Colin or the smaller one approaching from the north-west, under Brigadier Jones of the 60th and Coke, he resolved to give them the slip. Accordingly, during the night of the 6th, he made off with the greater part of his trained troops to Philibeet, some 30 miles to the north-east. The rebels had a great advantage over our men in one respect at this season, viz., that they could without stress or difficulty make long forced and rapid marches; their men were not affected by the heat, and their baggage and stores were light, while few camp followers were required.

Thus it came to pass that on the evening of the 7th, instead of carrying Bareilly by assault, Jones' force marched into the town on one side and Stisted's Brigade on the other. Again the rebels had escaped, cheating Sir Colin's forces out of an engagement, just as the Moulvie had done at Shahjehanpore.

Sir Colin encamped his men, the 79th being close beside the siege train, over which they furnished a guard. A story is told of a sentry here placed at the door of a house, which Lieutenant Tod Brown, Commissary of Ordnance, had adopted as an office. A staff officer of high rank, no doubt dressed in Khakee, approached and made for the door. The sentry told him he could not pass; the officer asked if he knew who he was? "I don't care who you are," was the reply, "my orders are no one is to enter except Tod Brown."

Another story is told of a sentry of the 79th a few years later. Sir Hugh Rose, then Commander-in-Chief, was in the station, but was not known to many of the regiment, and it may be presumed had nothing distinctive in his dress. Passing the sentry he asked why he did not salute him; the man replied he did not know who he was, and on Sir Hugh telling him rejoined, "Any one may *say* he is the General; *I* don't know you."

In the Orderly-Room tent of the 79th, the 7th of May was spent in trying to complete the monthly returns, of which 4 copies were then required, viz., one for the Brigade and Divisional Staff, one for the Head Quarter Staff of the army in India, one for the Adjutant-General's Office in London, and one for reference for the regiment. As far as the compiler remembers they were completed, though with great difficulty; indeed, for some days previously the Orderly-Room tent and books had not been available. Shortly afterwards a severe wiggling was received for omitting to send in the returns at the proper time. The Adjutant and Orderly-Room clerks got no rest during the day, and had to work on under stifling heat. But they were destined not to get much sleep that night.

During the day intelligence had reached Sir Colin that the small garrison he had left in Shahjehanpore were sorely beset in the gaol ; and the 79th were forthwith ordered to its relief.

The Moulvie, after avoiding an engagement with Sir Colin on the 30th, had withdrawn to Mahomdee within striking distance. On learning that the main body of the British troops had marched for Barcilly, he resolved, along with the Rajah of Mahomdee and another chief, to attempt to surprise and cut up Colonel Hale's small garrison. Hale, apprised by native spies of his approach, withdrew his men from a tope of trees into the gaol, which adjoined it. He then, with De Kantzow's Horse, went out to reconnoitre and discovered a very large body of cavalry. He therefore fell back and prepared to defend himself. The Moulvie, advancing unopposed, occupied the town, and bringing up his guns proceeded to bombard the gaol.

Intelligence of this reached Sir Colin on the 7th as stated above. Hoping to bring the Moulvie to an engagement, he at once sent for Sir John Jones, and directed him to march forthwith to the relief of Shahjehanpore, with discretionary power to follow up any success. The troops comprising this column were the 60th Rifles, the 79th, the other wing of the 82nd, the 22nd Punjab Infantry, two squadrons Carabineers, the Mooltance Horse, some heavy guns and Horse Artillery.

The 79th marched at 2 A.M. on the 8th and arrived at Fureedpore at 10.30 A.M. Brigadier Jones with the remainder of his column overtook them in the afternoon. A tremendous dust-storm occurred in the evening, which blew down several of the tents, and threatened to deprive the officers of their mess dinner. So severe was it, that the column halted the following morning to rest the men, but they marched again at 4.30 P.M. on the 9th, bivouacked at night for four hours, and reached Tirhul at 10.30 A.M. on the 10th, where they encamped.

Marching at 2 A.M., on the 11th, Jones' advanced guard reported the enemy's cavalry in force about four miles from

Shahjehanpore. He at once formed up, his heavy guns in the centre, with which he opened fire. He then sent forward the 60th and 79th, with horse artillery on his flanks, the effect of which was that, as usual, the rebels retreated, crossing the river. Previous to their retreat, however, a portion of the enemy's cavalry attempted to work round his right flank, but were repulsed by the 79th. They then made a stand on the opposite bank, holding the old fort<sup>s</sup> the bridge of boats, which they attempted to destroy, and a stone bridge over the Kanurut Nuddee. The British skirmishers and horse artillery, by a steady fire, again forced them to retire. The heavy guns and mortars were then brought up to bear upon the old fort, the stone bridge, and any positions they took up. Then Jones crossed the river. Having learned that the houses in the main street were loopholed, he frustrated the rebels' preparations by taking a road which led through the suburbs of the cantonments; in traversing this no opposition was met with, but one could not but notice the scowls of the haughty Rohillas, fine looking men, of fair complexion, tall stature, and handsome features, but full of hate of the Feringhees.

On emerging from the streets, Jones found a body of rebel cavalry in the open; he attacked, giving them a few rounds of shrapnel, and sent the Carabineers in pursuit. Then, giving his men time to form, he led them on by the Church and parade ground to the gaol, which Hale and his small garrison had so gallantly held.

A reconnaissance soon showed that the surrounding ground was a great open plain, and that the enemy were overwhelmingly strong in cavalry. Accordingly, Jones resolved that he must content himself with acting on the defensive till he could get reinforcements from Bareilly. He then took up a strong position beside the gaol. So exhausted were the troops that they did not pitch tents that night, but lay on the ground. They had been marching and fighting since 2 A.M. under a burning sun all day, without food, and when a ration of rum was served out late,

very many refused to rise and get it ; as strong a proof of exhaustion as was ever given by a British soldier. Although the casualties at the hands of the enemy were few, the losses from the sun were beginning to tell. In the 79th, on the 11th of May, there were by evening three more men buried from sunstroke, and eleven new cases in hospital. Their tents were now, however, pitched in a tope of trees. The 12th, 13th, and 14th were uneventful, but that evening Jones got intelligence that he would probably be attacked in force the following morning.

The 79th paraded at 1 A.M., and took up their position in Jones' line, in front of the camp, with the heavy guns and De Kantzow's Horse a little to their right.

The Moulvie, now reinforced by the Begum of Oude, the Prince Ferozeshah, and, if not by the Nana himself, by some of his followers, appeared in great strength. It was not till mid-day that they made their attack. A considerable number of their cavalry bore down upon our guns with the intention of spiking them. They failed and were repulsed, but wounded some of the gunners and Lieut. de Kantzow. Some of them charged the 79th. Col. Taylor had formed square in good time, seeing the number of the enemy's cavalry in support. The fire of the front face emptied a good many saddles, but none of the sowars came within reach of the bayonet. No doubt similar charges were made all along Jones' line, but it was nowhere broken. In the afternoon the enemy withdrew, but Jones made his men bivouac in their position. On the 16th he returned into camp at daylight, and the day passed quietly, but another attack was expected on the following day.

On the 17th Jones' force paraded at 3 A.M., and occupied a position in a tope all day ; but as the enemy did not show, they returned to camp in the evening.

The Brigadier-General had sent asking for reinforcements early on the 12th, but in the meantime the Commander-in-Chief had begun to re-distribute the Rohilcund field force. He had directed certain regiments, including



the 78th to remain in Bareilly, and others to proceed to Lucknow and to Meerut. General Walpole was to command the troops in Rohilcund, and Brigadier Coke had been ordered to proceed on the 12th with a column towards Philibeet in search of Khan Bahadoor Khan. This column consisted of a wing of the 42nd, the 4th Punjab Rifles, the 1st Sikh Infantry, a squadron of the Carabineers, a detachment of the 17th Irregular Cavalry, and a considerable force of artillery. It proceeded some marches, but it was soon wanted elsewhere.

On the 15th Sir Colin himself started for Futtighur, taking with him his headquarter staff, the 64th, and the Belooch battalion, two troops 9th Lancers, Tombs troop of Horse Artillery, and Le Mesurier's company of foot artillery. Jones' message reached him at Fureedpore on the 16th. He at once sent for the remainder of the 9th Lancers, a regiment always in request when work was to be done, always ready, and which always did its work well. Next day he marched to Tirhul, where he learned that the Moulvie had withdrawn a large portion of his troops in the direction of Mahomdee, though still threatening Shajehanpore in force.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

GLENLYON AND KILMORICH  
IN 1620.

WE and our readers are obliged to the Duke of Athole for the use of the old manuscript printed below. Two leaves are missing of the Glenlyon Rental, the first leaf of all, which should give the title and rental of Craigelig, and one near the end, which contained Chesthill and Dericambus. We cannot make out the faded writing on the two fly leaves, further than that the book was written by Archibald —, in June, 1620. Above Archibald's name is that of James Ritchie, with the date, July 28 of the same year. Duncan Roy Campbell, son of Colin, son of Duncan of the Hospitality, son of Archibald, was Laird of Glenlyon and Kilmorich when the rental book was written. We have reason to believe that he was at the time much encumbered with debt burdens, partly inherited and partly incurred by himself. Probably the rental book was written for the information of his creditors, or it might have been one of the returns called for in regard to the King's Lordship of Kinclaven, to which Glenlyon was subject. An inquest on the Kinclaven returns was held at Perth, by a jury of skilled men, in 1627. It is a pity that the names of the tenants are not given with the farms and rents, but in next number we shall be able to repair that loss to some extent, through the kindness of the Duke of Athole, who has given us the list of Glenlyon fencible men, who were bound to serve the first Duke of Athole—then superior of Glenlyon, as his successor is now—in the year 1706.

RENTAL *of the* BARONY  
*of* GLENLYON

1620

CRAIGELIG

*Missing.*

KIRKTOWN

twa markland

The twa markland of the Kirktown payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kingis meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane blak mairt, sex bollis sufficient beare, thrie keane wedders, tua presentes, fra ilk tennent, foure dayes of ilk labour, with carrage and arrage, dew service by use and wont.

The foirsaid twa markland payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack twentie mark mony for grassum.

The browster hous of this Kirktoone payis yeirlie sex markis money, ane steane of molten tache(?), ane dussane of poultrie, and ten pounds money at ilk thrie yeirs tack.

The croft in the said Kirktoone payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis of meallis, ane wedder, with ane quart of butter, and at ilk thrie yeir tack fyve markis of grassum, or utherwyse sax markis money as ane onlie duetie.

KEREMOIR

Twa Mark Land

The twa Marke Land of Keremoir payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kingis meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane blak mairt, foure bollis and ane halfe

sufficient beare, sex bollis aites, thrie keane widders, tua presentis fra ilk tennent, foure days of ilk labour with carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The twa markeland above mentionat payes also at ilk thrie yeir tacke twentie markis money for grassum.

### CONNAGLEN

half Mark Land

The halfe markeland of Connaglen payis yeirlie ten schillings Kings meallis, ten schillings for ane blak mairt, ane boll and halfe ane firlo sufficient beir, sex firloittis aites, ane keane wedder tua presentis, four dayis of ilk labour, with carrage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The half markeland foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack fyve pounds money for grassum.

### MILTOWN AND DALRIACH

twa Mark Land

The twa marke land of the Miltoune and Dalriach payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillings for ane blak mairt, foure bollis and ane half sufficient beare, sex bollis aites, three keane widders, tua presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour with cariage and arrage, dew service use and wont.

The said twa marke land payis also at ilk three yeir tack twentie markis money for grassum.

The mill of the said Myltoun payis yeirlie for knaefchip and myltures twentie fyve marks money, ane wedder, and ane quart of butter, thrie dussone of poultrie with twentie aucht bollis mealle and twa bollis malt.

The said myll payis also at ilk thrie yeire tacke ten pounds money for grassum.

**MOIR**

Ane markland and a halfe.

The markeland and ane halfe of the Moir payis yeirlie threttie schillingis Kings meallis, sex firlots beare, seven bollis aits, aucht scoir and ten steane of cheise, and ane quart of butter fra ilk tennent for thair presentis at ilk Lambmess, and ane quart at ilk Hallowmes with ane wedder fra ilk tennent, with cariage and arrage to hunting use and wonnt, but (without) any labour quhatsumiever.

The said markland and a half payis no grassum, being cheise land, and set bot fra yeir to yeir, bot if the Maister of the ground and the tackemen please to augment the tack foirsaid thairefter to agrie upone grassum according to the takes.

The fisching of the Lynne of the Moir will be everie yeir that it is set fourtie salmouns and grilsis without any entres or grassum bot ane mark for everie fische that is not payit.

**KAINDACHROK**

Ane marke land.

The marke land of Caindachroicke payis yeirlie at ilk Martimes twentie schillings Kings meallis, twentie schillingis for a blak mairt, twa wedders, twa quarts of butter, fourtie pounds money, ane present frae ilk tennent, labour cariage and arrage discharged, except cariage to hunting allanerlie.

The marke land above specified paying also at ilk three yeirs tack ten markis money for grassum

**GAILINE**

twa markland and a halfe

The twa marke land and a halfe of Galline payis, yeirlie, fiftie schillings Kingis meallis, sex firlots beare, nyne firlots aites, with thrie scoir steane of chiese and thrie steane of butter, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, labour carage and arrage dischargit to hunting carriage as the Moir foirsaid payis, being chiese land.

The twa marke land and ane halfe foirsaid payis, siclyke, no grassum bot, as is specifiet in the said Moir, with the parties consent, to wit, the Maister that sets and the taksmen that takes.

**MEGERNIE**

Twa Mark Land

The twa marke Land of Meggernie payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillings for ane black mairt, ane hundredth merkis money, beare and aites dischargit, thrie wedders, twa presents fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour, with carriage and arrage, dew service, use and wonnt.

The twa Marke Land above namit payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack, twentie pounds money for grassum.

**KAINDKOWL**

halfe mark Land

The halfe marke Land of Keandcowle payis yeirlie ten schillingis Kingis meallis, ten schillingis for ane blak mairt, ane wedder, ane quart of butter,

twentie fyve markis money, carrage and arrage within thrie countris, ane present, dew service, use and wonnt.

The said halfe marke Land payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack fyve poundis of money for grassum.

### INNERWICK

fyve mark land & a halfe

The fyve marke Land and a halfe of Innerwicke payis, yeirlie, fyve poundis ten schillingis Kings meallis; and everie marke Land payis sax firlottis beare and ane halfe firlot, with twa bollis aites. And the foirsaid half marke Land payis ane boll beare with ane boll of aites: the hail fyve markeland and a half payis fyve wedders and a half wedder, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour with cariage and arrage, dew service, use and wont.

The fyve markeland a half foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack fiftie fyve markis money for grassum.

### BROVCHNABOVRD

tw a mark Land

The twa marke Land of Bruchnabourd payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kingis meallis, four bollis beare, and ane firlot, withe thrie bollis aites, twa wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, foure dayis of ilk labour, with carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The twa marke Land foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack twentie markis money for grassum.

**AIRD**

four mark land

The foure marke Land of Ards payis, yeirlie, foure poundis Kings meallis, aucht bollis of beare, sex bollis aites, with four wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour, carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The four marke Land foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack fourtie markis money for grassum.

**EASTER ARD**

twā mark Land

The twa marke Land of Easter Ard payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane black mairt, four bollis and ane firloft beare, thrie bollis aites, thrie wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The twa marke Land foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack twentie markis money for grassum.

**CRAIGENIE.**

twā mark Land and a halfe

The twa marke Land and ane half of the Craigenie payis, yeirlie, fiftie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane black mairt, fyve bollis and ane firloft beare, sex bollis aites, thrie wedders, twa presents fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The twa marke Land and a half foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack twentie fyve markis money for grassum.



## SLATTICHE

twa mark Land &amp; a halfe

The twa marke Land and a half of Slattiche payis, yeirlie, fiftie schillingis Kings meallis, fourty schillingis for ane blak mairt, fyve bollis beare and ane firLOT, sex bollis aits, thrie wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, with four dayis of ilk labour, carrage and arrage, with dew service use and wonnt.

The twa marks Land and ane half foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack twentie fyve marks money for grassum.

## LAGGANACHA

twa mark Land

The twa marke Land of Lagganacha payis, yeirlie, fourtie schillingis Kingis meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane blak mairt, foure bollis and ane half beare, sex bollis aites, thrie wedders, tua presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour with carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The twa marke Land foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tacke twentie markis money for grassum.

## ROVSKICHE

Thrie Mark Land

The thrie marke Land of Rouskiche payis yeirlie thrie poundis Kings meallis, thrie poundis for ane black mairt, sex bollis beare with ane firLOT and half firLOT, nyne bollis aites, four wedders and ane half wedder, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour, cariage and arrage, with dew service, use and wonnt.

The thrie mark Land foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tak twentie poundis money for grassum.

WESTER INNERVAR

tua mark Land

The twa marke Land foirsaid hes ever been plenishit of old with twa bowis of ky, and, gif it beis set in rentall, the said twa markland payis, yeirlie, fourtie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane blak mairt, four bollis beare and ane half, sex bollis aits, thrie wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour, carrage arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The said twa marke Land payis also at ilk yeirs tak money for grassum.

EASTER INNERVAR

twa mark Land and a half

The twa marke Land and a half foirsaid payis yeirlie fiftie schillingis Kings meallis, fourtie schillingis for ane blak mairt, fyve bollis and ane firLOT beare, thrie bollis sufficient meall, thrie keane wedders, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, foure dayis of ilk labour, carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The said twa marke Land and ane half payis also at ilk sevin yeir tak ane hundreth markis money for grassum.

CORN MILL OF INNERVARRE.

The Mill of Innervar payis yeirlie threttie twa bollis of multure, theirott twentie aucht bollis of meall and four bollis of malt. And be the miller ten poundis of silver dueties and fee payit at Pasche and twa dussoun of poultrie.

The said mill also at ilk thrie yeir tack ten poundis of silver for grassum.

The brousterhouse of Innervar payis yeirlie ten marks money, ane steane of molten tache, ane dussoun of sufficient poultrie allanerlie, grassum being dischargit.

### CARNBANE

two Mark Land & a half

The two marke Land and a halfe of Carnbane payis yeirlie fiftie schillingis Kings meallis, fyve bollis beare and ane firlot, sex bollis aitis, thrie wedders, two presentis fra ilk tennent, foure dayis of ilk labour, with carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The two marke Land and a half foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack twentie fyve markis money for grassum.

### INNERINNAGLAS

two Mark Land & a halfe

The two marke Land and a half of Innerinnaglais payis, yeirlie, fyftie schillingis Kingis meallis, fyve bollis beare and ane firlot, sex bollis aitis, thrie wedderis, tua presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour with carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The two marke Land and a half foirsaid payis also at ilk thrie year tack twentie fyve marks money for grassum.

### BELVIKENTYRE

two mark Land & a halfe

The two marke Land and a half of Belvikentyre payis, yeirlie, fiftie schillings Kings meallis, fyve bollis beare and ane firlot, sex bollis aites, thrie

wedders, tua presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of ilk labour, carriage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The tua marke Land and a halfe payis also at the thrie yeir tack twentie fyve markis money for grassum.

CHESTHILL

*Blank—leaf torn out.*

CROFT

at the wood-end  
of Chaystill

The croft on the east mearche at the wod-end of Chaystill payis, yeirlie, ten poundis of meallis at ilk Mertimes, with ane wedder, and ane quart of butter, with ane huik daylie in harveist, and his service as he beis requyrit.

The said croft payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack ten markis money for grassum.

RIALTE

The Rialt callit ane grassing, worth ane marke Land, adjacent to the marche of Braidalban, payis yeirlie fourtie poundis money, foure wedders, and four quarts butter.

The said Rialt payis also at ilk thrie yeir tack ten pounds money for grassum.

The blocker of ky and horse and uther guidis within Glenlyoun payis yeirlie to the Laird twentie poundis money and in lyke maner twentie poundis for ilk thrie yeir tak theirof.

These by the fisching of Glenlyoun exceeds yeirlie ane great number quhilik cannot be put in

rentall; By forrestis and hilles quherin his Majesties Deir and Rae pastures; As also by the commodities of the firze wodis of Glenlyoun, grassings and scheallings with uther casualities not requisite to be put in rentall, sic as hereallis, calpsis, barnis pairt of geir, unlayis, and siclike, stent yeirlie as the tennentis geare is a back to everie leasum ocasioun that their Maister pleasis yeirlie to imploy them. And for till consent to thair marrage making everie man will give to thair Maister as the pairties and he can agrie.

TEINDS  
of Glenlyoune.

The Teyndis and Viccarage tane up by the Lairds officer or servandis is yeirlie worth fyve hundreth or thairby, with the better, for everie new-calved cow payis half ane mark teynd, everie sax lambis a lamb of teynd, everie sax kids a kid of teynd, everie sax stirkis a stirk of teynd, everie sax staigs a staig of teynd, everie sax sheep a feice of wooll of teynd.

THE RENTALL *of the* BARRONIE  
*of* KILMORICH

MAINES  
Thrie Mark Land

The Mains of Kilmoriche payis yeirlie of silver meallis thrie poundis inoney, and twentie four bollis victuall, sufficient stuff, half meall, half malt,

with twa dussoun of poultrie, and twa crus lambis, twa presentis, ane day of ilk labour, ane carrage, with dew service use and wonnt.

The said thrie marke land payis also at ilk fyve yeir tak twentie poundis money for grassum.

**BELNAHALT**

twa mark Land

The twa marke Land of Belnahalt payis yeirlie fourtie schillings of silver meallis, twelve bollis victual, half meall half malt, ane wedder, ane crus lamb, tua dussoun of poultrie, twa presentis, usuall labour four dayis with carrage, arrage, dew service, use and wonnt.

The said tua mark Land payis also at ilk fyve yeir tack twentie merkis money for grassum.

**CROFTINSKALLAG**

twa Mark Land

The twa marke Land of Croftinskallag payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis of silver meall, sevin bollis victuall, twa wedders, twa crus lambis, twa dussoun of poultrie, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four days of usuall labour, with carrage and arrage, dew service, use and wonnt.

The said twa mark Land payis also at ilk fyve yeir tak, twentie markis money for grassum.

**BALNACRAIG**

twa mark Land

The twa mark Land of Balnacraig payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis of silver meallis, ten bollis victuall sufficient, ane wedder twa crus lambis, twa

dussoun of poultrie, twa presentis, foure dayis of usuall labour, with carrage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The said twa mark land payis also, at the thrie yeiris tack twentie marks money for grassum.

### HAUCH OF KILMORICHE

Seven Mark Land and a halfe

The seven marke Land and a half of the said hauch separat in thrie thrids, ilk thrid thairof payis yeirlie sixteen bollis sufficient victuall, half meall half malt, ane crus lamb, twa presentis, foure dayis of usuall labour, carrage, arrage, dew service use and wonnt. Summa—The said hauche payis of the haille, fourtie aucht bollis victuall, thrie crus lambis, four dussoun and a half of poultrie, sex presentis, carrage and arrage as said is, but (without) meallis or wedders in respect of the augmentation of victuall by the other afoirsaid lands.

The said seven marke Land and a halfe payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack fyfteine poundis money for grassum.

### CRYTDAIE.

twa mark Land & a half

The twa mark Land and a half of Crytdaie payis yeirlie fyftie schillingis meallis, aucht bollis victuall, twa wedders, twa crus lambis, twa dussoun of poultrie and a half, twa presentis fra ilk tennent, four dayis of usuall labour, carrage, arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The said twa marke Land and a half payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack twentie fyve merkis money for grassum.

BELLEDMOVND.

twa mark Land

The twa mark Land of Belledmund payis yeirlie fourtie schillingis meallis, sexten bollis sufficient victuall, half meall half malt, twa wedders, twa crus lambis, twa dussoun and a half of poultrie, twa presentis frae ilk tennent, four dayis of usuall labour with carrage and arrage, dew service use and wonnt.

The said twa mark Land also payis at ilk thrie yeirs tack twentie poundis money for grassum.

CROFT CROY.

halfe mark  
Land

The halfe marke Land of Croftcroy payis yeirlie ten schillingis meallis, sex firlottis victuall, ane crus lamb, sex poultrie, twa presentis, foure dayis of usuall labour, carrage and arrage with dew service use and wonnt.

The said half mark Land payis also at ilk thrie yeirs tack fyve markis money for grassum.

MEIDOW OF KILLMORICHE

The Meidow of Killmorich payis yeirlie fourtie poundis money of ane onlie duetie.

The said meidow also payis at ilk fyve yeirs tack twentie poundis money for grassum.

The said Barronie of Killmorich pays also threttie ellis of sufficient teynd Linning yeirlie with uther small casualities and commodities not requisite to be set down in rentall.



## GAELIC INCANTATIONS.

JACOB GRIMM has, in his *Teutonic Mythology*, remarked that healing charms must be handed down by men to women, or by women to men; and this also is a Highland view. "A peculiarity about them [the charms]," says Mr W. Mackenzie in Vol. VIII. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions, "was that persons of the same sex should not learn them from one another; and in order to be efficacious a man must learn the *eolas* from a woman, and a woman from a man." The charms which follow have not, we fear, been all collected "duly" on this point, and their efficacy in actual working may therefore be doubtful. Any way, many hold that the blazoning of them abroad spoils their efficacy, and to print them is sacrilege. It was believed that though one heard and learned the charm in spite of the charmer, still the latter could curse the charm in such a way that it would be of no use to the other. Nor can everybody cure with these rhymes and charms. There is therefore a wide margin of doubt as to the cause of the failure of a charm, for they do fail at times: that is recognised.

## I. SPELLS AND PREVENTIVE CHARMS.

We shall begin first with the *spells*, or bespelling charms, known in Gaelic as *geasa* or *siana* (signum, blessing). Thereafter we shall consider the healing charms for man and beast. The *geas* or spell is generally wicked; it is the work of an adverse power, and, as a consequence, we cannot get any specimens of this form of incantation with ease. For instance, a spell could be laid on a man going out to shoot, unknown to him, and he would be unsuccessful that day. Such a spell is a *rosad*, and, though the "rosad" still exists among us, we have failed in persuad-

ing anybody to reveal it. Of course, the folktales contain bespelling formulae, for in them the hero or heroine do many wonders by means of spoken words. The favourite form for the folktale spell is this—"Tha mise 'cur ort mar gheasaibh 's mar chroisibh, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha sìthe, siùbhla, seacharain, laochan beag a's meataiche 's a's mi-threòiriche na thu fein a thoirt a chinn, 's nan cluas, 's nan comada beatha diot, mur faigh thu mach," &c. "I lay on you as spells and crosses, and as nine fetters of a fairy, travelling, wandering woman, that a little fellow more timid and more feeble than yourself deprive you of your head, your ears, and your powers of life, unless you discover" or "do," &c. <sup>1</sup>

The *Fath Fithe* spell, which, as already stated,<sup>2</sup> poachers once made use of, and smugglers lately, and now even, find means of escape by, is as follows:—

Fà fithe cuiream ort  
 Bho chù, bho chat  
 Bho bhò, bho each,  
 Bho dhuine, bho bhean,  
 Bho ghille, bho nighean,  
 'S bho leanabh beag,  
 Gus an tig mise rithid,

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

"A magic cloud I put on thee from dog, cat, cow, horse, man, woman, lad, lass, and little child, till I come again in the name of the" Trinity.<sup>3</sup>

The first two words are the old Faeth Fiada, as now pronounced. This spell rendered the person invisible.

The preventive charm or *sian* is represented by a very famous formula intended to preserve a man from wounding or harm from the time when he left the presence of the charmer till he came back, and it was usually put on those going to battle. Men so protected, for instance, at Culloden, had only to take their plaids off their shoulders and shake out of them the bullets that hit them! It was *the Sian*, *par excellence*, and is as follows:—The charmer and

<sup>1</sup> See Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire, page 346.

<sup>2</sup> See *Highland Monthly* for May, p. 121.

<sup>3</sup> Gaelic Society Transactions VIII., p. 127, and XIV., p. 264

his protege go to a retired spot. Here the recipient of the charm goes on his knees ; the charmer lays his hand on his head, and, with eyes shut, he utters the following rhyme, going round him sunwise twice. And he goes round him once anti-sunwise, saying a different rhyme. Both these rhymes, which after much trouble we have been fortunate enough to get, run thus :—Going sunwise, he says—

Sian a chuir Moire air Mac ort,  
 Sian ro' marbhadh, sian ro' lot ort,  
 Sian eadar a' chioch 's a ghlun,  
 Sian eadar a' ghlun 's a' bhroit ort,  
 Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort,  
 O mhullach do chinn gu bonn do chois ort :  
 Sian seachd paidir <sup>1</sup> a h-aon ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir a dha ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir a tri ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir a ceithir ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir a coig ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir a sia ort,  
 Sian seachd paidir nan seachd paidir dol deiseil ri  
 deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho bheud 's  
 bho mhi-thapadh.

Going anti-sunwise, he says—

Clogaid na slainte mu d' cheann,  
 Cearcall a' chumhnaint mu d' amhaich,  
 Uchd-eididh an t-sagairt mu d' bhroilleach.  
 Ma's ruaig bho 'n taobh-chuil,  
 Brogan na h-Oigh ga d' ghiulan gu luath.  
 Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort  
 Bho mhullach do chinn gu bonn do shail,  
 Agus sian paidir nan seachd paidir  
 Dol tuaitheal is deiseil, deiseil is tuaitheal,  
 Gu d' ghleidheadh bho d'chul  
 Bho luaidh 's bho chladheamh,  
 Bho lot 's bho mharbhadh,  
 Gu uair is am do bhais.

The person on whom the charm is placed then rises and departs, but the charmer remains standing with eyes shut, and he does not open them till the other is out of sight.

<sup>1</sup> As our informant had it, the word was *eadar*, which, following the analogy of other charms, we have corrected into *paidir*.

The charmed one is safe from death or wounds till the charmist sees him again. The translation is as follows:—

The charm that Mary placed on her son be on you,  
 Charm from slaying, charm from wounding,  
 Charm between pap and knee,  
 Charm between knee and breast on you,  
 Charm of the three in one on you,  
 From top of head to sole of foot.  
 Charm of seven *paters* once on you,  
 Charm of seven *paters* twice on you,  
 Charm of seven *paters* thrice on you,  
 Charm of seven *paters* four times on you,  
 Charm of seven *paters* five times on you,  
 Charm of seven *paters* six times on you,  
 Charm of the seven *paters* of the seven *paters* going sunwise  
 in lucky hour on you, a-keeping you from harm and  
 accident.

Anti-sunwise—

The helmet of safety (salvation?) about your head,  
 The ring of the Covenant about your neck,  
 The priests' breast-plate about your breast;  
 If it be retreat on the rear,  
 The shoes of the Virgin to take you swiftly away.  
 Charm of the Three in One on you  
 From crown of head to sole of foot,  
 And the charm of the pater of the seven paters  
 A-going anti-sunwise and sunwise, sunwise and anti-sunwise,  
 To protect you from behind  
 From lead and from sword,  
 From wound and from slaying,  
 Till the hour and time of your death.

The following is a charm to help in the correct interpretation of dreams. One goes to the charmer and tells his dream. The charmer repeats the following, and then the dream is unravelled:—

Chunnaic mi aisling an raoir  
 'S mi 'nam shuidh air sliabh rath;  
 Dh' innis Peadar e do Phol  
 'S thuirt Pol gu'm bu mhath;  
 Ach breithneachdainn Chriosd ro' Phol  
 Gu thusa chumail ceart.

Translated—

I saw a vision last night  
 And me sitting on a mount of grace ;  
 Peter told it to Paul  
 And Paul said it was well ;  
 But the judgment of Christ before Paul's  
 To keep you right.

The following is a charm given by "Nether-Lochaber" as good against the demon of the dust-cloud. "As it swirls along," he says, "as it approaches, you are instantly to close your eyes and mouth as tightly as possible, at the same time turning your back upon it until it has swept by, mentally repeating—for you are not to open your mouth, nor as much as breathe, as long as you can help it—this rhyme :—

Gach cuman is mias is meadar,  
 Gu Pòl, gu Peadair 's gu Bhrìde ;  
 Dion, is seun, is gleidh mi o olc 's o chunnart,  
 Air a bheallach, 's air a mhullach,  
 'S air an tullaich ud thall ;  
 Pòl is Peadair is Bhrìde caomh !

which he translates—

Be the care of milk pail, and bowl, and cog  
 Given to Peter and Paul and Saint Bride ;  
 Wherever I wander protect me, ye Saints !  
 Let not evil nor harm me betide ;  
 Hear me, Peter and Paul, and gentle Saint Bride !<sup>1</sup>

We now come to the spell for prevention of the results arising from the "Evil Eye." The following is a preventive charm to keep the evil eye off one's cows. It is called "Eolas an Torranain," and was got by Mr Carmichael, when he was in Uist. The *torranan*, he explains, was described to him as a flowering plant, growing in rocky hill-places, the bloom of which is large and pap-like. The tide is said to affect it, for while the tide flows, it is filled with the "dew of bliss," and dries up again with the ebb. It has to be culled during the flow of the tide, placed under one of the milk pails, and in

<sup>1</sup> *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 213.

placing it this charm is repeated three times, making at each time a circle sunwise, with the plant over the vessel :—

Buaineam's thu, thorrain,  
 Le 'd uile bheannachd 's le 'd uile bhuidh ;  
 Thainig na naoi sonais  
 Leis na naoi earranan  
 Le buaidh an torrain,  
 Lamh Bhrìde leam !  
 Tha mi nis 'gad bhuaìn.

Buaineam's thu, thorrain,  
 Le 'd thoradh mara 's tir,  
 Rì lionadh gun traoghadh  
 Le'd lamhsa, Bhrìde mhìn,  
 Colum naomh 'gam sheoladh,  
 Odhran caomh 'gam dhion,  
 Is Micheil nan steud uaibhreach  
 'Cur buaidh anns an nì.  
 Tha mo lus lurach a nis air a bhuaìn.

which he translates—

Let me pluck, thee, Torannan !  
 With all thy blessedness and all thy virtue,  
 The nine blessings came with the nine parts,  
 By the virtue of the Torranan ;  
 The hand of St Bride with me,  
 I am now to pluck thee.

Let me pluck thee, Torranan !  
 With thine increase as to sea and land ;  
 With the flowing tide that shall know no ebbing,  
 By the assistance of chaste St Bride,  
 The holy St Columba directing me,  
 And St Michael of high-crested steeds,  
 Imparting virtue to the matter the while,  
 Darling plant of all virtue,  
 I am now plucking thee !<sup>1</sup>

#### IL FOR THE EVIL EYE.

When the "evil eye" has "lain" on any one, there are various means of cure. The most usual is the cure by water off silver ; and this cure was effected with or without a rhyme charm. The *modus operandi* with the incantation was as follows :—Coins of gold, silver, and copper are put in a basin full of water. The charmer repeats the *eolas*

<sup>1</sup> *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 182.

or incantation, and in doing so blows on the water with his breath. The water is then sprinkled on the sufferer. The charm is as follows:—

'S e 'n t-suil a chi,  
 'S e 'n cridhe a smuainicheas,  
 'S e 'n teanga 'labhras.  
 'S mise 'n triuir gu tilleadh so orsta, A.B.,  
 An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

Translated—

'Tis the eye that sees, the heart that thinks, and the tongue that speaks. I am the three to turn this off you, A.B., in the name of the Father, etc.

The charm, apart from the "silver" water, is known as "Eolas a' Chronachaidh," or "Charm for the Reproof," or it may be called "Casg Beum-suil," "Stopping Injury by Eye." John Mackenzie, in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 268, gives the following Gaelic charm for it, saying that during its repetition "the singular operation of filling a bottle with water was carried on, and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it was poured into the vessel."

Deanamsa dhutsa eolas air suil,  
 A uchd 'Ille Phadruig naoimh,  
 Air at amhaich is stad earrbuill  
 Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,  
 'S air naoi bean seang sith,  
 Air suil seana-ghille, 's air sealladh seana-mhna ;  
 Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhìgh,  
 Mas a suil mhnath' i, i bhi dh' easbhuidh a cich.  
 Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da 'fuil,  
 Air a ni, 's air a daoine,  
 Air a crodh 's air a caoraich fein.

Let me perform for you a charm for the evil-eye  
 From the breast of holy Gil-Patrick  
 Against swelling of neck and stoppage of bowels,  
 Against nine "Conair" and nine "Connachair,"  
 And nine slender fairies,  
 Against an old bachelor's eye, and an old wife's eye.  
 If a man's eye may it flame like gum (resin),  
 If a woman's eye may she want her breast ;  
 A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,  
 And to her gear, to her men,  
 To her cattle and sheep.

Here is another rhyme given as an Eolas a' Chronachaidh :—

Paidir a h' aon,  
 Paidir a dha,  
 Paidir a tri,  
 Paidir a ceithir,  
 Paidir a coig,  
 Paidir a sea,  
 Paidir a seachd,  
 'S neart nan seachd paidirean a'  
     sgaoileadh do ghalair air na  
     clachan glas ud thall.

Which means—

Paters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,  
 And may the strength of the seven paters  
 Cast out your disease amidst the gray-stones over by.

In the Maclagan MSS. the following charms are given for the "evil eye" :—

Eolus Bheim shul,  
 le Nic Aoidh

Paidir Mhuire h-aon, &c. Aon suil a thug an aire dhuit, A.B. (person named who is unwell), mar thionntadhas a ghaoth air a chnoc, gu tionntadh an olc orra fein. Mar thionntadhas, &c., ri radh tri uaire h-airis.

[Charm for evil eyes, by Miss (?) Mackay. Pater of Mary one, &c. Whatever eye took notice of you, A.B., as the wind turns on the hillock, may the evil turn on themselves. As the wind, &c. (to be repeated three times).]

Eolus a Bheim shuil,  
 le Ann Chaimbeill

Saltruighidh mis air an t-suil mar shaltruigheas Eala ar Tigh nocht. Ta neart gaoithe agam air, ta neart greine agam air, ta neart mhic Ri neamh agus talmhainn agam air. Trian air na clacha glasa—'s trian air a mhuir mhoir as i fein acfuim as fhearr ga ghiulan. Ann ainm, &c.

[Ann Campbell's charm for evil eye. I will stamp on the eye as the swan on her house to-night. I have power of wind over it, I have power of sun over it, I have power of the Son of the King of heaven and earth over it. One-third on the grey stones—one-third on the great sea, as being more able to bear it. In the name of, &c.]

This last charm is somewhat obscure, and one of the "thirds" is evidently lost.



## THE CUCKOO.

I HEARD a sweet bird-voice to-day  
Come from a woodland far away,  
And forth I wandered from the town,  
Across the moorland bleak and brown,  
In eager quest of the strange bird  
That moved me more than preachéd word.

Beside a river wandering on,  
With soft May winds about me blown,  
I saw on banks of emerald hue  
The tender violet peeping through,  
Where lady ferns, like scorpions scrolled,  
Lay thick 'mong blooms of primrose gold,  
And tufts of yellow celandine,  
More sweet than aromatic wine.  
And as I paused a moment there  
To drink delight from fragrant air,  
My heart's most sluggish depth was stirred  
With thankfulness to the grey bird,  
Whose voice came sounding from the wood  
Some mile or more from where I stood.

Drawn forward by the little bird,  
Whose song is but a double word,  
I climbed the gorse-clad, ferny hill,  
I leapt the silver-laughing rill,  
And where the water seemed to creep  
And fall by slow degrees to sleep,  
I watched the golden-spotted trout  
Break ring on ring with eager snout,  
While quick a flute-like voice, and true,  
Came from the wood, "Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !"

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Within a clump of greening trees,  
Fit bower for the Hesperides,  
He sat 'mid tangled ivy rings :  
A plain grey bird with sober wings,  
And sang his simple jocund note  
With ruffled crest and quivering throat ;  
And as he sang my heart stood up  
And quaffed the wine of Memory's cup :  
The wondrous wine that stirs again  
Life's bygone pleasure and her pain.

A moment more, behold he flew  
Across the moorland's pathless blue !  
And as I watched him vanish quite,  
A mist of tears came o'er my sight ;  
For I had caught from that dear bird  
The meaning of Life's overword.

D. GAIR BRAIDWOOD.

Cornish the old present is now a future tense, and we might infer that Pictish was tending that way when it was swallowed up by Gaelic, which might thus be hastened in its change from present to future in this tense inflection.

Some Gaelic scholars have maintained, notably Mr Liddal,<sup>1</sup> that the Gaelic future is the old Irish future with the *f* aspirated and lost. This, however, is an erroneous view. The irregular verbs still retain the old present forms in Gaelic, but only in a future sense. The form *bheir*, "will give," appears in Irish as *bheir*, "gives," and in old Irish as (*do*)*beir*, whereas the Irish future is *bhéarfaidh*, and the old Irish *bérid*, with the vowel *e* long. Even Mr Liddall acknowledges that *thig* (will come), *chi* (will see) *théid* (will go), and *ní* (will do), are in their origin presents, and correspond to Irish presents. Further, the negative or enclitic forms of the Gaelic future can be descended only from the old Gaelic present, for the enclitic future of a verb like *leig* is at present the simple stem *leig*, but in old Gaelic this was *leicfe*, and it is hardly likely that, even if *f* went by aspiration, the syllable *fe* would be completely lost, and not even a "grunt" remain of it in any part of the Highlands. Again, all general statements, true for all time, are done in Gaelic by the future, which once more proves its original present force.

There is another peculiarity which Gaelic shares with old Irish. There are two forms of the indicative mood. Some grammars assert that there are three such varieties—the interrogative, responsive, and hypothetical! The form *ghlanadh mi*, "I will cleanse," is negatively *cha ghlan mi*. The verb is curtailed. In relative clauses we meet with the form "(A) *ghlanas mi*," Which I shall cleanse, and, also, *Ma ghlanas mi*, If I shall cleanse. The reason for these remarkable changes was not finally discovered till some seven years ago, and then they were found to depend on the accent which was placed on the mediaeval Gaelic verb, and on its position in the sentence. At present, all Gaelic words are

<sup>1</sup> Gaelic Society Transactions, Vol. XIII.

accented on the first syllable, but it was not always so, for Celtic accent undoubtedly started with the same general principles as that of Latin or Greek. The old Gaelic noun was accented on the first syllable, but there are many traces of an earlier accent, as, for instance, in the word *sgeul*, old Irish *scél*, for an old Celtic *seccétlon*, from the root *sec* or *sep*, with the accent on the second *e*, and hence the syncope of the word when, some fifteen hundred years ago, the Gaels began in earnest to level up all accents to the front syllable in nouns. As to verbs, the simple or uncompounded verb was accented on the first syllable, as in *bérid*, the present *beiridh*. This was the accent so long as the verb was at the beginning of a sentence, and not compounded with a preposition. In the compounded verb the accent rested on the second element as a rule, the first element being toneless. The imperative, however, had and has the accent always on the first syllable. Thus in the verb *beir*, we have, as 3rd sing. of the present indicative in old Gaelic, *berid*; but, compounded with the preposition *to*, we find this form appear as *do-beir*, our present Gaelic *bheir*, with the accent on *beir*, and the *do* rejected as a consequence in modern Gaelic. Similarly with *dèan* (do). The old simple verb was *gniith* (does), but compounded with *de* (confused to *do* often), it appears as *dogní* (does), now *ní*, for *dogní*, with the accent on the second syllable. But the confusion does not end here. The imperative accents on the first syllable, and hence *dobeir* (gives), undergoes another transformation, and appears in old Irish as *tabair* (give), in modern Gaelic *toir*, corrupted into *thoir*. Again, *dogní* appears as *dén*, now *dèan* (do). When the verb is not first in the sentence, but comes after the interrogative and negative particles and the relative in the dative case, that is, after prepositions, then the accent is on the first syllable of the verb, and imperative forms prevail. Thus: *An dèan thu e?* Will you do it? In this case the verb is really "enclitic," and this is the expression that we shall use for the curtailed inflection of the verb, giving the name "independent" to the verb

when it stands first in the sentence. The Germans call these respectively "conjoined" and "absolute." Munro, in his Gaelic Grammar, calls them "responsive" and "interrogative."

The relative form in *as*, which appears as *bheireas* (who will catch), or *ghlanas* (who will cleanse), requires a separate explanation. It appears only in the 3rd person singular and plural even in the oldest stages of the language. *Bheireas* in old Irish is *beres*, with a plural *berte*. It is easy to explain the syntax of the matter, for it is clear that we have here some form of the relative pronouns attached to the third person, which was *beir*, plural *berat*, from older *beret* and *beront*. In Irish, old and new, no relative *a* precedes this form as it appears to do in Gaelic; the *s* is the relative, and appears in the position natural to a subject in a Gaelic sentence. Dr Stokes explains the form as descended from *beret-to*, the *to* being the same root that appears in English *that* and *the*. We should prefer explaining it by a form *so* or *sa*, a neuter corresponding to *sé* and *sí* (he, she); for the dissimilation of *t-t* is doubtful. The final vowel is either *a* or *o*. This form is used when the relative is in the nominative or accusative, and after the conjunctions *ma* and *o'n*.

The indicative mood has only three inflected tenses—the future, the past or aorist, and the imperfect or secondary tense, the most common use of which is subjunctive or hypothetical. The aorist is only the remains of the old aorist in *s*, which had a flourishing existence in old Irish as it had in Latin and Greek. The present Gaelic retains only the 3rd person singular, which does duty for the other five inflections, singular and plural, that remain. The verbal particle *do* precedes it when it begins in a vowel or is in the enclitic position and the *do* is implied when the aorist begins in a consonant. Thus, *chan* or *do chan* is in old Irish *ro chan* (he said or sang), which has a third plural *chansat* (they sang) in Irish, not to mention the other persons. The imperfect tense has three inflections, one

for the first person singular, and another for the first plural, and a third for the other persons. In Irish it had six full inflections, and it was preceded by the particle *no*, now lost in Gaelic, but leaving its traces in the aspiration of the initial consonant, and replaced before vowels by an aspirated form of *do*, as *bheirinn* (I would bring) and *dh' ithinn* (I would eat). The plural is in the first person *bheireamaid*, and the other form is *bheireadh*. The latter form appears in Irish as *bered*, and points to a 3rd singular middle voice in *bereto*, like Greek *fereto*. The first plural is merely the first plural of the present tense, a form ending in original *-monti*, the first and third person plural combined. The Irish 1st plural for this tense is *bheirimis*, older *bermmis*, and its derivation is still unexplained. The first singular, *bheirinn*, appears in Irish as *berinn*, for *ferin* or *fero-i-n*, an optative first singular.

The imperative presents no difficulties, for its 2nd and 3rd persons of both numbers are exactly paralleled in Latin and Greek; (2) *beir*=*fere*, (3) *beireadh*=*fereto*; (2nd pl.) *beiribh* for *beirith*=*ferete*, (3) *beireadh* for *berat*=*feronto*. The first singular and plural are merely the same parts of the old present tense, now disused in the future. The infinitive in Gaelic is merely a verbal noun followed by a genitive, and there are varieties of endings. Thus: *breith* for *bretis* from *beir*; also *beirsinn* for *bersio*, genitive *bersinos*; *deanamh*, ending in *mo*; *bualadh*, ending in *-tu-s* as the Latin supines do; &c., &c.

The passive voice in Gaelic is formed on exactly the same lines as the Latin. In the present, or rather the future tense, we find a 3rd person singular *heirear*, *berir* in old Irish, which also presents a corresponding plural *bertir*, both parallel to Latin *fertur* (for *fertor*) and *feruntur*. From this 3rd person the other two persons were formed. The form is explained as a middle voice, *fereto*, with an *r* after it. But what is this *r*? It is as yet unexplained, though there are two or three theories advanced. Some say the *r* is for *or*, and denotes agency, and that thus *feretor*

or *feret-or* means "man brings it," "one brings it," which last (it) is the subject now. This is a common way of supplying the passive, and it explains the Celtic passive fully. Professor Windisch says the *r* is a passive termination added to the middle, answering to the *ro* seen ending the stem of so many adjectives and nouns, and possessing a passive force. Professor Zimmer explains *r* as standing for the 3rd pl. *nt*, and extended therefrom to all the other persons, for the *r* in *water* seems to have stood for *nt* originally, if we judge by the Greek *hudatos* for *hudntos* with a nominative *hudor*! The present tense of the passive is done by periphrasis with the verbal nouns. The past tense is merely the participle in *tos*, with the verb *to be* left unexpressed. Thus *bheireadh* should point to a participle form like *feretos*, answering to a (non-existent) Latin *fertus sum*. The participle, as it now is, is descended from a form in *-tio-s*, not in *to-s* like that of the past tense.

## NOTES.

WE are glad to see that the *Gaelic Journal*, published in Dublin, is still in existence, and likely to continue so. It started in 1882, and for some time appeared in a monthly issue; but troubles began with the second volume, and it was ended only in 1886 with the 24th number. These first two volumes contain excellent matter. The modern Irish is easily understood in a printed form by a Highland Gael; but unfortunately the Irish *will* insist on printing their books in the Irish character. Of course such conduct is "patriotic," but it is eminently unscientific, not to speak of such a thing as expense. The use of this type shuts out Irish books from any chance of circulation in Scotland. The *Journal* is now in its 37th number, and consists of 16 quarto pages with double columns. It appears quarterly. The February number is very readable and diversified in its contents. The Gaelic is translated in all cases. Folk-tales, old legends, songs, old and new, with notes and grammatical comments, make up the contents of the present number. The present editor is Mr P. O'Brien. We are sorry to hear that the former editor, the veteran John Fleming, is unwell.

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THE following is a verse from a translation into Irish of Newman's famous hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," as it appears in the *Gaelic Journal* :—

"A sholuis chneasta, chaoimh, is dubhach an t-slighe,  
 Treóruigh me slán!  
 Tá 'n oidhche dubh a's me a bh-fad ó m' chrich,  
 Treóruigh me slán,  
 Soillsigh mo ród fé chois, ní beag liom é,  
 Gan tuille radharc go d-tiocfas gealladh 'n lae.

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THE Gaelic Society of Inverness closed their session in the end of April, and had a good series of lectures and papers



delivered before them during the winter. The new volume of Transactions, the 16th of the series, is on the eve of publication. The annual assembly, which takes place in July, promises to be this year one of special interest.

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PROFESSOR RHYS has issued from the Clarendon Press a learned work, entitled "Studies in the Arthurian Legend." He, on the whole, takes for granted the Celtic origin of the Arthurian legend, a point round which discussion rages. Arthur himself, he thinks, was, like Charlemagne, a historical character—only less so—confused with a mythical Culture Hero or God of a like name. Professor Rhys then analyses and compares the various legends that compose the native Arthurian story, and he institutes parallelism with the Irish mythic romances. It is a learned work, full of suggestion, where striking identities between various legends among Celtic and other nations are pointed to, but in the end one scarcely knows what to think of the whole maze through which he has been led.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

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AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XXV.

#### FIGHTING WITH SHADOWS AND PORTRAITS.

KENNETH had to leave early next morning, while Louis was not to take his departure till a late hour in the afternoon. The two young men breakfasted without their host, who sent word by Duncan Maclean that he did not feel well enough to leave his bed yet, but that he wished Mr Louis Grant, after seeing his friend off, to wait for him, as he had something to show him.

Kenneth was sent on his way rejoicing, and Louis then questioned Duncan Maclean about his master's sudden indisposition.

Duncan declared that Dr Grant—he always called his master Dr Grant, or the doctor—had been fighting ghosts all night, and was at present very much worn out.

"Ghosts—what ghosts?"

"Just the plagues of his life—the ghosts of the Baroness and of the Captain, his father. Strange that Fadette's ghost never troubles him. I suppose it must be because

he laid her under crosses and spells when she was alive. Pity it is he did not do the same to the other two!"

"It must be all nonsense about ghosts and crosses and spells too."

"I never saw the ghosts myself, but then I am not double-sighted like the doctor. As for crosses and spells that is another matter. Why, all the people of the village saw him putting the witch of the gipsies—the worst of the world's women—to sleep by a few words and movements of the hand, when she was blackmailing the countryside through fear of her cantrips, and nearly killing the good wife of Ardnambo by a *corp cre*, in which she stuck crooked pins. The doctor threatened to send her to prison as a vagabond and an impostor. Then she cursed and threatened him horribly, till he sent her to sleep, and left her in that state for more than twelve hours. When he let her wake she quickly tramped out of the district in mortal fear, and has never since ventured to return. That was a good riddance."

"I daresay he mesmerised her. But about the ghosts——"

Duncan told all he knew about the Baroness, the Captain, Fadette, and their drowning in the yacht. "The doctor," he added, "wished me to tell you all this that you might understand things. He does not like to speak much when he can help it about these matters himself."

"Are you sure his mind is not astray on these matters, sharp as it is about other things?"

"Certain sure. There is no bee in his bonnet whatever. At present he is recruiting after his fight with the ghosts, taking his coffee, and looking at his mother's picture."

"His mother's picture?"

"Yes, you have not seen it yet; but he is going to show it to you, and that proves that he much likes you. His mother's picture is kept like an idol in what they call the Abbot's Oratory. I had to take it up to his bedroom to soothe him by the sight of it after the fight with the ghosts. Such a thing never happened except once before in my

time, and that was when the person who claims to be his heir paid him a visit. He had a terrible night after the man's visit, and I suspect it is that man too who brought on last night's trouble. It could not have been your likeness to the Covenanter, which is just wonderful, although I did not observe it myself until Mrs Maciver, who screamed when she first saw you, drew my attention to it. The doctor seems to be vastly pleased with the likeness, so I think it must have been something about the other man which brought the ghosts."

"Perhaps it was. He made a strange discovery about that man last night, but I don't see how it can alter the man's claim."

"The doctor himself may be puzzled as yet, but he will not rest until the tangled skein is unravelled. I must now take up his pistols. He always on such occasions loads them himself."

"Pistols!" exclaimed Louis, aghast at the idea of such weapons being handled by a man who was possibly suffering from temporary insanity. "What does he want pistols for?"

"Oh, for nothing dangerous to himself or any living person. You see, it is always the finish up of a night's fighting with the ghosts. But I should not have mentioned the pistols; the doctor did not tell me to do that. I hope his aim is as sure as ever; for, if not, he may be troubled again, which would be a pity. There goes his bell, and I must at once attend to it."

In a short time Duncan came back, and asked Louis, with the Doctor's compliments, to follow him to the Abbot's Oratory—a queer little room he had never seen before. When he entered, he saw hanging opposite him, where probably a patron saint's image had stood of yore, the portrait of a slim girl, simply dressed, and with luxuriant brown hair and a melancholy, attractive face. Tearlach Crion stood before this portait, looking as if he had grown wonderfully old and feeble since the previous night.

"My mother," he whispered.

Louis was afraid of getting mesmerised by the portrait and its living worshipper, when the latter took his arm, and whispered again, "Let us go."

The old man leaned heavily on Louis's arm, and was silent until they got into the open air, and proceeded towards the chateau, followed by Duncan, who carried the pistol case.

"I have had a bad night of it, as I suppose Duncan must have told you. It was a hard struggle, yet whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell. But one fact is certain, and that is, our ignorance of the influences and forces which surround and modify our lives more than we can understand. As yet the revelation is dim, and even dangerous; but science will soon have to recognise many so-called superstitions as undoubted facts. Second sight, wraiths, and the crosses and spells of our ancestors were not all delusions. Mesmerism, and the universal element binding all ages, ideas, shadows, and substances together—for which there is yet no name—will some day, when dealt with scientifically, justify the past beliefs of men, and turn the wisdom of materialistic modern philosophers into folly. What do they know beyond some of the properties and dynamics of the grosser forms of matter? Can they tell why even these forms themselves are subject to various immutable laws of fusion, change, and crystallisation? Do they know the source of life, or the mysteries of the visible universe? No; but they have shut up the avenues of spiritual knowledge by miserable unbelief, and by letting mercenary charlatans take possession of their approaches. Nothing that ever took and kept hold of people's minds for long periods should be tossed aside without careful examination for the purpose of finding, if possible, the smallest grain of truth underlying it. Can anything be, on the face of it, more absurd than the worship of images before the Christian era, or its continuance in the form of Saint worship

and reverence for true or false spirits, among the two largest bodies of Christians in the present day? Yet who knows whether or not material media are not links of connection at times with the spirit world, good and evil, and whether even devil spirits do not sometimes use for evil purposes the honours which ignorant worshippers pay to departed who died in the odour of sanctity?"

In dreamy, musing sentences, with pauses between, the mystic monologue went on until they reached the chateau, the speaker all the time leaning heavier and heavier on Louis's arm. The chateau, being let as a shooting lodge, was at this time of the year shut up, the Abbot's Tower servants keeping it in order, and now and then lighting fires in it. They went not to the front, but to the back stair's door, which Duncan Maclean unlocked and threw open. Tearlach Crion had difficulty, even with Louis's help, in getting up the stair to an attic door, which was unlocked by himself with a small curiously-shaped key, which hung with his seal to his watch chain.

The small attic had no furniture whatever. As they entered, they saw a fireplace at the other end, and over it, side by side, hung two large picture frames, with their faces turned to the wall, on which the light from two skylights was strongly streaming.

Coming to a halt with Louis just inside the door, Tearlach Crion took a pistol in each hand. Duncan Maclean locked the door on the inside, and then his master, in a half whisper, but in stern tones, bade him

"Turn the woman's face to the light first."

Duncan passed quickly to the other end of the room, and, turning one of the frames round, in an instant jumped back from it to the side wall. Louis had barely time to see that the frame contained the portrait of a bold, handsome woman, holding something white and red in her right hand above her heart, and with the other hand falling on her dress, when Tearlach Crion fired his pistol and clearly hit

the something white and red. Louis, who in spite of himself was getting superstitious, actually thought that he saw a gleam of infernal hate and pain in the eyes of the portrait when the ball struck the white and red. Perchance the shaking of the canvas and the gleaming light deceived him.

"Where did it strike?" asked the shooter.

"In the heart of the red flower," answered Duncan, inspecting the strange target.

"That is what I wanted. Turn the other."

The other, when turned, revealed the likeness of a portly man who might be weakly sinful and sensual, but could not be the woman's equal in determined wickedness. Above his head on one side was a singular curve of dark marks, which were, in fact, pistol shot holes, and to these one more was now added with unerring precision. Having shot at the portraits and hit them where he wanted to hit them, Tearlach Crion seemed in a moment to throw off weakness and gloom, and to become twenty years younger than he was in the morning. He stepped up to the other end of the room, Louis following, to inspect his targets closely. He expressed himself highly pleased with the accuracy of his aim. Louis now saw that the something red and white over the woman's heart was a tasteful bunch of flowers, now perforated by many holes.

"She was powerfully wicked—was the Baroness—but he, my unworthy father, was only weakly so. Here or there he would not count much as a separate force. But with her, there as well as here—Ah! that makes all the difference."

Louis did not like to ask questions. Tearlach for the rest of the day was his usual self. He spoke on all sort of subjects, except the function of the morning, ate a hearty early dinner, and sent off Louis in good time to catch the late train.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE BAZAAR AND ITS SEQUEL.

WHILE Louis was sojourning with Tearlach Crion in the Abbot's Tower, Effie was cumbered with many cares. In the first place, the scholastic bazaar came off with great *eclat*, and produced more than the money result expected. But it gave Effie much work and trouble. She had not only to do the secretarial work, but to plan and carry out the artistic grouping of exhibits, and the decorations of the hall, which were simple, tasteful, and effective. It was Miss Bell here, Miss Bell there, ask Miss Bell, and so forth. The Slocum ladies bowed to the Girton girl in regard to artistic grace and taste. They admitted that although she used cheap materials, she always looked better dressed than the sumptuously clad daughters of the rich men of the place, who spared no expense. But it was not Girton which had made Effie leader in this line. She must have inherited a gift, which her residence in France, no doubt, had helped to develop. Fortunately for Effie, the Duke of Dewlap's younger son, Lord Edgar, with Lady Blanche, his wife, accepted the invitation sent to them to come and take the lead at the bazaar. The Dewlap family were always ready to serve the places which belonged to the head of their house in matters of this kind, and liberal, too, with their subscriptions. The jolly, farmer-looking Duke—who, however, was a distinguished scholar and a very acute man, notwithstanding his homely appearance and unostentatious habits—presided pretty regularly at the Slocum agricultural show dinner, and furnished the game and venison. When he could not come, his eldest son came in his place. On smaller occasions the juniors of the family represented the lord of the manor with right goodwill and kindly efficiency. The Slocumites were proud of their ducal connection, and the Duke and his family did all they could to give them cause for that feeling.



Lady Blanche was much struck with the evidences of Effie's organising gifts and graceful taste, which were displayed in the general arrangements and decorations. In regard to the details as to stalls and other matters apt to arouse jealousies and heart-burnings, Lady Blanche decided all disputed points peremptorily, and all her decisions were accepted at once. But she consulted privately with the young secretary before acting dictatorially. So it came to pass that Lady Blanche and Effie became almost fast friends. Lady Blanche, a hearty, sensible woman, and a capital specimen of the high-born lady, treated the Girton girl as her equal socially, and as intellectually her superior. It was well for Effie that she was too much taken up with hard work night and day, and too free from feminine vanity, to be spoiled by Lady Blanche's honest but somewhat dangerous friendship, and the still more dangerous male attentions which accompanied and, peradventure, partly resulted from Lady Blanche's pronounced favouritism.

Lady Blanche's favouritism, and, still more, a spirit of jealous rivalry with the country gentlemen, who paid Effie courteous attentions on the footing of her being the equal of noble and "quality" ladies, stimulated the rector of Monk-Hirst to decided action. It would be difficult to say whether he was more swayed by love for Effie or hate for Louis. His peculiarities were from day to day becoming more marked. His sermons puzzled and awed his village and rustic parishioners. He was always intensely in earnest, but his utterances seemed often a tangle of contradictions, for he mingled ideas of absolute absolution by priestly power with foreordination to damnation from before the creation of the world, which even the Almighty could not reverse. Effie had been exceedingly well fenced from him during the bazaar week, partly by Lady Blanche unconsciously, but very consciously by Louis's clan of Smith cousins, one or more of whom always kept the rector in sight. John Troutbeck, who faithfully squired curly-headed

Lizzie, with his young lady, watched his former rival, having much curiosity as to how Effie was to get rid of him for good. John had taken to his old love again, confessing his momentary aberration to her, and excusing it on the score of inability to resist the fascination which made him look foolish, but not ashamed, in his own eyes.

No sooner was the bazaar over than the rector of Monk-Hirst sallied forth in state, driving his own phaeton, to make a formal proposal of marriage to Effie. He would not have Jack Snell, his gardener, groom, and man of all work, whom he had taken over from his predecessor as one of the fixtures, to drive him as usual on that day. He looked and felt rather wild, and drove recklessly, to the astonishment of his sensible, good tempered Yorkshire cob, who had to take care of the common safety himself, and, having a hard head, with much equine sense, persisted in keeping to the right side of the road on meeting vehicles, when his owner, who had also taken him over as a fixture, pulled him, in absence of mind, to the wrong side. Thanks to the cob's prudence, horse, vehicle, and man reached the Corner House in safety.

John Bell and his wife were at home. He told them his purpose. John Bell pursed up his mouth as if he wanted to whistle. It was a habit of his to meet disagreeable surprises with the mimicry of a whistle. He looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him; and then, taking up the word, he said that he and his wife could not be otherwise than pleased at the compliment—the highest of all compliments, seeking her in marriage—which the rector of Monk-Hirst paid to their daughter. The rector glowered exultingly through his spectacles. John Bell, however, went on to warn him that, as far as he and his wife could tell, Effie was already bespoke, and that, too, by his (the rector's) stepson, who had been to them (Effie's parents) like a son ever since he was a little boy. Considering the relationship between her two woers, John Bell thought and said the rector would only shock her by asking her in marriage.

"But we really don't know," said Mrs Bell. "Girls and boys often change their minds."

"At anyrate," said the rector, "you have no objection to my speaking to her for myself?"

"None whatever," answered John Bell, who felt pretty angry with his wife, but was convinced that his daughter would be as true as steel to Louis Grant, on whom he had long looked as a son, young as he still was.

"May I see her and plead my cause with her at once?"

"She is not at home. Appoint another day. This is Saturday, say a week to-day, when she will have her next half-holiday."

"Effie has gone up the wood to call on Lizzie Smith and her people," said Mrs Bell, much to the annoyance of her husband, although he could not give a reason why, except that the information was uncalled for, and that he was not pleased with his wife's evident inclination to favour the rector's suit.

Mrs Bell's words and manner inspired the rector with a determination to bring matters to a head at once with Effie herself. He had, before entering the Corner House, left his horse and phaeton at the blacksmith's, a few doors up the street, in the charge of Dick Lister, the blacksmith's assistant. Bidding a rather hasty farewell to John Bell and his wife, he now hastened back to the blacksmith's and gave Dick half-a-crown for driving horse and phaeton back to the rectory. He added that he had to go up the hill himself on business, but that he would be home before dark, by the hill path.

Dick Lister had a talk with several passing mill girls and others, while in charge of the rector's vehicle, about the cause of the rector's visit to the Bells. They had noticed his unwelcome attentions to Effie, and were sure he wanted to marry her. The mill girls declared emphatically and un-animously that it was a shame for the rector to try to cut away with his stepson's sweetheart, but they had no doubt at all about Effie's constancy. Sturdy faithfulness in love

as well as in ordinary affairs was, and is still, one of the leading characteristics of the Slocum working classes. Their Yorkshire grit may be coarse, but it is grand and lasting too. The talk with the mill hands, and the rather wild looks of the rector on parting with him, put a thought of danger to Effie in Dick Lister's head, which caused him to drive a little out of his way to his mother's house, and to send his young brother Edwin—the rescued from the dam—now a strapping lad up the wood, to protect Louis Grant's lass if she happened to need protection. Edwin, who considered himself bound for life to Louis, and who adored Effie at a distance, using some strong Slocum language against the rector when Dick explained his fears and suspicions, went forth on his guardianship mission by a cross path forthwith. He knew that Softie Tom, another of the Louis Grant devotees, was in the wood digging fern and primrose roots for gardens—a business in which the Softie had a roaring good trade in spring and early summer time. Edwin had no difficulty in finding the natural, and still less difficulty in getting him to join him in defending Louis Grant's lass from the rector, whom both hated as their hero's rival.

Edwin guessed the particular bend of the wood foot-path beneath the ivy-covered rocks where the rector would like to meet Effie, if it was his intention to force her to listen to him where other people would be unlikely to see or hear them. He and the Softie ensconced themselves at this bend in a gap of the ivied rocks, behind hazel and birch bushes, before the rector came in sight. When he did come in sight he looked up the path with a head bent forward, then came to a standstill, and, tossing his arms about, began to speak to himself with extreme earnestness or anger—they could not tell which, for they could not make out his words. He next pulled himself up, and paced solemnly past them. Softie Tom was for rising and following, but Edwin whispered—"Keep still. He'll come back. It is here he wants to meet her. Ah! there he is

back again ; and I think he has seen her coming. She is sure to come in a few minutes, because she has to teach Haggas's girls their German and French always on Saturday evenings."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### BESET IN THE BIRCHWOOD.

THE rector went back hastily beyond the lower part of the bend out of the sight of the watchers. Effie tripped down the wood from her long and much-enjoyed confidential confab with curly-headed and comforting Lizzie Smith, rejoicing in the birds, budding leaves, and pulsating throbs of spring. With the slanting sunbeams playing about her she seemed a veritable dark-eyed wood nymph herself. The watchers could hear her sing snatches of Edwin Waugh and Ben Preston's songs before she came in sight, and her elastic steps beating time as it were to the airs. But suddenly the song was hushed when she came round the corner, for at the other end of the short bend the rector paced upwards with processional solemnity. Effie seemed for a moment to think of flying back. She guessed at once that the time for the ordeal she had long foreseen had at last come upon her. She gathered up her courage, tripped onward, gave "Good day" to the rector, and sidled to get past him. He barred her way, not rudely, but with a sort of priestly solemnity, and forthwith spoke :—

"Miss Bell—Effie—I love you with my whole heart and strength. I ask you to marry me. I have spoken to your parents, and they have referred me to you. Be my wife and guardian angel. I cannot do without you. I have striven to conquer my love for you, for a priest should be celibate, but without you my life would be a burden. Listen further to me before you speak. I pay you the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman. The disparity of years is nothing. You are twenty, and I am

under forty by a good few years. I can keep you in comfort at present, and I hope in the not distant future to place you among the gentry of the land; for I am heir to a Scotch estate, and the headship of an ancient family next to the present possessor, who is old, deformed, and altogether a bad life. Even in the Church, with you by my side, my prospects of further promotion will be good. Do not give a hasty refusal, I implore you in God's name. Take time at least to consider your decision, for to me, believe me, it will be something like a doom of life and death."

Although tempted both by fear of and pity for the man to accept the proffer of delay, Effie was too brave and honest a girl not to speak out straightforwardly at once.

"Mr Grant, I am very sorry to give you any pain, but whether I speak now or hereafter I can give you but one answer."

"You mean refusal of my offer and prayer?"

"Yes."

"Oh! don't be in such a hurry. Consult with your parents—your mother especially."

"Both my father and mother know very well that I belong to somebody else, and that I'll marry him or nobody."

"The young medical student who has yet to make his way in the world or fail."

"Yes, Louis Grant, your stepson. It seems little short of sacrilege that you, who have been his mother's husband, should ask me to marry you. If he has to make his way in the world, he can make it without fail. He has youth and energy, and an honourable, useful position is waiting for him in this very town as Dr Beattie's assistant. Please move aside, and let me pass."

"Not so fast, young lady. You reject and insult my love; it is now time that you should know my power."

"What can you do?"

"Turn you and your parents out of your home. Make them bankrupt, and sell their house and furniture."

"Why, how can you do that?"

"You know, or should know, that there is a bond over the Corner House, and that the amount, with interest added—aye, and with a foreclosure clause—is equal to selling value."

"And have you that bond?"

"Why not? Mrs Smith lent the money, and property and bond devolved to me by my late wife's will."

"But have you the bond?"

"Why not?"

"Just because I know you have not. It belongs to my betrothed, Louis Grant."

"If the rascal has it, he must have stolen it. I shall prosecute him as a felon."

"Do, and see what will come of it." Effie's indignation mastered her, and her prudent self-control forsook her now. "Louis Grant a thief and a felon! You must judge him by yourself, and not by what he is. I can now fully understand the nature of the love you professed for me, and for which, a few minutes ago, I foolishly pitied you. Your love for me is in reality hatred for your stepson. And why do you hate him? Because, I believe, you have robbed and wronged him."

The rector's grey eye filled with green, and his brown eye with dusky red light. His aspect terrified Effie, who turned to fly up the wood again. But she could hardly have escaped, if rescue had not come from behind the bush. The lover had suddenly turned into a murderous madman, who rushed on, with a suppressed shriek and outstretched arms, to catch her. But all at once one of the outstretched arms received a stinging blow, and immediately on the blow came a skelloching such as mortal ears had seldom heard. The madman stopped abruptly, turned round in the direction of the unearthly sounds, saw nothing, struck his head with his hands, and, jumping over the lower bank of the path, fled down among the bushes and brambles to the muddy bottom of the little valley. Edwin, the left-handed,

had been the unseen pebble thrower, and Softie Tom had supplied the mingled cries of a menagerie, with something of his own superadded. Edwin slapped hearty approval on the natural's back, and sent him off highly-contented to his root-grubbing. Edwin himself ran after Effie, who was scarcely less frightened than her pursuer, till she heard all about the ambush, and then, like a true Louis Grant satellite, the lad loyally escorted her home. She enjoined silence on Edwin, and Edwin passed the order to the Softie, who, however, had no gift of speech worth the naming, although he had a large gift of ludicrous imitation, which he lavishly bestowed on the rector behind his back, but not even his mother could make out what he was at, and Edwin, who could, would not explain. Some instinct of propriety kept the good-natured imbecile from giving Effie one of his rehearsals of the birch wood incident, but he was mightily glorified when she shook hands with him, and made a rosette for his bedizened hat.

Effie feared to create a scandal and to alarm her father and mother by giving the full and true history of the birch-wood affair. So she only told her people that the rector had proposed to her, and that she had said "No" to him once for all. John Bell rose and patted his daughter, which was his customary way of signifying emphatic approval. Mrs Bell did not directly express disapproval, but she fell for weeks afterwards into the nagging habit of enumerating the good things Effie had thrown away when she refused the rector—a comfortable home, horse and phaeton, independent means, besides official income, a large glebe, cows, milk and butter, poultry, and fresh eggs every day, and above all, a splendid garden and fruitful old orchard. Mrs Bell's mouth watered for the pears, apples, plums, gooseberries, and strawberries. Effie felt often provoked to speak out and shut up her mother's mouth, but she, with an effort, refrained from doing so.

On scrambling up from the bottom of the valley to the cross footpath which led to his home, the rector, while still



overawed by a belief of supernatural intervention—whether supernal or infernal he could not say—recovered himself quickly by a strong effort of will. It was his habit to act as father confessor to himself, and to rely upon fasting as the equivalent of formal absolution. Knowing that he had committed a shameful wrong, and firmly intending to make that wrong the stepping stone to a crowning wrong, he was still intensely religious. He shuddered, indeed, at the remembrance of his burst of unholy passion that day, and his narrow escape from the commission of horrible crime. Still he hated Louis Grant worse than ever, and he now included Effie Bell in that hatred. As he reached the footpath gate of the rectory which led by the garden side up to the house door, he reflected with satisfaction upon the near approach of a Church fast, which he intended to keep rigorously. It was getting dusk, but not too dark for Jack Snell on coming out of the garden to see the rector walking up the footpath. In an instant Jack Snell saw his master fall, and heard him cry as he fell. In a few minutes Jack was at the side of the fallen, whom he found panting and dazed-like, but quite conscious. "Where are they? Who are they? Who struck me?" he said rapidly without opening his eyes when Jack took hold of him, and asked what ailed him. "Nobody is here but you and me, sir," answered Jack. "But they were here, a muffled form on each side of me, and some one struck me on the head or above my head with a hammer. I hear the sound of it yet." Jack for a moment thought the rector had been drinking. He held his nose down to him. There was no smell of drink about him, and indeed no one had ever heard of the rector erring in that way. So Jack thought of the fastings, and rushed to the conclusion that the rector had fainted from want of food and drink; for when he got him to his feet he showed no signs of having had a stroke, although he felt the top of his head with his hand, seeking for a wound which did not exist. As soon as the rector gathered his wits he readily assented to Jack Snell's theory outwardly, although he inwardly repudiated it.

Whether there was causal connection between the two events who knows, but here is a story told afterwards to Louis by Duncan Maclean to account for the claimant's photograph being, right face, nailed between the two pictures with faces turned to the wall, in what Duncan called the garret of obsecration :—

“You see, sir, the evening Dr Grant left for England we were putting things in order for a closing up in the Tower. When he came across the claimant's picture he said it should be nailed up between the other two, and no sooner said than done. We came, he with the picture, a nail, and a hammer, and I with the keys. So he nailed it up just as you see it, and while doing so used words of might which made my flesh creep.”

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE GLENLYON FENCIBLE MEN  
IN 1706.

IT may be as well to tell our readers at once that our main object in publishing the following list of Glenlyon fencible men in 1706—that is, of men between eighteen and sixty years of age, capable of bearing arms—is to get a text on which to found a general discursive paper on a part of the Fortrenn province of Alba, which remained in possession of the Crown until about 1320, and which the remains of many circular stone castles or forts, as well as constant tradition, prove to have counted much in the dim distant times as part of the southern defence line of the Pictish, and afterwards of the Scottish, Kingdom, until Malcolm Ceanmor removed the seat of Royalty to Dunfermline, or more correctly, until King David shifted it further south to Edinburgh; for there can be no doubt that Alexander the Fierce, elder brother of David, who buried his Queen, Sybilla, on the island of Lochtay, fell back on the old Swordland province, and had little to do with Dunfermline, and nothing at all with the lands beyond the Firth of Forth, which, with Cumbria, or what remained of it, were subject to his brother Earl David.

Much has been written about the circular stone forts of Glenlyon, which the natives now call “Caistealan nam Fiann,” but which old people forty years ago called—perhaps with more accuracy, and a special reference to the Roman hill forts (*castella*), which ran in chains, whether connected by a wall or not—“Castullan nam Fiann,” thus broadly distinguishing them from “brochs” and later feudal holds. But we shall not now wander back into the mists of the far off times, when Chiefs of Alba mustered their hosts against Romans and later southron foes on the line of the Lyon and the Tay. All which need be said is,

that not only Glenlyon, with its long, deep trench heart of the Grampians' stretch of thirty-three miles, to the union of its river with the Tay, but all the drainage area of the Tay itself, with the exception of the then small part of it included in the Earldom of Athole—an appanage of the cadets or collaterals of the Royal Family always—formed part of the Crown domains till the reign of King Robert Bruce, who largely divided the old thanages among his companions in arms, and other people less worthy of his gifts. Perhaps the victor of Bannockburn had to choose between two evils, and chose the least ; but by bestowing the Crown thanages on the line of the Tay, and from the Tay to Dunnottar, on personal adherents under feudal charters, and feudalising what William the Lion had not completed on the northern line of defence between the Moray Firth and the western sea, he left future kings of Scotland without household troops under their *toisich*, or local captains, and almost entirely dependent on the feudal array.

About 1327, Bruce gave the Barony of Glenlyon, now divided into the estates of Meggernie and Chesthill, to Sir William Olifant. Sir William soon disappears. It is only once that John of Inchmartin, Sheriff of Perth, debits himself for forty shillings received for the forty pound lands "which Sir William Olifant holds in Glenlyon—*quas dominus Wilhelmus Olifant, tenet in Glenlyoun.*" About the same time, or a little later, Bruce gave the remaining third part or so of Glenlyon—Roro, inseparably connected now with Clan Gregor songs—with many other thanages in Athole, Weem included, to Sir Alexander de Meyners and his wife, Egiddia Stewart ; and Sir Alexander got Fortingall for his second son Thomas, while his eldest son Alexander inherited Weem, Roro, and the other widely dispersed portions of the large Menzies property in Breadalbane, Glendochart, the Lothians, and the Border Counties. We have little or nothing to do with Roro at present,

except to bear always in mind that it completes the totality of Glenlyon, and forms about a third part of its area.

On the disappearance of Sir William Olifant, the forty pound or sixty merkland Barony of Glenlyon fell in to the Crown, and was not again given out on feudal tenure until 1368, when King David Bruce gave it to "John of Lorne and Jonet his spouse." David, in the charter, styles Janet his "very dear cousin," but she was really his niece and the legitimate grand-daughter of the great King Robert. Robert Bruce's four children by his second wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, were all born after the settlement of the Crown, which was hastily made, in 1316, upon the King's brother, Edward Bruce, and Marjory Bruce, the King's daughter by his first wife, for whom Parliament chose the Steward of Scotland for husband, and who died within a year, leaving the son who founded the Stewart dynasty. King Robert's children by Elizabeth de Burgh, all younger than his Stewart grandson and eventual heir, were David, the future King; John, who died in infancy; Matilda, who was single in 1342, but shortly afterwards married Thomas Ysaac, or Mac Iosaig; and Margaret, who married the Earl of Sutherland, and was mother of that nephew of his whom King David wished to make his successor in preference to Robert Stewart. The Princess Matilda had two daughters by Thomas Mac Iosaig, Janet, who married John of Lorne, and a younger girl who died unmarried. Although the marriage with the squire of low degree was resented by one or more of the contemporary clerical chroniclers, good-natured King David gave his humble brother-in-law the thanages of Fermartin and Kintore in the North, and it would almost seem that Thomas must have sent there as his tenants men of his name and kindred, progenitors of the Macnessacks, who are found to-day scattered in the Moray Firth counties. The Princess Matilda died in 1353. Her husband lived at least ten years longer, but it does not seem that he married again, or, at least, had sons by a second marriage, as his thanages fell in to the Crown at his death.

King David granted Glenlyon as a tocher to his niece Janet on her marriage with John of Lorne. It was granted irrevocably in case of a full equivalent not being found for it elsewhere—no doubt in Argyle. The equivalent was not found, and on Janet's death, about 1373, John of Lorne got a charter of confirmation from the first Stewart king. John had a son Eoghan, or Eugenius, who predeceased himself. John—the "Iain Dubh nan Lann" of Glenlyon tradition—was really the last of the great line of the Lorne Macdougals. John had two daughters by Janet, the niece of King David Bruce, and these daughters, being great heiresses, were bestowed in marriage on two Stewarts of Innermeath, cousins of the new King Robert Stewart. Hence the Stewarts of Lorne who succeeded the Macdougals. It is strange that through the mists of the centuries John of Lorne should loom out more luminously in Glenlyon than in Lorne tradition. But then he was truly the first Glenlyon resident feudal baron. He had to hold his own against the Wolf of Badenoch, who "intromitted" with his rents,<sup>1</sup> and a strong-handed, iron-cased Chisholm, who invaded his domains with many warriors, and was killed by the Greasaiche Reoch, a splendid archer, when leading his men to attack the rath of Tom-na-cuartaig. John of Lorne's estate regulations endured for centuries after his time. We have them in the Rental published last month. Fourteen miles of the upper part of the Glen were reserved for summer grazings or shealings. Each farming township had its share of the upper grazings duly allotted to it, but the baron kept the largest share to himself—Benvannoch, the Bens, Innermeran, and Glencaillich. Generally speaking, John of Lorne's settlement continued in operation until about a hundred years ago,

<sup>1</sup> It appears from the Exchequer Rolls that, besides possessing the Glenlyon Barony under feudal charter, John of Lorne was also *firmarius* for a time of the Thanage of Fortingall, or Forthergill; and it is probable that the Clan Dougal people of that locality were introduced by him from his own country. The Sheriff's return explains that the Wolf "intromitted" with John of Lorne's payments to the King, both for Glenlyon and Fortingall.

when the barony was divided into two estates. According to Glenlyon tradition, John of Lorne married a second wife—Sithag, the daughter of the Earl of Lennox—after Janet's death, and this Sithag went mad because her nine brothers were drowned in a pool of the Lyon river—Poll an Naonar. Sithag, according to the tradition, was in bed, after having borne her first child—Eugenius, perhaps—when she heard people shouting outside the “pubull,” or tent, that her nine brothers were drowned. She ran, in her madness, off to the hills, and had to be caught by dogs, specially trained for running her down without hurting her. What say the genealogists to this tradition? The sudden disappearance of the old Lennox family—or the sudden contraction of a large male kindred to one man—is one of the mysteries of the early Stewart reigns.

The direct male succession of the Stewarts of Innermeath, who married the Lorne heiresses, came, as far as Glenlyon was concerned, to a termination about 1450. Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy—Cailean Dubh na Roimhe—married the eldest of the three daughters of the last Stewart, Lord of Lorne, and got the second married, later on, to his nephew, the first Earl of Argyll. The third married Campbell of Ottar, but had no children. Sir Colin agreed to let his nephew, as chief of the clan, take the superiority of Lorne, although it belonged by right to his own eldest son Duncan. On the death of his mother, Sir Duncan of Glenorchy, son of the eldest of the three co-heiresses of Lorne, suffered wrong. James the Third, ignoring in his case, as he did in many others, the right of the legal heir, granted in 1477 a nineteen years' lease of Glenlyon to Neil Stewart of Garth. On the termination of that lease, and after a little fighting, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy received a Crown charter of the Barony of Glenlyon for himself in liferent, and in fee for his younger son Archibald, who by marriage also

acquired Kilmorich. The barony was sold to the Marquis of Athole by Robert Campbell, only a few years before the following list was written.

GLENLYON 1706.

*Roll of the Duke of Athole's Fencible Men, excluding the  
12 Merkland possessed by the Lady Glenlyon.*

WESTER MOARE :

John M'Kerchar.  
Duncan M'Intyre.  
Duncan M'Alan.  
Duncan M'Ian Buie.  
Finlay M'Naughton.  
Duncan Mor M'Naughton.  
Patrick M'Intyre.  
Colin M'Naughton.  
John M'Naughton.

EASTER MOARE :

John Roy Beag M'Naughton.  
Donald M'Naughton.  
Finlay M'Naughton.  
Alan Stewart.  
Duncan M'Martin.  
Alex. Gow.  
Duncan Gow (his son).  
Colin M'Conachie Mhol-  
aich.

CEANN CNOC :

Angus M'Donald.  
Duncan M'Alan.  
Dun. M'Alan Mhic Alan.  
John Ban M'Innes.  
John M'Kerchar.

GALLIN :

Donald M'Alan Mhic  
Isaack.  
John M'Isaack.  
John Campbell.  
Duncan M'Ian Buie.  
Alasdair Ban.  
Donald M'Ian Mor.  
Duncan M'Naughton.  
Donald M'Gibbon.

MEGGARNIE & CEANN COILLE :

Duncan Roy.  
Finlay M'Martin.  
Donald M'Ghille Reoch.  
Patrick M'Ghille Reoch.  
Patrick M'Mhourich.  
John M'Lean.  
Duncan M'Gibbon.  
Donald M'Intyre.

MILTON :

Duncan M'Ghille Buie.  
Donald M'Naughton.  
John M'Kinlay.  
William M'Naughton.

KERRO MOR :

Finlay M'Kercher.  
Finlay M'Brachadair.  
Angus Kennedy.  
Alexander Kennedy.  
Maoldonach M'Naughton.

KIRKTON :

Patrick M'Naughton.  
Duncan M'Ian Roy.  
C. M'Dhaol Roy.  
Angus Donn.

RORO MHOR AND CROFTS :

Don. Donn M'Naughton.  
Maoldonach Donn  
M'Naughton.  
Duncan M'Naughton.

CRAIGELIG :

Donald M'Diarmid.  
Donald M'Naughton.  
Fearchar Mor M'Kercher.



**INNERWICK :**

Donald M'Farlane.  
 Colin M'Farlane.  
 Patrick M'Farlane.  
 Ewen M'Diarmid.  
 Parlane M'Farlane.  
 Duncan M'Phail.  
 John M'Dhaol Roy.  
 Donald Roy (his son).

**BALANLOAN :**

Duncan M'Ghille Gholich.  
 Donald Ban M'Naughton.  
 Patrick M'Ghille Reoch.  
 John M'Ghille Reoch (his son).  
 Duncan Gow.  
 Alasdair Roy.  
 Duncan M'Ghille Gholich.

**BRUCHNABOURD :**

Duncan M'Alan.  
 Colin M'Intyre.  
 John M'Naughton.

**ARD :**

Finlay M'Ghille (?)  
 John M'Dhaol Mhic Alan.  
 Finlay M'Gibbon.  
 Alex. M'Naughton.  
 Donald M'Lellan.  
 John M'Phail.  
 Duncan M'Ian Duibh.  
 Duncan M'Phail.

**CAMUSVRACHKAN :**

Donald M'Gilchrist.  
 Duncan Ban.  
 Gilfillan M'Phail.  
 John M'Phail.  
 Donald M'Gilchrist.  
 Duncan M'Naughton.

**CRAIGEINIE :**

Duncan M'Diarmid.  
 Donald M'Kinlay.  
 Angus M'Diarmid.  
 Angus M'Gilchrist.  
 John M'Innes.

**SLATTICH.**

Duncan Roy.  
 Angus M'Ildonich.  
 Donald Donn M'Diarmid.  
 Angus M'Diarmid.  
 Angus M'Ildonich.  
 Colin M'Phadraig.

**LAGAN A CHA :**

Duncan M'Ian.  
 Alasdair M'Ay.  
 — M'Diarmid.  
 John Oig M'Diarmid.  
 Donald M'Ay.

**ROUSKICH :**

Duncan M'Nab.  
 John M'Ay.  
 Duncan M'Diarmid.  
 Art M'Arthur.  
 Angus M'Diarmid.  
 Donald M'Kercher.  
 John M'Kercher.  
 Duncan M'Kercher.  
 Donald M'Ay.

**WESTER INNERVARR :**

Duncan Murray.  
 Malcolm Murray (his son).  
 Malcolm Murray.  
 John M'Naughton.  
 Patrick M'Ghille Gholich.  
 Donald M'Phail.

**EASTER INNERVARR :**

John Stewart.  
 James Lothian.  
 John M'Naughton.  
 John M'Dhaol Rioch.  
 John M'Alan.

**DERICAMUS :**

Donald M'Brachadair.  
 Angus M'Jan.  
 John M'Brachadair.  
 Donald Ban.  
 Callum Buie.

Total—130 men.

The Lady of Glenlyon, who possessed 12 merkland of the Chesthill end of the Glen, with the usual shealings in the Braes, was Helen Lindsay, widow of Robert Campbell, last Campbell owner of the barony, who died at Bruges of wounds received in battle in 1696. She survived till 1725. Her liferent portion was just exactly one-fifth of the barony, and should proportionately have 32 fencible men. If we allow 43 men for the separate estate of Roro, we get altogether  $130 + 32 + 43 = 205$  fencible men. We may therefore conclude that in 1707 the whole population of Glenlyon would not be less than 800. It is very much less than that now ; but in 1831 it had swelled to nearly 1200, when migration and emigration began rapidly to drain off surplus people, whose women folk could no longer bring in a yearly revenue as formerly by spinning flax and wool. Very soon after the above list was written, Cashlie, Cambuslai, Dalchiorlich, and Stronuich were formed into separate farms. In 1620 the two latter were attached to the Moir—"Na Moir," a plural word—and the tenants of Gallin had Cashlie for their cheesemaking purposes. Between 1620 and the date of the above list, Balanloan had been separated from Innerwick and a small part of Bruchnabour—Broch nam-bord, or the Timber Broch—was attached to it. The variation from the Rental list, however, which calls for special notice, concerns that which was named Connaglen in 1620, and goes now under the words—"Roro Mhor and Crofts." Connaglen is the old and truly descriptive name of Kerrumore Glen. Two miles or so above the junction of its stream with the Lyon, the glen forks into the diverging Rialte and Larig Bhreislidh valleys. Hence Connaglen—"the coming-together glen." Comar is the correspondingly correct name of the shealing at which the two upper streams unite. Why is the Connaglen name superseded in 1706 by "Roro Mhor and Crofts?" Roro Mhor<sup>1</sup> has nothing whatever to do with the estate of that name. It is only "An ruamharadh mhor," or "the big trenching,"

<sup>1</sup> The place is now called "An Loinne Mhor."

in disguise. This was a piece of trenching which was made in addition to the old crofts of Connaglen—known by the names of Castull, Dail-an-Teamhaich, Dail-Sheangain, and Comar—when the Marquis of Athole planted this side glen with a lot of workers to mine for lead in the adjoining hill of Meall Luaidh. A mill for crushing the ore was built at the same time on the Connaglen stream. The works after being carried on for some years were dropped before 1706, and the miners all went away, with the exception of Angus and Alexander Kennedy, who remained long in the glen.

Now for a few observations on the list of names. Nothing more can be said of names derived from Columban Church dedications of children than this, that as surnames they must always be ranked among the very oldest. Gille Chriosd, Gille Mhartainn, Gille Fhaolain, that is the servant of Christ, the servant of Martin, the servant of Fillan, and so forth, and convertible into Maol Chriosd, the tonsured, or dedicated to Christ, and so on, was the primary individual name. That name became a patronymic in the second degree, when the sons became respectively Mac'ille Chriosd, Mac'ille Mhartainn, Mac'ill' Fhaolain. The oldest secular surname in Glenlyon and Breadalbane is said to be that of the Macdiarmids. In Glenlyon particularly the Macdiarmids claim to be the oldest, if not the aboriginal, race. Yet they say they are of the same stock as the Campbells—only the older and nobler stem branch of the Siol Duibhne. It will be observed that the M'Naughtons in the preceding list are very numerous. What have they to say about their own history? That they are a branch of the Clan Chattan, who were removed from the Aird, near Inverness, to the valley of the Tay by William the Lion. They say likewise that their chiefs were great men or toisich of the King at Balnaguard before 1267, when Alexander the Third granted to Gillichrist Macnaughton the castle and island of Frechlan in Lochawe. But they had another toiseach of their race, called Aodh or Aode, at Fortingall, and a third whose

name has been lost at Carnban. Fergus Mac Aoidh, or as Latinised *Fergusius filius Ade*, and Robert, son of Duncan, son of Andrew of Athole, failed in 1358 to answer for the lands of Balnafert, Balmacrechy, Balnakaid, Glendoch, Athole, and Fortingall. They were apparently partners in wholesale farming of thanages. We believe this Fergus Mac Aoidh was the progenitor of the Fergusons of Dunfallandy and that neighbourhood. But those of the descent from Aodh of Fortingall, who were not children of Fergus, continued to be called M' Ay, and yet to be clan classified as M' Naughtons. The M' Ays must therefore be added to the M' Naughtons of the list. In parish registers of last century the M' Ay surname of this branch of the M' Naughtons of the Tay, Lyon, and Tummel is very often Englishfied into Ayson or Aysoun. The clerks, civil and ecclesiastical, who wrote deeds, registers, and records began this practice early and continued it late. Among the "Caterans" who invaded the Braes of Angus in 1390 were Robert of Athole, the Clan Donnachie chief, two cousins or uncles, Patrick and Thomas, sons of Duncan, Andrew and Angus Macnair, or Mac an Oighre from Foss, two sons of the Wolf of Badenoch, Duncan and Robert Stewart, and John Ayson, junior, or Iain Og M' Aoidh.

Sir William Olifant's short lairdship left no recognisable mark on the population, nor any shadow of a name, unless perchance it was he who set up the Timber Broch. John of Lorne and his sons-in-law brought in many new men, chiefly from Argyll. In John of Lorne's time, we find the Clan Gregor coming on the scene, and one of them placed as Vicar of Fortingall. M' Calums, and a back flow of M' Naughtons from the west, called locally the Clan of the Porter, were, seemingly, John of Lorne's bodyguard. It was a M' Calum who killed the doughty invading Chisholm. This good archer, the Greasaiche Reoch, left his own freckled designation as a title of honour to his descendants. So every Mac-'ille-Reoch is a M' Calum. So also is every

Mac I'n Duibh. But that is not all. Thomas M'Iosaig, who married the Princess Matilda, was himself of the Clan of Calum, unless all the M'Iosaigs of the present day who write themselves down as M'Calums have been wrongly informed by their forefathers. It will be observed that in the preceding list Donald M'Alan Mhic Isaack and John M'Isaack were tenants in Gallin in 1706. These men represented more closely than the other M'Calums the grand-daughter of Bruce on the squire of low degree side. John of Lorne, in short, brought with him to Glenlyon a bodyguard of his wife's paternal kinsmen, and they are to be found there to the present day. The tradition about John of Lorne's second marriage with Sithag of Lennox receives some confirmation from the fact that for fourteen generations Macfarlanes from the Lennox—clansmen of Sithag in fact—were blacksmiths at Innerwick, who were famous for making swords, spear heads, and armour in the far off times, and not less renowned in last century for dagger and sgian-dubh making. They had family secrets for tempering steel and giving weapons and knives a fine edge, which secured for them more than local custom and notoriety. The race is by no means extinct, but the last Macfarlane blacksmith of Innerwick died some fifty years ago.

The Stewarts who succeeded John of Lorne naturally introduced some men of their own name and kindred, and Neil of Garth's nineteen years' lease gave the Combich, or Wolf of Badenoch Stewarts, admission among the Iain Buidhe and M'Gibbon Stewarts, who were there before them. The Campbells, after nearly two hundred years of lairdship, left the Glenlyon population very much as they found it. In the 1706 list, all who represent the long Campbell ownership and Campbell clan are John Campbell, Gallin, and three M'Brachadairs and five M'Phails of the Clan Charles branch of the Black Dougal of Craignish descent. We have no doubt there are some M'Gregors in the list under descriptive epithets—Roy particularly—and

patronymics; but the three Murrays, Wester Innervar, and James Lothian, Easter Innervar, are all whom we can certify as M'Gregors. The surname was then and for a long time afterwards proscribed by law. The M'Intyres came in from Argyll towards the end of the Campbell occupancy. The M'Kerchers from Braemar became at an early period tenants of the M'Gregors of Roro, who were themselves middle-men tenants of the Menzieses of Weem. It was a kindly custom, continued to the last generation, that in burying a Glenlyon M'Gregor the M'Kerchers should have the first "lifting." The M'Kerchers of the Glenlyon Barony flooded over from the Roro estate. In the list, Robertsons go under the patronymic M'Ildonich, and Macdonalds bear the strange name of Mac 'ille Gholic. Art M'Arthur is the only representative of his ancient race on the list, but we know otherwise that a good many more M'Arthurs were on the 12 merkland of the Lady of Glenlyon.

## GAELIC INCANTATIONS.

## III. FOR THE DISEASES OF MAN.

CHARMS were, like the mountebank's medicine, capable of curing all diseases incident to humanity, but each disease required its own special charm. A vast body of such medical literature must have existed, but only a very fragmentary portion can now be recovered. The leading diseases for which we have incantations are the following—we give them in alphabetical order and in non-medical language—Bleeding, Colic, Sore Eyes, Sprain, Strangury, Swelling of the Breast, Toothache, "Fallen" Uvula, Warts and Worms. We shall consider the charms for each of these in the above order, reserving the numerous charms for toothache for our next paper.

## BLOOD-STAUNCHING.

Some people were believed to have a gift or power of stopping bleeding, or indeed flowing of any kind. They could do it by the word of their power, it seems, if we may judge from the stories told. One of the charms made use of, known as *Buaidh Casgadh Fola*, or Power of Staunching Blood, is as follows:—

Tha mise dùnadh an lot so mar dhùn Dia Flaithneas air luchd-gearraidh fuilte agus feusaig air latha na Sàbaid.

Translated: "I am closing this wound as God closed heaven against those who cut hair and beard on the Sabbath day."

In English and other charms, the Biblical character introduced is Christ, and reference is made to his stopping Jordan flood at his baptism, or to the bleeding from his side by Longinus' spear at the crucifixion.

## COLIC.

This ailment is known either as *Greim Mionaich* (Bowel Seizure), or *Snaim Mionaich* (Knotting of the Bowels); and the *eolas*, or charm for it, required a

preliminary story to make its meaning and the cause of its efficiency clear. The story is briefly this: Christ, in escaping once from the Jews, sought refuge in a house, where the goodwife was a believer in him, but the goodman was not. The latter met him outside, and received him grimly, but he entered the house and was hospitably entertained by the wife, who hid him under a covering of *calg a' lìn*, or beard of flax, in a corner, so that he escaped the search of his foes. In leaving he gave the woman the following *colas*, both to commemorate her kindness and relieve suffering humanity. The person suffering from colic has to rub the afflicted part, and, as he does so, to repeat the words of the charm, which are:—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naomh !  
 Duine fiat a muigh,  
 Bean fhial a stigh,  
 Criosd 'na laighe air calg a' lìn—  
 'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.<sup>1</sup>

Which means:—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !  
 A fierce, churlish man without,  
 A hospitable wife in the house,  
 Christ a-lying on the beard of flax—  
 That is a good cure for the spleen.

A less complete form of the charm was got by "Nether-Lochaber,"<sup>2</sup> which after the invocation to the Trinity runs the second and third lines together thus:—

Bean fhial, duine dian.

But the last two lines are the same as the above.

#### SORE EYES.

We have no fewer than three rhyme charms for ophthalmia. The first one which we give was published in *Cuairtear Nan Gleann* for July 1842, and is, with directions for use, as follows:—Take a vessel full of water from a spring, and place therein a silver coin. Repeat the rhyme

<sup>1</sup> Gaelic Soc. Trans. VIII., p. 124.

<sup>2</sup> *Inverness Courier*, 20th June 1872.



here given over the water, and thereafter anoint with it the sore eye or eyes repeatedly. The rhyme is entitled "Eòlas nan Sul," and is :—

Obaidh nan geur shlùl,  
An obaidh 's feàrr fo'n ghréin ;  
Obaidh Dhé, an uile-mhòr.  
Féile Mhàiri, féile Dhé,  
Féile gach sagairt 's gach cléir ;  
Féile Michael nam feart,<sup>1</sup>  
'Chàirich anns a' ghréin a neart.

which might be rendered—

A charm for sore smarting eyes,  
The best charm under the sun ;  
The charm of God, the all great.  
Beneficence of Mary, beneficence of God,  
Beneficence of each priest and each cleric ;  
Beneficence of Michael, the strenuous,  
Who bestowed on the sun its strength.

The following is a cure for the *leamhnud*, or stye in the eye, as sent us by a young man from Sutherlandshire. Repeat the following without once drawing breath :—

Thainig cailleach a Loch-Abair  
'Shireadh sgadain a Loch-Bhraoin.  
Cha d' iarr i air peighinn  
Ach na chunntadh i gun anail—  
Sgidear sgadan h-aon, sgidear sgadan dha, sgidear sgadan  
tri. . . . . sgidear sgadan ceud !

which means—

A carlin came from Lochaber  
To seek herring from Lochbroom.  
She did not ask for the penny  
But what she could count without drawing breath.  
Scatter "sgadan" (herring) one ; scatter sgadan, two ; . . . . .  
scatter sgadan, one hundred !

A simple form of the above *leamhnud* charm is as follows :—Go on repeating the following words as long as you can without drawing breath :—

<sup>1</sup> For *obaidh*, the *cuairtear* has the absurd *obie*, which shows that the contributor did not understand the word. Equally funny is the comparison of it by one writer of eminence to *Obi*, a supernatural being worshipped on the Guinea coast.

Leamhnud h-aon,  
 Leamhnud dha,  
 Leamhnud tri,  
 &c., &c.

which means—

Stye one,  
 Stye two,  
 Stye three,  
 &c., &c.

For fear that any one may think that there really must be some virtue in repeating the numerals as far as one can do it without drawing breath, that, possibly, the medical principle of "counter-irritation" is here invoked, we hasten to give the following form of the incantation, where the charmer, not the patient, repeats the words. The charmer, pointing at the eye and punctuating his variations with the forefinger, says, without drawing breath, if possible, this :—

Ma thig a h-aon ort,  
 Gu m' ann nach tigeadh dha ort ;  
 Ma thig a dha ort,  
 Gu m' ann nach tigeadh tri ort ;  
 Ma, &c. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9),  
 Ma thig naoi ort,  
 Gu m' ann nach tigeadh deich ort,  
 Ma thig deich ort,  
 Gu m' ann nach tig leamhnud ann ad t-shuil 'sin  
 tuilleadh. (A breath allowed).  
 Ma thig deich ort,  
 Gu m' ann nach tigeadh naoi ort, .  
 Ma thig naoi, &c. (8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, as long as  
 breath holds).

The translation is :—

If one (stye) come on you,  
 May it be that two don't come ;  
 If two come, may there not come three  
 (So on till *ten*, where one breath may be  
 taken, then back again till breath fails),  
 If ten come on you,  
 May it be that nine won't come, &c.

The following is a charm given by "Nether Lochaber" in his first book, for sore eyes, which he heads as "Leigheas Sul" :—

Luibh Challum Chille agus spèir,  
 Meannt agus tri-bhilead corr,  
 Bainne atharla nach do rug laogh ;  
 Bruich iad is càirich air brèid,  
 'S cuir sid rid' shùil aig tra-nòin,  
 Air an Athair, am Mac agus Spiorad nan gràs,  
 'S air Ostal na seirce ; bi'dh do shùilean slàn  
 Mu'n eirich a' gheallach 's mu'n till an làn.

In English, literally—

(Take of) St Columba's wort and dandelion,  
 (Of) mint and a perfect plant of marsh trefoil,  
 (Take of) milk from the udder of a quey  
 (That is heavy with calf, but that has not actually  
 calved),  
 Boil, and spread the mixture on a cloth ;  
 Put it to your eyes at noon-tide,  
 In the name of Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace,  
 And in the name of (John) the Apostle of Love, and  
 your eyes shall be well  
 Before the next rising of the moon, before the turning  
 of next flood-tide.

*SPRAIN.*

In the article on "Incantations and Magic Rhymes," it was pointed out that charms for sprains are very widespread, and very old among Aryan nations, probably going back so far as the period of the original Aryan race. They exist in much the same form in the ancient Sanskrit, the old German, and the modern Gaelic and Teutonic dialects. The Gaelic incantation for sprain is called "Eolas Sgochadh Feithe," Charm for Sprain of Vein, or "Eolas an t-Sniomh," Charm for Twist or Dislocation. There are many editions of it, but all refer to one original form. The best form is as follows:—The charmer puts a thread into his mouth, repeats the rhyme here given, and then ties the thread round the injured part, where it is left till it falls off itself. The rhyme is—

Chaidh Criosda mach  
 'Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,  
 'S fhuair e casan nan each,  
 Air am bristeadh mu seach.  
 Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,

Agus feith ri feith,  
 Agus feòil ri feòil,  
 Agus craicionn ri craicionn,  
 'S mar leighis esan sin  
 Gu'n leighis mise so.

Translated—

Christ went forth  
 In the early morn,  
 And found the horses' legs broken across.  
 He put bone to bone,  
 Sinew to sinew,  
 Flesh to flesh,  
 And skin to skin ;  
 And as He healed that  
 May I heal this.

The following is a good version of the same charm :—  
 The charmer takes a white (preferably) linen thread between his teeth while repeating the following rhyme ; three knots are to be put on the thread, and then it is wound round the sprained part :—

Dh' eirich Criosd maduinn mhoch,  
 Is fhuair e casan nan each briste ;  
 Chuir e smuai. ri smuais,  
 Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,  
 Chuir e feith ri feith,  
 Agus mur leighis e sin  
 Gu leighis e so dhuits'—A. B.<sup>1</sup>

The following version first appeared in *Cuairtear nan Glean*, on the page already cited :—

Chaidh Brìde mach  
 Air maduinn mhoich  
 Le càraid each.  
 Bhreis fear ac' a chas.  
 Chùir e glùn ri glùn,  
 A's cnàimh ri cnàimh,  
 A's feith ri feith.  
 Mar leighis esan sin,  
 Gu <sup>2</sup> leighis mise so.

<sup>1</sup>The last line means " May He heal this for you—A. B." the preceding part being practically as the first form.

<sup>2</sup>In the *Cuairtear* the *gu* of the last line is misprinted *cha*.

St. Bride went out at early morn with a pair of horses. One broke its leg. He (sic!) put knee to knee, bone to bone, and vein to vein; and as he healed that, may I heal this.

A degraded form appears in this one:—

Chaidh Criosd a mach,  
Is bhris e cas,  
Is fuil r'a fuil,  
Feoil r'a feoil,  
Cnamh r'a cnaimh,  
Alt r'a alt  
Smior r'a smior  
Agus mus d' ràinig e an làr  
Bha e slan.  
Mar sin bi gu math, A. B.

Another degraded form is this:—

Paidir Mhoire h-aon,  
Paidir Mhoire dha,  
Paidir Mhoire tri—  
Chaidh Criosd air muin as  
'S thug e sniomh dha chas,  
'S mu'n d' rainig e an lar  
Bha e slàn air ais.

This contains the curious expression, "Pater of Mary"—once, twice, thrice; and the animal mounted is the ass.

It is to some form of this sprain charm that Colonel John Roy Stewart refers in the poem known as his "Prayer." The particular verse meant runs thus:—

Ni mi 'n ubaidh rinn Peadar do Phol  
'S a luighean air fàs leum bruaich,  
Seachd paidir, 'n ainm sagairt is pàp,  
Ga chuir ris 'na phlasd mu 'n cuairt.

Here he offers to perform the charm which Peter did for Paul when he sprained his ankle, viz., seven paters to priest and pope put as plaster around it.

*STRANGURY.*

This trouble is known in Gaelic as "Casg-Uisge," or Retention of Water. Charms for its cure are among the oldest Gaelic documents that we have, for magic rhymes

calculated to cure it appear in the old Irish MSS., both in Britain and on the Continent. Unfortunately, the only charm that has been procured in these later days is incomplete. It runs thus :—

Triuir a thachair orm a tighinn as an Roimh, . . . .  
 Peadar agus Pol. 'S e bu dusgadh dhoibh 's iad nan codal suain.  
 . . . . Dh'iarr Moire mhin as aon Iosa Criosda stad a chur  
 le 'fhuil 's ruith chuir le fhual ; 's e 'thighinn gu min gun trioblaid  
 gun strith, mar uisge le gleann.

Three met me coming from Rome  
 Peter and Paul . . . . .  
 What awakened them as they slept soundly . . . . .  
 Meek Mary for the sake of Jesus Christ  
 Desired that a stop should be put to his blood,  
 And that his urine should run ;  
 So that it would pass smoothly  
 Without trouble or distress,  
 As water down a glen.

*SWELLING OF BREAST.*

The following is a charm for *At Cich*, Swelling of the Breast, whether in human females or in brutes. The directions are as follows :—Find a stone about the size of your fist ; it must be almost buried in the ground in its natural state. Take it out about sunrise, and rub it to the pap or udder ; replace it carefully, and do the same at sunset. In the act of rubbing, repeat the following words :—

An ainm an Athar, a Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh !  
 Suathadh laimh Chriosa air cioch Mhuire, an Oigh,  
 Ghrad through an t-at,  
 Mar sin gun traoghadh a' chlach so thusa !

Which means, after invoking the Trinity—

The rubbing of Christ's hand on the Virgin Mary's breast ;  
 Quickly allayed the swelling ;  
 Similarly may this stone abate the swelling for thee !

A general name for such swellings of the breast or of the udder is *Ruaidhe* or *Redness*, which meant a lodging of the milk therein. The following charm is good, again, to cure man or beast :—

Tha eolas agam air an Ruaidhe,  
 Gur ann air buaidhe 's air blioc,  
 A chuir Moir' a tonnaibh a cinn,  
 'S a chuir Brighde a roinn a fuil :  
 'Chriosda, faicibh sibhse chioch sin air at :  
 Gu ma slan a chioch 's gu ma crion an t-at ;  
 Trian an duigh 's trian a maireach,  
 'S uile gu leir an earar.

I possess a charm for the Redness,  
 It is for produce and milk,  
 Which Mary took from the crown of her head  
 And Bridget from the shedding of her hair.  
 Oh ! Christ, see ye (*sic*) that breast swollen :  
 May the breast be healed and the swelling disappear ;  
 One-third to-day ; one-third to-morrow ;  
 And the remainder the day after.

UVULA.—"RAISING."

The incantation for the "raising of the uvula" was known as *eolas cioch shlugain*, Charm for the Throat-Nipple. The little red, nipple-like sea-weed found in pools of salt water when the tide is out, and called in Gaelic *alltuinn dhearg*, is procured and tied to the crook while the following words are repeated:—"Ann an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, air cioch-shlugain A. B. (person's name)." This is an appeal to the Trinity "for the uvula of A. B."

WARTS.

The incantation for warts is exceedingly simple. The person affected is directed to rub the moisture of the mouth or saliva to the wart, and keep saying—

Olla bhìdh gum beannaicheadh  
 Air a h-uile gin de na foinneachan.

That is to say:—

Oil of food, may thou bless  
 Each one of the warts.

WORMS.

This charm, though evidently not in full, is contemptuously given by Mackenzie in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, and runs thus:—

---

Mharbhainn dubhag, 's mharbhainn doirbheag,  
Is naoi naoinear dhe an sèorsa ;  
'S fiolar crion nan casan lionmhor,  
Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla, &c.

Translated :—

I would kill a black one, and I would kill a bad one,  
And nine nine ones of their kind ;  
And the little nescok of numerous legs,  
That causes great pain mid the flesh, &c.





SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY  
THE 79<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT OR CAMERON  
HIGHLANDERS

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

BY DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY,

*Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.*

Do na Suinn Chamshronach  
Gillean na feile,  
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART VI.

ON the morning of the 18th, Sir Colin resumed his march for Shahjehanpore. On approaching it he was met by a hostile demonstration of the enemy's horse, but no resistance, and crossed the river at the bridge of boats. The 79th, which had paraded at 3.30 A.M., met him there; and the Commander-in-Chief traversed the city, and effected a junction with Brigadier General Jones. Finding that he was not even yet strong enough in cavalry to inflict a serious defeat on the enemy, he resolved to send orders for Coke's column to join him as speedily as possible.

That afternoon however was not to pass without an engagement. It began about 4 P.M. with a skirmish between our reconnoitring parties and the enemy's outposts at the village of Panhat, some two or three miles out. This village was fortified, and the sound of its guns in a short time brought out successively the whole of the enemy's cavalry and the whole of the Commander-in-Chief's force. The gathering sounded, and the 79th turned out with all speed. It was hoped that this time the enemy, after threatening so long, meant business.

The 60th, 79th, and 82nd formed Sir Colin's first line. The 82nd, on the right, seized and occupied the village of Panhat, closely followed by the Horse Artillery and a field

battery, part of the 9th Lancers, and Irregular Cavalry. The 79th, in the centre, took possession of a grove of trees, near a small rising ground, on which were posted two heavy guns. At this time Sir Colin himself rode up to the Compiler, and, doubtless taking him for a field officer, directed him to send No. 6 Company to support the guns. On explaining that he was the Adjutant, he received permission to convey the orders to Captain Macdonald, who commanded the company. On the left was a wing of the 60th and part of the Belooch battalion, supporting a heavy field battery, and flanked by some of the Carabineers. A prolonged Artillery and Cavalry skirmish lasted until dusk—the rebels showing more fight than usual. The British Infantry, however, did not advance from the strong position they held; the rebels then fell back, but Sir Colin had not enough cavalry to press their retreat, and resolved to wait for the arrival of Coke's column. Five companies of the 79th remained on outlying picquet to hold their position—the Headquarters and remaining companies returned to their camp, which was this day moved to the right of the force. The 20th and 21st passed quietly; on the latter day the 79th hospital tents were ordered to be moved, and countermanded.

On the 22nd Coke's Brigade marched in in the morning; in consequence a new distribution of troops was made, and Colonel Taylor was appointed to command a Brigade, consisting of his own regiment, the 60th Rifles, and a wing of the 82nd, with a troop of Horse Artillery, and the 2nd Punjab Cavalry (Hughes' Horse). Major Butt assumed command of the 79th. On the 23rd our troops were held in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice, as an attack was expected, but none was made.

The following day (the 24th) Sir Colin assumed the offensive. Orders were issued the previous evening that the sick and any men unfit for a long march should be left behind. Leaving a sufficient force to hold Shahjehanpore, he marched at 3 A.M. with the remainder on Mabomdee.

The mud fort of Katchiana, a few miles out, was found to be occupied by the rebels. A few rounds from our guns caused them to abandon the fort, and the cavalry were sent in pursuit ; the infantry followed. Halting for breakfast about 8 A.M., the 79th, under the command of Major Butt, had a ration of commissariat rum served out to them, unfortunately, before breakfast, on an empty stomach. Much as the men appreciated this, within half-an-hour there were at least a dozen bad cases of sun-stroke, which were treated by pouring a quantity of water on the sufferers' necks, and in several cases this gave relief.

The march was resumed after breakfast, and continued under a burning sun for some miles. Most men of the regiment on this occasion, which was the most trying day during this hot weather campaign, wore their Glengarry bonnets, with covers of quilted cotton, and a flap of the same hanging over the nape of the neck ; but these seemed to afford less protection than the feather bonnets. After a long march, they halted and encamped about 2 P.M. The Compiler rode back for some distance, and found one or two men lying dead, others being carried in dhoolies, and some lying helpless under trees, and got them all brought in ; he also found men looking for brothers and comrades who were missing. One of these cases was Sergeant Turnbull, whose brother, a private, found him lying past all hope. Previously during the march he had relieved Corporal Sutherland, of the band, of his heavy brass instrument, a bass bombardone, and carried it across his saddle, whereby the corporal was able to struggle along. He attributes his own immunity from an attack in some degree to having a bheestie near him all day, and making him frequently drench his cap-cover with water. By evening the 79th had three men buried, and forty-four cases in hospital, besides many others treated by their comrades. In the wing of the 82nd the cases were still more numerous ; while it is a curious circumstance that in the 60th Rifles there were very few.

Some men seem to be unaffected by the rays of the sun. It is well known that Lord Mark Kerr often rode bare-headed in the hottest days. The Compiler had to deliver a message on this excessive hot day to Major Muter of the 60th, and called to a sergeant of that regiment to ask where his tent was. On the sergeant coming out with his head uncovered, he urged him for God's sake not to stand out in the sun, and was told in reply that he was quite accustomed to do so without getting any harm.

Sir Colin marched again on the 25th, the enemy's cavalry somewhat hindering his advance, but retiring as often as the British guns unlimbered to open fire upon them. The infantry had another hot and trying march. The 79th lost four more men from sunstroke, besides additional cases in hospital. In the afternoon it was found that the Moulvie had evacuated Mahomdee, after partly destroying its defences. Sir Colin halted two days to complete the destruction of the fort, and to see whether the Moulvie would renew the attack. Instead of doing this he fell back into Oude.

The 79th buried two more men on the 26th, who had been struck down the previous day. On the 28th Sir Colin's force, which had started without a sick man on the 24th, retraced its steps with many men in hospital towards Shahjehanpore, which it reached on the 29th about 6 A.M. In the 79th there were at least nine deaths from sunstroke, and probably not less than 70 men incapacitated, though not all in hospital.

On the 30th, the 79th received orders to march the following morning, but this was countermanded late at night. A draft of 22 men under Lieut. Robertson from the depot at Stirling joined the Headquarters the same day. A board was held on sundry lost arms and accoutrements owing to the casualties from the heat. Many of the men had great difficulty in marching at all, owing to their shoes being completely worn out; the shoes of men deceased were eagerly bought, and those of the sick borrowed. Some

were driven to wear native shoes. Sergt. J. Mackenzie marched into Futtyghur a few days later with the soles of his shoes kept attached to the uppers only by the straps of his spats and a piece of cord over the front of each.

On the 31st, Colonel Taylor was despatched with a flying column, taking Lieut. F. P. Campbell with him as Orderly Officer, in pursuit of the Moulvie, as it was reported in camp, and to destroy a fort at some distance; but the Moulvie was elsewhere, so after destroying the fort he returned on the 2nd of June.

Rohilcund being now pretty well cleared of the rebel troops, the Rohilcund and Roorkee field forces were broken up. Sir Colin himself with his Headquarter Staff proceeded to Futtyghur; Colonel M'Causland was appointed to the command at that station, to which the 79th were ordered. Brigadier Seaton was appointed to Shahjehanpore with an adequate force, viz., the 60th, 82nd, 22nd Punjab Infantry, Mooltanee Horse, two squadrons Carabineers, and some Artillery. Coke returned to Moradabad to command a district. The 64th were ordered to Meerut, the 9th Lancers to Umballa.

The Moulvie would doubtless have given much trouble to the British in prolonging harassing expeditions, in which no decisive engagements took place; but a few days after this he came to an untimely end. Shortly after the evacuation of Mahomdee, on the 5th of June, he set off with a small following for Powain, on the frontiers of Oude and Rohilcund, to urge the Rajah thereof to join the Begum and himself in resisting the British. This Rajah thought it prudent to avoid giving offence to the latter, and would probably have remained neutral. But the Moulvie, not to be balked, sought to intimidate him. He approached, and finding the gates closed and the walls manned, attempted to force a gate with the elephant on which he was mounted. The Rajah's brother, to prevent this, seized a gun and killed the Moulvie on the spot; upon this the followers of

the latter fled. The Moulvie's head was then cut off and taken by the Rajah and his brother to Shahjehanpore, to whom the Government paid a reward of 5000 rupees, which had probably been publicly promised, for killing this able and troublesome leader, who was generally accounted a dangerous rebel. Some, however, regard him as a patriot fighting for the independence of Oude.

The 79th left Shajehanpore on the 3rd of June, and marching daily at 2 A.M. reached Futtighur on the 6th at 6 A.M. Three companies were quartered in the Fort, the headquarters and remaining companies in some new barracks and under canvas. It was a wretched place to go to after a hot weather campaign. The Compiler has the following entry in his diary:—"This place a perfect hell, between sun, hot wind, and dust."

Colonel Taylor resumed command of the regiment on the 7th of June. About this time Sergt. Allison, the orderly room sergeant, was sunstruck, and died within an hour or two. He was succeeded for a short time as O.R. clerk by Donald Stuart. Sergt. William Brown was appointed Hospital Sergeant in the Field Hospital; he died subsequently in Hospital at Cawnpore. Lieut. Young having resigned the Adjutancy, Lieut. Wimberley was gazetted Adjutant from 18th June. The Rev. Charles Morrison joined the regiment here as Military Chaplain, having been previously attached to the 78th, and been present at the siege and capture of Lucknow. Of a kindly and genial disposition, and possessed of tact and good sense, he was a general favourite, and most faithful in the discharge of his duties. He served with the 79th to the end of the campaign, and thereafter till it came home from India in 1871, when he retired and shortly afterwards became parish minister of Laurencekirk for eighteen years till his death in December, 1890.

On the 25th of June Capt. Maitland was sent with No. 2 Company to hold Meerunkeserai, a place of some importance on the road to Cawnpore.

While at Futtighur the men had issued to them three suits of white clothing and wicker helmets, and also home-made shoes, of which they stood greatly in need. Some native made boots were purchased for them on their first arrival. They also got six months' batta paid to them, each private receiving 36 rupees, other ranks in proportion, which helped them to pay for the hot weather clothing. Many of the men had considerable sums in the savings banks, and remitted money to their friends at home; others left it in deposit till they should go home on discharge.

Early in July the regiment received orders to move to Cawnpore; four companies of the left wing commenced their march on the evening of the 16th. The headquarters and right wing, on being relieved by a wing of the 8th Regiment, followed on the 28th, and joined by No. 2 Company at Meerunkeserai on the 31st, arrived at Cawnpore on 6th July. This march during the rainy season, when the men sometimes got soaked to the skin, after the previous exposure to the sun in May, told heavily on the health of the regiment. No doubt other troops had a still harder time of it; for instance those who, under Hope Grant in Oude, and under Lugard and Douglas in the Azringhur district, were out much later in the season; those, too, employed under Turner in keeping the Grand Trunk Road open, and the columns under Sir Hugh Rose, General Roberts, and General Napier, which were out in pursuit of Tantia Topee in Central India and elsewhere throughout the greater part of both the hot and the rainy season of 1858. These again had, no doubt, less to encounter than the gallant few who had been engaged in the siege of Delhi and in the defence and first relief of Lucknow in 1857. Still the following return will show the great waste that had occurred in the 79th between November, 1857, and 1st August, 1858, on which day the headquarters halted for muster.

Return of the Effective Strength of the 79th on 1st August, 1858, one year after embarkation for India.

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Drummers.	Corporals.	Privates.	Officers.	N.-C. Officers and Privates.
<i>Present with Head Quarters at Camp, Murunkeserai ...</i>	19	32	15	27	402	19	476
<i>Present with Major Hodgson at Cawnpore .....</i>	10	16	9	18	229	10	272
<i>Sick absent—</i>							
At Calcutta .....	—	—	—	—	10	—	10
„ Benares .....	—	—	—	—	2	—	2
„ Cawnpore .....	—	—	—	—	7	—	7
„ Lucknow .....	2	1	1	1	39	2	42
„ Cape of Good Hope .....	1	—	—	—	1	1	1
„ Bareilly .....	—	1	—	—	12	—	13
„ Shahjehanpore .....	—	—	—	—	3	—	3
„ Nynce Tal .....	1	1	—	—	6	1	7
„ Darjeeling .....	—	—	—	—	1	—	1
„ Futtighur .....	—	4	—	3	27	—	34
„ Chinsurah .....	—	1	—	—	8	—	9
„ Dumdum .....	—	—	—	—	10	—	10
Servants to Officers absent...	—	—	—	—	5	—	5
At Allahabad (1 prisoner)...	—	—	—	—	1	—	1
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>56</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>49</b>	<b>133</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>893</b>

N. C. O. and Men.

Compare with this the effective strength of Regiment on embarkation, 1st August previous, and on landing in India in November, 1857 .....	975
Add <i>increase</i> —Draft taken on strength .....	10
Do. do. ....	22
Transfers from 93rd and 82nd .....	2
	<hr/>
	1009
Deduct <i>decrease</i> —Died, including killed .....	110
Sent home .....	4
Deserted or missing .....	2
	<hr/>
	116
	<hr/>
	893



While at Cawnpore the regiment did not improve in health. The duties were pretty hard, 4 garrison guards and 3 regimental, requiring 2 officers, 5 sergeants, and 92 men. Fever, liver, and pulmonary complaints, dysentery, and boils became very prevalent among both officers and men. The Orderly Room duties were heavy, including a voluminous correspondence, and the preparation of medal rolls, and of those entitled to prize-money. Nearly every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who landed had been present at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and was entitled to a medal and clasp and share of prize-money. The following brevets were also granted, dated 20th July, 1858, Lieut.-Colonel Taylor brevet of Colonel with order of C.B., Captains Maitland, M'Barnet, and Stevenson brevets of Major.

The left wing under Major Butt marched for Allahabad on 23rd August; strength, 1 field officer, 3 captains, 5 subs., and 3 cadets, 2 staff officers, 20 sergts., 8 drummers, 21 corpls., and 307 privates.

During the month of August 1 officer, 2 sergts., 4 corpls., 1 drummer, and 50 privates rejoined from various hospitals, also a draft of 29 men from the depot at Stirling per "Abeona."

The Headquarters and remainder of the regiment were quartered at Cawnpore till 18th October. The officers occupied what were called the Stable Barracks, which were merely old Cavalry stables converted to accommodate men instead of horses. They were surprised to find a deduction made from their pay in name of rent for these; the accommodation was wretched.

The Headquarters and right wing were inspected by Brigadier-General the Hon. Percy Herbert, C.B., at Cawnpore; the barracks and books on the 14th September, the men on the 20th; the latter inspection was to have taken place on the 17th, but owing to the heavy rains on that day and the previous night it was deferred.

Sergt. John Mackenzie was appointed Orderly Room Clerk on the 8th October ; he held the appointment for about six years. Col.-Sergeant Simpson was appointed Sergt.-Major *vice* Bunyan, invalided, and afterwards discharged ; he held that position till 1867, when he was promoted to be Quarter-Master.

On the 18th of October a move was made by rail to Allahabad to join the left wing. The marching out state of Headquarters and right wing was 2 field officers, 3 captains, 4 subalterns, 3 staff, 6 staff sergeants, 22 sergeants, 23 corporals, 14 drummers, and 328 privates. The sick left behind in Field Hospital, 1 staff (*viz.*, Dr Scot), 1 subaltern, 4 sergeants, 2 corporals, and 48 privates. Dr Scot's unremitting exertions and his anxiety about the sick had worn him out, and he was on the sick list himself, but only for a short time.

The regiment remained at Allahabad for only two days, being ordered to join the field force assembling in Oude under Brigadier-General Wetherall, C.B., for a cold weather campaign.

On the conclusion of the rainy season, the Commander-in-Chief, now Lord Clyde, resumed operations for the reduction of Oude and adjoining provinces, where, as we have seen, vast numbers of the rebels who had escaped from Lucknow and elsewhere had collected in bands, large and small, their leaders striving to stir up the various petty rajahs and the large landowners with their retainers.

In the north-western part of Oude, the chief leaders were the Begum, Ferozeshah, and Nirput Singh ; in the south-eastern Beni-Madho, Harichund, and Hanmant Singh ; while in the north-eastern corner Nana Sahib and his brother Bala Rao were believed to be actively intriguing.

In the extensive disturbed districts lying north of the Ganges and east of Oude, Brigadier Douglas of the 79th had a similar task to perform, and he was one of the first to resume offensive operations. Having a large force at his disposal, about 7000 men, he set no less than seven

columns in motion on the 13th of October, with the object of driving the rebels towards one common centre at Jugdispore, and then routing them in one general disaster, and so finishing the campaign at one stroke.

This plan, well devised, ought to have succeeded, and probably would have done so, but for an inundation caused by the cutting of an embankment—a clever device—which delayed the march of one of his columns under Colonel Walters of the 53rd. The rebels evacuated Jugdispore, and escaped by the outlet thus open to them.

Douglas, however, pursued them, and by means of a small party of mounted infantry under Havelock, so harrassed them that he drove them into the Kymore hills before the end of October; and subsequently, on 24th November, surprised them by a night attack at Salia Dahar, a place in that range, and killed a large number, besides taking all their arms and ammunition. He thus completely cleared the district under his command.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

## HIS LAST PUPIL.

THOSE who knew Charlie (in the Society papers he was called Charles Perceval Moraven, Esq.), said he could take first honours in the art of flirtation. Charlie himself denied the impeachment—in that lay the peculiarity which concerns this story. “Look here, my boy,” he would explain, with a super-wise air, over a cigarette, “I am nothing more nor less than a philosopher in the art of pure friendship, applying the term as between the sexes. You who have dabbled in the classics (Charlie was never over-flattering to his own gender), know the hackneyed phrase, ‘Platonic love;’ I am an exponent and cultivator of the art—its modern apostle, if you will. That it is an art I am convinced; in fact, I may as well confess to you that I seriously contemplate a small treatise on its principles—convinced, I say, from my own experience, as contrasted with the social disasters of others. How many have gone in for the purely platonic, and ended in what they never intended at all, the Wedding March!—all through an ignorant confusion of love with marriage. Ha! there is, my dear fellow, love, *and love*; the first platonic, the latter matrimonial. You see, I’ve thought the matter out, as a philosopher should. I am a professor of the purely platonic—deucedly clever at it too, my boy—and find life harmlessly interesting.”

There was no use whatever arguing with Charlie the old saw that the female heart was a dangerous plaything. “So is gunpowder,” he would answer, “but it is safe so long as you don’t apply the *match* (I suppose he intended a pun here); so with love, it is platonic first, and matrimonial afterwards—the afterwards of fools.”

You see, Charlie was not like the rest of our set. He never boasted of his conquests. On the contrary, he dis-

paraged the idea of having kindled the flame of real love in any guileless maiden's breast. I believed him to be either an arch-hypocrite or a deluded kind of mortal; which, I could never judicially swear. But there were others who could perhaps speak more definitely on the subject. There was Lily Black, one of his first converts (as Charlie described her) to the platonic creed. She went to foreign lands to get rid of a mysterious illness, which manifested itself in sighs and dreamy attitudes. There was beautiful little Nellie Macdonald, who refused half-a-dozen offers, and never smiled but when Charlie was present. She was a most apt pupil, he says; too apt, I am afraid. Then there was—yes, three or four others, fully-qualified members of Charlie's platonic school, the singular effect of which seemed to be to extract the bloom from the cheek, and raise a debate whether life is worth enduring except when the master of said school was in attendance.

Charlie was, withal, a great success in society. I am not envious. He was extremely good-looking; he had exceptional, nay, interesting manners; he was only five-and-twenty, and he had a foot-in-the-grave uncle who, as this sketch opens, had died and left him a comfortable five thousand per annum. In several respects—principally in the platonic way—Charlie and I had nothing in common, but we were fast friends for all that. Consequently I took the liberty of proposing a scheme intended at once to assuage his grief (ahem!) at the loss of a relative, and to celebrate the gain of a fortune.

"Let us," I said, "make a trip round the world." He preferred a grouse moor in some Invernessian wild, where he could think out amid the solitude of the everlasting hills "the art of the purely platonic." Bah! We tossed for it—and then took a moor at £500; probable bag, say 150 brace; fishing on loch and stream; an occasional stag to be thrown in through the unwitting generosity of neighbouring tenants. I am not an enthusiastic sportsman. But it was something, in my sentimental way of thinking, to get

Charlie away from the sphere of his heart-breaking operations—for now that his prospects were realised, the success of the platonic school was becoming more serious than ever.

The "Grouse Festival" saw Charlie and me put up at Craignalochan as comfortably as circumstances permitted, and duly accoutred for the campaign. Good gracious! what a change from the eternal bustle of Babylon to the eternal solitude of this deserted valley! In the centre lay the loch, deep, dismal, and narrow; on each side the mountains crept up until they disappeared into the mist-cloud; in the fore-ground beyond, over a waste of treeless heather, sprang up a jagged peak, its crevices still packed with the winter snows. That is the picture in the proverbial "few bold lines." The two huts occupied by our gillies were the only direct reminders that the native Highland race was not quite extinct; a solitary streak of peat-smoke in the distance occasionally strengthened the remembrance.

It was an evil day that on which Charlie asked Donald Munro, as we trudged up the hill, who was responsible for this distant peat reek. For it came from the house of Kenneth Mackenzie, head keeper to Lord Glamis, the owner of the prospective stags; and Kenneth had the misfortune to possess a fair daughter. "She's ferry pewtiful, whateffer," volunteered Peter, and I noticed that Charlie's eyes brightened. "Another recruit," that look seemed to say.

It happened in this way. The day was sultry; the birds were becoming shy, and we traversed the whole extent of our moor to get sufficient sport to fill the hampers, which were destined to leave by the weekly carrier on the morrow; the clouds began to gather overhead, and far and near; finally the thunderstorm broke as if it would shake the mountains to their foundations; the lightning flashed in forks and streaks, and the rain descended as it can do only in Highland solitudes. The scene was terrifying; the experience, one to live particularly green in the memory.

With giant strides Peter led the melancholy procession to the nearest habitation, which Charlie, by some curious logic (that, I suspect to this day, required an equivalent in coin to compete with the common sense of Peter), proved to be Kenneth the keeper's. It was the daughter who extended a sympathetic welcome to a couple of the most disconsolate-looking mortals that ever crossed that humble threshold. It was afterwards diagnosed that the devil sent us thither that day; and in the light of subsequent events, I believe the old hag of a witch was right.

Peter had not exaggerated in his roughly put description of Elsie Mackenzie. She was tall, handsome, and decidedly pretty—altogether of a style above her humble station in life. I could see all that at a glance through the sheet of water which streamed from my cap; and the verdict was confirmed by a calmer scrutiny through an atmosphere of warm peat smoke. The platonic professor, as I had now come to call him, beamed and steamed, before the peat fire.

With the aid of the keeper's dram (of native manufacture, he swore, with a wink for which there was no necessity—the liquor swore for itself) Charlie developed abnormally good spirits; Elsie—the fellow! he had already dispensed with the “Miss”—soon got rid of her shyness; the old keeper was garrulous; I was the only thoughtful member of the company, and, consequently, did not at all “shine” in the eyes of Miss Mackenzie. I never did shine in any female's eyes. To which Charlie did not apparently object. A curious languid interest, strongly tinged with melancholy, drew me silently towards the girl; somehow the presentiment of evil was upon me. (Though I never boasted it to Charlie, I had for long projected a book on presentiments, physically and spiritually considered—but that is by the way).

Grouse shooting, particularly when the weather is wretchedly irregular, is apt to become a dullish occupation. And our society was limited in the strictly scientific sense

of that term—so limited that Charlie threatened to send for Spindlemore, whom he thought great fun and worth his board. But I hate Spindlemore as a prattling fool. And in this one item I triumphed.

In the circumstances, I did not object to Charlie taking strongly to loch fishing. Besides, the stock of birds was diminishing, and they were packing and becoming difficult to shoot. It was a long winding loch, and the best fishing was, he insisted—though his baskets scarcely bore out the statement—to be had at the far end; that is, as near Elsie Mackenzie's cottage as it was possible to get by water.

Respecting Charlie as I did, it never occurred to me to warn him that Elsie Mackenzie was not a fit pupil for his school of platonic affection. Had I done so at the outset, and put my foot down firmly, it might have been different; a life saved and a man's happiness preserved. Whose happiness I will not say. I expostulated when it was too late; to use the hackneyed phrase, I tried to lock the door when the horse (would to heaven it had been a horse and not a sensitive human heart) was stolen. When Charlie began to go on these fishing excursions alone, I guessed what was happening. I grew taciturn. The colder I grew the oftener he went a-fishing.

Had any doubts lingered in my mind as to Charles' mission they were swept away one beautiful autumn afternoon, as I returned from the hills after an early beat. Gay voices and rippling laughter ascended from the loch—the sound of voices known to me. In the stern of the boat sat Elsie, lazily plying the oars was Charlie—what a picture they made! If only their stations had been more equal; if only, for that matter, Charlie would drop that delusive toying with women's hearts, and be sincere, and—well, yes, more manly. But why should I be so interested in this maiden—prosaic I, who never knew what it was to love?

I gazed for a time on the picture, and listened to the voices; to *her* voice—it was so sweet, cheerful, and melodious, and the Highland accent improved rather than



spoil the purity of her English. They did not see me in the gleefulness of their humour and chatter. The only one who noticed me was Peter, and the sad intentness of my mood must have struck him forcibly. He was a shrewd man, old Peter. His furtive look seemed to say, to use his own colloquialism, "She'll may pe knows what she'll pe knowing;" in other words, I verily believe Peter conceived the idea—but that tale never will be told. These pawky Celts have a habit of reading people as they do the weather.

On my initiation, we thrashed out the subject that night over our cigars and whisky. Never in my life was I so near quarrelling—finally quarrelling—with Charlie than in that twilight. A little thunder was required to clear the friendly atmosphere.

"How," I asked sarcastically, "goes Elsie's progress as a pupil of the platonic school; for I presume from what I saw on the loch to-day she must have had the misfortune to be enrolled?"

Charlie whiffed several times before he answered—how keenly I noted that!—and then studying the smoke-wreaths, as if he would read their import, drawled that Elsie was a very sensible and entertaining girl.

"And an apt pupil in the art of platonic affection?" I persisted.

"So far as I am capable of judging, she is intelligent enough to distinguish between the continuous and pure love which finds its sole expression in social intercourse, and that love which blossoms into marriage, and then runs into seed. But you deny the practicability of my theory, pooh-pooh my school, and scout the idea of my book on its principles. What is the use of argufying?"

"Prove your principles and I'll believe in them," retorted I, testily. "So far, all you have proved to my conviction is, that you find flirtation an agreeable occupation, and selfishly and delusively conclude that because your own heart is callous, adamant, a woman's must be similarly proof against love—love as the world knows it."

“One proof only will I mention, my dear sir, but I hope you will have the patience as well as the courtesy to read my book when it appears, and be convinced. In novels you will often find (I am going to quote all the passages *in extenso*) that a woman refuses to marry a man because, as she confesses, though she *loves* him it is not in *that way*, *i.e.*, the way of marriage. And yet that love, and her enjoyment of his society, is sincere enough, and a degree deeper than mere friendship.”

“Words prove nothing, experience everything. That is, however, apart from the question. I do hope, Charlie, that you are not leading this simple-hearted lassie to believe you are in love with her. In these parts—whatever the merits of your art may be—attentions are construed in but one way.”

“Look, sir, at the difference in our positions. That of itself is a sufficient safeguard against mistakes,” he answered, while regarding me with a puzzled look.

“More unlikely marriages have happened before now.”

“Elsie is sensible, as I have said.”

“And, like all her kind, sensitive, with a strong dash of innocent romance in her character.”

“There is no harm in our friendship, no word of love spoken, nothing but common platitudes and trivialities.”

“That may be so, but just as trifles go to make up a woman’s life, so do they conjure up the reality of love,” I responded.

“I believe you are envious and jealous,” he retorted, rising.

“I am; jealous of anyone wantonly disturbing the mind’s peace of this Highland maiden; envious of the husband who is worthy of such a wife.”

“You are decidedly too sentimental.”

“You are selfish.”

“But professor of an art you do not understand,” said he.

Our debate grew hotter still—my life, how pathetically I argued for the maiden!—but what use is there dishing it

up afresh? We ended with a hand-shake, and a promise on Charlie's part to devote himself more to sport and less to Elsie Mackenzie.

Useless promise! Not that he did not fulfil his word. It was worse than that. The next time we met, ah! did I not see by Elsie's looks, by her unconscious little acts, her becoming smiles (all for *him*), that her heart had been, if not stolen, given away *gratis*, and was hers no longer. Charlie pretended not to see it, and sometimes I really believe he didn't. There is a possibility, is there not, of that sense of perception being defective? Poor Elsie! how I ardently hoped that the buoyancy of her native air, the advent of some sincere wooer probably, would enable her to forget. But I knew she would love deeply. A strange intuitive (by the bye, there was to be a chapter on intuitions in my book) insight I have into human nature, seemed to whisper she would nevermore be happy.

And so we left Craignalochan, Charlie in high spirits at the prospect of a renewal of metropolitan gaieties; I unaccountably thoughtful, unable to get rid of the ever-rising picture of a broken-hearted Highland maiden in that little desolate cottage by the loch.

Two years elapsed, and then we were back, not exactly at Craignalochan, but next to it, as guests of the late Sir Henry Neevan.

In the interval I had often thought of Elsie—how often I care not to confess—but had never mentioned her to Charlie, nor had he to me. What of her now? One day a party of us went for a pic-nic outing, and passed through the little village where the church, the cemetery, and the old smithy are the leading objects of interest. One of the horses cast a shoe, and we had to call a halt. As Charlie and I strolled along the road he mentioned Elsie's name for the first time since leaving Craignalochan, casually remarking that he hoped the girl was well and married by that time. Before I could answer a funeral hove in sight, winding slowly round the bend of the highway.

“Peter and Donald are among the mourners,” said Charlie.

“Who is chief mourner—we should be able to remember most of the folks here,” I asked with a vague apprehension of evil.

As I spoke Charlie uttered an exclamation of concern and surprise.

“Good heavens, Jack, it’s Kenneth, the keeper!”

Instinctively we both turned away from that sombre procession, so simple, yet so impressive in its way; so terribly pregnant, too, with meaning to us. As it disappeared into the Kirkyard, an old decrepit woman came hobbling along, and I approached her, unable to restrain my uncertainty any longer.

“Here, good woman, is a shilling for you; perhaps you’ll tell us whose funeral has gone by?”

She peered at us with her sunken, uncanny eyes, and then spoke in emotional accents.

“Little will it be to thee who goes to her grave, though it was one of thy kind that broke the lassie’s heart. It’s pretty Elsie Mackenzie, it is—bonnier, aye bonnier now in her shroud. Curse the villain, for he killed her; curse the villain, three times cursed;” and she hobbled on.

Charlie strode off on the name being mentioned, and did not hear the witch’s curses. He came back, however, when he found that I did not follow. Was it mere sentiment? The tears stole down my cheeks in spite of myself, while my heart sank with a great soreness.

“Oh, Jack, what have I done?” asked Charlie hoarsely. He had stopped abruptly, and, seizing my hands, gazed in my face. “Merciful Heavens! and *you* loved her?”

What a scene! Perhaps Charlie was right, and I did love Elsie—but that is not my story.

The “art of the purely platonic” has never been published, and Charlie has long ceased to cultivate pupils. Mrs Charles Percival Moraven sees to that, as I often conclude when I pay one of my quiet bachelor visits.

## MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN :

PROF. MACKINNON ON ITS AUTHENTICITY.

SAUL also is among the prophets ; and the Professor of Celtic Literature at Edinburgh has definitely ranged himself among those who on literary and scientific grounds pronounce Macpherson's "Ossian" a very palpable forgery. Mistaken patriotism, which is always stronger than the voice of truth, and which is impatient of learning and research, may and will cry shame ; and clan feeling among the descendants of that Parson of Kingussie who gave his official name to a brave and high-spirited clan, will doubtless be aroused to a point of considerable fury. But we are heartily glad that Professor Mackinnon has spoken out so decisively, and yet withal so gently, on the subject ; and all the more so, as, in a series of articles on early Gaelic literature and manuscripts, contributed eighteen months ago to the *Scotsman*, he stopped exactly at the point where, after giving an account of Macpherson, we expected a criticism of his work, and a pronouncement on the authenticity of his "Ossian." Needless to say, Professor Mackinnon comes to the conclusion that Macpherson's work is essentially his own, and that the Gaelic texts, such as they are, were prepared with or without aid from his friends.

The Professor's article appears in the latest volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. The first portion of it is devoted to an account of the real Ossian, and the Ossianic cycle of old Gaelic legend. It is the deplorable ignorance which exists among Highlanders as to the real character and contents of the Ossianic Saga that prolongs any controversy about Macpherson's position. The late J. F. Campbell of Islay, was converted to a belief in the spuriousness of Macpherson's "Ossian," once he discovered the hopeless discrepancy that existed between Macpherson's Ossianic history and the tales and legends that underlay the genuine ballads, which Campbell afterwards published in *Leabhar*

*Na Feinne.* All the more will anybody be convinced on this point if he studies the old literature of the Gael, as preserved in the ancient manuscripts of Ireland and Scotland. Unfortunately, it is only lately that such knowledge could be acquired, for most of it was locked up in the obscurity of these manuscripts, and what was known was wild and legendary enough to justify Scottish Gaelic scholars to indulge in some sneering, and to hold to the glorious past history which Macpherson unfolded for them in the story of Fingal's victories by land and sea over Roman and Norseman. Thanks to native Irish and Continental scholarships, ancient Gaelic literature is being edited and translated, and the story it reveals stamps Macpherson's 18th century romance as a gigantic forgery, which was capable of imposing upon a race that had lost, for over a century, touch with its old literature and scholarship. Only floating ballads and folk-tales remained to them, and their learned men were not learned in the native literature. And so the great controversy began, and was fought for a century on both sides with equal want of knowledge as to where the real solution of the difficulty lay; neither party knew the ancient literature of the Gael, nor were they better acquainted with what literature people in the circumstances and civilization of the Gaelic people of fifteen centuries ago could and did produce.

Professor Mackinnon begins by a brief statement of who Ossian is represented in genuine literature to have been. He was the poet-warrior son of Fionn Mac Cumhail, who, with another hero, Caoilte, is represented as surviving the rest of the Feinne by two hundred years, and reciting the story of his race to St Patrick. It is thus that the old Pagan literature passes on under the aegis of the Church. The Ossianic cycle is the "youngest" of three great cycles of Gaelic legendary literature. The first deals with the origins of the race, and the gods appear as mythic Kings who invade Ireland and settle therein. The second cycle corresponds to the demigod cycle of Greece, represented by Heracles, Perseus, and other heroes, more

especially those of the Argonautic expedition. Cuchulin is the central figure in this cycle, and its epoch is dated at the beginning of the Christian era. The third cycle is called the Ossianic or Finn cycle, and is similar to the Trojan Saga of Greece. It deals with the heroic history of the Gael, and the date at which its events are fixed is the third century. In any case, it cannot be confused with the second cycle, any more than the demigod epoch of Grecian myth can be confused with its heroic period as it appears in Homer.

After indicating briefly the character of the Fenian cycle, and the sources of our information, Professor MacKinnon proceeds thus to deal with Macpherson :—

“To the majority of people Ossian is known through the publications of James Macpherson. In 1760-62-63 this remarkable man published *Fingal*, an epic poem, in six books; *Temora*, another epic, in eight books; with a number of shorter pieces, epic and dramatic—all purporting to be translations of poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal. ‘The translation,’ Dr Blair is made to say in the preface to the *Fragments* printed in 1760, ‘is extremely literal.’ These publications, in the opinion of the most competent judges, possessed great literary merit. They brought wealth and fame to the author, and before the end of the century a translation of them appeared in nearly every European language. Encouraged by the success that attended Macpherson’s venture, other publications of a somewhat similar kind followed. In 1780 Dr Smith of Campbeltown issued a volume of *Sean Dana*, or ancient poems, ‘composed by Ossian, Orran, Ullin,’ &c.; and in 1787 Baron Edmund de Harold, an Irishman in the service of the Elector Palatine, printed at Düsseldorf seventeen so-called Ossianic poems in English. The genuineness of Macpherson’s *Ossian* was early called in question by Dr Johnson and others. An angry controversy followed. It was maintained that Macpherson had jumbled together persons and periods to an unwarrantable extent; and his originals, so far as he had any, were not Scottish, but Irish. If this were all that could be said one would feel justified in regarding, with Professor Windisch of Leipzig, Macpherson’s *Ossian* as a legitimate development of the old traditions. For the legends of the Feinn are the common property of the Gael, whether in Ireland,

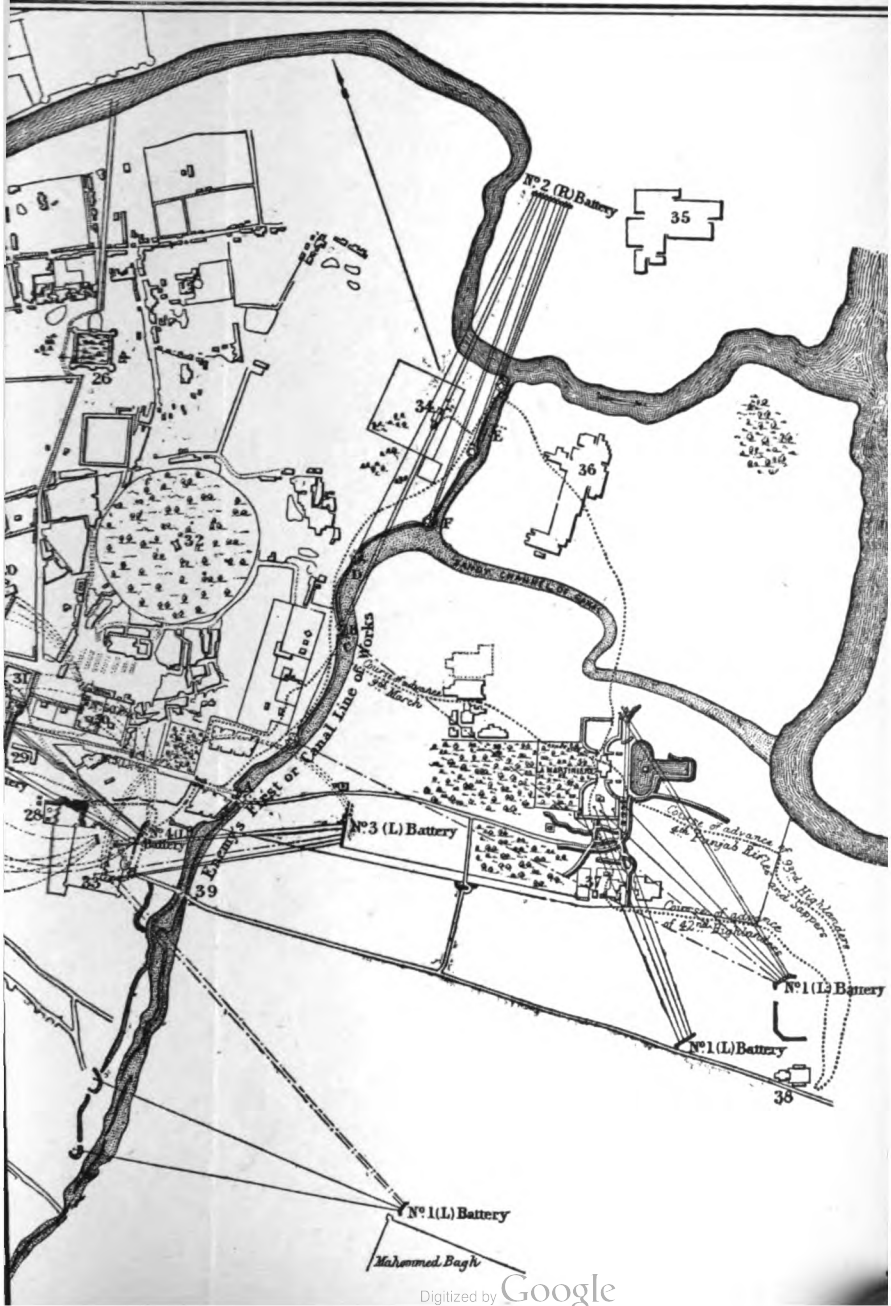
Scotland, or Man. They are located in Scottish topography time out of mind, and within the last four hundred years quite as rich a harvest of ballad and tale has been recovered in Scotland as in Ireland. It is no doubt absurd to represent Fionn, whom Macpherson after Barbour calls Fingal, as a mighty Caledonian monarch, at one time successfully fighting the Roman legions in the 3rd century, at another assisting Cuchullin, who lived in the beginning of the 1st century, to expel from Ireland the Norsemen who made their appearance for the first time in the end of the 8th. But Macpherson had warrant in genuine tradition for mixing up names and epochs. In the 'Battle of Ventry' Fionn defeats the kings of the world. According to a Gaelic tale, his father Cumhal sets up as king of Alba, and the kings of Ireland and Scandinavia combine to effect his overthrow; while the son is ever fighting Norsemen. Zimmer has propounded the theory that the whole of these *Finnsage* are in their origin traccable to Teutonic sources, the very names by which the hero and his band are known being borrowed from the Norse. *Find, finn, Fionn* this distinguished Celtic scholar regards as a translation of *hwitr*, 'white,' while *fiann, féinn* are merely *fjanda*, 'foe,' later 'fiend.' Again, in genuine Gaelic ballad Fionn and Cuchullin are not directly brought together, but we find *Garbh* or the Rough, son of Starno, now fighting the latter hero, and again opposed to *Caoilte*, a distinguished companion of the former. According to some spirited verses composed in Perthshire before James Macpherson was born, the tailor of the Feinn passes, in the exercise of his calling, from the house of Goll to Dundevalgan, the abode of Cuchullin, and back again to the palace of Fionn, without the least consciousness of anachronism. But in Macpherson's *Ossian* there is a wide departure from genuine Gaelic literature and tradition. In his magnifying of the past, in his sympathy with nature, and in his powerful descriptions of the scenery of his own mountain-land James Macpherson is true to the genius of his people. But there he parts company with it. Gaelic literature supplies material for epics and dramas; but the epic and dramatic, as literary forms, were unknown to the people. The dim and shadowy characters of Macpherson are in sharp contrast to the clear-cut features of the Gaelic heroes. Rarely does this author make a definite statement of fact; but when he does, as when, for example, he arms the old Gaels with bows and arrows, he blunders hopelessly. Macpherson



is the most vague and abstract of writers; Gaelic poets are wearisome in detail, and revel in the concrete. In the opening of Book iii. of *Cathloda*, the author inquires regarding the origin and issue of things; but he is indebted for his answer rather to Bishop Berkeley than to the son of Fionn. Macpherson was not a Gaelic scholar, and the fact is considered conclusive proof of his inability to compose the Gaelic text of *Ossian*. The only Gaelic printed in the author's lifetime was *Temora*, Book vii. *Ossian* was published in all the languages of Europe before he appeared in his own. And when at length the great edition of 1807 did appear, there were Gaelic texts for only one-half of the poems, and for about three-fourths of the matter published by Macpherson in English forty-five years previously. For the others, no 'original,' ancient or modern, has ever yet been found. And it must be allowed that this truncated *Ossian* does not show to advantage in his native garb. The Gaelic-speaking people have never known him. There is not a single line of these Gaelic texts which can be proved to have been committed to writing before Macpherson's day. The diction is essentially modern. The loan-words are numerous, several of them borrowed from English. The idioms and constructions are colourless, and show traces of classical training rather than of the turns of phrase characteristic of native authors. The so-called blank verse in which the poems are written is unknown to Gaelic poetry. The archaic orthography of the seventh Book of *Temora* was adduced by Dr Clerk of Kilmallie as proof of the antiquity of the writing. But in his frequent use of the *tenues* (*c, p, t*), instead of the *mediæ* (*g, d, b*), Macpherson merely followed Alexander Macdonald, who published his own poems twelve years previously. By the same gifted man he was led into the blunder of making *grian*, 'sun,' a masculine noun, contrary to invariable Gaelic usage, which has the sun as well as the moon of the feminine gender. The truth seems to be that these so-called translations were essentially the compositions of James Macpherson, and that the Gaelic texts were prepared with or without aid from his friends, but how and when we do not now know. The only man who could explain things died and made no sign. One regrettable consequence of this famous episode in the history of Gaelic literature still remains. To many persons the discrediting of James Macpherson means the blotting out of existence of an extensive and interesting literature—the heroic literature of the Gael."

- 22 Mess House
- 23 Moti Mahul
- 24 Shah Nujeef
- 25 Kuddum Russool
- 26 Secundra Bagh
- 27 Dar ool Sarf or Beachy's House
- 28 Fortified Mosque
- 29 Hospital
- 30 Fungalows

- 32 Karabala'
- 33 Major Banks' House
- 34 Nawab Ke Kothee
- 35 Jugowlie
- 36 Jea Mhow
- 37 Alms House
- 38 Dilkusha House
- 39 Dilkusha Bridge (broken)





# The Highland Monthly.

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AND

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN her correspondence with Louis, Effie rather summarily disposed, as if a matter of only passing moment, of her woodland encounter with the rector, but she asked leave to tell her people about the bond which hanged like a millstone round her father's neck since the supposed holder had been angered. Louis fumed against his stepfather without knowing half the reasons for his antipathy to the man. He gave Effie liberty to do as she liked about the bond, and she lost no time in relieving her father from his nightmare, and shutting to some extent her mother's mouth regarding the snug comforts of the rectory, particularly the fresh butter, eggs, and fruit.

Soon after this Effie announced that they had got another lodger in succession to dear Mrs Sedgewick, who had returned to the bosom of her family. Louis was grinding hard for his final examinations. He rather wondered that the Bells, considering the bond no longer

oppressed them, took in another lodger. He supposed the new lodger was another old lady, and thought so little of the whole matter, that in his short hurried reply to Effie he did not at all refer to it. Effie was one of the most straightforward of Eve's daughters, but she was one of Eve's daughters. Effie remembered with mingled merriment and vexation how she had been ridiculously jealous anent Grace Fraser simply because Louis, in his blundering way, had failed to explain the relations of Grace and Kenneth Kennedy. She rather liked the idea of turning the tables on her young man. The rector's affair was too serious for being treated as a joking subject. Brave as she was, she hated to recall the scene in the wood, but here was the lodger, who was a mystery to Louis, and would be a great surprise to him when he came home. She reverted in her very next letter to the lodger as a regular darling with whom they were all delighted. She found *him*—Louis started when he came to the *him*, having till then thought the lodger was a woman—she found *him* to be a walking encyclopedia. He had roused her mother to active household exertions, by praising her cookery; and, indeed, her mother was a wonderful good cook before she had fallen into ailing habits, out of which she was now rapidly emerging, thanks to the stimulating influence of the lodger. He was a perfect treasure to her father and to Dr Beattie.

Louis was having a bad five minutes of it reading the long panegyric on the lodger. The lengthy epistle was prolonged by cross-writing. It was not Effie's habit to cross her letters. On this occasion, having filled her two sheets of notepaper with teasing laudations of the lodger, it suddenly occurred to her that a week or two before his final examinations was not at all the proper time for plaguing and worrying poor Louis. She remembered her own Girton and London University experience, as well as the unnerving effect her jealousy of Grace had upon her, and her heart was filled with com-

passionate sympathy. She poured out that sympathy in the cross-writing, frankly avowing the small malice of what she had previously written. Exaggerating rather, she said the lodger was a learned old gentleman who might have been her grandfather—a regular pundit who had a letter from the Duke of Dewlap giving him permission to ransack the Abbey books, and a similar one from Sir Henry Thanet, in respect to the Clifford papers. Then she passed on to give Louis advice and encouragement to his heart's content.

Louis was irritated, soothed, and stimulated by this double-faced epistle. He wondered a little who the old pundit paragon could be, and then returned to his studies with renewed vigour and a greater determination than ever to succeed. And succeed he did beyond his hopes in due time. Meanwhile Kenneth had been unanimously elected to the parish in which Craig-na-bearn is situated. Tearlach Crion—or Dr Grant, as all who wished for his good-will had now come to call the queer owner of the monastic barony—influenced parochial opinion very much in Kenneth's favour. But he took care not to make his influence visible. He happened to be the only Presbyterian heritor in the parish. He was an excellent landlord, albeit ready to rebuke. He spoke Gaelic and wrote it too as freely as English and French. His life was blameless. His fame as a strangely learned man was growing great in his own region, through the echoes of praise from afar. He was uncanny, but if a wizard he was a white wizard whom the black ones feared. So Tearlach—we beg pardon—Dr Grant had become a prince in his own corner without at all seeking or caring for the honour. He had, however, left home before Kenneth's settlement. Nobody except Duncan Maclean knew where he had gone to, and Duncan was as little of a babbler as his grandfather had been before him. Before taking his departure for parts unknown, her relative wrote a kind, if slightly sarcastic letter to Grace, and enclosed a cheque for a sum which astonished her, "to

buy her petticoats, and gowns, and bonnets, and pots, pans, and cribs for the manse." Grace would have kissed and almost throttled him in a burst of gladsome gratitude, could she have there and then got hold of him. Part of the letter concerned Grace's mother. Mrs Fraser was to retire from the lodging-house business and to go back to the Highlands, where her heart had always been. She had her small annuity, and the manse, as well as the hearts of her son-in-law and daughter, had room and welcome enough for her and her faithful Janet. Of course it never entered the head of any of the parties concerned that Janet could be left behind, and yet Janet had her misgivings about the "providin'" for the lodging-house, when she heard that Dr Grant had settled with an old maid with some money and much energy—a Miss Grant and a distant relative of his own and Mrs Fraser's—to take over lease, furniture, permanent lodgers and all as a going concern, at a valuation. Mrs Fraser was exceedingly grateful to her cousin for having made this arrangement, which also suited the energetic spinster, and a band of old-fashioned people in the North who occasionally visited Edinburgh and preferred respectable home-like lodgings kept by a "kenned" person to hotels.

As soon as he found himself licensed to kill or cure *secundem artem*, Louis left Edinburgh for Slocum. He telegraphed to Effie that he had passed, and that he would be home by mid-day train next day, which happened to be a Saturday and Effie's weekly holiday. Effie met him at the station, and took possession of him as her lawful property. They walked arm in arm through the streets straight to the Corner House. Louis' luggage was directed to Dr Beattie's, where he was at once to take up residence as junior partner.

Effie put on as demure an appearance as she possibly could in the streets, but she confessed to Louis, who was far from being exuberant, who in truth felt rather hipped by the recent strain, that she would exceedingly like to dance, if

they were by themselves. They got by themselves for a few minutes in the Corner House kitchen, before proceeding upstairs, and perhaps Effie carried out her intention. She must at least have charmed away the cares of her betrothed, for he came out of the kitchen a different man, and ran upstairs after the swift-footed girl, without having stopped to ask a single question about her mysterious lodger.

John Bell and his wife, when they heard the footsteps on the stair, rose and hurried to the room door to give Louis the greetings of a son. He looked forward and saw nobody else. But one of Effie's pictorial screens cut off the chair and window near the fireplace. Before the greetings were over Effie ran forward and shut up the screen. Then, indeed, did Louis stand for an instant truly transfixed with amazement, for he saw Tearlach Crion sitting in the previously hidden arm-chair, and looking roguishly like a merry boy caught in an innocent frolic.

Louis, as soon as he mastered his astonishment, strode to the arm-chair, and seizing both the hands of the occupant, so triumphantly shook them that the mysterious lodger had very nearly an asthmatic fit.

"And so you are the paragon pundit, the old darling, the treasure of Mr Bell and Dr Beattie, the idol of Effie's idolatry."

"I don't know anything as to all that, but you see I am at least I myself, no thanks to you, for you have nearly shook my soul out of my body."

"What on earth has brought you here?"

"Why should I not come to make the acquaintance of your Girton girl, who is, by the way, a great deal too good for you."

"But what else?"

"Oh! I want to overhaul old ecclesiastical and other papers about forays of Scots into England, the history of the Celtic kingdom of Cumbria, and what can be found out about William Fitz Duncan, the true heir of Malcolm



Ceanmhor, and the supposed ancestor of pretenders who gave much trouble to the successors of our King David."

"You can get no information of that kind in Slocum."

"No, yet Slocum is a central place for carrying out the researches I have in view. But drop questioning just now. Have something to eat, and go up with Effie to visit your curly-headed cousin Lizzie, and be both of you back punctually at half past six to dinner. Mrs Bell and I are cumbered with household and other cares."

"He is giving us all," said Effie, "a dinner in your honour, and a late dinner too, which is contrary to his habit. But then Dr Beattie, who is out in the parish, is to be with us. One would think you were his prodigal son instead of a fortieth cousin clansman. Good bye just now, Dr Grant, and all. Come, Louis, and I'll give you a snap in the kitchen, and you'll get a real luncheon at Lizzie's house—that is all in the programme."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### FIRST FRUITS OF TEARLACH CRION'S RESEARCHES.

MRS BELL and the pundit got up the little luxurious fortieth cousin dinner in fine style, and punctual to the minute. Mrs Bell had Dot to help her. Dot, whose right name was Dorothy, was a small waif, almost a gutter child, whom Effie had for some time back been fashioning with success into a tidy, neatly-dressed, little servant. She still went home at night to her poor aunt's cottage in the back street, but she was becoming quite a day fixture, earning modest wages, and getting drilled, dressed, and humanised by Effie, who found her willing, obedient, and sharp in the uptake. At first Mrs Bell had no trust at all in Dot. As, however, she handled crockery without breakage, and swept and scoured industriously, Mrs Bell changed her opinion and treated Dot with hearty kindness. The child worshipped Effie, and strove hard to gain her approbation.

Dot was rather afraid on this great occasion of disappointing Mrs Bell in Effie's absence, and felt a little nervous until the old lodger took her in hand and helped her himself to lay the table. Tearlach had always a special gift for gaining the confidence of children, and flurried little Dot soon learned to rely upon him as a tower of strength in Effie's absence. He went himself to order the dessert—and plenty of it—from Leach, the greengrocer, and to get good wine from the Dewlap Hotel, whose proprietor was noted for keeping a capital cellar in the honest old fashioned style. And all things were ready when Louis and Effie returned from their visit and walk, and when Dr Beattie put in appearance. So they all sat down, and Mrs Bell was kept from starting up after sitting down, as she wished to do more than once, until she plainly saw that Dot, with directions from Effie and encouragements from the lodger, could do very well without her. And when the dinner and the dessert had been enjoyed, and Louis's health as the young doctor had been drunk and responded to—he being the guest of the evening—the lodger asked for a hearing, and thus he spoke:—

“As the first fruits of my researches, historical, archæological, and otherwise in your district, my friends, I have to announce that I have stumbled on a discovery, quite outside the line of my pre-arranged investigations, which is of great importance to my young clansman and his Girton girl, and welcome to us as their friends. In talking over the working of the co-operative system here, our friend Dr Beattie happened to mention that the adjoining property, which he called Mrs Smith's house, yard, and garden, formed the central depot. He then went on to tell how this property should have, after his mother's death, devolved on our young doctor here, but passed instead, by his mother's will, first to a child who died, and then to her second husband, the rector of Monk-Hirst. This rector of Monk-Hirst claims to be my heir, and he has papers, written by my grandfather, which seem to sustain his claim.

Yet I feel sure he is not the real heir, and I intend before I die to find out who is. I owe that duty to my ancestors and my clan. Well, as I did not trust the rector in the larger matter, I suspected there was also something wrong in the smaller one, and so it has turned out, although to tell the truth no blame can be laid to his charge, beyond, perhaps, unduly influencing his dying wife to do reversional injustice to her son, in case the girl child should die, as die she did. Dr Beattie stated further that the Co-operative Society had offered £8000 for the property, and that the rector of Monk-Hirst seemed disposed to close with that offer until the London lawyer whom he employed advised him not to sell. I asked myself what was the cause of that advice if the titles were good? Suppose the titles were not good? By the way, the late Mrs Smith married a man of her own surname; so did her mother before her. Her grandmother was the daughter of one Abraham Smith, and the wife of a John Smith. They were all Smiths, and being freeholders they were monumental. So I got hold of the old sexton, who showed to me the tombstones of the kindred, and told to me much of their history besides. It appeared from what he said that Sarah Smith, the grandmother of our young doctor's grandmother, was the first who sent the property in question past her other children to her youngest daughter. I found the date of Sarah's death on her gravestone, and so on with the others who inherited it afterwards. Then I went to Wakefield and searched the register there. I found Sarah's will easily enough, but the property in question and the daughter who got it were not mentioned in it at all. That showed it had been dealt with by deed before she made her will. It was some trouble to find the deed entry, but found it was, and it has a limitation to what may be called heirs of the Smith blood, which makes the rector of Monk-Hirst's title not worth a brass farthing. Everything was regularly legal till the girl child died; since then, the

legal heir of Mrs Smith's property has been our young doctor, and my clansman, whom I now beg to congratulate upon his good fortune."

The small audience had listened with breathless attention to this surprising statement. Silence continued after it finished for some seconds. Then Dr Beattie rattled his glass on the table, and began "hip-hip," which changed into a question suggesting the doubt in the minds of all the five—"Dr Grant, are you quite sure there is no mistake."

"Certain sure that there is no mistake whatever. Everything was regular until the child died. The reversion clause of the last will—Louis's mother's will—is inconsistent with the original deed, and must be set aside. There is no use in doing things of this kind half way. I submitted copies of the deed and wills to one of the most eminent lawyers in London, and here is his opinion."

He read the opinion of counsel, which left no doubt whatever as to Louis's right to succeed after the death of his infant half-sister. Then the old beneficent wizard started to his feet, all following his example, and led himself three rounds of cheers, which were accompanied by much hand-shaking and loud jubilation. Effie's voice was not heard in the chorus, but she did what was for her a remarkable thing. She passed Louis and Dr Beattie, threw her arms round the darling old pundit's neck, and, with the tears running down her cheeks, kissed him heartily. Then she swiftly passed out of the room, and Louis lost very little time in following her to John Bell's small study, where they no doubt very much enjoyed their temporary retreat.

The darling old pundit much enjoyed being thus unceremoniously kissed by the Girton girl. If Grace Fraser had done it, that would have been a different thing, for Grace belonged to the coaxing, clinging sort, while Effie was so self-sustained and self-contained—the main pillar of a weak household—that the old gentleman was astonished, as well as much pleased, with her burst of passionate gratitude.

All were so busy talking together, and nobody listening, when Louis left the room, that the whole four might have been supposed to have taken leave of their senses. The oracle of the evening got so excited that he discoursed to himself about the legal steps which should be immediately taken. Dr Beattie rejoiced immoderately over the good social position his junior partner could take from the beginning of his professional career, what between his £200 a-year of stipulated salary and his private income. Mrs Bell forgot all the amenities of the rectory—fresh butter, eggs, and fruit included—and almost felt sure that she always detested the vicar. John Bell reverted to Mrs Smith and her fondness for Louis, with a most assured conviction that her spirit would rejoice in justice being done to her grandson. The scene might have lasted longer if Dr Beattie had not taken up his glass and found it empty. He knew and relished good wine, did the honest doctor. So he sat down to fill his glass, and his example was contagious. They became sedate all of a sudden, while Dr Beattie spoke in a musing way about the strange dualism of the rector of Monk-Hirst.

“I have been puzzled by that man, Dr Grant, for all the years I have known him, more than by any other individual that ever crossed my path. He is half-saint, half-sinner, capable of great good and of great evil.”

“Is he half mad at times?”

“May be he is. He is assuredly a double man. He has opposite natures, and they are not balanced. Now one nature predominates and now another. But here come the truants, let us finish our guadeamus and break up. The young doctor must go home with the old doctor. I’ll give him a week to recruit, and then put him in harness.”

“When you have broken him in you must let him go down to Scotland to spend Christmas with me, and see his friends, Kenneth and Grace, who will be married and settled before then.”

## CHAPTER XXX.

## A CONFIDENTIAL CONFAB.

DR BEATTIE one day had to visit one of his patients who had a moorland house far away beyond the Slocum bounds, to which, being now an old man and the head of a large firm, he used to retire from the turmoil of business when out of sorts. The wide heath-clad moor was a common, or waste, when the Doomsday Book was written. It remained a common, much of a waste, and a great resort of gypsies and poachers, until it was divided and enclosed under a special Act of Parliament some years before the date of our story. Several of the commoners disposed of their portions at good prices to merchants and manufacturers who wished to have country places of their own, and who forthwith spent money profusely in building, reclaiming, and planting. When Dr Beattie drove up from his client's house to the moorland public road, he saw another trap coming down upon him, and the people in it making signals to stop. He stopped accordingly, and when the trap drew near he saw that its occupants were Tearlach Crion, Edwin Lister driving, and Bill Pinder sitting behind. Edwin, who was a Dewlap Hotel stable boy, was usually the driver of the old pundit to the Abbey, to Sir Henry Thanet's Castle, and other places of interest, but Dr Beattie wondered what place of interest could be on the moor, and how Bill Pinder got into such company. So his first hail was,

"Why, Dr Grant, is prospecting the moor part of your researches? Where in the world have you been to?"

"To Mexton, the lovely one village on the moor."

"What researches could you be making there?"

"If you'll give me a seat in your trap I'll tell you."

"I'll do that gladly."

The transfer accomplished, Edwin was bidden to drive on and take himself and Bill to the Dewlap Hotel stables.

Dr Beattie waited for the promised explanation, which came as soon as ever his companion settled down comfortably.

"I have been trying to discover the parentage of the rector of Monk Hirst, who claims to be my heir-at-law. As I have told you before, I believe the man is a rank impostor."

"But you admit that he has genuine papers proving his claim, which were written by your grandfather."

"Genuine papers may come honestly or dishonestly into the possession of an impostor. I strongly suspect he has robbed your junior partner of his father's papers."

"Good God!"

"That is my suspicion, but it is only a suspicion."

"There were certainly papers belonging to Louis's father by which the lad's mother when dying appeared to set great store—to consider a sacred trust. The rector could have had access to them and abstracted the valuable ones before he delivered the rest to the boy. Old Mr Metcalfe, I, and Louis himself went through the papers handed over, and found nothing of consequence—nothing genealogical at all."

"Still we must overhaul them again."

"Very well, but you must not disturb the mind of my junior by what may be vain expectations, just when he is launching on his youthful career with splendid enthusiasm for his profession. I understand that if your suspicion should prove correct, Louis himself will be your heir-at-law."

"I am almost sure he is. Why, if you saw him standing by the side of the old Covenanters' portrait, you would be almost sure yourself, without further proof. He bears the brand of the disinherited branch of my divided race very visibly. But of course we shall tell him nothing until we can give proofs."

"Does the other show your race brand?"

"Yes, the worst kind of it—that is the bother of it."

"Mary Smith's two husbands, who bore the same name and surname, might have been cousins."

"Not that, but my fear is they might have been uncle and nephew, in which case the rector of Monk-Hirst would really be my heir."

"I don't follow you."

"Listen, then. The undoubted representative of the disinherited branch of my divided race was fifty years ago a half-pay major, afterwards a brevet-colonel, who, when pretty well advanced in years, married a respectable woman also pretty well advanced in years, who died when their son and only child was born. The son was the Independent minister of Clough, the first husband of Mary Smith, and the father of Louis. I have ascertained all that by enquiries kindly and quietly carried out for me by a brother antiquary, among surviving relations of Louis's grandmother, one of them a nephew, in the south of England. So far well, but I have failed as yet to find proof that Major Grant had not been married before, and had not a son before marrying the elderly spinster; a son by a first marriage might have been the father of the rector of Monk-Hirst."

"Bless me! I must take you up to Clough and introduce you to Townsend, the reedmaker. He was a huge admirer of the enthusiastic minister, and cherishes his memory as a holy thing. Townsend was convener of the Church Committee when the enthusiastic minister was elected. He has the election papers and certificates yet. It is not many months ago since he tried my patience by persisting in reading to me a sort of family history letter in favour of the enthusiast; written by a garrulous old minister who had known the colonel and his wife for a long time, and said no end of good things. Townsend, moreover, had certificates of record entries."

"Oh! I wish he may have a certificate of the Major's marriage entry with the word "bachelor" in it."

"If he has not, I daresay the information he can give you will enable you to find it."

"Let us pray it may be so."

"But what about your Mexton researches?"



“Well, they have not been successful, but they have deepened my suspicion that the claimant is a rogue or an impostor—bad brand of the race notwithstanding. That sharp lad, Edwin Lister, is, as you know, one of Louis Grant's out and out partisans.”

“And for a very good reason. Louis saved his life.”

“He hates the rector of Monk Hirst consumedly, not only as the other's partisan, but, I feel sure, for some particular reason, which he is determined to conceal. It is easy to make him pour out the vials of his wrath on the rector's head, and I rather like to encourage him. Now, he happened to let out some days ago that stupid, drunken Bill Pinder told him the rector was “a chance bairn,” that is an illegitimate child, and that his mother subsequently married the village joiner at Mexton. Bill's information was correct enough about her marrying the joiner, but in the register she is described as “Martha Grant, widow.” The joiner and his wife emigrated many years ago to America, and the wife, according to village report, has been dead for some time. Bill Pinder's village cronies, who are as drouthy as himself, stated that the village joiner picked up his wife in Smokedale, and that she gave herself out to be the widow of an officer and gentleman of Scotch descent, which statement her husband, in his cups, used to flout and gibe at, saying that her son, the boy in Dick Butt's office, and now rector of Monk Hirst, was “nobbut a bastard brat.”

“Ten to one he was right.”

“I hope so; but we must prove it. A son of the Major by a previous marriage might, after all, have married a common lass, who is said to have been very comely, and then died, leaving a young widow with an infant son.”

“In all the circumstances, and considering especially the man's extraordinary dualism, my belief is that the papers left by Louis's father, and the name and coincidence—a strange one, it must be admitted, although your clan

customs explain it to yourselves—must have tempted the man to steal the papers, and to personate his wife's former husband as regards the succession to your estate."

"We don't know that he personates anybody. We must find out who he really is. I have often gone over your theory of the case, weighing and analysing it, but the more I do so, the more I become convinced, against my will, that there is a mystery about the man himself, and some cause for his pretensions, which temptation and the dualism you speak of do not fully explain. If I happened to die now, his claim would probably be sustained. Louis can do nothing, having lost his father's papers. I ought to have the duplicates of them, but search high search low I cannot find them. My grandfather was the most careful, but my uncle was, unfortunately, the most careless of men about papers which did not belong to what he called a going, or pending, case. You must help me about the search for Martha Grant, widow, and the uncle with whom, the Mexton cronies say, she lived in Smokedale, before marrying the joiner. I have set Abraham Olroyd quietly to work there, and he can report to you."

"I'll be very glad to give what help I can. Abraham knows more about the Smokedale of thirty or forty years ago than perhaps any other one living; and he knows, too, where to find information which he has not himself. Do you know that Metcalfe has received a communication from the rector's lawyer about the Smith property?"

"No; what is it?"

"The handsomest possible admission on his client's part that he acted under a justifiable mistake, and that, on being let off back reckoning, he is perfectly willing to let Louis Grant take possession at once."

"And is he to be let off?"

"Yes, of course. That was the instruction Louis gave to Metcalfe, before the offer from the other side."

"I like the young fellow's generosity; but it may be doubted whether it is wise. Benefit received will probably make your dualistic man hate him worse than ever."

“ Perhaps ; but the better side of the rector’s double nature must have been in the ascendant when he made the offer.”

“ Time will tell. He is playing for a higher stake, and he gains credit by being so ready to disgorge the small plunder.”

“ He did not know it was plunder.”

“ Not till the hitch took place about the sale to the Co-operative Society. He must have got an idea of the true state of matters then, yet he did not move.”

[TO BE CONTINUED].

## DOMH'ULL A' CHNOIC.

THE following two songs are given from manuscripts of last century. We could get no sure information about the author, Donald Stewart of the Cnoc, further than that he was an Atholl bard who flourished more than a hundred years ago, until we invoked the aid of Lady Evelyn Stewart Murray, who replied to our enquiries as follows:—

“As to Donald Stewart who composed the song, I could find out nothing about him for some time, till at last an old woman told me about him. He was ground-officer to the ‘Diuc Mor’—Duke John, 4th Duke. This old woman told me that she had many a time heard her mother talking about him. He was called ‘Domh’ull Ban a’ Chnoic,’ or ‘Domh’ull a’ Chnoic;’ his house, the ‘Cnoc,’ was situated above what is now called Old Blair. The house no longer existed in this woman’s own time, but she tells me that her mother knew Donald well. She used to be casting peats for Duke John, and Domh’ull a’ Chnoic had to superintend, and he used to help them, and she would often be casting peats with him. She was born in 1777, and only died in 1868, and Domh’ull a’ Chnoic was an old man when she was young. I cannot find out at all when he died, but, being ground-officer, the Duke will, no doubt, come to him among his papers, in time. He was a very clever and witty man, and very far-seeing—‘anabhariach fad-sheallach’ were the words she used—and she says one of his sayings was, ‘An latha a gheibh an Gall brath air math a’ mhonaidh, mo thruaighe e an Gaidheal!’—being a sort of prophecy that Lowlanders did not understand the worth of the moors then, but the day would come when they would come and put out the Gael. Since then, I have seen many old people who remember

hearing their parents talking about Domh'ull Ban a' Chnoic. Being ground-officer, and Urrard being factor, that would occasion his composing the song which you refer to. I know its beginning—

'Ach a Sheumais oig Stuart,  
Marcach muinntè nan seang each.'

We are obliged to the Duke of Atholl for the following notes respecting James Stewart of Urrard, the subject of the first song :—

"James Stewart, yr. of Urrard, appointed Senior Ensign of Lord Loudoun's Highland Regiment, 1745. When Lord George Murray marched into Atholl with a detachment of Prince Charles's army, and captured all the garrisons in that district (except Blair Castle), on the morning of 17th March, 1746, the above James Stewart was one of the garrison at Kirkton of Struan, which was captured by a party under Captain James Stewart of Clunes. He was sent prisoner, with some 300 others, to Inverness, and liberated on parole shortly before Culloden. Loudoun's Regiment was reduced 1748. James Stewart of Urrard was appointed Captain, 42nd Highlanders, 1751, and in 1758 was wounded at Ticonderoga. He was factor to John, 3rd Duke of Atholl, who succeeded 1764, and died 1774."

#### ORAN DO SHEUMUS, FEAR URRARD.

LE DONULL STEWART 'S A CHNOC.

Ach a Sheumuis oig Stuart,  
Marcach muinntè nan seang each,  
Fhuair thu t-fhoghlum an cogadh,  
'S gaid an seanaileir caimp thu.  
C'ait am bheil e air thalamh  
Na thug barrachd air t-ionnsach?  
No sheasadh ri d' ghualainn  
Am bualadh nam Francach?

'N am togbhair do bhратаich,  
Bu lionmhor scalp do fhear treabhach,  
A sheasadh ri d' thaice,  
'S le taiseadh nach geilleadh;

Le 'n cuilbheiribh glasadh,  
 Dheanadh sracadh air leintin :  
 Riamh cha d' phill thu le gealtachd,  
 Ach ag leanachd *retreata*.

'S og a chaidh thu air chruadal  
 'S a bhi buaghail am blaraibh,  
 Mus an robh ach na d' scoileir  
 No mar bheadagan paiste ;  
 'Nuair 's braise an teine  
 'S frasa pheileir o d' namhad,  
 Le d' chlaidheamh geur, scaiteach,  
 Ga'n leagadh 's an ar-fhaich.

Chaidh thu Reisimeid Loudon—  
 Bu mhor solas do dhaoine.  
 Cha robh do leithid de chaibtein  
 Ann am Breatunn r' a fhaotainn ;  
 Gu'm bu cheannart air feachd thu  
 Nach bu tais ann an caonaig,  
 Mar leomhann air acras  
 'G iarraidh creich d' a chuid caoirnich.

Sin 'nuair thainig an t-shioth-shaimh  
 'S 'nuair a thriall thu fhein dachaigh,  
 Bu mhor aiteas do thuatha  
 Thu bhi 'n Raon-ruaraidh nam bad ac.  
 Bha do *phension* duit orduight,  
 O Rìgh Deorsa mar b' ait leam—  
 Thu thighinn gu d' dhuthaich,  
 Fhior chuirteir na maise.

Tha thu d' bhreitheamh air ceartas  
 Ann am Peirte mar uachdran,  
 Cuir mheirleach fo ghlasaibh  
 'S cunbhail ceartas ri tuath-cheirn ;  
 Anns gach deaspuid a bh' aca,  
 Co a sheasadh riut suasa !  
 'S ge b' e leis am b' olc e,  
 Bhiodh t-fhocal an uachdar.

Cha cheannachadh an t-or thu,  
 Cha deanadh tu coir dhe 'n eucoir ;  
 Ach sheasadh tu laidir  
 Ann an casaibh an fheumaich.  
 Bu lionmhor banntrach is dileachd  
 A bhiodh 'g iarcuinn mu d' dheibhinn,  
 'G iarruidh cobhair nan airce,  
 'S bha sud pailt agad, Sheumuis !

A ris dh' eirich am Francach  
 Ann an aimhreit ri Deorsa,  
 'S 'nuair a thoisich an cogadh  
 Chaidh gach Oifigeach orduch  
 A dh' ionnsuidh *Chomission*,  
 'S a sheasamh mar bu choir dho—  
 Ciod air bith mar a thachradh,  
 'S eis' bha cunbhail an oir ribh.

'Nuair a chaidh thu air sala  
 Dh'fhag sud craiteach gu leir sinn.  
 Bu tu 'n comandair gun tioma,  
 Nach gabhadh giorag 'n am feuma,  
 Le do shaighdeiribh laghach  
 Roimh theine nach geilleadh,  
 'S nach deanadh *Parla* a shireadh  
 Fhads' bhiodh deo ann ad chreabhaig.

Orm 's ain-eolach do thurus  
 O na chaidh do na h-Innsibh ;  
 'S o nach rohh mi 'n ad chuideachd  
 Cha teid agam air innseadh.  
 Chualas seanchaidh ag radhadh,  
 Agus creidfidh mi fhein e,  
 Nach robh e shiol Adhaimh  
 Na thug barr ort 's an tir sin.

Cha do ghabh thu bonn curam  
 'S cha bu diu leatsa pilleadh,  
 Gus an deach thu Habhanna,  
 'S gu'm fac thu ceann air an iomairt.  
 Bu lionmhor Nigeir is Francach  
 Bha fo d' chomann da gu minic—  
 Oig aigeantuich mheamnuich,  
 Cha b' i ghanntachd a shir thu.

Tha thu nois ann ad dhuthaich,  
 'S tha gach cuis mar a b' aill leat.  
 Sar chompanach Diuc thu  
 ,S thu 's a chuir aig mar bhrathair,  
 Na d' cheann-snaigh air an duthaich,  
 'S gabhail cunntas a mhail diubh,  
 Deanamh taice do bhochdaibh—  
 Ni a chosnas duit Pharras.

Tha thu ris ag do Bhaile,  
 Sgeul a b' aite le d' chairdibh,  
 Or is airgead ga scapadh  
 'S fion ga chaitheadh ie failte—

Cha'n bheil goireas air thalamh  
Nach bheil an taice ri t-fhardaich ;  
'S ma thig easbhuidh air Domhnull,  
Bheir thu lon do mar b'abhaist.

In the next song Donald chants the praises of his place of residence, of Blair, and of Atholl.

## ORAN A CHNOIC-BHEITHE.

LE DONULL STEWART.

Tha mi 'n so an trasa  
'S an aros am bheil mo run  
Air a Chnoc is aird  
D'an tha phaircean ag an Diuc,  
'G amharc air Blar sin,  
Gu 'm b' aille an sealladh sul ;  
Cha 'n eil e 'n taobhs' do Pharris  
Aon Phailis is greadhnaich Tur.

Ach nois o chuir iad f'as thu,  
Is pairce ort air gach taobh,  
Tha coille dhluth a fas annt'  
Is aluinne tha fuidh 'n speur ;  
Far am faigh duin uasal  
Air uaireannan greis da speis,  
Le gunna is cuth-foghlaimte  
Ag cunach air feadh do fhraoich.

Goiridh chuach 's a Mhairte,  
Le failte am barr nan dos,  
'S bithidh lach a chinn uaine  
Le suairme ar feadh nan sloc ;  
Bithidh coileach laghach ruadh ann  
Gu h-uaigneach air leth-taoibh tuim,  
Is sgaoth do chearca ruadha  
Gu h-uallach dol air a dheaidh.

Bithidh 'n uiseag is an smeorach  
Mar chomhladh air bharr nan geug,  
Le 'n ceiliribh boidheach,  
Is robin ag deanamh beus ;  
Bithidh coileach-dubh ri durdan  
Air stucan an aodan cnoic.  
Is tric a rinn mi cruban,  
'S bu mhuirneach leam bhith na d' thaic.



Nam bithinn-se cho sheolta,  
 Is storas agam da reir,  
 Shuidhichinn annad fion-lios,  
 Bu chiataiche bhiodh fuidh 'n ghrein.  
 Tha faile d' lusa fiadhaich  
 Co ciatach leam 's dreach do ros,  
 Feadh ghlacagaibh diomhaire  
 Srion-bhuidhe mar an t-or.

Bithidh seillein bhreaca riabhach,  
 Co lionmhor ann ris an fheur,  
 Air barr nam bile uaine,  
 'S iad cnuasachadh meal' dhoibh fein.  
 Ga thasgaidh nan tigh storais  
 Gu lon doibh 'nuair thig am feum,  
 Nan seomraichibh boidheach  
 Is ordaile cuir an gleus.

Bithidh seamrog agus neonain  
 Ag comhdach air h-eascainn ghuirm.  
 Bu lionmhor feadh do shronag  
 Gach por a chinn riamh an coill.  
 Bithidh gearra dona riabhach,  
 Cho lionmhor ri breac air alt ;  
 'S tric sharuich iad na miol-choin  
 Ag fiaradh air feadh nan carn.

Por eile tha thu 'g arach  
 Tha ladasach air an tir,  
 Fithich is Mac-Mhartainn  
 Gu laidir ag cuir gu dith.  
 Mi 'g amharc air an fhir-eun  
 Ag cuairteach mu d' mhullach ard,  
 'S tric a thug i cis dhìom  
 Is dhibir i mi do m' al.

Maduinn chubhraidh cheitein  
 Gur eibhinn gach sealladh chi—  
 Gach por a th' anns 'n duthaich  
 Is ciuil aca le 'n cuid treud,  
 Mi 'g amharc air an duthaich  
 'S gach sumadair mach le chrann  
 Gu dion ag cuir ri burach,  
 B' e dhrucumsa Chugad thall.

Sguiridh mi dheth 'n aireamh,  
 Tha m' chaileachd' air fasa gann ;  
 Cha dean mi gu la-bhrath dhiubh  
 Dana cho maith 's a b' aill.



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY  
THE 79<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT OR CAMERON  
HIGHLANDERS  
IN THE INDIAN MUTINY CAMPAIGN IN 1858.

BY DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY,  
*Sometime Lieutenant and Adjutant, 79th.*

Do na Suinn Chamshronach  
Gilleán na feile,  
Reisimeid LXXIX.

PART VII.

**B**UT to return to the Commander-in-Chief and the 79th. Lord Clyde had matured his plans by the middle of October for a cold weather campaign in Oude.

The general design was to employ a large number of field forces or columns of various strengths in comparatively small areas, some in North-Western, some in South-Eastern Oude, so as to give the different bodies of rebels no rest, and to prevent any leader, who avoided an engagement by slipping away, from finding refuge and immunity from attack until his pursuers overtook him. In avoiding one British column he would fall in with another. In this way the various districts would be gradually scoured and swept clear, and the rebels, if driven northwards, be either forced to surrender, or compelled to take shelter in the inhospitable jungles of Nepaul.

There were also a considerable number of strong forts, held by Rajahs and Talookdars, who refused to accept the terms offered under Lord Canning's proclamation and submit.

Besides a field force under his own immediate command, the Commander-in-Chief had to co-operate with him the following Brigadiers, with larger or smaller bodies

of troops, viz., Hope Grant, Wetherall, Pinckney, Barker, Evelegh and Seaton ; while Brigadier Rowcroft had a force in Goruckpore to the north-east, and Brigadier Troup<sup>1</sup> was with the Bareilly column in the extreme north-west.

The rebels had commenced the campaign early in October by an attack on Sandela, a few miles from Lucknow : where Captain Dawson held a small fort until reinforced by Major Maynard of the 88th, when they attacked and drove off the enemy : then Brigadier Barker coming up brought their main body to an engagement, and completely defeated them, though not without severe loss.

Brigadiers Seaton and Evelegh each inflicted defeats on the rebels, near Shahjehanpore and near Lucknow respectively, in the early part of October.

Later in the month, Hope Grant, Wetherall, Pinckney, and Evelegh got orders to co-operate in clearing the large district of South-Eastern Oude, between the Ganges and the Gogra ; this done they were to reconquer the country between the Gogra and the Raptee, supported on the right by Rowcroft's force, while on their left the Rohilcund field force (Brigadier Troup's, to which the 93rd belonged) was to take Seetapore and the district of North-Western Oude ; finally they were to drive the rebels into the Terai or jungles of Nepaul.

Brigadier Wetherall began assembling his field force during the third week of October at Soraon, about 12 miles north-west of Allahabad. The 79th joined it by wings, the left marching first, the right following and joining on the 21st of October.

The composition of this force was as follows—1st Punjab Cavalry (Hughes' Horse), E Troop Royal Horse Artillery, 3rd Company 14th Battalion R.A., 4th Company R.E., and the Infantry Brigade, 79th Highlanders, 1st Belooch Battalion, 9th Punjab Infantry, and Delhi Pioneers.

<sup>1</sup> Troup's column consisted of the 1st Battalion 60th Rifles, 93rd Highlanders, 66th Goorkha regiment, 1 Troop Horse Artillery, some heavy siege guns, a squadron European Cavalry, and two squadrons Mooltanee Horse (Cureton's).

On the 25th it marched at 4 A.M.; and made a long march on the 26th, the tents not being pitched till 10.30 A.M. A halt was made till 1st November, probably to enable Hope Grant to co-operate in an attack on the strong fort of Rampore Kussia on the 4th: the column marched on that afternoon at 4 P.M. and bivouacked; marched again on the 2nd, and were then very near Rampore.

The Compiler, who had been twice on the sick list for a few days in June and in August, had become pretty well knocked up before the cold weather campaign began. He broke down the day the Head Quarters moved by rail to Allahabad, and owing to boils had to go about in a dhoolie; he was carried in one to Soraon, but on the 22nd was busy comparing states and returns and with office work, another officer undertaking his duties with the men; he thus struggled on for some days till the end of the month. The bivouac on the 1st of November, under a heavy dew, brought on an attack of fever and liver, and forced him to go again on the sick list. Lieutenant D. Alleyne acted temporarily as Adjutant.

At the assault on the fort on the 3rd he attempted to fall in with his old Company, No. 1, as a supernumerary, but Sergeant J. Mackenzie, seeing that he was unable to stand, helped him to a tree, where he laid him till a dhoolie could be got. From that day till the 18th, when he appeared before a medical board, he was unfit for any duty, and carried when the regiment moved—he thus had no personal share in any of these later operations.

Hope Grant had arranged with Wetherall that they were to attack Rampore Kussia on 4th November, the former advancing from the north-west, the latter from the south-east; it was held by Ram Ghulam Singh.

It had an outer line of fortifications, formed of mud ramparts, having a circumference of three miles. Both outside of and within this was a large and dense jungle, in the heart of which was another mud fort, having a stone

building inside it again. The outer ramparts were protected by a deep but narrow ditch, some rifle pits, and an abattis ; it was altogether a place very difficult to assail.

It happened, however, very fortunately, that on one side the ramparts and ditch were not completed for a small space ; and it may be assumed that Wetherall's spies informed him of this. Without waiting for Hope Grant he made the assault on the 3rd. Effecting an entrance at the weak place, his men, forcing their way through the jungle, carried the fort and took 23 guns with a loss of 78 men killed and wounded. The rebels lost about 300 men.

The 79th had a full share in the attack—4 companies taking part in storming the place, the remainder following in support. Their loss was happily but small, 2 rank and file killed, and 1 sergeant and 6 rank and file wounded—the same number of casualties as at the battle of the Alma. The sergeant, Daniel Baker, was hit by a spent or glancing bullet on a button over the abdomen ; it inflicted a severe wound, but neither the bullet nor the button penetrated the intestines, and he made a good recovery. For their conduct on this occasion the 79th were specially mentioned in general orders by the Commander-in-Chief.

Hope Grant heard of Wetherall's success in the afternoon of the same day, and, joining him at Rempore Kussia, assumed the chief command. The force he had with him was already a large one, including Horsford's Brigade, which he had largely reinforced. It now comprised F Troop R.H.A., No. 2 Field Battery R.A., 5th Company 13th Battalion R.A., 2nd Troop 3rd Brigade B.H.A.; detachments of 2nd Dragoon Guards, of 7th Hussars, of Hodson's Horse, and of 1st Sikh Cavalry ; the 53rd Foot, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 1st Madras Fusiliers, 5th Punjab Rifles, Ferozepore Regiment, detachment Madras Sappers, and some small detachments.

Lying to the north, within 10 miles, there was another strong fort, Amethi, held by a Rajah, who took his title from it. This also was surrounded by jungle, and had a

garrison of 4000 men (of whom 1500 were Sepoys), and 30 guns. It was arranged after a reconnaissance, made on the afternoon of the 7th on the north-eastern side, to attack it; but just then a message was received from the Commander-in-Chief that he too was encamped 3 miles from the fort on the east side. The latter had been endeavouring to induce the Rajah to submit, and having failed had advanced from Pertabghur the previous day. The result was that the Rajah, no doubt influenced by the defeat of his neighbour on the 3rd by Wetherall alone, and by the fact that he would have to contend against three combined forces, resolved to come to terms.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 8th, he rode into Lord Clyde's camp, tendered his submission, and yielded his stronghold.

The next object of attack was Shunherpore, at some distance to the west, where Beni Madheo had shut himself up with a following estimated at 15,000 men. Under Lord Clyde's orders this fastness was to be attacked by Hope Grant on the north, while Wetherall and Pinckney were to invest it from the east and south, and Evelegh on the west. The Commander-in-Chief offered him very favourable terms if he would surrender: he replied that he "would yield his *fort*, as he could not defend it, but he refused to surrender *himself*, as he belonged to his king." It turned out that Evelegh had been delayed by bad roads and some opposition, and had not been able to close up on the west: no doubt Beni Madheo got information of this, for he evacuated the fort in the night, and succeeded in getting away some distance on the uninvested side. Evelegh, however, fell in with him in his retreat, and defeated him with a loss of three guns.

About this time some redistribution of troops took place, and the command of a considerable part of what had been Wetherall's field force was transferred to Colonel Taylor of the 79th, viz., E Troop R.H.A., Heavy Field Battery (No. 2), 4th Coy. R.E., 1st Punjab Cavalry, 79th High-

landers, 1st Sikh Infantry, and detachment Delhi Pioneers. The command of the 79th devolved on Major Butt. Lieut. F. P. Campbell, 79th, did duty with the 1st Punjab Cavalry during this autumn campaign.

After the surrender of Shunherpore, Colonel Taylor's Brigade made a circuit and again reached Amethi on the 18th: two days later they crossed the Goomtee at Sultanpore.

Lieut. Wimberley was granted 2 month's sick leave to Allahabad by a medical board at Amethi: but owing to the numerous small parties of rebels still traversing the district, it was not considered safe to send him off at once. He was taken on with the regiment to Sultanpore, where he was detained for 2 days, and hospitably entertained by Dr Maximilian Grant of the 54th: he reached Behlah the same night, where he was put up by the officers of 2 companies of the same regiment; Soraon, on the 24th, where he was again most kindly looked after by Lieut. Strachan, of the 32nd, Station Staff Officer; and reached Allahabad safely on the 24th. Here he found a most kind host for some weeks in Mr Betagh, resident engineer, in charge of the railway station and line, and was carefully tended until he was obliged to have another medical board, and was sent to Calcutta and thence home for six months. Lieut. R. Stewart succeeded him, first as Acting Adjutant, and afterwards as Adjutant.

The 79th having borne its share in clearing the large district between the Ganges and the Goomtee, crossed the latter river, as above stated, at Sultanpore on the 20th November, and marched towards the Gogra, forming part of the large force under Sir Hope Grant.

The Commander-in-Chief meantime took Evelegh's brigade with him in pursuit of Beni Madheo, and marched on Dundia Khera to the south-west and near the Ganges. Here he attacked and completely routed that chief, who escaped himself, with the loss of all his guns.

Hope Grant moved northwards on Fyzabad, where he found a rebel force, under the Rajah of Gondah and another chief, in a strong position on the other side of the river, ready to dispute his passage. This, however, he effected on the 27th November, though not without difficulty, owing to the numerous quicksands in the river, which presented a serious obstacle to the guns, and even to the men, over and above the opposition offered by the enemy. Major Miller, 79th, and several of his company were extricated after great exertions. Hope Grant then drove the rebels from their position, captured four guns, and pursued them for 24 miles. At the crossing of the Gogra the 79th had one corporal (Hay) and one private wounded.

Pressing on northwards in the direction of the Nepal frontier, he encountered the rebels at Muchligaon on 4th December, and captured two guns; took the fort of Banhasia on the 5th with four guns, and reached Gondah on the 6th, and Bulrampore on the 16th.

At Muchligaon the 79th had a skirmish with the rebels, driving them into dense jungle, where pursuit was impossible. Halting on its outskirts, they destroyed a great quantity of the enemy's ammunition and equipments, which they had left behind.

On this occasion Private Robert Winning greatly distinguished himself. While skirmishing in the jungle, he came upon a small open space; he fired, and saw one native lying wounded and another stooping over him. The latter, on hearing Winning's footsteps, at once seized a large cavalry pistol which was beside him, flint-locked, of the old pattern, and presented it in his face. Quick as lightning, Winning clubbed his firelock and brought it down on the man's head; then, looking round, he found himself surrounded by nine of the enemy. He then commenced to load, but, drawing his ramrod, he found his firelock broken in two at the guard brass. Putting a bold face on it, he seized the pistol from the man who was prostrate, and kept the whole lot at bay for a minute or two,



but as there was no powder in the pan, it was as useless to him as it had been to the native whom he first encountered. Luckily for him some of his comrades came up at this crisis, and, firing on the rebels, killed some and scattered the rest. Winning then placed the butt of his rifle in his haversack, and, carrying the barrel in his left hand and the pistol in his right, fell back on the support with a whole skin.

While Hope Grant and the columns under his command were thus engaged in Southern and Eastern Oude, other columns were similarly occupied in the western and north-western part; and the Commander-in-Chief, with the forces under his own immediate command, made a circuit sweeping the space between them. Thus the whole of the southern part was cleared, and the rebels, including the Begum and probably Nana Sahib, driven northwards towards Nepal. Close to the frontier of the latter, Lord Clyde came on the rebel camp near Banki; surprised and defeated them with great slaughter and drove them into the Terai.

About the same time Hope Grant, learning that Bala Rao, brother of Nana Sahib, had betaken himself to the fort of Tulsipore, beyond the Raptée, with a number of followers and eight guns, directed Rowcroft from the east to dislodge him. This was done, but for want of cavalry Rowcroft could not follow up his victory.

Accordingly, Hope Grant crossed the Raptée, Colonel Taylor's Brigade being part of the force with him, as also Horsford's. They effected the passage on Xmas Day and encamped; halted the following day, and took up the pursuit on the 27th December. The crossing of the Raptée was a very difficult operation, owing to the extreme strength of the current. All Christmas Day the Engineers were employed making the pontoon bridge, and, with the characteristic feeling of Englishmen, were determined to have their Christmas plum-pudding. Accordingly, a large camp kettle was procured and the pudding cooked on the

bank of the river while they were working : they ate their pudding when ready and continued their work by reliefs.

Cutting off Bala Rao from escaping into the Goruckpore district, he followed him in his retreat along with some 6000 rebels and 15 guns to Kanda Kote (or Bundwa Kote), and having so disposed his columns that escape was impossible except in the direction of Nepaul, he drove them across the border on the 4th of January. This was the last engagement in this Oude campaign in which the 79th took part.

The Rapteree proved a dangerous river even to cavalry to cross. Shortly before this Brigadier Horsford's column had driven a strong force of the rebels across it and were eager in pursuit. Many men of the 7th Hussars and of the 1st Punjab Cavalry (of which a detachment must have been present) while fording it were swept away by the force of the current and lost. Among these was Major Horne, of the 7th Hussars, whose body was after some search drawn out of a deep hole, his hands having a grip of two of the rebels : and in like manner the bodies of two troopers were found each clutching a rebel sowar.

This was the end of the cold weather campaign, and Oude being now cleared of rebels, most of the various field forces were broken up, and regiments detailed for various stations. Sir Hope Grant remained for some time to watch the frontier, much aided by the loyal assistance of the Maharajah Jung Bahadoor, the real ruler of Nepaul.

Colonel Taylor now resumed command of the 79th, which was ordered to Meanmeer in the Punjab. The regiment, on its march to that station, arrived at Lucknow on 22nd January, and was there inspected by Lord Clyde on the following day, when he congratulated them on their gallantry during the recent campaign.

The 79th were first engaged with the mutineers on 5th January, 1858, and for the last time on 4th January, 1859. The campaign thus lasted for them exactly a year, though there was a break in the actual pursuit of the enemy for about 4 months.

The total loss from disease and in action was 158 non-commissioned officers and men. Colonel Douglas, for his great services both in the command of a brigade at the capture of Lucknow, and subsequently with the Azimghur Field Force, in the disturbed districts of Behar, Dinapore, and others, besides being frequently mentioned in dispatches, received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council, and was promoted to be a K.C.B.

The brevets granted after the fall of Lucknow have been already noted.

Major Butt, who was in command of the regiment during a considerable part of the autumn campaign, received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Miller that of Major, both dating from 26th April, 1859.

A medal was granted to all those who had taken part in the year's campaign; those who had been present at the siege and capture of Lucknow got also a clasp with "Lucknow" upon it, and a share of the prize money, which was of small amount and paid in two instalments, the second in 1865. In the first issue a private's share was 17 rupees, a sergeant's 34 rupees; in the second a private's 6 rupees, a sergeant's 12 rupees. The regiment also was authorised to have "Lucknow" inscribed on its regimental colour and appointments.

Thirty-three years have now elapsed since the events recorded in these pages took place; how many of those who bore their part in them have since passed away, some in the full vigour of manhood, some greyheaded! Each year diminishes the number of survivors.

Of the officers Colonel Sir John Douglas, Colonel Butt, Colonel Hodgson, Captain Currie, Colonel Leith, Captain Macdonald, Major M'Nair, Colonel F. P. Campbell, Major Craufurd, Lieutenant Gawne, Colonel Campbell-Walker, Lieutenant Dougal, the Paymaster Cant, the Adjutant Young, the Quarter-Master Macgill, Surgeon Goldie Scot, Assistant Surgeons Drysdale and Kilgour, are all gone.

Even during the last three months, while this narrative was being compiled, the Rev. C. Morrison, the respected Chaplain, and Major M'Nair, have got their final summons.

In 1893 the 79th will celebrate its 100th anniversary. Arrangements have been made by the officers and men now and lately serving to erect a monument in Inverness to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who fell in action or died from the effects of climate or campaigning during the years 1879 to 1887, while the regiment was at Gibraltar and in Egypt.

The compiler ventures to suggest that it would be a fitting thing for the county of Inverness to erect in 1893 a suitable memorial to those who served in the Cameron Highlanders in many a campaign, from Flanders, in 1794, to Egypt, 1882-1886, during the century since it was raised, with the names of all the principal actions in which it was engaged, from "Egmont-op-Zee" to "Giniss" inscribed thereon.

Fort-William, where the 79th was first paraded, seems the natural place for such a memorial—*Cuimh neachan nan sonn nach maireann.*

THE END.

## GAELIC INCANTATIONS.

## IV. FOR TOOTHACHE.

**T**OOTHACHE is not, as some think, one more case of physical degeneracy entailed upon us by our modern civilization; for the holed tooth of the British barrow suggests the dental sufferings of our primitive ancestors; nor has the modern savage any immunity from toothache, though he does live "according to nature." There is ample evidence of the prevalence of toothache among the ancient nations, and numerous are the recipes which are found in the medical literature of Greece and Rome. If Marcellus of Bordeaux (circ., 410 A.D.) represents, as the great Jacob Grimm fondly believed, the experience of the Gauls in medical lore, then we may take it that the ancient Celts were past masters in the cure of toothache, whether by drug or charm. The following is the incantation, or *carmen*, with directions as to its use, which Marcellus gives for toothache, and which he says has proved of miraculous benefit in actual experience:—"Luna decrescente, die Martis sive die Jovis; hæc verba dicēs septies, 'Argidam margidam sturgidam.'" This means that in the wane of the moon, on Tuesday or Thursday, you are to say seven times, "Argidam margidam sturgidam." We cannot follow Grimm into the jungle of derivation from Celtic roots, and must leave these three words as meaningless as we found them.

A common method of curing or preventing toothache, which is still in vogue, is as follows:—A skilled, or "skeely," person writes out an incantation on a slip of paper, and gives it to the sufferer from toothache, and he or she keeps this carefully about their person, generally sewn in the inside of their clothing. The following is a quaint descrip-

tion of the whole system, sent us by one who has experience of it :—" Some men cure toothache in the following way— They write out a line or two on a small slip of paper, and then fold it up, and hand it to the sufferer, who must not on any account open it. If he does, the worse for himself, for the toothache will at once come back. I know a young woman who once got this line. She placed it carefully in the lining of her corset. One day, however, she happened to be washing, and, having neglected to remove the line, she destroyed it in the process of washing this particular article of attire. She told me that the toothache came back like a shot, and she had to give up her washing that day. A second line, she said, would do her no good, and so the toothache ever since has been paying her an unwelcome visit now and then."

The words of the charm thus written on paper are not by any means always in Gaelic, for too often the difficulty of writing the native tongue prevents this. English and Latin charms are found instead, and one of each we shall now present to our readers. The following very common English charm was lately caught going its round :—

St Peter sat on a new-rolled stone  
Weeping and wailing ;  
Jesus came by, and said —  
What ails you, Peter ?  
Oh, Lord, my God, the toothache.  
Jesus said, Be healed ;  
And whoever will carry  
These few lines for My name's sake  
Will never feel the toothache.

A Latin form of the same charm is to be found in the Maclagan MSS. The piece of paper on which it is written was in actual use, for it shows the marks and worn corners of the original folding, and makes a neat folded slip of a little over an inch square. The Latin is very barbarous, and shows a royal contempt for grammar, facts which prove that the writer was entirely ignorant of the language which he was transcribing. Mr Maclagan docketed the paper

sarcastically thus:—"Eolusan ciallacha cumhachdach!" (Wise, potent charms). The charm is as follows, the *lacuna* near the end being caused by the wearing of the paper:—

"Petrus sedit ex marmorum Lapis Dominus Noster venit et Dixit petrus quid te gravit, petrus respondit dominus Meus Caput et Dentes meos vexant me Dominus Noster Dicat surge petrus salva tu non solum tu sed etiam omnia qui teneant hæc mea dicta per virtutem De hæc verbis Dominus Noster et in ejus Nomine Dice tuus pestis non moleste te Detri Minius Pratus."

There are several Gaelic incantations for toothache, and most of them imply the wide-spread belief that toothache is caused by a worm burrowing in, under, or above the tooth. The Gaelic for toothache is *deide*, which is derived from *deud*, a tooth, allied to the Latin *dent* of *dens*, but a commoner word is *cruimh* or, properly, *croimh*, which in reality means "worm" or "maggot," and is still used in that sense.

The following Middle Irish charm from the Lebar Brecc is interesting as showing the existence of the belief in the *cruimh* or worm among the Gaels of old, and, further, as explaining the introduction of the idea of *ordag* or thumb in a charm quoted later on. The words run thus:—

Ordu Thomais togaide  
i toeb Crist cen chinaid  
ron-icca mo déta cen guba  
ar chruma is ar idbain  
et pater prius et post.

That is to say—

May the thumb of chosen Thomas  
in the side of guiltless Christ  
heal my teeth without lamentation  
from worms and from pangs  
*And a Paternoster before and after.*<sup>1</sup>

A short and neat charm, which introduces Peter as the sufferer from the *croimh*, runs thus:—

<sup>1</sup> The reference to the above I owe to Dr Whitley Stokes. It is published in the *Revue Celtique*, v. 392, by Dr Stokes, who further quotes a Punjâbi or Indian charm that implies a similar belief. The *beist*, however, in the latter case is the weevil, which is supposed to eat into decayed teeth and make them black. The charm tells the black weevil that it will die by the blessing of Shekh Farid, "the Teacher Saint, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Foh! Foh! Foh!"

(Bha 'n croimh air Peadar)  
 Leighis Iosa Peadar, leighis Peadar Pòl,  
 Leighis Pòl an domhan leis na tri facail  
 aig Iosa a' leantuinn, " Bi gu math."

Which means—

(Peter had the toothache),  
 Jesus healed Peter, Peter healed Paul,  
 Paul healed the world by following the three  
 words of Jesus, " Be thou well."

The two charms that follow mutually throw light on one another, and they both have a more than ordinary interest attached to their origin. The first charm, which has already been published (untranslated), was taken down some two decades ago by Mr Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, from the recitation of the late Angus Macdonald, the first bard of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and he again had learned it from the Bard Conanach (1780-1832). We may hence understand the completeness of the charm, which is as follows :—

Seachd paidir a h-aon,  
 Seachd paidir a dha  
 Seachd paidir a tri,  
 Seachd paidir a ceithir,  
 Seachd paidir a còig  
 Seachd paidir a sia  
 Seachd paidir a seachd.

An orra rinn Muire mhin  
 Do Phadruig uasal aluinn,  
 Air chroimh, air cheann, air chinn,  
 Air ruaidh', air at, air arraing.  
 Thuirt Abraham ri Iosa Crìosd  
 'Siad a' falbh air sliabh Bheitris,  
 " Cha'n urrainn mise coiseachd  
 No mairceachd leis an deideadh."  
 Thuirt Iosa Crìosd ri Abraham  
 " Cha bhi chroimh sin anns a cheann sin :—  
 Mach an deideadh ! mach an deideadh !"  
 Da uair an deigh cheile.  
 Fios air neamh is fios air talamh,  
 Fios aig do rìgh air do ghalar ;  
 Croimh is deideadh chuir fo'n talamh.  
 Seachd paidir a h-aon,  
 Seachd paidir a dha,  
 Seachd paidir a tri,  
 Seachd paidir a ceithir,



Seachd paidir a còig,  
 Seachd paidir a sia,  
 Seachd paidir a seachd.  
 'Nearth nan seachd paidir  
 Rinn Muire mhor, a Dhe nan dul,  
 Do'n chleireach naomh, cur do dhonas is do dhòlas.  
 Air a' chlach ghlas ud thall,  
 'S air buidheann na h-eucorach !

The translation of this means—

Seven paters one,  
 Seven paters two,  
 [So 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].  
 The incantation that Mary the Meek made  
 For Patrick, the noble and beauteous,  
 'Gainst toothache and soreness of head and bone,  
 'Gainst erysipelas, swelling, and stitch.  
 Abraham said to Jesus Christ  
 As they walked on the slope of Bethres :  
 " I have not the power of walking  
 Or of riding because of toothache."  
 Said Jesus Christ to Abraham :  
 " Toothworm will not be in that head ;  
 Out the toothache ! out the toothache !"  
 Twice repeated after other.  
 Known in Heaven, known on earth,  
 Known to thy King is thy disease,  
 Toothworm and toothache to be placed under earth.  
 Seven paters one,  
 [2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].  
 May the strength of the seven paters  
 That Mary the Mighty, O God of the Elements,  
 Said for the holy cleric, put thy evil and pain  
 On the grey stone over yonder  
 And on the workers of wrong !

Such, then, is the first of the two parallel charms. The second one comes from Kishorn, famed in the *Ordinance Gazette* as having given a toothache charm to the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. The instructions and words of our charm are as follows :—A stick of hazel wood, some five inches long and pointed at one end, is to be kept between the teeth while the following words are repeated (the charmer performing first to teach the sufferer how to act and speak)—

<sup>1</sup>See Gaelic Society Transactions, Vol. VIII., p. 125.

Rann rinn Brìd mhìn  
 Do Phadruig uasal, an ard rìgh,  
 Air ruaidhe, air at, air arraing.  
 Ordag Pheadair, agus ordag Phòil  
 Sgaras a' chneidh bho 'n chnàimh ;  
 Ordag Mhic Dhé air neamh  
 Leighis gach deud-chneidh.

Thubhairt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd nach b' urrainn e coiseachd na mairceachd leis an deud-chneidh. Thubhairt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham air an t-sliabh cheudna nach biodh du or ud san aon ceann leis an deud-chneidh.

Which means—

The rhyme that Bridget the Meek made  
 For Patrick, the noble high King,  
 'Gainst erysipelas, swelling and stitch.  
 Thumb of Peter and thumb of Paul  
 That will separate the ache from the bone ;  
 The thumb of the Son of God in heaven  
 That can cure every tooth-pain.

Abraham said to Jesus Christ that he could not walk or ride because of the tooth-pain. Jesus Christ said to Abraham on the same hill slope (Bethris?) that there would not be further pain in that head from toothache.

This second charm is manifestly incomplete in some points, but doubtless it has been equally as efficacious as the fuller one handed down from the Bard Conanach !

Here is another Kishorn toothache charm, received, as so many of these have been, from our good friend Mr Don. Kennedy. The swelling of the face and the rare but possible breaking through the cheek of the purulent matter, and the erysipelas and such complications consequent on toothache in the upper teeth, doubtless gave rise to the idea of a worm travelling from the tooth and coming out at any point about the head. There is a Gaelic name for this worm ; it is called "An Deudag Bheist"—the tooth beast or worm. The following is an elaborate charm calculated to kill the worm and allay all swelling of the head and toothache. The charmer lays his hand on the part where the pain is and says :—

Iarunn do cheann, ainmheinneach,  
 Bior ad earball a tholladh d' ainmheinn !  
 Dh' orduich Rìgh neimh do mharbhadh ;  
 Gu'n tilleadh Criosd urchas

'S gach aon bheist ann an so  
 Air an fhealan <sup>1</sup> dhubh,  
 Air an fhealan dhonn,  
 Air an an fhealan uaine ;  
 Fear dubh goisneach, fear fionn fada, donn lotaidh ;  
 Ma tha iad a muigh, gu'n dol a stigh,  
 Ma tha iad a stigh, gu'n dol a mach,  
 Ach iad a lobhadh, 's a bhrothadh, 's a chnàmhadh  
     'san fheoil 'sam beil iad.  
 Aon 's a dha air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a tri air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a ceithir air a' bheist, .  
 Aon 's a còig air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a sia air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a seachd air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,  
 Aon 's a naoi air a' bheist,  
 Naoi 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,  
 A h-ochd 's a seachd air a' bheist,  
 Seachd 's a sia air a' bheist,  
 Sia 's a còig air a' bheist,  
 Còig 's a ceithir air a' bheist,  
 Ceithir 's a tri air a bheist,  
 Tri 's a dha air a' bheist,  
 Dha 's a h-aon air a' bheist !

## Translated—

Iron in thy head, ill-disposed one,  
 A spit in thy tail to spike thy evil work !  
 The King of heaven ordered thy killing !  
 May Christ turn back malady  
 And each worm that is here ;  
 'Gainst the black nescock,  
 'Gainst the brown nescock,  
 'Gainst the green nescock,  
 The dark hairy one, the white long one, brown  
     wounding one ;  
 If they are outside, may they not go in ;  
 If they are inside, may they not go out,  
 But rot, slough, and decay in the flesh in which  
     they are.  
 One and two against the worm,  
 One and three against the worm.  
     [And so 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9.]  
 Nine and eight against the worm,  
 Eight and seven against the worm.  
     [And so back again to *one*.]

<sup>1</sup> For *fhealan*, the word we got was *eala* (swan), which we have corrected according to analogy with other charms.

Such is the charm against *An Deudag Bheist*, the travelling tooth-worm.

We shall end this article on toothache charms by quoting two incantations connected with two wells in the north. In North Uist, at the foot of a rugged mountain, called *Mairrhol*, there is a well that cures toothache, to which offerings of coins, rings, pins, &c., are made, these being deposited in or about the well. The sufferer from toothache drinks of the water and repeats the following formula :—

Tha mise a' cromadh sios an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, agus mi dol a dh' fhagail cràdh mo, chinn anns an tobar nach traogh a chaidh.

That is to say—

I am a-bending down in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and a-going to leave the pain of my head in the fount that will not fail for ever.

This well, we are assured, unfailingly cures toothache ; but it is a fair cry to North Uist, and it is with some pleasure we record that Aultbea has a further claim to be the terminus of the new railway, inasmuch as it possesses a well which “cures the toothache wonderfully.” The particular spot where the well is is at Slaggan, near Aultbea. One goes to the well, and selects a stone near it covered with moss (*crotal*). He then takes from the well a mouthful of water, which he must not swallow, but he goes to the moss-covered stone with it, removes the moss, pours the water from his mouth on the spot, and, in replacing the moss, says :—

Uisge Domhnaich 'muigh,  
Croimh is deide 'stigh.

Which means—

Out is the holy water,  
In is the toothache.

That is to say, the water goes out from the mouth, and the toothache is shut up under the moss and into the stone !

## A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY OF MACPHERSONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE following interesting sketch of a noted Captain John Macpherson, who settled in Philadelphia about the year 1746, and of some members of his family, may very appropriately, I think, be given a niche in the pages of *The Highland Monthly*. It has been received from his great-great-grandson, Mr George Macpherson, a highly esteemed citizen of Philadelphia, and a loyal and devoted clansman, worthy in every respect of his distinguished ancestry and of the honoured name he bears.

Captain Macpherson, the founder—so to speak—of the Philadelphia family, and “the pioneer of the Clan” in America, was, according to *Douglas' Baronage of Scotland*, published in 1798, a grandson of William Macpherson of Nuide, “who, in the reign of King James VII., married Isabel, daughter of Lauchlan Macintosh, Esq., by whom he had four sons and six daughters.” Lauchlan, the eldest son, on “the death of his cousin, Duncan of Clunie, without issue male, succeeded to the Chieftainship, &c., &c., anno 1722, and was ever after designed by the title of Clunie, as head of the family and chief of the clan.”<sup>1</sup>

William, the youngest of the four sons of William of Nuide, was “bred a writer in Edinburgh and agent before the Court of Session, and married Jane, daughter of James Anderson, merchant in Edinburgh,” by whom he had six sons.

John, the fourth of the six sons (grandsons of William of Nuide), having, we are told, “been bred to the sea, was commander of the *Britannia* privateer of Philadelphia during the late war, when, by his conduct and bravery, he did honour to himself and his country.

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Douglas' Baronage*, p. 358.

He took many French privateers and Dutch smugglers with French property, besides other valuable prizes; and had from the merchants of Antigua a present of a sword, richly ornamented, as an acknowledgment of their sense of his signal services in protecting their trade, distressing their enemies, &c. He assisted at the reduction of Martinico, where, at the Admiral's desire, he ran his ship into shallow water and dislodged the French from a battery which obstructed the landing, for which he had many tokens of the Admiral's regard. He lost his right arm in a desperate engagement with a French frigate, where both vessels were totally disabled. He made a handsome fortune, and is now settled near Philadelphia."<sup>1</sup> Captain Macpherson, who did such "honour to himself and his country," was thus a nephew of Lauchlan Macpherson of Nuide, who succeeded to the chieftainship in 1722, and his descendants are accordingly not very distantly related to Brigadier-General Macpherson of Cluny, the present chief.

In sending me the sketch of his famous ancestor, my friend mentions that he intends shortly transmitting an account of the two daughters of John Macpherson not embraced in that sketch, "and also a memorandum of the present generation of our family of Macpherson in the direct line of John Macpherson," which may appear in a future number.

A. M.

KINGUSSIE, July 1891.

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JOHN MACPHERSON (*See Note A.*)—Born in the city of Edinburgh, in the year 1725. Came to this country about the year 1746. Married Margaret, the sister of the Rev. John Rogers, of New York. Died September 6th, 1792. Of this marriage there were two sons and two daughters:—

I. WILLIAM MACPHERSON (*See Note B.*)—Born in the city of Philadelphia, 1756. Died November 5th, 1813. He married, first, Margaret, daughter of

<sup>1</sup> Vide Douglas' Baronage, p. 358.

Captain Joseph Stout, by whom he had a son and three daughters—

1. Joseph (U.S. Navy).
2. Julia (married Philip Houlbrooke Nicklin).
3. Margaret (married Peter Grayson Washington).
4. Maria.

He married, second, Elizabeth White, March 9th, 1803, daughter and eldest child of Bishop William White, by whom he had two daughters (*See Note D*)—

1. Esther (married Dr Thomas Harris).
2. Elizabeth (married Rev. Edwin W. Wiltbank).

II. JOHN MACPHERSON, jr. (*See Note C.*)—Died December 31st, 1775, in the attack upon Quebec.

Had I the ability or gift of writing in the polished style of so many historians, I could, with the material before me, write you such a sketch of these three brave and noble men, that you would feel very grateful and justifiably proud of them, for you would ever remember them as being of the Clan Macpherson. As you would read of the brave father, Captain John Macpherson, of his many successful encounters upon the sea, of the prominent place he occupied in the annals of this city, you would feel satisfied of the fact that this Macpherson, the pioneer of the Clan in this country, reflected credit upon those of his fatherland. As you would read of his son William Macpherson, of the active part he took in fighting for his country through the dark and dreary hours of the Revolution, you would feel the more satisfied that the good name was still untarnished; and as you read of the heroic Captain John Macpherson, jr., of his death at the attack upon Quebec, you would thank God, the merciful Father of all, for having given us these men of remarkable calibre for our ancestors, and as being the representatives of the Clan in this far-away home of their adoption. As I lack the ability and polished pen, I must content myself with giving you but a few facts gathered from the various annals of this city :—

*Note A.*—“ John Macpherson, during thirty-five years of his life, was one of the most noted citizens of Philadelphia. He followed the sea, going through the gradations of service which finally made him fit to take command of a vessel. He assumed command of the privateer ship *Britannia*, rated at twenty guns, in the year 1757. War with France was then raging. In May, 1758, the *Britannia* fell in with a Frenchman, carrying 36 guns and well manned. In the heat of the action Captain Macpherson's right arm was carried away by a cannon shot, and he was taken below. The first lieutenant was disabled. The second lieutenant continued the fight until he was also wounded. The surgeon became the only officer in command, and he ordered the colours to be struck. When the officers of the French vessel boarded the *Britannia* they beheld a bloody spectacle. Seventy of the crew had been killed or wounded. The deck was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying. The action of the Frenchmen was inhuman. They carried the first and second officers on board their own vessel, cut down the masts and rigging, threw the cannon and ammunition overboard, and then set the vessel adrift. The crew managed to get up jury-masts, and navigated the ship into Jamaica, where, upon survey, it was found that 270 shots had passed into the larboard side of the *Britannia*, some below water. In the succeeding year Captain Macpherson made up for his adverse fortunes. During 1759 he took eighteen prizes. Two of them were French sloops, laden with plate and valuable effects, besides £18,000 in cash. In the latter part of 1760 and the beginning of 1761 Macpherson took nine prizes, worth £15,000. During that period he fell in with a French man-of-war of 60 guns, but managed to escape by the superior sailing qualities of the *Britannia*. The scene of his operations was in the West Indies, between Martinique and St Eustacia, and he was a protector of the commerce of that section of the West Indies. He carried into the ports of Antigua two French privateers of ten guns. He captured a letter of marque of four guns, loaded with coffee and cotton.



“The Council and Assembly of the island of Antigua considered him a defender, and voted him a sword.

“In July, 1762, war with Spain having been declared, the Britannia came into Philadelphia with two Spanish vessels laden with indigo and sugar, and Macpherson resigned the command.”—*Westcott*.

Captain Macpherson built a fine mansion near the city of Philadelphia, and gave it the name of Cluny, but afterwards changed the name to Mount Pleasant. John Adams, who dined at Mount Pleasant in October, 1775, said of Macpherson that he had the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania, a clever Scotch wife, and two pretty daughters. He has been nine times wounded in battle, is an old sea commander, made a fortune by privateering, had an arm twice shot off, shot through the leg, &c. He was a man of philosophic turn of mind. During 1771 he removed, by machinery of his own contrivance, a one-storey brick house from one street to another. The operation was effected by apparatus placed inside the building, and worked by himself. He advertised, in 1782, to give lectures on astronomy. He published, in 1791, lectures on moral philosophy. In 1783, he published a “Price Current,” for the use of merchants. In 1785, he published the first Directory of the city. He died September 6th, 1792, and is buried in St Paul’s Churchyard, in Philadelphia.

So much for John Macpherson, an unceasing worker, a brave, noble, and eccentric man.

*Note B.*—William Macpherson was born in Philadelphia in 1756. At the age of thirteen he was a cadet in the British Army. Then he held a Lieutenant’s commission, and was made Adjutant of the 16th Regiment. At the breaking out of the war, he declined bearing arms against his countrymen, and tendered his resignation, which was not accepted until his regiment reached New York, in 1779. He joined the American Army on the Hudson at the close of 1779, and received a Major’s commission from General

Washington. His services during the war were rewarded by the appointment by General Washington of Surveyor of the port of Philadelphia, September 19th, 1789. He was appointed Naval Officer of the port, November 28th, 1793, which office he held under the administrations of Presidents Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, until his death, November 5th, 1813. He married, first, Margaret Stout, a daughter of Captain Joseph Stout, and his second wife was Elizabeth White, a daughter of Bishop White. He was earnest and true in his devotion to his country; a man in every sense of the word, and, as being a true man, respected by all. He is buried in St Paul's Churchyard, by the side of his father.

*Note C.*—Captain John Macpherson, jun.—He was the first Philadelphian of any note killed during the Revolutionary War. He was Aide to General Montgomery in the operations against Canada, and fell with his commander in the assault upon Quebec. The night before his death he addressed the following letter to his father:—

“My Dear Father,—If you receive this, it will be the last this hand shall ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm on Quebec this night, and heaven only knows what will be my fate; but, whatever it may be, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you that I experience no reluctance in this cause to venture a life which I consider as only lent, to be used when my country demands it. In moments like these, such an assertion will not be thought a boast by anyone—by my father I am sure it cannot. It is needless to tell that my prayers are for the happiness of the family, and for its preservation in this general confusion. Should Providence, in its wisdom, call me from rendering the little assistance I might to my country, I could wish my brother did not continue in the service of her enemies. That the all-gracious Disposer of human events may shower on you, my mother, brother, and sisters, every blessing our nature can receive, is, and will be to the last moment of my life, the sincere prayer of your dutiful and affectionate son,

“JOHN MACPHERSON.

“Headquarters, before Quebec,  
30th Dec., 1775.”

General Philip Schuyler sent this letter to the young man's father, with the following :—

“ Permit me, sir, to mingle my tears with yours for the loss we have sustained—you as a father, I as a friend. My dear young friend fell by the side of his General, as much lamented as he was beloved, and that, I assure you, sir, was in an eminent degree. This, and his falling like a hero, will console in some measure a father who gave him the example of bravery, which the son in a short military career improved to advantage. General Montgomery and his corpse were both interred by General Carleton with military honours.—Your most obedient and humble servant,  
“ PH. SCHUYLER.”

The death of Montgomery was regarded as a national calamity. Even in Britain, eulogies on his character were delivered. Upon General Carleton's approach a hasty retreat was made, and the whole of Canada was recovered by the British.

Now, my good friend, I have told you of three good and brave men. I have one more to tell you of. These three men fought the fights of the worldly ; the one I will now tell you of fought the fights of the spiritual :—

*Note D.*—William Macpherson's second wife was a daughter of Bishop William White, of whose early history I will not write other than to say he was a son of Col. Thomas White, who was born in London in 1704, and came to this country in 1720. In 1779 the son was elected rector of Christ Church and St Peter's in Philadelphia. In October, 1785, an address from the clerical and lay deputies of the Church in this country was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, requesting them to confer the episcopal character on such persons as shall be recommended by the Church in the several States by them represented. The subject was an involved one. By the laws of England, as they then existed, the Archbishops could ordain and consecrate only such persons as took the oath of allegiance and supremacy to the King, and due

obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury. From this necessity relief could only come through Parliament. Through the kindly offices of Mr Adams and the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, the way was cleared of all obstacles, the needed Act of Parliament (26 George III., c. 84) was passed. The Archbishop had applied to the King, and obtained His Majesty's licence, by warrant under his royal signet and sign manual, authorising and empowering him to perform such consecration. On 14th September, 1786, the Convention met in Philadelphia, and the official record is summed up in these words:—"The Convention accordingly proceeded to the election of a Bishop by ballot, and the Rev. Wm. White, D.D., was unanimously chosen."

From Bishop White's account of the consecration I take these words:—"Sunday, February 4th, we attended at the Palace of Lambeth for consecration. The assistants of the Archbishop on this occasion were the Archbishop of York, who presented, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of Peterborough, who joined with the two Archbishops in the laying on of hands."

He returned to his diocese during the same month, and died July 17th, 1836.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

So says our Burns.

## SCHWALBACH.

SCHWALBACH, or Swallow's Brook, is a little watering-place, renowned for its ferruginous springs, and lying in the (under) Taunus range of mountains, not far from Wiesbaden. The place is a cluster of houses nestling round the Kurhouse and Badeanstalt, with here and there an adventurous villa perched on the hillside. Its chief charm is quietude, with an all-pervading tint of green from the avenues of limes and beeches and the woods on the sides of the hills. The shops are poor, the band atrocious, and the society broken up into little groups of Americans, Germans, Jews, and English, with a sprinkling of Russians. Of our compatriots there is not much to say. A decent-looking, ship-shape man or two, with wives to match, a few pretty children, and some of the plainest, not to say ugliest, girls that I ever saw.

The origin of the name Schwalbach is given in one of the pretty little legends which Germans so much delight in. Long years ago, a swallow, whose nest had been destroyed, flew for safety into the forest, and found herself far from the haunts of men. Weary and faint, she espied a spring of russet water, drank thereof, and was refreshed. Flying a little farther, she found a charcoal-burner's hut almost hidden in the thick greenery. The hut was tenanted by an elderly couple and their beautiful daughter Elizabeth, fair and golden-haired, like the sea kings' daughters of old. When the maiden saw the bird, she took wool and feathers and spread them out for the little creature to build her nest. And it came to pass that the swallow's mate found her near the charcoal-burner's hut, and together they reared a tiny brood of beautiful swift-winged creatures like themselves. Every evening the mother bird went to the cottage window and twittered a

soft good-night to her benefactress. And it happened that about this time a gatherer of simples was wandering in the forest, and he also found out the charcoal-burner's hut, and looked upon the beauty of the maiden. And after a time these two wandered in the forest, and in their wanderings the youth taught the maiden the uses of the herbs and roots that grew about their path; and at the same time he taught her the oldest and best lore of all, that of the love of a young man for the maiden of his choice. But "the course of true love never runs smooth," and thus the charcoal-burner drove the lover from his door with words of reproach; and the maiden mourned with a heavy heart until she grew sick, and was nigh unto death.

No tidings of her lover reached the hut in the forest, and hope seemed far from the maiden's heart, when lo, a faint twittering was heard outside, and the swallow came in sight. She flew straight to Elizabeth, and when she saw her lying on her couch, she bethought her of the russet spring in the forest that had been so good for her in her wanderings, and that had given her health and strength. So she flew far away, and returned at even, with a drop of the healing crystal in her beak. But this was only sufficient to moisten the maiden's lips. Then she bethought her of another plan. The next evening at sunset Elizabeth heard a twittering, and lo, four swallows flew into the hut bearing in their beaks a nut shell filled with water from the russet spring, and, as joys, like sorrows, seldom come singly, Reginald, the young simple gatherer, returned about the same time, bringing with him a few gold pieces that he had saved to help to furnish a home for the golden-haired forest maiden. When Reginald heard the story of the healing water, he resolved to visit the spring, and the swallow, understanding his desire, served him as a guide to the spot. Then the young man determined to build a house near the spring, where the sick who came to be healed might dwell. So it came to pass that the charcoal burner's family left the forest hut, and lived ever after in peace and plenty near the swallow's brook.

Such, in a few words, is the story of this quiet little spot, and when one climbs the hill sides, and looks down at the slate-roofed houses, with the smoke rising lazily to the pale blue sky, it does not seem unappropriate. But down in the valley, where groups of loud-tongued womenkind are talking an infinite deal of nothing, it seems difficult to realize that a youth and maiden once wandered there in almost absolute solitude, discoursing gravely of the healing power of the russet water.

My stay here has been marked by only one very interesting event. One afternoon as we were strolling in the park three strangers passed us walking briskly towards a little retired spot at some distance. They were two gentlemen and a lady, the latter in an elegant robe of violet cashmere that fell in graceful folds to her feet, and the train of which was lightly thrown over her left arm. She wore a circlet of red velvet and silver on her head, from which hung a long white gauze veil, and on her bare hands and wrists glittered a profusion of rings and bracelets. The gentlemen wore ordinary morning dress, and from the lady's costume and the general appearance of all three, I took them either for Bulgarians or Serbs. When we reached the place where they were sitting I heard that they were speaking English, so I introduced myself to them, and found that they were Brahmists from Calcutta—the elder man being Dr R, and the lady, his wife, and the other, Dr I, a friend, whom they had met abroad. Both gentlemen were men of some standing—the former a professor of philosophy, the latter a medical man. The one was a graduate of the London University, the other of Edinburgh. I was charmed with Mrs R's gentle manners, correct English, and soft, expressive dark eyes. Indeed, in all things except for her dress and dark skin, she was like a cultivated, high-bred English gentlewoman. She and her husband were staying at Wiesbaden for a course of baths and mineral water. Dr R. and I had a long conver-

sation about the condition of women in India, and upon female education generally in the different countries of Europe.

I was surprised at the tone of virile energy pervading Dr R.'s conversation. One naturally associates the idea of an Oriental with dreamy speculation and practical mystification, but in him I noticed a good deal of the hard practical common sense of the Englishman, allied to a certain subtle casuistry peculiar to an Asiatic. I think, that of this latter trait he is himself hardly aware, I only remarked it when he was questioning me upon English public opinion, and upon my own private one, as to Muscovite hopes and designs with regard to our Indian Empire. Dr R. is one of the advanced school in his native land, and he asks for himself, and all natives who are up to his intellectual level, the right of voting as British citizens. He does not claim present autonomy, because, as he says, culture has not made sufficient progress among the masses of the native population to admit of it, but he seems to think that India should have representatives in the Imperial Parliament who are "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh," and who may be able to interpret from a native point of view, the wants and wishes of the people.

One of the reasons for his visit to England was his purpose of having his wife presented to Her Majesty, in order to show the progress that education is making among the native women. I was not at all averse to the Russians by whom I was accompanied seeing for themselves something of the educated Hindoo, as it is a popular belief in the Empire of the Czars that we keep our Indian subjects in a condition of absolute ignorance. According to Dr R.—'s statement, the intelligent Hindoo is perfectly aware of the *yeux doux* which the Muscovite casts upon his inheritance, and is equally alive to the fact that he would be a substantial loser if he were to exchange English tolerance for Russian despotism.

Another visitor to Schwalbach is a grandson of the Emperor Nicholas, the young Grand Duke Michel, who



was banished from Russia some time ago. He is accompanied by his wife, a young lady of semi-royal descent, for whose sake, rumour says, he is obliged to remain abroad. He is a well-grown young man, of good presence, but considerably darker than the majority of the Romanoffs. His wife is young, distinguished, and pleasant-looking, but by no means a beauty. She may, however, be a wit, which would account for the fact of a Russian falling in love with her.

Apart from such mild excitements as these, Schwalbach is much the same as any other health resort—curious as a passing study, but with nothing attractive enough about it to make you delay the packing of your trunks after the time appointed by Dr Bœhm, or any other of the local *medicos*.

M. O. W.

## TRACES OF THE OLD ALLIANCE BETWEEN FRANCE AND SCOTLAND.

THE ancient friendship between France and Scotland is matter of history, and it is not my intention to enter into that subject, but to draw attention to facts now existing which may be regarded as relics of this alliance, while showing the life of a former age. The subject has been frequently alluded to, and in Dean Ramsay's last edition of his work on Scotch life and character, a list is given of many words and phrases now or lately in use in Scotland which are derived from the French language. I shall freely avail myself of his collection, deeming this sufficient acknowledgment of his interesting labours. But it is not only the retention of words and phrases derived from the French which marks the alliance between the two countries. In many other ways we see traces of it.

The architecture of Scotland is in many points similar to that of France. There is a family likeness between the buildings of the two countries.

The French flamboyant tracery is similar to much that we see in the windows of old ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland. In secular buildings the corbie stepped gables and the pepperbox turrets give a French appearance to many Scotch castles, and the observer is struck by the general family resemblance to the French chateau.

Burton, "Scot Abroad," p. 201, Ed. 1881, has the following:—"The Scots laird was too poor to build the flanking round towers of his English neighbours, but he found a cheap substitute for them, which does credit to his ingenuity. He perched projecting crenelations or bastions on the top corners of his tower. If he could afford one at each of the four corners, it was well; if not, he put up two

at the opposite angles of the square, so that each could rake two sides of it." I do not know that I can endorse this as universally applicable.

The wooden spires on public buildings in towns (one is still to be seen in Inverness) have a Continental if not exclusively French appearance. And some of the older French towns, as St Malo, with the grey stone houses, forcibly remind us of parts of Edinburgh and other Scotch towns.

Many social customs prevalent in Scotland, shew a French origin—fish at breakfast was a thing unheard of in England till Scotchmen introduced it, and the Scotch breakfast has altogether a clear relationship to the French *dejeuner*. The custom too of eating soup as a meal, among the middle and lower classes, is almost unknown in England, in fact the English lower class never touch soup at all, unless it is given as a charity from a soup kitchen. But the hotch potch, kail broth, sheeps'-head broth, and cock-a-leekie are similar to the French "*bouillon*," and, with bread, a really good meal can be made of any of them. The times at which the principal meals are taken by the working classes are much more in accord with French than with English habits.

Regarding the New Year as the great annual social festival, the French and Scotch are strictly at one. Even in religious Establishments, Christmas is little noted in France, while, until within the last thirty years, the New Year was scarcely noticed in England. A friend might perhaps wish you a happy New Year, but it did not receive a tithe of the attention bestowed on the twelfth day, or Old Christmas. The term *Hogmanay*, applied to the last day of the old year, is derived by Burton from old French (p. 203).

Turning to funeral observances, the influence of France is evident. While in England no one attends a funeral, as a rule, unless specially invited, in France, as in Scotland, all friends of the deceased, or those who have been asso-

ciated with him in business, as a mark of respect, attend the funeral, or at any rate join the cortege for a part of the way to the burial ground.

The Scotch acre is almost identical with the French royal arpent, the measure in use before the introduction of the metric system.

It is a curious historical fact that the adoption of the 1st of January, as the beginning of the legal year, took place in Scotland more than one hundred and fifty years before the English saw their way to make this change. It was effected in France in 1564; and, in 1600, James VI. made the change by a decree. Holland, Protestant Germany, and Prussia followed in 1700; but it was not till 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal year, though it had been popularly adopted long before. Thus it was customary to set down dates between the 1st of January and 24th of March inclusive, "Jan. 1, 1648-9"—bearing that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648.

In religious matters I have not been able to trace any Gallican influences on the services in use in Scotland in pre-Reformation times; but with the introduction of Presbyterianism, the prevalent religious system shewed marks of the most intimate relationship with France. This is still shewn in many ecclesiastical terms. The term Moderator applied to the president of an Assembly, is borrowed from France, and the same may be said for the word overture, signifying a formal document presented to the Assembly. Action sermon<sup>1</sup>—the sermon preached before

<sup>1</sup> This term is no doubt derived from the office of the Mass, and usually implies the saying of a prayer, accompanied by the making of the sign of the cross. In the Canon during the prayers, "Commemoratio pro vivis," the rubric "Infra Actionem" occurs, followed by these words, "Communicantes et memoriam," &c. And in a very scarce book, called "The Great Sacrifice, or the New Law expounded by the Old" (Antwerp, 1685), the word "action" frequently occurs. The Canon is thus described—"The Canon of the Mass, or the Main-Action of the Sacrifice" (p. 89); and in p. 173 is the following passage—"Nor is the ordering of this sacred Canon (called Action by St Denis), less considerable," &c. He had previously explained the meaning of the term Canon.

the administration of the Communion—is in France, Action de Grace. Some interesting information on this subject may be seen in the “*Histoire des Protestants de France, pars G. de Valice.*”

I do not know whether the term “occasion” is used in France for the time of the celebration of the sacrament but the use of the word in Scotland, as summer or winter occasion, agrees much more with the French than with the English acceptance of the term. The close relationship of Knox with Calvin, and the residence of the former in France and Geneva, doubtless was an important factor in assimilating the forms of the reformed faith in the two countries. It must be remembered that Knox left England during the Marian persecution, and his final return to Scotland was after a two years’ residence in Geneva.

Another name must not be forgotten; George Buchanan, who was born a year later than Knox, had even a greater share than he had in forming and modifying the judicial, educational, and social systems, if not the religion of Scotland. He was educated in France, where he embraced the reformed faith; and was at one time Regent in a French University. His influence can scarcely be overestimated, and was probably the most powerful agent in effecting the alliance between the systems of the two countries. At a somewhat later period John Cameron, who had long resided in France, and from his great reputation, had been called to the Theological Chair in the University of Salmur,<sup>1</sup> was for a time professor in Glasgow. He and his writings must have had a great influence in his native country.

Heraldry was so confessedly drawn from France, both in England and Scotland, that there is not much room for difference in this matter, but the custom of emblazoning with gold and silver foil in Scotland, may be instanced as a retaining of a French custom which was not followed in England.

It is related that Leith watermen formerly drank claret. This, however, is not the custom now.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the modern Saumur in the department Maine et Loire, France.

The author of "The Hermit in Edinburgh" (184), mentions the following as relics of French customs in Auld Reekie:—The low *boeing* of the old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen. The Foy, an entertainment given on memorable occasions; coming of age, going on a journey, &c., as derived from Foi Faith. The pledging of faith between friends. He also alludes to the custom of drinking the *Drage*, this was similar to the wake in Ireland—dedicating a cup to the memory of a deceased person. This word he derives from Traget or passage, and gives the following extract from an old song—

Tiens voila ma pipe  
Prens mon briquet  
Et si la tulipe  
Fait le noire Traget, &c.

As a farther illustration of our point, he says:—"I can assert that for one cocked hat which appeared in the streets of London within the last 40 years, a dozen passed current in Auld Reekie (the proportion being compared with that of the mighty metropolis); nay, it was but the other day when the benevolent Physician H—, and the long Surgeon W—, were so wedded to their *auld faren'd* beavers that nothing could induce them to change it." I do not understand who the physician and surgeon alluded to are, but the illustration of the retention of French manners is all the same.

In addition to the French words and phrases retained in Scotland, of which I shall give a list below, there are some modes of expression which rule in Scotland, and which are distinctively French. The use of the word *feel* is identical with the verb *sentir*, and has a much wider significance than the English word *feel*, as used in England. I have known an Englishman much puzzled by a conversation as follows:—"Is John in the house? I think I felt him upstairs." That is, I heard his footsteps, and perceived that he was in.

The use of the word *see*, for instance, *See, sée*, in calling to a child and a pet animal, is identical with the French

*Voila V'la.* Another expression "On my Verity," is, no doubt, the French *Vérité*. In some places in the lowlands the phrase "Prush Madam" is used in calling a cow. This is probably from *Approchez Madame*.

The use of the word will or wull is analogous to the French *Vouloir*. This—"He that wull to Coupar maun to Coupar."

I append a list of such words as I have come across, with their derivation. The list, no doubt, might be extended, and I hope that the publication of this will induce others to look into the subject, and give the result of their investigation to the public. The relation of the Scottish and French legal systems is a matter on which I will not venture, I should be out of my depth at once, but will refer my readers to Mr John Hill Burton's "Scot Abroad," chap. v. Mr Burton points out, too, how closely the university systems were in accord. The division of the students into nations, the use of the terms Regents and Censors, are all derived from France, and the word beajeant used in Aberdeen for a *Freshman* is also French. Francisque Michel says the word Baigen, Bagan, or Bagan Classe was used to imply the first year's Humanity or Greek Class *Critical Inquiry*, p. 166.

Advocate	Counsel	Avocat
Ashet	Dish	Assiette
Aumrie	Cupboard	Armoire
Banaille	A parting glass	Bon aller
Boules	Marbles	Billes
Braw	Fine	Brave
Bursar	Exhibitioner	Boursier
Craw	Pot Hook	Cran
Caraff	Decanter	Caraffe
Chopin	A pint	Chopine
Corbie	A crow	Corbeau
Crack	To gossip	Craquer
Chevrons	Gloves	Chevreaux
Dam-brod	(See "Heart of Midlothian," chap. vii)	Damier
Dementit	Draught-board	Dementir
	Out of patience,	
	insane	

Dorty	Sulky	Dureté
Douce	Mild	Doux
Dour	Obstinate, hard	Dur
Dean	Dean of Guild, &c.	Doyen
Decore	Adorn	Decorer
Fash	To annoy	Facher
Fashious	Troublesome	Facheux
Gean	Wild cherry tree	Guignes
<small>(These trees, generally found near old houses, are said to have come originally from Flanders)</small>		
Gardy veen	Wine case	Gard vin
Gardy loo	Notice known in Edinburgh	Gardez l'eau
Gigot	Leg of Mutton	Gigot
Grof	Coarse	Gros
Grossert	Goosberry	Groseille
Gou	Taste, smell	Gout
Grange	Granary	Grange
Gysard	Person in fancy dress	Guise
Haggis	Minced meat, hash	Hachis
Hague	Tainted	Haut gout
Hotch potch	—	Hochepot
Jalouse	Suspect	Jalouser
Jupe	Petticoat	Jupe
Kimmer	Gossip	Commère
Mavis	Thrush	Mauvis
Miln	Mill	Moulin
Merchant	Shopkeeper	Marchant
Mouter	Miller's perquisite	Mouture
Mort-Cloth	Pall	Mort
Mouse Wab	Cobweb	Molle
Mutch	Cap	Mouche
Necessair <sup>1</sup>	Necessary	Necessaire
Napery	Linen	Nappe (or Nap- peron, the slip used to save the cloth).
Paitricks	Partridges	Perdrix
Pantouffles	Slippers	Pantouffles
Petticoat tails	Cakes of a triangular shape	Petits gateaux
Ply	Fold	Plie
Pouch	Pocket	Poche

<sup>1</sup> It is probable that the termination *air* seen in many Scotch words is derived from the French *aire*, as Elementair, &c.



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Reeforts	Radishes	Raiforts
Resile	Depart from a bargain	Résilier
Rizzard ("Rizzard Haddie")	Broiled	Roussir
Ruckle	Heap of stones	Recueil
Serviter	Napkin	Serviette
Smiddy coom	Ashes from a furnace	Ecume
Sucker	Sugar	Sucre
Sock	Ploughshare	Soc
Tasse	Cup	Tasse
Tent	"Juk tent"	Attendre
"Coup the cran," Skull	going head over heels ;	from Crâne,
Ule	Oil	Huile
Valise	Portmanteau	Valise
Vissy	To aim at	Viser

## NEW BOOKS.

**BURGHEAD AS THE SITE OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH,**  
with Notices of the Incised Bulls and the Burning of the Clavie. By  
James Macdonald, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. From the Proceedings of the  
Glasgow Archæological Society.

As far back as 1861, in a communication read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and published in Vol. IV. of their Proceedings, Dr Macdonald reviewed exhaustively all that had been written up to that time on Burghead, giving at the same time a full account of its military antiquities, and endeavouring to trace their bearing on its probable history. In this *brochure*, confirming most and modifying some of his former conclusions, he supplements his previous work in regard to the Church, the "Well," the Bulls, and the Clavie. The sculptured stones figured on the plates found at Burghead, fragmentary as they are, prove undoubtedly that there was a Columban Church of importance established there before the Norsemen seized upon the place in the latter part of the ninth century, and kept it for a long time, although, perhaps, not with as continuous a grasp as is usually supposed. There were many fluctuations in regard to Moray Firth place-possession between Earl Sigurd and Earl Thorfinn—and the latter, although paternally a Norseman, was the grandson of a Celtic king, and had seemingly been brought up as a Highlander in Athole. It seems to us pretty clear that although the Norsemen held the place long enough to bury its old Pictish history under ruins, they did not exterminate its Pictish people, or destroy all their ancient customs, but rather adopted these themselves. The figures of bulls incised on small stones suggest connection with the sacrifices of bulls to St Maolrubha, and pouring their blood upon stones, which continued in the district of Lochmaree until after the Reformation. There the Irish Saint of the eighth century had evidently displaced some god of a former mythology. The Burning of the Clavie has often been described, and Dr Macdonald describes it again with great minuteness, as it has been practised in the present century. But it is admitted that much of the present ritual is modern, and that sacred fires connected with perished creeds were once common. In some respects too much importance is ascribed to Norse occupation on the East Coast, and too little on the West Coast, where a Gaelic-speaking people forget their subjection of centuries, and think everything aboriginal. On the East Coast, on the contrary, an English-speaking

people are too apt to forget their own essentially Pictish origin, and to ascribe purely Celtic or Pictish customs to the Norsemen. The Burning of the Clavie seems to us to have nothing whatever to do with the Scandinavian occupation of Burghead, further than perhaps that the invaders adopted it, or found it consistent with rites of their own, derived from a common far-away source. The sun-god was at one time worshipped by sacred fires and sacrifices, apparently in all parts of the British Isles. The Burning of the Clavie on the Moray Firth, and the Samhnag or Hallowe'en fires in the Perthshire Highlands, which the Norsemen never held, were one and the same thing, although the Clavie was shifted to New Year's eve, while the Samhnag kept its old heathen place, like the Beltane fire on May Day. The kirk-session records of Highlands and Lowlands bear abundant testimony to the long-continued efforts of the Kirk to put down the sacred fires and surviving rites of pre-Christian times. In the old statistical account of the parish of Callander, Dr Macdonald will find a remarkable short account of the Baltane fire survival, which certainly suggests a dim connection with human sacrifice. Burns described faithfully in his Hallowe'en poem the cantrips and customs which were from time immemorial, and are still, prevalent in the Highlands, and were, till the Kirk interfered with a strong hand, universally connected with the Samhnag fires. In the peer-man of Morayshire, and in the old sorchan of Highland homes, there is also the same identical shadowing forth of old light or fire or sun-god worship. Clavie seems to us to be the Gaelic word "Clobha" or tongs, also cleft stick. If so, the Burghead contrivance for holding the fire, and not the fire itself, is the original Clavie.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### DISAPPOINTMENTS.

LOUIS and Effie knew nothing about the secret confided to Dr Beattie. They were very happy both in their avocations and relations with one another. Louis hinted once about there being no reason, now that his grandmother's property had come to him, why they should not marry after a little while, just as soon as he got his hand well in with his profession. Effie declared she was "over young to marry yet," and that Louis himself was very little older. She added, moreover, that she felt bound in honour, seeing how kindly she had been treated by the governors and how she liked the girls and the work, to go on with teaching for several years yet. Nor was that all. She maintained, further, that it was Louis's bounden duty to live as a son with Dr Beattie until the old man could retire with every confidence that he left his practice to a deserving successor. This was a clincher, as Dr Beattie had more than once expressed himself in precisely

similar terms. Louis sighed and obeyed. The young fellow had no reason for sighing, but he now and then put on airs of sentimental suffering, just as of old when Effie used to hear him say his lessons.

Effie heard from Edwin Lister about her old pundit's visits to Mexton and other out-of-the-way places, but did not trouble her head about them, as she believed an archæologist, and dabbler in geology besides, could find things of interest anywhere. A week or so after the confidential confab with Dr Beattie, the pundit suddenly announced that business called him immediately to the south, but that he intended to come back again to complete his Abbey and Clifford papers' work. The business which called him to the south was to search after people who had known the enthusiastic minister and his parents more than forty years before. Townsend the reed-maker's papers gave him a lot of new information, but, unfortunately, the garrulous old minister had stopped short of stating whether the Major who married the elderly punitan maiden was a bachelor or a widower. Nor did he say where the marriage took place, although he stated he had been at it himself, and that later he had baptised the child and buried the mother, and remained ever afterwards an intimate friend of the Major, who became a brevet Colonel years before he died.

Tearlach Crion had very little difficulty in finding people who remembered the Colonel, his wife, and son. He failed completely in finding their marriage registered in the district where the wife's relations resided, and where the Colonel spent the remainder of his days. He was deeply disappointed, especially as the entry of their son's birth was discovered at once. With much patience and perseverance, he hunted up an old woman who had been the Colonel's housekeeper for some years up till his death. She had much to say about the Colonel and his son, particularly about the son, whose memory she idolised. It only came out after many palavers that the son, on going to Yorkshire, left the Colonel's well-worn travelling box, stuffed full

of letters and papers, in her possession, and that as he never came back for it, she had it yet just as it was when given to her, because she did not like to burn the papers however useless, although to tell the truth she often wished to turn the old box to better use. Tearlach, when he assured the old woman that he wanted to search the papers in the hope of finding information which possibly might be of great advantage to the Colonel's grandson, induced her to bring the box to him and open it. The search upon the whole turned out another disappointment. By this time, especially after going carefully through a little memorandum book of the Colonel's, he was morally convinced that the old soldier had only been once married, and that the rector could not be a descendant of his, at least on the right side of the blanket. According to all the accounts of him, gathered where he ended his days, the Colonel was a strictly moral man as long as he had been known in that neighbourhood, and made a pious end—but what he might have been in early days Tearlach could not say, except that his War Office record was good. At the very bottom of the box, perchance because documents had been thrown into it topsy-turvy, Tearlach, wearied and despairing, came on a letter from his uncle, Lawyer Grant, which inspired him at first glance with mighty expectations. Yet it disappointed him in the end, although it contained something to go upon. It was written to the old Colonel, then within a year of his death, immediately after the Captain and Baroness, with all in their company, had gone down in the yacht, and when Tearlach Crion's life, shattered by serious illness and not good at the best, was likely to be not of long duration. It told the Colonel that it was highly probable the succession would soon open to the heir of the disinherited branch, who was the Colonel himself, and it went on to say—"The certificates you have sent me complete, with the fully certified pedigree drawn up by my father, a duplicate of which he transmitted to you long

ago, your claim as next in succession to my nephew under the Craig-na-bearn entail executed by the common ancestor, who disinherited his son by his first marriage, and put the son of his second marriage in the place of heir. My nephew has got my father's account of the family in possession. I have his certified pedigree of the disinherited branch in safe keeping, with the new certificates attached. My nephew has been worrying me for making a search for this pedigree, but I do not think it desirable to let him excite himself about his heir-at law, for it might injure his health, which is precarious enough. I have, in fact, to hide it from him, and to let him search my father's papers to pacify him. He accuses me of being more careless about the preservation of papers than I really am—at least in this instance."

Tearlach returned from the south of England considerably disappointed, yet more determined than ever to find out the rector's pedigree, and more convinced than ever that Louis—the very moral of the old Covenanter—was the heir of the disinherited branch. Speaking confidentially to Dr Beattie, he admitted comparative failure, but hoped much from the passage in his uncle's letter above given.

"My uncle," he said, "was the worst custodian of documents possible, as soon as a case was finished and the bill paid, while my grandfather was a model of method and care. I knew at the time he mentions that my life hung on a thread, and that Dr Hunter warned my uncle the least excitement would be apt to kill me. He meant well, but why did he not show me the papers when I got fairly well? Where could he have hidden them away? It was like him to have forgotten all about them when he saw I was likely to live longer than himself. Where could he have hidden them? In some oddly out of the way place; for when careless, unmethodical men take to hiding things, they are worse to follow up than monkeys and magpies."

"You have searched all your father's and grandfather's papers, have you not?"

"Twice over most carefully. They are not there. He took them away, and stowed them out of sight in some strange hiding place. I must renew the search on a new plan."

"Had he secret receptacles in his house and furniture?"

"Not a bit of them. But never mind my uncle's magpie trick just now; what news from Abraham Olroyd?"

"Rather disappointing news from that quarter, too. Abraham has found out that Martha, who afterwards married the Mexton joiner, appeared more than thirty years ago, at the house of an uncle, Elijah Claypole, a substantial and respectable Smokedale dealer in furniture, with a little boy about six years of age; that the said Martha was a niece of Claypole, and an industrious, well-behaved young woman, and that the boy, now the rector of Monk-Hirst, remained with his mother's uncle after his mother married."

"And by what name did the mother go when living with Claypole?"

"Simply and solely by the name of Martha. Abraham cannot find anyone who heard a surname attached to her Christian name."

"Is it not likely that Claypole was her surname?"

"It is certain that it was not. Abraham has been told by all who knew her well that Claypole was not her father's but her mother's brother."

"Claypole, I suppose, is dead?"

"He died long ago."

"Left any children?"

"One son survived him, who, having succeeded to a modest independence, gave up business, and went away from the place, goodness knows where."

"Aye, and badness, in the shape of the rector of Monk-Hirst. Was old Claypole a Smokedale man by birth?"

"Clearly not. Abraham has done his best to trace out the place from which he came, and he cannot get nearer the mark than that it was one of the villages on the Wolds. He married a Smokedale wife. No doubt Martha came



from the unknown village on the Wolds, as well as her uncle."

"Abraham must persevere. If we fail to discover the truth by natural, I'll subject the rector to what some people would consider supernatural means, and force him to tell what he hides."

"Do you think you could really and truly mesmerise him."

"Really and truly I feel sure I can, if he is the sort of man we suppose him to be. Evil conscience weakens resistant will power quite as much as hysterical nerves do."

"I should like to see you do it."

"Perhaps you may some day, if we can get hold of him. Ever since he showed me the papers which he pretended to be his, and which I knew to be genuine, he has sedulously kept out of my way."

"And that is a sign of conscious guilt?"

"I have no doubt it is, but we must take his dualism, as you call it, into account. He is a very singular sort of being, besides being a rank impostor."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### RUMOURS ABOUT THE RECTOR.

TEARLACH CRION remained in Slocum for more than a fortnight after his return from the south of England, and employed his time in real earnest to complete his archæological researches. Still, he did not neglect his secret mission, and by means of Bill Pinder, who was a crony and occasionally a boon companion of the ancient sexton of Monk-Hirst, another local fixture, like the rectory man, he got weekly reports of what was going on there. The rector became queerer than ever, after his "geystrack," or ghost, adventure, and held vigils and fasts more strictly than ever. It was observed that he completely gave up going, as he used to do, several times a week to Slocum, and that he

took to talking to himself, and coming to abrupt stops when walking about his garden and grounds. The rectory man, who never liked him, overheard him saying, with much gesticulation—

“Human laws! What are human laws when they decree wrong? Faulty claim, indeed! Just such as was Solomon’s claim to the throne of Israel. Nay, stronger than his, because Solomon did not suffer wrong before or after his birth. The means immoral; but the end justifies the means. The end is right—right—and I will march straight to it against wizards and devils. Ha! my mesmerising, amateur detective foe, who shouldst be my friend, I will bend or break thee at last. Ha! detested boy, who hast supplanted me in my—kept the woman who could save me from marrying me—thou shalt be supplanted in thy turn.”

The rectory man could not say whether or not his master was speaking out of himself or ranting from a book, but, having a retentive, practised memory, this much of the wild words stuck to him, and he repeated them over and over to the sexton and Bill Pinder. When Bill told what he could remember to his secret employer, he was instructed to try and get the words taken down in writing, and, with the help of five shillings for treating the cronies, he got the rectory man himself to put them in black and white.

Although he gave up going to Slocum, and neglected his duties there as a member of several ecclesiastical and public boards, the rector made runs to Smokedale, and Abraham Olroyd, who had got on the trail of an aged woman, who, he was told, was a relation of Claypole, or of “Martha Grant, widow,” or both, was very angry to find, when he followed up the pursuit, that the bird had flown, nobody knew where. Abraham discovered that the rector of Monk-Hirst had paid several visits to this woman, the last of which took place the day before she went away. The visits were evidently of a stealthily secret kind, and as such they attracted the notice of a tailor who lived

opposite the cottage. Abraham was sure the rector had much to do with her going away, and he swore in his anger that he would rake the world for her, dead or alive. Meanwhile, however, he could not trace her beyond Leeds.

Tearlach Crion and Dr Beattie puzzled their brains a good deal over the words the rectory fixture man had overheard. Tearlach believed they confirmed his former theory that the rector was the grandson of Louis's grandfather, and he had little doubt that either the rector himself, or his father before him, bore the brand of illegitimacy.

Dr Beattie asked what he thought of the words regarding the "mesmerising foe," who should be the rector's "best friend."

"The words," replied Tearlach, "no doubt refer to me. He thinks I should befriend the illegitimate offshoot, perhaps because fate has harshly dealt with myself, and I should therefore spurn at human laws. We have to deal with a man who is partly a lunatic, partly a fanatic, and very decidedly a rogue, both in fact and intention."

"Unbalanced dualism has never produced a more singularly-compounded mortal. I have heard another explanation than Olroyd's about his recent visits to Smokedale."

"And what is that?"

"That, having failed to get Effie to jilt Louis and marry him, he is now wooing the daughter of a Smokedale merchant."

"He is surely mad for marrying."

"Nay, his anxiety to get a wife to guide him is a sign of sanity, or at least of a sane apprehension of danger."

Having completed his archaeological researches to his satisfaction, Tearlach Crion returned to Scotland and the Abbot's Tower. He was indeed pretty impatient to set about another thorough search for the missing documents his careless uncle had too ingeniously, or oddly concealed. He must have been immersed in the search for three weeks at a stretch, during which time he neglected to reply to Dr

Beattie's letters, and Effie and Louis's notes of kindly greetings. When he did answer Dr Beattie, it might be said it was with groans and tears, and something like curses. He had searched high and low, searched all out-of-the-way places and repositories, and yet had found nothing. He had hunted up his uncle's last confidential clerk, and they had worked together with a will, even to the partial destruction of the deceased lawyer's office and house, both of which Tearlach had inherited. They had found two friends of his uncle's, who heard him tell how he had baulked the curiosity of his excitable nephew by concealing the evidents of the disinherited branch, and one of these had been shown the papers, which he thought the old lawyer took out of a small hairy box, and which he put back into the same—not in the office but in the house, where this friend was dining with the old gentleman, who liked a snug dinner and good claret. No such box was remembered by the confidential clerk or any of the domestics who survived; and Tearlach himself had no recollection of ever seeing such an article in his uncle's possession, or among his effects when he died.

Dr Beattie sympathised deeply with his disappointed correspondent, and had to admit in turn that Abraham Olroyd had not yet discovered the woman whom he believed the rector had spirited away. But Abraham had now discovered a clue to the Wold native village of Claypole, the maternal uncle of "Martha Grant, widow," and he was to lose no time in discreetly following it up by paying a visit to the place and getting hold of its oldest gossips. As for the rector, his vagaries had so tried and perplexed the Monk-Hirst people since and before Dr Grant's departure from Slocum, that Seyden, the people's churchwarden, had just resolved to write to the rural dean and to the bishop, when all of a sudden, the rector himself announced in church that owing to his being seriously out of health he had asked and received leave to put a curate-in-charge in his place for a year, in the hope that at the end of that time he should, by

relaxation from care and sojourn in health resorts, recover health and energy for his sacred work.

It was drawing near Christmas, and it had been settled long before that Louis would have a fortnight's holidays then, and spend it in the Highlands between the Abbot's Tower and Kenneth Kennedy's manse. Some days before Louis thought of starting for the North, Dr Beattie got a telegram from Tearlach Crion, dated from the old lodgings in Edinburgh, bidding him send off Louis at once—which bidding he obeyed. By next post he received a letter of explanation:—"I have been here for the last fortnight to finish my archæological papers, and correct proofs. But who, think you, has appeared in the North as the guest of a neighbour of mine, and perhaps as a wooer of one of his daughters? Who but our rector of Monk-Hirst! But that is not all. He has written asking a personal interview with me on 'important family business.' Just fancy that. He thought I was at home, for he addressed his note to the Abbot's Tower, whence it was sent to me here by Duncan Maclean. I have replied that I will be home two days before Christmas, and I have fixed the day before Christmas for the interview. It is a day on which the fairies or elementary spirits are supposed by the Highlanders to have power. Be that as it may, I will try the power which I know I possess for making him speak the truth, and I want, urgently want, Louis to be present at the function."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### UNDER COMPULSION.

LOUIS was not told why Dr Grant—he was only known by that designation in Slocum—wanted him to go to him before the date previously agreed upon. He thought, however, that as he happened to be in Edinburgh, he wished to take him home with him and discourse at large on Highland affairs during the journey as he did on the former

occasion. Louis was by this time strongly bitten by the Highland clannish mania, and was consequently prepared to be a good listener and keen questioner. The old gentleman received him with warm welcome in Edinburgh, but next morning, when they got into the train for Inverness, he seemed pre-occupied, and, notwithstanding a brightening up now and then, continued in a silent mood until they got to the cottage on the south side of the firth, where Duncan Maclean was waiting for them with the boat to ferry them over to the Abbot's Tower. It was dark before they reached Forres, and there and at Nairn Dr Grant kept himself to himself in his compartment as if not wishing to be seen by acquaintances. Duncan Maclean and the woman who had the care of the cottage, showed some signs of being somewhat astonished at the way in which their master was stealing home with his guest under cover of night, and tongue-tied contrary to his custom. When ferried over, the boat was taken into the cove below the Tower, and Louis and Duncan silently followed their silent leader into the house, where there was only one servant that night, the trusted housekeeper, the other servants being at the Chateau, for reasons they could not guess. Duncan remained to help the housekeeper in serving the dinner, and when about to depart, his master took him aside and gave him instructions in earnest whispers.

At table Dr Grant brightened up, and talked pleasantly about his friends in Slocum. But he soon afterwards fell back into his brown study, and at an early hour went to bed, leaving Louis to amuse himself with books, pictures, and curiosities if he liked, but advising him to follow his own example and go to bed, which advice Louis took after being told that Kenneth was to come early in the morning, and to be with them at breakfast.

Puzzled as he was by his host's demeanour, which he wrongly attributed to bad health, Louis slept soundly at once and all the night through. Yet he must have retained a consciousness as to his whereabouts, for he

awoke in the morning with a great start under the impression that the old Covenanter's picture had descended from its frame to give him a welcome shake by his gauntleted hand. On opening his eyes he found the spectre changed into his friend Kenneth, who had shaken him awake, and who told him that it was nearly nine o'clock, and that Dr Grant was delaying breakfast beyond the usual time till his laggard guest appeared. Louis was ashamed of himself, knowing the Tower's rigid rules, and made all haste to dress and descend from his fourth story bedroom.

Dr Grant rebuked him not for his laziness. The young men talked and ate, and ate and talked, but their host kept thinking to himself, while taking a very poor morning meal. He looked greyer and older by years than when he left Slocum. At last, when the breakfast things were cleared away, he sat down in an arm-chair beside the fire and began to speak—

“The young doctor from Slocum is concerned about my health, and the young minister is thinking to himself—What can be weighing on his mind? The young doctor, whose professional eye has been scrutinising me ever since we met in Edinburgh, is mistaken. My bodily health is as good as usual, if mental anxiety would only let the tabernacle of clay rest in peace. Kenneth is right, there is something weighing on my mind. The rector of Monk-Hirst is to be here an hour hence on his way to the South from Tomuruisg, where he has been a visitor for some weeks.”

Louis exclaimed in surprise—“What can that man be doing here?”

“Looking, no doubt, after his interests,” resumed Dr Grant. “He has asked for a personal interview with me on what he calls ‘important family business.’ I have granted it. He claims to be my heir of entail, and I am sure he is nothing of the kind. But he has got the real heir of entail's papers, and he imposes upon many with the help of them. I have tried to unmask him by the natural means

of searching back into his antecedents, but so far I have failed, and he has taken care to spirit away a person who could give, I have reason to believe, conclusive evidence of his being an impostor who purloined the papers on which he founds his claim. Natural means having failed, I have resolved, since he is to give me the opportunity, to subject him to mesmeric influence and to force him to disclose the truth. You two and Duncan Maclean will witness the result. . But you must all implicitly obey my directions."

Louis promised implicit obedience without hesitation. He was at the time full of anger against the rector in consequence of his having recently heard from Effie the full story of the birchwood affair. Kenneth demurred to participating in such a doubtful proceeding.

Dr Grant waxed impatient and peremptory :—" Here is a precious specimen of pharisaical morality for you. It is not lawful to unmask a thief and an impostor by using the gift which Providence confers on one ! It is not right to force the liar to speak the truth !"

" But if you suggest lies he will tell lies."

" I will suggest nothing to him but to tell his true history. And, man, I don't know that history more than you do. It is just the very thing I want to get at, and will get at unless he is—what is next to impossible—an upright man. He is a robust fellow in the fulness of his strength—and I, well you see what I am. Now, if he has an upright mind in that strong body of his, you may depend upon it that my will force will not conquer his resistant will force at all. He will only succumb through his moral and even physical strength being dilapidated by crimes committed or intended. You have nothing to do but act as an intelligent witness along with Duncan Maclean, who is too sensible to have any scruples. Louis, on the other hand, is to be a mesmerising accessory. Do you too object ?"—turning to Louis, who promptly said he did not. " Very well then, Duncan Maclean will usher the



man into the library, where the window blinds are down to give the place a dim religious light. Duncan will press him to take a particular chair, then announce him to us, and going back will tell him I am coming forthwith. Duncan will fall back into the back-end shadow, but will not leave the room. I will go down the stair in the thickness of the wall, which opens by a panel door beside the picture of the Covenanter. Louis will follow next, and the ministerial witness last. But Louis must not show himself till I tap on the panel door, and Kenneth need not show himself at all until I have either failed or succeeded in subjecting the man to the influence which is a mystery to me as well as to you, although I have the gift within limits, and rather dread to use it."

Scarcely was Kenneth convinced and partly coerced into submission than a conveyance from the northern firth Ferry Hotel, with the rector of Monk-Hirst on board, was driven up to the door. Duncan Maclean, after advising the driver in Gaelic to take his horse to the stable and give him a feed of corn, ushered the rector into the dim-lighted library, and easily got him to sit in the arm-chair placed for him directly opposite the Covenanter's portrait. Duncan next went to his master to report progress, and forthwith returned to the library with word that Dr Grant would come immediately. Duncan then retired into the background, and probably the rector believed he had left the room. At anyrate he seemed perplexed by his surroundings, when the sudden entrance of Dr Grant by the concealed door gave him a start. He rose and bowed. Dr Grant curtly acknowledged his salutation, and then saying—"Let there be light," drew up the curtains of the window, which would throw a full stream of light upon the Covenanter's portrait. He then stepped back to the side of the picture and stood in front of the panel door.

The rector gazed on the picture with frightened amazement. He half rose from his chair with an exclamation on his lips, but controlled himself and resumed his seat.

Tapping on the panel door, Dr Grant moved a little away so as to be just before and below the picture, while Louis slid silently out of the stair in the wall and stood beside the picture, with Kenneth behind him.

The rector kept his seat, but leaned forward and said as if in soliloquy :—" Do I see, or do I dream? One so like the other, and the other come too. Is it real? Which is real, which is false. or what device of the enemy is this at all? Wizard, speak and explain." He turned his gaze on Dr Grant, and the latter at once, waving his arms and stamping his foot, said :—

By unexpiated crime,  
And by unravelled woe ;  
By the netted chains of Time,  
Which bind our fates below ;  
By ancestral good and ill,  
Chance-found or purpose-wrought,  
Be subject to my will,  
Responsive to my thought.  
The truth ! the truth ! the truth ! reveal,  
Perverting not, concealing nought.  
As former scenes on scenes arise  
Upon thine opened mental eyes,  
The story of thy life rehearse  
In brief, beginning with thy birth.

The rector's gaze remained fixed on Dr Grant until speculation went out of his eyes. Slight convulsions seemed to pass over his limbs. He apparently grasped the arms of his chair with the intention of rising, but the struggle was unavailing, and before Dr Grant came to the end of his words the mesmerised rector leaned back, and with a deep sigh sank into a complete spell-bound condition.

There was a deep hush in the room for two or three minutes, and then the rector spoke in a clear but strange mechanical voice :—

"My earliest recollections are of a cottage near the village of Kirkby-le-Moor, on the Wolds of Yorkshire, which belonged to Teddy the shoemaker, my mother's father. My mother then was called Patty Murgatroyd.

She was good and fair, but grandfather watched her at times as if something was wrong with her. I remember, too, from my earliest days that he sometimes looked at me as if I were not like other children, especially when I either got into a high passion which made my mother weep, or took to thinking within myself, and did not care to speak. My grandfather, Teddy Murgatroyd, was a Wesleyan, and we all attended the Wesleyan Chapel. Religious revivalism one year ran riot among the young folk of the chapel, and although only six years old it took hold of me also. I think I had fever, for a doctor was called in. I had strange longings and desires, and a feeling that I was not in my proper place even then ; and the feeling increased with my growth.

“When I got well of the fever I was sent to the village school, and liked the change till I got into a quarrel with some of the boys, who called me ‘Patty Murgatroyd’s bastard brat.’ I went home to my mother bursting with rage, and demanding an explanation. She admitted that the reproach was well founded, and later on, when my grandfather died, she told me all. She said she had when in service been cruelly seduced by her master, a middle-aged Scotch gentleman and officer, who had lived a bad life, and was then married to a French Baroness with much wealth, which wealth would become greater still if she only had a child. My mother so shivered and shuddered when she told me the rest of the story that I never ventured to make her tell it but once. The Baroness, with the consent of her husband, offered my mother to pass her child—that is me—upon the world as her own, and to leave me her wealth. My mother was secreted in the rock chamber of my father’s Abbot Tower of Craig-na-bearn, and the Baroness’s woman, Fadette, was to wait upon her. The Baroness and her woman had been suspected of poisoning more than one person, and my mother had heard tales of horror about them from the other servants. In darkness and concealment these tales preyed on her mind till she went quite

mad. She escaped by the help of my father's son and heir, wizard then as he is now. The wizard gave her money, some then, and a seven years' allowance after he had heard of my birth. So my mother fled home to her mother, who was then still living, and I was born in the cottage on the Wolds.

"On the death of my grandfather, Teddy the shoemaker, my mother and I went to Smokedale to my uncle Claypole. My mother now, to please me, called herself Martha Grant, and pretended to be the widow of a Scotch officer and gentleman by birth. Uncle Claypole believed or pretended to believe her story. He sent me for some years to the Grammar School, and my mother, until she married the joiner at Mexton, worked hard in his furniture warehouse. On her marriage she passed almost entirely out of my life. That suited us both, and yet we always loved one another—but our thoughts were not the same. From the moment when she told me her story fully, I regretted that her nervousness and fear of death had prevented the baroness's plan from being carried out. Had she been braver I would have been a French nobleman, and the heir of Craig-na-bearn after the wizard. Her fright and flight, besides robbing me of large expectations, harmed herself and harmed me also before my birth. I resolved to conquer this feeling by religion, and for a time I thought my Wesleyan revival conversion a sure protection. Still the voice of regret within could not be long silenced.

"I went at fourteen into Dick Butt's service, and worked hard and patiently. The blockade-running business of the firm enabled me to better my position. I ran dangers of capture and imprisonment in that work for my master, while he kept piously away from all danger and reproach himself. I became acquainted with his methods, and also with customers of his on the other side of the ocean who complained of his selfishness, and they and I joined in some ventures of our own, which turned out

successful. By this time I became convinced that there was no sure salvation in any religious body without Apostolic succession and Catholic rites. I left the Wesleyans and qualified for the Anglican priesthood.

“For a time my soul had rest in certainty, although the voice of regret was never wholly silenced, and although I never felt in full harmony with my work and my surroundings. I, only I, knew about the gnawing unhappiness within me. I lived a moral life, always resisting temptations and treacherous inclinations in regard to wine, women, and gambling speculations. My married life at Slocum was the happiest period of my life. My wife loved me. She leaned on me, and I loved her so much that the internal conflict ceased for a while, and I was learning to be satisfied with my sacred vocation. The only drop of bitterness was that my stepson and his grandmother from first to last disliked and distrusted me. It looked like an intervention of providence in my favour that the old woman died suddenly before she could alter her will. Who accuses me in regard to the will which my dying wife made in my favour, in case our infant girl should not live long? I influenced her not. She got that will written and completed spontaneously without consulting me at all. In that matter my innocence is perfect.

“Yes, the great temptation came afterwards, and I yielded to it. I did purloin my stepson's papers, and on the strength of them claimed heirship to Craig-na-bearn in his place. I don't think my wife knew what was in the sealed packet left by her first husband directed to his son. Almost her last injunction was that I should give the lad all his father's papers. Idle curiosity made me glance over the contents of the box before delivering it. I found the sealed packet among sermons, notes on ministerial work, letters, and other useless documents. I opened it. Some way I could not help opening it, although I had no foreshadowing idea of what it contained. Providence, so the tempting voice suggested, indicated by the singular dis-

covery the way in which I could right the wrong which had been done to myself before I was born.

"I took the papers away in a stupified sort of way, without any fixed idea of appropriating them and personating the wizard's next heir of entail. I tried to make a compact with myself to be honest ; but the temptation was too strong to be resisted. Having once shown the papers as if they were my own, I could not draw back ; yet I had a notion of a confused kind that if Effie Bell jilted my stepson and married me, I would be strong enough with her help to cheat the devil, and to let the robbed one have his own. Effie Bell contumeliously rejected my suit, and added words about robbery and wrong which made me think for the moment that she knew or suspected the truth about the papers. Then the very fiends marked me for their own. Nothing was left to me but to be strong in sin and goon and win my father's estate in compensation for what I had lost through my mother's fear of death in the rock vault, and the wizard's untimely intervention. The wizard ! Knows he nothing about the unearthly yells and roars which made me fly from the birchwood, and the muffled forms by my side, when I was supernaturally struck down on my garden walk ?

"The wizard, and my stepson, and Effie Bell are dangerous people to meddle with, but I feel at times ready to sell my soul for being avenged on them all. The wizard admitted at once the genuineness of the papers, but declined to admit my position of legal claimant. He has been ransacking all sorts of corners about Slocum and Smokedale for people who can tell him about my antecedents. Abraham Olroyd nearly got hold of Betty Murgatroyd, my mother's cousin, but I was too sharp for him, and he will not easily find Betty at Mortley when he thinks she is on the Wolds.

"The wizard is the first to be reckoned with, because he is the most dangerous. He may, however, be more crooked in mind than in body. Who knows what side he

will take when I'll reveal to him at a private interview that I am his half-brother, while Louis Grant is only a twentieth cousin or less? And should he be obstinately recalcitrant, what will be the alternative? I see grey darkness sprinkled with red spots. I see——

“Wake,” shouted the wizard with a stamp of his foot.

The mesmerised man shivered and woke instantly. He struggled to his feet trembling all over, and as he glanced at the stern faces of the three men near the Covenanter's picture, and saw Duncan Maclean at his side with a look which signified a strong desire to throttle him, he cried—“Good God, what has happened?”

The Wizard replied :—“Patty Murgatroyd's son, you have told the story of your life and felony. Thank God that there is no heavier crime on your soul. Repent and show the meet fruit of repentance by sending to Louis Grant, here present, my true heir, the papers of which you have robbed him. You will hear from me again after your atonement, and now—Be gone.”

He slouched away like Fadette on a former occasion, glad to escape anywhere, and finding his conveyance waiting for him at the door, was driven off at once.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Gaelic Incantations.

## V. FOR ANIMALS.

CHARMS and magic rhymes existed in great numbers, calculated to prevent or cure the diseases incident to the animals about the farms and holdings, and more especially for the cure of the cattle. One preventive charm for the "Evil Eye" was given in our June number—the "Torrnan Spell." In the same number ought also to have been given the following spell, intended to stop the barking of dogs as one approached the farm-house. It was especially important for thieves and cattle-lifters that the voice of the watch-dog should not give the alarm to the inmates that, under the safe cover of night, the thief was creeping up to the buildings. A spell to quieten the faithful dog under these circumstances, or indeed to stop the barking under any conditions of annoyance, occurs in the Maclagan MSS., and is here reproduced for the first time. It is written on a scrap of paper somewhat carelessly, and the meaning is a little obscure. The Gaelic is given here as it stands in the MS. The title runs thus:—

Ubag a chasgadh coin o thhabhan,  
No a Ghlas-ghairm.

(Incantation for stopping a dog from barking, or the lock-cry).

The words run thus:—

Co e 'm Baile so romhain?  
Ta Baile nan gaimhne.  
Na gaireadh na coin no gu'n gaireadh na gaimhne.  
Tri ceothan & ceothan crith,  
Bheir air a chrobh cothartaich & air an Talamh ugh pluib  
& cohart coin.  
Ta mi guidheadh air Riogh nan Dul na ta nad shuil a bhi  
air mo theanga.



Which may mean this :—

What is this farm before us ?

This is the farm of the stirks.

Let the dogs cry (crow) not till the stirks cry.

Three mist-showers and mist-showers with tremor,

Which will make the cattle bark and the earth egg-plump  
and dog-bark.

I pray the King of the Elements that what is in thine eye  
be on my tongue.

The obscure words are *gaireadh*, which in the modern language means "crowing," *ceothan*, *ceothan crith*, and *ugh pluib*, where the reading of the *u* in *ugh* is not absolutely certain, nor of the *u* in *shuil*, which could be read as *a*.

Passing from this difficult charm, we come to incantations for the difficulties and ailments incident to cattle. And first come the

#### MILKING SPELLS.

Milk-maids have been wont in many places to sing to their cows in the process of milking. These croons or lullabies are called in the Isles "Taladh Nam Banachag," the Lullaby of the Milk-maids. They vary in tone and measure to suit the different actions of milking, and the cows in some cases get so accustomed to them that they won't give their milk without them, even insisting on favourite airs. Mr Carmichael, in his *Uist Hymns*, has brought one or two of these characteristic croons together. There is but one step between these songs and the charms which we are now to deal with. It is, for instance, troublesome to make a cow, on her first calf, to give the milk to the milk-maid without the calf. The following charm is intended to overcome this difficulty.

#### *To make a Cow give the Milk.*

Let the dairy-maid get the leg or shank bone of a swan ; then let her catch, in the name of the Trinity, each teat and draw the milk finely through the bone, saying, as she does so, the following :—

Deothal na ba air an laogh,

Deothal an laoigh air a bhainne ;

Feadan caol troimh lorg eala,  
 Air a tharruing le oigh chiallach channach ;  
 Thoir-sa 'm bainne gu rianail toileach ;  
 An ainm an Athar, &c.

That is to say—

The sucking of the cow on the calf,  
 The sucking of the calf on the milk ;  
 A tiny spoutlet through a swan's shank,  
 Drawn by a prudent, pretty maid ;  
 Give thou the milk orderly and willingly ;  
 In the name of, &c.

The following is another spell having the same object in view—that is, to make a cow give her milk after being deprived of her calf. It has been already published by Mr W. Mackenzie, and he calls it

*Eolas air Sealmachus.*

It is as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum Cille  
 Dh'aona bho na caillich  
 Air thabhairt a' bhainne  
 'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh,  
 Bho feithean a droma  
 Gu feithean a tarra, '  
 'S bho fheithean a tarra  
 Gu feithean a da thaobh,  
 Bho bhun a da chluaise  
 Gu smuais a da leise :  
 Air thabhairt a' bhainne  
 Air mharbhadh d' a laogh.

Translated :—

The charm that Columba wrought  
 For the only cow of the old wife,  
 For the giving of the milk  
 After the killing of her calf,  
 Be from the veins of her back  
 To the veins of her belly,  
 From the veins of her belly  
 To the veins of her side,  
 From the roots of her two ears  
 To the joints of her two thighs :  
 For the giving of the milk  
 After the killing of her calf.

## CATTLE DISEASE.

From these spells we now pass to the cure of and charms for various cattle diseases. We begin with two general charms, calculated to cure any cattle disease at all. The first, with *modus operandi*, is as follows:—Should any more of the cattle die, open the first beast, take out the liver, lungs, and heart, and put them in a bag. Carry this across the first burn, on the neighbouring estate, and there bury it. While crossing the stream for this purpose, repeat this rhyme:—

Fhir a shéid a' ghaoth o dheas,  
Tog leat an t-earchall so thar an eas.  
Tog leat a mhi-dhùrachd  
Dh' ionnsuidh 'n taobh as an d'thainigte leis.

Which means:—

Thou that makest the south winds blow,  
Take this disease across the water;  
Take away with Thee this ill-wish  
To the quarter whence it was brought.

The second general charm belongs to Mr Carmichael's excellent collection of Island superstitions, and is published in "Nether-Lochaber."<sup>1</sup> The charm can be used for disease of man or beast, and in the latter case, a worsted thread is tied round the tail, the thread having undergone much mysterious spitting, handling, and "incantating," by the woman from whom it is got. The following *rann* or spell is muttered over it at the time of its "consecration":—

*Rann Leigheas Galar Cruidh.*

Criosd' is Ostail is Eoin,  
An triuir sin is binne gloir  
A ch-èirich a dheanadh na h-òra,  
Roimh dhorus na Cathrach,  
No air glun deas De Mhic.  
Air na mnathan mur-shuilleach,  
'S air na saighdean sitheadach;  
Dithis a lasachadh alt agus 'gan adhachadh  
Agus triur a chuireas mi an urra riu sin,  
An t-Athair. 's am Mac 's an Spiorad Naomh,

<sup>1</sup> Page 202.

Ceithir ghalara fichead an airnibh duine 's beathaich,  
 Dia 'gan sgriobadh, Dia 'gan sguabadh,  
 As t-fhuil, as t-fheoil 's ad' chnàimh 's ad' smuais ;  
 'S mar a thog Criosd 'meas air bharra gach crann,  
 Gun b' ann a thogas E dhiotsa  
 Gach sùil, gach gnù 's gach farmad,  
 O'n la an diugh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail. Amen.

In English—

*A Healing Incantation for Diseases in Cattle.*

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

The first ailment in the order of the alphabet which we shall take up is—

*Failure in Chewing the Cud.*

A cow may lose the power or inclination of chewing its cud, and, to cure it, we must first know the name of the cow. Let us say the name is *Odhrag* or the *Dun*. Then, as it lies on the ground, the "wise" person says :—

Odhrag, mu dh' ith thu fiar naoi gleann. nan naoi criochan, Odhrag, éirich is cnàmh do chirean.

(Dun cow, if thou hast eaten the grass of the nine glens of nine bounds, Dun one, arise and chew thy cud.)  
 Therewith give the beast a slap, and get her on her legs, and she will be all right.

*The Mumps.*

The mumps in cattle is called in Gaelic the "Poc dubh." The person who could work the cure by a charm went straddle-ways over the beast's back and said :—

Eolas air a' phoc,  
Eolas air a' phoc,  
Eolas air a' phoc,  
Mur bhitheas tu beo, bithidh,  
'S mur bi, leig leat.

(Knowledge of the mumps, &c. ; if thou wilt live, thou wilt live ; if not, why then go.)

The concluding ceremony is the same as in the last case.

*The Ruaidhe or Milk-Redness.*

The lodging of the milk in the breast of a woman or in the udder of a cow was cured by charms, as well as by other superstitious means. The charms have already been given, in the case of human ailments, in the *Highland Monthly* for July. They are the same for cattle.

*The Tairbhean.*

This disease in cattle appears to answer to colic in human beings. It was often brought on by eating too much grass. The charms for it are numerous, but they are clearly one version of some primitive copy. The notion underlying them is that the *tairbhean* is a worm, and one correspondent tells us that indeed there are two kinds of *tairbhean*—male and female. The one is cured by striking the animal with the right brace or shoulder strap in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; the other is cured by the following charms. The following is the version of the charm given by Mr W. Mackenzie :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille  
F'h'aona mhart na caillich ;  
Bha cas Chalum Chille 'sa' churachan  
'S a chas eil' air tir :—  
"A thairbhein, a thainig thar chuan  
'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—  
Air mhial, air bhalg,  
Air ghalar dearg.

A lughdachadh do bhuilge,  
 'S a mharbhadh do mhial,  
 A mharbhadh fiolan fionn,  
 A mharbhadh fiolan donn,  
 A mharbhadh biast do leann,  
 A mharbhadh an tairbhein,  
 Gu'm faigh thu leasachadh—  
 Aghachain tog do cheann."

Which means—

The charm that Columba wrought  
 For the old wife's only cow ;  
 Columba's one foot was in the hoatie  
 And the other on land :—  
 "Thou *tarvan*, that camest over sea  
 And from the foundations of the earth far beyond—  
 Against worm (beast), against swelling,  
 Against the red disease.  
 To reduce thy swelling,  
 And to kill thy worm,  
 To kill the white nescock,  
 To kill the brown nescock,  
 To kill the worm in thy bile,  
 To kill the *tarvan*,  
 May thou get relief—  
 Dear cow, raise thine head."

St Columba and his *curach* is introduced into the following version of it lately picked up at Aultbea :—

Paidir \* Mhoire a h-aon  
 Paidir Mhoire dha  
 Paidir Mhoire tri  
 Mu sheachd paidrichean agus mu sheachd uairean.  
 Ceithir Feath Fiadh \* fichead eadar da shlinnean na ba,  
 Leth dhiubh sin air 'n toir dho 'n chridhe  
 Agus an leth h-eile dho na h-airnean.  
 Cas air muir 's cas air tir  
 Agus cas eile 'sa' churachan :  
 At eadar bian agus sithionn ;  
 Gu'm beannachadh Dia a' bho is na tha 'na corp,  
 Agus gu'n toireadh e leigheas dhi bho 'n tairbhean.

The above may be translated :—

Pater of Mary one, two, three !  
 The seven Paters and seven times !  
 Four and twenty *Feth Fia* (magic clouds or rhymes) between  
 the two shoulders of the cow ;

\* As the reciter had these words *Paidir Mhoire* sounded *Peadar Moire*, and *Feath Fiadh* was *Feith Fiar*.

Half of these to be given for the heart,  
 And the other half for the kidneys.  
 One foot on sea, one foot in the *curach*.  
 Swelling between skin and flesh.  
 May God bless the cow and what is in its body,  
 And grant her cure from the *tarvan*.

The following is a Glen-Moriston version of the same charm :—

Ni mi 'n obaig a rinn Calum-Cille  
 Do dh' aon bho na caillich—  
 Air a bhulg 's air a bhalg,  
 'S air a' ghalair dhearg 's air an tairbhean.  
 Bristidh mise 'm builgean,  
 'S marbhaidh Moire 'mhialag.

I shall perform the charm  
 Performed by St Columba  
 For the old woman's one cow  
 For swelling and blisters,  
 The erysipelas and dropsy (*tarvan*).  
 I shall burst the swelling  
 And St Mary will kill the vermin.

In the *Courier* of June 20th, 1872, "Nether Lochaber" gives a version of the above charm which presents nothing characteristic; but the learned author explains the *tairbhean* as an incubating skin worm, a view which is contrary to the general conception of what the *tairbhean* is.

## NA SEAN-FHACAIL.

“ Gaol an fhithich air a’ chnaimh.”

CHA dean am fitheach feum sam bith de chnaimh lom, agus uime sin is e an cnaimh air am faigh e a’ bheag no ’mhor de chrimeadh air am bi gaol aige.

Tha moran ann a tha ’cumail a mach gu bheil gaol aca air muinntir an uair nach ’eil aca orra ach gaol an fhithich air a’ chnaimh. Tha moran de nadur feolmhor, truailidh an fhithich anns a’ mhuinntir so. Cha ’n ’eil e idir doirbh do dhuine glic, geur-chuiseach, dealachadh a chur eatorra so agus a’ mhuinntir anns am bheil nadur glan, uasal a’ chalamain.

“ Fios fithich gu roic.”

Is anabarrach comharraichte mar a chruinnicheas na fithich as gach aird a dh’ ionnsuidh na closnaich mu’n gann a gheibh an t-ainmhidh bas. Bha na seann daoine ann am beachd gu robh fiosachd aca. Air a’ cheart dhoigh theid no daoine a tha salach, truailidh ’nan nadur a dh’ ionnsuidh an aite anns am faigh iad am miannan truailidh a shasuchadh. Mar a chi suil gheur an fhithich a chlosnach ’s e ’g itealach seachad anns na speuran, chi an duine truailidh mar an ceudna an ni a tha truailidh.

“ Cha tugadh am fitheach an t-suil do’n isean.”

Tha ’m fitheach, neo-ghlan, salach ’s mar a tha e gu nadurra, miadhail gu leor air ’alach fhein. Ach mar a tha am facal ag radh, cha tugadh e suil a’ bheathaich mhairbh d’a isean fhein. Is minic a bha daoine an aghaidh blasad air an t-suil an uair a chuirte ceann na caorach fa ’n comhair air a’ bhord, an deigh dha bhith air a ghlanadh ’s air a dheasachadh gu math ’s gu ro mhath, agus an am a bhith moladh cho math ’s tha ’n t-suil ri ’h-itheadh, theirte, “ Cha tugadh am fitheach do ’n isean i.”



Tha e ro chomharraichte gur i'n t-suil a' cheud ni a dh'itheas na fithich agus na feannagan de 'n bheathach mharbh.

Tha cuid ann a dh'itheas an greim a's fhearr de 'n bhìadh eadhon ged a bhiodh a' chlann falamh. Is iomadh fear agus te a tha 'caitheamh moran ann am biadh 's ann deoch a bharrachd air na tha feumail, an uair a tha eis bidh is aodaich is caiseirt air an teaghlaichean.

“ Nead air Nollaig, ugh air Innid, 's eun air Caisg, mur bi sid aig an fhitheach bithidh am bas.”

Tha e coltach gur e am fitheach eun cho trath air a' bhliadhna 's a ni nead 's a th'anns an ealtuinn. Is e a nadur so a dheanamh, agus fhad 's a bhios am fitheach beo bidh e air a riaghladh le a nadur.

An ni a tha nadurra do dhaoine ni iad e fhad 's a bhios iad fo riaghladh lagh naduir. Ma ni duine droch cleachdadh sam bith dha fhein, thig e an ceann uine gu bhith dha mar lagh naduir. Tha 'n lagh so a' faotainn a leithid de laimh-an-uachdar a' 's gu bheil e dha, eadhon anns a h-uile suidheachadh, agus aig a h-uile am, mar riaghailt-stiuridh. Aig gach am agus anns gach aite bidh e sior chur an ceill a naduir ann a bhith meudachadh aireamh na muinntir a tha cho dubh, dona ris fhein. Mar nach sguir am fitheach dhe 'dhoigheannan gus am faigh e bas, cha mho na sin a sguireas an duine dubh, truailidh dhe dhroch cleachdaidhean gus am faigh a nadur truailidh bas.

“ Cha do bhrìst Fionn riamh barr-iall a bhroige.”

An uair a bhios a' mhuinntir og a' ceangal am brogan is gle thrìc leotha na barr-eill a bhrìsteadh le bhith 'gan tarruinn ro laidir. A chum toirt orra an aire mhath a thoirt nach brìsteadh iad na barr-eill an am a bhith 'gan ceangal, innsear dhaibh nach do bhrìst Fionn, ged a b'e fear bu treine a bh'anns an Fheinn, barr-iall a bhroige riamh—dheanadh e gnìomh bu treine na so.

Tha ni no dha anns an t-sean-fhacal so air an coir dhuinn beachd a ghabhail. Far am bheil an duine treun,

gaisgeil, cha 'n fhiach leis a neart a chur an ceill an am a bhith deanamh ni sam bith anns nach ruigear a leas neart a ghnathachadh. Cha bhuaill am fìor dhuine treun lamh no cas air a namhaid an uair a bhios e 'na shineadh lag, fann air a bheulaobh. Cha 'n fhiach eadhon leis a' chu mhor glamhadh a thoirt air cu beag. An duine aig am bheil meas air fhein bheir e an aire an comhnuidh nach cuir e a lamh ann an gnìomh beag, leibideach.

Ach is i cheisd, An robh brogan riamh air Fionn? Mur robh brogan riamh air cha b' urrainn e na barr-eill a bhristeadh. Beagan taing do dhuine air son an t-olc sin a sheachnadh nach d' thainig riamh 'na rathad.

Is i mo bharail fhein nach robh brogan riamh air Fionn agus gur ann air son so a thuirteadh nach do bhris e riamh barr-iail a bhroige.

“ Is toigh leam aran a' bhodaich, ach cha toigh leam anail a' bhodaich.”

Is iomadh maighdionn mhaiseach, og a phos bodach air ghaol gu faigheadh i biadh is aodach is caiseart, agus caitheamh-beatha socrach, comhfhurtail o latha gu latha. Is tric a chi sinn muinntir a ghabhas airgiod is òr o dhaoine air nach 'eil a' bheag de mheas aca. Gabhaidh gu leor anns an duthaich airgiod o 'n mhinistear air latha na seachdain ged nach fhiach leotha dhol g'a eisdeachd air latha na Sabaid.

“ B' fhearr a leith an de na uile gu leir an diugh.”

Is iomadh ni a dheanadh feum do dhuine an de nach dean feum sam bith dha an diugh. A' chungaidh-leighis a dheanadh feum do 'n duine thinn an de, faodaidh e bhith nach dean i feum sam bith an diugh dha.

Ma tha toil againn math a dheanamh, deanamaid gun dail e—mar is traithe 's ann is fhearr.

“ 'S ann latha roimh 'n bhas bu choir do dhuine 'shar-fhacal a thoirt.”

Their cuid gu tric, Cha dean mi sid, 's cha dean mi so ri mo bheo-shaoghal. Is beag a tha dh' fhios aig duine

sam bith ciod a ni e le a shaor-thoil fhein mu 'm fag e an saoghal, no idir ciod a bheir mealltaireachd an t-saoghail, agus an crnaidh-fhortan air a deanamh.

“ Is iomad rud a thig air laogh  
Nach do shaoil le mhathair.”

Is iomadh atharrachadh a thig air beachdan 's air cleachdaidhean dhaoine a thaobh nithean aimsiroid agus spioradail ann an uine gle ghoirid.

“ Math ri seann duine,  
Math ri ann-duine,  
'S math ri leanabh beag,  
Tri mathan nach bi fad' air chuimhne.”

Cha bhi cuimhne fhada aig seann duine air a' mhath a rinneadh ris, do bhrìgh gu bheil e gu nadurra anabarrach neo-thaingeil, agus mar sin, nach bi cuimhne aige air a' mhath a bha ; agus cha bhi cuimhne fhada aig an leanabh bheag air a mhath a nithear dha, do bhrìgh nach 'eil e 'n comas dha ni sam bith, biodh e math no olc, a chumail fada air chuimhne.

“ Talach a' ghille ghlic—na gheibheadh e a ghabhail.”

Is iomadh fear aig am bheil ceann liath nach d'fhoghlum riamh an deagh leasan so—na gheibheadh e 'ghabhail gu toileach, biodh e beag no mor. Cha 'n 'eil so idir a' ciallachadh gur coir dhuinn a bhith lan-riaraichte le beagan dhe na nithean air am bheil lan-choir againn ; ach 's e tha ciallachadh gur coir dhuinn gach ni a gheibh sinn le gean math a ghabhail gun a bhith talach air, agus mar an ceudna, a chion 's nach fhaigh sinn ar coraichean gu leir gun am beagan a thairgear dhuinn dhiubh a dhiultadh.

“ Is beag orm fear-fuadain 's e luath a' labhairt.”

Cha chuala sinn riamh a bhith moladh na muinntir a bha luath-bheulach. Ach dona 's mar a tha am fear-eolais a bhith luath a' labhairt, tha e moran ni 's miosa am fear-fuadain a bhith mar sin. Bu choir do gach neach a bhith

ealamh gu eisdeachd, agus mall gu labhairt. Is ainneamh neach air an robh aithreachas air son a bhith samhach ; ach is lionmhor iad air an robh aithreachas air son labhairt.

“ Guth na faoileig aig an sgaireig.”

Theirear, a' sgliurach, ri isean na faoileig gus am bi e bliadhna dh' aois. Theirear, a' sgaireag, ris o aois bliadhna gu aois da bhliadhna. Bidh an sgliurach breac glas, air dhath an uibhe, agus cha bhi guth na faoileig idir aice. Ach bidh an sgaireag air dhath na faoileig, agus bidh guth na faoileig aice.

Mar is trice aithnichidh sinn a' chlann air cainnt am parantan—gu sonraichte, air cainnt na mathar. Ma bhios comhradh turail, tuigseach anns an teaghlach, bidh e dualach do 'n chloinn gu'm bi iad turail, tuigseach mar an ceudna. Is i a' chainnt a' chluinneas iad a bhios aca.

“ Is iomadh leith-sgeul a th' aig an earrach air a bhith fuar.”

Is iomadh leith-sgeul a th' aig an duine a th' air a riaghladh le miannan naduir air a bhith 'caitheamh a bheatha mar a tha e 'deanamh.

“ Is sleamhuinn a' chlach a th' ann an dorus an taighe-mhoir.”

Is minic a chunnaic sinn maighstirean agus luchd-muinntir nan taighean-mora a' tuisleachadh, agus a' tuiteam o'n inbhe aird. Tha e gle dhuilich falbh socrach le cupan lan. Is beag an t-aobhar air son am faodar luchd-muinntir nan taighean-mora a chur as an aiteachan.

“ Beul sioda agus cridhe cainbe.”

Mar is trice cha 'n 'eil am beul agus an cridhe idir a reir a cheile. Tha e gu tric a' tachairt gur ann mar is mine, agus is milse na briathran a labhras duine, is mealltaiche agus is cealgaiche a bhios a chridhe.

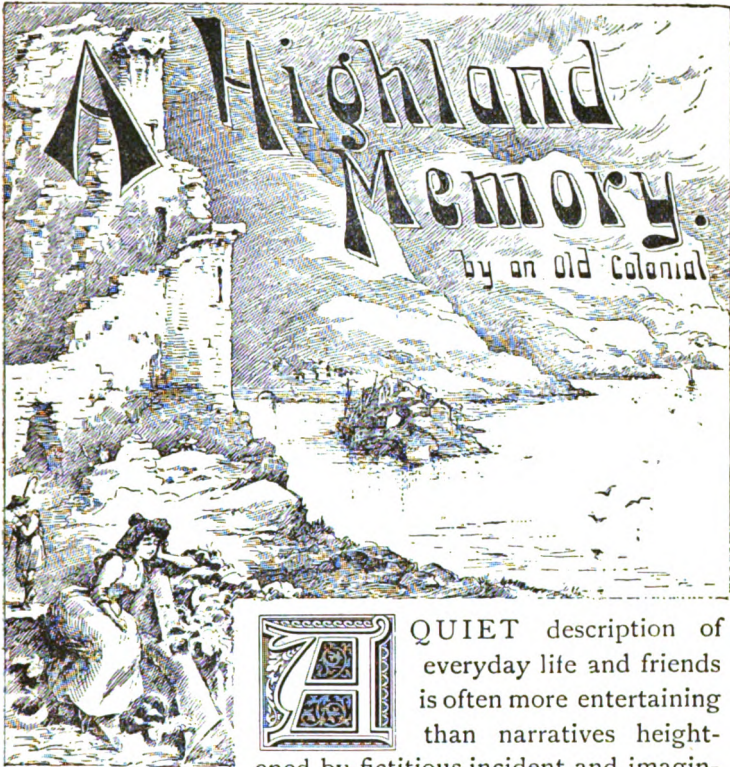
Biomaid air faicill o 'n mhuinntir mhilis, bheulaich, bbriathraich, shleamhuinn a bhios 'g ar sior mholadh an

clar an aodain, agus is docha a chuireas reis dhe 'n teangaidh a mach a' magadh oirnn an uair a bheir sinn ar culaobh riutha.

“Is beo na h-eoin ged nach seabhaig.”

Faodaidh duine a bhith beo ged nach biodh e air a bheathachadh gach latha le feoil 's le sithinn. Faodaidh duine a bhith beo agus comhfhurtail gu leor, ged nach biodh e 'na chualaidh-eagail do na h-uile creutair a bhios mu 'n cuairt dha.

IAIN.



**A** QUIET description of everyday life and friends is often more entertaining than narratives heightened by fictitious incident and imaginary character. It is with this in mind that I proceed to set down the following recollections. I shall relate them as they occur to me, without enlarging or diminishing anything. I will use no embellishments. Indeed, I could not, if I would. Nature has favoured me neither with inventive fancy nor graces of composition. Many a time I have listened with admiring envy while some honest woman has been exhorting her spouse, and have wished that her copiousness of vocabulary and marvellous fluency of diction were mine. They are not so—perhaps because I have not yet secured a teacher. Still, I have one advantage, not always possessed, for when my pen fails in one way, I can use it in another: where I cannot describe, I may illustrate, and when language runs

short, I can, like the foreigner, endeavour to convey my meaning by signs. Life in the Australian bush is not favourable to literature. Those whom sunshine keeps out of doors, and who rejoice in a glorious physical existence, are not readily disposed to apply themselves to the cultivation of mental gifts. But, now, as on board steamer, with some idle time on my hands, I once more approach home, and the opportunity of viewing again old faces revives their interest more freshly, memories of old times come back to me which I would fain put into words. Returning, my thoughts naturally revert to the last occasion of my seeing Scotland, and wake again the feelings I had when leaving it. A happy time that was. Perhaps the happiest I ever spent or ever will spend. Fortune cannot weigh against it, and I would give all but to be as I was then. Life was fresh; all was novelty; youth was with me, and the world lay before me untraversed and unknown; while buoyant thought invested objects with an interest scarce their own. These things at least I shall see no more, and perhaps never again may I occupy such charming surroundings. So now, while I am in the mood, I wish to try and fix that period; please myself by recording it; and in doing so convey, perhaps, some reflected pleasure to others.



I suppose everyone in the North knows Walter Macintyre. Dr Walter I should say, for he has now been Dr for some years. I hear he has a flourishing practice in one of the northern burghs, is medical officer for the county, and what not. He is a right-down good fellow, and knows most people in the

North—indeed, I might almost say to those that live there, “not to know him argues yourselves unknown.” Well, I am not going to advertise him, I know the horror the faculty have of anything of the sort, and, besides, I do not expect he needs it. If he is the man he was when I knew him, his practice will only be limited by his time. Of course I am partial, for we were great friends, having known each other from our youth up. One strong tie that bound us was the fact that as boys we had been flogged together at the Parish School of Golspie, by that great teacher, but strict disciplinarian, Thomas Fraser. Stop a moment; let no one under-estimate this bond, I have more than once since proved its strength. Several times in the bush have I and some wanderer fraternised. At first merely with good humored civility, but presently, after we had conversed for a little, one would exclaim—“Hullo! do you know Golspie?”—“Of course I do, I was at school there.”—“What, under Fraser?”—“Yes, and you?”—“Yes!”—“O!”—“O!”—And so like martyrs meeting, who in the cause of learning had suffered at the same fiery stake, we would rush into each others’ arms.

Macintyre and I had, besides, many tastes in common, and, though his abilities were far superior to mine, I was not unwilling to play the part of an appreciative admirer. Outwardly his distinguishing characteristics were, and perhaps are still, immense self-confidence, and a tremendous command of loud and hearty laughter. The occasion must needs be a solemn one when he did not greet a friend with a shout of uproarious welcome. He was jovial health personified, and I thought one caught it from him as one did diseases from others. Many years have passed since we last met, and perhaps it is as well that I write these recollections now before fresh impressions come and efface them.

Why I have mentioned Dr Macintyre is this. It is of a visit we paid together to one of the Western Isles just before I went abroad, that I wish to speak. A medical practitioner there had been forced through ill



health to take a lengthened holiday. He had settled an assistant in his district proper, but he offered to my friend the portion of his practice lying about the village of Cannamorst; holding out, indeed, as the chief inducements, the novelty of the situation, and the quiet it would give for study. My friend went, and soon after invited me down to share these benefits with him. To enjoy his company, and not that I expected much amusement from the place, I readily accepted. I went and stayed two months—indeed, as long as I could.

With what pleasure I look back on that time! It will always have an undying charm for me. Since then I have *loved* that island. Cold, bleak, and barren as it is, I never wish to see it altered—nor would reformers either if they knew it as I did. I tasted its poverty and its sweets. I would not like to see it more populous. Rocks are not places whereon to graze cows, nor are peat bogs land in which to plant crofters. The world still holds far more suitable and remunerative fields for cultivation. There is yet space in it for all, I who have looked on the magnificent wastes of Australia know that, and I hope it is long ere we are forced to deliver over to the plough our wild mountains and romantic glens. For a Scotchman condemned to toil in some large city, among a crowd of monotonously uninteresting beings in tall hats and stiff coats, it is some consolation to reflect that there are yet places where the formalities of modern life do not hold sway. The Western Isles are a delightful change from vapid uniformity. There, men are not mere copies of their neighbours, but each possesses a distinct individuality, standing out strong and bold. Each has a character. It may be a bad one, but even so, it is sure to be bad in some interesting and original way. So my friend and I found when we were there, that with few books, we did not want reading; with little society, we did not lack enjoyment; for we had nature and humanity around us, the most delightful of all studies to those who can appreciate them.

My friend could. He saw at once the humorous side of a character, and it was to his keen perception of what was quaint and interesting that much of the pleasure of my visit was due.

I suppose most people who have been in the Western Isles know Cannamorst. It lies on the sea coast between two headlands. The situation is a grand one. The village is built, partly on a little rocky promontory running out into Lough Tipple, and partly on the little stretch of level green along its shore. Close behind, Ben na Drouth rises to the clouds in one bold sweep, rocky and barren, its top usually shrouded in midst. To the left stands an old ruined castle, as if defending the entrance to the harbour ; while to right are a few acres of the only arable land in the district. All beyond is mountain, heather, and wildness, In the distance on a clear day may be seen two great Bens, grey, cold, and stern, as befits the scenery.

Of an evening we would often climb some distance up the hillside, and sit down to enjoy the view. Below us was the village, beyond it the sea dotted with islands, and behind all the circle of hills lighted by the setting sun. Colours—grey, purple, and gold—merged into each other by imperceptible gradations. All was distinct, yet exquisitely harmonious. The mountain, the islands, the sea, the barren rock and the peaceful village, all so still, so clear, seemed part of one noble picture more pleasing for its reality. Near at hand the cows would be returning home, and the village girls descending the hillside with their evening supply of peats—dark-haired, bright-eyed, with well developed bodies and strong white arms. Their short kirtles showed below the knee their shapely limbs and bare ankles, and they laughed happy in physical strength and pure hearts. I like scenery of that sort.

I do not think that the villagers numbered more than 200 or 300. Even these seemed too many for the resources of the place. They must have fared very scantily on their

small fishings and smaller crofts. We did not, I think, esteem them very bold fishermen. What seemed to us but a slight breeze proved sufficient to keep them on shore, but perhaps this was only our ignorance, for the currents and squalls which catch one among the islands are certainly dangerous. I remember Frank Jolly once remarking that from their colour they seemed to have a natural antipathy to water. It was an idle jest, but Macintyre branched off into a quaintly melancholy speculation on the brown hue of some of the natives, and attributed it to their having to live, during the winter months, on dulse and tangles picked up on the sea shore. I fear that some were so pressed; and I feel sad reflecting on that and their miserable homes. I would wish that those who *do* live there might have a fair subsistence, for the island in winter, through poverty and hunger, must be a sad place indeed. Still, I may be merely raising imaginary ills, for so far as I know them the people were contented, happy, and uncomplaining. Crofter Commissions were not then at work. As concerned ourselves, the food supply was certainly short. There was no butcher in the place, nor means of getting meat, so we lived exclusively on "ham and eggs," only varying our diet nominally by calling it at times "eggs and bacon." It was the fact of our faring thus sumptuously every day which led me to reflect as to how the Lazaruses of the place managed to exist.

We had our time pretty much to ourselves, for Macintyre's practice was little else than a name. He was not, indeed, at that time duly qualified, but under the circumstances it made little difference. As he said himself—If he were ever in doubt he would be safe in prescribing that island cure for all the ills of life, "Talisker." I doubted this, as the remedy seemed to me the cause of their maladies. However, as he supplied the medicine, that course was always highly agreeable to the patient and his friends, whatever the result. "I believe, Mr Macintyre, in your practice of steemulating the sustim," old Macfoozle used to say, who was in a chronic state of ailing till his physician

one day administered to him a vile draught disguised as "Talisker." He never forgave it, and dismissing him, forthwith grew well.

As our friend asked no fees, and no one seemed to have any to offer, money matters caused no embarrassment, and he was a welcome visitor at all houses. There is something pleasant, I think, to some in merely having a doctor near them. They think if wily old Death should make a sudden grab at them, they would have some one by able to foil him.

The house at which we lodged was a very decent one, weather-proof and comfortable without being luxurious. Our landlady was an honest woman, whose only disadvantage was that she spoke no English. Our knowledge of the Erse tongue consisted mainly of the two words, "Maetel Vough," which old women used to say to us when we were children. We tried them on her occasionally, and our efforts to converse evidently amused her, for she laughed good naturedly.



She was a good hand at cooking ham and eggs, tea and toast, the only food indeed she had an opportunity of trying her skill on. She was most attentive to our comfort, though our intercourse was by signs, and as she had rather a typical island face, I will

endeavour to draw her portrait. Time may obliterate the remembrance of weak profiles, but not those that are strongly marked as hers.

She usually wore a suppressed smile, as if she thought we might be making fun of her. Perhaps it was she who was laughing at us, for we were not careful in regulating our conduct by ordinary rules. Not having fixed duties, we found it difficult to go to bed, and still more difficult to get out. One of these points was usually settled about 3 A.M., and the other at 12 noon. We were keen draught players, and our games used to lead us far into the night. I was not a match for Macintyre, but, like Sisiphus, when one effort failed I straightway began another. We kept a record of our battles. It was black with my defeats, but though eventually I was forced as it were to run away, I hope yet to live to wipe out that score.

As our daytime amusements largely consisted in visiting and talking with the villagers, I may as well try and describe some of them.

There was a neat little Parish Church in the place deserted during the winter months, but supplied during the summer by a probationer from one of the Universities.



At this time a young theological student, Mr Frank Jolly, was in charge. I do not call him the "Reverend," for I scarce think that *officially* he had a claim to the title, otherwise he *certainly* had not.

Though young, and even boyish in appearance, he was clever, and had great knowledge of the world. One of the most distinguished social talents of the Highland divine, is the power of turning his profession into ridicule by telling absurd stories about the brethren. Mr Jolly was already an adept in this art. He could keep a roomful of people

in a simmer of mirth with stories of the awkward scrapes and ludicrous blunders of "meeneisters," as he called them, enlivening the narrative by appropriate gestures and effective mimicry. He was awed by the sacredness of no theme. I have sometimes thought that as medical students become callous to suffering by being constantly in contact with it, so those in Divinity in the same way cease to be awed by what is Divine. I think a preacher of the gospel should be impressed in some degree by the sacredness of his calling, but I am only a simple bushman, of course, and give my opinion diffidently. I have not been educated in a Divinity Hall. However, to return to Jolly. There is no denying he was a remarkable character. I never knew one who, in conversing with all ranks and conditions of men, had more confidence and tact. He always knew what to do, and how to do it. Nothing put him out. He was kind to all, and everyone liked him. Yet, while overflowing with urbanity and goodwill, he knew well what he was about. He was, so to speak, *politically* pleasing, and *diplomatically* polite. He shook hands and conversed with everybody, both from kindness and from policy. He had a hundred methods of pleasing, and—well—if he *was* liked he deserved it. One of his greatest arts, if somewhat questionable, was that of subtle flattery. Some of his devices in this line were extremely ingenious. I have heard him, for instance, mistake a young man for Mackenzie of Kintail, or a young woman for Lady Macdonald of the Isles, and then excuse himself on the ground of shortsightedness, "but really now there is such a resemblance at a short distance." I do not know if the parties mentioned were eminently handsome, but I would fancy so from the pleased expression on the faces of his victims. On another occasion I heard him pay a very artful compliment to his superior, the parish minister, on the question of Episcopal government. That sturdy Presbyterian Ignatian prelate, however, affected not to see it, though no doubt he enjoyed it afterwards. Such artifices are not very

culpable, and certainly were not displeasing, and though I sometimes suspected Mr Frank of playing on my own vanity, I readily forgave him, and only wished others would try the same thing. A tasteful compliment, however, needs a master mind. He never flattered after the coarse manner of those who offend modesty by bluntness, and an evident design to say what they think will be agreeable; but he was able indirectly to convey a delicate suggestion of his approval, which was extremely soothing and encouraging to sensitive natures not over confident as to their own merits. Yes, he was not a bad sort of fellow. Indeed, I think I might have paid him a compliment after his own manner, and said, "With *all* your faults, *I like you still.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE HIGHLAND CHIEF'S FAREWELL  
TO LOCH-EARN.

ALL-BLOOMLESS now Balquhiddier Braes—  
All-hushed the bagpipe's lightsome lays ;  
The browning birch, the fading fern,  
Droop sadly o'er thy head, Loch-Earn.  
Thy broom-clad banks are reft of flowers ;  
No song-bird wakes thy silent bowers ;  
Thy mist-capped hills with tears are hoar,  
And hound and huntsman heard no more.

No more the boat disturbs thy breast—  
In death the arms that urged it rest ;  
Our ravished homesteads sternly tell  
The fate that kin and clan befell.  
And though, sweet lake, thy lovely sheen  
By darksome times undimmed hath been,  
And woos to smiling days in store,  
Alas! for me thou'lt smile no more!

No more upon thy braes I'll roam—  
I go from country, clan, and home ;  
In sorrow I must speed away,  
Whilst thou, in beauty, whisper'st "Stay."  
How soft thy kissing-breezes sigh!  
How still thy breast! how calm thy sky!  
Farewell! farewell! dear Highland shore,  
Macgregor ne'er shall see thee more!

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

DUNFERMLINE.



## PROFESSOR RHYS ON BRITISH ETHNOLOGY.

PROFESSOR RHYS has published the last of his Rhind Lectures—the sixth—in the *Scottish Review* for July of this year. The lecture deals with the national names of the Aborigines of the British Isles, and ends with a most important summary of the Professor's views on the whole subject of his lectures. This summary we now quote:—

“The non-Aryan names of Britain and Ireland respectively were probably Albion and Iverion; the latter has been retained in ‘Erinn’ and the former in ‘Alban,’ which has however retreated from the southern portion of the island to the north.

“The principal non-Aryan name of the inhabitants of both islands was some prototype of the word ‘Pict,’ and traces of its use occur not only in Scotland, but also in Ireland and Wales. The national name ‘Pict’ was early translated into such Celtic names as ‘Cruithne’ or ‘Prydein,’ and ‘Scot’; also, perhaps, into other tribal names, the connotation of which has been forgotten.

“These islands were called the Island of the Picts, or names to that effect. That was the meaning of the Greek description Prytanikai, and of Ynys Prydein as applied in Welsh to Britain; and we seem to have a prehistoric proof of the use of the vocable ‘Pict’ [=Ict] by continental Celts in the name of the Isle of Ictis and in that of Portus Ictius.

“Britannia is a name which was formed from that of the Britanni [Brythons], as the Romans at first called the most important people of Southern Britain, whom they afterwards learned, from the people themselves, to call Brittones. Britannia at first only meant Southern Britain; and it has etymologically nothing to do with Prydein and Prytanikai Nesoï, except that its influence caused the latter to be distorted into Bretanikai, so that the correct form disappeared from the manuscripts.

“The non-Aryan inhabitants of a part of Gaul, including what is known as Poitou, were known by names closely related to those of ‘Pict’ and ‘Cruithne’; witness ‘Pictones’ and ‘Chortonicum.’ So the pre-Aryan occupants of the Gaulish country in question, and those of the British Isles, must have been considered by the early Celtic conquerors to be of one and the same race.

“According to the conclusions drawn by the students of ethnology and craniology [*e.g.* Prof. Huxley], the skulls of some of the descendants of these pre-Aryan aborigines of the British Isles belong to a type found also in the Basque country; and I am inclined to think that in pre-Aryan times a neolithic race, which may be called Ibero-Pictish, occupied Western Europe from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Pentland Firth and the Danish Islands of the Baltic.

“The range of that race might perhaps be more exactly defined by reference to a map showing the relative positions of the most remarkable megalithic erections of the West, sometimes called Druidic. For anything known to the contrary, these structures may be regarded as monuments of the unaccountable energy of the Ibero-Pictish race, whose existence I have ventured to suggest.”

It cannot be denied that in these lectures Prof. Rhys has done much solid as well as brilliant work. One perversity, however, clogs his steps throughout, and that is the idea that the historic Picts were non-Celtic. It is quite possible to explain all the national names from Aryan roots, yet the Professor puts Albion and Iverion or Erinn at once down as non-Celtic. The name Pict is a non-Aryan word borrowed into Celtic, sometimes with and sometimes without the initial *p*, a theory which is scarcely tenable. “Cruithne” and “Scot,” he holds, are Celtic translations of it, both signifying radically “cutting” or “carving.”

It will further be felt “a hard saying” that the Roman *Britanni* is not originally the same as the Greek *Prettani*. The form *Prytanikai* given by Prof. Rhys is an invention of his own, and is as reliable as the statement that *Britannia* was formed from the name *Britanni*, “as the Romans at

first called the most important people of Southern Britain," a statement evolved out of the Professor's own inner consciousness. We may hold it true that *Britan* and *Prettan* are both renderings of one British original, and that the Greek form is probably nearest the correct word than the Roman, inasmuch as the Greeks first had mercantile and literary contact with these Northern Celts. The form *Cruithne* is a Gaelic rendering of the same word, coming from a stem *croten*, from the same root, where the *e* or *i* sound of the last syllable affects the *o* of the root, a phenomenon of usual occurrence in Gaelic. This form agrees, again, with the *Chortonicum* of the old German gloss. We thus conclude that the Picts, as possessors of Britain in pre-Roman and pre-Gaulish times of British history, gave their name of *Pretons* to the whole Island, and that hence came *Prettania* and later *Britannia*.

TRACES OF THE OLD ALLIANCE  
BETWEEN FRANCE AND SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE HIGHLAND MONTHLY.]

APPENDED are some additional Scotch words derived from the French, in the hope that they may not be without interest to those who read the very interesting paper on the Scoto-French alliance in the last number of the magazine. To them is added a separate list of words of French origin, extracted from the glossaries of the Percy Reliques and Allan Ramsay's poems. A glossary of Shakespeare furnished between fifty and sixty words, also of French origin, but differing entirely from those in the Franco-Scottish list, having probably come in with the Normans—a point which I am not learned enough to determine authoritatively.

J. S.

ADDITIONAL FRENCH AND SCOTTISH WORDS.

Ambrey—Ambrey. The word is met with in the Jesuit Father Hay's Genealogy of the St Clairs of Rosslyn. French *Aúmone*: Alms—in ancient churches, a niche or hollow space for alms. Came to mean a cupboard (Imp. Dict.)

Adge: Fr., *âge*—age. This word is also found in Father Hay's work.

Bein: *Bien*—Wealth.

Bedral: *Bedeau*—Beadle.

Bonnet: *Bonnet*—Cap.

Bonnie: *Bon, bonne*—Good, pretty.

Cover: *Mettre le couvert*—To lay the table. *Mettre un couvert pour*: To put a knife and fork for.

Covey: *Couvée*—A brood (of birds).

Cock-a-hoop: *Coq' à huppe*—Triumphant. (*Hoopoc*, the crested bird).

Cravat : Crabbat, cravate—Necktie.

(f) Cran<sup>1</sup> : A cran of herring. "A measure of capacity for fresh herrings as taken out of the net" (Imp. Dict.) Has the word any connection with écran, a screen or cran, a notch?—the size of the herring depending on the mesh of the net. The measure is 32 gallons.

Dandelion : Dent de lion—Lion's tooth.

Dandill } Dandiner—To saunter idly.

Dandle } To dance on the knee, fondle.

Words connected with the same root are found in Fr., Sp., Port., It., and Ger.

Disjune : Déjeuner—Breakfast.

Draper : Drapier—A linen merchant.

Dresser : Dressoir—Kitchen sideboard.

Dule, dool : Douleu—Grief.

Faring : Foire—Market. Donner la foire à quelqu'un : To give one a faring.

Fashery—The word is in Select Biog., by Rev. W. K. Tweedie, Vol. II., p. 202. Fr., Fâcherie : Vexation.

Fausse : Faux, fausse—False.

Franchise : Franchise—Freedom.

Grazier : Old Fr., Grasier—A fattener of cattle (Bailey's Dict.)

Graunge : Grange—A granary or farm belonging to a "religious house" (Bailey's Dict.)

Gruel : Gruau. Old F., Gruelle (Bailey's Dict.)

Haricot : Haricot—A stew of mutton and turnips.

Herring : Hareng. Common to several languages.

Hurly-burly : Hurlie-burlie—Madcap.

Halbert : Halbarde.

Howtowdy. Old Fr., Huteauveau : A young fowl or a turkey-cock. A nickname applied to Darnley by the French courtiers, when they came to Scotland with Queen Mary.

Humanity : Les humanités—Classical studies.

Joctleg : Jaques de Liege (the maker)—A clasp knife (Dean Ramsay's Rems., 2nd Sers., p. 71.)

Lingel : Ligneul—Shoemaker's thread.

Losan : Losange—A pane of glass shaped like a lozenge.

Mercer : Mercier—A dealer in silk.

Outray : Outré—Incensed, angry, singular.

<sup>1</sup> A note of interrogation has been put before doubtful words.

Ouzel : Auzel (provençal). Old Fr., Oisel : small bird. Water-Ouzel, etc.

Provost : Prévôt.

Placard : Placard.

Pruchez mou : Approchez moi—Come near me (Dean Ramsay's Rems., 2nd Sers., p. 71). The only remnant of this word now left is the "Pruï, prui," of dairymaids.

Vennel—The "Black Vennel," in Inverness. The word is derived from the old French, Venelle, a lane ; may be seen in some towns in Normandy at the present day.<sup>1</sup>

Vivres : Vivres—Victuals.

Warren : Garenne—A rabbit warren, etc. A privileged place for preservation of partridges, pheasants, etc. (Bailey's Dict.)

A glossary of Allan Ramsay's works contains the following :—

Ambrie—As above, a cupboard.

Attour : Autour—Out over.

Bein : Bien—Wealthy, comfortable.

Bennison. Old French, Beniçon. Also in Shakespeare.

Bonny : Bonne—Pretty.

(f) Brander : Brandon—A gridiron, a firebrand.

Briss, to press : Briser—To break

Bruliment : (Fr., Bruler)—A broil.

Coor, to cover : Couvrir.

Dander—To saunter (as above).

Deval, to fall : Dévaler—To go down.

Dool, pain, grief : Douleur.

Dousse : Douce.

Dyver : A bankrupt--Devoir,

(f) Fait ; Neat, made up—Fait.

Fash—Fâcher.

Groff : Coarse—Grosse.

Howtowdy—A young fowl (see above). Hustandeau (Jameson's Dict.), Huteau (Old French).

Kimmer : Gossip—Commère.

Languor : Melancholy—Langueur.

Lingle : Shoemaker's thread—Lignuel.

(f) Malison : Malediction—Chaucer.

<sup>1</sup> I have this on the very excellent authority of a lady who is highly skilled in French and other European languages.—J. S.

Mank : A want. Manque : Need.

- (?) Nignays : Trifles. Nigauderie : Silliness. Nigaud : A simpleton.  
 Pousse : To push—Pousser.  
 Pouch : Pocket—Poche.  
 Spaul : Shoulder. épaule : Old Fr., Espaule (Allan Ramsay and Dean Ramsay).

A glossary of the Percy Reliques of Ancient Poetry contains the following :—

Volume I.:—

- Benison : Blessing. Old French, Benïçon.  
 Credence : Table. Old French, Belief. (The Communion table ?)  
 Crevis : Crevice—Crévasse.  
 Cryance : Belief—Croyance.  
 Discreeve : Describe—Décrire.  
 Dolours : Grievings, sorrows—Douleurs.  
 (?) Fators—Deceivers.  
 Grange : Granary (as above).  
 Greece : Hart of greece—A fat hart. Fr., Graisse : Fat.  
 Lingell : A thread of hemp used by rustics, after being rubbed with rosin, for mending their shoes.  
 (?) March pine—A kind of biscuit.  
 Mauger—Malgré.  
 Nobles : Nobleness—Noblesse.  
 Nourice : Nurse—Nourrice.  
 Portres : Porteress—Portereuse.  
 (?) Popingay.  
 Roche : Rock—Roche.

Volume II.:—

- Alemaigne : Allemayne.  
 Attoure : Around—Autour.  
 Bi-mi-leauté : “By my loyalty.”  
 Cotidyllye : Daily—Quotidien.  
 Dool, dole, dol, etc. : Grief—Douleur.  
 Galliard : A sprightly dance.  
 Glaive : Sword—Glaive.  
 Messenger : Messenger.  
 Moiening : By means of—Moyenant.

Volume III.—

Chevalier—Chevalier.

Cramasie : Crimson—Cramoisie.

Desmain : Estate in lands or money—Dêmesnes.

Descrye : Describe—Décrire.

Destrere : Charger. Old French, Destrier.

Dule, dole : Sorrow—Douleur.

(?) Effund—Pour forth.

Evanished : Vanished—Evanoui.

(?) Limitours—Friars licensed to beg within certain limits.

Maugre : In spite of—Malgré.

Pardè : "Verity"—Par dieu.

Parchemine : Parchment—Parchemin.

Perfay : Verily—Par foi.

Porcupig : Porcupine. Porc épic.

Puissant : Powerful—Puissant.

Spole : shoulder. Old French, Espaul.

A familiar word in the sister isle of Ireland is "Gossoon," the  
French Garçon.

Jupe : Petticoat—Jupe.

Mort : Death of the deer—Mort.

Attowre : Also, over and above—Autour.

Renyed : Refused—Renier.

Orisons : Prayers—Oraisons.



## HIGHLAND HUMOUR.

**H**UMOUR is the sense of the ridiculous—the sense of what is droll, inconsistent, or incongruous in word, deed, or thing. Humour is a term of wider connotation than wit, for it includes wit: humour is the atmosphere surcharged with the sense of the ridiculous, and wit is the flash of fancy therein. The Scotch are intensely humorous as a race: in this statement we are supported by the judgment of Max O'Rell, who, as against Lamb and Sydney Smith, thinks the Scotch more full of genuine humour than the English. The Highlanders are included in the name Scotch, and they possess the faculty of humour in the same degree, without, however, their humour having that "broader and coarser" character which Stopford Brooke finds in the Scotch as compared to the English variety. Sheriff Nicolson puts the case very well in contrasting the humorous proverbs of the three races. He says:—"The Sassenach is incarnate prose compared with the Scot, the Northern sayings greatly surpass the Southern in humour, felicity, and love of artistic form. He (Sheriff Nicolson) cannot claim for the Scottish Celts a greater sense of humour than is found among the Lowlanders, but he does claim for them a very delicate edge, with a cut not less severe. As for their being a melancholy people, there could be nothing more absurd imagined. One can be thoughtful, even pensive, and yet very fond of fun, *in loco*. Irony and satire, more than humour strictly so called, are characteristic of the Scottish Gael." Even an American might, on his favourite subject of the mother-in-law, take points from the following Gaelic proverb:—

"The sod is a good mother-in-law."

An Irishman could hardly surpass the droll pathos of this:—

"Pity your sweet mouth should ever go under earth."

On a previous page our Gaelic readers will find some good examples of wit in proverbs.

Just as Hamlet speaks of the dead Polonius as being at supper, not where he eats, but where he is eaten, so also Highland humour is made to do duty for two quite distinct things—for the Sassenach's humour about Highlanders and for the humour of the Highlander himself. The first, in its various phases, is done justice to by Scott, and it is still the penny-a-liner's joy. The "elder," the "meenister," and the "whusky" bottle are still doled out weekly to the English public, in increasing extravagance of posture and speech as the humour is increasingly and painfully absent. The following story, however, is a piece of Highland humour in its proper sense, and, we are led to understand on "clerical" authority, it has the benefit of being true.

Some time ago the telegraph was extended between Broadford and Breakish, and most of the natives along the route had but the vaguest idea of how it worked. Two women were going to church on the Sunday, and they came on to the road along which the wires were recently set up. Passing the first post, they heard the sound of the vibration of the wires, and one of them stopped and said (we give the English form of the conversation immediately):—

"St! dé a sin?"

"Tha an *telegrat*."

"'S dé a' fuaim a th' ann?"

"Tha naidheachd dol troimh."

"An ann la na Sabaid?"

"O, 's ann."

"Bha fhios again fhín gur e obair an Diabhoil bh' ann dar bha iad 'ga chur suas!"

The meaning of which is this:—

"Hist! what is that?"

"That is the *telegrat*."

"And what is the noise that is in it?"

"News going through."

"Is it on the Sabbath day?"

"O, yes,"

"I knew myself that it was the Devil's work that was in it when they were putting it up!"

The story of the minister's wife and the man that did some work about the garden and manse is well known, but can bear repetition. The day was hot, the work was heavy, and on its being finished the man was invited into the manse to get some refreshments. Oh, yes, he would take a dram. The lady put an infinitesimal doze of whisky in the tumbler and made up the deficiency by a liberal amount of water. This had not escaped the vigilant eye of the man. He first took a good sip and said:—

"Did you put the whisky in first or the water?"

"I put the whisky in first, of course."

"O, ay, I'll may be come to it by and bye."

And he coolly proceeded to drain the glass.

English is a language which lends itself, as none other in the world can, to play upon words and punning. It has borrowed so many words from other languages that as a consequence some words from different sources have a similarity of sound though a wide difference in sense. The classical languages were practically debarred from punning by their inflections. Gaelic, though much denuded of inflections, does not easily lend itself to this piece of linguistic play. Punning is, however, not wholly unknown, and the *gearr-fhacal* or "cutting-word" is highly appreciated as a rare accomplishment. MacCodrum, the last century poet, was famous for his powers in this way. Once he came in a boat with some friends to Mull, and, on landing, they were asked:—

"Co as a thug sibh an t-ìomram, 'illean?"

"Thug as na gairdeanan."

"'N ann o thuath sibh?"

"Cuid o thuath 's cuid o thighearnan."

Which means—

"Whence your rowing, my lads?"

"From our arms."

"Are ye from the north?"

“Some of us are of the tenantry and some are of the landlords.”

Here the pun depends on the double meaning of *tuath*, which may mean either “north” or “tenantry.” MacCodrum’s answer to “Ossian” Macpherson is now part of English literature:—

“Am beil dad agad air an Fheinn?”

“Chan ’eil, ’s ged bhitheadh, is beag a b’ fheaird mi dol ’ga iarraidh an diu.”

That is to say—

“Have you anything on (—about) the Feinn?”

“No, and if I had, I would not be much the better of going to ask for it to-day.”

The joke here depends on the double force of the expression “Have you anything on?” which also means “Do they owe you anything?”

The word *buidhe* has three meanings, for it arises from three different roots. It has the force of “yellow,” “grateful,” and “needful.” A well known joke is the translation which somebody is represented as having given for the following Gaelic compliment:—

“Is buidhe dhut, a Mhairi, tha dol phosadh an ceann mios.”

That is to say—“Good for you, Mary, that you are to marry at the end of a month.”

Somebody’s translation ran thus:—

“Yellow to you, Mary, who are marrying in the head of a dish.”

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A CORRECTION TO DOMH'ULL A' CHNOIC.

Blair Castle, Blair Athole, August 11th, 1891.

SIR,—I beg to trouble you with a few lines to remark that I had not intended my reply to your inquiries respecting Donald Stuart for publication *verbatim*. I wrote it as a private letter, with the idea that you would make use of what notes you required referring to him alone. Also, a mistake occurs in the last sentence of the letter in question. Having long known the whole song, I did not write "I know *its* beginning," but "I know it, beginning—Ach a Sheumais oig Stuart," &c.

I shall be much obliged if you will kindly give a place to the above observations in your next issue.

Will you also allow me to state here, as I believe the *Highland Monthly* to be the best medium for the purpose, in reference to a paragraph that has appeared in certain newspapers, to the effect that I am preparing a Gaelic Gradus, that there is no authority whatever for such a statement. Knowing too well the difficulties attending such a task, I should be the last to imagine myself capable of attempting it, and the statement has caused me much annoyance.—I am, yours faithfully,

EVELYN STEWART-MURRAY.

To the Editor of the *Highland Monthly*,  
*Northern Chronicle* Office, Inverness.

## BOOKS.

## A NEW VOLUME OF GAELIC FOLKTALES.

GREAT credit is due to Mr Nutt for the excellent series of works in Gaelic Folklore which he is at present issuing from the press, and it is hoped that his enthusiasm for matters Celtic will meet with cordial response in the Highlands. The third volume of his *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition* is before us, and, in excellence of matter, it rivals not only its predecessor in the series, but also any of the late J. F. Campbell of Islay's volumes. The new volume is by the Rev. J. Macdougall of Duror, and the title of it is "Folk and Hero Tales." There is an able and interesting introduction by Mr Nutt, who discusses the old and new views of the origin of mythology and folktales, and takes up a liberal-conservative position in regard to the various theories advanced.

The work contains ten folktales, and both Gaelic and English are given. The excellent method adopted in the case of Mr Macinnes's volume—that is, the placing of the Gaelic on the opposite page to the English, is not here followed, and we must say we regret it. The Gaelic is exceedingly pure and racy, and the orthography is good. The tales, with the exception of one or two, are quite new in the region of published Celtic stories, and some are quite unique. The first four tales deal with Fionn and his adventures in the world of faery. The opening story tells how Fionn kept his children for the big Young Hero of the Ship, and how Bran was found. The main incident here is well known. On the birth of the hero's child, a big hand comes down the chimney and takes away the child. Fionn, with his seven gifted companions, relieves the Hero of the Ship from this incubus. The second tale, which is new, deals with Fionn's journey to Lochlin, where he was shamefully treated, and sent to be devoured by the Grey Dog of the Glen. It is on some such story as this and the ballad of "Cromgleann" that Macpherson founded his beautiful and touching episode of Agandecca in Fingal, book three. The third tale tells about the Lad of the Skin Coverings, and was never published before, save as far as the incident of sending the Lad to Lochlin for the famous healing cup. Fionn and the Lad have a great fight with Amhasgs, and the former removes the enchantments from the latter. The fourth story shows how Fionn was in the House of Blar-buie, without the power of rising up or lying down. This story appears in a slightly different form in

Campbell's West Highland Tales, under the title "Maghach Colgar," and a racy version of it is found in the tale of the Quicken Tree Booth, in Joyce's Celtic Romances. The fifth tale relates how a smith entered the fairy knoll, where the heroes of the past lie reclined in sleep, and wakened them, but failed to give the third trumpet-call, which should finally set them free. This story is a well-known one, and is told, among other places, in regard to Tom-na-hurich (knoll of the yew wood), near Inverness. The "Bare Stripping Hangman" is the name of the sixth tale. It relates the stirring adventures of the second son of the King of Ireland, in relieving three maidens from a giant who has no heart in his body. Most of the story is quite new, and the descriptions are exceedingly graphic, and in excellent Gaelic. The seventh tale relates how the Son of the King of Ireland won the Daughter of the King of the Red Cap. It is a fresh setting of the Swan-maid story, ending with the run-away couple, and the forgetting, on the part of the hero, about his lady-love, and the final happiness of both. Tale eight gives the history of "The Son of the Strong Man of the Wood," who was twenty-one years on his mother's breast! The story has not appeared before, though the adventures of strong men are not uncommon in folktales. The ninth story is a "Tale about the Son of the Knight of the Green Vesture." This really contains two stories, the first of which is new. It tells about the cow-herding of the (supposed) Son of the Hen-wife, and how he acquired three wonder-working articles, with which he wins the love of the King's daughter, and then forsakes her. The last part is the tale of the cook who pretends to kill the King's enemies, though this is done by the Hero, and tries to get the hand of the King's daughter. The last and tenth story deals with the uncanny servant, who stipulates that he shall get as wages all he can carry off the corn fields in one withe. When his time comes, he puts all the farmer's crop in his ever-increasing withe, and is about to go away with it, when the farmer utters the following words. We give a version of them which we ourselves have fallen in with :—

"S ann 's a Mhàrt a rinn mi ár,<sup>1</sup>  
 'S ann 's a Mhàrt a rinn mi cur,  
 'S ann Di-màirt a rinn mi buain ;  
 Fh'r a dh' ordaich na trì Màirt  
 Na leig mo bhàrr 's an aona ghad."

The version we refer to went thus :—There was an old farmer once in the Highlands, and one day, while busily sorting his stocks ("adagan"), a stranger came to him and begged of him to let him have a few sheaves, as he was on what was known in the Highlands as "faoigh coirce" (corn gathering). The old farmer said he would, and the stranger began to make up an "eallach"

<sup>1</sup> ar—plough, till.

(burthen), and the farmer soon saw that the stranger's "gad" (withe) would contain the best of his crop of oats, so he repeated the above verse, when the "gad" burst, and the stranger disappeared in a cloud of smoke!

Mr Macdougall has enriched the volume with admirable notes, where various versions and points of difficulty are discussed. We hope, for the sake of author and publisher, that a volume of such an admirable character will have a good sale.

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### THE TRANSACTIONS OF TWO GAELIC SOCIETIES.

WITHIN a very short time of one another there came to hand the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness" and the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow." It is cheering to the heart of a patriotic Gael to find such tangible evidences of there being vigorous life in the old language and in the old cause yet. The appearance and the quality of work of both volumes are alike of an excellent kind, and reflect credit on the taste as well as the scholarship of the respective councils that superintend their production and are responsible for their contents. We review first the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," for it came first to hand, otherwise we should have had some trouble on the score of precedency, for the Inverness Society would deserve it as being the older, and this their 16th volume, and the Glasgow Society would stand in more need of such encouragement as a Society lately started with this as their first volume.

The Gaelic Society of Inverness's 16th volume of *Transactions* can justly claim to be, as the preface puts it, "equal to any of the preceding ones in variety of subjects and quality of work." The subjects represented in the sixteen papers which, with the reports of the speeches at the annual dinner and assembly, comprise the volume are those of history, topography, ethnology, folk-lore, unpublished songs, literature, and education. In the sphere of history there are found five papers. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, with his usual thoroughness and knowledge, deals with the minor Highland family of the Macdonells of Scotos. Mr Wm. Mackay edits a paper, written in 1738, showing how the Macleods lost Assynt, a valuable document containing some unique information on its subject. Mr Macpherson, Kingussie, presents some selections from the MSS. of the late Captain Macpherson of Biallid, dealing, in a rather legendary fashion at times, with the old Cave of Raitts, the North Inch fight, the Battle of Glenfruin, Blar-na-leine, and, especially, with the Badenoch forests. Mr Macphail, advocate, contributes an



interesting Copy of a report of the trial of James Stewart, of Acharn, which goes over ground now made classic by Mr Stevenson's story of "Kidnapped." Mr Macbain, in his "Badenoch, its history, clans, and place-names," forms the stepping stone between history and topography. He enters with zest into the disputed chiefship of Clan Chattan ; but the most important portion of his paper is the discussion of the place-names, which is a valuable contribution to the scientific consideration of the Gaelic topography of Scotland. Mr Mackay continues his able and valuable papers on Sutherland place-names, dealing here with the parishes of Durness and Eddrachilis.

In ethnology there are two papers. Mr Macgregor, Farr, discusses the different historical developments and characteristics of Celts and Teutons, and imparts a pleasing, literary flavour to the subject. The Picts are always with us, and the veteran Hector Maclean has his say about them here. Mr Maclean, of course, declares them to have been non-Aryan, and he ransacks the vocabularies of the world for similar roots to those in the Pictish lists. His philology, we are afraid, is faulty, but the paper is valuable otherwise—especially in its observation on the different types that make up the Scottish race. Folklore is also represented by two papers—the *Anhuisgean* of Mr Campbell, Tiree, which is a folk-tale and a curious version of the well-known story of the "Blue Mountains ;" and, secondly, there are the late Mrs Mackellar's "Legends and Traditions of Lochaber," which now have a pathetic interest for the reader, and all the more so as the marks of incompleteness caused by her death, before revision and completion of this paper, are here and there visible. Literature, old and new, is well represented. We have unpublished songs from Mr M'Rury, Snizort, and Mr Macdonald, Greenock, the one giving Skye songs and the other Uist songs. Mr Sinclair of Kinloch-Rannoch edits some letters of Ewen MacIachlan's, and Professor Mackinnon contributes a valuable and racy paper on the Edinburgh "Old Gaelic MSS." It will enable the reader to see what a wealth of material lies buried in these manuscripts, and we are glad to know that Professor Mackinnon is devoting much of his time to the task of transcribing and deciphering them. Dr Masson writes on the "Church and Education in the Highlands." As usual the doctor conveys much valuable and rare information in an interesting literary style. Altogether the volume is one which any Gaelic Society should be proud of.

Turning to the Gaelic Society of Glasgow's *Transactions*, we have first to note that this volume, which covers the period of the four years which the Society has been in existence, is but a selection of the papers delivered during that period. The selection has been very judicious, but we must say that we should have liked to have seen one or two papers here that are mentioned as

having been delivered. Possibly these were merely orally delivered, and not written out. The volume is an extremely creditable performance, and we hope the Society may flourish long and proceed with putting on record such good work.

The number of papers in the volume, by a strange coincidence, is exactly the same as in the *Transactions* of the other Society, that is, sixteen. History, antiquities, folklore, and literature are represented, and there are two papers given in good Gaelic, a pleasing and welcome feature of the book. The one Gaelic paper is by Mr Neil Macleod, the poet, who tells some good stories about the famous Skye character, Gilleasbuig Aotrom. The Rev. Mr Blair describes an imaginary *Ceilidh*, and his stories are exquisitely told in the raciest of Gaelic. In folklore, we have papers by Mr Whyte, the well-known "Fionn" of modern Gaelic literature, and by Mr Carmichael. The latter contributes from his store of interesting "Uist Hymns," and "Fionn" discourses on "Some Ancient Celtic Customs," in a paper which appeals both to scholar and to general reader. He records some superstitions and customs that have hitherto been overlooked, and explains some obscure points in what has been already before the public. History is directly dealt with by at least three papers. Mr Duncan Reid gives some historical reminiscences of Kintyre; but his history is better than his philology, for we had always thought that *Tarbert* meant an isthmus. Mr Reid explains it by the legendary *tarruing bata*, that is, drawing a boat across, as some of the kings are represented as having done. But the root of *Tarbert* is really *ber*, the elements being *tar-ber-t*. Dr Ross discusses the "Relation of Celts and Norsemen in Saga Times," and gives a concise account of those stirring days. Mr Boyd, inspector of schools, presents some interesting "Historical Notes on Education in the Highlands." To these we may add Mr J. G. Mackay's paper on "Life in the Highlands a Hundred Years Ago," which is full of interesting reminiscences of how our great grandparents lived and moved. In science and antiquities, we have three papers. Mr Dugald Macfarlane takes up the theme of the "Science of Thought, exemplified in the Gaelic Language." He indicates some peculiarities of Gaelic idiom and expression, but we should object to *an so* as meaning "the here," for the *an* is a preposition, and *ann an so* merely shows the same preposition duplicated. Old Stewart surely made that clear enough. The explanation of *fa'n ear*, as from *ear* (east), is very funny; and *buidhe* (yellow) is thought to be the same word as *buidhe* (thanks), and *buidhe* (needful, lit. being to be, *fuendus*), though they all belong to very different roots. A really important paper is that of Dr Clerk, on "Ancient Gaelic Medicine." It is not invidious to say that outside the Gaelic contributions it is the best piece of work in the volume. Mr Hugh Macleod gives a concise account of "Ancient Celtic Laws." Mr Macleod should note that *tanais* means "second," not "equal."

Mr Macdonald's paper on "Celticism : its Influence on English Literature," stands mid-way between the scientific and the literary, for Mr Macdonald has chosen to tread the dangerous path of Celtic philology, forgetting to prepare himself against the dangers of the way. Of his one hundred comparisons of Gaelic words with English and Latin, seventy-two per cent. of the words are actually borrowed words ; only twenty-eight are really Gaelic by root and origin ! Mr Jolly discusses the "Feeling for Nature in Gaelic Poetry," and Mr John Mackay writes an excellent paper on the "Celtic Muse in Lowland Garb," where he reproduces English renderings of some of the best poetical pieces in the Gaelic language. Dr Masson has an article on "Some Rare Gaelic Books," which practically deals with Ford Hill's Ossianic Collection, and gives some lively personal reminiscences in connection therewith. We close the volume after deriving from it the liveliest pleasure ; there is a youthful verve and vigour in the writing that carries one along on the wings of the writers' enthusiasm. Two points the Glasgow Society may learn : let the papers not be general, but deal with some definite locality, time, or facts of history, literature, or folklore—the collection of the floating and unpublished song and lore of the country should, indeed, be the main object of such Societies ; and, secondly, let them eschew philology, mythology, and ethnology, unless they are sure the writer of their paper really can speak authoritatively on these "ologies," for, like other sciences, they require training ; and, if the Society were to show equal rashness in accepting a lecture in practical chemistry, as they do in the case of Celtic etymology, we would soon hear of a terrible explosion in Glasgow, and the dissolution into its component atoms of a worthy Gaelic Society, innocently "hoist with its own petard."

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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## A DIVIDED RACE.

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### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### WHAT FOLLOWED.

DUNCAN MACLEAN gladly saw the rector to the door and driven away. The three left behind, all standing near the Covenanter's portrait, were silent for several minutes. Dr Grant, who, as the excitement died away, looked worn out and feeble, was the first to break silence. He shook hands with Louis, saying:—"Now you know why I wished to have you present when the impostor called on me. You are undoubtedly the representative of the elder line of our divided race and my heir, although the proofs are not yet quite complete. I knew it was so when I saw you side by side with the portrait of the old Covenanter, our common ancestor. I wonder if his spirit is with us now. As for the revelation the impostor has just made concerning himself, it has come upon me like a perfect surprise. I never thought he was Patty Murgatroyd's son. For one thing, I assumed, if Patty's son was living at all, that he would go by his mother's surname.

For another thing, I had formed a wrong theory respecting your grandfather, thinking that he had either been married twice, or had an illegitimate son who was the father of the impostor. What idiots preconceived notions make of us? Intuition told me that the Baroness and her paramour were in some way connected with the impostor, and yet, while making all sorts of searches in England, I never thought of Patty Murgatroyd's son. Well, I have got the true clues now, and should he not return the papers—yet I think he will—we can prove your case otherwise. Write to Effie and tell her all. I should like to look at her when reading your letter; for never did I see another face which so frankly mirrors the mind as her's does."

"I am so amazed still that I do not quite understand it all," answered Louis.

"I am amazed, too," said Kenneth, "and, I must add, considerably frightened by the unknown influence which we have just seen operating, but I fully understand that your step-father robbed you, Louis, of papers which proved you to be Dr Grant's heir of entail, and then tried to pass himself off as the proper owner of the stolen papers. Grace will be almost as glad as Effie Bell to hear about this revelation."

"Get Duncan to drive you to the manse and bring Grace back with you to dine with us, and let both of you stay over Christmas with us," said Dr Grant. "And now come, let us sit down. Will-efforts are exhausting while the spirit is conditioned by the tabernacle of clay. Louis, ring that bell. We shall have a glass each of my grandmother's favourite wine, with something to eat. Then Kenneth will go with Duncan to fetch Grace. Aye, and, Kenneth, bring your fiddle with you to accompany Grace's piano-playing. Music will dissipate the gray shadows. But, meanwhile, Louis will have to go with me to another spectral sort of function?"

Kenneth somewhat rashly ventured to inquire what was meant by a spectral sort of function?

He was snapt up with—"Something not dreamt of in your modern theology, although Biblical theology, rightly

understood, includes it with many other things beyond the present ken of short-sighted conceited modern science. Drink your wine and eat your biscuit, and then be off for Grace. Louis knows what the function is, and, in fact, we wish to get rid of you till we get through it."

Louis knew quite well that the function meant shooting at the portraits in the chateau attic, and, to tell the truth, he had after the morning function a horror of sharing in it. The old man, however, soon got his pistols and keys, and the young one, ashamed to show the white feather, sallied forth with him. When they reached the attic Louis had to go up and turn the faces of the portraits to the shooter. It might be perturbation of mind, but he felt as if an electric shock passed up his arm when he laid his hand on the portrait of the Baroness. He had no similar feeling when he turned the other portrait. The shooter's aim was as accurate as on the former occasion. He hesitated, when he fired the two shots in rapid succession, about aiming a third bullet at the photograph of the rector. Louis shouted out "Don't." The old man held down his pistol, advanced up the floor and surveyed his target work with satisfaction.

"The bouquet of beautiful flowers over the wicked heart is now effaced almost completely. So it ought. The crescent of holes above the head of the woman's paramour is complete. So far as we are concerned, Louis Grant, the last bolt of the Baroness from the life beyond the bodily death has been thrown harmlessly. Turn their faces to the wall. I think I'll never have to visit them any more. You interfered on behalf of the impostor. Perhaps you were right. Apprehension kills and apprehension cures. He is yet in mesmeric rapport—as the charlatans call it—with these, and if I fired at his image it might do him physical harm. Who knows? He is a bad man, yet not altogether bad. He suffered foul wrong, in more ways than one, before his birth. That must be taken into account. His mother must have been essentially a good woman or else he would not have been as dualistic as he is. He got nothing

but moral weakness from his father—my reprobate father also. The devilry of the Baroness overshadowed him before his birth, and has, perchance—who knows?—driven him into evil against his better self ever since.”

On their way back to the Tower the old man told the young one how he had searched high and low, and in all conceivable places for the papers his careless lawyer uncle had hidden away. He believed they were more complete, because continued after his grandfather's death, than the duplicates which the impostor had appropriated, and which he hoped he would now voluntarily, or without compulsion of law, restore to the rightful owner.

“I thought a few days ago that I could not think of any further place or things to search, but it has this moment occurred to me that I have not overhauled the big legal folios which were much prized by my grandfather, and on rare occasions consulted by my uncle. My grandfather had a habit of putting leather covers on his favourite books to preserve the boards and binding, and I have just bethought me that the leather covers supplied pockets inside the boards in which that precious uncle of mine might have slipped your title papers, and then forgotten all about them, as the case was not pending. We can overhaul them if you help me before Kenneth and Grace will be due. I must not be too sanguine after so many disappointments, but I feel like having had a real inspiration.”

Louis proffered help at once, although he wished to use the interval before dinner for writing a long and great surprise letter to Effie. On returning to the library, Dr Grant sat down beside a table and pointing out the hatch in which the select legal books had been stowed away, begged Louis to bring them to him in armfuls. The process of disentombing and searching proceeded in silence for half an hour or longer without any result, when Louis happened to dig down to a huge manuscript volume, whose size and form caused him to exclaim, “What in the world can this huge book, like a hairy box, be?”

"Like a hairy box," echoed Dr Grant. "Bring it to me at once."

The moment he saw it in Louis's hand he called out quite excitedly:—"It is the household accounts and recipe book of my grandfather's people for generations. A book which my uncle consulted oftener than his law books, for he dearly liked a snug savoury dinner. Lay it down. Now let us see. Ha! there is surely a parcel of papers inside the goat skin pocket. What are they? Victoria! Buaidh-larach! The missing documents by the soul of Maol-donaich! Why, almost the first paper on which I cast my eyes is the document of documents, a certified copy of your grandfather, the Major's marriage with the Puritan spinster. "Bachelor" he was, and "Spinster" she. They were married in a fashionable church in London, and not in the bride's district as I naturally supposed. What took them to a London church to get married wher. he was a Scotch Presbyterian, and she an Independent Nonconformist? But never mind, all's well that ends well. The case is complete, and I think after so much excitement I'll go to my bedroom and sleep for a while. You can walk forth to meet Kenneth and Grace, or do anything you like but hang or drown yourself."

Instead of walking forth Louis sat down to write a long letter to Effie which, when it reached the Corner House, produced a vast amount of pleasurable excitement. Effie lost no time in telling Dr Beattie the surprising news to her that Louis was Dr Grant's heir, and that the rector was only an impostor. Dr Beattie was not surprised at all because he had participated in Dr Grant's researches and shared his disappointments, but he was delighted that the dualistic man had, by extraordinary means, been forced to reveal his history, and he at once communicated with Abraham Olroyd, who, within a fortnight, got plenty of Kirkby-le-moor and other information about Patty Murgatroyd and her son. Before Olroyd, however, had sent in his report, the rector unexpectedly called on Dr Beattie and



handed him the purloined papers to be delivered to Louis. It was a strange thing that the rector should have chosen Dr Beattie for his father confessor and adviser at this great crisis of life, but such was the case, and Dr Beattie, far from being the hard judge he expected to find him, sympathised deeply with him, soothed him with half-medical half-religious encouragement, and dissuaded him from at once resigning his charge as under the feelings of strong remorse he had resolved to do. Dr Beattie advised him to leave the parish in the hands of the curate-in-charge and to travel for a time; and this advice he took and disappeared without delay. With the old man at the Abbot's Tower, Dr Beattie became a strong pleader for mercy and forbearance for the man of dual nature, in whom good and evil had been alternately predominant, but whose better nature would now, he thought, range him firmly by means of remorse and absence of temptation, self-abasement, and faith ever more on the side of the angels. Louis, Effie, and John Bell were easily persuaded to hold their tongues about the rector's misdeeds, but Mrs Bell, who had once thought much of the amenities of the rectory, and thought she liked the man himself, would now have run him down had she known all the facts, but as she did not know them all, she could only express strong dislike and shake her head over indefinite wickedness.

To return to the Abbot's Tower. Kenneth and Grace arrived an hour or more before the postponed dinner hour for the occasion, and they had a long talk with Kenneth about the discoveries of the day and the spectral function, which rather shocked Kenneth, but of which Grace had heard something before from her mother. When the old man descended from his bedroom, dressed for dinner, he quickly changed the subject of conversation. It was evident that he wished to withdraw his thoughts from the strange events of the day. After dinner he called for music. Grace sat down to the piano obediently, and asked what he would have? He replied that he wished she and Kenneth would

sing first the *Dies iræ*, which they did at once. He then called for Rob. Donn's "song of death," and after that for several Highland laments. Having thus soothed his soul by melancholy strains, he next made Kenneth take his fiddle, and the young minister and his wife played together marches and other martial pieces, from which they glided into reels and strathspeys. By this time their host was in a most cheerful mood, and he then and there settled a programme for feasting and entertaining the people on his estate a few days later, so that he might formally introduce Louis as his legal successor, and the representative of his own mother's people, the disinherited branch of Maoldonaich's divided race. Grace's mother, Mrs Fraser, had to be requisitioned for superintending the feasting preparations, and for acting as lady of the chateau on the great occasion, which created no small sensation in that corner, and no small talk throughout most of the Highlands.

## EPILOGUE.

TEARLACH CRION—now and for a long time back known as Dr Grant—was not satisfied with merely introducing Louis as his successor to the people about him. He began at once to write the history of Maoldonaich's divided race, for the purpose of publication first in the "Transactions" of one of the learned societies, of which he was a member, and next as a separate bulky pamphlet. This purpose he carried out in due time, with all requisite fulness, although, on the strong remonstrances of Dr Beattie, Louis, Effie, and John Bell, to whom the manuscript was submitted, he consented, with much reluctance, to omit a chapter bristling with undying animosity against the Baroness and his father.

Louis was anxious to return to his duties at Slocum, when the holiday period agreed upon was up. He wanted very much to see Effie, and talk the whole affair over with her. He reckoned without his host, who, unknown to him, had applied to Dr Beattie, and obtained an extension of

Louis's leave of absence. Tearlach, who, in important business matters, took long to consider, and when he made up his mind, acted with characteristic rapidity, now became engrossed in much correspondence, and told Louis to amuse himself as he best could, and not to bother him. Louis fell back on the resources of the manse, where Mrs Fraser and Janet were the presiding household deities, and almost looked upon Grace and Kenneth as permanent lodgers, or two children who had yet to be properly taught the science of domestic economy. The presiding deities made much of Louis, and Kenneth and Grace showed him the parish, and told him its popular legends. Two or three days passed happily, and then came a peremptory message to Louis from the Tower to present himself there next day, at a specified hour, to take a drive with Dr Grant. Louis wondered at this, for although he kept horses, Tearlach Crion was not in the habit of either driving or being driven. When he presented himself punctually at the Tower, he found that Tearlach was waiting, ready to drive, and that Duncan Maclean was holding a horse in a dog-cart at the door. Tearlach climbing to his own and bidding Louis to take his seat, vouchsafed only the curt information that he wished to explain to him on the ground something he ought to know.

They drove up the valley and on to the plateau, then folded round behind what Louis already knew to be the upper boundary of Craig-na-bearn, and then by a well kept private road got to a pretty confined scene of arable and pastoral fields surrounded by woods, and with a comfortable mansion of moderate dimensions peeping out on fields and farmhouses, from a recess sentinelled by grand sycamores and elms, with a garden dimly seen in the background.

"What a pretty place it is?" exclaimed Louis. "How is it that I never hit on it before?"

"Because it is well hidden, and the private road was closed. You like the place?"

"Who wouldn't? It is a perfect jewel of a retreat."

“ Do you think your Girton girl would like it ?

“ Effie like it ! She and her father would rave about it. They are greater scenery enthusiasts than I am, and yet it strikes me as being the cosicst nest I have ever seen.”

“ Glad to hear it. The nest is for you and yours, my boy. There is no need for your waiting for a dead man's shoon or going through the drudgery of a trying profession. You know that through my grandmother I inherited many years ago an old tower and some vineyards and farms in France. Being non-resident, I never got what could be called fair rents from these possessions, and of late, that is since the war broke out between France and Germany, my French estate has been almost a white elephant, or at least a perpetual worry to me. The value of property has now recovered from the war depression level in France, although the Republic is yet shaky. The head of a famous financial house, in search of a country residence with a history and an air of antiquity, happened to see my old tower and its surroundings, and both caught his fancy. He sought out my agent and offered quite a fancy price, which I did not accept at once, but when he advanced his bid twenty per cent. I thought it time to close the bargain and bank my money. Well I knew that the encumbered owner of this small estate behind my own was anxious to dispose of it by private sale. In fact he offered it to me for what I considered a reasonable price two years ago, when I told him, what was then the truth, that I did not want more land than I had already. He is now worse pressed by his creditors than he was then, and so I wrote him last week stating that I would now give the price he previously asked, if he closed the bargain at once, and gave me or rather you—in whose name and for whose behoof the offer was made—a clear title. He clutched at the chance. The price has been paid, and the transfer has been legally accomplished. You stand on your own land, my boy, and are monarch of all you survey, although that is not saying much, because the scope of vision is very circumscribed. If you like to live

the life of a small independent country gentleman at once on, including what you have yourself, about £500 a year of clear income with a nice house, garden, policy paddocks, and a small shooting, you can do so, and I'll be very glad to have you as my next neighbour. What say you?"

Louis could hardly say anything. He was so overwhelmed by the extraordinary kindness of his very distant relative, that tears filled his eyes, when he shook hands with him in speechless silence. But when he recovered his voice and composure, he expressed his gratitude very emphatically, yet at the same time declared his resolution to stick to his profession, for which he felt he had a vocation. The old man listened with more equanimity than he could expect from a person of his rather imperious temperament to the refusal to live an idle life, while young, vigorous, and capable of being of some use in the world. Tearlach Crion, indeed, respected Louis more than ever, for wishing to work in his honourable profession, and almost told him so in so many words. "Dr Beattie," he said, "who knows all about it, refused to believe that you could be tempted to leave your profession to lead a sluggish life, and he will be glad you have resisted temptation. Perhaps I was selfish in wishing you to do otherwise. At anyrate, this place is yours, and it will be always a nice retreat for you and yours in years to come. I'll tell you what. Send Mr and Mrs Bell down to keep the place for you. Marry Effie as soon as ever you can dig her out of *her* profession. It will be delightful to me to have John Bell's company all the year round, and periodical visits from you and the Girton girl—and all who may come in course of years belonging to your next generation."

These suggestions suited Louis's own secret wishes so well, that on his return to Slocum he tried with all his might to dig his Girton girl out of her profession and make her his wife at once. John Bell, without trying directly to persuade Effie, talked a good deal and thought more about the amenities of Ardrum, which was the name

of the place Tearlach Crion had bought for his successor, and Mrs Bell was full of happy ideas and talk about garden, poultry, and cows. Dr Beattie himself put in a word or two about early marriages, the folly of which he declared, as a rule, turned out to be the highest wisdom. But the Girton girl had come under a moral, if not a legal obligation to the Governors of the Girls' School to serve them for five years, and as she believed the faith of contracts to be the corner stone of society, she was not to be moved by all the insidious influences brought to bear upon her, nor by the treacherous whisperings within herself. She told Louis to have patience, and pointed out that nearly half her term of contracted service was already past, and that it would take him the remaining half to get well established in his practice and to become a master of his profession before getting burdened with a wife. Louis did not see eye to eye with Effie at all in this matter at first. In his disappointment he wrote to Tearlach Crion in quite a desponding mood, and Tearlach Crion's sharp eyes on reading this wail flashed not with indignation at Effie's obstinacy, but with admiration for her good sense, good faith, and strength of will. As one consequence of that admiration, he so managed and controlled matters that during Effie's next summer vacation he had her father, mother, and self down to Craig-na-bearn and kept them there as long as Effie could stay. Nay, more, he there and then began to teach Effie Gaelic, and being an apt linguist, and Grace and Kenneth, and Mrs Fraser helping her, not to speak of Janet, who took to her wonderfully, she made rapid progress. Now in this Gaelic business Louis had been tried and found lamentably wanting. Louis had not Effie's linguistic gift, nor could he be made to see that, as future Laird of Craig-na-bearn, it was his bounden duty to be able to speak the mountain tongue.

But Effie's determination to stick to her teaching profession for her fixed period was put an end to by an event on which she had not calculated. This was the sudden

and disabling breaking down of Dr Beattie's health. A severe winter illness prostrated the good old man, and although he got about again at the end of a late spring, symptoms of creeping paralysis warned him to retire from practice before he utterly collapsed. He lost no time in winding up his affairs in Slocum, and in removing his household gods to a house which he had bought in the Dales long before, with a view to spending his last days amidst the rural scenes and veteran scientist occupations for which his mind always hankered, like the mind of the toiling desert traveller for running brooks and their tree-shaded banks. Louis succeeded to the whole practice, by an arrangement which was even more profitable to him than to the retiring senior ; but the old doctor had feathered his nest very well, and he had nobody except his old wife to provide for. It would have been a dislocation of the business—a violation of all Slocum conservative customs—if the successor of Dr Beattie did not live in the old, roomy house dedicated to medical occupation for perhaps upwards of a century, and did not stick to its old surgery, and the hours and days appointed for ordinary surgery work. And, having taken over house and surgery, with all their contents, Louis Grant declared that his need to get a wife immediately was absolute from the practical business point of view. That argument, especially as all her and his friends endorsed it, knocked on the head Effie's old pleas for delay. So, after due proclamation of bands, the young pair of old lovers—for had they not been lovers from their childhood?—slipped quietly into the parish church one morning, and were married by the Rector of Slocum, in the presence of a few friends. Louis and Effie were popular, and the church would have been crowded on the occasion had they not stolen a march on the public. A run of a few days to the Isle of Man was all the honeymoon Louis could take because of professional exigencies, and, indeed, before the moon of their marriage day waned, he and Effie were already as settled down as any old married pair in Slocum.

The years rolled on with their many changes to all the sons and daughters of man except our friend Tearlach Crion, who only changed for the better as he settled down for living on beyond the Psalmist's allotted span of life. The Manse filled with children and so did the Doctor's house at Slocum. Effie's first-born was a son, whom she and his father wished to call Charles or Tearlach, but the despot of Craig-na-bearn would have him christened Ludovic according to dynastic custom. On the next occasion Effie had twin boys, who were called Charles and John. Hearty, merry inseparables the twins turned out—boys fit, as Tearlach Crion admitted, to make their way in the world as colonial farmers or anything honest, provided they were not divided by distance or occupation. But although he renewed his youth among the children of both his kindred families, and told them wonderful stories, some weird, and some with far-reaching morals, Tearlach bestowed chief attention on the youth Ludovic, who was to carry on the dynasty. Effie was sent with the children to spend a month or two every year at Ardrum, but Louis could only pay short visits to his ancestral land until his practice increased to such an extent that he felt justified—having already saved some money, and Mrs Smith's property having become doubly valuable through Slocum increase—to take to himself a partner who enabled him to prolong his summer visit to the extent of a month or more. Young Ludovic was carefully taught Gaelic, and so were the other children, although it was not of so much consequence in their case. The twins, in fact, chattered so much together, and were such favourites at the Manse where all spoke it, that they learned it much more rapidly than "Prince Lud," as they had come banteringly to call their elder brother. The reigning despot, however, was very well pleased with Prince Lud as reversionary successor, and soon began to claim possession of him altogether, which had to be conceded, although Effie and her husband feared at first that Tearlach Crion would be too likely to spoil the



lad. That fear passed. Tearlach had very practical ideas about the discipline and education suitable for one destined some day to be a Highland proprietor burdened with hereditary responsibilities, and the lad himself seemed rather difficult to spoil.

The rector of Monk Hirst, when his year's leave of absence terminated, resigned his charge, and offered his services to an East African Church of England Mission. He qualified himself for his work by picking up as much elementary knowledge of surgery and medicine as he could in a short time. He insisted, contrary to Dr Beattie's advice, in making a full confession of past temptation and fall to the heads of the Mission. Dr Beattie, Presbyterian as he was, admitted that confession in such a case was good for the soul, but he feared the penitent's services would be declined. That, however, was not the case. The shrewd organisers knew how to make use of zeal sharpened by remorse, and coupled with energy however perverse. After a short sojourn on the Zanzibar Coast, the ex-rector was sent into the interior and used for pioneer purposes beyond the ordinary sphere of operations. Natives and Arab traders soon discovered that he was a puzzling sort of character—a man of mystery, who did not spare himself in trying to make converts, and who seemed to court death rather than to fear him. The Arabs called him the "Christian Dervish," and among the natives he was known as the "Man of the Double Vision." For a long time he made no real converts, although many applied to him for medical and surgical assistance from the first. At headquarters he was for a while supposed to be a failure, but gradually he gained a doubtful kind of influence simply because he was not like other men, either black or white, and because he lived an ascetic life. But an invasion by a neighbouring negro potentate on the tribe with which he lived for the purpose of slave-hunting, roused his fighting instincts, derived from martial Highland ancestors. The chief of the tribe was killed

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in resisting the invaders. All seemed lost, when the Double Vision man rushed to the rescue, rallied the panic-stricken warriors, and mercilessly crushed the invaders. After that he made many converts, and he forthwith began to organise his converts as an industrial community. His superiors gave him free scope. He worked best when let alone, and what between funds of his own and funds sent him by Tearlach Crion he made scarcely any demand on the pecuniary resources of the Society.

[THE END].

## GAELIC EXPRESSIONS OF WISH AND ADJURATION.

IN the last few numbers of the *Highland Monthly*, we discussed the subject of Gaelic incantations and mag'ic rhymes. The incantations, as we saw, depended on a more or less direct invocation of the supernatural beings and powers that had to do with the diseases or with the results desired. It is on such invocation that the great virtue attached to the "spoken word" depends. We saw that the satirists of the ancient Gael could by means of their verse bring not merely moral but physical injury on the object of the satire. The witch or wicked woman had also a like power in regard to her wishes. The following well-known proverb admirably sums up the popular belief on this point:—

Gheabh baobh a guidhe, ged nach fhaigh a h-anam trocair.

A witch will get her wish, though her soul gets no mercy.

Formulae for blessing and cursing, which exist in great abundance, are in principle the same as any magic rhyme or other incantation: only they are more general—anybody can use them, for they require no skill of art or memory. Adjuration or swearing differs from blessing and cursing only in the fact that the person taking the oath is alone involved in its evil result, should there be any such arising from perjury or untruth. Exclamations like the Latin *Hercle* or the English *Zounds* are a degraded form of adjurations or oaths, no doubt originally used seriously, for the former invokes the god Hercules, and the latter "His (Christ's) wounds."

Good people might also attain their wish at times. Pious ministers and godly men were popularly supposed to get their blessings and cursings, especially the latter, ratified. The third son, who in the folk tale starts with the

little bannock and his mother's blessing, always meets with success, unattained by the two elder brothers, who preferred the big bannock to the blessing. A mother's spoken wish availed much, as this story shows. In the time of our great foreign wars, press-ganging or forcing the young men into military service was common, and the Braes of Lochaber received a visit from a party of press-gangers. A young fellow was forced away, despite the entreaty of his mother in his behalf, but as the party was disappearing from view, the woman shook her old shoe aloft in the air and said:—

Fraoch is freach fo chasan mo leinibh !  
Heath and hill neath my child's feet.

And, sure enough, the young fellow did return a few hours afterwards, for he managed to "dodge" down one of the glens, and though shot at, escaped in safety.

We begin with expressions of blessing. The word for blessing is *beannachd*, and "Beannachd leat" is used for "farewell," though literally it means "Blessing with thee!" The following require little or no explanation:—

Slan leat !	Farewell ! (Lit. Hale with thee).
Slainte !	Health to you !
Air do dheagh shlainte !	Your good health !
Soraith leat !	Blessings with you !
Piseach ort !	Prosperity to thee !
Meal is caith e !	Live and enjoy it !
Buaidh is piseach ort !	Luck and prosperity to thee !
Tapadh leat !	Thank you ! (Lit., Cleverness with you).
A chuid do Pharas da !	His share of heaven be his !
Gu'n gleidheadh Dia thu !	God preserve you !

The numerous islands on the West Coast joined to each other by shallows and fords are said to have originated the expression of "Good ford to you!" a parting salutation made to one about to cross any of these dangerous and treacherous shoals. Of more elaborate formulæ we have—

Gu ma fada beò thu is ceo dhe do thigh !  
May you live long and smoke be of your house !  
Saoghal fada an deigh bheatha dhut !  
Length of good life to you !

Rùn do chridhe air do chuisle !  
 May your pulse beat as your heart could wish !  
 Sìth do d' anam is clach air do charn !  
 Peace to your soul, and a stone on your cairn !  
 A h-uile la sona dhut !  
 Gun la idir dona dhut !  
 Every day good luck to thee,  
 Nor any day of sorrow be !

It is sad to relate that the expressions of ill-wish and imprecation far outnumber those for good wishes. What is more sinister still is the fact that considerably more literary power is evinced in devising them. The word for curse is *mollachd*, and *Mollachd ort* means "Curse on you!" Sometimes the alliterative form, *Mìle mollachd ort*—a thousand curses—suits best the temper of the occasion. The adjective *droch* (bad) plays a great part in these expressions, as thus :-

Droch bhàs ort !	Bad death to you !
Droch caoidh ort !	Bad moan on you !
Droch cheann ort !	Bad end to you !
Droch ciall ort !	Bad sense to you !
Droch comhail ort !	Bad meeting to you !
Droch coinne ort !	Bad meeting to you !
Droch crìoch ort !	Bad ending to you !
Droch cruinn ort !	Bad luck on you !
Droch dhiol ort !	Bad usage to you !
Droch fuil ort !	Bad blood on you !
Droch iul ort !	Bad lead to you !
Droch shiubhail ort !	Bad going to you !
Droch bhealach ort !	Bad pass to you !
Droch spadadh ort !	Bad killing to you !

The *comhail* which appears in *Droch comhail ort* refers to the belief that some persons or animals were unlucky to meet when one was setting forth on any business of importance. The *bealach*, or "pass," like the "ford" already mentioned, is important in so mountainous a country as the Highlands, and we need not wonder that we also meet with another ill-wish containing it. That is *Bealach millidh ort*!—Destruction's pass (or path) to you! Other formulæ of cursing are :—

An-uair ort !	Stress on you !
Bas dunach ort !	Death of woe on you !
Bas gun sagart ort !	Priestless death to you !
Contrachd ort !	Bad luck to you !
Dith-bhidh ort !	Lack of food on you ?
Burn dubh ort !	Dark water on you !
An dunaidh ad chliathaich !	Disaster in your side !
Adharc nad chliathaich !	A horn in your side !
Gèblach ort !	Death-bandages on you !
Marbh'asg ort !	Death-wrappings on you !
Losgadh do chridhe ort !	Heart burning on you !
Manadh do chrochaidh ort !	Omen of hanging to you !
Losgadh dubh do dhunach dhut !	Black burning of your woe to you !
Leibid ort !	Mischance on you !
Car t' aimhleas ort !	Mischance on you !
Na h-uilc 's na h-uirchill ort !	Evils and diseases on you !
Dhonas 's a dhòlas ort !	Evil and sorrow to you !
Gu ma h-olc dhut !	Evil to you !
Gu'n gabh a' bhochdainn thu !	Poverty take you !
Gu ma h-anmoch dhut !	Late be it with you !
Gaoth gun dìreadh ort !	Wind without direction on you !
Gu'n gabh an Riabhach thu !	The Brindled (deil) take you !

Some expressions require explanation : thus, "Aireamh na h-Aoine air caoraich a' bhail' ud thall," means "Friday's numbering on the sheep of yonder farm," and recalls the fact that Friday was an unlucky day in the Gaelic calendar, for, as a matter of fact, it was a Church Fast-day, as its Gaelic name means. "Padhadh na caorach ort," or "Sheep thirst on you," is explained as meaning, "No thirst on you," for sheep do not drink, and hence the further idea involved in this "Thirst no more" is, "May you be dead ! "Deireadh nan seachd Sathuirn ort" means the "End of the seven Saturdays on you," and refers to the superstition which forbids beginning an undertaking on Saturday, for it is then doomed not to be finished for seven Saturdays. "Siubhal na Samhna dha"—Let him go like Halloween—means that he is not wanted back. "Siubhal Artair ort"—Arthur's travelling to you—refers to the mythical ballad of Arthur's going with hound and gillie to search for the maiden of his dreams, and of his never returning. "Siubhal Mhurchaidh bho'n bhothan ort"—Murdoch's travelling

from the bothy to you—possibly refers to the tale of Murchadh Mac Brian in search of his lady-love. “Bas an fhithich ort”—The ravens death to you—has reference to the belief that the young ravens kill the old. A strong expression of ill-wish appears in “Saighead dubh do ghonaidh ad thaobh”—The black arrow of thy wounding in thy side. “Fionn” has put on record what he truly calls an “awful” curse: “Dia ad aghaidh ’s ad aodann, bathadh air muir is losgadh air tir, crogan sgithich eadar do chridhe ’s t’ airnean”—God against thee and in thy face, drowning on sea and burning on land, a crock of hawthorn between thy heart and kidneys!

We have met with, among others, two expressions of ill-wish in some MSS., written by the famous Rev. J. Stewart of Luss, which are not easy of explanation. One is “Bas duigein ort!” and the other is “Boindeas ort.” The latter seems to mean “Flux on you,” and the former to imprecate some form of “dark-death” or other. Another expression of doubtful meaning is one which we have heard in Badenoch. It is “An uagan ort!” It seems to mean “Dread on thee.”

Let us now turn to expressions of adjuration. Such a formula as “May I perish if I do not do so” is the simplest form of adjuration, and the invocation of deities and powers of heaven or earth means that these powers will punish any perjury or failure in keeping to one’s word. In Pagan Ireland, the most sacred oath was that sworn by the elements—*na dùilean*—the sun, wind, rain, and dew, for example. Similarly, Hannibal’s oath was by the two great triads of sun, moon, and earth, and rivers, meadows, and waters. Loegaire, King of Ireland in the fifth century, swore to the people of Leinster by the sun and moon, the water and air, day and night, sea and land, that he would never again exact tribute of them. But he kept not his oath, and met his death shortly after in driving home a cattle spoil pointed for the tribute, and as the pious Christian Four Masters say in their history—“It was the

sun and the wind that wrought his death because he had violated their sanctity." An ancient poet says that it was the "elements of God" that caused Loegaire's death—the *duli De*: hence our *Dia nan Dul*. Similar oaths appear in the mythical stories of earlier Kings of Ireland, and the Picts are said to have sworn to the Scots by the same elements that the regal succession should be in the female line. From swearing by the elemental powers, it is but a natural step to swear by one's arms. Thus we are told of Naoise in the tale of the "Sons of Uisnech"—

Tug Naoise a bhriather go fíor  
Luighis fa thri a fiaghnuis arm.

That is to say—

Naesi gave his word in truth—  
Thrice he swore upon his arms.

Spencer, the poet, noted that the Irish swore "by their swordes," and he further mentions that, like the Scythians, the Irish "swear by theyr Lordes hand, and to forswear it hold it more criminall than to swear by God." Martin notes that this was a custom in the Western Isles also—swearing by the chief's or laird's hand. Swearing by one's own hand or that of his ancestors was also common in the Highlands. Martin says that if in a dispute "one of them assert the matter by your father's hand, they reckon it a great indignity," and still worse if the grandfather's hand is added. This assertion of Martin's is scarcely borne out by the facts, as we now understand the expression. "It would be more correct," says Sheriff Nicholson, "to say that it was an insult to be thought capable of disregarding it." The Stewart MSS. give the expression in a very old form:—

Làmh d-athar 's do sheanar !  
By thy father and grandfather's hand !

In a version of the Deirdre story produced by Mr Carmichael, a very full form of this adjuration occurs, and that, too, without any trace of insult. It runs thus:—"Air laimh



d'athar agus do sheanar agus air do dha laimh fhein ga'n saoradh."—"By thy father's and thy grandfather's hand, and by thine own two hands to free them." In the story of Conal Cروي the formula is as follows:—"Air do laimh, a righ Eirinn, 's air mo laimh-sa, ge saor e."—"By thy hand, King of Ireland, and by mine own hand, though the thing be free."

In the legendary stories about the family of Glengarry, a dauntless young chief of Glengarry makes Kintail swear by the ship, the salmon, and the bloody hand (An Long, am bradan, agus an Lamh Dhearg)—the armorial bearings of the Macdonalds—not to molest Glengarry any more. From arms and armorial bearings, we easily pass to important articles of dress, such as the *falluinn* or mantle. Hence a common minor oath is "Air m' fhalluinn fhin"—By my own robe! The spiritual part of man has also given rise to oaths. The formula, Air m' anam fhin, represents with a higher feeling of respect the English "Upon my soul!"

Religious names and personalities are, of course, of frequent occurrence, though they appear more as mere exclamations now than possessed of their original force. We saw in the case of the incantations how often the name of the Trinity was invoked. A common and very reprehensible exclamation is "A Dhia"—O God—used in most cases with as little sense of wrong and with the same force as the Latin "Herce." The old English "Marry," which so often appears in Shakespeare, especially in the phrase "Marry, go to," is an invocation of the Virgin Mary; and it also appears in Gaelic as "Air Moire" or "Moire" in exactly a similar use, though one may suspect that the influence of the lost adverb *iomorro* (however, indeed) has helped in perpetuating the expression. *Croiseam thu* means "I put the cross between you and me," and *Croiseam sgiorradh* is similarly to cross from one "mishap." The expression, "Air an iarunn naomh"—By the holy iron—appears in the Stewart MSS. A common formula is, "An

ainm an fhàidh"—In the prophet's name ! This, again, has been popularly etymologised and extended to "An ainm an àigh 's an fhortain"—"In the name of luck and fortune !" The phrase for "Goodness knows" is "Aig an t-Sealbh tha brath," where the word *Sealbh*, which really means "possession," passes into the idea of "luck," and thence to "Providence." Hence we get the expression, "Gu'n gleidh an Sealbh sinn !" which may be rendered "Good preserve us !"

There are many expressions with *gleidh* (preserve) in them, as "Gleidh sinn"—"Preserve us," and others. An asseveration of one's truth is sometimes accompanied by a phrase like "Na mheallam mo shlàinte"—"May I not enjoy my health !" In the Stewart MSS., we have met with such as this :—

Mo losgadh, mo sgaradh !  
 Mo sgeileadh, mo leir-chreach,  
 Mo sgaldadh !

These may be all or separately used, and mean—

My burning, my hacking,  
 My calamity, my utter destruction,  
 My scalding (take place, if I fail, etc.)

A peculiar expression is "Mo riar," which answers fairly to the English vulgarism, "My word !" The pronoun *mo* is common in Gaelic in exclamations, as "Mo thruaigh," "Mo naire," "Mo chreach," &c. (pity ! shame ! alas ! &c.) We must not forget the word of welcome, "Fàilte," the English "Hail," and in drawing this paper to a close, we bid the reader "Slan leat ! a h-uile la chi 's nach fhaic ! A h-uile la mar la an Nollaig !"



## PART II.

**A**S a sombre background, to throw out the pastor's virtues, stood his churchwarden, precentor, and right hand man Mr Bowler—dark, sinister, and gloomy. He was a dull heavy man with a short grizzly beard, and eyebrows shading cold grey eyes that never showed a spark of animation, save when they pointed some malicious sneer. "Man, he's a low fellow, I dinna like him," was the most flattering testimony I ever heard him pay to anyone's merit. As the village schoolmaster, he held high authority and possibly thought he had no peers to associate with

He was a bachelor, and, as my friend Macintyre remarked, he lived apart like a rogue elephant, only approaching society when he saw a chance of doing it a mischief. During his leisure hours he was usually to be seen at his door, scowling at random on the village. His precenting in church was in keeping with his character. Though scrupulously correct, he did not consider propriety of tone, but thundered the softest numbers as if they had been anathemas. The sweetest strains seemed bitter from his lips.



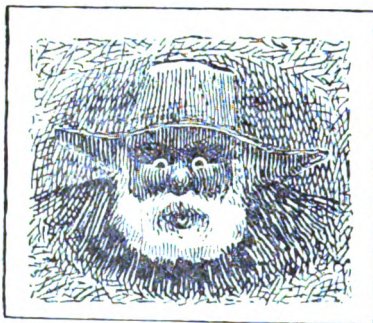
Nothing pleased him better than a psalm containing denunciations on the wicked. Then indeed his voice acquired a certain spice of happiness, and his eye would fall, as if naturally, on old "Grog-blossom's" seat—I may also confess that during the latter part of my stay it

sometimes fell on me. I fancy I can see him still, as during the sermon he sat cooped up in his box, casting his eye round to detect faults in the hearers which he might store up for after comment. We saw much of him, both from his position and because he amused us, while he was not unwilling sometimes to obtain an ear into which he might pour his scorn and contempt of his fellows. More of him, however, by and bye.

With the Free Church preacher we came little in contact. A thin, pale student, devout and retiring, he preached in the upper room of a disused building, and stirred little abroad during the week. His discourses were very theological. He brought one to the valley of dry bones. Jolly supplied trappings, but I hardly think either breathed

sufficiently of the spirit to make truths rise **before us** like a mighty army.

From the good, I may descend for a moment to the bad, and mention three old reprobates whom the village contained. I doubt if I can recall their proper names, for we used to know most of the people by nick-names, but these last being highly appropriate I remember them well. They were "Grog-blossom," "Whisky Punch," and "Talisker." The last deserves first mention as the most unique.



He was a small landowner and lived about a quarter of a mile away from the public-house. I mention the latter as it was the terminus of all his excursions. As for his appearance, words will not suffice to describe it, and even art must fall short. However, let one help the other. Drink had actually stained his face a dark purple, all but black, and it was fringed about by a white beard,<sup>1</sup> which made up a presence truly awful. I shuddered the first time I saw him. In humanity I christened him "Talisker," but my friend gave him a name from "Milton's Paradise Lost," which I regret to say fitted in better with his appearance. I wonder if he ever looked in any glass but a ruinmer. Had he done so, it would have been an eloquent sermon. His body was heavy and bloated, and though his short legs served to bring it to the village, it had always to be carried home.

"Whisky Punch" and "Grog-blossom" were cronies who drank with him. One was a revenue officer; the other a

<sup>1</sup> An epithet Prince Henry bestows on Falstaff in the "Boar's Head" would describe him with startling brevity.

storekeeper. They used to sit together all day in the little back parlour of the "Half-Mutchkin," talking, growling, smoking, and tossing off "Long John."

Sometimes Captain Macsmuat joined them. A seaman, genial as a starved bear. With him we were not on speaking terms, for this reason. At the time of our arrival he owned a small English terrier of the name of Brandy-snap. We formed an acquaintanceship with the animal, and highly trained it in the art of fetching and carrying stones. So fascinated did it become in this pursuit, that at length it was never to be seen except with a large stone in its mouth. Now, the Captain's own character led him to believe that the proper functions of a dog were to bark and bite, and he viewed with high displeasure a habit which entirely precluded their being exercised. He endeavoured to reform the animal, but Brandysnap, secretly encouraged, adhered to his new faith; whereupon the intolerant Captain one day, in a fit of rage, hung his crime and accusation about his neck, and drowned him like a heretic of a bygone age. As we were really attached to the animal, and believed it possessed of equal intelligence, and a great deal more amiability, than its master, we looked on this crime as little else than murder, and thereafter shunned the Captain. Such was the composition of this social brotherhood.

Mr Bowler's status in the village would not allow him, however willing, to be present at their orgies, so, like a Peri shut out of Paradise, he sometimes scowled at them through the window and cursed them, under his breath, for a lot of rogues. I once ventured to approach to get a glimpse of their revels. I saw their noses blazing like stars amid the poisonous exhalations, but a reek of smoke hung in the air obscuring all other objects, and as I was opening the door wider, to enquire further, I created a draught, whereupon a sulphurous blast of oaths and taliskers rushed out and swept me right off the premises.

Though society was limited, we had one charming place of call—the house of the aforesaid “Grog-blossom.” He was a widower, but possessed four lovely daughters—the eldest only about 23. What a sweet company they were! all pleasing, yet all different.

Malice might have remarked that their father was over fond, for he had bestowed all his virtues on them, and reserved none for himself. That was not the case however. The old man had a sound bottom of goodness, and so, perhaps, had old Talisker for that matter, though he was too prone to turning up his finger.

To come back to the daughters, I can but indicate their characters. The eldest was sensible and good-natured, and affected to take charge of us all. She was very devoted to her sisters. Helen, the second, was dark and handsome, with a half melancholy air which gave her a more than ordinary interest. The next was pert and witty, for, having lived some time in Glasgow, she presumed to know something of the world. She was very vivacious, and



when we grew well acquainted we used to have frequent wordy contests with her. Being rather small, in giving point to some of her repartees she would approach close, tilt her chin up at one, and turn her head on one side, in what Macintyre used to call a “there’s-your-chance-kiss-me-if-you-dare” sort of way. She

was so spirited, that when she got worsted she was ready to appeal to the *argumentum baculinum* by attempting to box our ears. I remember that when Macintyre said something one evening that particularly exasperated her, she approached him with the avowed intention of doing

so. He, in self-defence, caught both her hands in his. Her conduct in this trying situation was amusing to witness. Finding she could not get free, she suddenly became coldly dignified, and said—"Sir, you are too presuming. Will you please let me go?" "Yes," said he, laughing, "when you promise me you will be good." "No, sir, I am my own mistress, I will be as bad as I choose." "O then you stop here, and as your hands are like yourself, somewhat soft, I don't mind holding them."

Finding dignity no use, she assumed first an air of the deepest resignation, and then of intense agony. "Oh, you do hurt my wrists." When this appeal, however, was answered by relaxed pressure, she suddenly twisted herself free, and, dealing her jailor a rap on the head, called him "you savage," and made good her retreat.

The youngest—Ah, she was a modest little maiden, timidly bold as a young fawn, and shyly sweet as a violet. Many were the pleasant evenings we spent in their company. We laughed, we talked, we sang, we recited poetry; for the young ladies had a supply of books and were not deficient in literature. The pieces we selected were in keeping with the locality.

Recited amid the scenes of which they wrote, the strains of Scott and Leyden gained an added charm, nor were they worse for the pretty lips that spoke them.

Of course Mr Frank Jolly was always there—the life and soul of the company. He could play equally the piano or tin whistle, and was ever ready to extract the most secular of music from any instrument. "Time could not mar nor custom stale his infinite variety." He mimicked his parishioners, scowled like Bowler, or strutted like Macsmuat, and made us all nearly die of laughter by tales of his college experiences. Yet he did all with easy grace and without malice. The ladies quite adored him, and though I rather envied him his popularity with them, I don't wonder at it, for I believe had I been in their places I would have loved the rascal myself.



Sometimes Bowler would come in and sit in a corner biting his beard, and glowering on the company whose doings he by no means approved. "Will you give us a song, Mr Bowler?" asked one of the young ladies one evening. "No," said he with a meaning glance at the parson, "No." "A nevar *lowwer* masel by singing ony but sacred songs, and they would be verra oot o' place in this company." "O, Mr Bowler, it is not very gallant of you to say that." "Am no given to gallantry. A dinna care to go singing and play-acting like *some* fowk. A dinna lay masel oot to be agreeable." "You are quite right there," retorted Miss "Pert," to whom I believe Bowler had affected some pretensions, "On the contrary, you often make yourself very *disagreeable*."

Mr Bowler glared, but said nothing, though he thenceforth booked her as a mortal foe. He seldom came afterwards, but with Jolly and Macintyre our parties were merry enough without him. I certainly did enjoy a pleasant chat in the window corner over a cup of tea with one of these young ladies. They were so good humoured and sensible and free from affectation, not to mention their pretty faces, which, indeed, are sometimes an attraction in women.



The youngest was particularly nice. A shy little gipsy, more taking by her apparent innocence. When she did not understand anything she had a way of looking straight at one, with her large eyes very wide open, which was extremely confusing and destructive to one's presence of mind. One felt oneself impelled to stare back, and forget to answer, till one was recalled to oneself by her blushing and looking down. She was only 15. Macintyre chaffed

me about being in love with her. Perhaps I was with the whole lot, but the one at whose shrine I especially worshipped was Helen, the handsome and melancholy. Mr Jolly marked my idolatry and, like a good pastor—confound him—he cured me of it, as I shall afterwards relate. I think I had more cause to take to task my two friends on the score of love. Often Macintyre would go to call on “Grog-blossom,” professionally, he said, “to cure him of dipsomania, you know.” Mr Jolly would also be seen frequently wending his way there too. “Ministerially,” he said, “to reform him you know”—he reform anyone! The worst of it was that though they called frequently they could never find him, for he was sitting next door with old “Talisker.” Well, they would call again, but meantime—why, yes—they would just step up and see the family. If they did not turn up I knew where to go and look for them, and indeed I sometimes went to enquire for them at that house while knowing them to be elsewhere.

Another house at which we paid almost daily visits, though from different motives, and with far other feelings, was that of an old couple living a little way up the hillside. The father had been a seaman, but had now retired to his native village to spend the remainder of his days in peace. Heavy trouble, however, was upon them, for their only son, a promising young man, had lately come home only preparatory to his leaving them for ever in a slow decline. We did our best to brighten some of his hours, but here Macintyre’s skill was of no avail, and the scene was a sad one. Those whose fragile constitutions have been reared in delicacy, and shielded by care, may droop and be fanned to sleep by death, while the body is beautiful as the spirit that quits it; but repose may not come to the robust and powerful till they are haggard and worn with long watching, and disease has marred them with its horrid and deforming hand. So it was with this once stalwart engineer. It was painful to think what he had been as he sat back in his chair propped up with pillows, his face ghastly pale, his

hair prematurely falling, and his body in the last stage of emaciation. Yet he had hope, and would talk of the days when health and strength would come again, and he would once more return to his trade. We did not try to undeceive him. While there is life one will not willingly surrender all hope. We would have deceived ourselves if we could, yet we knew that life was fast sinking never to be renewed in this world. His mother knew it too. A fine-looking woman



she was, such as one might imagine Helen Macgregor to have been ; her strong face delicate through suppressed sorrow. She hung over his chair with tender solicitude, careful for all his wants ; but I have often seen her forced to hurry from the room to conceal tears she could not repress, when death seemed to make a nearer advance, and his cough

shook him with a stronger spasm. Here, too, we would sometimes meet the young ladies from the village, and they never appeared to me more taking than when engaged on some such kind-hearted errand. Consumption is slow but terribly sure. I never heard the end, but I feel certain that one at least of my old friends is long ere this relieved of his sickness, and is resting peacefully in the little churchyard by the sea-shore.

TO BE CONTINUED

## DO M' CHRUIT.

**T**OG dhìot, mo chruit, do sprochd 's do chlos,  
mu-n geill do cheol do 'n eug ;  
Cha reicear d' fhonn—s' mar ghleus nan dos,  
cha seinn thu bleid no breug.

Cha b' ann air duais a ghleusadh thu  
air tus 's mi 'm fhleasgach og,  
Ach chum gu-n iomraidhinn neo-ghnu  
air mnaoi 'bu chubhraidh pog ;

Gu-n gabhainn duan air mais' mo luaidh,  
air gaol ro bhuan do 'n oigh ;  
'S ma las mo dhanag caoin a gruaidh',  
co dheachd do m' smuain an doigh ?

Ach thu-s', mo chruit, 'chaomh chulaidh-chiuil,  
'us 'fhìor ioc-shlaint 'n am broin—  
Bu tric a dh' fhaothaich ceutachd d' iuil  
mi anmoch, moch, 's mu noin.

Ged 's fios nach d' fhuair mi inntinn baird,  
no cliu air gleusadh theud,  
Bheir d' ealaidh fein dhomh thlachd a 's aird'  
na 'n t-or 'n a mhilltean ceud.

'Am barail cuid, gu-n d' threig gu tur  
a Cheolraidh Tir nam Beann,  
Gu-m b' eil na Gaidheil 's an cainnt air sgur  
dhe bardachd 's fonn nan rann.

'S nach 'eil e fìor gu-m fasar sgith  
fo tharcuis 'us neo-mhiadh ;  
Am bi 's na puingean ceol no cli  
mar aire dhaoin' an riadh ?

Cha-n e gu-n d' mheirg an aois air cainnt,  
a lugh, a fonn, no 'gnaths,  
Ach siubhlach, iasgaidh i 'reir sainnt  
an neach le 'm miann a fas.

Tha Eogh'nn Mac Colla fathast beo  
 'cur mais' *Loch-Aic* air dain ;  
 'S a' cosnadh cliu dha Tir a Cheo  
 tha Mairi Nigh'nn Iain Bhain.

Tha bard le treoir, le sunnd 's le deoin  
 (fo thaic Mhic 'Ille Bhain),  
 A' srannadh phort air cuisibh seighn ;  
 's tha 'n Leudaig trom fo dhain.

'Am measg ar bard, gu-n iarr mi ait'  
 dha og an leadainn aigh,  
 A luighig orm—'s gu-m faic mi paight'—  
 na ruinn 'nochd dhomh-sa baigh.

'S ged their an namh 'us cuid dhinr. fein  
 nach tuilleadh dan doibh buaidh,  
 Gheibh baird nan Gaidheal euchdan threun,  
 'an Gaidhlig-chainnt gu'n luaidh—

'Us iomadh cuspair 'dh' eireas dhoibh  
 mar bheir *An Naoinear aithn'*,  
 Bho mi-ghean aoin ri *Fuaim an t-Saimh*  
 gu *Sine Chaluum Bhain*.

Gu *Sine Caluum Bhain*, mo chruit,  
 'ghabh bard o'm binn thig fuinn :  
 'S bho 'n 's modhalachd 'thig dhomh-s' 'us dhuit,  
 tha 'n t-am dhuinn sgur de 'r ruinn.

Ach stad, mo chruit, dhe seisd do theud  
 le rann mu 'm annsachd bhuain,  
 'S an umhlaich mi do 'n Leig gun bheud  
 a thug fo 'cis mo smuain.

#### EACHANN MAC AMHLAIDH.

[*Loch-Aic* is the title of one of MacColl's best. *Fuaim an t-Saimh*, by Mary Macleod. *Sine Chaluum Bhain*, is a very popular song. Verse 11th refers to a promising young poet friend of mine, who made me the theme of a few really fine verses. These remarks are not, of course, required by the Gaelic readers of the *Highland Monthly*, who know better than that].

THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD  
OF KINGUSSIE (ST COLUMBA'S).

CLUNY OF THE '45.

" 'And when my weary eyes shall close  
By death's long slumber blest,  
Beside my dear lov'd long lost home  
For ever let me rest.'

" She spoke and died—in yonder grave  
Her dear remains are laid,  
Let never impious murmur rise  
To grieve her hovering shade."

*The Wife of Cluny of the '45.*

FIFTH PAPER.

26. CLUNY AND BREAKACHY BURIAL PLACE.

WE now come to the burial place for many generations of the Macphersons of Cluny—the chiefs of Clan Chattan—and of their near relatives, the Macphersons of Breakachy. Within or near the present railed enclosure, although the fact is not recorded on any existing tombstone, there lie the remains of Lachlan Macpherson of Nuide, who, on the death of his cousin in 1722, became—as heir male—Macpherson of Cluny and Chief of the Clan. His wife was Jean, a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel—the Chief of the Camerons—a lady distinguished for her force of character. After her husband's death and the accession of her son to the Chiefship, her jointure-house was at Ballintian of Nuide, and it is related that to her funeral 1000 men "fit for battle" assembled. When the cortege reached St Columba's Churchyard, where her husband's remains had been interred some years previously, the Gynack (a tributary of the Spey in the immediate vicinity of the Churchyard) being at the time in high flood, the grave was found to be nearly filled with water. In place of being laid beside her husband, her remains were, in consequence, interred in the "Middle Churchyard"—some

two hundred yards distant—and her grave is said to be near the north-west corner of the foundation of the Church which at one time stood in that Churchyard. The severance thus brought about of the remains of husband and wife gave rise, it was supposed, to such poignant distress on the part of the disconsolate Chief that he could not rest in his grave, and it was firmly believed by some of the old natives that in the dead of night his ghost continually passed to and fro between the two churchyards. Only a very small portion of St Columba's Churchyard was enclosed, and in the recollection of many still living the site of old "Jess Warren's" house and garden formed part of what had in olden times been consecrated ground. The road to the present meal mill was sacrilegiously made right through this ground, and the bed of the old mill lade dug out among the graves. Before the bridge which at one time stood near the present smithy was constructed, this stream had to be crossed by a ford. Here one dark night James Robertson, the miller and beadle of Kingussie, a worthy somewhat fond of the native mountain dew, and well known to be of a very superstitious nature, and particularly timorous at night, was confronted by a wag from the village wrapped up in a white sheet. The "Ghost," with menacing voice, pretended to represent the departed Chief, and thus remonstrated in the native vernacular with the terror-stricken beadle:—"A Sheumais! a Sheumais! is olc, is olc, a bhain sibh ruimsa agus ri mo mhnaoi! Is fluich agus fuar mo chasan gach oidhche a' tighinn g'a h-amharc anns a chladh eile! C'arson, c'arson, nach do chuir sibh ri m' thaobh i?" (*i.e.*, James! James! Badly, badly, have you used me and my wife! Wet and cold are my feet every night going to visit her in the other churchyard! Why, why, did you not place her by my side?) Never afterwards, it is said, was the worthy beadle seen out of his house after dark.

The only son of Lachlan of Nuide was Cluny of the '45, who was born in 1706, and succeeded to the chiefship of

the clan on the death of his father. In some letters addressed by the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, to Lochiel of the time, and contributed by the present Lochiel to the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," there is an amusing account given of the courtship and marriage of Cluny of the '45 to Lord Lovat's eldest daughter. The following letter "represents," says Lochiel, "the lover as either very bashful or somewhat unskilful in his addresses, as he was a whole week at Beaufort without finding an opportunity of 'popping the question'":—

'My Dear Laird of Lochiel,—As I sincerely have greater confidence in you than in many other men on earth, you know for several reasons that I have past grounds for this confidence that I have in you, this entire trust that I have in your friendship for me, and in your absolute honour and integrity and uprightness of heart, obliges me to send you this express to acquaint you that your cousine Cluny Macpherson came here and after staying some days, he desired to speak to me by myself, which I very easily granted. After some compliments he very civilly proposed to marry my daughter Jenyie, who is with me. I was truly a little surpris'd. I told him all the obligeing things I could think, and told him that I would never let my daughter marry any man if he was of the first rank of Scotland beyond her own inclinations. So that he must speak to herself before I give him any other answer than that I was oblig'd to him. But the house being very throng with strangers he could not get spoke to her though he stayed a week here. I advis'd him to make his visit a visit of friendship since he had not been here of a long time, and not to speak to her till he should make one other visit, and that in the meantime, since I had as great confidence in his cousine Locheil as he had, that I would runn one express to you to know your opinion and advise which he was pleas'd with, and said he would likewise write to you. I therefore beg of you my dear cousine that you let me know candidly and plainly your sentiments without the least reserve as you know I would do to you. I am quite a stranger to the gentleman's circumstances, only that I always heard that they were not very plentiful. But whatever may be in that, as the connection that his family has with yours was the motion that



did engage me to do all the good offices in my power to all the Macphersons when they were much pursued (?) by the Duke of Gordon, so that same argument disposes me to be civil to him, and whatever may happen in his present view, I am resolved to behave to him so kindly so as to persuade him that I have a greater regard for him and his family on your account than I have for most people in the Highlands. The gentleman's near concern in you, if people knew my writing, might construct it by going in headlong to this affair. But I assure you, my dear cousin, that the plain case is, that I am fully convinced that if he was your Brother, it would have no byass with you to advise me to an affair that would not be honourable and fit for my family, as I am fully convinced that you will send me the real sentiment of your heart and let me know Clunie's circumstances, which you cannot be ignorant off. And I declair to you upon honour that I will neither speak to my daughter, nor to any mortal, until I have your return to this. One of my great motives for giving ear to this affair is the view that I have that it might unite the Camerons, Macphersons, and the Frasers as one man, and that such method might be fallen upon them as might keep them unite for this age that nothing would alter. But this desire will never make me agree to any proposition against my daughter's inclination, or contrary to a reasonable settlement.'

"The above letter is in duplicate, one copy autograph, the other written by an amanuensis, but both signed; one is dated the 10th, the other the 18th of February, 1742. To the latter is appended a Postscript in the same hand writing as the holograph of the 10th. It is as follows:—

'I do assure you, my dear Cousin, that if circumstances answer in a reasonable manner, that I am in my own inclinations entirely for the affair. Adieu, mon cher cousin.'

"The next letter on the same subject, written apparently after Lochiel's approval had been obtained, shows the importance attached to alliances by marriage as increasing the power and influence of the family thus allied. On the 27th of May of the same year Lovat writes:—'Your Cousin Clunie has been here these three weeks past, and I do assure you that I am obliged to suffer a great many battles for him. The M'Intoshes, who are madly angry at this

Match, endeavour to get all those they converse with to cry out against me for making of it, and those who don't love that the M'Phersons should be greater than they are, or that my family should be stronger than it is, make it their bussiness to cry out against it. But I must do justice to my Lord President that all his friends and Relations cry out against it, yet he heartily approved of it in this house, where he did me the honour to dine with me Monday was se'cn night, and after I told him plainly all the circumstances, and that I trusted myself entirely to you, he told me that I could not trust myself to an honester man in Scotland than to Locheill, and after what I told him, his opinion was that if the young couple lov'd one another they might live happily together ; and that it was a very proper alliance for my family, and that it strengthened the interest of my family more than any low country alliance that I could make. His saying so gave me satisfaction, whether he thought it or not, and tho' I have a hundred to one against me for making this match, yet I do not repent it, and tho' it were to begin again to-morrow, I would do the same thing over again, and I must tell you that the more I know your Cousine Cluny the more I love him for a thorrow good natur'd, even tempered, honest gentleman. He goes home to look after his affairs in Badenoch for some time, and I precisely design that the marriage shall be consummated towards the latter end of June. But as I told you before, I am positive that I never will allow it to be done till you are present, so that Dyet must be regulate according to the time that your affairs will allow you to come here.'"

In a letter from Lovat to the Duke of Gordon, dated Beaufort, 13th August, 1742, the marriage is thus alluded to :—

"As your Grace and the worthy Dutchess were so civill to my daughter, I think it my duty to acquaint your Grace that her aunt, the Lady Scatwell, having come here on the Tuesday after your Grace went away, my daughter was married next day to the Laird of Cluny, and they both behaved to the satisfaction of all who were present ; and as they are both good natur'd and of an even temper, I hope they will be very happy. They had the honour to succeed your Grace in the lucky velvet bed, which I hope will have good effect."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miscellany of the Spalding Club, Vol. III., p. 235.

According to Lovat, his son-in-law showed no symptoms of being a hen-pecked husband. Lovat's last letter on this subject is dated October, 1743, and after compliments (with which he was usually so lavish), and some other amusing matter, he proceeds :—

“Cluny came here Monday night with your brother Archibald. Your uncle Ludovic had the gout in his meikle, so that he could not come, and your brother John was sick of distemper, and he would not come, and Cluny brought nobody with him but Inveresci and young Bancher,<sup>1</sup> and another gentleman called Lachlan Macpherson. Duncan Campbell of Clunies came here likewise one Monday night, and the Laird of Foulis came here on Thursday, and seven of his friends, and dined and stayed all night and was very merry, so that my house was very throng, as it almost was every other day this (?) and summer. I was mightily desirous that Cluny should leave his daughter with me, who is the finest child I ever saw. But after he first consented to it, he then resiled and carried her of, which vexed me very much—notwithstanding that Dr Fraser of Achnagairn gave his positive advice to Cluny not to carry away his child in the winter time. But he acted the absolute chief, and carried the poor infant away in a credill a horseback. Before twenty gentlemen I openly washed my hands from any harm that would happen to the child by carrying her away in this season. But Cluny took the blame upon himself, and there I left it. However, they have had such fine weather that I hope the child will arrive at Cluny in good health.<sup>2</sup> But I cannot think that a house whose walls was not finished two months ago can be very wholesome either for the child or for the mother. But it seems that Cluny is resolved to wear the Britches and the Petty Coats too, so that I am afraid my child will not comb a grey head in that country. However, we must submit and resign all things to Providence.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two Macphersons, the one the Laird of Invereshie, and the other of Bancher, in Badenoch.

<sup>2</sup> The child happily survived the perilous journey in the dead of winter, “in a credill a horseback,” and lived to become the wife of Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Bleaton. She died on 6th November, 1808, in the 66th year of her age, and her remains, along with those of her husband, rest peacefully here in the Old Churchyard.

<sup>3</sup> “Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,” Vol. XII., pp. 374-378.

The happiness anticipated by Lord Lovat for the young couple at the time of the marriage was, alas! of short duration. About three years afterwards Prince Charlie landed in the Highlands and raised his standard at Glenfinnan. Cluny had some time previously accepted the command of a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, but he was in reality a strong partisan of the Stuart dynasty. While hesitating, we are told, between duty and inclination, his devoted wife, although a staunch Jacobite, earnestly dissuaded him from joining the Prince, assuring him that nothing could end well which began with breaking his oath to the Government. But when the Stuarts "claimed their own"—

"And when the tidings southward came,  
That Highland bosoms all aflame,  
Glengarry, Keppoch, loved Lochiel,  
To their true Prince, for woe or weal,  
Were plighting troth and thronging round  
His standard reared on Scottish ground—  
Glenfinnan by the lone Loch Shiel"—<sup>1</sup>

and Cluny and his clansmen were called upon to join the standard of the "King of the Highlanders," whom they regarded as the true heir to the Crown, they could not resist the appeal. The Macphersons were, it is said, all the more eager to take an active part in the Rising from a desire to revenge the sad fate of two of their clansmen, Malcolm and Samuel Macpherson, of the family of Breakachy, whom they considered had been very unjustly shot on account of the mutiny of the Black Watch two years before. That regiment having assembled at Perth in the spring of 1743, received orders to march for England, a step which the Highlanders regarded as contrary to what they had been led to understand when the regiment had been formed, namely, that the sphere of their services was not to extend beyond their native country. Against the remonstrances of Lord President Forbes and others, the

<sup>1</sup> Shairp's "Kilmahoe," p. 4.

regiment was ordered to join the British army then serving in Germany. The retreat, in consequence, of a portion of the regiment from London, led by Samuel Macpherson, has been well termed a romance of military history.<sup>1</sup>

Sad and bitter enough was the fate which ultimately overtook Cluny and his wife in consequence of his enthusiastic devotion to the Stuart cause—

“ Many a night of mute despair  
Saw he the welkin lurid red  
With the death-fire's baleful glare,  
From Badenoch o'er Lochaber spread  
Far west to Ardnamurchan head ;  
And heard dim voices of lament  
From the far-off mountains sent,  
Homeless wives and famished bairns,  
Crying 'mid the misty cairns  
For their sires that slaughtered lay  
By the smouldering shellings far away.”<sup>2</sup>

So keen was the desire of the Government to capture Cluny, that a reward of a thousand pounds, in addition to the command of a Company, was offered for his apprehension, and a detachment of the Royal forces was for a lengthened period stationed in the district for the express purpose of capturing him dead or alive. For *nine years* he wandered without home or shelter in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch, taking refuge in caves among the rocks, and enduring the most terrible hardships, which his wife, to a great extent, shared with him. So watchful and alert were his clansmen in the way of ascertaining and apprising their “outlawed Chief” of the movements of the enemy, that during that long period he succeeded, with many almost miraculous escapes, in eluding the unceasing vigilance and activity of his pursuers.

Towards the end of 1754, Cluny received from Prince Charlie the following letter dated from Paris :—

<sup>1</sup> Vide Chambers' “Book of Days,” Vol. I. pp. 649-650.

<sup>2</sup> Shairp's “Kilmahoe,” p. 5.

“ For C. M. in Scotl<sup>d</sup>.

“ Ye 4th September, 1754.

“ Sir,—This is to desire you to come as soon as you can conveniently to Paris, bringing over with you all the effects whatsoever that I left in your hands when I was in Scotland, as also whatever money you can come at, for I happen to be at present in great straits, which makes me wish that you should delay as little as possible to meet me for that effect. You are to address yourself when arrived at Paris to Mr John Waters, Banker, &c. He will direct you where to find your sincere friend,

“ C. P.”<sup>1</sup>

Loyal and devoted to the very last to the ill-fated Stuarts—notwithstanding his terrible sufferings in the cause—Cluny, in consequence of the special request contained in that letter, soon afterwards contrived to escape to Paris, where he met the Prince, and duly accounted for all the effects which had been left in his hands. Pining in his lonely exile for the companionship of his loving wife, and giving expression to that desire in a letter she received from him, she braved what in those days was the long and perilous journey, “ o’er land and sea,” and joined him in France in 1757, remaining with him till the end. So faithful also did his clansmen and tenants prove that when his estates were forfeited, soon after Culloden, they not only paid their rents to Government—who subsequently held the estates—but year after year “ another rent” to Cluny as well, down to the date of his death :—

“ And when at last war guns were hushed,  
And back to wasted farms they fared  
With bitter memories, spirits crushed ;  
The few whom sword and famine spared  
Saw the old order banished, saw  
The old clan ties asunder torn,  
For their chief’s care a factor’s scorn  
And iron rule of Saxon law.  
One rent to him constrained to bring  
‘ The German lairdie’ called a king,  
They o’er the sea in secret sent  
To their own chief another rent  
In his far place of banishment.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Browne’s “ History of the Highlands,” Vol. IV. p. 122.

<sup>2</sup> Shairst’s “ Glen Dessaray and other Poems,” p. 6.

It is related that when George III. expressed on a certain occasion "a strong desire to see some of the surviving Highlanders who had been out in the '45," a certain number were brought forward, and among them a grim old warrior from Knoydart named "Raonull Mor a Chroien." After putting some questions to the latter, the King remarked that he must have long since regretted having taken any part in that *Rebellion*. The answer was prompt and decisive—"Sire, I regret nothing of the kind." His Majesty for an instant was taken aback at such a bold answer, but he was completely softened by the old man adding—"What I did then for the Prince I would have done as heartily for your Majesty if you had been in the Prince's place." This is the very feeling that animates all true Highlanders, although it must be confessed the treachery shown in the massacre of Glencoe and the brutal severities exercised after Culloden are apt to give a spasm even to the most honest loyalty. It is a sedative, however, to have the privilege of abusing and execrating the authors without necessarily implicating or thinking ill of their connections and descendants.<sup>1</sup> The old traditional feeling of loyalty to the Throne is as freely given by Highlanders to the reigning dynasty now as it was formerly given to the unfortunate Stuarts.

Completely worn out by the exposure and privations he had undergone for so many years, Cluny died at Dunkirk in February, 1764, in the 58th year of his age; and on account of his close adherence to the Protestant faith, was buried in the garden attached to the house he occupied at the time. Holding, as Highlanders do, the right of sepulture in high veneration, it was a great additional grief to his clansmen and friends that his remains could not be taken home to rest beside those of his fathers in the Old Churchyard. His gentle-hearted and sorely-afflicted wife returned to Badenoch, and, dying in April, 1765, her remains were interred in the Cluny burial place. In a

<sup>1</sup> Macdonald's "Moidart or among the Clanranalds," pp. 5-6.

touching ballad composed by Mrs Grant of Laggan, with "no exaggeration, no alteration of fact, and very little poetical decoration," the afflictions of the devoted pair, subsequent to the battle of Culloden, are thus narrated from the mouth of a faithful and grief-stricken retainer, who had been for upwards of fifty years in the service of the Cluny family :—

My master was a chief renown'd  
 In manhood's active prime,  
 My lady was for ev'ry worth  
 Unequall'd in her time.

Her father<sup>1</sup> was a wily lord,  
 Well skill'd in dangerous art  
 (But truth and love and goodness fill'd  
 His daughter's gentle heart).

How short, how gay, how bright the smile  
 That cheer'd their morning ray !  
 How dark, how cold, how loud the storm  
 That raging clos'd their day.

On *Gladsmuir's* heath a comet's blaze  
 Deceiv'd their dazzled sight ;  
 On bleak *Culloden's* bloody moor  
 It sunk in endless night.

Why should I tell what noble blood  
 The sable scaffold stain'd ?  
 Why should I tell what generous hearts  
 Ignoble fate disdain'd ?

I see thy dim and dewy eyes,  
 And spare thy aching heart ;  
 For in my various tale of woe  
 Thy kindred bore a part.

When to the forest's deep retreat  
 My outlaw'd master fled ;  
 While vengeance took a deadly aim  
 At his devoted head.

The ruthless Duke's fell mandate came,  
 And ruin spread around ;  
 Our Chieftain's halls were wrapt in flames,  
 With flames the turrets crown'd.

<sup>1</sup> Simon Lord Lovat.



High on yon rock, that to the North  
 Erects its aged head,  
 Hard by the screaming goshawk's nest  
 He made his pendent bed.

'Twas from yon trembling aspen's boughs,  
 That wave so high in air,  
 He saw the wasting flames ascend  
 In silent, stern despair.

But fury shook his manly frame,  
 And sorrow wrung his heart,  
 When from the crashing roof he saw  
 The burning rafters part.

On yon bleak hill that fronts the North  
 My lady sat forlorn ;<sup>1</sup>  
 In fear she left her home, to shun  
 The lawless soldiers' scorn.

With meek and silent awe she sat,  
 And piously resign'd ;  
 Fierce blaz'd her castle through the gloom,  
 Loud blew the eastern wind.

Oh lady, shun the chilling blasts  
 That pierce thy tender form ;  
 Oh shun this dreary sight of woe,  
 And shun the midnight storm !

The lady wip'd her streaming eyes  
 And rais'd her drooping head ;  
 " Ah ! where can I a shelter find,"  
 In broken words she said.

" The owl that 'plains from yonder wood  
 May slumber in her nest ;  
 The fox that howls from yonder hill  
 Within his cave may rest.

" But I, alas ! without a home  
 Must brave the chilling air ;  
 My friends are fall'n beneath the sword  
 That never knew to spare.

" The fire devour'd my father's halls,  
 Stern vengeance drank his blood ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And loudly on my consort calls  
 To swell the purple flood.

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Cluny sat most part of the night on an opposite hill, viewing the conflagration of Cluny Castle, which by the express orders of "the bloody Duke of Cumberland," had been committed to the flames.

<sup>2</sup> Her father, Lord Lovat, was beheaded in the Tower of London, in March 1747, at the advanced age of about 80 years.

“ And can I seek a sheltering roof,  
Or social comfort taste  
While he a lonely alien shrinks,  
Hid in the dreary waste ?

“ Blow higher winds, blaze fiercer flames,  
Rise o'er thy limits *Spey* ;  
No stronger pang my heart can feel  
At Nature's last decay.”

Successive summer suns beheld  
My lady's withering prime ;  
But on her lord no sun e'er shone  
In his cold native clime.

In gloomy caves he pass'd the day,  
And by the taper's light,  
Consum'd the lonely studious hours,  
And hop'd the coming night :

Then when the world in slumber lay,  
Through midnight darkness stole,  
And in my lady's faithful breast,  
Repos'd his sorrowing soul :

Or, fondly gazing while he slept,  
Hung o'er his infant son ;<sup>1</sup>  
And lingering blest th' unconscious babe  
Till glimmering dawn begun.

Or, when the live-long winter night  
Had lull'd the spies of pow'r,  
Midst faithful friends a gleam of joy  
Shone on the social hour.

With eager search, the watchful bands  
His secret haunts explor'd,  
And many a faithful vassal knew  
The caves that hid their lord.

At last, with sad reluctant sighs,  
He left the British strand ;  
And sore my lady wept to leave  
Her darling son on land.

Upon the sea-beat coast of France  
We dwelt in mournful guise,  
And saw afar, like hovering clouds,  
Our native land arise.

<sup>1</sup>The son (their only one) was born in a *Kiln* on the Cluny estates, where the homeless mother was at the time obliged to take shelter

Not long upon that alien shore  
 My banish'd master pin'd ;  
 With silent grief we saw his corpse  
 To common earth consign'd.

No *pibroch* led the loud lament,  
 No funeral train appear'd ;  
 No bards with songs of mighty deeds,  
 The hopeless mourners cheer'd.

When midnight wore her sable robe,  
 We dug his humble grave ;  
 Where fair Narcissus droops its head,  
 And darkest poppies wave.

We strew'd the tomb with rosemary,  
 We water'd it with tears ;  
 And bade the Scottish thistle round  
 Erect his warlike spears.

And soon we left the fatal spot,  
 And sought our native shore ;  
 And soon my lady blest her son,  
 And clasp'd him o'er and o'er.

“ On thee, my son,” she fondly cried,  
 “ May happier planets shine ;  
 And may'st thou never live to brook  
 A fate so hard as mine :

“ And may'st thou heir thy father's worth,  
 But not his hapless doom ;  
 To honour and thy country true,  
 May'st thou his rights resume. <sup>1</sup>

“ And when my weary eyes shall close,  
 By death's long slumber blest,  
 Beside my dear lov'd long-lost home,  
 For ever let me rest.”

She spoke and died—in yonder grave  
 Her dear remains are laid ;  
 Let never impious murmur rise,  
 To grieve her hovering shade ! <sup>2</sup>

A. MACPHERSON.

Kingussie, *August, 1831.*

<sup>1</sup> The Cluny estates were restored to the son in 1784, the Government having appropriated the rents for the long period of 38 years.

<sup>2</sup> Poems on various subjects by Mrs Grant of Laggan (1803), pp. 147-153.

## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

BY SIR HENRY COCKBURN MACANDREW.

No. I.

THE object of this and the following papers is to give, in brief compass, an account of Ireland and the Irish, while Ireland was still an independent kingdom, as they are represented in the native Irish literature—the Chronicles, Annals, Law Books, Poems, and Tales of the ancient Irish, so far as that literature has been made available to the English reader. Little is known of the Irish during this period from external sources, and they were to a singular extent exempt from external influences; but of themselves they give a very complete and copious history from the very earliest times. What portion of that history is fabulous, and what is authentic, is a question as to which there are wide differences of opinion. Tighernac, the oldest of the Irish annalists whose works have come down to us, and who died about A.D. 1088, says that all the records of the Scots are uncertain previous to the reign of Cimbaeth, King of Ireland and of Ulster, whose reign he dates about 305 B.C., although other accounts place it much earlier; while Professor O'Curry, a distinguished Irish scholar and antiquary of the last generation, not only disputes this dictum of Tighernac, but talks of a battle said to have been fought about nineteen hundred years before Christ, as an important historic era; and Skene again dates the commencement of authentic chronological history with the battle of Ocha in the year A.D. 478. It is perhaps impossible to fix any date when it can be said that fable ends and history begins, and it is no part of our purpose to attempt it. The accounts of the annalists and other writers were believed by the Irish themselves, the belief coloured the later history of

Ireland, and no account of the Irish such as we propose to give would be complete if it omitted the legendary period.

The history of Ireland, then, according to the Irish, commences with the Lady Cæsar. This lady was a niece of Noah, and when the Ark was being built she and her father applied to be admitted into the company which was to go into it. The request was refused by Noah, and the lady then applied for advice to her idol, who directed her to build an ark for herself, which she did according to the pattern of Noah's, and entered it along with her husband Fiontan, two other men, Ladhra and Bith, and their wives, and fifty beautiful girls. The party arrived in Ireland on Sunday, the 15th day of the moon, and forty days before the flood—a short period to embrace what is narrated of them. The females were divided between the three men, and they each took possession of certain districts. Ladhra died first, being the first person who died in Ireland, and giving the name of Ard-Ladhra to the place when he died. His wives were divided between the two surviving males. Bith died next, and his wives returned to the Lady Cæsar and her husband. Fiontan, however, found himself unable to satisfy the expectations of his seraglio thus increased, and fled and concealed himself in Leinster. His wife then removed to a place in Connacht called Cæsar's Wood, where she died of a broken heart six days before the flood. The remainder of the party were drowned by the flood except Fiontan, who, according to some accounts, survived till the eighth century, when he gave to St Finnan an account of the history of Ireland up to that time, and appeared before the monarch of Ireland accompanied by six companies of his descendants. There exists in the Book of Ballimote a poem attributed to him giving the earlier history of Ireland, and another account makes him pass through various transmigrations. Eochy O'Flannogan, a historian of the eleventh century, and Dr Keating, writing in the seventeenth century, reject the story of the survivance of Fiontan

as a fable, but only on the ground that he is not one of the persons mentioned in the Bible as surviving the flood.

The next colonist was Partholan, the sixth descendant of Magog, son of Japhet. He came from Migdonia, or Middle Greece, and arrived in Ireland two hundred and seventy-eight years after the flood, on the 14th of May, being Wednesday. He was accompanied by his wife, four famous leaders and their wives, and over one thousand followers. This colony inhabited the island for three hundred years, when they had increased to nine thousand, and then they all died in one week of the plague, and were buried at Tallacht, near Dublin. The events recorded of this colony are the breaking out or first appearance during their time of lakes and rivers, which are named; the clearing of four great plains, the first battle ever fought in Ireland, being a fight between Partholan and his people and a people called the Fomorians, a race apparently of sea rovers who frequently appear in Irish history down to a comparatively recent period, and who are by some accounts said to have been African pirates; and the division of Ireland into four parts between Er, Orba, Fearan, and Ferghna, the four sons of Partholan. In their time, too, Ireland saw its first instance of female infidelity and falsehood in no less a person than Partholan's wife. She was a lady of light habits, and was too intimate with her footman. When reproached by her husband, she replied by quoting some licentious lines, and this so enraged her husband that he slew her favourite greyhound called Samer, and the place where this happened is called Inis-Samer to this day.

After the death of Partholan's people, the country remained waste for thirty years, when the next colony arrived under Nemedius, who was ninth in descent from Magog. They came from the Euxine in thirty-four transports, each containing thirty persons. They took possession of the country, and began to clear and cultivate it, and to build raths or forts, but they were sorely harassed by the Fomorians, with whom they were constantly at war. On

the death of Nemedius, the Fomorians reduced them to subjection, and oppressed them by cruel exactions, demanding two parts of their children, of their cattle, and of their milk, butter, and wheat, which were collected at a place called Magh Goeidne, by a woman whom the Fomorians appointed as receiver. At last the Nemedians rose against their oppressors under three grandsons of Nemedius, Simon Breac, Iobbath, and Briotan Maol, and fought a great battle, in which they were defeated. Those of the Nemedians who survived this battle determined to leave Ireland, and this they did in three bodies, under the above-named leaders. Simon Breac and Iobbath took their parties to Greece, and they became, as will be seen, the progenitors of the next two colonies, while Briotan Maol took his followers to Britain, where they settled, and to which he gave a name. During the time of this people also various lakes and rivers appeared. The names of these are given by the Four Masters, but they say that the exact year in which each appeared has not been recorded. They occupied Ireland for two hundred and sixteen years, and after their departure, according to some accounts, Ireland was waste for two hundred years, and, according to others, a remnant of them remained in a state of subjection to the Fomorians.

With the next colony we come in contact with a race which, whatever its origin, or the date of its arrival in Ireland, is certainly historic, and the posterity of which forms a considerable element in the Irish population of this day. Some recent Irish writers assume that these were a tribe of the Belgæ who had covered the south of Britain previous to the time of Julius Cæsar. We shall, however, follow the history as given by all the antient Irish writings. According to these, Simon Breac and his followers having settled in Greece, multiplied and became powerful, so that they excited the fear of the people among whom they settled. These rose against them and reduced them to slavery, and compelled them to dig clay out of pits in the

valleys and carry it in leather bags to the tops of rocks to fertilise them. Hence they were called Firbolgs, from the Irish words "Fir" (men), and "Bolg" (a bag or sack). There were two other divisions of them called the Fir-domnans and Firgaileans—the former from "domnon" (deep), because they dug the clay out of the pits, and the latter from "gailean" (a spear), because they were armed and guarded the others while they were at work. Generally, however, the whole race are known as Firbolgs.

Getting tired of their slavery, this people seized the shipping of the Grecians, and sailed from that country under five brothers—Slainghe, Rughraidhe, Gann, Geanann, and Seangann, who were in the tenth degree of descent from Nemedius. They all arrived in Ireland within a week, and appear to have taken possession of the country without resistance. Each leader had a thousand followers, and they divided the island between them into five parts, corresponding with North and South Munster, Ulster, Leinster, and Connacht; and according to the Four Masters "the Firbolgs in general elected Slainghe as king over them," and he thus became the first Monarch of all Ireland. He established the seat of government at Tara Hill, as it was afterwards called, but which the Firbolgs called Druim Cain.

Of this people it is only recorded that they occupied Ireland for thirty-seven years, and that nine kings ruled over them. Slainghe reigned only one year and died. He was succeeded by his brother Bughraidh, who reigned two years; and he again by Geanann and Seangann, who reigned together for four years. All these died natural deaths. Gann next succeeded, and he and his three successors reigned for thirty years, and were each killed by his successor, presumably in contests for the sovereignty. The last king of this people was Eochaidh, the great-grandson of Geanann, who reigned ten years, and was killed in battle with the succeeding colony. Of him it is recorded that in his time plenty and prosperity prevailed, and that he was



the first monarch who restrained the outrages of his people by laws, and kept them in obedience and civility by wholesome punishments. In the tenth year of his reign, the next colony, the Tuatha de Danans, arrived, and, in a great battle with them, which will be afterwards described, the Firbolgs were defeated and their monarch slain. According to some accounts, the remnant of this people were assigned lands in Connacht, on which they settled at once. According to other accounts they retired to the Islands of Mann, Isla, and others of the Western Islands, where they remained until they were expelled by the Picts, when they again came to Ireland and ultimately settled in Connacht, where, according to the antiquary and scholar Dudley Firbis, who lived in the seventeenth century, their posterity remained in his time.

## No. II.

THE Tuatha de Danans who expelled the Firbolgs were the posterity of Iobbath, the grandson of Nemedius, and those of the Nemedians who followed him. They likewise, according to some accounts, went first to Greece, and settled near Athens. Here they learned the arts of necromancy, for which they afterwards became so famous, and by these arts and otherwise they assisted the Athenians in their wars with the Assyrians, having, it is said, invented a charm by which they could restore to life those of their friends who were killed in battle. The Assyrian magicians, however, invented a counter charm of greater effect, and this so dispirited the Tuatha de Danans that, for fear of falling into the hands of the Assyrians, they left Greece, and, after various wanderings, arrived in Denmark. In admiration of their learning the Danes gave them four cities to dwell in, called respectively Falias, Murias, Gorias, and Fennias, and in these they established schools and appointed professors. After a time they left Denmark and came to the

north of Scotland, bringing with them the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny ; the sword and spear of Lughaidh, the long-handed, and the cauldron of the Daghdha. The three last of these relics disappear from history, but the Lia Fail long remained at Tara, and, indeed, is supposed to be there still. On it the Kings of Ireland were crowned, and until the birth of Christ it had the virtue of emitting a sound when each monarch was crowned. According to one legend it was removed from Tara by Fergus Mac Erc, who founded the Scottish Kingdom of Dalriada, in order that he might be crowned upon it, and carried to his capital of Dun Monadh, near Crinan, and having been removed from thence to Scone, was by Edward carried to Westminster, and placed in the Coronation Chair. The identity of the Lia Fail and of the Coronation Stone of Scone has been sufficiently disproved, but apparently it is still believed in Ireland, and the existence of this precious relic at Westminster was recently brought up in Parliament as an Irish grievance.

For seven years the Tuatha de Danans lived in Scotland near two places called Dobhar and Iardhobar, and then they removed to Ireland, where they arrived on the first Monday of May, and, according to the Four Masters, in the year of the world 3303. On their arrival they burned their ships, and, concealing their presence by magical mists, they marched for three days into the country, and established themselves at a place called Sliabh-an-Iarain. Thence they despatched messengers to the Firbolgs, and after some negotiations in which the two peoples discovered that they spoke the same language, it was resolved to submit the issue to the fate of a pitched battle. This battle was fought at a place the name of which is Southern Moytura, where there are still said to be mounds and other memorials of a great battle. It lasted for four days, during which many necromantic feats were performed by the Tuatha de Danans, and ultimately, as already mentioned, ended in the defeat of the Firbolgs. In this battle

Nuadha, the leader of the Tuatha de Danans, had his hand or arm cut off by Sreng, the general of the Firbolgs, and, according to the law which forbade a maimed person to reign in Ireland, he retired from the sovereignty of his people in favour of Breas, another of the Tuatha de Danan leaders, but whose father was a Fomorian. In his retirement Nuadha had a silver hand made for him by his surgeon Diancecht, and his artificer Credné, and so skilfully did they fashion it that it was endowed with all the powers of feeling and motion of a real hand. From this circumstance this king is known as Nuadha of the silver hand. Breas reigned seven years, during which he became very unpopular, chiefly owing to his want of hospitality. It is said of him that the knives of his people were not greased at his table, that their breath did not smell of ale at the banquet, and that poets, harpers, pipers, jugglers, and buffoons were not seen at his court. His offences culminated in his treatment of a famous poet Cairbre, the son of Etan, who visited him, and whom he lodged in a dark apartment, fed on dry bread, and dismissed without the presents which every poet expected to receive. The poet resented this treatment by composing on Breas the first satire ever uttered in Ireland, and this satire so roused the feelings of the whole people that they called on Breas to relinquish the sovereignty, and this he unwillingly did, retiring with his mother to one of the Western Islands, where Elatha, his father, then held dominion. Nuadha, whose silver hand had by this time been perfected, was restored to the sovereignty, and reigned twenty years. At the end of that time Breas, with the assistance of his father, collected a large army among the Fomorians, and a fleet which formed an unbroken bridge of boats from the Hebrides to Ireland, and along with Balor "of the evil eye" or of the "stiff blows," as he is variously called, and other Fomorian leaders, invaded Ireland. They met the Tuatha de Danan army under Nuadha at another place called Moytura, about fifty miles to the north of the place of the same

name formerly mentioned, and here a tremendous battle was fought. Nuadha was killed by Balor, but Balor himself was killed by Lug, a Tuatha de Danan leader, who was his own grandson by his daughter Eithlen. In this battle the Tuatha de Danans were successful, and their success was greatly contributed to by the miraculous skill of their artificers, physicians, and druids, and Diancecht and his daughter and two sons prepared a wonderful bath from the essence of the herbs of Erin, in which those wounded in the battle bathed and were healed.

Of this people the annals record that there ruled altogether ten kings, of whom the last three ruled jointly. Their possession of Ireland lasted one hundred and ninety-seven years, and came to an end, according to the Four Masters, in the year of the world 3500, or 1700 years before Christ. In the Annals they are treated in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way, the names of the kings, the length of their reigns, and so forth, being given, but with the exception of the above two battles nothing is recorded of them except the establishment of the Fair of Tailten. This fair was established by Lughaidh of the long hand, one of the kings, in honour of his foster mother Tailte who was the widow of Eochadh, the last of the Firbolg kings, and a daughter of the King of Spain, and it existed to recent times, and was the scene of various sports and warlike games. The annalists do not, however, as in the case of the Firbolgs, tell us what became of the people on their conquest by the Milesians. With this event they drop out of the ken of the professed writers of history, and it is matter of remark that while in their books of genealogies the Irish trace the pedigrees of several of their families to the Firbolgs, they trace those of none to the Tuatha de Danans. In the popular tales this people become the "fairy host," and are said on their defeat to have retired to the Green Mounds, where they continued to live in a state of perpetual enjoyment, and with the power of making themselves visible to mortal men at will. It has

been conjectured by some that their kings and heroes were really the gods of the heathen Irish, and to this theory the names certainly give colour. Thus, in Cormac's Glossary, written in the tenth century, the name of Nuadha's physician is explained as "deus salutis," or, in Irish, the god of curing. The names of the last three kings, MacCuile, MacCeacht, and MacGreine, are the same as those of the gods of Forestry, of Husbandry, and of Light, while the names of their wives, Eire, Banba, and Fodhla, are three antient names of Ireland, and the name of the whole people, Tuatha de Danan, is said to mean the people of the gods of Danan. Altogether, it is difficult to believe that in the accounts of this people we have a tradition even of a real race, unless we can suppose that they are the same as the Cruithne, or Picts, who, it will be seen hereafter, probably preceded the Milesians in Ireland, who came from the north, and whose existence as inhabitants of Ireland does not seem to have suited the scheme of history adopted by the Milesian scribes.

The Tuatha de Danans were succeeded by the Milesians or Scotts, the people who remained dominant in Ireland until the Conquest. This people are not said to be related to the previous colonies, except by their common descent from Magog, the son of Japhet. They are the descendants of Nial, the second son of Fenius Farsa, King of Scythia, a descendant of Magog, who lived shortly after the confusion of tongues at Babel. This king, having a desire for learning, went to Babel, and learned the seventy-two languages which then arose, and then established schools at the plain of Senair, near Athens, for teaching them. After presiding over these schools for twenty years, he returned to his kingdom, where he established similar schools. Over these schools he appointed a president, Gadel, son of Eathoir, and he directed him to digest the Irish tongue into form, and to divide it into five dialects which was done, the dialects being that of the militia or soldiery called the Fenian, the poetical, the historic, the dialect of the physicians, and the vulgar Irish used by the

common people. From Gadel or Gaoidel, as the name is otherwise spelt, the Irish language derived its name of Gaodhelic or Gaelic. Fenius designed his eldest son to succeed him in his kingdom, and after giving his younger son Niul a good education, he sent him out into the world to seek his fortune, as other fathers have been obliged to do. Nial went to Egypt, where his fame had preceded him, and entered the service of Pharoah Cingeris, the reigning king of that country. He rose high in the favour of the king, who gave him his daughter Scoto in marriage, and gave him and his people a settlement in Capcirunt, a district near the Red Sea, where they increased and prospered greatly. Although Nial was the fifth in descent from Japhet, he was yet contemporary with Moses, who, according to the Bible, lived about eight hundred years after the flood; but people lived long in those days, and this creates no serious difficulty to the Irish historians. When Moses and Aaron were leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, they passed through the country of Niul, who shewed them kindness and supplied them with provisions, in return for which Moses cured Gadel, the son of Niul, of the bite of a snake. The wound, however, left a green mark, from which Gadel got the name of Gadel Glas, the latter word being the Irish for green, or Gadelas, and from this name his posterity was called Gaedels or Gaels. Moses promised that wherever his posterity should reside there should be no snakes, and hence there are none in Ireland. After a time the successor of Pharoah, who was drowned in the Red Sea, resented the assistance which had been given to the Israelites, and the Gaedelians were obliged to leave Egypt, under Niul, according to some accounts, or according to others, under his great-grandson, Sru. They had many wanderings, the accounts of which are various—some take them to India and the Caspian Sea, some to Scythia, and some to Africa, but all ultimately bring them to Spain, where they arrived in four ships, each manned by twenty-four men, who all had wives, and under the command of

Bratha, who was fifteenth in descent from Gadelas. In Spain Bratha had a son, Breogan, who founded the city of Brigantia, and had a grandson named Gallamh, and afterwards called Milesius, from whom and from his uncle, the whole race of Milesian Scots are descended. Milesius acquired a great reputation as a military leader in the wars which his people constantly waged with the Goths, and after a time he resolved to visit his relations in Scythia. Here he became commander-in-chief of the army, and married the king's daughter, but the king became afraid of his power, and resolved to destroy him, and hearing of this, he killed the king and escaped from the country with his followers. He went to Egypt, and there again rose to power, and married the daughter of the Pharaoh of that time, whose name was also Scots. After a time he remembered a prophecy which said that his race should possess an Island in the West, and in consequence he left Egypt with his wife, Scots, and all his followers, going on his way to Spain to the Island of Gothnia, at the mouth of the Baltic, and thence to Albania or Scotland, then inhabited by the Cruithne or Picts, whom he plundered. He found Spain again infested by the Goths, with whom he fought fifty-four battles, ultimately driving them out of the country. Milesius had thirty-two sons, of whom twenty-four were illegitimate, and born before he left Spain for Scythia, the other six were the sons of Scots, and it was only these who ultimately came into Ireland, so that the stain of illegitimacy does not rest on the Milesian race in its origin at all events. Milesius, like Moses, did not himself, however, live to see or to inhabit the promised land, and it was left to his sons, and the son of his uncle Ith, to see the fulfilment of the prophecy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## A CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHIC BLUNDER.

IN the late autumn of 1889, Mr Alexander Macbain, as co-editor of the *Highland Monthly*, sent me a very interesting paper, bearing on the life and life-work of James Stewart of Killin, the first translator of the New Testament into Scotch Gaelic. This paper was found in the depositories of the late Dr Alexander Cameron, and Mr Macbain satisfied himself that it was in the handwriting of James Stewart's more widely known son, Dr John Stewart of Luss, the part-translator, along with Dr John Smith and Dr Alexander Stewart, the grammarian, of the Old Testament Scriptures. The original of this paper Mr Macbain very properly retained in his own safe keeping. What he sent me, along with the request that I should edit the paper for the *Monthly*, was a copy, apparently in the handwriting of one of the clever, prize-winning pupils at his Highland College "on the Hill." I gladly, and without delay, did my best to carry out the editor's wishes, being courteously helped to that end by the esteemed minister of Luss, the Rev. Duncan Campbell. The result of our joint labours will be found in the *Highland Monthly* for November, 1889. When the proof came back to me, I had no trouble with anything but with the Latin epitaph, said to have been written for James Stewart's tombstone "by the late Mr Ramsay of Ochertyr." The whole proof of this Latin panegyric seemed to me to be a good deal mixed, and as the MS. had not been returned with the proof, I felt myself well-nigh helpless in dealing with it. These two lines were especially perplexing :—

Familiam amicasque et pati and mori  
Exemplo suo placide docuit

I remember puzzling over the syllable *and*, hoping that by fitting it in, as part of a gerundive, with the proper connexion from which it had strayed, I might get hold of some clue to the solution of the puzzle. But the utmost resources of my "happy faculty of guessing" were hopelessly at fault,



and I could only just return the proof to Mr Macbain, without correction, in order that, with the help of the MS., which had not been sent me, he might unravel the puzzle to his own satisfaction.

Since then a MS. of my own, printed by a typographer no less famous, and deservedly so, than Archibald Sinclair of Glasgow, has been blundered in a way that "spots" at once the source of error in the Stewart epitaph. It all turns on that gerundive-suggesting *and*, and was in this wise. By some oversight the proof of the last two printed pages of my paper on "Some Rare Gaelic Books" were not sent to me before the paper was printed off for the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow. These two pages are mainly occupied with a notice of Kearnaigh's Irish Catechism, said to be the first book ever printed in Irish Gaelic, and they contain, among other extracts from that most interesting volume, its version of the Lord's Prayer, part of which is printed as follows:—"maith dhuinn ar bhfiacha amhuil uhaithmione dar bhfiachaigh-thoiribh fein, *and* na treoraigh do chathughadh sind." The sixth word from the end of the quotation I have italicised. What can mortal man make of it in Gaelic? It is as inscrutably perplexing as the *and* of the Stewart epitaph. And the *origo mali* is identical. Kearny's Catechism, while usually employing the symbol 7 for *agus*, here uses &, which the printer, though dealing with a bit of Irish Gaelic, prints in English as *and*. That your printer similarly treated the Stewart Latin epitaph I have no doubt that the MS. of Mr Macbain's young scribe, probably also the original, would amply prove.

With this suggestion we can have little doubt that the two lines of misprinted Latin which I have given above ought to read—

Familiam amicasque et pati et mori  
Exemplo suo placide docuit.

His family and friends both to live and die  
By his own example he sweetly taught.

Dr John Stuart seems to have Englished *pati* by "suffer." The word often means to "live on under, or in spite of, suffering"—and then simply to "live." The context, I think, requires this rendering here.

DONALD MASSON.

[Dr Masson has guessed rightly. The MS. has &.—A. M'B.]

## NEW BOOKS.

DAIN AGUS ORAIN GHAIHLIG LE MAIRI NIC-A-PHEARSOIN.  
POEMS AND SONGS BY MARY MACPHERSON. A. & W. Mackenzie,  
Inverness. 1891.

MRS MACPHERSON'S Gaelic poems and songs appear in a handsome volume of over three hundred pages, and there are five excellent illustrations, which show the bardess performing the various functions of carding, spinning, working the distaff, and warping. We are informed in the preface that the book contains close on nine thousand lines of poetry, which the bardess retained in her memory and recited to Mr Whyte, who took the poems down in writing, and corrected them for the press. This, however, is not the whole of Mrs Macpherson's mnemonic feats. She still has in memory at least half as much again of her own poetry, and twice as much which she is able to repeat of floating published and unpublished poetry, belonging mainly to the Skye district. Among these last we believe are many valuable pieces which have not yet appeared in print, and which it is hoped may not be lost for lack of being taken down from Mrs Macpherson's recitation.

Prefixed to the ninety and more poems in the volume is a short account of Mrs Macpherson's life. The poetess is in her 71st year, hale and hearty: she is a native of Skye, was married in Inverness in 1848, and left a widow in 1871, to do battle for herself and her four children. She turned to nursing, and after an apprenticeship in Glasgow practised there and in Greenock for many years. In 1882 Mrs Macpherson finally settled in her native Isle, in a cottage at Skeabost kindly given her rent free by the proprietor. A curious fact about the bardess' life is the fact that not till 1872, when she had become a widow, and had, moreover, some experiences of the ups and downs of the law and its administration, was she conscious of possessing any gift of poetry. It was then that indignation and impatience of injustice made her compose verse, as she says herself:—

'S e na dh' fhuiling mi de thàmailt  
A thug mo bhardachd beò.

Mrs Macpherson's poems deal with all the phases of Highland life and character. The personal element is strongly represented, and songs of praise and dispraise, vigorously worded, abound in the book. Her friend "Bean Ois" and her enemy the "Bailidh" are the most characteristically dealt with on the personal side. Her descriptive songs are excellent, and her pictures of Skye scenery and life are beautifully expressed, touching and true. The song entitled "Soraidh Le Eilean a' Cheo" can take rank with the best efforts of the Gaelic muse. It begins with this fine verse:—

Soraidh leis an àit  
 An d' fhuair mi m'arach òg,  
 Eilean nam beann arda  
 Far an tàmh an ceò ;  
 Air am moch a dh' éireas  
 Grian nan speur fo ròs,  
 A' fuadach neul na h-oidhche  
 Sòillseachadh an Stòir.

The love of the Gaelic bard for the scenery of his native land and his eloquent description of the same are not things of yesterday, which the Anglo-Saxon taught him, if we were to believe Macaulay. This love of nature appears in the earliest Gaelic poetry, in the mythic story of Deirdre, for example, and bards like Mrs Macpherson, who are of the folk and sing for the folk, could not and did not learn their art from any foreign source.

Political songs form also a feature of Mrs Macpherson's book, and the present Member for Inverness-shire comes in for a large share of political praise. One or two well-expressed elegies, Clan songs and Clan Society bardic addresses, health-songs (Deochslainte) to Highland chiefs, and especially to the late Cluny, these and other interesting poems are to be met with in the work of our poetess. Curiously, love songs are in the back-ground. This is, doubtless, accounted for by the facts of the bardess' life; she began her poetic career late in life. Yet the song at p. 282, entitled "Oran Leannanachd," enables us to see that here too Mrs Macpherson can do good work. The book is carefully edited by Mr Whyte, whose orthography is excellent, despite some evident printers' errors which appear here and there.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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## INVERBURN.

A WEST HIGHLAND NOVEL.

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### CHAPTER I.

FEW places, even in the beautiful West Highlands of Scotland, possess greater natural charms than the village of Inverburn. This is a place which has only been partly explored by the ubiquitous tourists, and which the compilers of guide books have generally passed by with a sentence or two, in their useful and interesting works. Doubtless the march of improvement will make itself known here as elsewhere. The railway engine will whistle through the dark woods that skirt the river side, and frighten away the fairies of the mossy dells that are now so secluded and so lovely. Tourists will find here a new outlet for their activity, and, in short, the glen and the village will have become thoroughly prosperous and commonplace. Ere these changes have as yet been contemplated (and changes of every kind have to be contemplated ere they come to pass in the Highlands), a story may be told of what happened in that remote corner, when time had not begun to efface the lines where beauty still lingers.

It was in the golden summer that I first explored the solitudes of Glen Dove, when, for a season, it was my lot to dwell at Inverburn. Methought the world had not anything to show more fair than the scene that opened to my view, on landing from the red-funnelled steamer, that stirred the waters of the bay into pale green foam, and then passed away, to stir the calm waters of other seas. Arrived at the pleasant old-fashioned inn, I found a party of visitors, chiefly strangers to each other, and at that stage of intimacy when each individual is anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the others, but is not quite sure how far it may be prudent to do so. Most of them were English, and it is strange to notice how few of our own countrymen we meet travelling in the Highlands. Scotsmen who have a taste for travelling, and means for indulging that taste, generally betake themselves to the south of the Tweed, where sixpence goes bang at every turn. Perhaps in this they have an advantage over the Saxon, who, when spending a holiday in the merry North, finds to his dismay that it is a sovereign instead of sixpence that goes bang each time. We were upon the whole a well assorted party, and all of us, leaving for an evening at least the cares of business and other enemies to human felicity, were prepared to make friends with each other, and enjoy the passing hour. We knew that our acquaintance was only to be for a short time, and that when we parted there was no need for us to expect that we should ever come in each other's way again. Yet here were all the elements of a drama of real life, a comedy or a tragedy as it might turn out to be. A chance meeting might contain the germ of events that were to influence our lives in ways that we did not dream of, and which we could not possibly foresee. So strange are the movements of the whirligig of time, that in such unexpected ways brings in his revenges.

We, that is the men of the party, spent the evening in the entrance hall, enjoying the pleasure of a post prandial pipe, after the detestable fashion of the inferior sex, while

the ladies were dispersed, some walking and some playing at tennis, or, to speak more accurately, playing at playing the game. Life is lived so leisurely at Inverburn that even our amusements were carried on in a languid and afternoon-like fashion. Accordingly, on that calm summer evening we sat, or lay, or reclined, in all sorts of attitudes, on cane arm chairs, and canvas chairs with many legs, while one or two of us occupied a garden seat on the gravel walk outside. The fragrant cloud of the Indian weed went up, and was wafted abroad with the scent of the white roses that were trained up the wall on each side of the door.

"What a lovely day this has been," said Captain Jermyn, with striking originality of expression. This sage remark broke the silence that had for some minutes reigned over the circle. Jermyn cautiously introduced the subject of the weather, as one that was safe from the possibility of leading to angry debate.

"Not at all a lovely day for my work," growled Captain Barker, who had spent the day in a fruitless attempt to catch a salmon in the Dove. "Why, the river was so low that I could have waded across."

"Waded," echoed Jack Wood, who, at another pool of the same river, had been trying the same sport, with the same want of success. "I can only say that it was not a case of wading at all. The river was nearly dry. River, indeed; it was invisible without the aid of a strong microscope. I had some thoughts of asking old Rory Urquhart to fetch me a pail of water from the Lady's Well, to wet the stones, and make the place look as if it were a little damp. This river of ours is hopeless, and I shall be off to-morrow, if rain does not come."

"You had better ask Mackenzie for a sight of the barometer," said Jermyn, consolingly. "Perhaps it has gone down enough to give you some hope." He spoke with the easy unconcern of one who hated angling, and who loved only a quiet corner, with his newspaper, or his Army List, which he used to say were the only kinds of

literature worth reading. Jermyn was an old hand in the Indian army, who, in the evening of his days, or mayhap only the afternoon, loved to spend a few weeks in the Highlands, as a change from the clubs of Pall Mall and St James Street. His companion, Captain Barker, also an East Indian veteran, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score, was, it appeared, an acquaintance of his, who had joined him in this ramble, with the hope of plying the gentle craft which he loved, and for which the circumstances of the time were so unfavourable.

"Ah," said Jack Wood, with the pleasant boyish laugh that distinguished him, "Mackenzie is too auld farrant, as the Scotch say, to keep a barometer in the house. If he does, he keeps it under lock and key, so that his guests can exercise the grace of hope, and not be scared away when the sun shines for six weeks like to cook the shell-fish on the shore."

Mackenzie was appealed to. He was our landlord, a splendid specimen of a Highlander, tall and powerful, as good a fellow as ever opened his door to take a Saxon in. Not certainly to do so in a bad sense, for never was there a man who knew better the art of making his house famous by treating visitors well.

But Mackenzie had no comfort to give us, for the present at least. "You may look at the barometer, but it will not help you much. It's lying on a shelf in the kitchen."

"Is it an aneroid?" said some one, speaking from a distant corner of the hall.

"I donno whether ye call it an aneroid or not," said our host. "It's one of these glass tubes, about a yard long or so."

Barker, like the rest of us, was amazed at the notion of any one serving a useful instrument in such a fatal way. "What could you have been thinking about, Mackenzie," said he, "to lay it down like that. You should have suspended it on a nail in the wall."

“It doesn't matter to my barometer whether it's suspended or buried in the earth, for it's broken,” was all that Mackenzie had to say on that subject. “But if it's rain ye want, ye needn't mind about a weather-glass at all. The rain will soon be here without a glass. There's to be a meeting of Presbytery in the Parish Church next week, and when the ministers gather they bring down the rain and no mistake. They say themselves that the prince of the power of the air has a special hatred for them, and that when they meet he stirs up the elements to give them the adversary's welcome.”

Mackenzie, who loved the clergy, liked also to have his little joke at their expense, and accordingly never lost an opportunity of saying that when the ministers gathered, they were always accompanied by storm clouds. It is a good old joke, and will bear repetition yet a while.

As it happened, however, we did not require to wait so long for the welcome change. As the sun went down amid the distant islands of the West, a heavy bank of leaden coloured cloud foretold a certain rain before morning. It never rains but it pours at Inverburn, and as we retired to rest we heard the first heavy drops falling, in the stillness of the night that was hardly a night, till the torrents, getting heavier and heavier, made us feel glad that we had the shelter of Mackenzie's roof over our heads.

## CHAPTER II.

NEXT day came a downpour of rain, such as we are not unaccustomed to see in the land of the mountain and the flood. Very promising for our angling friends, but not at present very inviting for other work out of doors. Mackenzie's hay, partly cut, lay in the swathe, like long rolling waves of the sea, and there was no chance of making hay when the sun did not shine. Nothing remained for us but to devise what best to do with our time, till a possible brightening of the sky at noon, such as we often see in



our somewhat changeable climate, might encourage us to occupations of a more active kind than were possible within the walls of what was to be, for a time at least, our prison. And we bore our captivity with exemplary patience, not to say hilarity. But weather, though depressing in solitude, sometimes has a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of people in company. Let a stage coach, crowded with passengers, be caught in a deluge of rain, and straightway all reserve is thrown away. Jokes at the expense of the elements are freely exchanged, and the whole party seems to enjoy the untowardness of the surroundings. It was even so with us. Those who were bent on fishing were glad at the prospect of water in the river, and a sympathetic feeling made the rest of us equally disposed to contentment and good humour.

At breakfast we were entertained by Jermyn to a wondrous series of tales relating to his experiences in India. Not Rudyard Kipling himself could be more at home in a narrative of Oriental life than was he. Only that Rudyard, in his wildest flights, never reached the altitude of marvel that was familiar to the veteran whose discourse held us spellbound, as that of the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest. It appeared as if Jermyn had lived in every corner of the not inconsiderable empire of Hindostan, and had experienced every variety of excitement and danger that could fall to the lot of a sojourner in Eastern lands. Tigers in the jungle, and deer in the Himalayas, all had been his close companions, the former especially rather closer at times than was agreeable or safe. Nor did he forget to throw in some experiences of deadly cobras to lighten up his tale. Snake charmers and Nautch dancers, jugglers, Mahatmas, Yogis and theosophists, all these did he tell of, with a glibness that made it clear that he was an old and practical hand at the art of telling travellers' wonders. Jack Wood afterwards confided to me his belief that the Old Boy, as he irreverently called him, had built up his magazine of wonders chiefly out of his own

imagination. And the young rascal had even the audacity to affirm that Jermyn had told these stories so often that he had actually come to believe them himself, though nobody else did. Perhaps Wood was right. Does not Shakespeare, who knows everything, show us in the person of Joseph Shallow, how some men prate about their adventures of other days, though every third word may be a pure invention, to which, indeed, the bard gives a shorter and more emphatic name? No matter, the Indian warrior certainly amused us, and was evidently flattered by the uproarious laughter that greeted his anecdotes. Most of them were of a humorous kind, as when he told us of the savage elephant running away with the Rajah, and the Nabob perched upon his back, and chasing the Governor General, till the latter had to take refuge in the branches of a tree that stood most opportunely in the way—a mango tree or an Indian rubber tree, but any other tree will do quite as well.

“Possum up a gum tree,” said the irrepressible Jack. “Now, do you really mean to tell us that His Excellency had to veil his dignity, as the Viceroy of Queen Victoria, among the branches of a tree?”

“Yes I do,” retorted the fabulist, perhaps a little nettled at having the slightest doubt cast upon his credibility, and bent upon persevering in his path of historian, and adding to the wonder he had already raised.

“I saw him go up, and precious quick he went too, though he was in official full dress, with epaulets and a sword more than a yard long. We had been at a great Durbar, with a lot of native princes, that was why he came out so strong in sashes and gold lace, with the order of the Star of India, and the Garter and the Thistle, and I do not know how many orders, packed all over him, till he looked like a jeweller’s shop in Regent Street.”

“No, but really you must have been mistaken about the order of the Thistle,” said Jack. “If he had that he must have been a Scotchman, and no Scot would have climbed a

tree as long as he had that yard-long sword of which you spoke to defend himself. He would not have done it for all the elephants between the Indus and the Irawaddy."

"I tell you," persisted Jermyn, "I saw him go up, hand over hand, and as active as any squirrel. So would you, my young friend, if you had an elephant on your track. I knew his lordship very well, and I can tell you it was a good thing for him that I was within his reach that day."

"I suppose then that you got the Nabob to stop his horse—his elephant, I mean—when you got the great man safely treed. I hope he did not catch cold in his exalted situation. Penalty of greatness, you know. I used to climb trees too, but that was long ago; and I liked one with apples on the branches better than one with an elephant at the foot."

"To stop his elephant! Why, a regiment of sepoy's could not have stopped the brute. He was just going to pull the tree up by the roots with his trunk, in order to do for the Governor, when, by good luck I took aim at him—at the elephant, I mean, not the Governor—with my double-barrelled rifle, and dropped a bullet into each of his eyes. He was dead in an instant, and my lord came down, declaring that he would try no more tiger hunting with the Rajah or anybody else. Many a time he and I talked about that day's work, when we used to meet at polo parties in Bangalore and Benares, &c., &c." And so the worthy man rambled away with his yarns, calling spirits from the vasty deep, to the delight of us all. Captain Barker, who was a man of few words, and who evidently knew Jermyn of old, contented himself with an occasional smile when he knew by experience that an account of some startling event was going to be shot upon the company.

Descending to the door to take a look out into the little shrubbery in front, that had begun to look rather tumbled in the rain, we met our genial friend Mackenzie, who told us of a circumstance that was by accident to make us acquainted with some new people.

"There's a yacht gone on the rocks at the point of Craigmore, and the people are coming to stay here till she can be put to rights. I have just sent off a telegram to bring a steam tug to take her back to Greenock to be repaired."

"Ah," said I, "this promises to be an adventure. No lives lost, I hope. Of course not, or else you would not look so cheerful. But who are the people? I hope they are interesting. One or two ladies would be a great improvement to our society." Most of the party whom we had first seen at Inverburn had gone away, some to Inverness, some to Oban, others to Portree or Gairloch, or we knew not where. The result was that there was not the flutter of a ribbon, or the smooth elegance of a pair of gloves to be seen on the premises. Excepting the presence of old Elspet, in her thatched cottage, there was nothing to show that the world was not wholly inhabited by the lords of the creation. Of Elspet we shall hear more hereafter. She is one of our *dramatis personæ*, and must not be lightly passed over.

We were then rather languishing for want of some one or more to whom we could show those delicate attentions that were prompted by our chivalrous hearts. The scenery no doubt was charming, and would be still more delightful when the weather improved, but there was something, nay, a good deal, wanting to make the effect complete. Our great ancestor in the garden of old must have had a dull time ere Eve came to share with him the cares and pleasures of the "hill, dale, and shady woods and sunny plains, and liquid lapse of murmuring streams." A study of still life may be artistic, but it does not live, it is a reflection in a glass, as idle as a photographed ship upon a photographed ocean. Some one has said that scenery, be it never so fine, is vastly improved by the presence of young ladies in gay toilets. Yes, we all like the ideal picture of hill, dale, wood and water, a smooth lawn in the foreground, ornamental trees here and there,

with bright cheeked girls, in white and blue, flitting about the shrubs like butterflies all the summer day. Add to this the merry sound of their, treble voices mingling with the solemn sententious discourse of two or three old fellows, seated, *sub tegmine fagi*, and settling the affairs of the nation in Church and State, while the incense to dame Nicotina rises amid the fresh green leaves. It is a pleasant stage, upon which we could act for a good while, and be ready to begin again when we got tired.

Thought is proverbially rapid, and we had time to think of all this in the short interval that elapsed ere Mackenzie proceeded with his second remark.

"I don't know their name, but they will soon be here, and then you can ask them." So said mine host, with the pleasant badinage in which he used to indulge with his guests. "They come from Wiltshire, that I know."

"From Wiltshire in a yacht," said Jack, affecting an air of surprise. "Why, this beats the story of the Governor-General in the tree. How on earth did they manage to come that way. It must have been on earth at anyrate, for I don't think they could put to sea in Wiltshire."

"Best ask themselves to explain the mystery," was the philosophical reply. "There's a way of doing everything. Perhaps they took train to Liverpool or Glasgow, or some of these places. Anyhow, they are coming on shore as fast as they can, and I have sent a carriage to fetch them." A machine was what he called the carriage, but the name has to be changed to avoid misunderstandings. "Old Rory has gone to drive them, and he is cursing them by his gods for taking him out in the rain."

"Oh, he does not like the notion of getting wet, with the chance of rheumatism."

"No, it's not that," continued Mackenzie, "it's the horses that he's thinking about. He's afraid they'll catch cold. As for him, as long as he gets plenty of whisky he no more minds the rain than a sea gull. We'll give him a

good dram when he gets back. That'll put him in good humour, and make him all right again."

"Well, but you have not told us yet," quoth I, returning to the charge, "what sort of people are coming. Tell us something about them."

"There are just three people coming, father and mother, and one daughter. But you can see for yourself, when they come."

"Yes," said Jack Wood, suddenly joining in the conversation, "and you will see that old Jermyn and Barker will both fall in love with Miss, what d'ye call her, yes, Miss Wiltshire, that is a very good name, as we do not know what else to call her. We must ask her about Stonehenge and the Druids, and the mistleto, and Old Sarum and the Marquess of Salisbury. There's a lot to talk about. We'll draw her out, and get her to divulge who she is."

So Miss Wiltshire was heralded before her arrival, and we all waited with anxious expectations for the first sight of this unknown fairy princess, whom the winds and waves had cast upon our shore.

### CHAPTER III.

IT was under rather unfavourable circumstances that the heroine of my story first made her appearance in the society of Jermyn, Barker, Wood, and myself. A shipwreck may be terrible or sublime, but it is not an event that adds to the attractions of a girl who has just escaped from it. There is something very romantic indeed in the idea of a rescue from the terror of the waves, and in the prodigies of valour that may be enacted, in saving helpless beauty from a watery death, but when the danger is over, the urgent need arises for a looking-glass, by the aid of which the dishevelled locks may again be brought into proper subjection. Venus herself must have looked somewhat dragged when she rose from the waves in the poetic days of old. We may be sure that her goddessship's cestus had to be adjusted by the

Graces ere she ventured to stand confessed in the select circle of Olympos. We then had enough of compassion in us for beauty in distress to keep discreetly out of the way till the equanimity of the new guests had been restored on firm ground, and under the care of Mackenzie's handmaids, ere we ventured to seek the acquaintance of those who had so unexpectedly made their appearance among us.

Each of us then betook himself to his own occupation. I have reason to think that the river Dove carried the most of us away. Hopes had been entertained that the rain of last night and this morning would encourage salmon to ascend the stream, to their own destruction, and rods, reels, flies, baskets, gaffs, and gillies, were in great request. My work being the labour of the pen, kept me within doors writing for several hours. Editors are sometimes inexorable, and I had to make the best use of my time, while enjoying at the same time a visit to the beautiful place, where the characters of whom I have spoken first came together. O, ye editors, what an influence you possess over the destinies of us hapless mortals that aspire to climb the steep slopes of Parnassus. How eagerly we court your favours, and yet how we gird at you when you pursue us with your demand for copy. One of Dean Swift's wise sayings is that when we desire anything, our minds run wholly on the good side of it, when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad one. So it is with us who clamour for admittance into the mysteries of the publishing office. We long for the key that is to open for us the door, and when we get in, we then fret at the chain that is gracefully slipped round our necks. It was my lot to sit remote, unfriended, melancholy, but not, indeed, slow, for was I not busy with my treatise, let us say on the Architecture of Castles in Spain, for the forthcoming Western Encyclopædia, and was I not hurried by commands from the office to send it up at once, with no more nonsense about it. The calm silent afternoon passed away, and as the sun began to slope his westering wheel, we found ourselves assembled again around the dinner table.

With several of the guests my readers are already acquainted. The last arrivals remain to be described. A quiet looking, middle aged man, with a handsome and rather dignified wife. The man is evidently a prosperous lawyer in some provincial town. He is out for a summer holiday, and has come to the Highlands as the most expensive and consequently the most fashionable resort to please Mrs Wiltshire, who looks as if she would like to take the good of the wealth that has flowed into her husband's coffers as the result of twenty years' work in the practice of the law.

So muse I, not without a pang of envy, as I think of the long years I have spent as an Edinburgh advocate, waiting for that Sheriff-Substituteship that has not yet come. Not more eagerly does old Barker drop his fly into the glassy pools of the Dove, than I have sought distinction in the Parliament House, and in every Circuit Court from Dan to Beersheba. Time would fail, and I would never get to my story at all, if I were to speak of my exertions on behalf of sheep stealers, house breakers, and other jail birds of every kind of plumage, hoping by my eloquence to set them free from their cages, and win golden opinions, ultimately also golden fees from all sorts of people. All has been of no avail, and were it not for one or two friendly editors, whose dicta have more than once chained me to the writing table, like Prometheus to his rock, I should have very little left to live for, and not very much to live on. There, I have given myself away, and told you what I am. Down with this vice of egotism, and let us get to the heart of the subject. If the subject be Miss Wiltshire, it would be interesting to know which of us can get at her heart. Her outward appearance is sufficiently attractive, if her goodness is equal to her beauty, he will be a happy man who wins her.

Here we come to a point of some difficulty to the narrator. When a novelist introduces his heroine, his clients—readers I ought to say, but that I have already



spoken of that important class, and besides the other name sounds familiar to the ears that support a horse-hair wig—his readers then let it be once more, naturally expect a description of transcendent beauty, and give him no credit for it after all. It is the regulation stamp, the hall mark, without which no heroine can be accepted by an enlightened public. That same many-headed public knows what it has a right to demand. You whose eyes travel over these pages ask for a gem of the first water, and you take care to see that you get it. This happens to be no romance, but a plain unvarnished tale of some very ordinary events, and so the humble author claims to be absolved from the necessity of going into raptures merely to satisfy the canons of the novelist's art.

A small neat figure, brown hair and eyes, a lively brunette, that walks in beauty like the night. Regular features and a healthy colour—all these are hers, and also what is perhaps the greatest charm of all, a good expression, testifying at once to a good intellect and an amiable disposition. They err who say that women cannot possess both. Talent is by no means generally accomplished by ill nature in the female sex, though ill nature is very often the true name for what unthinking people mistake for cleverness. Neither is a beautiful woman necessarily a dunce, though some who envy her charms may be ready to pretend that they think so. Yes, the subject of my story is decidedly pretty, as indeed most girls of her age are. It is truly surprising how much beauty there is in the world, and how very few maidens there are at the close of their teens who do not possess it. Again I must stop my horse, and return from a digression which threatens to lead us away from the point altogether.

At dinner our fair friend showed to some advantage. Bright were the roses in her cheeks, yet not so bright as the lustre of her eyes. Not much had she to say as yet, not finding quite at home with us. Still I could see that she entered a good deal into the humours of our society.

Jermyn's yarns did not pass without her notice, nor Wood's arch rejoinders, by which he incited the story teller to increase the marvels that he had in store. Somehow it leaked out that the real name of the last arrivals was Smith, a common, but by no means inglorious name, witness the famous Gow Chrom, or Smith of Perth, whose memory is immortal, since the days of good King Robert the Third. Mr Smith of Wiltshire told us, for the honour of his clan, that no man of the name had ever been hanged, and curiously enough, not one of us could remember a single instance to prove the incorrectness of the statement. His daughter told us one or two amusing stories about her rambles on the West Coast. "One very strange thing," said she, "about the people of this country, is the propensity they have for hand-shaking. Once I went into a shop at Tobermory, to buy something, I forget what. The man behind the counter immediately held out his hand to me. I thought of course that he had mistaken me for some acquaintance, and so I said, 'excuse me, but I think you have mistaken me for somebody else.' I found out afterwards, that he had not, but that he had merely offered me the customary greeting of his countrymen."

"Depend upon it," said I, "he thought it was what he would have called pride, that made you withhold your hand at first. That is what they all think."

Jermyn of course had his own remarks to make. "I remember when we were quartered at Allahabad, there was an old fellow that came about the Residency, and for a long time we could not make out what he was after. It is your story, Miss Smith, that has reminded me of him. We thought at first that he came to beg, but he had very little need to beg, with all the gifts he had at his command. He offered to shake hands with me one very hot day, when we were just thinking how we could get some snow from the top of Mount Everest to cool a bottle of claret that the Colonel happened to have about him."

“Well, and did you take the nigger’s hand,” said Jack, anticipating some good thing out of the inexhaustible stories of the Anglo-Indian’s imagination.

“I held out my hand, and what do you think I found in it. A real live cobra, coiled up, and just preparing to bite me. It gave me such a start that I had not even the presence of mind to throw away the thing, or drop it on the ground. To my surprise, however, the Yogi, for that was what the man really was, just gave a short whistle, and the cobra disappeared, vanished as completely as a magic lantern scene when the lamp is covered. I looked everywhere about for the serpent, but he was gone.”

“Gone, and no mistake, said Jack. “Lucky for you that he went, or you would have been a gone coon. Had your friend any more of them about him?”

“He seemed to have had as many as would have furnished a head of Medusa, for Alma Tadema, or some of these fellows, to put into a classical picture. No sooner had I got over my surprise than he asked me to take off my tropical helmet. I did so, though I was afraid of sunstroke. By Jove, sir, there was another, curled round in the inside, close to where my head had been. This one did not vanish, but lay on the ground, and the fellow, who must have been in league with evil spirits, took another, and another, out of his own pocket, till the place swarmed with them. Not one of them tried to bite, and when the old Yogi gave another whistle, they all disappeared like a flash of lightning, just as the first one had done. Then the old man told me to look up overhead for a moment. I did so, and as soon as my eyes returned to the spot where he had been, I found it empty. He had disappeared also. Ah, he was an extraordinary character. I saw him another day, when the sky was without a cloud, throw a coil of rope up into the air. Then he climbed the rope, hand over hand, till he got up out of sight, and finished by pulling the rope up after him.”

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At this there was a murmur, partly of admiration, and partly of incredulity. Wood was delighted. This last story, he told me, was to be found in one of Marion Crawford's novels. Possibly that clever author may have got it from Jermyn.

These accounts of supernatural disappearances suggested to the men of the party that it would be well for us also to vanish. In the happy retirement of life at Inverburn, we were, to a great extent, free from conventional rules. When dinner was over, there was no hostess to gather eyes, and sail majestically out of the room, like a full-rigged ship in a steady breeze, and followed by the rest of her sex in procession. It was the men who took their departure, some to the billiard-room, and some to the entrance hall, there to repose a while, and talk with Mackenzie about the events of the day. On this occasion the two Indian warriors, accompanied by myself, and followed in a little time by Jack Wood, found our way to the porch, where our host met us, evidently in the humour for a conversation. The rest of us went to spend the evening according to their several inclinations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## PART III.

**T**HER interesting characters whom we sometimes visited were "Bluebeard," "Evander, the Recluse," and "Old Copperbottom." "Bluebeard" was a little man, whom we so named because he had a beard half as long as himself. I don't know if he had a pantry full of wives. The one we saw was twice as tall as he was, and seemed quite able to take her own part, if need be. She could almost have put him in her pocket, beard and all. He was a perk, lively, little fellow, ever ready for a yarn, as his sole business seemed to be to walk up and down the beach and look out on the sea. Some of his tales stretched our believing powers to their fullest extent; especially one

*coup-de-main* in Mull, where he had, so he said, stormed a bothy in face of ten smugglers, blinded six by means of his snuff-horn, bowled the other four over by means of his telescope, and then bound and led all away captive to his bow and spear.

Macintyre excelled in bestowing appropriate nick-names, but that of "Evander, the Recluse," derived its relish from its high sound and ridiculous incongruity.



Evander was by no means what the title inferred. On the contrary, he lived in sight of men, and moved much in society. He was a plain, honest fisherman, with a very rugged beard and head, his skin brown as peat, his hair rough as heather. So little of a hermit was he, that he had a great

round, red wife, and thirteen or fourteen children, more or less. He spoke little, but was usually to be seen popping about either on sea or shore, picking up worms wherewith to feed his brood—a not inappropriate simile, considering his occupation. Though poor, he was a real gentleman, and showed much kindness to us, occasionally sending us fish to furnish our scanty table. He gave me a fishing line and float on one occasion, which I forgot to return, but long after came upon it one day in Australia, when I was turning out my pockets, and its string of memories cheered a dark hour. I have it still.

"Old Copperbottom," so called from his caulking and repairing of hulls, worked just before our door. He was

old, but time could do no more than mix his brown with grey. He kept the boats of the village in a perpetual autumn. When some part got worn out, no matter where, he could repair it, and with his care they remained as heirlooms in families. He was a clever old veteran, though silent, and soaked in tar. He had wonderful contrivances for steaming planks and bending them as he wished. Like the hour hand of a clock, he worked steadily, but his progress could only be noted by visiting him at intervals of some hours. We often stood and gave him a word of encouragement, by praising his work to each other, wondering at his skill, and how, with such rough materials, he could do things so neatly. The old man smiled, well gratified. In this it will be seen we were influenced by Mr Frank Jolly's teaching.

We were also intimate with a host of Campbells, Grants, Macdonalds, and others, whose society afforded us many pleasures, but whom I have not space to mention in detail. I must not, however, omit to notice the village constable. Cannamorst did possess such an authority, in the person of a tall, fresh lad from Argyleshire. He was a mere emblem of law. Punishable offences were unknown. There can be little theft where there is nothing worth stealing. If one was wronged he demanded satisfaction, and the constable kept peace at the other end of the village till the difference was adjusted. Sometimes an inebriate required to be conducted home officially, but "drunk and incapable" was not reckoned a legal offence, or I fear the place would have been permanently decimated, to attend the Court at Portree. The constable was therefore allowed to roam about as he chose, his presence striking no awe in the breasts of the simple villagers. He rather felt this indifference, and used to complain to us about it. "Man," he said, "they don't half respect me as they ought, and the bairns actually mak' *gem* of me." He was not without humour, and had a quiet appreciation of the ludicrous side



of his position. He was a good soul, and would sometimes come in of an evening, and play the chanter. Till I saw him play, I never knew that instrument required so much exertion. As he proceeded, his eyes half started from his head, his hair bristled, the veins stood out on his forehead, and his face flushed crimson as Rab the Ranter's when he played to Maggie Lauder.

Our time went pleasantly, snug indoors in wet weather, or active outside in sunshine. We procured from the mainland a box of fine cigars, and therewith won the goodwill of the old storekeeper, whose proper title I now recollect was Mr M'Caskill. He showed it, like the sensible old fellow he was, by leaving us to be entertained by his daughters, while he sought company more in keeping with his tastes. It was May, and the season invited us to open air and exercise. As the young ladies had been shut up during a long winter, we arranged excursions for their benefit. We walked to lochs, we fished in streams, and rowed to explore legendary caves. We were happy and free as members of a family, yet maintained a scrupulous courtesy; and there was added to our companionship that indefinable interest with which possibility of possession always invests an object.

We were very innocent and happy, and I do not think we ever gave cause to anyone to comment on our conduct, if I except Bowler, who could find spots in any sun. That gentleman kept a sharp eye on our movements. I remember one day we had landed at the old castle, and, exploring the ruins, had worked ourselves into



a state of romantic enthusiasm over its former glories. Miss "Pert" and his "reverence" went so far as to give us a display of ancient broadsword exercise, the one with his stick, the other with her parasol. While they were indulging in a few pretty passes at each other, and we were looking on and applauding, Mr Bowler, from his door in the village, observed their figures on the top of the mound, strongly outlined against the sky. On next meeting his pastor, he was very severe on his undignified conduct. "I think," he said, "the next time the lassie and you want to gie a gimnaastic exhibeetion, ye might select a mair secluded spot." He certainly scored that time.

On another occasion we were amusing ourselves in a small bay with the innocent pastime of "Ducks and Drakes," for which a stony beach and calm sea offered tempting facilities. Unconscious of observation, we were eagerly contending as to who could make most skips with twelve shots. Our excitement and emulation were no doubt quite equal to what the occasion demanded. Suddenly a hush fell on our gaiety, for, glancing up, we saw Mr Bowler regarding us from the bank above. How long he had stood there I do not know, but his face wore a sneer so marked that Mr Jolly asked him, with some warmth, if he saw anything wrong in what we were doing. "Na," said he, with unutterable scorn, "yeer relaxations seem innocent enough, but hae a care that nane o' ye owerstrain yeer intellec's wi' them." So he strode away, contempt in every line of his back.

As the evening diversions of the village lads seemed to us somewhat tame, consisting of putting the stone, and such like, we thought we might make things more generally lively by starting a cricket club. We did so, and it proved a great success. The lads were somewhat backward at first, but never could resist Macintyre's laugh, and his hearty way of doing things. We soon taught them the game and made them quite enthusiasts, so that they even came to play of an evening without our being present. It

was great fun with some of the characters we got to take part. We even had "Evander the Recluse" at the wickets. He usually batted with his eyes wandering round the green, but on one memorable occasion, when making a wild swoop, he fairly caught a ball from Mr Frank Jolly, and skied it in a huge curve, right through an upper window of the "Half Mutchkin." The vastness and terrible result of his feat quite stupified him, and he stood staring at the distant gap in speechless horror. We hastened to assure him that he should suffer no loss, and that we would willingly pay the damage ten times over merely to witness such a stroke. I believe ever after he looked on that hit as the proudest achievement of his life, and I often would see him, when passing through the village, cast his eye up at a certain pane, neatly mended with brown paper, and smile to himself with quiet satisfaction. At first starting, we had made his whole family the most ardent of cricketers, by giving them pennies to stand round the green and field. We even seduced the constable into taking part, though he held out for some time on professional grounds. His fall was gradual. At first he looked on; then he stopped balls that came near him; then we posted him in a particular spot, and at length we got him to take his turn at batting. He was once in great form, and scoring rapidly, his face as much aglow as when he played "Highland Laddie" on the chanter, when suddenly his inspector was seen approaching on the hill. The hasty way in which he dropped the bat and assumed an air of grave decorum was most amusing. "Man, thon was a near thing," he said, as we laughed over the circumstances afterwards.

Our green lay right in front of the windows of the village street, and I do not suppose that Macintyre or Jolly were less eager to excel because they knew they were being viewed from old M'Caskill's. Among the spectators of our games was "Old Copperbottom," who sat and smoked and looked on approvingly.



Observing that the whitening we used to mark our crease with got rubbed out, he offered to tar one for us as being more permanent. The colour was not an improvement, but we readily consented, as the old man meant it for kindness, and it served very well. I regret to say the Rev. Frank Jolly played, and scandalised

everyone by his proficiency in batting and bowling. Many a savage look Bowler cast at him as he sped after a ball, his coat tails streaming in the wind.

One evening Macintyre had got the lads together ready for a game with sides, and they were shouting, running about, and giving catches, while I went to fetch his "reverence." As we came back together, "Ah!" said the *locum tenens* to me, "there is old surly by his kennel. Did you ever see such a picture of unsympathetic sourness. I would like to souse him in the Lough." Then as he got closer he cried, "Ha! good evening, Mr Bowler, I am delighted to see you looking so well, and, as it were, smiling like a patriarch on the sports of the young people. Won't you take a hand and join us?"

In return to this good-humoured address, Mr Bowler, who, I regretted to see, had lately been drinking, cast a glance of malignant scorn on the speaker, and replied—"I'm no a fool. I hae some *character* to maintain. I wunner at the way you, and the doctor, and yere friend there, lowwer yersels amang the village fowk. I would *scorrnn* to do it. Ye would be far better employed the noo in preparing yere Sunday discourse. An between you and me, I may tell you, Mr Jolly, that I dinna think much o' thae sermins o' yeers." I was so overcome by this sudden attack that I had to turn away to conceal my laughter. Mr Jolly, however, was not disconcerted, even by this on-

slaught, but quickly retorted—"Indeed, Mr Bowler, I am sorry for that, but you know what Johnson says about supplying people with arguments, but not with brains to understand them." "Na, a dinna," replied Bowler, turning the stroke aside, "but I know ye would be much better if ye would put some pint into yere discourses, an' tried to mak' them something practical. Man, a dinna like them. And O, but its a sad sight, to see ye trying to act the saint, and doing it very indifferently, ae day o' the week, while ye seemulate the evil one wi' perfec' ease on the other sax. Does it no seem tae yersel an awfu' incongruity that ye—a feeshier o' men—should go scudding after a bit ba', just like a terrier dowg after a stane? Man, yeer conduc' would mak' angels weep." And so saying, Bowler retired triumphant, and banged his door upon us as if it were a salvo of guns to celebrate his victory. "Spiteful old rogue," coolly remarked Jolly, and we proceeded to our game.

After we had been playing some time, Mr Bowler re-appeared with old Talisker. They were both, I fear, somewhat in liquor. As they stood watching, Bowler was evidently commenting in no measured terms on the pastor, who was batting, for he was wrinkling his nose and drawing down his eyebrows in a way indicative of great contempt.

As I took the ball to bowl, the Rev. Frank said to me quietly as I passed him, "I say, give me a nice easy one to leg, and I'll have a smack at these two old boozers." I did as I was asked. The result exceeded expectation, for he caught it a tremendous drive, and sent it full into Bowler just below the belt, doubling him up. A loud laugh greeted this exploit, which so incensed Bowler that, recovering himself, he seized the ball, whether with the intention of throwing it into the sea, or slaying Jolly with it, I am uncertain, for as he threw up his arm it slipped from his grasp and caught old Talisker just over the eye. I cannot repeat all that gentleman said. This much may suffice. "Ye murdering rascal, what did you do that for? Are you trying to knock my eye out?" Shouting this he seized Bowler by the neck, and, upsetting him on to the

ground, he put his foot on him, and proceeded to quash him as if he had been a toad. He lost his balance, however, and came down on the top of him. We ran and parted them before further damage could be done, Mr Jolly loudly apologising, as he rubbed Bowler down, and enquiring with much concern as to whether he was hurt. In return, the latter, when he had regained his faculties, bestowed a glance of vindictive malice on his sympathiser, and, shaking himself free, muttered two words, the second of which I trust I was wrong in believing to be "scoundrel." He then retired inside, and banged his door a second time.

Old "Talisker" was led away, kicking and struggling, and was put, by Macintyre's direction, under the village pump to cool. He appeared next day with a bandage round his eye, and was hailed quite as a hero by his associates, who congratulated him loudly on the way he had upset the Schoolmaster. Bowler was very savage, and despite the missionary's protestations, did not believe that the affair was wholly accidental.

As I have said some hard things of Mr Bowler, it is perhaps only fair that I should, on the other hand, record his opinion of the writer. I can do so, for he once conferred on me the power of seeing myself as others see me. The experience was such that I have since differed from the poet in the wish to possess that gift permanently. One day he was returning from a neighbouring village, where he had been relaxing his dignity so much as to be in that state when a man is supposed to speak truth without concealment. I met him on the road, and turned to walk back with him. Our conversation began thus:—"Good evening, Mr Bowler. What a grand day this has been. I hope you have had a pleasant walk, and enjoyed the fresh air." He rolled his eyes upon me, and answered thus—"Man, ye're a low fellow. A dinna like ye. Ye come into ma rooms amaisht wi'oot being invited. Ye go keeking an' laughing an' glowerin' at everything. A saw ye sneerin' at me one day, when ye thocht a wasna lookin'. Man, a dinna think much o ye. A *dinna* like ye. Ye're a *low* fellow."

He said all this very slowly and deliberately, and accentuated some of his words very effectively. I endeavoured to defend myself as well as I could, but I fear with little effect. With a man as far gone as he was, indeed, it was lost labour, and I felt strongly tempted to tip him over a little bridge we came to, thinking that a dip in the cold water might bring him to a state of reason. I resisted the temptation, however, which I now regret. His last words to me, as we parted in the village, were—"Man, ye're a *loozu* fellow; I *dinna* like ye."

I did once hear a faint commendation from his lips, which is perhaps worth recording. His remarks about Jolly's sermons on the above occasion did affect that gentleman in some degree, so that he resolved on preaching, for his benefit, a practical discourse, the point of which should not be easily missed. He therefore prepared one, condemning, in the strongest terms, malice, envy, and uncharitableness. He put in a strong light the perilous state of one who demanded virtues in others which he himself did not possess, and he touched in no measured terms on the sin and shame of drunkenness. He indeed brought together all Mr Bowler's faults in a way which I thought patent to everybody; but I found afterwards several people thought his remarks pointed at themselves. I listened open-mouthed as he proceeded with calm deliberation, giving each sentence time to tell. I expected to see his deacon turn on him with one of his sneering retorts, or rise and leave the building. Strange to say, he did neither; indeed, I thought he smiled grimly. After the service I lingered for a little to hear the result. Jolly and he came out together, and as Bowler locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, I heard him remark, "Man, ye were mair to the pint to-day. I wish auld 'Whiskey-Punch' had been here to hae heard ye. It would hae dune him good. Yon about the drink and uncharitableness fitted him exactly." Evidently that bolt had missed its mark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NA SEAN-FHACAIL.

“Lagh na cuirte—a bhith gu dana, modhail.”

“Millidh danadas modh.”

THA 'n da shean-fhacal so a' nochdadh gu soilleir dhuinn am beachd a bh' aig na daoine a bh' ann o shean air mar bu choir do mhuinntir iad fhein a ghluasad an uair a thachradh dhaibh a bhith ann an cuideachd dhaoine a bhiodh ann an inbhe aird os an cionn. Tha e anabarrach comharraichte gu bheil am beachd a bh' aca a' co-chordadh ris an doigh anns am bheil fìor dhaoine uaisle 'gan gluasad fhein an uair a thachras dhaibh a bhith ann an cuideachd ard-uaislean na tìre. Tha cuid ann aig am bheil toil a bhith modhail, ach an aite a bhith cho dana 's bu choir dhaibh, 's ann a tha iad diuid, fad as, mar gu'm biodh eagal orra tighinn dluth do dhuine sam bith. Da ni nach 'eil idir tlachdmhor ann an duine sam bith, 's e sin, danadas agus diuideachd, mur bi modh nam fochar. Bheir danadas air duine dhol air aghaidh, ach cumaidh modh e gun a dhol air aghaidh ni 's fhaide na 's coir dha.

Ma theid danadas tuilleadh is fada air aghaidh, millidh e modh. Is minic a thachair so. Chuala sinn iomadh uair daoine ag radh, “Is e gille grinn a th' ann, ach tha e car beag dana.” B' fhearr leinn gu mor duine a bhith car beag diuid na car beag dana. Faodaidh am fear diuid fas dana gu leor, agus mar sin, a bhith modhail gu leor; ach is gle ainneamh leis an fhear a ro dhana fas diuid.

“Na toir bean a taigh-mor,  
‘S na toir bo a gràisich.”

Tha e soilleir dhuinn gur e duine aig nach robh aon chuid taigh-mor no graisich a labhair an sean-fhacal so an toiseach. Agus tha e mar an ceudna soilleir gur ann air duine dhe sheorsa fhein a thug e 'chomhairle. Nis, tha 'chomhairle so gle ghlic do 'n duine air am freagair i.

Cha 'n 'eil e glic a dh'fhear sam bith bean a phosadh mur 'eil doigh aige air a cumail suas. A' bhean a thig as an taigh-mhor, co dhiubh bhios i 'na nighinn a dh'fhear an taigh-mhor, no 'na searbhanta anns an taigh-mhor, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'm bi i suas ri cosgais ann am biadh 's ann an aodach nach freagair air staid duine bhochd, chumanta. Am fear a phosas nighean fir-an-taighe-osda, no nigheann fir-na-butha, feumaidh e a cumail anns gach doigh pailt cho comhfhurtail 's a bha i ann an taigh a h-athar. Mur dean e so cha bhi e fhein no i fhein toilichte latha gu brath. Ma phosas fear te a bhios tuilleadh is ard ann an inbhe os a chionn, is docha gu'm bi i aig amannan ag amharc sios air fhein, agus air a chairdean. Ma bhios so mar so, faodar a bhith cinnteach nach bi sith anns an taigh. Far nach bi sith cha bhi soirbheachadh.

Cha fhreagair bo a thig a baile-cruidh, no, mar a theireadh na seann daoine, "a graisich," air duine bochd idir. Cha bhiodh ann do'n bhoin ach tighinn o'n chothrom a dh'ionnsuidh ana-cothrom. O'n is ann as a ceann a bhligheas a' bho, theid i air a h-ais anns gach doigh mur cumar rithe an cothrom a bh' aice o thoiseach. Anns a' ghraisich, bhiodh fear aice, mar bu trice, gu a cluasan; ach aig an duine bhochd, cha bhiodh aice ach a bhith 'criomadh air am lompar fhuar mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh i.

"Cha bhi bainne aig bo fir,  
'S cha bhi obair an each mna."

Bha e riamh 'na chleachdadh ann am measg nan Gaidheal, agus a reir mar a tha eachdraidh ag innseadh dhuinn, ann am measg gach cinnich eile, a bhith toirt a bheag no mhor de thochradh seachd leis na nigheannan an uair a phosadh iad. 'S an am a dh' fhalbh cha robh an t-airgiod ach gle ghann am measg nan Gaidheal. Mar bu trice, ann am measg nan tuathanach beaga, bheirteadh bo no dha mor thochradh do gach nighinn an am dhi



posadh. Ach a reir an t-sean-fhacail, tha e coltach gu robh na mnathan uair is uair a' faotainn each mar thochradh. Tha e nadurra gu leor do na fir a bhith measail eir na h-eich. Tha iad mar so o'n oige. Air an laimh eile, tha na mnathan an geall air a bhith am measg a' chruidh. Is ainneamh nigheann og aig am bheil eolais air crodh aig nach 'eil tlachd a bhith uair is uair a' bleoghann anns a' bhathaich, agus a' biadhadh nan laogh, agus a' faicinn a' chruidh a' fas lionmhor 's a' cinntinn suas. Bidh na mnathan gu nadurra ag iarraidh a bhith gu math ris a' chrodh a chum gu bi laoigh is bainne aca. Ach is fhearr leis na fir, mar is trice, bas a leigeil leis a' chrodh na gu'm biodh eis sam bith air na h-eich.

Chunnaic sinn iomadh uair, agus cha 'n eil ro fhad uaithe, gu'n do ghleidheadh an crodh a thainig o mhart-tochraidh na mna, agus gu'n do reiceadh aon an deigh aon de 'n chrodh a bh' aig an fhear an uair a phos e. B' e 'n t-aobhar a bha aca air son so a dheanamh, gu robh crodh na mna ni b' fhearr gu bainne na crodh an fhir. Dh' fhaoidteadh gu robh. so mar so, agus dh' fhaoidteadh nach robh.

Mar a bhiodh meas a bharrachd aig a' mhnaoi air a' chrodh a gheibheadh i mar thochradh, bhiodh meas a bharrachd, mar an ceudna, aig an fhear air na h-eich a bhiodh aige fhein. Bhiodh e eolach air an gne 's air an doighean. Agus ged nach biodh each na mna dad ni bu mhiosa na na h-eich aige fhein, shaoileadh e gu'm biodh e moran ni bu mhiosa. "Is fhearr an t-olc eolach na 'n t-olc aineolach."

Tha e furasda thuigsinn nan tachradh—mar is minic a thachair ann an iomadh teaghlach—gu'n tigeadh facal eadar fear-an-taighe agus bean-an-taighe mu thimchioll each no chruidh, gu'n teannadh, esan ri ruith sios nan each a fhuair ise mar thochradh, agus gu'n teannadh is ri ruith sios a' chruidh a bh' aigesan mu'n do phos i e.

"Tha 'smudan fhein a ceann gach foid,  
'S a bhron fhein aig gach neach."

Tha muinntir ann a tha 'n duil gu 'm biodh iad moran ni 's fhèarr dheth na tha iad na 'm biodh iad anns an t-suidheachadh anns am bheil iad a' faicinn dhaoine eile mu'n cuairt dhaibh. Ach tha iad so a dichuimhneachadh nach ann ri 'fhaicinn is coir ni, no neach, no suidheachadh sam bith a ghabhail. An uair a bhios sinn a' gabhail an rathaid troimh 'n duthaich, chi sinn iomadh taigh mor, maiseach, agus bidh sinn gu tric a' smaoinachadh gu bheil gach sonus, agus beannachd aimsireil ann am pailteas air an sealbhachadh leis gach neach a tha 'gabhail comhnuidh anns na taighean mora, maiseach ud. Mar is trice, faodaidh sinn a bhith air ar mealladh. Gheibh an trioblaid, agus am bron agus am bristeadh cridhe agus am bas a steach eadhon do na luchchairtean rioghail. Cha chum airgid no or air falbh na draghannan, agus na trioblaidean do bheil na h-uile buailteach anns a' bheatha so.

A rithist, an uair a tha fios againn gu bheil suim mhath airgid a' tighinn a steach air na daoine a tha ann an suidheachadh ard os ar cionn, bidh sinn deas gu bhith 'g radh gu faodadh iad moran a thoirt seachad air son iomadh aobhar math a chur air aghart a bharrachd air na 's fhiosrach sinn a tha iad a' toirt seachad. Faodaidh ar barail a bhith gle mhearachdach. Mar is trice, far am bheil an tighinn a steach mor tha 'chosgais mor mar an ceudna. Na'n robh sinne ann an aite na'n daoine so, bhiodh fhios againn gur ann mar is airde a tha suidheachadh duine is mo a dh' fheumas cosgais a thaighe agus a theaghlaich a bhith. Is ainneamh a thachras duine bochd ruinn a tha idir a' tuigsinn trian dhe na tha de chosgais air an duine bheairteach a thaobh nithean nach tig a chum 'fheuma fhein, no feum a theaghlaich gu brath.

“Cha 'n fhidir an saitheach an seang ;  
'S maig a rachadh 'na thraill do 'n bhroinn.”

Mar nach tuig an duine bochd suidheachadh an duine bheairtich, cha mho a thuigeas an duine beairteach suidheachadh an duine bochd. Cha 'n 'eil e ri bhith air a thuig-

sinn o'n t-sean-fhacal so nach fhaod moran truais, agus co-fhaireachaidh a bhith aig an duine bheairteach ris an duine bhochd, ged nach tuig e o fhein-fhiosrachadh staid an duine bhochd. Is e 'n saitheach, no, ann am briathran eile, an duine a ghabhas a shath de 'n bhiadh de 'n deoch, agus a thig gu bhith 'na thrail do 'n bhroinn, mu'm bheil am facal air a radh. An duine nach d'fhairich riamh acras mor, cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas dha fios bhith aige ciod a th' ann an acras mor. An rud nach tuig sinn cha 'n urrainn sinn labhairt le tuigse mu 'thimchioll. Tha fhios againn gu bheil araon geocaireachd agus poiteireachd a' toirt air falbh o gach neach a tha fo 'n riaghladh, tomhas mor de na caoin-fhaireachdainnean leis am bheil muinntir air an gluasad gu bhith fiosrachadh a' bhochd agus an fheumaich. Tha cuid ann agus feumaidh iad am pailteas de 'n bhiadh 's de 'n deoch fhaotainn, eadhon ged a bhiodh an cuid leanaban beaga, laga a' dol bas le cion a' bhidh. Nach beag suim a th' aig an fhear a tha 'na shineadh leis an daoraich do 'n chloinn bhig, laig a dh'fhaodas a bhith gle ghann de bhiadh 'na thaigh? An uair a thig duine gu bhith 'na thrail do 'n bhroinn, bidh e dluth air a bhith cho iosal 'na dhoigh 's 'na ghne ris na h-ainmhidhean. Is e suidheachadh ro bhochd an suidheachadh so. Thugamaid ar ceart aire nach bi a h-aon dhinn anns an t-suidheachadh so gu brath.

IAIN.

## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

## III.

## THE CONQUEST BY THE MILESIAUS. THE PICTS.

**I**N the conquest or occupation of Ireland by the Milesian Scots, we have to deal with an actual historic fact. A people calling themselves Scots, and when they become known to history deducing their descent from a leader called Milesius, and attributing their origin to Spain, did at some time make themselves dominant in Ireland, and remained so until the Conquest. However difficult it may be to extricate it, one would suppose therefore that in the account which they give of themselves there must be some elements of genuine tradition. Our purpose at present, however, is to narrate what they tell of themselves, and this we proceed to do.

After the expulsion of the Goths from Spain by Milesius, his people began to find the country too small for them, and an expedition in quest of other settlements was resolved on. This was led by Ith, an uncle of Milesius, who, according to one account, had seen the coast of Ireland with a glass from the top of a tower in Brigantia. He sailed, accompanied by his son Lugaidh and one hundred and fifty soldiers, and landed on the northern coast of Ireland. He was accosted by the natives in his own language, and this was natural, as Nemedius, the progenitor of the Tuatha de Danans, had not left Scythia until after the time of Fenius Farsa. He learned that the three kings of the Tuatha de Danans were at Tara disputing about some jewels, and thither he proceeded. There he so impressed the kings with his wisdom that they referred their differences to him, and he showed his wisdom by deciding that the jewels should be equally divided,

probably the first recorded instance of an arbiter "splitting the difference." Having reconciled the kings, he advised them to remain at peace, and pointed out the advantages they had in having a country with an equable climate, a fertile soil, and with ample space for all of them. He then departed for his ships, and the kings, reflecting on his praises of the country, concluded that he meant to return and conquer it. They accordingly followed him with a large force, attacked him, and after severe fighting killed or mortally wounded him. Lugaidh, with the surviving followers, escaped to the ships, carrying the body of Ith with them, and returned to Spain. There they gave an account of what had occurred in Ireland to the sons of Milesius—who was himself dead—and this so enraged them that they resolved to sail for Ireland with all their followers, and conquer the country.

The fleet of the Milesians consisted of thirty ships, in each of which were thirty of their chief warriors, with their wives and a number of followers. They had forty leaders, whose names are all preserved in the topography of Ireland, but of these it is only necessary to mention the sons of Milesius by his wife Scota, viz., Ir, Heber Fion, and Heremon, and Lugaidh the son of Ith, for from these all the subsequent monarchs of Ireland, and all the Milesian families whose pedigrees are preserved, are descended. They first attempted to land at Inbher Slaigne, now called Wexford, but the Tuatha de Danans, by their arts, caused a thick fog to cover the country, so that the Milesians could see nothing but the resemblance of a hog. At last, however, they were able to land at Inbher Sceine, in Munster. They marched towards Tara, meeting on the way successively Banba, Fodla, and Eire, the wives of the three Tuatha de Danan kings, with each of whom they had interviews, and who each told them that her name was the name of the Island. Arrived at Tara, they found the three kings in great magnificence, and surrounded by their enchanted guards, and they demanded from them the

surrender of the country or immediate battle. The princes replied that they were not prepared for battle, having no army at hand, but they offered to refer the whole matter to Amergin, one of the sons of Milesius, and he decided that he and his friends should return to their ships, and retire the distance of nine waves from the shore, and that then, if the Tuatha de Danans could prevent their landing, they would return to Spain. This was accordingly done, and the Tuatha de Danans raised a magical storm, which caused great loss to the Milesian shipping, and the death of several leaders. Ultimately Heber, with part of the forces, landed at Inbher Colpa—so called because his brother Colpa was drowned there—and, advancing inland, fought a battle with Banba and an army which she had collected. They then marched to Wexford, and joined Heremon, who had landed there with the remainder of the army. The united armies challenged the Tuatha de Danans to a pitched battle, which was fought with desperate bravery on both sides, but ultimately the Tuatha de Danans were completely vanquished, and their three kings and their wives slain. In course of these battles, the Milesians lost many of their leaders, and before their final settlement in the country, they lost eight distinguished ladies. Of these, several, including Scota, the widow of Milesius, were killed in battle, and Fial, the wife of Lugaidh, died of shame, because her husband saw her naked when bathing in the river Feil, which got its name from this touching event. It is also to be noted that Tea, who was the daughter of Lugaidh and the wife of Heremon, got as her portion of the conquered country a place called Lyatrim, where she built a palace and was afterwards buried, and from her this place was called Teamhuir, Tea's house or mound, otherwise Tara, so famous in Irish history.

Heber and Heremon divided the kingdom between them, the former taking the north and the latter the south and they reigned in amity for a year. At the end of that

time they quarreled at the instigation of their wives, about the possession of a fertile valley, and fought a great battle, in which Heber was killed. Heremon then took the sovereignty of the whole island, and divided it into five provinces, giving Leinster to Criomhthan, said to be of the Damonians, and a descendant of the Firbolgs; Munster to the sons of his brother Heber, Connaught to two noted Milesian leaders who came from Spain; and Ulster to the descendants of Ir, retaining, it is to be presumed, Meath to himself. It will be found, however, that this two-fold and five-fold division of Ireland, which undoubtedly existed from an early time, are attributed to other and much later kings.

In the reign of Heremon another people appear on the scene, whose existence has apparently puzzled the Milesian Chroniclers. These are the Cruithne, as the people called themselves, and as they are called by the Irish, or Picts, as they were afterwards called by the Romans, the words having a similar if not an identical meaning. The accounts of this people are somewhat discordant. According to Bede they were a tribe of Scythians who came to the north of Ireland by sea. According to Irish accounts they came from Thrace, were the descendants of Hercules, and were called Agathyrsi. This part of the fable is no doubt founded on the mention by Roman writers of a tribe of Agathyrsi, and who are said by Virgil to have been "pictis," or painted. From Thrace they are brought to France, where they settled, cleared the country, and built a city called Pictavia, and so called, according to some Irish accounts, from the pick-axes which the people used. According to the account in the Psalter of Cashel, compiled by Cormac, the Bishop and King of Munster, in the tenth century, and according to an ancient poem preserved in the Book of Ballymote, they came direct from France to Wexford; according to other Irish accounts, however, they are taken from Orkney to France, and thence to Ireland. All accounts agree that they were a band of soldiers without

wives. On their arrival in Ireland they are said to have assisted Crimthan, King of Leinster, in a war in which he was engaged with a people called the race of Fea, or of the woods. This people used poisoned arrows, but when the Picts encountered them their druid ordered a number of white cows to be milked, and the milk to be put in a pit, or in the furrows of the field where the battle was fought, and directed that those who were wounded with these poisoned arrows should bathe in this milk, and be cured. This, it will be observed, is similar to a device practised by the Tuatha de Danans on two occasions. After a time Heremon became afraid that the Picts would dispute the sovereignty of the country with him, or, as the old poem already referred to puts it, "would make battle for Teamhair as a possession;" and he either expelled them or persuaded them to leave the country, and proceed to Alba, or Scotland, where they settled, and where seventy kings of the race reigned. Before they left Ireland, the Picts begged wives of the Milesians, and the widows of the men who were drowned or killed on the arrival of the Milesians were given to them, on condition that they should swear by the sun, the moon, the stars, and the elements, as the old poem has it—

" That from the nobility of the mother  
Should always be the right of sovereignty."

Or, as Bede puts it, that when a difficulty should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than the male; and he adds that this custom existed among the Picts in his day—673 to 735. It is said, however, in the old poem referred to, that some of the Picts remained in Ireland, and had possessions in the plain where Tara is situated, and that necromancy, idolatry, plundering in ships, and poetry were taught by them.

In most of the Irish accounts the Picts are disposed of as flying visitors, but there is no doubt that in historic times a people called Cruithne existed in the north-east corner of Ireland, who were of the same race as the Picts of Scot-



land, and, indeed, formed one people with them, and there is little doubt that for a long time this people were the dominant race in Ulster. It is to be noticed, too, that in an ancient legend, noticed by Petrie in his account of the antiquities of Tara Hill, the daughter of Lugaidh, who was the wife of Heremon, is said also to have been the wife of, or to have had children by, a person called Gede Ollgothach. Now this Gede appears as eighth in the list of Pictish kings, and he appears also as Monarch of Ireland, about B.C. 500, and in a tract on the Picts preserved in the Book of Lecan, compiled about 1416, it is said that there were seven kings of the Cruithne that governed Eri in Tara, and all these seven kings are given by Keating as of the race of Ir. In the Duan Eirenach, an ancient poem giving an account of the Milesian conquest of Ireland, which appears in the Book of Lecan and also in the Book of Leinster, compiled about 1160, the story of the women is somewhat reversed, for it is said that the women of the Milesians having been stolen by Cruithne, the progenitor of the Picts, the Milesians made alliance with the Firbolgs and the sons of Nemeidh and the Tuatha de Danans, and got wives from them.

Such is the account of the various conquests or colonisations of Ireland, as given by the Irish annalists and historians. It is in many ways silly enough, but much of it is believed to be genuine history by learned Irishmen even in our own day. Some of the fables may have in them elements of genuine tradition, some have without doubt been invented to account for actual racial and linguistic facts; and the whole scheme has evidently been framed by Milesian scribes, who had become acquainted with the Hebrew scriptures and the classics, for the purpose of glorifying their own race, and connecting them with the famous nations of antiquity. What truth is in the story has never yet been sifted out, nor, indeed, has any attempt been made to subject it to a thorough critical analysis. If a conjecture as to the truth may be

ventured, it would be that the Milesians, themselves probably a Celtic race, arrived in Ireland at a comparatively late period, and in comparatively small numbers. That they found in the island a dark-haired race, probably of Iberian origin, represented by the Firbolgs, and a fair-haired Celtic race, represented by the Tuatha de Danans, or the Picts, who were probably the same, and that the Milesian families ultimately became dominant and the leaders of the people, as the Normans at a later time became in England and Scotland, and as, to some extent, they became in Ireland. This conjecture is borne out by the statement of Keating, that all the Milesian families, except those descended from the sons of Milesius, were extirpated for their wickedness, or became so insignificant that their genealogies are not preserved, and by the fact that, in the books of the genealogies, all the great families are traced to three or four individuals, who lived in the second, third, and fourth centuries of our era. As to the characteristics of the various races, the following is given by Dudly Firbis, as the distinction drawn by professional historians, and taken by him from an old book:—

“Every one who is white (of skin) brown (of hair) bold honourable daring prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property wealth and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat, they are the descendants of the sons of Milesius in Erin. Every one who is fair haired, vengeful, large ; and every plunderer ; every musical person, the professors of musical and entertaining performances, who are adepts in all druidical and magical arts, they are the descendants of the Tuatha de Danans in Erinn. Every one who is black haired, who is a tattler, guileful tale-telling noisy contemptible, every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, and the promoters of discord among people, these are the descendants of the Firbolgs, of the Gaillicons of Liogairne and of the Fir Domhanans in Erinn, but however the descendants of the Firbolgs are the most numerous of all these.”

## IV.

FROM B.C. 1700 TILL ANNO DOMINI. EMANIA,  
CONCHOBAR MACNESSA, CUCHULAIN.

THE occupation of Ireland by the Milesians took place, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, in the year of the world 3500, or B.C. 1700, and from that time the Irish annalists give a regular chronological history of their country, although in the different annals the chronology differs to the extent of nearly 500 years. In the present chapter we propose to deal with the period of seventeen centuries which elapsed from the advent of the new race until the Christian era, and the history of which we must regard as almost entirely fabulous.

During this period we have, including Heremon and Heber, the names of ninety-nine kings, and of all these we have the genealogies, and the length of their reigns, and, with six exceptions, the manner of their deaths. In the cases of some we get the names of the rivers and lakes which first appeared in Ireland in their times, showing the fabulous nature of the history, and in some the names of the battles which they fought; but beyond this, all that the annals contain of what purports to be history is easily told.

At first we have frequent mention of other races, called the Martinei and Ernai, the latter of whom, at all events, would appear to have been a tribe of the earlier inhabitants of the country, and are mentioned in historic times. One king (about 1410 B.C.) is said to have fought with peoples called the Colasti and the Longobardi, the latter of whom do not appear in European history till the end of the 4th century of our era, and the same king is said to have fought fifty battles with the Cruithen Tuath, that is the nation or country of the Cruithne, or Picts. Another king is said to have made the Picts tributary, and another to have reduced the Picts, Scotts and Old Britains of Alba, to subjection. Ugaine Mor, who reigned forty years, and

died, according to the Four Masters, B.C. 595, is said to have been king of the whole of the West of Europe as far as the Muir Torrian, or Mediterranean Sea ; and Labhraidh Loingseach, his great-grandson, who was unsuccessful in his first contest for the crown, is said to have gone to France, where he rose to power, and returned to Ireland with an army of foreigners, by whose assistance he established his dominion. Some of these foreigners used a peculiar spear, called a "laing," or "laighen," and, having settled in Leinster, are said to have given to that province its Irish name of Laighne.

Of progress in the arts of civilisation, the following is all that is recorded. Gold was first discovered and smelted by Tighernmas, who reigned seventy-seven years, and died 1567 B.C., along with three-fourths of his subjects, while they were worshipping the principal idol, called Crom Cruach. Eochaidh, who died B.C. 1537, introduced a variety of colours into clothes, to distinguish the different ranks, giving one colour for slaves, two for soldiers, three for goodly heroes and young lords of territories, six for ollaves (poets and men of learning), and seven for kings and queens. Enna Argitheach (B.C. 1384) made silver shields, and gave them to the men of Ireland with horses and chariots. Muineamhan (B.C. 1329) caused chains of gold to be worn ; Fiachra Finnailches (B.C. 1210) first dug wells for water ; Roitheachtaigh (B.C. 1025) introduced chariots with four horses ; Enda Derg (B.C. 882) established a mint, and coined money ; Eochaidh Uaircheas (B.C. 845) invented currachs, or boats made of wicker work and covered with skins ; and Eochaidh Aireamh (B.C. 131) introduced the practice of burial in graves, the previous custom having been to lay the body on the ground and cover it with a mound or cairn. Such is the record of the material progress of the Irish people which the annalists give us during seventeen centuries, which commence more than five hundred years before the Trojan war, and come down beyond the time of Cicero and Virgil.

During this long period the whole interest of the internal political history of Ireland centres in continuous contests for the succession to the throne. All the battles, except those with other races, such as we have mentioned, appear to have arisen out of such contests. There is throughout a struggle for supremacy between the descendants of Heremon, of Heber Fion, and of Ir, three sons of Milesius, and of Ith, their cousin; and even between different members of these families among themselves the contests are endless. It cannot be gathered that the annalists had before their minds any law or rule of succession, or any established method of designating the supreme ruler; but so far as they had any idea of a law, it would appear to have been that the son had a right to succeed to the father. In cases where the monarch is said to have died a natural death, he is generally said to have been succeeded by his son. The same is true, in some cases, of the succession of brother to brother; but the general practice was for one king to ascend the throne by murdering or killing in battle his immediate predecessor, and this holds true as much between the members of the same families as between the different families. Of the law of Tanistry, as it is said to have afterwards existed in Ireland—that is, of hereditary succession in the family, but election among the different members—there is no trace.

The descendants of the four persons we have named supplant each other at very irregular intervals. During the period with which we are dealing there are, excluding Heremon and Heber, 97 kings, and of these 41 are of the posterity of Heremon, 33 of Heber, 21 of Ir, and 2 of Ith; and of the whole 99 kings, 80 were killed by their successors, 8 died natural deaths, 3 died of plague, 1 died of a fall from his horse, 1 committed suicide, and of 6 the manner of death is not mentioned. In six cases sons succeeded their fathers, and in three, brother succeeded to brother. The scribes who invented, or reduced to its present form, the history of Ireland during this period, appear to

have regarded a state of anarchy as the natural condition of the country, and for such a state of mind the subsequent and authentic history of Ireland will be found to be a sufficient justification. During some portion of this period, however, the rudiments of the political condition which we afterwards find existing must have been present, and accordingly we find that some of the shadowy monarchs stand out as legislators and reformers. Ollam Fodhla, who reigned forty years, and died B.C. 1297, is said to have established the Feast or Assembly of Tara, which some writers elevate to the position of a National Parliament; to have built the Mur-Ollamhan, or house of the learned, at Tara, which afterwards became so famous; and to have appointed a Chieftain over every cantred, and a Brughaidh, or hospitaller and rural judge, over every townland, all to serve the King of Ireland. Sedna (B.C. 910) is said to have established a code of military laws and discipline; Ugainé Mor (B.C. 595) is said to have established the succession to the throne in his own family, by taking an oath by all the elements, visible and invisible, from all princes and chieftains of Ireland, that they would not contest the succession with his posterity; and Eochaidh Feidhleach (B.C. 132) is said to have been the first who laid out Ireland into five provinces, and appointed governors and princes for each. Some, at all events, of these events are occurrences of later times projected into the past. The Assembly of Tara is not mentioned after its establishment by Ugainé Mor for many centuries, and we shall find its establishment, at a much later time, attributed to another sovereign. Ugainé Mor's posterity did ultimately and for a long time become the possessors of the throne, but the immediate result of the obligation which he imposed on the princes of Ireland was not a success. He himself was killed by his own brother, a claimant to the throne, but was succeeded by his son, Laoghaire Lork, who was treacherously murdered by his brother Cobhthach, who succeeded him. This prince was in turn murdered by the grandson

of his brother Laoghaire, who thereupon succeeded to the throne, and was in his turn murdered by the son of Cobhthach, after whom the succession passed for a long time to other families. And while Ireland was undoubtedly divided into four provinces, we shall find that the fifth province at least was formed long after Eochaidh's time.

There are two portions of the history of this time which are very famous in legendary literature, and which appear to contain a genuine tradition of the time when a race which then inhabited Ulster—commonly believed to have been the Picts—was the dominant and most famous race in the country.

We have mentioned that Tighernach dates the commencement of accurate history from the time of Cimbaoth, which he places about 289 B.C., but which the Four Masters place nearly three hundred years earlier. Tighernach treats Cimbaoth and his more famous Queen Macha as sovereigns of Ulster only, but other authorities place both in the lists of high sovereigns of Ireland, Macha being the only recorded queen. The story of them and of the founding of their capital of Emania, or Emain Macha, so famous in Irish literature, is as follows:—There were three competitors for the sovereignty of Ireland, who were cousins, and of the race of Ir. Instead of fighting with, or murdering each other, they agreed to divide the sovereignty, and each to reign seven years. They had each had their turns of seven years, when one of them, Aedh Ruadh, died, leaving an only child, his daughter Macha. When her father's turn to resume the sovereignty came, she claimed it as his heir, and her claim not being admitted, she asserted it by force, and defeated the other sovereigns, Dithorba and Cimbaoth, and killed the former, and drove his sons into exile. After a time Macha married Cimbaoth, and reigned jointly with him till his death, after which event she reigned alone for seven years, when she was killed by Reachtaidh Righdhearg, of the race of Heber, who succeeded to her. After the death of their father, the

three sons of Dithorba took refuge in Connacht, and, learning that they might become troublesome, Macha resolved to capture them. She disguised herself as a poor woman and followed them into Connacht, and found them in a wood cooking the carcass of a slaughtered animal. She joined the party, and, under amorous pretexts, induced the young men one after another to follow her into a thicket, when, by her great strength, she overpowered and bound them. She then carried them to her court, but instead of putting them to death as her courtiers advised, she condemned them to build the city of Emania, that it might be the capital of Ulster for ever. The limits and foundations of the city she is said to have traced out with the pin of the brooch which she wore on her neck or bosom, and hence the name, from "eo," a pin, and "muin," the neck or bosom. The site of this city is said to be recognisable in the ruins of a large rath called Fort Navan, close to Armagh, and the name of the great queen still survives in the name of the Primatal city, Armagh, in Irish Ard-Macha, or the height of Macha, in which St Patrick established his see.

The city thus founded by Macha continued to be the capital of Ulster and of the race of Ir until about the year 331 of our era, when it was destroyed by the three Collas, who expelled the race of Ir and confined them to a small portion of the counties of Down and Antrim, from which they never emerged although till late times their king continued to be the nominal or titular Kings of Ulster. Emania, however, is chiefly famous as the capital of Conchobar, Mac Nessa, and the home of Cuchullain and of the other knights of the Red Branch so famous in the literature of the first heroic cycle of Irish legend, and who, with Queen Meave or Mab of Connacht and her husband and chiefs, are the heroes of the "Tain-Bo-Chuailgne," the nearest approach to an epic poem in Irish literature. The legend is that Conchobar Mac Nessa, who was King of Ulster, but is not said to have been King of Ireland, and



lived until the day of the crucifixion of our Saviour, kept a splendid court at Emania for many years, and that he had in his service a sort of brotherhood of heroes called the Knights of the Red Branch or Craeb Ruadh, who had a great house at Emania, where they lived in a sort of brotherhood somewhat after the style of the Knights of the Round Table; who went about all over Erin and Alba redressing wrongs, performing marvellous feats of valour, and sometimes being guilty of very gross acts of cruelty and treachery. A large portion of existing ancient Irish literature is connected with Conchobar and his Court, which rivals, if it does not excel, the subsequent glories of Tara in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, but the sober annalists are almost silent on the subject. The Four Masters make no mention of any one of these famous heroes, and some of the other annals are equally silent. Tighernach merely mentions the birth and death of Cuchullain, whom he designates as "fortissimus scotorum," and the Chronicon Scotorum mentions him once in giving the date of an event as two hundred years after his death. These are the only notices which we have come across of these heroes in what professes to be authentic and sober history, but their glory, like many other glories of antient Erin, is great—in legend.

With the legend of the death of Conchobar, King of Ulster, who is said to have been the first man in Ireland who believed in Christ, we may fitly close our account of this portion of Irish history.

In his time it is said to have been a custom of Irish heroes, when they killed an adversary, to cut off his head, extract the brains, and, mixing these with clay, to make of them a ball, which was kept as a trophy and sometimes used as a missile. One of these balls, containing the brains of a famous hero, got into the hands of one of Conchobar's enemies, and being thrown at him in a battle, it struck his head and became embedded in his skull. His physicians told him that it could not be removed without

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causing his death, but that if he avoided mental and bodily excitement he might survive for a long time. He accordingly led a life of quiet for some years, but on the day of the Crucifixion what was occurring at Jerusalem was revealed to him by a druid, and he became violently enraged against the Jews. In his blind fury he took his sword, and, rushing into a neighbouring wood, he supposed the trees with which he came in contact to be the Jews, and he hacked at them with his sword until by the violence of his exertions, and of the excitement under which he laboured, the brain ball was expelled from his skull, and he died.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CHILD LIFE.

THE advent of a new soul into the world equally with the departure of an old soul, that is to say, the birth and the death of human beings, form the two most important centres of superstitions. Several, too, of these superstitions are essentially the same. The newly-arrived soul is in some parts of the world girdled by fire, just as the departing spirit is in like manner surrounded by a barrier of fire, the intention in each case being to keep the soul within its own proper body, and to ward off the evil attentions of disembodied souls and other supernatural beings. Fire and water have always been reckoned as barriers to the free passage of spirits. Purification at ancient funerals by the sprinkling of water originally sprang from the idea that the water stood as a barrier between the departed spirits and the living soul of the person on whom the ablution was performed. Similarly, superstition annexed to itself the rite of baptism, and there is no tenet more firmly established than this, that the child is freed from the influence and the attentions of fairy and other powers when it is baptised with water.

It is not merely from its birth onwards that a child is subject to hostile attacks from fairies and spirits and to other influences like that of the evil eye. There are antenatal dangers. For instance, anything thrown at a prospective mother may cause a birth-mark or "ball dohrain" to the child at the part corresponding to the part of the mother's body which was struck. Fright or excitement of the mother over something seen or heard affects the child in a similar physical manner. A case of lupus, or King's evil, where the whole side of the face was a mass of red flesh, was explained to the writer as caused by the

mother's fright over a fire, and the placing of her hand full upon her cheek at the time. A hare seen running off may cause hare-lip—"milleadh maighich" or "hare-marring"—in the child. A visit to a menagerie is also a temerarious thing in these circumstances. Ungratified desires on the part of the mother may affect the unborn progeny. A desire for strawberries may cause the classic "strawberry" mark, and we have known a kind of goose-berry birth-mark circumstantially accounted for on this principle. Where the hand or finger touches the mother's body first, there the mark may be on the child. This superstition has still a vigorous existence in the Highlands. Further, a woman who is near or at childbirth may be stolen by the fairies, who thus have both mother and child. In her place they leave an "animated stock," exactly like her, which soon dies; but it may be easily detected, for it never rots in the grave. There are stories of mothers being thus taken away either before or after childbirth, who dwelt for some time in Fairyland, and were recovered from fairy power by some worthy fellow, perhaps hundreds of miles from where they formerly dwelt. The curious thing about such cases is that the lady did not know her own previous history; she married her rescuer, and years afterwards was discovered by her former husband in his wanderings as a drover or such like traveller.<sup>1</sup>

From birth till baptism the child was subject to the attentions of the faires, who tried to steal it and leave one of their own offspring in its place. Continual vigilance was necessary to ward them off. Various other preservatives were resorted to. "There is," says Martin, "another way of the dessil (going sunwise) or carrying fire round about women before they are churched after childbearing; and it is used likewise about children until they be christened; both which are performed in the morning and

<sup>1</sup> See a good version of such a story in "*Legends of the Braes o' Mar.*"  
Edition 1876, p. 108.

at night. . . . (They) told me the fire-round was an effectual means to preserve both the mother and the infant from the power of evil spirits, who are ready at such times to do mischief and sometimes carry away the infant." This is the fire barrier which we have already noticed as being put round newly-come or departing souls. Miss Gordon-Cumming says in her work, "In the Hebrides":—"Every person entering the house was required to take up a burning firebrand from the hearth and therewith cross himself before he ventured to approach a new-born child or its mother. It was customary to carry a burning peat sunwise round an unbaptised infant and its mother to protect them from evil spirits." Mrs Grant of Laggan puts on record another method as a substitute for the watching while the infant sleeps. She says:—"If, however, they were not able or willing to watch, or wished for a still greater security, the bed containing the mother and the infant was drawn out on the floor, the attendant took a Bible and went thrice round it, waving all the time the open leaves, and adjuring all the enemies of mankind, by the power and virtue contained in that book, to fly instantly to the Red Sea, &c." This method was not considered so dutiful as watching all night, until the infant was baptised and the mother was "kirked," or paid her devotions in a sacred place.

The following is a story sent us from Eigg:—"A new-born babe was for the first three days carefully watched for fear it might be stolen by the fairies—*mnathan-sith*. I heard about a man, the whole of whose children were choked by the fairies, except the two youngest, and he saved these by keeping a large fire in the room where the children were (for three days); and, immediately the fairies appeared, he threw fire at them." In Argyleshire the following custom was observed in some places. During the first night of a child's life, watch was kept; doors, windows, and everything were closely shut, and old shoes—*logaisean*—were burned in the fire! Stewart says, in his work on

Highland Superstitions :—"A piece of cold iron or steel put into the bed of a lady, *uneasy in her circumstances*, will protect mother and offspring from being *fayed*." For it has to be remembered that the fairies belong to the Stone Age of culture and dislike the novelties of the Iron Age.

Fairies and other spiritual powers were only one source of danger; the evil eye had also to be warded away, and luck and protection procured by certain recognised means. Christening ended all danger from Fairy power, but the evil eye could lie on a baby at any time. If a person praised a child, it was and is believed that his or her evil eye, if they possessed such a sinister power, would fall on the child wittingly or unwittingly. It was necessary, therefore, to end in praising the child with some such expression as "God bless it," or "May my eye not take on it," or "Am fortan ga bheannachadh"—"Good fortune bless it!" A red thread about the child's neck or a rowan cross prevents evil spirits and evil eyes from injuring it. The evil eye is also warded off by having a threepenny-piece tied on a string round the child's neck. Grant Stewart says that the barbarous custom of suspending a child with head downwards in the morning when it was being dressed was resorted to as an excellent preservative against supernatural agency. The effects of the evil eye are removed by the water off silver cure. First, to find out if the child is really suffering from the evil eye, they put a silver coin in water, and pour the water on the child. If the coin sticks to the bottom of the (wooden) dish when turned upside down, then the child is known to suffer from the evil eye. To cure it a "skeely" person goes secretly to a stream at a ford or bridge, over which dead and living pass; water is taken therefrom in the name of the Trinity, a coin or coins of silver being placed therein; with this the child is sprinkled in the name of the Trinity, perhaps made to drink the water. The *modus operandi* varies in detail, but the above statement presents the salient features of the opera-

tion. A charm, already given in a former number, might be repeated during the process.

"Nether-Lochaber" has put on record a remarkable case of curing the evil eye by passing the child through the purifying element of fire. The incident which he narrates took place over a year ago, and was related to him by an eye-witness. This person, having gone to a small hamlet in a remote glen to leave a message for the shepherd, was surprised to find that there was no one in the house, but seeing a slight smoke in a hollow at some distance, he concluded that he would find a woman there washing. On reaching the bank above the hollow he was astonished to see five women engaged in the ceremony of passing a sick child through the fire. Two of the women, standing opposite each other, held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others, standing on either side of the hoop, were engaged in passing the child backwards and forwards through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been several times passed and repassed through the fiery circle it was returned to its mother, and the burning hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about 18 months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of the "evil eye" of an old female tramp, who had been refused alms, and had departed saying "O, what a beautiful child." The hoop was twisted round with a straw rope in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop 18 times—once for each month of its age. When taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed. The somewhat analogous superstition of putting a patient in the centre of a cart-wheel when the red-hot tire was put on it at the door of the smithy was practised in Wigtonshire half a century ago.

For purposes of protection and luck, various odd superstitions existed. "The moment," says Captain Burt, "a child is born in these Northern Parts, it is immersed in cold Water, be the season of the Year never so rigorous." The late Rev Mr Macgregor says this custom existed of old, and that the child was thereafter wrapped in a blanket, and made to swallow a large pat of fresh butter, which was pressed down its little throat, to the imminent danger of choking it. Pennant asserts that "midwives give new-born babes a small spoonful of earth and whisky as the first food they taste!" In Sutherland, according to Miss Dempster, a new-born infant must be washed with a piece of silver in its hand—the larger the sum the better—the midwife's fee of a crown being generally put in the bath; and if there is no fee, she wears a silver ring when performing the ablution. It is at any time lucky to wash a baby with a piece of gold in its hand. Others hold it enough to bathe the child first with some silver coin in the vessel, a sixpence or a shilling being good enough. A more unpleasant action was one which we heard of as done in Badenoch: the child was washed in "maistir" to ensure it against the bites of fleas and such insects. When people visit a baby, they should put a coin in its hand for good luck, even going, according to some, so far as making the baby a present of the coin. It is not lucky not to make a present to the mother of a newly-born child.

A child born with its feet foremost can cure rheumatism and allied pains, by tramping on the person affected. A child born with its head leaning against its hand is destined to be a great warrior. A child born on the 29th of February has little chance of seeing twelve moons. A child born exactly at midnight has second sight. A child born on a Sunday and baptised on a Sunday is especially lucky; for such a person is sure of eternal bliss hereafter.

The mother of the infant must not do any work or engage in domestic duties until she is kirked. "The



mother," says Pennant, "never sets about any work until she has been *kirked*. . . Before this ceremony she is looked upon as unclean, never is permitted to eat with the family, nor will anyone eat of the victuals she has dressed." It was and is considered unlucky to eat of the food given by a mother until she was to church, but then in coming home she gave bread and cheese to those she met by the way. No fire or light must be taken from the house where a child was born, till it was baptised; not even a charitable peat, to light the traveller on his way, was allowed. If fire or light had, from dire necessity, to be taken from the house, then the person doing so had to go round that house seven times anti-sunwise. A baby should not be taken anywhere until it is christened, or going to its christening; nor should its clothes be put out to dry until the same period is passed; nor should the mother enter any other house before then, or else the youngest member of the family of that house will die soon. Indeed, she should not go beyond her own house until the christening.

A few precepts for the care of the child will now be given:—You (that is, the mother) should give the baby a taste of all the food you eat. You must not weigh a baby; it will die, if you do. You must not measure a baby; it will be next measured for its coffin. You must not allow the child to look at itself in a looking-glass till it is over a year old; if you do, madness will ensue. You must not cut an infant's nails with any implement till it is a year old; if you do, the child will turn out to be a thief. Do not allow a cat to sleep in the cradle or anywhere with the infant, for it will suck out the child's breath, and kill it. The cradle must not be rocked if the baby is out of it; it means a colic to that baby. If you rock an empty cradle, you will soon rock a new baby in it. "It is quite curious," says Mr Macgregor, "to see the face of alarm with which a poor woman, with her tenth baby in her arms, will dash across the room, to prevent the 'baby but one' from the

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dangerous amusement of rocking the empty cradle." Some say that similarly it is not lucky to sit in a cradle.

A curious prohibition may here be noticed. If a child is born prematurely and is dead, or dies at its birth, the father must not attend the funeral of this child. If he does, the hand of death will be heavier on his children, and they will gradually melt away, as the snow on the mountains melts before the warm rays of the sun.

## GAELIC RIDDLES.

A RIDDLE is called in Gaelic a *toimhseachan*, the root idea of which is "measuring" or "judging." The *toimhseachan* means therefore what is to be conjectured or estimated. At the old *ceilidh* houses or places to which the people of a small district resorted of a night for purposes of amusement and interchange of ideas, riddles formed a considerable feature in the night's entertainment. Mythic and historic tales, songs, poems, conversational repartees, and riddles formed the literary side of such meetings. Of the many hundreds of riddles that have existed, very few now survive, and quite an insignificant number have been printed. Beyond a rare riddle here and there in the periodicals<sup>1</sup> that have existed in the Highlands within the last seventy years, and the collection of fifty riddles which Hector Maclean gave to Campbell of Islay, and which is published in the second volume of the *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, there has been no effort to record or to collect the many floating riddles of the country. We can here only add a few to the collection made by Mr Maclean for J. F. Campbell.

It will be seen that for the most part Gaelic riddles resemble, in their construction and style of thought, the riddle of the Theban Sphinx, which was a metaphorical description of the course of man's life. The Sphinx's riddle ran thus :—"What walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?" The answer of course is Man, who crawls on all fours as an infant, walks on his two legs in the hey-day of manhood, and toddles about with a stick in his old age.

<sup>1</sup> The first two volumes of the *Gael* contain many riddles, and embody several published before.

The following is in Campbell's book, but not so well expressed :—

Chaidh mi na bheinn is fhuair mi e ;  
 Shuidh mi air bruaich is dh' iarr mi e ;  
 'S bho 'n nach d' fhuair mi e, thug mi leam dachaidh e.

Which means—

I went to the hill and got it ;  
 I sat on a bank and sought it ;  
 But as I found it not, I brought it home.

The answer is, "Stob 's a' chois"—a thorn in the foot.

The following is a neat description, metaphorically, of a candle :—

Cumaidh mi 'nam dhorn e,  
 Is lionadh e eaglais.

That is—

I can keep it in my fist,  
 And it fills a church.

A bee is described in this rhythmical fashion—

Bodachan beag frionganta, franganta,  
 Damhsa air na gùgan ;  
 Boineid air do dh' iteagan,  
 Is iteagan do fhrangach.

Which may be translated—

A frisky, French-heathery mannikin,  
 Dancing on the daisies,  
 A bonnet on him of feathers,  
 And feathers of heather (?)

The nettle is thus mysteriously referred to—

Tha Gìbidh muigh do 'n dorus,  
 'S ma bheanas tu do Ghibidh,  
 Bheir Gìbidh piocag asad.

That is—

Bunchy is outside the door,  
 And if you touch Bunchy,  
 Bunchy will take a bite out of you.

This is how the identity of a lock and key is obscured by some worthy word-painter—

Bò mhaol odhar  
 Ann an dorus an t-sabhail,  
 Laogh na gobhail  
 'S i gun dhol a dhàir.

Translated—

A polled dun cow  
In the door of the barn,  
Her calf between her legs,  
Yet she never was a mother.<sup>1</sup>

When a tree is cut down, there often grow round the stem young shoots or sprigs, which perpetuate the stock. This fact is alluded to in the following riddle:—

A' mhuc a mharbh mi an uiridh  
Bha uirceanan aice am bliadhna.

That is to say—

The pig that I killed last year  
Has produced young this year.

The pig is the tree, and the sprigs are the *uirceanan* or piglets.

Chaidh biadh gu dithis,  
Gu ceann Loch-Mairidh ;  
Dh' ith am biadh an dithis,  
'S chaidh am biadh dhachaidh rithisd.

Which means—

Food came for twain  
At the end of Loch-Maree ;  
The food ate the twain  
And returned back again.

This is a complex riddle ; it means that an eagle took a live cat in its talons for food to its two young ; the cat ate the eaglets and then escaped.

The above class of riddles is rather common. Here is another of the same:—

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal bheann  
Chunna mi ni b' eibhinn leam,  
Fichead suil an aona cheann,  
Is deich beoil a' bruidhinn rium.

Which means—

One day that I was walking the bens  
I saw a thing that amazed me—  
Twenty eyes in one head,  
And ten mouths speaking to me.

The answer here is this : He found a horse's head—or any animal's head—in skeleton, and a wren's nest with ten young inside it.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Gael*, the answer is, A ship and its boat.

A pretty riddle of the same kind thus describes the yearly periods down to the twenty-four hours of the day :—

Craobh mhòr agus ceithir meoir oirre,  
Tri-nid-dheug anns na h-uile meur,  
Seachd uibhean anns na h-uile nead,  
Agus ceithir-eoin-fhichead anns na h-uile ubh.

That is to say—

A large tree and four branches on it,  
Thirteen nests in each branch,  
Seven eggs in every nest,  
And twenty-four birds in each egg.<sup>1</sup>

Some of the analogies drawn are, however, rather far-fetched. As thus :—

Theid e null thar an abhainn,  
'S thig e nall thar an abhainn,  
Gearraidh e fear, 's cha 'n ith e e.

That is—

It can go over the river and come over the river,  
It can cut grass and not eat it.

The answer is, A bullet.

Tha slat ann an coille Jubhraidh ;  
'S cha mhinich thu e, 's cha thomhais thu e gu h-oidhche.

Translated—

There is a rod in Yewry wood ;  
You cannot explain or guess it before night.

This refers to the rainbow, but it is too vague to be a satisfactory riddle. Equally vague is the reference to the starry heaven as “ Ciste mhor lan tholl ”—A big kist full of holes. The following also is somewhat vague :—

Bheir am fiadh as a' bheinn e  
Agus cha toir an t-iasg as a' chuan e.

That is—

The deer takes it from the hill,  
And the fish cannot take it from the sea.

The answer given to us as fitting this was that it refers to Salt.

<sup>1</sup> See *Teachdairde Gaelach*, Vol. I., p. 281.

An ambiguous grammatical construction sometimes gives rise to a riddle or conundrum. We are told in the song of "Maggie Lauder" that

"A piper met her gain' to Fife."

Which of them was going to Fife? A similar ambiguity underlies the following conundrum:—

Bha cailleach ann Dail-radaidh,  
'S dh' ith i adag 's i marbh.

Which is—

There was a carlin in Dalraddy,  
Who ate a haddock and she dead.

The ambiguity is lost in the English; it depends on the reference in "and she dead." The "she" may apply to either haddock or carlin in Gaelic, and by strict grammar should refer to the carlin.

There is one very elegant riddle which depends on a punning reference to a famous river name in the Highlands. It runs in Gaelic as follows:—

A' Chraobh leag mi 'n Diu thuit i an Dé.

Literally this means—

The tree which I felled to-day fell yesterday.

But the true answer is this—

The tree which I felled to-day fell into Dee.

## NEW BOOKS.

## THE FIANS.

THE fourth volume of the *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, which is in course of publication by Mr David Nutt, of London, is entitled *The Fians ; or Stories, Poems, and Traditions of Fionn and his Warrior Band*, and the collector and editor is Mr J. G. Campbell, minister of Tiree. Mr Alfred Nutt has written an introduction dealing with Professor Zimmer's views on the origin of the Fionn saga, and he adds some bibliographical notes, at the end, in which he draws attention to variants of the stories in Mr Campbell's text. Like the preceding volumes, the book is handsomely got up, and the whole work is admirably edited and annotated. For most of the stories, the original Gaelic version is given as well as the English translation ; in the other cases, where a long story is more or less condensed, and only given in an English dress, the most striking and interesting of the Gaelic expressions are reproduced.

The tales about Fionn and his men would fill, we believe, several volumes, and, though the book before us contains over three hundred pages, yet it only outlines for the most part its subject. The first quarter of the book deals with Fionn and the leading heroes of the *Feinne* separately—it gives the personal history and characteristics of each. The birth and early exploits of Fionn himself are told from a rich variety of popular sources. We note only one point which we never saw or heard of before—Fionn's mother was the ugliest woman in Ireland ! This gives rather a shock to one's feelings, and justifies a *Saturday Reviewer* in being somewhat severe on the rudeness of the legends. We do feel that Mr Campbell's materials are somewhat rude, and that, in fact, his book does not present the Fionn saga in its best aspect. There is plenty material in the Highlands for an excellent rendering of the Fenian story in its entirety, but Mr Campbell has stuck to his own collection, giving only what he has himself heard and recorded. The result is that he has given us a very valuable contribution to the elucidation of the Fionn saga.



Many of the legends of the Feinne band are given by Mr Campbell. He gives a version of the "Lay of the Red Cataract." Mr Hector Maclean says that the correct Gaelic for the Cataract is not *Eas Ruadh* but *Eas Aoidh Ruaidh*, the Cataract of Aed the Red, which reciters had reduced first to Easaidh Ruadh and then Eas Ruadh. Of course, Mr Maclean's view agrees with the Irish legends, the Cataract being that of Assaroe at Ballyshannon. Versions are given of the *Muileartach*, and *Fionn among the Big Men*, both of which appeared in the *Scottish Celtic Review*. Various renderings are given, but all weak, of "How Fionn found his Missing Men." The finding of Bran, and the story of Ceudach, the son of the King of the Colla Men, the latter appearing in one or two forms, are about the best tales in the book. The verses about the "Stormy Night" are not, we are afraid, Ossianic at all, for they appeared, pretty much as Mr Campbell has them, in the *Highland Monthly* for October of last year, from a MS. in Mr MacColl's possession, which attributes them to the famous bard O'Daly.

We may note here some minor points. The *corran* that go through Oscar (p. 47) are "spear points," not "geese." The *Coolin* of p. 62, 63, is the famous district of Cualgne in Ireland. The *iondruin* of 104, which is rendered "fluted grass," is the *fiondruine* of p. 157, where it is correctly explained as a metal. It is well known in Irish story, and is usually rendered "white bronze." The heresy about *caogad* being nine is again repeated, though the word, by derivation and use, is evidently for fifty. The *d* in Braidalbane is not "intercalated;" it belongs to the stem of *braigh*, whose proper genitive is *braghad*.

Mr Nutt's introduction and notes are, like all his work, accurate, business-like, and scholarly. In the introduction he gives an account of Professor Zimmer's views about the Fionn saga. This account first appeared in the *Academy* in February last, and is a marvel of conciseness and clearness, considering the German original from which it is condensed and re-arranged. Mr Nutt also states the objections, on linguistic and other grounds, which were urged to the learned Professor's theory, especially by Dr Whitley Stokes. He further complains of Celtic studies not being pursued by Scotchmen or by Scotch professors, and points out how we owe our progress in matters of Celtic philology and

criticism to Continental scholars. In this we heartily agree with Mr Nutt ; it is not to our national credit that Celtic scholarship should arise and abide in Germany.

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#### EARLY ETHNOLOGY OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Professor Rhys has just republished from the *Scottish Review*, his Rhind Lectures, delivered at Edinburgh, in 1889. We believe only a few copies have been thrown off, and these can be got from Mr Evans, Secretary to the Cymmrodorion Society, 27 Chancery Lane, London. As these six lectures form the most important contribution yet made—outside Skene's work—to the study of early Scottish history, we need not say that every one that interests himself in the history of Celtic Scotland should have a copy. We have indicated in these pages from time to time how we agreed and differed with the learned author, and we now with pleasure announce his work in a handy form for all to read and have.

Professor Rhys has, besides, elaborated his views on the P and Q Celts, in a paper delivered before the Philological Society, which is entitled, "The Celts and other Aryans of the P and Q Groups." In this paper he tries to prove that the Western Gauls were Goidelic Celts, and he names them Celticans. He finds them also in Spain ; indeed, we believe that there is no dispute about the fact that Celts, speaking a proto-Gaelic language, were widely distributed over Spain in Roman times. That such Celts existed in Gaul in Cæsar's time may be doubted ; in any case, we should say that they could hardly form the bulk of the Gaulish population, as Professor Rhys maintains.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that a work on the *Literature of the Highlanders*, by Dr Nigel Macneill of London, is in the press, and will soon be issued to the public. The publisher is Mr Noble, Inverness.

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MR A. W. MOORE, author of a very able work on *Manx Names*, has just published a smart little book, entitled the "Folklore of the Isle of Man." The London publisher is Mr David Nutt. The book is brightly written, but its author, though giving his stories in the best dress, is fully possessed of the scientific spirit, and he does not embellish or twist the facts to suit notions of good literary form. Every lover of Celtic lore should possess a copy.

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THE Gaelic Society of Glasgow has issued its programme for the winter session, which in fact commenced on the 27th of October, when Mr Fraser-Mackintosh delivered an important paper on the Risings of 1715 and 1745. The real cause of the Derby retreat was, according to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, the poverty and fewness of the men, who had become demoralised because they had not received any assistance from their English friends. Among the other papers to come are one on the "Ethiopian and the Celt," by Rev. James Macdonald (Reay), one discussing "Who were the Feinne?" by Mr Macbain (Inverness), one on "Ancient Celtic Art," by Dr Iain Clerk, and one on the "Rhetoric of the Gael," by Mr Munro-Fraser, inspector of schools.

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A NEW edition of the deservedly popular work of Mr Cromb, on the "Highland Brigade, its Battles and its Heroes," is published by Messrs Orrock & Son, Edinburgh.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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## INVERBURN.

A WEST HIGHLAND NOVEL.

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### CHAPTER IV.

OUR conversation this time was animated, if not very brilliant. Beginning with the weather and the crops, fishing, and the prospects of game on the Twelfth, we proceeded to the Crofters, Commissioners, County Councils, Parliament, and so forth. The mention of the high Council of State led us naturally to the baccarat gambling game, and the Prince of Wales. Of course, we had a good deal to say on this well-worn theme, and expressed some opinions that would have astonished his Royal Highness, if he had heard them. I suppose, however, we would all have cause of astonishment if we heard what people say about us, in confidence, when we are not present. It is probable, indeed, that even our best friends express their opinions about us in a way that would require some explanation if their remarks were to come to our ears. Fortunately they do not, and where ignorance is bliss we know what the poet says about the folly of wisdom.

Captain Jermyn went on to improve the occasion by telling about the dread results of gambling among foolish striplings in the Indian army, and how many of them had, to his knowledge, come to grief by means of cards and dice. All of which, it is to be hoped, had its due effect in warning us against the wiles of the goddess of chance. The other veteran for once seemed to think that his friend did not exaggerate. From the remarks that fell from Barker, it might have been inferred that he knew at the cost of dire experience what unexpected things might happen from the fall of an ivory cube, or from a card presenting the face of a knave instead of that of a king. Perhaps the sage and taciturn Barker had, in his salad days, heard the chimes at midnight, and danced by the light of the moon. Time had cured him of his follies, and now he was the very Nestor of our band of heroes, a very Triton of the Minnows for wise saws and modern instances.

Mackenzie then proceeded to say that we were to have another addition to our party, and that very soon, in fact, this very evening. We had by this time got so very well acquainted with each other that we felt like friends of a life time, and almost resented the notion of any new people invading our circle.

“There’s a young minister to be here to-night, and he’s coming by the evening boat. He’s going to preach in the church on Sunday, and to stay here till then. We’ve got to get a minister for the parish in place of old Mr M’Turk, and he that’s coming to-night is trying for the place. I think he is going to get it too, and I’m glad of it, for he’s a real good man. Poor old Mr M’Turk was a first rate country man, but he was no use in the world for a minister. He’s dead and gone now, and there’s no much use saying anything more about him.”

Barker and I, being Scotchmen, understood all this quite well. The parish of Inverburn was vacant, and the natives were having what was to them a new and delightful experience. They were hearing candidates, to use a phrase

to which we are gradually becoming familiar, though at first it came with rather a grating sound on the ear. Good Mr M'Turk had been thrust into the parish a generation ago, by means of a presentation, an instrument the use and meaning of which was well known in former years, but which is now only a memory of the past. Traditions were handed down of the strife that accompanied the settlement of Mr M'Turk, then a golden youth, in the pretty, old-fashioned church at the shore of the murmuring sea. The grandfathers of the present villagers had rebelled, and threatened violence to the Presbytery, when a meeting was to be held for the purpose of "intruding," as it was called, the obnoxious presentee, who was in truth a harmless and even worthy man, whose merits were fully proved in after years. Nay, even the grandmothers showed signs of hostility, in the shape of stones and other missiles which lay conveniently near the hands of these Celtic Amazons. It was only by main force that the settlement was accomplished. Some members of Presbytery narrowly escaped being settled themselves on the occasion by the weapons of war that went hurtling through the air while these divines passed the churchyard gate on their way to the church door. So people said, at anyrate, but country people will say anything, and allowance must be made for the accretions that gather round oral history, and that become in process of time crystallised into the popular myths that are so well known by scholars and antiquaries. This much, however, was certain, that the minister was forced in, literally at the point of the bayonet, a company of soldiers from the garrison at Fort Wellington having come to take part in the services of the day. These men had seen service of another kind in the tented field, and they must have been disappointed at having no more formidable antagonists than a few rustics, who meant no harm. There was no bloodshed after all, and the expected battle of Inverburn proved to be only a summer day's dream. The hospitalities of the induction dinner drowned a good deal

of ill nature, and time and patience healed all dissatisfaction. The venerable M'Turk, after a lifetime spent in his pleasant home at the banks of the Dove, went down to his grave not unwept, and though his gifts were not brilliant, his kindness and goodness of heart will not soon be forgotten.

Inverburn, then, was in the midst of a church election, far more absorbing than any other of the elections that are forced upon our countrymen by several Acts of a beneficent Parliament. A series of preachers occupied the pulpit week after week, until one should appear whose eloquence might induce the congregation to elect him to the place that was recently filled by the lamented M'Turk. Delightful indeed it was for the villagers to sit in judgment on the merits of the several candidates in the weekly displays. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the hearers were really worshippers, and how many were only critics. But these statistics would be of a kind that even a Parliamentary return would fail to show. How the critics did gossip about each as he passed before them in review. In the carpenter's workshop, and at the blacksmith's forge, on the high road, and at the evening fireside, the one topic whose interest never flagged was the preaching of the clerical gladiators who had entered the lists. Parties were already formed among the people, as much opposed to each other as the factions of the White and Red Roses, or the Roundheads and Cavaliers. Only that at Inverburn there were at least three divisions instead of two. One, the most numerous, had decided that none who had yet appeared was good enough for the place. A second, less numerous, but more influential than the first-named, was strongly set upon electing Mr Matthew Kirke, who had some relations in the village. The third party was about equally strong in numbers with the second, but much more influential, and was understood to favour the claims of the Rev. Augustine Hope, who was expected at the Victoria Hotel, Inverburn, this evening.

Those of us who were strangers to Scotland had some difficulty in taking all this in. It is marvellous what an amount of educated ignorance, if we may use such an expression, the average Englishman displays when speaking of Scotch manners and customs. The common belief on the south of the Tweed is, that the inhabitants north of it generally wear the kilt, play the bagpipes all day, and live chiefly on whisky and porridge. Accordingly Mackenzie, who was an important member of the congregation, was able to tell his guests what astonished them not a little about the process that was going on. With exemplary patience he unfolded to them the whole tale of planning and intriguing of the wirepullers in the place, and the steps that were being taken to advance the cause of each candidate. In short, he gave them a concise lecture on parochial politics, which was hardly finished when the steamer (either the "Crofter" or the "Agitator," I forget which) appeared in the bay. Our host went to the landing place to meet the new arrival.

Mr Hope made a good impression upon us all. A young-looking man, yet perhaps older than his looks; quiet and reserved in manner, yet not wanting in the courtesy that is due to strangers. Certainly a man of some ability, if there be any truth in physiognomy. Rather ill at ease, no doubt, and placed in a most embarrassing position by the circumstances that have brought him here. He is to pose before the rustics as one who seeks their votes for an office to which he has devoted his life, but which is practically unattainable without an ordeal such as that through which he has to pass. Upon the whole he seems likely to be an acquisition to our circle, and we desire his better acquaintance.



## CHAPTER V.

NEXT morning Captain Barker came downstairs with a troubled look in his rugged and weather-beaten but not unkindly face. What could be the matter? Last night his bosom's lord sat so lightly upon his throne that Barker was perhaps the liveliest of us all. His natural reserve had for a time at least disappeared, and his taciturnity among strangers had given place to the easy confidence with which people speak when they feel that they are safe in the company of those by whom they are surrounded. Mackenzie was right when he said that only people of the "right sort," as a general rule, came to Inverburn. "This place," he used to say, "is too far away for any except upstairs people to come to it." It was in this way that he spoke of the class that is so difficult to define, and of whom we can only say, in the most general way, that they are people whom one likes to meet. Barker, then, had found himself so much in his element at Inverburn that he had been quite radiant during the whole evening. To-day, as I have said, he was not the same genial companion that he was a few hours ago. A shade of darkness hung over his manly brow. Could it be that Hercules had been caught in the meshes of Omphale's weaving, and that the gallant soldier was in love? In love with Miss Wiltshire? Impossible; it cannot be. Why, Miss Wiltshire (I wish, by the by, I could remember to call her by her own name, but the other has taken fast hold of us all), is out of the question. Her mother would be quite a juvenile bride for the stout old warrior. It is more likely that young Wood will be captivated, and certainly he looks a more suitable person to take the fancy of our fair friend. Indeed, I shall have to take care that I do not myself fall a victim to the spell. What boots it for me to cast eyes of admiration upon this nymph of the waves. If I had only that sheriff-substitute-ship in some quiet country town, I might perhaps aspire even to the height of her heart. But now, existing on the

uncertain gains of the pen, dribbling my brains away at a penny a line, how can I dare ask any maid to welcome my adoration, and be endowed with all my worldly goods—a steel pen and a bottle of ink? No, I shall be heroic, and tear the passion from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

But what can be the matter with Barker? Perhaps he has got bad news from his gillie about the state of the river, or else he has heard that his shares in the Papuan Oil Company have gone down below par, and wishes that he had sold them when they were up to nobody knows how much premium. Or mayhap he has been meditating upon the designs of Russia in regard to India, and come to the conclusion that we shall have to fight the great Northern Power on the plains of Afghanistan, if there are any plains there, which positively I do not know, though a novelist is supposed to know everything. However, we are not left long in suspense. Barker, like a blunt soldier as he is, breaks out suddenly with the burden of his complaint.

“I wonder what the doose I have done to deserve this. That confounded fellow M'Corkindale has written to ask me to spend a day with him, at his den, as he calls it, in Corrie Glas, just when the Dove is in such perfect trim, and Angus Bain tells me that we are certain to get at least three salmon, clean run. What can I do?”

“Tell him you don't want to go,” said Jack Wood, looking up from the depths of an arm chair, in which he had spent the last half-hour reading the adventures of Tartarin de Tarascon, and chuckling as he thought what a good counterpart of Captain Jermyn was presented by Daudet's Tarasconian Don Quixote.

“O dear no, that would never do,” said the stately Mrs Wiltshire, whose hauteur had a good deal abated under the influence of the surroundings. “Your friend Mr Mc what *do* you call him, would be hurt if you were to answer him so rudely. Can you not plead a previous engagement?”

"Or circumstances over which you have no control," suggested Jack, still engaged in drawing a parallel between Jermyn and Tartarin, yet inclined to help his friend in a way that possessed the merit of originality.

"Or better still," I interposed, "just agree to go. And the sooner you go the sooner you can return. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

"I don't know what to do," was all that the disconsolate Barker had to say for the present. When we were seated at breakfast, however, he went on to say, after a thoughtful pause, or a flash of eloquent silence, "I would like to humour the old fellow if I could. He'll be rather cross if I cut him. Here's his letter. It seems he wants you to go too, Jermyn."

The Indian tiger hunter took the letter, and was about to read it aloud for the benefit of the company, when the equanimity of the party was changed into the most admired confusion by a slight contretemps. Jack Wood sprang to his feet with an angry shout of "What the angel (inverted) do you mean?" This was addressed to Wiltshire *pere*, to whose daughter the usually amiable young man had been making himself agreeable. Now such an adjuration coming like a thunderbolt from the blue has a tendency to mar the harmony of the best regulated families. Wood was not addicted to strong language, which he naturally held in contempt as bad form. This sudden outburst gave us all a start, and we wondered what next was to come.

"I don't understand what you mean, at anyrate," said the unconscious old boy. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or do you want to fight a duel, or do you think it is a good joke to carry on like a fool?"

"Just look what the old rascal has done to me," said Jack, holding up his hand, in the back of which were three small holes, that looked as if they had been intended as an ornamental pattern, only that his heart's blood was trickling from them, and that they seemed to give him some pain. Then the secret came out. Our lively companion had been

leaning across the table intent on conversation with the damsel who was so interesting to all of us. In the meantime his long arm was stretched along to near where her father sat. It seems that the latter, who was somewhat short-sighted, had mistaken Jack's closed hand for a breakfast roll, and had stuck his fork into it. The explanation, of course, set us all laughing, and even the victim, finding that his wounds were not serious, and that no harm was intended, had his share in the mirth. Mr Smith did all that any man could do in the circumstances—said he was sorry, and that he would not do it again, and so forth. The injured hand was tied up with a rag provided by one of the domestics, and concord was restored.

Jermyn would doubtless have remembered (or invented) some similar event that had happened at Chandernagore or Kandahar, but that he was occupied with the letter that had given Barker so much concern. At last, and with some difficulty, arising from the fantastic penmanship, which was one of M'Corkindale's affectations, he read as follows:—  
"The Den, Corrie Glas, 24th July, 18—. Dear Barker,—  
We have a goose for dinner to-day, and I want you to come and help us to eat it at two o'clock. Come early, and spend the day. Jermyn better come too. If you can induce any of your Sassenach lady friends to come along with you to see a Highland chieftain with his foot upon his native heath, my wife will have a fire in the drawing-room, and prepare for an animated talk about ribbons and gloves. The new potatoes are good. Thine, as of old, Lachlan M'Corkindale of that ilk."

"I wish that M'Corkindale and his goose were at the bottom of Loch nan Tarbh Uisge," said Barker, when the reader of the epistle had finished his task. But Jermyn was in a more compliant frame of mind. "I would rather like to go," said he. "I remember the chief very well, and a rare good fellow he is. So is his wife," he continued, regardless of the solecism of calling an estimable woman a fellow. "We'll make a day of it, and have a high old time. I wish you would come with us, Mrs Wiltshire."

"Smith, if you please," said the lady whom he addressed, giving us a reminder of which we all had need. "I would really like very much to go and see a genuine relic of the old feudal times in his ancestral halls."

"A good deal of nonsense has been said and written about these good old times," interposed the clergyman, Mr Hope, joining the conversation. "I don't believe much in the goodness of them. Turreted castles and moats and drawbridges and portcullises, mail-clad knights and faithful retainers, and all the rest, are good enough for romancing, but I think our own age is about the best that the world has ever seen yet." He spoke with the obstinate incredulity of these degenerate days, when people laugh to scorn the charming visions of mediæval times.

"Now, really that is too bad," said Mrs Smith. "I read 'Waverley' a long time ago, and I thought Fergus MacIvor the most delightful man I had ever heard of. I cried at the trial scene where Evan MacCombich offers the ransom for the chief. I am sure that Mr MacCorkscrew, or whatever his name is, must be just such another as Fergus. What a shame it was of Sir Walter Scott to bring him to such a bad end when he might have married him to Rose Bradwardine, and the story would have ended so happily. Then Waverley might have got Flora MacIvor, only she was too good for such a milksop. There is nothing I would like better than to go to see this Highlander with the peculiar name. Only it will be rather unusual to go as a perfect stranger."

"As to that," said Barker, "you need have no fear. M'Corkindale delights in extending his hospitality to strangers, and the more he does not know them, the better pleased he is with their company." He spoke with an absent air, as if he were thinking of something else, which perhaps indeed he was. I have an idea that he was thinking what to say to Miss Smith that would induce her to raise her eyes, and let him see into their liquid depths.

"O, do go, mama dear," came with a silvery laugh from the maid, whom we ought to call by her own name, and

not by that which indicated her abode. "I'll stay here and take care of father."

"Well, Jermyn, I'm glad you are so willing to let me out of my difficulty," said Barker, much relieved. "I was afraid it would be impossible to move you. If you really go, I can stay at home for the fishing, and you can tell Mac that I will go another day. But somebody else will have to accompany you. Three will be a convenient number to fill Mackenzie's machine, as he calls it. You had better be the third," he continued, addressing Wood.

"I would say done with you," replied that youth, "but that I am afraid of disgracing myself by laughing at the old fellow's absurdities. Mr Penn, won't you be a Quintus Curtius, and throw yourself into the breach? Say yes, and break the spell." Penn, I may explain, was the literal *nom de plume* by which I was known at Inverburn, from the inveterate exercise of writing, with which most of my time was occupied.

"Agreed," I said at once, amused and delighted at the prospect of meeting a marked character for this novel, which I had just begun, much to the detriment of my aforementioned treatise on architecture in the peninsula. And so it was arranged that we should start early in the forenoon, so as to have time to see all the wonders of the Corrie. Mrs Smith being in an adventurous mood, was in high glee at the prospect, and as the day promised fairly well, we were prepared to make the most of it.

## CHAPTER VI.

WE set off to drive to Corrie Glas in the best possible spirits. Rory Urquhart was our charioteer, and was in better humour than usual, the day being fine, and prospects of hospitality at the Corrie sufficiently attractive. On the way we were told by Jermyn what we were expected to find in our entertainer. M'Corkindale was the owner of a

small estate, which he had unexpectedly inherited from a distant relation. On becoming heir to that property, he had retired from the diplomatic service, and gone to spend the rest of his days in this beautiful place, where it was his chief amusement to play at acting the part of a feudal chieftain. Here he kept up, as much as the circumstances of modern days would allow, the traditional pageantry by which the chiefs were accompanied two centuries ago. We were not to think, so Jermyn said, that M'Corkindale was oblivious of the changes that time had brought to pass, or that he was unaware that the clan system was exploded. He was in truth a clever and accomplished man, who merely chose to indulge this whim to amuse himself and his friends, of whom he had many, and whom he delighted to entertain with his waggery. We were thus duly prepared to enter into the humour of the day's adventure.

The Corrie house is situated by the side of a small stream, and within a quarter of a mile of the sea. In the background is a semicircle of low hills, clothed with natural birch, and rising with a gentle slope, as if to shelter the hamlet below. About a mile from the shore is the small island of Lunda, heathery and mossy, with a good deal of dwarf hazel and alder, a capital place for winter shooting. As we drove down into the valley we could see our new friend's house nestling in a bosky thicket of shrubs, a pleasant abode truly, and one where we could well imagine that the romance of feudalism might linger long after it had been dispelled everywhere else by the new order that has taken the place of the old.

M'Corkindale met us at the end of the avenue. He was delighted to meet two Sassenachs, and to take me, as a Scotchman, into his confidence in regard to the travesty of chiefship that he liked to act. We were prepared for an introduction to a striking character, but not quite prepared for the style of man whom we now saw, two of us for the first time. Tall and well made, handsome beyond almost any man whom I had ever seen, with clear eyes, in which

there was always a merry twinkle, and at the corners of which were what are called crow's feet, generally a sign of advancing years, but, in his case, caused rather by continued and excessive laughter than by the ravages of the venerable scythe-bearer. He was a picturesque figure in his Highland dress, with all the pistols, daggers, and other accoutrements that belong to that most becoming garb. One of the first things he had to tell us was that he had succeeded in at last getting a good feud established between two of his neighbours. This feud he hoped to keep alive by stirring up each party to a sense of the wrong done to him by the other. In the chief's opinion, this was the one thing that was wanted to make the place perfect. It was necessary in every well ordered region of the Highlands that there should be at least one feud that should descend from father to son, to the most remote generation. The feud in question probably existed in his own imagination only, and it was all the better that it did so, as it gave him the satisfaction of humouring his fantasy, without causing the evil that a real feud would have done.

"It is really very kind of you, Mr M'Corkindale," I began, when we had been introduced to our hostess, and had got to the end of our remarks about the weather and the crofters. Here I was interrupted by the individual whom I had addressed, and who now broke out in a burst of affected indignation—"Mister me no misters, but give me my title, or else confess that you are no better than a Saxon pock pudding that never spoke to a shentleman." From this it appeared that M'Corkindale, when in his war paint, disdained the customary prefix to his name, and insisted on being addressed by his surname, as the title *par excellence* of the head of an imaginary clan. He next went on to tell us some of his experiences with certain pedestrian tourists that had recently passed the way. "I was talking to Sandy Macpherson when two of these fellows came by. We were so close to the road that they could hear every word that we said. 'Sandy,' said I,



'do you see these fellows in the grey suits, and with knapsacks on their shoulders?' 'Yes, sir,' said Sandy. 'Do you think we could put them into the loch?' 'I don't know,' said Sandy, 'but we might try, and then we would see what they have got in their knapsacks.' I can tell you the tourists quickened their pace when they heard this, and I dare say they did not think themselves safe from us caterans till they got on board the steamer at Inverburn, and went off to Glasgow again."

And M'Corkindale went off into a shout of laughter, in which we all joined, for the old fellow's notion of keeping up the national tradition of stout thrief and spoliation was quite irresistible. Mrs Smith was startled at the thought of immersing the tourists. "Really," said she, "I am very glad the men got safe away. I never liked that part of 'Rob Roy' where the unfortunate exciseman, Morris, is drowned by order of Helen Macgregor."

"I can tell you, madam," said the chief, "that her ladyship conferred a great deal too much honour on the unworthy knave, by allowing him to drown handsomely in a Highland loch. He ought to have been hanged on a gallows forty feet high, like Haman or Hezekiah, or whoever it was. I would have every exciseman strung up, and then we could make our own whisky, and as much of it as we liked. What right have these rascals to come bothering about every honest fellow that likes to have a still of his own, I would like to know. There was a day when a man might drink a bottle before breakfast and be all the better for it, as the Kintyre smugglers used to do. But that was whisky made among the heather, and it had never been poisoned with the King's permit. Old Mr M'Turk, the venerable man, was a smuggler in his early days, and it was by smuggling that he earned enough money to take him to college, and make a minister of him." At this stage the M'Corkindale rambled away into stories of illicit distillation, and of the many devices that were employed to deceive the revenue officers. It goes without saying that in each of his

stories the exciseman had the worst of it with the quick-witted Celts.

"But there is a good time coming yet," he proceeded. "When the crofters get their own way, and there is a Home Rule Parliament in Edinburgh, we shall grow plenty of barley, and have enough whisky with which to drink confusion to all the fellows that would spoil our carousals." Then he went on to state his views on present day politics to an extent that might be shocking to some of my readers, for which reason I forbear to repeat this part of the conversation.

The next topic on which he touched was that of cattle-lifting and sheep-stealing. The decay of these fine old gentlemanly occupations gave him a great deal of regret. "We really ought to revive these noble practices of the good old times. Those were the days when we might carry off a hundred head of cattle, and no Sheriff hear that we had done it."

"Surely," said Mrs Smith, somewhat alarmed, "you do not mean to propose cattle stealing?"

"Stealing, my dear madam; I do not know what you mean by that. If a man were to carry off a widow's cow, or do anything else equally despicable, he would deserve to be hanged as a thief. But to lift a rich man's herd is quite a different thing. There is old Walker, who has made a fortune by advertising his soap, and selling it at three prices. That man has bought the estate of Squir Lom from MacRory of that ilk, or MacRory Borealis as he used to be called, when he owned about the half of the county of Northland. Walker could afford well enough to buy a new herd, if we were to come down upon him in the middle of the night. We might lift a lot of his, and think it neither sin nor shame."

"Wouldn't it be better," quoth I, entering into the humour of the thing, "to levy blackmail upon Walker. That would be quite in accordance with tradition. Fergus MacIvor, if I am not mistaken, was a blackmailer."

“The very thing,” ejaculated M’Corkindale, to whom it is surprising that the thought had not occurred sooner. “That’s just what should be done forthwith. We’ll put a blackmail upon Walker. He can well afford it out of his soap-boiling. Let him pay me a good mail by the year, and I’ll take care, not only that none of my own followers do him any harm, but that they defend him from all others.” And so he went on, making believe to be capable of the most desperate acts of lawlessness. I could not help thinking how strangely his humour contrasted with Jermyn’s. The latter lived in a dream world of his own, quite as picturesque as that of the old Highlander. Jermyn had been a distinguished officer. He had served his country well from the time when, as a youth, he had passed through the terrors of the Indian Mutiny, till he had his part in Roberts’ famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. But of these experiences in the field and in the camp, that he might have told with perfect truth, he seldom spoke: His study was to astound his hearers by tales of tiger hunting and perils of the chase in the Himalayas, most of which stories were ridiculed by his friends as pure inventions, or, at least, as being highly ornamented from the storehouse of his exuberant imagination. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and such romancers as the two above mentioned have to fill their own places in order to make the set of human chessmen complete.

Of course M’Corkindale began to talk about the coming election of a minister.

“We must get a good man to the church at Inverburn. I do not know where to find any man that is good enough to take old Mr M’Turk’s place. Ah, that was a man. He couldn’t preach a bit, that’s true, but never mind. There never was a better man for telling a story over a tumbler of toddy. Not a fight nor a *creach* nor a feud was there ever in the North, since the battle of the North Inch of Perth, but he could tell the whole history of it from beginning to end. And he never told the same story twice the

same way either. Variety is charming, and the more whisky he drank, the wilder he made his stories. Some times he went wrong, too, particularly when he ventured upon what had happened before the time of the fight at Perth."

"If he knew the history of Scotland from that date as well as you say he did," said I, "it is a wonder that he did not also know something about Bruce and Wallace and the wars of independence."

"Oh, he was not particular about dates or facts, or any nonsense of that kind. Robert Bruce or Rob Roy, it did not matter to him which of them might be his hero; one was as good as another. I believe he thought they lived about the same time. Sometimes he got rather mixed when he tried a historical illustration in his sermons. I remember a time when he tried the story of Bruce and the spider in a Gaelic sermon. After giving us a minute account of the habits and customs of the spider, he went on to tell us about the exertions of this particular spider. He would have got on all right but that he got entangled with the fable of the frog and the ox. Nobody could make out whether it was the frog that tried to fasten his thread, while the ox looked on to learn a lesson of perseverance, or whether it was the spider who tried to puff himself up to equal the magnificence of the king. I, for one, was fairly bewildered."

"And how did he manage to finish it up?" said I, being myself a good deal bewildered by this time.

"Oh, he just went on till he described the spider coming to the sad end that meets the frog in the fable, *gus an do sgain e*—that was the way he expressed it in Gaelic. Worthy man that he was, he never was at a loss for something to say."

"And whom are you likely to get in his place," I continued.

"Well, this man Hope, they say, is a very good man—a great preacher, a scholar, and so forth. But he does not

believe in Ossian, just think of that. And I'm even told that he thinks Tennyson a greater poet than Iain Lom. Hope must be crazy. That's not the man for us. Now, the Rev. Matthew Kirke is another guess sort. He can say Beinn Dobhrain by heart from beginning to end, and he can fish and shoot, and best of all he can play the bagpipes like a native. He's my man, be the other who he may. Old Elspet says he is going to get the church, and she knows more than can be known without a peep into the witches' dictionary." Here he dropped his voice into a mysterious whisper, and looked unutterable supernatural terrors.

"Really we must see this Elspet," said Mrs Smith, thoroughly interested. "I have heard a good deal about her already, and I would like to see a real Highland second seer."

"Ask your old Elspet," said M'Corkindale, "to tell you the secret of that charm she possesses to ensure success in everything. I have never been able to get it from her. There is something so frightful in it that she is afraid to tell it to anybody."

"O, we must see her on our way home," said the lady whom he addressed. "She must be quite another Meg Merrilees, or Norna of Fitful Head." Mrs Smith, as the reader may have noticed, had very little notion of Scottish life, beyond what was derived from a faithful perusal of Sir Walter Scott's novels. These she knew with an accuracy that did credit to her literary taste, and apparently believed them as confidently as Mr Hope was said to disbelieve in Ossian.

We then agreed that we should visit Elspet at the Bridge on our way home, and hear from her what was to be the result of the coming election.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

## DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

## CHAPTER I.

The Old Hospital.—John Hepburne, Treasurer, 1657-1663.—Position of Hospital Treasurer.—Hospital Account Book.—John Hepburne's Charge Account.—His Discharge Account.—Some Building probably used as a Hospital before the one built by Dunbar.—Amount of Hospital Fund in 1663.—Terms of Discharge granted to John Hepburne.—Alex. Dunbar Treasurer, 1663-1683.—List of very Early Mortifications.—Description of Dunbar's Hospital.—Alex. Dunbar's Accounts.—Report of Committee upon them.—Greater part of Charge Accounts wanting.—Entry as to Mortification of Hospital Building.—Amount of his Charge and Discharge.—Docquet to his Accounts.

ONE of the few picturesque old buildings, still remaining in habitable condition, in Inverness, is the one situate in Church Street, and known by the various names of "The Old Grammar School," "The Old Poorhouse," and its proper name, "Dunbar's Hospital."

This may or may not have been the first building called and used as "The Hospital" in Inverness. It was built in 1668, but there certainly was a Hospital charity before that date, for there is still extant an old volume of Hospital accounts, in which those of John Hepburne, Hospital Treasurer from 1657 to 1663, are the first given. It will be most convenient, in giving an account of the funds, and what relates to them, to follow the order of events as they occurred during the terms of office of successive Treasurers.

These officers have been invariably appointed, as vacancies took place, by the Kirk Session of Inverness! They rendered their accounts to the Kirk Session, which were audited by Committees appointed by that body; and each Treasurer, after his accounts were reported on by such a Committee, received his discharge from the Kirk Session.

The position of this Hospital Treasurer seems very similar to that of one termed an "Eleemosynar," mentioned as appointed by the Kirk Session of Linlithgow, in a case decided in 1855, when similar funds were held by the Court of Session as to be regarded, not as a trust for the proper administrators of the poor, viz., the heritors and Kirk Session (under the Act of 1672), but as a trust vested in the Kirk Session only, and one to which the Poor Law Act of 1845 did not apply.

The first account entered in the old account book is that of Jhone Hepburne, and it is inserted near the middle of the book, as if space had been left for earlier accounts, and lists of bequests and mortifications. One of the latter, however, occupies one page at the beginning, with entries from 1661 to 1668.

Jhone Hepburne's account is sufficiently interesting to be given below. It runs thus:—

## LAUS DEO.

INVERNES, the 5 off Decr., 1663.

The said day, according to an appointment and ordinance off Session, off dait —, convenit Mr James Sutherland and Mr Alex. Clerk, Ministers off Invernes, Jhone Stewart and findlay Fraser, bailzies off the sd burgh, Alex. Dunbar, lait bailzie, and Robert Barbor, rulling elders, to tak up acctmpt off the Hospitall moneys off Invernes from Witsunday, 1657, to Witsunday, 1663, Jhone Hepburne, bailzie off the sd burgh being Thesurer thereof for the tyme, so that hereafter followeth his Charge be way off Deby. :-

- |  |       |      |            |   |
|--|-------|------|------------|---|
| 1. Ane Bond resting be patrick Dunbar of Sutherland and Alex. Dunbar, lait hailzie, Cauner.        |       |      |            |   |
| off prinll. ... ..   | £333  | 6    | 8          |   |
| The a. rent throff being 9 ziers preceding Wits. (63) ... ..                                       | 180   | 0    | 0          |   |
|  | ----- |      | £513 06 08 |   |
| 2. Ane Bond resting be Don. M'Ley, and the Goodman off Coull, Cauner., the prinlle soume is ... .. |       | 240  | 0          | 0 |
| The a. rent from Wits. (56) to Wits. 1663 is 7 ziers ... ..  | 100   | 16   | 0          |   |
|  | ----- |      | 340 16 0   |   |
| 3. Ane Bond resting be Hector Douglas of Mulderge and Cauner., the prinll. soume is ... ..         |       | 1000 | 0          | 0 |
| Annal rent from Wits. (56) to Wits. 1663, is 7 ziers ... ..  | 420   | 0    | 0          |   |
|  | ----- |      | 1420 0 0   |   |

4. Ane Bond resting be Wm. Fraser, Kilbokie, Castlehill and finlay fraser, bailzie, Cauners, the prinll. ... .. £1000 0 0	
A. rent fro Wits. (56) till Wits. 1663, is 7 ziers	420 0 0
	<hr/> £1420 0 00
5. Ane Bond resting be Robt. Munro, off prinll....	43 10 0
A. rent fro Marts. (53) to Wits. 1663, is 9½ ziers	24 14 0
	<hr/> 68 04 00
6. Ane Bond resting be Mr Patrick Dunbar, prinll., and Anguish Polson, Cauner., the prinll. soume is ... .. 66 13 4	
A. rent from 2 Feby. (42) to Feby. 1663, is 21 ziers ... .. 89 6 8	
	<hr/> 156 0 0
7. Ane precept Jon. Cuthbert and Rot. Ross, the prinll. ... .. 66 13 4	
A. rent fro Marts. (41) till Marts., say till Wits. (63) .. .. 92 0 0	
	<hr/> 158 13 4
8. Alex. Duff, his Bond, whereon there is a con- tract off wadsett, and the Hospitall is therein seast, the prinll. is ... .. 800 0 0	
A. rent from Wits. (56) till Wits. 1663, is 7 ziers	336 0 0
	<hr/> 1136 0 0
9. The Hospitall is infest in Thos. Rotson's lands, the prinll. soume is ... .. 136 0 0	
With the a. rent of the sd soume fr Lady (48) to Wits. (63).	
10. Jhone Cuthbert, off Little Drakies, mortified according to ane Renunciacione grantit be him, off dait Sept. 18, 1648, wherein he and Castlehill is lyabil for the payt. ... .. 66 13 4	
11. Resting conform to ane Decreet before the Comisr. be Paull M'Phaill in Inverarnie, Duncan Macpherson, in flechitie, and Sorll M'Beane, in Kraggie, by and attouer the charges off decret ... .. 24 0 0	
12. Ane Bond resting be umqll. Wm. Paterson, prinll., Wm. Robertson, Cauner., dait Novr. 16, 1650, the prinll. ... .. £110 0 0	
A. rent at Wits. (63) is 12 ziers ... .. 82 10 0	
	<hr/> 192 10 0
13. Ane Bond resting be James Cuthbert off Drakies, prinll., and Ja. Ross, Cauner., for the soume off ... .. 37 6 08	
14. Resting as yet off the 100 lb. mortified be Ja. Robertson, to be sought off his extra. ... .. 50 0 0	
15. Ane Bond resting be Wm. Bailzie, off prinll. £166 13 4	
A. rent fro Martinmas (56) to Wits. 1663, is 6½ ziers ... .. 65 0 0	
	<hr/> 231 13 4
Sa Deby. on this fo. ... .. £5951 03 04	



## LAUS DEO. ANNO 1663.

The Deby. on the other syd being against Jhon Hepburne.  
Thesurer, his Charge amounts to the soume off ... .. £595<sup>1</sup> 3 4

16. Ane Bond resting be Lawrance Cuthbert, prinll,  
his sonne Cauner., for the soume off ... .. £106 0 0  
A. rent fro Wits. (48) to Wits. 1663 ... .. 95 8 0  

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201 8 00

17. Ane not submt. be the Magirats off Invernes for thertie  
punds sterling.

18. Mortified and delyvert be Robert Barbor, mer-  
chand in Invernes, the soume off, at Wits.  
(61) and Lambes after ... .. £666 13 4  
A. rent after just calculatioune, preceding Wits.  
(63) ... .. 55 0 0  

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721 13 4

19. Mortified be umqll. Bessie Wright, spous to Robert Thomsone,  
at Wits. say Sept. (60) ... .. 020 00 00

20. Mortified be James Fullar, merchd. in Invernes, to the  
Hospitall, May 12, 1663 ... .. 040 00 0

21. Mortified be Wm. Bailzie, Cordiner, 23 Nov., 1663 ... .. 014 00 0  

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Sa off this and the other syd fo Deby.... .. £6948 4 8

The said auditors, mentiont on the other syd, after due sighting off all former receipts off the sd Deby., they find resting to the Hospitall of Invernes, at the tearme off Witsunday 1663, and deburst be the sd Jhone Hepburne, Thesurer, forsaid, as after followeth, wch. is the insuing Thesurer his Charge, and the former his discharge, and therefor his Credy.

1. Ane Bond resting be patrick Dunbar, off  
Sutherld., prinll., and Alex. Dunbar, lait  
bailzie, Cauner of prinll. ... .. £333 6 8  
A. rent resting preceding Wits. (63), being  
4 ziers ... .. 80 0 0  

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£413 8 8

2. Ane Bond resting be Don. M'Ley, and the  
guidman off Coull, Cauner, for the prinll.  
soume off ... .. 240 0 0  
A. rent resting preceding Wits. (63), is 5 ziers  
72 0 0  

---

312 0 0

3. William fraser, off Kilbokie, prinll., and Castle-  
hill, Cauner, with bailzie fraser, the prinll.  
soume is ... .. 1000 0 0  
A. rent preceding Wits. (63), being 5 ziers ... .. 300 0 0  

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1300 00 00

4. Ane Bond resting be Robert Munro ... .. 43 10 0  
A. rent fro Martmas (53) to Wits. (63), is 9½  
ziers ... .. 24 14 0  

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68 0

5. Ane Bond resting to Mr Patrick Dunbar, as prinll, and Anguish Polson, Cauner. ...	£66 13 4		
A. rent preceding Wits. (63), is 21 ziers ...	89 6 8		
		£156	0 0
6. Robert Ross, lait Provost, his Bond, of prinll.	66 13 4		
A. rent preceding Wits. (63) is 5 ziers ...	20 0 0		
		86	13 4
7. Ane Bond resting be Jon. M'Beane and ye said Robert Ross, Cauner, is ...	66 13 4		
A. rent preceding Wits. (63), is 4 ziers ...	20 0 0		
		86	13 4
8. Ane Bond resting be Alex. Duff, and contract off wadsett qron. ye Hospitall, haith gotten seasing in his hous ...	800 0 0		
A. rent preceding Wits. 1663 is 3 ziers ...	144 0 0		
		944	0 0
9. The Hospitall of Invernes is infest in Thos. Rotson, his hows, for the prinll. soume off pr bond and seasing ...		136	0 0
wch is over and above ye a. rents fro Feb. (58) to Wits. 1663.			
The summa off this Credy is ...		£3502	17 4
LAUS DEO. ANNO 1663.			
The Credy. on ye other syd being a pairt off Jon. Hepburne, his discharge, and the Insuing Thesurer, his Charge.			
Credy. ...		3502	17 4
10. Johne Cuthbert, off Little Drakies, mortified to ye Hospitall, conforme to ane renunciatne grantit be him, qrin. he or Castlehill is lyable for ye soume off ...		66	13 4
11. Resting conforme to ane Decreet befor ye Comisr. be Paull M'I'haill, in Inverarnie, Duncan M'Pherson, in flechitie, and Sorll M'Beane, in Craggie, by and attouer expensis ...		24	00 0
12. Ane Bond resting be Mr Wm. Robertson, off Inches, payable 1 August (63) ...		193	00 0
13. Ane Bond resting be Ja. Cuthbert, off Drakies, and Ja. Ross, Cauner ...		37	06 8
14. Resting as zett be ye extra. off James Robertson, off yt 100 lbs. mortified be him as ye testament instructs ...		50	0 0
15. Resting be Wm. bailzie, Thesurer, off prinll. ...	£48 6 8		
A. rent fro Wits. (58) to Wits. (63), is 5 ziers ...	14 8 0		
		62	14 0
16. Ane not submt. be Mgts. of Invernes and their successors, for thertie punds sterling.			
17. Ane Bond resting be David Robertson, bailzie Cuthbert and bailzie Fraser, Cauner., for ye prinll. off ...	£500 0 0		
A. rent fro Wits. (61) to Wits. (63), is 2 ziers ...	60 0 0		
		560	0 0

18. Johne Grant off Moness is resting and Michell (?) Junkin, with Alex. Fraser, Cauner., for the prinll. soume off ... .. £333 6 0 A. rent fro Wits. (62) to Wits. (63) ... .. 20 0 0	£353 6 0
19. Ane Bond grantit be ye Magrats. off Invernes, dait 7 July, 1662, the prinll. is ... .. 160 0 0 A. rent preceding Wits. (63) ... .. 9 12 0	169 12 0
20. Ane Bond resting be ye sd Mgts. on £66 13s 4d, and I zier's a. rent, Wits. (63) ... .. 70 13 4	
21. Ane Bond resting be ye sd Magts. on £146 13s 4d, and I zier's a. rent, Wits. (63) ... .. 155 9 4	
22. Ane Accompt off debursments for paying the house to ye Hospitall, paying for lyme, sand, pynerfies, with what was given Rot. M'Coull, ber'mane, with sever. other debursments be the sd Thesurer, wher with ye said auditores are satisfied, is being payt. be him since his intromission at Wits. (57) till Wits. (63) ... £1054 5 0 Mor yt the a. rent off 500 lbs. payt. for ye Hospitall is chargd on his Deby. mor yn he received, and therfor taken off ... .. 27 14 0 Also for ¼ zier rent off 1000 mks. he recd yt lay besyde him, wherwith he is also chargd 10 0 0	1091 19 00
23. Jhone Hepburne haith delyvert to Alex. Dun- bar, his successor as Thesurer, the soume off 666 13 4 Mor in money 1¼ ziers a. rent, preceding Wits. 1663 ... .. 70 0 0	736 13 4
24. The said Alex. Dunbar is to be chargt with ½ ziers a. rent fro Wits. (63) to Martinmas 1663, off the prinll. soume of £666 13s 4d.	
25. Jhone Hepburne, Bailzie and Thesurer forsaid, hath delyverd in money ... .. 12 0 0	12 0 0

Sa off Bailzie Hepburne, his'Credy. ... .. £7086 05 08

The soume off all ye moneys resting to the Hospitall, aither be bonds, precepts, or decreits, infestment, or money in hand, is the soume off over and above ye hospll. hous is £5994 6s 8d.

Sd. A. DUNBAR.

Sd. A. CLERK,  
one of ye ministers.

Sd. ROBT. BARBOUR, Elder.

Sd. MR SUTHERLAND,  
on of the ministers.

Sd. JHONNE STEWART, Baillie.

This sum of £5594 6s 8d, together with his outlay, £1091 19s 0d, makes up £7086 05s 08d, which is the amount of Johne Hepburne's Discharge, and of Provost Dunbar, "the Insuing Thesurer's" Charge.

It will be observed that some outlay was incurred on account of *some house* for the Hospitall: and some "lyme, sand, and pynerfies," occur as items of expenditure for its repair. The Hospital built by Provost Dunbar cannot be referred to, as it was not finished till 1668, and he expressly mentions that he bought and built the Hospital, which he mortified, at his own expenses, and maintained and repaired the same at his own expense till 1683.

Besides this, at the end of Johne Hepburne's account we see that the sum of the capital, *over and above the Hospital house*, was £5594 6s 8d.

"Pynerfies," or Poiner-fies, signifies payments for carting. Among those nominated as pensioners, under Provost Dunbar's mortification of 2000 merks, at a meeting of Session, held on 9th March, 1714, we find one Peter Dunbar, Pyner.

The £500 mentioned in item No. 22 probably refers to money used for the purchase of the ground right of the present Hospital, as will be seen a little further on, and the 1000 merks to a mortification by Robt. Barbour.

The Treasurer's accounts were duly audited. The following entry follows the account in the old account book:—

At the Session of Inverness, the first day of December, 1663 yeires.

The Session (having nominat of befor and appointed Alex. Dunbar, lait ballie of Invernes, with the two ministers, aud Johne Stewart, Fynlay Fraser, ballie, and Robert Barbour, Elders of the sd parochin, to audit and fitt compt and reckoning with Johne Hepburne, lait Treasurer of the Hospitall of the said Burgh, anent his Intromissions with the Hospitall money for severall yeires bygone) required them to give in to the Session a report of their diligence. In obedience quhareto the said auditores did report and declair that after tryall and examination of the said Johnne Hepburne's accomptis, and narrow search and scrutainny thairof, they found that he was resting no money to the said Hospitall. They found also that the sd Jon behavit himself carfullie, dilligentlie, and honestlie, and that thair was nothing wanting to his charge as treasurer through his default, and that qhatsoever money he depursit out of the sd Hospitall money he did the samin by the Session's order, and whatsoever money he lent, the samin was given to good and sufficient debitores, and sufficient bondes gotten thairfor, qhich bondes he has delyvered to the sd Alex. Dunbar, his successor in the said treasurerie. With qch report the Session being well adwysit and sufficiently satisfied yranent, did homologate and approve their diligence, and ordainit and ordains the said Johne Hepburne be thankit for his indulgent cair and faithfulness in the said trust and charge, and

withall the Session in on voyce have exonered, quyt claimit, and simpliciter dischargit, as be thir prntis, they for themselves and their successors exoner, quyt claim, and simpliciter discharge the said Johnne Hepburne, his aires, exrs., and successors, of the said intromission with the said hospitall money, and all other money intromittit with be him relating to the Church of Inverness, preceding the day and dait heirop be thir prts. for now and ever; and ordaines this act and discharge to be insert and registrat in the Session bookis of Inverness, thairin to remain *ad futuram rei memoriam*; and extracts yroff to be given to the sd Jon whensoever he sall require the samin, under the subscription of me, the Session Clerk undersubscriband. In witness qroff. I have subt. thir prnts. with my hand, day, zier, and place forsd.

Sd. J. A. FRASER, Clk. S.

At the commencement of the volume of old Hospital accounts, there are entries of sundry mortifications to the Hospital, most, if not all, of which appear to have been entered by John Hepburne's successor, Provost Alex. Dunbar, who built and endowed the Hospital, and held the office of Treasurer from Whitsunday, 1663, to Whitsunday, 1683. These entries are worth recording here, viz.:—

LAUS DEO.

INVERNES, 23 of Feby., 1661 *siers*.—The following mortifications was made by the persons following, wher with Jon Hepburn, baillie, Hospitall Thesurer, chargt himself in his account in this book :—

The said day Robert Barbor, merchand in Invernes, whois memorie is to be recorded for worth, mortified and also performed in giving to the Hospital of Invernes the soume of ane thousand markes Scottes mony, for the which the Lord will suirly repay him and his	... ..	£666 13 4
20 of Sepr. 1661.—Resuevit from Robert Thomsons, merchand in Invernes, being left be his umqll wyff to the hospitall off Invernes	... ..	020 00 00
12 of May, 1663.—Resuevit as a frie will offer to the Hospital off Invernes, from James fuller, merchand in Invernes	... ..	040 00 00
24 Nov. 1663.—Mortified be Williame Bailzie, Cordener in Invernes, to the Hospitall therof	... ..	014 00 00

The following mortifications was made by the persons following, wherewith Alex. Dunbar, Provost of Inverness, Hospitall Thesurer, chargt himself in his accounts in this book :—

18 Mark.—Reseavit from Jon Croy, merchand in Inverness, left be the deceast wyff in legacie	... ..	£013 06 08
Oct. 9 (64).—Mortified be Robt. Nielson	... ..	016 00 00
Jany. 1667.—Mortified be Janet Morray, spouse to Jon M'Combie	... ..	026 13 04
Jany. 1667.—Mortified be James Cuthbert, off Drakies	... ..	033 06 08
August 1667.—Mortified be Wm. Nielson, elder	... ..	033 06 08

Jany. 1677.—Mortified by James Gordon, Mr. Mason	... ..	£053 06 08
Whitsunday 1674.—Mortified be Jannet Synklar, spous to Jon Rotson off Inches, the said 200 mark <sup>s</sup> was given for Inches buriall place <sup>1</sup>	... ..	133 06 08
April 1679.—Mortified be James Dunbar, younger, merchand in Invs.	... ..	084 00 00
Ar. 1668.—Mortified be the said Alex. Dunbar, Provost of Invernes, Hospitall Thesurer, the ground right of the Hospitall and zard yroff, with the whole Hospitall, skoole, weyhouse, and all the casualties within the same, all wch he bought and buylded on his own expenssis, wch extends to —, and wch Hospitall and zard has been mantient and repared on ye said Provost his expenssis since the buylding therof till the tearme of Martmas, IajviC and four skor thrie ziers.		

It will be observed that he has omitted to enter the value of this mortification.

The old Hospital is substantially and well built of stone and lime, and slated. The walls of the ground floor are about three feet thick. Its length about 72 feet, its width about 27 feet. It stands abutting on the street, the level of which has been altered by lowering it at a later date; and the north end stood so close to the carriage way that part of the wall has there been reduced in thickness for several feet up, to give more room to foot passengers.

The building is three-storied, the lower consisting formerly of the Grammar School on one side, and the Weyhouse on the other side of the entrance door, which has a Norman arch above it. An entrance hall leads to a stone staircase giving access to the upper floors. The roof, which is of a high pitch, had formerly a small steeple or belfry in the centre. The ground-floor had formerly six windows, a floor above six also, and two small ones besides, and the attic floor six dormer windows. Each of these has an inscription on the pediment above it; these are as follows, reckoning from the north end:—The pediment of the first

<sup>1</sup> Above the door of the Inshes burial place in the High Church of Inverness Churchyard is the following inscription:—"Monumentum Mariæ Purves, Dominæ de Walstoun, Matris Janetæ Singl'ar, sponsæ Joannis Robertsoni de Inshes. Obiit 14to Ap. Anno Dom., 1660. Ætatis autem suæ 88." "The monument of Mary Purves, Lady of Walstoun, mother of Janet Sinclair, wife of John Robertson of Inshes. Died on the 14th of April, 1660, in the 88th year of her age."

has the figure of a bedesman, the date 1668, and the words, "This poor man cryed ;" that of the second, the words, "And the Lord heard him, and saved him out of his tryel ;" the pediment of the third has "A little that a righteous man hath is better nor the ;" and that of the fourth, "1668" and "Riches of manye wicked men." The pediment of the fifth has "Hie that giveth to the Poor leneth to the ;" and that of the sixth, "1668" and "Lord and Hie wil paye them seaven tymes mor." The first, second, and fourth have fleur de lis at the top of the pediments. The tops of the third and fifth are much worn, and have carvings which may be meant for thistles. The sixth has apparently an angel—some of them, in addition, griffins or scrolls on the upper part. Above the entrance door is a tablet bearing date 1676, with the arms of Provost Dunbar, and the motto, "Suum cuique tribue," and the words cut thereon, "Alexander Dunbar, Provost of Invernes. This weyhouse belongs to the Hospital of Invernes, the rent thereof payable be the master of the weyhouse to the Treasurer of the said Hospital." At the back there are four dormer windows ; on two of the pediments is inscribed "Invernes," on two the date "1668." Apparently there were once two more, one having been altered into a chimney stalk, into which the pediment, with date, has been built.

What took place during the treasurership of Provost Dunbar can best be gathered from the entries in his accounts, and the extracts of minutes of the Kirk-Session. He rendered his charge and discharge accounts to the Session on his resignation of office shortly after Martinmas, 1683.

The minute of Kirk-Session, dated 10th January, 1684, gives the report of the Committee, nominated by the Kirk-Session, "to audit and fitt, compt, and reckoning with Alex. Dunbar, late Provost, and also late Thesurer of the Hospitall of the said Burgh," and is in similar terms to the one given above. The members of the Committee were—"Mr Gilbert Marshall, Minister ; Angus Macbean, Mini-

ster ; Hew Robertson, his Successor as Treasurer ; Findlay Fraser, Baillie ; Wm. Duff, Baillie ; Robt. Barbour, Dean of Guild ; James Stewart, late baillie ; and James Dunbar, Elders of the said Parochin." The extract is attested by John Innes, Session-clerk. Unfortunately the first two pages of his charge account are wanting, the first item being a balance brought forward, which is as follows :—

The sum of the other two pages being a pairte of the Provost  
his Charge ... .. £12,653 12 10

The next item is—

Resting be the deceast Symon Fraser, mercht. in this Burgh,  
and Jon Fraser, yr., Cautioner, for 1 yeares rent of the  
Weyhouse from Michaelmas 1681 till Michaelmas 1682 ... 024 00 00

The next entry, however, makes up in point of interest for the loss of the two previous pages. It runs thus, and is apparently holograph by the Provost :—

Mortified by me the said Alex. Dunbar, Provost  
of Invernes, the ground qron the Hospitall  
is buylt, with the zard, also with the Hospitall,  
Weyhouse, Skool, and all other casualties  
belonging thereto, and in Respect of the sd  
Mortification I hierby charge myself with  
the money payt. for the ground right thereof  
by Jon. Hepburne, Baillie, the preceding  
Thesurer ... .. £500 0 0

Mon deburst be him ffer Lyme, being iv. Chalders  
qch was neglected, and washen away with  
rayne ... .. 100 0 0

600 00 00

Sa off the Charge is .. .. £13,277 12 10

The auditors append the following to the discharge side :—

The soume of ye Discharge on ye other syde ... .. £9,957 08 00

Payed to ye severall bedemen conform to ane particular  
account herewith given in and closed, and that from  
Whitsunday 1663, till Whitsunday 1683, being a pairt of  
the Provost his Discharge ... .. 2,013 06 06

£11,970 14 06



The Provost his Charge .. .. .	£13,277 12 10	
The Discharge as sd is ... .. .	11,970 14 06	
	<hr/>	
The Ballance wch is payt to Baillie Rotson	1,306 18 04	
	<hr/>	£01,306 18 4
		<hr/>
		£13,277 12 10

The following docquet is added :—

Hew Robertson, present Baillie in Invernes, his entrie as Thesurer to the Hospitall of the said Burgh, was at Witsunday Jajvi C and four score and thrie yiers, and therefore his Charge in Bonds, precepts, Acts of Counsell, and other ways, as is mentioent in the foresaid late Thesurer his Discharge is .. .. .	9,957 8 0
Mor that Alex. Dunbar, late Thesurer, has delvyt him in money the soume off (and yt at Marts. 1683) ... .. .	1,306 18 4
	<hr/>
	£11,264 06 4

The forsaid soume off Eleven thowsand twa hundred thrie score aud ffour pounds six s and four pennies Scots moneys, is the whole that the said Heugh Rotson is to be chargt with at next compting, and which we the forenamed auditors delvyer as our report, and subscribes the same, at Invernes, the tenth day off January Jajvi C and ffour skore years. (Signed) Hew Robertson, T.; G. Marshall, minr. at Invernes; Ang. M'bean, minr. at Invernes; F. Fraser, Baillie; W. Duff, Baillie; R. Barbour, Dean of Gild and E.; James Stewart; Ja. Dunbar.

These signatures are evidently autographs in the book.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

v.

ANNO DOMINI TO ST PATRICK. THE AITHEC TUATHA.  
CONN OF THE HUNDRED BATTLES. CORMAC MAC ART.  
THE FEINE.

FROM the commencement of the Christian era till the accepted date of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, or rather the arrival of Saint Patrick in that country, is a period of 432 years. In the accounts of this period there must be much real tradition, and in this time, if not earlier, the political constitution of Ireland, such as it was, must have been formed, for when the real historic period opens, we find that it had reached as high a development as it ever attained. In the records of this period, too, we find that the family of Heremon are represented as acquiring an ascendancy which they afterwards retained, for of the twenty-six kings who reigned during this time, eighteen are represented to be of that race, three of the race of Ir, three of the race of Ith, and only one of the race of Heber Fion, while the remaining one was, as will be seen, a usurper, not of the Milesian race. The succession to the throne, however, does not seem to have been much more peaceful than in the preceding period, for of the twenty-six kings nineteen were killed in battle, or murdered, and only two are mentioned as having died in their beds. There is no nearer approach to a regular law of succession, for in only one case did a son succeed directly to his father, and in the only case where brother succeeded to brother, the succession was opened by the killing of the monarch by his successor.

The period opens with a remarkable revolution. The Aithec Tuatha, as they are called—the word being variously translated as rent-paying tribes, subject tribes, and

plebeians—rose in revolt against the kings and nobility, and murdered them “all, except a few who escaped,” according to the Four Masters; and, according to other accounts, all except three Queens, the wives of the King of Ireland, the King of Ulster, and the King of Munster, who were all miraculously pregnant at the time, and gave birth to sons, to whom are traced most of the principal families in Meath, Ulster, and Munster. The rebels set up as king Cairbre Cinncait (or Cat-head), who reigned five years. There is a good deal of confusion in the annals at this time, and they do not agree as to the succession of the kings for a period of about sixty years, but all agree in representing this as a period of turmoil and confusion, and of contest between a ruling race or caste and a subject population; and one is led to suspect that we have here a tradition of the time when the Milesian race really established themselves in Ireland.

Irish writers say, without hesitation, that the Aithec Tuatha were the Attacotts of Roman writers, who mention them as allies of the Picts and Scots in their attacks on the Roman province, but this has not been generally accepted as correct. Certain it is, however, that numerous bands of a people called Attacotts appear in the service of Rome at this time; and St Jerome mentions that when he was a youth, in the time of the Emperor Julian, he saw in Gaul the Attacotts, whom he describes as a British nation, feeding on man's flesh, and he says that they used to cut off the buttocks of herdsmen and dogs, and the paps of women, and eat them as delicacies. This has been founded on as showing that the ancient Irish were cannibals; but if the story of St Jerome is true, and applied to any Irish tribe, it must have been to the Aithec Tuatha, or the pre-Milesian races; and it is curious that at this very time Keating tells a story of the Deasies, who were probably of pre-Milesian race, feeding a young lady whom they wished to bring to early maturity on the flesh of young children.

The revolt of the Aithec Tuatha was ultimately suppressed, according to all accounts, by Tuathal, the legitimate,

who was son of the Queen of Ireland, who escaped from the massacre. This king stands out very prominently in Irish tradition. He is said to have reduced the Aithech Tuatha to subjection, after fighting 133 battles with them, and to him is attributed the establishment, or re-establishment, of the Feast or National Assembly of Tara. He is also said to have taken from each of the four previously existing provinces into which Ireland was divided, a portion of territory, from which he formed the central province or kingdom of Meath, and to have established it as the special dominion and mensal land of the King of Ireland ; and, like his ancestor, Uagine Mor, he is said to have exacted from the kings and chiefs of Ireland assembled at Tara, an oath by the sun, moon, and elements that they would not dispute the sovereignty with his race ; an oath which was not kept in his case any more than in that of his ancestor, for he was killed by Mal, of the race of Ir, who succeeded him.

To this king also is attributed the first imposition on the province of Leinster, of the famous Borhuma, or tribute, which is said to have been paid to 48 kings of Ireland, and which certainly led to many of the most sanguinary battles related in the annals. This tribute consisted, according to the annals of Clonmacnoise, of 150 cows, 150 hoggs, 150 pieces of cloth, 150 cauldrons, "with two passing great cauldrons, consisting in breadth and deepness of five fists, for the king's own brewing," 150 couples of men and women in servitude, to draw water on their backs for said brewing, and 150 maids, with the king of Leinster's own daughter, in like bondage and servitude. And the reason of its imposition was that the King of Leinster married one of Tuathal's daughters, and then, pretending she had died, married her sister, with the result that the second wife died with shame, and the first of grief for her sister. The Four Masters give the date of Tuathal's reign as from A.D. 76 to 106 ; but Tighernac places it about 60 years later.

The next king of note was Conn of the hundred battles. He was Tuathal's son, but three kings intervened between him and his father. He received his name from the number of battles which he fought ; one account making the number 100, and other accounts placing the number as high as 260. These battles were principally fought with the provincials, but we can also discern a contest between the race of Heremon, which Conn represented, which was dominant in the north, and the race of Heber Fion, which appears about this time to have been struggling for supremacy in the south, and which, during the reign of Conn, and several following reigns, was represented by Modha Nuagat and his grandson, Olliol Ollum. It is said that after being defeated by Modha in ten battles, Conn yielded to him the supremacy of the southern half of Ireland, which henceforth was called Leith-Modha, or Modha's half, the north being called Leith-Cuinn, or Conn's half, the dividing line being the ridge of low gravel hills, called Eiscir-Riada, stretching from Dublin westwards ; and there is evidence that the kings of Munster did claim some sort of supremacy over the province of Leinster all through historic times. The cause of the war between Conn and Modha is said to have been that Conn assisted a people called Ernai, with whom the Munster princes appear to have been contesting the supremacy in that province. And here again we seem to have a tradition of the establishment of the Milesian supremacy in the south. Certain it is that all the Munster families trace their pedigrees to Modha and his son Olliol Ollum. And to the will of Olliol Ollum is attributed the division of Munster into the two kingdoms of Desmond and Thoamond, each of which was ruled by the posterity of one of his sons, the nominal sovereignty of the whole province being alternately in each family. Conn was murdered by the king of Ulster, but was succeeded by his son-in-law, of another Heremonian family, and he again was succeeded by Art, the Melancholy, Conn's son.

Art's reign is chiefly remarkable for the continued contests in Munster, and by the appearance of a prince called Mac Conn, who appears to have been the head of a race, said to be the posterity of Ith, nephew of Melesius, who were disputing the supremacy of the south with the family of Modha, but whose mother married Olliol Ollum. In the contest Mac Conn was assisted by the Ernai of Munster and by Dadero, the Druid of the Dairinni, a people now mentioned for the first time. Art does not appear to have taken part in this contest, but Olliol was assisted by the sons of his predecessor, and Mac Conn was overcome, and escaped to Wales, where with the assistance of Beine Briot, son of the King of that country, he raised an army of foreigners, and returned to Ireland, not to claim the supremacy of Munster but the sovereignty of Ireland. He overcame Art in a great battle, in which Art was deserted by Finn, the famous leader of the Feine; slew him, and ascended the throne, which he held for 30 years. He was ultimately murdered at the instigation of Cormac, an illegitimate son of Art, but was succeeded by Fergus of the black teeth, of another Heremonian family.

Cormack appears to have lived peaceably as a subject under Fergus for some time, but being insulted by the Ulster men, who burned his beard, and expelled him from their province, he retired to Munster, and, raising an army there by the help of King Thady, who was his cousin, he attacked not the Ulstermen but King Fergus, whom he slew, and he thereupon assumed the sovereignty of Ireland.

This King occupies a very large space both in what professes to be history and in poetry and fable. He is said to have fought 39 battles with the provincial kings, and to have held frequent assemblies at Tara. His Court attained a splendour never equalled in the time of any previous or succeeding monarch. He built the Midhehuarta, or Mead-Circling House, at Tara, which was so ornamented with gold and gems that it was as bright by night as by day—and, indeed, Petrie, in his account of Tara Hall, says that

all the erections of which there is now any trace, are to be attributed to his time. He is said to have caused to be composed the Saltair of Tara, a sort of National Record, in which were entered the exploits of all the kings and princes of Ireland, and in which also was entered "what the monarchs of Ireland were entitled to receive from the provincial kings, and the rents and dues of the provincial kings from their subjects from noble to subaltern," and in it were described "boundaries and *meares* of Ireland from Cantred to Townland, and from Townland to Tragidh of land." He is also said to have been the first author of the Book of Achil, a law treatise principally on crimes, and of the Teaguse-na-Righ, or Princely Institutions, which the Annals of Clonmacheise say contains "as goodly institutions and moral precepts as Cato or Aristotle did ever write." The Saltair of Tara does not exist, nor are there any extant quotations from it; and it has been pointed out that if such a work did ever exist its name of Saltair (psalter) would relegate its composition to Christian times. The Book of Achil does exist, and has been published by the Record Commission, and the Princely Institutions exists in the Book of Leinster, and parts of it have been translated and published. The manuscripts of these writings which exist, belong, however, to a comparatively late time, and the contents cannot be attributed to the time of Cormack. Indeed, the preponderance of evidence is that in his time the Irish had not acquired the art of writing.

To this King is attributed the introduction into Ireland of the first water mill. The story is that he was enamoured of a female slave, whose duty it was to grind with a quern the meal required for the royal household, and that to save her this drudgery he sent to Albyn for an expert man to erect and work a mill driven by water on a stream called the Nith at Tara. Dr Petrie says that a mill still exists on this stream, and that in his time the miller there claimed to be a descendant of the Pictish mechanic brought over by Cormack Mac Art.

To Cormack's time belongs all the literature connected with Finn or Fingall and the Feine—the second heroic cycle of Irish history. Irish writers say that the Feine were a regular militia or standing army, maintained for the defence of Ireland, but this will not read into either history or legend. They are too near historic times to be rejected as altogether legendary, and they are repeatedly mentioned in the annals. The probability is that they were warrior clans belonging both to Scotland and Ireland, who obtained some prominence at the dawn of history, and that to them were transferred the legends of an earlier people. Their chief interest consists in the literature to which they gave rise, and which undoubtedly was the common possession of Ireland and Scotland.

The remainder of this period is chiefly remarkable for the overthrow of the Picts as the ruling race in Ulster, and the destruction of their capital Emania, which was accomplished by the three Collas, grandsons of Cormac Mac Art, about 331, and for the mention of foreign conquests by Irish Kings. It is remarkable that while the period with which we are dealing is almost coincident with the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, the annals make no mention whatever of the Romans or of any contact with them, while we know from Roman writers that from the year 360 down to the final overthrow of the Roman power, the Scots from Ireland were the constant allies of the Picts in their attacks on the province. This silence of the Irish annalists is not easily to be explained on any theory consistent with the authenticity of the annals. From Cormac's time downwards, however, there is frequent mention of foreign expeditions. Tighernac says that Cormac himself was absent from Ireland for three years with his fleet. Crimthan, who reigned from 366 till 378, is said to have conquered the Picts. Nial of the nine hostages, who succeeded Crimthan, and reigned from 379 till 405, made frequent expeditions to Britain and carried off captives, one of whom is said to have been St Patrick. Nial is said to have been



killed on the banks of the Loire, and Dathy, the last king of this period, is said to have been killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. Irish Kings who made conquests on the Continent of Europe cannot be accepted as historical, and Skene assumes that these stories are attempts to transfer to Irish kings the exploits of Roman emperors and generals. It is more probable, however, that they are exaggerated traditions of the real expeditions against the Roman Province, or, it is possible, of the exploits of Irish chiefs who may have entered the Roman service, as the Attacotts, whoever they were, undoubtedly did.

Be this as it may, however, we now take leave of the shadowy monarchs with whom we have been dealing, and enter on a period when we may be confident that we deal in the main with real personages and events.

## VI.

## THE EARLY POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

THE period of Irish history with which we propose now to deal is that extending from the introduction of Christianity till the commencement of the Norse invasions—that is, from about 432 till 795. It is interesting as a period during which Ireland was entirely free from the interference of foreign nations in its internal affairs, and was allowed to develop in its own way; during which, through its Church, it exercised considerable influence on the neighbouring islands and on continental Europe; and within which Ireland attained the highest position which, as an independent nation, it ever occupied in the eyes of other countries. We are still, at the beginning especially, in a period of much legend and fable, but as with Christianity there certainly came letters, and with letters contemporary records, we may feel some confidence that from the outset we are in the domain of real history.

We have already said that previous to the commencement of this period the political constitution of Ireland had attained as high a development as it ever reached. What we shall hereafter have to record will be seen to be a record of political decay rather than of growth, and it will be well therefore, before commencing to deal with the events of the time, to describe what the political organisation of the people was, and to show with what constitutional capital they started on their authentic historical career. In dealing with this subject it is well to remark at the outset that to a great extent we are obliged to rely for our information on the Brehon Law Tracts, which have been published by the Record Commission, that none of the existing manuscripts of these Tracts are older than the Conquest, and that as the later Brehons who wrote the existing manuscripts were much influenced by the Christian Church and by the Civil and Canon Laws and the Common Law of England, with which they had become acquainted, they are not entirely to be relied on as authorities as to the social or political condition of Ireland at the commencement of this period. We shall endeavour, however, with such other aid as is available, to give as accurate a picture as possible.

Before the commencement of this period the Irish people had arrived in some dim sort of way at the idea that they were a nation. No part of the country differed materially in language or customs from any other, the ruling classes at all events believed themselves a homogeneous people, and they had a supreme king, and, in germ at least, a national assembly. The political unit, however, was not the nation, but the tribe. In Ireland, as in other countries, there were no doubt at one time tribes who were the descendants of a common ancestor. At the commencement of this period, however, Ireland could not have been peopled by tribes of this kind, for there were subject races and servile classes, but still the tendency was always, as in the Highland clans, towards the belief in a common

ancestor, and the strength of the tribal idea will be shown in the influence which it exercised on the organisation of the Christian Church.

The word used by the Irish to designate the territory of a tribe was *tuath*, a word generally translated territory, but the original meaning of which was kindred, or tribe. The tribe inhabiting a *tuath* in historic times was ruled by a *Ri-Tuath*, or tribe king, who was head or chief of the tribe, and its leader in war. This office is generally said to have been elective as to the person, but hereditary as to the family, and that in the lifetime of each chief a *Tauist*, or successor, was appointed; and this may be to some extent true, although the annals make no mention of election, and show that throughout the idea of hereditary succession from father to son was asserting itself. Below the king there were noble, or privileged, classes of various ranks. These were called *aires* or *flaths*. Their rank depended partly on wealth and partly on descent, and on what was called *deis*, a word implying the separate possession of land, and the power to entertain *ceiles* or tenants. If a family ceased for three generations to have the wealth necessary to qualify for the rank of *aire*, they lost their nobility, whereas if a man of the next rank had twice the wealth necessary to an *aire* he was elevated into that class. Below the noble class came the *bo-aires*, or cow lords, whose status depended on their wealth in cattle, who could with the necessary wealth rise into the noble class, and who had some sort of exclusive possession of land, for we are told that if they possessed the same land for three generations it became exclusive property. Below these came the poorer tribesmen, who were all entitled to a share of the common tribe land, and below these the servile classes called *Fuidirs*, *Bothachs*, and *Sencllythes*. According to the *Book of Rights* these servile classes consisted of (1) the remnants of the *Firbolgs* and *Tuatha de Danans*; (2) people who left their own territories and went into bondage, or servile rent, to another tribe—that is, broken men; (3)

people whose territories had been conquered by another tribe and converted into swordland, and who remained on the land in bondage; (4) people who passed into bondage for evil deeds; (5) mercenaries, and (6) descendants of bondmen who came into Erin with the Milesians. These people had, however, the right of associating themselves into groups of families, and of thus acquiring certain tribal rights, and ultimately, after several generations, of being absorbed into the tribe. Within the tribe there existed the Gelfine system as it is called, and which consisted in a very complicated organisation of the fine or sept, or, using the word in an extended sense, the family. The laws represent this as consisting of 17 persons, the Gelfine chief as he is called, and 16 heads of families, in groups of four, descended from the common ancestor in different degrees, and inheriting from each other according to a complicated arithmetical system of division of property. It would be impossible to describe this organisation within any reasonable space, even if we thoroughly understood it, and it may be sufficient to say that it implied, as in the Welsh Laws, that the family continued in some sort of common possession of the family land until the fourth generation from the founder of the family, and that then the land was divided, and the households separated. The importance of this system is that it gave facilities for the formation of septs within the tribe, and for the growing outwards of new tribes from the parent stem; for the Gelfine chief had some sort of authority over the tribe land which enabled him to entertain dependants on himself. In one passage of the laws the fine of a flath fine or family chief is said to consist of (1) the chief's fuidir tenants; (2) the kinsmen of the chief divided into nine ranks or classes; and (3) the dependants of the chief.

Above the Ri-Tuath was the Ri-Mortuath, or king of the great Tuath, a tribe which consisted of a number of Tuaths, variously represented as 3, 5, and 7. These probably represented original tribes within which the Tuaths.

or clans had grown up as the fines or septs grew up in the Tuaths. Above these were the provincial kings of the five provinces into which Ireland was ultimately divided, viz., Ulster, Munster, Connaught, Leinster, and Meath, the last being, at the beginning of this period at all events, the special domain of the King of Ireland; and above the provincial kings was the Ard Righ or High King of Erin. In theory the Ri-Tuath owed allegiance to the Ri-Mor-tuath, the latter to the provincial kings, and these again to the King of Ireland or of Tara as he was generally called.

In addition to the system of tribal and political allegiance which we have described, there grew up at some time in Ireland a system of constituency or semi-feudal relationship between the upper and lower classes which apparently was peculiar to that country. It is fully described in the Brehon Laws, and appears to have been so prevalent that the later Brehons attributed to it all the incidents of tribal allegiance. It consisted in a system of tenancy founded not on the letting of land, or at least not primarily on that, but on the letting out of cattle, and the system of tenancy called steelbow, which existed in Scotland until the last generation, was no doubt a survival of it. There were two classes of Ceiles, or tenants, *Daer*, or free, and *Saor*, or unfree or servile. The regulations laid down in the law tracts in regard to both classes are very minute, but they are confused, and it is extremely difficult to understand the difference between the two classes. In the beginning, both relationships would appear to have been founded on contract, and the distinction, apparently, is that the free tenant contracted for a certain time and could put an end to the relation, and that in the case of the unfree this relation became permanent. The system was in its essence the same in both cases. The rich Bo Aire, or Flath, or King, gave a certain number of cattle to the ceile or tenant, and in return the ceile became dependant on the person from whom he received the cattle, and became bound not only to do homage, but to pay a certain food

rent, as it was called, consisting of a proportion of the increase of the cattle, with accompaniments, consisting of milk, butter, meal, and so forth ; to maintain his superior and a certain number of followers in his house for a certain number of days ; to render certain services at harvest, at Dun building, road making, and such like, and to take part in all hostings and expeditions. It will be observed that this system is analogous to the feudal system, which grew up in other European countries, that it is not consistent with the original tribal idea, and that it could only have arisen after there was not only a distinction of ranks, but an unequal distribution of wealth, and at a time when grazing was more plentiful than cattle to graze. It is said in the law tracts that every tribesman was bound to take stock in this way from his immediate chief—every tribe King from the King of the Mor-Tuath, and so through the whole hierarchy ; and the King of Ireland had it thus in his power to make the provincial kings his vassals.

The formation of the province of Meath, as we have related, is attributed to Tuathal Teachtmair, who finally subdued the Aithech Tuatha, and it was so formed by him for the purpose of supporting the power and dignity of the supreme king. Its capital and the capital of all Ireland was Tara Hill, where the national feast or assembly was held, and where the high king had his principal palace or residence. In some respects the possession of Meath placed the High King in a favourable position for maintaining and increasing his authority over the other provinces. It was in the centre of the country, and abutted on each of the other provinces, and thus gave the King the opportunity of holding them in check, of attacking each separately, and of preventing their uniting their forces. On the other hand, its possession made the High King a provincial king also, and, therefore, as regarded the other provincial kings, only *primus inter pares*, and Meath was neither so large nor so powerful as any of the other provinces.

The foundation or the restoration of the National Assembly, or Feast, of Tara, is also attributed to Tuathal. It consisted really of a feast or entertainment given by the King of Ireland to the provincial kings, princes, chiefs, warriors, and learned men of the country; but it is said by Irish writers to have been also of the nature of a Parliament, at which laws were made, and the national records revised, corrected, and authenticated. It is also said to have been triennial, and to have been regulated by very strict etiquette. The shields of those who attended the feasts were delivered to the marshals or seneschals, who hung them upon the walls, in the due order of rank, and each man as he entered to the feast took his seat below his shield, so that there was no disputing about precedence. The Assembly was held in the famous banqueting hall of Tara, the ruins of which remain and show that it must have been over 700 feet long, and had 14 doors; and it is said to have been so splendidly adorned with gold and jewels that it was as bright by night as by day. It and all the other buildings at Tara were, however, as the ruins show, constructed only of wattle and clay, and all that now remains is only mounds of earth, showing their outlines. So far as the Annals relate, the Assembly at Tara, so long as Tara continued the capital, was held at very irregular intervals, and there is no authentic record of any law being made or promulgated, or of any great matter of national concern being discussed at any assembly there; but it did contain the germ of a National Assembly, and from instances which we shall notice, it will appear that the idea did exist that the sanction of such an assembly was necessary to matters of national importance.

We find then the Irish, at the beginning of their authentic history, divided into tribes, but with a common language and common customs, and with the idea that they were a nation represented by a supreme King, a National Capital, and the germ of a National Assembly—with the supreme king in possession of a separate principality,

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favourably situated for the maintenance and increase of his power. There were, therefore, all the conditions from which we should expect that, as in other countries, a compact nation, with a strong and settled central government, would arise. As compared with the sister countries, we may say that Ireland started in the race at least on equal terms. The Picts, who held Scotland north of the Friths, were probably much in the same state of civilization as the Irish. They had perhaps been welded into a nation by their contest with the Romans, but they were shortly to be exposed to continual wars with the Saxons and with an Irish colony which settled in Argyleshire. The rest of Great Britain, which had formed the Roman Provinces, was in a complete anarchy. The Roman Legions had departed, the Picts were ravaging the country, and the Saxons were arriving, but had not yet formed any settled state. How the race was run by Ireland we shall show in the subsequent papers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## PART IV.



ABOUT this time we took a deep and subtle revenge upon M'Smuat for his conduct in regard to

“Brandysnap.” The Captain, as I have said, was one to whom the softer emotions were unknown, or known only to be despised as contemptible weaknesses. He could have kicked a lame dog, but hardly, I think, have patted a child on the head, though his eternal weal depended on the act. If he had a warm corner in his heart, it was that from whence came his oaths. It may well be supposed that to such a one love, in its finer sense, was unknown. The Captain, however, had won the affections of a Glasgow dame, whose charms for him consisted in a substantial cash jointure. The widow herself was also a pretty solid invest-

ment, and, besides being some fifteen years his senior, was



a very distant relative of Venus indeed. These facts, but especially the fear of being regarded as a lover led him to keep the affair as secret as possible, so one day he slipped away to Glasgow, resolved to adjust matters there, and return quietly with his bride, without giving any indication to the outside world of the change in his estate. We, however, heard through our

female friends of his highly unchivalrous intention, and resolved to disappoint it. On the day of his return we spread through the village the news of his wedding, though we carefully concealed all minor facts. That evening, as the Captain with his bride dropped from the steamer into the boat of Evander, who went to meet him, he must have congratulated himself on the success of his scheme. It was late in the evening; there was no moon; everything was still; and as they pulled for the shore the Captain fondly employed himself in swathing his enchantress in shawls, lest the night wind or prying eyes should visit her too roughly. Suddenly, as they came abreast of the old castle, a light showed upon its summit, and was immediately answered by a bonfire far up Ben-na-Drough, while a few minutes later another was in full blaze on the promontory. I will not say that the effect was magnificent, but it certainly was unusual, and quite sufficient to astound the Captain, who as yet had no suspicion of its meaning. He became somewhat annoyed, however, when he saw, on approaching the usual landing place, a great muster of villagers with torches. They were giving vent to their feelings by cheering and beating on empty casks. He per-

emptorily ordered Evander to land him further down. To his rage and amazement he found that the crowd followed his movements. Never did the prowling lion fear the torch of the villager more than the Captain did that evening. At last he turned to his boatman, and demanded what all the "tomfoolery" meant. "In honour o' the homecoming o' yoursel' and lady," replied that honest fellow, with pleased satisfaction at saying what he believed would be eminently agreeable. To his amazement, as he told us afterwards, the Captain only uttered one monosyllable, and thereafter appeared stunned and dead to everything about him, till the boat had been run ashore, and willing hands had carried it up high and dry on the beach. Then the Captain rose and disembarked, evidently labouring under strong emotion. Amid great cheering, he lifted his wife from the boat—a feat for the mesmeric state—apparently unconscious that he had left a yard of her dress attached to a row-lock. We had discreetly kept in the back ground ; but Bowler, whom we had flattered into becoming master of ceremonies, advanced at this interesting moment to speak words of welcome. Getting in front of the Captain, he stretched out his arm, and began—"It gives great satisfaction tae maist o' us tae welcome ye back wi' a bonny bride on yeer arm, and doubtless it is a great pleasure tae yersel tae see sae many kind freens assembled tae meet ye ——" Further he did not get, for the Captain, goaded to frenzy, dealt him a punch on the chest which sent him staggering back into the arms of the village constable, who, fearing a row, hurriedly dropped him and went elsewhere, while the Captain, mad with rage and looking black thunder, but without uttering a word, seized his bride by the arm, hurled the petrified crowd to right and left, and strode home, leaving the villagers aghast with wonder and astonishment.

We had not yet satisfied our revenge, however, and Macintyre, mounted on a barrel, rallied the somewhat shattered intellects of the crowd in a most ingenious speech. He referred in admiring terms to the bluff, hearty, seaman-

like way in which the captain had received their congratulations—Bowler pressed his hand to his chest and groaned, the others looked perplexed; he incited them to celebrate the occasion still further, and honour the Captain by performing before his house; and finally hinted that the bridegroom would probably reward a lengthened demonstration by a general and unlimited distribution of "Talisker." The last hint was sufficient and for hours thereafter the home of the Captain was honoured with a variety of music such as bridegrooms seldom experience. Every utensil of tin in the village seemed pressed into the service. Despite all, we saw the Captain but once. He threw open an upper window, projected himself half through it, and roared something in stentorian tones, of which I caught only the words, "Scoundrels" and "Infernal." Whatever else he said was drowned in the cheers that greeted his appearance, which the natives imagined was a prelude to the Talisker. Before they had subsided, some unseen power behind had pulled the Captain inside, still frantically gesticulating.



We saw no more of him for three weeks, but we questioned the girl who fetched his grog about him, and she told us that on the night in question his wife—who felt highly flattered by the demonstration, and did not understand her husband's conduct—called her up to watch with her,

while the Captain, deaf to consolation and sympathy, spent the night in a chair, writhing at every fresh burst of music, and ferociously eyeing the butt-ends of his pistols, which, for safety, they had placed in the water-jug.

One of the most pleasing recollections of my stay is of a trip some of us had to the island of Eigg. I forget the exact circumstances, but I think an excursion had been got up by the Volunteers or some other public body, in one of the larger towns on the coast, and someone in authority, knowing Macintyre, kindly offered to stop in passing for him, or any others who might wish to go. We availed ourselves to the full of the hospitable offer, and made up a party of eight. It consisted of the four above-mentioned sisters, Mr Jolly, Macintyre, myself, and Mr Bowler—the latter, no doubt, much like the cormorant who sat on the tree above Eden, and tormented himself by the sight of pleasures his own bad spirit rendered him incapable of sharing.

The voyage was very lively and agreeable, there being on board a considerable number of persons of both sexes. Among them, I still remember, an island poetess, who recited her poems to an admiring circle on the main deck ;



and also an enamelled beauty from Glasgow, so divinely painted—she could not be real—that the eye became sated with loveliness when it rested on her even for a few moments.

When we reached Eigg, a slight difficulty arose as to how we were to get ashore. The island boatmen came out in their great roomy boats, but our captain and they could not come to terms as to price, so they hauled off, and sat in a circle round us till our spirits should have subsided, when they would have us for a prey. Our captain, however, was not to be bullied, but quickly got four of the ship's boats afloat, which could take the passengers ashore in relays, though they were by no means so

stable or well adapted for the purpose as the others would have been.

Three of these had been dispatched heavily loaded, and those eager to get ashore were heedlessly pressing into the fourth, quite regardless of its capacity, each one following his neighbour. I was standing on deck watching them till I suddenly became aware that the boat's theoretic load-line was long since under water. Just at that moment in stepped Miss "Pert," with Mr Bowler following close behind, and steadying himself by a boathook fixed to the rail above. As he put his foot on the edge, a swell caught the boat and it rolled in a way which, considering its load, made those on deck imagine it was going under. They shrieked in chorus. The officer in charge woke to the situation, and hurriedly pushed off, while Bowler, who had hastily withdrawn his foot, and somewhat lost his balance was left hanging to the rail trumpeting like a wounded elephant. He was speedily noosed and hoisted on board, kicking like a pig in a sling, but he was much aggrieved, and abused the Captain, behind his back, as "a low fellow, whas shameless incapacity should never hae been entrusted wi' lives o' value to their fellows."

Meanwhile the boat made its way safely ashore with its two inches of freeboard. Those on deck gasped at every swell, while its occupants continued, during the whole time, serenely unconscious of anything being amiss. When we got ashore, Miss "Pert" unfeelingly jeered at us for looking white, and utterly ridiculed the idea of its being on her account.

I need only state briefly the well-known facts, that the chief attractions of Eigg to a stranger are its curious hill and its historic cave, where the whole of the inhabitants of the island were once smothered by the Macleods. We resolved to visit the latter, and reached it after a breezy walk of a mile and a half, along the sea coast. The entrance to the cave was gloomy in the extreme. It was, and doubtless is still, a small horizontal fissure

at the base of a high cliff, which, turned from the sun, cast a damp and depressing chill upon one, when he came within its shadow. The cliff was composed of threatening masses of rock and clay, kept moist by a small stream which fell from its top with a dismal sound, and rendered the ground underfoot soft and marshy. The actual entrance to the cave was so low that it was necessary for one to proceed for some distance in a posture almost entirely prone. These things, combined with its past associations, rendered it one of the most evil and uninviting spots we had ever seen.

“Do ye think that stane just ower the entrance o’t is secure?” asked Bowler, who evidently began to wish the adventure at an end. However, we resolved to proceed, and, accordingly, for convenience, divided our party into four. Macintyre and the eldest sister went first. They took a dive under the dripping rock, gave us a farewell wave, stooped, and disappeared. Mr Jolly and Helen went next. A wriggle of Mr Jolly’s heels, and they, too, were swallowed in a moment. The youngest sister and I followed them a little later. Miss “Pert” we had consigned to the care of Mr Bowler, an honour for which she afterwards thanked us ironically.

After several yards groping, the cave expanded above and on both sides into a spacious chamber, some hundred yards in length. From the narrowness of the entrance it was, as may be imagined, almost entirely dark within, while, among the numerous excursionists, there were only one or two thoughtful individuals who had provided themselves with candles. These showed like sparks here and there, and gave little assistance to any but their possessors.

Exploration was by touch alone, and the cavern being as rugged inside as out, considerable caution was necessary. After entering, I saw no more of my other companions, and did not attempt to discover them, but devoted myself entirely to the care of the one entrusted to me. Knowing her to be particularly sweet and fragile, I was naturally

careful. The floor was exceedingly rough, consisting of large round stones, over which, in the darkness, one might make an awkward stumble if one did not hold very tight to one's companion. We were obliged to keep a firm hold of each other, and even then I believe I should have fallen once or twice, not purposely of course, had not my companion supported me. What a nice, soft, warm, little hand she had, and with what sweet simplicity she hoped she did not inconvenience me! "Oh no, certainly not, not as long as we held each other thus." The distance to the end of the cavern was very great—that is, it took a long time to get over it—which was naturally to be accounted for by the darkness, which was profound. Yet, in a way it was not disagreeable—Ah, my friend, have you ever mixed in the vanities of the world? Even a good Highlander gives way to follies occasionally. Well, then, do you remember when at a party in the house of a friend you have indulged in a dance, and while dreamily swaying round the room encircling with your arm the, to you, most sweet and lovely girl in the whole world, her mischievous brother has blown down the pipe in the next room, or mayhap turned off the gas at the meter? Do you remember the convulsive way she has clung to you at the sudden darkness, and how you have tightened your hold on her, to protect her? And then, how there, the first start over, in the dark, surrounded by friends, the sudden impulse has seized you to pay a compliment to her beauty which no one could know but herself—Ay, and perhaps, worldly one, you imagine I am about to relate how some such impulse stole over me in the cave of Eigg? If so, your materialism misleads you. I was then, and I trust am still, far too strong an admirer of chivalry, and the knights of old, even for a moment to have dreamed of such an outrage on one, however beautiful, who had been entrusted to my charge—and yet—as stooping low to avoid the roof, which rose 60 feet above us, our heads sometimes came together, and a brown ringlet floated about my face—the situation was not altogether without its own peculiar attractions.



I would not perhaps have cared to have been smothered in that cavern like the unfortunate Macdonalds, but I do not know whether I would have minded very much though the stone at the entrance had come down, and confined me there for a reasonable period.

When we reached the upper end we found several persons with candles, who were endeavouring to gage the size of the vault by their imperfect light. Others were diligently searching for relics of the departed Macdonalds, but these had all probably long since been carried away. Here we found Macintyre and his charge, who had boldly surmounted all difficulties, and were resting after their labours; but the task had evidently been too much for Mr Jolly and Helen, for they had stopped half way. They must certainly have been very much exhausted indeed, if it was they whom I saw on the way back, propped up against each other in a most languid way on a small ledge of rock. The cave was obscure, however, and as there were several other couples about, I did not care to look too closely. In returning, we found walking much easier—though fatigue forced me at times to lean upon my companion—as the light from the entrance, small as it was, made a wonderful difference to one moving in that direction. When we emerged once more into daylight we found Mr Bowler alone, and awaiting us with impatience. It seems that at the last moment his scruples had grown too strong and he refused “tae mak a reptile o’ himsel, an move in a way designed only for the enemy o’ mankind!” Miss “Pert,” nothing daunted, had gone without him, which annoyed him exceedingly, and he told Macintyre, in a hoarse aside, that he thought her “a bold-faced forward hussy”—an appellation which Macintyre resented so warmly, that he repeated it several times with keen satisfaction.

He next proceeded to justify his position by throwing ridicule upon what we could have seen, and referred in a very marked and insinuating way to the absence “o’ leaghts.” As a final effort of malice, he remarked—“I

houp, Miss Helen, ye didna see a speerit, for ye look gae disordered an' flushed like." At this the beauteous Helen blushed, but Mr Jolly retorted with meaning emphasis—"At least, Mr Bowler, she was not *afraid* to go in." Whereupon our evil genius, foiled by celestial arms, strode away in a rage.

Miss "Pert" emerged shortly afterwards, and finding how we had treated Mr Bowler, affected to be very much hurt. She refused to give an account of her doings to any save him, and keeping her cloak wrapped tightly about her, she acted the offended beauty on the way back. She, however, threw out dark hints that she had seen more than most of us, some one having favoured her with a candle. When we overtook Mr Bowler she ironically complimented him on his manliness in leaving her, while he stood heaving with suppressed rage, unable to give vent to his feelings before ladies. He was not quite sufficiently primed at the time to remark as he did afterwards to Macintyre that "she was nae beauty, and her manner's onything but ladylike." His only retort on this occasion was that "perhaps she had found some one inside she liked as well as himsel'." "If I did not find *some one*, perhaps I found *something*," she returned, mysteriously producing from beneath her cloak something "large and round" shrouded in a handkerchief. There was a general sensation as we *felt* it was a relic. "The skull of a Macdonald!" exclaimed Mr Jolly; "I scarce expected to see a trophy like that in such hands."

With Bowler her cup of crime was already brimming, so, with the words "Sacraleejous profanity," he left the polluted company; as if for ever. He did not come near us again till he was obliged to get into the small boat that put us ashore at the village. When he had gone Miss "Pert," with a mocking laugh, threw the relic at our heads, for it proved after all to be only a piece of crumpled brown paper which she had picked up in the cave. Mr Jolly was much chagrined, for he piously wished a skull that he might make a drinking-cup of it.

## HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BAPTISM AND NAMING.

THE greatest of our poets has asked "What's in a name?" and he answers it by saying that the name is no part of the man. But in this he flatly contradicts the beliefs of primitive and of savage man, whose philosophy on this point still survives in our superstitions. His name is a part of a man—a part to conjure with: this is the savage belief at the present day. A wizard, knowing a man's name, has a certain power over that man; he can injure him through his name. If among the Lapps a child falls ill, its name must be changed; in this way the wizard or demon is outwitted, and his power over the child gone. The same, as we said, holds true with regard to the working of Gaelic charms: whether it was man or brute that had to be cured, the name had to be known. Some have held that Gaelic witches required only the name of a cow or hair from its hide to work their wicked will on the animal.

We shall illustrate the importance of a person's name—his real name—by a story. Certain people have been credited with a supernatural power or "word" capable of arresting certain ailments, and of curing certain diseases. Thus, one of such gifts was known as the "Casg Fola," the power by an exertion of will accompanied by a "word," of staunching blood from a wound. In fact, such a person could stop any running, even running water, at a moment's notice. The sufferer's real name must, however, be known, and the following incidents will explain this:—

In Wester Ross, once upon a time, lived Ian Ban, who was famous for his gift of Casg Fola. He was one night at a wedding at Aultbea, when a young man accidentally cut himself while slicing some cheese. Several persons

present knew of Ian Ban's supernatural power over bleeding and flowing generally, and when the bleeding from the young man's hand was too seriously profuse, Ian was called upon to put his charms into effect. Ian knew the young man, and tried to bring his power into effect. But it was of no use. In this moment of excitement, he thought he had lost his power, and out he rushed to see if his dreadful suspicion was correct. But, no! he could stop the stream that flowed past the house with the word of his power as ever before, and the charm seemed to work as vigorously as ever. He could not, however, stop the bleeding in this particular case, and it was not until a wise woman near at hand, likewise possessed of this gift, was sent for that the blood stopped at her request. She had known the young man and his family history; she knew that grave doubts were entertained as to his paternity, and, judging that he was wrongly named, she gave him in the charm his proper name, and he recovered at once!

Baptism, it will thus be seen, though freeing the child from the power of fairies, nevertheless added a slight danger to a person's existence: by acquiring a name, the person can be hurt as well as healed through that name. And it is only through Christian baptism that a name can be acquired; an unbaptised person was considered to have no name. A child was not to be called by its name till it was baptised; it was called the "baby" or the "boy" till then. If the person was not baptised at all, people avoided calling that person by any suggested name, and it was not impossible to hear a grey-headed man referred to as the "boy." Again, if a person was not baptised, his blood could not be stopped by any supernatural power such as the "Casg Fola," a belief which naturally follows from what has already been said about the importance of one's name in folklore.

In going with a child to baptism, parents were enjoined to take some cake with them—bread and butter, for instance. If the child was a boy, the first man met with

had to be presented with a piece of the cake ; if the child was a girl, the first woman met had similarly to be presented. Some say the present is to be made to any person or even animal first met, be the sex what it may.

The baptismal ceremony must be gone through duly. If a boy and a girl were to be baptised at the same time, the boy must be baptised first ; otherwise, the girl, if first baptised, would have the boy's beard and he would be beardless ! The late Mr Macgregor tells the following amusing story, where it will be seen that it was also necessary to change the water. He says : " A few years ago, I was baptising two or three children at the same time in a village near by, when the first presented was a boy and the next a girl. After the water had been sprinkled on the face of the boy, and when I was about to do the same to the girl, an old worthy granny present hastily snatched away the bowl containing the water, poured it out and filled it afresh, muttering aloud : ' Na leigeadh Ni Math gum biodh feusag air mo chaileig ' ( Goodness forbid that my lassie should have a beard )." <sup>1</sup>

Is it lucky that a child should cry when the baptismal water is sprinkled on its face ? Yes, say some ; it will then be a good child and a long liver. But the following dilemma is believed in by some : If the child does not cry when touched with the baptismal water, it will not live long ; if it does cry, it will be ill-natured ! If the minister does not put sufficient water on the child's forehead in these circumstances, the child will be a somnambulist. Further, baptismal water, suddenly and unexpectedly dashed into the face of a somnambulist will cure him of his sleep-walking. If a child is well dressed at its baptism, it will as a grown-up person be well dressed on the day of marriage.

Pennant, in his *Tour through Scotland*, mentions some curious customs and superstitions which were met with by him last century in the Highlands. " After baptism," he

<sup>1</sup> *Prophecies of the Brahan Seer*, 3rd Edition, p. 130.

says, "the first meat that the company takes is *crowdie*, a mixture of meal and water, or meal and ale, thoroughly mixed. Of this every person takes three spoonfuls." He further says: "It has happened that after baptism, the father has placed a basket, filled with bread and cheese, or the pot-hook that impended over the fire in the middle of the room, which the company sit around; and the child is thrice handed across the fire with the design of repelling all attempts of evil spirits or evil eyes. This originally seems to have been designed as a purification, and of idolatrous origin, as the Israelites made their children pass through the fire to Moloch." The Old Statistical Account of Logierait says that at private baptism "it was not long since customary to put the child upon a clean basket, having a cloth previously spread over it, with bread and cheese put under the cloth, and thus to move the basket three times successively round the crook." Mr Macgregor says that for safety against fairies the child was placed on the cloth in the basket over the cheese, and then the oldest female in the family circle at the time carried it three times round the fire, and thereafter suspended it for a few seconds from the hook that hung over the fire. He also says that when a child was baptised it was neither washed nor bathed that night, for fear of washing off the baptismal water before it had slept under it.

If a son or daughter in a family dies, no future son or daughter should be called by the same name as the dead person. It is an especially unlucky thing. Baptising a sick child ensures its living. It is reckoned unlucky to leave a child unbaptised beyond the year in which it is born. For instance, should a child be born on the 30th December, the parents would feel it their duty to get that child baptised next day. It must be baptised before the 1st January of the year after its birth.

The "kirking" of the mother was a great institution in bye-gone days. The Synod of Moray Register has the following entry for the 16th of July, 1656:—"The Synod

ordains that Presbyteries be cairfull to remove superstition and profaneness in kirking of women after child birth and admonish ym. yt. as their first voyage is to give thanks to God for their deliverie, that it be to a meeting of the congregation for publick worshipe and yt. they goe not thence wt. their fellowshipe to the ailhouse to sitt too long, bot behave themselves gravelie and modestlie as these qo. are trullie thankfull ought to do." Pennant reports the last century customs thus :—" In the Church of Scotland there is no ceremony on the occasion [of kirking]; but the woman, attended by some of the neighbours, goes into the church, sometimes in service time, but oftener when it is empty ; goes out again, surrounds it, refreshes herself at some public-house, and then returns home." The kirking of the women and the penny bridals recur once and again as causing grave scandal, and incurring the severe censure of Synod and Presbytery.

## AN OLD GAELIC CHARTER.

THE only charter written in Gaelic which is known to exist is one which was given by Macdonald of the Isles to Brian Vicar Mackay, in 1408, conveying certain lands in Islay. It is preserved now in the Register House in Edinburgh, and is published, with *facsimile* and translation, in the National Manuscripts of Scotland, Vol. II. The remembrance of this, or other charters of the kind, lingered in the Highlands till the end of last century. The following is an entry in one of the MSS. left by Mr Mac-lagan, who died, as minister of Athole, in 1805 :—

“ M'Kay of Kilmahumag, an old family in North Knapdale, is said to be possessed of a charter ingraved on either brass or copper plate in Gaelic, and of the following tenor :

Tha mise, Domhnull nan Domhnull,  
 Am shuidhe air Dun Domhnuill,  
 Ag tabhairt coir, o'n diu gus a maireach,  
 Dhuit-se, Mhic-Aoidh bhig,  
 Air Cill-ma-shumaig,  
 Suas gu Flaitheas De  
 Agus sios gu h-Ifrin,  
 Fhad 's a sheideas gaath  
 'S a ruitheas uisge.

Agus so ann lathair Catriona, mo bhean,  
 Agus Airig bheag mo Bhanaltram.”

The meaning of this supposed charter is as follows :—  
 “ I, Donald of the Donalds, sitting on Dun-Donald, am giving right, from to-day till to-morrow, to you, Mackay the Little, over Kilmahumack, up to Heaven and down to Infernum, so long as wind blows and water runs. Given in presence of my wife Catherine and my nurse little Airig.”  
 The authenticity of the above document need not be discussed.



## NEW BOOKS.

## THE METRICAL GLOSSARIES OF THE MEDIÆVAL IRISH.

DR WHITLEY STOKES has published, in the Transactions of the Philological Society, a work, extending to over a hundred pages, on *The Metrical Glossaries of the Mediæval Irish*. The work is marked by all the thoroughness and scholarliness which we should expect from the author. "Many races," he says, "including the Greeks, the Norsemen, and the Irish, have, at some stage of their civilisation, taken a strange delight in verse, of which archaisms and wilful obscurities are the chief characteristics." Dr Stokes then points out that metrical vocabularies explaining these obscurities exist only among the Hindus, the Norsemen, and the Irish. He prints in the work before us three such vocabularies, parts of which are in MSS. belonging to the 12th century. The first is the *Forus Focal*, or Knowledge of Vocables, which defines 350 words in 75 verses; the second is the *Derbhshiur* glossary, which defines 193 words; and the third, which is fragmentary, deals with 154 words. Dr Stokes then gives a glossarial index of these 700 words, and, as usual, it is a mine of philological fact and suggestion. We shall here only mention a few new derivations which bear upon Gaelic. Dr Stokes compares Irish *blosc*, noise, and Gaelic *blosg* or *plosg*, to a root form *bhlozgos*, whence Greek *phloisbos*, din, comes. Gaelic *calma*, brave, he compares to the German *held*, hero; *easg*, water, whence arises *easg*, an eel, is compared with Greek *pidax*; *dith*, death or want, is happily equated with the Latin *lētum*, which stands really for *dētum*; and the Gaelic *mál*, rent, is shown to come from Anglo-Saxon *mál*, tribute, whence also the English *black-mail* is descended. The word *annat*, which puzzles etymologists in Highland place-names, appears in Old Irish as *annóit*, and signifies primarily a *mother-church*. Dr Stokes thinks that the word is borrowed from the Low Latin *antitas*, a shorter form of the Latin *antiquitas*. These are but a very few of the many valuable philological equations which Dr Stokes makes between Irish, or Gaelic, and the other cognate languages.

## FOLKLORE.

THE *September* number of the Quarterly *Folklore*, the official organ of the "Folklore Society," is to hand. It contains, besides several other articles of general interest, an article on "Manx Folklore and Superstition" by Professor Rhys, which forms an important supplement to Mr Moore's work on the folklore of man. Professor Rhys has recently had an article on "Fairy Tales" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and he took a prominent part in the Folklore Congress which took place under the auspices of the Folklore Society at the beginning of October. This Congress, the programme of which is given in the work before us, was a great success.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, minister of Tiree. Mr Campbell, who was ordained in 1861, has long been an invalid, and for the last few years he was confined to his bed. He was a good Gaelic scholar, and his collection of Gaelic tales and his knowledge of Highland customs and superstitions were second to none of his time, always leaving his namesake of Islay out of account. From his rich store of materials he contributed folk-tales and ballads to the *Scottish Celtic Review*, the *Celtic Magazine*, and the *Highland Monthly*. It is only last month that we reviewed his book on the *Fians*, where he gathered together all his tales about the Ossianic heroes. The book, however, forms but a comparatively small part of the totality of Mr Campbell's collections, and we hope that they may all see the light of publication.

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UNDER the title of *Tales of the Heather*, Mrs Mackenzie, wife of the well-known editor of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Scottish Highlander*, is publishing in book form her contribution of stories to the *Celtic Magazine*. The work is in the press and will soon appear. The tales were contributed under the *nom de plume* of "M. A. Rose," and formed an interesting and pleasing feature of the Magazine when they appeared.

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No more appropriate Christmas gift book could be recommended for Celtic youth than Mr Jacob's collection of *Celtic Fairy Tales*, published by Mr Nutt. There are 26 tales, two of which are exclusively Highland, and twelve belong both to the Highlands and to Ireland. The rest are Irish, Welsh, or Cornish. The selection is exceedingly well made.

# The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

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AND

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## INVERBURN.

A WEST HIGHLAND NOVEL.

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### CHAPTER VII.

ELSPET'S cottage stood about half a mile from the village, at a place where the high-road crossed a small stream, by a narrow bridge of one arch. She used to say that the bridge had been built before she was born, and that the builder of it deserved to have a monument to his memory. His name unfortunately was forgotten. It had drifted away down the stream of time, like the logs and small sticks that drifted down this small tributary of the Dove when there was a spate. Like many other great men, he had left work that remained when his personality was no longer remembered. It was natural to ask, however, why this unknown engineer should have merited the posthumous distinction that Elspet designed for him. Her answer always was, that it was because nobody could drive across it in a straight line. Like old bridges generally, it had a sharp turn at each end, and was consequently a dangerous place, both for riding and for driving. Strange to say, no serious accident had ever happened there, a fact

which Elspet attributed to her good wishes for all who passed that way. For she made considerable pretensions to supernatural power, though her power, unlike that of the witches of old, was always, by her own account at least, exerted for good. It should be added that her own good was her chief aim, though she was not unwilling to let others share in any profit that she did not require, or that was beyond her reach.

When any love-sick swain was slighted by a saucy damsel, it was the most natural thing in the world for him to lay his case before the sagacious matron of the Bridge End. Having listened to his tale of woe, she generally tried to give him consolation by mysterious hints of what she could do to make the course of his love run smoothly. In this she was not always unsuccessful. By judicious flattery and exaggeration she often succeeded in making a match, contrary to all the expectations that onlookers might have formed. In such cases she made her clients believe that by some mysterious charm she had accomplished what would have been hopeless by ordinary means. When any case of the kind proved too hard even for her skill, she was ready with a way out of the difficulty. Either the youth was not sufficiently ardent in his love, or the maid was under the spell of a potent enchantment, or perhaps some more brilliant alliance was reserved for the unsuccessful wooer. In one way or another she contrived to find a cause for her failure without compromising her claim to occult power. So it came about that her "skeel," as it was called, was firmly trusted by most of the dwellers in Glen Dove, though some scoffers there were, who set her authority at naught, and ridiculed her tales of gramarye. This was only what has been experienced by all distinguished characters. Even such great men as Mr Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury have their ignoble detractors, who call them by such vile names as charlatans and impostors. It was so with Elspet. Fortunately she lived in a happier age than that in which she might have

been burnt in a tar barrel as a witch. Not only did she escape such a tragic fate, but she made some gain out of the hands of the credulous. Her advice was given on the same terms as those on which Panurge was always able to command the wisdom of Doctor Rondibilis, *i.e.*, *en payant*, otherwise, and in the jargon of commerce, for value received. Many gifts, both in money and in other valuables, found their way to her cottage, sent or given by those whom she had helped, and received by her as her undoubted right.

The old woman greeted us with effusive blessings (to be charged in the bill), and a ready welcome to her abode. "It's a pleasure to see the likes of ye, and O but it's good of ye to come to see a poor old wife like me. But all the gentle folk likes to come to poor Elspet's house at the bridge end. All the English lords and ladies that stay at Inverburn know this house, and it's them that are ready to help the poor." This brought to my mind an old proverb, said to be a part of the inherited wisdom of the Celtic Seanachaidhs, "Cha chliu gun cheannach cliu na caillich." I am indebted to my learned friend, Mr Torquil M'Craw, the famous scholar and antiquary, for an explanation of this portentous legend. By skilful and patient research he has ascertained the meaning to be, that if you wish to have anything you have to pay for it. Another reading he tells me is, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Mr M'Craw is an undoubted authority, and we can depend on his accuracy.

Of course Elspet had a great deal to say about the all absorbing topic of the election of a minister for Inverburn. "Eh, what a nice gentleman is young Mr Hope," she ejaculated, with enthusiasm. "Didn't he come here this very blessed day, and didn't he ask how I was, and how kind he was. And the bonnie young lady that came with him, too, wasn't she mindful o' me." Here I understood wherein Mr Hope's excellence consisted. It was his fair companion who had bestowed largesse upon the ancient Sibl. It was difficult to see how the minister could have

found such favour in her eyes, until this explanation came out. He was debarred from showing any liberality by the exigencies of his position. To have offered charity would have been equivalent to embarking into corrupt practices, and would have effectually shut his mouth for ever. The favour with which he was regarded by Elspet was reflected from that which had been gained by some lady friend. Who could it have been? Miss Smith, was my first thought. Is it possible that the interesting heroine of this romance can have so far forgotten what is due to conventional propriety as to go for a summer day's walk with an attractive individual like the young divine. Well, really there is no saying what this age is coming to. Had she chosen a staid and steady going escort like Barker, there would have been less to say about it. Or had she even asked such a man as myself to accompany her—but there, hang this egotism, it will lead us further than Elspet's Cottage—and yet these thoughts will obtrude themselves whether they are welcome or not. Yes, and the more unwelcome they are, the more they will spring up. Like that old fellow, Antæus, or whatever he was called in the jargon of the Classics, they may be dashed to the ground, but up they come again, fresh as paint, with new strength. Where after all was the harm if Miss Smith did allow the pastor to take her for a walk? Right and proper it was that he should make the acquaintance of his flock, if indeed the people of Inverburn are to be so fortunate as to have him for their pastor. And no less natural it was that a young lady, from far away Wiltshire, should be sufficiently desirous of studying the humours of country life in the West Highlands, to avail herself of the guidance of one who, from his profession, must be well acquainted with the ways of the cottagers. These reverend gentlemen after all are dangerous rivals when it comes to paying attentions to the fair sex. Women have a notion (totally unfounded, of course), that in clerical company nothing can be wrong. And so these black coated and white necktied rascals have

an unfair advantage, which they use to the utmost. Do they not pick out the most charming of our girls, and by good words and fair speeches steal their hearts, to the complete undoing of us who do not pose in the character of possessing every good quality. Well, that is one of the things which, not being curable, have to be endured with the best grace that can be mustered.

"She's a bonnie lass, yon, whatever," was the next remark. "And what a fine pair she and the minister would make." Mrs Smith was silent. I think she must have guessed who the lady in question was, and have been preparing to read a lecture to her daughter on the impropriety of her conduct. "Do you think," said I, in my good-natured desire to make an easy break in the embarrassing pause, "that Mr Hope will get the church?"

"I donno myself how it's going to go. There's Mr Kirke been preaching here, and some of the people are daft about him. He makes sich a noise, and he makes his sermon with the sough of all the good old men of the North, so that he makes them all believe that he has the gift of preaching. And when ye hear him saying amen, it's just as if John Knox himself had come alive again. But they tell me that he is a merry lad eneuch, whiles. They're saying that he can sing and laugh as weel's the rest, when he's in the company that suits him."

"What does the M'Corkindale think about him?" said Jermyn, evidently rather bored, and with the air of one who did not care very much whether he got an answer or not. Jermyn was wearied with the chatter of the old woman, and would have been much better pleased if he had been allowed to tell us some of his East Indian marvels.

"Oh, the M'Corkindale is strong on Mr Kirke's side. He's heard that Mr Kirke is a great man for talking about old times in the Highlands, and stories about the battle on the North Inch of Perth, and the Massacre of Glencoe, and the Massacre of Eigg, and things like that. These are the



things that M'Corkindale likes to hear about, and so he's just going to vote for Mr Kirke, and he hopes to get him in."

From all which it might be inferred, first, that Mr Kirke's chances were very good, and second, that old Elspet did not greatly approve of him. At this stage there was a payment made, after the usual fashion, to the old dame's hand, and we all returned home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

NOBODY knew how the time of our absence had been spent by those who stayed behind. Jack Wood met us at the door, and told us that he had grassed a fine salmon, a whopper he had called it, and that John Roy had complimented him on the marvellous skill that he had displayed in playing the "fush." Jermyn, who had been rather out of his element during the day, began to ridicule the idea of giving the name of sport to anything so mild as throwing a hook and fly into the Dove, to catch such an inoffensive creature as a fifteen pound fish.

"I'll tell you what it is, Wood, you do not know what you are talking about, when you make so much of idling at the river side, and catching a salmon once in ten days or so. I only wish I saw you in the jungle at Allahabad, with a couple of man-eating tigers about. That would be something like work. Why don't you go to India when you are young? You will never know that you are alive till you leave this little island of Great Britain and see something of the world. Why don't you go to India, I say?"

"I am sure, sir," answered Wood, politely, "I have very little need to go to India, as long as I have you to tell me about it. Besides, I would be afraid of the Thugs and the Mahatmas. I don't half like to think of getting letters dropped to me from the sky, and finding that they bear the post-mark of Thibet. The old post that comes down

the glen is slow enough, to be sure, but really it does seem more natural to get one's correspondence that way than to go to the Theosophist oracles for it. And I daresay, after all, that these tigers that you shot in the jungle were not half such good fun as the salmon that we get in the Dove when there is any water in it."

"Aye, it is all very well for you to say that when you have, I know not how many, thousands of miles between you and them. Did you ever see a tiger?"

"Yes, I saw one in a shop window in Edinburgh when I was on my way here, in Princes Street I think it was called, not far from the Castle and Arthur's Seat and some of these places. He was stuffed with straw, I suppose, and his eyes were made of glass."

"Ah well, you young fellows will poke your fun at us seniors, and boys will be boys to the end of the chapter. But if you had met that same tiger when he was alive and fit, you would have laughed at the wrong side of your mouth."

"The only reason I could have for regretting an interview with that quadruped, would be that in such a case I would have been dead perhaps a century ago, and not enjoying myself at Inverburn, as I am doing now. But I suppose some of his relations are still to be found roaming on the banks of the blue Danube—Ganges, I mean—and scaring your civilians that are afraid of the report of a gun."

Jermyn now launched forth into an account of some perilous scenes of hunting in the empire of Hindostan. "I remember once, when we were quartered at" (some place with an unpronounceable name that I cannot remember, and could not spell if I did), "a great Begum sent to the Colonel to ask if he would lend one or two fellows to rid her of several tigers, that came about her palace every night, and carried off a nigger a-piece at each visit."

"How did the niggers like that?" asked Ward, innocently. "For my part I would rather go off in the old carrier's cart, than use a tiger as a beast of burden, especially if he elected to take me in his teeth."

"Now, Jack," said I, interposing, "it is too bad of you to turn everything into farce. I would really like to know how the sable princess got on in her endeavour to get rid of her striped enemies. I suppose that in India you have pretty much the same kind of work to clear the premises of tigers, that we have in this country to exterminate rats and mice." The truth is, I was afraid that Jack, with his reckless badinage, would put the old fellow into a temper, and that he would refuse to tell us any more wonders. I was mistaken, however. Jermyn lived so completely in an imaginary world of his own creation, that it did not occur to him that anybody else dwelt upon the solid land of fact.

"Well," said the modern Munchausen, "the Colonel, and a blessed good fellow he was, did not want to spare any of us. He became a field marshal after that, and I wish he were here with us to-day. Died of a broken heart, poor fellow. Crossed in love, you know. Wanted to marry that same Begum, and she wouldn't have him. A fine woman she was, too, though her skin was not of the whitest pattern. What a portrait she would have made of Cleopatra, or Zenobia, or Pocahontas, or any of these swarthy beauties. She walked in beauty like the night, as some one of these poet fellows says—Shakspeare or Tennyson, or somebody else, I am not sure which, but the sense is the same. And what a pair of eyes she had, like the black beads that you sometimes see in the accoutrements of ladies dresses."

"Lesbia hath a beaming eye," burst from Wood's lips, at this glowing account of the Indian princess' charms. "There's a Roland for your Oliver. I'll let you see that I can quote poetry as well as you. But what has all this to do with your exploits at that place you mentioned. I do wish that these Indians would make use of names that can be more easily pronounced."

The Captain was certainly wandering from his subject. Perhaps he was gaining time to dress his narrative in a picturesque form, or, perhaps, making up his mind which of

his stories he should shoot upon the company. Anyhow, he returned to the thread of his discourse, after this digression on the subject of the Colonel's misadventure, in seeking a matrimonial alliance with the sooty Venus.

"He declared at first that he would see all the Begum's Blacks canonized, to put it mildly, before he would let any of his brave fellows put their lives in danger to save them. Then he began to think about her ladyship's rupees, and how they would enable him to buy an estate in the Highlands, and live happily ever afterwards. And before the party left the dinner table he said that he would defer that lady with the last drop of his blood."

"I think, upon the whole, that he was right," said I. "It would not do to let it be said that a lady asked help from an English officer, and was refused. I suppose then that the Colonel himself headed the defence party."

"Oh, of course, he was not the man to cry off on such an occasion. But he would only let me go with him, though all the men in the regiment would have liked to join the party. 'Jermyn,' said he, 'you are the only man I can depend upon when anything has to be done. You must come, and we shall see if we cannot bring home a skin or two.' 'Done with you, Colonel,' said I, and off we went. The Begum's silver mines were a mile or two off, and it was the fellows whom she had working in them that were being devoured every night. Her highness was afraid that if the game went on much longer she would not get enough of silver out of the mines to make a teaspoon. Well, we drew near, in the pitch dark, and waited a good while in the pass, where we expected to get some sport. By and bye, just when we were getting tired waiting, we heard the gurr-gurring of the brutes, and presently we saw two huge tigers coming along, leisurely enough, each with a Hindoo between his jaws."

"Now really," began the sceptical Jack, "it is difficult to believe all this. How could you see them in the pitch dark?"

Jermyn was nettled at the interruption, for like most men who have reached their anecdotage he liked to talk to patient and credulous listeners. However, he was equal to the occasion, and his inventive faculty soon swept away the frail obstacle of doubt that Wood's question had thrown in the way. He spoke in a slightly higher key than that in which he had begun.

"We would have been very blind indeed, not to have seen them, when their eyes flashed through the darkness like the starboard and port lights on board of the Crofter or the Agitator, or any other of the steamers that come round the Mull of Kintyre. Each of the brutes came as I tell you, carrying a nigger with him."

Here Jack broke in with a new interruption. "They must have been very small niggers."

"No, sir," thundered the romancer, "on the contrary, they were very large niggers."

"Then," persisted the scoffer, "they must have been very large tigers."

"No, sir," returned the other, in a tone if possible more warlike than before, "on the contrary, they were very small tigers." Here it is to be noticed that Jermyn had apparently forgotten the large size that he had at first ascribed to the ferocious beasts of prey. My opinion is that he had not forgotten it in the least, but that he was resolutely bent on crushing Wood's spirit of enquiry. As to consistency in his narrative, he seemed to care very little whether he preserved it or not. Consistency is not easily obtainable at any time, and especially in the domain of fiction, into which it is to be feared that Jermyn's imagination sometimes led him.

At this stage we all wished to hear more of the tiger story, so by general entreaty Jack was induced to forbear questioning, and Jermyn proceeded with the burden of his tale.

"As soon as we saw them we wanted to fire, but the difficulty was to take aim so as to hit the brutes and miss

the niggers, who were squirming like caterpillars in the beak of a robin redbreast. There was nothing for it but prompt and decisive action. I shouted to the first that came" (here the Captain pronounced some cabalistic words, which he said were Hindostanee), "that means in Hindostanee, keep quiet for a minute. He left off his wriggling for a moment, and then was my opportunity. I took aim and fired." Here he went through a pantomime action to show how he took aim and fired. "The tiger was shot through the heart, and the rascal whom I saved came salaaming down to the ground, and promising to pilfer enough silver for me to make me a richer man than I am likely ever to be."

"How about the Colonel and the other victim?" quoth I.

"Ah, that is the saddest part of the story. The Colonel missed his aim, and bagged the Hindoo instead of the tiger. Not indeed that we care very much for a native or two more or less on the premises. But the Begum was so incensed at the Colonel for having killed one of her retinue, that she would never have anything more to say to him. And that, I believe, was how he failed to gain her hand, with all the lacs of rupees that she could have bestowed upon him."

I had enough of the Anglo-Indian's yarns by this time, and began to feel bored. One of the most unfailling symptoms of advancing years is this intolerance of boredom. When we are young we can endure it with resignation, even with patience. But years, if they bring the philosophic mind, bring also the impatient mind that frets against everything like a waste of time. I spied comfort in the arrival of the Rev. Augustine Hope, to whom I proposed an evening walk. Yet another symptom that I am no longer young—a preference for the society of our juniors. Anything to get rid of Jermyn and his yarns. Mr Hope was inclined to accompany me, and we prepared to go.

## CHAPTER IX.

AS the clergyman and I were going out of doors Wood entreated us to stay a little longer. He wished, I believe, to get some more of Jermyn's Indian stories, and feared that our departure would divert the warrior's thoughts into a new channel. But the fragrance of the evening in the open air was quite irresistible, and the prospect of an interesting talk with a new companion added another charm to the proposed walk.

We passed through the village, where it was hardly possible to avoid noticing that we were the objects of a good many scrutinising glances, and the objects of some rather personal remarks. Children exchanged knowing looks, maids the most demure could not refrain from taking a furtive look at us, matrons with less hesitation looked and spoke frankly their minds concerning us. Properly speaking, I ought to say that the clergyman was the centre of attraction. For my part, I was a mere cipher, a convenient foil to set off the real hero of the occasion. Stage whispers came to our ears, wafted by the ambrosial air. Gaelic and English alternated with each other most impartially. "Eh, yon's the meenister that's to preach to-morrow. A wonder how he'll get on." "D'ye see what a long coat he wears. I'm thinking that'll be some new kind they've got from England. No like the coat and plyde that Mr M'Turk used to pit on. No, nor will he ever be like Mr M'Turk," &c. Then another voice and another accent, "O, am faic thusa an Sasunnach mor grannda sin a tha a leantuinn 'na chois?" "Mac an uilc, 'sann a bu choir a spadadh le cloich." "As an amhaich dha," &c. Again I must quote the learned Mr M'Craw as an interpreter of the latter remarks. He tells me that the natives appear to have mistaken me for an Englishman, a circumstance not at all flattering to my patriotic love of my native country. Further, he tells me, though with reluctance, that

the people of Inverburn had some unfavourable opinions about my personal appearance, and yet more that they seemed inclined to treat me in a manner that would have been more curt than courteous. But any people who could mistake a broad Scotchman for a Saxon tourist, might be capable of any act of atrocity.

Having passed through the village, and left the rustics to continue their remarks, we arrived at the churchyard gate, which was kept shut by a rusty chain, several yards long, and wound about the bars with many coils. There was no lock, however, and by dint of perseverance we found our way in. Here stood the little whitewashed church where Mr Hope was to be seen and heard on the following day. The church of Inverburn stands close to the sea, enclosed in a churchyard, surrounded by stately sycamores and horse chestnuts, the latter of which were just beginning to lose the beautiful masses of blossom with which each of them had been adorned like a blushing bride. Outside the enclosure are masses of birch, willow, and alder, clothing the mountain side, and saving it from the bare desolation of rocks and precipices. The sanctuary is sheltered equally from the heat of summer and from the cold winds of winter. It is a place where nature seems to join in the worship that is offered within the walls, and a walk to visit it is one of the most charming in the whole valley, from whatsoever point it is approached. This has been so generally acknowledged that an eccentric old bachelor, a former minister of Inverburn, is said to have prefaced an offer of marriage by asking the object of his admiration how she would like to be buried there. What answer the reverend wooer got in reply to this unusual question history does not say.

As we sat on a flat stone that marked the grave of some one of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, we listened to the soft lapping of the ripples on the shore, a sound that mingled pleasantly with the heavy hum of the bees as they murmured among the leafy branches over our heads. The



scene was one that might have encouraged pensive and serious thought. Our meditations among the tombs were not, however, of a gloomy kind. Mr Hope was a pleasant companion ; one of the men who seem able to talk about, and to take an interest in, any subject that may occur. May I be forever defended from the men whose company is so much duller than the most deadly solitude—those pests of humanity, whose discourse is divided between disquisitions on subjects that you know better than they do, and babbling about things that are not of the slightest interest to you or to anybody else on the face of the earth. Still worse, perhaps worst of all, let us hope to escape the tribe of questioners, those inquisitors, who, not having enough of intellect to lead conversation, nor enough of common sense to keep their mouths shut, persist in rattling off question after question, not caring whether they get an answer or not 'Tis a marvel that they do not learn that it is hardly possible to ask any question, that does not give irritation to the victim who is called upon to give an answer. Let me in passing give this much of my advice unasked. If you wish to make yourself agreeable in society, never ask a question. There is a golden rule. There may be an occasional exception, but the exceptions are few and far between. One is indeed the usual salutation of "How do you do?" and another is the great question that we have all to ask ere we can lead a bride to the altar. These are two, to which it would be difficult to add a third. No, we should never ask questions. What people wish us to know they tell us without being asked, and there is no use, but only vexation, in asking them for information which they would rather keep to themselves.

My companion on this occasion was not one of these sources of weariness. Decidedly an accomplished fellow this. I wonder why he has not got a church long ago. Can it be that he is undeserving of promotion because of his faults? Nay, that is not possible. He has been recommended for this parish by authorities whose rectitude is above suspicion. Or is it that he cannot preach? Many

there are whose education is complete, and whose character is all that can be required by the most rigid censor, and who yet fail at the critical point the power of impressing their hearers. That also is very unlikely. If he cannot preach, he certainly can speak well, with a voice melodious as a silver bell, and with an earnestness at times, that bespeaks the attention with a force not to be resisted. Somehow or other he seemed to open his mind to me, in a way that is perhaps unusual between acquaintances of a day, and before we turned homeward he had told me a good deal of his history. Does this seem incredible in the case of a Scotchman, one of the race that are so little disposed to wear their hearts upon their sleeves? No, there is nothing really remarkable in it. Again and again it has happened to most of us to meet with some one, whom, in the course of a few hours, we know as well almost as acquaintances of a lifetime, and to whom we are disposed to give more of our confidence than we give to others whom we have known all our days. And our circumstances, especially his, were of a nature to encourage him to speak out. Here he was, a stranger like myself indeed, but not like myself, free from the burden of any serious care. A candidate for a vacant church about to be placed upon the rack of a popular election, success beckoning to him with a fairy's smile, and failure hanging over him with wings like those of a raven. It was little wonder, then, that finding one who had some sympathy to spare (and what a quick instinct it is that teaches us where to find sympathy), he should have spoken to me as to a friend.

So he told me his story, a simple one enough, and common enough, too, no doubt. It did not begin with the well known formula of poor but honest parents. His relations were in good circumstances, in fact, he was himself, as he said, the poor relation among them. College days had brought distinction, and along with that distinction the promise of a useful and successful career. That promise was as yet unfulfilled, else, of course, he had not been here this day, and his adventures would not yet have been given

to the world. I could not help wishing that his visit to the valley of the Dove might have the result that he desired, and my wish was all the more ardent from the fact that he was, as he told me, engaged during his spare time in something like my own pursuit, namely, writing for the press, and strictly meditating the thankless muse.

Presently we heard footsteps drawing near on the gravel walk that led in from the high road. I feared a visit from that confounded fellow Jack Wood, who would have diverted the genial current of our souls into some frivolous channel of his own, with his waggery and nonsense. It was not so, however. Mr Smith, of Wiltshire, entered, accompanied by his charming daughter. The former began, in the frank, off-hand way that we find in Englishmen, to talk about the accident that had brought him there.

"Such a pleasant trip we were to have had, all round Skye and St Kilda," he said, apparently not quite sure about the relative positions of these two islands, "and here we are, broken down just when we were beginning to enjoy the sea air."

"Well, you could not have come to a more interesting place than this," quoth I, desirous of putting a good face upon matters, and letting him down easily. "I suppose you will only have to stay a few days after all."

"Oh, I think that ten days or so should put the propeller of the yacht to rights. Then we shall be off again, sha'n't we, Alice?" he continued, addressing the rosebud at his side.

"I think it is very nice to be here," said his daughter, uttering almost the first words that had fallen as yet in my hearing from her well-shaped mouth.

"I am glad you like it," I went on to say, "for I am always glad when strangers like my native land." Here, I am almost ashamed to tell it, but candour and historical veracity require me to do so, I quoted some well-known lines from Sir Walter Scott, about Caledonia stern and wild, &c.

"I don't think that Scotland is at all stern or wild," was her reply. Every place in Scotland is lovely, and the

people are all delightful. Our forefathers came from Roxburghshire, and we are all proud of our ancestry."

Mr Hope looked pleased at the tribute paid to his country, and I made a mental note of what I had had more than once noticed before, that English people who have Scotch blood in their veins value it very highly. The feeling probably arises from an inarticulate memory of the romance of former days, when the two counties were at war, and when the people of the North made such heroic struggles to preserve their liberty, like the Swiss about the same time.

"Yes, we mean to visit the old country before we return to England," continued Miss Smith. "I would like to see the Tweed and Abbotsford and Melrose."

Here Mr Hope joined in the conversation. "If you visit the Borders you will see one of the most romantic parts of our country. It was there that Thomas the Rhymer saw all visions of Fairyland, and that so many scenes that were not at all like Fairyland were enacted between Scots and English, when we were at war long ago."

At this point he went on to tell about the picturesque memories of feuds on the marches, and of early Scotch ballads about fair maids and valiant warriors, of raids and rivers, and deeds of incomparable valour, such as are preserved in so many old ballads, and told in so many pretty traditions. Miss Smith listened with breathless interest, and then said to her father, "We really must go to see all those places that Mr Hope speaks about."

"Ah," said the clergyman, smiling, "if you were to visit every place in Scotland that has a poetical interest, I do not think that you would ever return to England at all." Miss Smith looked at him intently with those deep liquid eyes of hers.

"It is time for us to return to the house at any rate," said her father. "The dew has begun to fall, and it will not do to stay any longer. Come, let us go."

We all rose and retraced our steps.

## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

## VII.

A.D. 432-795. THE EARLY RELIGION OF IRELAND.  
ST PATRICK. THE MONASTIC CHURCH.

THE most important event in the history of Ireland is undoubtedly the conversion of the people to Christianity. It would be interesting to know what the religion was which Christianity superseded, but Irish tradition and literature have been so completely modified by Christian influence, that it is not possible from them to construct any system of religion or mythology. Such systems have been constructed for the Irish, founded on the assumption that what is told to us by Caesar and other Roman writers of the system of mythology and philosophy which prevailed among the Gauls and Britons, applies also to Ireland; and we have theories that the accounts of the Firbolgs, the Tuatha de Danans, and the Fomorians are but transformed traditions of the wars of gods, and of conflicts between the powers of good and evil. If, however, we confine ourselves to Irish literature, we shall find evidence only of a mild and gentle worship of the powers of nature. We read much of Druids who opposed the early Christian missionaries, but they were mere magicians and soothsayers, whose Druidism consisted in the power to work miracles and to control the powers of nature. There was adoration of the elements, of which there are frequent notices. King Leogaire, who was reigning when St Patrick arrived in Ireland, is said to have sworn to the Leinster men by the sun, the moon, the winds, and the elements never again to invade their country, and, for violation of his oath, to have been killed by a flash of lightning. There was worship of fire, for we learn that the first controversy between St

Patrick and King Leogaire and his Druids arose in consequence of Patrick having lighted his Pascal fire in sight of Tara on a night when the king was celebrating some feast—probably Beltane, one of the observances of which was that every fire in Ireland should be extinguished, and not lighted again until the king's fire was lighted. We read frequently of idols, and of a principal idol, called Crom Cruach, said to have been set up in the central plain of Ireland ; of wells inhabited by good and evil spirits, and worshipped accordingly ; of demons ; and of fairies. The best evidence that the religion was not violent or blood-thirsty is the singular fact that there is no record of the martyrdom by the heathen Irish of any Christian missionary or saint ; and the nature of the old religion, and the manner in which it regarded the new, are well illustrated by the following account of an interview between St Patrick and two daughters of King Leogaire, which is said to be, if not authentic, at least very old :—Patrick and his companions were at a certain well early in the morning, when the two girls came to it to bathe. They were astonished at the appearance of the clerics, never having seen such men before, and asked who, and of what race, they were. Patrick replied that it were better for them to confess the true God than to inquire about their race ; and the eldest daughter then said—“ Who is God, and where is God, and of what is God? And where is His dwelling place? Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver? Is He ever-living? Is He beautiful? Have many fostered His son? Are His daughters dear and beautiful to the men of the world? Is He in heaven or on earth? In the sea? In the rivers? In the mountains? In the valleys? Tell us how He is seen, how He is loved, how He is found. Is He in youth or in age?” Patrick then explains to them who and what God is, and asks, “ Do you believe that the sin of your father and mother is taken away by baptism? Do you believe that there is repentance after sin? Do you believe that there is a life after death? Do you believe in

the resurrection ; in the day of judgment ? Do you believe in the unity of the Church ?” And all these questions being answered in the affirmative, St Patrick baptised the girls, and placed a white garment on their heads ; and they begged to see the face of Christ. Patrick administered the sacrament of Christ's body and blood, and the girls thereupon slept in death.

In the Irish annals the introduction of Christianity into Ireland is attributed to St Patrick, and his arrival in that country as a missionary is assigned to the year 432. The story is that, in 430, Pope Celestine sent Palladius to Ireland ; that he was not well received, and that, after building four wooden churches, in which he left priests and relics of Peter and Paul, he left Ireland, and died in the country of the Picts, on his return journey to Rome ; that, hearing of the failure of his mission, Celestine, in the following year, ordained Patrick, and sent him to Ireland, where he arrived the year after. No existing life of Patrick was written till about two hundred years after his death, and all the lives are full of myth and fable. And it is very singular that, while the mission of Palladius is mentioned by Prosper of Aquitaine, in his chronicle, written about 455, and therefore a contemporary authority, no mention is made of Patrick. In like manner, Bede, the Saxon historian, who lived from 673 to 735, and who must have been much in contact with both ecclesiastics and laymen who were educated in Ireland, while he mentions Palladius, says nothing of Patrick ; and on two memorable occasions in the history of the Irish Church, when Irish Churchmen were called on to defend their peculiar observances, and did so by an appeal to the fathers of their Church, they made no mention of St Patrick. These facts have led to a doubt whether Patrick was a real person, or, at least, whether he was a prominent father of Christianity in Ireland. On the other hand, however, he is mentioned by Adamnan in his life of St Columba, written about the year 700, as “ Patricius the Bishop,” and Cummain, an Irish

ecclesiastic, writing to Seigne, Abbot of Iona, on the subject of the Easter controversy in the year 634, talks of "St Patrick our Pope." There exist, too, two documents attributed to St Patrick, and believed by scholars to be genuine. One of these is a confession or account of his life by Patrick himself, a copy of which is preserved in the Book of Armagh, compiled about the year 807, and said in a note to be copied from the volume in Patrick's own hand; the other is an epistle from Patrick to a Welsh Prince called Coroticus, or to his subjects, demanding the release of certain Irish Christian converts whom he had made captive in a raid, and reduced to a condition of slavery. From these documents we learn that Patrick was an inhabitant of the British Province, that he was the son of Calpornius, a deacon and grandson of Potitus, a presbyter, that his father had a small farm near Bannavern, or Benavon of Tabernia (generally supposed to be Dumbarton), and that there Patrick was taken prisoner when a lad of 16, and carried to Ireland, where he remained a slave for six years, employed in the care of cattle. That when he was captured he was careless about religion, but that in his slavery he became very devout. That after six years he escaped, and returned to his country and his friends, and that afterwards he returned to Ireland as a missionary; that with some opposition, on account of some youthful sin, he was made a Bishop, and that he penetrated to all parts of Ireland, preaching the faith, and baptised many thousands. These documents are written in very rude Latin, and are much made up of quotations from Scripture, but they are confused and wandering, and are much what we might have expected from one of the "Men" of the last generation writing in English, but they certainly assert for Patrick a leading place in the conversion of Ireland to Christianity. The truth seems to be that Christianity had made some progress in Ireland before Patrick's time—indeed, Prosper says that Palladius was sent to the Scotese who believed—but that Patrick took a leading part in the conversion of the kings



and chieftains, and in procuring official recognition for the new religion ; that his fame was overshadowed for a time by that of the great founders of the Monastic Church, and that it was afterwards revived and exaggerated in connection with the controversies with Rome about the observance of Easter, the tonsure, and the other peculiarities of the Celtic Church. In connection with Patrick, we must mention with regret that the story of his giving to Ireland the shamrock as a national badge, by having used it to illustrate his argument in favour of the Trinity, is an entirely modern invention. It does not occur in any old life of Patrick, and the badge of Ireland has still to find a history.

There is no very clear evidence as to the form of Church government—as we should now say—which was established in Ireland by Patrick and the earlier missionaries. In a document called a Catalogue of the Orders of the Saints in Ireland, which was written not later than the middle of the eighth century, it was said that the first Order of Saints was in the time of Patrick ; that they were all bishops, learned and holy, and full of the Holy Ghost, 350 in number, founders of churches. That they had one head, Christ, and one leader, Patrick ; one tonsure from ear to ear ; one Easter, on the fourteenth moon after the vernal equinox. That what one excommunicated all excommunicated, and that they did not reject the services and society of women, because being founded on the Rock of Christ, they did not fear the blast of temptation. This Order is said to have existed until the reign of Tuathal Meylgarb, who reigned from 528 to 538. What is said about this Order is supposed to indicate a Church governed by Bishops, and a secular, as distinguished from a monastic, clergy, and probably a married clergy. In support of the first part of this supposition, is to be noted the fact that all the saints mentioned by the Four Masters during this period are, with the exception of one Abbot, said to have been bishops, whereas afterwards abbots predominate ; and in support of the second part of it is the fact that Patrick's

father and grandfather, the one a deacon and the other a priest, were married men. We know, however, that during the 200 years after the time of Patrick, when Ireland was, apparently, cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, a Church developed of a very distinct and very peculiar organisation, and of which, from Adamnan's life of St Columba, and other sources, we can form a very clear impression. It was modelled strictly on the tribal institution existing in the country at the time, and the mode of its propagation seems to have been as follows:—An apostle or saint got a grant of land from a tribal king or chief—generally, we may assume, the chief of his own tribe—on which he built a monastery, consisting of a church, a refectory, and huts for the monks (all built of wattle and clay), and collected around him a number of disciples and followers, who lived as celibates in the monastery in strict subjection to the Abbot, devoting themselves to the worship of God, the copying of the Scriptures, and education, and supporting themselves by the practice of agriculture and the care of cattle and other animals. From the establishment thus founded, missions were sent out to form other similar institutions, which, when formed, remained in subjection to the Abbot of the parent monastery; and the inhabitants of the parent and subordinate establishments formed an ecclesiastical tribe, a family, subject to the original founder and his successors. By the time of St Columba—521 to 597—Ireland seems to have been covered with such establishments, and the whole religious life of the nation was absorbed into the monastic system which they represented. St Columba is said to have founded 300 monasteries. Other saints were equally active, and many of the establishments were very large, some of them containing 3000 monks. The Abbot of each parent monastery continued supreme over his own and its subordinate monasteries, so that the Church, like the nation, consisted of an aggregation of tribes, but, unlike the nation, it had not, for a long time at least, even a nominal head. Ultimately the

Church of Armagh asserted a primacy over the other Churches of Ireland, but the claim does not appear to have been made until late in the period with which we are dealing, and until after the expiry of this period it was not acknowledged. The idea of a common Church did, however, exist, and was represented by Synods, of which frequent mention is made. The succession to the Abbacies was regulated by a modification of the tribal law. The succession went first to the tribe of the saint, that is, to a relative of the founder, if there was one in the brotherhood fit for the office; next to the tribe of the land, that is, to a member of the family of the chief who granted the land for the monastery. And next to certain officials of the monastery. Thus we find that a number of the earlier Abbots of Iona were of the same family as St Columba. This rule led ultimately to the decay of the Church, for it led to the appointment to Abbacies of men who were not priests, and who merely managed the temporal affairs of the monastery, and latterly, when the rules as to celibacy were relaxed, to the succession to the Abbacy being confined to the families of the Abbots. But these evils did not grow into prominence until very late in the period with which we are dealing.

The most distinctive feature of the Church thus formed, however, was that, while it preserved the three orders of clergy, and duly recognised and respected the order of Bishops, the Church was not ruled or governed by Bishops, and did not yield to them, as such, any ecclesiastical authority. The Abbot might, of course, be a Bishop, but he ruled because he was Abbot, and not because he was Bishop; and, generally, the Abbot was not a Bishop. St Columba and most of his great contemporaries and successors were merely priests, and the Bishops who were requisite for the performance of the rites of ordination, confirmation, and other Episcopal functions, resided in the monastery as simple monks, and subject to the ecclesiastical authority of the Presbyter Abbot. The Church had, however, other peculiarities, which attracted the attention and

the hostility of the Roman clergy, when the two Churches came in contact. The Irish clergy calculated the time for observing Easter on a different cycle from the Church of Rome, and this led frequently to Easter being observed at a different time, sometimes to the extent of a month, and this gave extraordinary offence to the Roman clergy. They also had a different form of tonsure, shaving the fore part of the head from ear to ear, instead of the crown only. They considered one Bishop sufficient for the ordination of a Bishop, and they had certain peculiarities in the performance of the rite of baptism.

This Church attained its highest development and its greatest vigour in the sixth and during the seventh century. It was during this time that it manifested that burst of missionary zeal, the particular instances of which we shall afterwards mention. In the middle of the seventh century it came in contact with the Church of Rome, and began to be troubled with disputes about the time for keeping Easter, the form of tonsure, and its other peculiarities, but it appears to have retained its separate national existence and independence during the whole of the period of which we are treating. There are evidences of increased life in the Episcopacy, and of Roman influence in many ways; but the Church retained its own succession of Bishops, whom it appointed, ordained, and consecrated without interference from Rome, until long after the close of this period.

#### VIII.

A.D. 432-795. STATE OF ANARCHY. THE RISE OF THE HYNIELS. THE BOROMEAN TRIBUTE. THE BATTLES OF MAGH RATH AND CULDREME.

THE annals now become more full, but we can hardly say more interesting. They record the names of kings, chiefs, and ecclesiastics with great minuteness, and from them there could no doubt be framed lists of the provincial kings and greater chiefs, the bishops and the abbots of the

principal churches and monasteries, as well as of the kings of Ireland. But, in the very great majority of cases these would be lists of names only, for in most cases the only event recorded of the persons mentioned is the death.

The main feature of the annals is that they present the history of a country in which a Christian Church grew up to great honour and influence, and nourished a clergy whose learning and sanctity were proverbial all over Europe, but in which there existed notwithstanding a continuous state of civil war. There is hardly a year in which there is not the record of a battle, or of the plundering and burning of some territory, or of the murder of some prince or great man; but of settled policy or purpose in these endless wars, or of any result from them, we see little evidence. The high kingship was evidently an object of desire, and it was frequently fought for. But on its attainment no king seems to have thought of doing more than of defending himself in his office against aspirants of his own race, and exacting his tributes from the provincial kings. There is no evidence of any effort to consolidate or increase the kingly power, or to establish any form of settled government, or any law of succession to the Crown, or even to prevent tribal and provincial wars. And no king during this time stands out above his fellows, or appears to have impressed himself on the imagination of his contemporaries, as did Cormac MacArt in an earlier, and Brian Boru in a later period.

One of the most noticeable facts is the establishment of the supremacy of the race of Heremon—the race who suppressed the revolt of the Aithech Tuatha, and who broke the power of the race of Ir in Ulster—and of the particular clan or family of that race, who are represented as the descendants of Nial of the nine hostages. That the powerful clans of the Hy Niel were all descendants of Nial is evidently a tribal fiction, for the race was powerful in the time of Nial's great-great-grandfather, but Nial became the eponymus. Early

in the period of which we are dealing, they established their supremacy in Ulster and Meath, and an exclusive claim to the High Kingship. Of the 37 kings who reigned during this time, all were descendants of Nial except one; and in his posterity the succession to the crown ultimately became settled in the families of his sons Connal Gulban and Eoghan, the progenitors of the Northern Hy Niels, who were dominant in Ulster, and Connal Creamthan, the progenitor of the Southern Hy Niels, who were dominant in Meath. We have examined the pedigrees of the kings with some care, with a view to ascertain whether there was any law regulating the succession among the different families, but there is no trace of any such law. The families displaced each other at very irregular intervals; only one monarch succeeded directly to his father, and one to a brother; several of the kings are said to have been killed by their successors, and in at least two other cases the monarch was killed in a contest about the succession.

One very fruitful source of war during this time was the Leinster tribute originally imposed by Tuathal the Legitimate, and some of the most bloody battles of the time were fought between the Leinster men and the High King in attempts, on the one part to resist payment of it, and on the other part to enforce it. Sometime before 692 St Moling is said to have procured from Fionnachta, the High King, a remission of it by a curious artifice. It seems that the Irish word for Monday means also the Day of Judgment, and Moling induced the King to promise that he would remit the tax until a time fixed by the use of this word—the king supposing that he was remitting it only till the next or some particular Monday, but Moling holding what the King had said as a promise to remit it till the Judgment Day. This saintly artifice did not do much good, however, for in 717 King Feargal reimposed the tribute, and in 733 King Aedh Allan fought a great battle with the Leinstermen in an attempt to enforce it, in which it is said that 9000 men were killed.

In many cases where the annals give merely the dry matter of fact mention of a battle, we have the means of filling in the details, and lighting up the story from historical tales, or, perhaps, we should call them, romances—but generally these give only accounts of the incidents of the battles and of the marvellous feats of individual heroes, and leave us little wiser than we were from the annals as to the purpose or objects of the battle or its results. We will take one case as an example, and we do this the more readily because, through the cloud of fable, we think we can discern in this battle one of the last efforts of the ancient race of Ulster to regain their old supremacy. The Annals of the Four Masters record that in 634 the battle of Magh-Rath was gained by Domnall, King of Ireland, over Congall Claen, King of Ulidia, and that Congall was slain, and the Ulidians and foreigners along with him. There exists, however, a tale in two parts, giving an account of the origin of the dispute and a description of the battle. From this tale we learn that Congall had been fostered by Domnall, that they were much attached to each other, and that while Congall was still residing in Domnall's house, the latter resolved to give a great feast to all the kings and chief men of Erin. The feast was designed to be an exceptionally great one, and great preparations were made for it in the way of the collection of provisions. Among other dainties, Domnall resolved that each guest should be served with a goose's egg on a silver dish. Accordingly, he commanded "his stewards and law-givers and the collectors of his rents and tributes" all over Ireland to collect eggs for the feast. In course of their search some of these emissaries came to the hermitage of Bishop Erc of Slaine, where they found a great quantity of eggs, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Bishop's attendant, they carried them off—for, as the tale remarks, "these people were plebeians in the shape of heroes." Erc was angry, and cursed the feast, and his curse took effect in this way. When the guests had eaten and drank well, a goose's egg on a silver dish was placed before

each, but to Congall, it appeared that he had before him a wooden dish and the egg of a red-feathered hen. He was grievously offended and left the feast in wrath, and by the advice of an uncle he resolved to make war on Domnall, and went to Dalriada, in Scotland, and to Wales to seek for allies. He returned with an army of Welsh allies, and with these and his own subjects he marched against Domnall, and the battle was fought. The different bands of warriors are minutely described in turgid language, of which this is a specimen. The men of the race of Conall Eoghan and the Orgiallas are described as "active, covetous, oppressive, furious, menacing, valoriferous, uprorious, exulting, brave, united, heroic, rapidly-fierce, lion-like, angry, grim, dog-like, slaughtering, vigilant," and so of some of the others, the adjectives being heaped together, because in Irish they begin with the same letter. The armies are brought together, and then commence a series of single combats, the heroes generally addressing each other before engaging; that there was no attempt at strategy or manœuvring is shown by the circumstance that Congall, to prevent his men from retreating, chained them together in pairs by their legs. The battle was long continued and fierce, the sky was obscured by a cloud of men's scalps and beards cut off in the conflict, and incredible feats of valour are performed by some of the heroes, especially by Congall. At last Congall was mortally wounded by an idiot who came into the fight by a sort of inspiration; but, with his entrails protruding, he still continued the combat, killing with his own hand several hundred chiefs and heroes, but was ultimately slain. Most of the Ulidians engaged in the battle were slain, and all the foreigners, except one druid, who escaped by flying through the air to his own country, with a dead man chained to him.

The one historic battle of this time, however, was that of Culdreme—historic, that is, in the sense that it became famous in consequence of its result, although that result



was an accidental, and not a natural or necessary consequence of the battle. This battle was fought in the year 555 between Diarmid, chief of the Southern Hy Niel, and High King of Ireland, on the one part, and the northern branch of the same race, aided by the King of Connaught, on the other part. The strife is said to have been instigated by St Columba, and the cause of it was two-fold. First, Columba had been residing with St Finian in one of his monasteries, and while there he made a copy either of the Gospels or of the Psalter, from a book which belonged to St Finian. When the copy was finished both saints claimed it, and the dispute was referred to Diarmid the King, who decided against Columba, saying that as the calf belongs to the cow, so the calf book or copy belongs to the original. Second, Columba had taken under his protection Curnan, a son of the King of Connaught, and Diarmid violated his protection and sanctuary, and carried off Curnan and put him to death. In revenge for these wrongs Columba is said to have instigated his clansmen, the Northern Hy Niels—he was grandson of Connal Gulban—and the King of Connaught to attack Diarmid, and the result was this famous battle, in which Diarmid was defeated and 3000 of his people slain; while on the other side, and owing to the prayers of St Columba, only one man was killed. Columba, who was present at the scene of the battle, is said to have chanted the following prayer during the combat :—

“ God, wilt thou not draw off the fog which envelopes  
our number ?

The host which proceeds round the cairns,  
He is the son of storm who betrays us ;  
My Druid—He will not refuse me—is the Son of God,  
And may he side with me !”

And we are told that the one man who was killed on St Columba's side was killed because he passed beyond the “ Erbhe Druadh.” The reference to the host passing round the cairns, and the mention of the “ Erbhe Druadh” (limit

or boundary of the Druid), seems to imply that Diarmid and his people were still Pagans, or, at all events, such imperfect Christians that they availed themselves of the assistance of Druids, and that the belief existed that Columba's prayers only protected his friends so long as they kept outside a certain space within which the Druids had power. If this is so, it is a curious instance of the survival of heathenism more than one hundred years after the commencement of Patrick's preaching, and of a belief on the part of St Columba in the power of Druids.

According to tradition, the book which was fought for became the possession of the northern Hy Niels, or O'Donnells, and was handed down in the family of the chief as a precious relic and cathae or battle charm, giving victory to the clan when it was carried three times round the host on the breast of a cleric free from mortal sin. This relic still exists, and has been placed in the custody of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin, and a *fac simile* of it has been published in the National Manuscripts of Ireland. The most momentous result of the battle, however, was that for his sin in bringing it about, St Columba was condemned, either by St Molaise, or by a Synod of clergy—for the accounts differ—to banishment from Ireland, and that in consequence he went to Iona, and commenced his missions to the Picts of Alba. Adamnan, in his life of St Columba, does not mention the sentence of exile, but he does incidentally connect the mission to Iona with the Battle of Culdreme. If such a sentence was pronounced, however, it did not continue long in force. Columba continued to rule all his monasteries in Ireland, and frequently visited them, and was once, at least, present at a great National Assembly, at which he exercised a powerful influence.

Of battles such as those we have mentioned the accounts might be multiplied, but we shall perhaps best represent the political condition of Ireland during this time by a summary. In the period of 363 years, with which we are

dealing, there reigned 37 kings, and of these 24 were killed in battle or murdered, and only 8 are recorded to have died natural deaths. And the Four Masters tell us that there were fought 190 great battles, in some of which as many as 3000 persons were killed; that 116 kings or great men were killed by violence otherwise than in battle—that is, murdered—and that there were 44 cases of marauding and plundering expeditions. The most melancholy feature of this record is however that, as we approach the close of the period, the disorder appears to increase, the number of battles becomes greater; we hear of armed strife between the members of different religious communities, and, in one case at least, we read of the plundering of a monastery by an Irish chief.

[T BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

## DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

## CHAPTER II.

Provost Dunbar's Deed of Mortification of the Hospital.—His Liberality to the Hospital Fund.—Hugh Robertson, Treasurer, 1683 to 1688.—Mode of Keeping Treasurer's Accounts.—Hugh Robertson's Charge Accounts.—His Discharge Accounts.—Docquet to them.—Report upon them.—Specimens of the items.—Amusing Entry.—James Maclean, Treasurer, 1688 to 1701—Provost Dunbar's Two Mortifications of 2000 Merks each.—First Deed.—Second Deed.—Bailie James Dunbar Custodier of these Funds.—Several Persons named James Dunbar Contemporaries.—Treasurer James Maclean's Accounts very unsatisfactory.—Docquet thereon.—Committee's Report.—Large Deficiency.—Unauthorised Payments.—Sole Right of dealing with Funds rests with Session.—Protest against the Report.—A healing Overture.—A Second Audit of his Accounts, which consist only of a list of Hospital Stock.—Deficiency somewhat smaller.—Some of the items.—Docquet.

**B**UT, over and above the entry in Provost Dunbar's accounts of his having mortified the Hospital with the ground right of the site, in order that his intentions might be perfectly clear, he executed the following deed, which is entered, and duly signed and witnessed, in the Hospital Account Book on the date thereof. It is also recorded in the Session minutes, 18th September, 1711, and runs as follows:—

At Invernes, the tenth day of Jany., jajvi C and fourscore and four years.—The said day, in presence of the Session fullie convened, Alex. Dunbar, late Provost of Invernes, having bought the ground right, and built on his own proper charges and expenses, ane Hospitall house for the use of the poor of the sd Burgh, and ane yard thereto belonging, and mortified and dedicat the same withall, mantiened and repared the Hospitall and yarde on his expensis till the tearme of Martinmas, jajvi C and fourscore and thrie ziers, for the use of the

poor, to be disposed off at the prudence of the said Session, and that this, his mortificatne, might be the more fullie confirmt and whollie given to the use forsaid, Desyred the Gift might be insert and registrat in the Session booke, after the manner following :—First. He mortifies and dedicates the Lower Rounge in the South end of the said Hospittal to be a Grammar Skoole ffor the use off the towne off Invernes ffer ever. Secondlie. He appynts the Weyhouse in the North end and the yarde (the rent thereof being at present ffourtietwa punds Scotts money), ffor upholding the whole ffabrick, and all the rounes above for the use of the poor, to be placed therin by the Session of Invernes ; and for the fordir Confirmatne heiroy he hath subscriybed thir prnts before the members of the Session, consisting of Magistrates, Ministers, and Elders throf, beffor witness, Wm. Duff, Thesurer off the burgh of Invernes ; James Dunbar, merchand thir ; and Robert Barbour, Dean of Gild off the said Burgh. Stor. hereof.

(Sgnd) A. DUNBAR.

(Sd.) ROBT. BARBOUR, *Witness.*

(Sd.) JA. DUNBAR, *Witness.*

(Sd.) WM. DUFF, *Witness.*

The signatures are evidently those of the parties themselves.

Provost Dunbar's liberality to the Hospital did not stop with the above handsome mortification. He gave two others, of 2000 merks each, as will be seen later on.

Bailie Hugh Robertson, his successor, was Treasurer from Whitsunday, 1683, to Whitsunday, 1688.

It should here be noted that the Treasurers of these early days did not keep distinct capital and revenue accounts. A Treasurer on entry took over as his charge whatever was handed to him by his predecessor, which consisted almost entirely of bonds or similar obligations, most of which had considerable accumulated arrears of unpaid interest. On demitting office, some Treasurers entered on their "Charge" side all the bonds then in their hands, all interest thereon up to date of their demission, including previous arrears, and all receipts, such as mortifications ; while others entered only the interest due as at the date of their entry to office. John Hepburne's and Provost Dunbar's accounts are made out on the former plan, Bailie Robertson's on the latter. In the first case a balance can be brought, in the latter the charge is only a memorandum. On the "Discharge" side they entered all bonds resting owing at the expiry of their office, together with all interest

due thereon up to that date, the amount expended on pensioners, and other disbursements, and, in the first case showed any balance.

The total of Hugh Robertson's "Charge," which is a recapitulation of what was made over to him by Provost Dunbar, with the addition of five years' rent for the weyhouse at £4 per annum, and four years' rent of the yard at £18 per annum (£192), is £11,456 06 4  
His "Discharge" shows all that came into his hands while in office, the bonds, &c., with annual rents received and due, and his disbursements, the total amount being £14,022 19 0

This is made up thus :—

Bonds, securities, &c., to be handed over ...	£13,056	1	4
Disbursements, being "money payd to the several bedmen, conform to ane particular acct. herewith given up and cleird, and that from Whits., 1683, to Whits., 1688"	966	17	8
	<hr/>		
	£14,022	19	0

This account has the following docquet appended :—

James Maclean, merchant in Invernes, his entrie as Thesr. to the Hospitall of the said Burgh was at Whitsunday, jajvi C eightie eight ziers and therefore his charge in bonds, precepts, acts of counsell, and other ways as is mentioin in the foresaid late Thesr., hls discharge is ... ..	£13,056	01	04
It. that Hew Robertson, late Thesr., has delivered in money ...	14	05	04
	<hr/>		
	£13,070	06	c8

The forsaid soume of thirtein thousrnd thriscore ten pounds six shillings eight pennies Scots moneys is the whole that the said James M'Lean is to be chargt with at next compting, and which we, the fornamed auditors, deliver as our report, and subscribes the same, at Invernes, the sevint August, jajvi C eightie eight yeirss. (Signed) J. M'LEAN.

(Sd.) G. Marshall. (Sd.) H. M'Kenzie. (Sd.) W. Robertson. (Sd.) J. Cuthbert, provost. (Sd.) W. Duff, baillie (Sd.) James Stewart, baillie. (Sd.) Ja. Dunbar, elder.

The report of Committee, and finding of Session graing a discharge, follows the accompt.

Among the bonds with arrears of interest mentioned in this account are—

Resting be William Baillie, sumtyme Thes, of			
Invernes, of prinll ... ..	£048	06	8
A. rent yrof from Wts. 58, to Wits. 88, is ... ..	087	0	0
			£135 06 8
Be the Magistrates of Invernes, be bond dated the			
7 July, 62, of prinll .. ..	160	00	0
A. rent yrof fr Wits. 62, to Wits. 88, is ... ..	250	0	0
			410 0 0
Another ditto of same date, prinll ... ..	066	13	4
A. rent yrof fr Wits. 62, to Wits. 88, is ... ..	104	00	0
			170 13 4
Another ditto, prinll ... ..	146	13	4
A. rent yrof fr Wits. 62, to Wits. 88 ... ..	228	16	6
			375 09 4

A goodly array of arrears indeed.

The following entry is amusing :—

After the booking of my account Chairge and Dischairge, I received from Captain M'Kenzie of Suddie the soume of foure hundreth marks Scots moneys, wt twentie-foure marke as ane yeire's a. rent yrof, qh. has necessitat me to mak ane blot in page eleven, in removing Captain M'Kenzie of Suddie ; and yrafter gave the forsaidd soume of foure hundreth marks to James M'Intosh, merchant in Invernes, car. for Alex. M'Intosh of Farr, prll, £266 13s 4d.

The "blot" is that Captain M'Kenzie's debt is scored out with crosses on page eleven.

So far, the accounts seem to have been well kept, though little pains was apparently taken to get payment of the interest of the money lent out on bonds.

Bailie M'Lean, the next Treasurer, held office from Whitsunday 1688, to Whitsunday 1701. It was during his term of office that Provost Alexander Dunbar made two mortifications of large amount, to the Hospital. He is therein styled as "of Barmuchatie," a place lying between Elgin and Lhanbryde. Both these deeds appear to have been of the same date—16th June, 1688—as is stated in a memorandum drawn up for the opinion of Counsel in connection with them in 1713, although in a deed quoted therein, the first of the Provost's deeds aftermentioned is described as dated 16th *July* in that year. But this must

be a mistake, as the second deed refers to the first in these terms—"And with the instructions mentioned in the former mortification, with this alteration." The memorandum also speaks of the second deed as "of the date of the former." On the other hand, in an inventory of papers connected with these mortifications, made in 1719, the one there first mentioned is the latter deed in the memorandum, and is described as dated 16th June, while the other (which is referred to as "the former"), is said to be dated 6th July. They are both said to be registered in the Burgh Court books on 18th September, 1688; but search has been made for the registers without success.

By the first deed (which, as already mentioned, is referred to in different documents as dated 16th June, 6th July, and 16th July, 1688), he mortified 2000 merks Scots to the Hospitall, for the benefit of such indigent deserving persons as should be called by Mr Gilbert Marshall, then minister at Inverness, or his successors, ministers there, and by James Barbour of Mullderg, and James Dunbar, bailie of Inverness, and their aires or representatives, the purposes being that the rents should be employed (1st) For building a stone dyke about the yaird of the Hospitall in conjunction with the other rents of the Hospitall and weigh-house kept yrin; and (2ndly) For maintaining the poor persons that should be called by the said Trustees, with a preference for any of the name of Dunbar.

By the other deed, which is dated 16th June, 1688 (the second mentioned in the memorandum of 1713), he, "for the glory of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and for the many blessings, both spiritual and temporal, bestowed by the Lord on me for His goodness only, and none of my deserving, mortified, *ad puram eleemosynam*, 2000 merks Scots money, for the use and behoof of eight poor, weak, old, and indigent persons, within the Burgh of Inverness only, that the yearly interest thereof might be divided among them towards their relief and helping of maintenance and clothing."



He further directed that part of said interest was to be spent in buying shoes, stockings, and some personal habiliments, to be divided among said eight poor persons in the winter and spring quarters of the year, and the remainder in buying meal for distribution between 1st July and 31st August yearly. The patrons or trustees named were Mr Hector Mackenzie and Mr Gilbert Marshall, ministers, and their successors, and five of the Session, the said Bailie Dunbar and his "aires" being one; but the said Bailie James Dunbar and his heirs for ever were to be, whether members of Session or not, custodiers and distributors of the fund, and *sine qua non* in every act of administration.

The Hospital, however, got very little, if any, good for many years from the Provost's liberality. Both the sums were deposited in the hands of Bailie James Dunbar, or James Roy Dunbar of Dalcross, as he is frequently designed, merchant in Inverness, who seems to have been resolved not only to be custodier of the funds, but to employ them in his own business without paying any interest thereon. He was probably the builder of the old house standing in Church Street, at the corner of the new street called Queensgate, having the initials J. D. and the date 1700, on pediments of two of the dormer windows.

The name James Dunbar is of frequent occurrence in connection with the Hospital at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, and it is evident that at least three of the same name were contemporaries. Among the deacons of the parish of Inverness in 1674 were James Dunbar, elder and younger. In 1679, James Dunbar, younger, merchant in Inverness, mortified to the Hospital £84 Scots. A Jas. Dunbar signs docquet relative to Provost Alex. Dunbar's accounts as Hospital Treasurer, 10th January, 1684, and witnesses his deed of mortification of the Hospital, 10th July in same year; and, with "elder" after his name, signs docquet appended to Hugh Robertson's accounts as Treasurer in August, 1688. These signatures appear to be those of the same person. He

was also a member of a Committee appointed to audit these accounts. Probably this was James Dunbar of Dalcross. A James Dunbar, one of the "elders," signs docquet to accounts of James Maclean, 1st July, 1701, and also docquet to Geo. Duncan's accounts, 5th August, 1706; and a James Dunbar signs report on James Thomson's accounts, 19th November, 1712. These three signatures again all appear to be in the same handwriting, and the writer was probably James Dunbar, who was himself Hospital Treasurer from Whitsunday, 1712, till Martinmas, 1719.

The members of a Committee appointed by Kirk Session to distribute the annual rents under Provost Dunbar's mortification to eight poor persons were "John Barbour, Dean of Gild; Mr Alex. Fraser, prt. baillie; James Dunbar and James Dunbar, elders; joined with James Dunbar of Dalcross, late Bailie, to be patrons to distribute," &c.

On the expiry of his office, Bailie Maclean gave up an account, which is a mere abstract, showing the same sum in his *Charge* and *Discharge*. The entry is as follows, and very brief, viz. :—

James Maclean, his accompt current to the Hospitall of Inverness.—*Dr.*

Received of prinll summes with a. rents from the severall Debitores to the Hospitall, as pr particular acct. herewith given, the summe of eight thousand, five hundred seventy-one pounds two shillings eight pennies Scots moneys, commencing from Whitsunday eighty-eight years, to Whitsunday, 1701, £8571 2s 8d.

Contra.—*Cr.*

Advanced per orders of Session to the poor, and money stocked out upon interest, as pr particular acct. herewith given in, the summe of eight thousand five hundred seventy-one pounds four (*si:*) shillings eight pennies Scots money, £8571 4s 8d.

The amount, however, handed to him as his charge in 1688 was £13,070 6s 8d. No details of the particular account referred to are entered in the old account book, and it is evident that there is something wrong with this account. Notwithstanding this, it has the subjoined docquet :—

That above soum of eight thousand five hundred seventie-one pounds four shillings eight pennies Scotts, Baillie Maclean, late Hospitall Thesurer, did

depurse conform to the instructions given in to the Comittie appointed by the Session for revising his account, and conform to the report given in to the Session, the nynteinth day of June last, is attested by

(Signed) WAL. ALLANE, Mod. *pro tempore*.

(Sd.) JA. DUNBAR, on of the Comittee. (Sd.) JOHN BARBOUR, Baillie.

(Sd.) GIO. DUNCAN, on of ye Comity. (Sd.) GEO. CUTHBERT.

(Sd.) HA. STUART, one the Comitty.

(Sd) JA. THOMSONE, one of the Comitty.

This docquet is somewhat astounding, for the Session minutes of the date above-mentioned contain a long entry relative to these accounts, with a report of the Committee upon them, from which it appears that there was a *deficiency* of principal stock to the amount of £4524 17s 8d Scots, "and this contrarie to the designe of all mortifications whatsomever." The Committee also find that considerable sums "had been given away by private orders from the Magistrates, and Mr Hector Mackenzie, the Episcopalian minister," the amount so paid being £1903 14s 0d Scots. It will be observed that the whole deficiency, probably including annual rents, was £4499 4s 0d. They also point out that "the sole right of dealing with the funds rested with the Session, and that the Magistrates had been joined to the legal eldership by Act of General Assembly, for visiting the North, 8th August, 1694, and when ministers of the present Establishment had been Moderators of the legal Session, with the same powers as if they had been settled ministers ; consequently, they cannot approve of the account as just, legal, and formal, and recommend remitting the whole matter to the Presbytery of Murray."

It should be explained that there was no "settled" minister in Inverness from 1691 till 1701 or 1702, except for part of the time, till about 1694, up to which time Mr Hector Mackenzie, an Episcopalian, was minister of the 1st Charge, and still officiating; the 2nd Charge was vacant; and the 3rd not yet founded. The Mr Walter Allane, who signed the docquet given above, was minister of Coldingham.

The Session was doubtless divided into two parties with reference to Bailie Maclean's accounts, for we find that on 23rd June, 1701, a protest was made against the above

report by the Provost and Magistrates, and sundry other elders, and complaint made that the report had been drawn up in absence of certain members of the Committee. After discussion, what was called a "healing overture" was made from a desire "to salve the Session's credit," and passed. A new Committee was appointed, and the accounts were passed on 1st July, 1701.

It is evident that on this occasion new accounts must have been submitted. Apparently the whole Session met as a Committee, viz., "Mr Walter Allane, as Moderator, with the Magistrates and remnant members of the Session, to take from James Maclean, late Thesaurer, an accompt of the Hospital Debt of Inverness from his commencement, being from Whits, 1688, to Whits. 1701, as also an accompt of what money was uplifted and depursed of the said stock by the said James, as pr. his particular acct. given in, and which may be seen by his currant acct. on the other side; soe that, the same being made clear by way of Debtor and Creditor, ther follows now what is resting to the Hospitall of Inverness, it being the Insueing Thesaurer, his Charge." No "partieular account" is forthcoming, and the one given is merely an account of the Hospital stock—what is resting owing to it. The amount, however, is no less than £11,823 10s 2d, far in excess of that in the one first rendered. It consists of a list of bonds and obligations, with accumulated annual rents due to the Hospital. The first item may probably not have been included in the former account, or only small portions of it. It is

Resting be the Magistrates and Town Counsell off Inverness be their sev.eral Acts of Counsell and obligationes, borrowed at several times, the principall summe of £1541 1s 0d Scots money, with £1648 5s 8d of a. rents, making in all the summe of £3189 6s 8d Scots money, in wch yr is included a debt of £333 6s 8d, and £72 10s 0d of a. rent, resting by Thomas Fraser of Erchite, and John Cuthbert, merch., Caur., which is in compensation of ane debt resting be the town to the deceist David Cuthbert, sometime Town-Clerk; the former Acts and obligationes are retired, and a new Act of Counsell granted for all, bearing interest from 1701.

Among the other debtors for various amounts are the Laird of Mackintosh; Sir Alex. Mackenzie, Comissary; Mr

David Polson of Kinmylies ; Mr George Cuthbert of Castlehill ; Mr Rorie Mackenzie of Kinchalladrum ; Mr David Cuthbert of Ardniersier ; Alex. Dunbar, merchant in Inverness ; Mr John Cuthbert in Alterlies ; Mr Alex. Mackintosh of Farr ; Mr James Barbour, merchant in Inverness ; Mr Wm. Robertson of Inches ; Mr John Cuthbert, sometime of Drakies ; and there was "resting be the Weyhouse rent and hospital yaird £40 os od Scots." Mr Rorie Mackenzie's bond was for £1000, and the a. rent due £757, his cautioners were Robt. Barbour, and James Macleane, merchant in Inverness. A James Macleane is also one of the cautioners for Wm. Cuming's bond for £200, with £182 10s of annual rent ; and James Macleane is debtor for the principal sum of £150, with annual rent due of £136 17s 6d. There is no mention of the two bonds for 2000 merks each, mortified by Provost Dunbar. This amended account has the following docquet :—

The heall obligations and oyr instructions contained in the above, and the preceding pages of Baillie Macleane, late Hospitall Thesaurer, his discharge, amounting to the soum of eleven thousand eight hundred twenty-three pounds ten shillings two pennies Scots of principll, and a. rents, are at the date hereof given in by the said Baillie Macleane, his friends to George Duncan, Thesaurer, his successor, present Hospitall Thesaurer, for his charge, in presence of Mr Walter Allan, miur of Coldingham, Moderatour of the Session, the Magistrates of Inverness, the heall members then present, upon the first day of Jully, seventeen hundred and one years, and subsd. by

(Sd.) WAL. ALLANE, Mod. *pro tempore*.

(Sd.) G. DUNCAN.

(Sd.) WM. DUFF, Provost.

(Sd.) JA. DUNBAR, one of the elders.

(Sd.) JHON BARBOUR, Bailie.

(Sd.) HA. STUART, one of the elders.

(Sd.) JO. MACKINTOSH, bailie.

(Sd.) ALEXR. BISHOP, Sessn Clerk

(Sd.) WM. DUFF.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## PART V.



HAVE made casual mention of Mr Frank Jolly's spiritual overseer — the parish minister. He lived

at a considerable distance, and visited the village but seldom. But there were circumstances connected with his first visit to Mr Jolly which may be worth narrating. I will begin by briefly sketching the rev. gentleman's character. He was one whose virtues were strictly orthodox. They shone with a steady radiance. No wild bursts of enthusiastic godness counterbalanced corresponding defects. His life was pure and blameless; his character irreproachable; an enemy could not have gainsayed his integrity. A wise teacher, a father of his people, and a great Churchman he possessed all those virtues which can illumine a tomb

stone, and lead us to compare a present incumbent unfavourably with his predecessors. But our very virtues are apt, if not carefully watched, to run to excess, and undo



us ; and, soundly sensible as he was, those of the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy had invested him with a certain dignity and reputation, which prevented him from being altogether in touch with the lower ranks of society. Yet from the eminence of the pulpit, or the seclusion of his study, no one could display with more convincing power the

perfectly equalising tendency of Christianity. I have heard him speak on the subject myself. He was not of that order of preachers whom all must esteem, whose eyes flash, whose voices tremble, whose very frames vibrate with the fervour of their convictions, and who convulsively grasp and lash their pulpits, as if they felt urged to proceed even to physical violence, in order to rouse the apathetic souls of the obdurate sinners who complaisantly regard them from below. No ; he was quite of another type. Upright and unemotional, with no more violent gesture than a warning forefinger shaken at times, he gave forth, in a full, round voice, modulated only by the rules of Quintillian, his well-digested thesis. He appealed only to the reason, and to it his discourses brought conviction, for their logic was unassailable. When he spoke of corruptible dross, and the futility of riches, even Robert Ingotsgold himself, who rented the shootings of Glengolly, would fall back luxuriously on his cushions, and, sighing, confess that to be wealthy was no very great benefit after all.

On the occasion I heard him preach, his discourse was upon society and friendship, and, so far as I recollect, the

following were the lines upon which he proceeded—He asked his hearers to consider, “For what should a man be honoured, and for what should they extend to him the right hand of fellowship?” Let them attentively consider it, for it had been said, and truly, “That by a man’s companions so might one know the man himself.” It was not for his exterior; not for that beauty of person which nature had distributed so capriciously; nor for those trappings and decorations with which chance and the world had invested him; no, nor even for learning and polish, which, after all, were but the products of adventitious circumstances. These were things which the least worthy might have, and the more talented obtain only to misuse. So, the pride of birth and the opulence of fortune must be credited to none—for the first they could not help, and the second was a dishonour to retain. One was, at most, but a sentimental conceit; and the other, the necessities of the many directed to the self-indulgence of one. Decked in the tawdry fripperies of the world, one but tripped from the right path. No, the true gauge of esteem was to be found in a man’s principles, and, above all, in his actions. True brotherhood must be a brotherhood of heart and spirit—a mutual and just admiration of things noble and pure. One should seek as friends not merely those distinguished by position and fortune, but those who, whatever their station, high or low, rich or poor, cherished souls sedulously bent on virtue. Those whose aims were all for the right, and who held their course undeviatingly, guided by that star which shone for them in the East, distant, yet distinct, and whose heavenly beams were reflected with a glorious radiance from their own pure spirits. These a man should seek, and to their company he should join himself, so that, through communion with their high motives and noble aspirations, he might refresh and invigorate his own. Such beings there were—too few, alas!—but yet they might be found; and where? Most, perhaps, among those whom a purse-proud world was apt to slight. Most, perhaps, among



the poor. Let them judge the present by the past, and they would find that the grandest examples of self-denying love were to be found by the sea shore, in the fisher's hut, on the croft, in the carpenter's shop—in places where poverty and want taught their lesson of sympathy, and his own sorrows led man to feel for his fellows; where cheerless unrelieved gloom left nothing to be hoped for here, but led the wretched and oppressed to look forward to that bright promise of an after time, when each would stand with an equal chance, and obscure worth would receive the honour denied to it in this life. Then would *they* arise and shine, who, beset by all the evils of the world, had sacrificed the body to preserve the soul, and who, tried to the uttermost, yet victorious, soaring on triumphant pinions, would attain those happy seats, granted only to inviolable constancy!

These and other glowing truths, redolent of large-hearted humanity, he would expatiate upon, in terms which I regret that a mind more prone to note things trifling and unprofitable, has prevented me from retaining, and which, though I can yet catch the echo of their sonorous cadences, I should but mar if I attempted to recall. Few forgot his Sunday discourses before Tuesday; some remembered them until Friday. I wish more had acted up to them. To hear him, who could but imagine that the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy was one of those clear-sighted souls, who regarded the character through its earthly tabernacle, and, despising convention, with philosophic serenity, went arm in arm with all classes alike—the friend of the cot, as of the castle. Yet, so it happened—accidentally, no doubt, a mere freak of chance, as it were—the friends and associates of the rev. gentleman himself were always drawn from the so-called politer classes of society. The manse was oft-times the resort during the winter months, of the wit and beauty of the island. I was never there myself, but I believe the cooking was excellent, the claret choice, and the “Glenlivet” would have roused even the sated palate of

a "Talisker." The host, at the same time, was a cultured gentleman. Excess would not have ventured near his dwelling. The evening passed away in music, song, and a brilliant interchange of thought. All was happy and unrestrained. The courtly gentleman smiled condescendingly on his guests, and even at times flattered the ladies by indulging in some decorous sally; but more frequently he sat apart, and over the smoking and redolent rummer—judiciously partaken of—discussed with the grave seniors the question "of the firm hold the Church of Scotland has on the poorer classes in the Highlands, and how thoroughly her ministers are in touch with the people." This would, at first, be strongly opposed by some accidental Free Churchman, whose susceptibilities had been wounded by the words, "Fiars prices;" but even he would at length yield, under the genial influence of the punch, and a well-spread supper would serenely close an exemplary evening.

Good, and what of all this? Nothing, save only that, I fear, no one ever sat at that board who could the better appreciate its dainties through having his appetite whetted by a previous month's regime of "dulce and tangles picked up on the sea-shore." Visitors of that class came unasked, or never came at all. Probably they were a very bad lot, and the souls of none among them reflected "the light that shone from afar," for their mundane parts were never to be found seated at Mr Wellworthy's table. I am not insinuating anything. I am not stating that this worthy gentleman's actions were not quite up to his tenets. I make no comment whatever. I merely wish to point out the curious fact that he was never quite at ease in the company of the poorer or lower orders. Their presence and society seemed to embarrass him. They could not always rise to the level of his thought, and he could scarce be expected to lower himself to theirs. Their needs were too often of a strictly practical nature, while such matters as "Church reconstruction" and "Confutation of Papistry" did not claim their sympathy. One also needed to be guarded in the use of

phrases, such as, "hunger for good" and "poverty of spirit," as they were apt to evoke unpleasant thoughts on other subjects. Those of unequal rank can only be friends when the higher unbends to the lower ; this he did not do. Not, of course, from a fear of forfeiting that respect with which ignorance invests the unknown, but rather, I presume, because his whole thoughts were so constantly turned to the contemplation of celestial things, that unless his stipend became overdue, or some one used wicked words in his presence, from which he could not run away, they never descended to worldly matters at all. When he did call on the more lowly of his flock, it was rather as a conscientious divine performing his duty than as a sympathetic friend and adviser. He was to them, not the open warm-hearted *man*, ready to enter into their joys and to share their sorrows, but he was "the minister"—that stately being who haunts northern parishes, draped in the colours of the grave, whose approach stills the sound of mirth, and whose presence to the vulgar usually brings with it uneasiness and restraint.

To act quite justly to all is not an easy matter. Sentiment is one thing, and to combine it with practical everyday life another ; and perhaps it might cost even you yourself a slight effort to leave Sir Hector's side in order to help a poor old widow woman up a hill with a clothes' basket.

Some men, however, not only use fine phrases, but act up to them, and I have no doubt you will heartily join with me in saying that the conduct of the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy was in this respect very—very different from that of the average Highland minister of the present day ?

The character of Mr Frank Jolly was to some degree the reverse of that of his superior. He was no saint—far from it—but, beneath the superficial inequalities of chance, he recognised the great fact of all men being brethren, and he thought it no loss of dignity to eat and drink, within due bounds, with publicans and sinners

—even though poor. Perhaps a certain kinship had something to do with this ; but at least he knew his parishioners intimately, and, if he did not materially assist them for the next world, no one was readier to do what he could for them in this. Some pastors, unfortunately, assist us for neither. Their characters being thus somewhat different, and Mr Jolly being willing to be friends with all, especially such as, being in authority, might advance his interests, it was only to be expected that he looked forward with considerable anxiety to his first meeting with his superior. That event occurred in this way.

Among those who had been slow to accept the advances of Mr Jolly was old "Talisker." Yet even he at length became softened ; and, from a gruff "Good day," had come to indulge in a short chat with the probationer, till finally, one afternoon, that gentleman enticed him into his sitting-room, and proceeded to treat him to a cigar and a glass of his favourite beverage, as a full and perfect pledge of friendship. The bestowal of the spirit he justified to us by the plea that the wine was old, and the bottle to receive it both capacious and well seasoned. "He will go below no sooner for all he gets from me," he added. Nemesis, however, was at hand.

While they were seated thus together, and old "Talisker," unbending, was beginning to forget the company he was in, and produce some of his broadest stories, Macintyre entered, and announced that the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy had arrived at the Inn, and might be expected shortly. These tidings instantly threw Mr Jolly into a state of great alarm, for his present company and occupation were not calculated to produce a very favourable impression on his expected visitor. To have "Talisker" detailing his Bacchanalian and other exploits to his august senior—the thought was not to be borne ; so he must at once be got rid of. But how ? The gentleman was reclining in a chair, smoking like a volcano, and evidently liable to no upheaval for an hour or so. Mr Jolly was

never discourteous, but his tact did not fail him, so, excusing himself, he straightway set off in search of M'Caskill, that he might come and carry off his now undesirable guest. While he was gone, however, the Rev. Mr Wellworthy arrived, who, when Macintyre went to the door, asked him if he were Mr Jolly, or if the latter was inside. Macintyre was about to reply that Mr Jolly was out, when suddenly one of those inspired flashes of impudence, which visit us at times, came upon him, and he answered that he believed Mr Jolly was in his room, and that he would show Mr Wellworthy the way! So saying, he marshalled him to the door, allowed him to enter, at the same time announcing the visitor in a loud voice. That done, he hastily closed the door, and bolted in a most unprofessional and undignified way.

A little later, I met Mr Wellworthy on his way back to the Inn, and was surprised to see that he was flushed, heated, disordered, and, for a man of his years and dignity, evidently in a great state of excitement and indignation. What had happened I can record only as it was to be afterwards gathered from the indignant comments of the parties concerned.

It appears that the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy entered the parlour, impressed with the idea that he was about to meet Mr Frank Jolly. The room was obscure, and "Talis-ker" being shrouded in smoke, there was nothing at first sight to dispel his delusion, though the attitude and occupation of that gentlemen, who had a tumbler at his elbow, were not such as he quite expected or approved.

"I am Mr Magnus Wellworthy, minister of this parish," he began, with quiet dignity, "and you, I presume, are Mr Jolly, who is in charge here?"

"Find yersel a seat," said the person addressed, from behind his cloud, and without moving, "Tak a seat, an' mak yersel at home. Ay, I'm in chaarge here, an' as jolly as ye're likely tae meet. Help yersel, if thae young deevils hae left onything in the bottle."

Somewhat taken aback by his reception, and the freedom used, Mr Wellworthy sat down, and made a few unimportant remarks. Till, his amazement deepening, as "Talisker's" lineaments began to force themselves upon him, he stammered, "I indeed—I imagined—I understood, that is, by letter, the impression was conveyed to me that you were a younger man."

"Doom ye," said the supposed incumbent huskily, "what concern is that o' yeers? I'm as good a man as ye!"

"No doubt, no doubt," interposed the other hastily; "men are sometimes called to the ministry late in life. May I ask if you have been licensed long?"

"Licensed! Doom ye," said the *quoad sacra*, "what for? The Mutchkin is enough for me. It has been there the last twenty-five years, and supplies me weel enough. Thae hae talked o' opposition, but M'Dougal is no a bad deevil, tho' he cuts us short at times. Ye wouldna be thinking o' starting a public hoos here, wull ye?"

"I? No, certainly not!" said Mr Wellworthy in amazement. "Why, surely, sir, you must have been drinking?"

"Not so mootch o' that either," said the *locum tenens*, with genial frankness, helping himself to another glass, "I nae doobt exceed masel at times; but I'm far frae droonk noo."

"What!" gasped Mr Wellworthy; while "Talisker" continued—"Dinna rise noo, but pass the bottle, and fill yere tumbler. Wi' a' I've had, I'll warrant yere fu' afore me. We'll mak an afternoon o't, for deil kens where that black-coated flea in a blanket has skipped away till."

"Sir!" said Mr Wellworthy sternly, and flushed with indignation, "I never drink at this hour of the day, nor ever to excess. And let me tell you, sir"—

"Ha, ha!" interrupted the incumbent, "that's a good un. Why, ye doomed scarlet-nosed rascal, yere verra face shows hoo ye tak off yere bottle at times. Never fear, man, even if ye tak' a drop ower much, none here will think the waur o' ye for it!"

“Sir!” cried Mr Wellworthy, the exemplary Churchman, “this is beyond endurance. What body of men ever sent you here passes my comprehension. A man hoary and unrepentant, your language and conduct are a degradation and scandal, calculated to bring our whole body into contempt. Had I known this sooner it would have been rectified; but, believe me, I will not rest till I have you removed from a position of which your occupation is a pollution. Never before have I known such a foul and flagrant stain upon the fair annals of the Church of Scotland.”

It was “Talisker’s” turn to be surprised. He had but half understood the drift of Mr Wellworthy’s last speech, but his attitude and gestures were not to be mistaken. “He raved like a devil, and called me a’ the doomed names he could lay his tongue to,” he explained to us afterwards; “but I gave it him back.” It seems he did, for no sooner had Mr Wellworthy ceased, than the hitherto placable incumbent, fired with resentment, rose from his seat, and, blowing aside the cloud in which he had hitherto been enveloped, appeared to that gentleman in all his terrors. Then, in tones which did not conceal themselves from the outside world, he proceeded to tell his reverend visitor, “that he was a doomed, sober, unsociable, sour-faced, paunch-belly, who would neither get drunk, nor be agreeable,” and finished by treating him to a round of curses that would have done credit to an Australian bullock driver. From this storm of fire and brimstone, the Rev. Mangus Wellworthy fled in a paroxysm of horror, amazement, and indignation.

Still confounded by the scene he had witnessed, the first person he met at the Inn was our worthy friend, Mr Bowler, whom he knew in connection with Church matters. Him he briefly greeted, and then proceeded to seek some explanation regarding the awful state of ecclesiastical affairs in the village. “What atrocious reprobate,

by way of a preacher, is this you have been saddled with, Mr Bowler?" he said. "Surely some one might have informed me of this before. He is a perfect scandal."

"Ay, nae doot," said Bowler, who happened to be in an unusually amiable mood, "His conduc' is no just atigither what it ought to be."

"Not altogether!" echoed the other, to whom the expression seemed mild. "Not altogether! why it is disgraceful! intolerable! I would not have believed it had I not heard and seen myself. Surely you could not have failed to notice it?"

"Me? Often, often!" said Bowler.

"Why," continued the other, reddening at the thought, "I called on him a few minutes ago, and the like of his language I never heard before. Something seemed to irritate him, for he began to swear in the most awful way, and kept it up till I was out of hearing."

"A can weel believe he is capable o' that too," said Bowler.

"Yes," said Mr Wellworthy, "and he was more than half intoxicated, and was drinking himself drunk, and wished me to sit down, and do the some."

"An' did ye?" queried Bowler.

"No, sir!" said Mr Magnus loudly.

"A always thocht he drank on the sly," remarked Bowler. "He could describe it ower weel no to be gien ta't himsel. Had he nae girls in wi' him?"

"What!" exclaimed the Rev. Magnus Wellworthy.

"It's a wunner, then," said Bowler, "for he's clean wud ower half-a-dozen impudent hizzies in the place. He's always ta'c be seen rinnin' about after some o' them. There's rare carryings on wi' them at times. A saw them ae day on the sea-shore"— But Mr Wellworthy had heard enough, and, closing his virtuous ears, he rushed off to get his chariot harnessed.

Mr Bowler, disappointed of his recital of his pastor's misdeeds, started off to call upon him, much, I fear, in the



devout hope that he would find him in a comatose state beneath his study table. Instead, he encountered "Talis-ker," who, believing it to be his late opponent returned, treated him to such a terrific broadside, that he sheered off even quicker than he had come.

Mr Frank Jolly was clever. He had tact, and was eminently skilful at setting people at their ease; but he certainly needed all these qualities to the full that day, when he came to explain to his vicar the treatment he had experienced at his house. Macintyre also came to apologise for the *mistake* he had made; but, despite all, the worthy pastor had received such a shock, and was so confused by what he had heard, that he appeared heartily relieved that day when he drove away, and left the village behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAST YEAR'S PROGRESS IN CELTIC  
LITERATURE AND STUDY.

ALTHOUGH no epoch-making work on Celtic literature or antiquities has appeared during 1891, yet in no previous year has so much Celtic work—and that, too, of excellent quality—been produced. Several works of first-class importance have appeared; among them we may mention the two volumes of “Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,” “Rhys’ Studies in the Arthurian Legend,” and Professor Zimmer’s third “Keltische Beiträge,” where he discusses the origin of the Fionn-Ossian Saga. We shall here discuss rapidly the various works in their various departments of literature, history, antiquities, mythology, folklore, and philology.

In pure literature, the year presents the poorest record of all. Still, there are one or two good books to mention. First, there is Mrs Macpherson’s book of Gaelic Poems—*Dam agus orain*—which has had an excellent reception, but no more than it deserved. An ill-conditioned controversy on the spelling of the work appeared in the “Oban Times,” but it served only to establish the general excellence of Mr Whyte’s orthography, and the crying need there is for a work, great or small, dealing with Gaelic grammar from a philological standpoint. Two Gaelic Societies presented their Transactions during the year; the Gaelic Society of Inverness issued its 16th volume, and the Gaelic Society of Glasgow its 1st volume. Both volumes are good; the numerous papers, lectures, and documents contained in these books reflect all the phases of Gaelic matters, and they make pleasing and instructive reading. The Rev. Mr Maclean Sinclair’s “Gaelic Bards from 1411 to 1715” reached us too late to notice in our last year’s report of

progress. Mr Sinclair deserves well of every Gael for this series of books of unpublished poetry, and we hope he may be able to continue it. The Newspapers conducted within the Highland line show a fair amount of Gaelic matter, though we must confess that we should like to see more of it. Of periodicals devoted to Gaelic or Celtic matters, we are glad to see that the "Gaelic Journal" still flourishes, and, passing over the vigorous periodical literature of Wales, we find that the "Revue Celtique" shows greater energy and interest than ever.

As regards history, we shall again begin locally, and note that Mr Alexander Mackenzie has added yet another to his many Clan Histories. This time it is the "History of the Chisholms," which, though smaller in bulk than his former volumes, has been considered by the critics a work of higher quality. Dr Macdonald's work, entitled "Burghead as the Site of an Early Christian Church," was noticed by us in our August number. Mr James Macdonald, Huntly, has produced a work of prime importance in topography and history called the "Place Names of Strathbogie." His historical notes are admirable, and his derivations are very judicious and successful. The "Scottish Review" in its October number had an article dealing with "Gaelic Historical Songs," which was excellent in its information and research, though perhaps not quite so sympathetic with Gaelic poetry, which is, after all, *folk*, and not *learned*, poetry, as we could wish. The same Review had during the year the last three articles of Professor Rhys on the "Early Ethnology of the British Isles," which are now published in book form in a limited number, as noted in our November number. M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, editor of the "Revue Celtique," followed Prof. Rhys with a criticism—short, but to the point—of his several lectures. These criticisms were generally adverse, and we have ourselves pointed out now and again the flaws in the Professor's argument. For instance, Prof. Rhys asserts, as does also Dr Skene, that Ulster was Pictish; if Pictish, accord-

ing to Prof. Rhys, it must also be non-Celtic. Yet the very name of Ulster, in Gaelic *Ulaid*, is common in Gaul both Cisalpine and Transalpine, appearing as Ulatos or Ulattius. The opposing theory of the ethnology of the Picts has just been summarily given in "Chambers' Encyclopædia" by one of the editors of the "Highland Monthly." In the domain of pure antiquities we welcome the re-appearance, after fifty-three years, in a second and improved edition, of the veteran W. Wakeman's Manual of the "Antiquities of Ireland." It is an admirable summary of all that has been done in the antiquarian way in Ireland for the last century, and Mr Wakeman may say with Æneas—*quorum magna pars fui*. The famous Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland, with its excellent series of volumes, is now called the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, and its "Journal" is as excellent as ever. The "Archæologia Cambrensis, and the "Cymmrodor" do for Wales what the above "Journal" and the Proceedings of the Royal Academy do for Ireland.

It is in the department of the mythic and heroic literature of the Celts that the liveliest "times" have been. Professor Zimmer has thrown a tremendous bombshell into this whole department of Celtic literature. He has proved—to his own satisfaction—that the *Feinne* and *Fionn* himself were all Norsemen masquerading as Gaels! Their very names are Teutonic; the *Feinne* are the Norse *fjandi* or "enemies" (sic!). *Fionn* is Ketill the *White* (9th century), Ossian is merely *Oswine*, whose name appears as that of a Northumbrian Angle in the 8th century, and Oscar is a modification of the Norse *Asgeirr*. Though extremely perverse, Prof. Zimmer's work is very suggestive. Mr Nutt has given a summary of the Professor's views in the "Academy" (February 14th), and in the introduction to the third volume of the "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," Dr Whitley Stokes and M. D'Arbois de Jubainville have impugned the Professor's derivations and facts, and there is a lively literary dispute in progress. Prof. Zimmer has also maintained that the Arthurian legends are of Continental

Celtic origin, and he points to Brittany as their home. Prof. Rhys has issued his "Studies in the Arthurian Legend," where their Welsh origin is practically taken for granted. Mr Nutt also maintains their Welsh origin, or more widely their Celtic origin. On Gaelic ground, we find that Prof. Mackinnon has also thrown not a little bomb-shell before the patriotic Gael in his article upon *Ossian* in "Chambers' Encyclopædia." Here the Professor abandons the authenticity of Macpherson's work, while acknowledging the man's genius and his services to Celtic literature.

There is much progress to record in the field of folklore. Mr Gardner has finished the third volume of his re-issue of Campbell's "West Highland Tales." The third and fourth volumes of the "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" appeared within a month of one another last summer. The first is by Mr Macdougall of Duror, and consists of Gaelic folk tales, with translations and copious notes; the second is by the late Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tirce, and consists of prose accounts of the Fians, with interspersed tales in Gaelic and English. Mr Nutt has further laid the Celtic world under a deep debt of obligation to him by publishing a volume of "Celtic Fairy Tales," under the able editorship of Mr Jacobs. He is, moreover, the publisher of Dr Douglas Hyde's "Fireside Tales," a collection of Irish Gaelic stories, like those in the "Waifs and Strays" already mentioned. They prove the practical identity of Irish and Gaelic folk stories. Nor must we omit to mention Mr Moore's able little book on the "Folklore of the Isle of Man." Professor Rhys has written on the same subject in the Quarterly called "Folklore," and he has further had an interesting article on Welsh Fairy Tales in the "Nineteenth Century." In the "Revue Celtique" for January, the editor, with all the lucidity of a French scientist, gave a French rendering of an article by Professor Windisch, which, *inter alia*, dealt with the old Irish incantations found in the St Gall MSS. These old Irish charms have a distinct family resemblance to those which we laid before our readers in the summer and autumn of the year.

Philology is undoubtedly the subject where the greatest activity exists in matters Celtic, but comparatively little is the work of native scholars. Dr Whitley Stokes has contributed much to various periodicals and transactions of learned Societies during the year. In the "Philological Society's Transactions," he published his treatise on the "Metrical Glosses of the Mediæval Irish" reviewed in our last number. Dr Stokes has also contributed to the "Revue Celtique" largely, and to "Kuhn's Zeitschrift." Conjointly with Professor Windisch, he has issued a third series of "Irische Texte," where tales and translations are given of the early Irish literature. Holder's "Old Celtic Thesaurus" is at last under way; the first part containing the whole of the letter *a* appeared half a year ago. The work brings together all the old Celtic words found in ancient authors and on inscriptions, whether of money or of statues, stones, or pottery. Professor Ascoli has issued a further number of his old Irish "Glossarium," containing the letters *l* and *r*. Fick is issuing the fourth edition of his famous dictionary of the Indo-Germanic Languages; the first part has appeared, and fair attention is given to Celtic. The special section in the Celtic languages is to be done by Dr Whitley Stokes. De Jabainville has published a fifth volume of his "Cours de Literature Celtique," which contains translations by various hands from old Celtic texts. He has further written a work on the "Gaulish Names in Cæsar and Hirtius's De Bello Gallico." Professor Zimmer continues his various studies and reviews on Celtic matters in divers German periodicals; he reviews such books as Rhys's, Holder's, Gaston Paris's (Arthurian Origins), Acta Sanctorum, &c., in the Gottingen Gelehrte Anzeigen. Dr Kuno Meyer contributed last January an interesting article to the Journal of the Gipsy Lore Society upon the "Shelta Language," a gipsy occult language founded on Gaelic. Father Hogan's "Irish Phrase-Book" and Hayden's "Introduction to the Study of the Irish Language" must be named as the contributions of Irish scholars to the study of the Gaelic language.

## A LAY OF LOCH AWE.

BY TOM NA CREIGE.

LOCH AWE! Oft have I thought it passing strange  
 Thy waters, woods, and circling undulating range  
 Of crested hills; thy towering, awe-inspiring bens  
 That cloudwards bend; thy deep-browed intervening glens,  
 With dells innumerable of sweet secluded glades;  
 Thy moorland tarns, whence tiny cat'racts and cascades  
 Leap merrily down thy heathery sides in joyous mood  
 To join some far-sourced river's deep-voiced flood  
 That onward rolls to thee—have not been fuller sung in song  
 By more of those to whom poesy's rapt powers belong,  
 The high-born gift of minstrelly. 'Tis true, thy lovely famed Isles  
 The poet-artist's<sup>1</sup> favour caught in fertile fancy's wiles;  
 His cultured arts alternately found fitting time  
 To paint the scene and tell in stirring rhyme  
 The enlivening tale. And that the great Magician's<sup>2</sup> pen  
 Around the rugged craggy base of Cruachan Ben  
 Its wondrous glamour threw. True genius' tribute, paid  
 So generously, enslaves thy lovers' praise; albeit, much it left  
 unsaid

Of ancient history; of the dark, dim Dalriadic days,  
 When brave Fingalians raised stern Valour's raptest lays,  
 The Ossianic balladry; of heroes first in Scottish fame,  
 Who on a throbbing nation's heart an everlasting name  
 Deep carved in chivalry; the centuries' sore tried fealty,  
 Loyally homaged to royal Bruce's fated progeny—  
 The sad-starred Stuart dynasty; each rival clan's revengeful feud,  
 When ready brands in foemen's blood were oft imbrued  
 In ceaseless fierce activity. Strange, even now, it seems to me,  
 Such gallant themes neglected be, when all unitedly agree  
 To praise thy varied scenery. Still finer charms find I in thee

<sup>1</sup> Hamerton's "Isles of Loch Awe."    <sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott.

Than scenic beauty in repose, or where it majestically  
Soars into sublimity ; than History's abundant store,  
Romance, enchanting episode, and weirdly, fairy, and folk-lore  
Of mythical veracity. A haunted land thou art to me,  
That I brood o'er with miser's close contracte'd glee,  
And live again my infancy—youth's early, careless, merry days,  
Spent—strangely swift they sped—in the wild prankish ways  
Of boyhood's bold activity. Tho' semi-exiled in stranger's land  
I now toil noisome day, lacking the friendly word and hand  
That lightens life's extremity. Still, when the long lone, weary  
night  
The city drowns in drowsy sleep, the inward vision's dreamy light  
Beams in subdued brilliancy. Again I scan each landmark near,  
Dear old familiar faces see, long loved, but, Ah me ! long lost  
voices hear  
In greeting happy-heartedly. Again I saunter down the brooks,  
Through shaded woods, by belted crags, o'er mossy moors, my  
early books  
Of studious solitude. And, Oh, the wonders out of long ago  
They showed to me of treasure-trove, deep hid beneath the placid  
flow  
Of nature's calm tranquility. Dark subjects grim of ancient lore,  
Re-visiting, in spectral hordes, the haunted shores, where oft of  
yore  
They acted dread reality. Oft, mingling in a mystic maze,  
Were ladies fair and warriors brave, displaying to my 'mazed gaze  
Their phantom fantasies. With frantic zeal they each pursued  
Their several aims, which, scarce secured, than scorned or rued.  
Again they turned dissatisfied, a restless, reckless, raging throng,  
Whose gruesome groups make morning dream—not, mid-day song,  
Or even's peaceful lullaby. Yet, indulgent reader, you shall find,  
If thou wilt wait the wilful fancy of a wayward mind,  
A martial tale unravelling, that these gaunt forms of ghost-like kind,  
Whose grinning gibberish seems to be the echo of the mocking  
wind,  
As gibing they glide airily, enacted on life's chequered stage  
A deep marked page of various phrase, when tragedy's mad  
ran'crous rage  
Had amply opportunity. Oft in the gloaming's witching hour



Would some such old-world drama, mysteriously miraged, mentally  
lower  
And stay my raving reveries. E'en now, be sum and substance of  
my lay  
These same weird scenes of waking dreams in early days.  
Let founded facts, and fore-known acts unfettered fancy sway,  
And what I've seen and what I've heard shall then in part have  
simple say.

## NEW BOOKS.

PLACE NAMES IN STRATHBOGIE, WITH NOTES, HISTORICAL, ANTIQUARIAN, AND DESCRIPTIVE. BY JAMES MACDONALD, F.S.A. Scot. Aberdeen: Wyllie & Son, 1891.

MR MACDONALD'S book takes its place beside that of Sir Herbert Maxwell on the Topography of Galloway as a conscientious piece of work, historically accurate and well informed in matters of Celtic topographical philology. Both books draw much of their inspiration from Dr Joyce's excellent volume on Irish Place Names, nor could a better guide be found than Dr Joyce.

Mr Macdonald's book deals with the place names of Strathbogie, that is, with the parishes of Cairney, Huntly, Glass, Drumblade, Gartly, Cabrach, and Rhynie. His historical notes are admirably done, and they throw much light on the derivation of the place names; a light which is much needed, for the Gaelic names have become much obscured since the discontinuance of it as a spoken language in the lordship of Strathbogie. Gaelic was at one time the universal tongue of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, succeeding the older Pictish dialect of the Celtic. It gave way in its turn slowly to the English, which encroached upon it in the 11th and succeeding centuries. Mr Macdonald points out that along the Grampian slopes, and in the upper straths of the rivers Dee, Don, and Avon, Gaelic names are little changed, and are practically as common as in any part of the Highlands; in the central parts of the counties English names become numerous, and the Gaelic names corrupt; while along the seaboard Gaelic names are in a minority. Glenmuick, on Deeside, contains one English name to three Gaelic, while Aberdour, on the coast, has three English to two Gaelic names. Strathbogie holds a mid position in this matter of the proportion of Gaelic names to English.

Mr Macdonald has not taken notice of the Pictish element in the names he deals with. In fact, the name Strathbogie itself may well be claimed as Pictish, for *Strath* and *Bolgie* are both Cymric in their connections as place names. *Bolgie* is from *bolg*,

a sack ; and *balgach* is applied still in the Pictish districts to bubbling rivers. The *pets* or *pits* are distinctly Pictish ; so, too, may the Ruthvens, the *Pours*, and any names of non-English origin containing *p*. However, there is little to say but commendation for Mr Macdonald's etymologies ; his work, next to Prof. Mackinnon's papers on Argyllshire names, is the best in this respect that we know. For instance, he clears up the river name of Deveron most satisfactorily. The old name was Duffhern, clearly meaning the *Duff-erinn*, or Black Earn, as opposed to the Find-horn, or White Earn. Gartly is connected with Grantully, that is *garan-tulaich*, or "hill-enclosure." It would occupy too much space to note the many excellent explanations and *rapprochements* which Mr Macdonald makes.

We may, in closing the book, make one or two suggestions and corrections. Coillithie seems inseparable from the Invernessshire Kyllachy—the place of moor-cocks. Marr cannot be from the Latin-Gaelic *mormaer*, or *great major* ; it seems connected with the Welsh *mar*, morass. The words *mòd*, *tuilm*, *pic*, and even *dail*, are not native Gaelic at all, but Norse words. Elrick is a common place name, and means the place of eagles. Eallachie appears to mean the "rocky" or "stony." *Rath* can only mean a "fort." Forteith and Findouran probably present the Pictish prefixes *for* and *fin*. Vinegar Hill, in Badenoch, is a fancy name for the Gaelic *Mhìn-cheiseachd*, pronounced *Vin-chosacht*. Ord and Ard seem to be confused on page 71. These are but very minor defects in an excellent work.

# The Highland Monthly.

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## INVERBURN.

A WEST HIGHLAND NOVEL.

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### CHAPTER X.

AT the entrance hall of the hotel we found several of our friends, seated in conference, as usual. Mackenzie was there, talking of the isolated condition of the village in winter, when the steamers had ceased to ply for the season. "Yes, it is a lonely place enough, for nine months of the year. We do not see a visitor, except the doctor from Glen Corbie and the exciseman."

"How do you manage to get your hair cut?" asked Jack Wood, innocently.

"I generally get it cut with a pair of scissors. How do you get your own hair cut?" retorted mine host, noways pleased with the insinuation that Inverburn was a place to be despised on account of not possessing a barber. It is strange that no one relishes the most trivial remark that seems to carry with it any slight upon the place where he has his home. We may have many faults to find with our abodes, but we do not like other people to see their short-

comings. Aye, and the more obscure and remote our homes may be, the less do we like to have anything said to disparage them.

“Ah, but it's a fine place for all that,” continued Mackenzie. “There's not in Great Britain a healthier glen. We had a doctor here once, and he only stayed three months. At the end of that time he found that he could not make his living here, because the people were never ill. And it's a real pretty place in summer, when ye're at it.”

Another peculiarity about every place in the Highlands is that the natives extol the beauty which it possesses in summer, as if they did not know that every place requires the glow of summer to make it beautiful. Also that they invariably add the qualifying phrase, “when you're at it,” meaning, it is to be supposed, that it is somewhat difficult of access. It seems to be forgotten that no place, whether beautiful or the reverse, can be seen without the gazer being “at it,” or at least very near. These little idiosyncracies are only what every one has noticed who has spent many of his days among the inhabitants of the mountains.

At this stage, a sound came to our ears that helped us to know how the ladies spent their time while we were absent. Wood's fertile brain had formed the theory that letter-writing and tea-drinking formed the staple of their occupations. Wrong this time, at least. Tinklings as of the notes of a piano were wafted through the still summer air, and led us to the conclusion that music was not an unknown art among those whom we had left behind us. Such sounds had indeed been heard before, but somehow, in the diversity of occupations that we pursued, we had failed to notice them, as we ought to have done. On this evening in particular our ears were greeted with strains that made us pause for a while, and listen to notes that came, as a well-known writer says, like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. The two captains were visibly affected. Barker especially declared that it was delightful, and even Wood acknowledged that the

performer deserved an encore, and that he was prepared to give it. Mackenzie alone was unmoved, and that worthy man was bold enough to say that if two or three of The M'Corkindale's bagpipers were present they would have treated us to far more delightful music than ever came out of a box of ivory.

"Well, shall we join the ladies?" suggested the grave and solemn Barker, breaking a long silence that had fallen upon us, while we sat in that entrance hall where we had spent so many pleasant afternoons and evenings, debating politics, science, and art, in the midst of a cloud of tobacco smoke. I ought to have explained sooner, but it is never too late to mend, that only we, that is, the male characters of this novel, with whom the reader, I hope, is now sufficiently acquainted, had remained below after our return from our evening walk. There can, I think, be no doubt that Barker's inclination to break up the smoking Parliament arose from a desire, not so much to hear the music better, as to enjoy the company of that girl from Wiltshire, who had bewitched us all. Surely there is no fool like an old fool. Barker ought to know better, at his time of life. It appears that he does not, however. In the philosophy of English spelling, it happens that the same letters form the two words, "smiled" and "mised." People have often been misled by smiles, and Barker has fallen a victim to the smiles of Miss Smith. I wonder if that fair maid knows of the conquest that she has made. A girl must be very unsophisticated indeed if she fails to see when a man admires her. But then this veteran is the most unlikely man in the world to be ensnared by a pair of bright eyes. One would think that his skin was thick enough to bid defiance to all the shafts in Cupid's quiver. That little mischief-maker would have to fire his arrow from a cannon to make any impression on one so hardened as this. Besides, if Barker is bent upon making a fool of himself, why cannot he hit one his own size; in other words, can he not aspire after some partner who is not much less than

half his age? So I soliloquise mentally, while we all bend our minds to the question whether we ought to move at once, or wait till the shades of evening have grown a little deeper, and until the sun has gone a little further in sloping his westering wheel.

“Who tells the next story,” said Jack Wood, ignoring Barker’s proposal for an adjournment. Probably he expected Captain Jermyn to rise to the bait. If so, he was mistaken, for it was our landlord that came to the rescue with a story which, though short enough, was related by him with enough of explanations and digressions to give the inquirer time to finish his pipe. These tales of my landlord, I may explain, formed a considerable part of our entertainment at Inverburn, and the only reason why my pages are not adorned with more of them is that some must be kept in reserve for my next novel. I hope that Mr Mackenzie’s uniform good nature will induce him to pardon my giving this one to the world without asking his permission. It is not copyright, I believe.

“If it’s another story you’re wanting,” quoth he, “I’ll tell you a true one. May be you would think more of it if it wasn’t true, for most of the good stories that we hear are made to order.” Perhaps this was a sly hit at Jermyn, whose habitual exaggeration was a habitual joke among us. “When one of our fishermen here got married about a dozen years ago, he did not pay the old schoolmaster up the glen for putting out the cries in the church. He said he hadn’t the money, but that he would pay him at the end of the fishing season. Five shillings, I think, was what it cost.” Here the narrator paused, and appeared either to have got to the end of his tale, or to be deeply immersed in thought.

“Well,” said I, “there does not seem to be much point in this story of yours. The fisherman must certainly have been very ill off, that’s all. Perhaps you mean to give us a lecture on the evil of hasty and improvident marriages. Unless that be your object, I do not know what you could

have meant by telling us about that poor fellow, and his troubles about money."

"D'ye not now? I'm astonished at a clever man like you not seeing a thing that is so plain. You might have given me leave to finish what I had to say before taking me by the throat like that. It's just this, that it was a case of marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure. He found that he had made a bad bargain."

"And how did the thing end?"

"When the fishing was over, the schoolmaster met the bridegroom out there, and asked for the crown. 'What crown?' said the other. 'The crown you promised me for putting out the cries.' 'O,' said he, 'if that's what you're after, I'll give you five crowns to take the cries back again, and let me go free.'"

"A warning to bachelors," said I when the expected laugh had subsided. Then we went on to discourse about the folly of us young fellows throwing ourselves and our freedom away by entering into the United State. Hypocrites that we were, two or three of us would very gladly have entered into that same state of bondage if things had been in a concatenation accordingly.

On our return to the coffee-room, so called I suppose because no coffee was ever to be seen there, we were prepared to hear some more of the music that had exercised such a fascination over us a little while ago. Captain Barker, who was in excellent spirits, asked Miss Smith if she could sing. That lady replied in the affirmative, but added that she would rather hear Mr Hope sing a Scotch song.

The clergyman was not unwilling to grant her request, but pleaded, not indeed the time-honoured cold from which great singers suffer so much, but the fact that Scotch songs required a greater compass of voice than he possessed.

"All the best Scotch songs go so high that very few men can sing them. I can sing English or Gaelic, but not Scotch." And without more ado, he went to the piano, and



sang that most exquisite of gems, Davenant's "The lark now leaves," to Hatton's music. We were all delighted, and asked him to give us some more. All, that is to say, except Jermyn, who had no more ear for music than one of his own tigers, and who used to say that he only knew two tunes, one of which was the National Anthem, and the other was not. Mr Hope good naturedly complied with our request, and by way of antithesis to the sentimental charm of the cavalier's ditty, gave us "Father O'Flynn" for a change.

Barker now insisted that Miss Smith should sing, and as the rest of us expressed approval, she had no hesitation about doing so. Her song was a simple enough lay, about murmuring brooks, fairies, butterflies, and the flowers that bloom in the spring. There was not much in all that, but her sweet girlish voice sounded well after the fine masculine tenor of the last performer. Then we had a great deal of drawing-room table talk, pictures, taste, Shakspeare and the musical glasses, then more music, and, in short, we had what is so often described in local newspapers with the finish of "a very enjoyable evening was spent."

"Rather a nice girl, that from Wiltshire," said Jermyn, as we were smoking our last pipe for the evening in the billiard room, and speaking of our absent friends in the unrestrained way that we have in speaking of those who are beyond the reach of our voices. "What do you think, Barker?"

"Yes, she's a fine lass," said Barker, not choosing to commit himself.

"Too old for dolls, and too young for flirtations," was Jack Wood's remark. We adjourned for the night.

## CHAPTER XI.

MERRILY rang out the church bell on the morning of the first day of the week at Inverburn. To the most of us the sound was pleasant, coming as it did at the breakfast hour, to remind us that we had some breathing time before the

Monday should require us to begin again the daily round and the common task. Most of us indeed were men whose daily round consisted of our continual search for amusement. Yet even these found that it was a pleasure to have one day out of every seven to leave off the ordinary task with Angus Bain and John Roy, as to the state of the river, and to let the salmon rest secure in the cool depths of the river Dove. One of the most interesting problems in this world is to fathom the minds of those men who have absolutely nothing to do but to amuse themselves. These are of all men the most helpless it would appear, when anything requires to be done that is not quite in the groove to which they accustom themselves. How often have I heard it said by one of that tribe, "I really have not time for it. No, it is quite impossible for me to do it," and so forth. The want of time is owing to the amount of time that is required for amusement, and the impossibility is simply the unwillingness to turn from mere recreation to anything that is really useful. This is an aside to the reader, and a reference to what he must have often noticed for himself.

It was one of the summer mornings that compensate for many days of rain and storm. In our West country we get a good deal of bad weather, but when a change for the better does come, it is blissful, and no mistake. On this occasion the sky was without a cloud, save a few handfuls of white feathers scattered over the blue vault, and serving to adorn the ceiling of the sky. The dull earth had ceased to be dull under the cheering influence of the sun that was now high in the heavens on his way towards noon. The blue smoke of the villagers' houses rose straight aloft, for there was not a breadth of air to disturb it. But it is needless to continue a description of the scene. It was simply a perfect Sunday morning in the month of July, the season when summer in the Highlands is at the height.

The villagers were, of course, devout observers of what they called the Sabbath. Mackenzie indeed used to say that a good deal of the fervour of their Sabbatarian zeal

was caused by laziness, and that his servants in particular rejoiced in a weekly opportunity of scamping their work, under the pretext of conscientious scruples about working on the day of rest. However this may have been, we all seemed to welcome the day. Never had the bay and the glen looked more beautiful than they did now, under the golden radiance of the morning sunshine. There was one among us whose feelings were not quite so much in harmony with the surroundings as those of the others. Mr Hope was, strange to say, rather out of his element. Perhaps it was not so strange after all, when everything was considered. This was not destined to be for him a time of tranquil enjoyment. What was sport to the village worthies was not, indeed, death to him; that would be too strong an expression, but it was certainly a very great pain. His feelings, as he told me, were that his work for that day was unworthy of his profession, and that instead of going into the pulpit to try to elevate the souls of his fellow worshippers, he was really striving to elevate his own position. And yet he had passed through a similar ordeal more than once before, and was prepared, if necessary, to do it again. As he spoke, I thought I could see one reason why he had hitherto made ventures of this kind, without the success that he probably expected and that he certainly deserved. It was just this shrinking from making a public spectacle of himself that made it impossible that he could appear to advantage on such an occasion. Had he been able in a more unconcerned manner to pose before the electors, and to seek their votes as those of a body of men whom it was his policy to captivate by deferring to their weaknesses, he would probably have made his mark long ago, and never seen Inverburn. But there is a divinity that shapes our ends, and things must be as they may.

Miss Smith appeared on the scene, looking, my readers expect me to say, like a fairy or a nymph, or some such fragile and unusual being that poetical souls are fond of describing. No, there was nothing about her to call forth

any kind of poetic rapture. Just a typical specimen of what is so often to be seen, a pretty girl, dressed in perfect taste, glowing with good health and good spirits, rapturous in the pleasure of a new scene, with new surroundings, and prepared to be pleased with anything that should happen. Captain Barker's attentions were not at all displeasing to her. All his pleasant speeches were received with smiles, and the worthy man looked, as he no doubt felt, that fortune was favouring him, and that this fair young creature was disposed to regard him with an amount of kindness that she withheld from the rest of her admirers. I could easily see that he was not more than half pleased with the noisy humour of Jack Wood. That young man, being in the best of spirits, had quite set up as our professional joker. His reckless sallies of mirth, which were more the overflowings of good humour than the polished witticisms of genius, served to inspire us all with a determination to be on good terms with each other, and with all the world besides. Was he likewise to be ensnared by the magic of beauty, and fascinated by the light of a pair of bright eyes? Not yet, apparently. Instinct told him that our fair friend looked upon him as the spectators look at a clown in a pantomime. He was amusing, that was all. And, indeed, that was all that he cared for. His time has not yet come. When it does, it will be with other weapons than uproarious laughter that he will have to storm the citadel. 'Tis strange how seriousness wins the day against merriment in wooing as in most other things. Women are amused with the humours of a funny man, but it is the serious impassioned lover that wins their hearts. The lively Mercutio is not in the running with the grave and solemn Romeo. Juliet at fourteen is too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Barker need not fear the rivalry of Jack, and yet it is not at all certain that he is himself likely to bear off the prize. The object of his admiration likes his company, that is certain, but that is all that can be said, for the present at anyrate. The truth is that Miss Smith has not the slightest notion

of what is in her elderly admirer's head. And if any one were to tell her, she would say that the thing was impossible. Barker looks an older man than her father, and at her age a man of thirty looks quite mediæval. And after all, what can the old soldier be thinking about? He is far happier in his life of bachelor ease than he could ever be if he were to enter the state of matrimony. Let him once take a wife, and there will be an end of the independence with which he can roam over the Highlands during one half of the year, and feel that his house is roofed when he puts on his hat, or rather the shepherd tartan forester's cap that does duty for him instead of a hat. Let him give up thinking of such follies at his time of life.

We spend the forenoon basking in the rays of the dog day sun. And how still is all around us! There comes from the woods that faint hum of insect wings and fluttering leaves that we have all heard in summer. By and bye we see the people gathering towards the churchyard gate. They are got up regardless of expense. Grave are their faces as befits the day, and yet they have an air of going to enjoy themselves. This is a season of pleasurable excitement such as comes only once in a lifetime of a generation. And they know that they are going to hear a good man. Strange it is that we should so often speak of going to church to hear, instead of to worship. That has been the way from time immemorial, and all that has happened of late years has tended to strengthen the feeling. These people are going to church to-day to act the part of critics and judges, and on their verdict hangs the fate of Cato and of Rome.

Presently comes The M'Corkindale. He is splendid in a panoply of daggers and pistols—a walking arsenal of lethal weapons, and looks every inch the chieftain of the days of yore.

“Good morning, M'Corkindale,” says the cheery voice of Mr Mackenzie, who knows his man far too well to address him with the usual prefix.

"Fine day, neighbour," returns the hero in the kilt.  
"What's the news with you to-day?"

"Nothing but that we are all going to hear Mr Hope, and that it will soon be time for us to go."

"You had better tell Dunsandon that the deer are playing old Harry with his corn fields. My henchman, Sandy Macpherson, tells me that there are thirteen or fourteen deer in the corn at Dunsandon every night."

Mackenzie looked astonished, but presently replied—  
"Dunsandon is very well able to take care of himself. He can shoot the deer if he likes."

"He had better take care then that he does not shoot one of his own horses by mistake, like the mad Englishman that had the farm of Laganamadain till he was rouped out of the door."

"I'll tell you a better story than that," said our landlord.  
"There were some wild fellows staying at Tigh-a-phuill shooting lodge last year, and they wanted to play a trick on a new hand that had come among them. They put a pair of antlers on the head of an old donkey that they had about the place, and got the greenhorn to shoot him. There was plenty of laughing about it for a while, but in the evening, after dinner, the man upon whom they had played the trick said to them—'Well, gentlemen, you have had your little joke, and I have had mine. I shot the donkey, and you have eaten him.' They did not laugh much more for a while after that."

Of course we all went to church, to the English service at least. As visitors of distinction, we had the front seats in the gallery. I felt sure that the two captains would rather have stayed at home, but Barker could not bring himself to endure a parting with Miss Smith, and Jermyn could not bear to part with Barker. Mr Hope's sermon got enough of criticism that day, so it shall get none in these pages. Our heroine was one of the most attentive of the congregation. That young lady has more intellect than many who have seen twice her years. I could see how her

eye glistened at all the most feeling parts of the discourse, and how every point that the preacher made had its effect, upon at least one of the congregation. But if I go on much longer in this strain, nothing will convince my readers that I was not myself one of Miss Smith's admirers. Jack Wood conducted himself with the strictest decorum. These funny dogs can, when occasion requires, look most solemn. He did at least. It was only when we were on our way home that he confided to me his opinion that Jermyn would rather have sat in the billiard-room telling his tiger stories all day than have spent half-an-hour listening to Mr Hope.

And so the die was cast for the young divine. He was rather grave and reserved for the rest of the day, but not much more so than was usual with him, and certainly not more so than any ordinary man would be in the position which he occupied that day. The evening passed more quietly than usual, though, indeed, we were not very noisy at any time. The sun went down to rest at a pretty late hour, and we all followed his example soon afterwards.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE critical reader, I should say the gentle reader, but the phrase is overworn, has found out by this time that the present narrative has nothing of the nature of a sensation in it. If it be not the very mild shipwreck that cast the Wiltshire family on our hospitable shores, nothing has happened but what is of every day occurrence. And no doubt the same authority has made up his or her mind that the time has come when something should happen to break the even tenor of the journey which we have thus far taken in each other's company. It is well known that a novelist has unlimited power over his characters, and that they must dance to his piping, be the tune never so strange and fantastical. Novels we have read in which the characters have broken every commandment in the decalogue. They

have endured every vicissitude imaginable. Shipwrecks, houses on fire, duels, heroic rescues, forged wills, stolen wills, elopements, murders—the time would fail if we tried to enumerate all the situations that have lent a charm to the pages of the romancers. However hard it may be to tell the number of catastrophes that have thus been brought about, it would be harder still to find one that has not occurred. We shall not attempt the task, but leave it to some one who has a taste for investigations which have neither interest nor profit in them for anybody.

If we were bent upon pursuing the conventional system, there could be no difficulty in making arrangements for the purpose. How easily we could at dead of night set fire to the house in which we have spent so many pleasant days, and thus give Barker an opportunity of rescuing our heroine from the flames, and of earning an indefeasible claim to her hand as his reward. Or we might send the whole party to sea, and then raise a terrific storm, and by that means achieve our purpose of satisfying our readers' love of the marvellous. A duel, indeed, we could hardly accomplish without laying our scene in some distant land, or in ages long gone by, in either of which cases our whole plan would be dislocated, and our plot would have to be recast. But villainy of every kind is still to be found in the world, and much as it would grieve us, we could easily find for our *dramatis personæ* some occupation of the kind that is proverbially said to be found for idle hands. All this would be easy enough no doubt, and a stroke of the pen would do it, but then the picture would not be true. It would be like the reflection that we get of our faces from the polished back of a spoon, a caricature that would glut the malice of our worst enemy. No, we do not find that the stock situations of fiction are at all the sort of things that happen very frequently in ordinary middle class life. Villains there are of the deepest dye, but their spiriting has, owing to the laws of society, not to speak of the laws of Great Britain, to be done so gently that their machinations are not avail-



able for bringing about anything like a scene. Besides, in the present case we have really no stage villain within reach at all. The characters whom we have introduced are removed as far as possible from that description. Old Jermyn imagines himself to be a lady killer, and Barker would have no objection to stealing the heart of a fair English maid, but it is only in a distant and figurative sense that the name of murderer or robber could be given to either of these excellent men.

We resume the thread of our story at the point where we left it, namely, at the close of the Sunday's services in the little church at Inverburn. The village gossips were loud in praise of Mr Hope, as indeed they well might. "Aye, that's a fine man," said the old women, as they slowly made their way home. "He's real handsome. Yon's a gentleman, every bit of him." Then came in the inevitable tonic, "Is'nt it a peety that he reads his sermon from a paper." This, indeed, Hope had done, as he was not like Mawworm in "The Hypocrite," who said, "I does them extrumpery, as I can't write." It might indeed be found, as the result of diligent search, that Mawworm's principle had a greater acceptance among our pulpit orators than is generally known by the uninitiated.

It was understood on all sides that Mr Hope's prospects of success in his present undertaking had improved very much since his appearance on the spot, and especially since he had occupied the pulpit. Mr Mackenzie had told us that everybody who was worth considering had resolved to make choice of our reverend friend for the vacant parish, and as the election was to be made in the course of two days, there was little time left for them in which to change their minds. At the same time, he told us that there were a number of people still attached to the "following" of the Rev. Matthew Kirke, and that they possessed a good deal of influence, from various causes which it is not necessary to explain, and which, indeed, we, as strangers, could hardly understand. As a matter of course, all of us in the hotel

party were warmly interested in Mr Hope's prospects, and again and again we wished him success. Miss Smith said that she did not know what the people could be thinking about if they passed him over, and I verily believe that this expression of opinion was reported to Hope himself by Jack Wood, who had a great deal too much to say for himself at all times.

Next day the clergyman took his departure by steamer. He went to the "South," a convenient expression much used by the Highlanders, and which means any place from the Caledonian Canal to the Antarctic Circle. Indeed, we have known of that undefined region being extended still further by a Celt, who, in reply to the question whether he came from the North, said, "Naw, sir, I come from Ding-wall." To the South, then, Mr Hope betook himself, and we were left behind, rather lamenting his departure. Different occupations led us each his own way. I betook me to my great work on the theory of modern speculation, which is to take the world by storm when it appears, but not till then. Wood went to fish the Dove. Others went their own ways, and each, it is to be hoped, had a pleasant day according to his taste.

### CHAPTER XIII.

ON the evening of the Monday that saw the departure of the clergyman, we were treated to a piece of news that took our breath away. To come to the point briefly, it was no less a matter than that the reverend man had carried away with him the heart of Miss Smith, whom we first knew as Miss Wiltshire. Not only had he done this, but he had also secured a promise of her fair hand. The reader must have seen ere now the tendency of events in the direction we have mentioned, but to us, who were actors in the drama, this *denouement* came as a surprise. How did the story get wind among us? It is certain that people

generally do not make light of a secret so important, and tell it to all and every one who cares to listen to them. It was promulgated by the indiscreet chattering of The M'Corkindale, combined with the headlong eagerness of his friend Barker to secure the prize for himself. The latter, it appears, had yesterday informed the chieftain of his (Barker's) designs. M'Corkindale had accordingly come to-day to see what sort of person it was that had enslaved the veteran. But M'Corkindale was not the sort of man to keep his own counsel, or that of anybody else. Before he had been five minutes in the company of the Wiltshire party, he blurted out a plain statement of Barker's desperate case, taking for granted that the match was practically arranged. Much to his surprise, he found that Barker was too late, and that Hope was the successful wooer. The story was over the whole place before the evening passed away, and Barker's dejection did not serve to convince us that he had any real cause of regret. After all, it was better for him to remain a bachelor, as he is now likely to do to the end of the chapter.

Notwithstanding our first arrangement, we might have known what was coming; at least, so we thought, with afterhand wisdom. Looking back upon the last few days, we remembered several things that were now explained, and might have served as straws to show which way the wind blew. The end of mystery came in a way that we did not expect, and it is strange how often the unexpected does happen. Rather quick work it was, however, says the sagacious reader, expecting, no doubt, that the only plea that can be urged in defence is the novelist's unlimited power over his characters. It is not necessary to have recourse to this line of resistance, for we have good authority in support of the plot. Quick as the working of it is, the story of Romeo and Juliet, to which allusion has already been made, was quicker still. Juliet met Romeo for the first time, was courted, married, a widow, and dead, all in less than a week. So runs the story of Shakspeare, and Shakspeare is true to life if he is anything.

Our tobacco parliament that evening was rather animated, this time we had quite a new topic to discuss, and one which is of unfailing and undying interest.

“So Mr Hope is going to wed Miss Wiltshire, and happiness be his dole,” said Jack Wood, addressing himself to the party at large. “It is to be hoped that Mr Hope’s hopes will be fulfilled about getting the church.” We were all of one mind on that point. “And yet,” he went on to say, “Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs. I mean the feeling, not the man, for I think he is a first-rate fellow.”

Mackenzie had joined the party, and by this time looked rather grave.

“I’m beginning to be rather afraid about it myself. The good people are saying that the minister should have been at his book, instead of courting, when he came to Inverburn. A great lot of them are crying out that Mr Kirke is the man for them now. When he was here, he shut himself up in his room, studying his sermons, and then he came out with them like thunder, and without any paper to read. Ay, and he’s a clever man too, and not a bad kind of a chiel, though I like the other one far better.”

“Oh,” said the generous and magnanimous Barker, desirous of helping a friend, even if that friend were a successful rival. “I’ll get The M’Corkindale to support him, and I am sure that the Chief will get Sandy Macpherson and all the rest of his followers to go the same way.”

“Ah, but that’s just what I’m afraid of,” said mine host. “The M’Corkindale is strong for Mr Kirke, and certain to go in for him, because Mr Kirke is a great Highlander, reads Ossian, and can say Ben Dobhrain by heart.”

Jermyn suggested that as they were both good men, and only one of them could get the place, it did not matter very much which of them were to be successful. “And I daresay,” he added, “Mr Hope will soon get something else.” That is the way that unthinking people have of

settling the affairs of others. It is so much easier to be philosophical for others than for ourselves.

Next day brought with it the closing scene of this eventful history. At twelve o'clock the church was crowded with an eager and excited throng of electors. We who were strangers got up into the gallery, partly to be out of the way, and partly to see better what went on in the multitude below. M'Corkindale was present with all his followers, his "tail" he called them, with Sandy Macpherson as his right hand man, and several others, including a couple of bagpipers and a great many idlers. The people were for a little time hushed to silence, and then the work of the day began.

Mr Mackenzie rose to move the election of Mr Hope. He made a short and straightforward speech, in which he extolled the merits of that young man, and made no allusion to the romantic circumstance that had caused such an unexpected hitch in his prospects. Somebody, name unknown, seconded the motion. Scarce had the last speaker finished when M'Corkindale, amid great applause, rose to his feet. He looked grand in his Highland dress, and what a becoming dress it is! No wonder it is worn by so many men who think about personal appearance. The Chief's speech was full of Celtic fire and eloquence, and was calculated to make an impression on an assembly. How often we have remarked that a genuine Celt is never at a loss for words by which to express his meaning. He appealed to the people, as Highlanders like himself, to vote for Mr Kirke as the best type of one of their own countrymen, one who knew Ossian and the bards, and one who, above all, could play the bagpipes when not engaged with the duties of his calling.

Dead silence followed. On a vote being taken, the bagpipes played Mr Kirke out of the church. M'Corkindale got only a few of his more attached friends to follow him, and Mr Hope was elected by a large majority. Long life and prosperity to him.

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Here we drop the curtain. The reader can easily foresee what is further to happen. The Rev. Augustine Hope has become the successor of old Mr M'Turk, and has brought his bride home, all the way from Wiltshire. The two captains have returned to Pall Mall, there to spend the winter in luxurious ease. Next summer will doubtless bring them back to the Victoria Hotel, Inverburn, and Mr Mackenzie will, as of old, be the most courteous of entertainers to them. M'Corkindale is quite reconciled to the settlement of Mr Hope, to whom he expects to unfold the beauties of Ossian and a vast store of Highland antiquities and ancient history. What has become of Jack Wood, asks some fair lady, who has taken an interest in that pleasant young fellow. It would better become you to ask after my own fate, when I have patiently burnt the midnight oil, preparing these pages for your amusement. Well, if you must know, Wood is still heart whole. He expects to visit the Highlands yet again, and if you play your cards well, you may get him yourself. To conclude, I have at last got the great letter from the Lord Advocate, informing me that I have been appointed Sheriff-Substitute for the County of Heathershire, and so provided for.

The game is played out. *Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée.*

THE END.

## THE HOSPITAL OF INVERNESS

AND

## DUNBAR'S HOSPITAL.

(BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY).

## CHAPTER III.

George Duncan, Treasurer, 1701-1706.—Instructions to Treasurer.—Bonds by Bailie James Dunbar for 2000 merks each.—Trouble in connection with these Bonds.—Who formed the Kirk-Session about 1695.—List of Elders and Deacons, 1674.—George Duncan's Charge and Discharge.—Bad Debts struck off: Better Security in future.—Additional Mortifications.—Donation by George Duncan of Balance due to him.—Rent of Weyhouse and Yard expended on Repairs, in conformity with terms of Deed.—His Accounts well kept.—Increase in Capital Stock.—Committee's Report favourable.—George Dnncan's compliance with his Instructions.—James Thomson, Treasurer, 1706-1712.—Security for the Loans to Insches and to Bailie James Dunbar.—James Thomson's Charge and Discharge.—List of Bonds and Securities handed over by him.—Committee's Report favourable.—Details of their Report very interesting.—Mention of the Securities obtained from Bailie Jas. Dunbar.—Donation to Hospital by Heirs of John Mackintosh.—Curious old Iron Chest, gifted by Treasurer for use of Hospital.—Further Instructions to Hospital Treasurer.—The Will of the Mortifier to be observed.

**G**EORGE DUNCAN, appointed 9th June, 1701, was Hospital Treasurer from Whitsunday, 1701, to Whitsunday, 1706. A set of instructions were issued to him on entry, some of which had become very necessary owing to the way the funds had been managed in Bailie Maclean's time. One of these was that the principal sums were not to be disbursed but the annual rent only; another that 1000 merks should be borrowed, as there was no cash in hand; a third that the money left by the donors was to be disposed of according to their will; and a fourth that a particular number chosen of the Session should yearly examine the Treasurer's accounts. It had become exceed-

ingly easy to *lend* out the Hospital moneys on interest, but nearly impossible to get the interest paid, if at least due efforts were made to get payment.

It is singular that there is no mention in the account book in settling with Bailie James Maclean of Provost Dunbar's two large mortifications. We find, however, from the Session Records of the same date, 1st July, 1701, that the Magistrates "delivered to George Duncan, his successor, Two Bonds of 2000 merks each, resting by James Dunbar, late Bailie, and doted. by the deceast Alexr. Dunbar of Barmuchatie, late Provost of Inverness, to the hospital therof;" also that "the Session recommends the said George Duncan and Magistrates to speak to the said Bailie Dunbar anent the said Bonds, that he count with the Treasurer for the annual rents of the said Bonds, since the date of said Bonds, or otherways, that he immediately without any delay use diligence against him whereby principal and annual rent may be secured according to the will of the Mortifier."

It will be seen that it was not till some years afterwards that satisfactory security for principal or interest was obtained from Bailie Dunbar.

The following extracts from Kirk-Session records show the trouble that ensued in connection with these Bonds:— On 2nd November, 1701, George Duncan, Hospital Treasurer, presented to the Session "the two Bonds doted. by the deceast Provost Dunbar, and both being read and considered of, the Session advised the said George Duncan to use all diligence possible for securing the money in the Bonds principall and a. rents according to the will of the Mortifier, and to this effect according to the will of the defunct the Session having nominate and appointed John Barbour, dean of gild, Mr Alexr. Fraser, prtt. bailie, James Dunbar and James Dunbar, Elders, joined with James Dunbar of Dalcross, late Bailie, to be patrons to distribute and dispose of the a. rents appointed for the relief of eight indigent persons above mentioned, and they to continue during the



Session's pleasure." This minute is signed by Mr James Forrester, minister of Cuthur. Bailie James Dunbar's debt was also before the Session on 17th July and 2nd November, 1701.

Ten years later, on 11th September, 1711, "the Hospital Treasurer (viz., James Thomson) represented the debt due by James Dunbar, late Bailie, and having enquired how he should carry in respect to it, the Session did unanimously appoint that the utmost diligence, both personal and reall, should be used against the sd. Baillie for recovering the poor's money lying in his hands, and likewise the Session appoint the sd. Hospitall Treasr. to use the utmost diligence for securing the Hospitall money lying in the hands of Mr Wm. Robertson of Inches and to make a Report."

It was apparently a result of this that he got a half coble's fishing from each as security with arrears of rent due—*Vide* Session Minutes, and *infra* James Thomson's Accounts, 1712.

In the later accounts apparently the same creditor is described as "Baillie Dunbar," "the deceast James Dunbar," "late Baillie of Invs.," "the deceast James Dunbar of Dalcross," and "Baillie James Roy Dunbar;" and in a Bond of Corroboration granted by him, dated 1703, he is styled "James Dunbar of Dalcross." We also find mention of "Alexr. Dunbar of Barmuchatie, only lawful son and apparent heir to said deceast James Dunbar of Dalcross." This Alexr. appears to have succeeded to Provost Alex. Dunbar's property of Barmuchaty.

It may here be noted that soon after the Reformation a very large number of new elders were appointed, which apparently included the Provost, all or nearly all the Bailies, and many merchants; hence in some of the minutes and docquets the Session is said to "consist of the Minister, Magistrates, and Elders," or "the Minister with the Magistrates and remnant members of the Session."

There is a complete list of elders, old and new, in minute of Kirk Session, 8th August, 1694, the numbers being 21 old and 32 new, and it includes the Provost and ex-Provost

Bailies, present and past, neighbouring proprietors and merchants. It is subscribed by Jo. Spalding, Moderator *pro tem*, and Thos. Thomson, assistant.

The Session Records of a still earlier date, 22nd November, 1674, contain a list of elders and deacons. Among the former were the Provost (Alexr. Dunbar), 4 baillies, 2 former provosts, 3 former bailies, the Dean of Guild, and Town Treasurer. The landward elders were Culloden ; Dunean, elder and younger ; Moorton ; Holme ; and Gillespie M'Bean. There were 20 deacons for the English, or High Church, and 13 for the Irish Church.

We have seen that George Duncan received as his charge at his entry, in bonds, &c., £11,823 10s 4d. His accounts, which are much more clearly stated than his predecessors', show that this was made up thus—

Bonds and obligations	...	...	...	£8,602	14	4
And in annual rents...	...	...	...	3,220	16	0
				£11,823 10 4		

He gives a Dr. and Cr. account and an abstract. In the latter his *Charge*, including what was handed over to him, and what since became due up to his resignation, amounts to ... .. £13,900 4 6

Balance due to him ... .. 104 13 0

£14,004 17 6

His *Discharge* comes to—

Principal sums	...	...	...	£11,459	2	2
Annual rents still due	...	...	...	1,163	5	8
Paid to Pensioners for the five years	...	...	...	1,093	16	0
Law expenses	...	...	...	288	13	8
				£14,004 17 6		

£14,004 17 6

During his time a considerable sum was struck off "for insolvencie and otherwise," viz., bonds, &c., to amount of £565 7s 6d ; and annual rents paid to Bailie M'Lean, but not accounted for, £53 6s 8d. But we have a new feature

—some good security—and also some more mortifications; and he introduced in his discharge the improvement of entering principal sums and annual rents in separate columns.

In the detailed account his discharge shows the following items, viz.:—

Bonds to the amount of	...	...	...	£6,717	8	10
Annual rents due	...	...	...	1,259	2	2
“Paymt. to Castlehill of 5th part of the King’s Mills”	...	...	...	4,666	13	4
“A Mortfin. by the late Hugh Robertson, formerly Prov. and Hosp. Treasr., 500 merks, resting by Wm. Robertson of Inches, and int. thereon, £55 16s 8d”	...	...	...	333	6	8
And “Doted. and Mortifd. by Thomas Macknuyer, £425; and £75, a balance due, added thereto, with a. rent”	...	...	...	500	0	0
				<hr/>		
				£13,476 11 10		

This total, which is stated as correct in the auditor’s docquet, does not quite agree with the total in the abstract, but the sum struck off for bad debts would nearly account for the difference; and again, neither of them quite agrees with the sum with which his successor charges himself, viz., £13,417 11s od.

George Duncan doted. the balance due to him according to the abstract, viz., £104 13s od, to the Hospital. He also adds a note, as a separate account, of his having received payment of five years’ rent of the Weyhouse, yard, and “Hospitall Loaft,” £322 13s 4d; and that the rent of the above for year from Michaelmas, 1705, to Michaelmas, 1706, was due, and that he had “expended on Building the yaard Deck, and altering the Vennall and other charges, as per accompt”

... ..	£247	2	10
Leaving a balance due by him to his successor	75	10	6

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£322 13 4

The Committee appointed to audit these accounts reported favourably upon them, and well they might. The outstanding annual rents show a very large reduction; the capital stock an increase, in spite of some bad debts being struck off; and some good security obtained for money lent. They speak of the Treasurer as "exact, clear, and distinct in them," and "also having given unquestionable documents warranting the whole of his disbursements." They thank him for his diligence and faithfulness, and mention that he "has handed over to his successor, James Thomson, the whole Bonds belonging to the Hospitall, together with the securities for the fifth part of the King's Mills, obtained from George Cuthbert of Castlehill, and that for constituting James Thomson's Charge. Further, that he paid over to his successor the £75 10s 6d belonging to the Hospital house and yard; and that he had doted. to the Hospital the balance due to himself." This docquet is dated 5th August, 1706, and signed by Ro. Baillie, minister; John Barbour, Baillie; W. Neilson, one of the elders; Jas. Thomson; and Jas. Dunbar, one of the elders.

It should be observed that George Duncan, as Treasurer, complied with his instructions in keeping the rents of the weyhouse and yard distinct from the general account. It is strange, however, that there is still no mention of Provost Dunbar's two large mortifications, the bonds for which were handed to George Duncan on 1st July, 1701, which again were the subject of discussion by the Session on 27th July and 2nd November of the same year; and further, as Bailie James Dunbar granted two bonds of corroboration in respect of these in April, 1703.

James Thomson was appointed Hospital Treasurer from 1706, and held office till Whitsunday, 1712. His accounts also are well kept, and in them we at last find mention of a half-coble's fishing, got in security for loans from Robertson of Inches, and also of securities for the two large sums lent to or in the keeping of James Dunbar.

Baillie James Thomson's <i>Charge</i> commences with, "Balance received by him" ...	£13,417	11	0
He further charges himself with "a. rent of part thereof up to Whits. 1712" ...	2,491	15	0
Further do. ...	168	18	0
"Recd. out of King's Mills, inclg. 17 bolls of meal" ...	1671	6	8
"Annl. rent of ½ coble, formerly Bailie Dunbar's for 6 years" ...	720	0	0
<i>(Note.—This is the first mention of this security, and only of the interest upon it.)</i>			
Rent of Hospital and yard ...	324	0	0
Balance ...	75	10	6
	<hr/>		
	£18,869	1	2

His *Discharge* shows—

Principal sums ...	£9668	8	6
Annual rents due ...	1105	9	6
Security for one-fifth of the "King's Milnes" ...	4666	13	4
	<hr/>		
	£15,440	11	4
Cash paid to pensioners ...	£2528	17	4
Cash paid to poor by order of Session ...	56	8	0
Repairs, feu duties (several items) ...	843	4	6
	<hr/>		
	3,428	9	10
	<hr/>		
	£18,869	1	2

A list of bonds and securities handed over by him follows, and shows—

Bonds and securities ...	£9,668	8	6
Annual rents ...	1,105	9	6
One-fifth part of King's Mills ...	4,666	13	4
	<hr/>		
	£15,440	11	4

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But there is added—"One-half coble of the water received from Bailie Dunbar in part of a debt due by him to the Hospital" ... 2,000 0 0

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£17,440 11 4

The list of bands and securities, amounting to £9668 8s 6d, includes "the half-coble of the water bought from Inches, £2000, and annual rent from Martinmas, 1711, £55." It will be seen by and bye that both these half-coble's fishings and the fifth part of King's Mills were redeemed.

The Committee appointed to examine these accounts were well satisfied, and their report is very precise and distinct, containing many interesting details. They found that "he had given unquestionable documents warranting the whole of his disbursements;" that he "had behaved faithfully and diligently;" that he "had delivered to his successor (Bailie James Dunbar) the whole Bonds of Principall sums belonging to the said Hospital, which with the Half Coble of salmond fishing on the River Ness formerly belonging to Inches, amounts unto the sum of £9668 8s 6d Scots money; the annual rents resting to Whitsunday last being £1105 9s 6d Scots money;" that he had also "delivered to his successor the whole securities of one fifth part of the King's Mills obtained from George Cuthbert of Castlehill, extending to the sum of £4666 13s 4d Scots money;" also "in cash £666 13s 4d as payment of one of the principal sums above mentioned contained in a Bond granted by himself at Whitsunday last, and did take up his own Bond, and also delivered to his successor £18 6s 8d Scots as half-year's interest due by the said bond, and lastly £8 2s 0d Scots as the balance of accounts in his hands." "All which principle summs, half coble fishing, annual rents and securities of King's Mills, with the foresaid cash of interest and balance of accounts when accumulat in whole amounts unto £15,467 Scots, all which is committed into the charge of James Dunbar, present Treasurer. And moreover there is to be added unto the charge of the said

James Dunbar, the half coble's salmond fishing in the river Ness, purchased from the deceast James Dunbar, late Baillie of Inverness, extending in value to the sum of £2000 Scots; as also £2646 13 4d Scots resting owing by the heirs of the said Bailie Dunbar, and for which the said Bailie in his lifetime gave off the lands above the hill to the Hospital now set in tack by the Session to Paul Macphaile. The Committee find that there is still resting by the heirs of the foresaid Bailie Dunbar to the Hospitall a balance of £609 16s od Scots, which, if the Session think fit, they may also commit to the care of their present Treasurer." The Committee also found "that £333 6s 8d Scots was doted. to the Hospitall about the term of Lambas last by the heirs of the deceast John Mackintosh, late Bailie of Inverness, which sum is to be added unto the present Treasurer's charge. Finally, the Committee take this occasion to acquaint the Session that the foresaid James Thomson hath gifted unto the Session for the use of the Hospital a very strong and curious Iron Chest, extending in value to the sum of one hundred pounds Scots." They then recommend that he should receive hearty thanks and be discharged of his intrusions. The date of this report is 19th December, 1712.

The old iron chest here mentioned is still in possession of the Session. It should be noticed here that the value of the half coble's fishing got in security for the Bond for 2000 *merks*, and arrears of interest 1600 *merks*, is stated as £2000 Scots, equal to £166 13s 4d sterling; and that the amount resting owing by Bailie Dunbar's heirs on account of the other Bond for 2000 *merks*, with arrears of interest, is stated as £2646 13s 4d Scots, for which lands above the hill were given in security—the equivalent of the latter sum being £222 4s 5½d sterling; and that besides these sums a considerable balance, £609 16s od Scots, was due by James Dunbar's heirs. The change from *merks* to Scots arose from including accumulated arrears of interest. (See the Heritable Bonds of 1703, quoted *infra*.) The lands above the hill were the Gallowmuir or Millfield.

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Further instructions to the Hospital Treasurer were drawn up at the same time, viz., one that "All the mortifications granted to the Hospital were to be recorded together, and the will of the mortifier strictly observed;" another, "That the 3rd instruction in the former list (viz., that of 1701) is to be understood of Provost Dunbar, his mortification of two thousand merks of principal, which now, the annual rents being accumulate, amounteth to the sum of three thousand and six hundred merks, Scots money." —*Vide* Instructions of 1701. This was the mortification for the poor in the Hospital, as will be seen in the next chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE ESTATE OF BUGHT, INVERNESS,  
AND ITS OWNERS, 1171-1891.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P.

PART I.

HAVING not long since been lucky enough to discover an original document much earlier than any known to exist connected with the pretty Estate of Bught, near Inverness, advantage was taken of a day's leisure to frame a brief account of the place and its owners, so far as this could be done, from accessible materials.

The estate is first referred to in writing, but unnamed, in the following undated charter by William the Lion between the years 1164 and 1171 :—

“ William by the grace of God, King of Scots, to all worthy men of his whole land wisheth health : Wit ye me to have given and granted to God, and to the Church of St Mary of Inverness, and to Thomas the priest, parson of the said Church, one carucate of land, in perpetual alms; Wherefore I will that the same Thomas may hold the aforesaid land as freely and quietly as any alms in my land is held. Witnesses Nicholas Chancellor, Mathew, Archdean of St Andrews, David Olifar, Richard Cumyn—at Elgin.”

This was a beneficent gift to the scantily endowed Church of Inverness, but unfortunately King William, in his zeal for the memory of Thomas a Becket, granted, 'twixt the years 1189 and 1199, to the recently founded Abbey of Aberbrothoc, the Church of Inverness by the following charter :—

“ William by the grace of God, King of Scots, to the bishops, abbots, earls, barons, justiciars, sheriffs, provosts, ministers, and all worthy men of his whole land, clerics and laymen, greeting. Let those present and future know that

I have given and granted, and by this my charter have confirmed to God, and the Church of St Thomas of Aberbrothoc, and the monks there serving God, the Church of Inverness, with chapels, lands, and teinds, and offerings of every kind, and with common pasture and other easements, and all others justly pertaining to the aforesaid church. To hold in free and quiet and perpetual alms, so that it may be held and possessed freely and quietly, fully and honourably, as any other alms in my whole kingdom. Witnesses M., bishop of Aberdeen, Richard, bishop of Moray, Hugh my chancellor, Robert and Rudulf my chaplains, Earl Duncan, Earl Gilbert, Robert de Londoniis, William de Moray constable, Alan son of W. the Stewart, Malcolm son of Earl Duncan, William Cumyn, W. de Hay, Robert de Berkeley, Robert Rufus, Adam of Syrees, Herbert Mareschal—at Montrose."

As if this were not sufficient, King William 'twixt 1211 and 1214 grants to Aberbrothoc, *inter alia*, "The Church of Inverness with one carucate of land, which I have given to the said church in honour of the blessed Mary, in perpetual Elymosina, with all others its just pertinents."

The grants of the Church of Inverness to Aberbrothoc were confirmed by King Alexander and some of his successors, and by Richard, Bricius, and Andrew Bishops of Moray.

Pope Innocent, in a writing of confirmation about the year 1200, uses the following words indicating that Petty, dedicated to St Columba, was a chapel of Inverness:—"By the grace of our venerable brother Richard, Bishop of Moray, the Church of Inverness with its Chapel of Pettyn and its other pertinents and freedoms as in the writing of the said Bishop is more fully contained."

The Church of Inverness also possessed other lands, notably the lands of St Thomas Chapel, and some at least of the Carses, which need not here be referred to.

Thus Inverness, with its carucate of endowment land in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was with other lands alienated to Aberbrothoc, and St Thomas, Archbishop and Martyr. Arbroath proved a hard master, and so starved

the Ecclesiastical administration of Inverness as to give rise to constant interference by successive Bishops of Moray and appeals to Rome.

Until the year 1311 the lands of Bught are unnamed, but in that year, under the original spelling "del Boucht," they are leased by the following assedation :—

"To all the faithful of Christ to whom these present letters shall come, Friar Bernard, by the Divine permission, Abbot of Aberbrothoc, wisheth health everlasting in the Lord : Wit ye us, in our name, and that of our whole convent, to have granted and at feu ferme to have demitted to a venerable father in Christ, Sir David by the grace of God, Bishop of Moray, all of our land of the Boucht near Inverness, for the term of five years from the feast of Whitsunday of the year of grace one thousand three hundred and eleven, fully and continuously, for five merks of silver which the said Lord Bishop has paid beforehand, in our great need, in name of ferme which money we confess by these presents to be converted to our use, and to the utility of our monastery. To hold and to have to the said Lord Bishop or his assignees lawfully constituted, until the term before noted, as freely and quietly with all manner of easements, freedoms, and advantages belonging or that may belong to the same land, as we hold and possess the same, saving the teinds and other lands to the mother church of Inverness : Further, we shall warrant and defend the said land of the Boucht to the aforesaid lord Bishop, until the term aforesaid, against all men and women : but never the less we shall as to this be lawfully premonished time and place competent. In witness whereof, etc."

The corresponding obligation by the Bishop of Moray in 1312 follows :—

"To all who shall see or hear these letters, David by the Divine mercy, humble minister of the Church of Moray, wisheth health in the Lord. Whereas, Sir Bernard by the grace of God, Abbot of Aberbrothoc, in his own name and that of his convent, has been careful to grant to us in preference to others his land of the Boucht near Inverness at ferme, until the term of five years fully and continuously complete, from the feast of Whitsunday of the year of grace 1311 : We oblige us and in our good faith do promise by

these presents to deliver again or render to the said Abbot and convent, without any contradiction, at the end of the said five years, the said land of the Boucht, in the same state, or better, in which we have received the same from them at ferme. In witness of which thing we have caused these our letters, signeted with our seal, to be made patent to the said lord Abbot and convent. Given at Elgin in the feast of James the Apostle (25 July) in the year aforesaid."

An assedation or tack of the teinds of the Church of Inverness by the Abbot to the Bishop may here be given as illustrative of the times. If the teind sheaves standing uncut were destroyed in civil war, the risk fell on the Abbot—the landlord; if gathered into barn or stacked in yard, they were at the risk of the Bishop—the tenant.

"It is to be remembered that on the Wednesday next before the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist (24 June) in the year of grace 1312, Sir Bernard by the Divine permission, Abbot of Aberbrothoc, the utility of his monastery having been considered, in his own name and that of his convent, granted and set to a venerable father in Christ, David by the grace of God bishop of Moray, all the teind sheaves belonging to his church of Inverness until the end of two years fully and entirely complete counted continuously, for fifty merks of sterling which the said lord Bishop has paid to the said lord Abbot before hand, and which the said lord Abbot in his own name and that of his convent confesses himself to have received, to be converted to the profit and utility of his said monastery, as that when the said years are completed the teind sheaves of the said church, with all their right, shall return to the right and property of the said monastery, and to the free disposition of the Abbot and convent thereof without any gainsaying whatsoever; which the said Lord Bishop in good faith promised inviolably to observe, and it is understood that if the said teinds, standing in the field during the autumn, shall be so far destroyed by common war, which may God avert, that they shall not be worth 25 merks in that year, the said Abbot shall be bound to make up the deficiency of the aforesaid sum: That if the said teinds after the autumn, when they have been taken away from the ground, and stored in barns or stacks, shall by common war or other event be destroyed, which God forbid, the risk thereof shall

pertain to the lord Bishop himself. In witness of which thing, and assurance of sincere faith, the seals of the saids lords Bishop and Abbot are mutually appended to these presents, made by way of writ. Given at Croyn the day and year abovesaid."

Bught being so distant, times troublous, and rents indifferently paid, the Abbot and Chapter thought it would be well to alter the former order of setting for short periods, and in the year 1322 parted with the *dominum utile*, and feued the lands to a man of great note in his day, Sir Cristine of the Ard, concerning whose parentage and even surname doubts have long prevailed. The charter in his favour is now given for the first time in the English language, and readers must be gratified with the graphic and effective rendering and translation.

"In the name of God, amen: In the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty second, the seventeenth day of the month of November, this convention was made between religious men, Sir Bernard, by the grace of God then Abbot of Aberbrothoc, and the convent of the same place, on the one part, and a noble man, Sir Cristin of Ard, Knight, on the other: that is to say, that the said religious men, with express and unanimous consent of their whole chapter, careful treating together upon the matter being previously held in the same chapter and the advantage of their aforesaid monastery pondered, have given and at feu ferme demitted to the said Sir Cristin their whole land of the Bouch, within the Sherifffdom of Inverness: To be holden and had to him and his heirs, of the said lord Abbot and convent and their successors forever, with all manner of freedoms, commodities, and others its just pertinents: saving however the causes and complaints of regality pertaining to them, at four pleas of the Crown regal, and the indictments of himself and his heirs and the men resident on said land, of his own court to be held there when it may be necessary, by his own bailie, which, with all rights arising therefrom, they will to be specially reserved: the said Sir Cristin further and his heirs shall give to the said religious men in name of feu ferm yearly for the said land, four merks of silver, at two terms of the year in the parochial church of Inverness, to wit, two merks at the feast of Whitsun-

day and two merks at the feast of Martinmas in winter : the first term beginning at the feast of Whitsunday in the year of grace 1323. He shall also build within the said land houses sufficient and handsome, and shall cause the said land to be inhabited, so that the lord Abbot who for the time may be, and his monks, with their family, on their coming there if they will, may be decently and securely housed, to whom he, as well as his heirs, shall find hearth litter during eight days each year, and herbage for their horses in the time of herbage, and forage in the time of forage, freely, so far as they can be found within the aforesaid land, on the expenses of the said Sir Cristin and his heirs ; and beyond that, for the money of the said Abbot and monks, they shall cause them to be served in the best manner possible : for constructing which buildings the said Lord Abbot and convent shall allow to the said Sir Cristin within the first five years, one merk yearly : so that the five years being run out, he and his heirs shall fully pay four merks as is promised : the said Sir Cristin, moreover, shall, in full chapter of the said religious men, swear the oath of fidelity to the said Lord Abbot and convent and their successors, and their monastery, for all the time of his life : which oath his heirs successively shall be bound to perform : and shall double their feu ferme in the aforesaid at their entry, according to the law of the kingdom : and it is to be understood that the said Sir Cristin or his heirs shall in no way give, sell, alienate or wadset the said land of the Bouch, or any part of it, or by any evil device detain the said feu ferme in whole or in part, which if they do, without special license and will of the said religious men, the said St Christin and his heirs shall *ipso facto* thenceforth fall from the right of heritage of the said land ; and the land itself with the pertinents shall freely revert to the use and property of the said religious men : In witness of all which this present writing is made in manner of Chirograph, of which one part remaining with the said Sir Cristin and his heirs, is, by concord, sealed with the common seal of the Chapter of the said Abbot and convent ; and the other part remaining with the aforesaid Abbot and convent, and their monastery, is sealed with the seal of the said Sir Cristin, which he was then useing, for himself and his heirs, and he shall cause it to be sealed with a new seal of his arms to be renewed before the feast of Whitsunday next to come."

The feu was only four merks, but the free housing of the monks, and feeding, etc., of their horses is carefully provided for, and whatever supplies they paid for must be "served in the best manner possible."

It will be observed that the feuar could not alienate without the superiors' consent, and this gave rise to considerable discussion when Sir Cristin's heiress of line and successor Catherine Chisholm, her husband Walter Halyburton of Gask, and their eldest son John wished, about one hundred and thirty years after the date of the original grant, to part with Bught.

The lands of Bught remained the property of Sir Cristine del Ard and his descendants until about the year 1449. At this time Katharine Chisholm, wife of Walter Halyburton of Gask, transacted for their sale to Andrew Reid, burgess of Inverness, a great ecclesiastical benefactor, and to Maggy, or Margaret Grant, his spouse. As the sale could not have legal effect without consent of the superiors, the following obligation, in English, was granted:—

"Be it kend till all men be thir present lettres: Us, Wat of Haliburtoun of the Gask, Katrine of Cheshelme, his spouse, and John of Haliburtoun, eldest son and heir to that ilke, to be oblist, and be thir own lettres oblis es us, conjunctlie and severally, our airis and assignays, to ane honorabill man, Andrew Reed, burgess of Inverness, and to Maggy Grant, his spouse, and to aither of them, thair airis and assignays, that we, and ilke ane of us, our airis or assignays, sal procure, optene, and utroly get at worschipfull faderis the Abbot and convent of Aberbrothoc, thair benevolance, gudwill, and consent, as oure lordis of the landes of the Buycht, liand within the scheradome of Invernys, within a yere nixt followand the day of the making of thir lettres, to the alienacion thei of, mad be us by charter and saisin to the said Androw and Magy, thair airis and assignays, and we sall mak the costis thairapon cost that cost may, saffing that the said Androw and Magy, or aither of thaim, sall gyf thairto anerly twenty schillingis, and gyf it happings us, or ather of us, our airis or assignays, that be the ischay of the said terme, the forsaide consent be nocht openyt, and gud document gettin thairapon, as God

forbide, we the said Wat, Katrine, and Jon, our airis and assignays, sall pay, assithe and fulleli content, to the said Androw and Magy, or aither of them, thair airis or assignays, the soume of ane hundrethe markis of usual payment of Scotland for labour, expens, and to the optenyng of the forsaid consent, and thairto we obliiss us, conjunctlie and severally, our airis and assignays, our landes, rentis, possesviones, and gudes, movabill and unmovabill, quharever thai may be fundyn, to be distrenzeit, poyndit, and at the will of the said Androw and Magy, or ather of them, thair airis or assignays, to be demanyt to kep thaim and ilk ane of thaim harmless and scathless, ever and qu till the forsaid consent be optenyt at the forsaid worschipfull faderis na remede of lawe civile, na canon availzeand in the contrar: In witness of the quhilk thing our seilis ar to be affixit to thir presentes, at Invernys, the sext day of November, the yere of God jm. four hundreth fourty-nyne yeris."

Ten years later it was found necessary to have a notarial transumpt of the above deed, and this is the paper lately discovered, and now translated from the original Latin :—

"In the name of God, Amen: By this present public Instrument be it clearly known to all, that in the year from the Incarnation of the Lord, a thousand four hundred and ffty-eight, on the fourth day of the month March, the seventh indiction, and of the Pontificate of the most holy father in Christ and our Lord, Pius second, by divine Providence, Pope, the first year, in presence of me notary public and the witnesses underwritten, personally compeared a prudent man, Hugh Ostiler burgess of Inverness, husband of Margaret Grant, and in name and on behalf of his said spouse presented and exhibited to me notary public, certain letters patent of noble persons, namely, Walter of Haliburtoun of Gask, Catherine Chisholm his spouse, and John Haliburtoun their firstborn son, written on paper, and affixed with three seals in red wax. On the circumference was engraved *sigillum Walteri de Haliburtoun*, together with the shield in the said seal and the crest, and upon the crest as it were the head of a goat; on the second seal the shield was engraved with three heads below, and in the circumference *sigillum Katrine Chesholme*; on the third seal a shield with three bars, and on the circumference *sigillum Johannis de Haliburtoun* sound and whole, not erased,



abrogated, nor cancelled, but altogether free from every fault and suspicion—and earnestly requiring and asking me that I should reduce a copy or transumpt of these original letters word for word into public form, wherefore I, yielding to his just requests on that behalf, for a competent fee, have reduced a copy or transumpt of the aforesaid letters, neither adding nor diminishing ought to this public form, under this tenor which follows—Be it kend (etc. as foregoing). Upon which things the aforesaid Hugh craved from me notary public a public Instrument to be made to him : These things were done at the said burgh about the twelfth hour before noon, under the year, day, month, indiction, and Pontificate above specified, these prudent men being present, Alexander Wans Hugh Clerk, and Thomas Mac Angus, burgesses of the said Burgh, and several others. And I Ranald of Inverness, clerk of the diocese of Moray, notary public by apostolic authority (etc. in common form).”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

## IX.

A.D. 432-795. THE SENCHUS MORE. ABANDONMENT OF TARA. NATIONAL ASSEMBLIES. THE LAW OF THE INNOCENTS.

**I**N the legal and constitutional history of Ireland, the annalists relate a most important event in the very beginning of this period, being no less than the revision of the ancient laws of the country so as to bring them into accordance with the precepts of Christianity, and the recording of the law so revised, the result being the body of law called the "Senchus More," which still exists, and has been translated and published by the Record Commission.

The way in which the composition came about is fully detailed in a sort of historical introduction to the book itself. King Leoghaire, apparently with a view of testing whether Patrick practised the doctrine of forgiveness of injuries which he preached, persuaded his brother Nuada to kill Odhrun, Patrick's Charioteer. God ordered Patrick to obtain judgment for his servant, and told him that he would get his choice of the Brehons or Judges of Erin. Patrick chose Dubhthach, the chief poet of Erin, and one of his first converts, and the case was accordingly referred to him, and he, after reciting a long extempore poem expressing his hesitation arising from the necessity to satisfy Patrick's honour by some compensation for the crime, and at the same time to give effect to the new law of forgiveness, as against the old law of retaliation, gets out of the difficulty by a compromise. He decrees that Nuadha shall die, but that Patrick shall obtain forgiveness for him in the next world. In remarking on this, some later Brehon commentator says that before Patrick the law of retaliation prevailed in Ireland, and that in this case a middle course is followed reconciling the law of retaliation and the law of

forgiveness, and that thereafter, as no one had the power of obtaining forgiveness in the next world, as Patrick had, no one was put to death for his intentional crimes so long as Eric-fine or Bludewit was paid. The story which thus attributes the origin of the custom of the compensation for murder or other injury by Eric-fine to the time of St Patrick is plainly an attempt to reconcile that archaic custom, which remained the law or custom among the native Irish till the time of James the Second, with the Mosaic law which ordained death as the punishment for murder, and denounced the taking of money as compensation for that crime. After this Patrick is said to have requested the men of Erin to meet him, and he preached to them and overcame Leoghaire and his Druids, and so they bowed down in obedience to God and Patrick. Then Leoghaire said—"It is necessary for you, O men of Erin, that every other law should be settled and arranged by us as well as this." To this Patrick agreed, and then nine persons were appointed to arrange the laws, viz., three kings, three bishops, two doctors of the Bearla-Feni or dialect in which the laws were written, and one poet, and of the result of their labour it is said "this is the Cain Patraic (a law of Patrick), and no human Brehon of the Gaedhil is able to abrogate anything that is found in the Senchus More."

The origin of this legend is attributed by Professor Whitely Stokes to the tenth century, but the truth of it, so far at least as regards the statement that the Senchus More was compiled by St Patrick and the other eight persons mentioned in the Annals, is gravely contended for by the learned editors of the Record Publication, and Dr O'Donivan says that little doubt can be entertained that such a compilation of laws did take place very shortly after the full establishment of Christianity. What now exists under the name of the Senchus More consists of treatises on the law of Distress—a process under which an injured party could compel resort to a legal tribunal by seizure of his adversary's goods—on the law of Hostage-Sureties, on

the law of Fosterage, on the law of Free and Base Stock Tenure, and on the law of Social Connexions. Some of these laws as they now exist cannot be so early as the time of Patrick, but the customs with which they deal are undoubtedly very ancient, and the probabilities are that at a very early period the Irish Brehons or Judges, who were a hereditary caste, did record the maxims of law or custom on which they acted.

The holding of the feast of Tara is only recorded five times during this period, and of none of these meetings is anything mentioned except that it was held. All the annalists agree that the last of these assemblies was held by King Diarmid, and the Four Masters place it in the year preceding the battle of Culdreme. Shortly after this Tara ceased to be the residence of the High King, and became a waste. The reason of this was as follows. Diarmid, apparently to show his power, sent his servant all over Ireland with a spear in his hand, and ordered him to enter every house with the spear in a horizontal position. The servant arrived at the house of Hugh Gwary in Connaught, in Hugh's absence, and, as the door of the house was not wide enough to admit the spear in the required position, his servants broke down the walls. On Hugh's return he was enraged at this, and slew Diarmid's servant, and then took refuge with St Ruadhan at Larrah, in Tipperary. Diarmid, however, paid no respect to the sanctuary, and seized Hugh in spite of the saint's protection, carried him off a prisoner to Tara, and refused to restore him. On this Ruadhan, and a Bishop who was with him, "took the bells that they had which they rung hardly, and cursed the King and the place, and prayed God that no king or queen should ever after dwell in Tara, and that it should be waste for ever without court or palace, as it fell out accordingly." From this time the high kingship had no local habitation, Meath ceased to be the patrimony of the Crown, and became merely one of the principalities, and each king appears after this to have lived in his own tribal dominions, those of the Northern

Hy Niel at Ailech, near Derry, and those of the Southern Hy Niel first at Dun-Torgeis, in West Meath, and afterwards at Dun-na-Sgiath, near Mullingar.

With the abandonment of Tara, however, national assemblies did not cease. About twenty years after this event a great assembly was convened by Aedh or Hugh, son of Ainmire, at Drumceat, for the settlement of matters of high national concern. About 494 a colony of Irish Scotts under Fergus Mor, son of Erc, and his brothers of the tribe of Scotts who first settled in Ulster, in the district named after their first leader Dalriada, went to Scotland, and by force or by grant secured a settlement there, and founded a principality also called Dalriada, and the territory of which corresponded nearly with the present county of Argyle. Aidan, who was reigning over the principality at this time, appears to have claimed not only to be independent of the Irish Crown, but also to exercise supremacy over the parent territory of Dalriada in Ireland. On the other hand Aedh, the High King, claimed tribute and homage from the Scottish Dalriada as a colony. About the same time a dispute arose between King Aedh and the poets of Ireland. These poets were a highly privileged class, and one of their privileges was a right to travel all over the country with a large retinue of pupils and attendants, demanding hospitality and rich gifts wherever they went, under pain of satire, of which the Irish had a most unreasonable dread. About this time they appear to have increased both in numbers and in boldness, so that they became a public nuisance, and one of them had given special offence to the King by demanding of him the brooch with which he fastened his cloak, and which was regarded as a sort of emblem of royalty, and was handed down from king to king. In consequence of this Aidan resolved to expel all poets from his kingdom, but for this and for the settlement of the question with Aidan of Dalriada, the sanction of a National Assembly seems to have been required. Accordingly, the Convention of Drumceat was

assembled, and it was attended by all the principal kings, princes, and ecclesiastics in Ireland. Among others, St Columba, who was related to both kings, attended, and he appears to have acted as mediator between them, if not as ambassador for Aidan, and as intercessor for the poets. After much deliberation it was decided, with reference to the Scottish Dalriads, that "their expeditions and hostings were to be with the men of Erin always, for hostings always belong to the parent stock, their tribute gains and shipping to be with the men of Alba. And when one of the men of Erin or Alba should come from the East, the Dal Riada to entertain them, whether few or many, and the Dal Riada to convey them on, if they require it." The meaning of this is not very clear, but it seems to have had the effect of making Scottish Dalriada an independent kingdom; and it is said in the Tripartite Life of St Patrick, that this decision of the Convention fulfilled a prophecy of that saint to the effect that the posterity of Fergus Mor MacErc should be kings in Alba for ever—a prophecy which is still fulfilled if, as we have good reason to believe, Kenneth Macalpine was a descendant of Fergus. In the case of the poets, Columba's intercession prevented the passing of the law banishing them from the kingdom; but regulations were made by the Convention restricting the number of poets, regulating the number of the company with which they were to travel, and curtailing their privileges. For his services to the order on this occasion, Dallan Forgal, the chief poet of Erin, composed a poem in praise of St Columba, which is extant.

It is worthy of notice that this Convention was held in the open air. We are told that Conad, one of the sons of King Aedh, who had been incited to hostility against St Columba by his mother, caused some of his followers to pelt St Columba with clods and dirt, when he took his seat in the Assembly. Columba, whose temper was none of the meekest, was incensed, and he caused a number of bells to be rung, and cursed Conad; and the consequence was that he

lost his estate and his reason, and never succeeded to the Irish crown. From this it appears that the throwing of dirt at opponents is a very ancient Irish Parliamentary method, this instance of which might be adduced in justification of some recent practices. May we not hope that the result is also an augury that the throwers of dirt will never bear rule in Ireland.

In or about the year 696, we find that there was another great national assembly which enacted and promulgated laws. The story or legend of the cause of this assembly is as follows. Adamnan, Abbot of Iona and the biographer of St Columba, was travelling in some part of Ireland, carrying his mother on his back, and came on the scene of a tribal battle, in which, according to the law and custom of the time, women as well as men were engaged. They stopped to rest and observe the battle, and, while they were so engaged, two women came out of the fight, one having her reaping hook fixed in the breast of the other. This sight so shocked the mother of Adamnan that she refused to proceed on the journey until her son gave her a promise that he would procure the abrogation of the law which required women to go on military expeditions. Accordingly Adamnan induced the reigning King Loingsech to convene a synod or assembly at Tara, which was attended by 39 ecclesiastics, presided over by the Abbot of Armagh, and 45 princes and chiefs, among whom was Brude Mac Derile, King of the Picts, whose presence may indicate that he was sovereign of the Picts of Ireland as well as of those of Alba, or may be accounted for by the fact that he was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Adamnan as Abbot of Iona. It is said that Adamnan induced this assembly to pass a law exempting women from military service, and this law is always styled the law of Adamnan or of the innocents. It is said, also, that at this assembly there was passed a law or declaration in favour of the Roman method of calculating the time of Easter. In this connection the presidency of the Abbot of Armagh is

worthy of notice, for there is no doubt that there is a close connection between the assertion of the authority of Rome and the assertion of the claim of Armagh to the primacy, and the revival of the fame of St Patrick. A record of the acts of this assembly is said to exist in a manuscript in Brussels, but apparently the only subject which this record relates is the conceding, to Adamnan and his successors, of the privilege of levying certain pecuniary contributions.

As we approach the close of this period we find frequent mention of the proclamation of laws by ecclesiastics. Thus the Four Masters record in 778, "The proclamation of Patrick's law at Cruachan by Dubdaleith (Bishop of Armagh) and Tipraide, son of Tadgh." In 788 "the law of St Comman was promulgated by Aeldhobais, Abbot of Roscommon, and by Murighus through three divisions of Connacht; the law of Ailbhe of Imleach in Munster," and the *Chronicon Scotorum* has under the year 717 "the religious established a law with the peace of Christ over Hibernia, viz., in Campus Delinn." Some of these laws were probably Monastic rules, but some were no doubt attempts on the part of the clergy to check the growing disorder and want of respect for the Church which we noticed in the last chapter.

In this chapter we have attempted to deal with the legal and constitutional history of the period, and have noticed everything of importance that is recorded bearing on that aspect of the subject. The result would appear to be to show that the central power as represented by the High King had lost influence rather than gained it, and that in consequence of the loss of the national capital and of the central state as an appanage of the crown, the idea of nationality must have been weakened—but that this idea still subsisted, and manifested itself in the belief in the power of national assemblies to make general laws, although this power seems, latterly at all events, to have been very rarely exercised, and to have only been exercised at the call or with the assent of the nominal sovereign.



## X.

A.D. 432-795. THE CONNECTION OF THE IRISH WITH THE BRITONS, THE SAXONS, AND THE PICTS. IRISH MISSIONARIES AND IRISH LEARNING. ST COLUMBA AND SAINT COLUMBANUS

IN its relation with other countries, Ireland appears during this period as exercising a powerful influence on them, and except by the introduction of Christianity from Britain, to have been little influenced by them. With the Britons, notwithstanding an agreement in those ecclesiastical observances which ultimately caused so much trouble in the church, the relations seem not to have been good. There is frequent mention of Britons appearing as allies of one or other of the parties in the endless wars among the Irish themselves, as in the case of the battle of Magh Rath, and we have seen that one of the remaining writings of St Patrick was penned in consequence of a foray in Ireland by a British Prince. In 612 the island of Torach is said to have been devastated, and its church burned by a foreign, probably a British fleet, and in 640, 680, 698, and 699, battles with the Britons are mentioned. With the Saxons, except in one instance, the relations seem to have been friendly. In 683 or 684, Egfrid, King of the Northumbrians, and whose dominions then extended to the friths of Forth and Clyde, sent an army under Beort, his general, to Ireland, and harried and wasted Magh-Breagh—the country lying between Dublin and Drogheda—destroying the churches and carrying off many captives. This raid, however, seems to have been regarded by Egfrid's own countrymen as a very wicked act, and in speaking of it Bede describes the Irish as "a harmless nation, which had always been most friendly with the English," and he gives it as his opinion that it was as a judgment for his wickedness in instigating this raid that Egfrid met his death in a battle with the Picts in the following year. Egfrid was succeeded by his brother Alfrid, who had been for some time in exile in Ireland, and was a friend of St Adamnan,

Abbot of Iona, and to him or his successor Adamnan was sent as ambassador from the Irish to ask for the release of the captives taken in this raid. According to the Four Masters "he obtained a restoration of them after having performed wonders and miracles before the hosts, and they afterwards gave him great honour and respect, together with full restoration of everything he asked of them." Bede mentions this embassy of Adamnan. He does not state what its purpose was, but says that he remained some time, and that during his stay he was convinced of the propriety of observing Easter at the canonical time; and Adamnan himself incidentally mentions it, but merely to show the power of St Columba, by which he says he and his companions were preserved from the plague which raged in Northumbria on two occasions during his visit.

With the Picts of Alba the resident Irish seem to have lived at peace. As we have already mentioned, in 498, according to the Four Masters, an Irish colony under Fergus More, son of Erc, the King of Dalriada in Ireland, settled in Argyleshire, and founded a state there, and this colony ultimately, but long after the period with which we are dealing, gained supremacy over the Picts, or at least imposed a dynasty on them, and ultimately transferred the name of Scotts and Scotia, which at the time of which we are treating were confined exclusively to the people and country of Ireland, to Scotland. Whether the original settlement of this colony was peaceful or not is not known, the Four Masters merely saying that Fergus and his brothers went to Alba, and the *Chronicon Scotorum* that Fergus, with the tribe of Dalriada, held a part of Britain, and died there. If the original settlement was a peaceable one, however, war between the colonists and the Picts soon arose, and it is supposed that a crushing defeat which the colonists suffered at the hands of Brude Mac Maelcon, King of the Picts, had a good deal to do with the mission of St Columba to that King and his people. At anyrate, one

result of the conversion of Brude, and of Columba's influence with him, was a peace between him and the Dalriads during the remainder of his life.

It was through the Church, however, that Ireland exercised its greatest influence on foreign countries, and acquired its greatest and most lasting glory. Within little more than a century after the commencement of St Patrick's mission, the tribal Monastic Church which had grown up in Ireland, and absorbed the religious life of the nation, became animated by an extraordinary burst of missionary zeal and love of adventure, which carried the name and the fame of Irishmen all over the world, earned for the country the name of the Isle of Saints, and made it a source of light and learning and of purifying and invigorating religious life, not only to the neighbouring island of Great Britain, but also to the whole Continent of Europe. Besides the two great missionaries, St Columba and St Columbanus, of whom and of their missions we shall speak at some length, numbers of holy men with small bands of followers braved the dangers of the northern seas in their small "Curachs"—or boats constructed of wicker work covered with skins—in search of new countries, or of deserts or solitary places where they could devote themselves to the worship of God in peace, and unvexed by the endless wars and slayings which troubled them in their native country. We find traces of them yet in many of the lonely islets which dot the western sea, we find Saint Columba asking of King Brude protection for some of them who had gone to Orkney; the Norwegians found traces of them when they colonised Iceland. They are said to have settled in Greenland, and St Brendan, the legends of whose voyagings charmed the Middle Ages, is said during his seven years' absence from Ireland, to have reached the coast of Mexico, and he is plausibly conjectured to have been the white missionary or Messiah of whom the Spaniards heard on their arrival in that country, and whose return, they tell us, the natives expected.

St Columba was of noble lineage. His father was a grandson of Connal Gulban, son of Nial of the Nine Hostages, and he was therefore of the Royal race of Ireland, and might have aspired to the throne and fought and plundered, and died a violent death and been forgotten, like so many of his relatives. He, however, early chose a religious life, and was so devoted to it that he was soon known as Columcille, or Columba of the Church. He rose rapidly in fame and influence, and he had founded many monasteries in Ireland, and was the head of a numerous ecclesiastical tribe before the Battle of Culdreme, which we have seen he was influential enough to bring about. Soon after that battle he left Ireland, with twelve companions, and settled in the island of Hy or Iona, of which he obtained a grant, according to one account, from Conall, King of the Scottish Dalriads, and according to another from Brude, the King of the Picts. Here he established a monastery, with its church and refectory, and huts for the monks, which for more than two centuries was the ecclesiastical capital of all his establishments in Ireland and of the whole Pictish Church, and here he principally resided for the remaining 33 years of his life. Soon after his establishment at Iona he set out on his mission to convert the Picts. He travelled along the Great Glen to visit Brude, the powerful King of that nation, who then had his seat or capital near the River Ness, and his palace, as we believe, on the terrace now called "the Crown." Fortunately the visit to Brude was the occasion of a miracle, and Adamnan, therefore, gives a graphic account of it. The king's house or palace appears to have been situated within an enclosure of some extent, and when the saint approached, "the King, elated by the pride of royalty, acted haughtily and would not open his gates. When the man of God observed this he approached the folding doors with his companions, and, having first formed upon them the sign of the cross of our Lord, he then knocked, and laid his hand upon the

gate, which instantly flew open of its own accord, the bolts having been driven back with great force. The saint and his companions then passed through the gate thus speedily opened. And when the king learned what had occurred, he and his councillors were filled with alarm, and immediately setting out from the palace, he advanced to meet with due respect the blessed man, whom he addressed in the most conciliatory language. And ever after from that day, so long as he lived, the king held this holy man in great honour, as was due." Having gained the ear of the king, Columba seems to have had little or no difficulty with the people, and apparently in his lifetime the whole of Pictland had conformed to Christianity, and monasteries were established all over the country. It is contended by many learned men—we think erroneously—that Columba and his monks taught the Picts a new language as well as a new religion ; but if they did not, they certainly made the Irish dialect of the common language the language of literature and culture, and gave to Ireland a predominant influence over the religious and intellectual life of Scotland, which lasted for many centuries, and which perhaps has not yet lost its power.

The influence of the Irish Church on the Saxons was less lasting. About 635, Aidan, a monk of Iona, was sent, at the invitation of King Oswald, to convert the Northern Saxons, who had lapsed into idolatry, after having been converted by Paulinus. The island of Lindisfarne was granted to the missionary, and here he established a monastery on the pattern of Iona, and built a church of wood in the Scotie manner. The church thus established extended rapidly over the kingdoms of Northumbria and Bernicia, and flourished for about thirty years, sending missionaries all over England, and bidding fair to absorb the whole of England in its organisation. At the end of this period, however, it came into hostile contact with the mission from Rome established at Canterbury by St Augustine, and, after holding a public disputation with the Roman Bishops, in presence of King Oswy, on the subject

of the proper time for observing Easter, at the conclusion of which the king declared in favour of Rome, the Columban Bishop and most of his followers retired to Iona, and those of the clergy who remained behind conformed to Rome. The chief glory of the Church of Lindisfarne was St Cuthbert, who, although he conformed to Rome, was a Scottish monk, brought up and educated in a Scottish monastery.

Of the great Irish mission to the Continent, the consequences of which were so important both to Ireland and to Europe, the Irish Annals are silent, or almost so; and what we know of it is to be gathered from the lives of saints and the records of other countries, and from the great mass of Irish literature which still remains in the libraries of continental establishments, which were founded by or were once the home of Irish monks. The pioneer of this mission and the greatest of the missionaries was Columbanus. He was a youth of noble Irish family, and early in life adopted the monastic life, entering the monastery at Bangor, which was founded by St Comgall. After a time he became imbued with missionary zeal, and with twelve companions went to Gaul, then nominally Christian, but distracted by wars, apparently lapsing into paganism, or at all events into a disregard of Christian precepts and of ecclesiastical discipline. For some years he travelled over the country preaching the gospel, and then settled first at Annegray, and ultimately in the year 590 at Luxeuil, where he founded a monastery and established a monastic rule, which soon became famous, and attracted ever-increasing numbers of the youth of the country. Here he laboured for twenty years in peace, but at the end of that time he got into a controversy with the bishops of the country on the vexed subject of the time for observing Easter, and letters which he wrote to the Council of Bishops and to the Pope defending himself are extant. Ultimately he brought on himself, by the boldness with which he rebuked his immorality, the enmity of King Thierry; he was expelled from Luxeuil, and after many wanderings settled at Bobbio, in the Appenines, where he

founded a monastery and died. Notwithstanding his expulsion, however, his foundation at Luxeuil continued to flourish, and sent out missionaries who founded monasteries all over Gaul, and St Columbanus for a time bid fair to rival St Benedict. For some reason, however, his rule was not enduring, and within fifty years of his death it had been superseded in all his monasteries by that of St Benedict. From the time of St Columbanus till long after the commencement of the Norse invasions of Ireland a stream of Irish monks set constantly towards the Continent, and Irish monasteries were established all over Gaul, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, which were centres of light and learning and examples of Christian life to these countries.

Through these missionaries the fame of the Irish schools spread over Britain and the Continent, and they were largely frequented, not only by those who intended to embrace the religious life, but by noble and princely youths who came to acquire secular learning. Bede tells us that many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English resorted to Ireland for education, and that "the Scots willingly received them all and took care to supply them with food, as also to furnish them with books to read and their teaching gratis." Alcuin, the Saxon monk, who was the tutor of Charlemagne, was educated at the Monastic School of Clonmacnoise, and there exists a letter from him to Colgu, the *lector* of that school, in which it is mentioned that the writer sends a contribution partly from the bounty of the great emperor and partly from his own resources as a recompence for the care which had been taken with Gallic students at the school.

In fact, at this time the Irish were probably the most learned nation in the world, and in this respect this period is one to which Irishmen may well look back with just pride. Their country then received that appreciation from foreigners which they now so anxiously desire, but appear to care to do little to deserve.



PART VI.



HE close of my visit was, however, drawing near. I had been delaying it as long as I could, but my

passage was taken, and I would soon be compelled to relinquish the placid delights of Cannamorst for the tempestuous seas, and sweet inactivity for the troubles and anxieties of life. I was in truth loath to go.

One morning, about a week before I left, I was sitting busily writing, while our two friends, the doctor and the divine, were reclining in chairs on either side of the fire-place. Each had a book ostentatiously placed on his knee as if for study. Macintyre was apparently taking notes, while Mr Jolly, after a slight dip into his volume, would cast his eyes upwards as if in deep contemplation upon what he had read. Their abstraction at length became so



profound, that I was compelled to lay down my pen and address them. "Truly, gentlemen," I said, "your conduct this morning is unnatural and quite unlike yourselves. You have been silent and meditative for an hour together. You, Macintyre, have not given vent to a single inanity; while you, Mr Jolly, have not regaled us with even one wicked story. How is it that you are acting so contrary to your usual characters? What extraordinary subject so much occupies the thoughts of both of you?"

"Indeed," said Macintyre, attempting to shield himself with satire, "I presume it has been simply that, seeing you so much wrapped up in admiration of the wondrous honour you appear to be putting into these voluminous letters, we forbore to intrude our meaner wit upon you, but generously left you for a little to the pleasing task of self-admiration. You have chuckled to yourself at times in such a perfectly self-satisfied way, that it would have been very brutality to have disturbed you."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," I rejoined, "for being so very considerate, but you unnecessarily taxed yourselves on my account, as I am engaged in strictly business matters which give but little scope for fancy. And, indeed, the truth is you have not been paying the slightest attention to me, while I have been watching you for the last five minutes."

"How remarkably good of you," said our friend. "I trust the study repaid the time. We feel flattered at possessing sustained interest for so long a period. What has been the result of your observations? What conclusion have you come to?"

"I have come to the conclusion," I answered, "that the notes you have been taking must be of infinite value; for you have written them backwards and forwards, up and down, across, and on both sides, of a by no means large piece of paper. Just pass them over to me and I will transcribe them for you."

"Reserve yourself for higher work," said Macintyre grandly, cramming his notes into his pocket, with a pre-

cipitancy which spoke volumes as to their value. "Our pastor there seems to have some thoughts more worthy the record of such a pen, for he appears uneasily wrapped in the guise of sobriety, and is looking as sentimental as a boiled owl."

"I!" said Mr Jolly, roused by this attack. "I!—what did you say?"—Then he continued in an unusually serious strain for him. "My abstraction is not without reason. I have been musing on the passions and motives that rule the hearts and influence the actions of men and women. I am preparing myself by meditation for a momentous expedition. One of my parishioners has lately been causing me grave anxiety, and I am about to attempt what influence my persuasion can have, in changing their conduct for one more in keeping with my own."

"Heaven grant," added I, devoutly, "that for their own sakes you may be unsuccessful.—And you, Macintyre, have you anything of equal gravity in hand?"

"Ah," said he, with a deep sigh, "ailments of the body cannot perhaps be said to equal those of the mind in moment; yet they may be equally subtle and insidious, and require the gravest forethought to combat and repel. Indeed, I have now one patient under my eye, in whom, despite a levity which might deceive one who observed less closely than myself, I have marked several slight yet clear indications, of a covert but serious affection of the heart; and if I have looked grave, it is truly caused by the fact, that I am this day about to proceed to osculate—I mean "auscultate"—that is, to "sound" you know—in order to discover if my prognosis is correct. This it is that has affected my spirits, for the sufferer is one in whom I take a deep interest."

As, while making these remarks, my friend did not speak in that tone of airy flippancy which doctors are wont to assume when detailing the critical and very serious complaints of ordinary patients, I was somewhat alarmed, and exclaimed, "I hope it is no one whom I am

interested in? For goodness sake have in Dr Snufflesnuff of Oban, if it is. Practise among the general public as you like, but whatever you do, don't go tinkering at your friends."

"Sir," returned he, with severe dignity, "the slight in your remark upon myself I pass as beneath notice, but the imputation upon my profession I must resent, let my opinion of him who utters it be what it will. Know this then, that to a doctor his calling is sacred. Friend and foe are to him alike. He but looks to alleviating the sufferings of humanity. He does his utmost for all, from the highest to the meanest. Were you on a bed of sickness I would treat you as I would a prince; and yet you must know that when *pallida mors* chooses to knock imperatively either at hut or palace, the summons must be obeyed, despite Snufflesnuff or the best doctor in the land. Duty always before inclination—I would not even, opportunity given me, amputate a limb of Bowler's unnecessarily. And"—added he, descending to sarcasm—"let me ask you, how can my abilities be insufficient when I can call to my aid for at least a week yet an erudite sciolist, whose wealth of superficiality is only surpassed by the remarkable readiness with which he bestows it on others?"

"Don't be an idiot," I remarked urbanely. Then, as they prepared to go, I added—"I suppose I shall see you again in the course of the day?" "Oh yes," they replied, "if we do not find you here, we know where to look for you."

"You mean," said I, "where I can meet with congenial spirits, whose innocent gaiety and youthful loveliness at once charm the mind and delight the eye."

"Oh, come, let us get away from this drivel, or he will be reading his letters to us next," said Macintyre.

"Well," said I, "Heaven preserve you both, and make better men of you, and may no one be the worse this day through the doings of either of you; and I sincerely hope that one of you may not provide work for the other."

"If," said Macintyre, in going, "that last gibe was

intended for me, it misses me entirely ; for I by no means echo your hope."

"Nor, if it were intended for me, would I either—perhaps," said the Rev. Frank Jolly, with extreme demureness. And with these deep and mysterious remarks, which I did not waste time in attempting to fathom, they took their departure.

As in the foregoing, the word "morning" must be read by the light of hints conveyed earlier in this narrative, it will not be matter for very great surprise that I found myself occupied by my correspondence well into the evening, while my two friends were engaged elsewhere. So much engaged indeed were they, that the evening began to wear away without their returning to look me up. Under these circumstances, it was but natural that I should go in search of them, and for this purpose I betook myself to the house of our genial friend, the storekeeper. On enquiry, I was not over-surprised to learn that they were there, though, when directed upstairs to the sitting-room, things seemed so quiet in that direction, that I almost grew doubtful. The knaves were there, however, and Miss Pert and Helen as well. My entrance caused a flutter that broke the stillness, which had apparently been caused by the fact that they were deeply engaged looking over some of the S.P.F.A.S.'s<sup>1</sup> volumes of engravings. This it took me some

<sup>1</sup> Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

time to perceive, as it was extremely dusky, and the lamp had not yet been lighted.

There seemed, also, to be some coldness among them—an unusual air of restraint. They greeted me in a half-guilty manner, and the very uneasiness and embarrassment of their conduct during the ensuing dialogue, encouraged the suspicion that they had a fall-out among themselves.

"Hullo," I said, "so you have quarrelled at last, have you? I thought you were getting so thick lately that you must have a burst up before long. What's it all about? But, of a truth, this is a curious light to see engravings by."—"Oh, no; not at all: it is very good indeed, when one

gets used to it," they answered, all together.—"Indeed, then, no doubt with practice, one would be able to see in the dark. My sentimental friends here have perhaps been persuading you that the light from beauty's eyes is enough for them ; but being somewhat practical myself, I will, with your permission, light this earthly, though no doubt less brilliant, lamp."

"Do so," said Miss Pert ; "but you need not charge your friends with sentiment when in our company, for they have been talking very good sense this evening."

"Then," I answered kindly, "it is more than they ever did in mine. Lately they have been going from bad to worse. Why, this morning—pray, gentlemen, let me ask you if your abstraction of this morning continues, or if you have brought your several adventures to a satisfactory issue?"—"We have," they said readily ; "the results have been entirely to our wishes."—"Why, then, Macintyre, even if your *prognosis*, as you call it, was wrong,—as I expected it would be—or your patient declined to be "osculated," or whatever you said—brighten up. Don't be abashed by one failure ; though one person has declined to be operated on, there are plenty of fools in the world, all the same. You have time yet to learn. And now we have leisure. You might tell us who it was into the state of whose ——" "Come, come, now," interrupted Macintyre, "my professional secrets are not meant for the general ear, even if I did, in a weak moment, reveal them to a tattling, garrulous companion. Do not let me suffer for it.—Let us hear now what news you picked up in the village as you passed through."

"Oh," said I, with a most reprehensible disregard for truth, "there is a most startling rumour current there this afternoon."

"What?" exclaimed they all, bending forward.

"Why, it is all over the place that Miss Pert here is engaged to be married, and Bowler has just been to the Post-office, and telegraphed to Glasgow for a double-barrelled shot gun."

To my surprise, instead of responding to my jocularly, the company looked blank ; while, in place of tossing her graceful little head, Miss Pert only gasped quite seriously :—“ Oh, surely not ?” and then suddenly blushed crimson, and dropped her head in great confusion.

Seeing my remark was ill-timed, though I could not conjecture why, I thought to relieve her embarrassment, and turning to her sister added—“ Yes, Miss Helen, and there is a similar rumour about you.” To my astonishment she became still more confused, and flushed even redder than Miss Pert had done.

I now felt somewhat put out myself at finding the spirit of my remarks so misinterpreted, and glanced to my friends for help. Macintyre, however, was searching behind the sofa for something he had dropped ; while Mr Jolly avoided my eye, and for the first time in his life appeared confused. There was an awkward silence for nearly a minute, till Macintyre, who had seemingly inhaled some dust in his search, after gasping and choking convulsively in his handkerchief, suddenly burst out into one of his most senseless fits of laughter. In this one after the other of them joined in the most uproarious way. It was the most ridiculous exhibition I ever saw, and I attributed it to nothing less than temporary insanity. I continued to regard them with amazed and sorrowful gravity, while they each writhed and shrieked with more laughter than an ordinary Scotchman would give way to in the course of three lifetimes. Anything more undignified could not be conceived. Any attempt on my part to speak was only the signal for their all half-rising—pointing at me—covering their mouths with their handkerchiefs—and falling back once more into cachinnific convulsions.

I certainly thought I had good reason for being indignant, and when at length their exhaustion enabled me to make myself heard, I said, addressing them—“ Really, ladies and gentlemen, I would be very much obliged to you for an explanation of your conduct, if, indeed, any of you can give one in the least rational. And until that is done, you will

perhaps excuse me if I stand with the door half-open, so that I can, if necessary, make my escape, for one against four, and these four apparently raving lunatics, is rather long odds."

"Ho! ho!" they cried, again relapsing into their mad folly, "It was your remark—that about Bowler, you know. It was so laughable."

"Well," said I, "in that case your sense of humour is certainly keener than mine, if you thought it needed all that exhibition to do it justice—and, indeed, the time you took to perceive the humour at all reminds me very much of the Scotchman who, hearing a joke in the morning, would wake at night shouting—'A see it! A see it!'"

By this time, however, the general uproar had roused the rest of the household, and the Little Gipsy—who perhaps I mentioned was once my companion in exploring the cave of Eigg—came in to enquire what was the matter, and, somehow or other, at this point my thoughts became diverted from pursuing the conversation further. The others also, after their explosion, returned somewhat to their usual manners, and in more intelligible and sober mirth the evening sped away on golden wings. What our occupations were I have forgotten, though I have no doubt that, as usual, I gave considerable time to the speculation as to which of the three girls was the most attractive. Yet I could perceive that the four maniacs of the earlier part of the evening still seemed to have some joke at my expense, for they looked at me at times, and smiled; so that thrice I went to the mirror to see if I had a black on my nose.

Next morning after breakfast—ham and eggs—while Macintyre was preparing to go out, I recollected the incidents of the previous evening, and said to him, "By the way, how was it that Helen and the Rev. Frank looked so disconcerted last night when I made that remark about marriage?"

"Did they?" he answered, with affected surprise, "I did not observe it."

"O come now; none of that," I returned. "You not only did, but I feel certain you know the cause."

“Well, do you know,” he said, “I half fancy that in your remark you stumbled on the truth.”

“What !” I exclaimed, “you don’t mean to say he thinks of marrying her ?”

“I more than think it,” he replied, “I believe they came to some understanding on the subject yesterday afternoon.”

I was so amazed that I could only gasp, “But, goodness gracious, look at his position. How uncertain his prospects. How are they to live? You surely are not serious.”

“Why, my dear boy,” he returned, “I do not see matter for so much surprise. Engagement is not marriage, it is merely security. In my opinion he has acted like a wise fellow in securing a grand prize while he has the chance. Old duffers in the north often marry at fifty-five, when they might have been happy thirty years before. The true season for marriage is youth, while the character is still pliable. Then natures soft and loving adapt themselves to each other. Yet inexperienced in the world—the tenderness of the one allied to the strength of the other—sharing its pleasures and dividing its sorrows, they encounter life’s storms together. What grief can the world bring that the sympathy of a woman’s heart cannot allay? What disappointment that may not be forgotten in a husband’s arms? Grown old together, trusting and sympathetic, even though misfortune assail them, they can live again in the tender recollection of the past, and in the affection of those whom their care has cherished, and who owe existence to their love. How different the fate of those who, suspicious and distrustful of their fellows, and narrowed by solitude, harden year by year, till at length if they marry, it is but to fret each other by the constant jarring of trivial yet settled prejudices. You may talk of the thoughtless rashness of some youthful attachments, but let me tell you that I believe the warm intuitive instinct of innocent affection, is a safer and truer guide in these matters than the most deliberate calculations of worldly and educated caution.”

“Upon my word, Macintyre,” I exclaimed, amazed at this string of sentimental rubbish, “I believe you are



even a greater fool than Mr Jolly. What is the meaning of all this ranting nonsense? Keep your trite excuses for those who meditate such folly. I at least, can see their shallowness. What! you would set the instinct of man's animal nature before his reason. But enough—the single life is the life of love. Neither he nor she is to be honoured, who, forgetting the great family of humanity about them, devote all their energies and graces but to minister to the selfish enjoyment of one. What a sight is it to see her, whose sweet smile and lovely influence might glance a ray of heavenly light upon a hundred dark and cheerless hearts—that would thank her with a reverential admiration too pure for the love you speak of—what a sight, to see her devoting, nay, debasing herself, but to obtain the boorish toleration of some self-centred niggard as small in heart as head. And would you grudge to him, who has spent the bright noon-day of a self-sacrificing life in the service of mankind, his seeking repose and consolation when the fires of youthful vigour began to decay, in the society of one, whom his matured experience had taught him could worthily afford it?—What are the attachments of youth but ignorance, and the attributing of qualities and excellencies to their object which riper years too often show they do not possess? That is worthy love alone where appreciation is due to wisdom and experience, and where——”

“What pack of nonsense is all this?” said Macintyre, interrupting. “It is so senseless that I won't contradict it; nor will I, as I might, bring up your own conduct against you. What has it all got to do with the case in point? Do you suppose the Rev. Frank and Helen will be unhappy together?”

“No,” answered I savagely, “quite the reverse. He is eminently fitted to make her happy, both here and hereafter, for I never knew one so zealous in exhorting others to reserve *their* happiness for a future state, or who seemed himself more fully satisfied to take *his own* in this.”

“Ah,” said Macintyre, “you are jealous.”

“Perhaps I am,” I answered. “But, by the way, now I come to think of it, why I believe you and Miss Pert were as much put out as the other two. How was that?”

“Bah,” cried he jeeringly, “you are too observant; you are always finding mysteries where no one else does. Pert and I wished to give you an opportunity for exercising your wonderful sagacity. We were laughing at you in our sleeves. I wish we had winked at each other in addition, as it would have afforded you food for speculation for a month. Bowler was right, you go ‘keeking and glowering’ too much. Now, let me give you some wholesome advice. When in company don’t always spend the time in watching your neighbours, but try, if you can, to add something, however little, to the general amusement or instruction. Don’t sit in a chair looking wondrously wise, and pretending to hold back a lot. Out with it, man, if you have it. What is it all to us if we never get a sight of it? If you have been doing such a powerful lot of thinking, do let us have a taste of the fruit of it. No wonder if we not only look, but feel, confused in the presence of so much critical unrevealed wisdom. And now I am off to the other side of the Lough, to see old Hobnob Gobblegrub. I’ll stop to dinner, as he has a good larder. The old fool talks of turning up his toes, while there is nothing the matter with him but overfeeding and want of exercise. I have told him so twenty times, but he can’t take it in. He can take in nothing more intellectual than ‘Glen Dhu’ and haggis. What fools some men allow their imaginations to make of them. Well, I am off. I will see you again in the evening.”

“No, you don’t,” I said, rising and getting between him and the door; “you don’t go yet. I have heard your harangue with patience, and while not claiming all the penetration you are disposed to allow me, I think I can see its drift. You wished to shirk my question, and change the subject. Come, it won’t do. Confess now, did I last night hit on the truth in more instances than one?”

“You did,” he said simply.

"What!" cried I, "do you mean you are going to have Miss Pert?"

"No, she is going to have me," said the fellow, utterly unabashed.

"Well," I exclaimed, "of all the absurd things I have known, I think this comes first. Why, the whole lot of you are children—mere children who, if you clubbed, your brains would not furnish a sensible adult."—"You?" he interjected.—I scorned the interruption, and proceeded—"Little did I think, as I saw the promise of your youth, that it was to be thus suddenly eclipsed. Well, well, I shall not witness your fate. I am leaving you. You, fettered and bound, remain to live on love and suet puddings; whilst I, sipping the roses and lilies of life, exult in freedom on the perfumed air of a sunnier clime. For you, bonds and care; for me wealth and liberty."

"Away," he cried, striking an attitude, "croaking raven, away, and batten on carcasses, tainting the air in Australian droughts. Hide yourself from the sex your selfish nature slights amid the trackless wastes of an arid continent. *We* remain to taste pleasure while life is young, and we can enjoy it; our girls will cheer us to win a place and a name; and we shall take each other by the hand when fortune smiles, and go on through life together, delighting and delighted: while *you*, having fattened in solitude and exile, return at last, too dull and too stale, to appreciate the thrilling charms of immortal love. I think I see you, as fat and puffed up with pride—a cantankerous crotchety old bachelor, you think with a sneer of the simple friends, and simple fare, you once knew in Cannamorst. No, no; well, I think I know you better than that."

"Macintyre, I said, feelingly, "I am yet somewhat dazed by what I have heard, but you know how I love the lasses myself, and I hope you and they may live a thousand years."

"I do not mistake you," he answered. So we shook hands, and he departed to old Gobblegrub's.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## IRELAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

### XI.

A.D. 795-1014. THE ALTERNATE SUCCESSION OF THE TWO BRANCHES OF THE HY NIELS. THE FREEDOM OF THE CLERGY FROM MILITARY SERVICE. THE NORSE INVASIONS.

WE now enter on a new era in Irish history. Hitherto the country had been comparatively free from foreign influence, and almost entirely free from the presence of foreigners on its soil, or interference by foreigners in its domestic affairs. Henceforth, and for upwards of 200 years, the foreigner is the most prominent feature; and in wars with him, and plunderings by him, the interest of Irish history is almost entirely absorbed. The period extends from 795, when the first Viking descent on Ireland took place, until 1014, when the foreign colonies in Ireland were finally reduced to a state of subordination to the native Princes, as the result of the battle of Clontarff.

During this period, there reigned twelve native kings, and, according to some authorities, one foreign usurper. Of the native kings, all except Brian Boroimh were of the race of Nial of the Nine Hostages, and five of these were furnished by the northern branch, and six by the southern.

The members of these tribes succeeded alternately, except in one case, where one king of the southern branch succeeded another, but they were very distantly related. Whether this alternate succession was the result of any law or family compact is not stated, but a law is said to have existed in the province of Munster, founded on the will of Olliol Ollum, providing that the provincial sovereigns should be chosen alternately from the posterity of his two sons. Of anything like the election of an Irish king we have no trace in any of the annals to which we have had access, but Keating mentions one instance, without, however, giving any authority for it. During this time, however, there is no mention of any contest for the succession, except in the case of Brian Boroimh, who was really a usurper. Six of the native kings died a natural death, one was accidentally drowned, one was killed in a battle with the Leinster men, three were killed in war with the foreigners, and one was dethroned by Brian. The kings of the southern branch of the Hy Neils were also kings of Meath, and those of the northern branch were kings, or lords, of Ailich, in Ulster, and, if not nominally kings of that province, they were the most powerful princes in it.

Apart from the obits of princes, ecclesiastics, poets, and other men of note, the annals contain almost nothing but notices of battles, burnings, murders, and plunderings. The only event of any real importance noticed is the freeing of the clergy from liability to serve in war. This is placed by the Four Masters in the year 799; but at this period their chronology is generally five years behind the real dates, and this event probably took place in 804. What we are told is that Aedh (or Hugh) Oirdnidhe, who was then king of Ireland, made a full muster of the men of the rest of Ireland, both laity and clergy, to attack Leinster; that it was not pleasing to the clergy to go on expeditions, and that they complained to the king; that the king agreed to abide by the award of Fothad-na-Canoine, who was apparently a poet, although his name would signify

Fothad of the laws or canons; and that Fothad gave judgment that, from henceforth the clergy were to be free from military service. There is no mention of a National Assembly to sanction this law, but, as the princes and ecclesiastics of Ireland were present with the army, there may have been such an Assembly. The only other instance of a National Assembly is what is styled a Royal Meeting of princes or clergy, in or about the year 859, for the purpose, as one chronicler puts it, of establishing peace and concord among the men of Erin, and at which, it is said, the King of Ossory and the King of Munster yielded allegiance to Malachy I., King of Ireland. The life of the Church is mainly indicated by the promulgation of the Laws, or Rules, of Patrick and other saints in various portions of Ireland. But it would rather appear that these were merely monastic rules or regulations, entitling the clergy to tithes or tribute. In one place we are told that the Rule of Dair was established in Connaught, and an entry in the Book of Leccan refers to this law as "the Law of Darii the Nun, viz., not to kill cows."

As we have said, the main interest in the history of this period centres in the doings of the Norsemen, who present themselves to us in three successive aspects—as plunderers, as conquerors or would-be conquerors, and as colonists. At first they are seen in Ireland, as in other countries, as mere summer rovers of the sea, landing and plundering and departing with their booty before winter set in, and, whether because they had a special antipathy to Christianity, caused by the propagandist wars of Charlemagne against their immediate neighbours, or because the wealth of the country was mainly collected in these establishments, directing their chief attention to the monasteries. They are first mentioned in the annals in 795, when they landed in the Island of Rechrin and in Iona, and plundered the churches and broke the shrines. In 802, they again plundered Iona and slew 68 of the monks, and between that date and 822 we hear of them at Inishmurry, off the

coast of Slego, at Cork, at Bangor, and all round the coast of Ireland plundering, burning, murdering, and carrying off booty and captives.

Shortly after this time we hear of repeated arrivals of great fleets of foreigners, and there appears to have been a regular attempt at the conquest of Ireland under a leader whom the Irish annalists call Turgus or Turgesius, and who, although he does not appear in Danish or Norwegian history under that name, has been plausibly identified with Regnar Lodbrog, whose posterity certainly were kings of the Danish kingdom of Dublin and of some of the other foreign settlements in Ireland. This leader, whoever he was, seems to have made a persistent attempt to establish himself as King of Ireland, and some of the annalists award that rank to him. From 829, when he first appeared, till his death, there was incessant warfare. In 830 he plundered Armagh three times in a month, in 836 he took Dublin, and in 840 we are told that he erected forts at Dublin and Linn-Duchail, and that out of these fastnesses the "surrounding territories and churches were plundered and preyed." Turgesius appears to have brought the North of Ireland at least under his rule, and to have made the native princes and chiefs tributary; and he established himself at the great Monastery of Clonmacnoise, where he set up his wife on the high altar of the great church as an object of worship. In 843 he was made a prisoner by Malachy I., then King of Meath, by a stratagem, and drowned in Loch Nar.

After the time of Turgesius we cannot trace any regular attempt at the conquest of all Ireland, but for a long time a stream of colonisation, if not of invasion, continued to flow from Scandinavia into Ireland. For a time we hear of two races, called by the Irish Fine-Galls and Dubh-Galls, or white and black foreigners, and supposed to be Norwegians and Danes. At first there was war between these two races, but in 851 they all submitted to Olaf, described as son of the King of Lochlann, and ulti-

mately the foreigners formed permanent settlements at Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, and other places along the coast, where they built fortified towns, and established their dominion over parts of the surrounding country. They thus became a permanent portion of the population of Ireland, and from the settlements which they thus established they carried on trade, as well as the business of plunder and piracy. From the first there was a good deal of inter-marriage between the native Irish and the foreign settlers, and some of the children of Cearbhar, a Leinster prince, who, about 870, married a Scandinavian wife, and acquired rule over the settlers in Dublin, went to Norway, and founded families there, and were among the first colonists of Iceland; but, nevertheless, to the Irish these settlers remained "foreigners" to the end, their settlement added an element of great intensity to the many elements of warfare and disorder which previously existed in the country, and latterly, and until the time of Brian and Malachy, their wars with the Irish seem to have been as aimless and as destitute of permanent result as those among the Irish themselves.

Sometimes in the endless wars which went on the foreigners prevailed, and when they did they took hostages from the Irish as pledges of submission and as sureties for the due payment of tribute, but made no effort to govern or to impose any system of polity. Sometimes the Irish prevailed, and they acted in precisely the same way; and very often we hear of Irish kings and chiefs fighting against each other with foreigners as allies on one side or other, and sometimes on both sides. To attempt to follow the course of these wars would, within the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, be impossible, and if it were possible, it would be as useless as it would be tedious; but some idea of the condition of the country may be formed from the following summary of the Annals of the Four Masters. The whole period from the first appearance of the Norsemen in Ireland till the battle of Clontarff is 209



years, and in only 56 of these is there no mention of hostilities between the native Irish and the foreigners, and of these 56 years only 10 are consecutive. During the whole period there are recorded 250 battles, 319 murders, and 326 plunderings and devastations of territories, and that even this is not the whole truth may be gathered from this, that while the Four Masters only mention 8 battles between Brian and the foreigners, and 10 between Malachy and the same enemy, other annals credit Brian with 25 great battles, besides skirmishes, and Malachy with 25 additional battles. The Church, as we have mentioned, was the special object of Scandinavian hostility, and this hostility seems hardly to have abated with the nominal conversion of the settlers to Christianity which took place about 944. Besides very numerous notices of the plundering of territories and all the churches in them, we have specific notices of the burning and plundering of Armagh 11 times, of Clonmachnoise 22 times, of Kildare 11 times, and so on, if less frequently, of other great ecclesiastical establishments. But while the presence of the foreigners was during this time a principal factor in the disorder which prevailed, we must not suppose that it was the only one. The old state of warfare among the Irish themselves continued to prevail, and perhaps the most melancholy feature of the whole history of this unhappy time is that until the time of Brian and Malachy, there is no trace of any combined effort on the part of the Irish chiefs to expel or to resist the foreign enemy, and no trace of any feeling of patriotism or of nationality on their part which could have brought about such an effort. They were content to go on fighting and plundering and murdering each other as before. In the 56 years in which the Four Masters record no battles between Irishmen and foreigners they record 36 battles among the Irish themselves, and 64 murders and 45 plunderings by Irish of Irish. And most melancholy of all, we now find the plundering and burning of monasteries by Irish chiefs and even by Irish ecclesiastics quite a common

occurrence. Even Cormack Mac Culenan, the famous bishop and king of Cashel, and who is described as "A most excellent scribe and bishop and anchorite, and the wisest of the Gaedhill," did not hesitate to burn and plunder churches in hostile territories.

In the state of war, rapine, and disorder which the annals disclose, it is surprising that religion and civilisation did not perish entirely, but they did not. The monasteries still continued to be seats of learning, and we have frequent notices of the deaths of poets, several of whom are described as "virgils of the western world," and of learned and pious ecclesiastics. To this time belongs the glossary of Cormack, composed probably before he became king, and for the time a very learned work; and in many monasteries pious and learned men copied and ornamented the scriptures, recorded passing events and the tales and legends of former times, and wrote the lives of saints; and skilful ceards or artificers worked cunningly in metal, and produced some of those exquisitely beautiful shrines for books, bells, and relics, some of which have come down to us, and made the Irish art of the period famous. There is no doubt, however, that the church suffered from the prevailing disorder of the time. Ecclesiastical discipline was relaxed, abbacies became secularised, and abbots merely lay administrators of the abbey lands, the succession to the abbacies was tending to become hereditary, and in frequent instances it led to strife and bloodshed. That the marriage of the clergy was becoming common is evidenced by frequent mention of ecclesiastics who died virgins, and the decay in sanctity by the fact that not one of the clergy of this time is elevated to the dignity of a saint.

The history of the time is a record of anarchy and decay, and of the entire absence of any evidence of national feeling, with the Church only struggling, but unsuccessfully, to maintain the power and the reputation which it had attained in a former age.

## XII.

A.D. 795-1014. BRIAN AND MALACHY.

EARLY in the latter half of the tenth century there seems to have been a fresh influx of Norsemen into Ireland, and they appear to have extended their supremacy over a considerable part of the country, rendering the natives tributary, but without displacing the native chiefs. "The Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill," a sort of history of the doings of the foreigners in Ireland, which was written soon after the battle of Clontarff, gives a piteous account of the condition of Munster, which at this time was held in subjection by the Danes of Limerick. It states that "the chief of the foreigners appointed kings and chiefs and stewards in every territory and in every chieftaincy, and levied royal rent," and that there was "a soldier in every house, so that none of the men of Erin had power to give even the milk of a cow, or even so much as the clutch of eggs of one hen in succour to an aged man or a friend, but was forced to preserve them for the foreign steward, or bailiff, or soldier." And the Four Masters, who deal principally with events in the northern half of Ireland, and, during this period, with the wars of King Malachy with the foreigners of Dublin, describe the captivity from which, according to them, Malachy freed his country, as "the Babylonian captivity of Ireland, and next to the captivity of hell." This state of matters seems to have roused a really patriotic spirit in two remarkable men who appeared at this time, and who directed their whole energies for a time to the liberation of their country and their race. These men were Brian Borw and Malachy Mor, or the Great, as he is sometimes called.

Of these Brian was considerably the senior. He and his elder brother Mahoun were sons of Cennedigh, chief of the Dal Cais, a Munster tribe, descended from one of the sons of Olliol Ollum, and whose chief and the chief of the

Eoganachts—a tribe descended from another son of Ollioll—were respectively kings of North and South Munster, and had a right to be alternately kings of the whole province, or of Cashel, as the Kings of Munster were called. Both these brothers took arms against the foreigners, and carried on war for some time, but, after some defeats, Mahoun submitted to the enemy. Brian, however, continued to carry on a guerilla warfare, living in woods and fastnesses, until his followers were reduced to fifteen men. He then had a meeting with his brother, and reproached him for his submission. Mahoun defended himself on the ground that it was useless to sacrifice the lives of the men of his tribe in a hopeless war with the foreigners, who, he argued, were sure to overcome on account of the superiority of their armour, which is described as “polished, ample, treble, heavy, trusty, glittering corslets. . . hard, strong, valiant swords. . . well-riveted long spears and really brilliant arms of valour besides.” The result of the conference was, however, that a meeting of the tribe was convened, and at this meeting war was resolved on, and it was determined to expel the foreigners from the country of the Eoghanachts and from Cashel, of which they were apparently in possession. The brothers accordingly mustered their forces, and marched against Cashel, being joined on the way by other tribes; on the other hand, some of the native chiefs, and noticeably the chief of the Eoghanachts, who was at this time King of Cashel, joined the foreigners. A great battle was fought at a place called Sulcoit. The fighting continued from sunrise till mid-day, and the foreigners were completely defeated. Mahoun and Brian pursued the enemy to Limerick, and entered the town and plundered and burned it, the plunder consisting of saddles, “beautiful and foreign” jewels, gold, silver, beautifully woven cloth of all colours, satins and silks, “pleasing and variegated, both scarlet and green.” The captives who were fit for war were killed, and those who were not were enslaved, and then the Irish

celebrated the Races of the Son of Ferdach, which are thus described :—" A great line of the women of the foreigners was placed on the hills of Sainger, in a circle, and they were stooped with their hands on the ground, and marshalled by the horse boys of the army behind them for the good of the souls of the foreigners who were killed in battle." Apparently the women had to race on all fours, urged on by the horse boys, a singular method of doing good to the souls of their relatives. After this, war was waged for some time, and Limerick is said to have been twice burned, and the foreigners are said to have been expelled from it, and to have gone to make war in Britain, but if this was so, we very soon hear of them in Limerick again. Ultimately Mahoun reduced them and their Irish allies to some sort of subjection, and took hostages from all of them, and declared himself King of Munster. About six years after this he was decoyed to a meeting with Molloy, son of Bran, King of Desmond and Chief of the Eoghanachts, and treacherously murdered. On the death of his brother, Brian became chief of the Dalcais, and for two years waged continual war with Molloy and his allies, the foreigners of Limerick. At the end of that time he was victorious in a great battle, and slew Molloy and 1200 of his army. Brian then assumed the sovereignty of Munster, and attacked and subdued the Deisi, now a powerful tribe in the country round Waterford, and took hostages from them and from their allies, the foreigners of Waterford. He then invaded Leinster, and subdued the kings of the two divisions of that province, and took hostages from them, and thus became sovereign of Leth-Mogha or the southern half of Ireland. This took place eight years after the murder of his brother, and about the year 984.

Malachy was chief of the southern branch of the Hy Neils, and as such, King of Meath. In the year 978 we hear of him fighting a great battle at Tara with the foreigners of Dublin, in which he was successful. In the following year, on the death of King Daniel of the northern

branch of the Hy Neils, he became King of Ireland. In the same year he attacked the foreigners in Dublin and besieged the city for three days and three nights, and either took it or received the submission of the garrison, for it is related that he released from thence the hostages of Ireland, 2000 in number, including the King of Leinster and the hostages of his own tribe, and that he freed his own tribe "from tribute and exaction from the Shannon to the sea." It was on this occasion that he issued what the Four Masters call his famous proclamation, in which he said that "every one of the Gaedhil who is in the territory of the foreigners in servitude or bondage, let him go to his own territory in peace and happiness," and it is with reference to this liberation that they remark that the captivity which preceded it was "next to the captivity of hell." Like other Irish kings Malachy had to compel the submission of the other provinces, and for some years we find him carrying on war with them. The Four Masters tell us that he attacked and defeated the Dalcais, or tribe of Brian, and that in token of his victory he cut down a famous tree, under which it was the custom to inaugurate the chiefs of that tribe, but "The wars of the Gaedhil and the Gail" say nothing of this victory. We find him in alliance with Glunairn—son of Olaff, King of the foreigners in Dublin, and who is said to have been the son of his mother, that is his half-brother—fighting against the provinces of Leinster and the foreigners of Waterford, who were the allies or tributaries of Brian; and constantly at war with Connaught, which he repeatedly plundered and from which on one occasion he carried away "the greatest prey of cattle that ever king took." His great enemies, however, appear to have been the foreigners of Dublin, notwithstanding his relationship to their king and his casual alliance with them. In 988 he fought with them the great battle of Ath-Cliath or Dublin, and besieged that city for twenty days and twenty nights; and it is said that the foreigners then "gave him his own full demand while he should be king, and an

ounce of gold for every garden, to be paid on Christmas night forever," that is, we presume, acknowledged his supremacy and became tributary to him. They were soon in rebellion, however, for in the following year they and the Leinster men plundered Meath, and were defeated by Malachy, who took prisoner the King of Leinster. And, again, in 994 he appears to have taken Dublin, for it is said that he took from the foreigners of that city the sword of Carlus and the ring of Tomar, two relics of early chieftains which the foreigners highly prized.

After this there appears to have been again war between Brian and Malachy. We read that, in 991, Brian and the men of Munster and Connaught entered Meath, but retired secretly and without plundering; and, in 994, Malachy is said to have spoiled and plundered hither Munster, "and routed before him Brian and the men of Munster in general." A sense of common danger from the foreigners appears, however, to have satisfied both Brian and Malachy of the folly of their fighting against each other, and, according to "The Wars of the Gaedil and the Gaill," which, however, gives no dates, they had a conference, and came to an understanding to divide Ireland between them, Brian being supreme in Leth-Mogha and Malachy in Leth-Cuin. At any rate they appear, in 997, as allies fighting against the foreigners; and they collected an army, attacked Dublin, and took hostages from the foreigners, and carried away the best part of their jewels. For some reason, which it is not easy to understand, but probably because living in towns was unsuitable to their habits, the Irish, when they captured the towns and fortresses of the foreigners, seem never to have thought of occupying them permanently, and expelling the enemy; and accordingly, very soon after a defeat, the foreigners were as powerful as ever. It was so on this occasion, for in the very next year the foreigners of Dublin appear in great force as allies of the Leinster men in revolt against Brian. Brian and Malachy, again in alliance, led their

armies against them ; and a great battle was fought at Glen Mama, a valley near Dunlaven, in the county of Wicklow, in which Brian and Malachy were victorious, and 4000 foreigners, including many of their chiefs, were slain. After the battle, Brian and Malachy marched to Dublin, and took it, and burned the fortress, and expelled Sitric, the lord of the foreigners ; and they are said to have remained in the city for a week, and to have collected great plunder, of which the following account is given :— “ It was in that one place were found the greatest quantities of gold, and silver, and bronze, and precious stones, and carbuncle-gems, and buffalo horns, and beautiful goblets. All these valuables were collected by them to one place. Much also of vestures of all colours was found there. For never was there a fortress, or a fastness, or a mound, or a church, or a sacred place, or a sanctuary when it was taken by that howling, furious, loathsome crew which was not plundered by these collectors and accumulators of wealth. Neither was there in concealment under ground in Erin, nor in the narrow solitudes belonging to the Fians or to fairies, anything that was not discovered by these foreign wonderful Denmarkians.” It has been questioned whether Malachy took any part in the battle of Glen Mama, and there has in recent times been considerable and acrimonious controversy on the subject, but the weight of authority is on Malachy’s side. Brian, however, reaped the substantial advantage, for in consequence of the battle, Leinster and the territory of the Danes of Dublin became thoroughly subject to him.

Brian now, if he had not done so previously, formed the design of making himself king of all Ireland, and to accomplish his purpose he did not scruple to engage the assistance of the enemies of his country against Malachy, who was the rightful king. He entered into alliance with Sitric, the Danish King of Dublin, and restored to him the city and surrounding territory, and gave him his daughter in marriage. He also made alliance with Maelmordha, the



King of Leinster, who was defeated at Glen Mama, and restored him to his kingdom, and he either married, or formed some less binding connection, with his sister the famous Gormflath, who had already been wife of Olaf Cuaran, to whom she had Sitric, and of Malachy, who had divorced or repudiated her—and he won over to his cause the men of South Connaught. With these allies, and in the year after the battle of Glen Mama, Brian invaded Meath, but the foreigners who were sent in advance being defeated by Malachy, he withdrew, and Malachy, apparently considering himself safe, set about constructing roads and causeways across rivers, for we read that in this year he made the causeways of Athlone and Ath-Liag. In the next year Brian and his allies again invaded Meath, and the Four Masters tell us that Brian and the foreigners and Leinster men and Munster men advanced to Athlone, and weakened the Hy Niel of the south, and took their hostages—this being their way of telling of the submission of Malachy to Brian—and they commenced the record of the next year by saying that it was the first year of Brian as King of Ireland. The “Wars of the Gaedhil and the Gaill” are, however, more explicit in their account of the transfer of power, and they tell us that Brian advanced with his army to Tara, and halted there, sending an embassy to Malachy to demand his submission; that Malachy, who was unprepared, asked for a truce for a month, which was granted; that he then asked the northern branch of the Hy Neil for their assistance, which they refused, saying that when they had the sovereignty they held it without assistance; and that thereupon Malachy summoned an assembly of his own tribe, which advised submission; and that Malachy then submitted, and acknowledged Brian as King of all Ireland.

The next few years were occupied by Brian in securing the submission of the rest of Ireland, and he appears to have experienced a good deal of resistance from the Northern Hy Neil and the Ulidians, who united against him, but ultimately he overcame them, and in the year

1005 he was able to make the circuit of Ireland with his army, receiving the submission of all the chiefs and princes, and during the succeeding eight years his authority was not disputed.

## XIII.

## BRIAN AND THE BATTLE OF CLONTARFF.

“THE Wars of the Gaidhil and the Gaill” tells us that, after the Circuit of Ireland, Brian proclaimed peace over all Erin; that he put down rapine and plunder; that he tried and imprisoned the perpetrators of murder, trespass, robbery, and war; and hanged, killed, and destroyed robbers, thieves, and plunderers. And, with regard to the foreigners, it is said that he “extirpated, dispersed, banished, caused to fly, stripped, maimed, ruined, and destroyed” them, enslaving those who were not expelled or killed. After this, it is said that Ireland was reduced to such a state of peace, that a “lone woman came from Lorrach, in the north of Erin, to Cliodhna, in the south of Erin, carrying a ring of gold on a horse rod, and she was neither robbed nor insulted”—an event celebrated in one of Moore’s melodies. He is also said to have encouraged learning, and to have purchased books, to have built and restored churches, to have made roads and bridges, and to have repaired fortresses, a list of which is given. The soberer pages of the annals do not, however, bear out this rosy picture of Brian’s time, and it cannot be accepted as authentic. We find that, notwithstanding Brian’s supremacy, tribal wars, plunderings, and murders, went on much as usual. In the twelve years which elapsed from the submission of Malachy till Brian’s death, the Four Masters record 15 battles, 31 murders, and 26 plundering expeditions. The fortresses said to have been repaired and strengthened were mere raths, duns, or cranogs, and only one of them—Cashel—now exists as a city; and that the foreigners were neither expelled nor greatly weakened after events too surely show.

The fact seems to be that while Brian was undoubtedly a great warrior, and a great man, he was only, and was content to be only a great Ard Righ or high king of Ireland. He no doubt encouraged learning and religion, and he lived at his paternal residence of Kincorah in great barbaric splendour, and exercising a hospitality commensurate with his great revenue, for besides the revenues from the province of Munster he received annually from the other provinces 2670 beeves, 1370 hogs, 180 loads of iron, 325 hogsheads or pipes of red wine, 150 pipes of other wine, and 500 mantles. Of this the wine was furnished entirely by the foreigners of Dublin and Limerick, showing that the foreign trade of Ireland was in their hands. But he made no laws, and founded no institutions which survived him, and at his death it will be seen that Ireland was as far from being a consolidated nation as it had ever been. On the other hand, his own great fame seems to have made his power, such as it was, respected, for after the circuit of Ireland we only hear of his being once engaged in a war until his last great war arose; and during the same time the foreigners seem to have remained in complete subjection to him, as we do not once hear of them either as assailants or assailed.

After Brian had been ten years in the sovereignty of Ireland the comparative peace in which he had lived was suddenly disturbed, and, if we are to believe the Munster historian of the time, events of great magnitude were brought about by a very trivial cause. At this time the beautiful Gormflath was living in Brian's house, but whether she was then his wife it is difficult to say. She is frequently mentioned as his queen, and she was the mother of his son Donnachad, who had a command in the army at Clontarff, and who succeeded Brian as chief of his own clan. In 1009, however, we read of the death of Brian's wife, a daughter of the King of Connaught, and if Brian married Gormflath after that event, their children would have been infants at the time of the famous battle five years later. Either,

therefore, Brian must have had two wives, or he must have, long before this event, repudiated or divorced Gormflath, and the suggestion has been made that he had so divorced her, and that at this time she had returned to his house to endeavour to regain her influence, and this is as probable as any other explanation of her presence there that can be suggested. Brian appears to have been engaged in building a fleet, and he had desired Maelmordha, King of Leinster (Gormflath's brother), to furnish him with three large trees from his forests, to be made into masts. Maelmordha was superintending the transport of these masts, and some difficulty occurring, he gave personal assistance, and, in the effort, tore a silver button off a tunic which he was wearing and which was the gift of Brian. When he arrived at Brian's house after this accident he gave his tunic to his sister to be repaired, but she was evidently not on good terms with Brian, and she threw the tunic into the fire, and bitterly reproached her brother for yielding to Brian an allegiance which neither his father nor his grandfather had yielded, and which, she said, Brian's son would surely demand from his son. Next morning Murchadh, Brian's son, and Conaig—said in one place to have been Brian's nephew, and in another to have been the Erenach or steward of the Monastery of Glendaloch—were playing chess, and Maelmordha was assisting Conaig, and advised a move which led to Conaig winning the game. On this Murchadh said, referring to the battle of Glen Mama, "It was thou that advised the foreigners when they were defeated." Maelmordha replied—"I will advise them again, and they shall not be defeated;" and Murchadh retorted, in allusion to the fact that, after the battle, Maelmordha had hidden himself in a yew tree, from which Murchadh himself had dragged him, "Have the yew tree made ready for them by yourself." This so irritated Maelmordha that he left the house in anger and without leave-taking, and slew a messenger whom Brian sent after him to request him to return.

Having thus, or in some other way, broken off friendly relations, Maelmordha went into open revolt, and was joined by the chiefs of his own province of Leinster and by the foreigners of Dublin under their king, Sitric, Brian's son-in-law. The first move of these allies was to incite the northern Hy Neil to attack Malachy, King of Meath, whose union with Brian they probably feared, and Meath was accordingly ravaged; but Malachy defeated the invaders, and retaliated by invading and plundering Leinster and the territory of the foreigners. But one of his plundering parties was defeated, and his territory was in turn invaded by the Leinster men and foreigners. Malachy is then said to have called on Brian for assistance, and he, or his son Murchadh, led an army into Leinster, and ravaged the whole of it, and laid siege to Dublin. After a siege of three months, however, Brian had not succeeded in reducing the fortress, and, impelled by the season of the year, and by failure of provisions, he raised the siege about Christmas, and retired to his own territory. Thus ended the first stage of this war, in the early part of which Brian had apparently held back, and allowed his vassal and ally, Malachy, to bear the brunt of the contest.

Both parties now appear to have prepared for a desperate and final struggle, and collected all available forces. To Brian there assembled, as we are told, all that obeyed him of the men of Erin, and these appear to have been the men of Munster, the men of Meath, and the men of South Connacht—the men of Ulster and the men of North Connacht, with the king of that province, remaining neutral—and although we are not told exactly who they were, we are told that Brian had in his army a division of foreign auxiliaries. Some of these, at all events, came from Scotland, for among the leaders of Brian's army were Domhnall the Mormaer of Marr, and Muredach Mormaer of Lennox. On the other hand, Sitric summoned assistance from all the districts occupied by the Norsemen, as well as from Lochlan or Norway itself, and there flocked to his aid men from Mann, from Barra, Skye, Lewis, and

Argyll, from Orkney and from Iceland, and the Norwegian and Icelandic sagas of the time are as full of Brian's great battle as the Irish annals and histories. In all the accounts particular mention is made of Brodar, who was the leader of 1000 mail-clad men. In the Irish accounts he is called Earl of Caer Ebroc, that is of York, but the Nial saga calls him merely a Viking, and the same saga informs us that Sitric secured the assistance of Brodar and of the Earl of Orkney by promising secretly to each the hand of his mother Gormflath. All accounts agree that Brodar was a heathen. The Leinster men and their foreign allies appear to have assembled in and around Dublin for the defence of that city, and Brian and his army advanced against them and appeared before the city on the day preceding Good Friday, 1014. On the following morning the armies arrayed themselves for battle, Brian having previously despatched his son, Donnachad, with a party to forage for provisions, and Sitric, with one battalion of foreigners, remaining in the city in reserve, and for its defence, in case of misfortune. The accounts of the battle are very minute, if very bombastic and exaggerated; but we learn from them that the foreigners were armed with bows and poisoned arrows, spears and swords, and some of them at least were clad in mail, and carried axes. The Irish wore no armour except helmets, and these only on the heads of chieftains, and were armed with spears, swords, and Lochlan axes, and darts, which were attached to their hands by silken cords. Brian drew up his army on the north side of the Liffey, at Clontarff, and the enemy came out of Dublin, and crossed the river to engage him. At first the armies appear to have been drawn up in three lines, the mail-clad foreigners leading on the one side, under various leaders, and Brian's own clan, the Dal Cais, under his son Murchadh, on the other; but ultimately the second and third lines appear to have come up on the flanks of the leading bodies, and we are told that, before the onset, the lines were so "well dressed," as the modern drill sergeant would describe it, that a chariot and

four horses could have driven along either line on the heads and shoulders of the soldiers. We do not gather that the foreigners made any use of their bows and arrows, and the armies appear to have engaged at once in a hand-to-hand conflict, which lasted from the time of full tide in the morning until the return tide in the evening. The feats performed by some of the leaders were, of course, marvellous; but one specimen may suffice. Murchadh, Brian's son, who is described as the last man of true valour in Erin, carried a sword in each hand, and, in his first onset against the mail-clad foreigners, slew fifty with each hand, and ultimately his swords became so hot with continued striking that the metal with which they were inlaid and ornamented melted, and he was compelled to throw them away. The Danes and Leinster men were totally defeated, and being cut off from Dubgall's Bridge, by which alone they could retreat to Dublin, they were forced into the sea, and great numbers of them drowned. Sitric and his wife watched the battle from the walls of Dublin, and saw the phenomenon so often noticed in the account of Irish battles, clouds of hair and scalps rising from the conflict. Sitric remarked—"Well do the foreigners reap the field;" "It will be at the end of the day that will be seen," said his wife. By and bye, when the foreigners were retreating to the sea, Brian's daughter, whose heart apparently was with her father's host, and not with her husband's, remarked—"It appears to me that the foreigners have gained the inheritance," and when her husband asked her meaning, she said "The foreigners are going into the sea, their natural inheritance; I wonder is it heat that is upon them; but they tarry not to be milked if it is." This so angered her husband that he struck her. Brian, who was now 88 years of age, did not himself engage in the battle, but remained in the rear watching it, and repeating psalms and paternosters, and anxiously enquiring of his attendant whether Murchadh's standard still floated. At the end of the battle Earl Broder, who had apparently cut his way through the Irish army, and was making his

escape by its rear, came upon Brian. He was about to pass on, thinking Brian was a priest, when his attendant, who had been in Brian's service, informed him of his mistake, and he advanced to attack the king, who arose from the cushion on which he had been kneeling, and defended himself, and after a short combat, the last great King of Ireland and the last of the heathen Vikings slew each other.

That Clontarff was a great battle and a crowning victory for Brian's army is beyond all doubt. The army of the Leinster men and foreigners was completely destroyed. The soldiers of Brian remained in possession of the field and buried their dead; Donnachad, who arrived on the scene after the victory with a great spoil of cattle which he had collected in the enemy's country, slew some of the cattle within sight of the walls of Dublin by way of bravado and of challenge to Sitric, and the bodies of Brian and of his great son Murchadh were carried in great state and honour, by Maeltuirc, the successor of Patrick and his clergy, to Armagh, where they were waked with great honour and veneration, and buried in a new tomb. The literature of the time too, both Irish and Norse, shows that both sides regarded the battle as a great and important one, and as a great Irish victory. On the other hand the victory was dearly purchased. Brian and his great son Murchadh, who might have taken his father's place, were slain; his army, and particularly his own tribe, suffered severely, and if the object of the battle was the taking of Dublin, that object was not accomplished, and the city was not even attacked. With Brian's death, too, the cohesion of his army disappeared, and on the very field of battle it dissolved into hostile tribes. The Eoganachts returned to a separate camp, and sent hostile messages to Donachad, who now assumed the leadership of the Dalcais, and on his march home with his tribe, Donachad was twice threatened with attack, once by the Eoganachts and once by the men of Ossary and Leix, who as inhabitants of Leinster had probably been in the army of Sitric and Maelmordha.





## PART VII.



AS Macintyre had another friend, and Mr Jolly had taken away my idol, seemed fitting I should

take my leave, yet great was my regret at going. When the fatal morning arrived upon which I must needs say farewell, I proceeded, before embarking on the boat which was to carry me to the Mainland, to pay a final visit to my numerous friends. I was sorry to leave them, and they too perhaps regretted my going, for their own kind hearts were ready to impute merit, where probably little or none existed. One of these was "Evander the Recluse," whose title, it strikes me, must have been a corruption of that of the Black Dwarf; "Elsbender the Recluse," though there the resemblance ended—That by the way. At any rate

the worthy gentleman displayed deep emotion when he learned the purport of my visit, and thoughtfully scratched his head, shaking it slowly from side to side, and repeating "Ay, ay;" "Mph, mph," several times. To quote Macintyre's more poetic account, "He fell upon my neck and wept sore, while the fourteen children lifted up their voices and howled in chorus." As regards the latter, a slight disbursement of copper by our friend, and a more liberal application of the porridge stick by the mistress of the house, speedily brought them to the knowledge that the quarrel did not call for their interference. The good dame next proceeded, with careful forethought, to equip me for the way with a plenteous lining of oat cakes and milk. While I was partaking of it, she proceeded in a rallying manner to warn me against being captured by the fascinating savages of the country to which I was going, whose complexions she compared to that of her kettle. "Ay," added she, "They'll maybe bile ye too, if they get a chance."

To this I could only in gallantry return, "That when I did get a house of my own, I hoped I might find some one as bright, rosy, deserving, and capable of filling it as herself." Whereupon, slightly mistaking my meaning, she glanced round her with modest pride, and trusted that I might get one even more so. After a few more interchanges of compliment of a like nature, we parted mutually well pleased.

I would have liked, in passing, to have exchanged a farewell greeting with M'Smuat, whom I saw in his garden engaged in demolishing and uprooting a pigsty, whose odoriferous neighbourhood had been objected to by his wife. On second thoughts, however, I decided not to disturb him, as he seemed to be intent on his work, and he had, moreover, a heavy iron crowbar in his hand.

Almost the last place at which I called was the School-house. It lay at one end of the village, a little apart from the other buildings. It was school time, and our old friend was engaged in his academic duties. Though the doors were shut, we became aware of the fact a considerable time

before we reached them. As we neared the building, we were strongly reminded of the passage in which Virgil—we were classical in those days—describes the approach of the pious Æneas, and the Cumean Sibyl, to the confines of Erebus:—

“Continuo auditaæ voces, vagitus et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes, ab ubere raptos.  
Abstulit atra dies, &c., &c.”

“Forthwith voices were heard, a great wailing, and children weeping, whom a dark day had reft from their mother’s breast and given to the charge of Pluto.”

We paused, awestruck, for a few minutes at the door. Above the shrill alto and falsetto shrieks of the hapless infants, we could hear the rolling and thundering bass of our tremendous acquaintance, who here hurled his thunderbolts uncontrolled. Presently there was a lull, things quietened a little, and we were about to knock, when suddenly there was a crash as of a slate dropping. Instantly we heard the keen swish of some missile hurtling through the air, accompanied by a roar, as if from the bull of Phalaris:—“Bring that to me, sir.” It was answered by a despairing shriek from the clearly perjured culprit:—“Please, sir, it wasna me.” Evidently prevarication was of no use, for a sound arose as of the beating of many carpets followed by bloodcurdling yells as another victim was added to the hecatomb daily offered to Minerva.

It must not be supposed that meantime we continued stolidly observing these things with the experimental composure and scientific indifference of vivisectionists. On the other hand, we would have entered, but we found the door locked, and our knocking was drowned by the noises within. At length it was successful. The key turned in the lock; one half of the door was opened, and a voice from behind cried:—“Come away in, ye rascals; A’ll dust yere jackets and warm yere lugs for ye.” We hesitated about accepting this invitation, as the speaker was evidently posted inside ready to carry his intentions into effect

whereupon a wild lash outwards was made with the tawse, accompanied by another bellowed invitation to come in and get what we deserved. As the stroke came unpleasantly near we stepped hurriedly back, looking somewhat blank, but at this moment Mr Bowler appeared. He scowled upon us for half a minute, and then explained that he had mistaken us for a couple of pupils who were late. He enquired with interest if he had struck either of us, and seemed by no means pleased when we assured him he had not.

Upon my informing him that I had come to take leave, he displayed more complacency towards me than ever before. Indeed, he showed considerable satisfaction, and, after a few more or less friendly remarks, he was good enough to observe—"That he hoped I might hae a good future before me." The kindness of the observation was, however, slightly marred by the tone in which it was expressed, which clearly indicated that the speaker, for his own part, certainly believed such a contingency to be highly improbable.

Just as we were leaving, he was still more amiable, for he called me back, and approaching close, privately tendered me the following advice. "Ah," said he, "ye are a young man, gaun oot intil the warl', an' mayhap yere no as bad as ye might be. Tak' then this last advice o' mine, an' bear it weel in mind, for a see ye need it. Avoid the drink, wi' a weak head it maks ye the sorrow o' yere freens, an' the derision o' yere enemies (I was a total abstainer); an' dinna be so prone to judging an' speaking ill o' your neighbours. Dinna chairge them wi' bad motives when ye can find good—I hae seen mony things no ower weel in your own conduc.' Try an get oot o' life a' the good ye can; evil will find ye wi'oot yere looking for it. Dinna pry intil yere friends' failins. What wrang ye hae dune me, a forgive ye. Ye might ha' come mair tae ma hoos—why ye didna is best known tae yersel. A wadna force anyone's wull. But above a', what a would hae ye remember is

this (here he sunk his voice and bent his eyes furtively upon Macintyre so as to give his words a deadly significance)—where'er—ye may be—a'ways—*Beware o' evil companions.*"

But though I lingered over partings then, I must not do so now, but consider the patience of those who have accompanied me thus far, and tear myself away from these, to me, fascinating recollections. As may be supposed, taking leave of our fair friends was delayed to the last possible moment. They were good enough to accompany me to the water's edge, and—ah, the recollection thrills me still—it was agreed by the general voice of the company that, considering the *very* long distance I was going, I might salute each on the cheek. Miss Pert, however, held her head in such a coquettishly taking way, that I could not forbear, "daring" for once, and pressing her lips also. For this venial crime, the spiteful little minx aimed a tremendous box at me, but missed me on purpose.

One last act of kindness on the part of the villagers I must mention. Those who rowed me to the mainland, out of regard for my friend, refused any reward, so we shook hands and parted. I have never seen the place nor the people since.

Some facts, however, I know. Macintyre was married two years after, and I believe that Miss Pert in her new character is as gay and as fascinating as ever.

As for the Rev. Frank Jolly, he is now, as every one knows, settled in a Highland parish, and is loved by all, save some few old fossils, who believe that solemnity and earnestness should be parts of the ministerial character—a ridiculous notion truly for these advanced times. His knowledge is as extensive and various as ever, comprising, as it does, every class of subject, except—as his enemies say—that which forms the subject of his weekly discourse. They object chiefly, I believe, to his too great breadth of view. So great is his regard for humanity, that he appears quite unable to draw a distinct line as to where virtue ends

and wickedness begins. If a man is good, so much the better for him ; if he is bad, so much the worse for his neighbours. His paradise is boundless, and from the glare of its central light stretches away into limitless vistas, where in arbours and shady recesses one may find conversation and company of a type scarce guaranteed to ordinary minds by a thoughtful perusal of sacred authorities. From this beatific scene, I believe, he excludes but two persons, both of the clergy. One is of another denomination, against which he has a violent antipathy, and sits with him upon the School Board, and other councils intended for the general good. To annoy or irritate this gentleman by his opposition affords him the keenest satisfaction, and he is specially fond of recounting the many witty and cutting retorts he has from time to time made upon him. To make a proselyte of one of his flock, he would, I verily believe, be quite willing to bury seven of his own, including two deacons and an elder ; while to catch him tripping morally, would, I fear, scarce arouse the emotions in his breast which such an event should. After any specially serious quarrel, he usually inserts a passage in his next discourse dealing with brotherly love, and hints that it might be more practised in some quarters with advantage.

The other, whose future he contemplates gloomily, is the venerable and aged incumbent of a neighbouring parish, whose living, at his decease, he believes he has abundant influence to secure.

This blameless and saintly divine, however, goes on his peaceful way, heedless and apparently ignorant of the many fervent prayers offered by his junior for his translation to a higher or lower sphere. To obtain this living, or the Chair of Theology at one of the Universities, is at present the chief ambition of Mr Jolly ; nor is the charming naivete with which he avows it, the least fascinating trait of his character. His broad views, I notice, are gradually extending to his brethren ; for reading in the

*Scotsman* about last year's General Assembly, I came upon a remarkably racy speech by him, which was interspersed by bracketted symptoms of appreciation, such as :—(Applause), (hear, hear), and (loud laughter). Perhaps the world may have soured me ; perhaps experience may have brought to me sadness without wisdom ; perhaps I have been living apart, and have not moved with the times : yet I cannot help confessing that such expressions jar upon me not a little, when they are uttered by those who, I would imagine, might be impressed by a deep experience of the sadder side of man's moral nature, and earnestly pondering on the truest means of rectifying it.



The mournfully handsome Helen is, alas, but a touching memory. Some hidden weakness, known only to herself, must have preyed on her system, for the thread of life snapped suddenly, when the time was at hand which was to have made her happy. It seemed almost as if fate had interposed when the sweet

tranquility and innocent loveliness of her life were at their full, lest they might be sullied by the contact of less spiritual influences. Her death, like her life, had something of mystery in it, and her image smiles upon me, with a pathetically sad, yet pleasing tenderness.

And the little gipsy, what of her ? Ah, going over these old days has made me feel young again. The remembrance of former pleasures is sweet, Tennyson and Dante, notwithstanding.

I wonder how the old place looks : If it is altered much ? And all my old friends ? Who are there still ? Who are away ? " Talisker," what of him ? And " Whisky Punch ?" And old Tangle Foot ? And great red-faced,

buxom Bell Scattanoor? and diminutive little Hector Kroudialos?

Well, I believe I will visit the place once more this summer. I would like to give Evander a new fishing line; to chat again with old Copperbottom; and listen once more to the strains of "Highland Laddie" on the chanter. Yes, too, and to again shake the hand of sturdy, outspoken old Bowler. Ay, and—I am not so *very* old—I would not mind one more talk in the window corner, and to be stared at again in that embarrassing way by the little Gipsy.





## NA TAILLEARAN.

THA e coltach gur i 'n taillearachd an dara ceaird cho sean 's a th' air an t-saoghal. Ach ged a tha i 'na ceaird shean agus 'na ceaird fheumail agus mheasail 'san am a tha lathair, cha robh na Gaidheil 'san am a dh' fhalbh ag amharc oirre mar cheaird mheasail idir. Co nach cuala na facail so—

“ Cha bu duine taillear,  
 'S cha bu duine dha dhiubh ;  
 Chuireadh am fitheach le creig  
 Tri fichead 's a dha dhiubh.”

Tha e coltach gu robh na Gaill iad fhein ann an tomhas de 'n cheart bheachd ; oir theireadh iad nach robh ann an taillear ach an naothadh cuid de dhuine.

Bha aobhar aig na daoine a bh' ann o shean air a bhith ag amharc sios air na taillearan. Tha sinn a' creidsinn nach robh na taillearan, mar luchd-ceairde, air dheireadh ann an ni sam bith air luchd-ceairde eile na duthcha. Bha iad cho firinneach 's cho onarach, cho measail 's cho cliuiteach, cho glic 's cho deanadach ris a' chuid eile de shluagh na duthcha. Ach o 'n a dh' fheumar aideachadh gu robh mi-mheas air an taillearachd mar cheaird, feumaidh sinn fios an aobhair air son an robh so mar so fhaotainn a mach. Cha 'n 'eil so cho duilich ri 'dheanamh 's a shaoileas cuid.

'S an aimsir a dh' fhalbh b' ann le neart agus le treubhantas a bha an earran bu mho de na Gaidheil 'gan cumail fhein agus an teaghlaichean suas. A h-uile fear bu treise 's bu treine 's ann air bu mho a bha de mheas. Cha ghabhta anns an t-saighdearachd ach na daoine a bha mor, laidir, deas, dealbhach. Cha deanadh fear sam bith feum anns a' bheinn-sheilg ach fear a bhiodh luath, laidir. An am a bhith 'marbhadh nam breac 's nam bradan air an amhuinn, b' e 'n duine mor, laidir, a sheasadh ri fiuchadh ri

fuachd 's ri anastachd, a dheanadh feum. A dh' aon fhacal, b' iad na daoine a dheanadh obair chruadalach sam bith a thigeadh 'nan rathad air an robh meas aig a' chuid mhoir de 'n t-sluagh 'san am ud.

Ged nach robh na doine beaga, meata, breoitè cho fìor lionmhor 'san aimsir a dh' fhalbh 's tha iad 'nar latha-ne, bha aireamh ann dhiubh. O nach rachadh aca so air am beo-shlainte a thoirt a mach le treubhantas, agus le gnìomharan cruadalach air muir no air tìr, dh' fheumadh iad obair no ceaird eiginn a roghnachadh leis an rachadh aca air iad fhein a chumail suas. Cha robh ceaird sam bith a b' aotruime air duine beag, lag, meata na 'n taillearachd. Cha ro siosar is meuran is snathad aon chuid trom ri 'n giulan o thaigh gu taigh, no o bhaile gu baile, no idir duilich ri 'n oibreachadh. Mar sin, b' iad na tailleanan mar bu trice daoine cho beag 's cho meata 's a gheibhteadh eadar da cheann na duthcha. Gus o chionn ghoirid, agus ann an iomadh aite, is docha gus an latha 'n diugh, b' ann gle ainneamh a gheibhte duine og a bhiodh deonach a dhol a dh' ionnsachadh na taillearachd. Ach b' fhearr leis na h-uile fear a dhol a dh' ionnsachadh na taillearachd na dhol a dh' ionnsachadh na breabadaireachd, nam b' eiginn dhaibh roghainn a dheanamh eadar an da cheaird. Tha corr is ceud bliadhna o nach do shuidh fìrionnach a dh' fhigh air beairt eadar caolas Bharraidh agus caolas Bhearnaraidh. Bha 'leithid de dhimeas air fear a bhiodh 'na bhreabadair 's gu robh naire air daoine iomradh a thoirt air an ainm. Nam b' eiginn dhaibh iomradh a thoirt air, theireadh iad, "Breabadair, le cead na cuideachd." B'e so a' cheaird mu dheireadh anns an cuireadh duine sam bith aig am biodh meas air fhein a lamh.

Bha na greusaichean beagan ni bu mheasaile mar luchd-ceairde na na tailleanan. Cha mhor spionnaidh a dh' fheumadh fear a chur an ceill an am a bhith 'deanamh bhrogan Gaidhealach. Cha bhiodh aige ach an iall a tharruinn le a leith laimh troimh tholl a' mhinidh. Anns an am ud cha robh daoine a' cur a' bheag a dh' fheum air

brogan, agus o'n a b' ainneamh le daoine laidir a bhith 'g iarraidh bhrogan dìonach, dh' fhaodadh an greusaiche toll a dheanamh do 'n eill a bhiodh cho farsuinn 's gu 'n tarruinneadh e troimhe i gun stri sam bith. Anns an am air am bheil sinn ag iomradh cha robh na greusaichean anns a' Ghaidheallachd suas ri deanamh nam brogan le sreing 's le rosaid—no mar a theirte riutha, “na brogan Gallda.” Agus o'n a bha 'chuis mar so, dheanadh duine beag, breoite, meata, greusachd cho math 's a dheanadh e taillearachd.

A reir choltais nach robh meas mor anns an am ud air ceaird no air gairm sam bith a rachadh aig daoine air a dheanamh anns na taighean. Dearbhaidh an rann a leanas so—

“ Fidhlear is taillear is cat,  
Breabadair is greusaiche 's muc,  
Maighstir-sgoile 's cearc.”

Cha 'n 'eil e duilich dhuinn an t-aobhar a thuigsinn air son an do chuireadh na trì chomuinn so cuideachd. Dh' fheumadh am fidhlear a bhith aig a' bhlaths, a chionn nach freagrachd fuachd no fliuchadh air an fhidhill. Cha b' ionnan is “ piob mhor nan coig dos,” a sheasadh ri fuachd agus ri fliuchadh, agus a chuireadh brosnachadh anns an t-saighdear an am dha bhith dol do 'n chath. Cha chualas ceol na fidhle riamh ri aghaidh blair. 'S ann a tha i 'n comhnuidh far am bheil sith agus solas agus toil-inntinn.

Dh' fheumadh an taillear a bhith faisge air an teine a chum e fhein agus an t-iarunn taillearachd a chumail blath. Bha tachd aca riamh a bhith dluth air a' bhlaths. Mar a thuirt fear a bha 'deanamh orain do thaillear—

“ Culaidh-fharmaid an t-saoghail,  
Fear nach saothraich aig fearann ;  
Leithid Eobhainn Ruaidh thaillear  
'S a shailean ri teine.”

Bhiodh an cat 'na shuidhe an oir an teine mar bu trice, agus o'n a b' e' cheaird a bhith ris a' mheirle cha ro mormheas air idir.

Bhiodh am breabadair salach le armadh an t-snath a bhiodh e fighe, agus bhiodh an greusaiche mar an ceudna salach le oladh an leathair ; agus air an aobhar sin chuireadh an comunn ris a' mhuic iad.

Chuireadh am maighstir-sgoile agus a' chearc ann an cuideachd a cheile a chionn gu robh daoine 's an am a' creidsinn nach freagrachd fliuchadh air maighstir-sgoile ni 's mo na fhreagrachd fliuchadh air circ.

Ged nach robh meas air an taillearachd ma cheaird, bha meas air na taillearnan mar dhaoine. Bha iad mar bu trice anabarrach grinn, glan, speisealta, modhail, measail, uasal 'nan doigh. Cha robh aca ach ceaird a bha aotrom, glan, agus air an aobhar sin bhiodh iad an comhnuieh glan, sgiobalta 'nan eideadh. Mar bu trice cha b' e paigheadh air son gach ball aodaich a dheanadh iad a bh' aca idir ; 's e bh' aca tuarasdal suidhichte. Bheireadh muinntir a' bhaile, no ma dh' fhaidte, muinntir a dha no a tri de bhailtean tuarasdal suidhichte dhaibh, agus bha aca ri bhith 'dol mu 'n cuairt o thaigh gu taigh agus o bhaile gu baile, an uair a bhiodh taillearachd ri dheanamh. Gheibheadh iad am biadh agus an leabadh cho math 's a bhiodh ri' fhaotainn anns gach taigh anns am biodh iad ag obair. Bhiodh na mnathan-taighe a' gleidheadh pairt de na h-uile biadh annasch a bhiodh aca dh' fheitheamh air na taillean.

Bha cuid dhe na taillean anabarrach math gu innseadh naigheachdan. Bu gle' thric leotha earann de'n fheasgar a chur seachad ag innseadh sheann naigheachdan do mhuinntir an taighe anns am biodh iad ag obair, agus do'n luchd-ceilidh. Cha robh solus cho pailt 's an am ud 's a tha e 'nar latha-ne. A' bhliadhna nach biodh a' chudaig agus an suidhean pailt, bhiodh an solus gann ; oir b' e eòlan na cudaig agus an t-suidhean solus bu phailte a bha ri' fhaotainn ann am measg nan tuathanach beaga. B' ainneamh taigh anns nach biodh beagan choinnlean ; ach bhiththeadh caomhnadh nan coinnlean air eagal gu'n tigeadh coigreach air chuid oidhche do 'n taigh. An uair a bhiodh an solus gann dh' iarrtheadh air an taillear an t-aodach a

chur uaithe, agus sgeulach a ghabhail. Thoisicheadh e air eachdraidh, no air bardachd na Feinne, agus mar bu trice bhiodh e faisge air ceud ghairm a' choilich mu'n gabhadh iad mu thamh.

Ann's am ud cha robh guth no iomradh air paipearan-naigheachd. B' ann 's a' mhuillean, agus anns a' cheardaich, agus an taigh a' ghreusaiche, agus far am biodh an taillear ag obair, a gheibheadh na naigheachdan a b' uire. Bha daoine cheart cho deidheil air naigheachdan ura 'san am ud 's a tha muinntir an latha 'n diugh. Cha robh naigheachd a b' fhiach a h-aithris eadar da cheann na duthcha nach biodh aig na taillearan. Mar so bha iad a' cosnadh deadh-ghean an t-sluaigh anns gach cearn de 'n duthaich le 'n cuid fiosrachaidh.

Dheanadh aireamh mhor dhiubh orain gu leor. Tha iomadh aon de 'n cuid oran fhathast air chuimhne. Bha cuid mhor dhiubh mar an ceudna gle eibhinn, abhcaideach. Criochnaichidh sinn 'na th' againn ri aithris mu 'n timchioll aig an am so le sgeula no dha innseadh de na chuala sinn o chionn dluth air da fhichead bliadhna.

Bha fear de theaghlach Mhic 'ic Ailean a bha car socharach. Bha deidh mhor aige air a bhith sealgaireachd. Aig am araidh chuireadh fios air an taillear a chum cota sealgaireachd a dheanamh dha. An uair a bha 'n cota deas dh' fheuchadh uime e.

“Cia mar a tha e 'cordadh ribh,” ars' an taillear.

“Bha e gle fhreagarrach dhomh anns gach doigh, ach gu bheil e car fada,” arsa Mac 'ic 'ic Ailean.

“Am fear a rinn fad' e 's e 'ni goirid e,” ars' an taillear.

Sgaoil an taillear an fhaitheam a bh' air iochdar a' chota, agus chuir e faitheam eile air anns an robh cromach a leud. Dh' fheuchadh an cota air an dara uair, agus thuirt e, “Tha 'n cota gle mhath a nis, ach gu bheil e car goirid.”

“Am fear a rinn goirid e 's e 'ni fad, e,” ars' an taillear.

Sgaoil an taillear an fhaitheam mhor, agus dh' fhuaigh e faitheam bheag air mar a bh' air an toiseach. An uair a chuir Mac 'ic 'ic Ailean uime an cota an treas uair, dh' aidich e gu roch e freagarrach gu leor dha.

Bha taillear eile an am Beinn-a-bhaoghta a bha anabarrach abhcaideach o laithean oige. An uair a bha e 'na ghille og ionnsachadh na taillearachd, thachair gu robh duine faisge air an aite 's an robh e' fuireach ris an cainte Domhull Ard. Tha e coltach nach robh "gille an taillear" (mar a theirt ris a h-uile gille og a bhiodh ag ionnsachadh na taillearachd) agus Domhull Ard gle reidh. Coma co dhiubh, thainig air a' "mhaighstir taillear," agus air a' ghille a dhol do thaigh Dhomhuill Aird a thaillearachd. Ma bha gus nach robh ball aodaich eile aca ri dheanamh do Dhomhull Ard, bha "cota-mu'n-cuairt" aca ri dheanamh dha co dhiubh. An uair a bha 'n cota ullamh gu ire 'nam putan, dh' iarr an taillear air a' ghille teannadh ri deanamh nam putan. Anns an am cha robh putain cho furasda 'm faotainn 's a tha iad a nis. Mar bu trice b' e 'n taillear fhein a dh' fheumadh na putain a dheanamh. So mar a a bhiththeadh 'gan deanamh :—Gheibhteadh pios leathair—seana bhonn broige, ma dh' fhaoidte—agus ghearrtheadh na bhideagan beaga cruinn e air chumadh putain, agus fhuaighteadh criomag de 'n aodach mu gach bideig, agus bhiodh iad 'nan deadh phutain. B' e cuid a ghille de dheanamh nam putan an leathar a ghearradh 'na bhideag cruinne. Ghearr an gille a cheud phutan, agus an uair a thug e d'a mhaighstir e, thuirte a mhaighstir ris, "Tha 'm putan so ro mhor."

"Cuireadh sibhse ann e mar a tha e ; bidh an ath fhear ni's lugha," ars' an gille.

Ach bha'n ath fhear gle' bheag ; agus thuirte am maighstir, "Tha 'm fear so ro bheag."

"Cuireadh sibhse ann e ; bidh an ath fhear ni's mo."

'S 'bh' ann gu robh putan mor is putan beag ma seach anns a' chota aig Domhull Ard.

Thachair an uair a bha 'n taillear so an deigh a' cheaird ionnsachadh gu robh e 'g obair ann an taigh araidh. Bha bean-an-taighe cho lan de 'n droch amhrus 's gu robh cagal oirre gu 'n goideadh e pairt de 'n t-snath-fhuaghail. 'S e rud a rinn i, chuir i 'a cheirtle shnath anns a chiste, agus

dh'fhag ceann an t-snath aig an taillear a mach troimh tholl na glaise, agus ghlas i 'chiste, agus dh'fhalbh i air cheann-gnothaich dhi fhein. Thuig an taillear gle mhath mar a bha 'chuis, ach cha do leig e dad air. Ach an uair a dh'fhalbh bean-an-taigh bhrìst e 'n snath. Agus mar a bha e leis an olc, thoisich e air chur char de 'n chiste. Chuir e air a taobh i, agus chuir e air a ceann i, agus chuir e 'mas os a cionn. Nam b'fhior e fhein, bha e 'feuchainn ri greim fhaotainn air ceann an t-snath. B' i so a' chiste anns an robh a h-ulle ni a b'fhearr a bha staigh. Bha baine agus uachdar agus im agus uighean agus min innte, agus na soithichean a b'fhearr a bha 'n taobh a staigh de 'n dorus. Bhrìsteadh na soithichean 'nan criomagan beaga, agus chaidh am baine 's an t-im 's an t-uachdar 's na h-uighean 's a' mhin air feadh a cheile. An uair a thainig bean-an-taighe dhachaidh bha 'n taillear 'na shuidhe aig an teine 's a chasan bac air bhac, agus langan aige air gabhail oran. Ghabh a' bhean bhochd ioghnadh an uair a chunnaic i nach d' rinn e car obrach fhad 's a bha i air falbh.

"Tha eagal orm, a bhean, gu'n d' rinn mise barrachd de chron na rinn mi de mhath o'n a dh'fhalbh sibh. Bhrìst an snath-fuaghail ann an toll na glaise mu'n do tharr sibh a dhol a mach, agus o nach robh toil agam a bhith 'nam thamh gus an tigeadh sibh, chuir mi car no dha de 'n chiste feuch am faighinn greim air ceann an t-snath. Cha do smaoinich mi gu robh dad 'na broinn a ghabhadh brìsteadh," ars' an taillear.

Cha mhor nach do thuit a' bhean bhochd as a seasamh far an robh i an uair a chual i mar a bha. Bhuail i na basan, agus thoisich i ri tuiream 's ri caoineadh. Ma bha tur innte cha do ghabh i amhrus meirlich air duine coir, onarach gu brath tuilleadh.

Bha gille og ann aon uair, agus an uair a bha e 'g ionnsachadh na taillearachd thachair gu'n deachaidh e fhein agus a mhaighstir a dheanamh deise chlo do thaigh duine choir, chothromaich a bha 'fuireach ann am baile a bha beagan mhiltean a 'n aite anns an robh iad a' fuireach. Tha

e coltach gu robh nadur mosach, neonach, anns an taillear. Ged bu ghle mhath leis fhein biadh math fhaotainn anns gach taigh anns am biodh e 'g obair, cha robh e idir deonach gu faigheadh a ghille a h-uile seorsa bidh a gheibheadh a fhein. Bhiodh e 'n comhnuidh ag innseadh anns gach taigh anns am biodh e 'g obair nach itheadh an gille an ni ud no 'n ni ud eile. Bha fhios aig a ghille air so gle mhath, ach bha e car coma teannadh ri 'mhaighstir a dheanamh breugach ann am fianuis muinntir an taighe. Ri uine bha 'n gnothach a bh' ann a' saruchadh a naduir. Mu dheireadh, chuir e roimhe nach cuireadh e suas le cuisean mar a bha iad ni b' fhaide. An latha thoisich e fhein 's a mhaighstir ri obair anns an taigh so, thuirt bean-an-taighe ris, "Is mi a tha duilich nach ith thu im no caise idir. Cha 'n 'eil annlann eile pailt againn aig an am so. Tha eagal orm nach teid agad air biadh gun annlann a ghabhail."

"Ithidh mise im is caise cho math ri fear dhe mo sheorsa anns an duthaich," ars' an gille.

"Is mi a tha toilichte sin a chluinntinn. Is e do mhaighstir fhein a thuirt riumsa nach itheadh tu im no caise," arsa bean-an-taighe.

"Na tugadh sibhse geill ciod a their mo mhaighstir ; oir bidh e 'dol iomadh uair as a rian. Feumaidh sibhse 'bhith air bhur faicill roimhe. Cha toigh leam an coltas a th' air an diugh fhein. Cha chomhairlichinn a dh' fhear-an-taigh no do na gillean a dhol fada o 'n taigh an diugh, gun fhios ciod a dh' fhaodadh tachairt," ars' asan.

"Ach am fas e gle fhiadhaich?" arsa bean-an-taighe.

"Fasaidd mur a grad cheangail iad e cho luath 's a bhuaileas e a dhorn uair no dha air a bhord," ars' esan.

Coma leibh an ceann greise chuir an gille an siosar am falach, agus an uair a thoisich an taillear ri iarraidh an t-siosair agus nach robh e 'g a fhaotainn, bhuaile e a dhorn uair no dha air a' bhord. Ach ma bhuaile, bha fear-an-taighe agus a dhithis mhac air am bonn cho ealamh ris an fhudar, agus ann antiotadh rinn iad ceangal nan tri-chaol air an taillear. Cha robh fhios aig an duine bhochd ciod a



theireadh ; oir cha b'urraim e ni sam bith a dheanamh. Mu dheireadh ghuidh is ghrios e ris a' ghille e 'ga fhuasgladh. Bha truas aig a ghille ris, agus fios aige gle mhath gu robh e cho rianail 'na'inntinn ri fear 's an duthaich, ged a bha muinntir a taighe an duil gu robh e air an dearg chuthach. Mu dheireadh thuirte an gille ris gu fhuasgladh e nan gealladh e nach biodh e 'g innseadh tuilleadh nach itheadh esan im no caise. Gheall e so, agus fhuair e air a bhonn, agus riamh tuilleadh leig a leis a' ghille am biadh a thogradh e itheadh.

IAIN.

## THE REPUTED FITZGERALD ORIGIN OF THE MACKENZIES.<sup>1</sup>

By ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Author of "The History of the Mackenzies," &c., &c.,

THE subject of this paper is the origin of the Clan Mackenzie. It has long been maintained and very generally accepted that they are descended from an Irishman named Colin or Cailean Fitzgerald, who is alleged but not proved to have been descended from a certain Otho, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, and fought with that great warrior at the battle of Hastings. Otho had a son, Fitz-Otho, who is on record as Castellan of Windsor in 1078. Fitz-Otho is said to have had three sons, the eldest of whom was named Gerald, and is said to have married, in 1112, under the name Fitz-Walter, Nesta, daughter of a Prince of South Wales, by whom he also had three sons. Fitz-Walter's eldest son was Maurice. He succeeded his father; accompanied Richard Strongbow to Ireland in 1170; was by Henry II. created Baron of Wicklow for signal services rendered in the subjugation of that country; and was left in the joint Government.

Maurice married Alicia, daughter of Arnulph de Montgomery, brother of Robert Earl of Shrewsbury, and by that lady had four sons. The eldest was known as Gerald Fitz-Maurice. Gerald Fitz-Maurice succeeded his father, and was created Lord Offaly. Having married Catherine, daughter of Hamo de Valois, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, he had a son, named Maurice after his grandfather. This Maurice died in 1257, leaving two sons, Thomas and

<sup>1</sup> This paper was read by the author at the meeting of the Clan Mackenzie, held in Glasgow, on 26th February, 1892.

Gerald. Thomas succeeded his father as Lord Offaly. He married the only daughter of Thomas Carron. This lady brought to him the Seigniorship of Desmond as a dowry. By her Thomas Lord Offaly<sup>1</sup> had one son, John, who married first, Marjory, daughter of Sir Thomas Fitz-Antony, by whom he had issue—Maurice, progenitor of the Dukes of Leinster. John married, secondly, Honora, daughter of Hugh O'Connor, by whom he had six sons, the eldest of whom, according to the Irish-Origin theory, was Colin Fitz-Gerald—but who really ought to have been called Colin Fitz-John, or son of John—the reputed ancestor of the Mackenzies.

The foregoing is, briefly stated, the genealogy of the Fitzgeralds as given by the supporters of the Fitzgerald origin of the Mackenzies, and it may be right or wrong for all we need care. I shall, however, prove its accuracy to be impossible.

According to the true genealogy, Thomas, who was the third son of Maurice, married Rohesia, heiress of Woodstock, near Athy, and daughter of Richard de St Michael, Lord of Rheban, and had an only son, John, who succeeded as 6th Baron Offaly, and was in 1316 created 1st Earl of Kildare. John married Blanche, daughter of John Roche, Baron of Fermoy; not the ladies mentioned in the preceding genealogy.

The real authentic genealogy of the Fitzgeralds, from whom the Dukes of Leinster and other Fitzgerald families are descended, is as follows:—The first of them,

I. Otho, known as "Dominus Otho," belonged undoubtedly to the Gherardini family of Florence. He passed into Normandy, and in 1057 crossed into England, became a favourite with Edward the Confessor, and obtained extensive estates from that monarch. He had a son,

II. Walter Fitz Otho, or son of Otho. He is mentioned in Domesday Book in 1078 as being then in possession of his father's estates. He was Castellan of Windsor and

<sup>1</sup> The first Lord Offaly named *Thomas* did not succeed until 1316.

Warden of the Forests in Berkshire. He married Gladys, daughter of Rhiwallon ap Cynfyn, Prince of North Wales, and had three sons, the eldest being

III. Gerald Fitz Walter, or son of Walter, who was appointed by Henry I. to the Constablership of Pembroke Castle and other important offices. He married Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Gruffyd, ap Tudor Mawr, Prince of South Wales, and had issue by her, three sons, the eldest of whom was

IV. Maurice Fitz Gerald, or son of Gerald. This, it will be noticed, was the first Fitzgerald of which we have any record, and he was the progenitor of the Irish Fitzgeralds. His history is most interesting, but I cannot at present go into it. He accompanied Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, popularly known as "Strongbow," to Ireland, and there highly distinguished himself, having, among other acts of renown, captured the City of Dublin. He died at Wexford in 1177. He had married Alice or Alicia, daughter of Arnulph de Montgomery, fourth son of Roger de Montgomery, who led the centre of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, and by her had issue—five sons, the eldest of whom was William, Baron of Naas (not Gerald, as claimed by the supporters of Colin Fitzgerald), the second son,<sup>1</sup>

v. Gerald Fitz Maurice, becoming, in 1205, first Baron Offaly, and the third son, Thomas, progenitor of the original Earls of Desmond, who have long been extinct in the male line, the present Earldom, the Irish title of the Earl of Denbigh, having been created in 1622. Gerald Fitz Maurice married Katharine, daughter of Hamo de Valois, who was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in 1197, and by her had a son,

VI. Maurice Fitz Gerald, second Baron Offaly, one of the Lord Justices of Ireland. Maurice died in 1257, having married Juliana, daughter of John de Cogan, who was Lord Justice of Ireland in 1247, and by her had three sons,

<sup>1</sup> The Genealogies may be said to agree thus far, except as to some of the marriages.

Maurice, Gerald, and Thomas. Maurice Fitzgerald has no wife given him in the Colin Fitzgerald genealogy. Thomas, the youngest son, had a son John, who ultimately, on the death of Maurice, fifth Baron Offaly, without issue, succeeded as sixth Baron, and was, on the 14th May, 1316, created the first Earl of Kildare. Maurice Fitz Gerald was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. Maurice Fitz Maurice, as third Baron Offaly. He married Emelina, daughter of Sir Stephen de Longespée, a rich heiress, and by her had a son and two daughters. He was succeeded by his only son,

VIII. Gerald Fitz Maurice, 4th Baron Offaly, who died without issue in 1287, when he was succeeded by his cousin Maurice, only son of Gerald, second son of Maurice Fitzgerald, second Baron Offaly, as

IX. Maurice Fitzgerald, 5th Baron Offaly, who married Agnes de Valance, daughter of William Earl of Pembroke, without issue, when he was succeeded by his cousin John, son of Thomas, third son of Maurice Fitzgerald, second Baron Offaly, as

X. John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald, sixth Baron Offaly, and first Earl of Kildare. From him, by his wife, Blanche, daughter of John Roche, Baron of Fermoy, are descended the present Duke of Leinster, and other Irish Fitzgeralds. He died on the 10th November, 1316.

Several other important points bearing on the subject under discussion are noticeable in this Fitzgerald genealogy, a few of which I shall remark upon. (1) There is no trace of Colin Fitzgerald, or of any other Colin, in the real family genealogy from its beginning to its end, even to the present day. (2) Gerald, the 4th Baron Offaly, died in 1287. He was succeeded by his cousin Maurice, as 5th Baron, who in turn was succeeded by his cousin John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald, who died comparatively young in 1316. According to the Colin Fitzgerald theory, this John, first Earl of Kildare, was twice married, and by his second wife had six sons, of whom Colin Fitzgerald, who really

ought to be described as Colin Fitz John—for it will be observed that all the Chiefs in the real genealogy are described as *Fitz* or son of their fathers—was the eldest. How could this be? How could John Fitz Thomas Fitzgerald, who died at a comparatively early age in 1316, have had a son by his *second* marriage, who must have arrived at a mature age before he “was driven” from Ireland to Scotland in 1261, and fought with great distinction and as one who had already an established reputation, at the battle of Largs, in 1263? Let me suppose that his reputed father was even 70 years of age when he died. He (the father) would thus have been born in 1246. Let me take it that his eldest son, the reputed Colin, by his second wife, was born when his father, John, was only 24 years of age—that is in 1270—and Colin must have fought at the battle of Largs 7 years actually before, according to the laws of nature, he could have been born. In other words, he was not born, if born at all, for seven years after the battle of Largs, four years after the reputed charter of 1266, and 40 years after 1230, the actual date at which the witnesses whose names are upon the face of the alleged charter itself were in life. (3) But take even the genealogy as given by the upholders of the Colin Fitzgerald origin of the clan themselves. Maurice, who died in 1257, had, according to it, two sons—Thomas and Gerald. This Thomas, they say, succeeded his father as third Lord Offaly, and had a son, John, who, by his second wife, had Colin Fitzgerald: That is to say, Maurice, who died in 1257, had a great-grandson, Colin, who, as a warrior of mature years and experience, fought at the battle of Largs within six years of his great-grandfather’s death! It is surely unnecessary to add that such a thing is not within the region of possibility; and these facts alone, though no other evidence whatever was forthcoming, should dispose of the Colin Fitzgerald origin of the Mackenzies.

Colin’s five brothers are given by those who uphold the Fitzgerald origin of the Mackenzies as Galen, said to have

been the same as Gilleon or Gillean, the ancestor of the Macleans ; Gilbert, ancestor of the White Knights ; John, ancestor of the Knights of Glynn ; and Thomas, progenitor of the Fitzgeralds of Limerick. It is, however, no part of my present purpose to deal with Colin's brothers and their descendants. It will be sufficient if I dispose of Colin himself, who, according to the genealogy given to him by those who claim him as their progenitor, was really not Colin Fitz-Gerald but Colin Fitz-John. But I must deal with him a little further ; for, whoever he may have been, or however mythical his personal history, his name will always command a certain amount of interest for members of the Clan Mackenzie.

Most of us are acquainted with the turbulent state of the West Highlands and Islands in the reign of Alexander II., when the Highland Chiefs became so powerful, and were so remote from the centre of Government, that they could not be brought under the King's authority. His Majesty determined to make a serious effort to reduce these men to obedience, and for this purpose he proceeded, at the head of a large force, but died on his way in 1249, leaving his son, Alexander III., then only nine years of age, with the full weight and responsibility of Government on his shoulders.

Shortly after the King attained his majority, Colin Fitzgerald, otherwise Fitz John, is said to have been driven out of Ireland and to have sought refuge at the Scottish Court, where he was heartily welcomed by the King, by whom his rank and prowess, well known to him by repute, were duly recognised and acknowledged.

At this time Alexander was preparing to meet Haco, King of Norway, who, on the 2nd of October, 1262, landed with a large force on the coast of Ayrshire. The famous battle of Largs was fought soon after, when Haco and his army were completely defeated. Among the most distinguished warriors who fought under the Scottish King, it is alleged, was Colin Fitzgerald, who is referred to in a

fragment of the Record of Icolmkill as "Colin, an Irish stranger and nobleman, of the family of the Geraldines, who, in the previous year, had been driven from Ireland, and had been well received by the King, remained up to this time at Court, and fought bravely in the aforesaid battle." This extract has often been quoted to prove that Colin Fitzgerald was the progenitor of the Mackenzies; but it will be noticed that it contains no reference whatever to that point.

After the battle of Largs the King sent detachments to secure the West Highlands and Isles, and to check the local Chiefs. Among the proved leaders sent in charge of the Western garrisons was, it is said, Colin Fitzgerald who, under the patronage of Walter Stewart, Earl of Menteith, was settled in the Government of Eilean Donain Castle, the well-known stronghold of the Mackenzies, in Kintail, situated on a small rocky island at the junction of Lochalsh, Loch Duich, and Loch Long. Colin's jurisdiction, according to his supporters, extended over a wide district, and he is referred to in the fragment of the Record of Icolmkill, already quoted, as he "of whom we have spoken at the battle of Largs, and who afterwards conducted himself with firmness against the Islanders, and was left a governor among them." Sir George Mackenzie, first Earl of Cromartie, who will be proved to have been the original inventor of the Fitzgerald theory, says in a MS. history of the clan, that Colin "being left in Kintail, tradition records that he married the daughter of Mac Mhathoin, heritor of the half of Kintail. This Mac Mhathoin," he continues, "is frequently identified with Coinneach Gruamach Mac Mhathoin, Cailean's predecessor as Governor of Eilean Donnan Castle. The other half of Kintail belonged to O'Beolan, one of whose chiefs, Ferchair, was created Earl of Ross, and his lands were given to Cailean Fitzgerald." It will be proved by incontestible public documents still in existence, that these same lands



were possessed by the Earls of Ross, the descendants of this Ferchair, or Farquhar, for two centuries after the battle of Largs.

While the Earl of Cromartie and other Clan historians accept the Fitzgerald origin by marriage with a daughter of Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh, the Mathesons maintain that the first Mackenzie, or Mac Choinnich—the actual progenitor of the clan—was a son of their Chief, Coinneach Gruamach, and that the Mackenzies are thus only a sept, or minor branch of the Mathesons. I am bound to admit that the latter contention is at least as likely to be correct as the Fitzgerald theory; and it must have already occurred to you, how, if the Fitzgerald origin of the Mackenzies be the true one, has it come about that the original patronymic of Fitzgerald has given way to that of Mackenzie?

This difficulty occurred even to the Earl of Cromartie, and this is how he disposes of it. He says that Cailean had a son by the daughter of Kenneth Mac Mhathoin, or Matheson, whom he named Coinneach, or Kenneth, after his father-in-law Kenneth Matheson; that Cailean himself was killed in Glaiic Chailein by Mac Mhathoin, who envied him, and was sore displeased at Colin's succession to Matheson's ancient heritage; that Colin was succeeded by his son Kenneth, and that all his descendants were by the Highlanders called "Mac Choinnich," or Kenneth's son, taking the patronymic from Mac Mhathoin rather than from Cailean, whom they esteemed a stranger. Of the two theories the Matheson origin is by far the more probable; but I am bound to refuse acceptance of either the one or the other.

The Fitzgerald theory has, however, until recently, been accepted by all our heads of families and the clan generally. It has been adopted in all the Peerages and Baronetages, and by almost every writer on the history and genealogy of the Mackenzies.

The main if not the only authority of any consequence in favour of the Irish origin of the clan is the charter

alleged to have been granted by Alexander III. in favour of Colin in 1266, of which the following is a literal translation :—" Alexander, by the Grace of God, King of Scots, to all honest men of his whole dominions, cleric and laic, greeting: Be it known to the present and future that I, for the faithful service rendered to me by Colin of Ireland, in war as well as peace, therefore I have given, and by this my present charter I concede to the said Colin and his successors, the lands of Kintail to be held of us in free barony with ward to render foreign service and fidelity." It is witnessed by " Andrea Expisco Moraviense; Waltero Stewart, Henrico de Baliioth, Camerario; Arnolde de Campanio, Thoma Hosteario, Vice-Comite de Inverness," and dated " Apud Kincardine IX. die Jan.: Anno Regni Domini Regis XVI." The document will be found in the original, printed at page 7 of my "History of the Mackenzies."

The Kincardine at which this charter is alleged to have been signed is supposed to be the place of that name situated on the River Dee; for about this time an incident is reported to have occurred in the Forest of Mar in connection with which it is traditionally stated that the Mackenzies adopted the stag's head as their coat armour. The legend is so well known that I need not repeat it. It will be found on pages 7 and 8 of my history of the clan.

The first notice of this reputed charter to Colin Fitzgerald is in a manuscript history of the Mackenzies, by George, first Earl of Cromartie, a copy of which I have in my possession. All the later genealogists of the clan appear to have taken its authenticity for granted, and they have quoted it accordingly. The learned, and most accurate of all our Highland historians, Dr Skene, expresses his decided opinion that it is forged and perfectly worthless as evidence in favour of the Fitzgerald origin of the clan. At pages 223-25 of his "Highlanders of Scotland," he says :—

"The Mackenzies have long boasted of their descent from the great Norman family of Fitzgerald in Ireland, and

in support of this origin they produce a fragment of the Records of Icolmkill, and a charter by Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald, the supposed progenitor of the family, of the lands of Kintail. At first sight these documents might appear conclusive, but, independently of the somewhat suspicious circumstance that while these pages have been most freely and generally quoted, no one has ever seen the originals, and the fragment of the Icolmkill Record merely says that among the actors in the battle of Largs, fought in 1263, was 'Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum qui proximo anno Hibernia pulsus apud regni benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in praefacto proelio strenue pugnavit,' giving not a hint of his having settled in the Highlands, or of his having become the progenitor of any Scottish family whatever; while to the supposed charter of Alexander III., it is equally inconclusive, as it merely grants the lands of Kintail to Colin Hiberno, the word 'Hiberno' having at the time come into general use as denoting the Highlanders, in the same manner as the word 'Erse' is now frequently used to express their language: but inconclusive as it is, this charter," he continues, "cannot be admitted at all, as it bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of a later time, and one by no means happy in its execution. How such a tradition of the origin of the Mackenzies ever could have arisen, it is difficult to say; but the fact of their native origin and Gaelic descent is completely set at rest by the Manuscript of 1450, which has already so often been the means of detecting the falsehood of the foreign origins of other clans."

Thus far Dr Skene. Another high authority, the late Cosmo Innes, editor of the "*Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.*" certainly the most valuable work ever published in connection with the early history of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, holds a similar opinion, and expresses it even more decidedly than Dr Skene. At pages 392-93. Vol. II., he says:—"The lands of Kintail are said to have been granted by Alexander III. to Colin, an Irishman of the family of Fitzgerald, for services done at the battle of Largs. *The charter is not extant*, and its genuineness has been doubted." In a footnote, this learned author gives

the text of the document, in the same terms as those in which I have already quoted them from another source, and which, he says, is from a copy of the 17th century. "If the charter be genuine," he continues, "it is not of Alexander III., or connected with the battle of Largs (1263). Two of the witnesses, Andrew, Bishop of Moray, and Henry de Baliol, Chamberlain, would correspond with the 16th year of Alexander II." He further adds that "the writers of the history of the Mackenzies assert also charters of David II. (1360) and of Robert II. (1380) to 'Murdo filius Kennethi de Kintail,' but without furnishing any description or means of testing their authenticity. No such charters are recorded."

These facts and dates are, to my mind, absolutely conclusive. The sixteenth year of the reign of Alexander II. would be 1230; for he ascended the throne in 1214. It necessarily follows that the charter, if signed at all, must have been signed thirty-three years before the battle of Largs was fought, and thirty-six years earlier than the actual date borne by the document itself. If it ever had any existence before it appeared in the Earl of Cromartie's manuscript, in the seventeenth century, it must have been written and granted during the lives of the witnesses whose names are upon it—that is, according to those who maintain that Colin Fitzgerald was the progenitor of the Mackenzies, thirty-one years before he ever crossed the Irish Channel, and probably several years before he was born, if he ever existed.

But further. It is established beyond any possible doubt that the Earls of Ross were the Superiors of the lands of Kintail during the identical period in which the same lands are said to have been held by Colin Fitzgerald and his descendants as direct vassals of the Crown. Ferchard Mac an t-Sagairt, Earl of Ross, received a grant of the lands of Kintail from Alexander II. for services rendered to that monarch in 1222, and he is again on record as their owner in 1234, four years after the latest

date on which the reputed charter to Colin Fitzgerald, considering the witnesses whose names appear on the face of it, could possibly have been a genuine document. Even the most prominent of the clan historians who so stoutly maintain the Fitzgerald theory are bound to admit that, "it cannot be disputed that the Earl of Ross was the Lord paramount under Alexander II., by whom Farquhard Mac an t-Sagairt was recognised in the hereditary dignity of his predecessors, and who, by another tradition," he says, "was a real progenitor of the noble family of Kintail." That these O'Beolan Earls of Ross continued lords paramount long after the death of Colin Fitzgerald, which event is said to have taken place in 1278, will be incontestably proved, one of them, Hugh Beolan, Earl of Ross, being on record as having been slain at the battle of Haldon Hill in 1333.

But meantime let me return to the "*Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*." There we have it stated on authority which no one whose opinion is worth listening to, and which I shall quote as I proceed, will for a moment call in question. The editor of that great work says:—"In 1292 the Sheriffdom of Skye, erected by King John Baliol, included the lands of the Earl of Ross in North Argyle, a district which comprehended Kintail and several other large parishes in Ross (*Acts of Parliament of Scotland*, Vol. I. p. 917). Between 1306 and 1329 King Robert Bruce confirmed to the Earl of Ross all his lands including North Argyle (*Robertson's Index*, p. 16, No. 7; *Register of Moray*, p. 342). In 1342, William, Earl of Ross, the son and heir of the deceased Hugh, Earl of Ross, granted to Reginald, the son of Roderick (Ranald Rorissoune or MacRuaraidh) of the Isles, the ten davochs (or pennylands) of Kintail in North Argyle (*Robertson's Index*, p. 48, No. 1; p. 99; p. 100, No. 1). The grant was afterwards confirmed by King David II. (*Robertson's Index*). About the year 1346 Ranald was succeeded by his sister Amie, the wife of John of Isla (*Gregory*, p. 27). Between the years 1362 and

1372, William, Earl of Ross, exchanged with his brother Hugh of Ross, Lord of Phylorth, and his heirs, his lands of all Argyle, *with the Castle of Elandonan*, for Hugh's lands in Buchan (Balnagown Charters). In 1463 the lands of Kintail were held by Alexander Mackenzie (Gregory, p. 83),” when the Mackenzies obtained the first authentic charter on record, as direct vassals from the Crown.

During the whole of this period—for two hundred years—there is no trace of Colin Fitzgerald or of any of his descendants as Superiors of the lands of Kintail in terms of Alexander III.'s reputed charter of 1266, the Mackenzies holding all the time from and as vassals of their relatives, the Earls of Ross, who really held the position as Crown vassals which, according to the upholders of the Fitzgerald theory, had that theory been true, would have been held by Colin and his posterity. But they never, during the whole of these two centuries, appear once on record. On the contrary, I submit that I have proved from unquestionable authentic sources that Kintail was in possession of the Earls of Ross in, and for at least two generations before, 1296; that King Robert the Bruce confirmed him in these lands in 1306, and again in 1329; that in 1342 Earl William granted the ten davochs or pennylands of Kintail—its whole extent—to Reginald of the Isles; that this grant was afterwards confirmed by David II.; and that between the years 1362 and 1372 the Earl of Ross exchanged the lands of Kintail, including the Castle of Eilean Donain, with his brother Hugh for lands in Buchan. These historical events could never have occurred had the Mackenzies occupied the position, as direct vassals of the Crown, contended for by the supporters of the Fitzgerald theory of the origin of the clan. It is admitted by those who uphold the claims of Colin Fitzgerald that the half of Kintail belonged to Farquhar O'Beolan, Earl of Ross, after what they describe as the other half had been granted by the King to Colin Fitzgerald. But as it is conclusively established that the ten pennylands, being the whole extent

of Kintail, was all the time, before and after, in possession of the Earls of Ross, this historical myth must follow the rest. Even the Laird of Applecross, in his MS. history of the clan, written in 1669, though he adopts the Fitzgerald theory from his friend and contemporary the Earl of Cromartie, has his doubts. After quoting the statement, that "the other half of Kintail at this time belonged to O'Beolan, whose chief, called Farquhar, was created Earl of Ross, and that his lands in Kintail were given by the King to Colin Fitzgerald," he says, "this tradition carries enough of probability to found historical credit, but I find no charter of these lands purporting any such grounds for that the first charter of Kintail is given by *this* King Alexander to this Colin, anno 1266." That is, King Alexander III.

But I have said enough on this part of my subject. Let me, however, briefly quote two well-known modern writers in bringing this portion of my argument to a close. The late Robert Carruthers, LL.D., Inverness, had occasion several years ago to examine the Seaforth family papers for the purpose of reviewing them in one of the leading magazines. He did not publish all that he had written on the subject, and he was good enough to present me, when preparing my "History of the Mackenzies," with some valuable MS. notes on the clan which had never been printed. In one of these notes Dr Carruthers says—

"The chivalrous and romantic origin of the Clan Mackenzie, though vouched for by certain charters and local histories, is now believed to be fabulous. It seems to have been first advanced in the 17th century, when there was an absurd desire and ambition in Scotland to fabricate or magnify all ancient and lordly pedigrees. Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, the Lord Advocate, and Sir George Mackenzie, the first Earl of Cromartie, were ready to swear to the descent of the Scots nation from Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and Scota his wife, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt; and, of course, they were no less eager to claim a lofty and illustrious lineage for their own clan. But authentic history is silent as to the two wander-

ing Irish Knights, and the reputed charter (the elder one being palpably erroneous) cannot now be found. For two centuries after the reigns of the Alexanders, the district of Kintail formed part of the Lordship of the Isles, and was held by the Earls of Ross. The Mackenzies, however, can be easily traced to their wild mountainous and picturesque country—*Ceann-da-Shail*—the Head of the two Seas.”

This is from an independent, impartial writer, who had no interest whatever in supporting either the one side or the other.

Let me now call attention to what Sir William Fraser, the well-known author of so many private family histories, has to say in his “Earls of Cromartie,” written specially for the present Duke of Sutherland. Sir William was apparently unwilling to offend the susceptibilities of the Mackenzie chiefs, all of whom have hitherto claimed Colin Fitzgerald as their progenitor, but he felt bound to admit the inconclusive character of the alleged charter to Colin Fitzgerald, and that no such charter was granted him by Alexander III. Sir William says:—“In the middle of the seventeenth century, when Lord Cromartie wrote his history, the means of ascertaining, by the names of witnesses and other ways, the true granter of a charter and the date were not so accessible as at present. The *mistake* of attributing the Kintail charter to King Alexander the Third, instead of King Alexander the Second, cannot be regarded as a very serious error in the circumstances.” Sir William, it will be observed, gives up the charter from Alexander III. The mere admission that it is not of Alexander III. is conclusive against its ever having been granted to Colin Fitzgerald at all, for, as already pointed out, that adventurer, if ever he existed, did not, even according to his stoutest supporters, cross the Irish Channel and was never heard of on this side for more than thirty years after the date on the face of the document itself could possibly have been genuine.

When the upholders of Colin Fitzgerald are obliged to make such admissions and explanations as these,



they explain away their whole case, and they must be held to have practically given it up; for once admit, as Sir William Fraser does, that the charter is of the reign of Alexander II. (1230), it cannot possibly have any reference to Colin Fitzgerald, who, according to those who support the Irish origin of the clan, only arrived in Scotland from Ireland in 1262, and it is equally absurd, as well as impossible, to maintain that a charter granted in 1230 can have been a reward for distinguished services and valour displayed at the battle of Largs, fought in 1263, to say nothing of the now admittedly impossible date written on the document itself; and Sir William Fraser having been forced, by the logic of facts, to give up that crucial point, was bound in all consistency to have given up Colin Fitzgerald. And in reality he practically does so, for having stated that the later reputed charters of 1360 and 1380 are not now known to exist, he says, "But the terms of them as quoted in the early histories of the family are consistent with either theory of the origin of the Mackenzies, whether descended from Colin Fitzgerald or Colin of the Aird." In this he is quite correct, but it is impossible to say the same thing of the earlier charter, which all the authorities worth listening to now admit to be a palpable forgery of the seventeenth century.

There is one other fact, which I point out at page 24 of my "History of the Mackenzies," and which by itself would be almost conclusive against the Fitzgerald theory. Not a single man of the name Colin is found, either among the Chiefs or the members of the clan from their first appearance in history until we come to Colin Càrn XI. of Kintail, who succeeded in June, 1568—a period of three hundred years after the alleged date of the reputed charter to Colin Fitzgerald. Colin Càrn was a second son, his eldest brother, Murdoch, having died before he attained majority, when Colin became his father's heir. It was then, as now, a very common custom to name the second son after some prominent member of his mother's family, and

this was, no doubt, what occurred in the case of Colin Càrn, the first Colin who appears—as late as the middle of the sixteenth century—in the genealogy of the Mackenzies. His mother was Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John, Earl of Athole, by Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of Archibald, second, and sister of Colin, third Earl of Argyll. Colin Càrn Mackenzie XI. of Kintail and the first of the name in the family genealogy was thus called Colin by his mother, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, after her uncle Colin, third Earl of Argyll.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out how exceedingly improbable it is that, had Colin Fitzgerald been really the progenitor of the Mackenzies, his name would have been completely ignored as a family name for more than three hundred years, in face of the invariable custom to the contrary among all other notable Highland houses of honouring their ancestors by continuing them as the leading names in the family genealogy.

The manuscript of 1450 gives the Mackenzie genealogy backward from Kenneth IV. of Kintail, who was Chief until near the end of the fourteenth century. It will be seen that there is no trace of the name Colin in it. It is translated as follows:—"Murdoch son of Kenneth, son of John, son of Kenneth, son of Angus, son of Christian, son of Adam, son of Gilleoin Og, son of Gilleoin of the Aird," and, as already stated, no Colin appears as a family name until the middle of the sixteenth century.

But although the Mackenzies do not appear in Kintail as immediate vassals of the Crown until a much later period than the alleged date of the reputed charter to Colin Fitzgerald, they were undoubtedly there as vassals of their immediate relatives, the old O'Beolan Earls of Ross. Dr George Mackenzie, a nephew of Kenneth Mor, third Earl of Seaforth, and one of the manuscript historians of the clan, who lived in the end of the seventeenth century, says that in 1296 the Earl of Ross of that day "sent a messenger to the Kintail men to send their young chieftain (Kenneth)

to him, as being his nearest kinsman by his marriage with his aunt." Even had there been no previous kinship, this marriage with William, the fourth Earl, would have made the youthful progenitor of the Mackenzies first cousin of Hugh O'Beolan, fifth Earl of Ross, who was killed at the battle of Halidon Hill, on the 20th of February, 1333-34, and who, in 1308, had married, as his first wife, Lady Maud Bruce, the King's sister. His mother, Kenneth's aunt, is said to have been Euphemia, of the family of Moravia.

It is now admitted on all hand that the old O'Beolan Earls of Ross were descended from Gilleon na h-Airde. It is, I think, equally true that the Mackenzies are descended from the same ancestor, and that they always formed an integral part of the ancient and powerful native Gaelic tribe of which the Earls of Ross were the Chiefs.

## NEW BOOKS.

## TALES OF THE HEATHER.

UNDER the attractive title of "Tales of the Heather," Mrs Mackenzie has brought together the series of stories which she contributed to her husband's *Celtic Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of "M. A. Rose." The book, which is published by the firm of A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness, is tastefully got up, and in this respect the elegance of the book vies with its literary excellence. The stories are founded upon, or are recasts of, some good Highland legends. There is a pleasing variety in the character of the tales: historical legends, where romance and love and war hold the field, are diversified with stories where the superstitions of witchcraft and fairy lore predominate, and this again may be followed by a tale where humour forms the key-note, as in the amusing story of "Richard Craven in Sutherland." Mrs Mackenzie writes in a style which combines raciness with dignity, and she can work up a dramatic situation excellently. The "Tales" number some eight and twenty, and form a pleasing addition to our northern literature.

## ULTONIAN HERO-BALLADS.

THE veteran Gaelic scholar, Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, has gathered all the ballads of the Cuchulinn epoch together under the title of *Ultonian Hero-Ballads*; and the book is published, under the auspices of the Islay Association, by Mr Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow. The volume contains also a portrait of Mr Maclean as a frontispiece. We hope this volume is the precursor of several others from Mr Maclean's hands, for he has written and printed much in magazines, newspapers, and the proceedings of various societies, and it would be a great service to the cause of Gaelic antiquities and literature if these scattered papers were brought together in book form.

The present work deals with the seven Ulster heroic ballads which have survived in the Highlands out of the great Cuchulinn

cycle of Gaelic romance. Mr Maclean, according to his title page, has "arranged, corrected metrically and orthographically, and translated into English" all these ballads, and he has further given a glossary of the obscure words and added a series of valuable notes. The Ultonian or Cuchulinn cycle of Gaelic romance is the second of the three great cycles of Gaelic mythic and heroic literature. The first cycle deals with the prehistoric ages of Ireland—the gods, the early kings, and the first invasions of the country—and has been named the mythological cycle. The second cycle deals with Cuchulinn and his contemporaries, and its epoch is given as the opening years of the Christian era, and the scene is chiefly laid in Ulster. The third cycle is cast in the third century, its central figure is Fionn, son of Cumal; and, while claiming to be of Leinster origin, it has a general Gaelic character, and is consequently found wherever the language is spoken. The Cuchulinn cycle, again, is not so well known nor so popular in Scotland as the Fionn or Ossianic cycle. Comparatively few of its rich mass of mediæval stories have survived in Scotland, and Mr Maclean has, in the present work, reproduced almost all of them. The seven ballads which he deals with are as follows:—*Garbh Mac Stairn, The Heads, Cuchulinn's Chariot, Deirdre, Deirdre's Lament, Fraoch, and Cenlaoch*. The only interest in the first ballad is that Macpherson founded the opening lines of his "Fingal" upon it. The "Lay of the Heads" enumerates, in a dialogue between Emer, Cuchulinn's wife, and Conall Cernmach, the names of those that Conall slew in revenge for Cuchulinn's death. Mr Maclean reproduces the Dean of Lismore's version of the ballad in modernised spelling. Indeed, there is only one other version of it existent in the Highlands—the interesting copy of it taken by Mr Carmichael in 1867, and published in the second volume of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." It is a pity that Mr Maclean has not had access to one or two versions of it in the Edinburgh MSS., where the names, and indeed the sense, are correctly given. These versions are to appear in the forthcoming volumes of Dr Cameron's "Reliquiæ Celticæ." As a consequence, Mr Maclean misses the correct form of the names of Cuchulinn's slayers, such as Erc Mac Cairbre; Mainuc, son of Meave; Lughaidh, son of Curoi or Conroi; and especially the Children of Caletín.

The ballad of Cuchulinn's Chariot, and indeed all the ballads of this cycle, show the extraordinary tenacity of the popular memory, for, when the sense is hopelessly lost, yet the sound remains much as it was in the middle ages. Cuchulinn's two famous horses were called Liath-Mhacha and Sainglend; they were kelpie horses and of divine descent. The first horse's

name means the "Gray of Macha," the Gray of the Irish War Goddess. The ballad still preserves the names, as far as sound and sense could allow :—

Ga b 'ainm an Liath-Maiseach  
(That was named the Beauteous-Gray).

The other horse is called the Dubh-seimhlinn or the Dubh sronmhor, the former of which is practically the old form. There are many parts of this ballad corrupt in the text ; the version in *Leather na Feinne* is especially so. It mentions four horses, though it really describes and names but two, as the other versions of the ballad do (Sir George Mackenzie's, for instance). We think Mr Maclean, from his great knowledge of the older versions of the story as it appears in Irish legends, ought to have restored the ballad and given us a "critical" text. In a similar way the Ballad of Fraoch might have been put right as to names—for instance, Meave's daughter and husband are mentioned, the latter as Orla when it should be Aibill, and the former appears merely as Annir (maiden), whereas the text requires Finnabhair, her real name. Conall Cernach was son of Amorgin, not of Edirsgeoil ; the son of Edirsgeoil was the famous Conaire, slain at the Bruden Da Derga. This mistake continually recurs in the ballads.

These, however, are small defects in an excellent book. Perhaps Mr Maclean did not feel justified in altering the text so much, but so much material, both Irish and Scotch, is now to hand that really a good recension of our heroic ballads is possible. We welcome Mr Maclean's book as a first and excellent instalment in this work.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. MACKINNON and the (Irish) Gaelic Society of New York have just had yet another friendly encounter over the spelling of Scotch Gaelic. The Irishmen bewail that since the middle of last century our Gaelic departed sadly from the proper standard and style of spelling, and they hint that political and religious considerations were to blame for this. They want the Scotch Gael once more to resume the Irish literary style, so as to have all the race—Irish and Scotch—reading a common literature. Prof. Mackinnon points out that the Scotch Gaelic has departed so far from Irish as now to be almost another language; and the Irish style would not be intelligible to the ordinary readers of Gaelic. Indeed, he says, some complain that too many Irishisms were retained both in spelling and idiom. And this is true. It is now impossible, we fear, to have a literary Gaelic dialect understood by the two leading branches of the Gael.

WE are glad to see a new edition issued of the Rev. D. Macinnes' "Comhraidhean an Gaidhlig 's am Beurla," Conversations Gaelic and English (Oban: Thomas Boyd). Mr Macinnes has made his name famous in Gaelic literature by his excellent volume of folk tales, published in Mr Nutt's "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition." The present work is a model of good Gaelic; the spelling and idiom are perfect. The arrangement of the book seems also all that is desirable. Conversations are introduced on the various topics of everyday life in the country, ranging from the subject of a storm, through wedding parties and Highland meetings, to end in a discussion on Gaelic and Gaelic books.

MR HECTOR MACLEAN has sent us a reprint of a paper contributed by him to the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, on the "Ancient Peoples of Ireland and Scotland." Mr Maclean here gives in a concise form his views on this subject—views that are well known to readers of the Gaelic Society's Transactions. The weak point in Mr Maclean's excellent work is always his philology. Neither he nor Hyde Clarke keep to any of the ordinary canons that guide modern research on this subject.











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